

GROUP #1
Meagan, Taylor, and Isaac

Description: Meagan and Taylor are sisters. There is presently tension between them. Meagan has been taking care of their grandfather, Isaac. She is stressed and worn out, but also wary of her sister's interference. Taylor is trying to be pleasant, but knows that Meagan needs help. They are between the playing ages of 25 and 35. Isaac is almost 80 years old in this scene (though he appears in an another scene, younger). He is in the early stages of dementia and a bit disheveled, but loves his granddaughters to pieces.

Note: People auditioning as Meagan and Taylor will also be considered for the character of Eliza, and people auditioning for Isaac will be considered for other adult male roles.

TAYLOR: I know. It's just that a house like this... well, it's meant for a family. Don't you think?

MEAGAN: We are a family.

(Pause)

TAYLOR: You can't give up your own life for him.

MEAGAN: I'm not. *(she begins to fidget with her hands again)*

TAYLOR: Meagan, I love you. It's not easy for me to see you so miserable.

MEAGAN: Who ever said I was miserable?

TAYLOR: You don't have to come right out and say it. Be honest. You look forward to doing your laundry just so you can get out of the house and have some time for yourself.

MEAGAN: I wish I had never even said anything---

TAYLOR: *(talking over her, but not unkindly)* Meagan. You. Deserve. A. Life.

MEAGAN: I have a life!

TAYLOR: Do you ever go out? Spend time with friends? Meagan, there is so much you could do! You could go back to school---

MEAGAN: Look--- I don't know what you want from me. If you're saying all of this because you feel guilty or something, just stop worrying about it. Go back to Presque Isle and leave me here. I'm used to it. You're good at it.

TAYLOR: That's not fair! I am grateful for how well you have taken care of Grampa, but it was your choice to stay here. It's not fair to blame me.

MEAGAN: My choice. Okay, sure, yes it was. He is my Grandfather. OUR Grandfather if you remember. What was I supposed to do? Mom's in Florida with Roger, you've got your life in Presque Isle, and Grampa needed help. Really, what was I supposed to do? I mean, God, Taylor, what have we

just been talking about? He and Grammie took us in! You, me, Mom! He took us in when we needed it, because that's what families do. So what was I going to do when Grammie died and he couldn't take care of the house or even himself anymore? What choice was there when I was the only one who was here?

(Another pause. Meagan is tense, but there is also a kind of weariness descending upon her. Taylor goes to her gently, puts a hand on her shoulder.)

TAYLOR: But he's not getting better. He's getting worse, isn't he?

MEAGAN: *(softly)* Yes.

TAYLOR: Mom and I really think it's time to make a new plan.

MEAGAN: What does that even mean? What kind of a plan?

TAYLOR: Just with the house... and Grampa.

MEAGAN: And me? You want to make plans for me?

TAYLOR: No. That's not what I mean.

MEAGAN: So you want to sell the house?

TAYLOR: That's one option that we've talked about.

MEAGAN: And where would Grampa go? Or me? This is our home. You are talking about selling our home. You're not even here, but you to sell the house and kick Grampa and me out.

TAYLOR: You know that's not true.

MEAGAN: Then tell me. Where do we go? What do we do?

TAYLOR: Well Grampa could maybe... I know he wouldn't want to leave Dover, so there's always Hibbards---

MEAGAN: You want to put him in the nursing home?

TAYLOR: Or there's Thayer Parkway assisted living. I bet he would like that. You know how social he used to be. He would be around other people.

MEAGAN: He won't leave this house. I'm telling you he won't.

TAYLOR: From what you say, he's getting to a point where he needs more care... care that you can't provide. *(Meagan looks as though she is about to speak)* That's not a criticism or a judgment, Meagan, you know that it's true. If he keeps going in this direction, there is no way you will be able to take care of him by yourself.

(Meagan runs her hands through her hair. She is agitated but is trying to control herself)

MEAGAN: Why are you...? God, Taylor, I don't need this right now. I am just trying to make it through the day, okay? I'm just trying... I'm just trying.

(There is a pause, another uncomfortable one. Then, we hear ISAAC'S voice offstage)

ISAAC: *(offstage)* Meagan! I can't find my pee jug!

(Meagan laughs in spite of herself.)

MEAGAN: *(to Taylor)* Great, he's awake. *(Calling off)* Did you leave it in the bathroom?

TAYLOR: Pee jug?

ISAAC: *(offstage)* I don't know! That's why I'm asking!

MEAGAN: Well look! *(To Taylor)* He kept the urinal jug from the last time he was in the hospital in case he can't make it to the bathroom in time during the night. *(calling off)* Grampa, Taylor is here for a visit!

ISAAC: *(offstage)* What?

MEAGAN: Taylor is here for a visit! *(to Taylor)* He can barely hear, I swear. Unless he wants to, of course. *(calling off)* We're in the dining room!

ISAAC: *(offstage)* I'll be out in a minute!

MEAGAN: *(speaking quieter but intently)* Okay, so, look, I can't get Grampa to shave, I've offered to trim his beard, but he won't let me. And we're on an agreed schedule of showering twice a week with washing up on the in-between days.

TAYLOR: Okay. Why are you---

MEAGAN: I just don't want you to be shocked by how he looks.

TAYLOR: Really, I'm not going to---

MEAGAN: And don't say anything to him about selling the house.

TAYLOR: I---

MEAGAN: I mean it. Please. I don't need him getting upset today.

(ISAAC shuffles in. He is wearing pants and a sweatshirt that look like they have been worn at least a few days in a row. The sweatshirt has a small stain on it from a food spill. His hair is white and shaggy, as though it hasn't been cut in a while, and, indeed, he appears unkempt. Just a whole sense of dishevelment about him. He carries a cane. He is just shy of 80 years old.)

ISAAC: Who's getting upset?

MEAGAN: *(To Taylor)* See? He hears perfectly when he wants to.

ISAAC: What?

MEAGAN: Ha-ha, Grampa. No one is getting upset.

TAYLOR: *(big smile, though she is surprised by how he looks)* Hi Grampa! *(she gives him a big hug)*

ISAAC: Well, now, how's my favorite granddaughter?

TAYLOR: I'm doing good, Grampa.

MEAGAN: *(without any real rancor, more joking)* Gee, thanks, Grampa, it's not like I'm standing right here in the room.

ISAAC: Huh?

MEAGAN: Nothing.

ISAAC: You're both my favorite. I can't choose between my two lovely girls. *(to Meagan)* You're my favorite that I see all the time. *(to Taylor)* And you're my favorite I don't get to see all that often at all.

TAYLOR: I'm just glad I get to see you today!

ISAAC: Me too. *(A brief beat. He holds up his cane)* You know where I got my cane?

TAYLOR: *(confused)* No. Where?

ISAAC: In my hand! *(he laughs, and Taylor laughs with him)*

MEAGAN: Ba-dum-bum! Ladies and gentleman, Isaac Paul! He's here all week! *(after a brief beat)* Why don't you sit down and talk with Taylor. I'll get your afternoon pills.

ISAAC: She staying for supper? *(To Taylor)* You staying for supper?

TAYLOR: I'm not sure, Grampa.

MEAGAN: Supper is a ways off. It's only one. Why don't you sit down, Grampa? You're starting to rock a little.

(Taylor gently takes Isaac's arm and leads him to the table)

ISAAC: Well, if you're staying for supper, you might want to order something. *(indicating Meagan)* This one ain't much of a cook.

TAYLOR: Grampa! That isn't very nice!

MEAGAN: (*Pleasantly*) Any time you want to start getting your own meals, old man, you can feel free. (*She kisses him on the top of the head, then looks at Taylor*) Remember what I told you. (*she exits into the kitchen*)

TAYLOR: Grampa, why would you say that to her?

ISAAC: Oh, now, she knows I'm teasing. Like when she calls me an old man. Anyone can see I'm just as young as I always was.

TAYLOR: Still...

ISAAC: She's a good girl. Always getting after me about one thing or another, but that's how it goes, I guess.

TAYLOR: She cares about you.

ISAAC: Yup. She's a good girl. She needs to find herself a husband 'fore too long, though, instead of worrying about me. No one stays young forever.

END