

From Bad Ideas for Bad Television Shows

By Don Zolidis

ELLEN, 20ish

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So on my way here – I’m waiting for the bus, right? And this guy drives by and he honks at me. And he’s like ‘hey you got a nice figure!’ Except he didn’t say figure I’m not gonna repeat what he said cause I’m like a lady, right? So I’m like “HEY! WHY DON’T YOU DRIVE OFF A CLIFF YOU SCUM-SUCKING PIECE OF TRASH!” You know, real lady-like, right? I don’t use bad language. Cause I’m demure. I got standards. So he stops. He puts his car in reverse – middle a traffic, he starts backing up – and I’m like “HEY! MORON! THIS AIN’T MAKING YOU MORE ATTRACTIVE!” He’s like “What’s your problem you don’t like people?” “I don’t like you!” “You don’t know me. You know what your problem is?” “I don’t need you to tell me what my problem is!” “You got a closed heart. You’re not open to love.” “Go home and die!” “That’s what I’m talking about!” So you know what he does? Gets out of his car starts crossing three lanes of traffic. “I don’t even know you and I’m willing to risk my life to get your numbah!” “I’m not giving you my numbah!” “Give me your numbah!” “Nooo!” So he starts walking across traffic, right? Bam. Semi-truck hits him.

To read the rest of this play, email me at donzolidis@gmail.com