

Tom

JIM. Not unless you're moving to the North Pole! *(Bev laughs harder.)*

BEV. Thank goodness we're not moving *South!*

JIM. *That'd be a mess. No question. (Bev and Jim stop laughing, sigh. More discomfort, then.)* No question.

BEV. *(Jumping up.)* Well, I'm going to see what we *do* have. *(Bev exits into the kitchen, leaving Russ and Jim alone.)*

**START** JIM. Whaddya, coming down with something?

RUSS. Who?

JIM. Bev said "under the weather."

RUSS. Me?

JIM. And here ya sit in your PJs —

RUSS. No no no no no. I'm — Took the day to — Truck coming, so —

JIM. I gotcha.

RUSS. Coupla days off.

JIM. Playing hooky.

RUSS. No no.

JIM. Bev's your alibi.

RUSS. Just giving her a hand with stuff.

JIM. And you are hard at work, as I see.

RUSS. *(Smiles a little.)* No. I just.

JIM. Kidding you.

RUSS. I know. I — I — Yup.

JIM. Woulda come to your aid there, only I'm dealing with a little, uh, issue.

RUSS. Oh yeah?

JIM. Piano I told ya about?

RUSS. Right?

JIM. Didja ever ... *(Lowers voice.)* ever need a *truss*? Have to wear one of those?

RUSS. Uhhhh... Don't recall.

JIM. Oh, you'd recall it if you did.

RUSS. Guess not, then.

JIM. Then you are a *fortunate* man.

RUSS. I hear you.

JIM. Bend the knees or suffer the consequences.

RUSS. Yup. *(Brief pause.)*

JIM. So, *Monday*, you said.

RUSS. Yup.

JIM. Off to the hinterlands.

RUSS. Monday it is.

BEV. *(Calling from off.)* Jim, was that a yes or a no on the iced tea?

JIM. *(Calling back to her.)* Uhhh, I would not say no to that.

BEV. *(Same.)* Russ? *(Russ shakes his head.)*

JIM. *(Same.)* I believe Russ is declining your gracious offer.

BEV. *(Same.)* I thought as much.

JIM. *(Back to Russ.)* Monday.

RUSS. Indeed.

JIM. Head 'em up. Move 'em out.

RUSS. Yup.

JIM. And when ya start at that Glen Meadows office?

RUSS. Monday after.

JIM. How about that.

RUSS. Yup.

JIM. And how's that shaping up?

RUSS. Oh, boy, now. That's a nice setup.

JIM. I betcha.

RUSS. And *spacious*, that's the thing. And *carpeted*? And I got a look at that office they're putting me in. Tell you what I thought to myself, I thought what the heck do ya do with all this space? *Corner* office. Windows two sides. But the space is the primary — That is just an ... *extravagant* amount of space.

JIM. Elbow room.

RUSS. Other thing is, once we get situated up in the new place. The time it takes? Driveway to the parking lot? Know what that's gonna take me?

JIM. Five minutes.

RUSS. Six and a half.

JIM. Close enough.

RUSS. Timed it. Door to door.

JIM. Roll outta bed and *boom*.

RUSS. And Tom Perricone. I don't know if you know Tom. *Colleague* of mine. Now, he's going to relocate to that same office and they live right down here offa Larabee. You know what *that's* gonna take him on the expressway?

JIM. That's a drive.

RUSS. Thirty-five minutes. And that's no traffic.

JIM. Well, Judy and I are sure gonna miss having you two around.

RUSS. Well ... Yeah. *(Awkward pause.)*

JIM. *(Lowers voice, secretively.)* And how's Bev doing?

**END**