**Incident on Crescent Road**

By Dave Carley

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Crescent Road is tony street in Rosedale, a wealthy part of Toronto. Crescent Road residents discreetly place their discarded household objets on the curb, from where they are quickly scavenged by the astute poor. I have a friend who actually did find a slightly rumpled Noguchi lamp on a Crescent Road curb. Another pal found a Thomas Lamb chair. They are not the fellows in this piece, of course.

**Synopsis**

Marc and Rob are separately trolling the streets of Rosedale, looking for cast-offs. On the top of a small pile of garbage placed at the curb they see a Thomas Lamb chair. Problem is, they see it and claim it at the same time, thus clouding its ownership according to scavenger protocol. A tug of war ensues between the fellas until calm reason and a few other emotions take over.

**Which ending do you want?**

There are three endings to this piece. A happy one. One where altruism triumphs. And one that ends badly. All three endings are plausible. In the case of my friends upon whom this play is not modeled, I believe it was #1, had it actually been them, were they of scavenging inclinations. So I’ve put it first.

**Cast:**

MARC is a successful architect, a good-looking man of 35.

ROB is a bit younger, a collector, age 30.   
HEATHER only appears in the sad version. She can be any age but is likely in her 50s.

**Locale:**

A street in the better part of town.

**Play History:**

As of 2017, only the happy ending version has been produced.Incident on Crescent Road premiered at Buffalo United Artists in June 2012. It was directed by Laura LaVelley and starred Marc Sacco (Marc) and Jonathan Shuey (Rob).

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**Version 1. Happy Ending**

*At start, lights up on an empty stage. In the centre there is a small pile of junk – a garbage bag or two, some broken wood, maybe some bottles and, resting on top, a Thomas Lamb chair. (Any 1950-60s designer chair will do.) Alternately, there could just be a chair, on its side or upside-down.*

*Offstage, the screech of a car breaking and the thunk of a car door. Simultaneously, offstage opposite, a bike is hurled to the ground. MARC and ROB appear from opposite sides of the stage, running for the pile.*

MARC: It’s mine!

ROB: Like hell!

MARC: I saw it first!

ROB: Got it!

*(Both men have arrived at the chair and have their hands on it.)*

I touched it before you!

MARC: I yelled first!

ROB: Let go!

MARC: It’s mine!

ROB: I beat you to it!

MARC: I stopped first, you hadn’t even seen it!

ROB: I was off my bike before you were out of your car!

MARC: Do you even know what it is?

ROB: It’s a Mercedes.

MARC: This, stupid.

ROB: Of course I know what it is, stupid. It’s a Thomas Lamb. 1964, maybe 1965. Now, let go.

MARC: *(Is taken aback at ROB’s knowledge; losing force.)* Don’t yank on it.

ROB: I’m not “yanking”, you’re “yanking”

MARC: You’ll pull it apart.

ROB: Show it some respect.

*(It’s a standoff. They glare at each other.)*

MARC: Anyway, how are you going to get this home on a bike?

ROB: I’ve carried bigger stuff before.

MARC: Like what.

ROB: A Noguchi lamp.

MARC: A Noguchi lamp on your bike.

ROB: Found it just over there. And another time, an Electrohome stereo cabinet. Maple. 1960. I collect antiques.

MARC: 1960 is not antique.

ROB: You’d have to say that, wouldn’t you. One man’s childhood memories are another man’s antiques. Give it up grandpa.

MARC: I’m 35.

ROB: In gay years.

*(More glaring.)*

MARC: What condition was the cabinet in?

ROB: Like, one tiny scratch.

MARC: I found a box of Blue Mountain Pottery over on Summerhill Avenue.

ROB: When!?

MARC: Last week.

ROB: Damn, I was up there then.

MARC: Including two vases shaped like geese.

ROB: *(Groans.)* Can you believe what people around here put out?

*(Pause. Standoff continues, less glaring. Note. This is where both Versions 2 and 3 pick up.)*

MARC: Have we met?

ROB: I doubt it.

MARC: You look familiar

ROB: I tend not to visit old age homes.

MARC: A party maybe – Fashion Cares.

ROB: Nope.

MARC: You were at Clarke Andrews’ after-party.

ROB: Wasn’t invited. He hates me.

MARC: Me too. You know him?

ROB: Everyone knows him. What’d you do to him?

MARC: It’s what I didn’t do.

ROB: Me too.

MARC: So if we didn’t meet at Clarke’s… What gym do you go to?

ROB: Goodlife.

MARC: Men of Iron.

ROB: Ever go to Woody’s?

MARC: Never. Rumours?

ROB: Ugh. Club 18?

MARC: Twinks. Steamworks?

ROB: Oh please do I look desperate?

*(Minor glaring.)*

You really found a Blue Mountain vase shaped like a/

MARC: Geese. Two, I found two. But actually, one has a big chip at the base

ROB: Can you imagine what they’d look like on my Electrohome cabinet…

MARC: Can you picture this chair sandwiched by Noguchis?

ROB: It wouldn’t be sandwiched, I’ve only got one.

MARC: I’ve got two.

ROB: Once I was riding through here and a woman in that house was bringing out curtains. Orange, geometrics.

MARC: They must look amazing with your cabinet.

ROB: Like you wouldn’t believe.

MARC: I’d like to see it.

ROB: Are you hitting on me?

MARC: Kind of. I seriously would like to see it. With or without the chair.

ROB: *(Sigh.)* This chair probably *should* be sandwiched by Noguchis.

MARC: To be honest - it might look best by your cabinet. What if we try it with both. See which works best. It needs some polishing.

ROB: I’ve got the perfect oil. It’s kind of my hobby. Rubbing oil on old things.

MARC: Now you’re hitting on me.

ROB: Let’s just see how it looks both places and/

MARC: You can’t balance this on a bike. We can put it in my trunk, I’ll follow you to your place.

ROB: You’ll take off. I’ll never see you again.

MARC: I’m not like that. OK, look, your bike will fit in my back seat.

ROB: You really are picking me up.

MARC: Literally. Well, you know what they say about this part of town.

ROB: What.

MARC: You can find the most fabulous trash.

*MARC and ROB gently hoist the Thomas Lamb chair, and walk off towards MARC’s car.*

*Black.*

**The End.**

**Version 2. The Altruistic Ending**

MARC: Have we met?

ROB: In your dreams, grandpa. Now let go.

MARC: You let go!

ROB: Get your hands off this chair!

MARC: LET GO!

*(The chair comes apart! Both men are left with pieces. They hold them, aghast at what they have done.)*

MARC: Oh God.

ROB: Oh Lord.

MARC: You pulled the seat off.

ROB: I pulled it off! *You* pulled it off.

ROB

& MARC: We both pulled it off.

ROB: We wrecked it.

MARC: A genuine Thomas Lamb.

ROB: It was so delicate.

MARC: I should have seen how dry the wood was

ROB: - It was weak and we were yanking so hard. I’m so ashamed.

MARC: Me too.

ROB: I just had to have that chair.

MARC: Me too.

ROB: I’ve never wrecked anything so beautiful before.

MARC: I’ve never wrecked anything ever. Except relationships.

ROB: *(Pause.)* Do you think we can…

MARC: Fix it? I don’t know.

ROB: We could try. We owe it to the chair.

MARC: I’ll put it in my car and take it to a fellow I know who – what.

ROB: It’s half my chair.

MARC: Then come with me. Lock your bike to that pole – I’ll bring you back.

ROB: Is he really good? Your chair guy -

MARC: A genius. He charges a lot. I can pay.

ROB: I want to pay my share.

MARC: No, it’s OK. Wealth is one of the advantages of being Aged.

ROB: I appreciate it. Your gesture. But it’s half mine so... *(Pause.)* Do you read the Bible?

MARC: Uh, where’s this coming from?

ROB: There’s a story in The Bible about a king and two women who are fighting over a baby and the King says, fine, if they both want the baby so bad, he’ll saw it in half.

MARC: Solomon.

ROB: That’s the dude. So you and I, we just pulled a chair in half.

MARC: Uh huh, but I still don’t get the connection

ROB: - What do you think Solomon would say in this situation?

MARC: Get it fixed?

ROB: After that. I think he’d would say, neither of you should have the Thomas Lamb chair. Solomon would say, ‘Fix the damage and donate it somewhere.’ Like to a hospice. Just looking at this would brighten someone’s life. What do you think?

MARC: I think I’ve been acting like a two year old. Let’s take this to my car. Lift.

ROB: Careful

MARC: I am being careful

ROB: I meant, don’t you have a bad back or something.

MARC: Your concern is touching but I’m really not over the hill.

ROB: No, you’re not.

MARC: What did you say your name was?

ROB: I didn’t. But it’s Rob.

MARC: I’m Marc.

ROB: I honestly would’ve guessed you were 32. Tops.

MARC: Honest?

ROB: No more than 34. 36/

MARC: Stop there. Let’s go save this chair.

*(Happy music wells up. Black.)*

**The End.**

**Version 3. Stuff Happens Ending.**

MARC: Have we met?

ROB: I doubt it. I haven’t visited a Seniors Home in years. Now let go.

MARC: You let go

HEATHER: *(Off.)* Boys! Boys!

MARC: Let go!

ROB: I’ll kick you.

MARC: You’re wearing flip flops.

HEATHER: *(Closer)* Stop it! Boys!

ROB: I’m warning you

HEATHER: *(Arrives, out of breath.)* I can hear you yelling halfway down Cluny Drive. Now hush.

DAVID: You hush.

ROB: Yeah, hush, lady.

HEATHER: This is Rosedale. We don’t yell al fresco. You’d think you were in – Riverdale – or Parkdale or

MARC: I live in Riverdale!

ROB: I live in Parkdale!

HEATHER: Why are you fighting over that piece of junk?

*(Double intake of shocked breath from MARC and ROB.)*

What?

MARC: Junk!? It’s a Thomas Lamb.

ROB: We’re guessing 1965.

MARC: Priceless.

HEATHER: Really. I’ve got another one just like it, in my garage.

*(Another double intake of breath for MARC and ROB. Maybe three or four intakes.)*

MARC: Where.

HEATHER: It’s a coach house actually. We use it for storing crap.

ROB: A Thomas Lamb is not crap.

HEATHER: Apparently not, if your shrieking is anything to judge by.

MARC: No one was shrieking.

ROB: We were being emphatic.

HEATHER: *(Starts to leave.)* Well, not in Rosedale. So you think I should bring my Lamb inside?

ROB: A Lamb should have pride of place.

MARC: If I’d known such philistinism existed in Rosedale.

ROB: Such ignorance of chairs.

HEATHER: Whoah. I think I know my chairs. I’ve got two McIntoshes in my living room, flanking my fireplace.

*(More fun with intakes of breath.)*

MARC: Two McIntoshes?

HEATHER: Two.

ROB: Replicas.

HEATHER: I don’t do replicas.

MARC: Two McIntoshes trump anything I have.

ROB: Two McIntoshes trump my wildest dreams.

MARC: Puts my street Noguchi into perspective.

ROB: And to think a minute ago I was envious of your Blue Mountain.

*(ROB and MARC are releasing their grip on the Lamb.)*

MARC: One Thomas Lamb is nice but two Lambs plus a pair of McIntoshes…

ROB: That’s art.

MARC: Take it.

HEATHER: Really?

ROB: Please.

HEATHER: Thanks fellas. *(Leaving with chair.)* I really do have the perfect place for it.

ROB: I know, you said – in the living room with two McIntoshes flanking the fireplace.

HEATHER: *(Almost off.)* Do you know the cost of firewood these days?

*(HEATHER exits to extreme horrified intakes of breath.)*

MARC: *(Nearly fainting.)* She’s going to burn a Thomas Lamb to save on the price of firewood.

ROB: *(Accessing his inner Marxist.)* It’s how the rich stay rich.

MARC: I need a drink.

ROB: Fly

MARC: Woody’s

ROB: Buddy’s

MARC: Rumours.

ROB: Tango.

MARC: Sailors.

ROB: The Black Eagle.

*(And then they turn to each other.)*

BOTH: My place?

*(There’s a moment of unity, and then they walk off, together.)*

**The End.**