

Drama

To request permission of use, email tmeddaugh@gmail.com.

RISING FAST
By Tara Meddaugh
© 2004

Elizabeth is a young woman, speaking to her mother. They have just experienced a terrible flood in their town and Elizabeth and her mother are now safe.

ELIZABETH

I—I saw the baby, Mom, the baby, he...She calls me, Clara calls me around noon and says the winds are getting bad and water levels are rising. I'm sitting there, eating popcorn, watching reruns of Ally McBeal on DVD—and the whole town is evacuating! She asks if I can come to her place, give them a ride to your house. So of course, I tell her I'll pick them up. I don't even hesitate.

I walk outside and it's pouring, and I see the water rising too. Rising fast. But I get in my car and start for her house. The wipers can't keep up with rain, so I drive less than 5 miles an hour. It takes me forty-five minutes, forty-five minutes to drive one mile to her house. But I get there. And I'm not even thinking about how we're going to get out of town, how I'm going to get my car to move again. I'm just so relieved to be with my sister, and the baby.

But when I stop the car, when I crawl out the window and look up at her house...her cozy ranch-style home...it's not there. It's just...not there. I mean, there are pieces of it, there are boards and there's the frame or whatever it's called. But it's not a house anymore.

And I start screaming and running around—as fast as I can through all that water—and I'm terrified because I can't find them—then I hear a cry, a baby cry, and I see my little nephew, sort of propped up in a piece of broken gutter, between two boards, and I start toward him. He sees me and I think he recognizes me! I'm racing, I'm moving as fast as I can, but the winds are so strong and the water is so deep. Then I hear this giant crash behind me, and I stop and turn around. That big oak has fallen on my car. It's crushed.

And when I turn back, when I turn back to see my nephew and grab him and bring him away with me...he's not there. He's not there anymore. Like the house.

I turned around, Mom. I turned around and I lost the baby. I lost Clara's baby.

To request permission of use, email tmeddaugh@gmail.com.
To learn more about Tara's plays, visit www.tarmeddaugh.com.