

Last Call
by
Doug Brook

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PREVIEW SCRIPT

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(A back room of a house. **SALLY** and **BILL**, her 32 and him 35, are going through boxes of old things that have been stored here for years.)

BILL

Your parents sure had a lot of stuff.

SALLY

Let's see how much stuff your parents leave behind.

BILL

Okay, this went in a direction.

SALLY

I'm sorry. Hey, just think how much the kids will have to sort through some day.

BILL

Was that really any better?

SALLY

I'm just saying, whatever we keep from this, plus your parents, plus our stuff.

BILL

I'm glad you got to the point where this wouldn't feel maudlin.

SALLY

I just hope the kids don't wait twenty years to do it.

BILL

You had good reason.

SALLY

I don't want them to lose both their parents when *they're* twelve. (Brighter:) For their sakes and ours.

BILL

From your lips to mine.

(**SALLY** kisses **BILL**.)

I think this plug is fine now. It was just a little stretched off the cord. Still want to see if it works?

SALLY

Sure. It's a nice antique phone. Might be able to get something for it.

(**BILL** hands her the phone. **SALLY** pauses.)

BILL

It's okay. We don't have to.

SALLY

It's fine. It's just, this was the last thing she was holding.

BILL

I know.

SALLY

She was trying to call for help and he ripped it out of the wall.

BILL

I know. Sally...

SALLY

It's fine. I'm just saying, that makes it special, you know? The last thing she... Maybe that one we shouldn't...

BILL

Whatever you feel right doing. We've made it through a lot of this stuff already, that's huge.

SALLY

I just see our kids growing up so fast, and it makes me realize how stuck I've been, underneath, all this time.

BILL

It's a big step. I can't say it without sounding corny, but I'm proud of you.

SALLY

You can't say most anything without sounding corny.

BILL

And I can't even eat corn. Irony.

SALLY

And you can't iron. Well, we might as well see if it still works.

BILL

Of course it still works. I'm only thirty-five.

SALLY

Go plug in the phone.

BILL

Yessir.

SALLY

Besides, for helping me with all this you'll get ample opportunity later to prove that still works...

(Phone rings.)

I guess it does. Nice timing.

BILL

You want to answer it?

SALLY

No, it'll just slow us down. Whoever it is can leave a message.

(Phone rings several more times as **THEY** work.)

BILL

Hmm. It should've stopped ringing by now.

SALLY

You're right. Should I?

BILL

I can go get another phone if you want to not use this one.

SALLY

No. It's okay. Don't be silly.

(**SALLY** answers the phone.)

Hello?

(**CLARENCE**, a man in his forties, is lit nearby, on a payphone in a dark corner.)

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