

GRAMMA ALICE (age 75)

(subtle Southern accent -- no exaggerated twang, please)



Gramma Alice is a **prickly old broad with a squishy heart**. She's lived quite the life as a war veteran, mother of eight children, and professional dancer. She has always lived in the same house, which used to reside in the lush countryside. But over the many years, the land around her has developed into a sprawling metropolis. And Gramma Alice doesn't like that one bit.

Gramma Alice prefers the old ways, the ways where you get your hands dirty and things were done RIGHT! She doesn't take any crap from anyone. Gramma Alice gets her kicks out of seeing city folks chased by pigs or confused by manual labor. Cricket loves her tenacity and thinks she's the real deal.

Back in her heyday, Gramma Alice was a scamp like her grandson Cricket and can usually see through his lies. She gives Cricket devious tips, but denies involvement. She is an old and often **mysterious mother figure** to Cricket, teaching him harsh life lessons. She doesn't sugar coat anything, except her blue-ribbon winning cookies. However, she not supposed to eat those cookies anymore after becoming a diabetic. Her ailing health doesn't get her down, though! She's been through worse! Why back in her day...

GRAMMA ALICE SIDES

1. GRAMMA ALICE

MANIPULATIVE: What've you got behind your back, Cricket? A paintball gun? Well, well, well I'm sure you wouldn't want your father to find out about this. Whadaya say we make a little deal. Go find Gramma some cookies to keep her mouth shut. (shouting to Cricket who has already left to get cookies) Molasses or peanut butter! None of that crummy chocolate chip garbage.

2. GRAMMA ALICE

KNOW-IT-ALL: You wanna find a woman, you need more livestock. That's what impressed the ladies back in my day.

3. GRAMMA ALICE

CONTENT: Time to get back to my stories. (turns on her TV) Mmm this is a good one. (falls asleep/snores)

4. GRAMMA ALICE

CROTCHETY: (kicks open front door and yells) CRICKET! My panty hose! Why are grammy's 'hose all stretched out?! (she stretches the pantyhose and they snap out of her hands) Whoop! Bring those back here for Gramma.

5. GRAMMA ALICE

UPSET/VIOLATED: My tchotchkes! Thieves! Kill them! SHOW YOURSELVES, MOONLIGHTERS! Boys, that's two counts of trespassin'. You two rascals are gonna have to pay the ULTIMATE PRICE (turns sweet and taps cheek) kisses.