

# An Unspeakable Triumph of Supreme Brilliance

By Don Zolidis

BOB, 40s-50s, overweight. Not a typical leading man.

**About the play:** A community theatre in Minnesota has been offered the chance to compete in a play contest with another theatre. The winner receives \$10 million dollars.

**About the scene:** Bob, the leading man, is in mid-performance – everything has gone wrong and everyone has missed their entrance. He's alone, on stage.

**Time:** Present day.

BOB

Bye.

*(Pause. BOB sits there.)*

*(Nothing happens.)*

*(Nothing happens.)*

BOB

So um... Uhhhhhh... Just sitting here waiting – just *sitting* here waiting...

*(he looks offstage to where AUDREY entered)*

Just sitting here wondering who might rescue me...

*(Pause.)*

BOB

Um... so I guess this would be the time that I start talking to myself. You know what's funny is uh... I've been working on my own show.

*(He wriggles his hands free, starts taking off his socks.)*

*(He puts both socks on his hands and then gets behind his chair.)*

BOB

June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1944. Omaha Beach.

*(Left sock, with New York accent)*

I'm nervous Captain!

*(Right sock with southern accent.)*

I don't want no whining, Pakowksi – we make this beach, we got the Krauts on the run!

*(Left sock, with New York accent)*

Sir, yes sir!

*(BOB begins making sound effects of the boat beaching at shore)*

*(strafing gunfire)*

*(BOOM! BOOM!)*  
*(right sock)*  
Come on soldier!  
*(BOOM! BOOM! Machine guns.)*  
*(Left sock)*  
Aaaaaaaah! I'm hit! I'm hit!  
*(He mimes blood spurting out of the left sock)*  
*(Right sock, grabbing left sock)*  
Nooooo! You bastards! Nooooo!  
*(Left sock)*  
Let me die here!  
*(Right sock)*  
I'm not leaving you behind soldier.  
*(left sock, dying and gasping for breath)*  
Captain if I don't make it out of this – go back to Brooklyn for me, tell Mary I love her.  
*(right sock)*  
You're not gonna die soldier!  
*(BOOM! BOOM! Machine Guns!)*  
*(Right sock gets up and moves in slow motion)*  
NOOOOOOOO!  
*(Right sock is hit with a mortar and dies in slow motion horribly.)*  
Aaaahahghghghghg!  
*(NARRATOR voice.)*  
Meanwhile, on another landing craft.. Private Jeremiah Speeder waits to land.  
*(He gets the socks back on)*  
*(left sock – Jeremiah)*  
It's a slaughter out there!

To read the rest of this play, please visit [www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com)