

*SHE'LL GROW ON YOU* - an extended version adapted from  
*PAST CURFEW*

by Arthur M. Jolly

Dramatic

F (30's)

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*Sarah, half drunk, resentful of her daughter, drags  
this story out as a weapon in their ongoing conflict.*

SARAH

Go get your momma a drink - my ice has melted.

*(beat)*

I'm ready to go all night. Get me a drink, or I'll tell you I love you. I'll wake you up in an hour or two, crooning, all sloppy and maudlin, tell you I love you really. You'd like that, right? Hearing Momma tell you she loves you? Isn't that what you want, deep inside?

*(beat)*

That's what I thought. You know how I like it: just like a marriage... on the rocks.

*(she laughs softly)*

I was just thinking about the day you were born.

*(beat)*

They held you up - and I looked at this mewling, scrawny little creature, dripping slime, all blue and squished up... and I said to the doctor... I said to the doctor, I said: "Mother of Mary, get that thing away from me." And the nurse looked at me - with this - with a face of shocked horror. And she crossed herself. I don't think she even knew she did it, she looked at me like I was that kid in the friggin' exorcist, and she crossed herself. And the doctor handed you to me, and said "she'll grow on you."

*(beat)*

That's not the funny bit. The funny bit is if they could see us now, see what you've become... I think they'd agree with me. I spawned a monster. An abomination.