

# The Garden

Supernatural · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

*(A garden, at dawn. She walks between the rows, incredulous.)*

**MOI**

I planted these seeds yesterday. Yesterday. And this morning the tomatoes are ripe. Red. Heavy. A whole summer, in one night.

**MOI**

The apple tree at the back has lost its leaves. It's in autumn. Two metres away, the tulips are pushing up: they're in April. Every corner of the garden lives a different season.

*(She stops before a bare rose bush.)*

**MOI**

This rose bush is the one my grandmother planted. It died ten years ago. Now it has a bud. Just one. Ready to open.

**MOI**

I think this garden doesn't grow in time. It grows in memory. It makes bloom what matters, at the hour when it mattered.

*(She touches the bud.)*

**MOI**

So go on. Open. I want to see it in bloom again, like the day she showed it to me.

## What you can do with it

Original text written for Acto. Read it, print it, work on it in class, perform it at an audition or on a self-tape: that is what it is for, and you need no permission. For a public performance or any commercial use, write to us at [contact@acto.re](mailto:contact@acto.re).