

EXIT

ONE-ACT DRAMA

by
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CHARACTERS

ALLIE: (F)	She seems to get along with all the other characters. She is well rounded and shares some of the traits of the others.
BONNIE: (F)	Very emotional. She has empathy for others. She thinks with her heart and lets her feelings guide her actions. She is dressed in soft and cute clothes.
GREG:(M)	Very logical. Always thinking and analyzing things. He is dressed sloppily and a bit nerdy.
OLLIE: (M)	Wild and unpredictable. He prefers doing rather than talking. A natural leader but doesn't really care to be. A rebel. He is very sarcastic. Dressed in jeans and a t-shirt.
GEORGIA: (F)	She is very organized. She likes to plan things out before she acts. She is dressed very sharp in a business pants or dress suit.
WORKER 1: (M/F)	A worker. Wears a white doctor's or lab coat.
WORKER 2: (M/F)	A worker. Wears a white doctor's or lab coat.

Scene

A dimly lit stage.

Time

Anytime.

EXIT

by
Kamron Klitgaard

SETTING: An empty stage. No curtains are shut. The back wall is bare and visible. There are no exits.

AT RISE: Allie, Bonnie, Greg, Ollie, and Georgia lay unconscious in various places across the stage.

(GREG stirs. HE sits up and rubs his eyes. HE stands up and looks around. HE looks at the others who are still unconscious. HE walks calmly Off Stage Left, then returns and walks off stage right, then returns and walks down center where HE peers off the edge of the stage. BONNIE wakes up and stirs. SHE sits up fast and starts to hyperventilate. SHE calms herself by consciously controlling her breathing. GREG looks back at her, and then sensing what would be the appropriate thing to do, HE walks back to her and extends his hand to help her up. SHE takes it and HE pulls her to her feet.)

BONNIE: Thank you. *(still has hold of his hand and shakes it)* I'm Bonnie.

GREG: Greg.

BONNIE: Where are we?

GREG: I don't know. I woke up a few moments ago just as you did and found myself lying here.

BONNIE: I must've passed out again.

GREG: Passed out again?

BONNIE: I have these fainting spells. I'm sorry, what did you say your name was?

GREG: Greg.

BONNIE: Greg...Gregory...Greg. I don't know you.

GREG: No. I don't know you either.

BONNIE: Well, what are you doing here?

(OLLIE sits up. HE shakes the cobwebs out of his head and stands up. HE moves quickly and with purpose. HE looks at the others, who just watch him, and then HE walks around the stage looking for a way out. HE runs off stage in both directions and then returns back to the stage and approaches GREG and BONNIE.)

OLLIE: All right, where's the door?

GREG: We don't know; we just woke up here.

OLLIE: *(runs off stage again and then returns)* This isn't funny. Where's the door?

BONNIE: We don't know.

OLLIE: *(looks down over the edge of the stage and then out toward the audience)* What's out there?

GREG: I can't tell. It's too dark.

OLLIE: What about them?

BONNIE: We just woke up, just like you.

(OLLIE walks over to GEORGIA and looks down at her. HE nudges or kicks her with his foot.)

OLLIE: Hey you, wake up. Wake up!

(GEORGIA sits up and rubs her eyes.)

Hey, look at me.

(GEORGIA, still groggy, looks up at him.)

What place is this? Where's the exit?

GEORGIA: What?

BONNIE: Leave her alone. *(BONNIE gets up and moves to GEORGIA.)* She obviously doesn't know what's going on.
(BONNIE puts her arm around GEORGIA to comfort her.) You okay, Hon?

GEORGIA: Who are you?

OLLIE: What about this one? *(walks over to ALLIE)*

BONNIE: *(Rushing to intercept him)* Let me do it. *(kneels over ALLIE)* Hello? *(gently shakes her.)* Wake up, Hon.
(ALLIE wakes up and looks at BONNIE.) Are you all right?

ALLIE: I think so. Yes, thank you.

OLLIE: Ask her where the exit is.

BONNIE: Do you know where we are?

ALLIE: *(Looking around)* It looks like a theater stage.

GREG: You've been here before?

ALLIE: No, I haven't.

OLLIE: So no one knows where we are? That's just great. I'm gonna keep looking for the exit. *(walks off right.)*

ALLIE: Who are you people?

BONNIE: I'm Bonnie. This is Greg.

GREG: Hello.

(GREG and BONNIE help ALLIE up.)

BONNIE: And you are?

ALLIE: Allie.

GEORGIA: So no one knows where we are?

BONNIE: Oh, I'm sorry, what was your name, dear?

GEORGIA: Georgia.

BONNIE: Georgia, oh I love that name.

GEORGIA: Thank you.

GREG: Well, I'm afraid we're all in the same boat. No one seems to know where we are or how we got here.

GEORGIA: You don't remember anything?

ALLIE: Not related to this place.

OLLIE: *(enters)* I could use some help, you know. Why don't you stop standing around and help me find the exit?

ALLIE: He's right. We should all look.

GEORGIA: Everyone spread out and look for the exit.

(THEY all go different directions. ALLIE stays on stage looking around. GEORGIA and OLLIE go off left while BONNIE and GREG go off right.)

ALLIE: *(Looking left)* Anything?!

OLLIE: *(Calling back)* Just solid concrete walls! No doors!

GEORGIA: There's no exit here!

ALLIE: What about you guys?

GREG: Nothing!

BONNIE: I don't see anything!

(THEY all come back to center. OLLIE looks at the back wall.)

BONNIE: *(To OLLIE)* Excuse me, what's your name?

OLLIE: What about this wall back here? Maybe there's a door hidden in it. *(goes back to the wall and starts to feel around.)*

GEORGIA: We need to make a plan.

ALLIE: I agree.

GREG: We need more information before we can make a plan.

ALLIE: Yes.

BONNIE: *(Walking up to OLLIE)* Excuse me?

OLLIE: *(Irritated)* What?

BONNIE: What's your name?

OLLIE: Ollie.

BONNIE: Short for Oliver. That's one of my favorite names. Oliver.

OLLIE: *(gives her a stern look)* Just Ollie.

BONNIE: All right.

(OLLIE goes back to feeling the wall. BONNIE puts her hand on his to stop him.)

We need to work together.

(SHE motions to the others. Her touch has disarmed him for the moment. HE looks at the others.)

OLLIE: Okay, let's work together.

(HE walks over to the group with BONNIE right behind him.)

ALLIE: So none of you remember anything?

(There's a pause. No one says anything. Finally BONNIE speaks up.)

BONNIE: I was at my parents' home. I was visiting with my family. We were all about to sit down to dinner. And . . . that's all I remember. The next thing I knew, I woke up here. My parents! My family! What if they're hurt? What if they're looking for me? What if they think I've been kidnapped? I've got to get back to them. *(starts to get emotional)* How will they know if I'm okay?! What am I going to do? *(starts to cry)*

(ALLIE puts her arm around her.)

OLLIE: *(Abruptly)* The same thing with me. I was rock climbing in Widows Canyon. I had just made it over a fifteen foot overhang and had lied down to rest. When I opened my eyes I was here.

GREG: That's what I did. I have this old transistor radio, an antique, which I bought last week at a garage sale. I had taken the whole thing apart, trying to get it to work. I finally did it and had it tuned in to an oldies station. Jack Benny was playing "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You." You remember that one?

OLLIE: Who's Jack Benny?

GREG: I closed my eyes to listen to the music. The next thing I know, I'm here.

ALLIE: *(To GEORGIA)* What about you?

GEORGIA: I was just organizing a presentation I'm scheduled to make at work.

ALLIE: What kind of presentation?

GEORGIA: I work for an accounting firm. You know, a lot of graphs and charts.

OLLIE: *(Sarcastically)* Sounds groovy.

GEORGIA: I don't even remember closing my eyes. I was just working and the next thing I know, Spastic Boy here is kicking me in the ribs. I figure I must've blacked out, but . . . how did I get here?

BONNIE: *(To ALLIE)* What about you?

ALLIE: (*thinking*) I was driving. (*Pause*) That's strange. It's all a bit hazy. I was driving somewhere. Back home. Yes, I was returning from . . .now see, that's odd. I can't remember. But I was definitely returning from somewhere. I'd been away for a long time and I was excited to be coming home. But I don't know how I got here.

OLLIE: Oh man, this is great. I'm stuck with a charts and graphs girl, a garage sale nerd, a hysterical chick, and...

ALLIE: And what?

OLLIE: And you. Frankly, I don't really care about all of your pasts. I just care about getting out of here. What about this ledge?

(*HE goes to the edge of the stage and looks down. The OTHERS do the same.*)

GREG: It's pitch black.

OLLIE: Maybe that's the exit.

ALLIE: It could be.

(*OLLIE lays down on the edge and reaches his arm down into the darkness.*)

GEORGIA: That may not be safe.

GREG: Do you feel anything?

OLLIE: Nothing. No floor, nothing.

BONNIE: It's such a strange blackness. Why can't we see through it?

GREG: It's as if light can't pass through it.

GEORGIA: Whatever it is, it won't let us see past the edge of the stage.

GREG: It's as if we're on the edge of a black hole. (*sticks his hand into the darkness of the 4th wall*) My hand just seems to disappear into it. Fascinating.

OLLIE: Yeah, it's really fascinating. I say we jump.

BONNIE: Are you crazy? We don't even know what's out there.

GREG: That's true. We don't know how far down the floor is. We could get seriously injured . . .or worse.

GEORGIA: There could be spikes at the bottom for all we know.

GREG: Or there may not be a bottom at all.

ALLIE: Jumping may be an option, but not yet.

GEORGIA: We need to make a plan.

GREG: I propose that we try to figure out why we're here.

OLLIE: And how are we supposed to do that?

GREG: Well, we could come up with some theories about where we are. Combine those theories with information we know about ourselves and maybe we'll learn why we're here. And if we know why we're here perhaps . . .

GEORGIA: . . .we can create a plan for escaping.

OLLIE: Alright, where do we start?

GREG: Well, let's start with what we know. We are on a stage.

ALLIE: Then we must be in a theater.

GEORGIA: Theaters also have audiences.

BONNIE: The audience would be out there, in the darkness.

OLLIE: So maybe someone's watching us. (*THEY all look out into the audience.*) They kidnapped us and they put us in this giant test tube and now they're studying us.

GREG: That's a definite possibility.

BONNIE: But who would want to study me? I'm really not that interesting.

OLLIE: That's for sure.

GEORGIA: Knock it off! Like it or not we're all in this together. At the least, we can be civil to one another.

OLLIE: Whatever.

ALLIE: Aliens!

OLLIE: Aliens?

ALLIE: Maybe we've been abducted by aliens. And they built this place to watch and observe us.

GREG: That is another possibility.

OLLIE: Little green men? Great. I knew I was stuck with a bunch of nerds.

GEORGIA: No, wait a minute. I'm not saying that I believe in extra-terrestrials, but it could explain the blackouts I've had.

ALLIE: You have blackouts?

GEORGIA: I've had them all my life. And in all the stories of people being abducted, they say that they black out and then wake up in a different location with no knowledge of how they got there.

GREG: Bonnie, didn't you say earlier that you "must've blacked out again?"

BONNIE: Yes.

GREG: Do you do this a lot?

BONNIE: Yes. I black out all the time. It's a condition I've had all my life.

ALLIE: I have it too.

GREG: Me too.

(THEY all look at OLLIE. HE nods affirmative.)

So we all suffer from blackouts.

OLLIE: So what does that mean?

GREG: Well, it's something we all have in common. And it explains why none of us can remember how we got here.

GEORGIA: But someone must've brought us here.

OLLIE: Okay, let's just say, for the sake of argument, that it was creatures from another planet. They caused us to black out and then put us all together in here, and now they're studying us. Where are they? Out there in the blackness? *(yelling into the darkness)* Hey, you out there! Let us outta here! Why don't you come inside here! I'll give you something to study!

ALLIE: Perhaps they're already inside.

GEORGIA: What do you mean?

ALLIE: I mean what if one or more of them are studying us up close?

GREG: As one of us.

BONNIE: You're saying one of us is an alien?

GREG: Or maybe only one of us is human.

BONNIE: I don't like this. Let's not talk about this.

OLLIE: Why not? You don't want us to figure out your plan?

BONNIE: What plan?

OLLIE: Maybe this frightened little girl routine is just an act. Maybe you're the one who put us here. Maybe you're the one studying us.

BONNIE: Me?!

ALLIE: Leave her alone!

GREG: Look, these are all just possibilities but none of it is provable.

GEORGIA: Yeah, maybe it's all just a dream.

OLLIE: Yeah? Which one of us is dreaming?

GREG: Look, maybe we can find something else we all have in common, something that would help us to figure this out.

OLLIE: I've had enough talk. We need to do something.

GEORGIA: And what do you propose we do?

OLLIE: *(Looking around)* There's got to be an exit. We got in here somehow, so there's got to be a way out. *(starts crawling along the stage)* Maybe there's a secret door or a sliding panel. *(searches with his hands all over the stage and back wall. HE taps and knocks and feels with his fingertips.)*

(The OTHERS sit down on the floor center. Pause.)

BONNIE: *(Chuckles)* "All the world's a stage."

GREG: Shakespeare.

ALLIE: Here's the stage.

GEORGIA: Then maybe this is our world now.

BONNIE: All the world's a stage, and each must play a part. What's our part in this?

GEORGIA: I'm really not much of a theatergoer.

GREG: Me either.

BONNIE: I love the theater.

ALLIE: Are you an actress?

BONNIE: Heavens, no. I mean I just love plays. Musicals especially. I was in a play once though, in elementary school. Stockville Elementary School's production of Cinderella.

(THEY all look at her. OLLIE stops his search and looks over at her too.)

What?

GREG: You went to Stockville Elementary School?

GEORGIA: So did I.

ALLIE: Me too.

OLLIE: We all did.

BONNIE: Well, what does that mean?

GREG: Are you all sure that you've never seen anyone else here?

(THEY answer in the negative.)

OLLIE: (*Rejoining the group*) Why?

GEORGIA: It just seems that our paths would have crossed somewhere. We're obviously all different ages, but we all suffer from fainting spells, and we all went to the same school. I'll bet if we dig harder we'll find a lot more things we have in common.

OLLIE: I'm tired of digging. I'm ready to jump.

ALLIE: Maybe he's right.

OLLIE: Hey, I've got an idea. Why don't you lower me down into the darkness? You can all lower me down on a rope and I'll search around, maybe find the bottom.

GEORGIA: Yeah, I'll just pull fifty feet of rope out of my ear.

GREG: She's right. No rope.

OLLIE: Then lower me down by my legs or something. I just want to look into the darkness. Maybe the darkness is only a couple of inches thick and after that we can see.

GREG: I guess it's worth a try.

BONNIE: It sounds dangerous. I don't think it's a good idea.

ALLIE: All I know is that I need to go home. I was on my way home and this, whatever it is, is stopping me from getting there. If he can learn anything, anything that might help us figure out a way out of here.

GEORGIA: Alright, here's what we'll do. Ollie will lie down. Bonnie and I will hold him by his waist. Greg and Allie will hold his feet. We'll slowly lower him over the edge and into the darkness.

OLLIE: Sounds good, let's do it.

(*OLLIE lies down and the OTHERS get into their positions.*)

GEORGIA: Okay, tell us what you see as we're lowering you.

OLLIE: Right.

(*THEY begin to lower him over the stage edge head first.*)

GEORGIA: Do you see anything?

OLLIE: No, just darkness, it's pitch black! Go lower!

GEORGIA: All right, lower him down, just a few inches at a time.

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