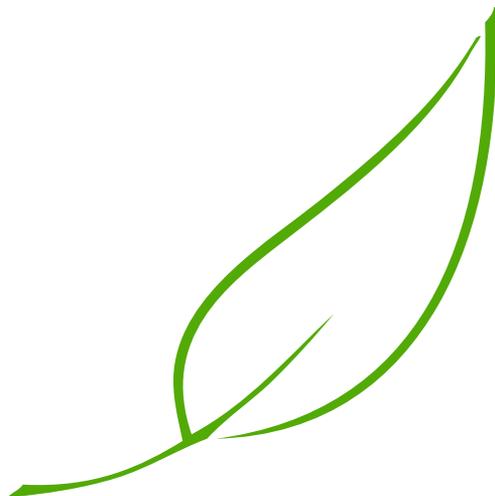


AN HOUR TO IMPACT

by Ken Bradbury
and Robert L. Crowe



GREEN ROOM PRESS

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An Hour to Impact
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CHARACTERS IN ACT I

Narrator
Mills
Daren
Goldwyn
Ford
Foster
Chase
Mary
Stallone
Crystal
Roseanne
Clint
Whoopie
Uta
Hagen
Jack
Jill
(Mother)
Bad Jack
Slick Jack
Good Jill
Chilly Jill
Slappy Jack
Quick Jack
Snappy Jill
Witty Jill
Chow Mein Jill
Emotional Jill
Egg Foo Jack
Cool Jack
Mayfield
Reingold
James

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NARRATOR: Good evening. I have a special treat for you this evening. I'm not going to talk very much. See, we're already a long step toward being friends. We only have an hour .. now you see the clever meaning of the title. We'll make what impact we can. I have invented a new machine. It's a device that records and labels your emotions. That's right. ... you set the timer and the machine registers what you emotions are during that time period. When you laugh ... it goes "blink" ... and registers the emotion, then labels it. You feel sad ... feel envy? It knows. What good is the machine, you say? I'm not sure. Maybe it is just interesting .. and maybe it is clinical. I think you would be surprised how many different emotions you register in just one hour of the day ... or night. Well, hold on ... let me demonstrate. I have enlisted ... at a very low fee ... some players to assist in the experiment. They will portray characters in various situations ... and since you have not purchased clones of my machine, you will have to keep track of your own emotions. Be sure and note how they change. Ever have trouble with a child? I mean ... real trouble. Lots of people do, and if you're one of them ... quit blaming yourself. You only wish you could control what other people do ... but you can't, can you? Our first story this hour is about a boy in trouble ... again. He has finally met his match when he goes to counselor ...

(Ms. Mills is working as Daren enters)

MILLS: Good morning. *(no response)* You're Daren, right? *(nothing)* Look, just have a seat. *(he says nothing, staring a floor ... Ms. Mills very deliberately moves a chair to near him ... nothing)* You want to stand? Fine with me. *(a pause as he smiles to himself and sits, arms crossed)* *(she picks up a note and reads)* Daren Parker ... You went to Bethaldo Middle School? *(nothing)* How old are you Daren? Daren, it won't hurt you to

answer a simple question. (*nothing*) Look, do you want me to leave you alone for a few minutes?

DAREN: Would you come back?

MILLS: Of course. This is my office.

DAREN: Then what's the use?

MILLS: What?

DAREN: If you're just gonna come back, what's the use?

MILLS: (*a pause, then*) How long have you been expelled from Bethaldo?

DAREN: Everything you want to know is on that piece of paper you got in front of you. Are you gonna hassle me with these stupid questions all day? You got a smoke?

MILLS: I want to make sure the information is correct.

DAREN: No, you want to establish a para-mutual relationship, you want to break the ice with some coercive interaction, you want to get an opening paragraph for the psychological profile you're going to have to write after you get hacked off and send me outta here because if you don't, your butt is gonna be in a jam with the Bureau of Children and Family services. You know damned well how long I've been expelled so why don't you stop all the stupid questions.

MILLS: (*a pause, then*) Well, at least you can talk.

DAREN: Do you guys ever come up with something new? The last three shrinks just copied off the idiots before them. "Daren displays anti-social characteristics typical of a wide range of behaviors including explosive temper tantrums, physical aggression, fighting, threats or attempts to hurt others including homicidal thoughts, use of weapons, cruelty toward animals, and intentional destruction of property and vandalism."

MILLS: You forgot the fire setting.

DAREN: I wanted to see if you were awake.

MILLS: You've read all this?

DAREN: Didn't have to. I lived it.

MILLS: Daren, it's my job to ...

DAREN: It's your job to refer me to somebody else and it'll be their job to put me somewhere else and once you go to your boyfriend's apartment tonight and you get a couple of drinks in you, you really won't give a purple kahootie about anything we talk about today. What's he like? Does he blow in your ear? Does that turn you on, Doc?

MILLS: Daren ...

DAREN: I noticed in the phonebook that you're single. What's a matter? Have a little trouble with men? Need to lie down on my couch for a while so I can examine your anti-social behavior? (*she stares at him ... not sure how to proceed*) You know, I'll bet that's the hardest part of your job.

MILLS: What's that?

DAREN: Control. Trying to keep your temper when faced with a little pervert who tries to work your girdle loose. Did you take special classes in that? Or do you just comfort yourself knowin' that this appointment is only scheduled for a half-hour and tomorrow you'll get a check from the state for typing up a report that says what everybody already knows?

MILLS: You're intelligent, aren't you.

DAREN: A stinkin' genius. Just read your report lady.

MILLS: And you've heard it all.

DAREN: Bingo.

MILLS: Fourteen years old.

DAREN: Twenty-seven. I'm a midget. I can't believe they left that out.

MILLS: So ... where do we go from here, Daren?

DAREN: That's good. Try to put the solution in the hands of the patient. Give him ownership of his situation. And use the subject's first name as often as possible. So what's yours?

MILLS: Julie.

DAREN: Cool. Well, Julie, I don't know. I just don't know where we go next. How about Disney World? I've never been there, you know. I don't think I'd be where I am

today if my old lady would have taken me to Disney World. Do you? You think a good shot of Goofy and Minnie and seven-dollar hamburgers might have saved me?

MILLS: You want to talk about your mother?

DAREN: Do you walk up to people on the street and say, "Do you want to talk about your mother?"

MILLS: We don't have to. That's fine. Look Daren, you're a smart kid. Let's talk about options.

DAREN: Yes, Julie. Let's talk about options.

MILLS: You have none. There's not a behavior disorder school, a counseling center in the country that will take you with your record and attitude.

DAREN: Homeless. I think I saw this in a movie.

MILLS: Why do you start fires?

DAREN: I like heat.

MILLS: Why Daren?

DAREN: I like to pee the bed.

MILLS: November 16th, four children critically injured and one dead. (*a pause ...Daren is nonplused*) One child dead, Daren.

DAREN: And have they found arsonist, Miss Mills?

MILLS: (*a beat*) No. But you know who set the fire.

DAREN: Hearsay is inadmissible.

MILLS: You know who set the fire, Daren.

DAREN: (*he rises and goes to the door*) I'm not goin' through this again. (*pulls*) The door's stuck. Hey, lady, you gotta let me out.

MILLS: I've lost the key.

DAREN: (*shouting through the door*) Hey! Somebody unlock the door.

MILLS: You're my last appointment, Daren. They're all gone. Sit down, Daren.

DAREN: Get bent.

MILLS: (*shouting*) Sit down, Daren!

DAREN: You're nuts! You can't do this!

MILLS: Sit down and shut up!

DAREN: Make me!

MILLS: You want to know about the boy who died, Daren?
You want to know about Jeremy? The little blonde kid
who somebody forgot was laying on the bed in the
nurse's office when they cleared the kids from the
building?

DAREN: What're you talkin' about?

MILLS: He was seven, Daren! Two days from his eighth
birthday! You want to know what he liked, Daren? He
liked Spaghetti-o's! He liked double cheese pizza,
Daren! He had a collection of baseball cards that he kept
under his pillow at night and he liked soccer and riding
his bike and singing in the choir. He liked to sneak into
his mommy's room and sleep at the foot of her bed after
she'd gone asleep because he was afraid of the dark and
he knew his mommy could protect him from anything,
Daren! He was a beautiful, loving little boy, Daren! Do
you want to see what he looked like when they found
him? Do you? (*she moves toward her desk*)

DAREN: Hey! Stop it! What ... I mean ... are you ...? Hey,
come on now.

MILLS: I wish you could have met him, Daren.

DAREN: What're you doin' with this case? Do they know that

...

MILLS: He was just about your height.

DAREN: (*jerking on the door*) What's wrong with this stupid
door.

MILLS: Have a seat, Daren.

DAREN: No. You can't do this.

MILLS: (*running to him and throwing him into the chair*) The
hell I can't!

DAREN: Stop it! You're scarin' me! (*he begins to cry*)

MILLS: I wonder if he shouted that too, Daren? I wonder if he
woke up in time to smell the smoke and screamed "Stop
it!""? I wonder if the fumes had burnt his lungs out yet,
Daren? You think he cried, Daren? (*grabbing his head*)
Look at me, Daren! Do you think he cried?

DAREN: (*sobbing*) I ... I don't know ...

MILLS: You think he cried? You think he screamed for help and cried?

DAREN: Please ... I ... please ...

MILLS: What? Please what Daren? Please give you another chance? Please bring him back? Please don't make me cry?

DAREN: (*in agony now, nearly choking on his own sobs*) Please, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry ...

MILLS: (*holding him at arm's length for a moment and looking and what has now become a little boy again ... then, grabbing him and holding him tightly to her chest*)

DAREN: Oh God ... oh God ... oh God ...

MILLS: (*now gently*) Go ahead, Daren. Cry. You've got a chance now. You've finally got a chance.

DAREN: I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

MILLS: Good. That's good.

DAREN: (*a soft beat, then*) Do you hate me?

MILLS: No. No Daren, I don't hate you. And I never had a son.

NARRATOR: Now that's a little heavy ... but so is life sometimes. We'll toss in a couple of those for you this hour, just to keep your attention. Not that your attention should waver during the rest of the show .. but should we make it all fluff, you might have too much fun. This next group I want you to meet is in the "fluff" category. It all started out at the church try outs for the Christmas pageant. What happened was ... well, have a look.

GOLDWYN: (*reading*) "And there were shepherds out in the field, watching their flocks by night." (*to Max, the imaginary produce, sitting on stage*) Okay, you're kidding, right? You want me to make a movie out of this? Max, I know that religion is hot this season, but you've got to give me more than this. A made-for-TV movie? Look, I've shot a few scenes but I gotta be frank. I've got my doubts, Max. I've really got my doubts. You

wanna see ‘em anyway? I’m tellin’ ya, Max, the story line is just too dull. Okay. Okay ... (*shouting up the control booth*) Okay, guys! Roll the Action-Adventure version ... Okay Max, I can see Harrison Ford and Jodie Foster in this ... The Raiders of the Lost Manger! Come on! Roll it!

FORD: Come on, Mary! Could ya hurry up? We gotta make Bethlehem by midnight!

FOSTER: You know Joe, sometimes you’re pain in the donkey. I’m nine months pregnant, okay? Gimme a break!

FORD: Whoa! Look in the sky! It’s movin’! Mary! Close your eyes! Don’t look, Mary! Don’t look!

FOSTER: Put away the bullwhip, Joe. It’s an angel of the Lord.

FORD: Don’t look, Mary! Don’t look!

FOSTER: Too late, Joe. How do you think I got this way?

FORD: It’s the Force, Mary! It’s the Force! Don’t look! Don’t look! Quick, we gotta find a place to hide. Look! It’s a manger! Oh, no! Snakes! I hate snakes!

GOLDWYN: Hold it! Whatsa matter, Max? Look, I told you it wouldn’t work! But I can’t keep it that simple! Okay, you asked for it ... (*shouting to the booth*) Get the Chevy Chase thing ready, guys. Okay, Mary and Joseph are on vacation in the Holy Land when Mary gets pregnant ... Huh? Look, it’s a long trip, okay? Roll the clip, guys! Galilean Vacation, Part One!

CHASE: (*riding his donkey*) Hey kids, here we are in the Holy Land! I mean is this great or what?

MARY: Joe, stop the donkey.

CHASE: But sweetheart, our hotel reservations are for Jerusalem!

MARY: Stop the donkey, Joe!

CHASE: (*pointing*) Look kids! The Mount of Olives! Come on, Mary ... just a few more miles!

MARY: (*screaming*) Joe, I’m gonna pop! Stop this stupid donkey right now.

Girl: You better pull over, Pop.

CHASE: In this jerk-water little town?

MARY: (*groaning*) Don't mention water.

CHASE: Look kids! The Mount of Olives! I wonder if they sell T-shirts?

MARY: That's in Jerusalem, Joe. Get me a hotel ... a truck stop ... a convenience store parking lot ... anything!

CHASE: Look! There's a sign: The No-Room Inn! Mangers Available! I don't know, Mary ... no pool, no cable ... I don't even see an Ice Machine.

MARY: (*screams*) Stop this donkey now!

GOLDWYN: Okay! Cut! Cut! Stop the film. You don't like it, Max? I told you it was a dumb idea. Nobody's gonna go for it ... It's too churchy for the Hollywood crowd and the religious groups will have a fit. Whatta ya say we cut the Mary and Joseph bit ... skip right to the shepherds. I know, keep it simple. Look, I got this great idea ... two guys who've never made a movie together... Billy Crystal and Sylvester Stallone ... The Solid Rock IV. Roll it, guys!

STALLONE: (*sheep noises, then*) Yo! Sheep! Shut up, why don't cha?

CRYSTAL: (*chewing gum rapidly*) Like ... Behold.

STALLONE: Whoa! Who are you? Yo! Sheep! Shaddup already! Can't chu see I'm talkin' to somebody?

CRYSTAL: I'm like ... an angel of the Lord, you know? So ... you wanna get your sheep off my wings? I, ... like ... bring you good tidings of great joy.

STALLONE: Oh. What's dat mean?

CRYSTAL: It's a baby, man. A baby... born this night in the city of Bethlehem. He's gonna be the next champ.

STALLONE: (to the sheep) Would ya shaddup with with noise already? I'm talkin' to a person here! Yo! Woolie! (*picks up a sheep and clobbers it*) Whadda ya mean, the next champ?

CRYSTAL: The undisputed heavy weight champion of the world, Dude. Undefeated.

STALLONE: Ya think he'd give me a break? (*begins shadow-boxing*) I still got the moves! I'm tellin' ya, I still got the

moves! You see what I did to that sheep? Here... watch this... *(begins to pick up another sheep)*

CRYSTAL: Hey! Hey! Easy with the mutton, Jeff. This guy's gonna give everybody a break!

STALLONE: No kiddin'?!

CRYSTAL: I ain't kiddin', kid. Get a match with this guy and you could be a contender. *(to the audience as Rocky begins running in place and punching the air shouting "I can do it! I can do it!")* I coulda been hostin' the awards in Jerusalem tonight, but no ... I had to come see this jerk. *(to Stallone)* Okay, you'll like find the babe wrapped in swaddlin' clothes and lyin' in a manger.

STALLONE: Yo! I can feel it already! Look, you wanna watch the sheep? I gotta go tell my wife. *(shouting)* Adrienne!!!!

GOLDWYN: *(long stare at Max, then)* Whatsa matter, Max? You got that sick look on your face ... like when you said "Nobody could make a movie out of the Titanic." Look, maybe what we need is more the human approach ... This is simpler, really. No, listen. This other stuff just isn't down to earth enough. Take a look at this ... it came to me one night watchin' a talk show ... Okay, now feature this: Clint Eastwood and Roseanne! And to boost the ratings, Whoopie Goldberg as the angel! Don't look at me that way, Max. Remember Titanic. Okay guys, roll the film! Sleepless in Bethlehem!

ROSEANNE: *(screaming)* Joe, you big ugly carpenter! Get your butt over here!

CLINT: Mary, Mary, Mary. How many times have I gotta tell ya? Keep it down.

ROSEANNE: *(shouting)* Keep it down? Keep it down?! You try havin' a kid with a cow's rump in your face! At least when he grows up and the other kids say, "Hey! You born in a barn?" he can say, "Yeh! What of it?"

CLINT: Mary, Mary, Mary. Quiet honey. You're scarin' the sheep.

ROSEANNE: The Sheep?!! Like I care about the stinkin' sheep! And who's the dame with the wings?

WHOOPIE: Yo! Mary! What's up, chile?

ROSEANNE: What is this, the Jerry Springer Show? And stop flappin' in my face!

WHOOPIE: Easy honey, For unto you a child will be born and He will be called Wonderful, Counselor.

ROSEANNE: That's a name? That's a law firm, lady. I'm layin' here like a tick about to pop and you're tellin' me I'm gonna have a baby?

WHOOPIE: Blessed are you among women, honey.

ROSEANNE: Yeh, blessed ... right ... I feel blessed. Joe, get rid of the angel. Go ahead, make my day.

CLINT: Oh, Mary, Mary, Mary.

WHOOPIE: And I've got some company for you, chile. Three Wise Dudes from the East ...

ROSEANNE: What is this, a Tupperware party? (*she's hit by a sudden and excruciating pain*) Oh---My---Gosh! It's happenin'! It's happenin' Joe!

CLINT: Oh, Mary, Mary, Mary.

ROSEANNE: Don't just stand there, you idiot! This ain't no root canal!

WHOOPIE: Come on honey, push! (*singing*) "I will follow Him ..."

ROSEANNE: I am goin' crazy!

GOLDWYN: Okay, Max! Okay! I get the idea! Look, I've tried everything I can think of to juice this story up! How about a Star Wars epic: The Phantom Manger!? No? Okay, listen to this ... Eddie Murphy in "Beverly Hills Savior." Look Max, I give up! Whatta you want? Just what do you want? (*he speaks, then*) Huh? A simple story ... just the facts? Are you crazy, Max? You think people are gonna go for that? I mean like it'll just change the world, right? A baby in a manger who just happens to change the world. Right. You're the boss, Max. But don't come whinin' to me if it's the biggest mistake we ever made. Look, would you consider John

Travolta and and Carol Burnette in Sunday Night Fever?
Right, Max. Right. Keep it simple.

NARRATOR: I went to a private boarding school in London .. that's in England, for those of you who don't get out much ... It was the Whitton School in West Oxfordshire. You see, I'm very well educated. Oh, pay no attention to the way I talk, or write, or think. Regardless of all that, I have a fine education from the Whitton School. The story you are about to see is true ... or at least, it is the story that James told to me ... and we will tell to you.. Oh, don't worry. He didn't make me promise not to tell.

(the scene is the office of Betrand Mayfield)

MAYFIELD: Mr. Reingold? Is there a problem?

REINGOLD: If I could have a moment of your time, sir.

MAYFIELD: What is it?

REINGOLD: The Peterson boy, sir. I've quite run out of options. I'm sorry to bother you with this again, but ...

MAYFIELD: Is he out there?

REINGOLD: I cannot abide having him in my classroom another day, sir.

MAYFIELD: He's hard, isn't he? He was brought to us a filthy pile of rags, Reingold. Deserted by his mother ... We are the last stop, Sir. There are no other options for the boy. If he cannot succeed at Whitton then there's nothing but the workhouse for him. You know that, Sir.

REINGOLD: Sir, I am as compassionate as the next man, but ... well, I simply cannot abide him any longer.

MAYFIELD: Bring him in. Bring him to me.

REINGOLD: James! James, come in here.

JAMES: (*enters, defiant and smiling*)

MAYFIELD: What has he done, Mr. Reingold?

REINGOLD: James has been a continuing source of annoyance, sir, since the day he entered my classroom. And today ... today, Mr. Mayfield he attacked young Wilson on the playground.

MAYFIELD: Fights are commonplace, Sir.

REINGOLD: Peterson bashed young Wilson's head against the concrete abutment, sir. Repeatedly, sir. The boy was screaming for mercy but James would not relent. He lies in the infirmary in grave condition. It was a murderous act, Sir. Murderous.

MAYFIELD: And what have you to say for yourself, Mr. Peterson?

JAMES: 'E deserved it.

MAYFIELD: How so?

JAMES: 'E looked at me kind of queer, you know what I mean? One them stupid looks that he 'ad no business in' lookin'. He was bloody stupid to do it and I walloped him. Simple as that.

MAYFIELD: Simple as that ... And you realize that the boy may die. That this whole matter may be taken out of our hands by the authorities. You are not too young to stand trial young man.

JAMES: Yeh, and I'll whip the judge's bloody arse, too. And yours too if I'm of a mind.

REINGOLD: Mind your tongue, Sir!

JAMES: Oh biff off, guvnor. I've 'andled the likes of you whilst 'alf a sleep. And what'll ya do, beat me? Want to beat me bloody, is that it? 'At's 'ow we 'andle 'em ain't, it? Them who beats gets beat! Oh, it's fine system you got 'ere, guvner! Make me a bloody gentlemen!

Beat me 'ead 'til it bloody falls off and down the road! Make me a puffed up 'ypocrite like the likes of you fine horse faces! Show me 'ow to behave, guvner! I'm ready! Beat on, master! Beat on! Or 'ere now! 'Ow's about I drop my drawers for ya? 'Ere! Want a bit of fresh meat to whack about? Makes you a bit jolly, does it? Whackin' away at a young lad's bum?

REINGOLD: You'll stop that talk immediately, Peterson! Master Mayfield is the most respected ...

JAMES: What? Most respected what, Sir? 'Orse's rear? Now that one I'll buy in a minute. Or how about a fop? A dandy? Or 'ow about a bloody ignoramus!? 'Ow about a bleedin' idiot!

REINGOLD: (*raising his hand to strike James*) I'll thrash him, Sir! I beat him within an inch ...!

MAYFIELD: Hold! Hold, Reingold! Do not hit the boy!

REINGOLD: But Sir, you cannot ...

MAYFIELD: Bring me the belt, Reingold. You'll find it behind the door. There are two there, Sir. I'll be wanting the large one.

JAMES: Oh that's it, Sir! So much for civility. Tea parties over now is it? If I could give you a bit of a suggestion, Sir, at the last school they used wire ... rusty it was, too. Right against my back. 'Course that was St. Margaret's Christian Academy for Young Gentlemen so I suppose it 'twas mixed with their bloody crucifixion rituals. Shall I stand upright with arms like the Jesus bloke or shall I just bend over a bit and let me act as your mirror?

REINGOLD: *(handing him the belt)* Thrash him,
Sir! By God this is blasphemy! Thrash him
hard!

JAMES: "By God this is blasphemy." Could I write
that down, Sir? Sometimes after a really
sound beatin' I 'ave trouble recallin' all the
juicy bits.

REINGOLD: I'll beat him myself!

MAYFIELD: Give me the belt, Reingold.

JAMES: Oh ... a muggin' by the Head Master
hisself. Sir, I'm honored. I only wish I had a
farthing to pay you for such a grand and
noble gesture.

MAYFIELD: Grace.

JAMES: Uh ... What's that, Sir?

MAYFIELD: The world has beaten you beyond any
feeble attempts of mine, young man. You
know the meaning of hate ... and of
retribution and vengeance ... I think it's time
someone taught you grace. Reingold, take
the belt. *(he hands Reingold the belt and
begins to roll up his own sleeves)* Here. On
my hands.

REINGOLD: Sir, what are you ...?

MAYFIELD: On my hands, Reingold. MY hands.

JAMES: 'Ere now ... what's this?

MAYFIELD: How many lashes would you assign to
this crime, James?

JAMES: What ... what're you talking about?

MAYFIELD: Very well. I shall say ... Ten. Ten
lashes, Reingold. And lay on with all your
strength.

REINGOLD: Sir, I cannot ...

MAYFIELD: *(screaming)* Lay on, Reingold! James!
You will count!

JAMES: What're you doing?

MAYFIELD: Count James! Count or Reingold
shall not stop! Reingold, be at it! Now!
Now man! Strike me now!

(he flinches and screams in pain)

JAMES: No!

MAYFIELD: Count, James! Count or the beating
will not stop!

(again he cries out)

JAMES: Stop it! Stop it!

MAYFIELD: Count James!

(a scream as he's hit again)

JAMES: *(screaming)* One!

MAYFIELD: Count James! Count the strokes!

(another blow)

JAMES Two! *(he flinches as Mayfield is hit again)*

Three! *(now in tears, pleading, begging)*

Please Sir! No! *(again Mayfield is struck)*

Four! Five! Six!

MAYFIELD: Don't stop, Reingold! Ten! We must
have.. . . *(and he screams again)*

JAMES: Seven! Eight! Oh dear God, Sir, no!

Nine!

MAYFIELD: *(a final scream of pain)*

JAMES: *(nearly collapsing ... sobbing)* Ten... Ten...
Ten, Sir.

MAYFIELD: *(catching his breath, painfully rolling
his sleeves back down)*

Grace, James. Grace.

(James collapses, sobbing, into his arms)

*a man comes walking out on stage. He delivers this to an
imaginary dog.)*

Hee-Yah! *(a yell)*

Hey You! Hey, you no-good Mountain Dog!

Where you hidin' now from me, you low-count, no-good
Mountain Dog!

Get out from under there and, no, I ain't got gravey now ...
It's time we chatted, you and me, and maybe set things straight
somehow.

And don't start off your whinin' here, It ain't no use to slicker
me ...
'Cause I'm about as tired of you, as Mountain Dog, you are of
me.

Remember when I found you ...
Think real hard now, Mountain Dog ...
Remember when I seen you limp'in' down that trail, your tail
tucked 'tween your legs ...
Just a pup, I picked you up and took you home for company.
You remember now, you cur? You low-downed mangy thing?
That strike a memory in your head, you no-good, flop-eared,
Mountain Dog?

Then you growed up ... don't growl at me! ... and thought you's
quite a dog!
You found yourself a doggie-gal ... Hey, look at me, you
Mountain Dog!
You chased that bitch 'cross fifteen miles of hallows, hills, and
hollers.
You ran off seven years of fat and lost your brand new collar.
You remember now, you cur? You low-downed mangy thing?
That strike a memory in your head, you no-good, flop-eared,
Mountain Dog?
You stink-faced, slack-skinned, long-tailed heathen!
Pea-brained cousin of a skunk and uncle to a buzzard!

Then it's me that's left to raise them eight black pups all winter.
It's me that's left to hear 'em howl, while you run loose, you
sinner!

Then you heard the Preacher say that dogs don't go to heaven

...

Remember how you moped all day ... you no-good Mountain Dog?

You yelped all night repentin' to the Lord that you was born a hound.

You kept me up 'til almost dawn ... and then become a Baptist!
Now don't you think that Jesus needs a poor old mountain hound?

That even God Almighty smiles when He hears that coon-hunt sound?

But here's the jist of what I want to tell you, listen up.

I've raised you, fed you, washed you, lost you all night long and looked!

I've spent your stinkin' entire life a raisin' you, you see.

Now tell me, hound dog, just for fun, what you've done for me?

There's times I'd like to kill you and I almost thought I would!
You've made me mad enough to spit, you no-good Mountain hound!

The times you dragged a possum, two-days dead and stinkin' high, into the house while I was gone ... You flop-eared Mountain Dog!

Or stumblin' out at midnight when nature called my name,
I hit the porch to get relieved and tripped on your old frame?
A-sendin' me into the bush, my longjohns 'round my neck,
With things a stickin' into me in places I can't get.

You no-good, slack-jawed, flop-eared mutt! You onrey, one-eyed whelp!

I'm half a mind to shoot you now and send your soul to hell!
You've caused more trouble than you're worth and listen now,
I'd do it!

But even Satan, damn his soul, don't deserve a hound like you!

(a look at the dog)

Don't give me that ... I know that look ... Don't stare that way at me!

Here! I can do it back at you!

(gives a sad-eyed dog face to the dog, then another, then another) See!

No! This is it! I've had my say! Answer if you want ...

But I'm as much as done with you ... So answer mighty quick now.

(he waits) That's it? That's all? You'll say no more than sit there now and whine?

My gun's all tore apart right now, but just you give me time.

A man ought not to spend his life a carin' for a dog ...'specially one the likes of you, youno-good Mountain Hound.

A man's got other things to stike his pleasure ... dances, women, long walks on

September nights on Mountains ... nearly heaven.

But while the world gets pleased by the joys of kith and kin ...

I got you, you no-good, worthless, sorry sack of sin!

Your legs don't work, you're nearly blind, you can't hear less than thunder.

Your tail's a laugh, your nose is bent, your feet are plumb turned under!

Your teeth are ground down to the gum, your disposition's awful ...

You cough all night like Grandma Jakes ... Can't even hold your water!

Now you tell me ... I'm right here ... just why I ought to keep ya

...

Ya no-good, flop-eared, bucket-brained contraption ... I don't need ya!

You cost me dear, you sleep all day, you keep me up all night ...

You take my chair and give me fits (*reacts to dog*) ... Hey!

Don't you try to bite!

Just take your chewin' like a man ... or like a dog ... whatever ...

You no-good, flop-eared Mountain Hound ... I seen that!

Well, ain't you got a thing to say? ... Don't give that look to me!

I said, "Now quit it!" You can't change my mind again
just like you've done before.

Hey!

Stop it!

You stop it, now I say!

I'll turn my head! I just won't look ... I ... (*crumbles*) Don't you
start to whine.

I just turned deaf! Can't hear a thing! (*listens, then again
succumbs*)

No ... Not again this time!

Don't you know I'm 'bout to kick your butt up 'round your
neck?

Can't you hear me threatenin' you, you no-good Hound Dog?

(*pause*)

(*sighing*) Heck.

(*makes several faces back at the dog & whines at him*)

Why can't I win the simplest things? Like cards ... or dice ... or
love ...

How come I'm sittin' here tonight ... a-talkin' to a dog?

A mangy dog! A lazy dog! A dog with less than brains?

A dog's that's nearly dead himself ... whose dumb, and slow,
and lame?

You no-good, flop-eared, one-eyed thief! You worthless, lazy
shoat!

You've stole my food, you've stole my time, you've stole my
sense! I know t!

(*looks at dog long a hard, first angry, then melting*)

Well ... come inside ... Don't stand out there ... It looks like rain's a-comin'.

There's nothin' smells like wet hound dog ... Let's go and have some supper.

Yeh ... you eat first ... you always do ... Never could just wait.

If I was less man than I am, I'd have you on my plate.

Yeh ... whimper ... yeh, I hear ya. Go on and make your sound.

(under his breath)

You no-good, flop-eared, one-eyed thief ... You sorry Mountain Hound.

(he exits)

NARRATOR: There are truths in life ... and I won't go into all of them, but there's a bunch that goes something like: "One man's junk is another man's treasure." There are jobs that some people want to avoid, and other people covet. Like slinging hamburgers for example. There are a LOT of people who work at MacDonal'd's, Hardees, Burger King ... and love it. To others it's a job to be avoided at all cost. Our hero ... well, you judge the hero title for yourself ... the lead in the next scene is one of those who thinks working at MacDonal'd's is a fate worse than death ... and he may end up there. At the moment, he's a baby sitter. Watch ...

HAGEN: *(entering)* Whatta ya mean you're tired of the story?

UTA: You tell me the same story every night before bedtime and I'm sick of it.

HAGEN: Look, you want the truth? "Jack and Jill" is the only story I know.

UTA: It's boring. It's getting old and it's really boring. Come up with somethin' else or I'll ask Mommy to get a new babysitter.

HAGEN: Look kid, I need this job. It's this or McDonalds.

UTA: Go flip burgers.

HAGEN: Look, I'll make it a play, okay?

UTA: Wake me when it's over.

HAGEN: (*as Hagen speaks, Jack and Jill enter hand-in-hand, skipping, in knee britches and frilly dress and act out everything that's spoken*) Jack and Jill ... went up the hill (*they do*) ... to fetch a pail of water. (*they do*) Jack fell down ... (*plop*) ... and broke his crown ... (*bang*) ... and Jill came tumbling after. (*Hagen looks at the bruised pair in disgust, then*)

UTA: That stinks.

JACK AND JILL: Hey!

UTA: The same old boring story.

JACK: (*as he exits with Jill, disgusted*) I broke my stupid crown for nothin'.

UTA: What you need is a twist.

HAGEN: Huh?

UTA: Jazz it up. Some variety ... Like a melodrama! (*melodramatic music comes in under*) Jack the Ripper! (*a villainous "Jack" jumps onto the stage complete with cape, evil mustache, etc.*) And poor innocent Jill! (*A beautifully frilly and unusually naïve Jill enters, all a-flutter*)

BAD JACK: Come here, my pretty! Climb the hill with me, my dear!

GOOD JILL: Oh, whatever could he want?

BAD JACK: You. The hill. Climb. Now!

GOOD JILL: He does seem to be a good sort. But what will I tell dear mummy?

BAD JACK: Tell her to get her own hill! Let's go!

GOOD JILL: Yes! Yes, I shall climb!

BAD JACK: We shall climb!

GOOD JILL: We shall climb!

BAD JACK: We shall climb!

UTA: So climb!

GOOD JILL: (*they climb together ... then she stops*) But why are we climbing?

BAD JACK: To fetch a pail of water!

GOOD JILL: But the water is always at the bottom of the hill!

BAD JACK: (*imitating her in disbelief*) “But the water is always at the ...” Climb sister, or I’ll eat your mortgage!

GOOD JILL: I think you mean to do me harm!

BAD JACK: Well, duh!

GOOD JILL: Oh, evil man! (*she knocks him rolling down the hill*)

UTA: That’s it? That’s the best you can do?

BAD JACK: I only had fifteen minutes to put the move on her. If this’d been a longer presentation ... she’d be mine. (*the two melodramaticans exit*)

UTA: This stinks.

HAGEN: Look kid ...!

UTA: I want somethin’ funny! Tell me a funny story or I’m gonna tell mommy!

HAGEN: All right! All right! Look, you want funny ... how about Vaudeville!

(*Vaudeville music begins as Slappy Jack and Snappy Jill enter*)

SLAPPY JACK: Whoa! I mean the traffic comin’ up the hill was really awful today!

SNAPPY JILL: The traffic was awful!

SLAPPY JACK: Yeh! Bumper to bumper!

SNAPPY JILL: Bumper to bumper!

SLAPPY JACK: Yeh! When I pushed in my cigarette lighter ...

SNAPPY JILL: When you pushed in your cigarette lighter ...

SLAPPY JACK: The lady in the car ahead of me went ... “Wheee!”

Say Jill, whatta you say we climb that hill?

SNAPPY JILL: Sorry, Jack, but there’s something I gotta get off my chest.

SLAPPY JACK: What’s that?

SNAPPY JILL: Your eyes! (*slaps him*)

SLAPPY JACK: You know Jill, I don’t think our marriage is working.

SNAPPY JILL: Really?

SLAPPY JACK: Yeh, you used to let me hug and kiss you all the time. Now you’ve cut me down to twice a week.



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