

Judy and Karen Jones Monologues Script
(Took place as Judy was admitted to the hospital)

Judy Jones:

Karen, why did you take me to this place with all of the beeps and those people in white coats? Hello, I'm Judy Jones. I heard somebody ask if I was here, hello Judy Jones is over here. Karen, are they looking for me? Karen, what kind of a place is this? Look, Karen, they have children hiding under the bed. Maybe they can help us to find little Susan? She is always hiding. Susan! Susan! What is that beeping noise? Can you help me find Susan? Karen, get me out of this place.

Karen Jones:

I'm Karen Jones, Judy's daughter. My mom is a remarkable woman. When we were children, she stayed home with me and my two younger brothers. We had so much fun as kids. Mom taught us everything we needed to know while letting us do fun things like build tents in the living room on rainy days and helping us reenact our favorite stories – somehow my brothers would always manage to get cowboys into every story. When we were all in high school, she started working as a pre-school teacher in our church. She worked there for 25 years – she really loves children.

Mom and our dad, George, Mom's childhood sweetheart, both retired at the same time. For the next ten years Mom and Dad spent a lot of time traveling and camping in their Winnebago trailer. They loved to explore different parts of the country, going to the theatre, visiting museums and art galleries, and searching for the perfect cup of coffee in every town! They were so happy until one summer day, when Mom and Dad were working in the garden. Mom went in to get some lemonade and when she came back....she found Dad. The doctor said he had massive a heart-attack. Dad's sudden death was difficult for all of us, but it was so hard for Mom. It seemed like she cried for months; that's when I moved back into our family home with her. My brothers and I didn't want her to be alone and I was the best choice to move in. Both of my brothers are married. I'm not, and I work 10 minutes from the house.... I'm a teacher in the public school where we grew up.

Initially Mom seemed to do better after I moved in, but then I started to notice her forgetting things. We joked about it at first, but then it wasn't funny anymore. Two years ago, I had to take over paying the bills, something she had done for over 50 years. She forgot to pay some of them and the electric was almost turned off. I feel so bad for her. She knows her memory is fading and can't do anything about it. Her grandson – my brother's boy – he and his wife are expecting their first child in two months. We are all so excited. Mom keeps saying she will go and help when the baby comes – she loves children so – but we are all afraid she'll be more of a burden. They'll need to keep an eye on Mom – and they won't want to let her spend time alone with the baby. I don't blame them...

Despite her failing memory, I thought Mom and I were managing well. Until recently I felt she was safe while I was at work, but recently I feel like she isn't hearing anything I say. The past few weeks have been stressful at work, and I haven't had a good night's sleep in two weeks. Mom has been coughing all night long with that cold. And now, I feel terrible! I thought she just had a cold. I took today off to take her to the doctor and now she is getting admitted to the hospital. I love my Mother...but right now I am feeling overwhelmed, guilty, and alone. I should have known this was more than a cold.