

GRACE. Would you like me to find something for you to do!

GLORIA. *(A little startled)* What?

GRACE. I asked if you would like –

GLORIA. Oh, no. I'm fine.

GRACE. But you're just sittin' there.

GLORIA. I'm thinking.

GRACE. But you're not doin' nothing.

GLORIA. I'm thinking.

GRACE. Thinkin' is not doin'. Thinkin' is just a fancy word for idleness. And –

GRACE & GLORIA. "Idleness is the devil's workshop."

GRACE. It is, indeed. And I will not be party to contributin' one speck of anything to the devil.

GLORIA. I don't believe in the devil, Grace.

GRACE. You think the devil cares? And that sound. Picking, picking. Why are you doing that to your hands?

GLORIA. Because in the last five days, look. I have broken every one of my fingernails. Every one!

GRACE. Then go home. Sit in your fancy Jacuzzi. Let your fingernails grow back!

GLORIA. *(Jumping up, going into the dark kitchen)* I'll find something to do!

GRACE. Thank you. *(A beat)* There's a bag of fabric scraps under this table.

GLORIA. I don't sew.

GRACE. 'This ain't sewin' it's cuttin'. Just come get the bag and I'll show you. *(GLORIA goes after the fabric while GRACE digs a pair of scissors and a three inch square of cardboard from her knitting bag)* You ask me, Glorie, your biggest problem is you think too much. Nothin' in this whole world ever got done by sittin' 'round thinkin' about it. And that's a fact.

GLORIA. Yes, Grace.

GRACE. And don't talk to me in that tone. I'm not your mother. *(GLORIA returns with the bag)* All right, now here. Just put this piece of cardboard top of the cloth and cut around it. Think you can do that?

*(GLORIA sits on the bed, cuts the fabric.)*

GLORIA. What's this for?

GRACE. For a quilt top I'm plannin' to make. And don't tell me I won't live long enough to finish it. Makes no difference. I take great comfort knowing no matter how long I live I'll have plenty to do.

GLORIA. *(Holding up the first piece)* How's that?

GRACE. A work o' art. Do another.

GLORIA. *(Cutting the fabric)* Why do you keep calling me "Glorie?"

GRACE. I'm still doin' that? *(GLORIA smiles and nods. GRACE laughs)* When I was just a girl, there was this hymn my Mama liked to sing. Called "Where He Leads Me." The last part, it goes *(Singing)* "He will give me grace and glory, and go with me all the way." Mama used to laugh. "We got our little Grace," she'd say. "Now all we need is a little Glorie." 'Course she never got her little Glorie. Neither did I. *(Noticing GLORIA has stopped cutting)* I didn't mean to set you off thinkin' again, go on, keep cuttin' out them squares!

GLORIA. You're too much, Grace.

GRACE. I'm amazin'. You said so yourself. You remind me of my husband. Mr. Stiles. He was always thinkin', too.

Dark, broodin' thoughts. They was all like that. All them Stiles. Had this streak o' gloom in 'em. All they ever saw was the dark side o' life. Not that it's ever been easy hereabouts, but like I said, in my family we laughed, we sang. We were always happy just to be alive. But with them Stiles, whenever you ran into one, it was like a cloud passed front of the sun.

GLORIA. Why did you marry him? "Mr." Stiles.

GRACE. Oh, he wasn't bad lookin'. He was a hard worker. So he had a gloomy streak.

GLORIA. Roy's like that, too, isn't he?

GRACE. He is indeed. My good blood's been swallowed up by the blood of them gloomy Stiles.

GLORIA. He's been avoiding me all week. Whenever he sees me coming he goes the other way.

GRACE. Roy's suspicious. Thinks you're up here after something.

GLORIA. Like what?

GRACE. My money, I guess.

GLORIA. I thought you didn't have any money.

GRACE. I don't. But that ain't enough to keep Roy from being suspicious.

GLORIA. Even if you had money, I certainly don't need it.

GRACE. That's what I told Roy. Told him you were just a wealthy young woman with more time on your hands than sense.

GLORIA. Thanks a lot.

GRACE. Roy always thought he'd have an inheritance from me. He would've, too, if his Daddy and me could've just died like normal people 'stead of messin' with them doctors. They told Roger Lee if they didn't operate he'd be dead in six months. So they operated. He was dead in a week. And look at me. Oh, sure, them doctors, they slowed it down some. So now instead of dyin' I just sit shrivelin' up like a ... piece o' old fruit. (*GLORIA yawns, stretches*) Look at you. Why don't you go home?