

# A Moving Experience

Fred Sahner



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A MOVING EXPERIENCE

by Fred Sahrner

CAST

MOM: A recent widow with a sharp tongue. As she prepares to move from her home to a new location, she looks back over her life with amusement and some regrets. As the moving van is being loaded, Mom and her son trade zingers. The only thing they can agree on is that they can't agree on anything.

EDDIE: Mom's long-suffering son is trying to convince her that the move is best for her. Eddie means well, but as usual he's getting nowhere with Mom. Eddie knows he'll take a few more blows to his pride before he can leave.

MOVING-MAN: Straightforward and friendly. His one sentence announcement, late in the story turns everything upside-down.

Place

A nearly empty room in Mom's house.

Time

The present.

*Setting: The living room of an aging house. A mid-size box lies to one side. The only furniture is a simple chair. At Rise: MOM, a woman of a certain age sits on a chair, in a nearly empty room. She is wearing a trench coat and holding a pocketbook on her lap. She slowly looks around the room. A casually dressed man enters the room and stops. He looks at Mom who slowly turns to him. The man is her son, EDDIE. He smiles broadly and claps his hands.*

EDDIE: (*Pointing at box and chair*) We're all loaded, except for the box and chair.

MOM: The chair stays...It was the first thing we bought when we moved in. It belongs to the house now.

EDDIE: No problem. There'll be plenty of chairs at the Purple Sage Home.

MOM: It sounds like a home for retired cowboys...Everyone just hanging around the old bunkhouse, chewing their tobacco.

EDDIE: Come on, Mom. Don't make this any harder than it is.

MOM: Do the Purple Sage residents know they're just two miles from the Bronx?

EDDIE: They had to name the place something, and Mud Puddle Vista wouldn't get them many clients...I saw you looking around...You're getting nostalgic, right? I've been remembering things too. What were you thinking about?

MOM: The garden mostly. Planting, watching things bloom, taking care of them. Oh, I loved doing that, putting flowers on the table, even though none of you ever noticed them. (*pointing at empty wall*) My favorite pictures were on these walls. Renoir, Monet, and my favorite by Mary Cassatt. So many times I'd be walking past, and the picture would make me stop and look, and enjoy.

EDDIE: Remember how Donna and I would lay on the floor over there and watch TV. Wasn't that a great time?

*EDDIE looks across the room, and doesn't see MOM twirl an index finger in the air, in mock celebration.*

EDDIE: This is the right thing to do.

MOM: The move?

EDDIE: (*nods 'yes'*) With Dad gone, this place is too much for you.

MOM: And can't you just see me at the Purple Sage with Roy and Trigger. Sitting around the fire, drinking whiskey and singing 'On Top of Old Smokey'...Ah, it just sounds wonderful.

EDDIE: Fighting things doesn't help. Think of it as an adventure.

MOM: To me, a much different word than adventure comes to mind.

*Angry, EDDIE begins pacing the room.*

EDDIE: I'm trying to do what's right...Get you settled...be there for you...but you don't appreciate it. Things have to be perfect to make you happy.

MOM: Thank God!...You *finally* understand me.

EDDIE: This is why you don't see Donna here today. She went to Bolivia to avoid this scene. Your only daughter and she has to say the Rosary before she visits you!

MOM: Well, if I'm bringing her closer to God...then I've done my job as a mother.

EDDIE: Stop it, will you? This is why I'm like I am.

MOM: And what's that?

EDDIE: Still trying to please you, even though it's impossible.

MOM: You know what pleased me? (*beat*) That two-week vacation in the Everglades.

*EDDIE smiles and nods at the memory, but the smile quickly fades.*

EDDIE: That trip was just me, Dad, and Donna. You didn't come. You stayed here.

MOM: (*wistful*) That's right, and it was *wonderful*.

EDDIE: (*outraged*) I know what this is all about...I figured it out, and now I know why you're more annoying than usual!

MOM: Will you be sharing your insight, dear?

EDDIE: (*getting angrier as he speaks*) You won't get me mad this time! Oh, no, no, no you don't! All my life you've been pushing my buttons, but not this time! (*sputters—raising his voice*) You're not going to get me upset! (*yelling*) I'm staying calm!

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