ALL IN A DAY’S WORK  
TEN-MINUTE PLAY

By Jon Kommes

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SYNOPSIS: An intern starts her first day at a job she found in a wanted ad. Enter Malevolent Industries, run by the evil genius Professor Peculiar and workers known only by their title, Intern. A smug agent joins in the fray and hilarious chaos erupts.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(3 MEN, 1 WOMAN)

INTERN........................................One of Professor Peculiar’s interns who is completely loyal and obedient.

CARRIE........................................New employee of Professor Peculiar. She’s strong-willed and independent.

PROFESSOR PECULIAR...........The mad, evil Professor who runs Malevolent Industries. He dreams of taking over the world and is obsessed with his many machines of death.

AGENT TAD DASHING ..........A vain agent who thinks he’s God’s gift to crime fighting, the forces of good, and women.

PROPS
Intern......................................Towel; spray bottle; various scientific objects.
Carrie.................................Piece of paper.
Professor Peculiar ............Small blow horn (this can also be a whistle if need be); chair; hand remote.
Agent Tad Dashing ..........An intern suit over his own suit.

SET DESIGN
The stage consists of a table stage right filled with various scientific objects.
AT RISE:
The scene consists of a table covered in various scientific looking items and tools. INTERN sits at the table polishing and wiping them down with a towel. After a moment, CARRIE enters holding a piece of paper.

INTERN: Halt there! What’s your business here?
CARRIE: I’m Carrie. Ah . . . it’s my first day.

Pause as INTERN goes back to cleaning the tools.

CARRIE: So . . . what do I do first?
INTERN: Of course. How silly of me. I’m Intern. I guess I should show you around a little bit. The Professor will be with you shortly, I’m sure, for your orientation-
CARRIE: Your name is Intern?
INTERN: Oh yeah, the Professor isn’t good with names, so he just calls me Intern to avoid any confusion. I think it’s a pretty sweet title. I wonder what he’ll call you, then?

CARRIE shrugs.

INTERN: Well, anyways, welcome to Professor Peculiar’s secret hideout slash lab slash penthouse. Only the most evil and clever can find this place. Muahahahahaha!

Cue: Lightening sound.

CARRIE: Actually the address was in the wanted add.
INTERN: Do you know anything about the great Professor or the company?
CARRIE: To tell you the truth, I have no idea what this place is about. I just saw that the pay was good and they were willing to hire just about anybody.

INTERN: The company is called Malevolent Industries. We make incredible inventions and machines and then twist them for evil purposes. Well, the Professor does. We, as in you and I, protect him and all the property here. We do very special tasks, like the one I'm doing here.

CARRIE: What exactly are you doing there?

INTERN: Well, I'm taking these random scientific tools and whatnot and rubbing them with a towel. Once I get done with them all, I do it again. The Professor loves obedience and persistence. He says if I keep it up, he'll promote up from Intern next month.

The sound of a whistle or a small air horn is blown. INTERN runs to the table and begins furiously toweling the equipment. PROFESSOR PECULIAR enters. He wears a large white lab coat and an eye-patch. INTERN does a ridiculous salute.

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: Who is zhis . . . girl? How di d she find my lair?

INTERN: Professor. Sir. She's the new employee here. It's her first day.

CARRIE: It's such a pleasure to meet you, Professor.

She extends her hand for a shake. The PROFESSOR nods to INTERN, who sprays her hand, and then wipes it with a towel. A moment. The doctor nods to him again, and INTERN shakes her hand for him.

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: On zhe contrary. Zhe pleasure iz mine. I am Professor Peculiar, welcome to zhe company. I'll be the first to admit that this company has never hired a female employee. Some women's rights group has been biting at my heels for the
last decade about it. I expect complete obedience and sacrifice. And I don’t settle for anything less than the best.

Another intern slinks on. Only this intern isn’t an intern at all. It’s actually Agent TAD DASHING, dressed horribly in an intern’s standard clothing. Everyone but CARRIE is oblivious to this.

CARRIE: Of course, sir.

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: I’ll need to get your measurements for your intern zuit as well, and if you go down to the sublevels we’ll get your fingerprints and emergency contact information.

CARRIE: (Pointing to the odd intern.) What’s going on with this guy?

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: Straighten your costume! You should never get caught looking poorly dressed, not in Zhe Peculiar Lab!

CARRIE: I’ll just head down, then, and pick all that up.

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: Welcome to the side of evil . . . .what was it?

CARRIE: Carrie.

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: Hmmm . . . zhat’s just not going to work for me. Every time I try to remember an employee’s name, zhey get killed or something. Intern is already named Intern. It’s only reasonable zhat you be Intern B. (He pulls out a walkie-talkie.) My loyal worker bees! (To CARRIE.) I like to call zhem bees. Give zhem an image. (Back to the walkie-talkie.) Zhis is the Professor speaking. Prepare for my arrival in the sublevels. To the sublevels, Intern B! (The disheveled intern throws off his clothes and reveals himself to be Agent TAD DASHING.)

TAD DASHING: Not so fast, Peculiar!

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: You!

TAD DASHING: Dashing. Tad Dashing. Secret Agent!

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: Zhe government’s number one zecret agent! Here? In my zecret lair? Kill him!
CARRIE freezes as INTERN puts his fists into the air. TAD sees CARRIE.

TAD DASHING: Peculiar, your new intern is a bar above all the rest. I see your taste is getting better!

INTERN: Stay away from her! I’ll show you what it’s like to be a faithful intern here!

INTERN runs at TAD swinging wildly and yelling.

TAD DASHING: Bad idea.

TAD effortlessly bashes INTERN, who falls to the ground in a clump.

CARRIE: Intern! What have you done?

TAD DASHING: Don’t worry about him. A dead intern here is a good intern. Now, about you . . . you don’t belong here, do you? First day? Who knew the Professor had such . . . impeccable taste. Before I defeat Peculiar, could I sample a taste of - -

As he leans in, CARRIE knees him in the groin and he falls in a heap.

CARRIE: Get off me, you jerk!

She kicks him, knocking him out.

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: Intern B! You’ve done it! You’ve incapacitated the one man who could have ruined all my operations!

CARRIE: Oh, I was just looking after myself, but-

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: With such force, too! You’re no Intern B. (He looks at INTERN on the ground.) Looks like you’re called Intern now. Good job, Intern!

CARRIE: Umm . . . thanks, I guess.
PROFESSOR PECULIAR: First day on the job and you’re already moving up in intern rank! Now we must dispose of this trash. Keep watch of him while I fetch the Hyperelectrode Machine.

PECULIAR exits for a second. He goes off stage one way, then walks past entrance to another way.

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: It’z over here.

He enters carrying a chair.

CARRIE: What’s that?

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: My latest invention of death, zhe Hyperelectromachine!

CARRIE: It looks like a chair.

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: Yez, it does. (Clears his throat.)

They lift TAD DASHING up onto it and strap him in.

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: Once strapped in, zhe victim is zyztematically exposed to volts of electricity every little bit. Eventually zhe torture becomes fatal. Dashing deserves nothing less - - haha!

CARRIE: You people really are evil, aren’t you?

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: Of course we are, my dear. And now you are too, Intern! Zhe higher in rank you get, zhe more you get paid, as well! With my greatest adversary under my control, zhe day is mine!

CARRIE: The higher in rank . . . the more I get paid - -

TAD wakes up and struggles.
TAD DASHING: Dr. Peculiar! You fiend! You’ll never get away with this. I’m Tad Dashing . . . I always escape!

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: Wrong, Dashing. I’ve got you right where I want you. In my Hyperelectromachine! Embrace zhe electrifying fury . . . of Professor Peculiar!

He pushes a button on his hand remote and TAD convulses, getting electrocuted.

TAD DASHING: Aaaaaahhhh! This really hurts! Aaaaaahhh.

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: Besides Peculiar . . . you can also call me . . . zhe Professor of Pain! Hahahahaaha!

TAD DASHING: Aaaaaaaahhh. That’s a stupid naaaaaame!

CARRIE: Looks like you have everything under control up here, Professor.

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: Intern, let me show you my other weapons of mass death!

As he walks, he points offstage to various equipment that can only be seen by the two of them.

CARRIE: You invented all these?

PROFESSOR PECULIAR: More or less. Some I came up with myself, others I just tweaked a bit. Zhey’re all my little babies. Zhis one right here is called the Swinging Blade . . . of death! Zhe victim lies down and zhis giant blade swings slowly and dramatically gets lower and lower until the victim is completely disemboweled. (Sees another.) Oh and zhis! Zhis is my Spike Coffin . . . of death! Zhe victim lays in it . . . and zhena spikes slowly and dramatically impale zhem! Quite . . . peculiar, if I do say so myself. (PECULIAR sees another and this time leans into it. Only half his body can been seen as he leans offstage. CARRIE stands behind him, plotting.) And zhis is my Belgian-made guillotine. Zhe blade is so sharp it can practically cut
through anything. Care to try? Haha. Just a joke. But seriously, if I put my head right like zhis . . . it’z like I’m actually staring at death . . . it’z spooky.

*CARRIE* grabs the rope that operates it and pulls it. A large chop is heard. The *PROFESSOR* falls to the ground. *TAD* has seen all this.

**TAD DASHING:** My, oh my. Who could have predicted the great Professor Peculiar would be defeated by one of his own interns? *(CARRIE is silent.)* So who do you work for? My agency didn’t tell me of any operatives undercover.

*CARRIE:* I don’t work for any agency. I work for this company now.

She picks up *PROFESSOR PECULIAR’s* hat, eye patch, and walkie-talkie.

**TAD DASHING:** Fair enough. I won’t blow your cover. Well, darling, if you could just loosen these straps a bit and then I’ll do the rest. They’ll think I escaped, and -

*CARRIE:* I can’t do that . . . Dashing.

She starts to put on the eye patch and jacket.

**TAD DASHING:** Excuse me? You’re kidding right? Sweetheart? No woman can deny Tad Dashing . . .

*CARRIE:* *(Now speaking like PECULIAR.)* I believe zat your time iz up. Like zhe good Professor said, zhe higher up in rank you are, zhe more you get paid. It’s seems . . . zhat I am zhe Professor now.

**TAD DASHING:** You’re insane!

*CARRIE:* Shocking . . . izn’t it?

She pushes a button and *TAD* begins to get electrocuted.
TAD DASHING: Ahhh! That’s a plot twist! Aaaaaahhh.
CARRIE: It appears . . . as if I already have. *(She speaks to the walkie-talkie.)* Attention, my worker bees *(She speaks to TAD.)* I like to call them bees. Give them an image. *(Back to the walkie-talkie.)* There has been a change in command. The new Professor is speaking. Prepare for my arrival in the sublevels.

TAD DASHING: No . . . you can’t.
CARRIE: Goodbye . . . Mr. Dashing. That’s the end for you.

She pushes a button on the walkie-talkie and the lights flash and then BLACKOUT.

THE END