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[Panicking] I can't find my keys.

Let me help you.

*I suggest we come back in the office to look through her purse and gently ask her if the keys are on her arm.*

**No. I would know if they are on my arm. [Angrily] I would know.**

Okay. I can take a look at your purse...

**No, they aren't there. Let's go back to the room.**

*As we start to move in that direction, she pats her arms. I see her hand land across her left arm, where I had a strong suspicion her keys would be, but I knew she needed to find.*

*[Frowning] Oh.*

It's okay! You have them and that's what matters.

**I can't do this alone. I'm ninety-three. This is my first time here. Maybe if it was my second, I'd be okay. But I can't do this alone.**

*Broken. She stands looking worried, disoriented, upset she might miss that ride that will take her back.*

Let's go to the elevator.

**I can't do this alone.**

*The walk to the elevator, she doesn't have to do alone—and hopefully her next appointment wouldn't be alone, either. She shouldn't do it alone, and to her disbelief, she did. She can do it alone. But ninety-three, heart beating to the satisfaction of the mechanical valve and eyes giving up before she would, she had to today.*

*I call her around four, making sure she was home and in a calmer disposition.*

**I'm sorry for being so frazzled today.**

*As I tell her not to apologize, I can still feel the sinking disappointment in her voice.*

And your prescriptions will be delivered tomorrow, I called the pharmacy to verify the drop-off.

*What prescriptions?*

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# WOMEN'S MARCH

CAMERON FISHER

