



GRIMLY REAPED

By Dave Patton

A SMITH SCRIPT

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One Act Play

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ACTORS

Mother ... Character is elderly

Daughter ... Character is middle aged

Narrator ... Male or female

Nurse ...male or female, any age

Scene.

A room in a care home.

Two simple wooden chairs against the rear of a dimly lit stage.

If possible, Glen Campbell's song: 'I'm Not Gonna Miss You' should fade in around now, fade out halfway through, and fade in again at close.

DAUGHTER

A woman in her mid-30s enters the room and moves the chairs to front and centre facing each other.

She takes off her coat and backpack and hangs them over her chair.

She rummages in her bag as she waits for her Mother to be shown in.

NURSE

A nurse enters and assists an elderly lady toward the chairs.

The old lady is stooped and clearly infirm.

The Nurse says to the old lady...

"Here's your daughter come to see you Mrs. Groom."

She makes a helpless gesture to the Daughter as they both seat the old lady.

The nurse leaves as the Daughter fusses with her mother...she does this throughout the play

DAUGHTER

"Hi Mum, how are you today?"

She kisses her Mum's head and sits on the chair opposite, drawing it close.

She takes the old lady's hand.

"I see they've done your hair, looks pretty Mum.

Is that the Cardigan I got for your birthday!

My, look at you all fancied up... got a date Mum?

George and the kids send their love, and your old neighbour, Mrs. McKinnon, was asking after you."

She strokes her Mum's hair as she speaks.

The old woman clutches her handbag but makes no sign of recognition.

The daughter fishes in her backpack and pulls out a pack of photos.

"I brought those pics we talked about Mum, and I looked out the photos from your old box too.

Look Mum; you, Dad, Uncle Charlie, Marion, Jamie, and me. I think it was down on the beach at the Lake we used to go to maybe.... See?

And this one, I remember this from the time we beat the Yankees. You remember Mum? See here, Dad's got his Tigers shirt off and waving around like a madman He loved those Tigers mum, eh?"

She turns on her mobile and scrolls through....

"Mum, these are from the other day just, see, everyone's waving and saying hello."

Her Mother stares blankly as her daughter scrolls through old pics and her mobile describing the contents and people.

The old woman makes no movement.

She's talking softly, although we can't hear what she's saying to her mother, but she gets no response, and occasionally uses the hanky to wipe at her own tears.

Now and again, the old lady raises her daughter's hands to her cheek and gently rubs against her.

Occasionally, she wipes the old lady's mouth with her hanky.

She uses the same hanky to wipe her eyes from time to time.

REAPER