

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

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(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

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WHAT GETS SAVED/ by Austin Bunn

The slant of a rooftop. The rest of the stage is flood water. Three people on the roof: a teenage BOY, a MAN (40s), an older black WOMAN (60s). The woman sleeps in a curl. The Man with suitcase in his lap. His glasses are broken. Empty cans litter the roof.

Flood waters have reached the gutters.

Boy pricks up his ears.

BOY
I hear something.

MAN
What do you hear.

BOY
It's loud.

MAN
(looking up)
Helicopter?

BOY
And voices.

MAN
I don't see nothing. What would I do without you boy?

BOY
It's a boat.

MAN
What are you saying. Is it coming?
(to the older woman)
Shila, wake up. The boy hears they're coming.

WOMAN
I'll wake up when they git me. No use wastin my day on waitin.
(sniffs the air) Somethin bad about that water. Smells like death.

BOY
(calling out)
Hey, Tessie! Tessie can you see anything from where you are?

MAN
Quiet boy!

BOY

Why?

MAN

Quiet. We want to know who's comin first.

BOY

Why?

MAN

Could be po-lice, could be bastards. This suitcase got all the loveliness from this house.

BOY

That's just bitty spoons and forks in that suitcase.

MAN

It's called the silver. And the day we're back in this house, I'm gonna eat myself great big table of food, food enough for whole the block. We'll eat with only the special knives.

BOY

I hate cream of mushroom soup.
 (kicking the cans)
 And tomato soup. And soup.
 Generally.
 (he licks the interior of
 the can)

MAN

You're going to have steak when we're back, boy. And not no skirt steak like I never did feed you anyway.

BOY

Look.

MAN

What do you see boy? My eyes no good.

BOY

It's dry people. (beat) In a boat.
 (beat) And they're going to Tessie...

(MORE)

BOY (cont'd)
 No, they're passing by Tessie.
 They're going right past her.

MAN
 I can hear em now.

Sound of approaching boat.

BOY
 They're leaving Tessie behind.

The WOMAN WAKES.

WOMAN
 I don't like the look of these
 ones. Too many people on that boat.
 (she climbs up the roof)
 And I don't swim.

MAN
 Where you going Shila?

WOMAN
 I'm going to look from up here.

BOY
 (shocked)
 They left Tessie. How can they do
 that?

The prow of an inflatable boat enters. A RESCUE WORKER holds
 a life buoy.

RESCUE WORKER
 Are you safe?

MAN
 Good Lord are we happy to see you.
 Not quite starvin but close.

RESCUE WORKER
 Catch. (tosses the buoy to him.)
 You just pull us in and we'll take
 you aboard.

MAN
 (Preparing to enter the boat) Come
 on Shila, Boy, let's go.

WOMAN
 No way no sir you gettin me on that
 slip of a thing. You just leave me
 some cream of mushroom and I'll be
 fine.

RESCUE WORKER

Whoah whoah. You can't take them,
sir.

BOY

(to the Man) What'd he say?

MAN

This suitcase got everything worth
something. I'll give it you you let
me take my boy and Shila.

RESCUE WORKER

No pets. No dogs, no cats. The
rules.

BOY

(to Man) Why are you looking like
that?

RESCUE WORKER

Mister, we've got a lot of people
and if you don't come with me,
they'll come with guns and make you
go.

WOMAN

Just some cream of mushroom.

BOY

Why are you looking like that?
Don't look like that.

Man runs his hands through the Boy's hair.

MAN

You protect Shila, you hear me.

BOY

What's that sound in your voice?
Don't make that sound.

Man opens suitcase. Cutlery spills out.

MAN

Somebody'll come for these.
Somebody'll come for you.

Man releases boy. He steps into the boat.

BOY
(comes to the edge of the
roof)
Wait, wait, for me.

Rescue worker pushes off.

MAN
Let's go.

The man sits. He forces himself to look away. Puts his head
in his hands.

WOMAN
(Going to sleep) Just some cream.
What I'd give.

The Boy slowly turns to the Woman, more threatening. They
stare at each other.

LIGHTS DOWN.