

# END OF THE MOVIE

By Bobby Keniston

Copyright © 2012 by Bobby Keniston, All rights reserved.

ISBN 1-60003-654-6

**CAUTION:** Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

*Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC*

**COPYING:** Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

## END OF THE MOVIE

by  
Bobby Keniston

### CHARACTERS:

**DEREK:** A depressed 17 year old high school student who just wants to end it all. “Geeky” attire. Perhaps a sci-fi themed t-shirt and plain blue jeans.

**KELLY:** A pleasant, perhaps somewhat scattered, Angel-in-training. She appears to be about the same age as Derek. Though she’s an Angel-in-training, she needn’t wear white. Since she mentions that the last movie she saw was “E.T.”, perhaps she could be dressed in slight 1980s attire.

**SETTING:** An old railroad trestle that serves as a bridge over a shallow river below.

**TIME:** The present. At dusk.

**PROPS:** A slip of paper (KELLY)

**SETTING:** An old railroad trestle that serves as a bridge over a shallow, rocky river below. This can be easily represented by a railing that is used to keep people from falling off, where, standing behind it, the actors face the audience.

**AT RISE:** *DEREK, 17, is standing looking over the railing at the water far below. HE is depressed. HE is an awkward teenager, perhaps the type that the cruel masses may call a “geek”. HE stares down intently, breathing somewhat heavy, a little frightened. HE is so wrapped up in his own world that he doesn’t notice KELLY enter behind him. SHE is a pretty, well-meaning Angel-in-training, but SHE needn’t wear white. SHE looks around, takes a slip of paper out of her pocket and reads it. SHE walks up behind DEREK.*

**KELLY:** *(pretty loud)* HEY! Are you Derek?

*(DEREK lets out a little yelp, startled)*

End of the Movie - Page 3

DEREK: (*spinning around*) What are you trying to do? Kill me?

KELLY: (*Laughs, as though this were a joke*) Good one! (*looks over the railing, whistles*) Hoo-boy, that's quite a drop. Looks like there's a lot of jagged rocks sticking out, too. Think falling from here would actually kill you, though?

DEREK: (*as if talking to an idiot*) Uh... hello? Yeah, it would kill you!

KELLY: I'm not so sure. Just might mess you up pretty bad. Don't get me wrong, it would definitely be painful, and your life would change forever, sure, maybe even make you a drooling space cadet in diapers, but I'm not really convinced that death would be the final result. (*beat*) Maybe if you twisted just the right way as you fell, and your head landed...

DEREK: Can I help you with something?

KELLY: Yeah. Is this the Covington Trestle?

DEREK: Yes.

KELLY: Are you Derek?

DEREK: What's it to you?

KELLY: I was told that a Derek would be at the Covington Trestle at 6:23 in the P-M, and that I was supposed to meet him there. I just wanted to make sure that I was in the right place and there wasn't some other trestle with some other kid thinking of jumping off two towns over.

DEREK: Yeah, I'm Derek. Who are you?

KELLY: (*Sigh of relief*) That's a relief. Usually I'm late, or I get lost, and then I get in serious trouble.

DEREK: I asked you a question! Who are you?!

KELLY: Oh, sorry. I'm Kelly.

(*SHE offers her hand, but DEREK doesn't take it.*)

I'm with the school newspaper. I got a hot tip that you were going to kill yourself, and I'm supposed to be here to cover the story. Don't worry, I won't be in the way. Just let me know when you're about to jump--- I'd like to get a good action shot for the front page.

DEREK: (*appalled*) Are you serious?!

KELLY: Sure. (*SHE waits a beat, then cracks up laughing*) I'm sorry, I'm just kidding! (*laughing even harder*) You should have seen your face! (*SHE mimics his appalled face, then laughs harder*)

DEREK: You think that's funny? Are you some kind of psycho or something?

KELLY: No, no. I'm not a psycho. I'm an Angel-in-training. My name really is Kelly, by the way. I wasn't joking about that part.

DEREK: You're an Angel-in-training?

KELLY: Yuppers.

End of the Movie - Page 4

DEREK: You should have stuck with the first story. It was more believable. *(HE turns away to look over the railing again)*

KELLY: I'm sorry. Maybe we got off on the wrong foot. *(beat)* So... what's up?

DEREK: Leave me alone. I don't talk to crazy people.

KELLY: I told you, I'm not crazy, I'm an...

DEREK: Angel-in-training, right?

KELLY: Hey, if I wasn't connected to the Man Upstairs, how would I have known to meet you here right now? How would I have known you were going to kill yourself?

DEREK: Fine. Let me guess: you're here to talk me out of it, because if you do, you'll get your wings. Is that it?

KELLY: Get my wings? That is such a stereotype! Why does everybody on Earth think that everyone in the Afterlife is just dying to be a bird-person? Is there some kind of avian-obsessed faction of do-gooders I've never heard of? Seriously, tell me. I want to know.

DEREK: Everyone says that Guardian Angels are trying to earn their wings.

KELLY: Not me. I just want a promotion. But, then again, I'm not really an Angel yet, so...

DEREK: Then what are you?

KELLY: Technically I'm a Class-B Cherub, still trying to work out my mistakes from my previous plane of existence. It's not the cheeriest of jobs, but I'm trying to stay positive about it.

DEREK: Good for you.

KELLY: So talk to me--- why are you doing this?

DEREK: Look, this is a private matter...

KELLY: Who am I going to tell? Trust me, the people that I associate with either don't want to hear it or already know.

DEREK: You have no idea what my life is like.

KELLY: If I had to hazard guess, I'd say you wished it were happier.

*(DEREK looks down again, trying to resolve himself to jump)*

DEREK: I can't jump with you standing here!

KELLY: Good. I'm glad.

DEREK: Can't you just leave me alone?

KELLY: Is that what you want? I'd guess that being alone is one of the reasons you're here in the first place. Am I right?

DEREK: *(Snapping)* Look, I've tried, okay! I've tried really hard! *(beat. HE becomes emotional)* When I first thought about killing myself, it scared me... it scared me because I really, really wanted to do it. But everyone is always saying how life gets better, that it's a permanent solution to a temporary problem. *(Beat)* So I told myself that I would

End of the Movie - Page 5

wait. I gave myself one year. One whole year for things to get better, to see if I could make it through the day without wanting to cry all the time, to see if I could stop thinking of her...

KELLY: Who?

DEREK: My girlfriend, okay? *(beat)* My ex-girlfriend. *(beat)* She was the first good thing that came into my life since my mom died five years ago. All of a sudden, I was smiling again, she brought me into this whole new world of friends. She told me that we would be together forever.

KELLY: What happened?

DEREK: She broke up with me and got back with her old boyfriend, Mr. Popular. And now the world makes sense again at that stupid school. I'm just a mistake on her road back to her perfect life with the great football hero. And all my friends are gone. And she won't even look at me. And I see them together every day, putting on this show of how they're the perfect couple, even though I know that's not the case.

KELLY: How do you know?

DEREK: She told me. When we were together. She told me how he used to be cruel to her, push her around, that sort of thing. Make her feel ugly. I'm sure he's still the same way.

KELLY: Then her life's not so perfect, is it?

DEREK: But that just makes me feel worse! I love her, you know? And I can't get over it.

KELLY: That's rough.

DEREK: You don't know. You don't know what it's like. I miss my mom, I miss my girlfriend, I have no friends, my dad ignores me... I have no one! Don't you get it? I have no one! And I don't want to hear from you that I should stick it out, because you have no idea! You have no idea!

KELLY: I really wish you'd stop saying that.

DEREK: It's true! What could you possibly know about feeling depressed every single minute of your life, Miss Angel-in-training?

*(There is a pause)*

KELLY: Do you want to know why I want a promotion?

DEREK: Not really.

KELLY: I'll tell you anyway. You asked if I was working for 'my wings'. No. I'll show you what I'm working for. *(SHE pulls up her sleeves to her forearms, revealing a scar on each wrist)* Do you see these? When I get my promotion, these will disappear. Until then, I have to look at them as a constant reminder of my early departure from my life. I have to look at them until I have reached a certain

End of the Movie - Page 6

understanding and can move on. It's not easy having these here. And when I can finally look down and see the smooth, undamaged skin, when I can see what my wrists were before I opened them with my father's shaving razor, then I'll truly know what Heaven is. *(beat)* So don't tell me I don't know. Don't tell me I wouldn't understand how hard and miserable life can be.

*(There is a considerable pause)*

DEREK: I'm sorry. *(beat)* So... the Afterlife's not any easier?

KELLY: Oh, don't get me wrong. Everyone's nice. I could do without the boring group therapy sessions. I tell you, if you think they're bad on Earth, they seem absolutely ENDLESS afterwards. I'm sure things will be different after my promotion, but right now, I still kinda miss... well, living.

DEREK: Really?

KELLY: Sometimes. Yeah. *(beat)* Anyway, sorry to unload on you like that.

DEREK: It's okay.

KELLY: So... you gave yourself a year, and tonight that year is up, huh?

DEREK: No. The year was up two months ago.

KELLY: Oh. So you gave yourself some extra time.

DEREK: Yeah, I... never mind. It's stupid.

KELLY: What?

DEREK: Well... I heard that "Return of the Cyborg Soldiers" was coming out, so I wanted to wait and see it.

KELLY: I take it that's a movie?

DEREK: Are you kidding? Are you telling me that you never saw the original "Cyborg Soldiers"?!

KELLY: Uh... hello? I'm a girl. And, the last movie I saw was "E.T."

DEREK: That came out almost 30 years ago.

KELLY: Time flies when you leave the thousand natural shocks of life, I guess. So how was the movie? Was it good?

DEREK: It wasn't as good as the first one, but I liked it.

KELLY: Are you a big movie fan?

DEREK: Yeah. I got that from my mom. We watched movies together all the time when I was little. And for the last year, movies have been my only friends. At least I don't feel alone at the movies. I just can forget things for a couple of hours, you know?

KELLY: Huh. *(Beat. KELLY thinks)* Ever see a bad movie?

DEREK: Yeah. All the time.

KELLY: I don't mean the "so-bad-they're-funny" movies. I mean, just a movie that you really didn't like?

DEREK: Of course. Tons of them.

End of the Movie - Page 7

KELLY: Yeah. I used to walk out of movies all the time, too.

DEREK: I've never walked out of a movie.

KELLY: What? You just said you've seen tons of movies you didn't like...

DEREK: Sure, but I've never walked out of one.

KELLY: Okay, but you've stopped one of those... what do you call them... DVDs, right?... without finishing it.

DEREK: Nope.

KELLY: Are you telling me that every movie you've ever started watching, you watched it all the way through? Even the bad ones?

DEREK: Yeah. I got that from my mom, too.

KELLY: I don't get it. Why?

DEREK: To see how it ends.

KELLY: Who cares how it ends, if it stinks?

DEREK: No, it's like my mom said--- you never know. Plenty of bad movies can be saved by a really good ending. You might as well give it the benefit of the doubt.

KELLY: So what you're saying is that you'll watch a bad movie all the way through because there's hope that it might get better?

DEREK: Exactly! *(Pause. HE realizes what SHE's doing)* Okay. I get it. Very good. But life isn't a movie.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from END OF THE MOVIE by Bobby Keniston. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC**

**P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406**

**Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011**

**[www.brookpub.com](http://www.brookpub.com)**