

The Afterlife Hotline

Satire · Scene for 3·2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(Kenza holds a phone. Distant hold music.)

AGENT

Afterlife support, hello. For a complaint about an existence, press 1.

KENZA

Hello. I'd like to speak to someone. A real person. It's been forty minutes.

AGENT

I understand your frustration. May I have your destiny number?

KENZA

My... destiny number? I never received one.

AGENT

That's the most common issue. Nobody receives it. Let me transfer you to a supervisor.

SUPERVISEUR

Supervisor, hello. I see your file. You're complaining about... everything, actually.

KENZA

I'm complaining that I never know whom to complain to. That's different.

SUPERVISEUR

Ah, that's the basic plan. For clarity, you had to sign up at birth.

KENZA

No one offered me any options at birth!

(A beat.)

SUPERVISEUR

... I'll note your remark. It'll join the others. Please hold for one more lifetime.

What you can do with it

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