

# That Godot Guy Again - a True-Life Story

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This is what happened today.

I'm writing, right in the middle of a crucial scene. The phone rings. The scene is shot.

"They'll be there between 2:30 and 3:30," says the voice.

"That's what time it is right now."

"My fault."

I run downstairs to unlock the storm door. I run to get the broom and dustpan. I straighten. I neaten. I sweep. I run back upstairs and disconnect the 150 ft USB cable, coil it up. I don't want the visitors to trip over it. I run back downstairs.

I wait. And wait. And wait. And I'm thinking:

Will I be able to finish that scene? In the scene, a beautiful naked girl stands naked and unclothed, totally nude, in front of a classroom full of feminists and horny men. The girl has said only half of what she needs to say. Then the phone call.

I wait. I stretch against the doorway while looking out the window. I wait some more. Then I run back upstairs to get my cell phone. No messages. I run back downstairs to wait. And while I'm waiting I'm thinking:

Hmm ... I wonder what I'm missing on Facebook right about now. I wonder which of my FB friends are giving good content—with links, videos and pictures—and which friends are just whining. In the left-hand column of my imagination, in pulsing yellow phosphor burns, are memories of my friends' thumbnails.

I wait. I stretch my legs, for the hamstrings. I jump up and down in place, like I was jumping rope.

They are not coming. That much is clear. It's way past time.

I lock up, put out the trash, and nuke some dinner. Fish, beans,  
and French bread. I eat, rinse the plates, go back upstairs and hook  
my cable back up. Online, once again.

I make calls. I send e-mails. No response.

All questions remain unanswered. Whoever was coming, did not  
come. Or they came early, before I knew the score.

Before I knew I had to begin waiting.

The naked girl waits in the classroom. Her classmates stare.

I'm waiting to get back to her.

