

## MOON OVER THE BREWERY

### ACT ONE

*THE SCENE: The Waslyk home, somewhere in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. It's one of those houses you see sitting up on the side of the hill. To one side of the stage is the "front yard." An old rail fence is Upstage. On the other side is the actual house. There is a small open porch with a door leading to the living room. The Waslyk living room looks like an antique shop; it is filled with old things and various art projects. The dining room table is completely covered with various works-in-progress. To one side is a stairway leading upstairs, to the rear is a kitchen door. Prominently displayed, in a place of honor, is a beautiful quilt. There are lots of paintings ... all of them moonscapes. One sits on an easel, covered. It is late afternoon in April. Amanda Waslyk enters into the yard area. She is 13, but a very serious kid. Her clothes would be more suitable on an adult. She carries a briefcase and speaks over her shoulder as she enters.*

AMANDA. (*Whispering urgently.*) Go away! It's not funny anymore. (*At the house, cautiously.*) Mother? You home? (*No answer. She turns offstage, this time speaking in a normal voice.*) Stop following me. (*Randolph strolls into view. He is of indeterminate age and wears a perfectly tailored white suit which could be slightly out of date, but it looks so good on him — who cares. Randolph is incredibly handsome. Cary Grant would be ideal casting, but we understand he's unavailable.*)

RANDOLPH. Women have such egos. You naturally assume I'm following you.

AMANDA. You are.

RANDOLPH. Perhaps I'm just out for a stroll.

AMANDA. Up here?

RANDOLPH. The strip mine is lovely in the spring.

AMANDA. Go away.

RANDOLPH. You've missed me.

AMANDA. You wish.

RANDOLPH. You have.

AMANDA. You are so conceited, you know that?

RANDOLPH. I've never had time for fake modesty.

AMANDA. Go away. *(She heads for the front door.)*

RANDOLPH. Don't you even want to know where I've been?

AMANDA. No.

RANDOLPH. Yes you do. You're dying for a good story.

AMANDA. I'm serious — go away. You always get me in trouble.

RANDOLPH. You need me.

AMANDA. What for?

RANDOLPH. You know. *(A beat.)*

AMANDA. I don't need you and I don't want you here. And don't ever come to school again.

RANDOLPH. *(Advancing on her.)* Who was that little toad with whom you were having such a serious conversation at the bus stop?

AMANDA. He's not a toad.

RANDOLPH. Peter, that's his name, isn't it?

AMANDA. I hate it when you play games like this —

RANDOLPH. Does Peter have a skin condition?

AMANDA. He has a pimple —

RANDOLPH. Sub-standard personal hygiene?

AMANDA. All boys have them once in awhile.

RANDOLPH. I never did.

AMANDA. Well, you're perfect.

RANDOLPH. After all these years you finally admit it. I should go away more often. *(She heads for the door, he blocks her way.)*

AMANDA. Get out of my way.

RANDOLPH. So what were you and the Elephant Man talking about?

AMANDA. None of your business. *(She moves around him to the porch.)* Good-bye Randolph.

RANDOLPH. You need me. *(She turns to protest, but he beats her to it.)* Somebody was here last night.

AMANDA. *(Without conviction.)* No there wasn't.

RANDOLPH. Then why was I called away from such a fabulous party?

AMANDA. Nobody's stopping you. Go back to your party.

RANDOLPH. Didn't you hear someone laughing? Right around midnight?

AMANDA. That was the tv.

RANDOLPH. Don't lie to me, m'llove. I know you too well. *(He moves closely to her.)* Mother had that smile this morning. *(He takes out a cigarette case.)*

AMANDA. What smile?

RANDOLPH. You know. That Scarlett O'Hara-the-morning-after-Rhett-Butler-carried-her-up-the-stairs-smile. Cigarette? *(She shakes her head "no." He takes out a cigarette holder and proceeds to light up.)* Now think. When was the last time mother had anything resembling that smile? Four years ago. The ceramic tile salesman with a penchant for country music. If it wasn't for me we'd still be listening to songs about trucks.

AMANDA. I got rid of him — not you.

RANDOLPH. You're an amateur —

AMANDA. No I'm not —

RANDOLPH. Me — I'm the one who did it. I'm the person who saved you from having to ride in a car with large green dice hanging off the mirror.

AMANDA. *(Extending her hand.)* It's been a pleasure Randolph. Stop back again in four years. *(Again, he blocks her way.)*

RANDOLPH. What were you and this Peter talking about?

AMANDA. You're so smart, you tell me.

RANDOLPH. He was making some sort of indecent proposal, wasn't he?

AMANDA. He's thirteen.

RANDOLPH. That's when they start —

AMANDA. You're jealous, aren't you?

RANDOLPH. *(How absurd.)* Please ...

AMANDA. You are.

RANDOLPH. Of him? He's this big. *(He indicates a very short*