

IT'S NOT ABOUT THE VAN

a short play

by

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IT'S NOT ABOUT THE VAN

Cast of Characters

MACK: A house painter. Working class.

AMY: Fashionably dressed and clearly of an affluent socio-economic class.

Setting

The living room in a New York City high rise apartment building. Sheets are draped over the furniture. A door is UP RIGHT. A window is suggested DOWN CENTER.

Time

Present.

Note: A slash (/) in the middle of any line means the next line should begin then.

AT RISE: MACK is looking down out the window. AMY enters, speaking into her cell phone and collecting her purse and jacket as though heading out.

AMY

No Mom, I already explained this. *(pause)* Yes, yes the realtor is optimistic. *(pause)* Well I wasn't planning on a failed marriage when I bought the place now was I? I didn't know that – *(pause)* Right. You're right. You warned me and I was reckless and now I have no one to blame but – *(pause)* Well yes, you are kind of blaming me, actually. *(pause)* I already told you the reason – I have no choice. I have to sell because I can't afford to buy him out and that's the deal our lawyers came up – *(beat)* Ok, ok, Mom. Yes, you did tell me that too. Yep, but you know, right now I have to go – I really just – there's a lot to take care of and – I've got all kinds of – its just really busy – so, I'll talk to you later. *(beat)* M-hm. Yep. Bye.

(AMY puts the phone away, takes a breath and looks around. She notices MACK is idle.)

AMY

Excuse me, is everything OK?

MACK

Hm – What?

AMY

Is everything OK? I thought/ you'd be farther along by now.

MACK

(Making room for her next to him at the window and beckoning her over.)

Come here. Come here.

(She hesitates before crossing to stand next to him.)

MACK (cont.)

(Proudly.)

Look at that.

(AMY Looks out window, unsure.)

MACK (cont.)

Pretty good, huh?

AMY

I'm – not – sure?

MACK

Not sure? When you ever seen anything tighter than that?

AMY

I beg your pardon?

MACK

I did that myself. You should'a seen me do it. That's a sweet little job down there.

AMY

(Looking out the window.)

Are you talking about the Fiat across the street?

MACK

No, the van! That's my van there.

AMY

The thing is, this painting has to be finished and then the room has to be all put back together before the open house this weekend.

(MACK continues to look out the window and then back to AMY, expectantly. She realizes he's expecting her to comment on his van.)

AMY

It's a very nice van.

MACK

That piece of shit? No, it ain't my *van* that's sweet. *(beat)* It's my parking job.

AMY

Your parking? –

MACK

Not but three inches on either end. If even – OK, maybe there's four inches. Yeah, it's prob'ly four – or five – I'm not gonna exaggerate. *(chuckling)* I mean, it aint a fish. But the best part is the curb. *(beat)* It's less than three inches from the curb. That I do know. Tight, tight, tight. And you wanna guess how many times I kissed that red Fiat in the front or that BMW behind me?

AMY

Kissed?

MACK

Not once. Not one tap. I know how you people around here are about your nice rides.

AMY

You people?

MACK

No offense. I'd be the same way if I had a car like that.

(Suddenly thinking of something.)

Oh, shit, is one of them your car?

AMY

No. No. I don't drive.

MACK

You don't got a car?

AMY

No. I don't drive.

MACK

You don't drive?

AMY

No.

MACK

On account you don't got a car?

AMY

No, because I don't drive.

MACK

Well – course not if you don't got a car.

AMY

No. I mean yes of course not – but no. No, I mean I don't have a car because I don't drive, not I don't drive because I don't have a car.

MACK

(Pauses and thinks about this.)

That sounds like you got a kind of a chicken or egg situation there. You know what I mean?

AMY

Maybe. Wait – no. No, I don't think it's really a "situation" at all. I just don't drive.

MACK

That's too bad.

AMY

It is not too bad. It's perfectly fine. I'm perfectly fine not driving. I'm a perfectly fine, well-educated woman who happens not to drive.

MACK

I didn't mean it was too bad for you. I meant it was too bad for me.

AMY

Too bad for you? How does my not driving translate to being too bad for *you*?

MACK

On account you can't appreciate my parallel parking job down there.

AMY

That's true. I can't really appreciate your parking acumen. I could, however, appreciate how beautifully you are painting my living room. If you – you know – were doing it.

MACK

Really? You're a painter?

AMY

What? No. I'm not a painter.

MACK

Then how can you appreciate my painting?

AMY

I don't need to have a sympathetic understanding of the skill involved in doing something to appreciate the results of that effort.

(pause)

MACK

So then, maybe you do appreciate my parallel parking job?

AMY

Your parking? Yes. Yes, now I see that I do, in fact, appreciate how – tight-ly – your car is parked down there.

MACK

Van.

AMY

Your van – how tight your van is – tightly parked.

MACK

Thank you. That means a lot to me.

AMY

Now about painting this living room –

END OF SELECTION. Would you like to read the rest? Contact me; I'd love to share it with you.