

## Pieces Of Carra

*The World Premiere of a Musical Memoir One Woman Show*

Version: June 13th, 2014

*Pieces of Carra* premiered at the Stephanie Feury Studio Theatre in Los Angeles on June 20th, 2014

Based Upon The Life Of Rachae Thomas  
Created By: Rachae Thomas & Carly Pandža  
Directed By: Carly Pandža  
Produced By: Mike Abramson  
Musical Director: Jeff Bonhiver  
Lighting Design By: Val Salas  
Stage Manager: Marissa Drammissi

*(Fields Of Gold instrumental starts)*

**CAPO 7 - key of D**

*(Rachae walks in. Takes in house. Turns towards audience and takes them as if they are fields. Picks flower. Take in all the smells. Stands facing audience and becomes Carra.)*

*(Singing)*

*Ooh.....*

*You'll remember me when the west wind moves*

*Among the fields of barley.*

*You can tell the sun in his jealous sky (\*close eyes and open arms to sky\*)*

*When we walked in fields of gold.*

*So she took her love for to gaze awhile*

*Among the fields of barley.*

*In his arms she fell as her hair came down*

*Among the fields of gold.*

*Carra: OH MY GOD! MIKE! There's fucking shit on the lawn. I've told this kid so many times to pick up the poop. FUCK!*

*Rachae: That's my mom for ya. (Arms forward) This is her house. (Arms wide step backwards. Points to behind her)*

My mother lights up a room when she walks into it. She is the life of the party. She blamed her passionate foul mouth on her being Italian.

One thing about this woman is that she is BIG. (*Wide arms*) Her personality, her love, she has fun big. She's loyal and not afraid to make a promise for life

*I never made promises lightly. (sung)*

Even if it wasn't the best choice. (*spoken*)

*And there have been some that I've broken. (sung)*

You feel better about who you are in her presence. She has this way of just allowing you to be you. My mom would always say, "it is what it is". (*It is what is gesture. Beat*) "People are the way that they are. Just leave people alone. Let people be." You invite Carra over or go to Carra's house prepare to have an experience. . . . love. That's what she creates. She had 4 kids and raised us almost completely by herself for a good portion of our lives. When life said "expand" she expanded with it. (*Arms wide move backwards*) We're from the plains of Spokane, Washington. We were not rich but we were blessed.

*(Singing)*

*But I swear in the days still left mmmm  
We will walk in fields of gold.*

*We'll walk in fields of gold.*

*(End song/instrumental)*

**remove CAPO**

We are a blended family. We call ourselves the Cozza/Alnassim/Thomas (*3 hand movements in different parts of the audience*) family. She started when she was only 18 with the Thomas's - with me.

She was best friends with my real dad, Guy, which was a source of trouble in her 10 year marriage with my stepdad, Mosaed. I'm the oldest of now 7 and I remember my brother on my dad's side, Kedrick, playing hide and go seek at our house with my step dad's son Jamie. Whether you came from my dad, my step dad or somebody else's dad and mom entirely, (*3 hand gestures to different parts of audience*) you are family. 'Half (*cut out gesture*) didn't mean anything in my house and neither did 'Ex'. (*make X with arms*) The kids are what matters.

She's a hard worker. (*Pantomimes picking up heavy box*) My fiancé said, 'Does she ever stop?' No. (*Drops box*) She works in these oversized jeans (*Step into big jeans. Adjusts them.*) that never really fit her. She doesn't care how she looks and I think maybe she thought if she had oversized jeans she would never have to go buy new ones if she gained weight. Her ass crack is always showing. (*Something with walking and adjusting pants*)

I always asked her

*Younger Rachae:* 'What were your dreams mom?'

*Carra:* 'I didn't have any. I never was able to live my dreams so I am living them through you guys.'

I knew she was lying. Everyone has dreams. It's just that we get resigned when we can't follow through on them.

She'd say

*Carra:* 'Don't get pregnant young or I'll make you have abortion!'

*(Laughs)*

I took note of that. Live my dreams and don't get knocked up.  
It is what it is. *(Transition.)*

*(As a child)* My mom told me I always needed to act things out for her, everything I experienced. "Mom! Mom! Watch! I did it like this Mom!" *(Acts out something)*  
"Look at how I did it ! Look it!" *(We see the desperation in getting her attention)* It cracked her up!!

*(Start Melodramtic Soundtrack Diddy)*  
|: **Am** / / | **Dm** / / | **G** / / | **C** / **E** :|

There was this one time when I was showing her a feeling I could produce while listening to a movie soundtrack .

*Carra:* Rachae, you know the music isn't going to be there when you get onset?

*(End Melodramtic Soundtrack Diddy - like a record scratching)*

### **CAPO 3**

*Rachae:* I know Mom! *(Joking/Being snooty)*

I was always a singer before an actor. When I got older and told my mom that I was going to focus more on my acting than my singing, she legit cried.

Singing and music was just part of me growing up.

My uncle, my dad's brother, was a DJ. As a toddler I used to play with his 45 track records.

The first time I realized I could sing I was in our parked blazer waiting for my step dad to come back to the car.

*(Singing)*

*Hahhhhh. Oooohoho. Ahhh.*

That sounds really cool. *(In awe/scared/excited of the noise that just came out of the mouth)*

The first time my mom heard me sing I was in 2nd grade and I was wearing this gray wig because I was playing mozart's mom in the school play.

She came in late but she told me I sounded like a little bird.

*(See Rachae remembering)* My mom used to sing this song to all of us. It's a song her dad taught her when she was a kid.

*(Starts to sing Dog Named Jack with choreographed movement. Tamborine hits beat)*

*There was a dog named Jack. Who shit on the railroad track. The train came by. The shit flew high. And hit the conductor right in the eye.*

In the middle of the song it says SHIT. *(So excited to tell us but then hold back and whisper shit - sharing secret)* It was funny. *(Giggles)*. I could do what other kids couldn't with their parents. I want to be like my mom and cuss!

*(Sings. Silly kid dance)*

*Mom sang a song  
her dad taught her before he left on  
It made her smile  
It drove me wild*

*Then she began to sing...*

*I had a dog named Jack who shit on the railroad track. The train came by. The shit flew high and hit the conductor right in the eye*

Hahahahahaha *(Laughing)*

I would rather make people laugh then have them be mad at me.

It is what it is *(Transition)*

Saturday mornings from 830AM - 3PM - mandatory cleaning days. We would be woken up by blasting music that alerted us that it was time to get up and clean up.

*(Rachae walks around as Carra and turns on the stereo. It starts blasting the song Midnight Train To Georgia.)*

*(Instrumental starts - full groove.)*

**CAPO 3**

**|: C / G/B / | Am7 / G / :|**

*(Carra starts calling kids names.)*

*Carra:* Rachae! Mike! Aisha!

*Rachae:* My younger sister Mariam was mom's right hand woman. She loved to clean. She was already up and by her side.

*Mariam:* You guys stop being lazy

*Rachae:* *(To audience)* I was jealous of her cause she cleaned the way that mom validated. I wanted to be like my mom and she was like her. Nothing I ever did was good enough.

*Carra:* Michael!

*Michael:* WHAT MOM???

*Carra:* I need your help.

*Michael:* With what?

*Carra:* There is all this stuff to do. I'm not fucking joking this stuff needs to be picked up. Aisha?! What are you doing today? I need you to vacuum.

*Aisha:* Why? Can't Rachae to do it?

*Carra:* No because Rachae is 30 years old.

*Rachae: (laughing)* She'd do this same Saturday morning cleaning routine even when I'd visit home as a grown woman. I would hate the cleaning but love the music. We would clean dance. My mom loves to clean, it's so weird. I think it's her solitude.

One Saturday cleaning she turned on *Midnight Train to Georgia*

*(Slow down instrumental)*

**|: C / Em / | Dm7 / G / :|**

*Carra:* 'I love this song, it reminds me of my brothers. I love my brothers, they are hard working and they pay their child support. They are good guys. My younger brother Jeremy is the best man that I know in the world. I helped raise him. I protect him.'

*Rachae:* I learned how to love all my siblings like this. My first-born brother especially, Kedrick.

*(Starts singing Midnight Train To Georgia.)*

**|: C / Em / | Dm7 / G / :|**

*'L.A. proved too much for the man.'*

It's 2010, I took a huge leap and let my brother who was living on the streets at the time dealing with addiction, come stay with me at my bachelor studio in Los Angeles.

**| C / Em / | Dm7 / D7 / | Dm7 / / / | F/G / / / |**

*So he's leavin' the life he's come to know. (Singing)*

| C / Em / | Dm7 / G / |

He was twenty, a pain in my ass but I loved him. I wanted so badly to save him.

*(Spoken)*

|: C / Em / | Dm7 / G / :|

*He said he's goin' back to find ooohh, what's left of his world, (Singing)*

| C / Em / | Dm7 / D7 / | Dm7 / / / | F/G / / / |

*the world he left behind not so long ago. (Singing)*

|: C / G/B / | Am7 / G / :|

When you realize that no one else is coming it hits you that sometimes you gotta be the one. *(Spoken)*

*(Instrumental picks up a little.)*

|: C / Em / | Dm7 / G / :|

*He's leavin' on that midnight train to Georgia, yeah (Singing)*

| C / Em / | Dm7 / D7 / | Dm7 / / / | F/G / / / |

*And he's goin' back to that simpler place in time. Oh yes he is. (Singing)*

|: C / G/B / | Am7 / G / :|

He was the first man aside from my dad that I gave my heart to. It was really angelic love. I used to say he was my soul mate. Whenever I called him he'd be like 'Yo I just thought of you.' *(Spoken)*

When my mom found out that I was letting my brother live with me she said

*Carra: 'I'm proud of you. You've got my heart.'*

My choice was validated. My mother was my thermometer for 'am I doing this right?'

My place was *so* small that I had him share my bed. His girlfriend at that time broke up with him by hanging up the phone after she asked

*Kendrick's GF: Where are you sleeping?*



*Kedrick: With my sister.*

Click. We frickin' laughed for hours about this. Well yeah maybe you shouldn't have said that part. I was not rich and did not have a couch and (*Shrugs shoulders*) I wasn't going to have him sleep on the floor. I had cockroaches in my apartment. So either share a bed with me or cuddle with bugs, those were the options.

*(Build up bro/rose colored glasses)* He was like a philosopher. There was a battle *(shrug off)* going on in his mind but at some points he was on a higher level. *(shift from nostalgia to sadness - deflated like a balloon)* He just wouldn't be there sometimes in his eyes. *(beat - remember what they looked like)* They were just dark. There was this disconnection between what I saw and what was going on up here *(Points to mind.)*

At that time we didn't understand that he was self - medicating something deeper. People would bang on the door in the middle of the night. I didn't know if I was safe.

*(Sings/Plays lighter and more acoustically.)*

|: **C** / **Em** / | **Dm7** / **G** / :|

*He kept dreaming*

*Ooh, that someday he'd be a star*

*(To Kedrick & to audience - performed like Spoken Word.)*

*(Instrumental picks up momentum as emotion builds.)*

|: **C** / **G/B** / | **Am7** / **G** / :|

I used to carry your picture in my pocket. We had love but it was the violent you better do what I want you to do kind of love. Controlling your every move. Shit I am not your mom! I started to feel taken advantage of. I kept nagging and threatening. 'If you don't do this out by December, out by January.' 9 months he stayed with me. I was in denial. So are you.

*(Transition back to regular speaking.)*

*(Intensity of spoken word propels Rachae into climax bridge of song.)*

**|: C / Em / | Dm7 / G / :|**

*He's leaving; on the midnight train to Georgia; Yeah*

**| C / Em / | Dm7 / D7 / | Dm7 / / / | F/G / / / |**

*Said he's going back to find; to a simpler place and time. Ooh yes he is*

**| C / Em / | Dm7 / G / | Am7 / / / | D7 / / / |**

*And I'll be with him; on that midnight train to Georgia*

**| F / / / | F/G / / / |**

*I'd rather live in his world, than live without him in mine*

**|: C / G/B / | Am7 / G / :|**

*I gave up. I told him to take care of himself and that I loved him. (Spoken)*

*We said our goodbyes that night at the train station. (Spoken)*

*(Singing)*

*For love*

*Gonna board*

*The midnight train to ride*

*My world*

*His world*

*Our world*

*Mine and his alone*

*I've got to go*

*I've got to go*

*The midnight train to ride*

*Gotta go*

*Gotta go*

*The midnight train to ride*

*Gotta board*

*For love*

*For love*

*For love*

My mom went against the grain. Her family was a bit racist and she risked their approval for love. She and my real dad were married for two years. My mom says

they split because my dad had an affair that resulted in my brother Kedrick. Even after the divorce they still remained friends. My mom never hated my dad. She was just mad because she loved him.

*(Simple single strums.)*

**C      G/B      Am7      G      C ||**  
*For love; For love; For love (Singing)*

*(End instrumental.)*

**remove CAPO**

It is what it is *(Transition)*

Once you go Black you sometimes go Brown I guess because after my dad she got really into Arab dudes. She said she gave up on the black guys in Spokane after my dad. I remember one time when she was dating this Saudi man and in the heat of an argument she pushed him down the stairs. He chipped his tooth. I remember the policeman playing with me in the living room as I watched Mr ED. on TV.

*(Sitting)*

TV was a big part of my childhood. *(childhood element of how you watch TV)*  
Movies in particular.

*(Start instrumental jam reminiscent of Wind Beneath My Wings - fast version)*

| **F#m / D / | A / / / | F#m / D / | A / / / |**  
| **F#m / D / | A / / / | D / E / | A / / / |**

I remember watching the movie Beaches with Bette Medler and seeing my mom cry. *(Seeing mother next to her watching the movie)* My moms crying so I'm gonna cry. *(This makes Rachae cry as her child self)* Monkey see do Monkey do see whatever the fuck that saying is. *(Confident then break 4th wall - you know what I'm talking about)*

I watched movies to get my identity. *(Stands)* When my mom told me that I was black *and* Italian I was stoked because how cool is that? I am not just *white* - I'm *Italian*. *(Stands proud - puffs out chest)* My mother never changed her last name even when she got married. She was determined to live the Italian family legacy

‘COZZA’. *(Italian stereotype as a child)* She made me watch The Godfather. *(Realization - Spoken in stereotypical Godfather voice - Deniro clenched hand gesture)* and Rocky *(Boxing)* and after that she made me watch Roots *(Wrists chained)* and I think she specifically said these are also your people. Some of my people were stolen from Africa and humiliated? *(Moment - make a decision)* I will make them proud. *(Break chains)* Then my other people were rebelling and telling people whose boss.

When I was 8 we converted to my stepdad’s religion Islam. Mosaed pointed out while watching Robin Hood Prince Of Thieves that one of the characters was Muslim. He was magical and running shit.

From movies I got I was proud, a boss, and magical. *(Explore gestures/movements to relate)*

*(End instrumental)*

*(Come from SL playing like on playground)* One day a kid pointed *(Points SL)* at this black girl in school and said “nigger.” He looked at me *(Turns SR to invisible Rachae)* and said

*Schoolboy:* ‘But don’t worry you're not.’

*Rachae: (Face front)* That’s when I realized I was an “other.” I think I tried really hard NOT to be THAT. *(Separate & emphasis w/ hand gestures - maybe reference where the girl was?) (Discovery)* Not the nigger. *(Maybe reference where the girl was?)(Beat)* My friend taught me this saying and it made me feel good to say it. “The only thing I have to do is stay black and die.” *(Like Snooty little girl)* Black was cool on TV. In school everybody somewhat wanted to be black. They loved black music and always expected black people to know how to dance. *(Boogeying stereotypical hip hop moves)* And we better be good at sports! *(Keep dancing and pantomime football throw)* I mean the expectation for black to be cool was pretty big. So I lived up to that even when it wasn't always my choice.

It is what it is *(Transition.)*

In 5th grade my mom comes up to me and says.

*Carra: ‘We’re gonna move to Kuwait.’ (overcompensation excitement)*

*Rachae: (Be all excited to make kid excited)* Part of me was curious. But when I heard I was supposed to be there until I was a senior in highschool I was pissed off. You mean I’ll be in a foreign country for the rest of my life?! Luckily we only stayed there for 6 months.

I went to this English academy where all the sultans kids went. *(Snoodiness)*  
During the middle of my classes when I was mad I’d write all over my binders ‘I love the US. I love USA. USA!’ I wanted to leave. I was lonely.

We smuggled a ton of movies in. You weren’t allowed to have American movies there. After I watched *(W/ Arnold accent)* The Terminator with my step cousins I made up this song about the character Sarah Connor.

*(Sings) (Sarah Connor Diddy Begins)*

**| D5 |: D5 / / C5 :|**

*Sarah Connor. Sarah Connor. Sarah Connor.*

*(Sarah Connor Diddy Ends)*

*(Laughs)*

Then my cousins, who couldn’t speak any English would mimic me

**| D5 |: D5 / / C5 :|** *with middle eastern scale*

*Sarah Connor. Sarah Connor. Sarah Connor. (in a Middle Eastern accent)*

**CAPO 1**

Our house smelled like Jesus’s backyard. Antique. We had this marble tile outside and I had these rollerblades. *(Roll feet to show rollerblades)* I would play Disney movies over and over and figure skate to the songs. *(Singing & pretending to figure skate “Just around the riverbend!”* Woosh! The maid was always watching me like I was so strange.

It is what it is *(Transition)*

My mom was molested by her stepdad. She was very open about it. In fact the amount she drove home how much we needed to protect ourselves was overkill.

One time I tore a muscle in my vagina during gymnastics. *(act out some gymnastic move and grabbing the crotch like you pulled a muscle)*

She got really in my face.

*Carra: (Hysterical)* Has anybody touched you!?

*Younger Rachae: (Fear/Worried/Jarring)* No.

My mom was working all the time and sometimes Mosaed would give me back rubs. There was this one time he was rubbing my back and he got really close to my boobs. *(Hug self and move hands slowly from back to under breasts)*

*Younger Rachae: 'You're being strange.'* *(Quickly flick hands off of body)*

There was another time when he wanted me to sit on his knee and bounce me up and down and it seemed like he was just doing it to feel my vagina on his knee. *(Demonstrate bouncing knee, touch knee and bring hand up to crotch area)*

*Younger Rachae: 'I need to forget this.'*

My friend Mindy told our teachers that my stepdad molested her. I was taken out of class one day. *(Wrist being tugged by invisible adult hand)* I thought I was in trouble. I knew there was a problem. I didn't know exactly what.

Later Mosaed took me into the laundry room.

*Mosaed: 'She thinks I touched her. She's lying.'*

He wanted to make sure that I *knew* he didn't.

*Younger Rachae: 'That's mean she lied.'*

He was never charged with anything.

I ignored my feelings and didn't tell my mama because I didn't want her to get upset. I didn't want to cause trouble 'cause I loved him. I really did love him.

It is what it is (*Transition.*)

## **CAPO 1**

**C#m** - down (*Strum Once - Rachae kneels down*)

**B** - knees (*Strums 2nd Time - - Rachae bows down*)

**C#m** (*Rachae rises up - Strums 3rd Time - - eyes up - opens eyes and starts singing Like A Prayer*)

**C#m**     **B**

*Life is a mystery. (eyes closed)*

**C#m**             **B**

*Everyone must stand alone. (eyes open)*

**C#m**

*I hear you*

**B**

*Call (Look SR) My (Look out to audience)*

**C#m**

*Name (Looks SL)*

**B**                     **C#m**

*And it feels like home. (Bends down bowing as if she is finishing praying) (eyes closed)*

**(light groove)**

**|: C#m / / / | B / / / :|**

*(Spoken)* Praying was intimate for me. I felt connected to God like he was a mystery. My stepdad was my connection to this whole new world. No, that was not an Aladdin reference, you racists (*Jokes*). He was as fascinating to me as this new religion. I loved listening to stories from the Koran that he would share with me.

*(Sings)*

**| E / / / | B / / / | A / / / | G# / / / |**

*When you call my name is like a little prayer.*

*I'm down on the knees.*

*I want to take your there.*

|: **C#m** / / / | **B** / / / :|

But it changed. I'm folding clothes and overhearing my step dad and mom argue and what seemed like out of the blue my Stepdad came out of the bedroom and yelled in my face

*music cue - A*

*Mosaed:* 'If your mom and me get a divorce it will be your **fault!**'

**A**            **G#**

*Oh GOD I think I'm falling (Oh God is as if you've been hit in the stomach with a cannon and on falling you fall) (Singing)*

**A**            **E**            **B**            **B** - - -

*You're here me it's like a dream; Heaven help me*

|: **C#m** / / / | **B** / / / :|

*(Spoken)* He became stricter and I began to suffocate. *(arms wrap around you as if you are being constricted)* These rules don't always work for everyone!

*(Frustrated)* There were so many rules to being Muslim in our house. My mom converted to Islam for him. She went from this sassy, loud Italian mother to this good obedient wife and I hated her for it. All of a sudden I wasn't allowed to do a lot of things, OKAY! *(Frustrated)*

We can't celebrate Christmas, Jesus was just a prophet, no pork 'cause it was dirty and we couldn't have dogs because they scared away the Jinn.

*(End instrumental)*

The Jinn in the Koran, are basically the people who live in the other dimensions, that we as humans can't see.

*(Arabian Nights diddy starts. Sings)*

*At 5 I learned Islam*

*Mom said sis follow along*

*Said, "I want a dog, as my friend"*

*But apparently they scare the Jinn*

*I wanted a dog named **Jack** who would shit **his** railroad track and when the train would come by the shit would fly high and hit my **stepdad** right in the eye!!*



*(Show frustration.)*

*(Momentum of emotion propels into singing song.)*

*(Accompaniment starts with heightened emotion & rhythm)*

**A**            **G#**

*Oh God I think I'm falling*

**A**            **E**

*You're here with me*

**B**

*it's like a dream; let the choir sing*

**|: E / / / | B / / / | A / / / | G# / / / :|**

*When you call my name*

*It's like a little prayer*

*I'm down on my knees*

*I wanna take you there*

*In the midnight hour*

*I can feel your power*

*Just like a prayer*

*You know I'll take you there*

**|: A / / / | E / / / | B / / / | C#m / / / |**

*It's like a dreammmmm (elongate word)*

**| A / / / | E / / / | B / / / | / / / / :|**

My life was changing and so was my mother. I thought she was weak. She was so boring now. She seemed unhappy and controlled. When my mom and I were alone she wasn't *that*. She was funny and said bad words and didn't listen well. It was all his fault! Mosaed had serious conversations with me around womanhood and being Muslim. I got my period and had a new relationship to Islam. One that centered around being a developing young woman and there were rules.

*Carra:* 'When you get your period you can't hang out with boys anymore'

My step dad would say

*Mosaed: (Mock his voice?)* 'If you don't marry a Muslim your ovaries will be crushed in the eyes God!'

I always said I would NEVER marry a Muslim like she did! Now I'm engaged to one.

**A**            **G#**

*Oh God I think I'm falling (starts to fall/weak in the knees) (Singing)*

(Accompaniment stops.)

**CAPO 1 to CAPO 2**

During this time God and my stepdad collapsed for me. (*collapse onto ground*)  
Mosaed was mean so I couldn't listen to God. Something happened and I wasn't able to feel it anymore.

*I hear you call my name and it feels like home (Singing)*

That was house after Islam. (*Spoken*)

My stepdad and my mom fought all the time. For *all* 10 years of their marriage.

*Carra*: 'Fucking psycho'

I'd hear her say to him.

(*Start 'Go Your Own Way'*)(Singing)

|: **E** / / / / / / / / | **Esus4** / **E** / | **B** / / / / | **A** / / / / / / / / | **E** / / **Esus4** :|

*Packing up*

*Shacking up's all you wanna do*

(*Spoken*) I remember in the height of their divorce coming into the living room afraid to hear what she'd say. She had her long Arab night gown on and was sitting snuggled up on the couch with some ice cream watching Waiting To Exhale. She called me downstairs because she found out I was sneaking around with my boyfriend that I wasn't supposed to have. She looked sad and lonely. (*Rachae internal dialogue*) 'I'm so tired of her emotions. It's not my fault you married him!' I sat down next to her and she told me with tears in her eyes "You are selfish, and I don't like the woman you are becoming."

| **E** / / / / / / / / | **Esus4** / **E** / | **B** / / / / | (*Singing*)

*Tell me why*

*Everything's turned around*

|: **C#m** / / / | **A** / / / | **B** / / / | / / / / :|

*You can go your own way*

*You can go your own way*

*You can call it another lonely day*

*Another lonely day*

| **C#m** / / / | **A** / / / | **B** / / / | **B** - - - |

*You can go your own way*

*Go your own way*

|: **E** / / / | / / / / | **Esus4** / **E** / | **B** / / / :|

*(Spoken)* That's when I stopped really telling my mom how I felt. I never wanted to make her mad at me again. I chose to be her light even if it meant dishonoring my own. I just wanted to make her laugh not cry.

| **E** / / / | / / / / | **Esus4** / **E** / | **B** / / / | **A** / / / | / / / / | / / / / | **E** / / / |

*If I could baby I'd give you my world (Singing)*

*Open up everything's waiting for you*

|: **C#m** / / / | **A** / / / | **B** / / / | / / / / :|

*You can go your own way; You can go your own way*

*You can call it another lonely day; Another lonely day*

| **C#m** / / / | **A** / / / | **B** / / / | **B** - - - |

*You can go your own way; You can go your own way*

*(Following section done like spoken word)*

|: **E** / / / | / / / / | **Esus4** / **E** / | **B** / / / | **A** / / / | / / / / | / / / / | **E** / / | **Esus4** :|

I DON'T KNOW WHO TO BE WITH MEN. But I can run. Life has begun because I chose to run. I was gonna run with her. I was rooting for her to run for her life. He wanted to have another wife. So afterwards I saw her alive and free and that's who I wanted to be. Alive and free and away from the HE.

She told me she didn't like who I was becoming. Have you looked at yourself in the mirror lately? Eyes swollen from crying all night. I didn't want to fight. I just wanted to be her light. So I started to be nice and not me. Senior year and planes hit the twin towers. That's the last time I remember him in the house. She finally chose to be OUT.

*(Emotion propels you into song immediately) (Singing)*

|: **C#m** / / / | **A** / / / | **B** / / / | / / / / :|

*You can go your own way; You can go your own way*

*You can call it another lonely day; Another lonely day*

| **C#m** / / / | **A** / / / | **B** / / / | **B** - - - |

*You can go your own way; Go your own way*

*(Transition to regular rhythm of speaking)*

|: **E** / / / | / / / / | **Esus4** / **E** / | **B** / / / | **A** / / / | / / / / | / / / / | **E** / / **Esus4** :|

The summer of the divorce she lost a lot of weight and started wearing makeup again. Started drinking and acted as if she was young and free again! I always joked with her that she was free from that hell hole. I thought it was hell for her when she was married to Mosaed. My mom told me those were the best years of her life.

*(whole notes)(singing)*

**C#m**            **A**                    **B** - - - ||

*You can go your own way; Go your own way*

*(End song/instrumental)*

It is what is it *(Transition)*

*(3 separate Rachae's)*

When I first started dating I was like 'Waa waa waa - yeah I'll sleep with you.'

Then I'd tease them and make them work for it 'Come and catch me!' *(Step Sexy Leg)*

By the time I was 24 I thought 'Fuck commitment and responsibility and let me be me.'

I remember buying this sticker in college that said "I'd rather have been alone for the rest of my life than to have married that psycho."

I keep hearing my mom's voice yelling at my step dad.

*Carra:* 'You're fucking psycho!'

And my stepdad

*Mosaed:* If you don't marry a Muslim you're ovaries will be crushed in the eyes of God.

Well I guess my ovaries are safe, I found a Muslim and I like him.

There were always these instincts that I had when I was dating somebody. Things would cross my mind like 'maybe this is wrong?'

I knew something was wrong but I never said anything because I wanted their love.

I learned that from my stepfather.

That was before Michael.

I remember being at Michael's birthday party. There was a huge pot of rice on the stove. He stuck his hand in the pot and began to eat the rice with his fingers. He grabbed a little handful, rolled it like this, (*Demonstrate motion*) so it kind of made a little blanket and then he put it in his mouth. "Aw, we did that!" That's how we used to eat at my house growing up. We looked into each other's eyes and I thought, "I could play with you for a long time." I stuck my hands in the pot with him. This was the first time I embraced what my stepfather had taught me culturally. I did not resist either of them in that moment.

I surrendered to loving him when we were both watching the movie *Romeo and Juliet*. He was sick and I was lying on top of his chest.

He felt like home. (*Beat*)

(*True Colors instrumental starts.*)

## CAPO 2

*(lead riff)*

|: **Am** / **G/B** / | **C** / **Fmaj7** / :|

We met in a leadership class. Somehow he got my number and would send me random sweet hello texts insinuating something but he wasn't being upfront about it and it annoyed me! I was like 'dude to get me you gotta grab it.' (*Show annoyance - gesture pulling towards you*)

*(transition pulling to holding arm out)*

|: **Am** - **G/B** - | **C** - **Fmaj7** - :|

At times I still hold him at arm's length. I've got to do this alone. I don't need your help. I want this but don't want to be responsible for all that it takes to have this. It's your fault. You can't have all of me. (*Discovery*) Wow. That's my mom. She does that.

It is what it is. (*Transition*) (*Starting to accept*) (*struggling - working through it*)

*(Following section reads like SPOKEN WORD. Speaking to Mom)*

*(lead riff)*

|: **Am** / **G/B** / | **C** / **Fmaj7** / :|

But I'm nothing like you! I GET UPSET WITH YOU! You don't open up. Don't you know that hurts people? It's time. To step up and get up. (*BEAT*)  
Get up...Get up! (*With each "Get up" you get angrier.*) But not get out. I don't want to be angry and alone like you. (*Discovery*) This is *me* not *you*.

*(Regular speaking ensues)*

*(To audience)*

|: **Am** - **G/B** - | **C** - **Fmaj7** - :|

When I told my mom that I was resisting Michael providing for me she said "Chae you have to give him that. Let him in." I never saw her the same again.

She knew how to be truly vulnerable in a relationship. The same woman I had made wrong for the way she loved.

*(lead riff)*

|: **Am** / **G/B** / | **C** / **Fmaj7** / :|

*(To Mom)*

I always thought you were weak but in reality you had the courage to surrender to love and get hurt in the process. Now that's livin' large.

*(Start singing True Colors song)*

| **Am** / **G/B** / | **C/E** / **F** / | **Fmaj** / / / | **Am7** / **G** / |

*You with the sad eyes, don't be discouraged*

*Oh I realize; It's hard to take courage*

| **C** / **Dm** / | **C/E** / **F** / | **Am** / **G/B** / | **F** / **C** |

*In a world full of people, you can lose sight of it all*

*And the darkness inside you, can make you feel so small*

| **F** / **C** / | **Gsus4** / **G** / | **F** / **C** / | **F** / **G** / |

*But I see your true colors shining through*

*I see your true colors and that's why I love you*

| **F** / **C** / | **F** / **Am** / | **F** / **C** / | **F** / **C** / | **Gsus4** / **G** / |

*So don't be afraid to let them show*

*Your true colors; True colors are beautiful, like a rainbow*

*(lead riff)*

|: **Am** / **G/B** / | **C** / **Fmaj7** / :|

Pieces of Carra. I've been scattering pieces of you on the stage this whole night. That audience member has a piece of you underneath his chair. I saw another one put you in their pocket. I was never able to be completely vulnerable with you. I didn't know how. I had to create this show to tell you. You liked these songs because you couldn't show how you felt. *They showed you* by singing them. They were the things you couldn't really express. People say that songs exist when words aren't enough. Words weren't enough for me to say this to you.

| **Am** / **G/B** / | **C/E** / **F** / | **Fmaj** / / / | **Am7** / **G** / | *(Singing)*

*Show me a smile then, don't be unhappy,*

*can't remember when I last saw you laughing*

| **C** / **Dm** / | **C/E** / **F** / | **Am** / **G/B** / | **F** / **C** |

*If this world makes you crazy and you've taken all you can bear  
You call me up because you know I'll be there*

| **F** / **C** / | **Gsus4** / **G** / | **F** / **C** / | **F** / **G** / |

*And I'll see your true colors shining through*

*I see your true colors and that's why I love you*

| **F** / **C** / | **F** / **Am** / | **F** / **C** / | **F** / **C** / | **Gsus4** / **G** / |

*So don't be afraid to let them show*

*Your true colors; True colors are beautiful, like a rainbow*

**(lead riff)**

|: **Am** / **G/B** / | **C** / **Fmaj7** / :| **(Speaking)**

When the pain of staying the same is worse than the pain of changing you'll change. In embracing you, I get me.

It is what it is. People are the way that they are. And I'm gonna let you be. I'm gonna let me be.

| **C** / **Dm** / | **C/E** / **F** / | **Am** / **G/B** / | **F** / **C** | **(Speaking)**

*If this world makes you crazy and you've taken all you can bear*

*You call me up; because you know I'll be there*

| **F** / **C** / | **Gsus4** / **G** / | **F** / **C** / | **F** / **G** / |

*And I'll see your true colors shining through*

*I see your true colors and that's why I love you*

*(pause) (slow recover to groove)*

| **F** / **C** - | **E** / **Am** / | **F** / **C** / | **F** / **C** / | **Gsus4** / / / | **G** - - - |

*So don't be afraid to let them show*

*Your true colors; true colors are beautiful, (vamp on beautiful - hold it)*

**(lead riff)**

|: **Am** / **G/B** / | **C** / **Fmaj7** / :|

Like a rainbow *(sung)*

Like a rainbow *(spoken)*

**FIELDS of GOLD - reprise**

| **Am** / / / | **F** / / / | / / **G** / | **C** / / / |

**(rit. to hold)**

| **Am** / / / | **F** / / / | / / **G** / | **C** / / - ||



*Transition from True Colors instrumental into Fields Of Gold Reprise. We are back at her mom's house. Rachae takes in the audience. The house. She is complete. Lights out.*