

It's the Heart that Makes You Whole

By Lindsay Whiteman and Carter Quinn Tanis

Jazmyn Violet as Mary Williams

Maliyah Petrick as Daughter

Queade Norah as Mama

Tarrell Foster James as Ensemble

Kelton Washington as Ensemble

OPENING SCENE:

Daughter

Mama mama!

Mary Williams

What's the matter sweetie?

Daughter

I was playing games with Tad and he said something so mean - so mean - I mean, I think it was mean...I didn't like it

Mary Williams

What did he say?

Daughter

Well we were playin war and I was a soldier and Tad was playing the General, and after a while I wanted a turn at general! But he said people like you can't be general. And I said people like me? And he said yeah ya know people with thick hair and dark skin. And I said well it doesn't have to be that way! I can be general if I want!

He said na uh and I said yea huhhh!

He said na uh and I said yea huhh-

Mary Williams

Sweetheart-

And then- and then he said if I was in the south I would only be considered $\frac{3}{5}$ a person and he would be $\frac{5}{5}$ a person so if anyone should be a general it should be him!

And I said na uh and he said yea huhhh!

And I said na uh and he said yea huhhh!

Mary Williams

Sweetheart ok... how did this make you feel?

Daughter

I felt bad. He made me feel so small. Like-like I was less than him. Like there was something wrong with me.

Mary Williams

Oh honey. I think it's time we had a talk. Sit down.

SCENE END

IT'S THE HEART THAT MAKES YOU WHOLE - SONG BEGINS:

Mary

You have ten fingers
You have ten toes
You have big curly hair
A belly there
a smile, a nose
You have a silly laugh
a favorite book
You have more than you know
Here's a secret,
It's your heart that makes you whole

You have pillow
You have a bed
And silly goose you loved to jump so high
until you hit your head
Now there's a little scar, a missing piece
your bedside table stole
But here's a secret,
It's your heart that makes you whole

(spoken) You know when I was your age, I cried to my Mama,

I asked why are some rich, why are some poor?
And she said

Mary and Mama

I don't know

Mary

I asked why are some chained and why are some free?
And she said

Mary and Mama

I don't know

Mary

I asked why can the master's daughter run free when she's just like me only white
What does she possess?
Mama, why am I worth less?

Mama

Less?

She asked what do you think makes **her** worth more?

Mary

And I said I don't know
She asked

Mama

Is it ribbons or eyes like the sea?

Mary

And I said I don't know

Mama

No you don't know
There is no more
There is no less
It's only love we can possess
Your worth is held within your soul
It's your heart that makes you whole

Mary and Mama

It's your heart that makes you whole

Mary

It's the heart that holds the love

Ensemble

It's the heart

the pain the hate the stain of slavery
It's the heart that pumps the blood
that holds the past, that holds our history
Blood cannot be chained,
it's free to flow inside of you and me
we refuse to be erased

It's the heart

Blood cannot be chained

Mary and Daughter

We refuse to be erased

Ensemble, Mary, Daughter

We refuse to be erased

Ensemble:

It's the heart that holds the love
the pain the hate the stain of slavery
It's the heart that pumps the blood
that holds the past, that holds our history
Blood cannot be chained,
it's free to flow inside of you and me

Mary (to daughter)

I am whole
I take up space
My heart is full

Ensemble, Mary, Daughter

we refuse to be erased, we refuse to be erased

Daughter

I am whole
I take up space
My heart is full
I refuse be erased

Ensemble

oh
oh
oh

Ensemble, Mary, Daughter

We refuse to be erased

Ensemble:

It's the heart that holds the love
the pain the hate the stain of slavery
It's the heart that pumps the blood
that holds the past, that holds our history
Blood cannot be chained,

Mary

In the North we are praying
In the South they are bleeding
In the North we are praying

it's free to flow inside of you and me
we refuse to be erased
we refuse to be erased

In the south, in the south
in the south-

Mary

Some have nothing
Some have no voice
You have a mother's love, a roof above, the freedom of choice
You have your favorite book, a nice warm bed, everything you know
Everything some don't
But here's a secret
It's our hearts that make us whole.
Darling, believe it
It's your heart that makes you whole
Know at your weakest,

Daughter

It's my heart that makes me whole