

"Aunt Susan's Front Yard"

LIGHTS UP on MIKE, stepping a careful path around the stage and making notes on a little notepad.

STEVE enters UR, pushing a heavy box DR. He stops and sits.

STEVE
Last one.

MIKE makes a checkmark on his notepad.

MIKE
The Goodwill truck should be here
by now.

STEVE
(sharply)
Mike, I called them.

STEVE takes a deep breath and rubs his face, as MIKE sits.
STEVE checks his watch.

MIKE
When's your flight?

STEVE
Two hours, twenty minutes.

Short pause.

MIKE
Mom's taking you, right?

STEVE nods, looks around.

MIKE
There wasn't anything else?

STEVE
You said it was just the basement.

MIKE
(nodding)
Aunt Susan left very specific
instructions.

STEVE starts poking around in the box he just pushed on stage.

MIKE
Hey!

STEVE
I want to know what I've been
lugging around.

MIKE
(overlapping)
Well...

STEVE
(overlapping)
Lead or something.

MIKE grimaces.

STEVE
(rooting in the box)
The dead lady won't complain.

MIKE
(trying to sound casual)
What is it?

STEVE
(holding one up)
Books.

MIKE looks closer.

MIKE
I never knew she liked Shakespeare.

MIKE picks another box and peers inside; STEVE keeps looking at books.

STEVE
You'd barely talked to her for ten
years.

MIKE
Neither did you.

STEVE
But you lived --

STEVE realizes he's getting agitated, stops himself. He looks at the box MIKE is looking at.

MIKE
Art supplies.

STEVE looks in another.

STEVE
This stuff is *boring.*

MIKE
It's the stuff she wanted to give
away.

STEVE
Didn't she have any pictures? Or
those records we used to listen to?
Or, I dunno, love letters?

MIKE
You want to read Aunt Susan's love
letters?

During this next line, MIKE does the following:
* Looks suddenly at something across the street (far
offstage DL).
* Looks back at the house.
* Picks a piece of paper out of his pocket and unfolds it.
* Looks at it.
* Looks back at the house.
* Looks across the street again.

STEVE
Just something to show she was
alive all these years. Instead of
rattling around this house, all
alone.

He picks up another book.

STEVE
Accumulating... stuff.

He puts it back, and thinks for a bit.

STEVE
Or maybe she was, and now I'll
just never know.

STEVE shrugs.

STEVE
'cos I never come back here.
(pause)
Not more than once per wedding.
And funeral.

STEVE looks at MIKE. MIKE is still looking across the street, now with a slight grimace.

STEVE
"My name is Mike, and I'm off in
my own little world."

MIKE looks back at STEVE.

STEVE
What?

MIKE
We're at the wrong house.

A pause. STEVE looks at all the stuff on the lawn with sudden alarm.

STEVE
Crap!

STEVE grabs the nearest available box (it's light) and carries it offstage UR.

MIKE finds a box, picks it up with some effort.

STEVE
(offstage)
Crap!

MIKE puts down the box. Sits down. Thinks.

MIKE
(absently)
It's locked.

STEVE
(offstage, rattling a doorknob if
possible)
How did you get *in*?

MIKE
They left it unlocked.

STEVE enters UR.

STEVE
These people just *want* to get
robbed!

MIKE gets up, makes to exit DL.

STEVE
Find a brick!

MIKE
I'm going to the neighbor's house.

STEVE
Then they'll know we broke in!

MIKE
I'm telling them what happened,
and I'm leaving my cell number.

STEVE thinks for a moment, nods slightly.

STEVE
Okay. I'll go with you.

MIKE
Oh, you don't have to.

STEVE
I really should.

MIKE starts exiting DR.

MIKE
Thanks.

STEVE
It gives me a fun story to tell
the rest of the family.

MIKE sighs as they exit DR.

STEVE (O. S.)
I'll call it "Worst Executor
Ever."

MIKE (O. S.)
Great.