

### Ertha Williams Monologue Script

(Took place a few days after Henry and Ertha moved into the assisted living facility. Ertha is talking to the nurse in residence at the facility.)

Hello, my name is Ertha Williams, and I have had such a good life with my husband Henry. He would always tease me when we first met because I was older than him by several years, but we were made for each other. We married just six months after we met and settled into our home. Oh, we worked hard in those days, Henry was an engineer, and I worked for the telephone company as an operator for many years – until our Anthony was born then I stayed home to raise him. Times were tough but we always made sure there was time for family and found ways to have fun. Henry and I loved to dance even if the church didn't like it back then! And oh, could we dance...

Well, here we are now in this apartment and Henry is sick so much. I miss our home, but Henry says we have to be here. I have my chair, my quilt and a few other things but it just isn't home. We lived there since we married and it will always be home. And I can't find anything! Nothing is in its rightful place!

I do what I can, but I know I get forgetful, and it seems everyone gets "short" with me. Believe me, I don't want to be so forgetful and then I get upset and Henry gets upset and it is such a cycle. I write things down to help but then I forget where I wrote it and can't find that either. I hope this goes away; I went to the doctor with Henry last week...or maybe it was last month...and I heard them talking about me and how I can't be away from Henry. Well, I don't want to be away from him!

I take my pills, my vitamins, and I go to church when I can and ladies circle, but all the noise gets so distracting, so I want to go home again. I can read, sew and visit home too. Then I get sad when I think of Anthony and him being gone...killed in the war... Sometimes I forget that he's gone, and I want to call him, but Betty his wife is awful good to us, and she talks with me and reminds me of the good years we had with him. And there is Ty, our only grandson. He is a great kid and good in school like his dad. He does my heart good. He's 13...or maybe 14...in high school...I think.

Oh dear, now I know I promised Henry something nice for dinner, but I can't remember what it was. Everyone gets so short with me like I am forgetting things, and they just don't tell me. Do you see what I mean, my purse is missing...someone must have taken it again, then Henry got mad when I told him I already had a bath today and he said I didn't...I take my pills and sure hope this gets better soon.