

SLIPS OF PAPER

by Kamron Klitgaard

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A Dramatic Duet

by **Kamron Klitgaard**

SYNOPSIS: When Flynn arrives in the afterlife, she learns that everything she has done while alive has been documented down to the smallest detail. She begins to read the records and is shocked and ashamed at what she finds, so she attempts to destroy all the paperwork. Unfortunately, the records are permanent and can't be demolished. Flynn is terrified by the prospect that there is no hope for her soul. Then a solution presents itself that may give her another chance.

TIME: Present day.

SETTING: The afterlife.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 either)

FLYNN (m/f).....Descent person, but not proud of everything. *(55 lines)*

INTERVIEWER (m/f).....No nonsense interviewer. *(54 lines)*

SET: A table and two chairs

COSTUMES: FLYNN – modern clothing, INTERVIEWER – plain clothing

PROPS: Glass bowl, pen, note pad, two boxes, lots of slips of paper, table, two chairs

DIRECTOR'S NOTES: The bowl and the boxes should be filled with slips of paper. They don't need to have anything written on them as the audience won't see them. But they should give the sense that it would take years to read them all. They can fall out of the box at times, or a few even tossed in the air by Flynn out of frustration. The boxes should not have labels that the audience can see, as the labels "magically" change titles.

SETTING: *A space with a table and two chairs. A large glass bowl sits on the table, full of slips of paper.*

AT START: *INTERVIEWER enters with two boxes, sits them on the floor, then sits at the table, pulls out a pen and notepad and sets them on the table. INTERVIEWER then opens the notepad and reads in silence. FLYNN enters, looks around, confused and lost.*

INTERVIEWER: Flynn Justice Harlowe.

FLYNN: I'm not sure...

INTERVIEWER: You're not sure if your name is Flynn Justice Harlowe?

FLYNN: No, I'm not sure if I'm supposed to be in here.

INTERVIEWER: I called your name. That means you're supposed to be in here.

FLYNN: Okay, um... Yes, I'm Flynn Harlowe. Justice is my middle name.

INTERVIEWER: Sit, please.

FLYNN: *(Sits opposite INTERVIEWER.)* Can you tell me...

INTERVIEWER: *(Looks down into notebook.)* Draw a slip, please.

FLYNN: A slip?

INTERVIEWER: *(Taps bowl with pen without looking up.)* From the bowl.

FLYNN: Oh, okay.

FLYNN draws a slip from the bowl and looks at INTERVIEWER without looking at slip. INTERVIEWER only looks in notebook. FLYNN waits.

INTERVIEWER: Well?

FLYNN: Well, what?

INTERVIEWER: What does it say?

FLYNN: *(Reads slip out loud.)* "People I thought were cool."

INTERVIEWER writes in notebook and then picks one box off the floor and sets it on the desk. FLYNN looks at the box and reads something on the side in silence, then looks back to INTERVIEWER who continues looking in notebook.

FLYNN: I'm sorry, I'm not sure what's going on.

INTERVIEWER slams the notebook on the desk, stands up, and walks a few paces.

INTERVIEWER: Are you kidding me?! No one told you?! Now, this is just unacceptable!

FLYNN: No, no! They told me. I know I'm dead. I was on the operating table, and something went wrong. I know I'm a ghost.

INTERVIEWER: A spirit. You are a spirit.

FLYNN: Spirit, whatever. They were kind of busy in the other room, so, I'm not sure... (*Motions to table and INTERVIEWER.*) ...what this is.

INTERVIEWER: Okay, as long as they told you that you had passed. I don't wanna go through that again. It's not very pleasant.

FLYNN: I can imagine.

INTERVIEWER: (*Sits back at the table.*) Well, Flynn, this is a sort of preliminary interview. I am the interviewer and you are the interviewee.

FLYNN: What am I being interviewed for?

INTERVIEWER: To give us an idea where you should go from here.

FLYNN: Oh, like a final destination sort of thing. Wait a minute... (*Panics.*) You don't mean like Heaven and Hell?!

INTERVIEWER: It's not that simple. There are many mansions here.

FLYNN: Mansions? I like the sound of that.

INTERVIEWER: Well, like you said, they're pretty busy in the other room, so we should probably get to it.

FLYNN: Sure, sure. Ask me anything you like.

INTERVIEWER: It doesn't work like that. I'm just here to clarify.

FLYNN: Clarify what?

INTERVIEWER: Did you read the side of the box?

FLYNN: Sure, same as the slip of paper I drew. "People I thought were cool."

INTERVIEWER: (*Takes the lid off the box.*) Here.

FLYNN: (*Peeks into box.*) Ooo, more slips.

INTERVIEWER: Draw one, please.

FLYNN: *(Pulls out a slip and reads it aloud.)* Bob Van Tassel. Oh, Bob! My childhood friend. Yeah, he was cool. Wait, are these all... *(Draws another slip and reads it.)* Lisa Streeter. Yeah, yeah, I remember her. She was cool. *(Draws several more and reads them.)* Celeste Hier, Michael Odgaard, Jan Mitchell, Arthur Fonzarelli... Yeah, all cool. So, this box is full of people I thought were cool when I was alive?

INTERVIEWER: Uh, huh. Another.

FLYNN: *(Draws another slip from the box.)* Jar Jar Binks. *(INTERVIEWER stares him down.)* I was very young. *(INTERVIEWER clicks the pen and writes something in the notebook.)* Whoa, whoa! Does that count against me? I was just a little kid. Come on, you can't judge me on something like that.

INTERVIEWER: I'm not judging you. This is just a preliminary interview and all the slips are taken into account. *(INTERVIEWER taps on the bowl with pen.)*

FLYNN: Another one of these?

INTERVIEWER: *(Puts the lid on the box.)* Please.

FLYNN: *(Draws out a slip from the bowl and reads it in silence.)* What? Why would this be in here?

INTERVIEWER tries unsuccessfully to view the slip.

FLYNN: It says, "Tik Tok videos I liked."

INTERVIEWER pushes the box toward FLYNN and then spins it halfway around. FLYNN reads the side.

FLYNN: "Tik Tok videos I liked." *(Opens the box and riffles through the slips, quickly scanning their content.)* These are all the Tik Toks I ever liked?

INTERVIEWER: There are six more boxes full in the back room.

FLYNN: *(Puts the lid back on.)* And I suppose there's a slip in this bowl that says, "Tik Toks I didn't like?"

INTERVIEWER: There are twenty-seven boxes of those.

FLYNN: *(Sits back in chair.)* So, you're saying I wasted a lot of time?

INTERVIEWER: Try another one.

FLYNN: *(Draws a slip from the bowl and reads.)* Friends I have betrayed. *(Looks at INTERVIEWER.)* Friends I have betrayed?

INTERVIEWER reaches for the box, but FLYNN reaches out and puts hand on top of box with authority, then spins the box a quarter turn and reads the side.

FLYNN: “Friends I have betrayed.”

FLYNN takes the lid off the box and pulls out a slip apprehensively, then looks around before bringing it up to read. FLYNN reads the name in silence, then suddenly rips it up and puts the lid back on the box.

INTERVIEWER: You can’t destroy the slips, Flynn. Another one will take its place.

FLYNN: No one can look in there. In fact, this box needs to be burned.

INTERVIEWER: We don’t have fire here.

FLYNN: *(Draws another slip from the bowl and reads it out loud.)* “Movies I have seen.” *(Confirms it is written on the box as well.)* Okay, that’s not bad. *(Draws another slip and reads it.)* “Lies I have told?” Oh, man! *(Confirms it is written on the side of the box.)*

INTERVIEWER: *(Taps the bowl with the pen.)* It’s all here.

FLYNN: What? So, you’re saying you’ve catalogued my life in this bowl and documented it in this box?

INTERVIEWER: Well, like I said, there are more boxes.

FLYNN: Everything? *(Pulls another slip from the bowl and reads.)* “Jokes I have told.” *(Draws another.)* “People I have helped.” *(Another.)* “Profanity I’ve used.” Sheesh! Why don’t you have “Every time I thought about punching someone’s light out?”

INTERVIEWER: It’s in there.

FLYNN: *(Draws another slip.)* “Every time I thought about punching someone’s lights out when they took too long in the self-service check-out line.” *(Draws another slip.)* “Every time I thought about punching someone’s lights out when they went too slow in the passing lane.” I bet there’s a lot of those. These are really specific.

INTERVIEWER: I told you; it’s all here; your entire life; the good, the bad; everything. Try one more.

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