

GRACE. I never have asked myself that question.
What's my life been for.

GLORIA. Grace –

GRACE. Maybe I should.

GLORIA. I didn't mean–

GRACE. I sure ain't left my mark on much o' nothin'.

GLORIA. Don't say that. You've had a wonderful life.

GRACE. Ha!

GLORIA. You didn't live to be ninety years old by –

GRACE. I've lived to be ninety years old by stayin' busy! That's how I done it. Stayed busy!

GLORIA. Grace, I'm sorry.

GRACE. Why should you be sorry for my miserable life? Got nothin' to do with you. I'd still like to know what you're doin' here, messin' with death. So you lost a child. Like the doctor said –

GLORIA. Things happen.

GRACE. Yes.

GLORIA. Just happen. No rhyme, no reason. No one pulling the strings.

GRACE. I didn't say there was no reason.

GLORIA. Then what is it?

GRACE. How should I know? You accept each day as it comes. You don't question.

GLORIA. No questions.

GRACE. No.

GLORIA. Just stay busy. That's what I'm supposed to do? Stay busy for the next fifty years?

GRACE. Told you I don't know! Something like this happens you start over.

GLORIA. Of course. That's my husband's answer. Maybe even have another baby. So that in a few years – Look how many children you buried. And you're telling me I can go through this hell again?

GRACE. I ain't tellin' you nothin'! Good heavens, honey, either you do a thing or you don't. What other choice you got?

GLORIA. Oh, I've got choices. At least a few.

GRACE. Like what? Oh. Oh, I see. *(Slowly standing)* That what this is, this volunteerin' you do? You here to try Death on for size 'fore you go off and kill yourself? Is that it? IS IT!

GLORIA. THIS SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED, GODDAMNIT! He was a brilliant, innocent boy with his whole life in front of him, not some miserable rodent stumbling into a trap! You're the one with the faith, you tell me! What heavenly purpose was served by crushing his beautiful, young body and leaving it on my lap to die? All I want is an answer, Grace! One lousy reason! *(A beat)* Except there is no answer, is there? I'm sorry, but whatever this – game is, I can't play it anymore!

(She hurries toward the front door.)

GRACE. Glorie, honey, would you do me a favor? *(GLORIA stops)* Would you let me go first?

(GLORIA looks at GRACE for a moment. Then hurries out as the lights go to black.)