

Everything Blows Away

Kelly Dumar



ArtAge
Publications



ArtAge supplies books, plays, and materials to older performers around the world. Directors and actors have come to rely on our 30+ years of experience in the field to help them find useful materials and information that makes their productions stimulating, fun, and entertaining.

ArtAge's unique program has been featured in *The Wall Street Journal*, *Chicago Tribune*, *LA Times*, *American Theatre Magazine*, *Time Magazine*, *Modern Maturity*, on CNN, NBC, and in many other media sources.

ArtAge is more than a catalog. We also supply information, news, and trends on our top-rated website, www.seniortheatre.com. We stay in touch with the field with our very popular e-newsletter, *Senior Theatre Online*. Our President, Bonnie Vorenberg, is asked to speak at conferences and present workshops that supplement her writing and consulting efforts. We're here to help you be successful in Senior Theatre!

We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

ArtAge Publications

Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President

PO Box 19955

Portland OR 97280

503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998

bonniev@seniortheatre.com

www.seniortheatre.com

NOTICE

Copyright: This play is fully protected under the Copyright Laws of the United States of America, Canada, and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention.

The laws are specific regarding the piracy of copyrighted materials. Sharing the material with other organizations or persons is prohibited. Unlawful use of a playwright's work deprives the creator of his or her rightful income.

Cast Copies: Performance cast copies are required for each actor, director, stage manager, lighting and sound crew leader.

Changes to Script: Plays must be performed as written. Any alterations, additions, or deletions to the text must be approved.

Permission to Film: Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Royalty: Royalties are due when you perform the play for any audience, paying or non-paying, professional or amateur. This includes readings, cuttings, scenes, and excerpts.

The royalty for amateur productions of this show is posted online. It is payable two weeks prior to your production. Contact us for professional rates or other questions. Royalty fees are subject to change.

Insert the following paragraph in your programs:

Performed with special permission from ArtAge Publications' Senior Theatre Resource Center at 800-858-4998, www.seniortheatre.com.

Everything Blows Away Copyright © 2013 by Kelly DuMar

EVERYTHING BLOWS AWAY

by

Kelly DuMar

CAST

WOMAN: Middle-aged (40-60).

MAN: Middle-aged (40-60).

Place

The backyard of a home

Time

A windy autumn afternoon after a storm

Setting: A backyard. Photographs of all types and sizes cover the ground.

At Rise: A woman in a kerchief rakes photographs into a pile like leaves blown from trees after a storm. A man watches from the edge of the yard. A photograph, blown by a gust of wind, spins, floats, and falls to the ground at his feet.

MAN: *(picking up the photo)* Is this us?

WOMAN: *(stops raking)* How could it be?

MAN: Before –

WOMAN: The storm?

MAN: Before –

WOMAN: The wind shook the branches of the trees?

MAN: Before –

WOMAN: *(as more photos float to the ground from above)* The fall?

MAN: Before they fell –

WOMAN: (*raking*) Still fall. Are falling now.

MAN: (*picking up another photo*) Is this you?

WOMAN: I never wore red.

MAN: It could be you.

WOMAN: Or hats –

MAN: You should, you know.

WOMAN: Wear red?

MAN: Hats.

WOMAN: Move –

MAN: (*reaching for the rake*) Let me clean up.

WOMAN: (*pulling away*) You won't. And the rain will come, and the wind –

MAN: I'm going to buy you a hat –

WOMAN: Which will blow away.

MAN: Pins. Hat pins. Those too.

WOMAN: Or dissolve, in the rain.

MAN: It will be waterproof, then, a rain hat.

WOMAN: An ugly hat.

MAN (*picking up another photo*) A bathing cap, perhaps –

WOMAN: Which I won't wear.

MAN: I would like to see you in a bathing cap, by the water's edge.

WOMAN: Get out of my way.

MAN: You wear kerchiefs now.

WOMAN: A kerchief is not a hat.

MAN: It covers the head.

WOMAN: As it should.

MAN: I don't like you in a kerchief.

WOMAN: It's not for you. Go.

MAN: I can't.

WOMAN: I know, but try.

MAN: I'll move these before they blow away in the wind.

WOMAN: I'm doing it.

MAN: Let me help.

WOMAN: It's going to rain.

MAN: I'll get my hat.

WOMAN: Don't bother.

MAN: I love your hair.

WOMAN: You want me to hide it under a hat.

MAN: I want to run my fingers through it.

WOMAN: (*raking*) Leaves. So many leaves.

MAN: Leave them. Come to me, before you blow away in the wind.

WOMAN: I will not wear a hat.

MAN: Leave the rake.

WOMAN: Or a bathing cap.

MAN: But you'll let me run my fingers through your hair?

WOMAN: I don't know.

MAN: You don't know if you will?

WOMAN: I don't know if I will leave the leaves.

MAN: If you leave them they'll blow away.

WOMAN: And you won't have to move them.

MAN: When I'm done—

WOMAN: When you're *not* done, because you can't be, and you never will be.

MAN: Let me buy you a hat?

WOMAN: It's starting to rain.

MAN: (*picking up a photo*) A bathing cap. Let's go to the water's edge, before it's too late.

WOMAN: You want me to swim back in time?

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: In a red bathing suit at the water's edge in a bathing cap I'd never wear?

MAN: You could.

WOMAN: I could, but I didn't, and I won't, and it wasn't me.

MAN: I wish it was.

WOMAN: I never wear red. How many times do I need to say that?

MAN: All right.

WOMAN: You'll move the leaves?

MAN: I'll move the leaves.

WOMAN: *Now?*

MAN: Now. I'll put them in bags.

WOMAN: Put them in a mulch pile.

MAN: With all the hats you never wore, will never wear.

WOMAN: And, my kerchief?

MAN: Is a flag we could fly in the wind.

WOMAN: Putting them in bags would be stupid.

MAN: Yes, a mulch pile will do.

WOMAN: (*picking up a photo*) My life. Would it have been so different, had I worn hats?

MAN: (*picking up a photo*) Or red?

WOMAN: Move the goddamned leaves.

MAN: I'm sorry.

WOMAN: (*turning away*) Move them or don't, it doesn't matter. I won't forgive you.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!