

Monologue
The Phone Call
by Joy Cutler

30s-40s Female

The phone rang. Early. It was my mom. She said, "Your sister's heart stopped." Just like that. She said it real straight, real normal.

I was more asleep than awake. My mind wasn't catching the meaning in the words. My brain buzzed.

It did? But the doctors got it going again, right?

Whooo, you should have heard my mother! She was so pissed at me.

No, you idiot! Your sister died!

Man, it felt like a snake was just waiting in the dark, coiled at the base of my spine and BANG! It sprang into action. It raced up my vertebrae, my throat, pushed past my tongue and forced my mouth wide open and exploded into a scream. Practically ripped a hole in the ceiling. And that pissed off my mom even more.

Stop screaming! Stop it right now. I'm not screaming and going all crazy and I'm her goddamn mother!

Grief is real scary sometimes, you know?