

*(TIM sits on a bus seat idly reading. The rows behind him are empty. JANET, an attractive woman, sits behind him. He notices her, then goes back to reading. She watches him, and looks away when he looks up. He watches her, then pretends to read. She goes back to watching him. He looks up to catch her gaze, but again she looks away. He watches her. She glances at him and pulls out a mobile phone. She punches a name on her auto-dialer.)*

JANET

Hi, Jimmy. I'm just calling to say hello and I love you. You're the best, sweetheart, and I'll see you soon.

*(She hangs up and TIM looks away. She puts the phone away. He looks back at her.)*

TIM

He's a lucky guy.

JANET

What?

TIM

Jimmy. He's lucky.

JANET

Depends on how you look at it.

TIM

Any man that you're leaving that message for is doing just fine from where I'm sitting.

JANET

That's a matter of perspective. His boyfriend, Jason, just committed suicide using a hundred Tylenol. He took five days to die. His internal organs disintegrated, starting with his liver and working on to his brain. Two days in, his bloated body had to be strapped in because he was out of his mind and thrashing. Jimmy was there with Jason the whole time. He watched it happen, and felt it was largely his fault. So I don't know how lucky he is. You look kind of like him.

TIM

Jason?

JANET

No. Jimmy.

*(She gets off the bus. TIM watches her go. End of play.)*