

Dis-Connecting

by Phillip W. Weiss

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This is a one-act play consisting of sixteen scenes.

Cast of Characters

Ralph Gorolinsky – a single man

Sharma – a woman friend

Super – building superintendent

A waiter

A student

A worker

A bicyclist

A counterman

An ATM patron

Two waitresses

A security guard

A security officer

A man in bed

A library patron

A group of students

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

Synopsis: A lonely man caught up in despair is spiraling downward to his doom; 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 making floods in the bathroom. What the fuck is wrong with him? It's pure harassment. I think they're trying to force me to leave but I won't, 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 I removed it because after you adjusted the shower controls you reduced the water pressure, so I decided to get another shower head.

SUPER

That's your problem, not the building's.

RALPH

What the hell are you talking about? The shower arm is a fixture that came with the apartment.

SUPER

I told you to stop making floods in the bathroom when you shower because the water is leaking into the guy's apartment downstairs and is also causing damage to the building, which is your fault.

RALPH

What are you talking about, me damaging the building? I haven't damaged anything. All I did was remove the shower head and now the threads on the shower arm are worn, so it needs to be replaced.

SUPER

Look, you're gonna have to deal directly with the landlord about this.

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 never call and I'm tired of calling them. Communication is a two-way street and if they want to talk to me, then 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 stupid 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: Lexington Avenue at the corner of East 29th Street. Ralph is walking north on the sidewalk. From Off stage comes the sound of rumbling and clanking of metal which gets progressively louder. When he arrives at the corner of East 30th Street, 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! I don't care what the mayor says: the quality of life in this city stinks. What a disgusting city, and look at those guys. They're not even wearing masks! How do they manage to motivate themselves to do that kind of shit work? They're probably Hispanics. There's no job too disgusting that some 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!

(to himself)

Ah, fuck 'em all. Doing that shit work, and he wasn't even Hispanic.

End of scene 3

Scene 4

Time: 8:45 AM

Place: A bagel shop and deli on Park Avenue. 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 physics course with an A and now I'm 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

He's 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! I have no friends; nobody cares about me. Well, fuck 'em!

End of scene 4

Scene 5

Time: 10:30 AM

Place: Public library, 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's sitting next to me. This always happens, without fail. I can be in the middle of a desert 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 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 nothing but a homeless shelter.

End of scene 5

Scene 6

Time: 11:45 AM

Place: Fifth Avenue. Ralph is walking south on Fifth Avenue near the Empire State Building. Groups of tourists are taking pictures.

RALPH

(thinking aloud)

Look at 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 listen to his prattle. He left me a stupid message yesterday, putting me down for having liked a movie. I leave him a message telling him that I liked a movie, that I 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 clear, he'll tell me that the sky is cloudy. What kind of friend is that? You know what, I'm gonna call him and leave him a message letting him know how I feel.

Ralph takes out the phone, makes a call and begins leaving a message, his anger building as he continues leaving the 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 Philadelphia and your response was, Philly is a crappy city. I bet if I'd said that Philly 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 Cleveland, Ohio. Who in their right mind would tell anybody to move to Cleveland? 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 shit 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 Hispanics. Who needs them? 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 Philadelphia for the weekend. Aw, fuck it!

End of scene 7

Scene 8

Time: 4:00 PM

Place: A college library located near Madison Square Park. Ralph is using a computer. Nearby a group of students are talking.

RALPH
(thinking aloud)

When do these annoyances ever stop? Their talking is driving me nuts 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 his computer again but quickly 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.

STUDENT

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)

It is loud.

STUDENT

Well, nobody else is complaining. So buzz off.

RALPH

(feeling insulted, 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 8

Scene 9

Time: 6:30 PM

Place: Shamrock Tavern on West 23rd 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 get laid, and now I couldn't care less. Well, at least she's drinking. I remember the time when that Polish woman met me at that bar on Third Avenue and then wouldn't drink. I couldn't believe it. Here I am at a bar with 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. Cara 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 Lisa in Texas, always playing phone tag with me and me, like a schmuck, returning her calls, letting her jerk me around. 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 don't need my nephew's number; never hear from him ... done; don't need my uncle's number either; I called him two weeks ago and he never called me back ... he doesn't even like me ... done! I never hear from my kid sister ... 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 now ... gone! Everett: there is absolutely no way I will ever call HIM again. No way. Okay, his number's now ... history. Same goes for Suzy; I call her all the time, and whenever she calls me back she sounds like she's doing me a favor. Well fuck her. Her number's gone as of right ...now! I can almost hear my phone thanking me for unloading 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 9

Scene 10

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, was that stupid. It's a good thing 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

(reluctant)

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. 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 10

Scene 11

Time: 7:30 PM

Place: Fifth Avenue and East 30th Street. 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 you had told anyone 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, all the places that I thought would last forever, all gone, and one day I'll be gone too. It's their city now. One day they'll be an oriental mayor and maybe an oriental president too. It's just a matter of time. They're taking over and are probably working hand and glove with the Peoples' Liberation Army to fuck up the United States. But I don't know who's worse: them or the Hispanics. At least the blacks speak English, but even they're being displaced. Wow, is this city fucked up. The fucking Chinamen with their fucking bicycles. The fucking Hispanics. They do shit work that no white man in his right mind would do,

work that in Europe was considered punishment. That's right: they do punishment work. Shit, if the Nazis had played their card right, they could have had the Hispanics build the concentration camps for them, and they would have done the work for practically nothing. 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 11

Scene 12

Time: 7:45 PM

Place: A storefront ATM bank. A woman is standing at an ATM talking on a cell phone. The woman is black. 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 is yelling and screaming. Maybe I should call the police.

Ralph collects money from the ATM and turns to leave.

RALPH

(while exiting, screaming)

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

Ralph exits.

End of scene 12

Scene 13

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 take out. 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, that is, after they rifled my pockets. It's a good thing I'm a nice guy, I should have kicked that waiter's ass. I was just trying to order some food and he wanted to fuck me up. 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 13

Scene 14

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! At least the 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 turns off the television and 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 just to kill myself. That's what the system wants me to do, but fuck them! I'm not gonna let them get off that cheaply. Sharma: what a bitch! Maybe I should have fucked her when she was in my apartment. Maybe I need a woman. It's hard to believe that I used to have sex with women; and some of them were very sweet, they bought me things and really liked to fuck. Now some of them are dead. Time is relentless, nothing stops it. Before I know it I'll

be old and decrepit 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. Meanwhile, I'm still going to school. I'm going for another master's degree, but for what? Who the fuck cares? People say: why don't you travel. To where? Fuck being a tourist. There's nothing dumber than being a tourist. Fuck scenery. Fuck it all.

Ralph puts down the drink; he lies down on the bed and immediately passes out.

End of scene 14

Scene 15

Time: Approximately 3:00 AM

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

RALPH

(rambling)

No ... I'm no good. ... I fucked you ... I never got married. ...
 You bitches, you nasty bitches ... Get out of here! ... Why did you leave me? ...
 fuck ... fuck it ... FUCK IT ALL! ... 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 at me ... don't leave ... DON'T LEAVE ...
 I want you ... fucking tramps ... GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME ... I'm not a fag ...
 FAGGOT ... suck my dick ... shoot my load ... 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 ... fuckin' niggers ... black bitches ...
 white trash ... fucking Hispanics ... Nazis ... Hitler ... HEIL ... white power ...
 whites ... blacks ... fucking Chinamen ... commies ... cunts ... I'm a Jew ...
 big Jewish cock ... smelly pussy ... skiksa ... she said I have a big dick ...
 sit on my face ... cunt ... up yours, asshole ... that's my baby maker ...
 I'm fucking 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! ... I'M NOT A HOMO! ... God save me ...
 I've sinned ... don't shoot ... nice legs ... damn Republicans ...
 fucking Democrats ... whores ... I wanna shit on you ... up yours, sweetie ...
 I'm shit ... I'm worthless ... you are hot! ... you play with little kiddies? ...
 keep your filthy hands off me you faggot whore ... Jesus ... Jews ... Dachau ...
 Bergen-Belsen ... Auschwitz ... No, not the ovens ... No! No! No! ...
 I'M CHOKING! *(inarticulate scream)*.

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

RALPH

(thinking aloud)

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

End of scene 15

Scene 16

Time: 6:30 AM

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

RALPH

(thinking aloud, bitter)

Fucking shower ... still broken ... another crappy day. What's the point of bathing anyway? So I smell, so what? Who cares if I stink? Nobody. I wonder what kinda shit's gonna happen to me today. More annoyances ... more crap ... more of that same fuckin' dream. Maybe I need to go back to work ... yeah, right. Again become a nameless nobody in a huge bureaucracy that fucks over people and treats them like shit. Fuck that. Nobody cares. My feet are sore ... my neck is stiff ... my stomach hurts ... I have a splitting headache ... my dick doesn't work ... I need a drink.

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

RALPH

(thinking aloud)

What time is it?

Ralph looks at a clock on the wall.

Oh fuck, it's six thirty. Fuck it, drinking won't help.

Ralph puts down the bottle.

I can't take it anymore. It's hopeless.

Ralph grabs a kitchen 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 thrust. Suddenly his smart phone rings.

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 16

The end.