

Un Time

by

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CHARACTERS

Liam Rhodes

TIME

Present. 6:30 on a Friday evening

PLACE

Outside of Sal's Bakery in Boston, MA.

LIAM Rhodes is seen sitting on his briefcase with his profile to the audience. He is wearing casual business attire with an open sports coat. SR of LIAM is a white outdoor circular table with attached seats.

LIAM

Heh...woah. I mean, god! Heh heh, really? Seven yea—hmmm.

Right. Of course, I guess it kind of makes sense, but seven??

Friday is suppose to be a good day...it usually is.

I have not had a Friday like this...ever. Have I?? No, no...Friday is usually pretty good. Ever since they started letting us go early on Fridays, it has become the greatest day of the week, as it should be.

Why today though?

Things seemed a little off, but they were off in a good way. Does that even make sense? What the fuck do I care if it makes sense. It makes sense to me, and I'm the only one here.

Sal's is all closed up, and he's gone home. I can't remember how long it's been since I've been coming here. Best muffins in the tri city area!

Every Friday, right after work.

Hey Sally! No, no...none for me. I'll just go with the usual. What's that?? Yeah, the one with the walnuts. I keep telling you Sal, you make the best blueberry muffin I've ever had. You shut up you crazy Italian. An Italian guy who makes some awesome muffins. You don't hear that too often. What ever happened with the mob...they didn't want you?? I'm kidding, I'm kidding Sal...heh heh, crazy Italian.

That blueberry muffin, that one with the walnuts...yum! Every Friday I get one, and then I sit down, why today though?

I got my muffin, blueberry with walnuts...same old same old. I then, what did I...Oh yea!

LIAM (CON'T)

Wait up guys! Rob, Dan, Mikey! What are you guys doing here?? Tonight, what about? No way!! Are you serious?? Hell yea man...I'd love to go. I haven't seen the Red Socks in a long time. How the fuck did you guys get tickets? Let me guess, you stole them didn't you Rob...haha!

You son of a gun, look at you. So he just gave them to you?? Hopefully those perks will come with some double D's. Am I right??

I know man. You'll find someone, but that kicks ass. Yea man, you'll sweep her off her feet. She won't even believe it when it's happening.

What time do you want me over...even better. I'll see you guys at six. Or if you're driving Mikey, I'll see you at 6:30...haha! What, I'm just givin you a hard time.

Oh shit, what time is it now?

(looks at watch)

Shit...so much for the game.

Dammit!

I still can't believe I made the bus...that was also strange. I usually miss it. And there I am, running for half a block trying to chase that madman down.

Driver should have been in a demolition derby, not a downtown city bus driver. But...that really is like its own derby.

Why today though?

Hmmm, is it that new aftershave? Commercial said it would do wonders. Yikes, now I'm really fuckin losing it. Aftershave, ha! Something must be up though.

Maybe I'm not feeling too well, how many times have I missed my drop??
Woah, sir. Sir!! Can you let me off, please? Well I forgot to pull the chord! Just here. Come on man, it's Friday!! YEeeeeeeesshhhh, thank ya. You FUCKIN idiot.

(singing)

Going to the socks game tonight...going to the socks game, let him swing!

(stops singing)

Hey babe, I'm home! Early too, can you believe that.

(singing)

LIAM (CON'T)

Going to the socks game tonight...

(stops singing)

How are you?? Honey, baby where are ya? I'm gonna find you. Hey babe, since I am home early...how bout we celebrate the fact it's Friday. Sweetie, where are ya??

(pause)

Uh, hoo...getting started without me huh...

(pantomimes opening a door)

Oh, dear god! Who the fuck are you??

Honey, who the fuck is he?!

What, yea...yea, just get your stuff and get out.

(shuts the door, and waits...he puts his ear to the fake door)

Oh, you have got to be kidding me!!

(opens door and grabs at man to pull him off and out of his wife)

Come here! Come on, get off of her.

(struggling with man)

I said get off her...now!

(finally pulls man off)

Oh, dude!! No MAN!!! Shit, those are our fuckin blinds ass hole. You finished on our fuckin drapes??! Get out, come on get out!! You don't do shit like that.

You, be quiet. Wait till he's gone...

(beat)

Who the fuck was that? Your chiropractor!? Since when have you been going to a, but you and me we still fuck...we still. Well it must not be good enough!! MORE???

You need, how long has this...haha, seriously? SERIOUSLY?? Jesus Christ hun, seven...seven years!? That guy has been banging you behind my back for seven years!?

(breaths out a long breath)

Well, seven...wow!

LIAM (CON'T)

I have to leave, I have to go. No, no...I have to...I have to...SEVEN! Dam, that is a long fuckin time. No...honey, Ally! I'm gonna go. I'm, bye.

Seven, with some chiropractor dip shit, and we were expecting a kid...all over our fuckin drapes.

(beat)

We were expecting a kid.

We were expecting a kid?

Oh man...kid could turn out to not even look like me.

Well if he's adjusting spines early on, then I'll know.

Ok! Hold up...what happened?

I left her...at home, no more than fifteen minutes ago. He blew his load all over the blinds and drapes. I throw him off of her. He continues to fuck her, so I open the door. I ask him to leave. I

walk in on my wife with another man. I hear her voice tempting me. I come home horny and I hope my wife feels the same way. The bus driver lets me off a couple blocks from the stop, you FUCKIN idiot. I make my bus, the first time to do that. I'm going to the Socks game. I run into Mikey, Rob, and Dan... hopefully those perks will come with some double D's. I leave Sal's with my muffin. I get my muffin, same old...same old, the usual; blueberry muffin with walnuts...and I always sit down and eat it right there

(turns around and points to white table)

I eat it right there...I always sit and eat it right there...but...I—left.

I took it with me...

(runs over to table and sits down)

I eat it right here, always. I miss the bus, cause I'm eating my blueberry muffin right here...the one with the walnuts.

I bought the muffin, left, and I made the bus...first time in a—

Crazy Italian and his awesome muffins...right here, for seven years.

LIAM sits there for a moment. He then takes both

of his arms and pounds the table. He stops and then does it again and again. Throughout this he is screaming "Seven Years", "Always here", "Crazy Italian", and "the one with the walnuts" in no particular order. He stops and takes a deep breath.

LIAM (CON'T)

It could have been eight or ten years maybe...could have been longer. One slip in seven years.

Oh Ally, why did I have to find out! I would have been...we! We would have been fine if I didn't...our fuckin drapes.

I'm sorry hun, but it won't work now...how could it?

(slowly crescendos)

Ahhhhhhhhh!

LIAM gets up from the table and runs over to his briefcase. He opens it and throws aside all his papers, pencils, and calculator while sitting on the floor. He looks for the bag with his muffin in it. He finds it, and removes it from his briefcase. He holds the bag up to his face.

LIAM (CONT'D)

You!

(beat)

Why!!

(beat)

Look at me!

(removes muffin from bag)

You did this! You and your fucking wall nuts. I might have found out sooner, but nooooo...Sally had to make you perfect. Crazy Italian and his claim to fame awesome muffins.

What am I gonna do...huh?

What are you going to do...you're a muffin!! And I'm some wacko talking to a muffin.

(beat)

LIAM (CON'T)

The kid's not mine, is it?

And I'm not going to the Red Socks game, am I?

I have to talk to her, don't I?

(pause)

Fuck.

(takes a bite of the muffin)

Your still the best dam muffin in the tri city area...my guess would be the best one I'll ever have.

LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK