

LIZZIE, thirteen in 1917, reads
from a hand-written script.

No.5: Longing to Belong

MY NAME IS LISETTE
MY AGE IS THIRTEEN
I CAME TO AMERICA FROM FRANCE
MY PAPA AND I WERE ON A BIG SHIP
HE SAVED ALL HIS MONEY FOR OUR TICKET

WE HAD A SMALL CABIN, WAY DOWN BELOW
I WAS ASLEEP WHEN THE SHIP HIT THE ICEBERG
PAPA CARRIED ME OUT, NO ONE KNEW WHAT WAS COMING
IT WAS WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

AFTER THE SHIP, A NICE LADY FOUND ME
SHE SPOKE FRENCH AND TOLD ME PAPA WAS LOST
SHE SAID I COULD STAY WITH HER, SAID I MUST BE BRAVE
SAID SOMETHING ABOUT GOD'S WILL I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND
I SAID, "I'VE GOT NOWHERE ELSE TO GO"

(her inner voice)

I'M NOT SURE WHO I AM, NOT SURE WHERE I BELONG
I PRETEND I FEEL FINE
I WANT SOMEWHERE TO BELONG, NOT JUST TO GET BY
IS THIS HOME? GIVE ME A SIGN

I TAKE A DEEP BREATH, AND I COUNT TO THREE
MY VOICE IS SMALL, IT DOESN'T COME FROM ME!
LOOK AT EVERYONE LOOKING AT ME
I DON'T LIKE THEM LOOKING AT ME

MY HANDS ARE SHAKY, MY KNEES ARE WEAK
I WANT TO HIDE, I DON'T WANT TO SPEAK
I WISH THAT I COULD DISAPPEAR

I WISH I WAS ANYWHERE BUT HERE

(Back to the class reading)

The judge said I could stay here, said I could become a citizen.
The people looking after me seemed pleased at first.
I don't live with them anymore though.

One day they said, "We're sorry but there's no room... We've got a
child of our own on its way."

SO I AM LIVING SOMEWHERE DIFFERENT, WITH ANOTHER FAMILY
THEY'RE KIND, BUT I'M NOT SURE IT'S HOME
I KEEP GETTING MOVED FROM PLACE TO PLACE
WHILE FEELING SO ALONE.

**I'M SCARED MY FEET NEVER TOUCH THE GROUND
I CLOSE MY EYES AND DREAM
OF SOMEWHERE SAFE WHERE LOVE IS FOUND
WHERE I CAN JUST BE ME**

(her inner voice)

I'M NOT SURE WHO I AM, NOT SURE WHERE I BELONG
I PRETEND I FEEL FINE
I WANT SOMEWHERE TO BELONG, NOT JUST TO GET BY
IS THIS HOME? GIVE ME A SIGN

MAYBE ONE DAY, I'LL FIND MY WAY
NO LONGER BE AFRAID AND FINALLY KNOW WHERE I BELONG

Back in 1946.

Two World Wars I've lived through now, Pete. And the rest. That's
life, though, isn't it? Got to go with the flow. Constantly
adjusting to new situations. Papa, he married the girl of his
dreams. Then they moved to the city of his dreams. Things couldn't
have been better. But it didn't pan out quite the way he expected.
Dreams often don't.

