

# NANCY

by

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## CAST:

Alan: Elderly man, 80's  
Jimmy: Young boy 15 or 16  
Passerby: adult, male or female

# NANCY

Old man (Alan) in his eighties is sitting on a park bench. Pleasantly warm spring afternoon. He is dressed neatly in a nondescript way

We see him occasionally nodding to people passing by as he unwraps a sandwich from a brown paper bag and begins to eat it. He tosses pieces on the ground for the squirrels.

A skateboard comes rolling in from offstage and stops at his feet. He picks it up and examines it. A boy (Jimmy) of around 15 or 16 enters.

**JIMMY:**

Do ya mind?

**ALAN:**

Do I mind about what?

**JIMMY:**

My board?

**ALAN:**

Your "board"?

**JIMMY:**

My *skateboard!*

**ALAN:**

Oh...is this yours?

**JIMMY:**

Ya

**ALAN:**

Just about broke my ankle.

**JIMMY:**

Doubt it.

**ALAN:**

You do?

**JIMMY:**

Huh?

**ALAN:**

I asked if you really do doubt that it just about broke my ankle.

**JIMMY:**

I dunno.

**ALAN:**

Well if you did you'd be right. It just rolled up here and stopped. It's good to doubt sometimes.

**JIMMY:**

(pause) You weird or something?

**ALAN:**

(pause) Are you?

**JIMMY:**

Am I what?

**ALAN:**

Weird or something?

**JIMMY:**

No.

**ALAN:**

I thought you young guys wanted to be weird....to make us old guys feel even older. Isn't that why you have that stud stuck through your eyebrow.

**JIMMY:**

No, that was just to piss off my old man. Can I have my board back now?

**ALAN:**

Did it work?

**JIMMY:**

What's it to you?

**ALAN:**

Just interested that's all.

**JIMMY:**

Why?

**ALAN:**

Just to pass the time.

**JIMMY:**

You *are* weird.

**ALAN:**  
Well, did it?

**JIMMY:**  
Asshole didn't even notice.

**ALAN:**  
I'll bet he did..

**JIMMY:**  
No...he woulda flipped. He's just an asshole.

**ALAN:**  
So, how many assholes in your family?

**JIMMY:**  
What?

**ALAN:**  
Is your Mother an asshole?

**JIMMY:**  
No

**ALAN:**  
Do you have any asshole brothers and sisters?

**JIMMY:**  
Are you like, senile or something?

**ALAN:**  
Well, do you?

**JIMMY:**  
No, it's just me and my Mom. My asshole old man moved out last year.

**ALAN:**  
So you're a one asshole family then.

**JIMMY:**  
*(smiling)* I'm gonna tell that to my Mom, she'll like that. Hey, can I have my board?

**ALAN:**  
See all these little bits of bread I've spread around here?

**JIMMY:**  
What about my board?!

**ALAN:**

Just a minute.....see these pieces of bread?

**JIMMY:**

Yeah, so?

**ALAN:**

If you're very patient and very quiet, the squirrels will come and take them. Then the next time if you put them a little closer, the squirrels come closer. Pretty soon they'll come right up and eat out of your hand.

**JIMMY:**

I tried that once but they just ran away.

**ALAN:**

That's because you weren't patient. You have to earn their trust.. Look...there's a squirrel now! Sit down...slowly and be very still. (*Jimmy does so*). Shhh, here he comes.....don't move.

*Alan holdsout a piece of bread. They wait very still and watch as the squirrel moves closer and takes it from Alans' hand*

**JIMMY:**

Took it right out of your hand! Cool!

**ALAN:**

It's wonderful isn't it? Feels wonderful..

**JIMMY:**

You do this every day?

**ALAN:**

Pretty much, if it's not raining....or snowing.

**JIMMY:**

What do you do, just sit here and feed squirrels? That's pretty lame. I mean, unless they come right up to you like that.

**ALAN:**

That's what I like doing. But today, I'm also waiting for my wife.

**JIMMY:**

She meeting you at this bench?

**ALAN:**

She'll find me.

**JIMMY:**

So you're just sitting here? Why don't you go get her?

**ALAN:**

Oh, she's with her friends. She wants me to wait for her. There are things you learn after being married for 61 years...one of them is when your wife wants you to do something, it's usually a pretty good idea to do it. And...there are times when you are going to have to be apart.

**JIMMY:**

Ya I know, I can't see my chick all weekend. It really sucks.

**ALAN:**

It usually does.

**JIMMY:**

Gotta visit my old man. So I don't get to see her.

**ALAN:**

You're right. That sucks.

**JIMMY:**

Don't say that.

**ALAN:**

Say what?

**JIMMY:**

Sucks. Sounds gross when you say it.

**ALAN:**

Point taken

**JIMMY:**

*(gesturing)* Hey, is that your wife over there?

**ALAN:**

*(looking in the direction Jimmy is pointing)* No, no...she's much prettier than that...and her hair is pure white like an angels'. Besides, there was no flutter.

**JIMMY:**

What do you mean.

**ALAN:**

That little fluttery feeling I get in my chest when I see her. Don't you get that when you see "your chick"?

**JIMMY:**

No, I get a woody.

**ALAN:**

Ah, those were the days....

**JIMMY:**

What?

**ALAN:**

*(smiling)* Nothing!

**JIMMY:**

Now I won't get to see her till Monday after school and that's like two whole days.

**ALAN:**

As you said, that really.....well, you know. When I was twenty, I didn't see my girl for almost three years.

**JIMMY:**

Wow, what happened....you go to jail?

**ALAN:**

No, no nothing like that. I went to Italy. With the RCR's.

**JIMMY:**

What's the RCR's?

**ALAN:**

The Royal Canadian Regiment. I joined the army and went to war. Seemed like a good idea at the time.

**JIMMY:**

Oh wow...did you kill anybody? *(Alan doesn't answer).(pause)* Did you?

**ALAN:**

*(long pause, looks away) (quietly)* That was a long time ago.

**JIMMY:**

Don't you remember?

**ALAN:**  
I can't forget.

**JIMMY:**  
So you're like one of those vets who came to my school and talked about the war.

**ALAN:**  
Yep.

**JIMMY:**  
*(uncomfortable pause...he's not sure how to say it)* Thanks

**ALAN:**  
You're welcome.

**JIMMY:**  
*(happy to get back to a more comfortable subject)* So you didn't see your chick for 3 whole years? Man I'd go mental.

**ALAN:**  
Maybe I did! We didn't have email in those days so we just had to write letters. Sometimes they wouldn't arrive and I didn't know what she was doing or how she was feeling or..... anything. She felt so far away. I didn't think it was possible to go to one place but leave your heart in another. Anyway...sorry...I'm boring you, you probably want to go ride your board. *(hands the skateboard back to Jimmy)*

**JIMMY:**  
I guess. *(pause)* You got the time?

**ALAN:**  
Nope

**JIMMY:**  
Don't you have, like a watch or something?

**ALAN:**  
Nope. I've seen enough time fly by, I no longer need to check to see if it's still moving along. My schedule's pretty open these days.

**JIMMY:**  
It's just that my Dad said I can't come back until 5.

**ALAN:**  
Well around 5, the sun should be just about touching that church steeple over there.

**JIMMY:**  
Cool. You can tell the time by where the sun is?

**ALAN:**

I can approximate it, yes.

**JIMMY:**

What if it's cloudy?

**ALAN:**

Then I just decide not to care what time it is.

**JIMMY:**

Oh. So...how old are you anyway? Like, about a hundred?

**ALAN:**

Close.....86

**JIMMY:**

You're even older than my Grandpa.

**ALAN:**

And how old are you?

**JIMMY:**

15. And I know how to drive, my Dad taught me and lets me drive around the parking lot sometimes.

**ALAN:**

Your Dad?

**JIMMY:**

Yeah.

**ALAN:**

You mean,....the asshole.

**JIMMY:**

I guess.

**ALAN:**

So, kids don't wear watches these days?

**JIMMY:**

I use my cell, but I forgot it at home. I'm gonna have like a million texts waiting for me. I gotta know what time it is or I'll go nuts....I might miss something.

**ALAN:**

That's because all of your days are tomorrows. All mine are yesterdays.

**JIMMY:**

That sucks.

**ALAN:**

Not really. There were some good yesterdays. Some very good yesterdays. Like the day I met Nancy.

**JIMMY:**

Who's Nancy?

**ALAN:**

My wife. It was the first day of my second year at University and she was sitting across the horseshoe in my biology class. She had long dark hair and beautiful green eyes. She was looking down at her desk, then she raised her eyes, looked at me, and I knew she could see right inside me. She was across the room but I could feel her breath on my cheek. We looked at each other for a second, then I started to cry.

**JIMMY:**

You mean, like a baby?

**ALAN:**

No, there was just one tear, but I wiped it away hoping nobody noticed.

**JIMMY:**

How come you married her if she made you cry?

**ALAN:**

I married her *because* she made me cry.

**JIMMY:**

Didn't she think you were a girl?

**ALAN:**

(Smiling) No. No she didn't. Women are strange and complex creatures and one of the great joys in your life will be discovering that.

**JIMMY:**

Why did you cry?

**ALAN:**

Because she was so beautiful. Because she touched something inside me I didn't even know existed. And later..... I cried because I loved her so much. She pushed the tears right out of my heart.

**JIMMY:**

She what?

**ALAN:**

She made me happy.

**JIMMY:**

Oh. My chick never makes me cry.

**ALAN:**

I know

**JIMMY:**

How do you know?

**ALAN:**

*(smiling)* Because if she did, you wouldn't call her "your chick".

**JIMMY:**

No chicks ever gonna make me cry.

**ALAN:**

It's not a bad thing. Really it isn't. Sometimes words can't describe the feeling.....like when our son was born. I felt as if a part of my heart had been taken and put inside his little chest and both our hearts were beating with the same rhythm. As he lived, I lived. If he died, I would die.

**JIMMY:**

Did you cry then too?

**ALAN:**

We both did, Nancy and I. We just held each other. Held each other and cried. It was the best I'd ever felt.

**JIMMY:**

That's totally weird.

**ALAN:**

I imagine it could seem that way. I really hope it happens to you . I hope you get to feel that.

**JIMMY:**

I sure don't. Two grown ups sitting there bawling. That's gross. Like I'm gonna let that happen.

**ALAN:**

Well, if it does, you won't be able to stop it. Thank goodness. *(pause)* You'd better go, it's almost five. . Besides *(his breath is becoming laboured)* I think ....I think Nancy will be here soon.

**JIMMY:**

Maybe I can come back tomorrow, or maybe next weekend and we can get the squirrels to come back *(Jimmy looking towards the church steeple and doesn't notice that Alan's breathing is becoming ragged and he's holding his left arm)* Hey you're right, the sun is

almost at the tip of the steeple! That's like pioneer time telling or something!*(Jimmy then becomes pre-occupied with retying his sneaker laces and doesn't notice that Alan has slumped over on the bench)* My old man bought me these skate shoes last time I was here, they're awesome. They're "Tony Hawk" shoes and you can only get them on the internet. Everyone at school wants them.... *(notices Alan)* Hey mister...you OK?

**ALAN:**

I'm fine, you just go....go!

**JIMMY:**

You don't look so good...

**ALAN:**

The squirrels will still be here tomorrow, you can come back and...*(his voice is very weak)* Just go, please. *(his eyes open)* Nancy.

**JIMMY:**

Oh shit, shit...want me to get some help?...sit up...sit up! Come on...don't do this man....don't do this!! *(he tries to move Alan to a sitting position, but it's obvious he's dead)* Holy shit...no! Oh man!! Oh man oh man....*(tries CPR, but it's obvious he doesn't know what he's doing)* Help!! Help!!

**PASSERBY:**

*(runs up)* What's wrong?

**JIMMY:**

*(almost frantic)* It's this old man...he just keeled over...shit,, I don't even know his name!

**PASSERBY:**

Oh my god it's Alan! He's here every day. Here, help me loosen his shirt. What happened!?

**JIMMY:**

I don't know...we were just talking and stuff and he fell over. You know him?

**PASSERBY:**

Ya...Hang on Alan, hang on....*(tries CPR)* Stay with me Alan, stay with me ..please , please! Come on, come on! *(to Jimmy)* Don't just stand there, call 911!

**JIMMY:**

*(goes to his pocket)* Shit!! I don't have my phone!

**PASSERBY:**

*(Still trying CPR)* Come on Alan, don't do this.... *(to Jimmy)* Then go get somebody!

**JIMMY:**

Who!? Who!? Oh God! Is he gonna be OK?

**PASSERBY:**

*(listening to Alans chest and feeling his pulse)* Never mind, never mind....he's gone.

**JIMMY:**

*(upset)* What?

**PASSERBY:**

We'd better go get someone

**JIMMY:**

No ...no...oh man...he's really dead?

**PASSERBY:**

Looks like it. ....he said he had heart problems. OK, OK, you stay here, I'll get some help. I saw a cop across the street *(starts to leave)*

**JIMMY:**

Yeah, right. OK but if you see a really old lady with really white hair coming this way, you have to stop her, don't let her see him!

**PASSERBY:**

Why?

**JIMMY:**

Because that'll be his wife! She can't see him like this! He said he was waiting for her.

**PASSERBY:**

He told you that?

**JIMMY:**

Yeah

**PASSERBY:**

Waiting for Nancy?

**JIMMY:**

Yeah, that's her name.

**PASSERBY:**

Nah, you must be wrong kid, Nancy died six months ago. *(leaves)*

**JIMMY:**

*(calling after passerby)* No...he said...he said she was coming. *(Passerby is gone, says this to himself)* He said she knew where he was. He said he was.....waiting.

*(Jimmy sits on the bench beside Alan. He looks shocked and confused)*

*(As realization dawns on him he hugs his skateboard to his chest)*

**END**