

DOOR BANG

A Play in One Act

by Leslie Hewett

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Ever worry about leaving your car in a parking lot? Then here's the play for you! Beamer, who owns a nice car, is tired of being pushed about by fate and circumstance. When Ford accidentally bumps Beamer's nice car door with his not-so-nice car door, followed by the grocery store clerk who adds another bump with the carts, Beamer practically becomes apoplectic. A police officer and store manager soon add to the flaring tempers. But don't worry. Beamer soon gets his revenge! A hilarious play with a real bang!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 flexible parts)

BEAMER: Mid-twenties to mid-sixties, owner of the nice door, tired of being pushed around by fate and unfavorable circumstances.

FORD: Mid-twenties to mid-sixties, owner of the not so nice door, at ease with life.

KID: Mid-teens, clean-cut employee of the Big Store, responsible for bagging, sweeping, and rounding up shopping carts.

POLICEPERSON: Mid-twenties to mid-sixties, calm, upstanding representative of local law enforcement.

STORE MANAGER: Mid-twenties to mid-sixties, harried salaried employee of the Big Store, responsible for too much, paid too little.

PROPS

A cell phone for Beamer, 4-5 shopping carts, single brown paper bag containing purchases, and a police notebook.

SETTING

The parking lot of a local shopping center, in front of a large grocery store, in a typical American town of moderate size and temperament. The only objects visible on stage are two car doors, suspended at a slight angle to each other, simulating the proximity of two adjacent cars in a typical parking lot. They are oriented such that the downstage edges represent the fronts of the cars. The doors must be functional: that is, they must swing as normal car doors, pivoting on the downstage edge. Door SL (*BEAMER's passenger door.*) is shiny and smooth, in mint condition; the other, SR, is faded and dented (*FORD's driver's side door.*). There may be stools behind the doors for the actors to sit on. The grocery store is off DSR.

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(AT RISE: FORD and BEAMER enter from opposite sides offstage and take up their respective positions: BEAMER behind the shiny door, FORD behind the faded door. There is a long moment of silence, then ...)

FORD: *(Swinging the door open and allowing it to bang into BEAMER'S.)* Oh, uh ... sorry.

BEAMER: Geez, nice work!

FORD: I said I was sorry.

BEAMER: I knew this was going to happen! Gosh darn it!

FORD: I'm sorry! Lighten up, would ya?

BEAMER: Look at this, just look at the ding you just gave me! Gosh darn it!

FORD: Oh, you can hardly see it.

BEAMER: It's a ding! Geez! I ought to sue you!

FORD: Over a ding in your door you can hardly see? You'd sue over something like that? What are you, a lawyer or something? You got special access to the judge? 'Cause you're gonna need it if you try to sue me over this little ding- heck, the insurance company wouldn't even bother with it.

BEAMER: Oh, yes they would! You can count on it! In fact, I'd like to trade insurance information with you right now.

FORD: I hardly know you.

BEAMER: You will when we're through in court. Let's start with the name of your insurance company.

FORD: You're serious.

BEAMER: Look at my door! I'm as serious as a heart attack!

FORD: It won't be long, the way you carry on over little dings.

BEAMER: Sure, just ignore the little dings in life, bend over so all the idiots can get a clean shot as they kick your butt all over the front lawn of life, all over the parking lot is more like it.

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BEAMER: *(Continued.)* Well, I've taken enough from idiots like you, and I'm drawing the line right here and now! The name of your insurance company would be an ideal place to start.

FORD: Hey, where do you come off calling me an idiot?

BEAMER: Gee, let me think back ... maybe I got the first inkling when you threw open the door of your idiot-mobile and damaged my property!

FORD: I told you it was an accident. I even apologized.

BEAMER: Judging by the caved in condition of the edge of your door, I'd say this has happened before ... looks more habitual than accidental.

FORD: What's the big deal?

BEAMER: You really don't know, do you? Bashing up my door doesn't bother you a bit.

FORD: Geez, sometimes the wind gusts in and wham! I sure as heck don't let it happen on purpose. I guess I just have other things on my mind most of the time.

BEAMER: Like what? Television and beer?

FORD: Now that you mention it -

BEAMER: Never mind. What's your insurance company?

FORD: Forget it. I came here to pick up a few things and that's exactly what I'm going to do. I've taken enough time out of my busy schedule to stand here and argue with you about your stupid door, which if you look at the parking space lines, is really close to my space! You can hardly see the ding in it anyway. If it's that big of a deal to you, why don't you call the police and report me as a door-bang-and-run! Go ahead. I'll be back in about twenty minutes, provided they've got more than one checkout line open. Of course, since this is Saturday and the place is mobbed, it's not too darn likely! *(FORD steps through the open door into the space between the two cars, shuts his door, and begins to walk off DSR.)*

BEAMER: *(Apoplectic.)* Wait a darn minute! I want your insurance company and I want it now!

FORD: I'll try to remember the name while I'm shopping. *(Exits.)*

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BEAMER: Fine! The police will be waiting for you. *(Pulls out cell phone and dials the police, waiting with smug anticipation.)* I'd like to report an accident ... in the parking lot in front of the Big Shopping Center ... My car ... Yes, it's a very nice car - was! ... No, but many of the parts were manufactured in the United States ... Thank you ... I'll be here.

(From USL can be heard the sound of shopping carts rolling painfully toward the car doors on stage. KID enters, wearing a red smock over jeans and sport shirt, pushing a train of four or five shopping carts with obvious difficulty. As the train heads between the doors CS, BEAMER begins to panic, gesturing with the cell phone at the oncoming wheeled wire baskets which slam square into Beamer's passenger door and come to rest.)

BEAMER: YOU IDIOT!

KID: Oh, great. Sorry!

BEAMER: Oh, you're going to be! What's the name of your supervisor?

KID: Shoot, I didn't mean to let the carts bump into your door.

BEAMER: Bump? BUMP?

KID: I sort of lost control, I'm pretty new here. In fact this is the first time they ever sent me out for carts and look what happens.

BEAMER: *(Apoplectic.)* BUMP?

KID: Are you OK? You don't look so good ... are you having a heart attack or something?

BEAMER: *(With barely suppressed rage.)* No, I'm not OK. I don't feel so good, either. And I'm going to have a heart attack, if you don't provide me with the name of your supervisor and produce him or her in person right here within the next twenty seconds. Am I making myself clear?

KID: You sure you want to talk to my boss ... I could lose my job over this. I'm not what you call a natural in this line of work.

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BEAMER: You don't say. Of course I want to talk to your boss, just look at what you did to my darn door! It's ruined! Look at what you did to it!

KID: Hey, I didn't ...

BEAMER: LOOK AT IT!

KID: I might have scratched the paint a little right there, maybe, but I sure as heck am not responsible for that huge ding you got! I'm not taking the blame for that. *(Realigns the carts and starts off DSR.)*

BEAMER: You punk vandal, no-good illiterate dropout kid! I want your supervisor's name!

KID: I'll try to remember it, while I work. *(Exits DSR with carts.)*

BEAMER: Think fast while you still have a job! Because I'm calling your supervisor anyway! *(Flips open phone and dials the store, waiting with smug anticipation.)* I have a customer service problem and I'd like to speak with the manager please ... yes, I do mind. I want you to stay on the line and tell me jokes or read me the paper. Send someone else for the manager and stay on the line or I'll complain about you too, Ms. Stifflestein ... how considerate. Yes, the stock averages will be just fine, thank you ... Oh, I'd better unload that ... Hmmmnnn. Well, hello, are you the store manager? I am calling from the parking lot where an idiot kid, presumably in your sphere of responsibility, not ten minutes ago rammed my door with a train of shopping carts ... In a police line-up you bet I could make positive identification. Yes, it's a nice car, but the more I frequent your store the greater its rate of depreciation. Well, for starters, I suggest you come out here and inspect the damage before the police arrive ... Thank you ... I'll be here. *(Hangs up, stands waiting between the cars.)*

(The POLICEPERSON enters SL, looking about the space for the caller and car who suffered the hit and run; sees BEAMER but keeps walking.)

BEAMER: Excuse me, officer?

End of Freeview

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