

## ANDRE SIDES #1

### Reader reads MARJORIE

Thomas: Are you part sandpaper?

Vera: Can you get on your side?

*(he shifts and lays still for a moment as Vera works)*

Thomas: I hadn't planned on being here next week.

Vera: I know.

Thomas: Well thanks for the pep talk.

Vera: Just breathe.

*(beat)*

Thomas: Princess Diana.

Vera: We'll take it day after day.

Thomas: Yeah sure. *(beat)*. Oh God stop staring at me. *(Golden Girls) You have Bette Davis eyes and Freddy Kreuger hands, Blanche.*

Vera: Thanks. Take your meds. I'll be back in a bit.

*(Vera exits as Diana enters)*

Thomas: *(to Diana)* Seven days. Really?

### SCENE 5 - RENT

October 18, 1991

*(Marjorie and Andre are at the nursing station. At top of scene, Andre hangs up the phone, having finished his call)*

**START** Andre: Shit!

Marjorie: No answer?

Andre: No.

Marjorie: Do you want to try calling someone else?

Andre: I don't know.

Marjorie: If you have an address book, I can go and get it.

Andre: Like what am I supposed to do?

Marjorie: Who are you trying to call?

Andre: No one.

Marjorie: You know, I could help you. That's kind of what I'm here for.

Andre: I don't need help, I just need him to answer the phone.

*(He picks up the phone and dials again. He waits while it rings, then sighs and hangs up. He puts his face in his hands)*

Marjorie: Maybe try again later. Don't let it spoil the happy news.

Andre: Do I have to talk to you?

Marjorie: You don't have to do anything.

Andre: Okay, bye.

Marjorie: I'm sorry, correction; you have to have some manners please.

Andre: What?

Marjorie: You don't have to speak to me, but when you do, you don't speak to me like that. Okay?

Andre: Okay.

Marjorie: Great.

*(Beat. Andre sighs)*

Andre: No one knows I'm here and I don't want my landlord to call my mom.

Marjorie: Why would he?

Andre: Couldn't he get the number through the bank or something? When he doesn't get my rent?

Marjorie: I don't think so.

Andre: I'd rather he just throw everything out.

Marjorie: Why don't you call a friend?

Andre: I don't have anyone's number.

Marjorie: I can get the phone book.

Andre: I only moved here like just less than a year ago, so...

Marjorie: Oh. *(checking the coast is clear)* Well I could go by and get some of your things, if you want.

Andre: Are you allowed?

Marjorie: I've only been here a month. I could plead ignorance.

Andre: You'd do that? Because I need more clothes. And some books. And my Walkman.

Marjorie: Sure. I'll even hide the dirty magazines.

Andre: What? No.

Marjorie: Make a list and give me your keys.

Andre: You don't want to go there. It's a room in a house and it's a total shit hole and the landlord's super creepy-

Marjorie: Andre. Let me take care of you. I've been doing this a long time.

Andre: You've been here a month.

Marjorie: Oh honey. I've been doing this since before you were born.

Andre: You really don't have to-

Marjorie: I won't pass judgment about your shit hole, I swear.

Andre: Okay.

Marjorie: Perfect. Now can we do this goddamn intake form or what?

Andre: I'll think about it. **END**

*(Marjorie exits with Andre)*

**SCENE 6 - Tiny Simple Things**  
*(Diana is sitting by Thomas' bed as before)*