

RS#2 – EVELYN, ROSA, & CLARA

Title: The Lavender Room (*Emotional version*)

Characters:

- **Evelyn** – An elderly woman in her late 80s, caught between memory and the present.
 - **Rosa** – A compassionate nurse's aide, patient and steady.
 - **Clara** – Evelyn's granddaughter, early 20s, struggling to accept her grandmother's fading memory.
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Start



[Scene: A softly lit nursing home room. The walls are pale, a vase of wilted lavender sits on the windowsill. Outside, rain taps against the glass. Evelyn sits in her chair, her eyes distant but searching.]

Evelyn: (gazing at the window) It smells like rain and lavender. He always said that meant a good day was coming.

Rosa: (folding a blanket) Maybe it still does, Ms. Evelyn.

Evelyn: (smiles faintly) You think so? Hm. My Henry used to whistle when it rained. Said it kept the thunder away.

(Clara enters quietly, holding a coffee. She hesitates, then sits beside her grandmother.)

Clara: Hi, Grandma.

Evelyn: (turns, eyes clouded) Hello there... you look familiar. Are you one of Rosa's girls?

Clara: (swallows hard) No... it's me. Clara.

Evelyn: (tilts her head) Clara... Clara. (beat) Oh, my little sunflower. You grew up.

(Clara's eyes fill with tears; she laughs softly.)

Clara: Yeah, I did. You told me I'd grow too fast. I guess you were right.

Evelyn: (smiling weakly) I'm always right. Ask Henry. He never won a single argument.

Rosa: (quietly, with a smile) That I can believe.

(Evelyn looks toward the window again. A long silence. The rain grows heavier.)

Evelyn: He's late. He should've been home by now.

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Clara: (whispers) Grandma... Grandpa's been gone a while.

(Evelyn's expression flickers—confusion, then realization. Her voice softens.)

Evelyn: Gone... yes. I remember now. (beat) But sometimes, I still hear him. Humming. Just there—(points toward the window)—like the rain carries him back to me.

(Clara reaches for her hand, trembling.)

Clara: I hear him too.

(Evelyn looks at her, surprised. Her eyes shine with sudden clarity.)

Evelyn: You do?

Clara: Every time it rains.

(Evelyn smiles—a quiet, tired smile. She squeezes Clara's hand, their fingers intertwined. The rain slows. The lavender shifts in the breeze from the cracked window.)

Evelyn: Then maybe he's not so far after all. **← End**

(Rosa watches from across the room, silently straightening the blanket on the bed, her eyes glistening.)

End Scene.