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*Dramatic Publishing*



A ONE-ACT PLAY

# Final Play

BY  
WILLIAM LANG



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(FINAL PLAY)

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FINAL PLAY  
*A One-Act Play*  
For Three Men

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CHARACTERS

STEVEN C. SCHROEDER

MICHAEL A. HARRINGTON . . . . . *imprisoned soldiers*

GILBERTO J. MARTINEZ

## FINAL PLAY

Upstage center, a cot. Stage right, a window. Stage left, a door. In the middle of the room a table upon which are stacked pamphlets. Above the table a light bulb with shade attached hanging from the ceiling. A wire is wound around the light cord and at the end of the wire is attached a small listening device.

As the curtain rises MIKE is seen pacing back and forth across the room. He tosses an imaginary ball in the air and catches it over and over. STEVE is seated on the floor with his knees drawn up, his head resting on his knees, and his arms around his legs. GIL is lying on the cot with his back to the audience. The men are all wearing pajama-like clothing and sandals. Their hair is cut short.

MIKE

It's time again.

STEVE

No.

MIKE

Come on. It's time again.

STEVE

No.

MIKE

Why not?

STEVE

I'm thinking.

MIKE

Thinking? That's not good for you.

STEVE

I remember this movie...

MIKE

(Interrupting him)

We decided not to remember, remember?

STEVE

How long has it been?

MIKE

We're wasting time.

STEVE

You know, Mike, sometimes you make the stupidest damn remarks.

MIKE

A figure of speech. Come on, let's get him up.

STEVE

Why?

MIKE

He'll want to play.

STEVE

No.

(STEVE rises, and they begin throwing and catching the imaginary ball to each other from now until interrupted)

MIKE

He can count for us then.

STEVE

You can add.

MIKE

It's my turn.

STEVE

I'm ahead **by four** games.

STEVE

Four games! You're off your rocker, buddy.

(MIKE points to GIL on the cot)

MIKE

Ask him.

STEVE

You're ahead by three.

MIKE

Four.

STEVE

Three and you cheated on those.

MIKE

What difference does it make, will you tell me that? Three, four, I'm still ahead.

STEVE

No tricks this time.

MIKE

All right.

(Pause)

MIKE

I'm thinking of a place.

STEVE

North America?

MIKE

No.

STEVE

Europe?

MIKE

No.

STEVE

South America?

MIKE

No.



Australia?

STEVE

No.

MIKE

Asia?

STEVE

Yes.

MIKE  
(After a very slight hesitation)

That's four. Japan?

STEVE

No.

MIKE  
(After a little longer hesitation)

Damn it, it is Japan.

STEVE

It could be Okinawa, you know.

MIKE

If it's Japan, it's Japan.

STEVE  
(Insistent)

MIKE

All right, say it's Japan. You won't get it anyway.

STEVE

Sasebo?

MIKE

No.

STEVE

Kobe?

MIKE

No.

STEVE

Yokosuka?

MIKE

No.

STEVE

Tokyo?

MIKE

No.

STEVE

How could you? You didn't get any leave. It couldn't be anywhere else.

MIKE

I was given permission for three days.

STEVE

Big hearted, weren't they? Kyoto?

MIKE

No.

STEVE

Nara?

MIKE

No.

STEVE

Then where the hell is it?

MIKE

That's for me to know and you to find out.

STEVE

Mike, if we ever get out of this damned place, you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to forget you ever existed.

(A bell or a buzzer rings loudly. The stage lights change intensity. The three MEN come to the front of the stage and bow stiffly, mechanically from the waist to the audience)

STEVE

Steven C. Schroeder, Lieutenant, Identity Number 644971.

MIKE

- Michael A. Harrington, Lieutenant, Identity Number 644582.

GIL

Gilberto J. Martinez, Lieutenant, Identity Number 645023.

(From offstage, if possible from the back of the audience, comes the voice of a WOMAN. Her voice is louder than the voices of the MEN and has no discernible accent)

VOICE

The people state you may continue.

(The stage lights revert to former intensity. GIL goes back to the cot and lies down with his face to the wall. MIKE and STEVE continue their game. They also start again throwing and catching the imaginary ball)

MIKE

Where were we?

STEVE

Ten guesses.

MIKE

Eleven.

STEVE

Ten, damn it.

MIKE

You'll lose, anyway.

STEVE

Tokyo area?

MIKE

Yes.

STEVE

(Triumphant)

Ah ha! Let's see...Kamakura?

MIKE

No.

STEVE

Nikko?

MIKE

How do you know about Nikko?

STEVE

So it is Nikko. The temples?

MIKE

No.

STEVE

The bridge?

MIKE

How many is it now?

STEVE

Fifteen. The hotel? What was the name of that hotel?

MIKE

It isn't the hotel.

STEVE

The lake...Chinzenji?

MIKE

No.

STEVE

It has to be the lake.

MIKE

No, it doesn't.

STEVE

The rules state it has got to be something with a name.

(He goes to the edge of the stage and speaks out into the audience)

STEVE

Isn't that right?

(The bell rings. The stage lights change in intensity. The three MEN come to the front of the stage and bow from the waist to the audience)

STEVE

Steven C. Schroeder, Lieutenant, Identity Number 644971.

MIKE

Michael A. Harrington, Lieutenant, Identity Number 644582.

GIL

Gilberto J. Martinez, Lieutenant, Identity Number 645023.

VOICE

The rules state it must be a place with a name.

(The stage lights revert to former intensity. GIL goes back to the cot and lies down. They begin playing with the imaginary ball)

STEVE

I told you.

MIKE

We didn't have to go through all that, did we?

STEVE

It is the lake.

MIKE

No, it's not. It's the cable car.

STEVE

You cheat, Mike. How the hell did you ever get to be Lieutenant?

MIKE

You lost again. Seventeen guesses is too many.

STEVE

(Aggravated)

Christ, why do we have to play these stupid games?

(He looks at the imaginary ball in his hand and throws it out into the audience)

MIKE

Just because I won another one...

STEVE

(Interrupting him)

Get off my back.

MIKE

Let's do some calisthenics.

STEVE

No.

MIKE

That's an order.

(There is no response from STEVE)

MIKE

I said that's an order. And don't you forget I'm senior.

STEVE

By two months! And you call that senior!