

SCENE 1

*(7-year-old Emily and her mother are sitting on the sofa and looking through a scrapbook.)*

Emily: Who's in this photo, Mom?

Mom: That's your Great Grandma Eleanor when she was younger. Do you remember visiting her last year?

Emily: No.

Mom: That's when she gave you this doll.

Emily: Oh! Can we go see her again and get more presents?

Mom: I'm sorry, Emily. Remember? She's not there anymore.

Emily: Oh, yeah.

Mom: You know, Great Grandma Eleanor taught me how to play cards, and knit, and cook, and all kinds of things. I always thought she was magic.

Emily: She was a magician?

Mom: Kind of. She could tell when the bacon was done, she could tell me what I was wearing, and she could tell if I was happy or sad. All kinds of things.

Emily: That's not magic. Anybody can do that stuff.

Mom: Without looking?

Emily: What?

Mom: You didn't know it when we visited, but a few years after this picture was taken Great Grandma Eleanor became visually impaired. That means she had trouble seeing. But she was always cheerful.

Emily: I wouldn't be cheerful if I couldn't see.

Mom: Well, I guess she learned more ways to see than with just her eyes. She could see with her ears, her nose, her fingers, and even with her heart.

Emily: Wow. When will I get to see her again?

Mom: Sweetie, she's not where we can go right now.

Emily: Okay. *(brief silence)* I miss her.

Mom: So do I, Emily. *(another moment of silence)*

Emily: *(reaching for the phone)* Can we call her again?

Mom: Sure, why not? *(dials)*

---- SCENE 2 ----

*(A cafe in Italy. Eleanor and a friend are just finishing lunch. Eleanor's cell phone rings.)*

Eleanor: It's Emily! *(answers it)* Chiao, Emily! . . . No, dear, Grandma's fine. That was Italian. *(A ship horn sounds)*

Friend: *(whispering impatiently)* Monte Carlo awaits!

Eleanor: Yes, sweetie. As a matter of fact, I'm shopping for you right now . . . That's right, almost a whole suitcase full . . .

Friend: Goodness, you buy something for that child in every port!  
*(Guides Eleanor to the exit as the conversation continues.)*

Eleanor: Yes, you can visit when I get home, but that may not be for a while yet . . . Now if I told you that, it wouldn't be a surprise, would it? *(Exit)*

Announcer: Macular degeneration can ruin your vision, but it doesn't have to ruin your life.

*(End)*