

AT THE ACCIDENT

A Humorous Reading

by
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CHARLES: (Off stage) Dad, where are you? (Bursting into room) Oh, Daddy! (Shakes water off clothes; speaks rapidly and with enthusiasm) Oh, Daddy! Gee whillakers! You ought to have seen the swell accident we nearly got into just now up here on Arden's corner. (Glances at rubbers)--Oh, they're not muddy--it's just rain--I'll take them off in a minute. Gee, Dad! There was a couple of guys came (swings arms to illustrate) whang! around the corner like this into--

MOTHER: (Nervous, full of self-pity, enters, holding out dripping umbrella in one hand. Stares furiously at Charles, then attempts to remove rubbers while still holding umbrella and talking to Charles and his father. Fright, she thinks, has made her weak and shaky) Charles! Charles! Charles Evans! Why can't you ever learn to think of your mother first? The fright that accident we almost got into has paralyzed my throat--feels like I would have a stroke--Well, Daddy, it just pains me terribly! (To Charles) And you, Charles Evans, leave me all shaky and weak to stagger all the way from the car to the house alone. I didn't have strength enough to turn the car into the driveway. (Suddenly much crosser) And you stand there dripping mud on my new rug!

C: (Carelessly) Oh, I'll take off my rubbers after while. (Enthusiastically) And Dad! Each guy was coming whizz! in his truck, one like this--(illustrates with arms) and one like that.

M: (Glaring at Charles' feet and pointing to the door) Charles! Take off those rubbers!

C: Aw gee--(Starts couple of steps for the door but stops short)

M: Take them off right where you stand! You're ruining my new rug!

C: (Attempting to take off rubbers, glares back at Mother, loses his balance and tramps the carpet considerably) Blame! Blame! Confound--these--old--rubbers!--There! (Loses balance) Too tight!

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