

The Christmas Home Tour

Linda LaRocque





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THE CHRISTMAS HOME TOUR

By Linda LaRocque

CAST

IRMA: Older Female

MARGE: Older Female

CLARA: Older Female

DOROTHY: Older Female

HELEN: Older Female

Place

In a vehicle in the parking lot of a McDonald's.

Time

The Present.

THE CHRISTMAS HOME TOUR

At Rise: A vehicle in the parking lot of the local McDonalds. Dorothy, Irma and Marge are seated in the back seat (three stools can be used to simulate a vehicle). Clara is seated in the front passenger seat.

DOROTHY: Why do we have to take your van Clara? Since Helen's driving, wouldn't it be easier if we just rode with her? *(looks at her watch)* Where is she? Hope she didn't forget.

CLARA: Settle down Dorothy, we've got 5 minutes yet. She won't forget. Helen's my sister in law. My brother would come back and haunt her if she did. Besides, I've got more room in my van, so it makes perfect sense. Just relax.

IRMA: I'm thinking of painting my bedroom but I'm not sure about the colors. It's between Woodland Mist...

DOROTHY: *(interrupts)* Alright girls, if anybody's gotta go to the bathroom, now's the time.

MARGE: Have you got our tickets Clara?

CLARA: Sure do. I picked them up yesterday. You each owe me twenty bucks.

DOROTHY: I hope you didn't buy Helen a ticket. I think she should pay for her own.

CLARA: There she goes again. Geez Dorothy, I think we owe it to her. It's worth a twenty-dollar ticket to have someone drive and then drop us off. What a favor.

DOROTHY: I was only asking a simple question. None of us know her, so I was just curious. Alright?

CLARA: Well I know her. She's my sister in law.

DOROTHY: I know that CLARA. What I meant was...

IRMA: *(interrupts and shows paint chips)* Okay ladies, what color do you like best? Woodland Mist, Primrose Bouquet, or Paris Pink?

MARGE: (*interrupts*) That green one is boring. I'd go with something more exciting. Like Romance in Paris.

IRMA: It's called Paris Pink. But to be honest, I'm leaning toward...

DOROTHY: (*interrupts*) I think we should each buy our own ticket. It's my economic soul. I can't help it. Besides, we're all single and on fixed incomes. What if Helen wants to just sit in the car, then we've wasted our money.

IRMA: You know, I've always dreamt of meeting Mr. Right and going to Paris, someday. Maybe I should go with Paris Pink. It's such a romantic name.

DOROTHY: Actually, she can buy her own ticket at one of the houses...if she decides to go, that is. They sell them there.

IRMA: But then again Woodland Mist would probably be more practical.

CLARA: Quiet everybody. Here comes Helen.

MARGE: Seriously? Is that her with that Santa Claus hat?

IRMA: And that ugly Christmas sweater?

DOROTHY: Is she for real? Talk about over the top. But who knows, maybe she'll add some zest to this tour.

IRMA: Last call if you gotta go to the bathroom.

DOROTHY: So? Is she paying for her own ticket or not? Better make up your minds.

HELEN: (*enters and gets in car. She's wearing a Santa hat*) Merry Christmas everybody. Merry Christmas! Santa wanted me to give you his best. And don't we all look pretty.

CLARA: Thanks Helen and Merry Christmas to you. (*hugs her*) We can't thank you enough for offering to drive us today.

HELEN: No problem. I love doing it.

CLARA: Helen, this is Marge and Clara and Dorothy. And girls, this is Helen, my favorite sister in law.

MARGE: What a treat to have a driver. You're absolutely a saint for offering. Would you drop us off at each of the houses, so we won't have to walk?

CLARA: Of course, she will. Being dropped off at the door is a luxury...even if we don't need it.

IRMA: Speak for yourself Clara. I need it. With my pacemaker, I have to be careful.

HELEN: Of course, I'll drop you off. Don't worry about a thing. I'm glad to help you ladies. It's fun. Actually, I've been looking forward to this.

CLARA: I told the girls they'd all love you by the time we're done today.

HELEN: Well here's hoping I don't let you down. Hey, did I tell you I'm playing Mrs. Santa Claus at Walgreens again this year?

CLARA: Really? Just for the weekends?

HELEN: No. It's the entire week before Christmas. I've done it two years in a row and talk about fun. *(pause)* But the ladies that did Santa's elves called it quits the other day. *(pause)* Said between missing a week of soap opera reruns and catching impetigo from one of the kids, last year, it wasn't worth it. *(pause)* Don't know what we're going to do now. We need the elves. The kids love 'em more than they do us, I think.

MARGE: They'll find somebody. And really, thanks again for driving us. It's not easy when we have to park blocks away and then walk a country mile. Walking gets harder for all of us every year. Bad knees, you know.

HELEN: Well Merry Christmas, ladies. You don't have to worry about walking today because I'm your friendly chauffeur. And I'm prepared to drop you off in front of every house. Besides this whole thing is putting me in the Christmas Spirit. I love it.

DOROTHY: By the way, HELEN, are you planning on touring the houses or just driving us?

HELEN: Well, I was thinking about going...

DOROTHY: *(interrupts)* If you tour the houses, you'll need to purchase a ticket, and they're twenty dollars...a piece.

HELEN: I thought I'd drop you...

DOROTHY: (*interrupts*) We would've gotten you one, but we're all on fixed incomes and an extra ticket is hard on the budget.

CLARA: Here's your tickets everybody. (*passes them out*) There's a map on the back but since we know where everybody lives, we probably don't need it.

HELEN: Okay, ladies. (*mimes driving*) Here we go. Where's our first stop?

IRMA: (*interrupts*) We'll go to the old Johnson house on Williams Street, so turn left at the next stop sign.

MARGE: Where are you going? Not this stop sign. It's the next one.

CLARA: She's alright. Just go around the block and...

IRMA: (*interrupts*) Actually the Johnsons themselves haven't lived there in years. But Bob Johnson's Aunt Olga inherited it from her dad who died and then she sold it to these new people, who added on the sun porch. So we still call it the Johnson house but it really isn't any more.

CLARA: Did you know you can still get shingles even if you're vaccinated?

IRMA: (*interrupts*) No you can't. Not if you've had the shot. That's impossible.

MARGE: You're wrong Clara. That's what the shot's for to keep you from getting shingles. Dahhhh.

CLARA: Well dahhhh yourself, you can still get them.

DOROTHY: Are you going to tour the houses with us, Helen?

HELEN: Where do I turn?

MARGE: You really think Woodland Mist would be a better color then one of those pinks?

HELEN: Okay ladies. Left or right? I'm not that familiar with this neighborhood.

CLARA: (*interrupts*) Okay. I just googled it. You can still get shingles after having the shot. So there.

IRMA: I thought you didn't know how to use your phone. You said...

CLARA: (*interrupts*) I said I know how to use it in emergencies.

HELEN: Left or right please, girls?

IRMA: Information on shingles isn't exactly what I'd call an emergency.

DOROTHY: Well it is if you have them.

HELEN: (*exasperated*) How about we forget the shingles for the time being, and maybe instead, one of you could just tell me where to turn. Left or right?

IRMA: Actually, you can go either way.

DOROTHY: Whatdaya mean either way? There's only one way to get to Williams Street from here.

CLARA: Look at that huge walnut tree. Did you know if they have a lot of nuts, it's a sign of a bad winter?

IRMA: Who says? That's an old wives' tale.

MARGE: Clara's right. And also, when the stripes on caterpillars are wide. Same thing. Bad winter.

HELEN: Where do I turn?

CLARA: Probably left.

HELEN: Whatdaya mean, probably? It's either left or it's right...isn't it?

CLARA: I'm sorry but I'm not sure.

DOROTHY: (*interrupts*) Are you going to buy a ticket, Helen?

IRMA: (*looking behind her*) There's a guy behind you trying to pass. There he goes. Looks annoyed for some reason. Grumpy old goat.

HELEN: Alright, I'm stopping right here until somebody makes up their mind.

MARGE: Does anyone like the Woodland Mist?

CLARA: Are we going to that log house out in the country?

HELEN: Has anybody figured out where I should turn yet?

IRMA: Let's not go to the one in the country. It's too far...

MARGE: (*interrupts*) I agree. Who'd want to live out there anyway?

HELEN: (*interrupts*) Are we still going on this Home Tour?

MARGE: I think it's dangerous for single women to live out in the sticks...

IRMA: (*interrupts*) No it isn't. Some women like it, they feel...

HELEN: (*interrupts*) Hold it. Will you all stop for a minute. I'm trying to drive, and you've got me turning, then not turning, going, then not going. Can't you agree on anything? All you do is interrupt and change the subject. You've gone from Williams Street, to paint, to shingles, to caterpillar stripes, all in sixty seconds. (*pause*) And I still don't know if we're on the tour or headed home.

IRMA: Well you don't have to get prickly.

MARGE: What's wrong with you?

DOROTHY: I think there's a problem here.

HELEN: You think?

IRMA: Yes. It sounds to me like you could have some serious, deeply hidden issues. *The National Inquirer* did an entire article on it.

MARGE: Yeah, I read about too.

HELEN: But I'm not the one with the...

CLARA: Mom always said you were weird.

MARGE: Maybe something from your childhood that's still unresolved? And you're taking it out on us. *(pause)* I think it's called transference, or something like that.

DOROTHY: That's what it's called. I heard the same thing at exercise class. And by the way, what happened to your Christmas Spirit?

CLARA: Yeah, Helen what happened to that?

MARGE: Yeah, what did we do?

HELEN: Alright, alright. Hell, I'm sorry. I just got frustrated is all. I apologize.

DOROTHY: Do you realize you just cursed? YOU are being sacrilegious during advent. *(starts to cry)* Irma is right. You probably do have some kind of deep seated, hidden problem.

CLARA: *(shocked and near hysteria)* I had no idea you were like this. What you must've put my poor brother through. And he never told anyone. How terrible for me to find this out now. All these years he suffered in silence. *(starts to cry)*

IRMA: And to think I was the one who wanted to buy you a ticket. *(starts to cry)* I believed in you.

END OF FREEVIEW
You'll want to read and perform this show!