

“Moving Day”

Scene 1

*The room is filled with boxes. Everything is packed. Boxes are marked **Andy, Steve**, and what is in each box. Suddenly Andy and Steve burst in the door with Laser Tag paraphernalia.*

Andy: Hide! (Andy jumps over the sofa and hides behind it. Steve runs around the corner and hides in the hallway. Seconds later Whitney bursts in the apartment with complete Laser Tag paraphernalia as well. Andy and Steve begin firing, missing completely. Whitney nails them both with one shot each.)

Steve: Whoa, Whitney, you're like totally like Robin Hood.

Whitney: Actually I like to think of myself as a particularly feminine Han Solo.

Andy: I've been shot.

Whitney: You've tried this before Andy. I am *not* going to play doctor with you.

Andy: It was worth a shot.

Whitney: Well it looks like you two are ready for the big move home for the summer.

Andy: Pretty much. How about you, are you all packed?

Whitney: Almost, I still have a lot of...

Andy and Steve: Books.

Whitney: Yeah... books, how did you know.

Steve: Whitney, you have more paper pieces of knowledge in your apartment than the library.

Whitney: I do not!

Andy: You have them on the Dewey Decimal System.

Whitney: I have them organized.

Steve: You have a card catalog.

Whitney: So I can find them easily.

Andy: I can access your library catalog through the computers at the university.

Whitney: You've used the on-line at the library?

Andy: Well, once. There was that week I wasn't quite myself.

Whitney: Andy, you accessed my library. *(he nods)* How sweet.

Andy: Yeah, well, don't go getting all sentimental on me.

Whitney: *(hides her smile)* So when are you two hitting the open road?

Steve: We're leaving this afternoon. Luke is picking us up at 3:30 and giving us a ride.

Whitney: What about all your stuff.

Steve: He rented an enormous truck.

Andy: He's even making a detour to drop me off in ~~Boulder, Denver,~~

Whitney: He is absolutely incredible.

Steve: Shut up.

Andy: Hey, Steve, the guys are gonna be here for the poker game soon.

Whitney: Poker game? Now?

Steve: Yeah. It's poker night, but we aren't going to be here so we thought we'd like have the last game at noon instead of midnight. Is that a stroke of brilliance or what.

Whitney: It's a stroke of some kind.

Andy: Do we have enough beer?

Steve: Whoa, probably not. I better go get some.

Whitney: Andy...

Andy: Don't worry Whit, I'm not drinking.

Steve: I'll be right back, and if the little babe calls tell her to call me back.

Andy: OK. See you in a few. *(Andy and Whitney sit in silence for a moment)*

Whitney: You accessed my library, huh?

Andy: Hey, I was curious.

Whitney: Uh-huh.

Andy: I was. It wasn't anything other than a mild curiosity.

Whitney: Oh, I believe you.

Andy: *(pause)* So, when are you leaving?

Whitney: Tomorrow. I have one last paper to turn in.

Andy: But most teachers had their papers due yesterday.

Whitney: I was running a little behind so I got an extension. How would you know when papers are due?

Andy: I turned a couple in. Wait a minute, don't tell me you procrastinated!

Whitney: Five syllables! Andy, we're making real progress here!

Andy: And you're putting things off. There's still hope for you Freye.

Whitney: It's going to be a long summer without you around.

Andy: You're telling me. We may have to keep in touch, huh?

Whitney: We may. *(They are about to kiss when Sabina and RG enter, Andy and Whitney move away from each other immediately)*

RG and Sabina: Hello.

Andy: Hi RG, Hi Sabina. You weren't interrupting anything.

Sabina: Good. We just thought we'd drop by to pass along the blessings of Demeter before we leave.

Whitney: Before *we* leave?

RG: Yep, we are spending the summer in Greece. I'm going to Eleusis.

Sabina: And I'm going to tour the roots of theatre.

Andy: Let me guess. RG has a new religion.

Sabina: Yes, my sweetums has found one.

Whitney: Sweetums?

RG: Andy, I'm really serious this time. Eleusinianism is exactly what I've been looking for. It is a completely dead religion, with absolutely no followers except myself...

Sabina: And me.

RG: ...and Sabina. I can explore it freely with no restraints. So we are off to Greece.

Andy: Will you be back next year?

RG: Andy, I really can't say. It is up to the fates. Demeter and Persephone are guiding my destiny now.

Whitney: Sweetums?

Sabina: Oh, Whitney, didn't you know that RG and I were seeing each other.

Andy: What?

RG: We're an "item"

Sabina: Well, we had better be going. We don't want to miss our flight.

RG: Bye Andy, bye Whitney. Live long and prosper. *(they begin to exit)*

Sabina: No dear, that's Vulcan.

RG: I know that.

Sabina: Well if you want to be an Eleusinian you can't go around picking and choosing from other religions.

RG: It's not even a real religion.

Sabina: How do you know. We aren't the only people in this universe you know. There could really be a Vulcan. *(They stop outside the door)*

RG: Sabina be realistic.

Sabina: I am. This is a huge universe. It's awfully egotistical to think we're the only intelligent life forms in it.

Andy: *(x's to door)* Bye.

RG and Sabina: *(both turn in and smile)* Bye. *(we hear them bickering as they fade away)*

Andy: You know they really deserve each other.

Whitney: *(unable to control it any longer, bursts out laughing)* Sweetums?

Andy: *(Laughs as well, it fades. The two find themselves exactly where they were when they were interrupted and are silent)* Here we are.

Whitney: Well... I have to pack... and I have that paper to finish...and I'm sure there's something else I desperately need to do so, I'll stop by to see you again before you leave. OK?

Andy: Um, yeah. You know the guys are going to be getting here for the card game pretty soon

anyway so...

Whitney: So... (*uncomfortable chuckle*) Bye.

Andy: Bye.

Scene 2

(Andy and BM are discovered sitting at the card table, Steve is pacing in the kitchen.)

Steve: Dude, I can't believe Neil is late. It just won't be poker night without him.

Andy: It isn't exactly poker *night* Steve, It's poker afternoon.

Steve: Whatever it is we can't start with just us. Do you want a beer.

BM: I'll pass.

Andy: I'll have a cola.

Steve: So, are you leaving for the summer?

BM: *(Shakes his head no)*

Andy: Staying here?

BM: *(Nods yes)*

Steve: Oh, that's right, you have to retake psychology don't you.

Andy: Summer school is the worst. I'm glad I don't have take it.

Steve: How many times have you failed it now? Two?

BM: *(nods yes)*

Andy: So are you going to make it through this time?

BM: I'll pass.

Andy: Steve, did you hear about Sabina?

Steve: Oh no, she didn't get that summer stock thing in Montana did she.

Andy: No.

Steve: Then what?

Andy: She has a boyfriend.

Steve: A what?

Andy: A boyfriend.

Steve: No way.

Andy: Yes.

Steve: Who would be stupid enough to go out with that psycho?

Andy: She and ...and...

Steve: What? Who?

Andy: RG.

Steve: You mean she won't be after my bod any more?

Andy: They left for Greece together this afternoon.

Steve: Hallelujah!

Andy: Aw, c'mon Steve you loved her and you know it.

Steve: Drew.

Andy: Yes, Steve?

Steve: Let me let you in on a little secret. That woman scares me. She has had me totally freaked from the moment I met her. But she's gone! *(beat)* I couldn't be happier for RG, or her. *(under his breath)* Or me. *(phone rings)* I got it. House of Pancakes, this is Lowell. Hey Neil, how did you know it was me? Where are you? What? Just a second. Hey, Neil wants to know if we want to play football.

Andy: What about the poker game?

Steve: Oh yeah. Hey, what about the poker game? He says he's sick of losing to you guys.

Andy: Well, I suppose it's all right with me. *(to BM)* How about you?

BM: *(shrugs his shoulders)*

Andy: It's up to you.

Steve: Sure, it'd be a little change of pace. *(into phone)* I guess we're all up for it. So we're on for a little two on two. What? Three on three? He says he has a couple of friends who want to play too.

Andy: Fine. Let's go.

Steve: We'll be there in a few minutes. *(hangs up)* OK dudes, lets go kick his butt.

Andy: As usual. I'll catch.

Steve: I'll block.

BM: I'll pass.

Lights out.

Scene 3

Lights up on the apartment... empty. There is nothing left in the apartment except a bottle of Ivory at the sink, the melted half of a birthday candle shaped like a three in the far left corner, a Jenga piece on the floor center stage, some beer and soda in the fridge, the phone and answering machine, a baby rattle at the junction of the kitchen and bathroom wall, a book (Frankenstein) in the bedroom where Andy's bed used to be, and a playing card (the Ace of diamonds) on the floor where the table used to be. The characters enter on their line in the order of the lines.

Andy: No fair.

Steve: Way no fair.

Neil: Sorry guys. I must say though, it was nice to win for a change. *(Two very large men enter behind Neil)*

Andy: *(getting a soda and a beer from the fridge)* I hope he's OK.

Steve: Those two just kind of plowed right over him. Thanks.

Neil: Hey, he hadn't passed yet. It was a perfectly legal play.

Andy: Poor guy, I hope his leg heals OK.

BG1: He mashed real good. Want me mash more?

Neil: Easy, easy. *(pops a treat into his mouth)*

BG2: I love what you've done with this place.

Neil: Looks like you two are ready to move.

Andy: *(x'ing down to where the sofa once was)* Yeah, we got everything packed this morning. I am going to be sore tomorrow.

Steve: *(next to Andy)* You're telling me, I have to ride in a truck for ten hours.

Neil: Well, We're going out for some dinner. Thanks for being so prompt with your payment.

Andy: That's the last time you can us like that.

Neil: Well see you later.

BG1: We eat now?

Neil: Yes.

BG2: You know I've heard wonderful things about this restaurant over on West Oak Street. What do you say we give it a try.

BG1: They have red meat.

BG2: They do a wonderful Steak Tartar. *(the two BG's exit)*

Neil: Bye. Have a good summer.

Andy: Yeah, you too. Bye.

Steve: Bye.

(They both wave goodbye. Turn in to each other, shake their heads in a "that kid" sort of way then sit falling to the floor)

Andy and Steve: We've been robbed!

(Andy and Steve jump up looking around the apartment. Andy runs to the bedroom Steve to the bathroom.)

Andy: The bed's are gone!

Steve: The hair care products are gone!

(Andy runs up to the kitchen followed by Steve)

Andy: The Ramen Noodles are gone!

Steve: *(calmly)* There's still some beer left.

Andy: *(smacks Steve in the head. They both turn and look down.)*

Andy and Steve: The Stereo! *(A moment of stunned silence, then they both scramble for the telephone.)*

Steve: Wait!

Andy: What?

Steve: Let's see if we have a message. *(Andy smacks Steve again and scrambles for the phone Steve takes it from him)*

Andy: No, let me call. You'll just mess it up.

Steve: I will not.

Andy: Give me the phone.

Steve: No.

Andy: Steve, give me that phone! I have to call the police.

Steve: Why can't I call them?

Andy: Remember the last time you had to tell someone where we lived? *(Steve droops his head)* And do you remember what you said? Hmm? Do you remember what you said?

Steve: I...

Andy: I'll tell you what you said. You said "drive around College Street and when you get there I'll tell you." Now do you think that the police want to drive around College Street looking for you out on the lawn waving for them? No. I don't think so. Now. Give me the telephone. *(Steve does)* OK, what's the number?

Steve: 9

Andy: 9

Steve: 1

Andy: 1

Steve: 1

Andy: 1. *(pause)* Then what.

Steve: That's it.

Andy: Steve, that's only three numbers. Oh, wait it's ringing. Hello, police department. We've been robbed. Where? On College Street. Hurry over. *(he hangs up)* There, that's how it's done.

Steve: Brilliant.

Andy: Well there isn't really anything else we can do, so I'm going to take a shower. *(x's toward bathroom)* Is there any soap left?

Steve: One of those little slivers that always breaks.

Andy: I guess it'll do. Let me know when the police get here.

Steve: I'm sure they'll be right here. You gave them excellent directions.

Andy: I'm just a natural communicator.

Steve: *(Waits until he is sure that Andy is in bathroom then picks up phone)* 9...1...1. Hello, is this the police? My roommate just called and reported that our apartment on College Street had been robbed. I just thought I would call and give better instructions on where we lived. He was a little worked up over the robbery. 1033 College Street, apartment number 4. 555-5323. You'll send someone right over? Thank you. *(he hangs up, turns around and sees the Jenga piece on the*

floor. Not knowing what it is he x's over and takes a closer look.) A Jenga piece? I have been looking for you forever. Where have you been? (In a weird voice) Right here. (normal voice) I'm losing it. I wonder if they left anything else. (crawls around room toward where his drafting table used to be, nothing. Turns around and sees the card off in the distance. He crawls over to it double time) A calling card! They left a calling card! It's the Ace of Diamonds burglar! (Sees candle crawls to it, picks it up, stands and brings both over to the Jenga piece center stage. Turns to see if there is anything else in the apartment. Sees the rattle x's to it, brings it to the pile. Look around again, x's to the bedroom, sees the book, brings it to the pile, and sits looking it over) OK, let's see what we have. It's the Ace of Diamond's burglar. He was here, with his baby, celebrating his third birthday. He gave him a book for his birthday. But the Baby of Diamonds didn't like it so he left it here for us. Magnum has nothing on me. Maybe I should be a private investigator. (imagines the new TV series based on him) "Murder, He Drew" based on the real life exploits of Stephen Taylor. The names have been changed to protect the innocent. (sits in silence for a moment. Bored he rises, x's to the fridge, sees the Ivory liquid, grabs it) I could wash dishes! What dishes? (begins x down to other stuff)

Andy: *(off)* Hey Steve, they took the shampoo. Is there anything out there I can use?

Steve: Um, I don't ...*(looks at the Ivory in his hand)* Yeah, yeah they did leave something. Hold out your hand I'll put some in it. *(Andy sticks his hand out of the door Steve puts some Ivory soap in it, snickering)*

Lights fade out

Scene 4

Officer Schletski and Andy are standing up by the kitchen area, Steve is sitting DC with what is left

Officer Schletski: Can you think of anything else that was stolen?

Andy: Let's see. Did I mention the stereo?

OS: Yes. I have that.- Anything else?

Andy: Steve, can you think of anything else that was stolen?

Steve: The stereo.

Andy: The stereo.

OS: Yes. You have mentioned that a few times. Is there ANYTHING else?

Andy: Steve?

Steve: Nintendo.

Andy: Oh yeah, that too.

OS: I think I have everything I need. And Mr. Taylor I'll keep your intriguing theory about the serial burglar in mind. I have the numbers you can be reached at over the summer so if I find anything out I'll get in touch with you.

Andy: OK, thanks Officer Schletski.

OS: Have a good summer.

Steve: Yeah, whatever.

Andy: 'Bye. *(OS leaves)* Hey, Steve...

Steve: Yeah, dude?

Andy: What did you give me to wash my hair with?

Steve: Um, why?

Andy: I don't think it has ever been so shiny and manageable. *(Whitney, Corey and Rachel enter)*

Whitney: Hey, guys ... What the ...? You sure got everything loaded up fast.

Andy: Hi Whit.

Whitney: How did you do that so fast.

Rachel: Man, is this place ever clean.

Corey: Spotless.

Andy: We were robbed.

Corey, Rachel, Whitney: What!

Steve: Did we get the stereo back?

Andy: No, go back to your things.

Steve: OK.

Whitney: You're kidding. When?

Andy: Little by little over the last month someone has been sneaking into the apartment and taking things.

Rachel: This neighborhood has been getting worse than I thought. Oh my God! Corey, did you lock the apartment? *(Corey looks skyward)*

Whitney: Well what I mean is...I mean, how did it happen? No, that's not what I mean either. I'm sorry. Is there anything we can do?

Andy: I doubt it. Officer S. was just here. She's going to do what she can.

Steve: Dude this is a total disaster! How am I going to last all summer without my tunes? My art is all gone. Everything! I feel so violated! *(bursts into tears)*

Rachel: Steve...

Steve: *(through the tears)* what?

Rachel: Steve...

Steve: What?

Rachel: STEVE!

Steve: WHAT?

Rachel: You will be OK. Remember what William Faulkner said.

Steve: What did he say?

Rachel: He said... um...he said...Corey?

Corey: "I believe man will not merely endure, he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he, along with all other creatures, has an inexhaustible voice but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance." (*All stand and look at Corey dumbfounded, he blushes*) or something to that effect.

Steve: You're right. Yeah. I'll endure! I'll prevail! Thanks Corey!

Rachel: But...

Whitney: Corey, I don't think I've ever heard you say so much at one time for as long as I've known you.

Rachel: I was the one that...

Corey: We'd better get going

Rachel: Huh? Oh, yeah, We just wanted to stop by and say goodbye to Whitney and you guys. Good luck on getting all of your stuff back, and have a good summer. (*as Corey is dragging her out*) Whitney, I'll write to you OK.

Whitney: All right, and I'll write you.

Corey: Bye.

Rachel: Promise? You gotta promise. I promise I'll write to you. Bye guys. Have a good summer, see you next year! (*The door closes*)

Whitney: Oh, guys, I have to go too. I'm almost done with my paper. I wish I could stay and keep you company.

Andy: I understand. Stop by later though?

Whitney: Sure...I, yeah. I want to ...uh... talk...I...ah...I'll stop by again. OK? um, bye. (*As she is going out Mrs. O is coming in*) Oh, Mrs. O'Mally, Hi.

Mrs. O'Mally: Well hello there missy. What would you be doing over here. You and Taylor got a little love nest thing goin' on here?

Andy: I'm Douglas, he's Taylor. Not that Whitney and I have...no, that's not what I meant. I just...I ... this is not a love nest.

Whitney: No. No, I would never...well not never, but...no.

Mrs. O: You look awfully flushed. Are you sure there isn't anything going on? Huh, Douglas? What happened to that little romp you promised me?

Andy: Mrs. O!

Whitney: I better go.

Andy: Bye Whit, I'll see you later. What is it Mrs. O.?

Mrs. O: It's check you out day Douglas, and is that Mr. Taylor cowering in the corner? Guess I'm too much woman for you to handle, huh, boy?

Steve: I guess that must be it.

Mrs. O: Well, I'll just give the apartment the once over. And it better be clean sonny. You know I have to deduct from your deposit if I have to come in here and clean.

Andy: Oh no, Steve I forgot all about that. Did you clean anything?

Steve: Yeah, Andy, while you were in the shower I ran out, bought a Vacuum cleaner, and a cornucopia of cleaning products and cleaned the apartment because Mrs. O coming for check out was the most prominent thing in my mind.

Andy: Oh, good.

Steve: NO, you moron, I didn't clean.

Andy: I'm the moron?

Steve: Who left the door unlocked?

Andy: You were the first one out.

Steve: But...oh, yeah. Sorry.

Andy: Well, we can kiss our deposit goodbye. What is all this.

Steve: This is all that remains of our lives. Our past year in school has been reduced to this meager pile of junk. Things representing our memories. Instead of photographs we have objects symbolizing bits and pieces. Tatters if you will. Unwoven threads.

Andy: Right. Wait, there isn't any shampoo there, just that dish...

Mrs. O: That does it.

Andy: Yeah, um we're really sorry...

Mrs. O: Taylor, this is tough for me to say.

Andy: Look, just take it out of the deposit like last year and...

Mrs. O: Shampooing the carpet?

Andy: Yeah, that and ...

Mrs. O: You are in luck boy. New carpeting is going in this month so it doesn't need to be cleaned, but thanks for vacuuming.

Andy: Oh, yeah that...

Mrs. O: I was going to say before you interrupted, This rat hole of yours is spotless. I don't know how you did it, but you got this place cleaned out. You will be getting your complete deposit in the mail.

Andy: That's what I thought.

Mrs. O: Smart mouth there kiddo. Makes you all the more sexy. (*butt smack*)

Mr. O: (*off*) Woman, get your motor running. I can't wait all day.

Mrs. O: Just hold on for a minute, dearest.

Mr. O: All right, but remember what I promised you if you finished the building before 5:00.

Mrs. O: I've just got one more it'sy bitsy studio to check, and I'll be right down.

Mr. O: Well make it quick. The punch clocks running.

Mrs. O: I love it when he get's riled up like this. Keeps the spark in the ol' marriage lit. Well, the hubby's waitin' for me so I'd better cast off.

Andy: Hey, will this place be available for us next year?

Mrs. O: How would I know.

Andy: Could you keep open for us.

Mrs. O: No.

Andy: Why not? I thought you loved us?

Mrs. O: You know it sweet buns, but Donovan and I won't be here next year. We're selling the building and buying a yacht.

Andy: A yacht?

Mrs. O: Yup. My old Navy sea legs are achin' for some open water. So we're takin' off to tour the world.

Andy: But...

Mrs. O: Gonna miss me boy?

Andy: What about the place?

Mrs.O: Don't worry kid, it'll probably still be available. And you never know when we might show up.

Mr. O: You about done yet ?

Mrs. O: After I say goodbye to the boys.

Mr. O: "Goodbye boys" That's all you need to say. Now hurry up!

Andy: Goodbye Mr. O' The place won't be the same without you and Mrs. O'

Mr. O: Yeah, yeah. You on your way, sexy knickers?

Mrs. O: Be right down. I'll see you around Taylor. (*butt smack, she leaves*)

Andy: I don't believe it. It won't be the same place without her around to give us crap. (*Offstage we hear Luke holler "ouch", then Luke and Susie enter*) Hi, guys.

Luke: So are you two all set to leave.

Steve: Susie, we've been robbed.

Susie: You're kidding!

Steve: No. All of our stuff is gone.

Susie: Well then it's a good thing Luke picked some of it up.

Andy and Steve: What did you say?

Susie: Luke came over and picked up some of your stuff earlier.

Steve: (*Andy and Steve look to Luke*) Luke, did you load all of our stuff onto the truck.

Luke: Yeah, why?

Andy: All of it?

Luke: Most of it. I left your phone and a message on the machine.

Steve: Andy, What did I tell you about checking for messages.

Andy: But...you mean you have all of our stuff loaded up already?

Luke: I hope that's OK.

Andy: Even the sofa?

Luke: Yeah.

Steve: Who did you have to help you?

Susie: Me, silly.

Andy: You and Susie loaded all of our stuff onto the truck alone? How long did it take you?

Luke: Probably a good half hour, and another ten or fifteen minutes to clean up this place. Then we went to fill up on gas, and pick up some snacks for the road. So are we all set?

Steve: Dude, you are inhuman.

Susie: I hope you get back what ever the burglars took. The thought of some stranger in the apartment is so spooky.

(lights out)

Scene 5

Lights up on Andy alone in the apartment. He is playing with the rattle and looking the place over one last time. The things from the previous scene are still on the floor, the phone and answering machine are no longer there. Whitney enters after a couple beats.

Whitney: Robbed huh?

Andy: Hey, Whitney.

Whitney: So you're leaving pretty soon?

Andy: Yeah. *(x's and drops off the rattle)*

Whitney: You take care of yourself this summer. I don't want to come back here and find out you fell down some stairs and broke your leg or something.

Andy: I will.

Whitney: And don't go getting any cute girl pregnant.

Andy: I won't.

Whitney: And don't forget...

Andy: I won't. Whatever it is I won't.

Whitney: ...to write me.

Andy: Oh. OK.

Whitney: OK. *(They are about to kiss - Sound of horn from the truck)* You better go. I'll see you next...

Andy: Wait.

Whitney: What?

Andy: Whitney Freye, you are the most aggravating person I have ever met, and I have to tell you when I first met you I thought for sure that living in the same building as you was going to be hell. But you have proved to me that living near you was worse than hell. Because it means I see you everyday and every day I want to go up to you and...

Whitney: And...

Andy: And... *(They kiss - Steve enters)*

Steve: Andy, We're wait...ing.

Andy: Yeah, um...OK.

Whitney: I'll ...I'll see you next year?

Andy: Yeah, next year.

Whitney: You have my address?

Andy: Yeah.

Whitney: OK. um... Bye Steve *(she hugs Steve)* Bye. *(She exits, Steve looks at Andy)*

Andy: What?

Steve: Nothing dude.

Andy: Well, all right then.

Steve: Two years down.

Andy: Only four or five more to go.

Steve: Yeah. So tell me.

Andy: Tell you what?

Steve: You know.

Andy: No, I don't know.

Steve: Did you do it?

Andy: Do what?

Steve: Slip her the tongue? *(Andy hits Steve on the head, Steve hits Andy back and forth as -they exit, turn the lights off - leaving a glow from the window that conveniently falls on the stuff that we left, then fades out)*