

From *NO EPILOGUE* by Nina Mansfield (aka Nina Waluschka)

STEPH (early 20s)

Early one morning on the Brooklyn Bridge, Steph contemplates the reasons why a strange woman who road in her boyfriend's cab may have committed suicide earlier that morning.

STEPH

I can see it right now. She's sitting there on the subway, minding her own business. Lonely, but not noticing it at that particular moment in time. Clutching her purse in her lap, because she's probably a proper, sensible girl, who's always extra cautious. She doses off for a second, and then wakes up, and notices she's been sleeping with her mouth wide open, and there's spit dripping down her chin. So she wipes it off with the back of her sleeve, and as she does this, she looks up and sees him sitting right in front of her.

It's him, you know, the only man she's ever loved-the man she dreams about, the man who deserted her, but she was always sure he'd return. She has longed, many sleepless nights for this moment, to once again be in his presence. The moment has finally arrived, but it's tarnished. For beside him sits his new wife. And not only is she drop dead gorgeous, the wife I mean- excuse the pun, but she's pregnant.

If she wasn't, there might still be a chance of him leaving her and running away with our little high diver, but being the decent and loving girl that I know she was, she would never have fallen in love with a guy who would abandon his pregnant wife, or girlfriend or whatever for that matter. So even as much as she may have wanted him to leave his wife for her at that moment, she knows he won't because she loves him, and any man that she could love wouldn't do that, and if he did, her entire concept of love and life would be shattered. Either way she's screwed.

This play is available at <http://oneactplays.net/noepilogue.html>