

BERTHA

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

WITH A DIFF'RENT SQUAD AND A DIFF'RENT CHIEF AS WELL
AND AS MATTERSON POINTS OUT
NEW YORK CITY MAKES YOU MISS THE TRENCHES' SMELL
YEAH, HE'S WORKING HERE AT BELL

IN OTHER NEWS, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU HAVE HEARD
BUT THE WORD CAME DOWN FROM SOMEWHERE UP ON HIGH
THAT ACCORDING TO THE ARMY
WE WERE NEVER IN THE ARMY
SO WE AREN'T IN THE ARMY, YET...

BERTHA

What does she mean by that?

GRACE

Apparently the VA says we're civilian contractors. We
aren't eligible for veterans' benefits.

BERTHA

But... we have uniforms, and ranks. And I never signed a
contract. Did you?

GRACE

No. But I did take an oath of service—twice.

BERTHA

And we came under enemy fire, and you were threatened with
court-martial!

GRACE

It did feel a lot like being in the Army.

BERTHA

We have to fight this!

GRACE

Suzanne wants me to bring it up with General Pershing.

BERTHA

You know, it was exactly one year ago today that you first
met the General, that day at Chaumont.

GRACE

Was it really? I thought that was later in May.

BERTHA

No, I know it was today. I checked in my—
(*catching herself*)

—memory... because I made sure to remember the date. I told myself, this is moment is—

GRACE

Bertha—it's all right. I kept a diary too. You were right. It was too important.

BERTHA

It was history.

(*BERTHA exits.*)