

Every Thursday

by

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Cast of Characters

SANDRA:

50's

MYER:

50's

Place

Sandra & Myer's home

Time

Evening

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside a living room. It's a small home but gives the utmost love. It's cozy, friendly and well kept.

At Rise: The play opens up on Myer who is sitting on a sofa and his wife Sandra who sits down on a single sofa opposite Myer.

MYER: Again he called?

SANDRA: Yeah.

MYER: Again??

SANDRA: What's your problem? It's our son. If he wants to call me fifty times a day, let him.

MYER: He does nothing but annoy you.

SANDRA: You annoy me.

MYER: Not like him.

SANDRA: In your own special way.

MYER: How do I annoy you?

SANDRA: Let's not get into it.

MYER: What did he want now?

SANDRA: He was asking me how to make the potion.

MYER: What potion?

SANDRA: The potion, the potion, you know, the healing drink.

MYER: For what?

SANDRA: He said he has flu like symptoms.

MYER: Does he?

SANDRA: So he was asking me about what ingredients he will need so he can make the potion for himself.

MYER: Wow. Cause he doesn't go to the gym, no exercise, no nothing. He's lucky he gets out of bed to walk to the bathroom. He works from home in his pajamas. What do you call that? How is that work? In my day you'd go out and face the world, rain or shine, battle the elements and be all the stronger for it. Our son lives in a fairy tale. He sleeps until the afternoon, eats breakfast for dinner, wears the same clothes each day and lives in a high-rise luxury apartment in Manhattan. Go figure.

SANDRA: Why are you always hating on him?

MYER: I'm not hating on him.

SANDRA: Sounds exactly like you're hating on him.

MYER: I want him to be happy.

SANDRA: You're sore cause he chose his own way.

MYER: No, I'm not.

SANDRA: He didn't want anything to do with the family business.

MYER: That's not why.

SANDRA: They why? WHY? You've had this thing over him ever since he left us.

MYER: How does he do it? How does he live such a chilled out life. I kill myself. Must have broken every bone in my body, I'm lucky I can still walk and Michael floats through life as if on a cloud, making a shot load more money than me. HOW? How is that fair?

SANDRA: You shouldn't be comparing yourself to our son.

MYER: It's not that I'm comparing. It's that I don't feel appreciated by anyone. I have nerve damage throughout my body---

SANDRA: Come one now, I don't want to hear another tirade on your nerve damage.

MYER: I'm almost a cripple and where is the appreciation---

SANDRA: And you wanted our son Michael to suffer too?

MYER: He wouldn't, technology has advanced, he wouldn't have to break his back like I did--

SANDRA: It's not what he wanted.

MYER: I don't understand what that boy does.

SANDRA: He isn't a boy, he's a man and you should---

MYER: What does he even do?

SANDRA: He makes a good living online.

MYER: Doing what? HOW?

SANDRA: Ask him. You ever think to ask him?

MYER: I don't wanna ask him.

SANDRA: Why not?

MYER: Not my business.

SANDRA: Aren't you curious?

MYER: That's why I'm asking you?

SANDRA: Me? Don't ask me, I don't know the first thing about the internet. I'm lucky I can check my emails.

MYER: It's that whole generation. Totally different set of values.

SANDRA: He's a good man.

MYER: You sure about that?

SANDRA: Myer, I told you not to speak that way.

MYER: How do we know he's not doing something illegal?

SANDRA: He sells products online, don't he?

MYER: What kind of products?

SANDRA: He said he runs a few different online shops? One sells sneakers, another one computers and on and on...I think one's a coffee brand.

MYER: Coffee? What the hell does he know about coffee, other than drinking ten cups of it a day? Ever try to have a conversation with him? He goes a mile a minute. More energy than a nuclear bomb. I can't keep up with him. It's like talking to ten people at once in a crowded room, but you're only looking at one guy. He says things I don't even understand, those tech terms that make no sense to me, I question if they're even real words he's using, just to pull my chain but I don't say a word, I just nod cause I don't want to look stupid, but how can I look foolish if he's looking insane? Talking to him is like talking to a madman on the street, except it's my son, this is my son. I'm supposed to love my son, but he feels like a complete stranger or better yet, a drunken sailor who drinks too much coffee and spits out words that have no rhyme or reason. I don't know what the hell is going on anymore. Yet, he's successful. He's unbelievably successful and it's a mystery. It's an absolute mystery.

SANDRA: He's the same Michael you taught how to ride a bike, the same Michael who you introduced to the stars when you bought him that telescope, the same Michael you took to the hospital when he broke his arm and I can go on...he's not a stranger. It's your refusal to accept him for who he is and actually give a damn enough to ask him about what he does and how he does it. Perhaps if you did that, you'd get close again.

MYER: We're close enough.

SANDRA: Are you?

MYER: We're close.

SANDRA: Doesn't sound like it to me.

MYER: He's living his life. It's not my job to disturb him. Who am I?

SANDRA: Is that what this is all about?

MYER shrugs

You miss him, don't you?

MYER: We used to talk all the time and laugh together...now it's quick bursts of conversation every few weeks or so...

SANDRA: Why don't you invite him out?

MYER: Nooo, he's not gonna wanna go anywhere with me.

SANDRA: What makes you say that? Go for drinks. Isn't that what guys do? Go for a few brews and talk politics. Call him.

MYER: I'm not going to call him.

SANDRA: Want me to call him and I'll turn the phone over to you?

MYER: No, no.

SANDRA: It doesn't get any easier than that?

MYER: Fine, alright, call him up.

SANDRA calls.

SANDRA: Hi honey, how are you feeling? (beat) Okay, yeah, put the ginger in it too, don't forget...hold on, your father wants a word.

MYER takes phone.

MYER: How's it going Michael? Mom tells me you're feeling a bit under the weather. (beat) Make that potion and you'll be cleared up in a day or two. Yeah, it'll do you good. Hey listen, uh, when you get better, maybe one of these weekends we could get together. (beat) Everything's fine, I was just thinking it'd be nice to get together, just you and me. (beat) No, I'm not dying. No. You shouldn't question me about such things, if I was dying you'd already know I was dying...(nods his head in annoyance) So listen, maybe next Saturday we can...oh, Saturday's no good, okay, how about Sunday? No? Not Sunday? Well, Friday evening, I could leave work early and we could---sure...sure, call me and let me know then...yeah, yeah everything is fine son, I just...call me when you're free and we'll...okay, sounds good...bye.

SANDRA: What happened?

MYER: Said he was tied up these next few weekends, but that he'd call me when he's free.

SANDRA: See? Isn't that great?

MYER: Yeah, I guess.

SANDRA: Don't get down, he's just working really hard is all, it's not like he said he didn't want to see you.

MYER: No, I know, I know. He's busy is all. (beat) I used to meet up with my old man every Thursday. We'd go to the pub and..well, he was my best friend, wasn't he? Me and my Father, every Thursday. Help us get right on through Friday as if Friday didn't exist. Ha. Good times. It would've been nice to have that with Michael, sort of like a weekly routine with him, I always thought we would, but not everything we imagine works out to be what we imagined. I'm gonna go on up to bed sweetheart.

SANDRA: It's early.

MYER: I'm feeling tired. Haven't told you I haven't slept too good these past few days. Maybe if I get an early night, I'll---

Phone rings.

SANDRA answers.

SANDRA: Hello. Michael? He's right here honey, hold on. It's Michael.

MYER: Mike? Thursday? When...next? Yeah, uh...oh, yeah, I can meet you on Thursdays son, that would be...absolutely...okay, feel better...see you Thursday...bye...(to Sandra) Would you believe that? Said he wants to meet me more often and if we could maybe schedule out Thursdays...did I ever tell him about me and my old man?

SANDRA: You might have.

MYER: That can't be coincidence, can it?

SANDRA: Stranger things have happened.

MYER: Wouldn't you know it? Ha. Gonna meet on Thursday.

SANDRA: That's wonderful.

MYER: You, uh, wanna watch a movie before we go up to bed?

SANDRA: Sure.

END OF PLAY