

From An Unspeakable Triumph of Supreme Brilliance

By Don Zolidis

BOB, 40s-50s, overweight. BOB is trapped on stage during a performance a play – everyone has forgotten their entrances and he decides to wing it.

BOB

Bye.

(Pause. BOB sits there.)

(Nothing happens.)

(Nothing happens.)

BOB

So um... Uhhhhhh... Just sitting here waiting – just *sitting* here waiting...

(he looks offstage to where AUDREY entered)

Just sitting here wondering who might rescue me...

(Pause.)

BOB

Um... so I guess this would be the time that I start talking to myself. You know what's funny is uh... I've been working on my own show.

(He wriggles his hands free, starts taking off his socks.)

(He puts both socks on his hands and then gets behind his chair.)

BOB

June 6th, 1944. Omaha Beach.

(Left sock, with New York accent)

I'm nervous Captain!

(Right sock with southern accent.)

I don't want no whining, Pakowksi – we make this beach, we got the Krauts on the run!

(Left sock, with New York accent)

Sir, yes sir!

(BOB begins making sound effects of the boat beaching at shore)

(strafing gunfire)

(BOOM! BOOM!)

(right sock)

Come on soldier!

(BOOM! BOOM! Machine guns.)

(Left sock)

Aaaaaaaah! I'm hit! I'm hit!

(He mimes blood spurting out of the left sock)

(Right sock, grabbing left sock)
Nooooo! You bastards! Nooooo!
(Left sock)
Let me die here!
(Right sock)
I'm not leaving you behind soldier.
(left sock, dying and gasping for breath)
Captain if I don't make it out of this – go back to Brooklyn for me, tell Mary I love her.
(right sock)
You're not gonna die soldier!
(BOOM! BOOM! Machine Guns!)
(Right sock gets up and moves in slow motion)
NOOOOOOOO!
(Right sock is hit with a mortar and dies in slow motion horribly.)
Aaaahahahgghghghg!
(NARRATOR voice.)
Meanwhile, on another landing craft.. Private Jeremiah Speeder waits to land.
(He gets the socks back on)
(left sock – Jeremiah)
It's a slaughter out there!

To read the rest of this play, visit www.playscripts.com