

Cello? Can you hear me?

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A ten-minute play

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“Cello? Can you hear me?”

Characters

Cory.....	A master cellist. She forgot her bow at home.
Troy.....	Cory’s father. Been dead two weeks. Came back to talk about his disappointment in her.

Setting

The play takes place in Cory’s apartment.

Synopsis

**Most people, when their dad’s die, remember the good things about them. *Baby girl, as long as you need help, I’m always going to be that voice in your head.***

“CELLO? CAN YOU HEAR ME?”

CORY

You will *not* let him boss you around this time. You will *not* let him boss you around this time. You will *not* let him boss you around this time. Your bow is on the chair. Just get it. Get out. Lock the door. Simple plan. Ok, enter. (*she doesn't*) Ok, *enter*, and it will be right there in front of you. (*she doesn't*). One. Two.

CORY opens the door, and charges in, coming face-to-face with her father, TROY, sitting in one of her chairs.

TROY

Your trashcan's full.

CORY

Hey dad.

TROY

Dishes are in the sink.

CORY

Yeah.

TROY

Bathroom's dirty, too.

CORY

I forgot my bow.

TROY

Mhmm..

CORY walks to the coffee table.

CORY

I forgot it. It isn't going to kill anyone. Lots of people forget things every day.

TROY

I didn't say anything.

CORY

Well I get it, that's what I'm saying.

TROY

Isn't there something important going on today?

CORY

It's not on the chair.

TROY  
That you need your bow for...

CORY  
It's not on the table.

TROY  
Something to do with a job interview.

CORY  
Dad, please-

TROY  
With you getting a job with your music.

CORY  
Give me a minute-

TROY  
Because you can't find a job.

CORY  
I have a job.

TROY  
You can't find a real job.

CORY  
I knew it I knew it. I couldn't just get you to be silent, get you to SHUT-UP while I'm looking. I just want to find my bow and get the hell out of here.

TROY  
And you said you forgot it.

CORY  
I forgot it.

TROY  
Mhm.

CORY  
I lost it.

TROY  
Because your place is a mess and you can't find any-

CORY  
Dad-

Say it. TROY

No. CORY

If I didn't want to stay unemployed, I'd keep track of my instruments. TROY

I'm second chair- CORY

If you don't want to be first. TROY

Where is it? CORY

I thought you wanted me to shut up for a second? Now, if you want to know where the trash bags are I can help you out with that, since you obviously don't know you have any. TROY

It's half full. CORY

You can still empty it. TROY

Most people. Most people, when their dad's die, remember the good things about them. Remember them being flung in the air and caught, or taken to the movies- CORY

But not you. TROY

Not me. CORY

Because you remember the worst. TROY

I remember you exactly as you were. CORY

Poor Cory. TROY

Where's my bow. CORY

TROY

The bags are under the sink. Your can's getting close to full. If you want to be a garbage woman-

CORY

I haven't emptied a half-full trashcan. And I haven't swept in four days, I haven't vacuumed in two, haven't cleaned the bathroom in six, and I have dishes in the sink from this morning. All of those things are in my head. And every day every day I fuckin lose my bow, I can't find my keys, someone takes a paper off my desk I think I lost it. I'm paranoid that I lost it. I'm scared-to-shit when I *think* I lose anything. Because no matter *what* the truth is, your voice still shows up in my head. That I fucked up. That I'm a fuckup. And whenever I hear your voice, I see you.

TROY

Baby girl, as long as you need help, I'm always going to be that voice in your head.

CORY

Do I look like I need help?

TROY

Where's your bow?

CORY

I'm a working musician.

TROY

You're second chair.

CORY

That's good enough.

TROY

For who?

CORY

For me.

TROY

That's not how I raised you.

CORY

Thank god.

TROY rises.

TROY

You or your sisters. Did I ever hurt you?

CORY

Hurt-

TROY

Spank you, hit you, pinch your arms. Did I ever do any of that shit? *(no response)* Did I yell at you, or June, or Sally? Do any of that? *(no response)* Mhmm.

CORY

You still found ways of making us feel like shit.

TROY

Poor baby girl.

CORY

Get out.

TROY

If you stay 2nd chair. How will you feel?

CORY

Fine.

TROY

Who paid for your cello?

CORY

Just leave.

TROY

Who paid for it?

CORY

I did.

TROY

Who practiced every night while she was living at home.

CORY

I did.

TROY

Who was the youngest seat in Nashville.

CORY

You just raised me to hate myself.

TROY

You hate your trashcan. that you lost your bow, that you're second chair. You hate your limitations.

CORY

I don't need you to push me. I'm big enough to do it myself.

CORY takes the trash bag out of the can, ties it, and walks to her door, opens it, and waits for her dad.

CORY

I've emptied the trash. You have to go.

TROY

The dishes still need to be done.

CORY

Not right now.

TROY

You sure?

CORY

Yes. Get out.

TROY gets up and takes the bow from the chair he was sitting in and hands it to her.

TROY

Here's your bow. You've been staring at it the whole time.

TROY leaves. CORY takes the bow, sits down, and starts to mime playing the cello, her eyes closed.

TROY's voice comes from it.

TROY

So I hurt your feelings. What do I say? What do I accept? I say clean your room. You don't know what clean is. I say empty the trashcan, because you don't know when to empty it. I say you need to keep track of your tools because a woman's tools tell her the job she is going to do. And because I told you what a clean house meant, what a clean house is, you got standards for it. You know what excellence sounds like because I tell you when you don't reach it. Yeah, I don't care. I don't care about you or about your sisters. Just tell yourself that. When you come home to a clean house, when you pay all of your bills on time, and when you worry that you misplace something, you tell yourself that I didn't care about you. That I was mean to you. That I wasn't proud of having you as my daughter. Just keep on playing that sad song to try and drown out my voice. My voice that tells you you can do better, that you should do better. That you can work harder. Because what has my voice ever done for you?