

**TWO LINES LATER****Cast:****CLARA:** determined and vulnerable**MAYA:** Clara's best friend, 30s, lively and supportive

[CLARA] picks up her phone, dials, and begins leaving a voicemail.

**CLARA**

Mark. It's me. I—(pauses)—I don't even know why I'm calling. You've made it pretty clear you're done. (Scoffs)

**CLARA** (cont.)

Leaving a voicemail feels stupid, but then again, so does walking out on your wife when we've come this far.

(She rubs her forehead, fighting back tears.)

**CLARA** (cont.)

You said this was too much, that you couldn't handle it. But what about me, Mark? Do you think I'm not scared too? Do you think I didn't wonder if this was all worth it?

(She stops herself, exhales sharply, and hangs up without finishing the message. The sound of a key turning in the lock startles her. Maya enters with a bag of groceries.)

**MAYA**

Surprise! I brought snacks, wine—oh wait, scratch the wine. IVF, right? No booze.

(Noticing Clara's expression)

**MAYA** (cont.)

Okay, who died?

**CLARA**

Mark. Not literally, but he might as well have.

**MAYA**

Ah, the great disappearing act. Still sulking about his departure?

**CLARA**

Sulking? Try processing the fact that the person I married just... gave up.

**MAYA**

Classic. Men always think they're the heroes in their own

**MAYA** (cont.)

tragedies. "Oh, woe is me! The IVF bills are too much! My fragile ego can't take it!"

(Clara cracks a little smile.)

**MAYA** (cont.)

There it is. The tiniest smirk. Progress.

**CLARA**

(Mutters)

It's not funny.

**MAYA**

It's a little funny.

(Pauses, notices the pregnancy test on the coffee table.)

**MAYA** (cont.)

Is that what I think it is?

**CLARA**

(Shrugs)

Leftover. Haven't bothered to use it.

**MAYA**

You mean you haven't checked? Oh, honey, we're doing this right now.

**CLARA**

What? No. It's pointless.

**MAYA**

(Pointing to the test.)

What's the worst that could happen? Negative? Been there, done that. But what if—just what if—it's not?

(Clara hesitates, then grabs the test reluctantly.)

**CLARA**

Fine. But only so you'll shut up.

(Clara exits to the bathroom. Maya starts rifling through the papers on the coffee table, muttering to herself.)