

The Call

Thriller · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(A flat, evening. She speaks low, phone to her ear.)

MOI

No, listen to me. I came home and the door was locked. Double-locked. That's the problem.

MOI

Because I never double-lock. Ever. It's not a gesture I have.

MOI

There are two cups on the drying rack. Clean. Do you know what that means, two clean cups, in the home of someone who lives alone?

MOI

Don't tell me to leave. If I leave now, I'll never know. I'm just going to open the bedroom.

(She puts her hand on the handle. Stops.)

MOI

...The grey coat. On the chair. I thought I lost it a year ago. It's folded. I never fold anything.

MOI

He didn't give it back. He came to put it back.

MOI

Stay on the line. Whatever you hear... stay on the line.

What you can do with it

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