

# **INTERRUPTIONS**

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## **Excerpt**

Linda: Age 32, Bob's attractive, deceased wife, dressed in normal clothes, just looking normal.

Bob: age 35, dressed in pajamas for this scene. Haggard looks.

Zolton: Pizza salesman, psychologist, angel(?), who mysteriously shows up and cajoles Bob into creating his own recovery.

LINDA

So I can't bicker a little? It's a hard habit to break. You know, I think it's time to eat. Get your strength up. Put some meat on those bones.

BOB

You know I won't let myself starve.

LINDA

Yeah, I know, but I want to SEE you not starve. Order a pizza. (pause) They deliver. You won't even have to put your pants on. Six bucks. I'll pay half.

BOB

You dial.

LINDA

When you're dead there are certain restrictions. We can't dial. On certain days. Other days we have great fun with the phone, but all we can do are prank calls.

PHONE RINGS

BOB

What now? Hello. It's out of your delivery range? What's out of your delivery range? I didn't order any...

KNOCK at the door.

LINDA

It's Ed McMahan...

BOB

My lucky day. (into phone) I gotta go.

Hangs up. Opens DOOR.

ZOLTAN enters singing When the Saints go Marching in. He is in his early 50's, a big man, who obviously loves his pizza. He is wearing a t-shirt with "PIZZA" formed within a logo similar to the Superman logo, beneath a loose fitting over-shirt.

ZOLTAN

I gotta pizza here. (Bob is dumbfounded)  
What? I got paged. I happen to have 2  
large vegy pizzas, one with pepperoni.

BOB

I never ordered...

ZOLTAN

You would have cancelled that anyway. So  
this is what you get. Nice and hot.  
Good tasting. Good for you. You need  
some pizza, I can tell from looking at  
you. \$15.95. It's good for you. You  
should try it. Tell you what, I'll charge  
you half.

BOB

No.

LINDA

Go ahead.

BOB

No.

LINDA

We're bickering, aren't we. Like old  
times.

BOB

Can he hear you?

ZOLTAN

Yes I can. Now try a little slice. I'll  
give you the thinnest one. You like the  
pepperoni or the vegy?

LINDA

He likes the vegy.

BOB

You can talk to him? I thought you were  
my fantasy.

LINDA

It's kind of hard to explain.

BOB

Of course! Then you give him a big tip.

LINDA

This isn't working, is it, Robbie? I'm going to have to do this differently.

BOB

Do what?

LINDA

This. Helping you. (warmly) Helping you to get yourself back on track, honey. Helping you to accept help. I have to do this differently. It isn't good for you to keep seeing me this way, like dreams. It isn't helping you move on. I'll figure it out.

LINDA exits.

BOB

Linda...

BOB sits.

ZOLTAN

Are you able to leave your house or are you one of these agoraphobiacs?

BOB

I leave all the time.

ZOLTAN

Aah. But you always come back.(pinches him). For a smart person, you're not a very smart person. You're a ...challenge.

ZOLTAN Starts to say something and changes his mind. HE Exits)

BOB sits on the edge of the bed. Picks up GLASS.

ENTER LINDA, startling BOB

LINDA

Uh...excuse me. I'm not trying to do a Columbo imitation, but there is one more thing...(angry)Robbie, that glass has become a shrine, hasn't it?

BOB

(sarcasm)You know, we're having a nice chat here.

LINDA crosses to him and methodically reaches to his hair and pulls out a fleck.

BOB (CONT'D)

You can...?

LINDA

What? You have lint in your hair.

Actually, it's still there, if you really must know. But on you it looks good.

(Looking at him completely, as if devouring him like a delicacy)  
You're an idiot. Put that glass into the dishwasher. Put it in the dishwasher. Wash it. It's dirty. you're worshiping false idols.  
It's a glass!