

NOTES

Written as a satiric documentary, Bill Armstrong (with his strong arms) interviews a myriad of office workers, who warn America of the secret dangers hidden in their Cubical Paradise! This one-act play may be performed by a male or female and be entered in Humorous Interpretation, Duet Acting or Duo Interpretation. This is dark comedy at its best, because the subject matter itself is serious; however, the lines and line delivery should be reminiscent of sketch comedy. Don't be afraid of using a few stereotypes while performing this selection. This is the perfect comedy for those actors who can take it over-the-top!

Characters:

Bill Armstrong, a television host

One-Eye, an office victim

Sarah, an office victim

Gloria Gayle, an office victim

Dr. Evan Slander, a workplace psychologist

Myrna, an office manager

Bill Armstrong: Good evening, America. I'm Bill Armstrong, and as you can see (*Makes a big muscle with one of his arms*) I've got strong arms. (*Poses again*) But even these "loaded guns" couldn't help me—in what is quickly becoming one of the most dangerous work zones in America today: The Office. That's right—the average, fluorescent lit, ordinary, regular, office space. Tonight, we'll meet some of America's most unfortunate office workers—whose lives have been forever altered by the dangers lurking in the supposedly safe office workspace. So join me, (*Showing off his muscled arm again*) Bill Armstrong, as we visit the Office Space: Cubical Paradise or Factory of Death? (*Pause*) Our first guest tonight is One-Eye Jackson. We recently caught up with One-Eye at his local watering hole, Krazy Karl's Karaoke Bar, where he enjoys entertaining his co-workers with the musical musings of karaoke.

One-Eye: My name is One-Eye Jackson. God gave me a gift, and I'm going to use it. (*Takes a sip of his drink*) Yep, I'm a non-professional, semi-professional karaoke singer. (*Smugly*) I sing crowd favorites, but I also mix up the words a little bit, you know—to subliminally remind people about the hidden dangers lurking in an office.

Bill Armstrong: Well, One-Eye, I'm assuming the office dangers you are talking about involve losing an eye?

One-Eye: Very EYE-bservant, Mr. Armstrong! I am here to testify that

“improper use of office supplies” in the workspace can be eye-opening—literally.

Bill Armstrong: (*Overly compassionate*) Tell us what happened, One-Eye. And please, take your time.

One-Eye: You see, me and my buddy, Leonard, were complaining about how boring the day was going, and he said “Heads up!” I looked at him with TWO eyes and he was holding a stapler. And I said “The war is on!” (*Pause*) Well, you don’t have to be a rocket scientist to make a “scientific hippopotamus” about what happened next. I grabbed my stapler, and soon staples were flinging through the air. And you’ll never guess what happened.

Bill Armstrong: I’m guessing you—got hit in the eye?

One-Eye: (*Surprised*) That’s right. (*Amazed*) Man, you are smart. (*Pause*) I, One-Eye Jackson, got accidentally shot—in one of my eyes. (*Pause*) And I know you’re thinking, “Okay, now I get it. He’s called “One Eye,” because somebody shot out one of “One Eye’s” eyes!” (*Huge, wheezy laugh and cough*) Wrong!!! (*Pause*) After the accident, I had to get a “glass” eye—and I lost it—somewhere in a Pancake House.

Bill Armstrong: So—then you got the name One-Eye?

One-Eye: Nope. (*Pause*) After I lost my glass eye, I got another one. Then I lost it!

Bill Armstrong: Where’d you lose it this time?

One-Eye: (*Pause*) In a game of marbles. (*Angry*) A kid’s game of marbles! Those greedy little hellions! (*Pause*) The bottom line is this: You don’t have to have “two eyes”—to see what I see now: Improper use of office supplies in the workspace is dangerous!

Bill Armstrong: Dangerous indeed! (*Trying to look very concerned*)

Looking back on your misfortune, would it be fair to say that people simply don’t understand that their actions—have consequences?

One-Eye: Well, I can’t speak for everyone, but I know that I’ve made a few mistakes in my life: Playing war with staple guns—going to Pancake Houses—losing my glass eye in a game of marbles—but it’s like people say before joining AA, “Always keep your glass half-full.” (*Proudly*) For example, now, whenever I’m at a buffet, and my plate is full—but I want one of those delicious-looking devilled eggs and it won’t fit on my plate—I just pick one up and put it right here in the empty socket ...where my glass eye used to be!

Bill Armstrong: That’s inspiring, One-Eye. I mean, how many people can say that their missing body part could serve as a devilled egg holder?

One-Eye: That is a question I’d have to Google.

Bill Armstrong: Now One-Eye, would you mind singing an original karaoke song for the viewing audience at home? I think they’d like that. Take us out in style, One-Eyed style!

One-Eye: I'd love to, Bill. I'll show you how I like to use my tragedy to get my point across. (*Singing*) "I can see clearly now—(*Instead of singing "the rain is gone" he sings*) with one good eye." That's always a crowd-pleaser. (*Pause*) But here's my favorite. It gets me all emotional. (*Again, singing with extreme emotion*) "The first time—(*Instead of singing "ever I saw your face" he sings*) ever I lost my eye..."

Bill Armstrong: I can't speak for those of you watching tonight's program at home, but "seeing with open eyes" the life of One-Eye Jackson—makes me, personally, realize just how dangerous "the misuse of office supplies" in the workspace can be—but what about other dangers? What about the unimaginable horrors and possible bodily mutilations that are lurking in possibly every office in America? The missing casters on a wobbly desk? Or the fifty-pound light fixture—dangling from the ceiling and being held there with only one loose screw? Or what about the guy who pulls his pants up way too high? (*Pause*) Let's visit Sarah, a young woman who feels compelled to make us aware of the nightmares—concerning of all things—the simple, ordinary computer chair.

Bill Armstrong: Welcome to the show, Sarah. (*During Sarah's entire interview, her upper body literally swivels in circles—slowly—from the waist up*)

Sarah: (*Swiveling slightly out of camera shot*) Hi, Bill!

Bill Armstrong: Sarah, can you move more into camera view for us?

Sarah: (*Swiveling vigorously into shot*) How's this, Bill?

Bill Armstrong: No... a little more to your left.

Sarah: (*Swiveling vigorously*) Here, is this better, Bill?

Bill Armstrong: A little too much...

Sarah: Here? (*Keeps moving in random positions while swiveling*) Here? How about here? Like this? Am I backwards now? Should I go this way? How about here? Ooh, cramp! Like this?

Bill Armstrong: (*Frustrated*) There! Stop! Right there is great! (*Regaining calm*) So Sarah, we see you have some problems. But can you explain your office space disaster to us?

Sarah: Well, Bill, we had just gotten new computer chairs in the office—you know, the kind that swivel—and we thought it would be fun to see who could spin the longest—and the fastest. And to make it more competitive, we each put in five dollars.

Bill Armstrong: And how did you fare in the competition?

Sarah: I won. (*Pause*) I won \$15. (*Pause*) I also got vertigo. (*It really hits her when she says it out loud*) The doctors say the damage is permanent.

Bill Armstrong: Sarah, besides making everyone in America dizzy—why did you agree to appear on our program?

Sarah: I just want to offer a warning to everyone watching tonight. (*Pause*) Don't spin. (*Pause*) Don't spin in your chairs. Just don't. (*Pauses, starts to*