

# EXTRACT

# Beer and Newspaper

a dramatic monologue

by

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**Cast**

JAMIE

**Setting**

Street. Downtown.

**Time**

Early morning.

**Beer and Newspaper****JAMIE ENTERS, FEELING HER WAY WITH A CANE.**

JAMIE: How we met.  
I left my apartment at 8.35am exactly as usual.  
I came down the stairs of the complex and walked across Mulberry and into Baxter, past the fountain trickling on my left and the smell of garbage at the cafe where I sometimes buy my lunch.  
As I reached the corner of Centre, I felt a slight cool breeze, ruffling my hair – and a warm glow on my face, like someone had lit a match - then silence.  
No cars, no traffic lights, no people.  
Nothing, except the trickling of the fountain.  
Then suddenly an explosion of sound.  
A woman screaming - car horns, drowning each other out.  
Footsteps, a man's footsteps, running towards me.  
I'm knocked to the footpath by a middle aged man in a thick jacket.  
He grabbed my hand and tried to pull me up.  
"Leave me alone."  
I'm alright.  
You're the one who's confused.  
I know exactly where I'm going."  
I checked my watch. 8.47am.  
I had three minutes to get to my bus stop.  
He'd be waiting.  
But first I had to get across Lafayette and the lights had stopped working.  
I couldn't hear any cars moving so I stepped on to the road.  
It was unsafe I know but all I was thinking is that I have two minutes to get to my bus stop or he'll be gone.  
I took another tentative step.  
Ten more quick steps and I reached the other side.  
Now it was 8.49.  
One minute !  
I walked quickly down the sidewalk to Broadway and made it to my bus stop.  
8.50am exactly.  
But where was he ?  
Where was the man who smells of beer?  
Not badly - he's not an alcoholic - just a faint smell.  
And only in the evening.  
One or two after his hard day at the stock exchange.  
And he always has a paper which he reads on the bus.  
That's why I christened him Beer and Newspaper.  
Because I didn't know his real name.