

O the land of cloudless day,
O the land of an uncloudy day;
O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
O they tell me of an uncloudy day.

(Key change, dramatic and soulful)

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(The spotlight fades. BITSY exits. Lights come up on TY sitting in his chair downstage center talking to his therapist again.)

TY. When I was a kid, I was fat. A fat boy. Waddlebutt. That’s what the other kids called me. I wish they could see my ass today. I’ve worked really hard on my ass. *(Realizes.)* Anyway. One year—I think I was in fifth grade—my Mama took me shopping for school clothes and I had gotten fatter and I had to try on jeans and the only ones that would fit were the “Husky” ones. And they had this label on the back that said, “Husky!” Kinda announced to everyone behind you that you were a “Husky!” And I started crying. Because I didn’t want the other kids to know I was a “Husky.” So, my Mama sat me down right there in the store, hugged me and told me that no one ever had to know. Just me and her. Our little secret. And she bought me those “Husky” jeans, took them home. Went to the Goodwill and bought some used jeans, took the labels off the “Husky” ones and she sewed on “Slim” labels from the Goodwill ones. “Slim.” Shit. Like I could pull that off. *(Laughs, then mood change.)* But that’s the kind of Mama she was. She never made me feel bad about being fat. Always made it okay. And