

# THE SCRIPT

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By **Kamron Klitgaard**

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## THE SCRIPT

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**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!

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**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?

**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.*

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**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?

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**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.*

**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?

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**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?

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