

Family Reunion II

The Original Stageplay



Cleveland O. McLeish

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Characters

LILA: Elder, Top of the Family Tree, Mother, Wife; a strong Christian woman who stands as the glue that holds her Family Together.

HENRY: Lila's Husband – elderly - more of a shadow to Lila, strong supporter, braces her up when she's weak, firm believer in doing what is right and very feisty.

(Lila and Henry have been married for 59 years. They have 4 Children, 12 Grandchildren, and 9 Great Grandchildren)

MR. FOSTER: Proprietor of the Bali Hai Bed & Breakfast Inn. He's not saved and doesn't see a reason to get saved as all he has, he worked for and thinks he doesn't need God to achieve.

HARRY: Successful Real Estate Broker, conspicuous, materialistic and better than everybody.

NATALIE: Harry's wife. She shares in the success of her husband's business and is also caught up in the material things of this world, putting God on a back burner and sees no reason for Him to be a part of her life.

(Harry and Natalie will learn that they have lost their million-dollar home and have fallen into financial ruin.)

TYRONE: A single father who tries his best to please his son and make sure he doesn't lack anything, even at the expense of his own needs.

DARREN: Tyrone's son. He idolizes his father, though holding the absence of his mother against him.

(Darren has a serious problem when Tyrone starts to show an interest in Angella)

ANGELLA: Distrusting, stressed, a professional young woman who develops an interest in Tyrone.

KIM: Mr. Foster's daughter; wayward, rebellious teen.

MICHELE: Kim's best friend; also rebellious.

SAM: Driver for Lila Mae & Henry. He's a down and out one-time singer who loves to sing oldies.

EXTRAS FOR HOTEL STAFF

Setting

The LOBBY of the Bali Hai Bed and Breakfast Inn with one EXIT & one ENTRANCE.

The Story

This play takes place in The LOBBY of the Bali Hai Bed and Breakfast Inn where Lila Mae & Henry are supposed to be taking a weekend off for Rest & Relaxation, but God has a different plan for this unique and influential couple when they get stuck at the hotel with hurting people after a bad storm washes away the only means of leaving this little getaway.

Lila Mae's Dream Vacation becomes a journey of healing and restoration for a wealthy obnoxious couple, a single father and his son, a bitter single professional woman and two wayward teens looking for trouble.

Play Details

Length: 90 Minutes

Cast: 6 Males, 5 Females. Plus Extras.

Audience: Teens & Adults

Genre: Contemporary Comedy Drama

THE SCRIPT



SCENE ONE

LIGHTS UP

The lobby is well decorated for the Christmas holidays.

Two BELL BOYS enter, overloaded with bags and exits just barely nodding to the Receptionist at the front desk.

Enter Sam, driver to Lila Mae & Henry. He falls down under the weight of the Bags.

Lila Mae and Henry are not far behind.

LILA MAE: Henry, will you please help Sam with the luggage.

HENRY: I ain't helping him. He gets paid to carry our stuff. I'm just a guest here.

LILA MAE: You're lazy Henry.

HENRY: He the one who is lazy. If he can't carry a few bags then maybe we need to fire him and hire a different driver.

Sam struggles to his feet and barely makes it to the Receptionist.

HENRY: *(smiles broadly)* Works every time.

LILA MAE: Sometimes I think you don't have a heart.

HENRY: Sometimes you think too much. It's your thinking why we're here in the first place.

LILA MAE: Henry, this is our dream.

HENRY: No, Lila Mae, this is your dream. I hate places like this. Hotels are for pimps and prostitutes.

LILA MAE: You wouldn't know. This is your first time at a hotel.

HENRY: And my last.

LILA MAE: You're gonna make this weekend a living hell for me, aren't you?

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HENRY: Just so you don't drag us back here, yes.

LILA MAE: And it don't matter that its Christmas, and it's my birthday?

HENRY: Nope.

LILA MAE: You ain't never gonna change, Henry.

HENRY: Yeah yeah, whatever. Anyway, now that we here, what do we do now.

LILA MAE: Check in at the Receptionist.

HENRY: And you know this because?

LILA MAE: It's not my first-time sweetheart.

Lila Mae casually strolls to the Receptionist leaving Henry standing with his Mouth wide open.

HENRY: Lila Mae, don't be playing with me, Girl.

LILA MAE (to the receptionist) Hi, you have a reservation for Lila Mae and Henry Mullington?

Receptionist checks her books.

RECEPTIONIST: Yes we do. Room 156, seventh floor.

HENRY: Oh, don't you have a room on the first floor?

RECEPTIONIST: No sir. The first floor is for the lobby and the restroom.

HENRY: I'll take one of the restrooms, thank you.

LILA MAE: Henry!

HENRY: Why you go book us for the seventh floor and you know I'm afraid of heights.

LILA MAE: The Lord has not given us a spirit of fear but of power, of love and a sound mind.

HENRY: And common sense. I ain't going to no seventh floor. I'm staying right here.

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LILA MAE: Fine. *(takes a few bags from Sam)* C'mon Sam, I have an empty space in my bed, if you're interested.

Henry takes the bags from Lila Mae, and he is the first through the door.

LILA MAE: *(smiles broadly)* Works every time.

Sam exits with the other bags.

Lila Mae takes out some cash to pay the receptionist.

ENTER Harry and Natalie, the wealthy couple.

NATALIE: Excuse me, Excuse me.

Natalie steps in front of Lila Mae, almost bouncing here aside.

LILA MAE: Excuse me, but I was here first.

NATALIE: Somebody talking to me.

LILA MAE: As a matter of fact, yes.

NATALIE: Sorry darling, but we're in a kind of a rush you see.

LILA MAE: Oh sorry, and I guess I was going nowhere.

Natalie hands the receptionist her credit card.

NATALIE: Where's that other girl who is usually here?

RECEPTIONIST: We work on shifts, so I'm not really sure who you are talking about.

NATALIE: Doesn't matter. Our usual room, please.

RECEPTIONIST: Which is?

NATALIE *(rolls her eyes)* You don't know who we are.

RECEPTIONIST: No ma'am.

NATALIE: Can you excuse yourself and allow a more competent individual to stand at this desk, please.

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RECEPTIONIST: Excuse me.

HARRY: Just give us a room, please.

NATALIE: Don't be so aggressive dear. You'll scare the little darling away.

Receptionist tries the card, but something is wrong.

RECEPTIONIST: Uhmmm ---

NATALIE: Yes dear.

RECEPTIONIST: The card is not working.

NATALIE: Then try again, darling. What is it, don't you know how to charge a card?

Receptionist tries again, but the card does not go through. She hands it back to Natalie.

NATALIE: Incompetent, that's what it is.

HARRY: Are we gonna stand here all day or are you gonna find someone who can actually do their job.

RECEPTIONIST: Do you have cash, sir?

HARRY: Do I have cash? This is an insult.

RECEPTIONIST: No sir, what I meant was ---

NATALIE: Here *(Takes some money from her purse)*. I hope you know how to use these.

Receptionist takes the cash and hands them a receipt and keys.

RECEPTIONIST: Room 210. Twelfth floor.

NATALIE: It better be the best room you have.

Natalie claps offstage, and two Bell Boys enter carrying their bags. They exit.

Lila Mae is still in shock.

Receptionist turns her attention back to her.

RECEPTIONIST: Sorry about that.

LILA MAE: Don't be intimidated by their attitude, dear. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven.

RECEPTIONIST: Tell me about it.

Lila Mae pays her cash and collects a receipt.

LILA MAE: I'll see you around dear.

RECEPTIONIST: Yes, ma'am. Enjoy your stay.

Lila Mae exits.

ENTER Angella. She checks in at the receptionist.

ANGELLA: Can I have a room, please?

RECEPTIONIST: Single or double occupancy.

ANGELLA: Do I look like a double occupancy to you?

Receptionist looks embarrassed.

Angella is sorry she snapped.

ANGELLA: I'm sorry. Just been having a bad day.

RECEPTIONIST: It's okay.

ANGELLA: Single please, as near to the top floor as you can.

RECEPTIONIST: Okay. Cash or charge?

ANGELLA: Charge (*hands her a credit card*).

ENTER DARREN, twelve years old. He's running all over the stage very excited.

Angella watches him for a beat.

Tyrone comes in behind him carrying all the bags.

TYRONE: Darren (*tries to catch him but he cannot hold him while holding bags*) Darren stop it this minute. You hear me boy.

Darren stops and looks at his father, but only for a minute before circling the stage again.

TYRONE: Boy, I'm gonna kill you. You just wait till I get a hold of you.

Angella finds something to smile about.

Tyrone sees her smiling.

TYRONE: Wow, I never thought my inability to control my son while carrying bags would put a smile on someone's face.

ANGELLA: It didn't, trust me, it was all your son, definitely not you.

TYRONE: Okay, about that, I see someone is in need of a little --

ANGELLA: What you say, sir?

TYRONE: Oh nothing, I was just talking to myself. DARREN! Oh, wait till I get my hands on you, boy.

ANGELLA: Let me guess, Baby daddy. It's your turn to take care of the boy this weekend and being the distant father that you are, you cannot relate to your son because he does not know you, typical.

TYRONE: Wow, you're good. Now let me guess, lonely, miserable, in need of a man, among other things. Had some bad run-ins in the past and now you're taking it out on every man you see, TYPICAL.

ANGELLA: Why, the nerve.

TYRONE: Listen, Lady, you don't know me long enough to put me in a category.

ANGELLA: Sweetheart. Once you are born a man, you are born into a category. I don't need to know you.

It's obvious there will be no further conversation between these two.

Tyrone tries to reach his wallet with his bags, but it is hopeless. He finds somewhere to rest his bags and turns to face the receptionist.

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TYRONE: Good day. My name is Tyrone Miller and I'm checking in; my son and myself.

RECEPTIONIST: Your son?

TYRONE: Yes, he's right th --- *(turns around to see only Angella standing there pointing offstage)* Be right back.

Tyrone exits.

Angella is smiling again. She takes her stuff, collects her receipt and leaves.

Tyrone comes back pulling Darren by his collar. He puts him to stand in front as He finishes up with the receptionist.

Receptionist gives him a receipt and keys.

RECEPTIONIST: Room twelve, second floor.

TYRONE: Thank you *(to Darren)* Darren, I'm gonna let you go now, but please behave yourself.

Darren nods innocently.

By the time Tyrone picks up his luggage, Darren is nowhere in sight.

RECEPTIONIST: Usually when people come here for R&R, they leave the children behind.

TYRONE: Yeah, unfortunately for me, I have no one to leave him with.

RECEPTIONIST: Oh, well, hope you enjoy your stay here, somehow.

TYRONE: Yeah, thanks. *(exits)*

The Proprietor, Mr. Foster, enters.

MR. FOSTER: Good morning, Ms. Bennett.

RECEPTIONIST: Good morning, Mr. Foster.

MR. FOSTER: How many people have checked in so far?

RECEPTIONIST: About fourteen.

Mr. Foster looks troubled.

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RECEPTIONIST: Is there a problem sir?

MR. FOSTER: Just fourteen. (*sighs*) This weekend is gonna be a bad one, I can feel it.

Troubled faces as ---

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE TWO

LIGHTS UP

Lila Mae and Henry are on stage.

HENRY: Man, I have not slept in a bed like that since ---

LILA MAE: Since what, Henry?

HENRY: Since I married you. *(He laughs).* That bed sure knows how to crack the old bones.

LILA MAE: It's more like them old bones were about to crack the bed *(She laughs).*

Henry flags her off. Lila Mae continues to laugh.

LILA MAE: So, Henry, what do you think of the place now?

HENRY: I've seen better.

LILA MAE: Where? On TBN?

HENRY: Oh, you got jokes. About time. I was starting to think that boredom was gonna kill me, living with you and all. *(He laughs).*

LILA MAE: You old foot.

HENRY: And yet still you love me.

Door # 2 opens, Natalie and Harry enter. Natalie and Harry are all dressed up in expensive designer clothing and sunglasses.

LILA MAE: Oh great, just what I need to make my day. Here comes Mutt and Jeff.

HENRY: Judge not, honey, lest you be judged.

LILA MAE: Remember the two people I was telling you about?

HENRY: Yeah.

LILA MAE: That's them.

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Natalie and Harry walk pass Henry and Lila Mae. Natalie lowers her sunglasses and looks at Henry with disdain.

NATALIE: They seem to be letting everything in these days. Who knows, we might soon be shacking it up lions and giraffes --- one big happy family.

HENRY: Lila Mae, who does she think she is talking to?

LILA MAE: See what I mean.

HENRY: Excuse me ma'am.

NATALIE: *(Turning to Harry)* You hear something?

HENRY: Why the nerve of this ---

LILA MAE: Angry, but sin not, Henry.

HENRY: *(calmly)* Pardon me ma'am.

HARRY: Yes, may I help you?

NATALIE: What is your problem Mr. We don't have anything to give you. You people are like parasites for hard working people like myself.

LILA MAE: Ma'am, you ever heard of the story of Lazarus and the rich man?

NATALIE: Not interested, and why are you talking to me anyway? C'mon Harry, don't waste time with the hired help.

Natalie and Harry exit the stage through DOOR #1.

LILA MAE: OH Jesus I sure do love you right about now.

HENRY: They better thank God I know Jesus. You know, if you weren't here I would have ---

LILA MAE: You would have what, Henry? Don't make me laugh at you --- you couldn't hit a fly, even if you tried. *(mockingly)* If I weren't here *(She begins to laugh)*.

LIGHTS FADE

LIGHTS UP

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Kim and Michelle are onstage.

MICHELLE: It's so cool that your dad owns this place. You must come here a lot.

KIM: Yeah, yeah, if you say so. The only reason why I'm here is because my mom's not home.

MICHELLE: Girl, I don't care what you say, you lucky. At least you know your dad.

KIM: Sometimes I wish I didn't.

MICHELLE: So what are we gonna do this weekend?

KIM: Girl, I got so much to show you; the pool, the bar and of course the club with the fellas, so long as ma dad don't catch us, we'll be having a whole lot of fun this weekend.

MICHELLE: That's what I'm talking about, hey!

Kim turns to the receptionist.

KIM: Have you seen my dad?

RECEPTIONIST: No, not since yesterday.

KIM: I can never find that man when I need him. C'mon girl, let's go hit the pool.

Kim and Michelle exit the stage through DOOR #1.

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE THREE

LIGHTS UP

Lila Mae and Henry enter the stage through door #1.

LILA MAE: Ah, there is nothing like a long walk outdoors.

HENRY: *(Breathing tiresomely)* Speak for yourself. You seem to be forgetting that we're not so young anymore.

LILA MAE: Speak for yourself, Henry. I am as young as I feel.

HENRY: But not as you look. *(he laughs).*

Kim and Michelle enter the stage through door # 1.

MICHELLE: Oh great, old people.

KIM: Michelle, they are my dad's guests. They might hear you.

MICHELLE: Why do you care all of a sudden?

KIM: You know what, you're right. Let's forget about them, let's go.

Kim and Michelle push pass Lila Mae and Henry on their way outside.

HENRY: Excuse me, young lady.

MICHELLE: Get out of our way, old man.

They open door #1, and as they are about to exit the stage, Darren runs through the door almost knocking Michelle over.

MICHELLE: Hey, Watch it! What's wrong with you? Are you blind?

DARREN: Are you blind?

MICHELLE: You better not mess with me, boy.

DARREN: Or what?

MICHELLE: Why you little ---

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Darren runs across the stage and then exits through door #2.

HENRY: The Lord works in mysterious ways, doesn't he?

LILA MAE: Henry, don't say that.

HENRY: What! They only got what they dished out. Serve them right. Too bad though.

LILA MAE: Too bad what?

HENRY: Too bad it wasn't me.

LILA MAE: Henry.

HENRY: C'mon, I know you wanted me to.

LILA MAE: No, Henry.

HENRY: Oh yeah, I forgot you too saved for troublemakers like me. Well, too late, you already married to me *(He laughs)*.

LIGHTS FADE

LIGHTS UP

Natalie and Harry enter the stage through Door #1. They are soaking wet and very distressed.

NATALIE: Rain, just what I needed.

HARRY: It was just a light shower hon.

NATALIE: *(Shouting)* A light shower? Look at my hair. Does this look like a light shower to you? I am soaking wet, my hair is a mess, and you are getting on top of my last nerve.

HARRY: The sun will soon come out, don't overreact.

NATALIE: Oh, the sun will soon come. I never knew that I married a weather man. It better, or else.

Harry shakes his head and sighs.

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE FOUR

LIGHTS UP

Everyone is onstage. Kim & Michelle are preoccupied with MP4 players and their cell phones.

Mr. Foster walks back and forth restlessly. He uncomfortably addresses the crowd before him.

MR. FOSTER: Good evening everyone, guests and staff alike. I hope your stay here so far has been a good one.

HENRY: Is that why you called us all down here? Do you know what time it is?

MR. FOSTER: Well, there's more.

HENRY: Out with it then. We haven't got all day.

MR. FOSTER: Well, that's the thing. It seems that there's a storm heading this way.

NATALIE: Oh, great.

TYRONE: Okay, so now that we know, I guess we should all try to leave before it hits.

MR. FOSTER: Well, that's gonna be a problem.

TYRONE: What's the problem? All we have to do is pack our things and leave. I don't see a problem.

MR. FOSTER: Oh, trust me, it's not that simple.

NATALIE: Well, what else could possibly go wrong?

MR. FOSTER: *(sighs)* I don't know how to say this but *(Brief pause)* you're all stuck here. The bridge that links us to the mainland has washed away.

NATALIE: Oh no, no way. I am not stuck here. Harry, get our bags. We are leaving.

ANGELLA: Lady, are you deaf? There is nowhere to go.

NATALIE: No, I'm not stuck here. Not with you all.

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ANGELLA: Well, guess what, we are stuck here with you and, trust me, we are not looking forward to it.

NATALIE: I don't need this. I'm leaving.

HENRY: Well, you know where to find the door.

NATALIE: Shut up, old man. Harry this is all your fault. You forced me to come to this --- bad excuse for an inn. I said, let's go to the Hilton, but no. You needed some peace and quiet. Well, so much for your peace and quiet.

HENRY: Hallelujah, lady, I don't like you, but I'm with you on that one.

LILA MAE: Henry!

HENRY: What? She is right. If we had stayed home, none of this would have happened.

LILA MAE: The Lord had us come here for a reason.

HENRY: Well, it better be a good one.

NATALIE: Oh, great. Another nail in my coffin. Church people. Just what I needed.

LILA MAE: You're probably right.

NATALIE: We planned a big party for tomorrow. Our friends are coming over this evening. What will they think?

MR. FOSTER: That's the least of your worries. I suspect that the power will soon be gone, but the generator should kick in. However, it can only run for four hours.

KIM: Well, at least our cell phones are still working, right dad?

MR. FOSTER: Yes, dear. So, call all your relatives and let them know what's up. We meet here again at ---

Darren dashes from one end of the stage to the next.

MR. FOSTER: Can somebody please grab that kid!

Tyrone catches Darren and holds him.

TYRONE: Sorry, he's a bit hyperactive. Happens when he eats too much sweet.

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ANGELLA: Uh uh.

TYRONE: What's that supposed to mean?

ANGELLA: Nothing.

HENRY: So, how long you think we gonna be stuck here?

MR. FOSTER: I don't know. When I know, I will let you'll know.

HENRY: Great, just great. If Jesus comes and finds me in this place, I'm gonna be left behind.

LILA MAE: Hush your mouth, Henry.

Mr. Foster looks at the teens who are no longer listening to him and are doing their own thing.

MR. FOSTER: Hello. *(they are deep in technology)* Girls, I am speaking to you?

MICHELLE: We hear you.

MR. FOSTER: Young lady, where is your mother? Wasn't she suppose to check in yesterday.

MICHELLE: Well yeah, but, seeing the storm and all, I don't think she be coming anytime soon. Just Chill, dude. She'll be here.

KIM: Michelle, that's my dad. You can't talk to my dad like that.

MICHELLE: Why not? He ain't my father. What do I care? Besides, you talk to him worse.

MR. FOSTER: You haven't heard a word I said, have you?

MICHELLE: Yeah man. We heard everything. No need for the attitude, bro.

MR. FOSTER: Yeah well, folks, believe it or not, we are stuck here together for a few days. Let's make the best of it.

Mr. Foster exits.

MICHELLE: What did he just say?

ANGELLA: Oh dear. Teenagers!!

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TYRONE: I get the feeling you don't like children.

ANGELLA: Really, ya think. I wonder what was your first clue?

NATALIE: Harry, get me out of here. I cannot stay among these common people.

ANGELLA: Excuse you. Because you have a dead bear around your neck and an Escalade in the parking lot, you think you are better than us.

NATALIE: Hate the game, sweetheart, not the players. Come, Harry. We have some calls to make.

Natalie is exiting with Harry in tow.

HENRY: Kneel, Harry. Bark, Harry. Sit, Harry.

Lila Mae nudges him.

LILA MAE: Will you behave yourself, Henry.

HENRY: I hate to see a man playing a dog.

LILA MAE: It's none of our business.

HENRY: I'll tolerate it as long as they stay out of my way.

LILA MAE: Henry, you best behave. I ain't having it here.

HENRY: Okay, I was just saying.

TYRONE: He's right though. A man should be a man.

ANGELLA: This from a man who cannot control his twelve-year-old son.

TYRONE: I can control my son.

ANGELLA: Yeah, where is he?

TYRONE: He's right here --- (*of course, Darren is missing again*). This proves nothing. Excuse me.

Tyrone exits quickly.

LILA MAE: You two know each other.

ANGELLA: No, and I would like to keep it that way. Why?

LILA MAE: Just wondering why you giving him such a hard time.

HENRY (*sings*) Minding my own business.

ANGELLA: He's a man. They all the same.

LILA MAE: No dear, they are not.

ANGELLA: Whatever, the ones I've met are.

LILA MAE: You've just met the wrong ones.

ANGELLA: Even so, I am yet to meet a good one.

LILA MAE: I doubt you have the time, dear.

ANGELLA: Trust me, when I see a good one, I'll know.

LILA MAE: Well, you just did, and guess what, you didn't even realize.

Angella is silent.

HENRY: Okay, I'll go get some popcorn. It's gonna be a long night.

Henry exits.

MICHELLE: I'm going for a walk. You coming girl? Or you rather stay here with the primitive folks?

KIM: But, what about the storm?

MICHELLE: What about it? You coming or are you scared that your dad will find out?

KIM: Of course, I'm coming. Don't be silly. (*they exit*)

LILA MAE: I got me a good man. He gets on top of my nerves most of the time, but he's a gentleman. He knows how to love me and put my needs above his own.

ANGELLA: Yeah, well, you got the last one.

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LILA MAE: You would want to believe that. Truth is, when the good ones come, you treat them the way you just treated that gentleman just now.

Pause.

ANGELLA: But, he's soft.

LILA MAE: Huh huh.

ANGELLA: He can't control his son.

LILA MAE: I bet he wouldn't hurt you like those tough men who can control their sons.

ANGELLA: Okay, okay. You remind me of my mother.

LILA MAE: How so?

ANGELLA: She always makes me feel bad.

LILA MAE: I wasn't trying to make you feel bad.

ANGELLA: Yeah, I know. Thanks anyway. I'm gonna go get some sleep.

Angella exits.

Henry returns with popcorn.

HENRY: Wha --- shows over already?

LILA MAE: Intermission.

HENRY: You gone and found hurting people haven't you.

LILA MAE: The world ain't short a them, baby.

HENRY: Well, you go carry this burden alone if ya plan on going on fasting, cause I smell somet'n sweet brewing round back.

LILA MAE: Henry!

HENRY: I'm serious, Lila Mae. If I follow you, I may very well develop an ulcer. You wanna hear your husband died cause he fasted too much.

LILA MAE: Oh, you ain't never gonna change Henry. *(Lila exits)*

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HENRY *(looks at the popcorn)* Some vacation this is turning out to be. *(sits and eats the popcorn)* I coulda done this at home, and it wouldn't cost me nothing. *(continues to gobble on the popcorn)*

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE FIVE

LIGHTS UP

Kim and Michelle enter, flopping their hands and sighing.

The receptionist is at her desk sorting paperwork.

KIM: I'm so bored.

MICHELLE: Yeah, like there is nothing to do around here.

KIM: This place is gonna drive me nuts. I need some excitement right about now.

MICHELLE: Yeah, but there's nothing to do.

KIM *(to Receptionist)* Hey you, what do people do for fun around here? Man, you people only cater to old people. What about us?

RECEPTIONIST: The pool is good.

KIM: Lady, forget the pool. Where's the party at?

RECEPTIONIST: We usually have, like, karaoke, but the storm ---

MICHELLE: Karaoke!!!!

KIM: Heeey, remember that club we passed on our way here.

MICHELLE: Yeah!

RECEPTIONIST: Nooo. There's a very bad storm out. Mr. Foster says no one is to leave.

KIM: Mr. Foster this and Mr. Foster that. Do you always do what other people tell you to do?

RECEPTIONIST: Well, yeah, and so should you, especially you, Ms. Kimberly.

KIM: Stay out of my life. You're just as stuck up as the old folks.

RECEPTIONIST: Am not.

KIM: Prove it. Come with us to da club. Ya look like you need to unwind.

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RECEPTIONIST: I am sorry ladies, but some of us got work to do.

MICHELLE: We understand. You're too scared.

KIM: No one is checking in or out for a few days. C'mon, don't be a chicken.

RECEPTIONIST: I don't know.

KIM: C'mon, we'll just tell my dad that you were just ensuring our safety.

RECEPTIONIST: So how ya gonna get into the club? Aren't you underage?

KIM: Girl, our name is woman. We get anything we want, if we swing our hips right.

Pause.

RECEPTIONIST: Okay, one hour.

KIM: This will be an hour you won't forget, yeah.

They exit excitedly as Tyrone enters dragging Darren with him.

Tyrone sits him down.

TYRONE: Darren, I can't keep running behind you like this.

Pause.

DARREN: So, are we gonna call mom now and tell her about the storm?

TYRONE: Not yet, son.

DARREN: Dad, when we get home, will mom be there?

Pause. Tyrone gets uneasy.

TYRONE: She's --- not ---*(He pauses)* I don't know, son. I don't know.

DARREN: Why? What did you do?

TYRONE: It's kinda complicated.

DARREN: It's your fault, isn't it? It's because of you why mom hasn't come home. I hate you! I want my mother.

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TYRONE: Darren, you don't understand.

Darren does not stop to listen. He exits the stage through door #2.

(Special singing – Yolanda Adams It's only a test (SUGGESTED Song))

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE SIX

LIGHTS UP

A loud scream is heard off stage.

Natalie enters through door #2. She is devastated. Harry comes running behind her.

NATALIE: No this is not possible. This can't be. Why is this happening to me? I am a good person. Harry, what are you going to do about this? I can't live like this. You have to do something.

HARRY: Calm down.

NATALIE: (*Shouting*) Calm down, calm down! Don't tell me to calm down. Everything we own is gone. Don't you understand, Harry. We will be the laughing stock of the community. What will our friends think? What will my friends think?

HARRY: I don't know, my dear, but creating a fit over it will not solve the problem.

NATALIE: Shut up, Harry. That's all you know to do; annoy me. If you're not going to say anything to help me, then shut up.

HARRY: Natalie, why are you behaving like it's the end of the world. I am a part of this as much as you are, and I'm sure you don't hear me making a scene about it.

NATALIE: Typical. Here I am pouring out my distressful heart to you, and all you do is turn it and make it about you. You are so insensitive, Harry. I should have listened to my mother. She warned me about you, but no, I just didn't want to hear. Now look at my shame.

HARRY: We will survive, my dear, in the same way that everybody does. So, stop behaving like all hope is gone.

NATALIE: Don't tell me rubbish, Harry. Do we look like normal people to you? You are the powerful Managing Director of Robinsons Enterprise and me, the ever fashionable, diva wife. There is no way in this world we can survive this like normal people, cause we're not normal people.

HARRY: You know what, you are hopeless. You don't listen. You never listen.

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NATALIE: Oh, so now it's my fault? Blame it on me Harry, blame it on me. Remember, baby, I made you. Before I came along, you were just Harry, but now you are Mr. Harry Robinson. I was the success of you, and you know it.

HARRY: This is pointless.

Harry exits the stage.

NATALIE: Yeah, walk away. Do what you do best.

No sooner had he exited the stage, he re-enters. He is very furious. He walks right up to Natalie and begins to speak.

HARRY: Now you listen, and you listen well. You are gonna stop this right now, you hear me. I don't want to hear none of it anymore.

NATALIE: So now you got backbone, well, too late.

Harry grabs Natalie by her arm.

HARRY: Just shut up and listen.

NATALIE: Oh, Harry the man speaks. It's about time.

HARRY: *(grabs her hand)* Don't let me ---

NATALIE: Just try it.

Harry quickly lets go of Natalie's hand and begins to walk back and forth on stage.

HARRY: I am sick and tired of your complaining. It's because of your complaining why we are in this mess. All you ever say is the house is too small, or I need a new car, I want, I want, that's all you ever say. You never once stopped to ask me how I was getting the money to finance all your needs or how was our money doing, not once. It has always been about you, and like the good husband, I allowed you to get your way.

NATALIE: This is how you repay me for my years of hard work, you ungrateful ---

HARRY: Woman, shut up and listen. If you had been listening to me when I'd asked, we probably wouldn't be in this mess. *(Short Pause)* I have been trying to tell you for the past months what has been happening, but no, it's always not now, honey, maybe later, honey, the guests are almost here, dear, or let's go shopping first or some other whack

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excuse. You say you're the success of me, well, you're wrong. You're the failure of me. You hear me, the failure!

NATALIE: You ungrateful heathen, after all that I have done, this is how you repay me. You know what, get out of my sight. You're not worthy of my conversation. Worthless.

HARRY: I'm done with you. You hear me? I'm done with you (*short pause*) as soon as we get home, I want you to pack your things and leave. You're on your own. You wanted me to leave your sight, well, guess what, consider me gone.

Harry starts to exit. Natalie runs and grabs a hold of him.

NATALIE: No Harry, you can't. What am I suppose to do without you?

HARRY: You're smart. Figure it out, and, please, take your hands off me.

Harry exits the stage through door # 2.

Henry and Lila Mae enter.

HENRY: Do you hear that, my dear?

LILA MAE: Sure did.

HENRY: Oh Harry, you the man.

LILA MAE: Henry.

HENRY: What! She had it coming. You reap what you sow, remember.

LILA MAE: Could you be a little more discreet. She might hear you.

HENRY: So.

LILA MAE: Henry, please, don't you see she's in pain.

HENRY: So is everybody else.

Lila Mae fans him off and walks over to Natalie who is on the floor crying.

LILA MAE: Are you okay, miss?

NATALIE: Leave me alone.

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LILA MAE: Okay, I can respect that, but if you ever need to talk, I'm in room # 156.

HENRY: She said to leave her alone, so let's go.

Lila Mae and Henry begin to exit the stage through door #2.

HENRY: They have tamed the beast.

LILA MAE: C'mon you. When you gonna learn to behave?

They exit.

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE SEVEN

LIGHTS UP

Mr. Foster enters.

MR. FOSTER: Where is everybody?

Kim, Michelle, and Receptionist enter.

They see Mr. Foster and turn to leave, but he sees them before they exit.

MR. FOSTER: Excuse me! Why aren't you at your desk?

RECEPTIONIST: Nuffing saar. I was just been, uhm ---

MR. FOSTER: Are you drunk?

RECEPTIONIST: No waaay saar. *(passes out in Michelle's arm)*

MR. FOSTER: Okay, this is gone too far. Kim, I think I've had enough of your antics, and we need to have a talk right now.

KIM: Why?

MR. FOSTER: Well, maybe because I am your father and I care.

KIM: Since when? The last time I checked, my father walked out on me and my mom. So, do me a favor, will you? Save the mumbo jumbo for someone who cares.

MR. FOSTER: Why do you hate me so much?

KIM: Uhmm, let's see; you left my mom, you left me. Yeah, that pretty much covers it.

Pause.

MR. FOSTER: Aside from what you may think, I did not abandon you. Your mother and I just could not stay together anymore.

KIM: Well, I never asked for a part in this.

MR. FOSTER: But you get to see me every other weekend.

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KIM: Yeah, well, I never asked for a part-time father either, and besides, whenever I'm here, you treat me like I don't even exist.

MR. FOSTER: Kim, I am really trying here.

KIM: Yeah, whatever. We have this kinda conversation once a year. I see you're trying really hard.

RECEPTIONIST: Am I like, so fried, you feeling me? *(Pause)* Cause, I don't feel so good.

MR. FOSTER: Michelle, please bring Ms. Bennett to the sick bay, and, enjoy the rest of your time here, cause you won't be coming back.

MICHELLE: What?

MR. FOSTER: You heard me. I can't accommodate you any longer if you refuse to respect me, and as soon as I'm done here, I'm calling your mother.

MICHELLE: No, no, please don't call my mother. If you call my mother, I'm dead. No, Mr. Foster, you can't call my mom. I'll do anything, just don't call her. Please, I beg you.

Pause.

MR. FOSTER: I don't know what kinda parent sends a child to stay at a hotel all by themselves. You just wait. Wait till your mom gets here. I'm gonna deal with you once and for all. So, rest well, my dear, your day of reckoning is on its way.

MICHELLE: Mr. Foster, ah, there's something that I should tell told you.

MR. FOSTER: Please don't tell me she doesn't know where you are?

Pause.

MR. FOSTER: Oh, this is just great.

MICHELLE: We had a fallout.

MR. FOSTER: And you ran away?

MICHELLE: Kind of.

MR. FOSTER: And came here?

MICHELLE: Yeah.

MR. FOSTER: Oh great. Now I know I'm calling your mother.

MICHELLE: Please, please. I'll behave, I promise.

MR. FOSTER: You two are gonna drive me up the wall.

KIM: We were just trying to have some fun.

MR. FOSTER: My receptionist is passed out on the sofa, in the lobby, you call that fun?

KIM: Well, yeah. What so wrong with that?

MR. FOSTER: That's it. I'm calling your mother, and I'm calling your mother. (*Pointing at both KIM and Michelle*).

KIM: This is so unfair.

MR. FOSTER: I'm only looking out for your best interest sweetheart.

KIM: I don't need you to do that. I can take care of myself.

MR. FOSTER: I really hope so, cause I won't be giving you an allowance for the next two months.

KIM: And you wonder why I don't like you.

MR. FOSTER: Kim, I know I'm not the ideal father, but you're not even giving me a chance.

KIM: Why should I?

MR. FOSTER: Because I love you.

KIM: I really find that hard to believe.

RECEPTIONIST (*sings*) Why don't we all just get stoned, get drunk and drink beer drinking songs ---

MR. FOSTER: Michelle, can you take her to a room, please.

Michelle helps Receptionist to her feet.

MICHELLE: Please don't call mom, Mr. Foster. I'll behave. I promise.

Michelle exits.

MR. FOSTER: What do you want from me, Kim?

KIM: I want you to work things out with mom, so we can be a family again.

MR. FOSTER: You don't always get what you want in life.

KIM: I just want that one thing, nothing else matters. I want this -- this moment we have right now. I don't want to have to be bad to get it.

Pause.

MR. FOSTER: Your mom and I, we took your brother's death really hard. It caused some damage that may never be repaired, Kim. You have to understand, we tried. It just never worked out.

KIM: That's just it, Dad. I'm sick and tired of walking in my dead brother's shadow. He's dead dad; he's dead. I'm not.

Kim exits.

Lila Mae comes out just as Mr. Foster is about to exit behind Kim.

LILA MAE: Let her go.

MR. FOSTER: What?

LILA MAE: You can't fix your daughter until you fix yourself.

MR. FOSTER: Were you ease dropping on my conversation with my daughter?

LILA MAE: No sir, I was just passing, but God wouldn't let me go.

MR. FOSTER: Oh really? Me and your God not on good terms, so if you don't mind, and with all due respect, please just leave me alone.

LILA MAE: What has God ever done to you?

MR. FOSTER: Uhm, let me see, He killed my son, tore my marriage apart, the list is endless. Your God is famous for sitting aside and watching good people suffer, don't you agree?

LILA MAE: No, I'm sorry, sir, but I have to disagree with you.

MR. FOSTER: So, where was he when my son was lying in that hospital bed and all them church folks came round praying that God would make him better, but still he died? Where was He?

LILA MAE: God aint a crutch you lean on when you're in need. He aint a puppy that comes running when you whistle, or some supplement for man's ill, nor is He a gap filler. His peace surpasses all understanding. His ways, and means, are different from ours. He says come unto me, and I will give you rest, but you say, God give me rest then I will come. You cannot fit God into your tiny little box, Mr. Foster. You take Him as He is, or none at all.

MR. FOSTER: And how is this information gonna help me exactly?

LILA MAE: You just remember this, Mr. Foster, God ain't the cause but the cure.

Lila Mae exits, leaving Mr. Foster to think about her words.

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE EIGHT

LIGHTS UP

Tyrone is on stage sitting on one of the chairs in the lobby.

Angella enters the stage through door #2. She walks over to where Tyrone is sitting.

ANGELLA: Hi.

Tyrone looks around to see who she is talking to.

TYRONE: You talking to me? The last time I checked, I was not good enough for your conversation.

ANGELLA: Okay, be like that. *(turns to leave)* I knew this was a bad idea.

TYRONE: No, don't leave, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to --- I'm just going through a rough time, that's all.

ANGELLA: It's one of those weeks, huh?

TYRONE: More like one of those years.

ANGELLA: I see someone's a little bitter.

TYRONE: Nah, I ain't bitter. I'm tired.

ANGELLA: Your son's got you worn out?

TYRONE: Yeah, that among other things. So, what exactly are you doing up at this of the night?

ANGELLA: Couldn't sleep.

TYRONE: Dem fellas giving you trouble?

ANGELLA: Not a chance. I wouldn't give them the pleasure.

TYRONE: So, what's your story?

ANGELLA: Don't you think that's pushing it a bit?

TYRONE: Am I?

ANGELLA: Okay, that's it. This conversation is over. You're all the same. *(short pause)*
You all think that you are God's gift to women.

TYRONE: Wow, slow your role. I was just kidding. C'mon, you need to loosen up, play a little.

ANGELLA: That's what you'll just love to do, play around. This is all one big game to you, isn't it?

TYRONE: Lady, somebody either hurt you real bad, or just got PMS. Man, you messed up. Listen, let me set the record straight, the last thing I need is a woman to come and complicate my life. I got enough problems as it is. So, if you think I'm after you, well guess what, I ain't. BESIDES, YOU AIN'T THAT CUTE. *(pause)*. Nah, I'm just playing. You're a masterpiece.

Angella smiles.

TYRONE: Now, there, see that was what I was talking about. Relax.

ANGELLA: You should practice what you preach sometime, you know.

TYRONE: So, as I was saying, what's your story? Everybody's got a story. What's yours?

ANGELLA: What's yours?

TYRONE: You ain't playing fair.

ANGELLA: What, you scared? You got something to hide?

TYRONE: Nah, at least, not anymore and since I'm stuck here with you, I guess I could probably mention a few details. But you first. You know what they say, ladies before gentlemen.

ANGELLA: Oh really. *(She smiles)*. Well ---

TYRONE: Before you go any further, we have not been formally introduced. *(Pause)* Hi, I'm Tyrone and you, my lovely lady, are?

ANGELLA: This is ridiculous *(she smiles)* *(pause)* I'm Angella.

TYRONE: So, how is Ms. Angella doing?

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ANGELLA: Could have been better, but I'm good.

Pause.

TYRONE: That's it. What about, how's Mr. Tyrone doing? Girl you gotta work with the flow.

ANGELLA: Boy, you two kinds a crazy.

Angella and Tyrone laugh.

Pause.

TYRONE: So ---

ANGELLA: Okay, if I must, so how's Mr. Tyrone doing?

TYRONE: No, you gotta do it with a little more flavor.

ANGELLA: What flavor?

TYRONE: Aiight, since it's gonna kill you, you don't have to.

ANGELLA: I wasn't planning to.

TYRONE: Why you gonna do me like that? I'm hurt.

ANGELLA: That's the world we live in.

TYRONE: Now that we got that out of the way, back to your story.

ANGELLA: What story?

TYRONE: C'mon.

ANGELLA: Why don't you go first, then I go after?

TYRONE: Mmm. Let me think about it for a sec, aiight.

Pause.

ANGELLA: So?

TYRONE: You meant now? I thought you meant, you know, like tomorrow or something.

ANGELLA: Tyrone.

TYRONE: Say ma name, say ma name. It's starting to get hot in here or is it just me.

ANGELLA: What do you think?

TYRONE: I knew it was me. Yeah, I still got it.

ANGELLA: Oh please, back to the story.

TYRONE: Why you gonna go kill the moment?

Angella looks at him sharply.

TYRONE: Okay, enough. Once upon a time, there lived --- Nah, I'm just playing. *(pause)*. I got married to my high school sweetheart right outta high school. We were happy. I was making the bucks, we bought ourselves two cars, a house with a big backyard, we living the American dream. And then she got pregnant. I was so excited, I was finally going to be a dad. But she wasn't so happy about it, in fact, she wanted to do an abortion.

ANGELLA: She what! Really?

TYRONE: Yep, she said she wasn't ready for a child just yet. She needed some more me time. But being the persistent man I am, I didn't want to hear it. All I wanted was my boy and that I got. We were a happy little family, or so I thought. Then one day, about a year or so ago, she just got up one night and told me that things would have to change or else. But I didn't take her seriously until she left.

ANGELLA: She left?

TYRONE: I was devastated. How could she do that to me after all we had been through? I worked ma butt off so that we could have a comfortable life and that was how she repaid me. And what about Darren, what was I suppose to tell him?

ANGELLA: I'm sorry, man, but as sad as that is, I don't think it was all her fault. You know there are always two sides to a story. I really don't want to sound insensitive, but you and I know that's not the whole story.

TYRONE: And you know this because?

ANGELLA: I was just saying, no offense, but a woman just does not walk out on her child and years of marriage just like that, you know.

TYRONE: Well, I guess you're kinda right. I blamed her the whole time. But it was not until I got a chance to speak to her about four months later, that I finally realized what happened.

ANGELLA: So, what did she say?

TYRONE: Somebody is a bit inquisitive.

ANGELLA: Sorry.

TYRONE: Nah, that's okay. Yep, she told me that she was tired of living my dream and it was time to live hers. She said that I forced her to have a child and after she did, I spent little time with our son. She said that I worked too much, it was always about work.

ANGELLA: So, was she right?

TYRONE: Even though at the time I didn't think so, I must confess that yeah she was. And so, now I have a son that I don't know and who doesn't know me. I have to juggle being a father and mother and still be productive at work. It's really hard. And on top of it, Darren blames me for his mother leaving.

ANGELLA: I'm really sorry.

TYRONE: Yeah, me too, but it's too late for that now. I have my son to take care of.

ANGELLA: Don't worry, he might not understand now, but he will in time. You just make sure that he never grows to hate his mom.

TYRONE: Yeah, it's a task though. Sometimes I just wish he could be a bit more understanding and patient with me.

ANGELLA: He's a child, he doesn't understand yet. In the meantime, you're gonna have to be patient with him. He's hurting just as much as you.

TYRONE: Okay, Ms. Child Psychologist.

Angella smiles.

Pause.

TYRONE: So, now you know my story, what's yours?

ANGELLA: My story, mmm, well, my story is ---

TYRONE: Is what?

ANGELLA: *short pause*) When I was a little girl, I was like the ugly duckling in my family. My sister, she was my father's pride and my mother's joy. She was everything that they wanted in a child, perfect grades, perfect friends, even perfect teeth. She was just perfect. Me, on the other hand, was not so perfect. I was the unexpected child who was born at a bad time. My own mother told me that I wasn't even supposed to be here, and I should thank my lucky stars that she didn't go through with what she had planned, yeah, my own mother said that to me.

TYRONE: Wow, that's harsh, that's harsh man.

ANGELLA: Yeah, I was never as good as my sister. I had few friends, and the ones that I had were never good enough for my parents. All my life I have searched for a place where I fit in, and in that search, I got involved in a lot of bad relationships. And today I'm an Accounting Manager, hoping to make partner soon, and a very bitter woman.

TYRONE: Where's your sister?

ANGELLA: She committed suicide two years ago. My perfect sister killed herself, and my family haven't spoken to me since. I guess they think it's my fault.

Angella begins to cry, but she continues to talk.

ANGELLA: I have searched for love my whole life from men, from friends, you name it. I have been hurt every day of my life. My heart has been broken one too many times, and I don't think I can do it anymore. Tyrone, I don't hate you. I hate what you represent. Every time I see a man, I remember, and I get so angry at life. Sometimes I ask why, what did I ever do to deserve this. Every day that I live, I wish I was never born.

TYRONE: Don't ever think that you have no purpose. Don't ever consider yourself less than anyone else. Yes, you had a rough life, but it has only made you stronger, you are who you are because that is how it was meant to be. Life is not a bed of roses, I know. But what I have learned is that the most precious stones are made under the most extreme conditions. Girl, you are a jewel. Let no one tell you otherwise.

Angella begins to cry even more intensely. Tyrone hugs her as she cries. Darren enters the stage through door #2.

DARREN: Dad, what are you doing?

TYRONE: Nothing, nothing son.

DARREN: That doesn't look like nothing to me.

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Darren runs off stage through door #2.

TYRONE: Wait, Darren --- it's not ---

ANGELLA: Be patient, he'll come around.

Pause.

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE NINE

LIGHTS UP

Lila Mae and Henry are on stage. Natalie enters the stage through door # 1. She sees them and turn to leave before she is spotted. She is unsuccessful.

LILA MAE: Just the person that I was hoping to see.

NATALIE: Hi.

LILA MAE: So, how are you doing, considering the weather and all.

NATALIE: Fine.

LILA MAE: I'm glad. So ---

NATALIE: Lady, could you just please mind your own business and leave me alone?

LILA MAE: As a Child of God, you are my business. So technically, I am minding my own business.

NATALIE: Lady, listen, the last thing I need right now is a 'I love Jesus freak' all up in my business.

LILA MAE: Okay, I can respect that. *(short pause)* Oh, and by the way, the name's Lila Mae. What's yours?

NATALIE: Listen, Ms. --- whatever your name is. I'm not interested, so could you please just leave me alone.

LILA MAE: Don't worry, my dear, you might not want to talk to me now, but you ain't got nobody else. You decide what you need to do. While you do that, I'll be right here.

Natalie walks over to door # 2.

LILA MAE: It's okay to feel afraid, and it's okay to cry.

NATALIE: What? What are you talking about?

LILA MAE: You might not know, but I overheard you and your husband arguing earlier today. I must say that I am sorry for your loss. You don't need to be ashamed, cause we

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all have our moments. As much as you may feel all alone, I know what you're going through because I've been there.

NATALIE: How could you begin to know?

LILA MAE: Me and this man you see here, we've had our tough days, but yet we're still here --- together and loving it. Its okay to argue and express your differences, but it's what you do when the argument is over that counts.

Natalie breaks down in tears and walks over to Lila Mae. Lila Mae hugs her as she cries.

LILA MAE: There you go, let it out.

While Lila Mae comforts Natalie, Harry enters the stage through door #2.

He sees what is happening, and turns to exit but is quickly approached by Henry.

HENRY: Hey, man. How goes you?

HARRY: I'm good.

HENRY: I can see that. So, tell me something, between you and me, what's really going on?

HARRY: Why would I want to talk to you?

HENRY: You don't have to, but, in case you do, I'm willing to listen.

HARRY: Why would you care to listen?

HENRY: Hey, listen, if you don't wanna talk, I'm cool. There's a million other things I can think of doing with my time. *(turns to leave)*

HARRY: Uhmm, listen, don't take this the wrong way, but I'm just not in the mood for chit-chat.

HENRY: Sometimes, a little chit-chat is all we have left, and considering that we are stuck here, the least we could do is try to help each other out.

HARRY: The only help I need is someone to talk some sense into that woman I married.

HENRY: Yeah, I'm pretty sure the Lord heard that prayer.

Henry and Harry continue to talk, as Lila Mae talks to Natalie.

LILA MAE: I know you don't really want to hear this, but God can make all things new.

NATALIE: I've never quite been the Jesus person.

LILA MAE: That's the funny thing about Him; He is always there, even when you seem to forget that He exists. Yeah, that's the beauty of my God.

NATALIE: So, since He is always there, why did He sit by and let this happen to us?

LILA MAE: Oh no, He had nothing to do with this. This, my dear, was all you. All the choices you made, it was all you.

NATALIE: But if He knew that this was gonna happen, why didn't He give us a sign?

LILA MAE: Are you sure that He didn't? My God always gives warning signals, but many of us are either too busy to see them, or we just ignore them all together.

NATALIE: Harry and I worked so hard to get where we are and now.

LILA MAE: And that, my dear, was the problem. Harry and I! Where was God in all of this? My dear, God is God, and we reap what we sow.

NATALIE: But we worked hard for everything that we have. Why has He stripped us of it all?

LILA MAE: It is easy to forget what's important when life is too good, and sometimes He has to bring us to the point of brokenness so He can get our attention, so we can realize that we did not get to where we are on our own.

NATALIE: But, why now?

LILA MAE: Only He knows.

NATALIE: So what am I suppose to do now that He has left me with nothing? I can't start all over again. What will my friends say? What will people think? I can't live like this. I just wouldn't survive.

LILA MAE: It's not that you can't, but rather that you choose not to. It's not that you can't start over, it's just that you don't want to, but the way I see it, you really have no other choice. And what about your friends? If they are who you say they are, then they would understand. And what about your husband? He loves you so much.

NATALIE: If he loved me so much, why didn't he tell me about what was going on?

LILA MAE: I cannot speak for your husband, but let me ask you this; would you have listened if he tried, or did you give him a chance? When was the last time you sat and spoke to your husband, just the two of you?

Pause.

LILA MAE: See, that's what I'm talking about. Without communication, you two are practically strangers. There are times when you speak, and he will listen, but there are also times when he will speak, and you will have to listen. In a marriage, it's not about I, me, my or mine --- all of that died the day you two said your vows.

Lila Mae continues to talk to Natalie, while Henry talks with Harry.

HENRY: So, you were the CEO of the company?

HARRY: Were is right. Thanks to my wife, that's all a fading thought now.

HENRY: How so?

HARRY: I made the money while she spent it all.

HENRY: Is that so? So, at no point in time have you ever spent money on something that you saw and wanted?

HARRY: Well ---

HENRY: I might be old, but I ain't stupid.

HARRY: Well I wouldn't say that I didn't spend some money on the things I wanted, but she spent money on everything. For example, I bought her new car last year, and six months later she was asking me for a new car again.

HENRY: So, did you buy it?

HARRY: Well, yeah.

HENRY: Now, see that there is your problem. You fed the habit. You needed to put down your foot sometimes and draw the line.

HARRY: You don't know how she gets.

HENRY: How she gets? She a woman, ain't she? The most she can do is create a fit, quarrel a little, but at the end of the day, you still got your money, and she'll forget it, cause she'll soon need something else, so she bound to talk to you.

HARRY: That easy, eh.

HENRY: You see that woman over there, we've been married for almost sixty years, and let me tell you that there have been times when I had to put my foot down, so that I could ensure the survival of my marriage and my family. Sure, we've had our misunderstandings, but with time, we grew to understand that these trials, these problems, these struggles, they only come to make us strong. I wanted to quit my marriage from the day after the wedding, but I didn't, and look where we are now.

HARRY: How'd you do it?

HENRY: The secret of our success was in our investment.

HARRY: Investment?

HENRY: Yep, investment. On the day of our wedding, the two of us decided to invest in our marriage, our lives together, in God. There is no better investment than God.

HARRY: Listen, no offense, but I don't really deal with the God thing. This God you speak about, He was never there when I needed Him. Everything I have, I worked for it, me and nobody else, no God, nobody. So you don't come up in here and tell me about God. He's the last thing I need.

HENRY: You know, it's quite interesting how people always think that God is never there, but the truth is, He has always been there.

HARRY: So, where is He now? Why did He allow this to happen to me? Since, He's so loving as you say, why did He allow all of this to happen?

HENRY: He didn't have anything to do with what happened to you --- that was all you and the choices you made. That's the problem with us humans, we never want to take the blame for anything. Do not blame God for your mistakes; you were man enough to make them, so be man enough to bear the consequences.

Harry does not respond. He stares off into space.

HENRY: Now, what up with you and your wife?

HARRY: Soon to be ex-wife.

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HENRY: So, it's like that now? After all the years of marriage, after all the hard work, you are gonna throw it away because of some misunderstanding? You see, that's the problem with you young folks, you run when a problem comes.

HARRY: Say what you will, old man, you don't know what I have been through.

HENRY: Oh really. Despite what you believe, many have trod this path before, and they made it because they wanted to make it. It's not an easy path to trod. I should know, but you see that woman over there talking to your wife, she ain't much to look at now but guess what, she's mine and I'm proud of it. You see that woman over there, yes, the one that has her eyes all filled up with tears; those tears are for you.

HARRY: I strongly doubt that.

HENRY: That woman loves you. If she didn't, she would have left a long time ago.

HARRY: She only stayed around for the money.

HENRY: So, why is she still here?

Pause.

HENRY: What's it gonna be? Do you want to fight for what you have or do you want to walk away? It's your choice.

Harry stands and looks at his wife as he considers.

Lila Mae continues to talk to Natalie (who is still in tears).

NATALIE: I don't think he will take me back.

LILA MAE: You don't know that.

NATALIE: I have lived with that man for years. I think I know him enough.

LILA MAE: Even so, you'd be surprised at what could happen. If you trust God like I told you, you'd be amazed at what could happen. All I'm asking you to do is to try God, and if it doesn't work, then fine, you can do whatever you want.

NATALIE: Easier said than done.

LILA MAE: It always is, but then --- that's life. It's not gonna be easy, but in the end, you'll be glad you did it. *(short pause)*.

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Lila Mae stands and beckons to Henry, who walks over to her.

LILA MAE: Henry, I think its time we went back to our room.

HENRY: Why?

LILA MAE: Henry, we need to leave.

HENRY: No, no, you go. I'm staying. I wanna see what happens.

LILA MAE: Henry, they need some time alone.

HENRY: For what?

LILA MAE: Henry, I said that we are leaving.

HENRY: And I say no!

LILA MAE: I'll give you one of those back rubs you like so much.

HENRY: Then why didn't you say so in the first place.

Henry walks over to Harry.

HENRY: You the man, man. So, be the man. *(he then pats him on the shoulder).*

Lila Mae and Henry exit the stage through door # 2.

Natalie and Harry are left on stage. After a couple of seconds, Natalie gets up from where she is sitting and walks over to Harry.

NATALIE: We need to talk.

HARRY: We kinda do, don't we.

NATALIE: Yeah, and this time, I promise, I'll listen.

HARRY: Do you wanna talk here or back in our room?

NATALIE: I think I wanna talk in our room. Too many people already know our business.

HARRY: Yeah, I see what you mean. Let's go.

They exit the stage through door #2.

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HENRY: *(Offstage)* Crap!

LIGHTS FADE

Closing Scene

LIGHTS UP

Receptionist is at her post.

Mr. Foster enters.

MR. FOSTER: Good morning, ma'am.

RECEPTIONIST: Good morning, sir.

MR. FOSTER: Aint it a beautiful day? I see the sun's out again.

RECEPTIONIST: Yea, I'm glad too that the storms over. I can finally go home.

MR. FOSTER: No such luck, ma'am. Remember, we don't have a bridge.

RECEPTIONIST: Great, just what I needed to hear. Oh well, I'll just make myself comfortable.

Sam enters the stage through door #1.

SAM: Hello, gentle people.

RECEPTIONIST: Hey Sam. Whats up? *(short pause)*

Suddenly, Receptionist jumps up.

RECEPTIONIST: Sam, it's you. What are you doing here?

SAM: Well, the last time I checked, I work here.

RECEPTIONIST: But, how did you get here? Didn't you go back into town to get the rest of the guests?

SAM: Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST: So, how did you get here?

SAM: I drove.

RECEPTIONIST: What?

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SAM: I drove the bus back.

RECEPTIONIST: But, what about the bridge? Is it fixed?

SAM: Nope, the bridge is gone, but I found another route. I would have been here sooner, but because of the heavy rains, I didn't want to chance it.

RECEPTIONIST: So, are you saying I can go home?

SAM: Yep, that's pretty much what I'm saying.

RECEPTIONIST: Sam, I could just hug you. Mr. Foster, you hear that? We can go home.

MR. FOSTER: Sure can.

RECEPTIONIST: I'll inform our guests. Boy, will they be happy.

LIGHTS FADE

LIGHTS UP

Lila Mae and Henry are on stage.

HENRY: Thank God this trip is over.

LILA MAE: Why you say that?

HENRY: This place got too much drama. I miss my nice and quiet home, ahh.

LILA MAE: C'mon, Henry, it wasn't all bad.

HENRY: Speak for yourself. It was terrible. I'm never gonna let you drag me to a place like this ever again.

LILA MAE: I know you enjoyed yourself, even if you don't want to admit it.

Tyrone and Darren enter the stage through door #2. As soon as Tyrone let's go of Darren, he's off to his old tricks, and he runs back through Door#2.

TYRONE: I swear, I'm gonna --- Darren!!!

Angella enters the stage dragging something behind her. It's Darren.

ANGELLA: No worries, I got him right here. Now, Darren, remember our deal.

DARREN: Yes, ma'am.

ANGELLA: Okay, go help your dad.

Darren goes over to his dad and takes a bag from him and exits the stage through Door#1.

TYRONE: How did you do that?

ANGELLA: It's a woman's thing. *(short pause)* Just joking, I paid him five dollars.

TYRONE: So, we cool now?

ANGELLA: Yeah, we cool. Oh, look, there's Ms. Lila Mae. I'm gonna say goodbye. I'll see you outside.

TYRONE: Okay.

Tyrone exits the stage through door #1.

ANGELLA: Hey, Ms. Lila.

LILA MAE: Hey, baby girl. You know my husband Henry?

ANGELLA: Hi, Henry.

HENRY: Hello, and goodbye.

LILA MAE: So, how you doing today, young lady?

ANGELLA: Today is a good day.

LILA MAE: I'm glad to hear that.

ANGELLA: Listen, I just wanna say thank you for everything. Mister Henry, you got a good woman here.

HENRY: Don't I know it.

ANGELLA: I'm going now. I don't know if I'll see you guys again, but, may God bless you both, as He has blessed me.

Angella hugs Lila Mae.

Angella exits the stage through door #1.

Harry enters the stage through door #2. Natalie enter a few seconds behind him.

HARRY: Natalie, are you still packing? I tell you, that woman got too many stuff.

NATALIE: I'm right behind you, dear.

HARRY: Then look like it.

NATALIE: See me now?

HARRY: That's better.

NATALIE: Oh, hi Lila Mae. Just the person I was hoping to see.

LILA MAE: Really?

NATALIE: I know we started off on the wrong foot, but I want to say I'm sorry and thank you. Words can't express how grateful Harry and I are for what you and your husband did for us.

LILA MAE: So, how are you guys doing?

NATALIE: Well it's not perfect, but we are coming on. I'm trusting God that it will get better.

LILA MAE: That's good to hear. Listen, here's my number so feel free to call anytime.
(writes her number on a piece of paper and hands it to Natalie)

NATALIE: Thanks. We'll need all the help we can get.

Natalie hugs Lila Mae.

NATALIE: Harry, baby, I'm outside.

HARRY: Be right with you, honey.

Natalie exits the stage through door # 1.

HARRY: Mr. Henry.

HENRY: Just Henry will do.

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HARRY: Henry, you the man.

Harry shakes his hand and exits the stage through door #1.

HENRY: Lila Mae, you hear that. I'm the man.

LILA MAE: That's great, baby.

Kim and Michelle enter the stage running through door #2. Before they could exit, Mr. Foster enters.

MR. FOSTER: Kimberly, slow down.

KIM: Sorry, dad.

Kim stands there waiting.

MR. FOSTER: Kim, I just wanted to say I love you and I promise I will try a little harder.

KIM: Me too, Dad.

MR. FOSTER: Good. So I'll see you in the next two weeks.

KIM: Yep.

MR. FOSTER: Take care of yourself, and your mother.

KIM: I will, dad. Now can I go?

MR. FOSTER: Okay. The same goes for you, Ms. Michelle.

MICHELLE: Yes, Sir.

KIM: Okay, girl, let's go. I wanna catch the window seats.

Kim and Michelle exit the stage in quite a rush.

MR. FOSTER: So, I guess you are leaving?

HENRY: What did you expect? I don't live here.

MR. FOSTER: Feel free to come back any time.

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HENRY: Oh no, we ain't coming back. Your place ain't all that.

LILA MAE: Don't listen to him. He's just sad cause he's leaving.

MR. FOSTER: Well, I guess I'll see you guys around. I'm gonna go get ready for the next set of guest.

Mr. Foster exits the stage through door #2.

LILA MAE: Well, this was quite an experience.

HENRY: Sure was. I ain't coming back though, for real.

LILA MAE: So you say.

HENRY: I don't care what you do to me. I am never leaving the house.

LILA MAE: Then, I guess I'll just have to go by myself.

HENRY: You ain't never going anywhere by yourself.

LILA MAE: You never know.

HENRY: Woman, you better stop messing with me.

LILA MAE: That's why I love you. You alright.

HENRY: Yeah, even though you ain't so cute anymore, and even though you always up in people's business, you alright too. Well, at least most of the time.

Sam enters the stage through door #1.

SAM: Everyone's ready! You guys coming?

LILA MAE: We'll be there shortly.

Sam exits the stage. Lila Mae and Henry look around.

LILA MAE: Well, this is it.

HENRY: Yeah.

LILA MAE: Our God is a real piece a work. He knew that all of this was gonna happen.

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HENRY: Yep, He's good like that.

LILA MAE: Gotta love Him!

They exit the stage.

BLACKOUT