

# **Dis-Connecting or one man's search for salvation**

**by Phillip W. Weiss**

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**This is a one-act play consisting of eighteen scenes.**

### **Cast of Characters**

**Ralph Gorolinsky – a single man**

**Sharma – a woman friend**

**Super – building superintendent**

**Cynthia Vincente – a former girl friend**

**A waiter**

**A student**

**A worker**

**A bicyclist**

**A counterman**

**A priest**

**A man**

**An ATM patron**

**Two waitresses**

**Security guards**

**Library patrons**

**The story is set in midtown Manhattan; the time frame is one twenty-four hour period.**

**Synopsis: A lonely man is spiraling downward to despair; can anything save him?**

**Scene 1**

*Time: 6:30 AM*

*Place: A studio apartment. Ralph Gorolinsky, a sixty-two year old man, is drying himself off with a towel after having bathed.*

**RALPH**

*(thinking aloud)*

That damn super won't replace the shower arm. Meanwhile the guy downstairs complains about me and gets immediate service. What a bunch of crap. And then the super actually believes that I'm flooding the bathroom. What's wrong with him? It's pure harassment. I think they're trying to force me to leave but I won't give 'em the satisfaction, no matter what they do. Fuck 'em.

End of scene 1

Scene 2

*Time: 7:30 AM*

*Place: Outside the super's apartment. Ralph is arguing with the super in the hallway.*

**RALPH**

When will you replace that damn shower arm?

**SUPER**

You broke it, so you replace it

**RALPH**

What? You think I broke it? All I did was remove the shower head.

**SUPER**

Who told you to remove the shower head?

**RALPH**

It was my shower head, and so I removed it. After you adjusted the shower controls you reduced the water pressure so much that I needed another model shower head to compensate for the reduced water pressure.

**SUPER**

I don't care why you removed the shower head. All I know is that you broke the shower arm and that's your responsibility.

**RALPH**

What the hell are you talking about? The shower arm came with the apartment.

**SUPER**

I've told you to again and again to stop making floods in the bathroom when you're showering because the water is leaking into the guy's apartment downstairs and is causing lots of damage to the building too, for which you will also be held responsible.

**RALPH**

Look: First, I don't make any floods, and second, I'm not causing any damage to the building. Okay?

**SUPER**

You're gonna have to deal directly with the landlord about this. It's out of my hands.

**RALPH**

Thanks for nothing.

*The super turns, goes inside his apartment, slamming the door in Ralph's face.*

**RALPH**

*(thinking aloud)*

Fuck him and fuck them all. He doesn't give a shit. In fact, nobody cares about me. Nobody. I could die right now and who would care? No one. My so-called friends don't call and I'm tired of calling them. Communication is a two-way street and if they want to talk to me, they have to call me and if I don't hear from them, then fuck 'em. God, what a life. Dealing with so much petty bullshit, like the shower arm. And people wonder why I want to move from New York. Boy, what a shitty, nasty city; everything in this city is fucked up. I can't even get a damn shower arm replaced. Yet I put up with it. Fuck 'em all.

End of scene 2

## Scene 3

*Time 8:00 AM*

*Place: Midtown Manhattan. Ralph is walking north on Madison Avenue. From Off stage comes the sound of rumbling and clanking of metal which gets progressively louder. When he arrives at the corner, he looks to his right and sees a commercial garbage truck in the middle of the block hoisting and unloading large dumpsters into the truck, with each unloading producing loud clanking noise and huge clouds of dust.*

**RALPH**

*(thinking aloud)*

Oh, fuck, not another garbage truck. These fucking trucks are everywhere fucking up the air, but do you think they care? No! So much for quality of life. What a disgusting city and look at those guys. They're not even wearing masks! They're probably Hispanics. There's no job too disgusting that a Hispanic won't do it.

*Ralph takes out his camera and starts video recording the truck. One of the workers, a large burly man, notices Ralph recording.*

**WORKER**

Hey you, what are you recording?

**RALPH**

Nothing.

*Ralph quickly puts away his camera.*

**WORKER**

What the fuck is your problem?

**RALPH**

*(intimidated)*

Nothing.

**WORKER**

Yeah? Nothing? Then why were you taking pictures?

*Ralph starts walking more quickly.*

**WORKER**  
*(yelling)*

That's right, punk, run away.

*When Ralph reaches the end of block and when he thinks he's far away enough not to be heard he turns around.*

**RALPH**  
*(yells)*

Fuck you! Stupid Hispanic!

*(to himself)*

Ah, fuck 'em all.

End of scene 3

## Scene 4

*Time: 8:45 AM*

*Place: A bagel shop. Ralph is eating toast and drinking tea. He's thinking out loud to himself. Note: This scene contains two sets, with Ralph at stage right and Sharma at stage left.*

RALPH

*(thinking aloud)*

You know, maybe I should call Sharma. She did call me during the hurricane so it's okay for me to call her. True, it's me calling her but still, why not?

*Ralph grabs his smartphone and dials Sharma's number. Sharma answers the phone; she is in bed with a man.*

RALPH

Hello. Sharma

SHARMA

*(trying to be polite)*

Oh, Ralph, hello. I just returned from Jamaica yesterday and was going to give you a call but I've been just so busy. I spent a month in Jamaica visiting family, and, so, how are you?

RALPH

I'm okay. I thought I'd give you a call. By the way, did you finally graduate?

SHARMA

Oh, yes, I passed the chemistry course with an A and now I'm in the process of looking for a job. By the way, I did get your email and tried to email you from Jamaica but my sister's computer wasn't working properly.

RALPH

Sure, That's okay. Those things happen. At least you tried. (pause) Hey, maybe we can get together sometime when you're in Manhattan.

SHARMA

Yes, maybe.

**RALPH**

Well, give me a call when you can.

**SHARMA**

Okay, Ralph, and it was nice hearing from you.

*Conversation ends.*

**MAN IN BED**

Who was that?

**SHARMA**

Just a friend from school.

**MAN IN BED**

Let's fuck.

*Sharma and the man start kissing and caressing each other.*

**RALPH**

*(angry at himself, thinking aloud)*

How demeaning! Here I go again, like a schmuck, reaching out to someone who doesn't give a crap about me. Why the fuck did I even call her? Boy, what a mistake, what a dumb, stupid mistake, calling her. I could kick myself in the ass. What the hell is wrong with me? Ugh! Oh! I have no friends; nobody cares about me. Well, fuck 'em!

End of scene 4

## Scene 5

*Time: 10:30 AM*

*Place: A public library in midtown Manhattan. Ralph is sitting at a desk reading book. Opposite Ralph sits an elderly man, dressed in shabby clothing. Suddenly the man lets out a loud sneeze.*

RALPH

*(thinking aloud, and loud enough so that the man hears)*  
Oh, fuck! He sneezed right in my face! What a slob.

MAN

Sorry, pal.

RALPH

Yeah, right.

*Man shrugs his shoulders.*

RALPH

*(half to himself, half to the man.)*  
That guy doesn't care.

*A black man enters and sits next to Ralph.*

RALPH

*(thinking aloud)*

A black man sitting next to me. This always happens, without fail. I can be in the middle of a Ku Klux Klan meeting and out of nowhere a black man will show up and sit right next to me. It's like I'm a magnet for blacks.

*Security guard enters.*

SECURITY GUARD

*(to Ralph)*

Sir, please keep it quiet.

RALPH

*(to the security guard)*

I haven't done anything.

**SECURITY GUARD**

We've received complaints about you talking loudly to yourself and saying nasty things.

**RALPH**  
*(defensive)*

I would never do anything like that.

**SECURITY GUARD**

Okay, but we received complaints, and if we receive any more complaints we're going to have to ask you to leave.

**RALPH**

Okay. Message received.

*Security guard exits. Ralph gets up and puts on his jacket.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

I got to get outta here. This place is worse than a homeless shelter.

End of scene 5

## Scene 6

*Time: 11:45 AM*

*Place: Fifth Avenue near the Empire State Building. Ralph is watching a group of tourists taking pictures.*

**RALPH**

*(thinking aloud)*

All these fucking tourists. What a bunch of morons. What's scenery to them is a home to me. To them, a guy like me is just a prop. They don't know what they're even looking at. In fact, what are they doing here at all? They come thousands of miles to look at what? Shit! What the hell do they see that so interesting? All I see is shit. Ugh! Boy, are they stupid.

*Ralph's smart phone is ringing.*

**RALPH**

*(thinking aloud)*

Who the fuck is calling me?

*Ralph looks at the phone but does not answer the call.*

Oh, it's Donnie. I wonder what HE wants? Oh, fuck him. I don't want to talk to him. He left me a stupid message yesterday, telling me why he disagreed with me for having liked a movie. I give the guy a call and leave a message telling him that I liked a movie, actually enjoyed it, and what does he do, this so-called friend? He calls and leaves a message explaining why he thought the movie was crap. If I tell this guy the sky is blue, he'll tell me that the sky is gray. What kind of friend is that? You know what, I'm gonna call him and leave him a message.

*Ralph takes out the phone, makes a call and begins leaving a message.*

This is Ralph. I listened to your message about the movie and I think your comments were completely off-base and poorly thought out. Sure, the movie kind of skirts certain issues relating to the mentally ill, but the movie was meant to be a comedy, so the director couldn't make the story too heavy, and besides, the acting was great, and so I found the movie entertaining. But what I don't understand is why you are always contradicting me. It's like when I told you I was thinking about moving to Baltimore and your response was, Baltimore is a crappy city. I bet if I'd said that Baltimore was crap you'd have said it was a great town just to aggravate me. Why do you do that? What kind of friend are you? Are we even friends at all? But what else should I expect from somebody who says that I should move to Detroit, Michigan. Who in their right mind would tell anybody to move to Detroit? Nobody, except you. Good bye.

*Ralph puts away the phone.*

**RALPH**

*(thinking aloud)*

**Boy, is he a schmuck. Why does he do these things to me? What the hell did I do to cause him to give me a hard time? Nobody gives a damn about me; nobody, including my so-called friends.**

**End of scene 6**

Scene 7

*Time: 2:30 PM*

*Place: A bagel store on Fifth Avenue. Ralph is standing at the counter waiting to order some food. The counterman is busy making a sandwich.*

**RALPH**

*(to the counterman)*

I want a whole wheat bagel toasted with jelly.

*The counterman continues to make the sandwich.*

**RALPH**

Excuse me, I want a whole what bagel toasted with jelly, please.

**COUNTERMAN**

*(still making the sandwich)*

Hey, can't you see I'm busy?

**RALPH**

*(annoyed)*

I would like a whole wheat bagel and ...

**COUNTERMAN**

*(belligerent)*

Listen, you, I'll take your order when I'm good and ready, okay.

**RALPH**

*(taken aback)*

What did I do?

**COUNTERMAN**

Just shut up, okay?

**RALPH**

*(insulted)*

What's your problem?

*Counterman doesn't reply; he takes another customer's order.*

Hey, I was here first!

RALPH

Who cares! Next!

COUNTERMAN

Fuck you!

RALPH

Stupid maricon

COUNTERMAN  
*(laughing)*

*Ralph storms away.*

RALPH  
*(while leaving, screaming)*  
Stupid Hispanic, moron, fuck face!

*Ralph is now on the street.*

RALPH  
*(thinking aloud)*  
Who can figure out Hispanics? They don't think like normal people. Oh fuck it. There are ten thousand other bagel places, so no big deal. Fucking schmuck. Who needs him? Boy, after I'm through at the library I am definitely going to Shamrock for a drink. So far, this has been one shitty day, but what else is new? It's New York. Boy, maybe I should go to Baltimore for the weekend. Aw, fuck it!

End of scene 7

## Scene 8

*Time: 3:00 PM*

*Place: Herald Square. The place is teeming with people. Ralph is observing the crowd. An elderly woman named Cynthia enters. She is 71 years old and is pulling a shopping cart filled with junk. She notices Ralph.*

CYNTHIA

Is that you, Ralph?

*Ralph tunes to Cynthia.*

RALPH  
*(surprised)*

Cynthia. Cynthia Vincente. How are you?

CYNTHIA

I'm doing okay. It's been how many years?

RALPH

At least twenty.

CYNTHIA

I barely recognized you. You have gotten a lot grayer.

RALPH  
*(defensive)*

Well, we're all getting older, that's for sure.

CYNTHIA

I've been thinking about you and wondering what became of you.

RALPH

Well, you know, I'm just taking it day to day in this rotten city.

CYNTHIA

Still can't stand New York?

**RALPH**

That's right, you remember.

**CYNTHIA**  
*(somber)*

Yes, I do remember that and the way you complained about everything.

**RALPH**

Well, there's a lot to complain about.

**CYNTHIA**

Including about me and that was mean. That's why we broke up.

**RALPH**

Well, you deserved it.

**CYNTHIA**  
*(angry)*

No I didn't. You had no right to yell at me.

**RALPH**

Yes I did, when I caught you with Stanley.

**CYNTHIA**

At a coffee shop. All Stanley and I were doing were having cake and coffee and talking, but you wouldn't listen to reason.

**RALPH**

What was there to listen too? You were obviously cheating on me.

**CYNTHIA**

You still believe that, after all these years?

**RALPH**

That's right, I still do.

**CYNTHIA**

How pathetic.

**RALPH**

*(incensed)*

First you call me old and now you're calling me pathetic. Meanwhile you look like a bag lady. Is that what you are now: a bag lady?

**CYNTHIA**

*(feelings hurt)*

For your information I'm a retiree and I live in a senior citizens residence.

**RALPH**

*(momentarily distracted)*

A senior citizen. And to think that I knew you when you were young.

**CYNTHIA**

*(still argumentative)*

Well, you're old too, and don't act like you're not.

**RALPH**

*(anger flairs)*

You know, you were a bitch then and you're still a bitch now.

**CYNTHIA**

*(angry)*

And you're still a schmuck. That's why I dumped you.

**RALPH**

I think you got that backward. *(screams)* I DUMPED YOU!

**CYNTHIA**

*(bitter)*

You know, I was having a good day until I met you. Now my day is ruined, thanks to you.

**RALPH**

That's just too bad.

**CYNTHIA**

You're such a rotten bastard. (*Cynthia starts to cry*)

*A young, large, burly-looking man enters the scene.*

**MAN**

(*to Cynthia*)

Excuse me, miss, is this guy bothering you? (*to Ralph*) Hey, mac, why don't you get lost.

**RALPH**

(*to the man*)

Who are you?

**MAN**

(*threatening tone*)

That's none of your business. All you need to know is that I am telling you to get lost, now!

*Ralph stares at the man but does not reply. Ralph then waves his hands in a gesture of contempt.*

**RALPH**

Aw, fuck it. Who needs her anyway?

*Ralph exits.*

End of scene 8

## Scene 9

*Time: 4:00 PM*

*Place: A college library. Ralph is using a computer. Nearby a group of students are talking loudly.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

Before, it was Cynthia, now it's these students. When do these annoyances ever stop? Their talking is disturbing me and nobody cares.

*One of the students starts talking on a cellphone.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

Oh fuck! Now one of them is using a cell phone. Why can't they be quiet? Do I have to be the one to tell them to shut up? I mean, I don't want to talk to those fuckers. I mean: where's security?

*Ralph starts using the computer again but soon stops.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

Oh shit. I can't take it anymore.

*(to the group of students)*

Excuse me.

The students ignore him.

**RALPH**  
*(louder)*

Excuse me, your talking is really disturbing me.

*The students stop talking and look at Ralph. One of the students, a young man, replies.*

**STUDNET**

Sorry.

*The students resume their talking.*

Ralph gets up and goes over to the students.

**RALPH**  
*(annoyed)*

Look. Your talking is bothering me, okay?

STUDENT

Okay, mister, we heard you the first time. We don't think we're talking that loudly, okay.

RALPH

*(getting angry)*

I don't care what you think. You were talking loudly.

STUDENT

Well, nobody else is complaining. So buzz off.

RALPH

*(raising his voice)*

No, YOU buzz off, okay?

*A school security officer enters.*

SECURITY OFFICER

What's the problem here?

STUDENT

This guy *(points to Ralph)* is pestering us.

SECURITY OFFICER

*(to Ralph)*

Let me see your student ID.

RALPH

*(incensed)*

Officer, they were pestering me!

STUDENT

No we weren't. We were talking quietly and studying.

SECURITY

*(to Ralph)*

Please let me see your student ID.

*Ralph gives the officer his student ID. The security officer takes out a pad and pen and records Ralph's name and student ID number.*

**RALPH**  
*(alarmed)*

Why are you noting down my name and ID? I didn't do anything.

**SECURITY OFFICER**

You were causing a disturbance.

**RALPH**  
*(angry)*  
No way.

**SECURITY OFFICER**

First, lower your voice and second, I'm giving you a warning. If this happens again, you will be removed from this building and reported to the school provost.

*Ralph does not reply. The security officer exits and Ralph returns to his computer.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

Can you beat that shit? They're making noise and I get blamed. Typical. This is what my life is about. Nothing goes right. Nobody cares. I knew I shouldn't have opened my mouth but I did it anyway. What the fuck is wrong with me?

End of scene 9

## Scene 10

*Time: 5:00 PM*

*Place: A Catholic Church in midtown. Ralph enters in the middle of the homily.*

PRIEST

... and to show his love for us, God sacrificed his only begotten son ...

RALPH

*(thinking aloud)*

Who asked him to save us?

PRIEST

... the day of judgment has been prophesized and it's only a question of time ...

RALPH

What happened to Jesus was horrible but if that's how the son of God was treated, then what hope is there for me? Maybe my being here is God's way of punishing me, but why me? What did I do so wrong that I should be punished?

PRIEST

... to attain salvation you must embrace Christ ...

RALPH

*(bitter)*

I tried that and it didn't work. I prayed and implored him for his help but got no reply, nothing. All I got was silence and boy, did that suck. Even the good Lord won't help me.

PRIEST

... when you feel alone and abandoned, remember, there is one out there who cares ...

RALPH

Yeah. Cares about everybody except me.

*In the background the cantor begins singing "Amazing Grace."*

**RALPH**

**I can't take this place anymore. Lemme outta here. I gotta have a drink.**

*Amazing Grace continues to be sung.*

**End of scene 10**

## Scene 11

*Time: 6:30 PM*

*Place: A bar on West 23<sup>rd</sup> Street. The bar is moderately crowded. Some people are drinking at the bar; others are sitting at tables eating drinking and conversing. Ralph is the only customer who is there alone. He is sitting at a table drinking his third screw driver. Sitting opposite him at the table are young man and young woman who apparently are on a date. They are both drinking beers.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

Boy, is that guy wasting his time. I remember when I was his age, all I wanted to do was get laid. It was the only thing on my mind, but now, I have no sex drive at all. It amazes me when I think of all the money and time I spent trying to fuck, and now I couldn't care less. Well, at least she's drinking. I remember that time when that Polish woman met me at that bar on Third Avenue and then wouldn't drink. I couldn't believe it: a Polish woman who wouldn't drink. What bullshit. She was giving me a hard time and for what? Trying to get laid is just a waste of time. If a woman likes you she'll let you know. Samantha actually wants me to visit her – in South Africa. Boy would that be a big mistake. If she wants to get together, she has to come and visit me! If I visit her I'll just be showing her that I'm desperate, that's all. Never run after a woman; let them run after the man. They all play games. Like that Natalie in Texas, always playing phone tag with me and like a schmuck I return her calls. Well I'm through with that. No more reaching out. I'm deleting all their numbers; bunch of ingrates. Fuck 'em.

*Ralph takes out his cell phone and starts looking at his list of stored numbers. He begins deleting numbers.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

I can get rid of my cousin's number; never hear from him ... done. Now, my uncle's number; I called him and he never called me back. He doesn't even like me ... done. I haven't heard from my sister in awhile; don't need her number either. Her number is now ... gone. I can also get rid of Dick's number; I haven't heard from him in over a year ... his number's also ... gone. Everett: my one time pal. There is absolutely no way I will ever call HIM again. No way. Okay, his number's now ... history. Same goes for Suzy; I was calling her all the time, and what did I get for it ... nothing! Well fuck her. Her number's gone as of right now ... Done! I can almost hear my phone thanking me for eliminating all that excess baggage. Let them call me; if I don't hear from them then they're history. Who needs 'em?

*The waitress walks by.*

RALPH

Excuse me, waitress.

*Waitress stops and approaches Ralph.*

WAITRESS

Yes?

RALPH

I would like to have another screwdriver, please.

WAITRESS

I don't think so. I think you've had enough.

RALPH

I have?

WAITRESS

Yes. I've received complaints about you mumbling loudly to yourself and the only reason why I didn't ask you to leave sooner is because you're a regular customer.

RALPH

*(sarcastic)*

Well, excuse me for drinking.

WAITRESS

If you don't leave now, I'm gonna have to ask the manager to come over.

RALPH

*(annoyed)*

Okay, I'm leaving, I'm leaving. Just let me get my coat on. How much I owe you?

WAITRESS

Seventeen fifty.

*Ralph takes out his wallet.*

RALPH

Here's twenty. Keep the change.

WAITRESS

Thank you.

RALPH

Yeah, right. You're just glad to see me go, but no hard feelings.

*Ralph leaves; he is on the street.*

RALPH

*(thinking aloud)*

Fuck her. I'll just go to another bar.

End of scene 11

## Scene 12

*Time: 7:00 PM*

*Place: Another bar a few blocks away which is also moderately crowded with customers. Ralph enters. Once again Ralph is the only customer who is alone. Ralph goes to the bar and orders a screw driver. He then sits at a table watching the other customers drink and talk; there is lots of laughter and camaraderie.*

**RALPH**

*(thinking aloud)*

Look at all those people stuffing their faces with food. Ugh! Disgusting! I used to bring Dagmar here. Boy, did I waste a lot of money on her, but it's better that I broke it off with her; I didn't want to hurt her husband. Spending money on a woman is bad enough, but on a married woman it's a complete waste. Now, here I am alone, but what else is new? Women don't even like me.

*A waitress walks by.*

**RALPH**

*(to the waitress)*

Excuse me.

The waitress stops.

**WAITRESS**

Yes, may I help you?

**RALPH**

Did you know that I was once a sergeant in the United States Army? When I tell people that, nobody believes me.

**WAITRESS**

Well, I believe you. Would you care to order some food?

**RALPH**

Food? I don't need food; food is a waste; just fills you up.

*Waitress laughs.*

**RALPH**

But thanks for asking. You seem like a nice person.

WAITRESS

You do, too, but I can't talk right now; it's kinda busy here.

RALPH

Oh, okay, but I'd like to give you my card.

WAITRESS

Okay, give me your card.

*Ralph removes a business card from his wallet and gives it to the waitress who takes the card and puts it in her pocket.*

WAITRESS

*(smiling)*

Thanks. Maybe I'll give you a call.

*The waitress exits.*

RALPH

*(thinking aloud)*

Like she's gonna call me; but you can never tell. At least she didn't bust chops. Anyway, let me finish my drink and then I'm outta here.

End of scene 12

## Scene 13

*Time: 7:30 PM*

*Place: Fifth Avenue. Ralph is in the process of crossing the street when a bicycle streaks right by him, almost hitting him.*

**RALPH**  
*(incensed, screams)*

Fuck you, Chinaman.

*Ralph then runs after the bicyclist who got caught in traffic. Ralph catches up with the bicyclist.*

**RALPH**  
*(to the bicyclist)*

Hey, shit head, careful with that bike. You almost hit me.

*The bicyclist laughs and shrugs his shoulder and starts bicycling away.*

**RALPH**  
*(screaming)*

You stupid schmuck; go fuck yourself.

*The bicyclist stops, turns around, and gives Ralph "the finger."*

**RALPH**  
Yeah, and fuck you too.

*The bicyclist is gone.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

These Chinamen think they own everything, and maybe they do. I remember when this city was almost all white. Now white people have been displaced. If anybody had been told fifty years ago that one day this city would be nonwhite they would have said no way. Now, forget it. It's just the way it is and there's nothing anybody can do about it. All the landmarks of my childhood are gone, places that I thought would last forever, and one day I'll be gone too. It's their city now. Soon there'll be an oriental mayor and maybe an oriental president too. They're taking over, and probably sending reports to the Peoples Liberation Army too. But I don't know who's worse: them or the Hispanics. At least the blacks speak English, and even they're being displaced. Wow, is this city fucked up: fucking Chinamen, fucking bicycles, fucking Hispanics. They do the shit work that no white man in his right mind would do; work that convicts did. That's right: they do punishment work. Shit, if the Nazis have known it then, they

could have brought over an army of Mexicans to build the concentration camps, and the Mexicans would have done the work for beans. Those people have absolutely no pride; they are the modern day slaves; they have no brains, no consciousness, no nothing. They are born strike breakers and scabs. Ugh! What a world!

End of scene 13

## Scene 14

*Time: 7:45 PM*

*Place: A storefront ATM bank. A black woman is standing at an ATM talking on a cell phone. Ralph enters and goes to an ATM to withdraw cash.*

**RALPH**

*(talking loudly to the machine, slurring his words)*

Why hello, machine. I need some money. You're my best friend because I know you won't fail me.

*The woman lowers her voice but continues talking.*

**RALPH**

*(talking even louder)*

Wow, what a crappy day, but it'll be all better once I get some money.

**WOMAN**

*(to Ralph)*

Excuse me, is my talking on the phone bothering you?

**RALPH**

*(angry, to the woman)*

Who's talking to you? Mind your own business.

**WOMAN**

*(to someone on the phone)*

This guy sounds like he's losing it. Maybe I should call the police.

*Ralph collects money from the ATM and turns to leave.*

**RALPH**

*(while exiting, screaming)*

Damn black bitch. Who the fuck does she think she is? Fuck 'em all!

*Ralph exits.*

End of scene 14

## Scene 15

*Time: 8:30 PM*

*Place: A nearby diner. Ralph is ordering take-out.*

WAITER

What can I get you?

RALPH

I want a hot open meat loaf sandwich with corn and a baked potato.

WAITER

You want anything to drink?

RALPH

No. Does it come with a side order of cole slaw?

WAITER

A small packet.

RALPH

Okay.

*Ralph notices packets of crackers on the counter.*

RALPH

*(to the waiter)*

I bet those crackers cost extra.

WAITER

No, they don't but if you want one, take it. They're for free.

RALPH

*(sarcastic)*

Something in this city is actually free? That's unbelievable.

WAITER

Yeah.

RALPH

I just can't believe that those crackers are free.

WAITER

Well, they are. Take one, in fact take two.

RALPH

I bet if I so much as touch one of those crackers, the next thing you'll be doing is calling the police.

WAITER

No, I wouldn't.

RALPH

Yeah, right. Nothing in this damn city is for free. You're just trying to set me up.

WAITER

Whatever you say.

RALPH

Well, that's what I say. And where's the food?

WAITER

It's coming out.

RALPH

Boy, the service in this place is slow.

WAITER

Okay, here's your order.

*The waiter hands Ralph a large bag and a check.*

RALPH

Okay.

*Ralph exits and is now on the street.*

RALPH

*(thinking aloud)*

I definitely have to find another place for takeout. I don't like that waiter. He was trying to set me up to be arrested. Fuck him. People in this city are so mean. They'll do you in at the drop of a hat. I could collapse in the street and nobody would care. They'd walk right over my body; probably even step on me. It's a good thing I'm a nice guy. That fucking waiter was beginning to aggravate me. I was just trying to order some food. Everything in this city is a struggle. Nothing comes easy. Nobody gives a shit. If he ever tries to fuck me over again, I'll punch his face in.

End of scene 15

## Scene 16

*Time: 9:00 PM*

*Place: Ralph's apartment. Ralph is sitting on the edge of his bed, eating his food from a tray.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

That fucking phone call to Sharma was horrible. It really fucked up my mind. Oh fuck, let me make myself a drink.

*Ralph makes himself a large screw driver. He places the drink on the tray.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

That is a beautiful drink. Vodka is my only friend. It never fails me.

*Ralph starts sipping on his drink and eating his meal.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

This meat loaf is too spicy. Ugh. I knew I made a mistake going to that diner. That waiter was nasty. Fuck it! Oh boy, that screw driver is good.

*Ralph grabs the television controls and turns on the television. Ralph watches a debate on gun control.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

Those fucking politicians are grand standing again. What the fuck is wrong with them? They don't give a crap about us. All they care about are themselves. Fuck 'em. Who gives a shit what they say.

*Ralph starts gulping down his drink.*

**RALPH**  
*(thinking aloud)*

Everything's shit. Why do I even live? What the fuck for? *(pause)* Oh yes, I remember: to keep collecting my pensions. *(laughs)* I didn't put up with thirty five years of bullshit not to collect. I just gotta keep putting up with the bullshit; that fucking Sharma; maybe I should have fucked her when she was in my apartment. Maybe I need a woman. It's hard to believe that once I actually had sex with women; and some of them were very sweet; they really liked to fuck. Now most of them are dead. Time is relentless, nothing stops it. Before I know it I'll be old and then I'll be dead. Boy, if I die in my apartment it might be days or even weeks

before anybody even realizes that I'm missing. Maybe I should drop dead in the street instead. Aw, fuck 'em. Let them clean up after me. I go to school just to fill in the time. People say: why don't you travel. To where? Who the fuck wants to be a tourist? There's nothing dumber than a tourist. Fuck scenery. Fuck it all.

*Ralph puts down the drink; he lies down on the bed and immediately falls asleep.*

End of scene 16

## Scene 17

*Time: Approximately 3:00 AM*

*Place: The apartment. Ralph is sleeping. He's talking in his sleep.*

RALPH

*(loud, frantic)*

No ... I'm no good. ... I fucked up.... I never got married. ... You bitches, nasty bitches ... Get out of here! ... Why did you leave me? ... fuck ... fuck it ... I'm all alone ... no ... don't leave me ... nobody cares ... I'm gonna puke ... no one's here ... I'm alone ... fuck you ... don't call me names ... stop it ... STOP IT ... big tits ... I love you ... YOU BITCH ... they fired me ... stop laughing ... don't leave ... DON'T LEAVE ... I want you ... fucking women ... GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME ... I'm not a fag ... FAGGOT ... suck my dick ... bitch ... whore ... asshole ... I must fuck you ... vodka ... GET OUT ... don't go ... you're leaving me ... no trust ... suck on this ... schmuck ... you're no friend ... I'm no one ... why ... WHY ... you fucked him ... I hate you ... nigger ... big ass ... niggers ... black bitches ... Nazis ... Hitler ... HEIL ... white power ... white ... black ... fucking Chinaman ... commie ... I'm a Jew ... Jew cock ... smelly pussy ... skiksa ... she said I have a big dick ... sit on my face ... cunt ... up yours, asshole ... that's my baby maker ... fuck your sister ... coward ... pig ... puke on you ... I farted in your face ... spread your legs ... damn super ... gotta move ... nobody cares ... get your hands off my dick ... No ... NO ... NO! ... God save me ... I've sinned ... don't shoot ... nice legs ... damn Republicans ... fucking Democrats ... whores ... I shit on you ... I'm shit ... I'm worthless ... oo, you are hot! ... feeling up little kiddies? ... keep your filthy hands off me you faggot whore ... Jesus ... Jews ... Auschwitz ... No, not the ovens ... GAS!  
*(inarticulate scream)*

*Ralph awakes. He is sweating profusely. He discovers that he had wetted himself.*

RALPH

*(thinking aloud)*

Oh, shit, I'm all wet. How much more of this can I take?

End of scene 17

## Scene 18

*Time: 6:30 AM*

*Place: Ralph's apartment. Ralph is drying off after taking a bath.*

RALPH  
*(thinking aloud)*

Fucking shower; still broken; another crappy day. I wonder what kinda shit's gonna happen to me today; more annoyances; more shit. Fuck it; that same damn dream. Maybe I need to go back to work. That's it. Aw fuck work. Nobody cares. My feet hurt. My neck is stiff.

*Ralph goes to a cupboard and takes out a bottle of vodka. He examines the bottle*

RALPH  
*(thinking aloud)*

Maybe I need a drink. What time is it?

*Ralph looks at a clock on the wall.*

Oh fuck, it's six thirty. What the fuck am I doing with this bottle? Oh, fuck it, what's the difference if I drink or not? But that won't help. I can't take it anymore. It's hopeless.

*Ralph grabs a large steak knife.*

I can end it all right now. One plunge and poof, it's over.

*Ralph points the knife at his chest.*

That's right, one quick plunge and the pain will stop.

*Ralph takes the knife and presses the point against his chest, cutting his skin. Ralph now raises the knife above his head, preparing for the final plunge. Suddenly his smart phone rings. Ralph lowers the knife.*

Who the fuck is that?

*Ralph puts down the knife and picks up the phone.*

RALPH  
Hello? ... *(laughs, relieved)* ... Oh, baby, it's so good hearing from you ... You don't know how good ... You just saved my life.

End of scene 18

The end.