

GLORIA. No one's going to court. Give me a few more sessions with that sleezebag developer and I guarantee he'll come around to a nice, quiet settlement.

GRACE. And what does that mean?

GLORIA. It means the difference between what the land was worth and what you sold it for. The realtor wants to check into it more, but she's sure we're talking a hundred thousand minimum.

GRACE. A hundred thousand dollars?

GLORIA. You sold five hundred acres, Grace.

GRACE. But a hundred thousand dollars?

GLORIA. That's the upside. The downside is it's going to take time. And that's what your will is for. Here, (*Going to her bag*) I had Peter give me a standard form. All we have to do is fill in a few blanks.

GRACE. And just who'm I supposed to leave it to?

GLORIA. Anyone you want. Roy.

GRACE. Why would I leave it to Roy?

GLORIA. (*Setting the will form in front of GRACE*) You said he was disappointed he didn't have an inheritance. Now, maybe he'll remember you differently.

GRACE. I'm supposed to buy Roy's fond memories of me?

GLORIA. Forget Roy. Leave it to – a church.

GRACE. Told you, I don't have a church.

GLORIA. Yes, you did. How about – Luanne?

GRACE. Luanne? What would she do with all that money?

GLORIA. Set up a trust to pay for her college education. By the time Luanne's old enough for college it's going to cost a hundred thou.

GRACE. Her Mamma's divorced, got two other kids.

GLORIA. Then that's it. We'll set up a trust. Oh Grace, this is beautiful. I mean it, it's so beautiful.

GRACE. 'Course you know what the Bible says about money. The root of all evil. Buys nothing but misery. I don't believe I want that on my conscience.

GLORIA. Grace, this isn't the same.

GRACE. *(Tearing up the will form)* We will forget about this!

GLORIA. Grace!

GRACE. *(Throwing the paper down)* NO!

GLORIA. Fine.

GRACE. I don't like what's happenin' to me. I'm so confused. Ever since last night, my mind is –

GLORIA. I told you I was sorry about last night.

GRACE. Ain't sayin' I'm doubtin'. Never doubted the good Lord one second o' my life. But you got me wonderin'. So many things. Like I was listenin' to my music this mornin', but I was hearin' it different somehow. "Gladly will I toil and suffer, only let me walk with Thee." I don't like sayin' this, but, try as I might, I was never glad about the toilin' or the sufferin'.

*(GLORIA sets a beautifully arranged tray, complete with a tea rose in a bud vase, on the table.)*

GLORIA. Well, there'll be no "toilin' or sufferin' " today. Ta-da!

GRACE. Now why did you go and buy all this food? One thing we got plenty of 'round here is food.

GLORIA. This food is special. To me, anyway. This is the city, Grace. I thought maybe you'd like to ... Here, try this.