

ANDRE SIDES #2

Reader reads MARJORIE

(Thomas exits. Marjorie glances out the door to check the coast is clear, then crosses with the bag)

START Marjorie: We have to act fast. I got your stuff.

Andre: Already?

Marjorie: I'm a morning person. Listen, if Vera asks-

Andre: I'll say my landlord sent it over.

(She opens the bag and lays stuff out)

Marjorie: Perfect. The books. I couldn't find the Sue Grafton, thankfully, but I got the others. Your cassette player and a bunch of tapes. I can't believe you like the Sex Pistols.

Andre: I like lots of old music.

Marjorie: *(beat)* Well that one hit me right in the gut. *(passing tapes and Walkman to him)* Now, for clothes, I only had the one bag so I'll have to make another trip.

Andre: Did you bring my varsity jacket?

Marjorie: I, uh no. I mostly grabbed sweaters and cozies.

Andre: Which sweaters?

Marjorie: These two casual ones, both very nice.

Andre: Aaah I was hoping you'd get that one.

(Marjorie tosses it to him, then pulls out a nice new sweater)

Marjorie: I also found this, maybe for the visit.

Andre: I haven't worn that one yet.

Marjorie: I was going to say it looks brand new.

Andre: Yeah. *(beat)* I bought it months ago to wear out in the village, or... I don't know...

Marjorie: Try it on.

(She tosses him the sweater)

Andre: Why?

Marjorie: Because I want to see.

Andre: I'm tired.

Marjorie: Do it. Come on. Good. Do you want me to help you?

(He puts it on, slowly noticing that the sweater is very large on him)

Andre: No.

Marjorie: Fix the collar. It's a very nice sweater. Sit up Andre, let me see.

Andre: Fine.

(He sits up. He looks down, taking in the realization)

Marjorie: Charles is going to have some competition. *(beat)* You look great.

(Beat)

Andre: Great? This used to fucking fit me.

(Andre takes the sweater off and drops it on the floor)

Marjorie: I could have it taken in for you.

Andre: No. Thanks.

Marjorie: Sorry.

(Andre sinks back into bed. Beat. Marjorie crosses back to the bed. She sees something in it and has an idea.)

Marjorie: *(in a cutesy voice:)* Let me out! I want to see my fwiend! *(in her voice)* Oh you want to come out now do you? *(cutesy voice:)* Pwease Mawjowie pwease wet me owt. *(her voice)* Okay, come on out...

(She reaches into the bag and pulls out a stuffed bear and brings it over to him.)

Marjorie: *(baby voice)* Hewwwwo Andweeeeyyy!

Andre: Oh my God.

(He grabs it and pulls it under the covers)

Marjorie: What's his name?

Andre: Carl.

Marjorie: So you're into bears are you? *(She laughs at her own joke while Andre blushes)* I also brought you a journal. I'd actually bought it for Thomas, but he told me that the only people who write in journals are lesbians and psychopaths. Do you want it? *(puts it with his things)* I have to get to kitchen duty. Make another list and I'll go back, but be specific this time.

Andre: Thank you.

Marjorie: You're welcome. Oh, and Andre... I found your dirty magazines.

Andre: You did?

(Marjorie exits. Lights shift.)

Marjorie: No. But now I know you have some. **END**

SCENE 9 - Lionel Richie

October 20, 1991

(Thomas enters with Diana)

Thomas: Oh, the fresh air! I started by walking the length of the hallway, then down to the front door. By the next day I was up and down the street, and then around the block.

Diana: Out in the fresh air.

Thomas: Yes. Heaven. Pure heaven. *(beat)* Okay, I'm just going to ask. How is this going so far?

Diana: What? Our visit?

Thomas: I hope you're not plotting your escape.

Diana: Well it's hard to run in heels.