

"THE CRIB"

Scene 1

*Lights come up on Andy cleaning the apartment in a shirt, tie, and a pair of nice slacks. He is uptight. Steve bursts into the apartment.*

Steve: Andy! You are not going to believe what I saw. A guy that looked just like you, at the library studying, but he ... was ... wearing ... a ... shirt and ... tie. What are you wearing?

Andy: Good afternoon, Steven.

Steve: It was you wasn't it.

Andy: Yes.

Steve: What are you doing?

Andy: Cleaning the apartment.

Steve: Why?

Andy: It's a mess.

Steve: And what were you doing at the library?

Andy: Working on a paper.

*Steve crosses into the room, drops some stuff off at his drafting table, and crosses down to Andy in silence.*

Steve: Andy, what is up with you lately, for the last few days you have been doing very un-Andyesque things. For days you paced around the apartment totally wearing a hole in the carpet, drinking yourself into a greater oblivion than normal and listening to Patsy Cline. You didn't sleep at night, and I was awakened by the sounds of war documentaries on A&E. Now this. What is up with you?

Andy: I've been making some changes. I'm trying to be more realistic and think about my future a little bit. A person has to have more responsibility when he is about to become a father.

Steve: Well of course you do, you've got to make changes in your lifestyle. You can't go on in the same ... what did you say?

Andy: I've been making some changes in my ...

Steve: No, after that, about being a fath ... fa ... you know.

Andy: Do you remember that party we had the night I made the Hockey team?

Steve: Yeah.

Andy: And do you remember that girl that was here that sort of ended up spending the night in my bed?

Steve: Yeah.

Andy: Well, we sort of slept together and now she's sort of pregnant.

Steve: And It's sort of your kid?

Andy: Yeah. So I'm sort of making some changes in my life, sort of.  
*(Andy and Steve should not be aware that they are repeating "sort of" over and over)*

Whitney: *(Bursts in)* Steve, I just saw this guy at the library and ... EEEEEEEK! What are you wearing!?

Andy: Hi, Whitney.

Whitney: It was you wasn't it? Oh my god, it was you! What in the world. Steve, your roommate has been replaced by an alien.

Steve: No, but he has been body snatched. *(Andy smacks Steve, as he continues to pick up the apartment)*

Whitney: What is he doing?

Steve: Cleaning the apartment.

Whitney: What is up with him?

Steve: He's going to ... he's ... he ... Oh god, I can't say it.

Whitney: What.

Steve: He's ... it's just that ... I'm losing my best friend. *(He goes up to his desk and begins to weep)*

Whitney: Oh my god. *(Andy crosses back down to living room)* Andy, I don't know what to say.

Andy: Did Steve tell you.

Whitney: Yes, are you, well, are you all right?

Andy: I guess I've learned to accept it.

Whitney: You are so brave.

Andy: Well, I have to accept it. It's coming whether I want it to or not.

Whitney: But who would have thought it would happen so soon, you're still so young.

Andy: Yeah, well you know this sort of thing can happen if you aren't careful.

Whitney: Do you have any idea when ... well, you know.

Andy: I suppose about eight months.

Whitney: Eight months, Oh God. *(she begins to sob)*

Andy: Whitney, hey now, it isn't that bad.

Whitney: Oh, Andy, I always thought that maybe you and I would, but, not now, I'm going to miss you so much. *(she cries heavily)*

Andy: Look, Whitney, we'll still be able to talk

Whitney: In a sense.

Andy: It really isn't going to change me all that much.

Whitney: Andy, you're so at peace with yourself.

Andy: In fact I think It'll make a better person of me.

Whitney: You'll be in a better place.

Andy: *(looks around the apartment)* I don't know about better, maybe a little bigger ...

Whitney: I can't believe you're leaving us ... Waaaaaaaaaaaaah

Andy: I'll still be around, you don't think I'll forget about you and Steve and everyone else, do you? I'll always be nearby.

Whitney: Yes, in spirit. *(she wraps her arms around him and sobs, there is a knock at the door)*

Andy: Steve, can you answer that? *(he sees Steve is in a similar state)* Whit, I have to answer the door.

Whitney: No, you should rest in your state, I'll get it. *(She x's to door opens it to reveal Religion Guy)*

RG: *(enters with a sandwich board that says "The End Is Now" on one side and "Make Your Peace With God" on the other)* The end is NOW! Have you made your peace with God? The judgment day is near!

Whitney: Wahhhhhhhh. *(Runs to Andy, hugs him, falls to the sofa sobbing)*

RG: Was it something I said?

Andy: I don't know.

RG: Well, I guess Catastrophism is out. See you later Andy.

Andy: Bye. Whitney, calm down ...

RG: *(bursting back in)* What are you wearing.

Andy: I'll explain later

RG: But ... then that was you at the Library!

Andy: Later! Goodbye! *(RG leaves)* Whitney, take it easy, it isn't as if I'm going to die or anything.

Whitney: I know but ... What did you say?

Andy: Take it easy, it isn't as if I'm going to die or anything.

Whitney: You're not?

Andy: Of course not... what... did you think... Steve.

Whitney: But, if you aren't going to... then what?

Andy: I'm having a baby.

Whitney: Don't be ridiculous.

Andy: Well, not me personally, but I'm gonna be a father

Whitney: What?! With who?

Andy: With this girl who was at the party when I made the hockey team.

Whitney: You mean, you and she, Steve, I told you that that girl would be trouble!

Steve: Well, I didn't see you springing to his rescue.

Whitney: It's your fault.

Steve: Wait a minute.

Whitney: You're responsible.

Steve: But it isn't mine at all.

Whitney: If you could leave your poker game.

Steve: If you had interrupted them

Steve and Whitney: It's Your Fault!

Andy: Guys! Guys! Take it easy. It's too late for that. It isn't either of your fault. Give me the blame. I did this, and I have to deal with it in my own way. I'm going to take care of Renee and the baby. Now really, I appreciate your concern but it has nothing to do with either of you.

Whitney: Andy, what is this going to do to you. What about college? What about the hockey team.

Andy: I'm going to talk to the coach tomorrow to talk to him about it. I guess eventually I'll have to quit the ... well, I'm going to talk to him. Then, I don't know, I guess I'll have to get a job.

Whitney: Well if you need anything, let me know, OK?

Andy: OK, thanks a lot Whit. I don't know what I'd do without

Susie: (*Bursts into the apartment*) Steve, I saw a guy that looked just like Andy at the library.

*Lights out*

## Scene 2

*Lights up on Andy and Renee on sofa, Steve at Drafting table*

Renee: I found this wallpaper pattern for the nursery, Isn't it just the cutest thing you ever saw?

Andy: Yeah, it's great.

Renee: Well, what do you think of this one?

Andy: Huh, yeah, that one's nice too.

Renee: Andy, you seem really out of it. Don't you want our baby to have a nice room?

Andy: Sure. I'm just not the interior decorator type. You pick something, and it will be great. I'm sure of it. *(x's to the kitchen for a soda)* Do you want one?

Renee: Do you have a diet soda?

Andy: Um, no. How about some juice?

Renee: I'll just have some mineral water.

Andy: We don't have that either. How about tap water?

Renee: Eew. You know what I'd really like is a diet soda.

Andy: I'll be right back. *(Andy exits)*

Renee: Hurry back. *(long pause)* Steve, you're artistic aren't you?

Steve: What?

Renee: Well, I mean you are some kind of artist or something, right?

Steve: Yeah.

Renee: What do you think of these wallpapers?

Steve: *(x's down to sofa)* Let's see. *(Renee shows him the samples)* Oh, well, the little bunnies totally like symbolize the act of reproduction, so if that's the thing you like want to convey they're great. But the crayons represent the symbolic influence of art in the growth of a new being on the massive planet which we occupy. But the animalistic primal forms really make like an awesome statement of what we as humans have become.

Renee: Uh-huh.

Steve: The color choice is really important too. The green might instill a love for the outdoors, but it is also a color that has been like experimentally tested on rabbits to make them more aggressive.

That's why military stuff is all green. The pink would be really cool, because for a girl, that's like totally the color that represents them, and for a guy it can bring out that more sensitive side. While at the same time the light blue totally represents a little dude, and can make a woman bring out that like masculine side that is necessary to survive in our current world environment.

Renee: Oh. Well, thanks for your help, Steve.

Steve: No problem. By the way, who are those for?

Renee: Hm? Andy and I are trying to find a pattern for the baby's nursery.

Steve: Where are you going to put a nursery in this place?

Renee: Steve, you're so cute. We aren't going to live here. Andy and I are going looking for a place of our own tomorrow afternoon.

Steve: What? *(Andy re-enters with a diet soda in hand)*

Renee: Well we can't bring up a child in this apartment. Right, Andy?

Andy: What?

Renee: I was just asking Steve for some advice on the wallpaper.

Andy: Yeah, he'd be a better person to ask than me.

Steve: *(x's to Andy)* Drew, what's this about you moving out?

Andy: Oh yeah, I kept meaning to tell you. Look, this whole thing has me so messed up, my mind is everywhere. We can't raise a baby in this environment. So Renee and I are going to find a place of our own.

Steve: She seems to be dealing with it pretty well.

Andy: Come on Steve, you know women, they live for this.

Renee: Did you find me a diet soda?

Andy: Yeah, I borrowed one from, Whitney. So did we find some wallpaper?

Renee: I think we should go with the pink bunnies.

Andy: OK. What do you think Steve?

Steve: Yeah, sounds good. Hey, does roommate have one "m" or two?

Renee: Two.

*Lights fade out on Andy and Renee looking over patterns and Steve writing an ad at the Kitchen*

*table*

### Scene 3

*Lights up on Steve and someone else at the Kitchen Table and a long line of mostly men going out the door, except one girl who is next.*

Steve: So, how long have you been collecting mold.

Nerd: Oh, golly, since junior high. I have ten samples of Myxomycetes, and my Basidiomycete collection has taken just a stunning upswing. I can't wait for you to see them.

Steve: Mm-hmm. And where would you be keeping these?

Nerd: In the refrigerator of course.

Steve: I'll tell you what, I've got about 29 more applicants that I have to talk to, so as much as I'd like to hear more, I'll have to cut this interview short, but I'll be in touch about the apartment.

Nerd: Great. I'll see you soon then Sam.

Steve: That's ... fine. Next. *(As the Nerd exits, Andy enters carrying a large flat box)* Hi, I'm Steve and you... are a girl.

Sabina: Yeah, you got a problem with that?

Andy: Steve, what is going on here?

Steve: Oh, hi Drew. I'll be right back.

Sabina: Ok, I'll just meditate. Ohm...Ohm...

Steve: Right. Hey Drew, sorry about this, I guess my ad for a roommate got a little out of hand, what's in the box.

Andy: I'd say it got a more than a little out of hand, a crib.

Steve: Yeah, sorry. What do you mean a crib?

Andy: That's OK, just keep them out of the way while I try to get this put together.

Steve: No problem. *(to someone in line by his art supplies)* Hey, put that down. OK, sorry about that. So, um, what brings you here.

Sabina: No problem. I'm looking for an apartment.

Steve: Did you miss the part in the ad that said "male roommate"?

Sabina: I am at one with my sexuality. I make no separation between male and female. The goddess who watches over me said that this would be my new residence.

Steve: I see. Well, I have a few prepared questions, so if you don't mind.

Sabina: No.

Steve: No, you don't mind or No I can't.

Sabina: What?

Steve: What did you mean by "no"?

Sabina: Is this part of the interview.

Steve: No.

Sabina: Then what are you asking me?

Steve: Can I ask you some prepared questions?

Sabina: Yes.

Steve: Good. Name?

Sabina: Yes.

Steve: "Yes" what?

Sabina: Yes, I have one.

Steve: What is it?

Sabina: My real name, or my stage name?

Steve: The one you prefer to go by.

Sabina: I am Sabina Downer.

Steve: What's your major?

Sabina: Theatre Arts with an emphasis in performance.

Steve: Surprise, surprise. Where're you from?

Sabina: Southern California.

Andy: Steve, where are your tools?

Steve: What did you say?

Andy: Where are your tools?

Sabina: Southern California. I did my undergraduate work at UCI.

Steve: Under my table.

Sabina: No, in Irvine, California.

Steve: Sorry about that.

Sabina: About what?

Steve: *(beat)* Well, I hate to say this, but it's a one bedroom apartment, and I would be really uncomfortable with a female roommate, no matter how in balance they are with their sexuality.

Sabina: But my Tarot cards said I would be living here.

Steve: Well, I guess they were wrong.

Sabina: The Cards never lie!

Steve: I'm really sorry. *(Sabina exits clutching the crystal around her neck)*

Andy: Steve, didn't you take Spanish last year?

Steve: Yeah.

Andy: Do you still have that Spanish to English dictionary?

Steve: Yeah, why?

Andy: All of the instructions are in Spanish.

Steve: Look on the shelf. Next.

Andy: Got it.

Steve: Hi.

Luke: Howdy.

Whitney: *(enters)* What in the world? *(Someone whistles)* Does someone want me to demonstrate Tae Kwon Do on them? *(All are silent)* I thought not.

Andy: Hi Whitney.

Whitney: What is all this, and what is that? No, don't tell me, one of Steve's new pieces.

Luke: Luke McIntyre

Andy: Steve is interviewing new roommates and this is a crib.

Luke: Business administration.

Whitney: Roommates. Don't tell me you're moving out! And what do you mean by a crib?

Andy: I can't very well have Renee and the baby move in here can I? And I think the phrase "This is a crib" is self explanatory.

Luke: Billings, Montana.

Whitney: That looks nothing like a crib. It looks more like a medieval torture device.

Steve: Really? I'm from Billings too.

Andy: Oh and I suppose you could do a better job at it than me.

Whitney: Give me that 3/8 inch. First you put this here, and then this and tighten that and ...  
(Whitney starts putting the crib together in)

Luke: What high school did you go to?

Steve: Mount St. Andrew's How about you?

Luke: East Jefferson.

Whitney: (the men in line applaud as she finishes the crib) There you go Andy.

Steve: I can't believe this. We could ride home together for the holidays, save on gas. Tell ya what, I have to listen to some more of these social rejects, then I'll be in touch.

Andy: How did you do that.

Whitney: It's that magic Freye touch at work again. Besides I was working in my dad's workshop when he designed this model. (beat) Haven't I mentioned that my dad is an inventor? He just designs furniture to pass the time.

Susie: (enters) Hi Steve. Don't tell me all of these people are here about the apartment.

Steve: Yup.

Susie: You're kidding.

Steve: Yeah, and I think I found someone. It's incredible, he's from Billings and is like totally cool. But don't say anything, I have to interview these other guys too, some of them came from lil the other side of town for this.

Susie: OK. What's his name?

Steve: Luke McIntyre.

Susie: So that was him I saw coming out of here.

Steve: Yeah, but like I said, don't mention ... how do you know him?

Susie: Luke? Oh, he was my first ...I mean, my first boyfriend.

Steve: What?

Susie: Nothing. So Luke is going to be your new roommate, that's great.

Steve: No. No, no, no, he is definitely not going to be my new roommate. Next.

*Lights Fade as the next person sits to be interviewed.*

#### Scene 4

*Lights up on Poker Night. Renee is bringing a tray of Hors d'oeuvres to the table. Andy, Steve, Back Guy, and Neil sit at the Kitchen Table.*

Renee: Can I get anyone anything else?

Andy: *(kisses her)* No thanks hon, why don't you sit down. Take it easy for a little bit.

Renee: You're sure?

Andy: Yeah, relax. *(Renee x's down to sofa and picks up the most recent copy of "Allure")*

Steve: I still can't believe that out of all those people the only prospective roommate was my girlfriend's ex-boyfriend. I mean you would think there would be someone.

Andy: What about that woman in black? You two could meditate together.

Steve: Shut up, Drew.

Neil: Sorry I can't help you buddy, but my lease doesn't expire for five months. I'll take two cards. So when are you moving out, Andy?

Andy: In two weeks, not even. These are great, Renee. One card.

BG: I'll pass.

Steve: Can you believe this, the Andymiester is going to be a father. Dealer takes one card. Next thing you know he'll be getting married.

Andy: Not so loud. I don't know if we're ready to take that step yet. I don't think she's even told her parents.

Neil: I don't think I could handle being a father at this point of my life. I just can't see how you can.

Andy: Well...

Neil: I mean, can either of you imagine being faced with that kind of responsibility?

Steve: Not me.

BG: I'll pass!

Andy: Take it easy guys, you'll get me all worried. *(A knock at the door)* Just a sec guys. *(Opens door to reveal Whitney)*

Whitney: Hi, Andy, I was just coming home and saw your light was on and didn't want to go right to my apartment, hope you don't mind.

Andy: No problem. It's poker night, but you can go talk to Renee. Keep her entertained. Since this is probably my last poker night I want to take these guys for all their worth.

Whitney: Oh good. I'm sure we'll have sooooo much to talk about.

Neil: Hey Whitney, want to join us for some strip poker?

Whitney: Now why would I want to see you strip?

Neil: What makes you think you'd win?

Whitney: You'd be too horny to concentrate on your cards, *(looks him up and down)* and I wouldn't have anything to distract me. *(she x's down to the sofa)*

Steve: Oooo.

Neil: She loves me.

Andy: I won't say anything.

BG: I'll pass. *(the poker game continues in the background)*

Whitney: Hello Renee.

Renee: Hi. Do I know you?

Whitney: We met at Andy's party just momentarily.

Renee: Oh yeah. now I remember you.

Whitney: Well, you can't be expected to remember everything, can you?

Renee: No, I suppose not. So what brings you by?

Whitney: I saw the boys' light was on so I just thought I'd drop by. I forgot it was poker night.

Renee: Can't be expected to remember everything, can you.

Whitney: *(forced chuckle)* No.

*(Painful silence)*

Steve: Oh no. Andy, you have to be cheating!

Neil: Jeez - us. *(BG drops his head to the table)*

Andy: Pay up guys. *(there is laughter and they fade out as a new hand begins)*

*(another painful silence then simultaneously)*

Whitney: So, Andy says that you two found a nice apartment.

Renee: How long have you known Andy and Steve?

Whitney and Renee: I'm sorry.

Whitney: You first.

Renee: No, no, you.

Whitney: Andy said you two found a nice apartment.

Renee: Oh, God. It is absolutely adorable. The room we're going to make into the nursery is the best, with nice southern exposure, and the master bedroom is enormous. And the kitchen has a dishwasher and disposal and everything.

Whitney: Sounds great.

Renee: You'll have to come over sometime. Maybe you could babysit?

Whitney: No, I don't think so. I mean, I'm not that good with kids, and I always have so much work to do at the library.

Renee: Well, maybe you can come over for dinner sometime.

Whitney: That would be nice.

Renee: Yes. So, how long have you known the boys?

Whitney: Since we moved in together. Not that we moved in *together*, but at the same time. Into the same building. This one. We moved into the same building on the same day. They helped me with my bed. Getting it in I mean. And since then, they've sort of been my best friends. I'm really going to miss Andy.

Renee: Well the baby isn't due until mid-April, so I'm sure he'll be making regular visits at least until then.

Whitney: I suppose.

Renee: Excuse me, I need to check on the men.

*(Whitney sits and contemplates April. She rises and x's into Steve and Andy's bedroom to find a calendar)*

Renee: So are you winning lots of money for baby's college fund.

Andy: College fund nothing, this is beer m ... Of course. Money for the college fund.

Steve: *(makes a whipping sound and gesture while Renee is in the fridge getting another round of beers. The others laugh)*

Renee: What?

Andy: Nothing. Thanks.

Renee: Now where did Whitney get to?

Andy: How are you two getting on?

Renee: Good.

Andy: That's a relief. OK, who's deal is it? *(Renee goes to bathroom to look for Whitney)*

Steve: Neil's.

Andy: So, Steve, did you tell these two about that chick you interviewed?

Steve: Shut up, dude.

Andy: C'mon, you gotta tell 'em.

Steve: Drop it.

Andy: You guy's should've seen the way he was looking at her. I thought he was going to tear off her clothes right here on the kitchen table. Practically drooling, his jaw was open so wide.

Steve: Please, that was a look of disbelief.

Andy: Yeah she did have a pair of...

Steve: Shut up. She was a total psycho case. She's some theatre major, but she's totally at peace with her sexuality, so my being a dude didn't matter. Her goddess told her she would be living here. I totally had to convince her to leave. I thought she was going to whip out a OIGA board right here.

Neil: Oh my god.

Andy: Those theatre majors are totally whacked.

Neil: Ante up.

Renee: *(goes into bedroom, Whitney quickly hides the calendar behind her back)* There you are. I thought we'd lost you.

Whitney: Nope. I'm right here. Been in here.

Renee: Is everything OK?

Whitney: Yes! Everything's fine. Why would there be anything wrong?

Renee: What is it?

Whitney: Um. Sit down.

Renee: Uh-oh. My Aunt Charlotte always warned me about any conversation that began "Sit down".

Whitney: This is really hard to do, but as Andy and Steve's adopted mother I guess it's my duty.

Renee: Just come out with it.

Whitney: I know about the baby.

Renee: You know what about the baby?

Whitney: I know it isn't Andy's.

Renee: What?

Whitney: Renee, there's no need to play stupid any more.

Renee: What?

Whitney: I know it must be rough, and the real father is probably some jerk that you want nothing to do with, but you can't do this to Andy. I won't let you do this to Andy.

Renee: Wait a minute, what are you talking about?

Whitney: Renee, when did you say that the baby was due?

Renee: April.

Whitney: That's what I thought.

Renee: What do you mean, "That's what I thought"?

Whitney: You gave yourself away. The baby is due in April. Nine months before that is August, and as far as I know, you didn't meet Andy until his party at the beginning of school in September. And from what Andy's told me, that's when you two... well, you two met.

Renee: But that's impossible.

Whitney: You didn't know?

Renee: I never sat down to figure it out. I just figured that Andy had to be the father because he's

the only person I've ever had unprotected sex with. At least, that's what I thought. August? But that means the father is... Oh my god, I can't remember his name.

Whitney: Well you'd better let Andy know, and then figure out this guy's name because you have some explaining to do for him.

Renee: You must think I am a horrible person.

Whitney: No, you just have an awful lot to deal with. But right now, there's someone out there who thinks he's going to be a dad in a few months and is getting ready to move out on his best friend.

Renee: Oh yeah, you're right. He's lucky to have a friend like you to keep people from ruining his life.

Whitney: That's my part time job, even though sometimes he deserves to have his life ruined. *(beat)* I'll go get him. Andy, Renee needs to talk to you.

Andy: Uh-oh. Be right back guys.

*Lights fade as Andy exits into bedroom. When lights are totally out audience hears a hoot of exaltation.*

## Scene 5

*Lights up on the apartment back to its normal state of disarray. Andy lies face down on his bed with his head at the foot of his bed, sheets mangled. Steve enters the apartment.*

Steve: Andy, wake up.

Andy: Uuuuhngghhhhhh.

Steve: Andy, You have class in fifteen minutes.

Andy: Just a few more minutes.

Steve: Ah, It's good to have the old Andy back.

Whitney: *(enters)* Did you hear we have a new neighbor?

Steve: Really?

Whitney: Yeah, and whoever it is is making brownies.

Steve: Well they'd better bring some over here. *(Andy gets up, x's to the bathroom, past Steve and Whitney in just his boxers)*

Whitney: Good to see he's recovered so quickly. *(A knock at the door)*

Steve: Come in, It's open.

Sabina: Hello, I just thought I'd bring over some brownies.

Steve: Don't I know you?

Sabina: I'm your new neighbor. Remember, I told you the cards never lie, they were just off by or apartment.

Steve: Oh no.

Sabina: Oh yes.

Whitney: Oh boy.

*(Andy, now dressed, including cap to cover messed hair, exits, taking a brownie from the plate in Sabina's hands)*

Andy: Bye.

*Lights out.*