

# THE OLD WOMAN AND THE CLOCK

A Dramatic Monolog

by  
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Both scenes in our story take place in a typical fisherman's shack which stands alone on a high rocky bluff overlooking the sea.

Hannah, the character in our story, has waited three long bitter years for the return of her sailor sweetheart, Paul, who left her one stormy night to make his last voyage before they married. After three years of brooding over her lonely fate, Hannah now imagines the old clock which he had given her before he left, possessed of magic powers--a belief growing out of the strange stories he had told her of the orient from whence it came--and the jealous sea which holds its own!

The time is late, very late at night and a terrible storm, remindful of the night he left, is raging without.

As our first scene opens, Hannah, a young woman, is standing before the small window looking with anxious eyes at the rain lashing against the small panes of glass. The mighty roar of the angry waves dashing against the rocks below, the crashing of the thunder, and the shrieking of the wind which shakes the old shack in its fury are the only sounds we first hear. But gradually above the northeastern gale we hear the slow, steady ticking of the old clock which hangs on the wall beside the window.

Hannah slowly turns to the old clock, her look changing to one of mingled hate and fear.

(Mocking) "Tick, tock. Tick, tock! How long will ye run, ye old heathen clock, to tell me he's all right out there some'eres? Paul that was borned tuh love the tang of salt brine in his nose an' the boomin' of a bellyin' sail over his head?"

(Pleading) "As long as yuh keep on tickin', he's alive, ain't he? That's what he said when he gived yuh tuh me. He said that as long as yuh ticked he was all right, but if yuh stopped it'd mean he'd gone to Davey Jones locker. He laughed when he said it, but it's true, ain't it? If yuh stop, it'll mean he'll bob around like a cork on the blasted whitecaps before he goes down instead of comin' home in a drippin' tarp an' bein' buried on a side hill with his feet to the shore--so's he can look out across the waves fer all eternity." (Bitterly) "Lookin' out to the sea that he loves better'n he does me!

"All women was borned to be wives an' mothers. Ye wouldn't know nothin' 'bout that on account all ye do is to beat off the time fer me with yer old tick-tock! Yuh don't know nothin' 'bout what it means tuh a woman tuh want her man with her--tuh wait fer a man with a grippin' pain in 'er chest an' know that he'll tread a deck in spite of 'er, an' loves the sea whiles she's hatin' it!

"Listen tuh it, will yuh? Listen tuh it an' go on an' tick-tock with the beat of the waves against the rocks!" (Angrily) "Keep it up, the both o' yuh! The both o' yuh was made tuh torture me! You with yer blasted tickin' off the time an' the sea that he's married to! Listen tuh it, will yuh? It knows I hate it!

(Louder) "Listen tuh it roar-yellin' at me above the wind that it's got Paul! It's got Paul--an' it'll keep on sayin' it until it's through with him!

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