Wake Up, Mrs. Moore

16th Street Theater

By Julie Marie Myatt

ALMA SIDE
Edited to be read as a monologue from page 37

ALMA
I wish I could just be like the Amish or something and stick to one thing...To hell with fashion...I would think that would be very freeing...Although, they spend a lot of time churning butter and making their own clothes and killing pigs and I don’t have the patience for all that...If I want bacon, I’ll go to the store for that, and I’m not going to churn my own butter, for Christ’s sake when someone else can make it just as good. Though we’ve switched to margarine. It’s much better for you, and cheaper...You wouldn’t believe the price of things...How does this country celebrate 200 years? What’s our big bicentennial present? Inflation...Thank you, Uncle Sam...We finally get out of Vietnam, and now we all have to pay for it...as if we hadn’t paid enough already...I think it’s what’s given mother cancer...And I think Dad is going to drink himself to death one day...Sometimes I think they look at me and wonder what happened, where’d all their kids go?...One minute they had three, and the next I’m standing at their front door holding a bundt cake, all by myself...I catch Mother looking behind me, looking for you and George...and then when it’s my kids who walk up, she can’t hide her disappointment. I get it. I often look at my kids and think, “where’d these creeps come from?”...John is a terrible father...Oh, gosh, I almost forgot...juicy gossip...I had a cup of coffee with my friend Judy before I came over here--you remember Judy...

Of course you do. If you had just waited on her, maybe, maybe, all this would have been different. Maybe. Not that I’m blaming Judy. Or you...But...it was a few minutes, Virginia. Really. A few minutes. You really are the most impatient person I’ve ever met...