

Raining Tuesday

A short scene

By Nicholas Escobar

Two people sit on a park bench in the rain. They are quiet for about 30 seconds. We hear the sound of rain falling.

Suddenly, the woman says something:

Can you tell me something?

Maybe. Depends.

Why does it always rain on Tuesdays?

It rains on other days.

Well yes, but not every week. Like it doesn't rain every Monday. Just some Mondays. But it constantly rains every Tuesday.

I hadn't noticed.

I put it in my calendar.

She shows him her phone. Indeed, rain is listed on every Tuesday for the past eight months.

She continues talking.

I'm telling you, it doesn't even matter the season. Yes, I know it rains more in the winter here, but even in the summer, consistent rain on Tuesdays.

It's an interesting observation, and I appreciate your consistent research, but I really don't have an answer. I guess it is just...a coincidence.

But it can't possibly be. It happens on a Tuesday. Did you know I was born on a Tuesday?

Yes, quite sure you've mentioned that before.

As was-

Czech tennis player Iveta Melzer. Yes I know. You probably mention her more than anyone else does.

And I'm terrible at tennis. It all fits.

What?

That it would rain every Tuesday obviously.

So you answered your own question. It all goes back to Melzer. You should call her.

I have, always get her voicemail.

Pity.

The park is quiet. The evening sun is setting behind the thin rain clouds. It is Tuesday, and it is raining of course.

A woman walks by holding a small dog in her arms. The dog looks concerned. The woman on the bench suddenly says:

Why do people carry their dogs like that?

Because the dog is tired?

It's a dog though right? An animal. It should walk on its own four feet.

Paws.

I said paws.

You said feet, dogs don't have feet they have—

Paws. I know. I'm not stupid.

Of course.

A pause.

The woman continues:

If I had a dog—

You do—

I did—

But?

Now I don't. So if I had one *again*, (sorry I wasn't clear), I wouldn't carry it. I would let it walk on its own.

It builds character.

It builds character.. for your dog?

Yes. I think so.

Ok.

And you saw the dog in that woman's arms. It was terrified. It didn't want to live anymore.

The dog was suicidal?

Perhaps.

It might just have not liked the rain. I wouldn't read into the dog too much. You don't know the specifics of its life.

It is in the arms of a clearly newly divorced woman who tries to work out on Tuesdays but always ends up just casually walking her dog around the park, as if that is enough. But she doesn't actually walk the dog, she just holds it up. She thinks that could count as a form of lifting weights even though the dog only weighs a couple kilograms.

Fair. And that makes the dog suicidal?

Well how would you feel if you couldn't even fucking walk on your own? I would hate everything. And especially because it's a fucking raining Tuesday.

So the rain does play a factor?

I never said it didn't.

You said as much.

I don't think I did.

Did you quit smoking?

Of course not.

You said you would.

When?

Monday.

Well that was a Monday.

And?

Everything I saw on Monday is a lie.

So when you said you liked my tie—

It was hideous. But it was a Monday.

Oh. So you didn't quit.

Nope.

She lights up a cig. Smoke flies into the dusty air.

The man says:

It's late.

It's early.

Oh?

Early for me, I woke up at 2.

Why?

Because I went to sleep at 8.

PM?

AM?

Why?

A lot of work.

What kind of work?

Work work. Obviously.

Always the best kind of work.

Work...work...

A pause.

He continues:

So since it's early for you what will you do now?

Talk to you.

But I have to leave.

Oh?

Yes I have a date tonight.

With whom?

Girl named Veronika.

What happened to Lea?

Didn't like her. She definitely didn't like me. Only went on one date.

I liked her.

You never met her.

But I liked her name. She was probably nice.

Don't give her a fucking eulogy. She's still alive.

When did you last speak with her?

We texted two weeks ago.

Well...

Oh shut up. Stop being so morbid.

So this Veronika chick. Where did you meet her?

At a coffee shop. She was the barista. I thought she was cute, we got to chatting and then I gave her my number.

That was very brave of you.

I'm not normally that forward.

Yes. I know.

Her cig is finished.

She says:

So do you have a good feeling about Veronika?

Maybe. I don't know. I've only been face to face with her for five minutes. Can't tell anything about a person after five minutes.

Well you can tell if they are attractive to you, and interesting to talk to.

I'm not so sure.

Oh?

I mean, I've experienced this a bunch of times, see? I meet a girl and find her attractive, think about her in the intervening week or so and create this imaginary version of her in my mind and when I see her

again she's a different person, she even *sounds* different and for some reason I'm disappointed by her. Is that fucked up?

A question and an answer.

Ok. Shoot.

Question: Did that happen to poor Lea? And answer: Yes. That's fucked up.

No. And ok, that's fair.

People will always never live up to your imagined version of them. We're fucking human.

Ok.

So don't fuck it up with barista Veronika. I like her.

You've never met her.

Fine, but I get a good vibe.

Good to know.

I know.

Yep.

The sun officially sets and it is now quite dark.

The man says:

I can't see you anymore.

Same here. Can't see you.

Should we leave?

Let's stay a bit longer.

It's still raining.

Don't remind me.

I might be late.

When is your date?

5:30.

Why is it so early?

We are going to walk around a bit and then go to dinner.

Ugh. A walk and then a dinner date?

Yes.

You did the same thing with me.

Well it worked didn't it?

Yes, but look at where we are now.

On a bench in the rain on Tuesday?

Exactly.

I think the dinner date will be good. We are going to a new Mexican place.

Nice.

Why are you sarcastic?

Because it's Tuesday.

Ah. Fair. What are you on Wednesday?

Lewd.

I haven't noticed.

That says a lot about you.

Fair.

Well you'd better leave then. Don't want to keep Veronika waiting.

You don't like her. I can tell.

I *do* like her.

It's Tuesday,

FINE. I just think you should...take a break. There was Lea and Vanessa and Phyllis and Trish and Laura and Laura II and Betty and Rebecca and Violet...

And...

I forgot the last one.

How disappointing.

Ah! Margaret.

Yes Margaret. But I'm thinking of one more person.

Silence. She looks down at her feet.

She says quietly:

You.

Right.

You got every other one though.

I have a good name with memory.

Memory with names.

Memory for names.

Yes you do. Well what is mine?

You're Nameless.

You're Nameless Too.

Right you are.

I know.

He puts his arm around her in a friendly way.

The rain begins to slow.

She speaks:

Looks like your date night won't be rained on after all.

Good thing too. Raining dates suck.

Agreed.

What are you going to do later? Besides work work?

Prepare for Wednesday probably. And put today's rain on the calendar.

Of course. Sorry I couldn't answer your question.

About what? I have a lot.

About why it rains on Tuesdays. It's just a difficult question to answer.

I know. That's why I asked it.

A pause. An owl hoots.

She tries to speak:

Why does—

I'm sorry, I really have to go.

He gets up. The bench seems empty.

She says, a bit desperately:

I'll see you soon. Next week perhaps.

That isn't soon. Tomorrow is soon.

Well then maybe Friday.

That would be soonish.

Then what is next week?

A long fucking time from now.

Then I will see you a **long fucking time from now.**

Fine.

He leaves. The owl hoots again. She looks up. Perhaps expecting to see the owl right above her head.

Say hi to Veronika for me.

No answer...

No fucking answer...

I fucking hate Tuesdays.