

## MOVING OUT

**MICK:** Eighteen years old, still living at home and chafing under the restrictions put on him by his parents.

**JON:** Also eighteen, but working, going to college and living on his own.

**SETTING:** Mick is on the phone when the scene opens. Jon is busily cutting carrots, celery, etc., for party guests. The scene goes on with the two continuing food preparations.

**MICK:** *(Hanging up the phone, furious.)* Fine. Just fine. *(He slams down the phone.)*

**JON:** What now?

**MICK:** My mother. She wants me home at 11:00.

**JON:** Eleven? Tonight? Are you sure she didn't mean 11:00 tomorrow morning?

**MICK:** Very funny. C'mon.

**JON:** What do you mean, "C'mon"?

**MICK:** Well, I've got to leave, so let's go.

**JON:** Mick, I don't have to be home by 11:00. You do. I am staying. The party is just beginning and I don't feel like leaving now. Hand me that celery.

**MICK:** What are you doing?

**JON:** I told James I would help him with the food for this party, and I am helping. You said you'd help, too.

**MICK:** That was before my mom said I had to get home.

**JON:** Whatever. You want to get those crackers so I can put this disgusting whiz stuff on them. I can't believe people eat this stuff.

**MICK:** You're staying?

**JON:** I told you I was.

**MICK:** Then how do you plan on getting home? You came in my car.

**JON:** Maybe I'll just stay at Steve's house tonight. Why did you even call your mom, anyway?

**MICK:** Because she wants to know where I am when I leave from one place to another.

**JON:** Oh, brother.

**MICK:** She worries.

**JON:** That is just stupid. You're not a child anymore.

**MICK:** Try telling her that.

**JON:** I don't see why you put up with it.

**MICK:** What choice do I have?

**JON:** Just tell her. Say, "Mom, I am 18, in college now, not high school."

**MICK:** Then she'll come back with the old, "My house, my rules" line.

**JON:** I don't know why you put up with it.

**MICK:** Believe me, I have thought many times of just running away. Maybe if I shake her up, she'll realize the problems.

**JON:** Running away?

**MICK:** Yes. Just one day take a bag of clothes, hop into my car, and take off for about two weeks. No note, nothing. Just leave.

**JON:** Mick, that's just stupid.

**MICK:** Why? It would do my mom good to have a little bit of a scare. Maybe she'd realize how wrong she is to treat me this way if she thought I had taken off.

**JON:** Mick, running away is stupid.

**MICK:** How would you know what it's like? You've always had a great relationship with your parents.

**JON:** That's because they trust me. I wouldn't do anything stupid like run away. Besides, my parents and I talk. We communicate.

**MICK:** Fine, then I will talk to her and see what happens. But if that doesn't work, I'm out of there.

**JON:** Fine, but you don't run away.

**MICK:** What do you mean?

**JON:** Mick, you are 18, You're in college. You move out.

MICK: Move out?  
 JON: Yes. You say, "Mom, Dad, I am moving out."  
 Children run away. Adults move out.  
 MICK: But, Jon, then it would be for real.  
 JON: Well, what do you want?  
 MICK: I want to stay out past 11:00 without having to  
 get permission or feel guilty for not calling.  
 JON: Then move out.  
 MICK: But how?  
 JON: You just do it. I did it.  
 MICK: But you work.  
 JON: That's also part of being an adult.  
 MICK: Wow. Move out, huh?  
 JON: You know, Sean is planning on getting married  
 to Rita next summer, so they're thinking of moving  
 in together now. You can take his room if he does  
 move in with her, that way I don't have to look for  
 a new roommate.  
 MICK: Sean is getting married?  
 JON: Yeah. To Rita.  
 MICK: But he's only a few years older than us.  
 JON: He's 21. When he gets married, he'll be 22.  
 MICK: *(Quietly)* Married. Wow.  
 JON: It's what grownups do. That and move out.  
 MICK: But how could I? I mean, I go to college.  
 JON: So do I. I work and go to school.  
 MICK: But that's almost all you do.  
 JON: I have fun . . . not as much as you, but I have  
 responsibilities.  
 MICK: How many hours do you work during a week?  
 JON: Usually 30, sometimes 40.  
 MICK: Jeez, that's almost full time, plus school.  
 JON: Yeah, but I like it. I live on my own, don't answer  
 to anyone. And I don't have to be home at 11:00.  
 MICK: My mom would freak if I told her I was moving out.

JON: Think again.  
 MICK: What does that mean?  
 JON: I was talking to your mom last week, when I called  
 and you were at the mall . . . spending HER money,  
 I might add. We had an interesting little talk.  
 MICK: What did she say?  
 JON: She asked me when I thought you would finally  
 grow up and get out. Believe me, she wants you out  
 as bad as you want to leave. Probably more so.  
 MICK: I can't believe that. Why would she say that?  
 JON: Because you need to grow up. The only reason  
 she has you call and she wants you home early is  
 because she worries. If you moved out, she wouldn't  
 have to worry because you would be gone.  
 MICK: She WANTS me to move out?  
 JON: All parents feel that way after a while.  
 MICK: If I decided to, you're sure I could move in with  
 you?  
 JON: As long as you follow the rules.  
 MICK: Very funny.  
 JON: I'm not kidding.  
 MICK: What rules?  
 JON: Don't leave your garbage all over the place, leave  
 my clothes alone, provide your own food, clean up  
 the kitchen, no dishes left in the sink, turn off lights  
 when you leave a room . . .  
 MICK: I might as well stay at home.  
 JON: Yeah, and there it's free. Your part of the rent  
 would be \$255 a month, not including utilities.  
 MICK: I'd have to work.  
 JON: It's called growing up. It happens to all of us.  
 MICK: So, Sean is really going to get married?  
 JON: So he says.  
 MICK: Twenty-two? Married? It seems like yesterday  
 we were all still in high school.

**JON:** It was only last year, Mick.

**MICK:** Yeah, but things are getting so different.

**JON:** Things change. People change. Have you seen Kara lately?

**MICK:** No. Is she coming tonight?

**JON:** I think so.

**MICK:** I'm calling my mom and telling her I'm staying a little longer. I want to see her. And you and I can talk about me moving in.

**JON:** Sounds good.

**MICK:** *(Going to the phone)* Kara, I haven't seen her since she graduated. That was, what, three years ago?

**JON:** She's changed.

**MICK:** How? Greatest body on the cheer squad in the history of the school. And beautiful.

**JON:** She's still beautiful. Has that certain glow about her.

**MICK:** What glow?

**JON:** The one pregnant married ladies get at about the sixth month.

**MICK:** What?

**JON:** Like I said, we change.

**MICK:** *(Laughing)* I guess so. *(Into the phone)* Hi, mom?

## LEAVING

**CHAD:** Fifteen years old, troubled and confused by the turmoil he feels inside.

**DEVIN:** Chad's eighteen-year-old brother, trying to understand the trouble inside of Chad, but frustrated by not being able to help.

**CHAD:** *(Off-stage)* Just leave me alone. God, just get out of my way and leave me alone.

**DEVIN:** *(Off-stage)* Don't walk away from me, Chad, I am talking to you. Chad, get back in here.

**CHAD:** *(Entering the room, throwing things into a bag.)* That's it, brother. I am out of here. I am getting as far away as I can and going as fast as I can.

**DEVIN:** *(Following him in)* What? What is the problem? *(Seeing him pack things)* What are you doing?

**CHAD:** Isn't it obvious? Don't you see me packing my things? Are you a moron? I am leaving.

**DEVIN:** OK. I see clothes flying, I hear you yelling. But you have done nothing to explain it. You just scream and yell and say "I'm leaving, I'm leaving."

**CHAD:** You know, that's part of the problem around here. No one ever listens to anything I say. And Devin, you are as guilty as the rest of them!

**DEVIN:** Wait. I listen. It's just that I'm not hearing anything that makes any sense. And the rest of who? What are you whining about?

**CHAD:** I don't need you to join in on this official Dump on Chad week, you know.

**DEVIN:** Wait, what do you mean, "Dump on Chad week?" Who's been dumping on you? *(Grabbing him and sitting him down.)* Sit down and talk to me.

**CHAD:** Why? Because you'll listen? Right. *(Pulling away)* I am sick of you, of this family, of everything. I've