

# *Willy's Eyes Light Up*

*by*

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Cast of Characters

JANET:

40's

GRANDMOTHER:

Elderly

Place  
Home

Time  
Day

2.

Setting: The play takes place in a small dining room that on one side connect to a kitchen and on the other side connects to a living room.

At Rise: The play opens up with Grandma sitting in the dining room, while Janet (her daughter) fusses around in the kitchen and may or may not sit across from Grandma.

JANET: I told the boy fifty times, if he keeps ignoring his studies, he's gonna wind up in trouble. Look what happened.

GRANDMA: That boy don't listen.

JANET: I try and try and try. Maybe it's me, maybe it's my fault---

GRANDMA: It ain't your fault. That boy is hard of hearing. One time I told him to rake them leaves outside and he told me he was on his way, I even saw him take the rake from behind that (pointing) door there and out he went and he vanished. I'm here staring out the window searching all around for the boy. I don't see no Willy, just them leaves there. I go on outside with my robe on and walk around the house and I find the rake leaning up against the pool. All I could do was shake my head, go back in the house in disbelief.

JANET: Willy did that?

GRANDMA: He sure did. And he was gonna pick me up a pack of smokes too, gave him the money and everything. Never saw them cigarettes, still waiting.

JANET: So he took your money?

GRANDMA: Twenty dollars.

JANET: That damn boy. Gonna be the death of me yet.

JANET goes into her purse and pulls  
out a twenty dollar bill, hands it to  
her mother.

Here.

GRANDMA: Forget it.

JANET: Take it.

GRANDMA: I said forget it.

JANET: Mom, take this money, it's your money.

GRANDMA: Just pick me up my smokes and keep the rest.

JANET: You know I won't be picking up your smokes. Shouldn't be smoking as it is...coughing your lungs out each day and still refuse to learn your lesson.

GRANDMA: I've been smoking for fifty years, back then they didn't tell you it was bad for ya.

JANET: You give the same old story each time. You know now, don't ya?

GRANDMA: Now I know what?

JANET: That smoking is bad for you.

GRANDMA: I know it but what's the point in stopping? I'm already as old as can be. By the time it kills me I'll already be dead.

JANET: Now I know where Willy gets being stubborn from and it sure as hell ain't me.

GRANDMA (laughing): Maybe he does that boy.

JANET: Stubborn as can be the two of you.

GRANDMA: I wish you was a little more stubborn. Always too easygoing and that's why that boy walks all over you.

JANET: He don't walk all over me?

GRANDMA: You let him!

JANET: I put my foot on him and he knows it.

GRANDMA: Yeah but then the next minute you be asking him if he's hungry.

JANET: If the point got made---

GRANDMA: You need more backbone!

JANET: Backbone? I have enough backbone for a mother and a father, don't get me started.

GRANDMA: It's in you but you gotta activate it more often. You're always waitin' for the climax and that's your trouble, if you handle business sooner, there wouldn't be any climax. You tend to let things get out of control before you put your foot down. That's why this boy does what he does, cause he knows he can push ya and I'm afraid for him. He's a good boy at heart, but I do worry about him taking too many liberties...starts at home and then what? Where does he take that rebellious energy he has? Hmm? Out into the world. And what he'd do then? That's when the trouble's start. Right now he's at an age where you can still wheel him in.

JANET: It's not wheel him in Momma.

GRANDMA: What is?

JANET: You said wheel him in, it's reel him in.

GRANDMA: So long as you get my meaning child.

JANET: You sayin' I'm not a good mother?

GRANDMA: What I'm sayin' is that you are an excellent mother but that you need to get more lean and mean. You know, there ain't no father figure in this house...

JANET: I know.

GRANDMA: You dating?

JANET: Yeah.

GRANDMA: Anybody I should know about?

JANET: Not really, no, nothing special.

GRANDMA: That's too bad. Beautiful woman such as yourself being wasted by time.

JANET: Don't say that.

GRANDMA: It's true. You think those looks you have now are gonna last forever?

JANET: I know they won't.

GRANDMA: Well, you better find yourself a man soon.

JANET: I don't need no man.

GRANDMA: (makes a face)

JANET: I don't need no man to take care of me and my son.

GRANDMA: Ain't nothin' wrong with having a male figure around the house. It'd be good for Willy and for you.

JANET: That all depends on the man, don't it? And all the men I be meeting are not up to par.

GRANDMA: Cause you too picky, always have been.

JANET: No, I want what I want.

GRANDMA: And what do you want?

JANET: I'll know it when I see it and so far I haven't seen it.

GRANDMA: Picky as can be.

JANET: Ma, stop stressing me out.

GRANDMA: Don't blame me.

JANET: Every time you come over lately you have nothing but good things to say. You notice?

GRANDMA: When's the last time you been laid?

JANET: Stop!

GRANDMA: How long? Well, maybe it's none of my business but woman you need release. Can see the way you talkin and walkin'. You may not find the perfect man but at least get laid once in a while.

JANET: Is that all you think about?

GRANDMA: What else is there to think about? If I was your age again, I'd be as busy as a bumble bee.

JANET: Alright, I've heard enough.

GRANDMA: Alright, alright. You know...it's hard enough being a mother let alone being that boy's father too. I only want the best for you and Willy, that's all I care about and that's all I think about. I pray. Pray in the morning and at night before bed and lately I've been breaking up my day with a little prayer if it comes to me and it helps. Believe in the good Lord but don't sit on your behind doing nothing. You need to take some decisive action with God's support. That's what I believe. Then things will happen for ya.

JANET: He's been askin' about his father.

GRANDMA: What you tell 'em?

JANET: Told him the truth. I ain't gonna lie to my son about his father.

GRANDMA: Go on.

JANET: I tell him about some of the fond memories I have...like when we first met or the funny things we did together. Willy's eyes light up and I see how important it is for him...the pictures I paint for him take on a lot of meaning. I wish there were more memories we had with the three of us...I even made up some stories that never happened, stories about Doug's relationship to Willy and how he used to take him to the park or pick him up from his crib and hold 'em to stop him from crying...well, he did do that...but I try to connect Willy to his father so he knows he was loved. Maybe it's wrong of me to make some stuff up or elaborate on the truth but I think it's important for a young man his age to see his father in that light...no? I don't feel the slightest guilt over it because of his reaction, his face softens and he seems to be more grounded...it helps. Doug left us too soon, didn't he?

GRANDMA: He was a good man. Hard worker, good provider.

JANET: You don't think there's anything wrong with me doing that do you?

GRANDMA: What's that?

JANET: Telling stories about Doug to Willy?

GRANDMA: Why would there be anything wrong with that? You telling stories are real because they come from you with love and that's all that matters, ain't it?

JANET: I hope so.

GRANDMA: That boy is gonna turn out alright. You know what you're doin'.

JANET: Thanks, Ma.

GRANDMA: I'm just over here looking over things is all.

JANET: I know, I know.

GRANDMA: But you do need to put your foot down on him more.

JANET: You're right.

GRANDMA: Course I'm right. I wouldn't have such a wonderful daughter in you if I didn't put my foot down on you.

JANET (laughs): You still do.

GRANDMA (chuckles): We have to.

**END OF PLAY**