

## **Randy and Joy Adams Monologues Script**

*Randy Adams:*

“What happened? Who are you? What’s this crap running into my arm? There was an accident? Wait a minute...that was in Iraq. Oh, Lord, please don’t tell me I’m still there and that I’ve been dreamin’ ...No, no, doesn’t look anything like the place they took me in country.

Ok, I remember now. I was driving in heavy traffic. Those cars seemed to get too close. You can’t put any distance between you and them at rush hour. Feels like every little piece of trash or scrap of paper is gonna take us out...I know that isn’t real, but I can’t shake that feelin’ ...no matter how hard I try. Outa nowhere I saw the guy with his cell phone. I thought he was gonna trigger the device...No that’s not right, that’s not here... but I guess I hit the gas to fall back to the rally point and...

You say the kids and Joy are alright? Thank God for that. I don’t know what I would do without Joy. Makes my head hurt even worse just thinkin’ about it-- as if that’s possible. It’s hurt ever since...well I don’t want to talk about it. Joy says it just gets me upset and she’s right.

Where is Joy? She has my pills and I need those. You want to know my “pain” level? Well I’ll tell you about levels of pain...my head hurts ALL the time...most of the time it feels like I have a ball cap on too tight. Sometimes it is just a dull throb. Other times, like right now, I feel like my head is going to explode. But it always hurts. That’s nothing new...

You know I used to be real smart. Joy says I’m still smart, just takes time to get better, she says. I got most of the way through college before the deployment. I signed up for the National Guard right out of high school along with a couple of my best friends. Everyone is in the Guard...my uncle, cousins, most of my real friends. Some of them thought I was crazy for wantin’ to be an officer. A year before we got sent to Iraq I got commissioned. I loved the Army and I hated it, too. I don’t expect you could really understand that. It’s hard to tell your friends—guys you’ve known almost your whole life—to do something that might get ‘em killed.

No, I got to stop talking about that. Joy tells me that all the time. She’s everything to me. I wanted to get married the minute I saw her. She is so beautiful...(starts to sob)...she tries so hard. I am so proud of her. She got her engineering degree while I was deployed. I can’t bear to think that I might have hurt her or the kids because of a stupid plastic bag on the side of a road and some idiot with a cell phone.

Hey, my work—I forgot—I was on my way to work. Joy wasn't with me at all, was she? Can you call my work? Jack'll be worried if I don't show up. I work at a computer place down in the valley. Jack hired me when no one else would—but he used to be in the Guard so he gets it. Just tell him—Jack is his name-- that I'm OK and Joy will call him later. I owe Jack. I don't want to let him down—how long do you think I have to be here? Just put on a band-aid and let me go. Joy will take care of me. She always takes care of me...

*Joy Adams:*

Thanks for calling. Thank goodness he's OK. I'll drop the boys off at my Mom's and be right down. Sometimes when the babies cry it makes Randy's head hurt worse and this is tough enough on all of us.

Did he say anything odd? Sometimes he gets a little disoriented. He was in a couple of bad explosions in Iraq. He was never really hurt himself -- not like his friend, Jeff, who lost his arm. I think they kept him back sometimes, after some really bad bombings, but he had to go out a lot since he was the lieutenant.

After Randy came home, he was--well—different I guess. He is still the same sweet man I fell in love with, but he has trouble making decisions and he forgets a lot. It's frustrating for both of us. I went to all those post-deployment classes about how difficult reunions can be, but it hasn't really gotten any easier and it's been a couple of years now. He came home and tried to go back to college, but just couldn't do it. They put him on probation and then he dropped out. He had to resign his commission in the Guard because he didn't finish college. He was so embarrassed. I know he misses his Army buddies.

I've been trying to get him to go to the VA but he doesn't want to go. He's afraid, but I'm not sure of what. He's been taking medication from our family doctor for migraines, but that doesn't seem to be helping. Thank goodness he found that job fixing computers. It's nice and quiet at work. I'm happy it seems to help him. Anyway, tell him I'm coming. I'm just so glad he's not really hurt."