

## 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.)*