

Call

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CHARACTERS:

SICK: Insecure, sad, and lethargic. Likes to collect messages.

FRIEND: Supportive, friendly, and encouraging.

DYLAN: An acquaintance of SICK. Doesn't seem to care about them either way.

MIKE: Irritable, mad, and rude. They seem to care about something deep down.

JACKIE: An acquaintance and dormmate.

SETTING:

Modern times, college. The whole thing takes place in a dorm room, messy and cluttered. There should be a door that the rest of the cast apart from SICK should be behind.

SYNOPSIS:

A kid has been missing from classes for a few weeks. Their acquaintances call to check on them.

Scene opens up on a room. One person, SICK, walks in and sits on their bed. They take a look at their phone and pull up voice mail.

SICK: Hey what's up, I'm not here at the moment. You probably should hang up now, but if you want you can leave a message.

FRIEND and GUY enter.

FRIEND: Hey! It's been a while hasn't it? I dunno if you're busy or anything, but I wanted to give you a ring! Call me as soon as you can!

GUY: Just text 'em. They can read can't they?

FRIEND: I mean, yeah, but they don't really respond.

GUY: Analogue kind of person, huh?

FRIEND: Anyway! Call me back! I'll be waiting.

click

GUY leaves.

FRIEND: Hey, It's me again. I know I just sent a message, but I haven't heard from you in a while. Are you good? Or are you sleeping again? Well whatever, I'll try contacting you later.

DYLAN enters.

DYLAN: [Hesitant] Hello, this is Dylan. You need to turn in your part of the report. I've already done my part and I haven't gotten any updates from you on Slack. If you don't respond soon, I'm gonna request to be on a different team. (Pause) So respond, I guess.

click

FRIEND: Um... heeeey. I've got to get to work in a little bit so I'll just make this quick—You're starting to scare me. I think it's been like, two weeks now. Nobody at school says they've seen you on campus. Did you even sign up for classes this term? I mean I think you said you did in August, but you haven't mentioned anything after that.

FRIEND: Did you get a shitty class? (Whispering) Was it Bio? It was wasn't it? Tell me about it.

click

FRIEND: Okay, scratch that last question. If you're actually having trouble in class you should've said so! Man, I didn't mean to say something like that. But you know what, I've had that class too, so if you want, I'll try to tutor you! So please respond, please!

click

DYLAN: It's Dylan again. Professor said we're not allowed to split up at this point in the term, so I'm still stuck with you for a while. What happened to you, anyway? You kinda...stopped coming into class around midterms. Contact me ASAP.

click

MIKE enters.

MIKE: Hey dipshit. Pick up the phone once in a while. It's been a few days and I'm stuck with all your assignments. You better answer me or—

FRIEND: Come on, be nice.

MIKE: I'll try being nice when they try to contact us! I've texted you like a hundred times and we have a project due in like three days and you haven't given me anything! You're out there, I know it, so I'll call today, tomorrow and every other day you won't give me an answer—

FRIEND: What they mean to say is we're worried about you, and—

MIKE: That is not what I meant! I said and I meant pick up your damn phone!

(pause)

MIKE: Okay. You know what yeah, you're right, I didn't mean that. But call. I mean it.

click

MIKE: I gave my word and I'm sticking to it. Call me.

click

MIKE: It's Mike again. Call.

click

MIKE: Call.

click

MIKE: Call!

click

MIKE: [Quietly] Please?

click

MIKE: [Angry] You know what fine. Don't call. But know you're not getting any credit on the report. I talked to your roommate, and she said you're not feeling well. That sounds like bullshit to me. If you were really not feeling good you should've said something instead of ignoring us like you've been doing. I'm giving you one last chance to talk to us, and you better respond.

click

JACKIE: Hey. Dunno if you're sleeping or anything but get rid of your shit. We can all smell your trash.

FRIEND: Hey! It's me again. I didn't see you in your room so I'm leaving a message. I mean, it's great that you got out! I mean, well, I didn't mean that in a bad way. Jackie tells me you're stuck in your room all time, and nobody's telling me why. I want to talk to you again.

click

FRIEND: I think this happened last year too, now that I think about it. Like after...winter break-ish? Yeah, I think that's right. But you seemed real tired around that time and you didn't really talk to me for a week. But this is way longer than that. It's been like a month!

click

FRIEND: There was that time last September too, I think? It was like after you got off academic warning. You were really tired around then too. You didn't really seem like you wanted to do anything. So I'm wondering if it's class that's the problem? Are you overwhelmed or something?

click

MIKE: Guess who, dipshit. I know I took a break, but I'm back again! Dylan gave up talking to you so I guess I've gotta do it.

MIKE: So yeah, you're failing the class. But I mean you probably don't care about that. You didn't really give a shit for the past few weeks anyway.

MIKE: This is the last time I'm calling you.

click

JACKIE: Hey. Jackie here. I saw some stuff in your trash, and I'm wondering if you need to go talk to somebody? I think I saw like a pill bottle in there? I'm not sure how you're slipping in and out when I'm in the dorm but I'm pretty sure you're not in a good place right now. And your friend stopped by again. They've been doing this a lot. You better go see them.

click

FRIEND: Um... this is gonna sound weird, but listen.

FRIEND: My brother kind of did the same thing you're doing.

FRIEND: He'd been dealing with school in his freshman year and he wasn't really...ready for it, y'know? Like he'd go to class but he couldn't understand the material, and he'd be really confused whenever he'd walk around campus, and he'd be really tired every time I saw him on his breaks.

FRIEND: He usually did it when he had some stuff to hide from Mom and Dad. Like, a really bad grade or something. But he really wouldn't talk about it to them.

FRIEND: I asked him why he did that once, and he just...shrugged, I guess. He said it was more than just the grades, but he wouldn't elaborate.

FRIEND: I stopped hearing from him after that.

FRIEND: So, uh... I don't want that to happen to you too?

Click

SICK takes pause. They then start dialing a number.

SICK: Hey. Uh... I kind of want to apologize...



