

AMAZING GRACE

DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE

by
Bradley Walton



Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

Toll-Free 888-473-8521

Fax 319-368-8011

Web www.brookpub.com

CAUTION: Professionals & amateurs are hereby warned that *Amazing Grace* is subject to a royalty. This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the Copyright Union.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this play are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS & ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this play are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. If necessary, we will contact the author or the author's agent. PLEASE NOTE that royalty fees for performing this play can be located online at Brooklyn Publishers, LLC website (<http://www.brookpub.com>). Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. You will find our contact information on the following page.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged. Only forensics competitions are exempt from this fee.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

<http://www.brookpub.com>

TRADE MARKS, PUBLIC FIGURES, & MUSICAL WORKS: This play may include references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). Brooklyn Publishers, LLC have not obtained performing rights of these works. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producers should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

COPYING: from the book in any form (in whole or excerpt), whether photocopying, scanning recording, videotaping, storing in a retrieval system, or by any other means, is strictly forbidden without consent of Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

TO PERFORM THIS PLAY

1. Royalty fees must be paid to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC before permission is granted to use and perform the playwright's work.
2. Royalty of the required amount must be paid each time the play is performed whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.
3. When performing one-acts or full-length plays, enough playbooks must be purchased for cast and crew.
4. Copying or duplication of any part of this script is strictly forbidden.
5. Any changes to the script are not allowed without direct authorization by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.
6. Credit to the author and publisher is required on all promotional items associated with this play's performance(s).
7. Do not break copyright laws with any of our plays. This is a very serious matter and the consequences can be quite expensive. We must protect our playwrights who earn their living through the legal payment of script and performance royalties.
8. If you have questions concerning performance rules, contact us by the various ways listed below:

Toll-free: 888-473-8521

Fax: 319-368-8011

Email: customerservice@brookpub.com

Copying, rather than purchasing cast copies, and/or failure to pay royalties is a federal offense. Cheating us and our wonderful playwrights in this manner will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please support theatre and follow federal copyright laws.

AMAZING GRACE

by
Bradley Walton

CAST: The SINGER, female or male.

AT RISE: On a bare stage, the SINGER stands in a black dress or suit.

(sings) "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound/that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost but now am found/was blind but now I see."

(speaks) It was the favorite song of my mother, and her best friend, Thelma. A couple of times a year, I'd sing it for them at church.

People in the congregation would come up to me afterwards and say things like, "That was beautiful," or "I was so moved." Of course, they weren't talking about me. Maybe they thought they were, but ... no. It was the song, not me. It wasn't until years later I finally understood that.

The one person in the church who was consistently unimpressed was Thelma's daughter, Sara, who was a year older than me. Despite our moms hanging out together constantly, we moved in different social circles at school. We got along okay, but we were never really friends.

Sara had this ironic smile, like she thought that everything was a joke, and she was the only one who was in on it. Whenever I'd sing "Amazing Grace" at church, she'd watch people come up and talk to me after the services, and she'd smirk and shake her head. Then one day she said, "You're singing's not bad, but some of these people need to get a life." I should have been more offended on behalf of the congregation than myself, but of course, I took it personally, and pretty much stopped talking to her after that. Not that I think she noticed. She had plenty of other people to hang out with.

Sara was kind of a wild child. She drank. She partied. She spent a lot of time with a lot of different guys. And she was determined to do whatever she wanted on her own terms.

One night in the middle of the winter, Sara went to a party. From what I heard, she got drunk and snuck off for a while with a guy named Chad. When Chad's girlfriend, Cindy, found out about it and confronted Sara a couple hours later, there was a fight. Cindy lost—the fight, her boyfriend, and her dignity. Sara knocked back a couple of celebratory shots, got in her car, and drove home. She hit a tree going seventy miles an hour.

She died.

But in an operating room at the county hospital, miraculously, they brought her back.

Sort of.

Sara was in a coma, and things were touch and go for a while. To my surprise, it was a really tough time for me. Even though Sara and I weren't close, our families were. We all blamed Sara, and we felt guilty about it, even though there was no question she was at fault. I'd like to think that most of the tears that were shed were for Sara and not because of her, but I can't say for sure.

We all waited for Sara to come out of her coma. We were hoping for another miracle. Three months later, we got it. Sara woke up. Everyone knew that things were going to be tough from there on out. That Sara would probably never quite be her old self again. That she would need therapy. And a wheelchair. That the real work was just beginning. But we had our miracle.

Sara had no memory of the night of the accident, and her recollection of her life in general was sketchy and incomplete. Her short-term memory was ... well, it was gone. She needed constant reminders of who people were. She would start a conversation, then start it again five minutes later. It was hard. Even though she looked like Sara, she wasn't really Sara anymore. At least, not the Sara we'd known.

As horrible as it sounds, the changes weren't all bad. Where Sara had been snobby and arrogant before, now she was humble and appreciative. She loved to give hugs. There was no irony in her smile. When she said, "I love you," she genuinely meant it, and she said it to everyone. Her automatic response to every single person who walked through her door was unconditional love. And even though her helplessness and memory loss sometimes made her difficult to be around, we all loved her back. It was impossible not to.

Sara was in the hospital for another four months after she woke up. We all took turns keeping her company. Occasionally some of her friends from school would spend an hour or two with her, but that happened less and less as time went on.

One evening, I was playing a board game with Sara in her hospital room when a teenage girl walked in. Sara looked up with a curious but welcoming smile on her face. It was obvious that she had no idea who this person was, but I did. It was Cindy. The girl from the party on the night of the accident.

I think my heart stopped. I had no idea what to say or do, and all I could think was, "Why me? Why do I have to be the one here? Why not Sara's mom? Or my mom?" It was a pretty selfish thought.

Sara grinned. She was delighted to have a new visitor. "Hi!" she blurted out. "Do I know you?" There was no awkwardness in the question. Only an excited curiosity, as if she was unwrapping a present that might contain some lost treasure or keepsake.

Cindy walked slowly and quietly into the room.

"Yeah, you know me," she said softly.

"Are we friends?"

Cindy stared down into Sara's innocent, smiling eyes. There was a long silence, and finally, Cindy said, "Yeah. We're friends."

"What's your name?"

"Cindy. My name is Cindy."

"I love you, Cindy."

END OF FREE PREVIEW