

The Script

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By Kamron Klitgaard



BROOKLYN

P U B L I S H E R S

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

Contest-Winning Drama Scripts For Schools and Theatres

***The finest plays and resources
for all audiences!***

- *Full-Length Plays*
- *One-Acts*
- *Monologues*
- *Duets*
- *Skits*
- *Books*

*We're a favorite with forensics and
theatre organizations around the world!*



PUBLISHED BY

**BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE 1-888-473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**

THE SCRIPT

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By **Kamron Klitgaard**

Copyright © MMVIII by Kamron Klitgaard
All Rights Reserved

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC in association with Heuer Publishing LLC

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC and Heuer Publishing LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **“Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC in association with Heuer Publishing LLC.”**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work’s “Production Notes.” The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW. One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

THE SCRIPT

By Kamron Klitgaard

SYNOPSIS: Several actors are rehearsing a play when they find a script on the stage that isn't a script of the play but of their lives. It turns out that the script reveals exactly what they are doing at that exact moment and the actors find themselves questioning fate, the director and other truisms.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 MAN, 2 WOMEN, 3 EITHER)

AMMON (m).....Hates everything about the job. He does not care about money. He wants to be happy. He wants to feel good. *(87 lines)*

DESTINY (f)Does not know or care if she likes the job or not. She just wants money. She has no ambition other than having a good time. She is an “It’s Miller Time” person. *(85 lines)*

BRITTANY (f)Loves the job. *(58 lines)*

SUPERVISOR (m/f)Stamps things. *(50 lines)*

DIRECTOR (m/f)The director of a play *(58 lines)*

ACTOR (m/f).....Very small part. *(1 line)*

SET

A table, chair, several boxes.

ACT ONE

SETTING:

There is a table and a chair CENTER. On the table is a clock, a stack of time cards, a pen, a stamp and stamp pad, and a bell. There is a large pile of boxes STAGE RIGHT. There is a script under the table.

AT RISE:

SUPERVISOR sits at the desk, staring out at nothing. AMMON enters from LEFT and walks over to the table. He sighs and looks through the time cards. He finds his and takes the pen and looks at the clock then signs the card. He hands it to the SUPERVISOR, who takes it and inspects it, looks at the clock and then rings the bell.

SUPERVISOR: Signing in!

AMMON: *(Looking around.)* Who are you talking to?

SUPERVISOR: It just procedure. Go ahead, get to work. *(Stamps the time card.)*

AMMON: *(Walking to the boxes.)* Whatever.

Picks up a box without enthusiasm and takes it to STAGE RIGHT. He puts the box down and then walks back slowly to get another one. He does this until he has three boxes stacked on the LEFT.

DESTINY enters from LEFT.

DESTINY: Hey, Ammon.

AMMON: *(Continues stacking more boxes.)* Hey, Destiny.

DESTINY: Hey Mr./Mrs. Supervisor! I'm ready to make more money!

SUPERVISOR: Just sign in.

DESTINY: *(Rifles through the cards.)* Found it!

Grabs the pen and signs it, then hands it to the SUPERVISOR, who takes it and inspects it, looks at the clock and then rings the bell.

SUPERVISOR: Signing in!

THE SCRIPT

DESTINY: You got that straight! Destiny is signing in, everyone! I'm all signed in! Signed in is what I am!

SUPERVISOR: Just get to work.

DESTINY: Going to work!

By now, AMMON has moved half of the stack of boxes to STAGE LEFT. DESTINY goes to boxes STAGE LEFT and picks one up and moves it to STAGE RIGHT. She passes AMMON, who is moving one to STAGE LEFT. They both put their boxes down and go back to get another one. As they pass in the middle, DESTINY says . . .

DESTINY: Bread and butter.

They each grab another box and head for the other side of the stage. The effect is that they are each putting boxes into the other person's pile. So the piles stay the same size. Each time they pass each other, DESTINY says "Bread and butter." After they have each moved three boxes, AMMON stops and watches DESTINY, who keeps moving them. Beat.

AMMON: Aaah! This is so futile!

DESTINY: What?

AMMON: This! (*Motions to the boxes.*)

DESTINY: What, the floor?

AMMON: No, this whole situation; this whole . . . job.

DESTINY: Well, someone has to move these boxes. It might as well be us. Besides I like the paycheck at the end of the week. (*Still moving boxes.*)

AMMON: I move them there, you move them here. What's the point?

DESTINY: The point is I've saved up enough money to get me a new stereo for my car. This paycheck's gonna put me over the top. You should see this thing. It's got a huge woofer, with side tweeters that mount right into the ceiling.

AMMON: But why are we doing this?

DESTINY: Dude, you gotta eat, don't you?

SUPERVISOR: Why have you stopped working, Box Employee Ammon?

AMMON: Sorry. *(Starts moving boxes again.)*

SUPERVISOR: I'm going to have to deduct thirty-two seconds from your time card.

Searches through the cards until he/she finds AMMON's card and then make a note on it.

AMMON: Whatever.

DESTINY: Dude, you just lost like . . . half a penny.

AMMON: Yeah. Oops.

DESTINY: Hey, it adds up. *(Both of them are moving boxes again and passing each other.)* Bread and butter.

AMMON: Why do you keep saying that?

DESTINY: I dunno. The guy that you replaced said it whenever we passed each other, so I just took it over.

AMMON: You have no idea what it means or why you say it?

DESTINY: Nope. Hey, I can't wait for the weekend.

AMMON: I know, you say that every day.

DESTINY: It's gonna be sweet! You wanna know what I'm gonna do?

AMMON: Not really.

DESTINY: Come on, ask me what I'm doin' on the weekend.

AMMON: Is it the same thing as last weekend?

DESTINY: No.

AMMON: Alright, what are you doing on the weekend?

DESTINY: Party!

AMMON: *(Says this almost with her.)* Party. That's the same thing as last weekend.

DESTINY: This weekend it's at a different location.

A beat.

AMMON: Destiny, let me ask you something.

DESTINY: Shoot.

AMMON: Do you like this job?

THE SCRIPT

DESTINY: It's better than flippin burgers. (*Looks at the box she has.*) Well, maybe not. But I can't wait for the weekeend! Whooooo! Party hardy! Yeah!

AMMON: Uh-huh. But wouldn't it be nice to wake up and be as excited to come to work every day as you are to party on the weekend?

DESTINY: Like that's gonna happen.

AMMON: Not here, moving boxes, but maybe some other job?

DESTINY: Hey, work is work. It doesn't matter what kind of work it is, it's just a . . . vehicle.

AMMON: A vehicle?

DESTINY: Yeah, a vehicle to get you to the weekeend! Wooohoo! Part-aaaay!

SUPERVISOR stands up and approaches AMMON.

SUPERVISOR: Box Employee Ammon, didn't I tell you that I wanted one of these boxes wrapped in blue paper so that I could track it easier?

AMMON: (*Stopping to talk to SUPERVISOR, but DESTINY keeps moving the boxes.*) Yes, you did. You told me that last month, and I offered to go down to the paper department and get the blue paper, but you said I was not allowed to leave my post and that you would get the wrapping paper.

SUPERVISOR: I was right, you are not allowed to leave your post!

AMMON: I didn't.

SUPERVISOR: Good, 'cause you're not supposed to. I want that box wrapped, Box Employee Ammon.

AMMON: Then why don't you let me go down to the paper department and get the paper?

SUPERVISOR: That is the Supervisor's job! You are not authorized to go down to the paper department! Only those with authorization are allowed to get the paper!

AMMON: If that's the way you want it.

SUPERVISOR: Good, because that's the way I want it. Now, get back to moving those boxes before I penalize you another thirty seconds.

AMMON: Yes, sir.

SUPERVISOR: And Box Employee Ammon, I want that box wrapped with blue paper.

AMMON: Then please go get the paper.

SUPERVISOR: Watch yourself, mister. You better hold that tongue if you like this job.

AMMON: Like this job?

SUPERVISOR sits down, and AMMON goes back to work.

DESTINY: It would be easier to track if it was blue.

AMMON: And why does he want to track it?

DESTINY: Hey, that reminds me of a joke. Wait, no, it doesn't.

AMMON: You know, I don't know how long I can last at this job.

A beat.

DESTINY: I can't remember what I say.

AMMON: Something about all jobs are the same.

DESTINY: Oh, yeah, hey, one job's the same as the next.

AMMON: It just seems like there's got to be more out there.

DESTINEY There is more. The weekend!

AMMON: Would you quit with the weekend talk? What about right now?

A beat.

DESTINY: I'm sorry, that's all I have memorized.

SUPERVISOR: Just use your script.

DESTINY: I know, but it's hard to carry boxes and read out of the script at the same time.

AMMON: I only have the next half a page memorized, so let's just pretend to move the boxes.

DESTINY: Okay.

They pull out their scripts and start thumbing through them. BRITTANY enters from left.

THE SCRIPT

BRITTANY: Is it my entrance?

SUPERVISOR: Almost.

BRITTANY: Well, hurry up, it's boring back here.

SUPERVISOR: Hey, I have my lines memorized.

DIRECTOR enters from the audience.

DIRECTOR: You guys, we need to run through this play at least once without stopping.

SUPERVISOR: It's not my fault.

DESTINY: It's me, I'm sorry, I had my brother's Bar Mitzvah this weekend, and I didn't get to study my lines that much.

AMMON: It's no big deal, we can do it.

DIRECTOR: How you gonna do it without your lines memorized?

AMMON: We'll improvise.

DIRECTOR: Great.

DESTINY: Here it is. It's my line. Okay, uh . . . Hey, where's Brittany? Isn't she working today?

The DIRECTOR stays on stage and watches. BRITTANY enters from LEFT. She approaches the desk. The SUPERVISOR looks up at her. She rifles through the cards.

SUPERVISOR: You're late.

A beat.

BRITTANY: Ahhh! I can't remember my line!

DIRECTOR: You don't even know your first line?

BRITTANY: I know it, I just can't remember it. Oh, where's my script!

She runs off LEFT.

AMMON: Here, I got mine. I can tell you your line.

BRITTANY: (*From OFFSTAGE.*) I'm gonna need it anyway.

DIRECTOR: This is getting frustrating!

DESTINY: Are we gonna have anything in these boxes?

DIRECTOR: What do you mean?

DESTINY: I mean, why would we be moving empty boxes?

DIRECTOR: That's kinda the point.

DESTINY: It is?

BRITTANY: (*Enters from LEFT.*) I can't find it. Has anyone seen my script?

SUPERVISOR: Where did you have it last?

BRITTANY: I was going over my lines out here on stage before we started.

DIRECTOR: And you still can't remember your line?

BRITTANY: I was memorizing all my lines, not just my first one.

DIRECTOR: There's a script under the table.

SUPERVISOR looks under the table and picks it up and without looking at it tosses it to BRITTANY. BRITTANY grabs it and opens it up, looking for her line.

DIRECTOR: Alright, can we go on with the play now? Go with your line, Supervisor.

SUPERVISOR: Okay, you're late.

BRITTANY: Wait a minute, this is not my script.

AMMON: Who cares whose script it is, just use it.

BRITTANY: No, I mean it's not a script of our play. It's a different play altogether. (*Looking through it more.*)

DIRECTOR: Well, let's find the right script.

BRITTANY: Oh, hold on, it is too the right script. Here's the line. Supervisor says, "Okay, you're late."

DIRECTOR: Alright, finally. Go ahead, then.

BRITTANY: Wait a minute, this is not my script.

DIRECTOR: Ahh! If you don't have your script in 30 seconds, I am going to insert a large garden gnome in you.

BRITTANY: No, this is my script. That's my line.

DESTINY: What is?

BRITTANY: (*Reading.*) "Wait a minute, this is not my script."

AMMON: It is?

THE SCRIPT

DIRECTOR: Then that's the wrong script, because that's not your line, sweetheart.

BRITTANY: No, listen, it says right here, *(Reading.)* "SUPERVISOR: Okay, you're late. BRITTANY: Wait a minute, this is not my script. AMMON: Who cares whose script it is, just use it. BRITTANY: No, I mean it's not a script of our play. It's a different play altogether. DIRECTOR: Well, let's find the right script."

DESTINY: What? That's what you guys just said.

BRITTANY: Well, that's what the lines are in this script.

SUPERVISOR: Let me see that. *(BRITTANY hands the script to SUPERVISOR. He reads.)* "Director: Ahh. If you don't have your script in 30 seconds, I am going to insert a large garden gnome in you." What? How could this . . . ?

DIRECTOR: It doesn't say that.

SUPERVISOR: See for yourself.

Holds the script out to the DIRECTOR, who approaches and snatches it up. He looks through it.

DIRECTOR: *(Reading.)* "BRITTANY: No, this is my script. That's my line. DESTINY: What is? BRITTANY: Wait a minute, this is not my script. AMMON: It is? DIRECTOR: Then that's the wrong script, because that's not your line, sweetheart." What is this? *(Looks at the cover and then reads more.)* "SUPERVISOR: See for yourself. He holds the script out to the Director who takes it and starts to read." What the . . . *(They all gather around the DIRECTOR and look at the script. He continues to read.)* "They all gather around the Director and look at the script."

AMMON: No way!

DESTINY: Look, that's what it says, Ammon says "No way!"

BRITTANY: And that's what it says you say, "DESTINY: Look, that's what it says, Ammon says, 'No way!'"

SUPERVISOR: And that's what it says you say!

DIRECTOR slams the script shut.

DIRECTOR: This is impossible.

SUPERVISOR: Where did it come from?

AMMON: It was under the table.

BRITTANY: What is it?

DESTINY: It's a script that knows everything we're gonna say and do.

DIRECTOR: This is impossible.

DESTINY: *(Takes a couple of steps away from the group in deep thought.)* Read what happens next.

BRITTANY: I don't think we should. It might be dangerous.

AMMON: Dangerous? It's a script.

DIRECTOR: *(Opening the script and reading.)* "DIRECTOR: The next bit is stage directions. Destiny has taken a few steps away from the group. She sits down on the stage." *(DESTINY sits on the stage at exactly the same time DIRECTOR reads it. When she hears it, she immediately stands back up.)* She pops back up. *(SHE sits again.)* She sits again. *(SHE stands fast.)* She stands back up. DESTINY: . . .

DESTINY AND DIRECTOR: *.(DESTINY more anxious.)* Okay, okay, that's enough. *(DIRECTOR closes the script.)*

AMMON: What is this thing?

SUPERVISOR: It's some sort of witchcraft or voodoo spell book.

DIRECTOR: Don't be ridiculous.

DESTINY: It's fate.

BRITTANY: Fate? *(Not sure.)* I don't believe in fate.

DESTINY: Well, it's right there, sister. Your fate is spelled out in black and white. Everything we are going to say or do is already written down in that book.

SUPERVISOR: No. I don't believe it. We don't have to say these words. We can change it. We can say whatever we want.

DESTINY: Alright, say something . . . bizarre; something that wouldn't make any sense, and we'll see if it's in there.

SUPERVISOR: *(Stepping away from the script.)* Alright, let's see . . . Shabalawachichizippideedoosubbabozy.

EVERYONE looks at the DIRECTOR. He opens the script and looks for it.

THE SCRIPT

DIRECTOR: Yep, right here. “Shabalawachichizippideedoosubba-bozy.”

SUPERVISOR: (*Rushes to the script to see for himself.*) Huh? Wow, I would’ve spelled it with one “z.”

DIRECTOR: I know.

SUPERVISOR: How?

DIRECTOR: I read your next line, right here. (*He closes the script.*)

BRITTANY: I’m scared. I don’t think we should be reading it.

DESTINY: It’s our fate. It’s our Destiny.

BRITTANY: What if we just don’t say anything?

DESTINY: Then it’s gonna . . .

BRITTANY: (*Holding her hand up to stop her from talking.*) Unh uh! Don’t say anything.

SUPERVISOR: But there’s . . .

BRITTANY: Ah! (*Holding both hands out to stop everyone.*) No one say a word!

EVERYONE silently stares at BRITTANY while she just stands there and folds her arms, looking out. Five seconds go by. She shifts. Five more seconds go by. She looks at DESTINY to see if she is looking at her. She is. She looks out again. Five more seconds go by. She tries to look at the others secretly to see if they are looking at her. They are. She looks out. Five more seconds go by. She looks at DIRECTOR, who is holding the book. He holds the book up, showing it to her. She watches him. He flips through the pages and finds the page. He reads it silently and then holds the book out to BRITTANY and points to it. BRITTANY doesn’t want to give in but finally says . . .

BRITTANY: Okay, what’s it say?

DIRECTOR: (*Reading.*) “BRITTANY: No one say a word.” Then in parenthesis, “A long ridiculous pause.”

BRITTANY: Dang.

DESTINY: Fate.

AMMON: Hold on. Are you saying there’s no way we can escape the words on those pages? We can’t stray from the script?

DESTINY: That's right. You just heard it. A long ridiculous pause and Shabablawa . . . whatever he said.

AMMON: No way. I don't have to say what's in that script.

DESTINY: So far you have.

AMMON: Alright. Do this, skip ahead a page or two. Don't read what happens before or after just pick out a random line of mine and read it to us. And then I will not say it.

DIRECTOR: Alright. (*Opens the script and turns a couple pages.*) Let's see, Ammon, Ammon . . . Ah, here's one of your lines. (*Reads.*) "AMMON: No."

AMMON: That's it? One little word? That's easy. I will refrain from saying "that word" for the next couple of minutes.

DESTINY: You'll say it. It's in the book, you have to say it. (*AMMON makes the motion of zipping his mouth closed, folds his arms and turns out to stare at the audience.*) Oh, brother. You will say "no." You have to. (*AMMON shakes his head. She says playfully . . .*) I'll bet I can make you say "no."

BRITTANY: Don't say it, Ammon. I remember this one from third grade. She says, "I'll bet I can make you say 'no'" and then you say, "No, you can't." It's a trap.

AMMON: My line is only one word, you idiot. And I wouldn't fall for something like that.

DESTINY: You wouldn't, huh?

AMMON: N . . . I'm not gonna say it.

DESTINY: Alright. Let's play a game, shall we? (*AMMON just looks at her.*) We've got to do something to pass the time before you say your line. It's called the "I bet I can make you say 'no'" game. Or perhaps we should call it the "I bet the script can make you say 'no'" game.

AMMON: Alright, I'll play. But I won't say it.

DESTINY: Okay, everyone gather around. You can all play.

BRITTANY: Should we close our eyes?

DESTINY: Uh, if you want to. (*BRITTANY closes her eyes.*) Everyone imagine that it is your line coming up and see if you can resist saying “no.” (*They all gather around her.*) Now, since everything we’ve just said and are saying is in that script, we should be getting pretty close to Ammon saying “no.” And if Ammon doesn’t say it, he will have proven that we are free and not guided by the script. But if he does say it, then . . .

SUPERVISOR: Then what?

DESTINY: Then we’re trapped. Trapped by fate.

DIRECTOR: Alright, go ahead with your game.

DESTINY: Alright, everyone imagine what I am going to describe but only Ammon answer the questions. And remember, Ammon, no matter what, do not say “no.”

AMMON: I won’t. Go ahead.

DESTINY: Alright. Imagine that you’re walking on a path through a meadow. You walk through the tall green grass as the sun warms your face. Up ahead you notice something shiny, reflecting the sun in the middle of the path. As you get closer, you see that it is a fork. As you examine it, it appears to be pure silver. Ammon, do you pick it up or leave it there?

AMMON: (*Being careful with his words.*) I . . . leave . . . it . . . there.

DESTINY: You leave it there?

AMMON: Yes.

DESTINY: Okay, you step over the fork and continue on the path. You notice that up ahead the path leads into a grove of trees. Ammon, do you continue on into the trees or do you turn around and go back the way you came?

AMMON: I . . . continue . . . on.

DESTINY: You continue on, alright. Now, as you travel through the trees, the shade becomes darker as the leaves seem to grow so thick that they create an impenetrable barrier for the sun. Up ahead, there is a tree stump. As you get closer, you notice a small chest which sits on the stump. It has the look of an old pirate’s treasure chest. You then notice that hanging on tree branch near by is an old-looking skeleton key. Do you take the key and try to open the chest or do you continue on the path?

AMMON: I continue . . . on . . . the path.

BRITTANY: Oh, I wanted to see what was in the chest.

DIRECTOR: Shhh. Only Ammon can talk.

DESTINY: You continue on?

AMMON: *(A little impatient.)* I continue on. I don't look in the chest.

DESTINY: *(A little surprised by his answer.)* Okay. As you continue on the path, it eventually takes you out of the forest and back into the warm sunlight. There are large rocks on either side of the path. As you travel a little further, you come to a fork in the road. You can go to right or to the left. The right trail looks straight and easily traveled. The left trail looks difficult with a lot of switchbacks. Which way do you go?

AMMON: Left.

DESTINY: *(Concerned about his answer.)* Hmm. Okay, left. As you take the left path, you see up ahead, blocking your way, a huge grizzly bear. Do you turn around and take the right path or do you keep going?

AMMON: I keep going.

DESTINY: You keep going? Ammon, have you played this game before?

AMMON: No.

A beat.

DIRECTOR, BRITTANY AND SUPERVISOR: Ahhhhhhh!

AMMON: What?

BRITTANY: You said "No."

AMMON: I did? Oh my freakin' heck, I did!

BRITTANY: Now we're stuck in this script!

AMMON: Why did I say it?

SUPERVISOR: She tricked you, you stupid idiot. She had you concentrating so much on the story that when she asked you something unrelated, you let your guard down!

AMMON: You tricked me!

DESTINY: It wasn't me, it was the script.

DIRECTOR: *(Looking in the script.)* She's right. Her whole story is in here.

THE SCRIPT

AMMON: Alright, smarty pants, if you knew I was gonna say it, then tell us what this thing is?

DESTINY: I don't know what it is. All I know is that it's fate. And no one can escape their fate.

AMMON: I don't believe in fate.

DESTINY: (*Making a point.*) No?

A beat.

DIRECTOR: I wonder why it calls me "Director."

BRITTANY: Because you're the director.

DIRECTOR: But my name is Mike. And I'm not being a director right now, I'm not directing our play now, I'm just a person talking on a stage, yet all my dialogue is in this script. Just like your character name in our play is Brittany, but your real name is Lauren, yet the script still calls you Brittany.

AMMON: Well, maybe everything we are saying is just another play, and there's a real director out there directing us.

DESTINY: Yeah, right. And I suppose there's an audience watching us as well.

They all look out into the audience. A beat.

DIRECTOR: Is this what the Bard meant when he said "All the world's a stage"?

SUPERVISOR: I know what this thing is. It all makes perfect sense now. (*Takes the script from the DIRECTOR.*) There's no way around it. It's the only thing it could be.

DIRECTOR: What? What is it?

SUPERVISOR: This script . . . is God.

BRITTANY: God?

SUPERVISOR: (*Lays the script on the ground, kneels at it and begins bowing to it.*) Oh, almighty script, what is thy bidding? I, thy humble servant, am here to do thy will.

AMMON: Would you knock it off? This script is not God.

SUPERVISOR: Please forgive him, omnipotent master, and show mercy to the nonbeliever.

AMMON: (*Picking up the script.*) The real God is going to hit you with a bolt of lightning. This is nothing but an image of a book with words graven on it.

SUPERVISOR: (*Standing.*) But Colten, think about it, it knows everything. It knows exactly what we're going to say and do.

DIRECTOR: You think this thing said "Let there be light" and created everything? This thing couldn't even create realistic dialogue. (*There is an awkward pause.*) It's not God!

BRITTANY: (*Pause.*) Then maybe it's the devil!

AMMON: The devil?

BRITTANY: Yeah. It's trying to force us to do what it wants.

DESTINY: Well, it's doing a darn good job at it.

BRITTANY: You ever heard that saying, "The devil made me do it?" (*She points at the book.*)

AMMON: This script is not the devil. (*BRITTANY pinches HIM.*)
Ouch!

BRITTANY: (*Like a brat.*) The script made me do it. You can check. It's in there.

AMMON: The script only says you do it because you did it.

DIRECTOR: Come on you guys, this script is not God and it's not the devil.

BRITTANY: Maybe it was written by the devil.

DIRECTOR: Now you're being ridiculous. It's not written by the devil and it's not written by God.

BRITTANY: Well, who wrote it?

AMMON: (*Looking at the cover.*) It doesn't say. It just has the title.

DESTINY: What is the title?

AMMON: It just says, "The Script."

DIRECTOR: "The Script"?

BRITTANY: The script for what?

SUPERVISOR: The script for us.

DIRECTOR: It doesn't say who wrote it?

AMMON: No, it just says, "The Script . . . A tragedy . . . by . . . and then it's blank.

DESTINY: (*Looking at the script in AMMON's hands and reading.*)
The Script, a tragedy, by . . . yep, no author.

THE SCRIPT

BRITTANY: Wait a minute. We're in a tragedy? Don't people die in tragedies?

DIRECTOR: Not necessarily.

BRITTANY: Are we all gonna die?!

SUPERVISOR: Tragedies are bad!

DIRECTOR: Hold on, hold on. Don't get all riled up. Tragedy doesn't mean that someone has to die or necessarily that it's bad.

DESTINY: Well, what's the definition of tragedy?

BRITTANY: When someone dies at the end!

DIRECTOR: No, it isn't. A tragedy is when there is a serious plot and an important theme.

AMMON: Serious plot and important theme.

DIRECTOR: Right.

BRITTANY: Okay, name a tragedy.

SUPERVISOR: Romeo and Juliet.

BRITTANY: They die at the end!

SUPERVISOR AND BRITTANY: Waaaah!

DIRECTOR: Okay, some tragedies end with death, but not all of them.

BRITTANY: Name another one.

SUPERVISOR: Hamlet.

BRITTANY AND SUPERVISOR: Waaaah!

DIRECTOR: Guys, those are just two tragedies. There're hundreds of others that don't end in death.

BRITTANY: Name one.

DIRECTOR: Okay, there's uh . . . uh . . . Rocky.

AMMON: Rocky Balboa? The boxer?

DIRECTOR: Yeah.

DESTINY: Which one?

DIRECTOR: What?

DESTINY: Which one? There's like six of 'em.

AMMON: The one where he goes to Russia and fights that huge guy with the flat top?

DESTINY: Or was it the guy with the Mohawk? Mr. T.

DIRECTOR: I dunno. Any of them. But the point is, Rocky lives. He doesn't die in the end.

SUPERVISOR: But he gets the crap beat out of him.

DESTINY: His manager died.

AMMON: And his wife died in the last one.

SUPERVISOR AND BRITTANY: Waaaah!

DIRECTOR: You guys, I'm telling you there doesn't have to be a death!

BRITTANY: But there could be.

DIRECTOR: There is one way to find out. *(Pause. They all look at him.)* We could read the ending. *(EVERYONE ponders this.)*

DESTINY: What are we waiting for? Let's read it. *(DIRECTOR takes the script from AMMON and starts to open it.)*

AMMON: Wait a minute. I'm not sure we should do that.

DESTINY: Why not?

AMMON: Well, if there is a death, do we really want to know it?

BRITTANY: I do.

AMMON: What if it's you? Do you really want to know if and how you're going to die?

DIRECTOR: You're right. I don't want to know, even if this script does know. I want to find it out on my own. I don't want to be told by it or by fate or by anyone what I'm going to do or say.

BRITTANY: Maybe we should destroy it: rip it up, burn it.

DESTINY: No! Somehow it's connected to us. It's part of us; whether we like it or not, this script is our past, our present and our future. If we destroy it, we could be destroying ourselves.

SUPERVISOR: Then what do we do with it?

DESTINY: We could look ahead. We could know our future. Think about it. Most people never get a chance like this. They never know what fate has in store for them. We can know! All we have to do is read.

AMMON: Let's say this script knows everything. Let's say this script is God! I don't want to be forced by it; by what I would know is going to happen. I want to make my own decisions, my own choices. It's my life, and I want to be in charge of it.

DESTINY: You can't escape fate.

DIRECTOR: Perhaps fate doesn't make things happen, it just knows what will happen.

AMMON: Yeah, and if that's true, then I can make up my own mind. I don't follow fate, it follows me!

THE SCRIPT

DESTINY: I never thought about it like that. But don't you want to know if we live or die?

BRITTANY: I guess I can wait.

SUPERVISOR: Yeah, me too.

BRITTANY: I don't want to spoil the ending.

DIRECTOR: Alright, fate follows us. Now that that's decided, what do we do with the script?

SUPERVISOR: We put it back where we found it. *(He snatches the script out of DIRECTOR'S hands and walks back to the table.)* I just want to check one thing, though. *(He opens the script and flips to the right page and reads silently.)* Yep, we do put it back. *(He closes the script and tosses it back under the table.)* There.

DIRECTOR: Alright, done.

DESTINY: Now what about the rest of our play?

DIRECTOR: Well, if I remember right, Brittany had just arrived to work late and was signing in.

BRITTANY: But I still can't remember my line.

DIRECTOR: Then what do you say we improvise the rest of it? *(AMMON smiles.)* And we go get some ice cream.

AMMON: Now you're talkin'.

They all smile and exit together STAGE LEFT.

Pause. All is quiet. An ACTOR enters from STAGE RIGHT. He/She looks around like he's searching for something. He sees the script under the table and goes to it. He picks it up and looks at it. He calls to someone OFF RIGHT.

ACTOR: You guys! I found my script!

ACTOR runs off RIGHT. BLACKOUT.

THE END

PUBLISHED BY

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE 1-888-473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com

The Script

By Kamron Klitgaard



BROOKLYN

P U B L I S H E R S

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406