

# My Mother, Her Sisters, Their Mother, and Me

Written by

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## **CHARACTERS**

Luke  
Angela  
Lorraine  
Lynn  
Dawn  
Gwen  
Raleigh  
Young Luke

## **SETTING**

The play begins its first scene on a bench just outside of an airport, then continues briefly in a car with Angela and Luke. The remainder of the play takes place within various rooms and spaces of the large family home of Lorraine.

## **AUTHOR'S NOTE**

Without imparting too much, in hopes of allowing the 8 members of this tale to really tell you the story, I will say only a few words.

The worth of this play can be found in the connections made to the cornerstones of who we are. The homages paid to the places we once knew, and the way our perception and relationships to places, things, and of course, people change. Perhaps for the worse, but we always pray for the better.

I hope that through these interactions you are able to confront your own fears, your own misguided ignorances, as well as to know when you are right. Be it about someone, or something. No one in this play is entirely correct, though they may appear to be. No one is entirely wrong, either. I hope the stubbornness you find in any of these characters, coupled with the openness delivered by others, awakens in you a connection to yourself and all those around you. Maybe you'll see your own mother, your grandmother, your sister, your lover, your friend. Maybe you'll see you. That is, at the very least, the goal of this play.

ACT 1  
Scene 1

*Setting: Luke, late twenties, sits alone, stage right, on a bench that could either belong outside or inside. He talks to his boyfriend Raleigh on the phone while he waits to be picked up, complete with carry-on backpack, roller suitcase, and headphones around his neck. He is dressed with a metropolitan flair, he is collected, handsome, slight of frame, and appears to be tired. On stage left we see Raleigh, a tall, very handsome African-American Male also in his late-twenties sitting at a desk, dressed appropriately with various office accoutrements. He is also dressed appropriately in business-casual attire, with a phone pressed to his ear as he absently clicks around the computer monitor on his desk.*

*At Rise: We begin with Luke on his bench, and Raleigh at his desk, splitting the stage into two different places. We hear the sound of planes overhead, and voices over a loud intercom calling from passengers and boarding flights, letting us know Luke is waiting to be retrieved at an airport. He and Raleigh talk on the phone.*

Luke

I don't know, he certainly has that big dick energy, ya know? I mean he walks around like it.

*(Raleigh laughs)*

Raleigh

No way, you think?

Luke

I mean I can legitimately see it. Like Justin Theroux in "The Leftovers" or...Dev Patel....always.

Raleigh

Oh wow. Beautiful. You're not being weird though, right?

Luke

No! I'm not gawking at it, the guy's married and has two kids.

Raleigh

That hasn't stopped you before.

Luke *(laughing)*

Jesus Raleigh, I'm not a hedonist. But I can like what I see.

Raleigh

Ok, as long as you don't start liking it too much.

Luke

Don't worry, baby. Your nice, big dick is impossible to ignore. Whether it's swinging in my face or tucked politely into the pants of your suit.

*(Raleigh laughs and blushes)*

Raleigh

Woof. Alright. Subject change. I'm at work now and thinking about you naked can't end well for me.

Luke

Yeah. I'd better tone it down before ol' Angie gets here.

Raleigh

Yeah, how long have you been waiting?

*(Luke checks his watch)*

Luke

Almost thirty minutes.

Raleigh

Damn. And you haven't heard from her?

Luke

Nope. Her phone's not working, or something. I'm sure she'll be here soon.

Raleigh

She will, don't panic.

Luke

I'm not panicking. I am fine.

Raleigh

I'm sure she'll be there soon.

*(Beat.)*

Are you excited for me to come?

*(Beat.)*

Luke

Of course. I mean, I'm totally nervous, but of course I'm excited.

Raleigh

Ok. Just checking.

Luke

I mean...I wish you would have come with me today instead of spreading it out like this. But still, I'm excited.

Raleigh

You know I had to work. I'll be there tomorrow afternoon.

Luke

I know, I know. Unless I have to enact the emergency plan.

Raleigh

I'm sure you won't.

Luke

I don't know...let's pray. I just like it better when you're around. You make me...me.

Raleigh

You're still you, even when I'm not there.

Luke

Yes yes, but I mean in situations that I don't like. You make me...feel like myself.

Raleigh (*smiling*)

You do the same for me, baby.

Luke

God. We're campy. We are Susan Sontag "Camp" as FUCK.

Raleigh

Hey, that's all you! I just asked a simple question.

Luke

Oh please, you're a fucking campy homo too. Don't even pretend.

Raleigh

Ah, well you've got me there!

*(We hear the sound of a car horn, startling Luke.)*

Christ! Luke

What?! Raleigh

Angela has arrived. Never subtler. Luke

Oh great! Raleigh

*(Angela, mid 50's and gorgeous, enters, car keys in hand.)*

Hey! I'm here. Angela

Luke  
*(To Angela)*  
Hi Mom!

*(To Raleigh)*  
Ok babe. Time for me to go. I'll talk to you soon.

Alright. Tell Angie I said hi! Raleigh

I will! Luke

Alright, love you! Bye. Raleigh

I love you too. Buh bye. Luke

Was that Raleigh? Angela

*(Luke gives her a big hug, while she holds back somewhat and pats his back, strangely.)*

Luke

No, it was actually this raisin of a 75 year old millionaire who pays all my bills as long I send him a monthly portfolio of nudes.

Angela

Luke, don't be crude.

*(Luke laughs off this familiar exchange)*

Luke

Yes, it was Raleigh! He says hi.

Angela

Well...Hello Raleigh.

Luke

Yes, hello Raleigh.

*(pointedly, right at her)*

And hello Mother! Hi! Good to see you.

Angela

Yes. Hi!

*(Luke shakes his head, defeated but smiling)*

Ok, let's get going!

*(They walk toward the car together in a bit of an awkward silence)*

Luke

Well this is crazy, isn't it?

*(They have approached the car. They stand outside talking.)*

Angela

What?

Luke

We're on our to get her out of that house.

Angela

Oh. Yeah. I know. It's been too many years since this *should* have happened. It's about time.

Luke

Well, sure. She can't take care of that "manor" by herself anymore, but you have to admit you're sad too. You grew up in that house.

Angela

It's a great house. They built it well. But it's time for it to go. I can't hear her bitching about it anymore and besides, everyone who still lives in that town is working around the clock to help her. She needs to cut that shit out and be sensible. It's time to move.

*(Beat)*

Luke

You know, we moved a lot so this is also the only house that's been with Sydney, Derek, and I for our whole lives. In a way, it's like we're moving out of our childhood home, as well.

*(Angela hears that. She hadn't thought of that.)*

Angela

Hmm. Yes I guess that's right.

Luke

*(Genuinely defeated now.)*

Alright. Let's go.

*(Luke throws his bags in the back of the car and they both strap themselves in. As the car turns on, so does the radio. We hear Aretha Franklin's "Respect" Begin to play. Angela stops the song immediately and looks excitedly to Luke.)*

Angela

Let's put your cover on!

Luke

No! No way! Definitely not. I can't handle that right now.

Angela

Come on! It's great! You were only 9, it's terrific for a 9 year old.

Luke

Yes. For a 9 year old! My 9 year old demo album of covers of the greatest female pop ballads of the 80's and 90's, as well as my failed attempt as a music career, all need to die alongside my zest for life.

Angela

What?



Luke

Nothing. I'm just being macabre and dramatic.

Angela

Yes, clearly. Your life is great.

Luke

Yes I know. It was simply hyperbolic.

Angela

Well don't say that, that's not funny. You've had a very charmed life.

Luke

Oh my god, Mom. I know. I'm just kidding. I love life. Life is great. I'm very lucky.

Angela

Yes! You're very lucky. So be grateful.

Luke

I am! Yes! Damn, I wasn't trying to start an argument. It was simply in jest.

Angela

Well "in jest" or not, it's not a very funny joke.

*(Luke decides to just let it go. They drive in silence for a brief moment.)*

Luke *(reluctantly)*

Play it.

Angela

What?

Luke

The song.

Angela

Really?

*(Before he can change his mind, Angela switches over to a CD. While she does this, the lights dim on her and Luke, and come up Downstage Left on Young Luke. He is clad in a white turtleneck, jeans, brown loafers, a somewhat oversized leather jacket, and pooka shells, complete with spiked hair. He carries a corded microphone, there is a numbered*

*bib pinned to his shirt with the number 327. An announcer is heard introducing Young Luke.)*

Emcee

Ladies and Gentleman, singing "Respect" by Aretha Franklin, please welcome, Lucas Dugas!

Angela

Track number 4!

*(the music begins to play. Young Luke comes to life and begins engaging the audience by clapping on the beat and dancing around.)*

*(Luke and Angela sing along the entire time.)*

Young Luke

WHAT YOU WANT

BABY, I GOT IT

WHAT YOU NEED

YOU KNOW I GOT IT

ALL I'M ASKIN'

IS FOR A LITTLE RESPECT, WHEN YA GET HOME

HEY BABY,

WHEN YA GET HOME.

MISTER

I AIN'T GONNA DO YOU WRONG, WHILE YOU'RE GONE

I AIN'T GONNA DO YOU'RE WRONG 'CAUSE I DON'T WANNA

ALL I'M ASKIN,

IS FOR A LITTLE RESPECT WHEN YA GET HOME

BABY

WHEN YA GET HOME

YEAH.

OOH, YOU'RE KISSES

SWEETER THAN HONEY

AND GUESS WHAT?

SO IS MY MONEY.

ALL I WANT YOU TO DO FOR ME

IS IT GIVE IT TO ME WHEN YOU GET HOME

YEAH BABY

WHIP IT TO ME  
WHEN YA GET HOME, NOW

R-E-S-P-E-C-T  
FIND OUT WHAT IT MEANS TO ME  
R-E-S-P-E-C-T  
TAKE CARE, TCB  
OH,  
A LITTLE RESPECT  
WHOA, BABE  
A LITTLE RESPECT  
I GET TIRED  
I KEEP ON TRYIN'  
YOU'RE RUNNIN' OUT OF FOOLS  
AND I AIN'T LYIN'  
STOP, WHEN YOU COME HOME  
OR YOU MIGHT WALK IN AND FIND OUT I'M GONE

*(The sound of a crowd goes wild. Young Luke bows sincerely as the song ends.)*

Emcee  
Ladies and Gentlemen, Lucas Dugas!

Angela  
Let's listen to the rest!

Luke  
No! I draw the line.

Angela  
Ok. Ok.

*(She flips back the radio. They drive along much more loose and relaxed.)*

Angela (cont.)  
So. How's the writing coming?

Luke  
It's going well.

Angela

What's the latest?

Luke

I mean, just the same old stuff. I've been trying to write at least three articles a week.

Angela

Alright, and are your agents working hard to get these published?

Luke

Yes, they're trying. But it's like I've told you, the niche market I write for isn't extremely vast, yet. So getting articles published left and right is not a realistic idea to have right now. I just need to work on getting better, a larger audience, and who knows...maybe try my hand in LA? I don't know sometimes I think those publishers would be more welcoming to me.

Angela

Are you saying you want to move to Los Angeles? I mean, you haven't been in New York or even out of school for that long, and you're already wanting to leave for greener pastures? How do you know if they'll be greener?

Luke (*becoming irritated*)

I'm not saying I am going to up and move to LA. All I'm saying is that it's difficult for someone who is my age, a couple years out of grad school, to break into writing op-eds for large publications. I need to be in an environment, a writing environment, that can help me focus on garnering more experience and success with one audience. And you know, the publishing world in New York is old...and white...and very very straight so I just get a lot of old ass holes telling me I don't have enough life experience to be writing seriously. The LA market is a lot younger. My agents think it might be good.

Angela

But do these "Old white ass holes" know you were published in Vanity Fair when you were *still* an undergrad?

Luke (*fully aggravated now*)

Yes mother! They know what I've written and most like it, so yes I am very lucky to even be in the room with some of these magazine and editorial content producers! But becoming the next Christiane Amanpour does not happen overnight! I am doing what I can, with the resources that I have, to write something globally reaching and compelling that will also make me a bunch of money! There, does that work for you?

Angela

...You want to be the next Christiane Amanpour? But...she's a woman.

Luke

Oh my god Mom. It's a figure of speech! She's a successful editorial author, that's all I mean!

Angela

Ok! Alright! I'm just trying to help. I'm not saying you need to write your magnum opus right now! But...you know...another appearance in something fun like Vogue, or The Wall Street Journal would be nice, don't you think?

Luke

Can we just...change the subject please? I can't talk about this anymore.

Angela (*conceding*)

Alright. Sure. I'm just trying to understand is all.

*(Luke has turned his attention out the window. They continue to drive as "Proud Mary" by Tina Turner whispers in the background.)*