

GRACE - MONOLOGUE

GRACE AND GLORIE

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GRACE. She can see this?

GLORIA. Sure. Ready?

GRACE. (*Looking at the camera. Still stiff*) Luanne? Hi.

START → This is me. Your great aunt. Grace. I ... Oh, yes. Happy birthday. I ... I wanted to let you know how much your letters've meant to me. And the pictures you sent me. Sure loved them pictures. Can't believe you're a teenager already. I'm glad you been thinkin' 'bout me. I been thinkin' 'bout you, too, all the while I been ... (*She's relaxing now. Talking to LUANNE*) knittin' this sweater. See? It's a picture of an old orchard used to be out there on a hill. Thought you might like to see it. Wish I could see you. Give you a hug. Hope you're not too big for hugs. (*A beat*) This is ... probably the only chance I'm goin' to get to talk to you. S'pose I should be givin' you advice. People expect ol' folks to do that. Give 'em advice. But you young women today, you're so bright, so independent, what can I tell you? Don't even know myself what I know. This little farm here: the animals, the trees, the flowers, the ... bugs. It's been my whole world. It's like - (*She fidgets with the sweater uncomfortably*) Maybe ... (*She begins to get excited*) maybe it's like this ... like this sweater. I mean the way everythin' in this whole world is, you know, connected. Like the stitches in this sweater. See, each one, they ain't much by themselves, but you break even one and the whole sweater falls apart. Now I might not know what my life's been for, Luanne, but I do know God put me here on this earth for a reason. Even if it was only, like a stitch in the middle of this sweater, to hold on with one hand to the stitch that comes before me and with the other hand to the stitch that comes after. If that's all I was put here to do, it's still a mighty important thing. And it makes me a mighty important person.

(She's looking at GLORIA) I think that's all God wants any of us to do, honey. Hold on. To each other and to this sweet earth He give us with all our might. Guess that's 'bout all I got to say. *(Tears are running down her cheeks)* Give Mommy a hug from me. Will you do that? I love you, sweetheart. I love you.

STOP → GLORIA. Amen.

GRACE. Look at me, cryin' like a baby! And that black stuff on my eyes? Probably leakin' all down my face. Why, I bet I look just like that ... that Tammy Faye Baker on TV!

GLORIA. *(Laughing)* You do. You look just like Tammy Faye.

(GLORIA gets a tissue. Cleans GRACE's face.)

GRACE. I wasn't talking only to Luanne, you know.

GLORIA. Yes, I know.

GRACE. I'm cold.

GLORIA. Here, lie back. Let me pull up the covers.

GRACE. Feel my legs. They feel cold to you?

GLORIA. No.

GRACE. They don't feel cold?

GLORIA. You're warmer than I am.

GRACE. Then you don't think I'm dyin' just yet?

GLORIA. No. You're not dying just yet.

GRACE. If I take a nap you think I'll wake up?

GLORIA. You haven't finished Luanne's sweater.

GRACE. I do have this little bit to finish around the neck. Okay, I'll ... take a nap.

GLORIA. And when you wake up, we'll work on your will.