

BILLY AND DADDY CANE

SHE'S GONE
SHE'S GONE

DADDY CANE

YOU KNOW HOW MUCH SHE LOVED YOU SON

BILLY AND DADDY CANE

LET'S WALK ON OVER THERE AND LAY
A ROSE UPON HER GRAVE

DADDY CANE

Why don't you pick a floribunda rose, son? That was her favorite.

(Lights change, BILLY and DADDY CANE walk into the graveyard. BILLY carries a rose.)

Here she is. Under the walnut tree.

(A gravestone angel marks her grave.)

BILLY CANE

You bought her a gravestone angel.

DADDY CANE

There was this lovely one in back of Julia Wolfe's garage. She made me a nice deal on it as a courtesy.

BILLY CANE

It's beautiful.

DADDY CANE

The owls are speaking tonight. I'll go hear what they have to say.

(He does.)

START ↓

BILLY CANE

(to the gravestone)

Mama, when I was in mud up to my knees, I thought it would be you mourning me. Not this way round.

(He puts the rose on the grave, then looks around.)

BILLY CANE (CONT'D)

And, I'm sorry that daddy put an angel over your grave. You used to make fun of people for doing that. You said you'd rather let your deeds speak for your time on Earth.

(then)

Mama, thank you for the way you raised me. The way you spoke, your parlance around the house, made me a curious lover of words, and you always pointed me toward the writers who used them well. Remember when you had me copy stories out of the Asheville Southern Journal, just so I'd know what it feels like to write well?

(he kneels)

I made it back home like you always said I would. But I never thought homecoming could be so cruel.

#2A SCENE CHANGE

You are my Mama, and I place my hand here...

(he puts his hand on the dirt)

...to touch you now and forever. ← **END**

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[FADE OUT:]