

## ANDY 1

Start

NORMAN. (*On balcony.*) I just saved us eight dollars in laundry bills. And I found you your blue shirt.

ANDY. I didn't lose one.

NORMAN. I didn't say you did. I just said I found you one.

ANDY. Did you have lunch today?

NORMAN. (*Comes down steps to landing.*) Certainly. I had one sardine on a frozen waffle.

ANDY. Why?

NORMAN. Because that's all there was.

ANDY. You mean there's nothing else to eat in the refrigerator?

NORMAN. There's three ice cubes and a light bulb. I'm saving them for tomorrow. (*At the center table, he puts basket down. Then he holds up a shirt.*) I'll put this in the freezer. We don't have any more starch. (*He takes shirt into kitchen.*)

ANDY. (*Sits on the pole table.*) Norman, it's just occurred to me that being poor is very boring. We really wouldn't have to worry about money if you would let me do what I suggested.

NORMAN. (*Comes out of kitchen and goes down right to table between sofas.*) What was that?

ANDY. Selling you to a medical school.

NORMAN. Never mind me, how about selling the magazine? How'd you do today?

ANDY. If selling two subscriptions is good, we only did fair. (*Norman picks up empty box of cookies.*) Somehow I don't think the average San Francisco housewife is ready for a politically controversial magazine that is definitely anti-American . . . Is there any mail?

NORMAN. (*Throws down the empty box.*) In the wastebasket . . . (*Goes to c. table.*) I'm so hungry. (*Puts clothes basket on floor, downstage of the L. chair. Eats crumbs from a plate on the table.*)

ANDY. (*Picks up wastebasket, puts it on pole table and goes through the bills.*) Printing bills, typewriter repair bills, rent bills, electric bills, food bills, gas bills. This is a bill for the waste paper basket.

NORMAN. (*Running his finger around the empty jam jar in search of food.*) And we owe the lady from the pet shop eighty cents.

ANDY. The pet shop? What for?

NORMAN. She gave me a haircut today.

ANDY. (Returns wastebasket to L. of de. about the bills, Norman, you write the magazine. I need a jacket. I've got to go out tonight. (Goes U. L. and gets blue jacket hanging U. of bulletin board.)

NORMAN. Business?

ANDY. Why else would I do the Monkee until three o'clock in the morning at the Velvet Cucumber?

NORMAN. Who are you going with?

ANDY. Who do I go with every night? Our landlady, Mrs. Mackininee. (Takes jacket D. R. to the sofa, where he lifts up the top mattress and lays the jacket between the mattress and springs. Drops the mattress down. Norman looks for food in the drawers of the slant-top desk.) Norman, you have no idea what I go through to keep us from being thrown out on the street. (Andy kneels on top of mattress. Puts all his weight on it—to press suit.) Not only is she totally lacking in rhythm, but she has no sense of direction. Last night she Watusied out the door and into the parking lot. (Rises and gets dumbbell. Rolls it over the mattress.)

NORMAN. (Good-naturedly at slant top desk, eating from a small cereal box he has found.) It'll go down as one of the great sacrifices in journalistic history.

ANDY. You don't think it's humiliating to sit in a night club with a dark haired widow who wears blonde braids and picks up the bill?

NORMAN. She likes you, doesn't she? Why don't you take her to the beach for the weekend so we can have the apartment painted? (Sits at desk.)

ANDY. You think I want to fall off her motorcycle the way her husband did?

NORMAN. Listen, anytime you want to change places I'm perfectly willing. (The telephone rings. Norman rises hurriedly and motions to Andy to answer it as he goes to the chair L. of the c. table. Sits and begins to fold clean socks. Andy crosses L., above the table, to answer the phone.)

ANDY. (Into phone, Titus Moody voice.) Billing department! . . . (Changes to his normal voice.) Oh, Mrs. Mackininee . . . No, no, I wasn't trying to sound older. I think I caught a cold last night . . . Yes, on the back of the motorcycle . . . You really are a wonderful driver . . . Did you ever find your other braid? . . . Oh, too bad . . . I feel kind of responsible . . . Well, I

do . . . I mean I felt myself slipping off and it was the first thing I grabbed . . . Yes, I'll pick you up at eight o'clock . . . Oh, that sounds wonderful. I can't wait to see them. Bye.

NORMAN. You can't wait to see what?

ANDY. Her new gold-sequined goggles . . . You can imagine how they look with her silver lamé jump suit . . . Promise me one thing.

NORMAN. What?

ANDY. If there's a crash and they find my body next to hers, tell my mother and father I was kidnapped. (*Andy goes R. and pulls suit from sofa and goes to the stairs with it.*) **Stop**

NORMAN. Listen, when you come home tonight, I want to hear everything that happened. I don't care what time it is, wake me up and tell me.

ANDY. All right, Norman.

NORMAN. Don't say all right. Promise me. You'll wake me up and you'll tell me everything. Don't leave anything out.

ANDY. (*Leans over balcony. Looks at Norman with concern.*) Norman, I think you've been working too hard lately. Why don't you take the night off and go see a sexy movie?

NORMAN. How can I take the night off? We've got a magazine to get out here.

ANDY. You've got five days to finish three articles. You can do that with two fingers. Why don't you call up a girl?

NORMAN. You can't just call up a girl. You have to know her first.

ANDY. Well, call up a girl you know.

NORMAN. I don't like any of the girls I know. I only like the girls you know.

ANDY. All right, call up one of my girls.

NORMAN. I can't. I don't know them. (*Norman rises and takes clothes basket to kitchen. Returns and goes to desk.*)

ANDY. . . . Norman, I'm as dedicated to this magazine as you are. Maybe even more. You put your talent into it; I put in my blood. And it's my job to preserve that talent and keep it in perfect working order. That's why I want you to relax once in a while. If you don't, you're going to get a bubble on your head.

NORMAN. (*Seated at desk.*) I'll go out as soon as this issue is finished.

ANDY. Who will you go out with?