

Playing Grandma

Length: Three minutes

Monologue for a small girl

(Enter, wearing a long skirt, pinned up high at waist-line, a cape or old-fashioned shawl thrown around shoulders. Hair rolled back and powdered. Walks in like an old woman, picks up spectacles and puts them on.)

Now, where did I put my knitting? I shouldn't wonder if that naughty child, Lulu, hadn't hidden it again. *(Hunts.)* I really do not see what Ruth will ever do with that child, she's such a dreadful little mischief. *(Finds knitting.)* Oh, here it is! Right under these papers. I just knew she'd hidden it. Bad, bad child! I really must tell Ruth to punish her. She's fast growing beyond her, I'm afraid.

(Sits and rocks as she tangles up knitting, hums an old hymn, her ball drops and rolls around on floor, she picks it up, tangling it more than ever.) These glasses are so dim I just cannot see anything. *(Cleans them.)* Here comes that child. Now, Lulu, you must not touch those books. Put that one right back. *Right away, do you hear me? Now, do go out and play. Go on, I say, or I'll call your mother. (Resumes knitting, yawns, then jumps up and begins to talk in natural voice.)* I'm tired of playing Grandma. Did you think I was really Grandma? I'm not. I'm Lulu, that *bad child*, you know. At least Grandma thinks I'm bad. I powdered my hair *(Shakes some on floor)*, then I put on this shawl, and this long skirt. *(Takes them off, as she mentions them. She is just dressed as a little girl.)* Grandma's taking her nap. So I thought I'd see how it went just once to act like she does. Listen. There she comes. What'll I do with these things? *(Rolls them hurriedly into a bundle and puts it by the door.)* Oh, she'll be hunting her glasses. I'll put them with her knitting and she will never know I've touched them. *(Jumps away from table, looks very innocent.)* Grandma, did you have a nice nap? Your glasses? I'll hunt them for you. Maybe you dropped them. *(Goes to table.)* Oh, here they are. Will you let me put them on for you? *(Action.)* My hair? Oh, I was just playing grown-up and I powdered it. No, Mother won't care, either. She lets me play it whenever I want to. No, she says the powder doesn't hurt my hair. See, it comes right out. *(Shakes head.)*

Your yarn's all tangled up? *(Very much surprised.)* How do you s'pose it ever got that way? My being so good now makes you s'picious of me tangling it? Why, Grandma, whatever would I do it for? *(Starts to edge toward door, where she puts the bundle; stops.)* Oh, I know. I'll just bet that mean old tabby-cat did it. I'll run right out and catch her, and scold her good and hard. Yes, I will. *(Snatches bundle hurriedly, while watching where Grandma is supposed to be sitting, then looks at audience and grins, and runs out.)*