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**Cast of Characters**

MARGARET, age 17

TREVOR, age 16

JOSEPH, age 15

ALISON, age 14

PHILIP, age 12

GRANDMOTHER, like all grandmothers, ageless

**Setting**

The bleachers of Camden Yards, at a Sunday afternoon  
Baltimore Orioles home game. The present.

**Production Notes**

*(See the last page of the play.)*

# POOR LITTLE LAMBS

## by Stephen Gregg

### Scene 1

*(JOSEPH is alone onstage. He has a camera around his neck.)*

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* My grandmother walks like a wind-up toy: plant left leg, swivel right, plant right leg, swivel left. We have to push her up hills, and she's pretty slow even on level ground. Get her on a ramp though, and she's hard to stop.

*(GRANDMOTHER enters, a little too fast, followed by the other four Monroe children: MARGARET, TREVOR, ALISON, and PHILIP. PHILIP is holding two hot dogs.)*

**ALL THE KIDS.** [Come on, Grandma! / Down the ramp! / Don't worry! / We'll catch you! / Whoa!]

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* Philip was sure that if we steered her into a wall, her legs would keep moving and her shoulders would bang back and forth.

**PHILIP.** We should at least try it!

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* But Margaret used her influence as oldest sibling to prevent it.

*(MARGARET helps GRANDMOTHER into the bleachers.)*

**MARGARET.** Upsa-daisy. There you go, Grandmother.

**GRANDMOTHER.** Thank you, Margaret.

**MARGARET.** You're welcome.

**GRANDMOTHER.** Margaret, thank you.

**MARGARET.** I SAID, "YOU'RE WELCOME, GRANDMOTHER"!

*(GRANDMOTHER nods.)*

**TREVOR.** *(To ALISON:)* It could be worse.

**ALISON.** I don't want to talk about it.

**PHILIP.** *(To JOSEPH:)* We're late.

**JOSEPH.** We're fine. It's only the second inning.

**TREVOR.** But you admit it could be worse.

**ALISON.** I'm saying I don't care!

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* Five years ago, when I was eleven, Grandma moved to the Whispering Pines nursing home, an hour from where we lived. Mom and Dad didn't want to see her themselves, so they started the tradition whereby twice a year we grandchildren went to visit. If it was winter, we'd go to the theater where Grandma and Philip would fall asleep, or to a restaurant where Trevor and Margaret and I would pretend to be triplets having a birthday. Once, it worked: we got a free dinner. The maitre d' said to Grandma, "Is that true, Ma'am?" And Grandma, who never takes in what's going on around her, only smiled up at him and said:

**GRANDMOTHER.** *(To the unseen maitre d':)* Aren't they lovely?

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* But if we visited in the summer, we always went to Camden Yards, because Grandma knew that we liked a good game.

*(And at this, we hear the sound of a bat, and all the KIDS stand up and cheer. He's out!)*

**GRANDMOTHER.** What's the score, Margaret?

**MARGARET.** No score yet, Grandmother. Orioles are coming up to bat!

**TREVOR.** You might not have even been nominated.

**ALISON.** Stop talking to me.

**TREVOR.** All I'm saying is—

**ALISON.** I know what you're saying! You keep saying it! Why is the only way you can think of to comfort someone is to tell them how it might have been worse? Fine! It could be worse! I might have a fatal disease. I'm still sad that I only got six votes! *(To MARGARET:)* Can we play now?

**MARGARET.** Let us get settled, at least.

**PHILIP.** Did McMann bat yet?

**TREVOR.** No, he bats after Hilliard.

**PHILIP.** *(A little louder:)* Grandma, McMann is going for the record. Most consecutive games with a hit. He's my favorite player. See?

*(PHILIP turns to show that he has a magazine picture of McMann taped to the back of his shirt.)*

If he gets a hit today, he'll break the record.

**ALISON.** *(After a moment:)* She didn't hear a word you said.

**JOSEPH.** Grandma, Dad said he'd pay for box seats if we wanted.

**MARGARET.** *(To JOSEPH:)* Louder.

**JOSEPH.** Grandma!

**GRANDMOTHER.** Hmm?

**JOSEPH.** Do you want to move to the box seats?

**GRANDMOTHER.** No. I like it here. The bench feels warm against my tushy.

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* I think that's what she said. I might be making that up. I do that sometimes, for whatever reason.

**ALISON.** Let's get started.

**MARGARET.** You guys go ahead. I don't feel like playing.

**ALISON.** What do you mean you don't feel like it?

**MARGARET.** Not today.

**ALISON.** You *invented* the game.

**MARGARET.** I'll keep score if you want.

**ALISON.** It won't work without five.

**PHILIP.** Please, Margaret?

**ALISON.** You *have* to play. I'm having such a crappy week. Six votes for student council. You have no idea how that makes a person feel.

*(This quiets them for a moment.)*

**PHILIP.** Did you vote for yourself?

**ALISON.** Philip, be quiet.

**PHILIP.** But did you?

**ALISON.** I said, be quiet.

**JOSEPH.** *(To PHILIP:)* I think we can take that as a yes.

**PHILIP.** So you really only got five votes.

**TREVOR.** *(To PHILIP:)* Which is better than if she'd only gotten four. Or three—

**ALISON.** Oh, would you shut up? I'm gonna destroy you in this game!

**TREVOR.** No you're not!

**ALISON.** Yes I am!

**TREVOR.** We'll see!

**MARGARET.** Why are you two so mad at each other?

**ALISON.** He knows why. And he's gonna be all sad when I whip his ass in this game.

**TREVOR.** I would be, except that's not gonna happen.

**ALISON.** Bet you!

**TREVOR.** Fine. What are we betting?

**ALISON.** Loser cuts off all their hair.

**TREVOR.** You're on!

**MARGARET.** Alison, are you insane?

**GRANDMOTHER.** *(To ALISON:)* Are you getting a haircut?

**ALISON.** No, Grandma, Trevor is.

**TREVOR.** Not any time soon.

**MARGARET.** You can't bet that!

**ALISON.** I'm not gonna lose.

**JOSEPH.** You lost last time.

**ALISON.** That's because I had The Lamb.

**TREVOR.** So fine, if either of us gets The Lamb, the bet's off.

**ALISON.** Why? Are you scared? Take your chances.

*(TREVOR considers this for a moment, then takes the challenge.)*

**TREVOR.** Fine, let's choose.

**ALISON.** *(A command:)* Margaret, you're playing.

**MARGARET.** No.

**ALISON.** Yes.

*(ALISON takes a baseball cap off of PHILIP's head and drops five folded pieces of paper into it. One by one, the KIDS reach into the cap, pull out the pieces of paper, and read from them. This is a ritual.)*

**MARGARET.** "You Said That?"

**PHILIP.** "The Stain."

**JOSEPH.** "Golf."

**ALISON.** "The Necklace."

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* Which left Trevor with—

**TREVOR.** *(Not happy:)* "The Lamb."

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* The most elusive of the stories.

**TREVOR.** I'm screwed.

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* She didn't always tell it.

**TREVOR.** She never tells it.

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* And she never seemed to finish. She'd get to the part about crying at the auction, and then her voice would trail off.

**ALISON.** It could be worse.

**TREVOR.** Shut up.

**MARGARET.** Game starts at the next hit.

**JOSEPH.** You could still win.

**TREVOR.** Yeah, right. I might as well hit the barber shop right now.

**ALISON.** That won't be necessary.

*(ALISON takes out a pair of scissors.)*

**TREVOR.** You brought scissors?

**ALISON.** That's right.

**TREVOR.** Why did you bring scissors?

**ALISON.** I think it's important to be prepared.

*(ALISON opens up the scissors and clips them in the air. CRACK!  
We hear the sound of a ball being hit, perhaps a CROWD roaring, and  
the kids are off.)*

**MARGARET.** Go!

*(All five KIDS speak at the same time.)*

**PHILIP.** *(Overlapping:)* Grandma, have you ever thought about what a pain in the neck it is to keep your furniture clean? I keep spilling things all over my bed at home.

**TREVOR.** *(Overlapping:)* Grandma, been back to the farm lately? I visited a farm last week, and I saw all these kids raising livestock, and it was really inspiring.

**JOSEPH.** *(Overlapping:)* Hey Grandma, you been watching the British Open on TV? I saw a guy make the most amazing shot. It was an eagle on a par three, so I guess that would be—

**MARGARET.** *(Overlapping:)* I bet you never saw anything as shocking, as absolutely surprising, as what I saw yesterday in the store.

**ALISON.** *(Overlapping:)* So Grandma, you bought any good jewelry lately? I'm only asking because I think jewelry is always fascinating.

**MARGARET.** *(Shouting the rest of them down:)* All right, stop!

*(The others quiet down.)*

One at a time! Youngest to oldest. Go!

*(One by one, the KIDS speak to GRANDMOTHER, loudly. Her attention keeps shooting from child to child as they interrupt her, not letting her respond.)*

**PHILIP.** How's your furniture look, Grandma?

**ALISON.** So Grandma, you bought any good jewelry lately?

**JOSEPH.** Grandma, you been watching the British Open on TV?

**TREVOR.** I went to a farm last week, Grandma.

**MARGARET.** Grandmother, I saw someone do the most shocking thing the other day.

**GRANDMOTHER.** Oh?

*(And back to PHILIP....)*

**PHILIP.** Is your furniture all clean?

**ALISON.** I've always admired your jewelry, Grandma.

**JOSEPH.** One of those players in the British Open hit an amazing shot!

**TREVOR.** I think cows might be my favorite farm animals, but I'm not sure.

**MARGARET.** I mean really, I saw this man and I was just horrified at what he did.

**PHILIP.** I like how clean you keep your furniture, Grandma!

**ALISON.** Grandma, what do you think of my ring?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Oh, that's lovely Alison. Do you know that I've worn this necklace every day—almost every day—since I was nine and a half years old?

**ALISON.** No, I didn't know that.

**GRANDMOTHER.** Yes. There's a story about this necklace.

**ALISON.** Really? Tell us.

**GRANDMOTHER.** Well, all right.

*(We hear the crack of a bat. ALL except GRANDMOTHER stand and cheer, along the lines of, "Go go! Come on" etc. Followed by, "Safe!")*

**ALISON.** Now, Grandma, what is it you were saying?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Hmm?

**ALISON.** You were about to tell us a story.

**GRANDMOTHER.** Oh?

**ALISON.** Yes, Grandma. What is it you were about to tell us?

**GRANDMOTHER.** *(After a moment:)* It's cool for June, isn't it? Alison, are you warm enough?

**TREVOR.** *(To GRANDMOTHER:)* Alison is cold-blooded. If she were chilly, she'd stop moving.

**GRANDMOTHER.** Oh you. Joseph, do *you* have a jacket?

**JOSEPH.** I'm fine, Grandma. I'm still warm from practicing my putting!

**GRANDMOTHER.** Oh, do you play golf?

**JOSEPH.** I sure do!

**GRANDMOTHER.** I play golf! Did you know your grandmother hit a hole in one?

**JOSEPH.** No!

**GRANDMOTHER.** Yes, I did. We were on vacation, in California. I was thirty years old. I hadn't been playing very long but I got to go to the Lakeside Country Club in Beverly Hills. No, not Beverly Hills. Toluca Lake. I hit a ball off the thirteenth tee ... and I had this nice Irish caddie and he couldn't find it anywhere. Finally he said, "Mrs. Monroe, do you suppose it could have gone in the hole?" And we looked ... and sure enough. There it was.

**JOSEPH.** How about that?

**GRANDMOTHER.** And afterwards all of the fellows in the clubhouse bought me drinks in the bar ... called the Nineteenth Hole. Bob Hope's wife made a hole-in-one on that same hole.

**JOSEPH.** Really?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Mmm-hmmm.

**MARGARET.** *(After a moment:)* All right, twenty-five for being first. Plus three points for each new detail. I caught two....

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* Irish caddie. Bob Hope's wife.

**MARGARET.** So ... thirty-one points.

**JOSEPH.** Beat that.

**PHILIP.** Look, there's McMann!

**JOSEPH.** Where?

**PHILIP.** There! He stepped out of the dugout! Take his picture for me.

**JOSEPH.** I have to save my film.

**PHILIP.** Please?

**JOSEPH.** I can't, Philip. It's homework for my art class. I'm doing a photo essay called "Losers." I'm capturing sports figures at the moment of their defeat. See, I think that's why we watch sports. It's not to watch somebody win. It's because it feels so good to watch someone else lose.

**ALISON.** Oh brother.

**JOSEPH.** It's true.

**ALISON.** Then why are we cheering for the Orioles?

**JOSEPH.** We're not! We're cheering *against* the Yankees. We want to see them suffer. That's why marathons are so great. One winner and fifteen thousand pathetic also-rans.

**PHILIP.** I just want one picture!

**JOSEPH.** Sorry, buddy.

**TREVOR.** Grandma, what's your favorite farm animal?

**MARGARET.** I'm *shocked* that you didn't know where your ball was.

**PHILIP.** Grandma, did you get at all dirty when you were golfing?

*(ALISON has torn her paper cup into a long strip, and models it around her neck.)*

**ALISON.** Hey, how does this look?

**TREVOR.** *(Singing:)* We are poor little—

**MARGARET.** *(To TREVOR:)* Uh-uh-uh! Careful!

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* Each story had key words that you weren't allowed to say.

**TREVOR.** *(Singing:)* Poor little four-legged-furry-creatures who have lost our way. Baaah! Baa! Baa-aah!

**MARGARET.** Was that the most surprising thing you've ever done?

**JOSEPH.** *(To the audience:)* Whatever you do, don't look at the hot dog in Philip's hand.

*(It's PHILIP's turn. Instead of saying anything, he reaches over and drops his hot dog into GRANDMOTHER's lap.)*

**PHILIP.** Oh no!

**GRANDMOTHER.** Oh dear.

**PHILIP.** Grandma, I'm so sorry!

**GRANDMOTHER.** That's all right.

**MARGARET.** Philip.

**TREVOR.** *(To PHILIP:)* That's not fair.

**GRANDMOTHER.** It's all right. I have some experience with stains.

**PHILIP.** Do you?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Oh yes.

**PHILIP.** Tell me about it!

**GRANDMOTHER.** Well, one example ... is when I was having a party for your father for his birthday—

**PHILIP.** Which birthday?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Seventh, I think. And one of his friends spilled all over my new couch.

**PHILIP.** What did he spill?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Coca-Cola.

**PHILIP.** Oh no. What color was the couch?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Blue. Blue with white trim. He spilled all over it, and he felt bad of course ... but I said ... I said don't worry because I know how to get things out. And I did. You use baking soda. But what did I go and do?

**PHILIP.** What?

**GRANDMOTHER.** I used baking *powder*.

**PHILIP.** Oh no!

**GRANDMOTHER.** And of course, it was really funny because anyone who walked into the room would have said, well Thelma, honestly. What are you baking? A couch?

**PHILIP.** Oh, Grandma, that must have been hysterical. (*To MARGARET:*) Score, please.

**MARGARET.** I'm not playing anymore.

**JOSEPH.** Oh, come on, Margaret.

**MARGARET.** No, that was disgusting.

**PHILIP.** There's no rule against it.

**MARGARET.** Well, I'm done.

**ALISON.** He's right. There's no rule against it.

**MARGARET.** Well, there should be.

**ALISON.** Well, there's not.

**MARGARET.** There's no rule against me quitting, either.

**ALISON.** You have to play.

**MARGARET.** No, I don't.

**PHILIP.** You can't start and then stop. It's bad sportsmanship.

**MARGARET.** Am I the only one who thinks that was inappropriate?

*(There's a long moment.)*

**ALISON.** Apparently so.

**MARGARET.** So we can just do whatever we want?

**ALISON.** Yes!

**MARGARET.** Anything at all.

**ALISON.** What are you so pissy about?

**MARGARET.** Nothing. Fine. Philip, twenty points for being second. Three points for new each detail. I counted six. So ... thirty eight. You're our new leader.

**JOSEPH.** That's gonna be hard to beat.

**PHILIP.** Thank you, thank you very much. Oh, look, here it comes! Ready....?

*(They do the wave. All except for GRANDMOTHER, who doesn't move. And now that it's passed, they move back into game mode.)*

**ALISON.** *(Showing GRANDMOTHER her ring:)* Grandma, I think this might be my favorite possession.

**GRANDMOTHER.** Oh? That's lovely Alison. *(Indicating her own necklace:)* My favorite possession is this right here.

**ALISON.** Is that right? Why is that?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Because it reminds me of your grandfather.

**ALISON.** Tell me about it.

*(MARGARET takes her shirt off. She sits there in just her bra. The others react to this:)*

**KIDS.** [Margaret, what are you doing? / Are you crazy? / Put that back on! / etc.]

**GRANDMOTHER.** Margaret, are you ... warm?

**MARGARET.** A little bit! I'm sorry, Grandma. Does this shock you?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Well, I'm no stranger to doing shocking things.

**MARGARET.** No?

*(The wave comes around again. Again, they all do it, except GRANDMOTHER, who barely lifts her hands.)*

**GRANDMOTHER.** The summer after my freshman year of college, I took a long trip with your grandfather. We weren't married yet. It was very different in those days. Even traveling together was considered somewhat naughty. And when my father found out that we'd been together for two weeks, he was furious. He said, "Thelma, has he taken away your innocence?" And I said, "No. Only my virginity."

*(GRANDMOTHER laughs, scandalized by her own joke.)*

**MARGARET.** You said that?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Yes, I did!

*(MARGARET puts her shirt back on.)*

**MARGARET.** I get fifteen points for being third.

**TREVOR.** You didn't try for any details.

**MARGARET.** Nope.

**PHILIP.** Wait wait wait! Time out, everybody. McMann's up.

*(The KIDS turn their attention to the field.)*

**PHILIP.** Go McMann!

*(The KIDS all jump in with cries of encouragement, rising in enthusiasm until a disappointing....)*

**PHILIP.** Strike one.

*(Again, the KIDS' cries rise in anticipation until....)*

**PAGES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THIS SCENE.  
THE PLAY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

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**ALISON.** Grandma, look!

*(ALISON points off to the air. GRANDMOTHER follows her finger, and while she does, ALISON uses the scissors to cut GRANDMOTHER's necklace. Beads fall everywhere.)*

**GRANDMOTHER.** Oh no!

**ALISON.** Oh dear.

**MARGARET.** *Alison.*

**ALISON.** What?

*(The KIDS go scrambling, looking for the beads.)*

**TREVOR.** We'll find them, Grandma.

*(MARGARET stands, handing her score pad to PHILIP.)*

**MARGARET.** We're out of here. Grandmother, let's go.

**GRANDMOTHER.** My necklace.

**MARGARET.** They'll find the beads for you! Come with me!

**GRANDMOTHER.** The game's not over yet.

**MARGARET.** I can't stay any more. I think you should go with me.

**GRANDMOTHER.** No! I want to watch!

*(One of the KIDS hands her a bead.)*

Thank you.

**PHILIP.** *(To MARGARET:)* Stay for the rest of the game.

**MARGARET.** Uh-uh. I'm done. Grandmother—

**TREVOR.** I'll make sure she's all right.

**MARGARET.** Is anybody coming with me?

**GRANDMOTHER.** *(To PHILIP, who's handing her a bead:)* Thank you, Philip.

**MARGARET.** Joseph, you're not going to put up with this, are you?

**JOSEPH.** I have to do my photo essay.

*(MARGARET takes one more long look at ALISON.)*

**ALISON.** *(To MARGARET:)* What?

*(MARGARET leaves. ALISON picks up a bead and gives it to her GRANDMOTHER.)*

**GRANDMOTHER.** Thank you, Alison.

**ALISON.** You're welcome.

**GRANDMOTHER.** It's just—it's almost never been off my neck.

**ALISON.** No?

**GRANDMOTHER.** When your grandfather asked me to marry him, I said no, I had to wait a bit.

**ALISON.** And why was that?

*(The KIDS continue to hand GRANDMOTHER beads during the following.)*

**GRANDMOTHER.** Because I was nine years old. And he was eight. So he brought me a piece of string with a yellow bead on it. He'd stolen the bead off his mother's charm bracelet, but I didn't know that. Oh, he got in so much trouble. His mother kept him locked in the house for a week. But she didn't make me give back the bead. I wore it every day for a month, and at the end of the month—thank you, Trevor—at the month, he gave me another bead from her bracelet, and he kissed my hand. This time, his parents spanked him and spanked him. Every time I saw him, his eyes were red. But the next month, he brought me another bead and kissed my hand again. He told me he was going to bring me a bead every month until I married him. And he did. His mother gave up. She started leaving her bracelet around the house to make it easier—thank you. This was when I was twelve. It's from South Carolina. It's coral. When his mother's bracelet was all used up, he *bought* me beads. This was the first one he bought. There's another one just like it.

**JOSEPH.** Got it.

**GRANDMOTHER.** He brought me a hundred and nine beads. The string was full, so I married him.

*(PHILIP has been adding furiously.)*

**PHILIP.** Ten for being fourth, plus ... nineteen new details. For a grand total of sixty-seven points. You broke the record by twenty points.

**ALISON.** *(Brandishing her scissors:)* Do you want me to start at the front or the back?

**PHILIP.** Not yet. Trevor, you know the rule. You have thirty seconds.

**ALISON.** I'll time you. Go.

**TREVOR.** *(Sullen:)* Grandma, don't you have any stories about your farm?

**JOSEPH.** Here's one more.

*(JOSEPH hands GRANDMOTHER the bead. Maybe he kisses her hand.)*

**GRANDMOTHER.** Thank you. Oh, he gave me this on my fifteenth birthday.

**PHILIP.** *(To ALISON:)* Seventy points.

**TREVOR.** Grandma, I'd really appreciate hearing about your farm.

**ALISON.** Ten seconds. Nine, eight, seven, six, five....

**GRANDMOTHER.** I do know a story.

**TREVOR.** *(Still surly:)* Let's hear it.

**GRANDMOTHER.** It'll take a moment.

**TREVOR.** I have a moment.

**GRANDMOTHER.** When I was eight years old, I was very responsible for a child my age. I used to help clean the barn and wash the produce and my mother knew that if she let me cook something I wouldn't burn the house down. As a reward, my parents got me a lamb of my very own for my ninth birthday. His name was Duncan.

*(She pauses for a moment.)*

All year long I fed, and watered, and groomed that lamb. I collected wood and built him a pen, and I took him on long walks tied to a rope. By the end of the summer, he was the healthiest, nicest-looking lamb on our farm. In late September it was time for the Missoula county fair, so we loaded up two wagons with pigs and vegetables and Duncan. There was a competition where judges would come to your booth and measure your vegetables. And at the end of the day the judges gave out ribbons, and do you know what?

**TREVOR.** What?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Duncan Monroe got the blue ribbon out of all the lambs in the county. On the second day of the fair, there was an auction, and the first animals to be auctioned were always those that had won prizes. When they put Duncan up on the auction block a man stood up and bid fifteen dollars. I started to cry. I cried and cried and everyone saw me and they knew that I was the little girl who had raised Duncan, and I just couldn't stop myself.

*(After a moment....)*

**ALISON.** Game's over. I win.

**TREVOR.** Not yet. Grandma, is that the whole story?

**ALISON.** It's all I've ever heard.

**TREVOR.** What happened next?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Right after the first man bid fifteen dollars, another man in black overalls stood up and bid sixteen. I couldn't stop crying, and everyone was staring at me looking so sorry. The first man bid sixteen dollars and fifty cents, and the second bid seventeen. They bid back and forth and when they got to thirty dollars I was nearly hysterical. My father was holding me, telling me to shush, but I couldn't.

*(The emotion of the story stops her. The KIDS sit there, feeling not so good about themselves, watching the game.)*

**TREVOR.** How many new details?

**ALISON.** Not enough.

**TREVOR.** What happened next, Grandma?

**JOSEPH.** Leave it alone, Trevor.

**TREVOR.** No! I get to ask follow-ups! What happened next, Grandma?

**ALISON.** She's done. The story's over.

**TREVOR.** We don't know that. Grandma, what happened next?

**GRANDMOTHER.** Finally, the man in black bid thirty-five dollars, the most ever bid for a lamb at our fair, and the other man gave up. And you know what he did?

**TREVOR.** What?

**GRANDMOTHER.** In front of all those people, he paid for Duncan, picked him up and carried him over, and gave him to me. It's amazing how kind some people can be.

**PHILIP.** *(Tallying the score:)* Five for being fifth, plus I counted twenty new details. Sixty-five points. You came close.

**ALISON.** But not close enough.

**TREVOR.** Shut up. That's a nice story, Grandmother. Thank you for telling it.

**GRANDMOTHER.** You're welcome, Trevor.

*(And maybe he takes her hand. Or maybe he finds another bead and hands it to her, kissing her hand. In either case, they sit there for a moment.)*

**ALISON.** *HEY EVERYBODY! GATHER 'ROUND IF YOU WANT TO WATCH SOMEONE GET A HAIRCUT!*

**TREVOR.** Just do it already.

**GRANDMOTHER.** You understand what had happened.

*(This throws the KIDS.)*

**TREVOR.** No. What?

**GRANDMOTHER.** When that first man had bid fifteen dollars, I couldn't believe it. I'd never had that much money in my entire life. I

was so happy, I started to cry. As the bids got higher and higher I couldn't control myself. And that night we took Duncan home and roasted him, and he was so delicious. If I close my eyes, I can still taste him.

*(After a long moment....)*

The value of a dollar. I understood it. *I understood something that my family didn't think I knew.* Oh, here it comes again.

*(The KIDS are still staring at their GRANDMOTHER, slack-jawed. They barely register the wave—a hand, a foot, half out of the seat, etc.—much the way GRANDMOTHER did earlier. But GRANDMOTHER rises majestically, gracefully, like a dancer, reaching upwards, then sits back down, content.)*

*(Standing back up:)* I'll take a taxi home. Did I tell you what happened last time I took a taxi? Well. That's another story.

*(And she's gone, with a little spring in her step. After a moment, ALISON hands the scissors to TREVOR. He starts to cut off her hair as the lights fade. JOSEPH points his camera at her.)*

**JOSEPH.** Don't move. That's perfect.

**TREVOR.** It could be worse....

### ***End of Play***

(Please see the next page for Production Notes.)

**Production Notes**

The author grants permission for production groups to alter potentially objectionable language.

You can mime the moment when the baseball comes flying in, or you can actually bring in the baseball. For some reason, I find the image of a stagehand carrying in a baseball (*perhaps on a string*) theatrical and funny.

Laura C. Kelly, at *Dramatics* magazine, has suggested another possible ending for the play. As she points out, Alison has lost the game, but these kids are all losers, and they may or may not realize that by the end of the play. If you decide that they do realize it, then the picture that gets taken at the end should be of all of them.

That ending might run something like this:

*(After a moment, ALISON hands the scissors to TREVOR. He starts to cut off her hair as the lights fade. JOSEPH crowds in so that all four kids are close to each other. He holds the camera out in front of them. They look at it.)*

**JOSEPH.** Say cheese.

***End of Play***