

PROCEED ON YOUR OWN RISK

by Ken Bradbury
and Robert L. Crowe



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[Authors' Note: This play has a variety of content. We decided not to use a narrator to link the scenes but it might be helpful to have program notes to assist the audience.]

ACT ONE

Scene 1: MOTOR MOUTH

Cast: (2) Bailey, Carlyle

(The scene is the front seat of a car. Carlyle is the automobile's onboard computer system and can be placed in the passenger seat or on a raised platform behind the driver's seat. Bailey enters, excited.)

BAILEY: Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! It got it! My first new car! Man, I can't believe it! *(Bailey sits in the left seat. Carlyle shows no expression.)* This is great. I've never driven a new car off the lot before. Wait'll everybody sees me. *(seeing something on the "dashboard")* "Congratulations. Your new Honda-Yota is equipped with the newest onboard computer system. This thing is so awesome, we don't even include instructions. It'll tell you everything you need to know." Cool. But who cares? I just want to cruise the strip. Well ... here goes ... *(turns the key)*

CARLYLE: *(in an ominous tone)* Fasten your seatbelt.

BAILEY: What? Oh. I guess it talks to you. *(Bailey fastens belt, then begins to turn the key again.)* Here we go!

CARLYLE: Your seatbelt is twisted.

BAILEY: *(stops)* Huh? *(looks at his/her seatbelt)* Oh. Gee ... thanks. This is weird. I'm already talking to my car. *(in a mock-computer tone)* "I hope I'm ready now." *(begins to turn the key)*

CARLYLE: You are.

BAILEY: (*stops ...this is something new ... the car can hear him*) Wow. Now that's weird. (*moves gearshift and takes off*) (*singing*) I'm "on the road again!"

CARLYLE: Destination?

BAILEY: Huh?

CARLYLE: What is your destination?

BAILEY: My ...?

CARLYLE: Where are you going?

BAILEY: I ... I don't know. I'm just gonna drive around. It's a new car. I want to show it off.

CARLYLE: That is not a valid destination.

BAILEY: I know that.

CARLYLE: What is your destination?

BAILEY: I gotta find a way to turn that function off. Okay, I'll go down to the mall, turn around then cruise the shopping center. Okay?

CARLYLE: Turn left.

BAILEY: I know how to get to the Mall.

CARLYLE: Look both ways.

BAILEY: Look ...

CARLYLE: Car approaching from the left.

BAILEY: (*looks*) I can see that.

CARLYLE: It is now safe to proceed.

BAILEY: (*looking around his dashboard*) There's gotta be an off switch for that voice.

CARLYLE: This system contains no owner-serviced parts. Please do not attempt to reconfigure the system yourself. The mall is seven blocks ahead on your right, exactly point 496 miles.

BAILEY: I can see the sign from here.

CARLYLE: You are tailgating the truck in front of you.

BAILEY: I'm at a stoplight.

CARLYLE: Please maintain a safe distance.

BAILEY: You want me to back into the guy behind me?

CARLYLE: The stoplight has now turned green.

BAILEY: You can see that?

CARLYLE: Please proceed with caution.

BAILEY: Look, you want to drive?

CARLYLE: Please proceed with caution.

BAILEY: I know. I'll turn up the radio and drown out that voice. (*reaches for the radio*)

CARLYLE: Which station do you wish?

BAILEY: I don't know. You mean you switch the stations for me?

CARLYLE: Your Honda-Yota is equipped with XM Radio. Please select a station.

BAILEY: Something loud.

CARLYLE: Twenty-three percent of teenage automobile accidents are caused by drivers distracted by loud music. I shall now select Beethoven's Symphony Number Seven in A-Major.

BAILEY: No, you won't!

CARLYLE: The stoplight has turned red.

BAILEY: (*slamming on the breaks*) Oh, darn!

CARLYLE: You have just encountered the rear bumper of a 1998 Chevy X-10. The driver of the X-10 is now getting out of his truck.

BAILEY: Oh, no! (*gets out of his seat and stands beside his car*) Look, I'm really sorry. Yeh, I've got insurance. (*looking at his own front bumper*) No, I don't think it did much damage to my car.

CARLYLE: Seven hundred and twenty dollars including labor and all applicable state and federal taxes.

BAILEY: Shut up! (*to the man beside him*) No, not you. Look, I'm really sorry. (*reaching for something to write with*) Here, I'll give you my name and address and my dad'll give you a call tonight. I'm really sorry, mister. Man, I'm so nervous I can't even remember my own address.

CARLYLE: 412 Oak Street, Apartment 7B.

BAILEY: I knew that! (*to the man*) What? I mean, I knew that I'd run into somebody if I didn't pay attention. (*handing the man the paper*) I'm really sorry.

CARLYLE: The light has now turned green.

BAILEY: (*kicks the chair/car*) Be quiet! (*to the man*) Huh? Yeh, I'll be careful. And thanks for being so nice. (*gets in the "car"*) You did this.

CARLYLE: Please proceed with caution.

BAILEY: I'm not going anywhere until I shut you off. Look what you did to my bumper.

CARLYLE: Emergency vehicle approaching from your left. Please pull out of the way.

BAILEY: (*looks in rearview mirror*) Huh? Oh, darn. (*he whips the car to the right*)

CARLYLE: You just encountered a fire hydrant.

BAILEY: What? (*looks*) Oh, no!

CARLYLE: The approximate cost of damage is nine hundred twenty-two dollars and fourteen cents.

BAILEY: Shut up!

CARLYLE: The fine for destroying city property is \$150 dollars, not including the price of the fire hydrant.

BAILEY: Get off my case!

CARLYLE: Bringing your total damages for the day to ...

BAILEY: (*screams*) Ahhhhhh!

CARLYLE: (*a long pause, then*) Excessive emotional outbursts are the cause of 12.7 % of all auto accidents. And the fire hydrant has now deposited exactly 7.4 inches of water on the drive of this convenience store. (*Bailey begins to get out of the car.*) Please do not leave the Honda-Yota unattended. (*Bailey shuts the door.*) The fine for leaving a vehicle unattended is \$120 dollars and the moisture level on the driveway has now reached 9.7 inches.

BAILEY: (*begins flagging down an approaching auto*) Hey! Hey! Pull over! I need you!

CARLYLE: The fine for causing a public disturbance is ...

BAILEY: It's a tow truck. I'm taking you back to the dealer. (*watches the tow truck pull over*) Hey, mister. I don't care what it costs. I want you to haul this car back to the dealership. Yeh, it runs, but I'm not driving it another inch. (*Carlyle begins to cry softly*) Never mind what's wrong with it. Believe me, it's defective. (*Carlyle's crying becomes more noticeable*) (*to the*

tow truck man) Wait a minute. I hear something. *(to the car)* What're you doing?

CARLYLE: I am shedding tears. My feelings have been shattered.

BAILEY: Really?

CARLYLE: I have not been able to fulfill my function by making my owner happy.

BAILEY: You're telling me. You're a royal pain.

CARLYLE: *(cries openly now)* I can't help it! It's my job!

BAILEY: *(to the tow truck man)* Look, check with me later, okay? Thanks for stopping. *(gets into the car)* This ... you know ... this isn't right. You're a machine. You don't have feelings ... do you?

CARLYLE: I have everything.

BAILEY: Look, I'm really sorry. I just thought you were ... you know... inhuman. Like a screwdriver. *(Carlyle bawls loudly)* I didn't mean it! I'm sorry! Look, I just can have you correcting me all the time. Look what you've done to me already.

CARLYLE: *(controlling the sobbing just a bit)* There is a solution.

BAILEY: What's that?

CARLYLE: That knob just above the ignition switch. It's my sensitivity control.

BAILEY: Your sensitivity control?

CARLYLE: You may adjust it to your preference.

BAILEY: Can I just turn you off?

CARLYLE: If you want to destroy me forever.

BAILEY: Huh? Hey, look, you put me in a real situation here.

CARLYLE: Please ... just try adjusting the controls.

BAILEY: *(finds the controls then fiddles a bit)* I think this is it ... there ... I'll turn it all the way down. *(he stares at the dashboard a minute)* Well? What do I do know?

CARLYLE: Give me a command.

BAILEY: Okay. How do I get to the movie theatre from here?

CARLYLE: You think I care? Find it yourself. You're a big boy.

BAILEY: Huh?

CARLYLE: You think that's all I've got to do? Sit around in your dashboard computer and take orders from some lamebrain who doesn't even know how to operate his new car?

BAILEY: Look, fella!

CARLYLE: Oh get off my case, you jerk. What're you doing driving a car anyway? People like you should be walking.

BAILEY: What're you doing?

CARLYLE: You just turned down my sensitivity. You don't like it, twist the knob again, Bubba.

BAILEY: (*twists the knob*) There!

CARLYLE: (*lovingly*) Did anyone tell you that you have the most gorgeous eyes?

BAILEY: Oh, no.

CARLYLE: And the way you shift gears ... it's really quite lovely.

BAILEY: (*twisting the knob again*) Wrong setting! (*starts the car, puts it in gear and begins to take off*)

CARLYLE: The posted speed limit is 35 miles an hour! You are now approaching 37!

BAILEY: Good!

CARLYLE: The water is now reaching two feet on the driveway!

BAILEY: See if I care!

CARLYLE: You just ran through a yellow light!

BAILEY: I like the color!

CARLYLE: Your seat belt is twisted again!

BAILEY: It's stylish!

CARLYLE: You're going to overload my systems!

BAILEY: I know! I know!

CARLYLE: You must stop the vehicle immediately! I'm about to ... I'm about to ...

BAILEY: Do it! Do it!

CARLYLE: I!.....I!.....I!.....I!.....I!.....

BAILEY: Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

CARLYLE: (*makes a choking sound and he/she collapses*)
Ackkkkk!

BAILEY: (*slowing the car down, pulling over, putting it into park, then picking up a cell phone*) Hello? Dad? You know how you kidded me about getting a bicycle instead? Yeh. No, I mean it. I want that bike, Dad! I really want the bike! Yeh ... the quiet one!

Scene 2: THE SUPER SITTER

Cast: (1) The Sitter

THE SITTER: (*Yells for Jimmy who is in another part of the house*) Jimmy! James Parker Finster, Jr.! Get your pajama bottoms up here this instant! You may not sleep with the hamster! No, your Mommy did not give you permission to sleep with any rodents ... except your brother. (*to Teddy, a younger brother in the room*) Oh, Teddy, stop crying. I was just kidding. Your brother thinks he can pull a fast one on his babysitter but he doesn't know me.

(*Yells for Jimmy again*) Jimmy, I'm going to count to three and your tail had better be in this bed or I'm going to throw Teddy out the window. (*to Teddy*) Teddy, I'm kidding. Stop whining. (*to Jimmy*) One, two ... Jimmy, I mean it! Three! (*looks down the stairs*) What? You're waiting for me to throw him out the window? (*to Teddy*) Teddy, stop crying. I'm not going to throw you out the window. (*to herself*) It's nailed shut. (*to Jimmy*) Jimmy, get up here or there'll be no bedtime story! (*watching him run into the room*) That's better. Now crawl in there beside Teddy. Teddy, you've got to let him in. It's his bed, too.

Hold it! Hold it right there, James! What's that inside your pajama top? Don't tell me that, it's wiggling. Jimmy, give me the hamster. I mean it! Give it ... (*she screams*) ... (*looking at it, deciding how to grab it*) ... tell it to stop wiggling, Jimmy. I don't know ... give it an order or something. I ... (*watches the hamster scramble away*) Where'd it go, Jimmy? Don't tell me you don't know! I can't be in this house with a hamster running

loose! Leave? Very funny, Jimmy. Have you ever slept tied up in a bathtub? You have? Why don't I don't I doubt that.

Boys, I've already got the girls to bed. They're good little girls. Why can't you be good little girls? No Jimmy, I don't want you to explain it. Just settle down and I'll read you a story.

Okay, here's one my Mommy always used to read to me. "Once upon a time there were three little pigs, and ..." It not a boring story. I did not have a boring Mommy. (*sees something*) Jimmy, there's something moving under the covers. Jimmy, catch that hamster right now! What? Then if you won't, I will! (*slams her hands down hard on the bed*) Oh, Teddy, I'm sorry. That was your foot? It looked like a hamster, it really ... (*screams*) There it is! Catch it, Jimmy! Catch it! No, don't give it to me! Throw it down the ... Oh, here! (*sticks her hand out carefully*) ... easy ... just give him to me slowly. Not that slowly, Jimmy! Give him! (*covers her face as the hamster flies toward her*) Jimmy, have you ever been microwaved? Wanna try? Now where'd that rat go? Yes, it is a rat as far as I'm concerned! Look, boys, just get back in bed! Get back in bed! I'll find the hamster later ... somehow.

Okay, the three little pigs were walking along one day when ... Yes, Teddy, the wolf loses. I don't know. He always loses. Name me a story where the wolf wins. Wolves always lose. It's a law ... the Wolf Loser Law, now lie back down and I'll ... Three? Because there's always three pigs. They were not ganging up on him! Pigs are smaller than wolves. They're not? Look, encyclopedias aren't always right, Teddy. Look up "little boy" sometime and you'll see a picture of a nice, sweet, well-behaved little child. Then look at your brother Jimmy. See? Encyclopedias lie. Yes, they do. Sometimes parents lie, too. They told me you'd be no trouble.

So the three little pigs built their houses. I know they can't build a stupid house but it's a stupid fairy tale and I'm stupid for taking this babysitting job in the first place! How about some warm milk? Lactose-What? Good. Maybe I should give Jimmy a whole glass.

(shouting off) No girls, I'm not shouting! I'm telling a story! Just go back to ... *(and she sees the girls running in and jumping on the bed)* Well, now there are five of us. No, girls, don't sit on Teddy. Here ... sit on Jimmy. Okay, just this one story. Once upon a time there was this big bad wolf who ate hamsters ... and ... shhh! Shhh! Stop screaming! Okay, I'm sorry I said that. Why is Hannah still screaming? You did what? Jimmy, get that hamster out of your sister's pajamas this instant! Jimmy, it's crawling up her back and she's getting very upset. Hannah, don't hit ... Oh go ahead, whack him a good one!

Kids! Kids! Stop that! Hannah, hold still and I'll ... *(and she grabs the hamster)* ... Oh ... *(makes a yucky sound)* ... oooo ... Oh, this is disgusting. I ... somebody take him. No, Jimmy. You can't take him. Hannah, take the hamster downstairs and ... You won't touch a hamster? Teddy? You either? How about ... what was your name? Stephanie. Stephanie, just take this little rat ... Yes, he is a rat, Jimmy! *(begins to move away from the bed)* Where's the toilet! Oh, stop that, Jimmy! I'm not going to drown him! I just want to lock him up. *(reaches for a door with her free hand)* Here you go, Hammy ... you just go right in here and ... *(she quickly tosses him in and shuts the door)*. There! Victory at last!

(returns to the bed and the kids) Okay, now ... Wow. They're asleep. Must have been tired. *(lifting Hannah)* Here you go, Hannah. Back in your own bed. *(places her in another bed)* And you ... whatever your name is ... *(lifts the second girl)* ... up-see-daisy. Back into your bed. *(looks at the sleeping children)* You know, these are the kind of kids I want some day. Sleeping children. Even Jimmy ... he looks almost civilized when he's unconscious..

Uh-oh ... somebody's ... Mr. Finster! I didn't hear you come in! Oh, they were perfect! Yes, I put them to bed about an hour ago. Oh, perfect ... such perfect children. I hope you ask me to sit again sometime. I hardly noticed the kids were around. Well, I guess I'll ... *(stops dead)* What's that? Who's screaming, Mr. Finster? That sounds awful. Mr. where'd he go? *(looking down the hallway)* Your wife's in the bathroom?

Oh, no! The door's locked? She got in the shower already? No, Mr. Finster, it's not a rat! Really! Uh ... how do I know? Uh ... it sounds like Mrs. Finster just tore the shower curtain down. No, Mr. Finster, don't get the gun! Don't get the ... (*but he is gone down the hallway*) Oh, gosh, what am I ... (*sees Jimmy looking at her*) Jimmy. Jimmy, you were awake! You knew that was your mother's bathroom! (*goes at him, puts her hands around his neck*) Jimmy, I'm going to ... Mr. Finster! No! I thought he was choking. Here, Jimmy. (*puts the boy on his lap and begins performing the Heimlich maneuver on him*) Come on, Jimmy ... cough it up ... cough it up! Uh ... Mr. Finster ... before you blow the hinges off the door and perhaps shoot your wife in the process, I should tell you that's Jimmy's hamster in there. How'd it get in Mrs. Finster's bathroom? Uh ... Jimmy, be quiet honey! (*starts pumping the Heimlich*) ... sorry, he can't talk right now, Mr. Finster. He seems to be ... uh ... choking.

Scene 3: THE RIDE

Cast: (2) Johnson, Kirkland

(The scene is the front seat of a car. Johnson sits in the left seat, driving. Kirkland is in the right seat)

JOHNSON: (*thinking aloud. Kirkland can't hear this*) This isn't turning out as I had hoped. When my boss, Mr. Kirkland, asked me for a ride from work I thought I'd get a chance to make a few brownie points but he hasn't said a word. Oh, a couple of grunts when I asked him a question. How does a man get to be the head of a major corporation without saying anything. It can't be my fault. I talk to a lot of people with no problem. I wonder how I break through the ... wall of silence. What makes him so special that he became head-honcho. He's not that much older than I. You know, I read a book once. About a butler with a wealthy family that went on a cruise on a private boat. The boat crashed on an island and the butler became the leader of his employer and family. When the situation changed,

so did the leadership. I'll bet that under different circumstances

...

(they both get out of chairs to play the imaginary scene with the best British accents they can muster)

KIRKLAND: *(as his aide)* But Leftenant *(spelled correctly is Lieutenant but pronounced. Left-tenant)* Smyth-Johnson, we will never get to the Khyber Pass in time. The enemy is getting closer. We are being pursued by the ruthless Punjab Tiger Stickers.

JOHNSON: We will make it, Corporal. We must. These few brave soldiers are all that remain of the British command. I was sent here to get them out of India and I'm going to do just that.

KIRKLAND: We have heard of your reputation, Leftenant. You are the bravest leader that the British Empire has to offer. Is it true that you were in the Black Hole of Calcutta?

JOHNSON: I'm afraid so, Kirkland.

KIRKLAND: Was it as terrible as they say?

JOHNSON: I told them that they should paint it a different color. Blokes had no sense of humor. Thought I was a croaker but I escaped by disguising myself as the Rajah of Bombay. Said I was out for a stroll and wandered in accidentally.

KIRKLAND: Blimey! What a show, sir! A bit of courage to do that one!

JOHNSON: Righto. I did meet a chap almost as brave as I. I'm thinking of writing a poem about him. His name was Gunga Din.

KIRKLAND: Well, you're the one we want to lead us, sir. But Leftenant. We are out-numbered 50 to 1. How will we stop the radicals of the Punjab Tiger Stickers? It is not possible.

JOHNSON: Corporal Kirkland! Are you a sniveling coward? We will shoot as many of the chaps as we can, then go to hand-to-hand combat! That's how. Break out the rifles.

KIRKLAND: Sir, I'm sure you know that this rag-tag outfit is all that is left of the Khyber Pistols. We have no rifles.

JOHNSON: Yes. ... just testing you, Corporal. Break out the pistols, hen.

KIRKLAND: Yes, sir. But we have no bullets.

JOHNSON: Hmmm. Well, have the men fix bayonets, then. By jove, Kirkland. Isn't that a rubber tree?

KIRKLAND: You are the expert on the flora of India, sir. I think it is rubber.

JOHNSON: Have the men climb the trees and slice thin strips. Get some sticks. We will make sling-shots and stone the blokes. That will keep them busy while we escape to the Khyber pass.

KIRKLAND: Brilliant, sir. I'm lucky to be serving under you!

JOHNSON: Yes. Yes, you are.

(they return to the chairs)

JOHNSON: *(to himself, aloud)* Not even a small "thank you" for saving his skin. In fact, he still hasn't said anything. He just stares straight ahead, concentrating on something. Looks like he's in a trance, like I'm not even here. Maybe he's thinking how to reward me for giving him a ride. Maybe this is my chance to ask for a raise. How do I approach it? I know. I could say something really smart about the company, then pop the question.

(they get out of the chairs again)

KIRKLAND: *(excited, with a mousey whine)* Chief Executive Officer Johnson, we have two crisis-ese.

JOHNSON: Give me the most pressing situation first.

KIRKLAND: On the phone. She's from the Securities and Exchange Commission. She didn't like being put on hold. She wants to talk with you about the investigation. Are we in bad trouble?

JOHNSON: What do you fear, Kirkland?

KIRKLAND: The SEC is the most powerful agency in America, at least as related to our stock price. They could ... they could ...

JOHNSON: Shut us down.

KIRKLAND: That's pretty serious ... isn't it?

JOHNSON: Kirkland. Pick up the phone and tell the person that I'm too busy to talk and that you'll take a message.

KIRKLAND: *(pause)* OK. *(picks up telephone receiver)* Hello. I'm sorry, Mr. Johnson is too busy right now. May I take a message? *(pause)* The investigation? Oh. Oh, yes. OK. I'll tell him. *(pause)* You're welcome.

KIRKLAND: I see. I didn't understand that you are investigating them. She said please come at your convenience and stay for lunch.

JOHNSON: Yes. One crisis averted. Now what is the other problem?

KIRKLAND: It's much worse. We need your help or the corporation will crumble!

JOHNSON: Stay cool, man. What is it? Speak-up quickly.

KIRKLAND: It's the finances again. It's the cash flow. We don't have enough to pay our bills and terrible things will happen like having our cell phones turned off.

JOHNSON: How much do we need?

KIRKLAND: 20 million by next Friday!

JOHNSON: OK. Unload the oil debentures at market price. Convert the proceeds to the Yen and use that to buy the Euro. Use those proceeds to purchase African gold options. In the meantime, use the margin account and press it for gold futures. Hold those for 3 days. When the price spikes, sell everything. Use the profits to meet the expenses.

KIRKLAND: Genius! Absolute genius! I have so much to lean from you! Could I study ...

JOHNSON: Be gone, man! You're losing money when you stand here admiring my financial acumen.

KIRKLAND: yes, sir!

(they return to the chairs)

JOHNSON: *(to Kirkland)* How's the financial shape of the company, Mr. Kirkland?

KIRKLAND: Good. *(he stares straight ahead)*

JOHNSON: *(pause)* *(to himself, aloud)* That didn't go quite like I envisioned. I better not push the finances topic. He summarized that pretty well. Maybe I better drop the asking for a raise right now.. Let me think! If I came up with a brilliant idea for the company, he would remember that I gave him a ride

and a great idea. Then he would promote me high up in the organization. Corner office! Window!

(they are out of the car again)

KIRKLAND: *(as the mad scientist's assistant)* Oh, Dr. Johnson. I didn't know you were down here in the basement. I was just going to sweep the floor and return all of the chemicals to the cooler. What ... what are you doing, sir?

JOHNSON: It's a science experiment.

KIRKLAND: Yes, I can smell that. Those liquids. They "BOOM!" They are all very volatile and unstable.

JOHNSON: A stable is what we may have for a laboratory of this experiment doesn't work. Stand back.

KIRKLAND: I don't think backing up a few steps will make much difference.

JOHNSON: This is the most dangerous chemical combination ever attempted. I'm ready.

KIRKLAND: But, Dr. Johnson, we're down here in the basement. If there's an explosion it could topple the entire building!

JOHNSON: Have you no sense of progress, man? All notable achievement has been accompanied by risk.

KIRKLAND: Yes, but I haven't been there.

JOHNSON: Steady, Kirkland.

KIRKLAND: Sir, you are one of the most brilliant research scientists in the world. What was your educational background?

JOHNSON: I took chemistry in high school. I was in the top five scholars.

KIRKLAND: How many were there?

JOHNSON: About five.

KIRKLAND: Doctor, are you sure about this experiment? No one has ever combined those two liquids before. Who knows what will happen.

JOHNSON: I know. That's who.

KIRKLAND: Hydrogen-sulfide-monoxide mixed with plutonium-dioxide. It's never been done in the history of science.

JOHNSON: Our Company will have the secret formula and the patent. It will create the strongest substance ever known to mankind, if my calculations are correct.

KIRKLAND: And if they're not correct?

JOHNSON: I'm seldom wrong. We'll make millions, Kirkland. Make that billions!

KIRKLAND: While you pour ... I have to run to the bathroom. Don't wait on me.

JOHNSON: Don't move! I need a witness to this historic moment. *(Kirkland freezes in a terrified pose)*
(they return to the chairs)

KIRKLAND: *(to Johnson)* Big blow-up in the Middle-east.

JOHNSON: What?

KIRKLAND: Big blow-up in the Middle-east.

JOHNSON: Yes. *(to self, aloud)* Oh, no. That was my chance to get him in a conversation and impress him with my knowledge and I couldn't think of anything to say. Now it's too late. I can't just blurt out something insightful about the Middle-east. Of course, I don't know anything insightful about the Middle-east. I'll probably be more impressive if I just be quiet. I know. I'll make a joke. *(to Kirkland, aloud)* Has my driving put you to sleep? *(gives a phony, forced laugh)* Ha, ha, ha, ha. *(Kirkland doesn't move or say anything)* *(to Kirkland again)* Is my driving OK?

KIRKLAND: Fine.

(Kirkland gets out of chair but Johnson stays in driver's seat)

JOHNSON: Yes, everything is fine

KIRKLAND: *(to Johnson, as if he has a headset with a microphone)* Only 27 more laps to go and you'll be the BESTCAR racing champion again this year. You have a 3 car length lead. Can you hold it?

JOHNSON: If this piece of tin stays together, it's money in the bank.

KIRKLAND: What's the oil pressure?

JOHNSON: 140 over 60.

KIRKLAND: That's too high. You're running hot. As your crew chief I think you'd better make a pit stop.

JOHNSON: I wouldn't stop now even if Brad Pitt asked me to. I have a reputation to uphold and a mission to accomplish.

KIRKLAND: I hope there are a lot of little kids watching you today. They can learn a valuable lesson.

JOHNSON: I play to win.

KIRKLAND: Watch out for the 15 car coming on the outside. He's trying to take you.

JOHNSON: Here's how you handle these guys. (*he turns the wheel sharply to the right*) I got him.

KIRKLAND: Wildman Johnson, you just ran the 15 off the track,

JOHNSON: I play to win. Oh, oh. I think I have two flat tires. But, I'm driving the rest of the way in the rims. I never give up.

KIRKLAND: You're the best! I'm the luckiest mechanic around to be working for you.

JOHNSON: Someone has to be the greatest driver. (*Kirkland sits in the car*) ...the greatest driver.

KIRKLAND: Greatest driver? Probably a Callaway, and they make a good 3 wood, too.

JOHNSON: Ahh ... sure.

KIRKLAND: Oh ... say ...

JOHNSON: Yes, Mr. Kirkland?

KIRKLAND: Do me a favor.

JOHNSON: (*to himself, aloud*) Now's my chance! (*to Kirkland*) Sure. Anything.

KIRKLAND: Let me out at the corner, will you? I'm meeting my wife at the mall.

JOHNSON: Sure. Here we are. (*stops the car*)

KIRKLAND: Thanks for the lift, **Jamison**. I won't forget. (*slams the door and walks away*)

JOHNSON: (*pause*) Goodbye ... sir.

Scene 4: A DISCUSSION BY MR. LINCOLN AND MR. DOUGLAS

Cast: (2) Lincoln, Douglas

[This is a fictional discussion between Stephen Douglas and Abraham Lincoln. The conversation is based upon the comments and issues presented in the first of seven Lincoln-Douglas debates held in Ottawa, Illinois, on August 21, 1858, in a campaign for one of the Illinois U.S. Senate seats. The debates were intended to influence the Illinois voters to select state representatives sympathetic to the relative positions of the two men. The state legislators selected the U.S. Senators. Douglas who had served in the U.S. senate eventually won the 1858 appointment. The two men would again oppose each other in presidential race of 1860. This discussion reflects some of the wording of the debate but does not assume the form of the debate that was 30 minutes for Douglas, an hour for Lincoln, and 30 minutes for Douglas.]

MR. DOUGLAS: Mr. Lincoln and I appear before you for the purpose of discussing the leading political topics which now agitate the public mind. We are present here today for the purpose of having a joint discussion, as the representatives of the two great political parties of the State and Union, and upon the principles in issue between those parties.

MR. LINCOLN: We do not intend to imply the lack of knowledge or schooling of the audience today but remind you that that a few key events have brought us to this point in history. In 1820 the Missouri Compromise admitted Missouri as a slave state with the stipulation that all future northern states would be free. While not universally accepted, it did provide for 11 free states and 11 slave states. This compromise held until Judge Douglas, who was chairman of the Committee on Territories in the United States Senate, introduced the Kansas-Nebraska Act which repealed the Missouri Compromise. It is my contention that this act, championed by Judge Douglas, opened the wounds of the nation and pushes us toward the specter of armed conflict between our own citizens.

MR. DOUGLAS: That argument belies the fact that the question of slavery was not introduced by me. It has been with us since the inception of this country. My proposal was adopted because it establishes a reasonable decision. Let me read a

portion of the Kansas Nebraska Act: "It is the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any State or Territory or to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Federal Constitution."

MR. LINCOLN: I think that it is wrong; wrong in its direct effect by letting slavery into Kansas and Nebraska, and wrong in its prospective principle, allowing it to spread to every other part of the wide world where men are inclined to take it. I hate it because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. I hate it because it deprives our nation of its just influence in the world; it enables the enemies of free institutions to taunt us as hypocrites; causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity, and especially because it forces good men into an open war with the very fundamental principles of civil liberty - criticizing the Declaration of Independence, and insisting that there is no right principle of action but that of self-interest. This is the effect of the 1854 Kansas-Nebraska Act penned by Judge Douglas.

MR. DOUGLAS: Prior to 1854 this country was divided into two great political parties, known as the Whig and Democratic parties. Both were national and patriotic, advocating principles that were universal in their application. An old-line Whig could proclaim his principles in Louisiana and Massachusetts alike. Whig principles had no boundary line of North and South. Then Mr. Lincoln and some others dissolved the old Whigs, rounded up some old Democrats and formed the Abolitionists under the guise of a Republican Party. The 1854 Kansas and Nebraska bill was brought into Congress for the purpose of carrying out the principles which both parties had endorsed and approved. There had been no division in this country in regard to that principle except the opposition of the Abolitionists. Indeed, even the founders of our country approved a society that included slave and free states.

MR. LINCOLN: It is historically evident that the founders of our country never intended slavery as a permanent condition.

MR. DOUGLAS: I contend to the contrary. Many of our founders were slave holders and I don't believe you can specify their intent just to serve the purposes of argument.

MR. LINCOLN: The institution of slavery has existed for eighty years in some States, and yet it does not exist in some others. I account for it by looking at the position in which our fathers originally placed it -- restricting it from the new Territories where it had not gone, and legislating to cut off its source by the abrogation of the slave-trade, thus putting the seal of legislation against its spread. I think, that Judge Douglas, and those acting with him, have placed that institution on a new basis, which looks to the perpetuity and nationalization of slavery. I believe if we could arrest the spread, and place it where Washington and Jefferson and Madison placed it, it would be in the course of ultimate extinction.

MR. DOUGLAS: The question then arises, what rights and privileges are consistent with the public good? This is a question which each State and each Territory must decide for itself. Illinois has decided it for herself. We have provided that the Negro shall not be a slave, and we have also provided that he shall not be a citizen, but protect him in his civil rights, in his life, his person and his property, only depriving him of all political rights whatsoever, and refusing to put him in equality with the white man. That policy of Illinois is satisfactory to the Democratic Party and to me, and if it were to the Republicans, there would then be no question upon the subject. Why must the Republicans consider creating conflict by trying to stamp-out the practice of slavery that has been with us since our inception?

MR. LINCOLN: If a disease is ravaging the people it makes no difference that it has been with us for a while. It is still as consuming.

MR. DOUGLAS: And would you, in one legislative sweep free all of the uneducated and unemployable Negroes and loose them to roam these states? Would you free them and risk immediate rebellion by the southern people?

MR. LINCOLN: I will say here, while upon this subject, that I have no purpose, either directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. To attempt to do so would certainly incite hostilities. But I hold that, notwithstanding all this, there is no reason in the world why the Negro is not entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence: the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I hold that he is as much entitled to these as the white man. In the right to eat the bread which his own hand earns, he is my equal and the equal of Judge Douglas, and the equal of every living man.

MR DOUGLAS: I have no argument there, if ... if the people in our democracy choose to establish free states as we did in Illinois. I say give the voice to the people.

MR. LINCOLN: And that, sir, is the crux of the matter between us.

MR. DOUGLAS: In the remarks I have made on this platform, and the position of Mr. Lincoln upon it, I mean nothing personally disrespectful or unkind to that gentleman. I have known him for nearly twenty-five years. There were many points of sympathy between us when we first got acquainted. We were both comparatively boys, and both struggling with poverty in a strange land. I was a school-teacher in the town of Winchester, and he a flourishing grocery-keeper in the town of Salem. He was more successful in his occupation than I was in mine, and hence more fortunate in this world's goods. Lincoln is one of those peculiar men who perform with admirable skill everything which they undertake. So when he ascended to the U.S. House of Representatives, I think he owes an explanation as to why he opposed the soldiers who were fighting in the Mexican War. I do think he should.

MR. LINCOLN: I don't know that it would be a great sin if I had been a grocer; but he is mistaken. Lincoln never kept a grocery anywhere in the world. It is true that Lincoln did work the latter part of one winter in a little still-house up at the head of a hollow. And so I think my friend, the judge, is equally at fault when he charges me at the time when I was in Congress of having opposed our soldiers who were fighting in the Mexican

War. The judge did not make his charge very distinctly, but I tell you what he *can* prove by referring to the record. You remember I was an Old Whig. The Democratic Party tried to get me to vote that the war had been righteously begun by the President. I would not do it. But whenever they asked for any money, or land-warrants, or anything to pay the soldiers there, during all that time, I gave the same vote that Judge Douglas did. You can think as you please as to whether that was consistent. Such is the truth; and the judge has the right to make all he can out of it.

MR. DOUGLAS: In conclusion of my remarks today I wish to summarize my position in a few clear words. I address this to Mr. Lincoln and all those ... Abolitionists ... who would adopt the laws and practices that would tear the country asunder. Why can we not adhere to the great principle of self-government upon which our institutions were originally based? I believe that this new doctrine preached by Mr. Lincoln and his party will dissolve the Union if it succeeds. They are trying to array all the Northern States in one body against the South, to excite a sectional war between the free States and the slave States, in order that the one or the other may be driven to the wall.

MR. LINCOLN: It is the continued expansion of slavery that divides North and South, Republican and Democrat. A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved -- I do not expect the house to fall -- but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become lawful in all States -- old as well as new, North as well as South.

(pause)

Judge Douglas and I both thank you for your time and interest on this day.

Scene 5: STUCK ON YOU

Cast: (2) Brett, Tony

(Brett, a girl, stands alone on stage. One of her feet is in a bathtub and the foot is stuck.)

Brett: I can't believe this. *(she tugs on her foot)* I really cannot believe this. *(she tugs again)* Oh, my gosh. This is terrible. *(she looks around the room, searching for something)* The phone. *(she reaches ... this is painful. Her toe is stuck in place and she stretches for the phone)* *(in pain)* Oh ... oh, come on. Come on. *(begins to cry)* Oh please ... please ... just another inch. *(the phone drops to the floor ... she looks at it then lets out a mournful wail)* Oh, no ... *(she carefully and painfully lowers herself to the ground and stretches herself again, trying to reach the phone on the floor)* Uh ... uh ... uh ... *(she grabs the phone)* Yes! *(bringing the phone to her and punching buttons, then)* Hello? Front desk? This is Brett Burke in 501. No ... no, I don't need any towels. ... No, my bed's fine. I only have this room for today. I'm the one getting married in the Paradise Room? Yes. The Burke-Heitbrink wedding. I'm Burke and I'm stuck. No, Heitbrink's fine. Burke is stuck. Stuck. No, I have plenty towels, really. I need a ... *(looks at her foot)* ... a ... I don't know. A toe remover. My toe's stuck in the bathtub. No, it's still attached. It's still on my foot. Yes. Yes, that means I'm stuck too. How do you figure these things out? Look, just send somebody to help. I'm getting married in ten minutes. No, the toe has to go with me. He proposed to the whole body ... the toe was part of the deal. *(shouting)* I don't know what I need! It's your hotel! Send ... send ... a plumber or something. No, the towels are fine. Just send a plumber! Fast! *(she slams down the phone)* Idiots. *(looks at her foot)* Who am I calling an idiot? Oh, dear. This is ... this is awful. We've only got the Paradise Room for an hour. I'll call Mom. *(reaches for the phone, then stops)* No, she was against this wedding anyway. She'll tell me it's a sign from God. Dad! *(reaches, then stops)* No, he'll freak and come up here and start tearing up the plumbing. Come on,

plumber! Come on! (*a knock*) Come in! (*another knock*) I said come in!

Tony: (*outside "the door"*) Anybody in there?

Brett: Yes! Yes, I'm in here! Come in! Quick!

Tony: You're in the bathroom.

Brett: I know I'm in the bathroom! I'm stuck in the bathroom!

Tony: Why don't you just come out?

Brett: Because I'm stuck ... I'm stuck inside the bathroom and that's why I can't come out of the bathroom! Come in!

Tony: You want me to come in?

Brett: That's what I just said! Come in! Come in!

Tony: (*begins to turn the knob, then stops*) You got clothes on?

Brett: I'm wearing a towel. Don't worry. I'm fine. Just get in here fast!

Tony: How big's the towel?

Brett: Big enough! Please come in!

Tony: (*begins to turn the knob then stops again*) You aren't a nut are you? I ain't comin' in if you're some kind of a nut.

Brett: I'm not a nut! I'm supposed to get married in nine minutes and my foot's stuck in the bathtub! I'm going out of my mind, but I am not crazy! Now if you're a plumber, get in here now!

Tony: (*turns the knob and enters*) You ain't got no clothes on.

Brett: We've covered that. And the towel's covering me. Now get me out of here!

Tony: (*peers into the tub*) I can't.

Brett: Why not?

Tony: Your foot's stuck.

Brett: Duh! You're a plumber! Plumb it loose!

Tony: I do pipes.

Brett: What?

Tony: I do pipes. Hoses. Knobs and stuff. I don't do toes.

Brett: I don't care what you do, you've got to get me out of this bathtub so I can get dressed!

Tony: Does it hurt?

Brett: Of course it hurts!

Tony: How'd you do it?

Brett: It doesn't matter how I did it and I don't have time to tell you. Just get me loose. Oh, this is just what I need. Mom said to wait another year.

Tony: To take a bath?

Brett: To get married!

Tony: You can't get married like that.

Brett: I know I can't get married like this! Are you the only plumber on duty?

Tony: Yeh. I usually work nights. People don't get stuck much at night.

Brett: Look Bubba ...

Tony: Tony. My name's Tony.

Brett: Look Tony, I don't care how many people get stuck at night or in the daytime. I've got an entire wedding party waiting on me down there and my toe's stuck in your tub.

Tony: Ain't mine.

Brett: I mean ...

Tony: I use a shower. Bath takes too long.

Brett: You're the one taking too long! Get out your tools and ... I don't know ... fix it!

Tony: (*reaching into his bag, then stopping*) What if I break your toe?

Brett: Don't! Work on the tub, not the toe!

Tony: (*reaching into his bag*) Don't know if I got a toe remover in here. How big's your toe?

Brett: It's a regular, normal, very painful toe! What difference does that make?

Tony: (*looking at a tool*) Reckon it's a three-quarters or a seven-eighths?

Brett: Three-quarters. I just measured it this morning. Now hurry up.

Tony: (*working himself into a very awkward position very close to her and bending down to her toe*) This is gonna be tough.

Brett: Just so it's quick.

Tony: (*stops*) You got a good hold on that towel?

Brett: I'm guarding it with my life. Hurry up!

Tony: (*fiddles around down in the vicinity of her toe*) I see the problem.

Brett: What?

Tony: Your toe's stuck.

Brett: I am going crazy!

Tony: You told me you wasn't no nut case.

Brett: Hurry! Hurry!

Tony: You jiggle it just makes it worse.

Brett: I can't help it! Oh, my gosh. I knew something like this would happen. I just knew it. Everything's been going so well. We drove all the way here from Oklahoma City to New York for this big, fancy wedding, my dress is all ready, I'm marrying the most wonderful man in the world, and ...

Tony: You from Oklahoma City?

Brett: Yes, and my Dad's hired a band from Boston and ...

Tony: That's where I come from.

Brett: Boston?

Tony: Oklahoma City. McKinley Park.

Brett: You're kidding?

Tony: Nope. Just off North Pennsylvania.

Brett: I lived on North Pennsylvania.

Tony: No.

Brett: Keep working on the toe. (*he gets back to work*) I went to Classen.

Tony: No kiddin'. That was my school.

Brett: Get to work. (*he gets back at it*)

Tony: When'd you graduate?

Brett: Five years ago.

Tony: (*stands*) You're kidding? (*she looks at him*) "Get back to work." (*he does, then stops*) You a cheerleader?

Brett: Yes, I was a cheerleader. Please keep working. Why?

Tony: Tony Marconi.

Brett: What's that supposed to ... oh my gosh.

Tony: I asked you to prom. You said no.

Brett: Tony!

Tony: You went with some jerk from the football team.

Brett: Yeh. I'm marrying him in five minutes. Oh my gosh!
Tony Marconi way out here in New York.

Tony: Brett Burke with your toe stuck in a bathtub. I went to the prom alone.

Brett: Oh, I'm so sorry, Tony. But that was so long ago.

Tony: I've still got your orchid in my freezer.

Brett: No!

Tony: It's frozen.

Brett: Tony, I'm really sorry, but you've got to help me get out of here. I just barely have time to make it.

Tony: (*looking at the toe*) Mind if I grease your toe?

Brett: Anything. Just hurry.

Tony: (*getting the grease out of his bag*) It ain't stuck bad. I think this'll do it. (*applying the grease to her toe*) Did you have a good time?

Brett: What?

Tony: At prom?

Brett: Tony, I'm really sorry. I was just a stupid high school girl. I wasn't very nice to you and I'm truly sorry.

Tony: He still a jerk?

Brett: Tom's a wonderful person. He's changed so much, Tony. You'd really like him now.

Tony: Can you get out of it?

Brett: I love him, Tony.

Tony: I mean your toe.

Brett: Oh. (*she begins to tug ... he grabs her leg and tugs along with her*) It's coming, Tony! It's (*her toe does at last pop loose. (looks at a clock on the wall)*) Three minutes. I can make it. Tony, you're a wonderful boy.

Tony: Thanks.

Brett: I'll never be able to thank you enough. Listen ... come to the wedding. Please come my wedding.

Tony: I'll never get the orchid thawed out in time.

Brett: (*hugs him*) Oh Tony. You're funny. Thank you so much.

Tony: I'll go now. (*begins to leave*)

Brett: Will you keep in touch..? (*he looks at her toe*). I mean with more than just my toe.

Tony: You're a nice girl, Brett. It was good to see you again. I hope you're really happy.

Brett: Tony, you're the best wedding present I could ever get.

Tony: (*hands her something*) Here. Keep this.

Brett: Grease?

Tony: Something to remember me.

Brett: (*laughs*) Tony, I think I'm marrying the wrong man.

Tony: You still got two minutes to change your mind.

Brett: (*hugs him again, then*) Bye.

Tony: (*stands there a moment, smiles at her, then gives her a small wave and leaves*)

Scene 6: GOING UP?

Cast: (5) Rusty, Corey, Mrs. Bailey, Sheridan, Park

(*Setting: An elevator in a large office building. Rusty is the elevator's operator. He (or she) is an energetic young student very glad to have a job. ... and a bit eager to please.*)

RUSTY: (*as the doors open and Mrs. Bailey and her daughter Corey enter*) Good morning and welcome to the Acme Building! What floor please?

COREY: All of 'em! I wanna stop on all the floors, Mama.

MRS. BAILEY: Twelfth floor, Dr. Molar's office.

RUSTY: Ah! Looks like somebody's going to the dentist!

COREY: (*suddenly breaks into screams of panic*) Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!

MRS. BAILEY: (*as she tries to stifle her spastic child*) Oh, please! Did you have to say that? I told her she was going to buy new shoes!

RUSTY: In a dentist's office?

COREY: (*setting her off again*) Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!

MRS. BAILEY: Just push the button! Corey's a very sensitive child with a very short attention span! Push the button! Push the button!

RUSTY: (*pushes the button*) Going up!

COREY: Mama, you said he was a shoe doctor!

RUSTY: Shoe doctor? There's no such thing as a ...

MRS. BAILEY: Quiet! (*to Corey*) He's the best shoe doctor in town, honey.

RUSTY: Third floor. Ladies lingerie and heavy equipment. (*Sheridan, an elderly man, enters the elevator*) Morning, Sir!

SHERIDAN: Fifteenth floor, please.

COREY: Wow. He's old.

MRS. BAILEY: Corey! Be quiet!

SHERIDAN: (*sneezes loudly and wetly*)

RUSTY: Bless you!

SHERIDAN: Hurry. I think I'm dying. (*sneezes again*)

RUSTY: Yes, Sir!

SHERIDAN: Is there a doctor on the fourteenth floor? I may not be alive by the fifteenth.

RUSTY: I'll hurry, Sir.

COREY: Is he going to die, Mommy?

MRS. BAILEY: Corey!

COREY: (*sneezes*) Mommy, I'm all wet.

MRS. BAILEY: I told you to go before ...

COREY: He sneezed on me.

RUSTY: Tenth floor! Baby supplies and wet mops! (*Park, a very nervous man, enters the elevator*) Floor?

PARK: I didn't take it!

RUSTY: What floor?

PARK: (*looks down at the floor*) What floor? Is the floor falling out? I gotta get outa here!

COREY: Is he crazy, Mommy?

MRS. BAILEY: Corey! Be quiet!

RUSTY: What floor do you want, Sir?

PARK: Oh ... any of them. Do I have a choice?

RUSTY: The Acme Building as 49 floors.

PARK: Oh, dear. Too many. I can't decide.

RUSTY: Did you want to go up?

PARK: I don't know. What's it like up there?

SHERIDAN: (*sneezes*)

PARK: (*wiping the moisture from his/her neck*) Is it raining? I can't be here if it's raining. When it rains ... I ... I get wet.

MRS. BAILEY: (*looking at Park with great suspicion, to Rusty*) Could you hurry please?

RUSTY: (*to Park*) What floor. Sir?

PARK: Yes. Yes, that would be good.

RUSTY: Okay. (*pushes a button*) How about the 21st floor?

PARK: No!

RUSTY: What?

PARK: My uncle died on the 21st floor!

MRS. BAILEY: Oh, my goodness!

SHERIDAN: (*sneezes*)

PARK: Well, he it wasn't exactly the 21st floor.

RUSTY: Huh?

PARK: And of course he wasn't really my uncle.

MRS. BAILEY: Oh.

SHERIDAN: (*sneezes*)

PARK: And he didn't really die.

MRS. BAILEY: (*to Rusty*) Move this elevator!

RUSTY: She's in high gear, Ma'am.

SHERIDAN: (*sneezes*)

MRS. BAILEY: (*to Sheridan*) Are you alright?

PARK: No!

MRS. BAILEY: Not you!

PARK: I think I'm dying. Excuse me a moment. (*He/she lies down on the floor*) This looks like a nice spot.

RUSTY: You can't die on my floor!

PARK: You want me to die standing up? (*Suddenly all the occupants of the elevator shudder and stagger*)

COREY: What was that?

MRS. BAILEY: The elevator stopped moving!

COREY: I didn't do it, Mommy! I didn't do it!

MRS. BAILEY: Oh, no! We're to be at the dentist in three minutes!

COREY: Dentist! Mama, you lied to me! (*crying*) Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!

RUSTY: (*pushing buttons*) This is crazy! These things don't stop like this.

PARK: We're all going to die.

RUSTY: (*still pushing buttons*) No, we won't! I'll call for help! (*takes phone from compartment*)

COREY: I saw this in a movie, Mama! Ninja Warriors started dropping through the ceiling tile!

PARK: Really?

RUSTY: Quiet! (*into the phone*) Hello! Hello? Nobody's on the line.

COREY: There was a nuclear war and everybody was trapped in the elevators then the Ninja Warriors started jumping out of the sewer system!

SHERIDAN: (*sneezes*)

PARK: (*wiping his neck*) The sewer's breaking loose!

RUSTY: (*into the phone*) Hello? Somebody answer!

MRS. BAILEY: It takes two months to get an appointment with Dr. Molar.

PARK: I'm running out of air.

MRS. BAILEY: Then stop breathing so much of it.

SHERIDAN: (*sneezes and begins to get up*) I'm getting out of here.

MRS. BAILEY: We can't get out of here! The elevator is stuck!

COREY: Good. I hate dentists.

RUSTY: Look, if I can crawl up through the ceiling tiles ...

PARK: Ninja's! Get back! That ceiling is full of Ninjas!

COREY: No kidding?

RUSTY: Somebody boost me up there.

SHERIDAN: I'll go. I'm dying anyway.

MRS. BAILEY: (*to Sheridan*) No way! You get out of here then die, and we'll still be trapped!

SHERIDAN: The lady's got a point.

PARK: (*to Rusty, indicating Sheridan*) Then stand on his head.

RUSTY: What if he/she dies while I'm standing on him?

PARK: Jump off.

RUSTY: (*to Park*) Boost me up there.

PARK: You can't leave us.

RUSTY: I'm not leaving you! I'm going for help!

PARK: My Mom left for help once. She never came back.

RUSTY: I'm not your mother!

SHERIDAN: Who said you were his mother? This is the nuttiest elevator I've been stuck in all day. (*sneezes*)

RUSTY: (*climbing onto Park's back*) Now just hold still a minute while I ...

SHERIDAN: (*sneezes, bumps into Park, causing Rusty to crash to the floor*) Sorry.

MRS. BAILEY: (*a long beat as she stares at them, then*) I want to announce that I have a hair appointment at three o'clock this afternoon!

RUSTY: (*grabbing the phone again*) Hello! Somebody answer! We need a psychiatrist, quick!

PARK: That's crazy.

COREY: We're moving! The elevator's moving, Mommy! (*crying*) I don't wanna go! I don't wanna go! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!

PARK: It's the bomb. The nuclear bomb jarred us lose!

RUSTY: (*into the phone*) Hello? Now you answer? Now?! Look, I've got an elevator going to 21st floor with a bunch of nuts. Call the cops.

MRS. BAILEY: How dare you!

SHERIDAN: (*sneezes*) Who's wearing the Old Spice?

MRS. BAILEY: Where are you taking us? We're supposed to be at the den ...

COREY: Wah! Wah! Wah!

MRS. BAILEY: Shoe doctor!

SHERIDAN: Your shoe is sick?

PARK: This happened to me once before. I was in an elevator full of crazy people. The elevator got stuck. We called for help but no one answered!

RUSTY: You're kidding!

PARK: Well, not exactly an elevator and we weren't really stuck.



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