

DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING

An empty office space, with an impressive, well-maintained desk center. There is a pen and pencil set, as well as scissors, pencil sharpener, and telephone readily available to the EMPLOYEE who sits perfectly still, hands on his desk as if a first grade student at a harsh elementary school, looking forward as he sits in the chair behind the desk. An entrance, stage right. After thirty seconds of EMPLOYEE sitting motionless, he heaves a sigh of relief and then surveys his new domain. He sits at his desk and relishes the moment. After fifteen seconds, he picks up the phone and dials his wife.

EMPLOYEE: Darling? It's me. I've got to make this quick, because I don't think they want me making personal phone calls. But I love this job.

MS. CARBINE: No personal calls, Wilson.

EMPLOYEE: Right. Got to go. No. Don't call me back. *(hangs up. He sits back in his chair and fidgets; finally, he picks up the phone)* Ms. Carbine, could you come in here for a moment?

MS. CARBINE: *(distinctly miffed)* What?

EMPLOYEE: I just wanted... *(Ms. Carbine joins in)* ...to see if you'd come.

MS. CARBINE: *(joining in)* ... just wanted to see if I'd come, right?

EMPLOYEE: I'm sorry.

MS. CARBINE: Yeah. *(turning to exit)*

EMPLOYEE: Ms. Carbine. I know what I was going to ask you.... Do you know of any good restaurants around here?

MS. CARBINE: It's ten after nine, are you already thinking about lunch?

EMPLOYEE: Kind of...

MS. CARBINE: Didn't you eat breakfast?

EMPLOYEE: Yes.

MS. CARBINE: There are a drawer full of menus in the top right hand drawer of your desk. *(as he reaches in to get them)* But don't let the boss catch you reading any of them before 11 o'clock. It's against company policy. Anything else?

EMPLOYEE: No, that's it for now.

MS. CARBINE: *(as he is about to ask her another question, she anticipates it)* The men's washroom is down the hall to the left.

BOSS: Well, Wilson, how do you like it?

EMPLOYEE: Satisfactory. I know I'm going to fit in here.

BOSS: Well, we're satisfied to have you here, as well, Wilson. I understand there were a number of firms vying for your services, although we think you have chosen well to work here at Bidwell and Mourne.

EMPLOYEE: *(sitting with arms folded, looking mechanical)* Thank you, Mr. Bidwell. It's an honor to be here.

BOSS: Now, now. Wilson, that sounds like enthusiasm.

EMPLOYEE: No, not at all.

BOSS: Good. You know enthusiasm is not necessary for this job, and certainly not preferred.

END OF SAMPLE

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“TIL DEATH DO US PART

The death bed of Jay Caesar, who is 35 and dying of an undisclosed illness. His wife, Suzanne, has come to be with him in his final moments. A seasoned nurse leads her into the room and sets the stage.

NURSE: He's been calling for you all morning. And in his words *(she puts her hands out in quotes)* He's got something he "needs" to tell you. *(rolls her eyes)* If I had a nickel for every time I'd heard a guy say that since I switched over to ICU, let me tell you, I wouldn't be driving a Hyundai.

SUZANNE: He probably wants to tell me that he loves me.

NURSE: I'm sure that's it.

SUZANNE: He probably needs to know that, no matter what, I'll always love him.

NURSE: Yeah, right. I'm sure. If I had a nickel for every time I ever heard that....

SUZANNE: *(cutting her off)* Well, I mean it.

NURSE: I'm sure. But you'd better get in there and talk to him, I'm betting that in less than five minutes he's a goner.

SUZANNE: Don't say that.

NURSE: Stick a fork in him. Six minutes max.

SUZANNE: Stop it!

NURSE: Okay. My mistake. He'll be fine. But just in case, why don't you go talk to him.

JAY: *(struggling tone)* Thank you nurse, Beelzebub. She gets it, I'm practically dead. Go get the doctor for me, would you. *(coughs)*

SUZANNE: Jay, darling, don't try and talk.

JAY: No, darling, I need to talk.

SUZANNE: Jay, don't. Save your energy.

JAY: For what? I've got four, maybe five minutes to live. I know it, you know it. Nurse Morbid sure does. If I save my energy, what do I save? Another two minutes of life? Let me get this out.

SUZANNE: Go ahead, darling. Talk to me. Tell me anything you need to tell me.

JAY: So much to tell you. So much to tell you. *(he passes out; she holds her breath, but he revives)* ... but I don't have much time so I've narrowed it down. I just have three things to tell you. Three things you need to know before I go.

SUZANNE: Go ahead, darling, I'm all ears.

JAY: Listen, these are three things I've been meaning to tell you for a long time, but I never got around to it.

SUZANNE: Tell me now, dear. Tell me.

END OF SAMPLE

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WAITING FOR THE DELIVERY

SCENE 1

A second floor apartment with two windows downstage center; outside street noises can be heard; the occasional sound of what appears to be the sound of guns going off. LOU stands off to the side of the window, looking out, but not directly, while JACK sits at a computer, busily working on some project.

LOU: Where is that guy?

JACK: *(checking his watch)* He's never going to make it.

LOU: He'll make it.

JACK: I don't think so.

LOU: These guys always make it. They're machines.

JACK: Not this time.

LOU: How much time has he got left?

JACK: I make it six more minutes.

LOU: What are you doing?

JACK: Can't tell you, it's classified.

LOU: Oh. *(getting closer to computer)* Yeah, right.

JACK: *(covering up the screen as Lou approaches)* Hey! If you see what I'm working on, I'm obligated to kill you.

LOU: Yeah, right. So what do you think, should we call?

JACK: No, don't call. Never call before he's supposed to be here. You call, you alert people. If he doesn't show after he's officially late, then we call. What time have you got?

LOU: 9:55.

JACK: You sure?

LOU: Yeah, I'm sure. The small hand is on the 9 and the big is on the 11.

JACK: Don't snap at me, man. You've screwed this up before.

LOU: One time.

JACK: Yeah, usually that's enough to screw things up forever. A lot of times, they cut you off after one mistake. We got lucky last time.

LOU: All right. Let's not get into that. What's our next move?

JACK: Simple. We call at 10:00. We've got to let them know right away that he didn't make it.

LOU: Yeah, you're right. What do you suppose is keeping him?

JACK: I have no idea.

(Enter two soldiers in fatigues, coming from either side of the stage, as if coming from two different rooms inside the apartment. The two go to the windows and begin firing a few rounds of their guns, then quickly retreat to the respective rooms)

END OF SAMPLE