

## **Too Late**

A 1-minute play by Barbara Bellman

Setting: Jane sits in her mother's living room. Her brother Dick calls from a pay phone in a bar. She is tired and angry, and Dick is drunk. She looks at the Caller ID when the PHONE RINGS.

Jane

(Looks at the Caller ID)

You're an asshole. I tried calling you four times! Why didn't you pick up?

Dick

Sorry. Sorry. Look, I wanted to call – I really did, but I ran into some friends that I haven't seen in a while and we knocked back a few beers and I didn't want to pick up the phone and interrupt the flow – you know? I mean, who wants to get into family shit and stuff in the middle of guy talk? Besides, did you catch the game? The Phillies really kicked ass tonight

Jane

I didn't have time.

Dick

Oh, right. You're the responsible sibling. I *know*. I'm sorry I didn't call sooner but I thought it could wait and I didn't mean for the time to get away from me like that but it did and now I'm calling. (Silence) So I guess Mom's really pissed, huh? (Silence) Anyway, I guess I just didn't want to hear that disappointed sigh she does when she knows you're a fuck-up, you know? But I'm calling now so, is she hangin' in? (Silence) Go ahead . . . put her on? I'll suck it up, take it like a man, say I'm sorry, listen to her sigh about what a loser I am. (Silence) Sis? (Silence) *Put her on the phone!*

Jane

(Sadly)

I can't. It's too late.

Dick

(Belligerent)

Oh, for chrissakes. It's only 8:30. Don't be a bitch.

Jane

Don't be such a dick, Dick. Mom died three hours and!

Dick

(Beat) Oh.

