

## Change Room (Dave's of The World Unite!)

*[Dave enters. He goes to his locker and opens it. Over the course of the scene, he changes out of his suit and tie and into his racquetball garb. Occasionally he catches a whiff of an unpleasant odor. He thinks he is the source and applies deodorant four or five times during the scene. "Dave" enters wearing racquetball garb. He has just come off the court and is short of breath and perspiring. He enters with a gym bag which contains his towel, water bottle, spray-on deodorant, other normal racquetball player items, and a great deal of cash in bundles. The cash should be visible (if looking for it, but attention should not be intentionally drawn to it by doing things such as having it fall onto the floor or fanning himself with it) but not too obvious. During the scene, "Dave" changes from his racquetball outfit into his suit and tie. His suit is in his locker, but he **does not** open it until indicated in the script. He, too, notices a peculiar odor and sprays the air with his spray-on deodorant two or three times during the scene.]*

Dave:           *[Looking at "Dave's" mid-section.]* Is that rented?

"Dave:"       No, it's my own.

Dave:           You're a lucky man.

"Dave:"       Thanks. ...My wife picked it out for me.

Dave:           Really? That's great. *[Pause]* Hey, my name's Dave. *[Offers hand.]*

"Dave:"       *[Accepts hand.]* Hey, that's great. My name's Dave, too.

Dave:           Really. Huh. That's funny. *[Pause]* Hey, were you here last week during all the commotion?

“Dave:” No, uh, this is my first time here.

Dave: Oh, well hey, you missed all the excitement.

“Dave:” Why? What happened?

Dave: [*Conspiratorial*] Well, what I heard was one of the guys on the 10<sup>th</sup> floor – his wife got kidnapped, I guess. So, she disappeared and he got “the call” instructing him to pay some huge ransom or he’d never see his wife again.

“Dave:” Really.

Dave: Yeah. So he, of course, called the cops. They got involved and assumed it was legit. But the kicker is – and this is the part that got me because this is the sort of thing you see on the news, but it never happens *to* you, you know – the drop off place was here.

“Dave:” Here?

Dave: Yeah, they were told to leave the money in one of the lockers.

“Dave:” Which one?

Dave: Oh, I don’t know. I think a couple rows over.

“Dave:” [*Pause*] So, ...what happened? [*Starts to try to open his locker.*]

Dave: Well, the money’s gone, of course. But no sign of her. He got stiffed. ...I heard someone say they think she got her boyfriend to make the call and they both ran off with the money. They’re probably on a beach somewhere right now. Hey, do you need a hand with that?

“Dave:” Yeah, it seems to be stuck.

[*They both force the locker open. The door is flung open to reveal “Dave’s” suit and pants. There is a moment of calm after the violence of the door.*]

“Dave:” Thanks.

Dave: You’re welcome.

[*Pause*]

“Dave:” I feel bad for the guy.

Dave: Yeah. Well. Happens, I guess. [*Pause.*] So, you’re name’s Dave.

“Dave:” That’s right.

Dave: I haven’t seen you at the meetings.

“Dave:” I usually go on the north side.

Dave: Oh. Right.

“Dave:” I’ve been spending more time on the south side lately, though, and I was thinking of trying it out over here.

Dave: Oh yeah, you should. We’ve got a very active group.

“Dave:” How open are they to converts?

Dave: Why, are you... When did you become a Dave?

“Dave:” I converted before I got married. My wife’s family has a strong line of Daves in it. They’re proud, you know?

Dave: I hear you. What is your wife’s name?

“Dave:” Heather.

Dave: Heather? Really. You lucky duck! I’ve often wondered what my life would be like with a Heather.

“Dave:” Oh, yeah, well, ...it’s pretty good. What’s your wife’s name?

Dave: Tammy.

“Dave:” Tammy? Tammy! What are you complaining about? I heard Tammies are a load

of fun.

Dave: Oh yeah, they are. But I often thought a Heather would be smarter.

“Dave:” Yeah, but they can be mean though, too.

Dave: [*Sympathetically.*] Oh yeah. That’s true. I forgot. [*Pause*] So, you weren’t born a Dave?

“Dave:” Uh, no, ...but I have to say I feel so much more...centered now that I am.

Dave: If you don’t mind me asking, what were you before?

“Dave:” [*Sheepishly*] Oh well. ...Well, it’s hard to look back and think that I ever used to identify with that name.

Dave: If you’d rather not.

“Dave:” No, no, it’s alright. ...I was a Trevor.

Dave: A Trevor! ...Sorry. I just can’t picture you as a Trevor. I’ve met so few Trevors.

“Dave:” No, I know! I’m really glad I converted. It took a while but I actually think I walk a little taller, you know?

Dave: I hear you and if it helps you to know, if you hadn’t told me I never would have known you weren’t a Dave. [*Closes his locker. The force of closing his locker door causes another locker door further down the bank of lockers to swing open revealing a partially decomposed woman’s head. Neither of the Dave’s notices.*]

“Dave:” So, do you think it would be alright for me to attend a meeting on the south side? The reason I ask is I heard they drummed out a convert a few years ago because they found out he used to be a Luke.

Dave: Well, that **was** ten years ago, and the group is a bit more liberal now. Besides, he wasn’t a Luke, he was a Lance!

“Dave:” Eww.

Dave: Yeah, and a **real** Lance at that. ...No, I don’t think you’ll have any problem.

Besides, I don’t see any real need for them to know, do you?

“Dave:” No. You’re right, Dave. Thanks.

Dave: You’re welcome, ...Dave. [*They shake hands.*] It’s a pleasure to meet you.

“Dave:” Likewise.

Dave: I’ll keep an eye out for you at the Hall.

“Dave:” Thanks. [*Dave turns to go.*] Oh, Dave?

Dave: Yes?

“Dave:” Is that rented? [*Indicating his mid-section*]

Dave: [*Looking down at his racquetball garb and back at “Dave.”*] Yes.

“Dave:” Safer.

Dave: I think so.

[*Dave exits to the courts with his racket. He closes the open locker with the head as he passes without noticing the head. “Dave” picks up his gym bag (containing the cash) and exits opposite.*]

End