

# THERESA'S MONOLOGUE

animals, the earth. And my faith. But lately I've been wondering if I'm there more for the farm than the faith. But one thing about the faith I know is right is the idea of owning nothing, having nothing but each day. Although since I've been back home ... I've never been one for collecting anything but there's something about these ...

*She takes a large collection of the Post-it notes from her pocket.*

THERESA: Mother's notes. They're so beautiful. At first just a bunch of marks and squiggles but once you understand it it's as big and wonderful as any language. I let on they were for Louise but really they're my special connection to Mother. We always got on, me and Mother, but in that way that there's not too much to say. With Agnes there was turmoil and tumult and Louise always had her odd ways, but I was the one in the middle. The good one, the peacemaker. There was never too much need for drama between Mother and me. There was her drinking—but I wasn't really supposed to know about that—and I guess I chose not to know. And once Dad left well it didn't seem like she had much more than her few drinks every night and her books. She always had a book on the go. But the funny thing is ... I remember one day when I was little she was reading a book and she had that sort of dreamy look on her face that she got when she read and I watched her—she didn't know I was there but I watched her for a long time, maybe as long as fifteen minutes—and in all that time she never turned a page and I realized that she just used the book as a kind of a decoy. A trick she used to escape into her own world. Wherever that was. And I guess the distance between Mother and her secret world is the same distance I've put between the world

and me. But all these, these little notes, this language, these make me feel like I'm part of ... that I understand something.

It was a lovely service. Father Dave spoke beautifully. Mother's favourite hymns. Agnes read from John. Mother loved John and Agnes was always so good to read. It didn't take us long to realize that Mother had arranged for the circumstances of her departure. She wanted to be alone. It was her final choice. No resolution. She left this world as she wished to, on her own. In her secret world. And there's a certain beauty in that I suppose. And a strangeness too. But people are strange. Never what you expect. Not like the farm. From the soil you can expect the vegetables and from the animals you can expect the milk and the eggs and the kittens. But from people ... Best not to have expectations and to keep your plans flexible.

*THERESA gathers up the notes.*

THERESA: Today I went to look at the stone. It's lovely. Praying hands on one side and an open book on the other. I find it particularly fitting that the book is marble. The pages will never turn.

*The light shifts. THERESA turns and watches as AGNES enters and takes off her coat. AGNES paces back and forth.*

THERESA: What are you all wound up about?

AGNES: Nothing nothing.

THERESA: Are you sure?

AGNES: Yes, no, nothing.

THERESA: You know Louise still hasn't come out of her room today. Dory called again but she wouldn't even