

3 AM WAKE-UP CALL

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By **E. R. Schultz**

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SYNOPSIS: After being awoken by a frantic phone call, Bob meets Bill in an empty parking lot at three in the morning on a cold night. As more of the details of Bill's night are revealed, Bob begins to realize that the situation is far more complex than he could have possibly imagined. The stakes just keep on rising as a perfect storm of craziness overcomes the entire situation.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(THREE MEN)

- BOB (m) Bill's coworker, who is, for all intents and purposes, a bland, boring individual who clocks into work every day and leads as ordinary a life as can be lived. (62 lines.)
- BILL (m)..... Bob's coworker, who is known as "that guy in the office that nobody likes." He latched onto Bob primarily because Bob is the only coworker who would give him the time of day. Bill is a ditzy and relatively incompetent individual with a penchant for making stupid decisions. (59 lines.)
- COP (m)..... Officer Peabody. A police officer who works the night shift. (3 lines.)

SCENE

The stage is completely empty, save for the characters, representing an empty parking lot in the early hours of the morning.

AT RISE:

The scene consists of an empty parking lot at three in the morning. This can be represented by an empty stage devoid of furnishing. BILL is standing in front of BOB, and BILL is looking nervous. BILL is wearing a traditional business suit, although it appears to be disheveled and dirty. BOB is still wearing the pajamas he had on when the phone call from BILL woke him from his slumber and summoned him to the parking lot where both BILL and BOB now stand.

BILL: I have had a confusing evening.

BOB: What was confusing, Bill?

BILL: A whole mess of stuff. Very confusing indeed.

BOB: Confusing like how?

BILL: Confusing like a Rubik's Cube or a Sudoku puzzle.

BOB: I have no idea what that means. What's wrong, Bill?

BILL: Anything. Everything. All of it. I don't know, Bob...I just don't know.

BOB: Okay, Bill, my patience level is ridiculously low right now. Just tell me: why did you call me and wake me up at three in the morning?

BILL: I don't know, Bob. Why do think?

BOB: Well, it's 3 AM, and you called me to an empty parking lot so I assume you're planning to murder me.

BILL: Wait, really? You actually think I'm planning to murder you?

BOB: Of course not. I was just making a joke to break the tension.

BILL: Good. That's good. Perfect. Excellent. Good. Perfect. Good...

BOB: Okay, now I'm actually starting to think you're going to murder me.

BILL: Oh, don't be silly. I'm not going to murder you.

BOB: Well, then why am I here?

BILL: That is an interesting question. And the answer is equally interesting, however, by virtue of being interesting, it is also very hard to explain.

BOB: It's three in the morning, Bill. Spit it out.

BILL: Okay, wow, um, let's see... Okay, so you know how in the evenings, on street corners, there are often stationed a large number of...well...I guess you'd have to call them "performance artists"...

BOB: Bill?

BILL: Yes?

BOB: Are you talking about prostitutes?

BILL: Well, that's hardly the civilized term. I'm sure they prefer to be called "nighttime entrepreneurs," or "expensive evening friends," or "professional huggers."

BOB: Bill! What are you talking about?! Why am I in this freezing cold parking lot at 3 AM!?!

BILL: Okay, calm down. Let me approach this from another direction... So, alright, do you know that movie *Dumbo*, where the guy is driving down the street, just minding his own business, until he takes his eyes off the road for a second or two, and as a result, accidentally hits one of these so-called "evening friends" with his Prius, freaks out, and throws the body in his trunk?

BOB: What!?! Oh my God, what the hell, Bill!?!

BILL: Oh, is that not *Dumbo*?

BOB: No, that's not *Dumbo*, you lunatic! *Dumbo* is a cartoon about an adorable elephant that has big ears and learns to fly! It's rated G for Christ's sake

BILL: Oh, you know what I did? ...I mixed up my movies.

BOB: Bill, are you trying to tell me that you killed a prostitute and stuffed the body in your trunk?

BILL: Well, I don't recall admitting to that.

BOB: So you're saying that, if I were to walk over to your Prius right now and open the trunk, I would not find a dead prostitute?

BILL: Well, okay, you can hardly expect me to, just off the top of my head, be able to account for ALL the clutter in my car.

BOB: Bill!

BILL: What?

BOB: A dead prostitute is not clutter! A dead prostitute is...is a dead goddamn prostitute!

BILL: I'm sorry Bob! It was an accident. I took my eyes off the road, that's all.

BOB: That's all!?! Bill, do you have any idea what kind of trouble you're in!?!

BILL: Okay, Bob, I think you're being just a bit melodramatic.

BOB: Oh my God, I can't believe this is happening. I'm standing in a freezing parking lot at 3 AM with my friend who called me down here to discuss the prostitute he just murdered. Oh God, you committed murder! You're a murderer. Good lord, you ARE planning to murder me, aren't you?

BILL: Okay, Bob, this is hardly the time to freak out.

BOB: This is exactly the time to freak out! It's three in the morning: I'm tired, I'm scared, and I'm freezing!

BILL: Oh, I suppose it is rather chilly, isn't it?

BOB: No kidding. It's the middle of December. I feel like I'm reenacting the last half-hour of "Titanic."

BILL: Oh really? Who's Kate, and who's Leo?

BOB: What?

BILL: Like which one of us is Kate, and which one of us is Leo? At first thought, I'd want to be Leo, but he dies, so now I just don't know. Who do you think I am?

BOB: Oh, you want to know who you are? You're the guy with the dead prostitute in his trunk!

BILL: Okay, Bob, are you just going to hold this over my head for the rest of time?

BOB: No, Bill, not for the rest of time: just until the Justice System shows up and does it for me!

BILL: Okay, Bob, you're kind of starting to freak me out a little bit.

BOB: I should hope so. You murdered someone! Bill, you have to go to the police.

BILL: Alright, well, that's just silly.

BOB: That is not silly. It's what you have to do. Listen to me, Bob. You have got to take your Prius and your prostitute down to the police station and turn yourself in.

BILL: Well, that would be a bit of an overreaction, don't you think?

BOB: Alright, you know what? If you're not going to turn yourself in, then I'm just going to have to go down to the police station and do it for you.

BILL: I wouldn't do that if I were you.

BOB: And why is that?

BILL: It's a long story.

BOB: Tell it.

BILL: You're not going to like it.

BOB: I gave up on liking your stories after you told me the one about the prostitute you murdered. Just tell me.

BILL: Okay, okay... Well, you know how yesterday I was invited to go golfing next weekend, but I didn't have any golf clubs so you, very kindly, lent me yours? Well, after I ran over the, uh, "exotic saleswoman"—

BOB: She's a prostitute, Bill! Just call her a prostitute!

BILL: Yes, well, anyway, after that, I naturally got out of the car to see what was up and was quickly approached by her...I guess her "bodyguard/employer."

BOB: Her pimp? You were approached by her pimp.

BOB: Well, that is one way of putting it. Personally, I think that "bodyguard/employer" is the more polite moniker. Well, anyway, he was very unhappy. He was yelling and screaming, and he had this great big vein that was shooting out of his forehead! He was getting really aggressive, and it was freaking me out, so I slipped on some gloves, grabbed one of your golf clubs, and hit him over the head with it.

BOB: You did what!?!?

BILL: He had this great big vein shooting out of his forehead!

BOB: So you hit him over the head with a golf club!?!?

BILL: The vein was extremely off-putting!

BOB: Well, did you kill him, too?

BILL: I hit him quite hard.

BOB: That didn't answer my question!

BILL: Well, God, Bob, he's in the trunk: why don't you ask him yourself!?!?

BOB: Are you honestly telling me that you've got both a dead prostitute and a dead pimp stashed in the trunk of your Prius?

BILL: Well, wait a minute, let's be fair here. The prostitute is definitely dead, but the pimp is, at the most, probably dead.

BOB: I can't believe you've got both a pimp and a prostitute in the trunk of your Prius!

BILL: I know! The guy at the dealership said the car had kickass storage capacity, but I always assumed he was lying until tonight.

BOB: That's not the point, Bill!

BILL: Then just what is your point, Bob?

BOB: My point is that you have to take your "Prius of Death" down to the police station, turn yourself in, and— Wait... Why did you slip on gloves?

BILL: What's that now?

BOB: Before you hit the pimp with my golf club, you said you slipped on gloves.

BILL: Well, they were your golf clubs.

BOB: So?

BILL: So they didn't have my fingerprints on them.

BOB: What!?!

BILL: I mean, c'mon, if anyone found a bloody golf club with my fingerprints all over it, can you imagine how bad that would look!?!

BOB: Those were my golf clubs. They have my fingerprints all over them.

BILL: Which is why I called you here: we're in this together.

BOB: We are not in this together.

BILL: We are.

BOB: We're not!

BILL: We are.

BOB: We are not!

BILL: We are.

BOB: Oh good God, we are.

BILL: Welcome aboard.

BOB: Oh God, my fingerprints are all over that golf club...

BILL: They are indeed.

BOB: I'm your—I'm your accomplice!

BILL: I think of you as more of a sidekick, but accomplice works too.

BOB: What do we do? What do I do?

BILL: How am I supposed to know? That's what I called you for.

BOB: There has got to be some kind of precedent, some kind of guide.

BILL: Like a handbook?

BOB: Yes, anything.

BILL: Yeah, I don't think they make handbooks for situations like this.

BOB: I can't believe this. This is terrible. This is just terrible!

BILL: Okay, well, it's not THAT bad.

OFFICER PEABODY enters. He is dressed in a policeman's uniform, and he is holding a flashlight, looking at BILL and BOB.

OFFICER PEABODY: Excuse me!

BILL: What do you know? I spoke too soon.

The following dialogue between BOB and BILL is whispered:

BOB: Oh my God, it's the cops! Bill, there is a police officer walking right toward us.

BILL: That does appear to be the situation, yeah.

OFFICER PEABODY: Excuse me! What are you two gentlemen doing out here at such a late hour?

BOB: Oh good God, my heart just stopped. What do we do, Bill? What do we do?

BILL: I've still got your golf clubs, you think we can take him?

BOB: Bill!

BILL: I'm kidding, I'm kidding. Relax. Don't worry, I can handle this. Just let me talk.

BOB: Are you sure?

BILL: Bob...I got this.

BOB: Okay, you got this. Go.

OFFICER PEABODY: For the second time: what are you two gentlemen doing out here!?!

BILL: *(Yelling to OFFICER PEABODY.)* Well, I'll tell you what we're NOT doing, Officer! And that's talking about the dead prostitute I've got in my trunk!

BOB: Bill...I'm going to murder you.

THE END