Evangeline's Bike

INTERIOR—EVANGELINE'S BEDROOM—The sun peeks through the blinds of Evangeline's room. A plump girl with hair covered in a sleeping bonnet is curled into the sheets and drooling on her pillow. Her bedroom door cracks open. The sliver of light highlights the one leg hanging off the bed and one arm squeezing an overstuffed large rag doll, Breanna.

MOM (whispering): Evangeline

Evangeline does not move.

MOM (louder): Evangeline

Evangeline lay as stone.

Mom shakes Evangeline

EVANGELINE (mumbles): No, please

Mom shakes Evangeline again

MOM: Get up

EVANGELINE: What day is it?

MOM: What comes after the seventh day of the week?

EVANGELINE: Eight

Evangeline pulls her leg into the sheets

EVANGELINE: Eight comes after seven

Mom rolls her eyes

MOM: The first day. What is the first day of the week?

EVANGELINE: …

MOM: Friday, Saturday…

EVANGELINE (sleepy voice): …Sunday…

Dad bursts through the door. Full light splashes into the room. Evangeline groans

DAD: This is not a teaching moment. Girl, get up

EVANGELINE (moans): Dad

Evangeline rolls onto her stomach, bottom up in the air and pulls the sheets over her head

EVANGELINE: It’s like six in the morning.

DAD: Early to bed early to rise

EVANGELINE: It’s Mondayyyy…right? I don’t wanna go to school. Not yet. Thirty more minutes

MOM: Oh boy.

Mom plants her face into the palm of her hand.

DAD: Girl, it is Sunday. Now, get up.

Dad wrestles the sheets from Evangeline’s clutches and whips them off the bed

EVANGELINE: No, I was warm

DAD: Get up

EVANGELINE: Sunday? Chores? Aw noooo awwwwrrrgh

Evangeline lets herself fall off the bed.

Thump!

She his the ground back first. Mom clicks on the lamp. Evangeline’s eyes move to the side of their sockets.

EVANGELINE: No, Mom—My eyes. My eyesssss! No, not the blinds. Not the—noooo!

Mom pulls the cord. The blinds whipped up.

Zippt!

MOM: Now, you get off this floor right now or your father will get his belt good and ready

EVANGELINE (thinking): Bring it on.

Evangeline whimpers on the ground like a dog. Mom and Dad stare at her. They cross their arms. Evangeline flops like a fish

EVANGELINE (whines): I’m never getting up. Never ever. Never ever, ever. I hate this place. Ohhhh ahhhh!

Dad unbuckles his belt. Evangeline stands straight as a board. I love this place. Woo!

MOM: Now, make your bed. Get dressed. Downstairs

EVANGELINE: Yes, ma’am

Mom and Dad exit. Their feet make the stairs groan.

EVANGELINE (thinking): Poor stairs. Yes. Yes. I know your pain.

Evangeline makes her bed

EVANGELINE (thinking): They won't *really* spank me. I'm too old for that. They would use the belt and slap it against my hands a couple times. The bed is finished and looks very well and artistically done with her pillows and dolls arranged very well over her bed. Evangeline gives Breanna, her overstuffed brown skinned rag doll Breanna, a hug and places her at the front of the bed.

Flashback to when Evangeline is 3 years old

INTERIOR—Walmart toy section. Mom and three year old Evangeline are in front of a pole with rag dolls attached and hanging

MOM: You want it?

Three year old Evangeline shakes her head

EVANGELINE: It's too expensive

MOM: You want it?

Evangeline balks

MOM: It's Ok. Tell me

EVANGELINE (whispers): Yes.

Mom laughs

MOM: Come on. Pick one

Evangeline's eyes scan the dolls attached to the pole. Her eyes meet Breanna's. Match made in heaven. Without a word Mom gets on tiptoes and releases Breanna from the pole. Little Evangeline at the same time as Mom stands on her tiptoes eyes wide and arms out. Once within her reach she grabs Breanna and hugs her.

Flash forward present day

Evangeline caresses Breanna's yarn hair and dress. She give her one big squeeze and lays her back on top the bed. She reaches for her glasses, rolls into day clothes, and out her bedroom door. She leans over the railing of their two story open floor plan. She beams seeing breakfast. Pancakes, stripples[1],

[1] Stripples and links are imitation meat for bacon and sausage meant for a vegetarian breakfast.

links, chocolate milk, fruit and eggs. Evangeline bolts down the stairs and plops into the chair. Mom and Dad sit next to her. Evangeline rubs her hands together

EVANGELINE (think singing): Not cereal, oh, not cereal…

She chomps down on pancakes. Mom glares at her. Evangeline swallows. She bows her head. Dad gives grace. Evangeline chomps down again. She speaks with her mouth open

EVANGELINE: What are we doing today?

MOM: Bad manners. Finish first

Evangeline swallows

EVANGELINE: What are we doing today?

MOM: The same thing we do every Sunday

MOM and EVANGELINE: Clean

EVANGELINE: Ugh, but we clean like every day. And Friday—

MOM: is the Preparation Day. Everything must be clean and ready for the Sabbath

EVANGELINE: Then why even more cleaning on Sunday?

MOM: It's the best day to clean outside and in. Everyone has the day off. No school and no work and it's not the Sabbath. The Sabbath day is—

EVANGELINE (mutters): Rest. Yeah, I know. So, many chores. Where's Leon and Nigel?

DAD: Leon is sleeping

EVANGELINE: Why does he get to sleep?

DAD: He's little.

LEON: Pre-K is not little.

MOM: Don't be silly. He's growing and needs rest.

EVANGELINE: What about my rest?

DAD: You got it.

EVANGELINE (thinking): I know why. Leon that little terror. If Leon is sleeping in then Mom and Dad aren't waking him (outloud) What about Nigel?

DAD: Nigel is down the street mowing the lawn.

EVANGELINE: I thought he's supposed to mow *our* lawn.

DAD: He did. Then Ms. Clarke offered him $20 to mow her lawn since her sons and husband are gone for a few weeks.

EVANGELINE: $20! I want $20 why couldn't you send me?

Dad chuckles

EVANGELINE: Seriously. Send me.

DAD: Maybe you're older

EVANGELINE: How much older?

Dad shrugs

DAD: 9th grade?

EVANGELINE: When will I get into ninth grade?

DAD: Add four to the current year

EVANGELINE: 1997 plus four

Dad pushes her a pencil and paper

EVANGELINE: So 2001?

DAD: Sure

EVANGELINE: I can't wait that long

DAD: You don't need money

EVANGELINE: Yes, I do

MOM: Now, why do you think you need money?

EVANGELINE: I want a new bike