

Ass in Chair

A Short Fantastical Play

by

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Ass in
~~Chair~~
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CAST: WRITER
VOICE 1
VOICE 2
VOICE 3
VOICE 4

TIME: Irrelevant

PLACE: Equally So

A bare stage except for a small fold-up desk and chair. On the desk, a laptop.

WARNING: In the unlikely event of production, the following applies:

Lights up on the WRITER, writing furiously into laptop, drinking a beer. A single light, like a police interrogation in the style of those old B&W movies hangs above the WRITER. It forms a light circle. Four VOICES stand on the edge of the light circle, in shadow. They wear black. Male or female, no matter. They are the VOICES in the WRITER's head. Or maybe not.

OTHERWISE: Read and recycle. Or just recycle.

1. CAT BOX

1.

VOICE 1

Honey, can you clean the cat box?

WRITER

Yeah, yeah.

VOICE 2

It's your turn.

WRITER

Yeah, I know.

VOICE 3

I've done it three nights in a row.

WRITER

Okay, I will.

VOICE 4

Do it now.

WRITER

Okay. I just gotta finish this scene. Then I'm done.

VOICE 1

Do it now.

WRITER

I will, I will. I'm on this scene. Two more pages. Okay?
I'll do it later. Okay?

VOICE 2

I'm going to bed. You gotta kiss me goodnight.

WRITER

Okay.

VOICE 3

Come on! Do the cat boxes and then you gotta kiss me
goodnight.

WRITER

I need to finish this scene, okay honey? Light at the end of
the tunnel. Big kahuna. One more page.

VOICE 4

I'm going to bed now. Come on, honey. I'm in bed. You
gotta kiss me goodnight. Then do the cat boxes.

WRITER

Alright, alright.

(to self))

Shit, fucking shit, fucking shit fuck. Shitting the fucking
shit.

*WRITER quickly runs off stage. Quickly
runs back on. Sits, ponders screen,
writes.*

SCENE 2. TROUBLESHOOT THAT

VOICE 1

I can't log onto the network.

WRITER

Huh? Oh, tell Mike

VOICE 2

How do you convert from WordPerfect to Word?

WRITER

Um, check with Mike.

VOICE 3

My screen just went black.

WRITER

Really? Wow. Well, ask Mike if he can look at it.

VOICE 4

How do I send an attachment?

WRITER

Mike knows how to do that.

VOICE 1

I can't get my email.

WRITER

That's a Mike job.

VOICE 2

What's our internet address again?

WRITER

Mike's got that on file.

VOICE 3

It says it can't find my printer.

WRITER

Mike's the expert on printers.

VOICE 4

Hi, you got Mike on line 3 for you. Mike on line 3. Hello?

WRITER

Uh, yeah. Voice mail.

WRITER types.

SCENE 3: CREEP THE LANDLORD OUT

VOICE 1

Termites. We need to spray.

WRITER

Fine, go ahead.

VOICE 2

Go up there and spray around the window and on the walls.
Finished. Goodbye.

WRITER

It stinks in here.

VOICE 3

It's safe. It says on the bottle. Safe for humans and pets.
Goodbye.

WRITER

The sun is baking the shit on the windows.

VOICE 4

I'm eating dinner and I can't come over. Goodbye.

WRITER

The windows are leaking.

VOICE 1

Don't open the windows in the rain. Goodbye.

WRITER

Water is coming in the ceiling.

VOICE 2

I re-tarred the roof last summer. It's fine. Goodbye.

WRITER

The door lock is busted.

VOICE 3

I'm eating dinner and I can't come over. Goodbye.

WRITER

Honey, we gotta move out of this fucking piece of shit box.

VOICE 4

Your rent is one day late. Where is rent? Where is rent!?

WRITER

I'm eating dinner and I can't come over. Goodbye!

*WRITER takes out bow and arrow and
shoots the landlord dead.*

Wonder what happens next?

For a copy of the full script, email me at:

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Thanks!