

BRIDGETTE

SEAN

WITH THIS RING

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ACT I

At Rise: The year is 1918. A small bookcase back left on which sits Sean's picture. A love seat or small sofa is center. An accent table covered in lace is next to the couch. A wooden or plaster angel is part of the woodwork of the apartment. Window coverings are lace. Wicker waste basket is near the entrance door... BRIDGETT MCCOY is dusting her apartment. She crosses to the open window.

BRIDGETTE *(she speaks through open window):* Sean Michael! Put your sister down... gently! Oh hello Peggy. Such a lovely breeze off the ocean we're getting today. Sean Joseph will be home any moment and I forgot to buy bread at the market today. And if he doesn't get some bread with supper he can get mighty ornery. ...Would you mind stopping by for me if you're going? I'd be much obliged. Thank you Peggy.

She hums or sings to herself as she continues to dust. She dusts a picture of her husband, picks it up, and speaks.

And you'd better not be stopping by the saloon on the way home tonight Sean.

She exits to the bedroom... two beats... and her husband, SEAN JOSEPH MCCOY quietly enters carrying a newspaper. He is wearing a policeman's uniform of the time. He motions to the angel with a finger over his mouth as if telling the angel to keep quiet.

He places newspaper on table and pulls a linen cloth from his pocket. He opens the cloth to reveal to the audience a wedding ring. He looks around the room as if searching for a hiding space for the ring finally placing under a throw pillow on the couch. He decides he doesn't like the hiding spot and replaces the pillow. As he steps stage right he hits his foot against the bottom of the sofa and lets out a yelp.

(Offstage)

Is that you Sean?

SEAN *(falsetto):* No it's only Peggy from downstairs. I'm back from the market with the bread.

BRIDGETTE: Sure, sure, and I'm Joan of Ark come back to fight the British. I'll be right out.

He quickly re-wraps the ring in the linen and places it in the trash basket in the corner of the room near the entry door.

She reenters.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D): Well it's nice to have you home at a decent hour for a change.

SEAN: And how lovely you look tonight Bridgette McCoy. The loveliest bride in all of Rockaway.

He kisses her gently on the cheek.

BRIDGETTE: Cut your malarkey. After nearly ten years of marriage I can tell when you're trying to butter me up. What is it then, are the boys from the station having another card game at O'Malley's Saloon? Well you'll not be going tonight Sean McCoy.

SEAN: But Bridgette, I won nearly three dollars the last time I played.

BRIDGETTE: I don't care if you won three hundred, you're staying home with your wife tonight. After all, you spent all day keeping the neighborhood safe from hoodlums; I would think you'd be glad to stay home and rest. Four times a week for ten years at the saloon playing cards is more than any wife should take. And after all that time all you ever do is break even.

SEAN: At least I'm not losing.

BRIDGETTE: Thank God for that. And if it's not poker games your wasting money on then it's the Irish sweepstakes tickets. Always the Irish Sweepstakes! As if you have a chance on God's green earth of winning! And here I am taking in laundry and keeping house for the owners of this mansion so we can live in this beautiful old apartment. You know my father was against this marriage. No wedding ring. Living in someone else's house. And you always looking to run from me.

SEAN: But it's only a few hours...

BRIDGETTE: Sean...

SEAN: Okay, but someday I'm going to show that father of yours. Someday I'm going to buy this house for you and get you a beautiful wedding ring and...

BRIDGETTE (interrupting the harangue): Sure, sure, from your lips to God's ears. But for now what would make me happy would be for you to stay home with your wife.

SEAN: Oh alright. I suppose we could sit around here and listen to recordings on the Victrola. Or maybe we could... .

He leans on table as he goes to kiss her and she swats his hand with the feather duster.

BRIDGETTE: I just dusted that table.

SEAN: You're looking mighty pretty today Mrs. McCoy.

He pulls her up from the couch.

Come then let's have a little dance.

BRIDGETTE: To no music?

SEAN: Who needs music when you're married to a fine Irish tenor?

He starts to sing as he dances her around.

"Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you"

"Let me hear you whisper that you love me too"

"Keep the love light glowing in your eyes so true"

"Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you."

He pulls her close.

BRIDGETTE: Now cut it out, Saints have mercy, it's still broad daylight! Peggy could be up here any minute from the market.

SEAN: So bar the damned door.

BRIDGETTE (*gasping*): Such language!

SEAN: Peggy won't be up. I met her coming in and told her to forget the bread tonight.

BRIDGETTE: Now why would you tell her such a thing as that?

SEAN: 'Cause I figured we'd be a little busy tonight, if you know what I mean.

He leans towards her.

BRIDGETTE (*jumping from sofa*): But it's not even the fifteenth of the month! Now you know we decided against having any more children Sean!

SEAN (*rising and crossing towards her*): We can afford more children now Mrs. McCoy.

BRIDGETTE: Sean Joseph, don't tell me you finally got that promotion!

SEAN: You bet I did!

BRIDGETTE: I can't believe it. The New York City Police department finally realized the gem of a policeman they had working for them and made you a sergeant.

SEAN: Even better than that!

BRIDGETTE: How better?

SEAN: They skipped me a grade straight up to lieutenant.

BRIDGETTE: How'd they do that?

SEAN: You've got to have a little pull to make things happen in this city. Remember me second cousin Bob Clancy? Works for the city council in Manhattan.

BRIDGETTE: Of course, he was at our wedding wasn't he?

SEAN: Well he pulled a few strings.

BRIDGETTE: That's wonderful Sean!

SEAN: Wait, it gets even better!

BRIDGETTE: Oh my, what?

SEAN: I've been assigned to the mayor's detail! Comes with a big raise and fringe benefits. We can move right into the private quarters next to Gracie mansion. It's strictly for the Mayor's security force.

BRIDGETTE: Move from Rockaway? But I couldn't. I love this apartment, this neighborhood. All my friends are here. My Family.

SEAN: What do you mean? Most of your family is still on the other side. And this house is nearly forty years old. The one in the city is practically new.

BRIDGETTE: But I love this place. Couldn't you just travel to Manhattan everyday?

SEAN (exasperated): Travel to Manhattan! Travel to Manhattan! From Rockaway beach?! Do you know how long that would take me? I'd have to drive the buggy to the train station. Travel to Brooklyn, catch another train to Manhattan.

BRIDGETTE: I know how long it takes. Remember you took me to Manhattan to see a show on our fifth anniversary.

SEAN: Oh yeah, the follies. All those dancing girls!

She slaps his lapel as if scolding.

(As way of explanation)

It was a good show.

BRIDGETTE: Gee. I don't suppose that there's a chance that you'll turn down the promotion so we could stay here.

SEAN (once again exasperated): Turn down the promotion! After the strings me cousin Bob had to pull?

BRIDGETTE: But I don't want to move from here. It's our home for ten years. All those memories... Please Sean... For your Bridgette?

SEAN (he softens): Oh I suppose. I could stay in the Rockaway precinct and still take a promotion to sergeant. It wouldn't be as much of a pay increase mind you.

BRIDGETTE: I don't care about the money. All I care about is that I'll be in the home that I love with the man that I love.

SEAN: If it means that much to you Bridgette Mary McCoy. Then it's here we'll stay.

BRIDGETTE: Oh Sean, you've made me so happy.

She kisses him.

Oh I can't wait to tell Peggy downstairs the great news!

SEAN: Yeah, go tell her.

He picks up paper, sits on chair and starts to read.

BRIDGETTE (she heads for the door and grabs waste basket): I'll empty the trash while I'm down there.