

WTF
by Tom Moran

(JOHN and ELLEN walk around with smartphones and text each other.)

JOHN

T-M-B.

ELLEN

Text me back. O-K.

JOHN

Okay. I-M-H-O, (deep breath) I-L-Y.

ELLEN

In my honest opinion (pause) - I love you. O-M-G, R-L-Y?

JOHN

Oh my god, really? R-L-Y. B-A-Y?

ELLEN

Really. Back at ya? (Pauses.) S-B-I-D-S-T-A-T-S-O-R.

JOHN

Sorry but I don't see this as that sort of relationship. T-S-N, O-T-R-D, W-Y-H-M-H-A-C-C-B-A-H-M, Y-S-I-W-L-F. A-N-T? T?

ELLEN

That shimmering night, on that rickety dock, when you held my hand and crickets chirped beneath a harvest moon, you said it would last forever. And now this? This? I-J-D-T-W-C-V-W.

(ELLEN puts down the cellphone and looks at JOHN far away across the stage. JOHN reads his cellphone and also looks up, across stage at ELLEN.)

JOHN

I just don't think we communicate very well.

(Blackout. End of play.)