

PLAY #21 CELLPHONE MASSACRE

by

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CHARACTERS

GINNY

A young woman.

LITA

A middle-aged Asian woman.

CELLPHONE MASSACRE

(At Rise: Bus stop. GINNY is waiting for a bus. Her cellphone rings. She picks it up. LITA waits with her.)

GINNY

Hi... How are you?... Good. I'm just... Waiting for the bus. How was your day?... That's good. Hey... I just wanted to say... I'm really sorry about this morning... Yeah... You know... I was a shithead... I'm sorry. I'm learning about myself, you know?... Yeah...

(Sound of a bus coming. LITA goes and looks.)

Shit! I think the bus is coming. I'll call you back.

(Sound of the bus arriving. LITA steps back. Bus pulls away.)

That's not it. Hey... Are you waiting for the six?

(No response. GINNY makes a call.)

Hi again. It was the wrong bus. I think it's late... Yeah... Hey... You said you wanted to talk with me about something... Yeah... Well... I was wondering... It seemed important... Well now's as good a time as ever... You were saying you might be working late.

(Long pause.)

You think you might not be coming home at all? Why not?... This is what you wanted to talk with me about?... Maybe we *should* talk about this later... Well, I don't know if it can wait until tomorrow. Can it?... We could have talked this morning... It didn't seem like a good time?... I'm not sure there is a good time for this kind of talk... You're telling me this over the phone?... We had plenty of time before we left the house this morning!... I can't believe this. We need to talk about this... No! In person... You just get your ass home tonight so we can talk about this!... You owe this to me, Brad!

(She hangs up the phone.)

Fucking asshole! Such a fucking asshole!

(She starts looking for the bus. LITA stands back and watches.)

LITA

It not come. Fifteen more minute.

GINNY

Fuck!

(GINNY places another call.)

And why is it you can't come home tonight? Is there someone else?... There is, isn't there?... I thought so... Well, who is she?... (Pause.) It's a he?... Fuck... You goddam coward!... You... You...

(She hangs up again. Plops down on the bench. The phone rings. She looks at it. Ignores it.)

Fuck.

(GINNY weeps. LITA sits next to her.)

He's such a fuck. He left me. For a man. This morning we were in bed together. I guess what did I expect? He'd turn over and say, "Oh, and by the way, this is the last time we'll ever sleep together?"

(Phone rings again.)

LEAVE ME ALONE!

(Sound of a text...)

Now he's texting me? "Ginny, pick up the phone." Pick up the phone?! PICK UP THE PHONE?! I am not...

(She throws the phone to the pavement.)

Going...

(She stomps on it.)

To pick up this... Phone...

(Stomp.)

EVER AGAIN!!

(She sits back down.)

Oh god! That felt good. So good! Have you ever done that before?

(LITA shakes head no.)

You don't have a phone do you?

LITA

No phone. Phone no good for relationship with husband.

GINNY

That's amazing... That you don't have a phone.

LITA

Waste of quality time.

GINNY

Most of our relationship happened on the phone. He would come home late at night. Too late to talk. I would leave early in the morning. And we would talk on

the phone off and on throughout the day... I feel...
Strangely free.

(She buries her head and weeps... WOMAN
comforts her.)

LITA

You have quality time now. For yourself. 'Tsokay... I
have gay son. It very hard to talk about. Husband
don't know. Some day, you and boy get together and
have long talk.

GINNY

Maybe some day. Not today.

LITA

Not today. No.

(Sound of a bus approaching. FOREIGN
WOMAN stands.)

GINNY

Thank you.

LITA

Come. Bus come early.

BLACKOUT

END OF PLAY