

Name of Play

A full-length play

By Your Name here

Contact:
Your Name
Address
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<< OR >>

Represented by:
Mary Agent
The Mary Agency
123 Main Street
Anytown, USA 11111

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BOB, an elderly doctor

SUE, a young professor

JOHN, a brilliant student

MARY, a successful attorney

SETTINGS

Bob's office

Sue's classroom

John's kitchen

Mary's back yard

PRODUCTION NOTES

Time and place information goes here, along with anything else that will help the reader understand the script.

Production notes go here.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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SCENE 1

Evening. The cramped dormitory room of AVERY THOMPSON, a quietly blossoming twenty-one year old.

THOMPSON sits at a table with MICHAEL CRAWFORD, who is also twenty-one. They wear nearly identical blue jeans and black T-shirts. Empty beer bottles litter the room.

CRAWFORD holds a deck of cards in his hands.

CRAWFORD

You want hit, Thompson?

THOMPSON

Yeah, hit me.

(CRAWFORD flips over a card)

CRAWFORD

King. Twenty-three. You're bust, punk.

(THOMPSON takes a pull from a beer)

CRAWFORD (CONT)

And I'm going to stay. So that means I win the hand. Drink again.

(He takes another drink and wipes his mouth as CRAWFORD collects the cards and begins shuffling)

THOMPSON

Where are you working tomorrow, Crawford? Germany? Or have you started working the U.K. desk?

CRAWFORD

Nah, I'm forecasting for Germany. Spangdahlem and Ramstein.

THOMPSON

I'd rather work in the U.K.

CRAWFORD

Dude, Germany is the shit. We got model data. Radar. Decent satellite.

(THOMPSON begins peeling the label
off his beer)

THOMPSON

Yeah. I guess so.

CRAWFORD

At least I don't have to rely on some P.O.S sensor to tell me what's going on. I just walk outside and look.

THOMPSON

I'd rather forecast for Greece.

(CRAWFORD deals)

CRAWFORD

That's because you guys put out forecasts for, like, ten sheep and a NATO guy named Abdul.

THOMPSON

There are some ships at Souda Bay.

CRAWFORD

And what do you have to forecast - a sea breeze?

(THOMPSON looks at his cards)

THOMPSON

Sometimes. Sometimes there's other stuff.

CRAWFORD

You want hit?

THOMPSON

Yeah, hit me.

(CRAWFORD flips a card)

CRAWFORD

Four of diamonds. You gonna stay?

THOMPSON

No. Hit me.

CRAWFORD

I hope you get piss drunk and start crying again. Absolutely hysterical.

THOMPSON

I cried?

CRAWFORD

(laughing)

You bawled. And then...

(gestures to the bathroom door)

You pissed on the toilet seat.

THOMPSON

Did Burdock tell you that?

CRAWFORD

He wouldn't shut up about it.

THOMPSON

He's a tattle-tail.

CRAWFORD

Man, listening to him talk about the stupid shit you do is the only way I make it through my shift.

THOMPSON

I wish he'd find someone else to talk about.

CRAWFORD

Maybe he's got a hard-on for you.

THOMPSON

He's Jesus's first cousin. It's not possible.

CRAWFORD

He probably beats it to your picture.

THOMPSON

Go look in our shower. He only uses a bar of Dial soap to wash himself. No washcloth. No loofah. No shampoo or conditioner. Just an orange bar of Dial soap - he's a monk in training.

CRAWFORD

Are you going to drink?

(THOMPSON takes a small drink and
wipes his mouth)

THOMPSON

He gives me sermons every time he sees me drunk. Asks me these deep, philosophical questions.

(he peels the label off his
beer)

And I'm standing there, just ripped, and --

CRAWFORD

(pointing to the label)

Stop doing that.

THOMPSON

Sorry.

CRAWFORD

You sound like a pussy when you apologize. Don't do it. And man up. You know, if you just told Burdock to go screw himself, he wouldn't mess with you.

THOMPSON

Yeah.

CRAWFORD

I'd punch him in the face if he said that crap to me.

THOMPSON

I don't think he means anything by it. He just --

CRAWFORD

Stop talking. Are you going to hit again?

THOMPSON

One more under twenty-one and I automatically win. Hit me.

CRAWFORD

You'll never get it.

(flipping over a card)

Boom! Ten of clubs. You're bust. Drink again, biatch.

(THOMPSON throws back his beer,
drinks for a second and starts to
lower it from his lips)

CRAWFORD

No, no, no. Keep going. Aim high, Airman Thompson.

(THOMPSON begins drinking again)

CRAWFORD

One more second... Higher.

(THOMPSON slams the bottle down)

THOMPSON

Put that on my performance report!

CRAWFORD

I'd give you a three, maybe a three and a half.

THOMPSON

Straight fives! All the way across the board.

CRAWFORD

Hysterical. You're going to be absolutely hysterical.

THOMPSON

Maybe.

CRAWFORD

Like this room...

(gestures to the boxes)

And those boxes. What the hell you got in those? Christmas decorations?

(THOMPSON opens another beer)

THOMPSON

Are you going to hit?

CRAWFORD

Who are those from? Eugene Thompson? Your Pops sent this to you?

THOMPSON

Yeah. Are you going to hit?

CRAWFORD

I'm staying.

(THOMPSON begins peeling the label off again)

THOMPSON

What's the weather gonna do tonight?

CRAWFORD

Do I look like I'm at work?

(He pulls the label off)

THOMPSON

No, but I thought you'd at least have an idea.

CRAWFORD

What is that? A Maryland thing? A college thing?

THOMPSON

Just a me thing. Nobody peels labels off in Michigan?

CRAWFORD

No. Nobody does. Because it's weird. And irritating.

THOMPSON

OK.

CRAWFORD

And drink again. You lost the hand.

(THOMPSON takes a drink and
CRAWFORD collects the cards)

THOMPSON

Have you heard any more from your family about your sister?

CRAWFORD

God, you know how to ruin a card game, you know that?

THOMPSON

Sorry, I --

CRAWFORD

I told you to stop apologizing.

THOMPSON

How is she? The last time you said anything she was recovering from the surgery on her kidneys and --

CRAWFORD

She's dead.

THOMPSON

WHAT?

CRAWFORD

No, not really. But you're bumming me the hell out. Shut up about *my sister*.

THOMPSON

I'm sorry --

CRAWFORD

Jesus! It's one damn apology after the next.

THOMPSON

No, you're right -- I didn't mean to -- which isn't to say that I'm...

(he drops his head)

So... The weather tomorrow?

(CRAWFORD shuffles)

CRAWFORD

It's going to be mostly cloudy with a thirty percent chance of let's play cards and never talk about weather ever again.

THOMPSON

I guess it doesn't matter.

CRAWFORD

No, it doesn't. We're the only damn people on base who have to work harder because of bad weather. And you should know that after being here for a year.

(CRAWFORD deals the cards)

THOMPSON

I hope it's clear out.

CRAWFORD

Damnit. Seriously?

THOMPSON

I just don't want there to be clouds.

CRAWFORD

There are always clouds. Every damn place in the world has clouds.

THOMPSON

Do you ever look at them anymore?

CRAWFORD

At what?

THOMPSON

The clouds.

CRAWFORD

Oh my God.

THOMPSON

Come on. Answer it. Humor me, just this once. I'll never ask again. I promise.

CRAWFORD

Fine. No, I never look at the clouds anymore.

THOMPSON

Me neither. But I used to. I remember staring out at the cloud tops when I was on the flight from BWI to San Antonio for basic. It was night and they were silvery on top - towering cumulus, actually, in Missouri, I think. But back then, sitting there in that window seat, I couldn't wait to become a weather forecaster. To become this --

CRAWFORD

Will you shut up already?

THOMPSON

I just -- I think it's sad that we don't look at the clouds anymore, don't you?

CRAWFORD

If you're not going to drink, I'm going to go somewhere else. You're depressing me.

THOMPSON

Please. Don't do that. Hang out for a little while longer. I won't say anything else.

CRAWFORD

You better not. Want hit again?

THOMPSON

(without looking)

Yeah. Hit me.

(THOMPSON begins peeling the label off his beer and the lights slowly fade out)

SCENE 2

Morning. Two days later. In the office of the Commander.

MAJOR ROBINSON, the Commander, sits behind an official looking desk, busily writing. He wears BDU fatigues.

TECHNICAL SERGEANT PAULSEN, a career man with the build of a bear, KNOCKS on the door. He has on his dress blues.

ROBINSON

Enter.

PAULSEN

We're almost ready, Sir. Just waiting on Airman Thompson to get out of the head.

ROBINSON

The head? I didn't know you worked with the Navy, Sergeant Paulsen.

PAULSEN

(half smiling)

My apologies, Sir. Airman Thompson is in the rest room.

ROBINSON

We have a minute, then?

PAULSEN

I believe so.

ROBINSON

Have you reviewed reporting procedures with Airman Thompson?

PAULSEN

Yes, Sir. Absolutely.