

***American Beauty* by Alan Ball**

Monologue

I've always heard your entire life flashes in front of your eyes the second before you die.

First of all, that one second isn't a second at all.

It stretches on forever like an ocean of time.

I remember lying on my back on the ground when I was little, watching the falling stars.

And yellow leaves from the maple trees that lined our street.

Or my grandmother's hands and the way her skin seemed like paper.

And the first time I saw my cousin's brand new car.

And my daughter. My daughter.

And my partner.

I guess I could be pissed off about what happened to me.

But it's hard to stay mad when there's so much beauty in the world.

Sometimes I feel like I am seeing it all at once and it's too much.

My heart fills out like a balloon that's about to burst.

And then I remember to relax and stop trying to hold on to it.

And then it flows through me like rain.

And I can't feel anything but gratitude for every single moment of my stupid little life.