

# Evacuation

Linda Larocque





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***We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!***

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EVACUATION

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CAST

PAUL: Paulie's father, an elderly male.

RITA: Paulie's mother, an elderly female.

PAULIE: Paul and Rita's son, a younger male.

Time:

*Present day.*

Place:

*The front seat of an old truck camper.*

*At Rise: PAUL, RITA and PAULIE are seated together in the front seat. RITA is in the middle. It is very cramped and all are squeezed together. PAULIE is intent on his driving as it's raining heavily. Both PAUL and RITA are looking straight ahead. They are stoic, grim, and very unhappy with the conditions they have found themselves in.*

PAULIE: Alright, we've been on the road over two very long hours and neither of you has said a word. *(pause, now annoyed)* Is it going to be like this for the rest of the way?

RITA: Ask your father.

PAUL: Ask your mother. She always has an answer for everything. *(pause)* At least she used to.

PAULIE: Please, Dad, don't start in. For once, can't Mom and you just try to get along for a few days? That's all I'm asking. You think I'm happy about this hurricane coming and having to evacuate with two people who haven't spoken in fifteen years?

PAUL: What?

RITA: Tell your father to check his hearing aids.

PAUL: Tell your mother to mind her own damn business.

RITA: How long before we can go home?

PAULIE: It depends on when it's safe...

RITA: (*interrupts*) I can't be gone very long.

PAULIE: What are you talking about?

RITA: I have some important documents coming from Publishers Clearing House. I'm going to be winning five thousand dollars a week for life.

PAULIE: Mom, tell me you're not serious.

MOM: Of course I'm serious. And that's exactly why it's necessary for me to be home to get my mail.

PAULIE: We can't go back yet.

RITA: We are talking about me winning thousands and thousands of dollars. Of course I'm serious. I simply can't be gone very long.

PAUL: Of course she's serious. Now you can see what I went through. She's a whack job.

RITA: Tell your father I've had enough of his smart remarks. I should've stayed home and taken my chances of getting blown away. At least I'd be there to get my mail when they try contacting me.

PAULIE: I got a great idea. Let's all go back to not talking.

RITA: You think the girls are alright? Maybe we should stop to check on them.

PAULIE: We've only been gone a couple hours. Cats can go for days unattended.

RITA: They are not cats. They are my girls. And Honey, you know they are used to lots of attention. I don't want them traumatized. I'm not sure if you understand their temperament completely, but if they don't hear normal household noises they can become very, very...

PAUL: (*interrupts*) Dead? (*laughs*) You know what they say...so many cats, so few recipes.

RITA: You're really stupid, so let me enlighten you. Thousands of years ago cats were worshiped as gods and they've not gotten over it. It's in their DNA. You have to treat them differently than other pets.

PAULIE: Please, you two.

RITA: Tell your father he's always been disgusting, but he's even worse now. What do you expect from a man who named his poor dog Hawk Eye? That's why I never invite him to my house for any of our family events. He's worse than disgusting.

PAUL: What? What did ya say?

RITA: (*angry*) Turn up your hearing aids! I said you're still disgusting. In fact, you're more disgusting than ever.

PAULIE: Come on, Mom, you know Dad can't hear. Take it easy on him.

PAUL: I don't like this driving rain, son, and since we're out of the hurricane's path, whatd'ya say we pull over first chance we get and ride out this storm?

PAULIE: I'm thinking the same thing.

RITA: Well, how far to our motel?

PAUL: (*laughs*) Motel? Hell, we're staying in the first Wal-Mart parking lot we can find.

RITA: (*shocked*) We're staying in a Wal-Mart parking lot?

PAUL: They ain't half bad, if you keep the shades down.

RITA: No, absolutely not. We're not doing that. You said we were going to a motel.

PAULIE: I didn't say that. I said we had to evacuate. Since you didn't have a place to go, Dad said you could come with us in his camper.

RITA: I didn't understand. I thought we'd be staying in...

PAUL: (*interrupts*) A five star hotel? You're damn lucky I agreed to bring you along. Whatd'ya want us to do, take you and them cats back home?

PAULIE: Calm down, Dad.

RITA: Never mind, you can't reason with your father. You should know that.

PAULIE: Look, Mom, we're out of the hurricane's path by now, but I don't like driving the camper in all this rain. So we're staying in the next place I can find, and it probably will be a Walmart parking lot. And we're staying there until it's safe for us to head home. It could be one day, it could be three days. No one knows yet. So we're all going to make the best of things.

RITA: I should've known anything your father is involved with, would end up like this...a mess.

PAUL: What did you say? What did she say?

RITA: When are you going to get new hearing aids?

PAUL: It ain't the hearin' aids. You gotta speak up. Ain't nothing wrong with these things. They're still plenty good.

RITA: Nothing wrong with them? You're the only person I know who actually wears his dead mother's hearing aids.

PAULIE: Do you have to bring that up again?

PAUL: You're right, they are. But it don't matter 'cuz none of them hearin' aids ever work anyway.

PAULIE: Let's talk about something nice for a change!

PAUL: And what would that be?

RITA: Tell your father I've joined E-Harmony.

PAULIE: You joined what?

**END OF FREEVIEW**

*You'll want to read and perform this show!*