

Violet Monologue

ACT TWO

The house has been manifestly refreshed, presumably by Johnna's hand. The dull, dusty finish has been replaced by the transparent gleam of function.

Of note:

The study has been reorganized, stacks of paper are neater, books are shelved. The dining room table is set with the fine china, candles, a floral centerpiece. In a corner of the dining room, a "kid's table," with seating for two, is also set. The warm, clean kitchen now bubbles and steams, violent of collard and kale.

At rise:

Three o'clock of an eternal Oklahoma afternoon. The body of Beverly Weston has just been buried.

Violet, relatively sober now, in a handsome modern black dress, stands in Beverly's study, a bottle of pills in her hand.

Elsewhere in the house: Karen and Barbara are in the dining room, Johnna is in the kitchen.

VIOLET. August ... your month. Locusts are raging, "Summer psalm become summer wrath." "Course it's only August out there. In here ... who knows? All right ... okay. "The Carriage held but just Ourselves," dum-de-dum ... mm, best I got ... Emily Dickinson's all I got ... something something, "Horse's Heads Were Toward Eternity ..." (She takes a pill.) That's for me ... one for me ... (She picks up the hardback copy of Meadowlark, flips to the dedication.) "Dedicated to my Violet." Put that one in marble. (She drops the book on the desk. She takes a pill.) For the girls, God love 'em. That's all I can dedicate to you, sorry to say. Other than them ... not one thing. No thing. You think I'll weep for you? Think I'll play that part, like we played the others? (She takes a pill.) You made your choice. You made this happen. You answer for this ... not me. Not me. This is not mine. (Lights crossfade to the dining room. Barbara and Karen, wearing black dresses, fold napkins, munch food from a relish tray, etc.)