

Lucille Monologues 1 & 2

Monologue #1 (p 112-113)

They look good together, don't you think? Ten to one says they'll be married before the year's out ... That'll be some affair, huh? Gotta have good meat ... You could've made some haul on that one ... Me and Selma'll probably be bridesmaids ... There's a switch. Selma at somebody else's wedding. (SHE laughs, then stops.) They'll make a good couple. (Pause.) Probably won't see much of her. (Fighting back tears.) Look at this place. (SHE begins picking out some leaves from the ivy. Her movements quicken and become more careless.) A person shouldn't have to be picking leaves out of ivy. A person shouldn't have to spend the rest of their life taking care of a grave! I shouldn't have to come here... Every goddamn month to...(SHE begins sobbing as SHE grabs leaves, rocks, anything and smashes them against the grave. Finally, SHE stops and stands up. Softly, sadly.) I'm gonna miss you, Doris. (SHE pulls herself together and regains her composure.) But I'm telling you now... I'm not coming here every month. I don't care how much time we've spent here, I'm not going to remember you and me in this place! I'm going to remember you dancing. I'm going to remember you arguing. I'm going to remember you pulling chicken wings out of your purse.

Monologue #2 (page 97)

They should really make one big coffin for married people, don't you think? You should be able to get a king-size coffin for Christ sakes, or at least a double. You should be able to spend the rest of eternity next to your husband. Even if you don't speak, don't touch each other ... at least it's something. Instead, you got to lie there alone. All the time thinking ...saying to yourself...This is wrong. This is not how it should be, damn it!