

EXTRACT

Beer and Newspaper

a dramatic monologue

by

Alex Broun

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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.