



# THE DAYS

An Original One Act

by

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Directed by Savannah Greene

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STANFORD  
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SCENE 1

The stage is set with three locations: Greg's Bar and Grill (suggestion: stage left), a modest apartment living room (stage right), and a hospital waiting area (at the front of the house).

Somewhere the following needs to be illuminated or projected: "ON THE SEVENTH DAY, GOD GAVE UP."

The sounds of Pink Floyd's Comfortably Numb come through the dull roar of eight o'clock at Greg's Bar and Grill downtown.

Lights up on Greg's.

Greg's is all dark wood, brick, and brass, with colored string light, luminous Budweiser and Heineken signs, and a giant board reading "Greg's Bar and Grill".

ROD and TANYA sit at a table in a sea of other tables and other people. There are five empty beer bottles pushed to the middle of the table. Tanya has her fingers laced around the neck of the sixth, which gathers perspiration.

Tanya is slight, tired, and incredibly drunk. Her shirt ought to be form-fitting, but it's been stretched and hangs morosely from her frame. Her cheeks are wet in runs, a delta of salty rivulets culminating in a pool of drip on the tabletop.

Rod wears a canvas jacket with the sleeves rolled up.

ROD  
You should stop drinking.

Tanya stares at him, then through him.

ROD  
Stop drinking.

Her grip on the bottle is unyielding.

Tanya, stop-

ROD

Tanya weakly heaves her bottle at him. But instead of hitting him, it bounces on the table without breaking, beer foaming everywhere.

Rod stands.

JESUS-

ROD

(he catches himself, lowers his voice)

-fucking Christ! What the fuck is wrong with you! Fuck!

People around them are staring, moving their children away from the scene. The bar grows quieter.

Tanya begins to cry into her hands.

JERRY, the bartender, comes around to see what's going on.

Rod, is she okay?

JERRY

She's, yeah, she's great.

ROD

Rod grabs a mop from behind the bar. He knows this place well.

People are talking again, probably about Tanya, but at any rate the background volume picks up again.

Do you want help cleaning up man?

JERRY

No. Tanya's gonna do it.

ROD

Jerry slides back behind the bar.

Rod holds the mop out to Tanya, who ignores him.

Clean it up.

ROD

Tanya gives him the finger.

Clean it up!

ROD

She begins to pass out. Rod catches her and awkwardly slumps her onto the table.

Rod mops up the mess, cleans up the bottles, and nods to Jerry on his way out, Tanya passed out in his arms.

Rod carries her out of the bar and into the apartment space. The futon is already opened into a bed. The sheets are wrinkled and soft.

He arranges her kindly on the futon and pulls off her socks. One catches on her left toe ring. From under a low table he pulls a duvet and an airplane blanket to cover her with. He tucks all the edges under her so she's warm and safe in a blanket cocoon.

He brings her a glass of water and sets it on the table.

He sits at the foot of the futon and tries to write a note for her, but crumples it up and puts it in the trash under an old banana peel.

He turns off the lamp on the side table, pulls out an already-packed duffel bag from a closet, and exits.

The sounds of a car screeching away rip through the night and make Tanya start.

The car screech also wakes someone else.

DEVON

Mommy!

Tanya sits up, listening to her little daughter cry for her.

TANYA

I'm coming.

Tanya slowly, dizzily gets up and stumbles offstage.

Lights out.

SCENE 2

The words: "ON THE SIXTH DAY, ANIMAL LIFE."

Lights up in the apartment.

Rod and Tanya are three years younger. Their actions are not yet weighted down by the world.

Rod sits on the futon, which is pulled into a couch, watching Wheel of Fortune on TV.

Tanya stands, rocking newborn baby Devon.

TANYA

What are we gonna name it?

Rod jerks like an antique statue come to life.

ROD

It? Are you kidding me?

TANYA

What?

ROD

She's a person, not an it.

TANYA

She doesn't count as a person yet. Babies aren't people. Babies are babies.

(looking at the baby)

She's just a little baby. I don't want her to be a person yet. Being a baby is way better. Nothing is hard.

Rod looks back to the TV.

ROD

I didn't come up with anything. I thought you already named her. What'd you put on the birth certificate?

Tanya stops rocking, stands still.

TANYA

I don't remember.

Tanya's eyes fill with tears.

TANYA

I don't remember. Oh, God, I forgot what I put.

(pause)

I remember thinking about what to name her. You were eating Burger King. You brought me fries, and...

(pause)

I don't even remember if it was a good name or not. Rod?

(pause)

Rod?

(whispering)

Am I a bad mom? Rod?

Rod rubs his eyes, reaches over to the side table by the futon, pulls out a few tissues.

Tanya takes them quickly, dabs her eyes.

TANYA

But she needs a name. I feel bad because she's getting old like every second and she doesn't have a name.

ROD

I don't know any good girl names.

TANYA

I want to give her a boy's name.

ROD

Why-

TANYA

I'm gonna call her Devon.

(looking at the baby)

I'm gonna call you Devon.

ROD

Devon could be a girl's name.

TANYA

No, it's a boy's name. I know a Devon. It's a boy's name.

Rod stares at Tanya, then looks back to Wheel of Fortune.

ROD

Yeah, except it could be a girl's name too.

TANYA

Any name could be a girl's name. Rod could be a fucking girl's name if you make it one. I'm fucking naming her Devon, and I'm meaning it as Devon a fucking boy!

ROD

Keep saying fuck around the baby.

TANYA

You just said fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck!

ROD

What is wrong with you? Seriously, *what* is wrong with you. Are you even in there? Are you hearing the words coming out of your mouth?

Tanya is quiet for a bit.

Rod returns to the TV.

TANYA

Rod? Who did you think I was when you first liked me?

(pause)

Tell me so I can be her again.

ROD

When I first liked you?

TANYA

Yeah.

ROD

(matter of fact)

I thought you were fun. I thought you were pretty. You said weird things like as if they were normal, and I liked that.

TANYA

But I'm not like that anymore.

ROD

It's somewhere I guess.

TANYA

I can't find it and I forget how to find it too.

Tanya, drained, shuffles to the bedroom with Devon in her arms.

Lights out.

SCENE 3

The words: "ON THE FIFTH DAY, THE FISH TOOK FLIGHT."

Lights up in the apartment.

Rod eats cereal on the futon. Tanya lies on the ground on her back, her pregnancy showing and her head on a pillow.

ROD

Remember when you asked me why I was working at Greg's-

TANYA

Nope.

ROD

-and then I told you basically that I didn't have to work at Greg's. I could work wherever I wanted.

Tanya rolls onto her side, away from Rod.

ROD

Well now Greg's is panning out. He wants me to be his partner. Like, Greg and Rod's Bar and Grill, except not.

Tanya's shoulder twitches.

ROD

I don't know if I'm gonna like it, but-

TANYA

Then don't do it.

ROD

I just don't know what I'm gonna be doing yet, that's all. I'll probably do the same as I'm doing now. It'll be fine-

TANYA

You don't have to do it.

ROD

It's not really a choice.

TANYA

Everything's a choice.

ROD

No it's not.

TANYA

Everything's a choice.

ROD

Can we not argue?

TANYA

Your decision.



ROD

Okay, I don't want to argue.

TANYA

Everything's a choice. I told you.

ROD

No. Some things happen to you and you can't fight it.

Tanya scratches her thigh, is quiet.

TANYA

Yeah.

She wipes her eyes.

Rod rolls his eyes. He sighs and hangs his head back.

ROD

I'm sorry.

(pause)

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

Rod's pent up rage escalates to the point where he begins to punch himself, until he realizes that Tanya has come to him and is trying to calm him gently.

They're both sitting on the ground.

ROD

I'm sorry.

(quietly desperate)

I love you.

They're still for a while, until Tanya begins to giggle.

ROD

(almost annoyed at her irreverence in the moment)

What?

TANYA

My leg fell asleep.

ROD

Which one?

TANYA

(smiling)

Both of them. Help, I'm uncomfortable.

(leaning on him)  
Oh my God, I can't move. Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow.

Rod stands and begins to help her up.  
He's smiling too.

Lights out.

SCENE 4

The words: "ON THE FOURTH DAY, THE  
STARS ALL ALIGNED, AND IT WAS UGLY  
BECAUSE EMBRYOS AREN'T CUTE."

Lights up in the apartment.

Rod stands outside of the bathroom. The  
door is cracked open. He speaks into  
the crack. Unless there's a way to put  
a bathroom onstage, Tanya should be  
behind a door, out of sight.

ROD  
Are you doing it right?

TANYA  
Yes I'm doing it right. I'm following the instructions to a  
perfect fucking tee, what it says on the package.

The sounds of Tanya peeing.

ROD  
You have to hold the stick a certain way, like upside down,  
is your stick upside down? Tanya?

TANYA  
Oh, fuck, I dropped it in the toilet. You made me drop it.  
Come in here and get it. I'm not putting my hand in the  
toilet.

Rod moves to go inside.

TANYA  
Wait, wait, don't come in yet! I'm wiping.

ROD  
I think you fucked it up. We should go to the doctor.

Tanya comes out of the bathroom,  
wearing only panties and a shirt.

TANYA  
(pissy)  
Fine, let's go to the doctor.

(to herself)  
I need pants though. Where are my pants, where are my pants.

Rod exits with the car keys.

TANYA  
Rod, I don't have any clean pants!  
(pause)  
Rod, I'm wearing yours!

From a pile of his laundry on the futon, she pulls some of his jeans, tying it with a belt and tripping out the door after him.

Rod and Tanya immediately re-enter together in the hospital waiting area. Tanya has gotten a handle on the too-big jeans, but she still looks like a thug. A scattering of several other young men are already in the waiting area, probably there for the same reason.

TANYA  
Just stay here. I don't think it'll take long. Right? I just have to pee, right?

Tanya exits on the opposite side of the waiting area. Rod sits in the only empty seat, between two other guys. He looks tense.

Lights out.

Lights up.

Everyone else is on their phones. Rod realizes he doesn't have his.

ROD  
(mouthed)  
Fuck!

Lights out.

Lights up.

The waiting room is a little emptier.

Rod finds a copy of Cosmo under his chair and subtly opens it. He flips through it with no intention of reading it or looking at anything closely.

Then he picks a page and rips it out.  
He folds it into a paper boat.

Lights out.

Lights up.

There's only one other guy left.

He and Rod are sitting in an impressive  
pile of Cosmo paper boats, slumped in  
their chairs and mindlessly making  
more.

Lights out.

Lights up.

Rod is the last person there. He has  
created a crib by pushing the chairs  
together, and is passed out. The paper  
boats are still there.

Enter Tanya.

Rod whips his head up and sees Tanya  
come in.

ROD

Tanya! What happened?  
(pause)  
What happened?

Tanya ignores him, makes for the door.

ROD

Tanya!  
(pause)  
What do you want me to do?

Rod begins to follow her.

Tanya leaves.

Lights out.

## SCENE 5

The projection: "ON THE THIRD DAY, A  
RIFT."

Lights up in the apartment.

Rod and Tanya lie in bed together on their backs.

Rod turns on his side to get closer to her, but she turns away.

TANYA

(playfully)

I'm tired. I don't feel like it.

Rod rolls back onto his back.

ROD

Okay. We could watch TV.

TANYA

No, let's just lie here. I like lying here. I like you.

ROD

I love you.

They lie still for a while, listening to each other breathe as the headlights and taillights of passing cars filter through the window blinds. His eyes close.

Tanya edges closer and closer to him, and it's not until she's practically on top of him that he opens his eyes. She is kissing his chin.

TANYA

(whispering)

I'm not tired anymore. I'm not tired anymore.

ROD

You were just tired.

Rod closes his eyes again.

TANYA

I'm not tired anymore.

ROD

Now I'm tired.

TANYA

That's no fun.

ROD

You got me in the mood and then I got out of the mood. What do you want me to do?

She kisses him to let him know.

ROD

I'm so sleepy, Tanya.

She kisses him again.

ROD

Why can't we just fall asleep together? Please. Let's just sleep.

Tanya quickly slides to the far side of the bed and crosses her arms.

ROD

You're grumpy now.

(reaching for her shoulder)

Come on, Tanya.

TANYA

No.

ROD

Come back.

Rod gingerly pulls her arm so she has to face him.

TANYA

No, stop.

He shakes his head like a puppy.

Tanya's jaws clench and she kicks at the duvet cover.

TANYA

Get the fuck off!

He tries to soothe her, even venturing to quietly kiss her.

But feeling overwhelmed and annoyed, she punches his shoulder and clings onto him with her nails.

The pillows fall over the side of the bed as they turn over.

He pins her against the mattress, but she thrashes and bucks, and it's all he can do to keep her down. Her rage and his loss of control increase in tandem.

The bedsheets are making ripping sounds all around them.

He closes his eyes for a moment, against the cacophony, and when he opens them he sees her smile in the darkness. He is disarmed.

She hooks her legs around his so he falls to his elbows. She pulls his bottom lip with her teeth, but she bites him a little too hard.

This sets him off. He more forcefully holds her down. She becomes fearful and submissive as soon as she realizes that she has pushed him too far. She gives in to his violent, passionate love-making.

Lights out.

#### SCENE 6

The words: "ON THE SECOND DAY, THE SKY WAS THE LIMIT."

Lights up in Greg's.

Tanya and Rod wear aprons. Rod is putting all the chairs that are stacked on the tables right-side-up on the floor. Tanya is behind the bar with a small box of cereal.

TANYA

Where's the milk.

ROD

It's on the bottom shelf. On the door.

Tanya pours the milk into the cereal box. And then she pours gin into the cereal box.

ROD

That's not milk...

TANYA

Gin kills milk germs.

ROD

I'm pretty sure that's not a thing.

TANYA  
Isn't it a thing people do?

ROD  
No, it sounds nasty as fuck.

TANYA  
Uh, intolerant.

ROD  
Uh, you're crazy.

Tanya comes around from behind the bar  
and eats her cereal.

TANYA  
I'm not. No, I'm not. Yoko Ono was a crazy bitch. That's why  
I named my uncle's dog Yoko. If you were John Lennon-

<p>ROD If I was John Lennon-</p>	<p>TANYA -you wouldn't be as tall as you are. And you'd be dead.</p>
--	--

ROD  
I... okay. I don't know how to respond to that.

TANYA  
Sorry. I don't want you to be short or dead. That'd, fuckin',  
not be pleasant.

ROD  
Well you're kinda short.

TANYA  
What?

ROD  
You're short, you're like five feet tall. You're like 80  
percent of a real person. But you don't look unpleasant.

TANYA  
I'm pretty content.

ROD  
I mean you don't look like you lead an unpleasant existence.



TANYA

For me, being short is like, a large proportion of the things I do are automatically cute, I can go under houses to clean and make shit tons of money, I dominate at hide and go seek, I hit my head like never, um, what else, if I was in the line of fire and I had to duck, I wouldn't have that far to duck to safety. A few weeks ago I got into the movies as a child. The bad things are, I can't wear long dresses, like you could rock a maxi dress if you wanted, plus you can be intimidating. I always wanted to scare people on Halloween, but there's nothing threatening about someone small wearing a mask just full out running at you.

ROD

I think I'd be alarmed if anyone ran at me.

Tanya puts down the cereal, turns around, ties her hair in a ponytail at the top of her forehead that covers her face, and then turns back around, striking a zombie pose and making some blood curdling noises and running straight at Rod.

Rod tries to defend himself from Tanya's line of fury. He realizes that Tanya isn't stopping.

ROD

Oh shit.

At the last second, Rod tries to get away, but he trips over a chair. Tanya is unable to stop herself because she can't see and hurdles into Rod. They fall over.

TANYA

You weren't actually scared though!

ROD

(winded)

Doubtful.

TANYA

No, you were just scared from the pain, but you weren't scared of the idea of me running at you, because I'm... me.

Some moments of silence. They just sit there on the ground, maybe they're on top of each other, partially tangled but neither getting up.

They begin to laugh.

They slowly get themselves back up again.

Rod returns to the task he was doing, and Tanya returns to her cereal.

They make eye contact from across the room and both smile on the inside.

Lights out.

SCENE 7

The words: "ON THE FIRST DAY, IT WAS EASY TO SEE BECAUSE OF THE LIGHT."

Lights up in Greg's.

It's nighttime, closed, empty. But the lights are still on. Management is still there, evidently.

Tanya knocks on the door to the restaurant.

Jerry and Rod are unseen, somewhere in a back office.

Tanya knocks incessantly, literally non-stop.

JERRY

(from offstage)

Fuuuuuck. I... can't get that. You get it.

ROD

(from offstage)

Fuck you.

JERRY

(from offstage)

I would fuck me.

Enter Rod, holding a bar mug with beer sloshing around inside. He shuffles slowly to the door.

Enter Jerry, holding a joint.

JERRY

(whispering)

Who is it?

ROD

I don't know. I haven't opened it yet.

JERRY

Dude I don't know if you should open it.

ROD

I'm gonna open it.

JERRY

What if it kills us.

(pause)

I'm just saying. What if it kills us.

ROD

Shut the fuck up.

Rod gets closer to the door.

JERRY

I'm not... I can't handle this..!

Jerry exits.

Rod opens the door.

ROD

Uh, sorry, we're closed.

Tanya, looking a little out of sorts, holds up a help wanted sign.

TANYA

(tired)

Are you hiring?

ROD

I mean, yeah, but not right now.

Rod gives a half-hearted smile, not making eye contact, and starts to close the door.

Tanya stops him from closing it.

TANYA

Please, this is the only time I could get over here.

ROD

It's...

Rod looks at his watch.

ROD  
You couldn't get here like two hours ago?

TANYA  
No.

ROD  
Why not?

TANYA  
Bitch please..! Just can I have the job.

ROD  
No.

TANYA  
But you need me. Let me talk to your manager.

ROD  
I am the manager.

Tanya sighs.

TANYA  
I can wash dishes, I'm careful as fuck, I can heat things up-

ROD  
I think you're too skilled for us.

TANYA  
I really, really need this. Please, you can trust me. I can't work at... My other bosses, they're like huge fucks. I just need somewhere good to work, where... I used to come here all the time when I was little with my grandma, and it would be like, the highlight of my week.

(leaning her head against the  
door frame)  
Please, I'm not a psycho.

ROD  
(smiling slightly,  
sarcastically)  
Yeah, okay.

TANYA  
I'm just doing the best I fucking can.

ROD  
Wanna come in?

TANYA  
Okay.

Rod lets her in and puts down a chair for her to sit in. She sits in it. He goes behind the bar.

What's your name?  
ROD

Tanya.  
TANYA

Rod.  
ROD

What if my name was Maggie.  
TANYA

I don't know.  
ROD

I hate that song. Are you named after him?  
TANYA

I'm named after a Slavic god of creation.  
ROD

Bad ass.  
TANYA

Rod continues to make the drink in silence.

Tanya fiddles with her jacket.

Rod brings the cup over, along with the beer he was drinking earlier.

It's hot.  
ROD

What is it?  
TANYA

Hot chocolate with rum.  
ROD

Thanks.  
TANYA  
(a little taken aback)

Tanya drinks some. It's really good.

Um, you don't have to give me a job.  
TANYA

Rod pulls down a chair and sits too.

ROD

You think I'm not gonna give you a job?

TANYA

No, there's probably a lot of way better people than me.

ROD

But do you still want it?

TANYA

Yeah, but you're not gonna give it to me. I didn't do it right.

Rod shrugs.

ROD

It's whatever.

(pause)

If you want the job, you can have it.

Tanya lights up.

ROD

Do you even know what the job is?

TANYA

It doesn't matter.

ROD

It's called a barback. You clean the glasses, restock shit, change the kegs when they need to be changed.

TANYA

What do you do? Like on a day to day basis.

ROD

(understated)

I manage people. I'm pretty important.

TANYA

(teasing)

And.. but you're just managing a bar?

ROD

It's air conditioned.

TANYA

Fuck yeah.

(pause, cute)

Plus now I'm here to make it better.

Yup.

ROD

Their eyes meet and don't waver.

Blackout.

The end.