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SECOND VOICEMAIL

Monologues / Drama / 2-3 min
Cast 1 Male x1

Eli became a father an hour ago. Alone in the hospital parking garage at 4 a.m., he calls the father who walked out when he was six. He already hung up on the first attempt. This time he has a question he needs answered.

CHARACTERS

ELI - 34, a new father, exhausted and raw, still wearing his hospital wristband

SETTING

Level three of a hospital parking garage, 4 a.m., under fluorescent lights.

A hospital parking garage, level three, 4 a.m. Fluorescent hum. ELI, 34, hospital wristband still on, a hoodie thrown over a T-shirt, leans against the hood of a car with his cell phone. He dials. Waits. The beep.

ELI

Hey. It's me again. Eli. I, uh. I hung up on the last one, so if you got a voicemail that's just breathing and then nothing, that was me. You can delete that.

(trying again)

It's four in the morning. I'm in a parking garage 'cause you can't get a signal inside and also I think I needed to be somewhere with... concrete. I don't know.

She's here. She was born at 2:52. Seven pounds even. They said "even" like it was a trick. Her name's June. Sarah picked it, I just agreed with it, which I'm learning is gonna be most of my job.

He walks a few steps. Stops.

I wasn't gonna call you. I wanna be honest about that. I had this whole list of people, and you weren't on it, and then I was standing in the hallway holding her, and she did this thing with her hand. She grabbed my finger. Everybody says they do that. I know everybody says that. But she grabbed it and she didn't let go and I looked down and I thought, oh. Oh, I would walk into traffic for this. I've known her forty minutes.

And then the next thing I thought was you.

(harder)

Did you feel this? That's the question. That's the whole call. Did you stand in some hallway thirty-four years ago and feel this. Because if you did. If you felt this exact thing and you still packed a bag when I was six, then I don't... I don't understand anything about people. I don't understand what this is for.

He sits on the bumper.

But if you didn't. If you looked at me and it just wasn't there. If you're just a guy this thing didn't happen to.

(the realization)

Then I'm not you. Then it's already done. I've been waiting my whole life to find out if I'd turn into you, and I just found out. Forty minutes ago. In a hallway, with my finger in a fist the size of a walnut.

(beat)

So I guess I'm calling to tell you you're a grandfather. And I'm calling to tell you I'm not gonna call again. Both of those are true. I don't know which one I wanted you to hear first.

He stands. Looks up at the concrete ceiling.

She's got your ears. Sarah says that's a good thing. I'm choosing to believe her.

Okay. Okay. That's it.

He ends the call. Doesn't move.

END OF SCRIPT