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The Trip

A One-Act Drama

By

EDDIE KENNEDY



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(THE TRIP)

THE TRIP

A One-Act Play

for Three Men, Two Women

CHARACTERS

LUKEolder brother of Vicki and Alesia

VICKI Luke's younger sister

ALESIA Luke's other sister, fifteen years old

HENRY cousin to Luke, Alesia, Vicki

TIM a family friend

TIME: The Present

PLACE: An Institutional Waiting Room

THE TRIP

SCENE: An institutional waiting room. There is a small sofa with end tables on each side. In front of the sofa is a coffee table, with the usual magazines scattered about, and a tape recorder. There are several chairs in the room which has one window with floor-length curtains. A door upstage is the only entrance into the room.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: The lights come up as LUKE and TIM enter the unoccupied waiting room and sit on the sofa.

LUKE. Here we are.

TIM. Yeah. (BOTH look at each other for a second.)

LUKE. It seems cold in here. Doesn't it seem cold?

TIM. I think it is.

LUKE. It should be warmer than this, don't you think?

TIM. Yeah. It seems like it would be. A place like this and all.

LUKE (after a pause). Yeah. A place like this.

TIM. Oh, Luke, I just meant that . . .

LUKE (kindly). I know what you mean.

TIM. I mean it just should be warmer, it seems. It would seem that —

LUKE (interrupting). Really. Tim, I do understand. I know what you mean.

TIM. Yeah.

LUKE (after a pause). She'll be here in a minute.

TIM. Are you sure I should have come?

LUKE. Yes, I'm sure. She loves to see you. It always seems important to her.

TIM. But at a time like this?

LUKE. I think it's good that you're here. You help.

TIM. I hope so.

LUKE (after a pause). Alesia and Henry will be here shortly. They're with Aunt Martha.

TIM. How is Alesia today?

LUKE. Better. She's better, I think. At least, she seems to be.

TIM. Good.

LUKE. She's been with Aunt Martha and Uncle Darin. She likes that.

TIM. She's very fond of them, isn't she?

LUKE. She always has been. She's close to them and cousin Henry.

TIM. I've noticed that.

LUKE. In many ways, I guess she's closer to them than to me.

TIM. Oh, I don't think so.

LUKE. I do. I've been away a lot, you know. And with Vicki here, Alesia has needed someone around. Someone like Henry. They're very close.

TIM. I guess they are.

LUKE. And that's good, I think. She's found a real friend in Henry . . . kind of a substitute brother when she's needed one.

TIM (after a pause). Does Vicki know I'm coming today?

LUKE. Yes. She asked last night that you come. She was very insistent about that. And her music. She made me promise

to bring some of her music. (He indicates the tape recorder.)

TIM. God, how she loves music. She still plays the piano quite a bit, you know.

LUKE. That's what Mama said.

TIM. On visits, she sometimes plays for me. She seems very happy and secure when she's into her music.

LUKE. Yes. That's from Dad, you know. He was the same way. He could lose himself for hours – just another world when he was wrapped up in his music. Vicki's love for music started when she was just a tiny thing. She would stay in that study with Dad for hours. He'd work and read while the music played, and she'd pretend to read and conduct the orchestra. That's where it all started. And after Dad died, as small as she was then, she would go sit in that study and look at books and listen to the music. I was never sure if she really understood about Dad. She'd sit there like she expected any minute the door would open and he'd walk back in ready to look up some information, or sit down at that old typewriter ready to tommygun something onto paper. (There is a pause.) She ought to be here any minute.

TIM. Luke, uh . . . I'm a little nervous about all this. I don't want to do anything to upset her.

LUKE. Don't worry. I'll take care of everything.

TIM. Does she understand, Luke? Does she know what's happening?

LUKE. I'm not sure. But I think she does. She won't talk about it, but I could sense when we were together that she knows.

TIM. Luke, don't let me say the wrong thing.

LUKE. Don't worry, Tim. Just be yourself. She loves to be with you. You're her friend. She's close to you – more even than Alesia. She knows you really care, and that's what matters. And today she's going to need all the help we can give her.

TIM (after a pause). Will you be back for the summer?

LUKE. Probably. I don't know yet, but I suppose it's the thing to do. It would be good to be close to the girls.

TIM. Yeah.

(The door opens and VICKI enters. She appears very happy to see them, and quickly goes to LUKE as he and TIM stand to greet her.)

VICKI. Oh, Luke! You're here! (She hugs LUKE). And Tim, hello, hello, hello! (She hugs TIM.)

LUKE. Hello, honey. Yes, we're here. To see our favorite gal.

VICKI. Good! (She sees the tape recorder.) Oh, you brought the recorder and my music.

LUKE. We sure did.

VICKI. You brought the tapes, didn't you?

LUKE. Yes, I brought them.

VICKI. Oh, good. (She turns on the recorder and the haunting sounds of a lonely piano are heard.) Oh, isn't that beautiful? So very, very pretty.

LUKE. Yes, it is, hon. It sure is.

TIM (smiling). Sounds like your playing, Vicki.

VICKI. I wish it were. I could never be that good.

TIM. You will, one day. It's a matter of time.

VICKI. Oh no, Tim. It's more than time, more than time.

LUKE (turning off the recorder). Vicki, you look so nice today.

VICKI. Do I really?

TIM. You sure do.

LUKE. You sure do.

VICKI. Well, thank you both. You look very nice, too. We're a wonderful looking trio. (ALL laugh.)

LUKE. Have you had a busy morning?

VICKI. No, not really. The usual, except I knew you were coming and that made it exciting. You said today we're going on a trip?

LUKE (after a pause). Yes, a trip. Alesia and the others will be here soon. Then we'll all leave together.

VICKI. They're coming, too?

LUKE. Of course, honey.

VICKI. Oh.

LUKE. Vicki, it's all right.

VICKI. I know. It's just that . . .

LUKE. What?

VICKI. Nothing.

LUKE. Tell me, Vicki. It's just that what?

VICKI. It's just that I feel funny sometimes when they're all here together.

LUKE. Funny?

VICKI. Well, yes . . . funny. Like I really don't know them. That they don't know me.

LUKE. Of course you know them, honey. We're family. We all know each other.

VICKI. Yes, I suppose so. (A pause.) Tim, I'm so glad you came.

TIM. I wanted to. I like being with you. And now we have old Luke here with us.

VICKI (hugging LUKE). Yes, we do!

LUKE. Tim tells me you still play the piano some.

VICKI. Yes, I do some.

LUKE. Keeping up with your music?

VICKI. When I can. I don't always get to play when I want to. I'm told I play a lot, but I don't think it's as much as they say I do.

TIM. But she still plays well. She's good, too, Luke. She

really is good.

LUKE. What else can you expect?

VICKI. Luke, I'm so glad you've come home. Will you stay long this time?

LUKE. Well, longer than usual. There are some things I need to clear up.

VICKI (happily). Good. We'll spend a lot of time together.

LUKE. Yes, honey, we will.

VICKI. Make that a promise, Luke. Make it a promise.

LUKE (taking Vicki's hand). I promise.

TIM. Luke, it's nearly noon.

LUKE (checking his watch). Yes, it is. I'm sure they'll be here soon.

TIM. Yeah.

VICKI (after a pause, smiling). Luke, are you a writer yet?

LUKE. What?

VICKI. Are you a writer yet? You've studied so long, you must be a writer by now.

LUKE (laughing). In the sense that I put things on paper, I'm a writer, I guess.

VICKI. Well, you're a good poet. I know that.

TIM. A poet, eh?

VICKI. Yes, and a good one. He's written poetry for me. I have all of those poems, Luke. I'm putting some of them to music.

LUKE. That's wonderful, Vicki. You must play them for me.

VICKI. I will. This visit.

LUKE. I'd love to hear them. Wouldn't you, Tim?

TIM. Of course I would.

VICKI. This visit then, Luke. Before you leave us again, I'll play them. Just for you two. I don't want anyone else with us. Except Mama. That's all right. But no one else.

LUKE (after a pause). All right, Vicki. We'll all hear them later.

(The door opens. After a slight pause, ALESIA and HENRY enter.)

LUKE. Hello, Alesia. Henry.

HENRY. Hello, Luke.

ALESIA (hugging LUKE). Hi, Luke. Hi, Vicki. Tim.

VICKI. Hello.

TIM. Hi. (There is a troubled silence.)

LUKE. Are Aunt Martha and Uncle Darin ready?

ALESIA. They're at the desk. It will be a few minutes.

HENRY. They're meeting with Dr. Scrivner. (VICKI reacts silently, but noticeably.) He's going with us, I believe.

ALESIA. Of course he's going with us. (VICKI moves away from the OTHERS.)

LUKE (changing the subject). How are you feeling, Alesia?

ALESIA. How do I feel?

LUKE. You look rested today.

ALESIA. Yes . . . I'm rested, I guess.

TIM. Yes. You look nice, Alesia. (ALESIA looks at him, but doesn't answer.)

HENRY (after an awkward pause). Luke, what are your plans?

LUKE. Plans?

HENRY. Afterward. After today.

LUKE. I'll be here for a while. (VICKI looks at him.) Some things I need to attend to before I can leave.

VICKI. Yes. This is a long visit, isn't it, Luke?

LUKE. Yes, honey.

HENRY. Well, you needn't worry about Alesia.

LUKE. What?

HENRY. Mother and Father have asked her to stay with us.

LUKE (after a pause). That's very kind of them.