

THE HOODIE

By Jeff Dunne

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CHARACTERS

DARYL

Pretty thoroughly pathetic. Envisioned as male, but could be female.

SETTING

Anywhere.

SCENE

(Daryl is leaving a message for an ex-girlfriend.)

DARYL

Sex. You think I'm calling for sex. But I'm not. Not this time. I mean, I wouldn't leave a desperate voicemail like this on your phone if I was just calling for sex. Again. Right? I don't need to beg my ex for sex every time life lays me low and--- Oh, God, I didn't mean 'lays'. No, wait. That was right. 'Lays me low'. That's a thing, people say that... Anyway.

The reason I'm calling is I need to get my blue hoodie back. You see, I have this new girlfriend. Well, almost girlfriend, and I may have given her the impression that I went to Oxford. Now before you say anything, I know I didn't go to Oxford. But she doesn't know that. And I thought that if I show up for our date in that hoodie, well, I might just... Alright, maybe I should explain that she's an Aries, so she'd never be content with... well, someone like me. But I have a plan. You see, she thinks I'm an Aries too. Because... when I saw her profile on Tinder, I just completely fell for her, and I kind of made up some stuff. Maybe a lot of stuff. Like almost everything. But I think I might really have a shot this time if I can just get that hoodie back. Now I know I said you could keep it, but... I'm thinking maybe I could just borrow it for the weekend. Please. I don't want to throw in the towel on this one before the match has even started, if you know what I mean.

Right. Well. Thanks. And, oh, and Jules, about what I said before, at the beginning... about sex. If... you know... if *you* wanted to... Oh! OH!! Hi! I, uh, I didn't realize you were there. Um, sure. Right. Of course. I can... I can... just go buy another hoodi— Hello? Jules?

(Lights out.)