

The Old Telephone

Supernatural · Two-hander · 3 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(An old rotary phone, in an attic. She picks it up, for fun. A dial tone, then a voice.)

LA VOIX

Hello? Ah, it's you, sweetheart. Good timing, I was just closing the shutters.

(She freezes.)

ELLE

...Dad?

LA VOIX

Who else would it be? Your voice sounds funny. Older. Are you coming down with something?

ELLE

Dad, this phone... it's unplugged. There's no line. And you, you...

LA VOIX

We've got two minutes, no more. It always cuts off after two minutes, these calls. So don't waste them trying to understand. Nobody understands. Just tell me how you are.

(A crackle. Time is slipping.)

(Tears welling up.)

ELLE

I'm... I'm better. Now. Right now, this second, I'm much better.

LA VOIX

There. That's all I wanted to know. The rest, you'll tell me at the next attic. There's always another one. Close up properly behind you.

(A click. The dial tone returns, ordinary. The receiver, in her hand, has been cold all along.)

What you can do with it

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