

URSULA: What is this? Are you trying to poison me?

BOOKER: It's the Wild Sweet Orange tea you love so much.

URSULA: No, I don't like it. Tastes like sour water.

BOOKER: Okay, I'll just set it right here. In case you change your mind.

URSULA: I said I don't want it, Jimmy.

BOOKER: ...I'm Booker, Ma. Jimmy's gone.

URSULA: Gone where. Call him and tell him to bring me back a different... Something else. I want something else.

BOOKER: Okay, I'll get you something else from the store.

URSULA: I want to turn on the TV. I want to watch my stories.

BOOKER: It's not time for your stories, Ma.

URSULA: Okay. It's not time for my stories?

BOOKER: No, not yet. They're not on today.

URSULA: They're not on today.

BOOKER: That's right. They're not on today.

URSULA: Something's not right. Something's not right today. Sour water.

BOOKER: I'll get a new kind.

URSULA: I just wanna watch my stories. That's all. The doctor was marrying the contessa, but she was really her twin sister and you know but he was evil? He wanted to kill her for her money. But he's already a doctor. Why did he need to be so greedy? But the sister knew all along. Twins always know. (*URSULA looks lost, reaches for his hand. BOOKER holds her hand, kisses it.*)

BOOKER: Booker.

URSULA: You're a good boy. You're my favorite boy.

BOOKER: ...Jimmy was, but that's okay, Ma. We don't have to talk about that right now.

URSULA: Can you please put on my stories? Be a good boy and help your momma out.

BOOKER: I can't, Ma. The TV's broken.

URSULA: TV's broken?

BOOKER: TV's broken. Nothing but the news on right now. There's nothing good on there that you want to see. You trust me, don't you, Ma? (*URSULA is lost again for a moment. She looks straight at the OBSERVER, the OBSERVER looks straight back at her. For a quick moment, they see each other, then—*)

URSULA: There was a strange man in the backyard.

BOOKER: It was Simon, Ma. You remember Simon, from down the way? He had that glow-up bike when we were kids?

URSULA: Simon. I was friends with his mother?

BOOKER: You were. She was your maid-of-honor.

URSULA: I was married.

BOOKER: For a long time, yes.

URSULA: Was I a beautiful bride? The dress was lace. Itchy, itchy lace. The sleeves were long, I had to cover up my arms. For the church. I hated it. (*beat*) Willard.

BOOKER: That's right. You were married to Willard. For fifty years.

URSULA: Fifty years? Damn, that's a long time! Nobody else?

BOOKER: Nobody else.

URSULA: Happy?

BOOKER: Very happy.

URSULA: Jimmy, is it time for my stories yet?

BOOKER: No, not yet Ma.

URSULA: TV's still broken?

BOOKER: Yeah. It's broken.

URSULA: Thank you. You're a good boy, Jimmy.

BOOKER: (teary) Just rest your eyes, Ma, okay? I'm right here. I'm right here next to you. I'm not going anywhere.

URSULA: (Nodding off) My poor Jimmy.

BOOKER: I'm not Jimmy. I'm Booker.

URSULA: (URSULA sits up, stares hard at BOOKER, super clear.) He wasn't strong like you.

BOOKER: (Small, scared:) Ma? I'm gonna come sit by you, that okay?

(BOOKER kneels on the floor by his mom. URSULA puts her hand on his head, maybe pats it, a monumental task for her, maybe he puts his head in her lap.)

URSULA: Ma's right here. I'm right here with you. I'm not going anywhere. You're a good boy, Booker.