

(Name of Project)

by
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(Based on, If Any)

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(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

(Music: Frank Sinatra- "Change Partners")

Lights up.

HAILEY KELLY (V.O.)

Hi, this is your favorite radio personality, Hailey Kelly, and let me tell you about Fijis Sushi...

SARAH IS SITTING DOWN, AND IS ON THE PHONE.

SARAH (ON PHONE)

Okay... Thank you, Bill. I'll see you Friday night... Bye

Sarah hangs up the phone. Next to the phone on the table is a picture. Sarah takes a moment and looks down at her wedding ring. She then looks back up to the picture.

SARAH

Charlie, we need to talk. I just said "yes" to going out with another man. What am I doing?

Now, what I'm about to say, is going to be tough for you to hear. I have started *noticing* other men. This is a feeling I have not had in fifty years.

Now just to put you at ease, this man, is forty years younger than me, so there isn't a chance of anything starting. I had gone on one of my walks on the beach, and I saw a surfer getting out of his wet suit. His stomach was like a washboard. (She gets lost into her description) His hair was bleach blonde and came down to his shoulders. His chest bulged as if to say, "Come over here and climb me." As he was taking off his wet suit, I got a glimpse of his left...

(snaps out of it) Oh, I'm sorry Charlie, I won't go any further with this story, but WOW!

Anyway, since that moment, I have noticed that I don't want to be alone anymore. I'm not saying that I want to run off and get married, but I also don't want to say that I'm going to shut the door on marriage.

I miss your arms around me. I miss feeling safe. The reason your shoes are by the front door, is so that if a burglar comes by the window, he'll see that a man might live here, and won't bother me.

I miss you getting up in the morning and getting the morning paper. You'd make me coffee, and then read to me the day's news. I miss that, you took such good care of me.

I wish I had known how to take care of you, when you were sick. Somehow in all the suffering and pain, you still managed to have enough strength to stretch out your arms and hold me.

Sarah starts to have second thoughts about going out with Bill.

SARAH (TO HERSELF)

Maybe I'm making a big mistake. (Beat) I'll call it off. Bill could be a serial killer, or what if he's a cult leader. No, I can't do this. That's it, I'm not going.

She walks back over to Charlie's picture.

SARAH

Charlie, if you don't want me to go on this date, and if Bill is a serial killer, you'll make the phone ring once, right now.

She points to the phone and waits. There is no ring.

SARAH

You want me to go out this Friday? (Pause) It could be fun. It's only one night, and it's just dinner. Bill did sound like a very nice man. He could be an amazing man. But why would an amazing man, like Bill, like me? I mean I've been standing here for the last few minutes, talking to myself and an old picture of my dead husband. I'm either very crazy or just very lonely.

(To the picture) Charlie, I meant every word I said. I'll never forget you, and this wedding ring will never leave my finger. I need to know that you're listening to me, and if it's okay to go out with Bill this weekend. Have you heard me, or am I just a crazy, lonely woman? I need a sign from you. If you could get this phone ring twice, and I'll have your permission. If you want me to go, the phone will ring at the count of three. 1... 2... 3...

Nothing happens at first. Sarah just stands there. Then the phone rings twice and stops.

Sfx: Phone ringing twice.

Sarah smiles.

SARAH

Thank you, Charlie. I love you.

Lights out.