

TOP OF THE WORLD, MA!

By David Kruh

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The scene takes place at the top of a mountain (a raised platform, or a painted canvas around some chairs are two suggestions). We hear the sound of a vicious wind howling. Two men, clothed in heavy parkas, goggles and gloves, push against the wind to center stage where they collapse into each other's arms, sobbing, laughing and gasping for air.

JAKE: We made it!

DAVE: Yeah, made it.

JAKE: We're on top.

DAVE: Yeah, on top.

JAKE: Top of the mountain.

DAVE: Yeah, mountain.

JAKE: Oh gosh, we did it.

DAVE: Yeah, gosh. Did it.

JAKE: I thought we were goners at least twelve times in the last half hour alone.

DAVE: You're telling me? We should have died twenty times in the last fifteen minutes climbing those jagged rocks.

JAKE: That's because we were doing it without our poles. I can't believe we didn't give up and head back down after we lost our poles, man.

DAVE: I'm surprised we didn't do it long before that.

JAKE: You mean like when we lost the knapsack with all our food?

DAVE: No, before that.

JAKE: You mean when the blizzard started?

DAVE: No, before that.

JAKE: When you broke your arm on the rock?

DAVE: Yeah, right around there. That would have been a good place. **(as HE gasps for air)** Melanie said I was crazy. Just because your boss is into mountain climbing doesn't mean you have to be into mountain climbing. And just... just because your boss wants to climb the highest mountain in Wyoming doesn't mean you have to climb the highest mountain in Wyoming.

JAKE: Well, you did it. We did it!

DAVE: You know what this means? It means you and I are on the fast track, buddy! We're the only ones who made it to the top!

JAKE: Made it to the top? We're the only ones who survived! Everyone else from our office is dead somewhere below us.

DAVE: Hey, that's right.

JAKE: Did you see O'Brien when he slipped into that crevice?

DAVE: Never mind O'Brien. Did you see how many times Fontaine bounced after his lifeline broke over that chasm? **(yells down the mountain)** LOSERS! You won't be getting the good parking spot now, will ya, O'Brien?

JAKE: **(has had a troubling thought)** Uh, Dave...

DAVE: Won't be sucking up the chocolate donuts at the weekly staff meeting, will you, Fontaine, you thievin' bum!

JAKE: Dave...

DAVE: What?

JAKE: Everyone else from our office is dead.

DAVE: Yeah, so?

JAKE: Including our boss.

DAVE: Yeah, so?

JAKE: Dead, man. Do you understand what I'm saying here?

DAVE: **(as it slowly sinks in)** Yeah, I heard you. They're dead. Dead. **(sinks in)** Oh, man, this is awful.

JAKE: **(somber)** I know.

DAVE: No, I mean this is just terrible.

JAKE: I know, I know.

DAVE: I was gonna get a promotion out of this.

JAKE: What?

DAVE: A promotion! Junior V.P. at least.

JAKE: I don't believe you.

DAVE: Hey! That office with the plush red carpeting is mine, buddy boy! I earned it kissing that stupid idiot's butt -

JAKE: His dead butt -

DAVE: Right, his dead butt... well, it was alive when I kissed it. Well, not kissed it, per se. You know what I mean, Jake!

JAKE: I guess...

DAVE: Do you know how many of his stupid tofu low-cal lunches I had to endure? How many lectures about the evils of saturated fat I had to sit through? **(yells down the mountain)** Your low cholesterol's doin' ya a lot of good now, isn't? How's your low fat diet working out, now, ya pinhead?

JAKE: Take it easy, man.

DAVE: Take it easy? Melanie and I have been banking on that extra money, and now that stupid jerk has to go and get himself killed.

JAKE: Yeah, how inconsiderate.

DAVE: Hey, he's the one who organized this trip, remember? I suggested a handball tournament but, no, it had to be something that would somehow prove ourselves as men. **(yells down the mountain)** Well, you got all the proof you need, now don't ya, you fat... stupid... dead... guy... ohhh...

(collapses onto the ground; JAKE is looking around the mountain)

JAKE: Hey. Edmund Hillary.

DAVE: Who?

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