

What?!

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At rise, we can see three doors line in the central stage. One is green, another is yellow, and the other is red. Each door is decorated with two plants in the front. Between central stage and central down stage, there are two benches for passengers to sit on and wait for the bus. On the down stage central in front of the bench is a bus stop.

A long-haired young woman, Lisa, in a blue dress is sitting on the bench, and raises her left arm glancing at the watch from time to time. A middle-aged woman, Mrs. White, walks toward the young lady.

MRS. WHITE. Excuse me.

LISA. *(Raising her head)* Yes?

MRS. WHITE. Which bus should I take to get to the airport?

LISA. *(She looks at the board, thinks for a while and answers with a smile.)* You can take bus 57 or 311, but bus 57 is faster.

MRS. WHITE. Thank you. Oh, I'm so excited! *(She sits down on the bench next to Lisa.)* I have never taken a plane before. Have you?

LISA. Yes, I have. *(She pauses for a while, seeing Mrs. White's smiling face, and continues politely.)* I think it was a great experience. It's good that you've got a chance to try it.

MRS. WHITE. *(Excited)* Really? Ha, I think so too. Have you ever been abroad? Or it was just domestic flight?

LISA. No, never. It was just domestic flight.

MRS. WHITE. What a pity! I'm going to England. You know what, England seems to be close to Taiwan but I'll have to transfer in Hong Kong! And it will take me another two and a half hours to wait for the plane there. How inconvenient!

LISA. Uh...Do you think England is near Taiwan?

MRS. WHITE. Isn't she just next to us?

LISA. I'm afraid not.

MRS. WHITE. Whatever. I still think it's too inconvenient to transfer the plane. It takes time. Time is money. *(Indignant)* Oh, no, I want my money back!

LISA. *(Searching for what to say)* Uh, wish you could make it.

MRS. WHITE. Thank you. You are so kind! By the way, I really have been in a run of bad luck recently. All kinds of bad things happened to me. All kinds!

LISA. Really. *(Raising her head to see if the bus she's waiting for is coming)*

MRS. WHITE. You must wonder what those things are. First, I got up this morning only to discover that my bed was tilting to the left, because one of the four legs of my bed was almost eaten up by white ants. But there wasn't time for me to feel sad, because then I realized that it was quite late in the morning, so I rushed to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for the whole family. I quickly fried eggs and hams, and pour five glasses of milk. After all the five portions of breakfast were done, I called them but none answered. Then I thought of that today is Sunday and that they have all gone to the baseball game. They won't be back until evening. So I just ate up all the five portions of breakfast! Don't you think I'm so unlucky?

LISA. Why don't you put them in the fridge?

MRS. WHITE. *(She thinks for a while and suddenly sees the light)* Oh! Oh, yeah, you're right! You're so smart, ha ha!

LISA. Um...thank you...

MRS. WHITE. But you know what, my bad luck didn't end with it. After the huge breakfast, I was so stuffed that I decided to take a walk in the nearby park regardless of tons of house chores left. When I was putting on the shoes, I felt something like a small stone sticking in my left shoe, but I didn't stop to take a look. I just put it on. And then I walked down the stairs. I found something

slippery in my shoe. It made me fall down from the third floor directly to the first floor, with some turns, of course.

LISA. (*She looks upward and turns her head from the left to the right.*) Sor...sorry to interrupt, Mrs. White, but here comes my bus. I think I'd better go... (*She stands up a little.*)

MRS. WHITE. Sorry? No, no, no. You don't have to feel sorry. (*She smiles and presses Lisa's arm, making her sit back.*) You know it's not your fault.

LISA. I mean...

MRS. WHITE. Then I took off my shoes and checked. I discovered in horror that, oh my Jesus, in my left shoe there was a big smashed cockroach! I tried hard to clean it up. But there still left some stain at the bottom in my shoe.

LISA. ... (*She sits deadpan and then moves a bit farther from where Mrs. White is sitting.*)

MRS. WHITE. (*She keeps talking*) And the stain is in a strange shape. It looks like a lobster! I know you must wonder what it looks like and wanna take a look at it. Let me show you! (*She intends to take off her left shoe and to show Lisa the stain*)

LISA. (*Shocked, she turns very quickly and looks at Mrs. White.*) Uh...no, thanks. I don't really want to take a look, actually.

MRS. WHITE. (*She stops her movement and thinks for a while.*) Are you being polite? You know you don't have to. (*She continues and insists on taking off the shoe.*)

LISA. (*She grabs Mrs. White's wrist tight, looking seriously into Mrs. White's eyes.*) No! No, please! I mean it!

MRS. WHITE. Oh...okay...

(*After a short period of silence, a handsome young man in a black suit walks in, carelessly and slightly steps on Lisa's toe.*)

YOUNG MAN. (*Smiling at Lisa*) Sorry madam. Does that hurt?

LISA. (*Smiling to the young man*) No, no. That's okay. Never mind.

(*The young man nods his head politely and then sits on the bench next to Lisa.*)

MRS. WHITE. Oh! You've got a boyfriend!

LISA. (*She frowns slightly.*) Uh...yes.

MRS. WHITE. How nice to be young! I was once young, also! When I was young, there were a lot of men who wanted to date me. Ho, ho, ho! (*Her left hand covers her left cheek as she laughs heartedly.*) Let me tell you a secret, something I don't dare to tell my husband so far. When I was thirty years younger, I once went to my classmate's house with some other classmates. She was my best friend. Her brother treated all of us to KFC for lunch. He said he treated us only out of politeness. But I knew, oh, (*looking upward*) he wanted to treat me so that all the others were treated as well. So, so, so romantic! (*She keeps shaking her head.*)

LISA. (*Indifferent*) Is that so?

(*The young man stands up and waves the bus stop. After the bus stops steady, he gets on the bus.*)

MRS. WHITE. (*She pats slightly on Lisa's shoulder, talking in a sympathetic tone*) Oh, my dear poor little girl...

LISA. (*Bemused, looking at Mrs. White*) What's this for, then?

MRS. WHITE. Oh, you know. It's me. I'm here. You know you can always count on me. I will always support you to the last minute!

LISA. (*She sighs.*) May I ask why?

MRS. WHITE. (*She points at the direction where the young man got on the bus.*) Didn't your dear boyfriend just get on the bus without saying a word to you?

LISA. ...

(*The music of the garbage truck comes.*)

MRS. WHITE. (*She looks at her watch and shouts.*) Oh my god! Six o'clock already! I'd better go upstairs and prepare dinner for my family!

LISA. (*She raises her eyebrows*) Go upstairs?

MRS. WHITE. Yeah! I live right there! (*pointing at the red door*)

LISA. Uh...I though you were waiting for the bus?

MRS. WHITE. You mean bus 57 or 311?

LISA. Yes.

MRS. WHITE. Oh, ha, ha. I'm going on the trip next week. And it was a little bit boring to stay home alone all the afternoon, you know.

LISA. So you just wanted to do something to kill time...

MRS. WHITE. Yeah, and thus you got someone to talk to!

LISA. ...

MRS. WHITE. Wanna come and have a cup of tea?

LISA. (*round-eyed*) No! Please! It's time to leave me alone. You know.

MRS. WHITE. Why?

LISA. Because...because...just like what you've said, my boyfriend just left me! Don't you think now I should be alone and get over with it anyway.

MRS. WHITE. Yeah, maybe...you poor little thing...(*She smiles kindly*) Goodbye, then! (*She leaves the stage and says from under the stage*) See you next time!

(*Mrs. White leaves. Lisa sighs, frowns, keeps looking at her watch and glances to the left frequently to see whether or not her bus is coming.*)

THE END