SUICIDE, INCORPORATED

a play by

Andrew Hinderaker
CAST:


SCOTT: 28. The boss.


SETTINGS:

An office, Jason’s apartment, a call center, a diner.
A FEW NOTES ON THE FORMATTING:

1. A double-dash (--) means no pause. If it occurs after a character’s line, it signifies overlapping dialogue. The first syllable of the second line should land on top of the last syllable of the previous line:

Example:

    It’s not quite --

PERRY

    Just the first line.

SCOTT

2. If a double-dash is embedded within a character’s line, it means he’s jumping from one thought to another. Again, no pause.

Example:

    Not my words -- your boss -- “the best we had.”

3. If there’s an empty space between a character’s lines, it means he’s pausing for a breath.

Example:

    Then stop trying to build a fucking bond.

You’re not this guy’s friend.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:

Special thanks to the JED Foundation, for putting me in touch with families and survivors who graciously shared their stories.

This play is dedicated to the memory of Caleb Jordan (1984-2005).
SCENE ONE

Lights up.

Scott sits at his desk; Jason’s directly across.

Scott taps a sheet on his desk.

This is good.

SCOTT

Thank you.

JASON

And not just ’cuz you worked for Hallmark --

SCOTT

No, I --

JASON

I’m saying the quality of -- that sympathy card you came up with?

Yeah, well --

SCOTT

“I have no words to tell you how sorry I am.”

JASON

Then you flip the card open --

SCOTT

And it’s blank inside.

(Quick Beat)

JASON

It’s not bad.

SCOTT

Don’t be modest -- you’re the best Hallmark had --

JASON

Thank you --

SCOTT

Not my words -- your boss --

JASON

Well --
"We just wish he’d given some notice before he left."

(Quick Beat)

Yeah.

Why did you quit?

Well, truth be told, I always wanted to travel.

Sure.

Yeah --

Where exactly?

Europe.

Nice --

Yeah --

See the world --

Right --

Grab a backpack, hitchhike cross the merry ole isle --

Exactly.

You wanna keep doing this?

I’m sorry?
You think I’m a fucking idiot?

(Beat)

I’m I’m sorry, I --

You’re not the first guy I interviewed, Jason.

I didn’t think that --

(putting up his hands)

You’re the twenty-eight. And hey -- that’s fine; you post an opening for an editor of suicide notes, you kinda anticipate an eclectic applicant pool. But I don’t need someone coming to an interview dressed in goth, quoting Marilyn Manson.

I’m sorry?

Guy before you -- trench coat and eyeliner -- I shit you not.

Really.

I need someone who’s professional.

Of course --

I need someone who can write.

And if you look --

And if that’s all I needed, you’d already be sittin’ at that desk.

(calling)

Perry!

(appearing)

Yes, Scott, what can I --
SCOTT
(pleasant)
Perry, c’mere a second.
(he does)
Perry, how long you been with me?

PERRY
(beaming with pride)
Since day one.

SCOTT
Day fucking one -- it’s me and Perry.

Yes.

PERRY
Y’ever missed a day?

No.

PERRY
Ever been late?

No --

SCOTT
And to call his work melodramatic would be a compliment.

(Quick Beat)

PERRY
Scott?

SCOTT
(to Perry)
Oh, no offense --
(to Jason)
Dude’s a poetry major so everything’s, you know, “Farewell cruel world.”

PERRY
(offended)
That is not true.

SCOTT
(pointing at the letter in Perry’s hand)
That the draft you working on for Miss Anderson?

PERRY
Well... yes, but --
Read it.

PERRY

It’s not quite --

SCOTT

Just the first line.

SCOTT

Perry clears his throat.

PERRY

(reading)

“And so... ere I depart this cold, cruel” --

SCOTT

Enough -- Jesus.

(to Perry)

All right man, you can take off.

PERRY

But --

SCOTT

That’ll be all, thank you.

Perry slumps away.

SCOTT

Oh... Jesus man, I’m sorry, come back here.

Perry spins around.

SCOTT

Oh, you know... nevermind, forget it.

Again, Perry turns away.

SCOTT

Oh no wait, come here.

Perry turns back around.

SCOTT

And that is what I’m talking about. **Loyalty.**

(to Perry)

Seriously though, get the fuck outta here.

Perry leaves.

SCOTT

I need to be able to look you in the eyes and **know** you wouldn’t lie to me.
I wouldn’t.

Really.

Yes.

Why’d you quit your job?

(Quick Beat)

I told you --

You wanted to travel.

Yes.

Got any proof?

What?

Plane tickets, itinerary --

You’re serious?

You think I’m paranoid.

A little bit --

Maybe I am.

But I been doin’ this three years -- not a week goes by some asshole’s not trying to sue me -- half the applicants I get? -- half of ‘em are moles from suicide prevention centers -- AFSP, JED Foundation -- motherfuckers who wanna pose as employees and bring the company to its knees.

I’m not trying to bring you down.
If I thought you were, I wouldn’t have brought you in.

All right, then --

Who did you lose?

(Beat)

Five months ago you left a good job -- no notice, nothing -- and now you want to edit suicide notes.

Look --

Who died?

I don’t know what you’re talking about --

Jason --

Honestly --

All right we’re done here --

Then we’re done -- it sounds like you’ve got loads of promising applicants.

I didn’t lose anyone -- you don’t believe me -- look it up.

I did.

Then what’s the --

They try not to publicize suicides, Jason; you know that as well as I --

How would I -- okay you know what? I don’t think you’re paranoid; I think you’ve completely left the reservation.
SCOTT
Yet you want to work for me.

JASON
Maybe I don’t want to write Hallmark cards the rest of my life. ‘I have no words to tell you how sorry I am?’ What is that?

SCOTT
It’s good.

JASON
It’s nothing -- it means nothing -- you wanna know why I didn’t give two weeks notice? Cuz I woke up one morning and realized I was using all my training to find different ways to say ‘happy birthday.’

This is a chance to -- every day people do this and they don’t even leave people a note, telling them why -- this is a chance to work on something that matters.

That is my only reason to want to work here and it means I will come in here -- every day -- I will work my heart out to make sure our clients write the best note they can.

(quick beat)
Now you look me in the eyes and tell me I’m lying.

Scott does.

(Beat)

I had to be sure.

(beat)
You understand.

Yeah.

SCOTT
I mean, you’re a little too good on paper --

JASON
You had to be sure --

SCOTT
Plus, I had this guy interview last week; halfway through, I break him, he starts weeping about his best friend --

JASON
Jesus Christ --

SCOTT
Some people, right --
JASON
They’re fucking amateurs.

(Beat)

SCOTT
(grins)
Tomorrow. Eight thirty. Don’t be late.

JASON
I never am.

(Beat)

Lights fade.
SCENE TWO

Lights up.

Jason’s apartment. That evening.

Jason keys in and enters.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Jase?

Tommy emerges from the hallway.

TOMMY

Hey I thought you’re workin’ the phones tonight.

JASON

Yeah, no, I’m just gettin’ a quick change in between.

(Throughout the scene, Jason changes from his interview clothes to the hooded sweatshirt and jeans he wears while working the call center.)

TOMMY

So?

JASON

Hm?

TOMMY

(mocking)

How. Did. It. Go --

JASON

(scratches his neck)

Oh, yeah it was good -- it was really good.

TOMMY

Yeah?

JASON

Yeah.

TOMMY

How’d it really go.

JASON

(Quick Beat)

I just told you --

TOMMY

Yeah, and you were lying.
JASON
I wasn’t lying --

TOMMY
Okay.

JASON
I wasn’t --

TOMMY
Okay --

JASON
(scratches neck)
Dude, I’m not lying --

TOMMY
Wow, it’s like you can’t stop --

JASON
All right fine, how’d you know?

(Quick Beat)

TOMMY
Yeah, I don’t think so.

What?

JASON
I tell you, you’ll stop doing it.

TOMMY
So?

JASON
We been playing poker ten years; you haven’t beaten my ass once.

TOMMY
I haven’t beaten you ‘cuz you count cards --

JASON
It’s called probability, dickwad.

TOMMY
It’s called running to mom and dad whenever I was about to take your money.

JASON
Jase. What’s wrong?
Nothing. I mean, I got the job, all right?

TOMMY
So what’s wrong.

JASON
The guy I’m working for, he uh --

TOMMY
He knows.

JASON
He doesn’t know, he just... suspects some --

TOMMY
How you gonna keep him from finding out?

JASON
Oh dude that’s the least of my problems.

TOMMY
What are you --

JASON
I gotta keep the clients from finding out.

(Quick Beat)

TOMMY
Yeah that *is* a bit of a pickle.

JASON
It’s a pickle?

TOMMY
Dude, I don’t know -- I mean it’s kind of a morbid fucking occupation you’ve chosen --

JASON
Yeah --

TOMMY
It might be time for like, I dunno, a *date* or somethin’.

JASON
Tommy --

TOMMY
I’m just sayin’ -- between this new job and the call center, you --
JASON
(remembering)

Oh, Jesus.

TOMMY
(handing him his sweatshirt)

Yeah, you’re gonna be late for your shift.

Jason grabs his sweatshirt, makes toward the door.

TOMMY

Dude you’re gonna be late anyway --

So --

Blow it off.

I can’t.

It’s one night.

I know, but --

C’mon, man -- you been goin’ non-stop since ---

Tommy --

Give yourself a night off --

I can’t --

C’mon, we’ll play some cards --

I can’t --

I’ll even let you win a hand.

(Quick Beat)
JASON
(realizing)
You do count cards, don’t you.

TOMMY
Seems like you’re not gonna find out.

JASON
You’re a dickhead, you know that?

TOMMY
Oh yeah.
(quick beat)
One night off?

JASON
(grinning)
I’ll see you when I get home.

Jason exits. Lights down.
SCENE THREE

Lights up.

The office.

Jason and Perry sit around the conference table...

... while Scott hovers over them.

SCOTT

Do it again.

(Quick Beat)

JASON

Scott.

SCOTT

Again.

JASON

We’ve done it eight times --

SCOTT

Then this’ll be nine.

(Quick Beat)

PERRY

Good afternoon, I have --

SCOTT

Standing.

Both Jason and Perry rise.

PERRY

Hello, I have a two thirty appointment.

SCOTT

And a little less chipper.

PERRY

I’m sorry?

SCOTT

Think for a second what you’re coming here for.

(Beat)
PERRY
(somber)
I don’t really care when my appointment is.

JASON
Look, Scott, I don’t doubt the veracity of these training exercises --

SCOTT
Thank you for your approval --

JASON
But we’ve been doing this for a week --

SCOTT
That’s right --

JASON
And I know the script -- I know it cold --

SCOTT
Jason --

JASON
You hired me to do a job -- I am ready for the real thing -- I am --

The door opens. Norm enters.

SCOTT
Please come in --

NORM
I’m sorry... I, I could --

SCOTT
Not at all -- please.

Scott grabs a clipboard off his desk and moves to greet his customer.

SCOTT
You’re here for a consult?

Norm lingers in the doorway.

NORM
I, um... I don’t have an appointment or --

SCOTT
It’s not a problem.
(warmly)
Walk-ins are welcome.
NORM

Oh --

SCOTT

(warmly)
Fact, you know what I’m gonna --
(tapping Norm; guiding him in)
I’m setting you up with the best consultant we have on staff. Perry!

PERRY

(standing, proud)
Well, thank you for --

SCOTT

(still looking at Norm)
Fetch us some Krispy Kremes.

Trust me -- original glazed --

PERRY

But --

SCOTT

(to Perry)
And don’t let ‘em give you that stale morning shit --

PERRY

Yes, but --

SCOTT

(to Norm)
I’m talkin’ ‘bout that right off the conveyor belt, gooey, sticky melt in --
(to Perry)
You’re still here?

Perry leaves, dejected.

SCOTT

Thank you.
(to Norm)
Now. ‘Fore we go any further -- I need you to sign a few things.

NORM

Oh. I’m, you know, I’m not sure I --

SCOTT

Oh, no. Not a contract.

Scott taps the clipboard.
Waivers. Liability.

Oh.

I know -- lawyers, right? Make you go over every single little --
(tapping the form)
Initial here.

Norm signs.

Here.

Norm signs.

Sign here.

Norm does.

In blood.

Norm looks up.

Kidding.
(taking the clipboard)
Now lemme introduce you to the man who’s gonna help you out.

Scott guides Norm to Jason.

Jason rises to shake Norm’s hand.

I’m Jason. I’ll be working with you today.

Norm.

Norm shakes Jason’s hand.

Norm, I’m Scott -- CEO and founder -- you need anything you just holler.
(to Jason)
I’ll leave you to it.

Scott moves back to his desk, leaving Norm with Jason.
Please sit down.

Norm and Jason sit.

Can I get you anything?

I’m okay.

Glass of water?

I’m okay.

Then let’s get started.

Jason sees the slip of paper in Norm’s hand.

Is that your rough draft?

Norm looks at the sheet, nods.

Could you read me the first line?

I’m sorry?

Could you read it to me?

You... you want me to read it out loud?

Sometimes it helps to hear where you’re going off-track.

Norm looks down at his note.

Then he looks over his shoulder at Scott.

It’s just, you know, he’s right --
Ah, yes, well Scott believes in an open work environment. No walls, no cubicles, nothing to constrict the flow of creativity.

JASON

But don’t worry about him -- this is you and me, all right?

Norm nods.

Okay.

Norm looks down at his letter and begins to read.

"Dear Sara..."

Yeah, see, the thing is it’s not very good.

That’s why you’re here, right?

Yeah, no, it’s just... I went back and read what I wrote and... I don’t know, it just seemed so small.

Okay.

I don’t want it to be small.

Okay --

(smirking)

I actually went to Google so I could, um, you know...

See some samples.

Yeah.
JASON
You wanted to see what other people had written.

NORM
Yeah.

JASON
So you typed it into Google and that’s how you found our site.

Norm looks up.

NORM
How’d you know that?

JASON
Because that’s how I found it, too.

Scott leans forward. Jason’s clearly gone off script.

NORM
That’s not, you know... that’s not just somethin’ you say to make me feel a little --

JASON
You’re not alone in this Norm, no matter how you feel.

SCOTT
Yeah, okay -- can I see you a sec, Jason?

Scott rises, grabbing a brochure off his desk.

SCOTT
(to Jason; very pleasant)
Can wait over there.

Jason moves to the other end of the office. Scott walks to Norm, sets the brochure on the desk.

SCOTT
Norm, I’m just gonna leave this here -- you can see, we got a Spring special goin’ right now.

(Scott taps the brochure)
That’s good on all our products -- starting with the basic package right here. You email us a letter, we revise it, fire it back -- 48 hours or less. Buy a rush order, it’s done in 12, we’ll even text it to your cell phone. Do you tweet?

NORM
What?
SCOTT

Twitter.

NORM

Oh. Um --

SCOTT

Nevermind -- doesn’t matt -- you didn’t come in here to buy the basic. Take a look at our platinum package. You get up to 5 one-on-one consults -- just like this one -- and don’t take my word for it --

(Scott flips over the brochure)

-- we got all our testimonials right here. Ninety-six percent of our clients would recommend the service to a friend.

Scott moves toward Jason at the opposite end of the room.

SCOTT

(calling back to Norm; chuckling)

You need anything -- anything at all -- you just holler.

He reaches Jason.

SCOTT

(under his breath)

What the fuck are you doing?

Scott --

JASON

“You’re not alone”?

Scott --

JASON

You’re not a --

Let me --

SCOTT

I don’t know you’re trying to build some bond or something --

JASON

I just --

SCOTT

Shut up -- the last thing you do’s form a bond.

(MORE)
This guy... he’s reeling, off kilter -- keep him that way.

Is he overwhelmed? -- throw more at him. Off balance? Knock him further ‘til he knows he cannot do this without your help --

(under his breath)
-- we went over this shit in training.

JASON

Yeah --

SCOTT

It’s why I come in like a fucking tornado with forms, brochures --

JASON

Yeah --

SCOTT

First we overwhelm him and then you swoop in with --

(reassuring)
It’s okay. We’ll just focus on this. This one thing right here. I can help you make this right.

JASON

I know.

SCOTT

Then stop trying to build a fucking bond.

You’re not this guy’s friend. He’s got a problem -- you’re the solution.

(Beat)

Jason nods.

Scott returns to his desk, smiling at Norm as he passes by.

Jason heads back to his desk.

JASON

I’m sorry to keep you waiting.

NORM

That’s okay.

Norms sets down the brochure.

Jason sits.

NORM

What do we do now?
Jason looks at Norm.

JASON

Hm?

NORM

What do we do?

Jason glances up at Scott. Staring back at him.

Jason returns his focus to Norm and taps his letter.

JASON

We focus on this right here.

NORM

Yeah.

JASON

It’s not gonna be small by the time we’re done.

NORM (encouraged)

Okay.

JASON

Now read me the first line.

Jason looks at Scott. Scott nods.

Norm looks down at his letter.

NORM (reading)

“Dear Sara,

I wish I could tell you in person why I’m doin’ this, but I guess that’s impossible.”

(beat. then, embarrassed)

It’s not a grabber.

JASON

That’s all right.

NORM

The beginning’s s’posed to grab ya --

JASON

That’s okay -- honestly -- we’ll touch it up later. But if you lead with “I wish I could tell you why I’m doing this,” then the letter has to get at your reasons.

(sincere)

(MORE)
And that’s really important, ‘cause you’re gonna be leaving people behind, and they’re gonna wonder, and you need to tell them why.

NORM
I can’t.

JASON
That’s okay; that’s why I’m here.

NORM
No, I mean, that’s why.

(Beat)

NORM
I just...

It’s just... my head, it’s... It’s too much. And I don’t know how to make it let up.

Jason looks at Norm.

Then he looks at Scott, who makes a gesture like, “keep going”...

NORM
I’m sorry, that’s stupid.

No.

NORM
It’s vague.

JASON
It’s our thesis.

What?

JASON
I want you to make a list of everything that’s weighing you down.

Yeah?

JASON
(producing a sheet of paper)
‘Fore you know it, we’ll have a topic sentence for every paragraph in there.
Okay.

Norm takes the sheet, starts scribbling.

Jason glances again at Scott. Scott nods his approval.

Jason looks again at Norm.

Yeah...

He places his hand on Norm’s sheet.

You know what? We’re gonna hit this from a different angle.

Scott leans in.

I want you to make a list of everything that makes you feel good.

Jason?

Even just a little bit, even for just a second --

Jason.

In fact, you know what? There’s no rush. Why don’t you take it home, work on it there.

Scott stands.

And if you’re still interested in our service tomorrow, you come back then. If not, that’s okay, too --

Are you sure that’s the --

Absolutely.

(to Norm)

If it’s okay with you.

Norm looks at his sheet.
NORM
(to Jason)
You think it’ll help?

JASON
I think it’s worth a try.

Norm folds the letter, places it in his pocket.

NORM
Okay.

Norm rises, heads to the door.

Scott swipes a contract off his desk, follows him.

SCOTT
Norm, that special does expire tomorrow, so you’ll wanna fill this out before you come back --

Norm takes the sheet..

SCOTT
-- and we’ll look forward to seeing you then tomorr...

Norm’s gone.

Scott laughs to himself, stalks toward Jason. And is about to lay in...

... when the door flings open, and Perry storms in with a box of Krispy Kreme donuts.

He’s dripping with sweat.

PERRY
Never send me there again -- the line’s twice as long as the Post Office and the people are half as pleasant. I finally get to the front and they hand me these week-old, rock-hard --

(mocking voice)
“Well I’m awful sorry sir, but we do have another store in Rockville Center and --”

(his voice)
-- Rockville Cent -- as in the Rockville Center that’s a mile and a half -- do you see a car? Did I suddenly step into a Nike commercial?”


Perry takes a deep breath for effect.
And so... three miles later... I present to you...
(holds it up)
One box of piping hot, melt-in-your-mouth, Rockville Center, original glazed.

(Quick Beat)

Give us the room.

(Quick Beat)

But Scott, the do --

Drop em over there.

But... but Scott, they’ll get --

We’ll eat ‘em tomorrow. Set ‘em down and give us the room.

(Quick Beat)

Sure.

Perry slumps to the corner, sets the box of donuts down.

He looks at Scott, who continues to glare at Jason.

I’ll just leave them covered... that way, if want one later..

Perry nods. Exits.

Was I... when I hired you -- was I unclear?

No.

Was I in any way --

No.
You looked me in the eyes --

I was clear, Scott.

(Beat)

Good.

I’m glad you were clear.

Because if Norm doesn’t walk in the office tomorrow, you don’t come in the day after that.

Scott returns to his desk and goes back to work as lights fade.
SCENE FOUR
Lights up.
Jason’s apartment. That evening.
Jason keys in and enters.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Jase?
Tommy emerges from the hallway.
Jason just nods at him.

TOMMY
You all right?

JASON
Hm?

TOMMY
Jase.

JASON
(Scratches neck)
I’m fine.

TOMMY
Seriously.

JASON
What?

TOMMY
What’s wrong?

JASON
I just told you --

TOMMY
And once again you were lying.

JASON
Tommy --

TOMMY
You scratch the back of your neck.

(Quick Beat)
Jason scoffs.
I do not.

Okay.

I don’t.

Okay.

Look, fuckhead, I don’t scratch the back of my --
(reaches back to scratch it)
Jesus Christ -- are you serious?

Tommy laughs.

How long?

Not long.

Tommy --

’Bout eight years.

Jesus --

Tommy laughs.

It’s not funny --

You gotta understand -- growing up, I never saw you lie. Like not even once -- like no joke, it was kinda creepy. Then that woman comes to pick me up and --

That was different.

That’s what I’m sayin’ -- I’d never seen you like that, man. You’re like waiting for her at the door.

As Tommy imitates Jason, he occasionally scratches his neck to drive home the point.
TOMMY
(imitating Jason)
"Oh, no, I’m sorry, m’am. Must be a mistake. I’m the boy’s legal guardian."
(imitating woman)
"Young man. It says right here you’re 17."
(Jason)
“Well, no, yeah, see, there’s your problem. That says ‘84. I was born in ‘83."
(woman)
“Look, I understand this is difficult” --
(Jason)
“No, no, hey, I’ll prove it to you. Where does it say I was born?"
(woman; sighing)
Young man” --
(Jason)
“Mary Hitchcock Hospital, right?
(as Tommy)
And this is where it’s genius. You take her by the hand, you walk her to the computer -- and I’ll never forget it -- you type it into Yahoo, and there it is...

Mary Hitchcock Hospital... demolished in 1983.
(back to Jason; scratching)
“You see, m’am?” And at this point, you’re scratching so hard I’m kinda shocked you’re not drawing blood. “How could I be born in a hospital a year after they knocked it down?”

(Quick Beat)

TOMMY
Of course... if she decides to scroll down... even just a couple lines... she’s gonna find out they opened a brand new Mary Hitchcock, just down the road, right before they tore the old one down.

JASON
But she doesn’t scroll down.

TOMMY
And she doesn’t figure it out ‘til you are eighteen.

JASON
No way I was letting her split us up.

I know.

TOMMY
I take care of you.

(Quick Beat)
Uh-huh. (Quick Beat)

Don’t do that.

What?

I took care of you --

Yeah --

Tommy --

What?

Don’t fucking...

(Beat)

What do I tell him?

No response.

Norm comes back tomorrow, what do I say to him to keep him from doing this?

Tommy just stares back.

(gentler)

Tommy.

Tommy just keeps staring back.

C’mon, man...

Jason’s beginning to break down.

Please.

No response.
JASON

Please.

No response.

JASON

Tommy, please.

No response.

JASON

Please.

No response.

JASON

(gentle)
C’mon, man, give me something. You didn’t even leave a note.

Tommy looks at Jason a moment...

... then moves across the room and grabs Jason’s hooded sweatshirt off the couch.

He moves back to Jason and offers him the sweatshirt.

TOMMY
You’re gonna be late for your shift.

Jason stares at Tommy a moment, then...

unbuttons his dress shirt and takes the sweatshirt from Tommy as lights fade.
SCENE FIVE

A spotlight fades in on Jason, wearing his hooded sweatshirt.

He taps his ear and stares straight ahead.

He’s exhausted, but his tone is warm, gentle.

JASON

Hi, you’ve reached the crisis helpline. My name’s Jason; can I ask who I’m talking to?

(Beat)

JASON

First name’s fine.

(Beat)

JASON

Can I ask how old you are, Dave?

(Beat)

JASON

And are you -- are you calling from your dorm room, then?

(Beat)

JASON

And what made you call us tod...

(Beat)

JASON

Okay.

(Beat)

JASON

Yeah.

(Beat)

JASON

Yeah.

(Beat)

JASON

And do you have a plan for how you’ll...
JASON
Do you have them with you in the room?

(Quick beat)

JASON
Dave, what I’m gonna do -- in just a moment I’m gonna transfer you to a counselor we have on call and he’s gonna...

(Quick Beat)

JASON
Well no he’s in with someone right now, but if you just talk to me while he’s...

(Quick Beat)

JASON
Oh no it’ll just be a few...

(Quick Beat)

JASON
No I promise you I’ll put you right to the front of the queue -- you’ll be the first...

(Real Quick Beat)

JASON
Okay -- okay -- then why don’t you tell me where you are right now and I’ll...

(Real Quick Beat)

JASON
Dave -- no I need you to stay on the line a little longer and tell me where you -- Dave.

(Quick Beat)

JASON
Dave.

(Beat)

JASON
Dave?

Jason closes his eyes.

He swallows.
He opens his eyes.

(Beat)

He taps his ear.

JASON
You’ve reached the crisis helpline; my name’s Jason; can I ask who I’m talking to?

Lights fade.

To read the rest of the play, please email andrew@andrewsplays.com

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