

URSULA: Who the hell *are* you?

OLD WOMAN: That's what Edward's new wife said when she first met me. (*she mimics aloud what was said to her*) "Who *are* you?" (*stares at URSULA*). She heard so many twisted stories about me

URSULA: (*rises, now really confused*) You know what, you're a crazy woman, and I'm out of here (*steps forward and a few steps away from the bench, freezes, facing audience*).

OLD WOMAN: (*rises, steps forward on opposite side of stage*) Well, if I'm a crazy woman, then so are you. (*addressing the audience*). She wanted to open the tram window! Jump in the river! Kill herself. Am I right? Her home is *Vermont*? What's that expression, 'Home is in the heart', something like that? Well, where is *hers*? (*to URSULA*) You have been rude and mean, and you were only nice when you thought you were going to fall out of the sky...after you couldn't get the window open. Remember? When we got on land and you got your directions...then you were in a hurry and on your independent way. But that's because you are afraid. (*to audience*) When young people cross the path of old people, they ignore them, or laugh at them. Why? Because they see the mirror of time before them. And they don't want to believe old age will happen to them. Or that they could ever be alone someday, with nothing but regrets. (*beat*) I know what it means to be hurt and misunderstood, I know what it means to turn that pain into fear and anger. You think I was never young? Wanting dreams that had no name? Time, boundaries are put upon all of us in years gone by, but history is just that, the past. (*to URSULA*) I thought you'd be ready for me, but maybe you are not.