

CYRANO REVISITED VIA TEXT by Colby Malone

Mary: It's not you?

Joe: No. Not a word of it.

Mary: All those beautiful things that you said to me?

Joe: Yes.

Mary: You didn't write them? They weren't from you?

Joe: Oh Mary, the feelings were from me.

Mary: What?

Joe: All the love. All the compliments. All the hopes. All the romance. All was from me. It's just the words weren't mine.

Mary: But you just said. You said that none of those texts came from you.

Joe: They come from me. They just aren't written by me.

Mary: Then who the hell wrote those beautiful text messages? Huh? Who?

Joe: No. Mary. No.

Mary: Joe. Tell me who made love to me, who seduced me textually. Who was it that I had sex text with? Come on, Joe.

Joe: Does it really matter?

Mary: Yes! Yes. It really matters.

Joe: Mary ...

Mary: No, Joe, no. I had an amazingly intimate relationship with you - no not you - and I want to know who it was with.

Joe: It was with me, Mary. It was with me. My heart embraced yours.

Mary: But the words. The words. They weren't yours.

Joe: No. Because I could never come up with those words. They were so loving and so beautiful.

Mary: How could you?

Joe: I never graduated from grade school. And even then I somehow slipped through the cracks. The teachers couldn't be bothered to spend the time with me teaching me. So they just kept passing me on. So you see, Mary, I'm basically illiterate.

Mary: Why couldn't you share that with me? Why did I have to go through this charade? All those beautiful thoughts. All those sexy thoughts. All those intimate thoughts. That I thought you said so beautifully. You said. You said!

Joe: Now you know the truth.

Mary: I wouldn't know if it hadn't been for my best friend who somehow found out and told me. Do you know how humiliating that was? To be duped? To be fooled? By someone I thought loved me?

Joe: But I do love you. You are not listening. It's me behind those words.

Mary: Oh I was listening. Or rather I was reading. All those lies.

Joe: Oh Mary please.

Mary: No, Joe, no! Who wrote me those texts?
Who? Who?

Joe: His name is Robert.

Mary: I want to meet Robert. No. I must meet Robert. The end Joe. Finish. Finis. Done. Over.
... Joe?

Joe: I heard you, Mary. I heard you.

THE END