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THE LADY WHO COULDN'T CRY (First performance, 1999)

An original WOMEN AT PLAY script, THE LADY WHO COULDN'T CRY is about a dry-eyed casting director, her weepy daughter, her fly fishing ex-lover, and those who would be cast. Original music and songs by WOMEN AT PLAY regular, Daniel Rogers.

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Song 2: Sung by weepy daughter, MELISSA/Juliet

I can cry.
You begin with a sad little look and a sigh
Think of someone you love and saying goodbye
Think of how short life is and how we must die,
Sure, sure, sure, I can cry

I can cry.
My eyes mist over, I think of the moon
I think of the way that I feel
I think of how little I've accomplished and soon
I'm crying, my tear drops are real

I can cry.
But my teardrops are mine
They're a personal thing and my grief is my own
Sure I can cry. . . but I won't!

Song 3: Sung by NURSE to LOU, the casting director who can't cry

Take a stroll down memory lane
Delve into your past to discover the pain
That made you a lady who couldn't cry
Hold on to your psyche
I'll diagnose why

First, let's embark on a memory trip
I'll ask the questions

What will you let slip
To tell me the reason for both those dry eyes
Hold onto your psyche
Allow me to surmise

There must be a memory
You've truly repressed
Perhaps you were never sweetly caressed
By parents who taught you that tears aren't a lie
That it's Okay for big girls
To break down and cry

Hold on to your psyche
The truth might come out
The first stage in crying
Is to learn how to pout
So release that control and stick out your lip
Tell your lacrimal ducts to
Let her rip!

The tears will begin to roll down your face
You'll soon come to know there's a time and a place
To show you can feel and shed a tear drop
The problem for most is to know how to stop!

So hold on to your psyche
But emotions set free
We should have our next session
On tape number three.

Song 5: Sung by MELISSA as she leaves with CHUCK/Hamlet

We'll frequent dark tunnels,
And hang out with owls.
I'll ride the handlebars for hours and hours

Under black clouds
To the hooting of owls,
We'll ride without light and without compromise.
And if we don't find it, we'll die.

Take me along into realms of black night
Sing me a song of despair
The owls will accompany us on our path
We'll find out the secrets of life.

We'll frequent dark tunnels,
And hang out with owls.
I'll ride the handlebars for hours and hours
And hours.

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