

Lindsey Alexander  
Anne Marie Brethauer  
Katherine Burkman  
Jane Cottrell  
Martha Lovely



Linda Meadows  
Cecily O'Neill  
Marilyn Rofsky  
Ann Roth  
Cathy Ryan

---

### THE BLUEBERRY CAFE (First performance, 1998)

This dramatic collage of monologues and songs has been performed at Columbus State Community College and at the Poet's Cafe in downtown Columbus, Ohio.

#### Contact Info/Request Script:

Katherine H. Burkman, Artistic Coordinator  
Phone, (614) 457-6580  
Email, [burkman.2@osu.edu](mailto:burkman.2@osu.edu)

---

#### SCENE 7: ON THE EDGE

**SETTING:** The couch becomes a bed, with blue sheets and pillows. When Naomi finishes, we are back at the cafe.

**AT RISE:** A woman lies on couch under sheets.

NAOMI

It's really very simple. Just sit up.

(She does so with difficulty, arranging pillows so she can be comfortable)

Well, don't want to rush this thing.

(She slides back down flat on her back)

Perhaps if I dangle my legs over the side of the bed, it will be like getting into the pool. I can get used to the cold gradually and then slide off the bed and into the water.

(She sits up and dangles legs)

Now I'll just slip off the edge. If only my heart would stop this dumber than dumb pounding. But if I'm on the floor, how will I get up? No one here to help, that's for pretty damned sure. If I'm going to slip off an edge, I think it would be better to go sit on the edge of the roof at the parking ramp.

Now that's an edge to slip off of. Park and slip. And feel the cool air.

(A deep sigh)

It's hot in here. Perhaps I could just go over and turn on the fan. It wouldn't take much energy. I can't. Sure you can, darlin', just get up and go turn on that coolin' fan. I can't. Sure you can. Oh, get the hell out of my sight.

(Scolds herself)

You have a loving husband, a beautiful home, a future in futures. I mean you spend your days at work betting on the future, don't you? And even if I am the one to say so, you've done pretty spectacularly in that department. Well, then why am I on edge, on this edge to be exact? I'm beginning to wonder if I'll ever get up. When Josh gets back from his business trip, his business trip, his business trip, what will he say, what will he say, what will he say. Ok, oolalay. OK.



WHEN THE WORLD CLOSES IN AND I'M IN A RAGE  
I CLOSE MY EYES TIGHT  
AND I TRULY DELIGHT  
IN THE BLUE THAT COMES THROUGH WITH THE NIGHT  
IN THE BLUE THAT COMES THROUGH WITH THE NIGHT  
(NAOMI seems soothed and returns to cafe table)

YES BLUE, VERY BLUE IS MY COLOR  
NOT GREEN, NOT YELLOW, OR BROWN  
THERE'S A CERTAIN CARESS TO A CREAMY WHITE DRESS  
BUT BLUE KEEPS ME HANGIN' AROUND  
IT'S THE BLUE IS THE COLOR OF THE SKY  
IT'S THE BLUE IN THE SORROWED GOODBYES,  
IT'S THE BLUE, VERY BLUE, IN THE COLOR--  
OF YOUR EYES  
OF YOUR EYES

WOMEN AT PLAY, Copyright 2000.  
All rights reserved.