

Office Zone

By Burton Bumgarner

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DEDICATION

For Rick Carter

STORY OF THE PLAY

The employees of Sly-Tech Corporation are bored, uninspired, and unhappy with their jobs, which consist of generating reports no one will ever see. They don't know from one day to the next who will even own the company or if they'll have jobs. When a perky young woman fresh out of college is hired to be their manager, they are exasperated. They are even more incensed when she insists on starting off the day with team-building exercises to enhance their P.M.A. (positive mental attitude) and making them hold a teddy bear when they wish to speak at meetings. When the employees find out two custodians have been using the company computers, they begin to fantasize about corporate espionage, blackmail, and becoming rich. They begin to share their dreams and aspirations, and by the next day, they have become friends and colleagues. Their new idealistic manager, however, is beginning to show serious signs of burnout! This one act puts a fresh and funny spin on the daily grind.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 m, 5 w)

LARRY: Burned-out employee, wants to own a fishing lodge.

MARIA: Burned-out employee, wants to own a restaurant.

BILL: Burned-out employee, wants to be a rancher out west.

CAROL: Burned-out employee, wants to travel.

PHIL: New employee; a real eager beaver who drives the others crazy.

EMILY: Assistant group leader; burned out, wants to live in a penthouse.

ANDREA: New assistant group leader; an eager beaver full of "great" ideas.

JIM: Manager; spacey and clueless.

RODNEY: Custodian and theater student.

BEVERLY: Custodian and theater student.

SETTING

Four work stations at the New York headquarters of Sly-Tech, a multinational corporation. There are four desks equipped with computers, chairs, and trashcans. There is also a coffee station.

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PROPS

(7) briefcases
Coffee cups
Coffeemaker
(2) disposable coffee cups, from fast-food restaurant or coffee shop
Newspaper
Magazine
Ice pack
(2) doughnuts
Large teddy bear
Vacuum cleaner
Janitor's cart with assorted cleaning supplies
Notebook or binder
Easel with large chart
Marker
Report
Watch
Production manual

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(AT RISE: BEVERLY is at one of the computers keying. LARRY slowly ENTERS, carrying a briefcase. Beverly jumps up and EXITS. He flops the briefcase on his desk, crosses to the coffee station, pours coffee, returns to his desk, leans on the desk, sips coffee, and freezes, staring blankly into space. MARIA ENTERS carrying a briefcase. She stops center stage to yawn, then crosses to the coffee station. She pours coffee, crosses to her desk, sits, places her briefcase on her desk, sips coffee, puts her head on the briefcase and sleeps. BILL and CAROL ENTER. Each carries a briefcase and a cup of coffee from a fast food restaurant. Bill has a newspaper under his arm. They cross to their desks. Carol takes a magazine from her briefcase, leans back in her chair and reads. Bill holds up his newspaper and reads. The scene remains frozen for a count. Then PHIL ENTERS with a briefcase and doughnut. He crosses to the coffee station, pours a cup of coffee, and tries to balance the doughnut, coffee and briefcase. He places the doughnut in his mouth and crosses to his desk. He tries to say "Good morning.")

PHIL: Gdddd mrrrrnngg.

OTHERS: *(Lethargic.)* Gddd mrrrrnngg.

(PHIL removes the doughnut from his mouth.)

PHIL: Did everybody have a great weekend? *(ALL but CAROL glare at HIM with disdain.)* Well, I had a great weekend. Guess what happened? *(NO ONE acknowledges HIM.)* You'll never guess. I'll give you a hint. It involves Cindy ... the girl I've been dating for the past three months. Well, we're engaged. That's right. I'm getting married. I bet you guys are as surprised as I am. I want you to know, you'll all be invited to the wedding.

(CAROL looks out from behind her magazine.)

CAROL: *(Sarcastic.)* We can hardly wait.

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(SHE continues to read her magazine. PHIL sits and merrily eats his doughnut and drinks coffee. EMILY ENTERS, carrying a briefcase and holding an ice pack on her head. She crosses to the coffee station.)

PHIL: Hey, Emily. It looks like you had a wild weekend.

EMILY: What I had was a wild ride on the subway. Why do people insist on squeezing into the cars when they're already full? I was trapped between a guy who smelled like a garlic factory and a woman who was built like a bulldozer. The train would stop, and it was like someone with a vice was slowly mashing us closer together. Have you ever seen those squeezie machines at junk yards? They take an old car and turn it into a rectangle of compressed steel? That's what riding the subway is like.

PHIL: Did you have a good weekend?

EMILY: I spent the weekend dreading the ride into work. And dreading work. And dreading the ride home in the evening. And dreading the next day and the day after that. Otherwise, it was picture perfect.

PHIL: Wanna know what happened to me this weekend?

EMILY: No, Phil, I don't.

PHIL: I had a great weekend.

EMILY: I figured.

PHIL: Guess what happened?

EMILY: You got hit by a bus?

PHIL: It involves Cindy ... the girl I've been dating.

EMILY: She got hit by a bus?

PHIL: We're engaged!

EMILY: Oh, Phil. I'm so sorry. I was hoping it would be good news.

PHIL: Everyone in the office is invited to the wedding.

(EMILY pats PHIL'S shoulders.)

EMILY: I'm sorry, Phil. I'm going to be sick that weekend.

OTHERS: Me too.

(EMILY crosses center.)

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EMILY: As assistant manager of this team, or whatever it is, I'm calling a team meeting. (*OTHERS moan and slowly surround EMILY.*) Somebody wake up Maria.

(*CAROL shakes MARIA awake. They join the OTHERS.*)

BILL: What's the deal, Emily? You never call team meetings.

LARRY: That's Stacy's job.

EMILY: Management called me in this morning. You all remember Stacy, our beloved team manager. She went into Jim's office Friday thinking she was getting a promotion, but instead she was fired.

(*ALL have looks of horror.*)

LARRY: Fired?

EMILY: The correct term is "dismissed." The guards escorted her to her desk, gave her a cardboard box to pack up her stuff, took her pass keys, and shoved her out the front door.

PHIL: Why?

EMILY: There is no why. They just did it.

CAROL: (*Sadly.*) No more Stacy.

OTHERS: (*Sadly.*) No more Stacy.

(*A moment of silence. THEY bow their heads. Then they break into loud cheering, applauding, whooping, screaming, etc.*)

PHIL: What's wrong with you guys? I liked Stacy.

MARIA: That woman was a curse on humanity.

BILL: She abused power like a career politician.

CAROL: She would say one thing to your face, then stab you in the back.

MARIA: She never gave any of us decent evaluations. That's why we never got promotions.

BILL: I don't want a promotion.

LARRY: Me either. Too much work.

PHIL: But she hired me and helped me get started with the company.

EMILY: That's something else we hold against her.

End of Freeview

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