

# GLORIE - monologues

## GRACE AND GLORIE

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GLORIA. I suppose. Your children. The ones you lost when they were small. Duane and ...

GRACE. Carroll.

GLORIA. How did you deal with ... losing them?

GRACE. Deal with it? I'm not sure I know what you mean. I grieved. Still do. But it was the good Lord's will.

GLORIA. And you didn't question it? The good Lord's will?

GRACE. What I don't think a person like you understands, people like us, people tied to the earth, we're used to death. It's never pretty, at times it's mighty inconvenient, but it's happenin' 'round us every minute just the same. Look outside, it's the middle o' fall. What do you think's goin' on out there? You civilized people. You've moved so far away from death you forgot it's as much a part of life as being born. Like the doctor said, these things just happen.

GLORIA. *(Rising, going to the kitchen area)* Oh yes, it certainly did happen. One warm, September afternoon ...

GRACE. Honey, don't -

START → GLORIA. ... it had been Danny's first day at the new school. I decided to pick him up. In the new car. We were heading back across town. I don't know where it came from. The newspaper truck. When it hit us, it crumpled Danny's side of our car like a paper bag. We were pinned inside the wreck for more than an hour. The collision had squeezed us into this tight sliver of space. Danny was on my lap. And as I held him I could feel his life slowly slipping from his body. And there was nothing I could do. But scream. So we buried him. This gentle, gifted boy. Disposed of his clothes, his - things. And then, I don't know, I just shut down. Wouldn't

even go outside. There didn't seem to be any point. Peter dragged me from one doctor to another. We ended up with a shrink who suggested a change, somewhere far from the city. Peter was thrilled. He'd always hated New York – the pace, the competition. He began calling his old law school buddies until he found – Don't ask me why I came with him. I guess, at the time, I could have cared less where I lived. So now here I am, stuck in this –

STOP

→ GRACE. Why don't you lie back –

GLORIA. What still gnaws at me. Okay, maybe I did deserve to get slapped down. I mean, I had become a little lofty, a little full of myself. Peter was feeling very threatened by my success and I was loving it. And there was the affair. But if these were my sins, MY SINS, why was it Danny who paid for them? That's what's insane. That's what makes me want to – You talk about God? What kind of God is this? Is he sick? Is he a sadist? If he's not butchering us outright he's ... Look at your life. Haven't you ever asked yourself ... *(She stops. Gropes for control)* I'm sorry. I ... I don't know why I'm doing this.

GRACE. My life. What about my life?

GLORIA. No.

GRACE. Say it.

GLORIA. *(Trying to push it back but can't)* You buried not one child, but five! Everything you've ever worked for has been reduced to – Look out there. To rubble! You have a grandson. Who are you to him? A woman he charges to run errands and cut wood. Haven't you ever asked yourself what your life's been for? Here you are a sick old woman, ravaged with pain, without a soul in the world to even care whether you live or – Grace, I – *(Going after her coat and purse)* I think I'd better go home after all.