

together. Mama, just for a moment we're happy.
Let's look at one another.

MRS. WEBB. (*puts dish on table*) That in the yellow paper is something I found in the attic among your grandmother's things. You're old enough to wear it now, and I thought you'd like it.

EMILY. And this is from you. Why, Mama, it's just lovely and it's just what I wanted. It's beautiful!

(She flings her arms around her mother's neck. Her MOTHER goes on with her cooking, but is pleased.)

MRS. WEBB. Well, I hoped you'd like it. Hunted all over. Your Aunt Norah couldn't find one in Concord, so I had to send all the way to Boston. (*laughing*) Wally has something for you, too. He made it at manual-training class and he's very proud of it. Be sure you make a big fuss about it. – Your father has a surprise for you, too; don't know what it is myself. Sh – here he comes.

MR. WEBB. (*offstage*) Where's my girl? Where's my birthday girl?

EMILY. (*in a loud voice to the STAGE MANAGER*) I can't. I can't go on. It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. (*She breaks down sobbing.*)

(The lights dim on the left half of the stage. MRS. WEBB disappears.)

I didn't realize. So all that was going on and we never noticed. Take me back – up the hill – to my grave. But first: Wait! One more look. Good-by, Good-by, world. Good-by, Grover's Corners... Mama and Papa. Good-by to clocks ticking...and Mama's sunflowers. And food and coffee. And new-ironed dresses and hot baths...and sleeping and waking up. Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you. (*She looks toward the STAGE MANAGER and asks abruptly, through her tears:*) Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it? – every, every minute?