

“5 SCRIPTS FOR 50 WAYS”

5 PLAYS IN 5 MINUTES

BY SAM GRABER

CAPITAL FRINGE 2018 – UPDATE, 04182018

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## **SYNOPSIS – 5 SCRIPTS FOR 50 WAYS**

5 unique scripts for Capital Fringe 2018, each script independent and separate from each other.

## **CHARACTERS (3M/3F)**

For Capital Fringe casting of 3M/3F ranging 20s-30s, 30s-40s and 50s-60s.

All roles are considered open race.

Gender can also be considered open, based on casting need and human logistic limitations within the collective 50 script show order.

## **TIME**

Now.

## **PLACE**

Some places unique for DC Metro audiences.

## **RUN TIME**

All five scripts run a combined 5 estimated minutes, with some scripts 90 seconds and some 30 sec.

## **THE STAGE**

A church venue, minimal lighting and set needed. Some props required.

**BLANKIE.**

*ELEANOR, 8 years old, with her blankie.*

ELEANOR

So I love you.

Cuz I've had you forever.

Since eight years ago when I was born.

Eight years is a really long time to have something.

But Dad says we're moving and I hate Dad cuz we're moving and also cuz I just hate Dad cuz he says we have to pack things away for good cuz it's a smaller house...

But really cuz I'm a grown up older girl now.

Like second grade.

You know?

But no matter where I've gone you've always been there.

Every night when we go to sleep. And the car rides and the airplanes and the sick times and the hospital.

But when you grow up to second grade...and you have to move...

I have to pack you away.

And I'm not sure at the new house I'll unpack you.

But maybe someday. When I'm older. I'll say hi again.

I can always say hi again.

Cuz the future's always there.

So if my breath gets kinda raspy and my eyes get kinda moisty and my body gets really hurty...

I'm so sorry.

ELEANOR [CONT.]

Please remember how much I loved you.

Please don't be mad.

Goodbye.

**END OF PLAY.**

**GOODBYE, GOD.**

*A woman, 60s.*

*She stands before a trash can.*

*She opens the trash can.*

*She removes from her purse, or pocket, a picture of a human face.*

*She holds the picture carefully, stares at it, wincing at the sight, almost unable to look at it in full, the face wounding her.*

*She then brings the picture to her heart, holding it there for a beat, caressing it.*

*She then unclasps from her neck a chain, long and golden.*

*We see at the bottom of the chain is a cross.*

*She holds the cross over the trashcan, a fierce look, sickened and angry, hands trembling.*

*She lets go of the cross and it falls into the trashcan.*

*She closes the trashcan.*

*Holding the picture, she goes to off.*

**END OF PLAY.**

**SIMON & GARFUNKEL.**

*PAUL and ART, two young men, late 20s.  
Both men are dressed very 1970.*

*PAUL has an acoustic guitar. ART holds a  
microphone.*

*PAUL is shorter than ART.*

ART

Alright, Paul.

PAUL

Yes, Art.

ART

So. This is it then.

PAUL

Pretty much.

ART

And you think you can make it without me.

PAUL

It's my songwriting.

ART

And my voice.

PAUL

And my guitar.

ART

And my...

PAUL

I'm sorry. But not really.

*ART slinks to off.*

**END OF PLAY.**

## **COWBOYS.**

*DERRICK and G, two men, 30s.*

*They both stare at a TV screen, a fixed location. G seated, DERRICK animated.*

DERRICK

C'mon man c'mon motherfucker you got this WE GOT THIS right here!

G

37 yards.

DERRICK

Chip shot motherfucking chip shot to win it last second field goal right here to win it!

G

37 yards.

DERRICK

It's going in bitch right through the goalposts and we gonna win this one we finally gonna win this one RIGHT HERE BOOM!

*DERRICK and G stare, their bodies rigid, then deflated, the moment says it all.*

DERRICK

No.

No.

NO.

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I am so fucking serious no way there is absolutely no way NO WAY.

...you know what?

I've had it.

No seriously man I've had it.

DERRICK [CONT.]

I am done I am done I am so done with this shit this team this fucking  
BULLSHIT TEAM I am I am I am I AM DONE because of THIS because they  
always do this to me *why do they always do this to me* when-they-know-when-  
they-know-when-they-know-when-they-know WHEN THEY KNOW the hours  
the days the Sundays Mondays Thursdays *the years* with the shirts the socks the  
alarm clocks towels pillowcases the flag outside this room downstairs the shrine  
upstairs ALL THESE MOTHERFUCKING TATTOOS and your bullshit owner  
and fuckhole coach and pussy chipshot wide-left loser excuse for a field goal  
human so you know what you really know what YOU REALLY KNOW WHAT  
YOU ASSHOLES???

...it's over.

No really it is so every way of over and I'm not only...[grabbing the  
remote]...turning off the TV I'm not just turning off the TV I am punching the  
FOREVER-OFF button on this remote to get you out of my life forever and NOT  
ONLY THAT...but from now on I'm rooting for the Cowboys.

The fucking COW. BOYS.

YOU HEAR ME YOU FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT LOSERS??? FROM HERE  
ON OUT I AM ROOTING FOR THE!!! FUCKING!!! COW—

G

Flag.

DERRICK

What.

G

Flag.

*They watch.*

G

Re-kick. Now 32 yards.

*DERRICK still holds the remote, finger still  
just above the 'off' button, as...*

**END OF PLAY.**

## **ZOO.**

*RHONDA, 20s, surrounded by a number of people.*

*As RHONDA talks the people each exit the stage on their own accord.*

*By the end RHONDA is alone, the last of the people having exited the stage.*

### **RHONDA**

Motherfucker broke up with me at the zoo. Believe that? Just now, right here at the zoo, in front of this ferret-looking thing, the otter, whatever, the zoo! Calling me *hostile*. Believe that? 'I feel you're a little hostile.' I was like we both swiped right, yeah? So we go out. This three days ago, fancy dinner, his idea. Before we sit down I told him what I tell all them swipe-right hustlers, I tell him: *I am the slayer of men*. Anyone can swipe right but in this world you gotta swipe left first, you gotta break up with them before they break up with you. So he's like 'maybe this isn't a good idea' and I'm like sit your ass down and order us some cheese fritters. So he was quiet after that, mostly listening cuz I'm a master conversationalist, I am awesome at talking, and he just moved here for some job and didn't know anybody, quiet like that, so a couple days later I was ready to swipe left, break it off first, eliminate him forever but he goes 'the zoo.' And I'm like, huh, that's different, none of them other hustlers bothered to come up with something original like that, so we get here, in front of this zebra or emu-looking thing and before I say a word he's like 'I'm worried you're too hostile for me' and I'm like sit your ass down and rethink yourself cuz you can't leave this kind of love that easy, oh sorry, we had sex, I tell you that?, after the fancy dinner, it was fine and all, I mean a little bumpy in the backseat of his car and he was like wincing the whole time, just unable to deal with the power, and I'm like what?, you never had a woman talk you through the whole thing?, but here he was just now saying 'I feel safe doing this in a public space' and then rolls. Like why would you even meet me like this, why would you do that? You wanna get slayed in a public place by me? You wanna face that threat? You wanna put yourself in range of the power? I will swipe left your sorry ass off this entire planet, don't you ever do that to me! Damn. You believe that?

## **END OF PLAY.**