

*MAY's friend has kidnapped a baby and left her to take care of it. MAY tries to feed the baby, but she won't take the bottle.*

MAY

Here you go. Come on now. You don't want this? Lord, baby, you must be hungry.

Oh. I know what you're trying to get to. But you're looking in the wrong spot. I ain't got nothing for you. Flat as Nebraska is what Deputy said.

Hm.

There's people out there that'll hurt you. I shouldn't say that to you but that's truth. Guess you should know and all, seein as how you're just learning everything.

But there is people like that.

Whole world's like that sometimes. Presses down on you, like crushin' you? All this weight, feels like you might never breathe again.

And sometimes? Sometimes you gotta *let* the whole world hurt you. You just let it happen. Yep. You just lie there and take it, cause, cause otherwise, you might not get up? And so, you just do what you gotta do, okay?

Good news is there's other people won't let you get hurt. Don't want you to at least. And'll do anything at all to keep you safe.

I'm like that. I'm one of those people. I'm gonna keep you safe. I'm gonna hold you so tight ain't nothin' gonna hurt you.

Try the bottle for me, huh? Come on. Milk is good for bones. You wanna grow up and play with the peanut don't you? Yeah, you do. And ya'll'll be real good friends growing up. And we'll dress you up as good stuff on Halloween. And we'll all trick or treat together. You could be Dorothy in a little blue dress and peanut could be a teeny-tiny scarecrow and I'll be that lion, but with big long yellow yarn hair, huh? I'll let you play with my yellow yarn hair. Yes I will. Yes I will. And you and peanut will get to be real good friends. And you'll be his first kiss, I bet.

Peanut's gonna kiss you. But peanut won't be your first kiss.

All the boys'll wanna kiss *you*, huh?

And you'll know just what to do and you won't be afraid at all, 'cause you're smart I can tell already. Look at them eyes. You are smart. Look at them eyes. And even though you're real smart and you know I'm not your mamma, maybe one time, maybe after the middle school play where you're the very best tree, maybe just once you accidentally call me mom. And if you did, well, I wouldn't mention it 'cause it was by accident and all, but I wouldn't mind it. I wouldn't mind it at all.

Oh, baby, there ain't nothing there. I wish there was, but there ain't. You don't want this bottle do you? I'm sorry. I just ain't got nothing for you.