

Tomorrow's Messages

Supernatural · Monologue · 3 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(A phone on the table. She listens, her hand over her mouth.)

MOI

Five messages. All from the same number. My number. Received... tomorrow. The phone says "tomorrow, 2:03 p.m." It's not possible, and yet there it is.

(She plays the first.)

MOI

"Don't take the car on Thursday. Trust me. I'm you, a week from now, and I regret it."

MOI

It's my voice. But more... tired. As if it had been crying, between today and the call.

(Second message.)

MOI

"Too late for Thursday. So at least listen for Sunday: call your mother. While it's still the hour when you can call her."

(She looks at the calendar. It's Wednesday.)

MOI

...There's one message I haven't opened. The last. I think I know why I don't want to hear it: because in that one, maybe, I no longer speak.

What you can do with it

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