

JEAN

Scene One

An almost empty cafe.

A dead man, Gordon,

sits on a chair with his back to us.

He doesn't look all that dead.

He looks – still.

At another table, a woman – Jean –

sits, drinking coffee, and writing a thank-you letter.

She has an insular quality,

as though she doesn't want to take up space.

She looks over at the man.

She stares back at her coffee.

She sips.

A cell phone rings.

It is coming from the dead man's table.

It rings and rings.

The caller hangs up and calls again.

Jean looks over at him.

She sighs.

The phone keeps ringing.

JEAN. Excuse me – are you going to get that?

No answer from the man.

Would you mind answering your phone?

JEAN. I'm sorry to bother you.

If you could just – turn your phone – off?

The cell phone rings again.

Jean gets out of her chair and walks over to the man.

JEAN. Are you ill?

No answer.

JEAN. Are you deaf?

No answer.

JEAN. Oh, I'm sorry –

Jean signs in sign language:

Are you deaf?

No response.

The phone rings again.

JEAN. All right.

Excuse me.

She reaches for the cell phone. She answers it.

JEAN. Hello? No. This is – you don't know me.

To the dead man:

Are you Gordon?

No answer.

I don't know. Can I take a message?

Hold on – I don't have anything to write with.

She sees a pen on the dead man's table.

To the dead man:

Thank you.

To the phone:

Go ahead.

She writes on a napkin.

How late can he call you?

The voice on the phone begins to sob.

I'm sorry. You sound upset. I'm not –

The caller hangs up.

Gordon?

She touches his shoulder.

Oh –

She checks with a spoon under his nose to see if he's still breathing.

The phone rings again.

She answers it.

Hello? No, he's not. Can I take a message?

*A pause as the person on the other end
makes a very long offer.*

No, he doesn't want one. He already has one.

No, I don't want one.

I already have one.

Thank you, good-bye.

She hangs up.

She looks around for help.

Help.

STOP

She dials 911.

Hello?

I think that there is a dead man sitting next to me.

I don't know how he died.

I'm at a cafe.

I don't know.

Hold on.

*She exits with the cell phone to look at the name of the
cafe and the address.*

We just see the dead man and an empty stage.

She returns.

JEAN. It's on the corner of Green and Goethe. (*pronounced
Go-thee*)

Should I stay with him?

There seems to be no one working at this cafe.

How long?

Thank you.

She hangs up.

A pause.

She looks at him.

His cell phone rings again.

Hello? No, he's not.

I'm - answering his phone.

Does he have your phone number?