

**SAY WHAT I SAID THEN**

by Chris Van Strander

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CHARACTERS

THOMASINA R

THOMASINA S

THOMASINA S at her house. THOMASINA R at hers.

THOMASINA S sits at a TABLE with an OLD-SCHOOL PUSH-BUTTON PHONE. She covers her eyes and randomly dials a bunch of digits.

THOMASINA R's CELL PHONE RINGS; she picks up.

THOMASINA R  
...Hello?

THOMASINA S  
*(just sobs)*

THOMASINA R  
Who's this? *(beat)* Shhh... It's okay. I know.  
*(beat)* Just cry, I'll stay—just, can I ask who you're calling?

THOMASINA S  
I just... dial numbers. I know—it's appalling.  
*(beat)* What time's it, with you?

THOMASINA R  
Uh... a little past two.

THOMASINA S  
Forgive me—Whoever you are? I'm so sorry I woke you. *(goes to hang up)*

THOMASINA R  
You didn't! No really, no joke. You...  
*(beat)* I had this... keep having this... dream. It... recurs.

THOMASINA S  
Any idea to what it...?

THOMASINA R  
Refers?  
No. *(beat)* So.  
Whoever you are. You... what, dialed a stranger for what, just a laugh?

THOMASINA S  
No, I'm... I'm looking for my... other half.

THOMASINA R  
Ha! You and me both. *(beat)* Wait!—this is my dream! I'm up, on the phone—

THOMASINA S  
—but...?

THOMASINA R  
Conversing with no one.

THOMASINA S  
Just... talking alone?  
(*beat*) What's your shrink think?

THOMASINA R  
My shrink? How'd you know? She says "When someone shows up? You're cured—you can go."  
(*beat*) Don't lose hope. Your other half's out there. No joking.

THOMASINA S  
Oh she is. We've met. Well... we've spoken.  
(*little beat*) Decade ago, I'm random-dialing, sobbing myself dry. And this... *stunning* whiskey voice picks up, says:

THOMASINA R  
"Shhh... it's okay. Just cry."

THOMASINA S  
We start... you know, talking. All our secrets. Our fears. And it's just like I've known her

THOMASINA R  
for ten thousand years.

THOMASINA S  
We'd both... somehow experienced the EXACT SAME THINGS! Both our first memories:

THOMASINA R  
Kiddie pool.

THOMASINA S  
Water wings.  
She knows my joke!: "Didja hear about the guy with the jurisprudence fetish?"

THOMASINA R  
"He got off on a technicality."

BOTH  
(*laugh heartily*)

THOMASINA R

Oh, that always turns me reddish!

THOMASINA S

My hang-ups, fuck-ups—everything about myself that makes me... wring my hands? I confess it and she just...

THOMASINA R

Completely understands.

THOMASINA S

I've always felt... incomplete. When I try and—

THOMASINA R

—connect?

THOMASINA S

My... thoughts, words, just come out just totally...

THOMASINA R

Inept.

THOMASINA S

But that night?, she and me? We flow. It's amazing! She knows all my

THOMASINA R

thoughts.

THOMASINA S

I finish her

THOMASINA R

phrasing.

THOMASINA S

It... transcends conversation—if, if you'll pardon me, it was

THOMASINA R

deeper.

THOMASINA S

Yes.

THOMASINA R

Truer.

THOMASINA S  
Yes!

THOMASINA R  
Music.

THOMASINA S  
Yes!

BOTH  
Harmony!

THOMASINA S  
First time my whole life—it was such a release—I felt like...

THOMASINA R  
...you were actually all in one piece. *(beat)* So what happens next?

THOMASINA S  
She says “We should meet.” And me being me, I of course...

THOMASINA R  
Get cold feet.

THOMASINA S  
The... sheer tonnage in common? It was—God!, electrifying! But more so than that, it was just...

THOMASINA R  
Terrifying.

THOMASINA S  
If we MET?, in PERSON?, like she begged that we should?

THOMASINA R  
You just knew something... just awful... just would...

THOMASINA S  
*(little beat)* So I said... what I said, and hung up the phone. And realized...

THOMASINA R  
You’d just made the worst mistake you’d yet known.

**To read the rest of this play, please contact me at:  
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