

# The I-Wing Nomad

## Overture

The Cashier sings:

The Lunch Lady's Ode (to Don Felder's – Heavy Metal [Takin' A Ride])

The crowds are here, lunch time must now be near... lord please have pity on me  
Work until four, no break, no fun anymore... I hope I can survive 'til then  
The kids they come, I do not know where from... I just have to do as they say  
Next in line, how will you pay this time... meal plan, credit, or cash?  
Well that's 4.83, thank you for coming to G... please come around again  
No reply, what a hell of a guy... why's he have that newspaper ALL of the time.

Now next in Line line line line line... I am tired...  
Now next in Line line line line line... let's get this movin'...

Lines are over long, what could be going wrong... I need some help out here  
The kids are loud as hell; I need a napkin refill... please help me out with this  
Get me of my feet; I'm feeling shitty and beat... only three more hours left  
Next in line, thank you I'm feeling fine... first persons who has asked me that  
It was these two boys, in matching corduroys... notebooks always in their hands  
They take many notes, and look through people's coats... listen fellows what are  
you just trying to find...

Now next in Line line line line line... I am tired...  
Now next in Line line line line line... let's get this movin'...

## Set 1

*Chris 1 and Pat 1 are at the cashier. Alex 1 is behind them but they don't notice.*

Cashier: Meal plan dear?  
Chris 1: Yeah. *She swipes the card.*  
Pat 1: Same for me.

*Chris 1 and Pat 1 go to table. Alex approaches the register and hands cashier a card.*

Cashier: Meal plan?  
Alex 1: (*fumbling with the paper*) Oh... Yeah.

*Cashier swipes card and the machine beeps. She repeats the action and the beep sounds again. Examines card and notices the name and picture are scratched beyond recognition.*

*Pat 1 starts eating tater-tots.*

Cashier: Is there something wrong with your card?  
Alex 1: Ummm, no! I mean there shouldn't be, I used it yesterday.  
Pat 1: *(tater-tots in mouth)* Yesherday was Shunday dude.  
Alex 1: That's ok, I got cash.

*Alex 1 puts paper under arm and fumbles through pockets and pulls out a handful of change. Finally pays and goes to sit with Chris 1 and Pat 1.*

Chris 1/Pat 1: Where'd you get all that change?  
Alex 1: Ah, just around. People lose change in the locker rooms all the time.  
Chris 1: Yeah.  
Pat 1: So, did you guys hear about the homeless person sleeping in the rafters of I-wing?  
Alex 1: *(chokes while taking a sip of soda)* No. Really? That's pretty crazy.  
Chris 1: Yeah, I did hear about that. Apparently they found some of their stuff up there and he's been moving around staying at a different spot on campus each night.  
Pat 1: Hah! I heard if you catch him, you can get your name in the police blotter.  
Chris 1: Sweet, we should try to find him.  
Alex 1: Well, if there was some guy living in the school, wouldn't he be kind of obvious? Like a homeless looking guy wondering around campus.  
Pat 1: That's true.

*Alex 1 is relieved and starts reading the paper.*

Alex 1: Can you believe John Edwards dropped out of the race?!

*Chris 1 and Pat 1 look at Alex 1 awkwardly.*

Alex 1: Edwards dropped out of the race and is endorsing McCain! Man, the lower middle class is just going to get shit on now.  
Pat 1: What the hell are you ranting about? You know that happened like last week? Is that even today's newspaper? *(Examines the paper.)* That paper is from last week.  
Alex 1: *(Still reading.)* And Amy Winehouse is in rehab...again! Ha! Man, I'm glad I don't drink.

Alex 1 sings:

The New York Times Song

Whenever I feel down,  
Or low about my life,  
There's only one thing to make it better—

The New York Times!  
The New York Times!  
All these sad articles  
Make me feel fine.  
The New York Times!  
The New York Times!  
I think disasters are sublime!

A plane crash over the Atlantic,  
Two murders in Brooklyn,  
The news makes people frantic,  
But it just makes me grin!

The New York Times!  
The New York Times!  
All these sad articles  
Make me feel fine.  
The New York Times!  
The New York Times!  
I think disasters are sublime!

A racehorse stolen in Kentucky,  
And a cruise ship lost at sea,  
Hearing this, I sure feel lucky,  
Because I'm glad that it's not me.

Other people run around,  
With useless worries on their mind,  
But I don't mind sleeping on the ground,  
Because I've got The New York Times!

The New York Times!  
The New York Times!  
All these sad articles  
Make me feel fine.  
The New York Times!  
The New York Times!  
I think disasters are sublime!

*Chris 1, Pat 1 and Alex 1 continue to sit at the table.*

## **Set 2**

*Chris 2 and Pat 2 are at the food counter.*

Chris 2: Will you hurry up!?!? I have things to do.

Pat 2: Don't let me hold you up.  
Chris 2: I need to use your card, remember? I left mine in my room and you said you'd spare a meal for a friend.  
Pat 2: I'm not sparing anything if you're planning on getting that crusty, nast piece of pizza. Do you really think that will taste good or is good for you?  
Chris 2: It's all I have time for. It's the easiest thing to eat.  
Pat 2: Make a salad you unhealthy fool.  
Chris 2: I don't want to make a salad. I'm not in the mood for leafy greens, damnit.  
Pat 2: Fine, whatever. Clog your arteries for all I care. Just give me a second. I'm almost finished.

*Pat 2 reaches over for the dressing just as Alex 2 walks between the two of them toward the register with a similar crusty nast piece of pizza.*

*Chris 2 notices, leaves the pizza on the ledge of the salad bar, and grabs a new plate, all the while watching Alex 2 at the register. Pat 2 finishes and sees that Chris 2 has started a salad.*

Pat 2: Change of heart, eh?  
Chris 2: Umm... Yeah... *(Pointing to Alex 2)* Hey, have you seen that kid around before?

*Alex 2 sits at a table and opens up the New York Times. The cover of the Times is visible, and it shows a car crash. Alex 2 is smirking.*

Pat 2: Yeah, I think I've seen that kid walking into the woods while I was on my way back to the dorm.

*They both chuckle. Chris 2 finishes making the salad and they both head to the register.*

Cashier: How are ya today?  
Chris 2/Pat 2: Fine, thank you.  
Cashier: Okay...is this together?  
Chris 2/Pat 2: Yes.  
Cashier: How will you be paying?  
Chris 2/Pat 2: Meal plan.  
Chris 2: Do you know that kid with the New York Times?  
Cashier: You mean Alex?

*The cashier points over at Alex 2. Pat 2 and Chris 2 both nod at the same time. Alex 2 looks up and smiles at the cashier.*

Cashier: Alex is a sweetheart.  
Chris 2/Pat 2: We've seen Alex walking in the woods...  
Cashier: Oh that's harmless.  
Chris 2: So where does this Alex character live? In the dorms?

Cashier: I don't know anyone's personal business... (*cashier leans in and whispers*) but Alex "claims" to commute.  
Pat 2: That kid has a car?

*Chris 2 and Pat 2 remain at the cash register.*

### Set 3

*Chris 3 and Pat 3 are entering the G-wing cafeteria from the main hallway.*

Chris 3: Hey, have you heard?  
Pat 3: Heard what?  
Chris 3: The ceiling caved in at the Osprey's Nest.  
Pat 3: Bullshit. You serious?  
Chris 3: I kid you not.  
Pat 3: What caused it to cave in like that?  
Chris 3: Apparently someone was living up there, above the Osprey's Nest. All their stuff came crashing down yesterday afternoon. Caused a ruckus in N-wing.  
Pat 3: Now you're shitting me.  
Chris 3: I shit you not.  
Pat 3: Why was he living up there?  
Chris 3: Fucking leaching off the school system. Damn kid probably couldn't afford housing.

*Chris 3 and Pat 3 remain at cash register.*

### Set 2

Chris 2/Pat 2: That kid has a car?

*Chris 2 and Pat 2 finish paying and head toward condiments.*

### Set 3

*Alex 3 enters the G-wing cafeteria and runs into Chris 3 and Pat 3.*

Pat 3: (*To Alex 3*) Woah, what happened to you, dude?  
Alex 3: Uh... I fell.  
Chris 3: Looks more than just a fall.  
Alex 3: Yeah... well, it was a big fall.  
Pat 3: Aren't you going to tell us what happened?  
Alex 3: Nah, I don't want to get into it.  
Chris 3: You sure dude? We work for the Argo. We could publish your story. Get you some publicity if it was the school's fault.

Alex 3: Thanks, but no thanks. I don't need any publicity.

*Alex 3 goes to sit down at a table. Pat 3 and Chris 3 enter food area.*

## Set 4

*Chris 4 and Pat 4 are in the food area.*

Chris 4: Why is everybody covering their faces and whispering?

Pat 4: Ohhhh! Do you smell that?!

Chris 4: It stinks like someone hasn't showered in weeks!

Pat 4: I think it's Alex (*pointing to Alex 3*).

Chris 4 and Pat 4 sing:

He Smells (to the tune of Lynard Skynard's That Smell)

New York Times and the same old clothes  
You creep me out when you're in my way  
We all joke, about the first time you spoke  
Look at the green breath inside you

*Ooh, Ooh he smells  
Let him know he smells  
Ooh, Ooh he smells  
He smells of fish from Lake Fred*

Angel of showers is upon you  
Couldn't find your way to water (you fool, you)  
Rolling in mud, gone from stud to dud  
One more tic-tac wouldn't kill you

*Ooh, Ooh he smells  
Let him know he smells  
Ooh, Ooh he smells  
He smells of fish from Lake Fred*

And now the flies are all swarming  
Can't say a word without eating one,  
Say you'll smell just fine tomorrow, but  
Tomorrow might not be here for you.

*Ooh, Ooh he smells  
Let him know he smells  
Ooh, Ooh he smells  
He smells of fish from Lake Fred*

Cashier: Meal plan, dear?  
Alex 4: Cash.  
Cashier: Four seventeen, hun.  
Alex 4: *(sighing)* All right. *(He opens his wallet, constructed from duct tape, and hands over a few wrinkled dollars. He folds the wallet and replaces it in his stained jeans.)*  
Chris 4: Did you hear? There's a homeless kid on campus!  
Pat 4: Shut up—we should totally try to find him.  
Alex 4: *(in a hurry.)* Uhm, thanks...have a good day...

*Alex 4 takes his paper and tray and heads over to a table to sit down.*

Chris 4: Why? Why should we find him? Don't you think the kid just wants to be left alone? I mean, wouldn't you? He's homeless...how embarrassing would that be?  
Pat 4: *(Shrugs.)* Matthew 5: 5.

*Alex 4, meanwhile, is getting settled at his table, arranging the paper and his various food items.*

Chris 4: *(Interrupting)* Oh, man...don't go quoting the Bible—*(he stops, and grabs Chris's elbow.)*  
Pat 4: *(Continuing from above)* Blessed are the meek, Chris. *(He brushes past Chris and heads toward the register.)*  
Chris 4: You know I'm a science guy. I get what you're saying and all, but I trust things like...*facts*. You know, theories and *science*.  
Pat 4: Whatever. *(He plops an apple down on the counter space.)*  
Cashier: *(Looking at them in annoyance, as they are holding up the line.)* Meal plan, dear?  
Pat 4: Yeh.  
Cashier: For just that apple? Are you new?

*Pat 4 takes the ID and the apple and makes toward the condiments to get out of the way.*

Chris 4: *(Totally overplaying the sentiment.)* And how are you this lovely morning?  
Cashier: *(Not amused.)* Meal plan?

*Chris 4 hands over his card, it is swiped, and he then joins Pat 4 by the condiments.*

Alex 4: *(Thumbing through the Times.)* What? A whole girl scout troop! How'd that bear get loose? *(He chuckles to himself.)*  
Chris 4: So, listen. This nomad kid. You wanna help me find him, or what?  
Pat 4: Well, yes, but unlike *you* I want to help him. You'll probably set him up in your freak show or something.

Chris 4: Thanks for the idea.

*They sit down at the table next Alex 4. Alex 4, who has overheard and gotten nervous, moves his paper aside and leans in toward them.*

Alex 4: Excuse me. *(He clears his throat deliberately.)* I couldn't help but overhear. Who are you talking about?

Pat 4: There's some homeless kid living on campus somewhere. Last I heard it was in the Osprey's Nest. Had a whole bunch of newspapers up there.

Alex 3: *(murmurs under his breath)* Wasn't done reading those either...

Alex 4: *(Shiftily)* I heard he was in A Wing. You know, up on the sides.

Pat 4: Hm. I wouldn't have thought to check there. Cool. *(Seeing that Alex is making to go back to his lunch and newspaper,)* Hey, what's your name? I've seen you around.

Alex 4: Uhm, Vladimir. Parents were hippies. Anyway... *(he starts to gather his things)* I've got class. *(He carries his newspaper out, and drops his trash in the bin.)*

*Alex 4 leaves. Chris 4 and Pat 4 remain at the condiments table.*

### Set 3

*Chris 3 and Pat 3 are in the food area.*

Chris 3: Well? Did you find anything out?

Pat 3: *(staring at Alex 3)* I've been recording his every move since I spotted him this morning.

Chris 3: And?

Pat 3: He has taken two distinctly long naps in the library.

Chris 3: And?

Pat 3: Well, if he was that tired why wouldn't he just go home and nap?

Chris 3: Maybe he commutes and it's too far to go home between classes.

Pat 3: That's just it. I pulled some strings and got his schedule. He only had one class this morning. He's done for the day.

Chris 3: I get it. If he could go home, he would have done it by now.

Pat 3: Yeah. Why would you stay on campus any longer than you had to?

*Alex 3 gets up from his table and heads to the condiments table. There he takes an extremely large amount of ketchup packets. He sits down and pulls an iPod out of his book bag and puts it on.*

Pat 3: I need to go to class. Can you take over the investigation for me?

Chris 3: *(Takes the notebook but does not look thrilled)* Okay...

Pat 3: Don't let me down. I've invested too much time into this.

*Chris 3 and Pat 3 remain in the food area.*

## **Set 1**

*Alex 1 is at the counter, emptying packets of ketchup into a cup of hot water. Chris 1 and Pat 1, from the table, observes him.*

Chris 1/Pat 1: What are you doing?

Alex 1: Making my own tomato soup.

*All other Alexes stand and sing softly. All other Chrises and Pats sing from their seats or where ever they are in the room.*

### The Song of the Soup

Alex: Who says you need money to be happy?

Chris/Pat: A little bit of ketchup, a little bit of water.

Alex: All I need, are these ingredients...

Cashier: Some creamer, for your soup.

Alex: If I can stir it, if I can mix it, maybe I can make it taste alright.

All I ever wanted was a little degree.

All I ever needed was some sympathy.

But those boys down at housing they don't give a shit.

All they want is my money, and won't take me if they can't get it.

But I tell ya, all I need is...

Cashier: A little bit of ketchup. A little bit of water.

Chris/Pat: Some creamer for his soup.

Alex: If I can stir it, if I can mix it, maybe I can make it taste it alright.

But here I am, working hard for mah money.

Taking from the rich, and giving it to me.

If only they knew the lengths I went through,

Livin in the rafters, sleepin in their halls.

But I tell ya, it ain't so hard, 'cause...

Chris/Cashier: All he needs is...

Alex: Just a little bit of ketchup, and a little bit of water.

Some creamer for my soup.

Pat/Cashier: If he can stir it, if he can mix it, he can make it taste alright.

Alex: I've spent mah days, living in this school.

Checking out the classes, tryin' to play it cool.  
And now these people, they just wann throw me away.  
What's the problem, when all I wanna do is  
Just stand up and say...

A little bit of ketchup, a little bit of water.  
Some creamer for my soup.  
If I can stir it, if I can mix it, I can make it taste alright.  
And that's all you need. All you need. All you need is...

All: Just a little bit of ketchup.  
Alex: A little bit of water.  
All : Some creamer for the soup.  
Alex: If I can stir it.  
Chris/Pat/Lunchlady: If he can mix it.  
Alex: I know that everything'll be alright.  
It'll be, it'll be, it'll be alright... tonight...

*The Alexes sit back down, and everyone resumes what they were doing.*

Chris1/Pat1: Umm, alrighty... (pause) So, I bet you heard about that student living in the rafters.  
Alex 1: Well... Must have lost housing or something.  
Chris1/Pat1: Maybe, but even so, isn't it outrageous that some goon can take advantage of our school's money like that? Horrible!  
Alex11: Horrible? Want to know about horrible? Did you know that New York has more homeless people than any other state? Maybe you should take this. (Motioning to the Times) I'm finished with it.  
Chris1/Pat1: No thanks. (snidely) And did YOU know that there are thousands of students, righ here in this school, who pay to dorm and this guy is using that money to make himself all comfy cozy?  
Alex 1: How do you know it's a male?  
Chris1/Pat1: A girl? In the rafters? What kind of girl would do that?

## Set 2

*Chris 2 and Pat 2 are at the condiments table, talking about Alex 2.*

Chris 2: He didn't pay for his food! What a clever bastard!  
Pat 2: What?  
Chris 2: I watched him walk in the exit and out the entrance. He has this down to a system. I wonder if this is a daily routine to feed himself here everyday free of charge...

*Alex 2 pulls out his favorite read, The New York Times, from his book bag and coolly reads it while consuming his lunch.*

*The New York Times starts to sing:*

The New York Times Song (sung to “Pure Imagination” from Willy Wonka)

Open me and you’ll be in a world littered with fabrication  
Have a read and you’ll see into their imagination  
They begin with a sin, traveling to violent locations  
What we read will truly be aberration

If you want a skewed pair of eyes  
Simply open me to view shit  
Anything you read is useless  
Want to change the world  
Well, fucking prove it

There’s no news I know that’s devoid of the fabrications  
required by the absurd, then conferred in choice words

If you’re into reading tragedy  
Simply look onto my pages  
Anything that’s vile, war wages.  
Want to change the world?  
Open your cages

There’s no one I know that can scare media corporations  
Though there could be, if we cared truly, we’ll see...

*Just when Chris 2 and Pat 2 think nothing much will happen, pale Alex 2 abruptly gets up and walks quickly to the bathroom, leaving his open bookbag behind.*

Pat 2: His book bag is open.  
Chris 2: That’s wrong. It’s invasion of privacy you know.  
Pat 2: Well, it was wrong of him to steal lunch from the school.  
Chris 2: But two wrongs don’t make a right.  
Pat 2: Quick, we’re running out of time. He’ll probably be back any second.

*Pat 2 moves slyly to Alex 2’s table and acts like she dropped her pen on the floor while sneaking a peak inside the book bag. She returns to Chris 2 with a shocked face.*

Chris 2: What’s in there?  
Pat 2: You won’t believe it! It’s full of ipods and student IDs. Our Alex is a busy fella.  
Chris 2: We need to tell someone.

Pat 2: Should we call the police?  
Chris 2: I think we should.  
Pat 2: Stay here, I'll make the call.

*Pat 2 looks about to leave, but doesn't, and they both remain in the food area.*

## Set 1

*Alex 2 returns from bathroom and sits down. Chris 1 and Pat 1 get up from the table (where Alex 1 remains) and approach Alex 2.*

Pat 1: Good morning, Alex  
Alex 2: (*Jumps.*) Oh, hi, please don't do that.  
Chris 1: Do what?  
Alex 2: That! Sneak up on people and by the way, I wasn't talking to you.  
Pat 1: We're sorry. So, what's in today's Times?  
Alex 2: Um, something about a (*contemplative pause*) plane crash?  
Chris 1: Oh my God. That's awful.  
Pat 1: Yeah, terrible.  
Alex 2: Can I eat my breakfast now? I don't mean to be frank but you two kind of creep me out.  
Chris 1: Oh, well, we wanted to know if you got last night's homework.  
Pat 1: From Algebra.  
Chris 1: Yes, from Algebra.  
Alex 2: Uh, no, I wasn't in class yesterday. I had to go home.  
Chris 1/Pat 1: Oh.

*Pat 1 and Chris 1 move in unison to the food area. They each start to take identical lunches. They pay for their lunches at the other two registers. Their movements: handing over their ID card, paying, and getting a receipt, are synchronized.*

*As they do this, Alex 2 has moved on to the condiment stand, where he gathers several handfuls of ketchup and stacks them on his tray. He leaves behind his New York Times, and goes to sit at another table in the back. After paying, Pat 1 and Chris 1 look around to see Alex 2 has vanished.*

Pat 1/Chris 1: Damn, where did he go?  
Chris 1: He had a plate so he wouldn't leave with that. Let's check the back.  
Pat 1: Yeah, the back.

*Chris 1 and Pat 1 circle around the adjoining seating area twice, each taking one side of the massive roof, moving in exactly the same patterns. One mirrors the other. Chris 1 notices Alex 2, sitting by himself in the back, and motions for Pat 1.*

Alex 2: (*When he notices them approach*) Holy crap!

Chris 1: We believe you left your Times at the register, but, since you've been so rude about it, you can go get it.  
Pat 1: Yes, rude.  
Alex 2: *(Raising his voice)* Look, I don't care, just tell me what you want and let me eat my goddamn breakfast!  
Chris 1: Fine then. We know.  
Pat 1: Yes, we know.  
Alex 2: *(Nervously defiant)* Know what?  
Chris 1: About where you live. We followed you one night and-  
Alex 2: *(Shouting)* Why do you keep saying "we?" Are you a hive-mind or something?

*Chris 1 and Pat 1 look at each other and roll their eyes.*

Pat 1, Chris 1 and Alex 2, along with the rest of the cast (except for other Alexes), sing:

The Hive-Mind Song

Pat 1: Oh no!  
Chris 1: God, no!  
Pat 1/Chris 1: He knows!  
Alex 2 (spoken): Knows what? What the hell are you taking about? Are you singing?  
Pat 1: Our vile little secret.  
Chris 1: We've kept hidden for so long.  
Pat 1/Chris 1: But since you know, stinky friend, we'll tell you in a song!  
Pat 1: Of the depth of our treachery.  
Chris 2: In this amazing mental mystery.  
Pat 1/Chris 1: Who belongs to our mind? Our many-headed mind.

*(Random students in the eating area stand at attention with military precision.)*

Student 1: Me!  
Student 2: And me!  
Student 3: And me!  
Alex 2 (despairing): How can this be true?

Cashier: Me too!  
Alex 2: Oh man, not you too?  
Everyone except Alex 2: We are the hive mind and we'll destroy your brain! We are the hive mind and we drive weirdo kids insane!  
Pat 1: Because...  
Chris 1: College...  
Student 1: Just...  
Student 2: Ain't...  
Student 3: For...

Cashier: You! ... Freak.

(Awkward pause. Alex looks around frantically. Everyone except him does a manly fist pump.)

All: Hive-mind!

Pat 1: As we were saying, we followed you and we know where you live. And it's wrong!

Alex 2: *(At the top of his lungs)* Wrong? I can't afford to live here! What makes me going to college wrong?

Chris 1/Pat 1: You're weird. Weird people don't go to college. Weird people work in factories.

*Alex 2 finally loses it, turns on his heel and run through the back exit. Chris 1 and Pat 1 smile at each other, sit down at his table and begin eating their identical meals.*

#### Set 4

*Chris 4 and Pat 4 are at the condiments table. Alex 1 is still sitting alone at a table.*

Chris 4: *(gesturing towards Alex 1)* Come on! We need to find *something* out about him! How are we ever going to figure this out if we don't actually approach him!

Pat 4: But I don't want to go over there and talk to him! Why don't you go?

Chris 4: I don't want to. You go!

Pat 4: No, you!

Chris 4: No, you go!

Pat4/Chris4: No, you go!

*Alex 1 simply continues flipping through the paper, eating his tomato soup slowly.*

Pat 4: But it was your idea to begin with! You should be the one to do it.

*Alex 1 glances up at the argument, then goes back to reading. He finishes his soup.*

Pat 4: There is only one way to solve this, since you always have to start a problem and can never do anything on your own.

Chris 4: Rock, Paper, Scissors?

Chris and Pat 4: Rock, Paper, Scissors, shoot! (Chris throws scissors, Pat throws

Rock).

Pat 4: Damnit. I just wanted to eat my lunch.

Chris 4 : Stop staring and just go do it.

*Alex 1 takes his empty cup of tomato soup and swooshes it into the garbage can. He gathers his New York Times and gets up to leave.*

Chris 4:       Hurry up and do it then! Before he leaves!

*Pat 4 quickly walks to intercept Alex 1. They meet betwixt the cash registers and the condiments table.*

Pat 4:       *(quickly, stammering slightly)* Hi...do you have a moment. I'm the Argo. I write for Pat. *(Pat pauses, and takes a deep breath)* I mean...I'm Pat, I write for the Argo.

*Alex 1 simply looks at him like he's stupid.*

Pat 4:       You know...the student newspaper?

*Alex 1 continues to stare...a little unsettlingly.*

Pat 4:       *(nervously)* Well, anyway, we're doing this survey, and I was wondering if I could just—

Alex 1:       *(interrupting)* Knock knock.

Pat 4:       *(confused)* Umm....

Alex 1:       Knock knock.

Pat 4:       ...who's there?

Alex 1:       Orange.

Pat 4:       Orange who?

Alex 1:       Knock Knock.

Pat 4:       *(REALLY confused)*... ... Who's there?

Alex 1:       Orange.

Pat 4:       *(confused and slightly annoyed)* Orange wh—

Alex 1:       *(Interrupting)* Knock Knock.

Pat 4:       *(looking to Chris for help):* Who's... there?

Alex 1:       Orange.

Pat 4:       *(Really annoyed)* ORANGE WHO?!

Alex 1:       Orange you glad that I didn't say Oran...*(pauses)* Fuck. Never mind.

*Silence. Chris 4 is standing off to the side, not fully sure what he's just seen.*

Pat 4: (recovering his composure slowly) So, about that survey...  
Alex 1: Yeah—uh, no.

*Alex 1 exits parallel to the condiments table. Chris 4 approaches Pat 4.*

Chris 4: Well, that was useless....

*Pat 4 punches Chris 4 and wordlessly glares at him.*

### Set 3

*Chris 3 and Pat 3 are at condiments stand. Alex 4 enters G-wing and approaches the condiments table.*

Chris 3: Someone spilled ketchup all over and didn't wipe it up. Those slobs. I know it is not nice to say, but I can't stand these improper people.

Pat 3: It was probably the nomad person. I'm sure that a weirdo like that would have no idea that it is proper to clean up after oneself.

Chris 3 and Pat 3 sing:

Nomad Dance (Set to the tune of David Bowie's "Magic Dance")

S/he must be that Nomad  
What Nomad? The Nomad in the rafters  
What rafters? The rafters of I-wing  
I do? He do  
Do what? Remind me of the Nomad

I saw that kid there, laughing hard at *The New York Times*  
What could I do?  
I thought that was the Nomad  
But how could that be true?  
Nobody knew:

CHORUS

How would a Nomad get *The Times*?  
Beg and steal  
Or rummage through trash  
How does s/he do it?  
Then Alex said:

(Speaking) "Thank God for N-Wing"

Read Alex, read (read Nomad, read)  
Read Alex, read (read Nomad, read)  
N-wing has *The Times* for free

Dance Alex, dance (dance Nomad, dance)  
Dance Alex, dance (dance Nomad, dance)  
You have reasons to be glee  
Damn that Alex, Living for free

I saw that kid there, trying hard to look real fly  
What could I do?  
I thought that was the Nomad  
But how could that be true?  
Nobody knew:

#### CHORUS

How would a Nomad get those clothes?  
Beg and steal  
Or rummage through trash  
How does s/he do it?  
Then Alex said:

(Speaking) “What a great Basketball game”

Dress for success (dress Nomad, dress)  
Dress for success (dress Nomad, dress)  
The game gave out t-shirts for free

Dance Alex, dance (dance Nomad, dance)  
Dance Alex, dance (dance Nomad, dance)  
You have reasons to be glee  
Damn that Alex, Living for free

Dance Alex, dance (dance Nomad, dance)  
Dance Alex, dance (dance Nomad, dance)  
Dance Alex, dance (dance Nomad, dance)  
Dance Alex, dance (dance Nomad, dance)

Jump Alex, jump (jump Nomad, jump)  
Jump Alex, jump (jump Nomad, jump)

Damn that Alex lives for free (ooh)

Chris 3: Oh, I think you are grossly incorrect. A homeless person of that nature would have used the ketchup as a source of nourishment. I would not be surprised if The Nomad would reveal its identity now by licking it up.

Pat 3: True! Let us stand aside and see if the nomad is here.

*Alex 4 grabs a napkin, wipes up the ketchup and throws the napkin away without taking his eyes off Chris 3 and Pat 3.*

Pat 3: Excuse me, but is there a reason why you are staring?

Alex 4: For *civilized* people, you sure do leave your messes around.

Chris 3: Oh no, you are mistaken. That is not our mess.

Alex 4: Well don't ya think it's kind of rude for you to complain about it and then just leave it there?

Pat 3: Well I do not mean to accuse, but have you been eavesdropping on our private conversation?

Alex 4: You're damn right I have. What makes you think you're so much better than other people?

Chris 3: Well that is very rude. You should not just listen to other's private conversations.

Alex 4: You left ketchup everywhere thinking you were gonna see something. But if The Nomad never came around you were just gonna leave that ketchup there for someone else to clean.

Pat 3: You know about The Nomad, too?

Alex 3: Everyone knows about The Nomad.

Pat 3: Tell us what you know.

Alex 4: Why? Do you think you'll get a free freak show?

Chris 3: Listen, if you want compensation, we can certainly arrange something.

Alex 4: What!?

Pat 3: Oh yes. We'd be more than happy to compensate you for your information.

Alex 4: (*disgusted*) Are you fucking kidding me?

*ALL of Pats and Chrises gasp at Alex's foul language.*

Pat 3: No. This is no joke, but please refrain from such language. If it happens again, we may have to get our information elsewhere

Alex 4: What do you care about some poor, desperate person who has to live inside the school?

Chris 3: Well, I'm sure it is similar as to why you read that newspaper.

Pat 3: Yes, we often see you reading the paper. I am sure it is of the same nature of curiosity.

Chris 3: It must be. You never read about stock or sports. We always see you reading about murders, arrests, death tolls... things of that nature.

*ALL of the Alexes try to refold the paper and hide them.*

Pat 3: Yes, like right now you were reading about the latest sex scandal, and a few minutes ago you were checking the obituaries.

Alex 4: Why the hell do you know my business? You watch me read the paper? And you think The Nomad is a freak?

Chris 3: Please refrain from such language.

Pat 3: We try to know everyone's business. It is very important to know as much about our fellow students as we can

Chris 3: Yes, that is what is so frustrating about this Nomad person. We don't know anything about the Nomad.

Pat 3: I suppose what is most frustrating about The Nomad is that no one in the school's administration does anything to stop this behavior.

Alex 4: Well, what do you think happens when you fuck the right person?

*Pat 4 and Chris 4 gasp in horror at Alex 4's language and sexual implications. Pat 4 and Chris 4 walk off.*

Alex 4: There they go. POINTS TO CHRIS AND PAT I'm attacked by these two brats on a weekly basis. SARCASTICALLY, RAISING HIS VOICE What's that smell? Ha! It's me you fools! THEN SOFTER Well, it's usually me. PAUSE Every day I look for an empty bathroom to wash my clothes. One time some guy walked in on me. Scared the shit out of me. LAUGHS Good thing he was blind. I just kept on washing. SADLY This is pathetic. What am I doing here? Why do I continue to sleep in a tent so decrepit a strong breeze could floor it? SPOKEN SARCASTICALLY Oh, that's right, I'm a poor, homeless bastard. How did this even happen? What god did I piss off? Do the Fates hate me this much? SCREAMS, STARING UPWARDS Why? Why? Why?? CALMS DOWN AND COMPOSESES HIMSELF Maybe it doesn't have to be this way. MORE EXCITED Maybe I can whore myself out. You know, sell my body, work the corner, walk the streets. Ahhh, who am I kidding? I couldn't sell this even if I paid people to sleep with me. :SIGHS: It's hopeless, I'll never be able to raise enough money to pay for housing. Something I'll have my parents to thank for. They told me to go get a job, and I did. Then they said being a full time student didn't count. Out of spite I went ahead with it anyway and here I am, completely broke and nine grand in the hole. I shudder to think of how I am going to pay this off when I get out of here. If I get out of here. Graduation is four years and thirty-seven grand away and yet I struggle to stay only a few days behind my work. COLLAPSES ONTO THE FLOOR My only friends are two reporters for the school paper who aim to publicly humiliate me. What a cruel world I live in.

*Alex 4 gets up, goes to a table and reads his paper.*

## **Finale**

*All the Chrises, Pats and Alex say these lines from wherever they are in the room.*

Chris: Do you know Alex?  
Cashier 1: Yes, I know him. Why?  
Chris: Just curious....I always see him around, and I've heard other students talk about him sometimes. He always has this sad look on his face.  
Pat: We heard about a nomad who lives on campus. There's something strange about Alex that makes me wonder....he smells really bad, even though his clothes look decent.  
Chris: Do you happen to know where he lives?  
Cashier 2: No, but I do see him in the woods sometimes when I walk on the path from the dorms. He has a tent pitched.  
Cashier 1: Yeah, when we asked him about it, he said that he's just camping, but that tent has been up for a while now...  
Chris: I wonder why he smells so bad. There are showers in the dorms.  
Cashier 1: Alex mentioned something about his girlfriend leaving him a few weeks ago. He seems depressed to me. He didn't smell like that when I first met him.  
Pat: We've never been close enough to really notice the smell until now. I wonder why he's camping out, though.  
Cashier 1: He said he's unhappy and just wants to get away from everything that's bothering him.  
Pat: Interesting.....

Each Chris and Pat walk over to their Alex and try to talk to him. He looks up from the newspaper.

Alex: ....Yes?  
Chris: Hi, we were just wondering-  
Alex: What?!  
Chris: Do you live on campus?  
Alex: Yeah. What's it to you?  
Pat: What dorm are you in?  
Alex: Why do you wanna know?  
Pat: Oh, no reason really. It's just that we see you around here a lot and-  
Chris: and you always seem so down. Is everything alright?  
Alex: [motions with the newspaper] Did you hear about those two kids who were murdered by their grandmother in Newark?  
Chris: Uhm, yeah I read that in the paper like weeks ago.  
Alex: Oh. Do you have any ketchup?  
Chris: Huh?  
Alex: Ketchup packs. Do you have any?  
Chris: [checking his pockets] Uh, yeah I have some.

Gives the ketchup packs to Alex.

Pat: So, we heard you have a tent pitched in the woods. How long have you been camping out?

Alex: [suddenly explodes in anger] Enough with the questions! Why can't you two just leave me alone?!

*Alexes gets up and storms out of the cafeteria. Everybody stares at him as he leaves.*

Pat: Wow. Either he's hiding something, or he has serious mental problems.

Chris: Yeah, definitely. What a temper.....