

BLUE STARS

by Stuart Spencer

The set for the original production of *Blue Stars* was an abstracted-naturalistic kitchen. Only the furniture and props essential to the play were present. It had a skewed, off-center look that made it clear to the audience from the opening that this would not be a kitchen-sink drama.

Blue Stars was originally produced in the Ensemble Studio Theatre Marathon '92. It was directed by Jane Hoffman and performed by Cecilia DeWolfe, Kevin O'Keefe, and Eric Conger.

Morning.

A white kitchen. An old style refrigerator, black wall phone, coffee percolator. A small breakfast table.

HORACE sits sipping coffee, eating a piece of toast and reading the paper. He is dressed in a suit and tie. A small briefcase on the floor next to him.

EMMA enters.

EMMA

You're up.

HORACE

Hm?

EMMA

You're already up and dressed.

HORACE

I couldn't sleep.

EMMA

Nightmares?

HORACE

No, I just couldn't sleep.

EMMA

(moves into the kitchen)

I had nightmares.

HORACE

Did you? I'm sorry.

EMMA

Terrible nightmares. I couldn't wake up. What do you think of that. You had pleasant dreams and you couldn't sleep. I had nightmares and I couldn't wake up.

(beat)

You made the coffee.

HORACE

Yes.

EMMA

(pours some)

I would have made it.

HORACE

I didn't know when you'd be up.

EMMA

(sips)

It's fine.

HORACE

I thought it was pretty good.

EMMA

It is. It's very good. Did you want breakfast?

HORACE

Toast is fine.

EMMA

I'd be glad to make you something.

HORACE

You don't need to, really.

EMMA

Pancakes, maybe. With blueberries. We still have a lot of blueberries from the bunch I picked up at the cottage. They'd be wonderful in some pancakes. They'll only go bad, sitting in the refrigerator. Would you like some? Some blueberry pancakes?

HORACE

Emma, please, sit down and have your coffee.

(pause)

EMMA

Have you been outside today?

HORACE

Outside?

EMMA

To get the paper, I mean. Did you go out in front?

HORACE

Yes.

EMMA

Did you see anything out in the front of the house?
Anything unusual?

HORACE

Like what, for instance?

EMMA

You'll laugh at me.

HORACE

Emma, I would never laugh at you.

EMMA

(slight pause)

An airplane.

HORACE

Did I see an airplane out in front of the house.

EMMA

Yes.

HORACE

On the front lawn.

EMMA

Not on the lawn - on the street. At the curb. Pulled up to the curb, like an automobile, only it's a plane. A little plane, with a little stubby nose. Cute, almost. Just big enough for one person, or maybe two if you squeeze. The pilot and a passenger. And the pilot is there, dressed like a ... well, like a pilot. A leather jacket with the fleece lining and a scarf and a cap. He's standing next to his plane. Young man. Nice looking. He wanted me to go with him. He wanted me to get into his airplane.

HORACE

And did you?

EMMA

No, I wouldn't.

HORACE

You refused.

EMMA

I told him I didn't like to fly. I told him I was afraid of going up in airplanes.

HORACE

So you didn't go.

EMMA

No. Heavens, no.

HORACE

Then why was it a nightmare?

EMMA

It just was. It felt like a nightmare.

HORACE

Emma, if you had gone in the airplane against your will, if he had tricked you, or forced you somehow, and then if you had taken off and you were actually in flight and something terrible happened, like you crashed, or he threw you out of the plane - that might have been a nightmare. What you had was a dream. A strange dream, that's all. People have them all the time. Some people enjoy them.

EMMA

It was very real.

HORACE

The stranger they are, the more real they seem. Don't you know that?

EMMA

I guess not.

HORACE

Have your coffee, dear.

EMMA

(takes her coffee to the window)

I suppose it was the prospect of something bad. The potential for it. The potential for something really dreadful happening.

HORACE

You might have gone with an attractive young man in his airplane. You might have done something very exciting that you have never done before and in all likelihood will never do again. I do not see that as particularly dreadful.

EMMA

That never occurred to me.

HORACE

Of course it didn't. Now please, Emma, dear - relax. Please.

EMMA

(pours more coffee)

Your coffee's really very nice.

HORACE

Thank you.

EMMA

I didn't know you could make such good coffee.

HORACE

There are many things I am capable of.

EMMA

Would you like some more?

HORACE

I'm not quite ready, thanks.

(She unplugs the percolator and puts it on
the table.)

HORACE

I'd prefer it back where it belongs, please, and
plugged in.

(She puts the percolator back on the counter
and plugs it in.)

EMMA

Horace.

HORACE

Yes?

EMMA

Do you think we'll go up to the cottage this weekend?

HORACE

The cottage?

EMMA

Yes.

HORACE

Again?

EMMA

Yes.

HORACE

Well, I'll have to see if I can get away.

EMMA

I do hope we can.

HORACE

You're free to go alone, you know. You don't have to have me with you.

EMMA

You mean, me go up and leave you here?

HORACE

Yes.

EMMA

(astonished)

Are you serious?

HORACE

If you want to, why not?

EMMA

Me? Go up to the cottage by myself?

HORACE

Yes.

EMMA

What would make you think I would do such a thing?

HORACE

I thought you might want to, that's all.

EMMA

I can't imagine it.

HORACE

It was only an idea.

EMMA

I'd like to pick more blueberries.

HORACE

I thought you said we had plenty of blueberries.

EMMA

We do, but ...

HORACE

They were going to go bad, you said.

EMMA

Yes, they will, but ...

HORACE

We have a basket of blueberries going bad in the refrigerator, and you want to pick more.

EMMA

I like to pick them, that's all. I like to go out with the basket, picking. I could do it for hours. Out in that enormous meadow, all afternoon, nothing to do but pick berries.

HORACE

All by yourself.

EMMA

Yes.

HORACE

Out by yourself all afternoon, picking berries.

EMMA

Yes.

HORACE

But when I say, why not go up to the cottage by yourself, you say you can't imagine it.

EMMA

That would be different.

HORACE

Different how? What's different about it?

EMMA

The one way you're there, and the other way you're not.

HORACE

Either way, I'm not there.

EMMA

Well, that's true.

HORACE

I still exist, dear. It's not as if I have ceased to exist.

EMMA

It's not the same, that's all. I don't want to go up to the cottage without you. If you don't go, I'm not going.

HORACE

You do make it awfully difficult, do you know that? You make things very, very difficult.

EMMA

If you want to go to the cottage, we'll go. If you don't want to go, we won't. And that's that.

(He gets up.)

Where are you going?

HORACE

To work.

EMMA

Already?

HORACE

I like to allow ample time.

EMMA

But it's so early.

HORACE

It's not early. You got up late, remember?

EMMA

(beat)

When will you be home?

HORACE

I don't know.

EMMA

Call me, will you?

HORACE

If I have time.

EMMA

I want to know about dinner, is all.

HORACE

What about dinner?

EMMA

I want to know what time.

HORACE

I'll call you when I know something.

EMMA

I think that's reasonable, isn't it?

HORACE

I'll call you.

EMMA

I have to plan a little bit, don't I?

HORACE

I said I'd call. Don't worry about it.

(He takes a last sip of his coffee.)

That's good.

(beat)

Will you stop looking at me like that? I'll call you.
Don't worry. Please, please don't worry.

EMMA

I'm sorry.

HORACE

I'll call you.

EMMA

All right.

HORACE

Kiss?

(They kiss.)

HORACE

You promise not to worry?

EMMA

I promise.

HORACE

I'll see about this weekend.

EMMA

Thank you.

(He begins to exit.)

EMMA

Don't work too hard.

(He exits. She goes to the window, waits a
minute, waves.)

EMMA

Good bye!

(He is gone. She looks a moment longer. Then she turns from the window, goes to the refrigerator, gets a basket of blueberries out. She puts them on the table, sits down. She eats a berry.)

A ring at the door. She goes to it and opens it. A young man is there, dressed casually, cap in his hand.)

FREDDY

Good morning.

EMMA

Good morning.

FREDDY

Are you ready, ma'am?

(beat)

Are you ready to go?

(beat)

I'm Freddy. The driver. I'm here to pick you up. You wanted someone to pick you up, didn't you?

EMMA

Pick me up?

FREDDY

(consulting a slip of paper)

This is 122 North Maple, isn't it?

EMMA

Yes.

FREDDY

And you are Emma Thorn?

EMMA

Yes.

FREDDY

Mrs. Emma Thorn? 122 North Maple? You called to have someone pick you up this morning at eight thirty.

EMMA

No, not me.

FREDDY

I've got the order right here, ma'am.

(He shows it to her.)

EMMA

But I didn't call anyone.

FREDDY

I see.

(beat)

Maybe you could let me use your phone. Would that be all right?

EMMA

Yes, yes. Come in.

(He enters.)

It's right over there.

FREDDY

Thank you ma'am.

(He goes to the phone.)

Frank, it's Freddy. I'm over at 122 North Maple, a Mrs. Emma Thorn. She um ... she says she didn't order any car.

(pause)

That's right.

(pause)

Yeah, I know Frank. Uh-huh. Hold on.

(to Emma)

You mind if I wait here for a few minutes? They've got to check things out down there and call me back.

EMMA

I don't mind.

FREDDY

(into the phone)

Yeah, it's all right.

(reading off the phone)

Five - four six oh three.

(pause)

Right.

(pause)

Okay, Frank.

(pause)

Yes, I know Frank.

(hangs up)

FREDDY (con't)

He's going to call back in a minute.

EMMA

Would you like some coffee?

FREDDY

(dialing)

Thank you. I could use some.

EMMA

My husband made it. Cream and sugar?

FREDDY

Black for me.

EMMA

Was that your boss?

FREDDY

That was Frank. The dispatcher.

EMMA

I'm sorry about the mix up.

FREDDY

It's not your fault, I'm sure. Don't worry about it.

EMMA

You sound like my husband.

FREDDY

How's that?

EMMA

Telling me not to worry. My husband is forever telling me not to worry.

FREDDY

Good advice, I guess.

EMMA

Very good advice. Very sound advice.

(slight pause)

Sit down, won't you ... Freddy? Is that it?

FREDDY

That's right.

EMMA

Please, sit down.

FREDDY

Good coffee.

EMMA

My husband made it.

FREDDY

I like a good, strong cup of coffee. I like the taste of coffee, the actual taste of the coffee. I make it myself at home but it comes out weak.

(pause)

You've been out picking berries, I see.

EMMA

Oh yes. This past weekend. We have a cottage up north. It's just surrounded by blueberry bushes. Acres and acres of them. You could pick blueberries all day and never run out of them. There'd always be more to pick.

FREDDY

Like stars. In the sky.

EMMA

Yes, exactly.

FREDDY

You'd think you could count them all, but there's always one you missed.

EMMA

That's right.

FREDDY

A little cottage up in the woods, surrounded by a sky full of blue stars wherever you look.

EMMA

That's exactly it. I never thought of it like that before, but that's it exactly.

FREDDY

(pause)

I guess this means you're not going anywhere today.

EMMA

What means I'm not going anywhere?

FREDDY

That you didn't order a car.

EMMA

Oh that. Yes - no, I'm not going anywhere.

FREDDY

Too bad. I was jealous of you going away like that.

EMMA

Were you?

FREDDY

Oh sure, going away like that? I'd like to go away places.

EMMA

You're young. I'm sure you could go anywhere you liked.

FREDDY

No, ma'am, I don't think I could.

EMMA

Why not?

FREDDY

Where would I go?

EMMA

I don't know. Where would I go? Where would anybody go?
Where were you going to take me?

FREDDY

I don't know.

EMMA

What does it say on your slip there?

FREDDY

It doesn't say anything. That part's not filled in.
See? "Destination." It's blank.

EMMA

I see.

FREDDY

Just says Mrs. Emma Thorn. 122 North Maple. 8:30 am.

EMMA

Isn't that strange.

FREDDY

Strange, ma'am?

EMMA

That the destination isn't filled in.

FREDDY

No, ma'am. It's often blank like that.

EMMA

Is that right.

FREDDY

Yes ma'am.

EMMA

But then, I could tell you I wanted to go somewhere that you didn't go. Somewhere far away. Another town, maybe.

FREDDY

That'd be fine, ma'am.

EMMA

You go as far away as another town?

FREDDY

Yes ma'am.

EMMA

To Cherryville even? Or Oshotowoc?

FREDDY

Yes ma'am, anywhere you wanted.

EMMA

(pause)

Are you a pilot?

FREDDY

A pilot, ma'am?

EMMA

Are you a pilot? Do you fly an airplane?

FREDDY

Why do you ask that?

EMMA

You see, I just had this ... this thought. I could see you out in the front of this house, standing in front of an airplane. You don't have an airplane parked outside this house, do you?

(pause)

Do you?

FREDDY

(pause)

I'm afraid I don't.

(She goes to the window.)

I have my car. The company's car. That's the only thing
I have parked out front.

EMMA

(beat)

More coffee?

FREDDY

Thanks.

EMMA

Just black, is that right?

FREDDY

That's right.

EMMA

My husband made it. He got up before me this morning
and he made it. Normally I'm up before my husband and I
make the coffee. But I woke up late - I was having the
strangest dream - and he was up and dressed already. It
was odd not to have him there next to me. He's always
there beside me when I wake up and ... I'm sorry. I do
go on.

FREDDY

(pause)

But where do you think you might have been going? If
you had been going somewhere? Where do you think that
could have been? It's like a game.

(slight pause)

Downtown, maybe?

EMMA

Maybe.

FREDDY

Or over to the island? Visit a friend?

EMMA

Possibly.

FREDDY

Up to Cherryville, maybe?

EMMA

Yes.

FREDDY

Or Oshotowoc.

EMMA

I suppose, any of those places.

FREDDY

What about Johnson Mills?

EMMA

I don't know - that far?

FREDDY

Or Minneapolis. Or Chicago.

EMMA

Oh, I don't think you could possibly go that far.

FREDDY

I don't see why not.

EMMA

But I don't see how.

FREDDY

Maybe I was going to take you to the bus stop, or the train station. From there, you get off one train, you get on another. You take it to the coast and you get on a ship, or an airplane. You fly over the polar cap and places you thought were far away aren't really so far. I could get you anywhere you wanted, if you thought of it like that.

EMMA

The polar cap ... !

FREDDY

Sure. You could be Hong Kong before you know it, or Singapore, or Bangkok, or Oahu, or Guam, or Sydney, Australia.

EMMA

Stop ... stop ... !

FREDDY

What's the matter?

EMMA

The thought of all those ... places! ... and the polar cap! Really! Chicago, maybe. Or Milwaukee. I might have been going to Milwaukee, but I don't think the polar cap.

FREDDY

Where do you want to go?

EMMA

I don't want to go anywhere.

FREDDY

Nowhere at all?

EMMA

I want to stay right here.

FREDDY

Not me. I'd love to get away.

EMMA

Get away from what?

FREDDY

(beat)

Have you ever been up in a plane?

EMMA

No, I haven't.

FREDDY

When you're up in a plane, the sky is always blue, because you're up above the clouds, see? The clouds are all among you, or below you. You're flying through them, in and out of them - beautiful white clouds. And down below, it's a perfect little world when you're in a plane. There's nothing you couldn't make better by just reaching down and making it right. And above you, when it's night, there are stars. Thousands of stars. You could be in among the stars, for all you know. You could be one of them. I can remember being up at night, looking out around me and thinking, here I am among the stars. I've left the earth behind me altogether.

EMMA

(beat)

When were you ever up in a plane?

FREDDY

Navy Air Corps, ma'am. In the war.

EMMA

You flew a plane?

FREDDY

Yes ma'am.

EMMA

Then you're a pilot. You said you weren't a pilot.

FREDDY

Not any more, ma'am. The war's over.

EMMA

But you were - you were a pilot. That's what I meant. You lied to me.

(She stands up.)

FREDDY

Ma'am?

EMMA

You lied! You said you weren't a pilot!

FREDDY

No, I didn't - !

EMMA

Oh my goodness ...

FREDDY

What did I do?

EMMA

You said you weren't a pilot and you are!

FREDDY

I was - but not anymore!

(She goes to the window and looks out.)

EMMA

Is that your car?

FREDDY

(goes to the window)

Yes, ma'am.

EMMA

Is that how you got here?

FREDDY

Yes ma'am, that's the company car.

EMMA

Well, I wish you'd get in it and drive away.

FREDDY

They haven't called from the office yet.

EMMA

I'd like you to go!

FREDDY

I could lose my job, ma'am!

(pause)

I need this job. It was the only thing I could get and hold onto. There's competition for this kind of job, believe it or not. They'd fire me in a second if they had any trouble with me. They've told me so. There's plenty more when I came from - that's what they say. I'm not what you'd call highly employable. The only other thing I know is how to fly a plane and they won't let me do that anymore on account of my injury.

EMMA

What injury?

FREDDY

I had a bad landing there at the end. I'd lost my right flap and I came in at an angle. I flipped over, got jammed up against my left side here. I got out okay, but I lost most of the strength on my left side. It was the last time I ever flew. I can drive a car all right. It's not the same, but sometimes I use my imagination and it almost seems like I'm flying again. Driving the car, see? In my mind, while I'm driving down East Main with the sunlight coming through the trees, I imagine I'm back in my little baby. And the treetops, the branches hanging down covered in leaves, they're the clouds. With the sunlight flickering through them. And the sky over me. And if I squint a little bit, I can imagine it's the whole earth below me, not just East Main Street.

(looks out the window)

You'd never think that I could do that, would you. Looking at that old Ford. You'd never think I could imagine such a thing. But that's one thing about me - ever since I was a kid, I had a powerful imagination. I guess I never lost it.

(pause)

Maybe I should call them again.

EMMA

Maybe you should.

FREDDY

(goes to the phone and dials)

Frank? It's Freddy.

(pause)

Yeah, uh-huh. Right. No, I'm still here.

(pause)

She says no, Frank.

(pause)

Okay.

(pause)

Okay, I'll see what I can do.

(hangs up)

He says there's no mistake. They definitely got an order in for a car for Mrs. Emma Thorn, 122 North Maple.

EMMA

Freddy, would you sit down?

FREDDY

What's the matter?

EMMA

Please.

(He sits.)

FREDDY

You're going to cancel the order.

EMMA

I never placed the order. Don't you see? I have nowhere to go. There's no place I want to go. If there were a place I needed to get to, my husband could take me. We have a car, you see. A brand new Chevrolet. It's sitting out in the garage. If I needed to go somewhere ... well, I don't drive myself, but my husband would take me.

FREDDY

It's not the money, is it?

EMMA

The money?

FREDDY

Because the ride is already paid for.

EMMA

It is?

FREDDY

Pre-paid. In full. It says so on the slip.

EMMA

Who paid for it?

FREDDY

Whoever placed the order, I guess.

EMMA

Of course.

FREDDY

I'll tell you what. How about if I take you out for a spin, wherever you want. It doesn't matter where. And we'll call it even. What do you say?

EMMA

You're very nice ... but I ... I can't. I just can't.

FREDDY

I don't know what it is. People do this. They say - "No, not me. I never ordered a car. I don't know what you're talking about. I'm not going anywhere." It doesn't seem to happen to the other drivers, just to me. They said they were going to fire me if it kept up.

EMMA

But that's not fair. It's not your fault.

FREDDY

To them, though - to them it looks that way.

EMMA

Yes of course, but it's not.

FREDDY

But to them ...

EMMA

I can't imagine anyone refusing to ride in your car because of you. You're certainly not the problem. If there were any reason not to get into that car and drive away, drive anywhere at all, it would certainly not be you.

FREDDY

Isn't there anyplace you'd want to go? Anyplace at all?

EMMA

I'm sorry, no.

FREDDY

Some shopping you might want to do?

EMMA

My shopping is all done.

FREDDY

Someone you want to visit?

EMMA

No, no one.

FREDDY

Just a drive then, around town.

EMMA

I don't think so.

FREDDY

Or out of town. A drive into the country. We could go take a ride into the countryside.

EMMA

No, no, Freddy, I ...

FREDDY

Find a patch of blueberries.

(pause)

A patch of blueberries, as wide as the sky, blueberries wherever you look, like a green sky of blue stars, waiting for you to bring them down, put them in your basket.

EMMA

I only know one patch of blueberries. We'd never find a patch like that.

FREDDY

Have you ever looked?

(pause)

You never really looked, I bet.

EMMA

No, I suppose I haven't.

FREDDY

We could go for a look.

EMMA

For a patch of blueberries.

FREDDY

There's bound to be one, out there.

EMMA

I suppose there must be, but ...

FREDDY

But what?

EMMA

It might be hours.

FREDDY

Are you on a schedule?

EMMA

Me? No, no schedule.

FREDDY

Then we both have time.

EMMA

It's not a question of time. I just don't know if I ...
if I can.

FREDDY

You mean, are you able?

EMMA

Yes, exactly.

FREDDY

I think you are certainly able.

EMMA

I wouldn't be so sure.

FREDDY

Mrs. Thorn, I think you're very able, if you don't mind
my saying so.

(He goes to her.)

I think you are able, and willing, and I think you can
imagine it. Isn't it true? Isn't it true that you
imagine a sky full of blue stars, waiting to be
gathered into your basket?

(He takes her by the elbows.)

Mrs. Thorn?

(Horace appears at the door.)

HORACE

Is that your car out there?

FREDDY

Yes sir.

HORACE

I wish you wouldn't park it at the curb like that. They're cleaning the street this morning and they'll have to go around you if you leave it there.

FREDDY

Sorry, sir. I was just going to move it.

HORACE

They only come by once a week, and I hate to be the only fellow on the street with a dirty curb.

(pause)

I was almost to the office before I realized I didn't have my briefcase. I reached for the door of my building with my right hand, which is the hand I normally use to carry my briefcase. When I reached for the door with that hand, I knew right then, something was missing. That's the value of having a routine, you see. The second the routine is broken, you know something is wrong. You identify the problem, solve it, and get on.

(He picks up the briefcase.)

Fortunately, I allow plenty of time to get to work. I can still walk back and be there in good time.

FREDDY

You walk to work?

HORACE

Walking is healthful, isn't it. It wouldn't make sense to drive the car to work. It only uses gas and oil, and the wear and tear - well, it adds up.

EMMA

My husband likes to walk.

HORACE

Indeed I do.

FREDDY

If you like to walk, that's fine.

HORACE

And who are you, may I ask.

FREDDY

I'm from the taxi service, sir.

HORACE

Oh?

FREDDY

There was some kind of mix-up. We thought Mrs. Thorn ordered a car.

HORACE

I don't understand. You people must not have a routine down there.

FREDDY

That must be it, sir.

HORACE

I'd have that business of yours straightened out in no time if I were running it.

FREDDY

Yes sir.

EMMA

It was pre-paid and everything.

HORACE

Is that so?

FREDDY

Yes sir.

HORACE

Well someone is out a sum of money, aren't they.

FREDDY

Yes sir, they are.

HORACE

Someone, somewhere along the line wasn't thinking.

FREDDY

It looks that way.

HORACE

Are you enjoying the coffee?

FREDDY

Yes sir.

HORACE

Black, I see.

FREDDY

Yes sir.

HORACE

Cream and sugar myself.

FREDDY

I like the actual taste of the coffee.

HORACE

I made it, you know. I just got up and made it - didn't seem to require any help at all.

EMMA

I told him, dear.

HORACE

I think it turned out pretty well.

FREDDY

Yes, sir, it did.

HORACE

Well I have to be off. Don't want to come in late - lower management begins to resent you. You take care of Mrs. Thorn, young man. Mistake or no mistake, you're here now. It wouldn't do to leave a woman in distress.

EMMA

I'm not in distress.

HORACE

I thought you were.

EMMA

I don't know why you thought that.

HORACE

(to Freddy)

Are you married?

FREDDY

No sir.

HORACE

Well, there's no use explaining then.

(They kiss and he begins to exit.)

And don't forget to move your car. Street cleaners.

(He exits. She goes to the window.)

EMMA

He's going now.

FREDDY

Yes?

EMMA

He's just turned the corner and now he's ... he's gone.

FREDDY

I knew a man like that in the war.

EMMA

Oh?

FREDDY

He was in our outfit. No one disliked him, really, but at the same time we hardly knew him. Even now, I can't remember his name.

(pause)

You all right, ma'am?

EMMA

Yes, I'm all right.

FREDDY

I better be going now. If Frank calls, you let him know I'm on my way, could you ma'am?

EMMA

Freddy?

FREDDY

Ma'am?

EMMA

I believe I'll be going with you.

FREDDY

That's be fine, ma'am.

EMMA

It does seem to be what he wanted also, isn't it. That isn't why I ... - but I feel it makes it somehow, somehow more ...

FREDDY

I understand.

EMMA

I am right, aren't I?

FREDDY

You're very right.

EMMA

I'm very right. I'm very right.

(smiles)

Where shall we go?

FREDDY

We'll drive out of town.

EMMA

Yes?

FREDDY

I know some places.

EMMA

Blueberry patches.

FREDDY

Places there are likely to be blueberries.

EMMA

And if there aren't?

FREDDY

That's no way to think, is it Mrs. Thorn?

EMMA

(looking around)

Well ... do I need anything?

FREDDY

Not that I can think.

EMMA

Just you and I and your car.

FREDDY

That's right.

(He goes to the door.)

Coming?

(She goes to the door.)

EMMA

Wait. I know.

(She goes to the basket of blueberries, picks them up, hesitates a moment, then dumps them. They spill across the table and onto the floor.)

Something to put them in.

(She smiles at him.)

All those blueberries.

(He withdraws a light, thin scarf from his jacket pocket and tosses it around his neck.)

FREDDY

After you.

(She exits. He follows, closing the door.
End.)