

## **Big Mama Monologue**

Come here, Brick. I need you. Tonight Brick looks like he used to look when he was a little boy just like he did when he played wild games in the orchard back of the house and used to come home when I hollered myself hoarse for him! All – sweaty – and pink-cheeked – an' sleepy with his curls shinin'-- Time goes by so fast. Nothin' can outrun it. Death commences too early --almost before you're half acquainted with life -- you meet with the other. Oh, you know we just got to love each other, an' stay together all of us just as close as we can, specially now that such a *black* thing has come and moved into this place without invitation. Oh, Brick, son of Big Daddy, Big Daddy does so love you.