

BLUE TUESDAY

a play in one act

by

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-WHO-

IAN
investment banker

STACY
very pregnant

ANGEL
homeless

-WHERE-

Brooklyn Heights

-WHEN-

recent past

AT RISE: Outside the Clark Street subway stop in Brooklyn Heights, Brooklyn.

ANGEL addresses the arriving commuters as they exit the station.

ANGEL

Do you have a quarter?

(No response.)

Good evening, Ma'am... Do you have a quarter?

(IAN enters, briefcase in hand, Wall Street Journal under his arm.)

ANGEL (cont'd)

Excuse me, Mister... Do you have a quarter?

IAN

I'm sorry... I don't have any change on me.

ANGEL

Have a good night.

(IAN disappears around the corner. After a moment, another group of commuters arrives.)

ANGEL (cont'd)

Do you have a quarter?

(No response.)

Good evening, Ma'am... Do you have a quarter?

(LIGHTS FADE.)

--SCENE 2--

IAN and STACY's Willow Street brownstone, moments later.

IAN enters thru the front door.

IAN

Hello...?

(No response.)

IAN (cont'd)

Stacy...?

(STACY appears, very pregnant.)

STACY

There you are...

IAN

Sorry I'm late.

(HE sets down his briefcase and newspaper.)

STACY

How was your day?

IAN

Another day on Wall Street.

STACY

How was work?

IAN

Like I said, "Another day on Wall Street."
(He kisses her.)

How was your day?

STACY

"Another day on Willow Street."

IAN

I sure did miss you.

STACY

Not as much as we missed you.

IAN

What'd you two do with yourselves?

STACY

Oh, you know... Woke up. Went to Starbucks. Got my grande decaf non-fat latte...

IAN

The usual routine?

STACY

Took a walk on the Promenade... Went shopping...

IAN

Maybe I should try getting pregnant?

STACY

Came home... Took a nap...

IAN

(teasing)

All that walking and shopping must've really worn you out.

STACY

You hungry?

IAN

Starved.

STACY

It's Tuesday...

IAN

"Tuesday must be Thai."

STACY

A cute little place just opened up, down on Smith Street...
I thought maybe we could check it out.

IAN

What's wrong with Joya?

STACY

Nothing's wrong with Joya... I just thought maybe we'd try
something new.

IAN

When we already know what we like and exactly where to find
it?

STACY

Aren't you getting bored with the same thing week after
week?

IAN

I've been married to you for almost two years, haven't I?

STACY

It's a good thing you're cute...

IAN

I'm funny, too.

STACY

Fine... We'll go to Joya.

IAN

Let me change, first?

STACY

But I love the investment banker look.

IAN

Not as much as I love the pregnant housewife...

(HE rubs her belly.)

Maybe we should skip dinner and cut right to dessert?

(HE tries to kiss her again,
but SHE wards him off.)

STACY

Ian...

IAN

Stacy...

STACY

How can you possibly be interested in me when I look like this?

IAN

How can I not be...? You're gorgeous!

STACY

I'm fat.

IAN

You're beautiful.

STACY

Stop!

IAN

Make me...

(HE kisses her.)

STACY

Just let me grab my purse and we can go.

(SHE heads into the other room.)

IAN

Should we walk or would you rather take a cab? It's a beautiful night.

STACY (off)

Why don't we take the car?

IAN

There's never anywhere to park.

STACY (off)

Remind me why we bought a car if we hardly ever drive it.

IAN

We drive it...

.

STACY (off)

When?

IAN

To see your parents... To see my parents.

STACY (off)

How often is that?

IAN

Often enough.

(STACY returns, ready to go.)

STACY

Be nice...

IAN

We're driving it out to the Hamptons this weekend, aren't we?

STACY

Fine... We'll take a cab.

(IAN holds the door open.)

IAN

After you, Mrs. Brown.

STACY

Thank you, Mr. Brown.

(SHE exits. IAN closes the door
behind them as LIGHTS FADE.)

--SCENE 3--

The subway stop, the following
Tuesday.

ANGEL

Do you have a quarter?

(No response.)

Good evening, Ma'am... Do you have a quarter?

(IAN enters, briefcase in hand,
Wall Street Journal under his arm.)

ANGEL (cont'd)

Excuse me, Mister... Do you have a quarter?

IAN

I'm sorry... I don't have any change on me.

ANGEL

Have a good night...

(IAN disappears around the corner.)

ANGEL (cont'd)

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some
have entertained angels unawares."

(LIGHTS FADE.)

--SCENE 4--

IAN and STACY's brownstone, shortly thereafter.

IAN enters thru the front door.

IAN

Hello...?

(No response.)

Stacy...?

(STACY enters, patting her belly.)

STACY

Look who's home...

IAN

Sorry I'm late.

(HE sets down his briefcase and newspaper.)

STACY

Daddy works late almost every night, doesn't he?

IAN

I'm sorry...

(HE rubs STACY's belly.)

Your daddy's a very busy man.

STACY

How was work?

IAN

"Another day on Wall Street."

STACY

You look exhausted.

IAN

After ten hours, I'm surprised I look that good.

STACY

What time did you go in this morning?

IAN

Seven. (beat) No, wait... What day is today?

STACY

Tuesday.

IAN

Today I went in at six-thirty.

STACY

So that's twelve.

IAN

Ten, twelve... After eight hours it all becomes a blur.

(Pause.)

STACY

You hungry?

IAN

"Tuesday must be Thai."

STACY

Just let me grab my purse...

(SHE exits. IAN sorts through a stack of mail on the table.)

IAN

(to himself)

Am Ex... Visa... Master Card. (beat) Why is it, the only mail we ever get is from people wanting my money?

(ANGEL appears.)

ANGEL

Do you have a quarter?

(IAN looks at ANGEL.)

IAN

Hey, Honey...

STACY (off)

Hey, what-ey?

IAN

Have you seen that homeless person at the subway stop?

STACY (off)

Which one?

IAN

Clark Street.

STACY (off)

No, I meant, which homeless person?

ANGEL

Do you have a quarter?

IAN

Dark hair. Medium build. Trench coat.

STACY (off)

Man or woman?

ANGEL

Excuse me, Mister...

IAN

You know what? I'm not sure.

ANGEL

Do you have a quarter?

STACY (off)

You can't tell?

IAN

Could either be an effeminate man or a man-ish looking woman.

STACY (off)

But you're not sure?

ANGEL

Do you have a quarter?

IAN

I never paid much attention, I guess.

(STACY returns, ready to go. SHE
does not see ANGEL in the room.)

STACY

Not the crazy lady who's always looking for her daughter?

ANGEL

Do you have a quarter?

IAN

No, not her.

STACY

Not the guy with the eye patch and the mangy dog?

ANGEL

Do you have a quarter?

IAN

No... This one's new.

STACY

I haven't seen any new homeless person.

IAN

Always the same spiel...

ANGEL

Do you have a quarter?

STACY

I wonder why a quarter?

IAN

It kinda skieves me out, the way they look at me... Like
they knows all about me.

STACY

What can this homeless person possibly know about you?

ANGEL

Do you have a quarter?

IAN

There's something about them Stacy.

(HE looks at ANGEL.)

IAN (cont'd)

The way they just stand there...

ANGEL

Excuse me, Mister...

IAN

Hand out...

(ANGEL reaches a hand out.)

ANGEL

Do you have a quarter?

IAN

Like they're waiting.

STACY

For what?

IAN

For me.

(ANGEL touches IAN, taking his
breath away.)

--BLACK OUT--