

This monologue is a modified excerpt from the play *Vicinity/Memoryall* by J.W. Marshall & Christine Deavel

The speaker is Clare, in the play a sixty+ year old woman. As a stand-alone monologue the piece can be spoken by any actor, age and gender identification have no relevance.

CLARE:

The night before man first stepped onto the moon hippies threw a Virgin Moon Fest at the lake. I went with some friends-- we weren't hippies, but we wore the clothes. It was clear and the moon would be visible until after eleven.

The festival turned out to be sloppy. The bands that were supposed to play didn't. People milled around and were solemn. I went down to the lake alone and as soon as I got there I started hearing something in the waves— voices, little voices, whispery and furtive, like children telling each other secrets. It seemed that maybe they were trying to share something with me. That I was special. I got down on my hands and knees and leaned in so close my hair got wet but I couldn't understand what was being said.

My friends were worried and came and asked if I was all right. I said I was fine and asked them to go away and they did. But then it was over. I couldn't hear the voices anymore. I went and found my friends and we went home.

And here I am. When I'm around moving water, I listen for voices. Even at faucets I listen! But it keeps ending up just being me and water, two distinct things not communicating with each other. Maybe I disappointed them, or it— whatever it was that was speaking. Or I scared them. Or the time wasn't right, I don't know. I continue to believe we'll connect with each other, whatever or whomever it was. I know I'm ready. I'm ready.