

ANOTHER DAY ON WILLOW ST

a play by

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--WHO--

(in order of appearance)

PAUL GREEN

a lawyer, age 35

IAN BROWN

an investment banker, age 35

STACY GOLD

Ian's wife, eight months pregnant, age 35

MARK GREY

Paul's lover, an actor, age 35

--WHERE--

Brooklyn Heights & Manhattan, NY
Boston & Provincetown, MA

--WHEN--

Late summer, the recent past

AT RISE: LIGHTS come UP on IAN and PAUL, both dressed for another day at work. THEY speak to the audience.

Tuesday morning... PAUL

I stand by the bed... IAN

We lie in bed... PAUL

Watching her sleep... IAN

Breathing as one... PAUL

So beautiful. IAN

So peaceful. PAUL

"Have a great day... IAN

"I love you... PAUL

"I love you." IAN

"Have a great day." PAUL

(Pause.)

Another day on Willow Street. IAN

--SCENE 1--

SOUND of telephone RING as STACY appears in her mid-town office on her phone, later that day. SHE is very pregnant.

STACY

It's Stacy Gold at Random House calling on Tuesday afternoon... I just wanted to follow up on the book I sent over to you. Again, the title is "What to Do When You Can't Find The One."

(SOUND of telephone RING as MARK appears on the Brooklyn Heights Promenade, dressed for the gym. HE talks on his cell.)

MARK

This is Mark Grey.

STACY

It's a terrific book.

MARK

Regarding the audition I went on last Friday.

STACY

I'm hoping you'll be able to feature it on the show.

MARK

Sure, I can hold.

(SOUND of telephone RING as PAUL appears in his Boston office, on his cell phone.)

PAUL

It's Paul Green calling.

STACY

Let me know if you have any questions.

PAUL

I brought my mother in last week for some tests.

MARK

Mark Grey, holding. (beat) No problem.

(SOUND of telephone RING as IAN appears in his Lower Manhattan office on his phone.)

IAN

Ian Brown. (beat) Hey! How's things down in Atlanta?

STACY

Just to remind you, this week Thursday's my last day in the office.

PAUL

Has he heard anything back from the lab?

IAN

Another day on Wall Street.

STACY

I'm hoping we can lock this in for sometime around the "on-sale" date.

PAUL

She says she feels fine but...

MARK

Hello...?

IAN

We've already given you two weeks...

STACY

That's four weeks from today...

MARK

Sure, I can hold.

PAUL

Of course...

STACY

Tuesday, 9/25.

IAN

How much more time do you need?

PAUL

I understand.

MARK

Still here.

STACY

Please call me back at your earliest convenience.

MARK

Will you ask him to call me back as soon as he can?

PAUL

Ask him to give me a call as soon as he gets a chance.

IAN

Tell you what... Give me a call at the end of the week.

STACY

Thanks a lot.

MARK

Thanks.

PAUL

Thank you.

IAN

You got it.

(THEY hang up. After a moment, IAN dials his phone. STACY's phone begins to RING. SHE checks the caller-ID.)

STACY

Hello.

IAN

Hi, Honey... It's me.

STACY

Hi, me.

IAN

What're my girls up to?

STACY

We just got off the phone with Oprah.

IAN

And how is Ms. Winfrey?

STACY

Her producer's being a Total Bitch... I've been pitching this damn book to her for over two months.

IAN

And what did she say this time?

STACY

Nothing... I left yet another message.

(IAN looks at STACY. THEY speak directly to each other.)

IAN

Remember what I told you?

STACY

I know...

IAN

You don't have to care any more.

STACY

But I do.

IAN

It's not like they can fire you... In two more days you're going to walk out that door and "Bye, bye Random House."

STACY

And not a moment too soon.

IAN

What time are you heading home?

STACY

I don't know... Depends on how much I get done, here.

IAN

Have you told your authors you're leaving, yet?

STACY

When have I had time to call them?

IAN

What've you been doing all day?

STACY

You want the entire list or just the highlights?

IAN

It's not like you haven't been planning this for months.

(MARK dials his phone. PAUL's phone
begins to RING.)

STACY

I guess I'd better go.

(PAUL checks his caller-ID, then answers.)

PAUL

Hey, Slut...

IAN

Stacy...

MARK

Hey, Paul... What's up?

STACY

I've got a million things
to do.

PAUL

Working.

IAN

Call me later?

MARK

How was your flight?

STACY

If I get a chance.

PAUL

Uneventful as ever.

IAN

I love you.

MARK

How's Boston?

STACY

Love you, too.

(IAN and STACY hang up and disappear.)

PAUL

It would be better if you were here.

MARK

Guess where I am... Sitting outside on the Promenade.

PAUL

No fair... I wanna sit outside on the Promenade. How come the weekends are always so short?

MARK

We had three whole days together... Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

PAUL

I know...

MARK

I'll see you again in four days.

PAUL

Have you talked to your agent?

MARK

I just tried him.

PAUL

And...?

MARK

He was on another call.

PAUL

How convenient.

MARK

Soon as I hear anything, I'll let you know.

(PAUL looks at MARK. THEY speak directly to each other.)

PAUL

Remember what I told you?

MARK

I know...

PAUL

You shouldn't care so much.

MARK

But I do.

PAUL

Call me later?

MARK

Soon as I get home from the gym.

PAUL

Say hi to "Red Shirt."

MARK

Unlike you, I go to the gym to work out... Not to flirt.

PAUL

What fun is that?

MARK

That's what happens when you turn thirty-five.

PAUL

I'm thirty-five and I'm still fun.

MARK

Well, I'm a stuffed shirt.

PAUL

That's all right... I still love you.

MARK

Love you, too.

(THEY hang up and disappear as LIGHTS FADE.)

--SCENE 2--

Wednesday. IAN enters his Willow Street brownstone, Wall Street Journal under his arm.

IAN

Hello...?

(HE sets his newspaper down on the table.)

Stacy...?

(STACY appears.)

STACY

There you are.

IAN

Sorry I'm late...

(HE kisses STACY, rubs her belly.)

Hey there, Little Lahna.

(HE feels the baby kick.)

Did you feel that?

STACY

She's been like that all day.

IAN

Somebody's getting antsy in there.

STACY

Five more weeks.

IAN

Four weeks, five days.

STACY

Let's pray to God she lands on time.

(IAN sits on the sofa.)

IAN

Cuddle with me?

STACY

Somebody sure is lazy.

IAN

Please... Just for a minute or two... (beat) Or ten.

STACY

You're not hungry?

IAN

Somebody worked ten hours today.

STACY

Somebody else worked ten hours today, too.

IAN

Can I please lay my head in your lap?

STACY

If you think you can find it...

(SHE sits beside him. IAN lays his head
in her lap.)

How was your day?

IAN

Another day on Wall Street.

STACY

What time did you go in this morning?

IAN

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

STACY

Wednesday.

IAN

Today I went in at six-thirty.

STACY

So that's twelve... Not ten.

IAN

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

STACY

I'm beginning to think you're suicidal.

IAN

I was this close to walking out the door at a decent hour when Howard called.

STACY

That'll teach you to answer the phone.

IAN

I didn't have a choice.

STACY

It's a free country, Ian... You've always got a choice.

(Pause.)

IAN

Lahna... Ask Mommy what time she went to work this morning?

(Pause.)

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 love Joya... I thought maybe we'd try something new.

IAN

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

STACY

You aren't getting bored with the same thing week after week?

IAN

Not when it tastes so good.

(HE kisses her, a short peck.)

STACY

It's a good thing you're cute.

IAN

I'm funny, too.

STACY

Fine... We'll go to Joya.

IAN

What's wrong?

STACY

Nothing.

IAN

Which means "something."

STACY

Summer's almost over... Makes me sad just thinking about it.

IAN

Don't be sad... We're going to have our own little baby before we know it... And then you'll never be sad again.

(SHE touches his face.)

STACY

"Brown Eyes."

IAN

That's me.

STACY

Ready?

IAN

Ready.

(IAN does not move.)

STACY

Lazy...

IAN

Five more minutes... Please.

STACY

You know how crowded Joya gets.

IAN

You're no fun any more.

(HE rises from the sofa.)

STACY

After almost five years, what do you expect?

IAN

What happened to the girl I met that night at Rudy's?

STACY

You knocked her up and now she's fat.

IAN

Bet she can still cut a rug..

(HE takes her in his arms.)

STACY

Stop!

IAN

Make me...

(HE dances with her as MUSIC plays:

Billie Holiday's "Without Your Love.")

I gotta say, that Rudy's has one helluva jukebox.

STACY

It's a lucky thing for me I asked you to dance.

IAN

It's a lucky thing my old apartment was right around the corner.

STACY

So it was all about the bar and not the girl?

IAN

And that Johnny... Now he could pour a pint.

STACY

If that's how you feel, why didn't you marry Johnny?

IAN

I didn't fall in love with him.

STACY

Why not? He was cute.

IAN

So why didn't you marry him?

STACY

He didn't have your eyes.

IAN

What am I going to do with you?

STACY

Take me to dinner.

IAN

But the song's not over.

STACY

But your daughter's hungry.

IAN

Lahna... Tell Mommy not to blame everything on you.

STACY

Just let me grab my sweater and we can go.

(SHE exits. After a moment, IAN calls out.)

IAN

Hey, Honey!

STACY (off)

Hey, what-ey?

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 returns, sweater in hand.)

STACY

What's the point in owning a car if we hardly ever drive it?

IAN

We drive it.

STACY

When?

IAN

To see your family.

STACY

No we don't... We always take the train to Greenwich.

IAN

To see my family.

STACY

Jersey doesn't count.

(MARK enters his apartment next door, gym bag over his shoulder. HE sets his cell phone on the table then exits the room.)

IAN

We're driving it out to Coney Island on Sunday, aren't we?

STACY

I don't know... Are we?

(MARK's cell phone begins to RING.)

IAN

That's the plan.

(MARK reenters. HE checks the caller-ID, then answers as PAUL appears in his Boston apartment.)

MARK

Hey, Paul...

STACY

Fine... We'll take a cab.

PAUL

Hey, Slut... What's up?

IAN

After you, Mrs. Brown...

MARK

I just walked in the door.

STACY

Thank you, Mr. Brown.

(SHE exits the brownstone as IAN follows.)

PAUL

How's Brooklyn?

MARK

Same as it was yesterday when you left.

PAUL

How was the gym?

MARK

Kinda crowded for a Wednesday night.

PAUL

Was "Red Shirt" there?

MARK

Nope... No "Red Shirt."

PAUL

What about "Porn Star?"

MARK

How's your Mom?

PAUL

Same pain, different day.

MARK

Have you talked to her doctor?

PAUL

Have you talked to your agent?

MARK

That would be a "no."

PAUL

So call him again.

MARK

You want me to piss him off?

(Silence.)

PAUL

The Michaels need to know if we're still going to P-town on Saturday.

MARK

As long as I'm not shooting this commercial, we are.

PAUL

You know how pissy Michael H. gets if you cancel.

MARK

You can still go without me.

PAUL

Michael W. rented a house for four.

MARK

It's Labor Day weekend in P-town... I'm sure you can find another gay guy to go with you.

(PAUL looks at MARK. THEY speak directly to each other.)

PAUL

How long are you going to keep doing this?

MARK

Doing what?

PAUL

Pursuing this dream.

MARK

You make it sound like I haven't done anything since I moved to New York... How many regional theatres have I worked at?

PAUL

I know...

MARK

How many commercials have I auditioned for in the last month?

PAUL

I know...

MARK

My one-man show got raves in the Fringe.

PAUL

How long ago was that?

(Silence.)

Aren't you getting sick and tired of the whole actor-thing?

MARK

Aren't you getting sick and tired of being a lawyer?

PAUL

All those people judging you all the time... Never knowing where your next paycheck is coming from.

MARK

Why do you think I temp?

PAUL

I'm just saying... Seeing my Mom like this is making me realize what's important.

MARK

And that would be...?

PAUL

Love... Family... Commitment.

MARK

We've got all of that.

PAUL

We don't have each other.

MARK

We just spent the entire weekend together.

PAUL

After five years... What kind of life is this?

MARK

What do you want me to do about it?

(Silence.)

PAUL

You could pack everything up and move back to Boston.

MARK

Believe me... Sometimes I wish I could.

PAUL

Then why don't you?

(THEY hold each other's gaze as LIGHTS FADE.)