

From Too Fabulous to Fail

By Don Zolidis

SAM, a temp who has recently promoted
ANGIE, his former boss, who is now his secretary. Not happy about it.

At an office in New York City.

SAM

Angie?

ANGIE *(on the phone)*

Probably a butterfly. Shut up. Shut up you do not have a tattoo of George Foreman!

SAM

Angie?

ANGIE

Hold on.

(puts the phone down for a second)

What is it, sweetie?

SAM

Uh... could you please fax out two of these letters?

ANGIE

You're incapable of doing it yourself?

SAM

Well it's just –

ANGIE

It's faxing, right? It's not that hard. You put the thing in there – you dial the number, you let it go. Simple.

(she goes back to the phone)

So annoying. Did you see Project Runway last night?

SAM

But um... actually I have other stuff to do.

ANGIE

You do?

SAM

Well – yeah.

ANGIE

Like what?

SAM

Um... there's a deal going through that I'm supposed to be putting together.

ANGIE

You know if you would've just faxed the letters instead of talking to me about it, you'd be done now. You ever think about that?

SAM

But –

ANGIE

So why are you trying to waste your time and my time by asking me to do stuff?

SAM

But –

ANGIE

Is it because I'm a woman? Is that it? I'm supposed to *serve* you now? Oh now I'm Sam and I'm the boss! You just don't even care about my feelings any more, do you? I mean – I used to hate my job, I was stressed, it was difficult – I was losing my hair, Sam! I was probably at an increased risk of dying! And now... just at the moment when I'm beginning to love life again, you come to me with this? With a fax? You want to ruin my life over a fax?! Is it worth it? Your tiny little needs are more important than my entire life? Typical male.

SAM

But um –

ANGIE

On the one hand: Your silly little fax. On the other hand: My entire life. Oh gee I don't know which one is more important, I can't figure it out! You remind me of my husband! My *ex-husband!* Oh no... the feelings are coming back! I was doing so much better and now I'm falling into the pit again! Oh God... the darkness... my life is in ruins...

SAM

That's okay I'll send the fax.

ANGIE

Thank you.

(back into the phone, suddenly chipper again)

So anyway, they're supposed to make clothes out of plastic! Can you believe it? So the one guy – I forget his name – he decides he's going to use a blowtorch –

To read the rest of this play, visit www.playscripts.com