

# AL WAS RIGHT

*A COMEDIC PROSPECTIVE IN ONE ACT*  
By Ryan Armstrong

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*A COMEDIC PROSPECTIVE IN ONE ACT*

**By Ryan Armstrong**

**SYNOPSIS:** The future. Moments before World War IV but after the collapse of technology and order. As the Mexi-American army prepares to defend their bunker against an invading army of Canadians, it is a hard time to find any sense of intelligence. But, all's well that ends well. Maybe a marriage. Maybe a funeral. Maybe a Deus ex machina. Who knows in this post-apocalyptic comedy.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(2 females, 3 males, 1-5 extras)*

GENERAL ALGENON (m)..... 50-60 militaristic, not sharp. *(121 lines)*

LIEUTENANT DWAYNE DALE (m)..... 30s. Calm and cool, friend to all. Hates to be hated. *(154 lines)*

SERGENTO-MAYOR DOLCE VIGIL (f)..... 30. Sweet, intelligent (smartest in the room) and is still learning English, speaks with Mexican accent. *(63 lines)*

SERGEANT BRUCE WANE (m)..... 20s. Angry, respectful, will speak his mind. *(165 lines)*

THE SEER (f/m)..... 30-40s. Unconscious. *(Non-speaking role)*

PRISONER/ALYSIA (f)..... 30s. Captured Canadian soldier, angry, speaks with Canadian accent. *(48 lines)*

OPTIONAL EXTRAS AS CANADIAN SOLDIERS (f/m)

*ALL LINE COUNTS ARE APPROXIMATE*

**TIME:** The future. Several moments before World War IV after the collapse of technology and order, post-World War III. A hard time to find any sense of intelligence.

**SETTING:** A military bunker in midwest Mexi-America. The so-called “war” room.

### **COSTUMES**

Mismatched uniform with handlebar mustache (General Algenon)

Mismatched fatigues (Lieutenant Dwayne, Sergeant Bruce Wane, the Seer)

Elaborate costume that includes a red hunting hat (General Algenon)

### **PROPS**

- Bag of rocks
- Sticks (no guns)
- Box of supplies
- Pack of gum
- Cans of spray paint
- Strings of lights

*“I know not with what weapons World War III will be fought,  
but World War IV will be fought with sticks and stones.”*

—Albert Einstein

DO NOT COPY

**SETTING:** War room. Obscure maps hang on the walls. A table with chairs with various objects from rocks, socks, bags, sticks and other odd items.

**AT RISE:** Lights rise. BRUCE stands orderly. GENERAL ALGENON sits at the table. He, unlike BRUCE, is in a uniform, though mismatched, and is stroking his handlebar mustache.

**GENERAL:** Private! What is taking the Lieutenant so long with the coordinates of the invading army?

**BRUCE:** It's Sergeant, sir.

**GENERAL:** What in the world are you talking about?

**BRUCE:** Sir, no disrespect, sir. You made me a Sergeant this morning.

**GENERAL:** What is your point, Sergeant?

**BRUCE:** Sir, you referred to me as Private, sir.

**GENERAL:** I did not!

**BRUCE:** Sir, you did, sir.

**GENERAL:** I know good and well what I said. You needn't tell me what I said, boy! I realize that I promoted you! Why in the name of Caulfield would I call you "Private," Sergeant?

**BRUCE:** Sir, I'm not sure, sir. Maybe you forgot, sir. I was just reminding you, sir.

**GENERAL:** How dare you remind me of what I need to be reminded about! How am I supposed to remember anything if you are constantly reminding me?

**BRUCE:** Sir, I apologize, sir.

**GENERAL:** You'd better be apologized! Now answer my question.

**BRUCE:** Sir, what question is that, sir?

**GENERAL:** The one about...don't you Mr. Spencer me, Sergeant! You're the one remembering what I say, you tell me!

**BRUCE:** Sir, you wish to know the answer of the coordinates of the invading army and why Lieutenant Dwayne wasn't back, sir.

**GENERAL:** Harrumph! Lucky guess.

*LIEUTENANT DWAYNE enters in mismatched fatigues, out of breath.*

**DWAYNE:** General Algenon, sir, I've just come from the seer. I ran the whole way, sir.

**GENERAL:** What did the seer see?

**DWAYNE:** Nothing of importance.

**GENERAL:** I see. What could this mean?

**DWAYNE:** There is only one thing.

**GENERAL:** Oh, my dear Caulfield! The Canadian army is waiting us out!

**DWAYNE:** What does that mean, sir?

**GENERAL:** It is a pre black-out tactic. Sergeant Bruce wasn't even born and you, Lieutenant, were just an ankle biter. I distinctly remember watching this tactic performed in a vision box they called a "television" and every person owned one. There used to be these stories performed on the "television." The ones I speak of are about these men in silly hats called "cowboys."

**DWAYNE:** Do these "cowboys" still exist, sir?

**GENERAL:** I'm not sure, Lieutenant, maybe in India. Anyhoo, there would be a good "cowboy" and a bad "cowboy." Sometimes, when one "cowboy" would be held up somewhere, the other would be outside...waiting him out.

**BRUCE:** Sir, if I may say so, my grandfather told of the time wasting on these instead of a book, sir.

**GENERAL:** That is correct, Sergeant. But we know there is only one book now.

**BRUCE:** Yes, sir! The only one that matters survived! The only one not burnt! Sir!

**DWAYNE:** The Good Book, sir.

**BRUCE:** Sir, even the "phonies" understand that, sir.

**GENERAL:** Yes, they do! Now this waiting out is a sly trick to play on someone. They'll usually take action when we aren't prepared, if I know those Canadians. Not only will we have to prepare ourselves but we'll have to volunteer someone to fight with us. There is no doubt that their army is greater than ours.

**BRUCE:** Sir, who is there to volunteer, sir?

**GENERAL:** Someone they'll not be expecting.

**DWAYNE:** Dolce!

**GENERAL:** Si, Dolce!

**BRUCE:** A woman?

**GENERAL:** Of course a woman! Is that a problem, Private?

**BRUCE:** Sergeant, sir!

**GENERAL:** That's what I said! Is there a problem, Sergeant?

**BRUCE:** Sir, if I may speak freely, sir? I don't believe that a woman can handle the pressure from these barbarians. I don't think she understands what these Canucks can do. And I don't think she can throw a rock that far! She probably throws like a a—

**DWAYNE:** A girl?

**BRUCE:** Exactly! She more than likely throws like a girl!

**GENERAL:** (To DWAYNE.) Now that's speaking freely. Your freely speaking time is over, Sergeant! Now, since you have such a remarkable memory it shouldn't be hard for you to recollect that it was a woman that won World War III for us.

**BRUCE:** Sir, that is heresy, sir. Nothing more than a fable, sir.

**GENERAL:** A fable? I say it ain't! And as I see it, you are under my command which means you will believe what I believe.

**DWAYNE:** Sir, I don't mean to interject, this is all very entertaining but what is the decision? Shall I retrieve Dolce?

**GENERAL:** Yes, Lieutenant, retrieve Dolce and find some more rocks. We must begin preparing.

**DWAYNE:** (Gives an odd salute.) Right away, sir. Dolce on the rocks!

*DWAYNE exits.*

**GENERAL:** Sergeant Wane, what is your glitch? You do not agree with Sargento Mayor Dolce?

**BRUCE:** Sir, I am a better soldier than her, sir.

**GENERAL:** Soldier, when MexiAmerica formed we did it to survive. Apart we were just one but together we became – two.

**BRUCE:** Sir, what is your point, sir?

**GENERAL:** My point is that when we came together their people had the same rights as ours. That means everyone can join the armed forces.

**BRUCE:** Sir, what about –

**GENERAL:** Don't ask, don't tell, Sergeant. What kind of civilization is that where one does the hard work and the other nothing? We all participate! We all defend this nation! Give and take! Law and order!

**BRUCE:** Excuse me, sir, but wasn't law and order what put us here?

**GENERAL:** Believe me, we wouldn't be in this mess if it weren't for the *old* law and order. I'm speaking of our new law and order!

**BRUCE:** Sir, this new law and order is getting us surrounded. We're being waited on! We must act, sir.

**GENERAL:** Don't you think I know this? What do you think would happen if the three of us go out there into battle against a Canadian army of six or seven? Really? Just how many rocks and sticks do you think they've stockpiled? No, if we go out there alone, we get our butts handed to us. We'll give up our post!

*DWAYNE enters with a bag of rocks and DOLCE, dressed similarly to DWAYNE, except she wears a pith helmet. She has a strong accent.*

**DWAYNE:** General, here is Sergento Mayor Dolce.

**DOLCE:** Hola, General. Hola, Señor Bruce. Dwayne says you wish me to fight with you?

**GENERAL:** He wasn't supposed to do that, but yes, we need a good man to fight with us. We are out of those, but a good woman will do just fine.

**DOLCE:** Gracias, General. I would be pleased to fight with you.

**GENERAL:** Good! But first, how far can you throw a rock?

**DOLCE:** I have never thrown a rock.

**BRUCE:** Ha! I told you!

**GENERAL:** I said hold your tongue, soldier! You question as to why she is higher rank? As you can see, she isn't some loud-mouth fool!

**BRUCE:** Sir, excuse me, sir. I don't know what came over me.

**GENERAL:** *(To DOLCE.)* Do you think you can throw a rock?

**DOLCE:** Will I break a nail?

**BRUCE:** Oh, holy Holden! Are you kidding me?

**GENERAL:** Sergeant! I will not ask you again to shut up! Do you think you could try?

**DOLCE:** Si, General. I only joke about my nails.

*DOLCE picks up a rock from the table and exits with the GENERAL.*

**BRUCE:** Test it out? We're as good as dead.

**DWAYNE:** You should loosen up, Bruce. It's not the end of the world.

**BRUCE:** We are entering into World War IV. You and I are outranked by some absentminded dink and our only help is this petite señora who has never thrown a rock!

**DWAYNE:** If you keep acting like this you're going to have a heart attack before we get into battle.

**BRUCE:** What do we do when she can't throw? Give her a stick and pray that the Canucks want close combat and didn't bring any heavy artillery or ice skates or pucks?

**DWAYNE:** We're not going to send her out to die like that. Maybe you, not her though.

**BRUCE:** I'll tell you why you wouldn't send her out! Because she's a girl. What happens when it's you or her that has to go into battle? You'll feel the same way I do, if only I was more of a girl.

**DWAYNE:** We're all in this together. It's the four of us versus the army of a-boot speakers headed this way.

**BRUCE:** Is she really going to make a difference?

*A loud boom off stage. The GENERAL hurries on stage.*

**GENERAL:** Did you hear that? Sweet mother of Stradlater! She nailed the target with one pitch!

**DWAYNE:** We heard it, General. She sounds like a natural.

**GENERAL:** I can't believe it! We may just get out of this mess.

*The GENERAL exits.*

**BRUCE:** Isn't that perfect? Not only is she beautiful, but she has a rocket launcher for an arm.

**DWAYNE:** You think she's beautiful?

**BRUCE:** It doesn't really matter now, does it? In just a few hours we might as well convert to Canadianism. Get on the winning side.

**DWAYNE:** Loosen up. We're going to be fine.

**BRUCE:** Loosen up? Fine! How about a joke? How do you know a Canadian has been in your backyard?

**DWAYNE:** Just settle down. There's no need for your baseless humor.

**BRUCE:** Wanna know? Your garbage cans are empty and your dog is pregnant.

**DWAYNE:** You see now? You aren't funny. I suggest you calm down before the General comes back in. I'm your friend and we don't need you getting hysterical on us.

**BRUCE:** Hysterical? I'm the one who's seeing things clearly and he calls me hysterical!

**DWAYNE:** Also, I'm pulling rank on you. So, I order you to calm down, Sergeant.

*GENERAL and DOLCE enter with more rocks.*

**DWAYNE:** Do you believe we should train her in fighting with sticks, sir?

**GENERAL:** No need, no need at all. When those hockey-playing-pansies realize the cannon we have they'll retreat in a matter of minutes.

**BRUCE:** Sir, what if they don't, sir?

**GENERAL:** Then they will find that the great Caulfield is on our side! How else do you explain our blind luck with Dolce?

**BRUCE:** Sir, just blind luck, sir.

**GENERAL:** Harrumph! Have you no faith, Sergeant?

**BRUCE:** Sir, I have faith, sir. I'm also a realist.

**GENERAL:** Why, if you didn't have faith, you'd be...

**BRUCE:** Faithless, sir?

**GENERAL:** Let me finish my sentence, soldier! I was going to say – yes, faithless. Or unfaithfulized.

**BRUCE:** Sir, I just don't have faith in the Sergento Mayor, sir.

**GENERAL:** You gain faith and you gain faith fast! Don't make me beat it into you, Sergeant.

**BRUCE:** Sir, I pray I start believing, sir.

**GENERAL:** Now, Lieutenant, double time out to the seer and see what he sees.

**DWAYNE:** Yes, General, right away.

*DWAYNE exits.*

**DOLCE:** Señor, si bien lo normal ahora seria decir?

**GENERAL:** Oh – I – my Spanish is a bit rusty, Sergeant. What exactly is she asking?

**BRUCE:** Sir, she's asking if she should stay and help, sir.

**GENERAL:** Yes! I mean si! Stay! For the love of Phoebe, stay!

**DOLCE:** No entiendo nada [I don't understand].

**BRUCE:** She doesn't understand what you're saying, sir.

**GENERAL:** Then, soldier, translate for me!

**BRUCE:** Sí, mantenerse a distancia [Yes, keep away]!

*DOLCE begins to leave.*

**GENERAL:** No! Stay! Por favor! Stay! Sergeant! Don't you ever use my inability to understand that crazy rolling tongue language for your personal gain again! That is an order! Now, ask her if she cares for a stick of gum.

**BRUCE:** Un chi—

**GENERAL:** Nevermind! I'll ask her myself.

*GENERAL sits down at the table and pulls out several packs of gum.*

**GENERAL:** (*Indicating the items.*) DO – YOU – WANT – A – PIECE-OF-GUM?

**DOLCE:** No lo entiendo. [I don't understand].

**BRUCE:** Sir, may I ask her?

**GENERAL:** Go ahead, but don't screw with me.

**BRUCE:** Chicle [Gum]? Quieres un chicle [Want some chewing gum]?

**DOLCE:** No, gracias.

**GENERAL:** What'd she say?

**BRUCE:** She said "No."

**GENERAL:** Suit yourself. Not as though there's much to live for anymore.

**BRUCE:** What is this all about, sir?

**GENERAL:** It's classified, Sergeant. That means you can't know.

**BRUCE:** Sir, if we're in any danger you should let us know. It's regulation, sir.

**GENERAL:** To Allie's death with regulation! May all windows be broken!

**BRUCE:** Sir, I honestly think that you should be honest, sir.

**GENERAL:** You do, do you? Well, I think you should follow my orders.

**BRUCE:** There are regulations, sir.

**GENERAL:** You and these inane regulations! In the thick of it, these regulations don't mean squat! There is a saying from long before you were born that goes something like, "You want the truth? You can't handle the truth." Jack something-or-other said it.

**BRUCE:** Sir, that is fascinating, sir. But enough with what Jack said –

**GENERAL:** Oh, you didn't know Jack. If you knew Jack, you'd appreciate that quote.

**BRUCE:** Sir, what're you doing with that rock, sir?

**GENERAL:** Nothing that I want to do, Sergeant.

**BRUCE:** Then put the rock down, sir.

**GENERAL:** I give the orders here!

**BRUCE:** Yes, sir, you do. You should give the order, sir.

**GENERAL:** What if I don't want to?

**BRUCE:** Sir, I think it would be best for us all if you gave that order.

**GENERAL:** Fine! General! Put down that rock! No? You think it best to keep it on hand in case of mutiny? I think that is mighty clever of you, General! Why thank you, General!

**BRUCE:** Sir, I don't think this is the time to converse with yourself.

**GENERAL:** Is that so? What do you think, General? Well, General, I think we should ask him why he thinks I shouldn't converse with you. Right-o, let's ask!

**DOLCE:** Ay, ay, ay! Mios Caulfield.

**BRUCE:** May I speak freely, sir? I don't think you should converse with yourself because you're both out of your mind.

**GENERAL:** My, my! That was free! Wouldn't you say so, General? Why, yes, almost too free. I say we court martial the punk!

**BRUCE:** I apologize about my forwardness, sir.

**GENERAL:** There is always censorship to free! It says so right in the Declaration of Re-dependence. Don't forget, General, that it also states that in a time of war as a high ranking officer you have the ability to revoke those freedoms!

*DWAYNE enters.*

**DWAYNE:** General! I just saw the seer and he – whew – said he saw an army – holy jeez it's hot – just 50 clicks due west.

**GENERAL:** What does that mean?

**DWAYNE:** I think that means not far off. Maybe 20 or 30 minutes.

**GENERAL:** Good work, soldier! Yes, nicely done, Lieutenant!

**DWAYNE:** Thank you, sir! Sir?

**GENERAL:** What can I help you with?

**DWAYNE:** Why do you have a rock to Sergeant Wane?

**GENERAL:** He has crossed a line! The Sergeant has had his freedoms revoked and we're taking him into custody. He insulted us!

**DWAYNE:** Us?

**BRUCE:** The General is conversing with himself again.

**DWAYNE:** Sir, why don't you put down the rock and we'll all talk...to the both of you.

**GENERAL:** Lieutenant, are you conspiring with the Sergeant? I think he is! Shut up! We don't know anything definite.

**DWAYNE:** I think we could settle things a little if you put down the rock.

**GENERAL:** Mutiny! Treason! Mutinous acts of conspiring!

**DWAYNE:** No! There's no mutiny! No conspiring! I'm just putting it out there that we could possibly settle things better if you guys put down the lethal weapons.

**GENERAL:** I will do nothing of the sort! Leave ourselves defenseless? No, we don't want to do that. Rid yourself of one, then that evens the odds! Brilliant! Dispose of one! But which one? Who is the thinker? Must take out the thinker.

*DOLCE knocks the GENERAL out.*

**BRUCE:** My Holden, that was close! Gracias, Dolce.

**DWAYNE:** What'd you do to make the General do this?

**BRUCE:** I may have told him to give himself an order.

**DWAYNE:** You didn't! What were you thinking?

**BRUCE:** There's something he wasn't telling us. There was something more dangerous than just the Canucks headed this way.

**DWAYNE:** More dangerous than an army of angry Canadians?

**BRUCE:** I don't know, but the fact that our commanding officer wouldn't tell us and went nucking futs over it scares the living Pencey out of me.

**DWAYNE:** How can something that big not be mentioned? How could I have not heard about it?

**BRUCE:** Then he goes and appoints Dolce to fight with us.

**DWAYNE:** Get over it!

**BRUCE:** No, honestly, when has he ever been afraid of a few extra Canucks headed this way? Never. Which raises the question, why did he pull Dolce up? Now?

**DWAYNE:** I think we're in for a big surprise.

**BRUCE:** And from the looks of it, it's going to be big-big.

**DWAYNE:** I don't like big-big.

**DOLCE:** Big-big?

**BRUCE:** Si, grande-grande!

**DOLCE:** Demasiado grande [Too big]? Ay, ay, ay! Demasiado grande solo cuando sea necesario [Too big is only good when necessary].

*DOLCE indicates BRUCE'S pants.*

**DWAYNE:** What's so funny?

**BRUCE:** She just said that big-big is only good – forget about it.

**DWAYNE:** What do we do? We can't just sit here and wait for them to arrive.

**BRUCE:** Help me lift the General up into the chair. Tie him up so he can't pull any more stunts. We'll wake him up and question the lunatic.

*A knock. Another knock follows.*

**BRUCE:** Who's that? Canadians?

**DWAYNE:** Knocking? Canadians don't knock. The seer?

**BRUCE:** He wouldn't have come all the way down here, unless –

**DWAYNE:** Unless the Canadians are here.

**BRUCE:** Let's go get him.

*BRUCE and DWAYNE exit.*

**DOLCE:** Hola, General? Are you–eh–alive? Vivo? General?

*BRUCE and DWAYNE drag a bloodied SEER on stage. They lay him down stage.*

**BRUCE:** They stoned him! He's barely breathing. Sweet Phoebe! Did you see the whole lot of 'em?

**DWAYNE:** I saw 'em! Now shut up while I think!

**BRUCE:** Oh, please, if there is such a thing up there as Caulfield, please, don't let this be true. I beg you, let me wake up and it be tomorrow!

*DWAYNE smacks BRUCE.*

**DWAYNE:** We've got to have cooler heads now. Going spastic like the General here ain't going to help anyone. Especially yourself!

**BRUCE:** Did you see how many were there?

**DWAYNE:** Yeah, I saw them. Twenty – maybe 30 of 'em. We have to think!

**BRUCE:** He probably knew this was coming the whole time! The son of Faith Cavendish was going to sacrifice us to the Canadian army!

**DWAYNE:** Bruce! Sergeant! That isn't going to help us now!

**BRUCE:** I don't think anything is going to help us now!

**DWAYNE:** Maybe, but I don't want to have to tie you up!

*BRUCE picks up a rock.*

**DWAYNE:** What're you doing?

**BRUCE:** Trust me, I don't want to, but you're pushing me to it!

**DWAYNE:** Then put the rock down! Don't be stupid.

**BRUCE:** I don't want to have to be stupid!

**DWAYNE:** You should want to have to not want to be stupid! I'm your friend!

*DWAYNE picks up a rock.*

**BRUCE:** What're you doing?

**DWAYNE:** I'm getting stupid, too!

**BRUCE:** You can't get stupid, I'm getting stupid.

**DWAYNE:** If you can get stupid, I get can get stupider!

**DOLCE:** Ay, ay, ay. Tonto es el que tonterías hace [Stupid is as stupid does]. Stop it, idiots!

**BRUCE:** What'd she call us?

**DOLCE:** The both of you, you're estupido! We must fight and you kill each other?

**BRUCE:** I wasn't going to kill him.

**DWAYNE:** Of course not. I'd never kill Bruce.

**BRUCE:** Maiming you is a different story. I mean, making it so you couldn't walk right for a couple o' days, that's humor!

**DWAYNE:** Exactly! And I to you.

**DOLCE:** Just stop! The Canadians are coming! The Canadians are coming!

**BRUCE:** What do you say? Truce?

**DWAYNE:** Truce. Let's kick some ham-lovin' butt!

**BRUCE:** How're we going to do that?

*DOLCE clears her throat.*

**BRUCE:** The three of us aren't going to stand a chance against the Canucks.

**DWAYNE:** That is why we need to be creative.

**BRUCE:** Creative! Yes, we must not fight them with our weapons or fists or our brains but –

**DWAYNE:** With our superior wits! How do we go about that?

*DOLCE clears her throat even louder than before.*

**DOLCE:** I think I have an idea.

**BRUCE:** Bravo. Not only does she have a superior throwing arm, but now she's got an idea! We're just holding you back.

**DOLCE:** What about the great and powerful Caulfield?

**BRUCE:** Not only is she going to mock our battle planning experience, but now she's lampooning our religion.

**DWAYNE:** She has the same religion as ours, idiot.

**BRUCE:** But she gives prrrayerrrs. *(Rolls the 'R's.)*

**DOLCE:** What do you mean "lampooning"?

**DWAYNE:** Don't worry about him, he was dropped on his head as a baby. What's the idea?

**BRUCE:** *(Mockingly.)* I know! How about we just salsa out.

**DWAYNE:** If Dolce has an idea – what's the worst that could happen?

*Loud bangs from off stage.*

**BRUCE:** You were asking?

**DWAYNE:** Okay, Dolce, you have an idea? You have to tell us, and quickly.

**DOLCE:** I will need time for my idea.

**DWAYNE:** I don't think we have too much time. How can we help?

**DOLCE:** Where's the supply closet?

**DWAYNE:** *(Points opposite side of entrance.)* Over there, why?

**DOLCE:** Bueno! Gracias!

**DWAYNE:** Wait! What's your plan?

**DOLCE:** Con suficiente tiempo [In good time]!

*DOLCE exits. Several pounds at the door.*

**BRUCE:** Holden it all to Pencey! Looks like it's going to be awhile before he wakes up. Did you see that hit she gave him?

**DWAYNE:** The General said she had quite the arm.

**BRUCE:** That was amazing. She's – oh, nevermind.

**DWAYNE:** Despite what you think, the Sergento-Mayor is quite the lady.

**BRUCE:** A prayer before she comes back?

**DWAYNE:** Whatever help we can get. Even if Caulfield himself shows up, I'd be happy to lend him a rock and stick.

*BRUCE kneels and is followed by DWAYNE.*

**BRUCE and DWAYNE:** Let thou that lose the foils still be cast unto the Holy Land, Let thou that defy Spencer prosper unto Ernie's, Let thou stand aside from "phonies" and deliver unto Central Park South. May –

*A large bang comes from offstage.*

**DWAYNE:** Here goes nothing.

**BRUCE:** She better have a pretty good idea.

*DOLCE enters with a box of supplies and sets it on the table.*

**DOLCE:** Excelente! This is my plan...

*The three converse around the table. The GENERAL begins to wake, dazed. DWAYNE exits through to the storage room. BRUCE and DOLCE dress up the GENERAL in an elaborate costume, including a red hunting hat.*

**GENERAL:** (*Sings.*) "Show me the way to go home,  
I'm tired and I wanna go to bed  
I had a little drink 'bout an hour ago  
and it's gone straight to my head!"

**BRUCE:** Sir, shut up, sir!

**GENERAL:** How dare you interrupt our singing! We have the voice of  
— of—

**BRUCE:** Of a deaf banshee, sir?

**GENERAL:** You're stepping way past your boundaries, Private. Why  
if your generation only knew what good singing was — why if you  
only witnessed and heard the stellar voices of what we called  
American Idols, you'd be — be—

**BRUCE:** Singing a different tune, sir?

**GENERAL:** Why, you'd be praising our songs and every note that  
slipped from our tongue! You'd be calling me the Mexi-American  
Idol!

**BRUCE:** Sir, I can't say that I'm not glad to have missed this self-  
worshipping, half-witted, trash you call the Idol of America.

**GENERAL:** It is American Idol! Show some respect, Private!

**BRUCE:** Sir, I'm having hard enough of a time giving you respect right  
now. And by the way, it's Sergeant, not Private.

**GENERAL:** No, it's Private! We've demoted you!

**BRUCE:** Whatever you say, sir. Is there anything else I can help you  
with...I mean, if you need it?

**DOLCE:** No, thank you.

**BRUCE:** Dolce, I wanted to let you know — before this whole world of  
ours goes Edmont Hotel — I wanted to tell you — before—

*DWAYNE enters with cans of spray paint.*

**DWAYNE:** I got 'em! Buried behind all of that other stuff, of course.

**BRUCE:** Great. The glow in the dark junk?

**DOLCE:** Bueno! Put it on the wall.

**BRUCE:** Put it on thick too. We want these guys to read it before they get too far in.

**GENERAL:** If only they knew! You're correct! If only they knew the truth! Oh, no, I've said too much. Yes! You idiot, now they're on to us!

**BRUCE:** Sir? Are we in trouble?

**GENERAL:** Trouble? That's putting it lightly, Private. You're already buried.

**DWAYNE:** Sir, I think it's time to come clean.

**DOLCE:** Si, no more secrets.

**GENERAL:** Harrumph! And if we refuse? Ha! When we refuse?

*BRUCE slaps the GENERAL.*

**GENERAL:** *(Continued.)* Ha! You hit like a woman!

*DOLCE shoves BRUCE out of the way and pummels the GENERAL.*

**GENERAL:** *(Continued.)* Geneva Convention! We call the Geneva Convention!

**DWAYNE:** He's speaking in tongues!

**BRUCE:** What is the Genoa convection?

**DWAYNE:** How should I know? Some sort of salami circulation, I suppose.

**BRUCE:** Sir, we have other means of interrogation here. Much more painful techniques!

**GENERAL:** Private, you don't know me! I can withstand all types of torture. I survived -

**BRUCE:** Dolce, put on your rings.

**GENERAL:** We submit! We succumb to the villainy of this tiny senorita!

**DWAYNE:** What is it that you're not telling us, General?

*DOLCE grabs the spray cans and begins writing on the back wall.*

**GENERAL:** Oh, my Caulfield. You're going to be angry.

**BRUCE:** I say we interrogate him based on the principle of him being a jerk. A real Stradlater.

**DWAYNE:** Shut it, Private Wane!

**BRUCE:** I'm a Sergeant!

**DWAYNE:** We need some answers! General, why will we be angry?

**GENERAL:** Because we haven't been entirely honest. No, we've been a bad General. We haven't much time. They'll get in soon. All of them. Every Canuck, a-boot sayin', ham-lovin' freaks! Even the Quebecians. They're all headed this way...after Chicago.

**BRUCE:** Chicago? What happened to Chicago?

**GENERAL:** Oh, it's been seized. Shut up! Queen Oprah III has been captured. You've said too much! Our country has been overtaken by Canadians.

**DWAYNE:** Our Queen? How could this happen?

**GENERAL:** Same way they'll be taking us: failure to realize the true problem and address it, no exit strategy. You've done it now!

**DWAYNE:** General, when did you know about Chicago being seized? How long has the Queen been held by those puck eaters?

**GENERAL:** We've known for quite some time. We'd say about a week. The message has been passed down through smoke signals.

**BRUCE:** Why did you keep us here?

**GENERAL:** Orders. I was ordered to keep my regiment here until further notice.

**DWAYNE:** But the only one who can give you that order is the Queen.

**BRUCE:** You're a General, General!

**GENERAL:** We must keep up with our orders. Yes, we must. We can't leave this post until we get the orders to do so.

**BRUCE:** Are you completely mental? Don't you understand what you've done? All of us are as good as dead.

**GENERAL:** We were following orders!

**BRUCE:** There's time for orders and there's a time to use your own mind!

**GENERAL:** If we hadn't followed orders when you were just a thought this whole country would be speaking Korean or Russian or even Phrygian.

**BRUCE:** You're nothing more than a coward.

**GENERAL:** What would you do, you little punk? You'd lose your little mind!

*A loud bang from off stage.*

**DOLCE:** Almost done! Get the lights prepared! Darse prisas [Hurry up]!

*BRUCE and DWAYNE exit to front door.*

**BRUCE:** *(From offstage.)* They're in! They're in!

*There is a skirmish. A number of 'ows' from the Canadian soldiers. BRUCE return with a female prisoner.*

**DWAYNE:** A prisoner! We've got a prisoner!

**PRISONER:** T'es une ordure! Me permette d'aller! [You're a scumbag! Let me go!]

**BRUCE:** Oh, great, she's a Quebecian.

*The PRISONER spits at BRUCE.*

**PRISONER:** Quel bouffon! [What a fool!] You pig! You swine! You stupid hog!

**BRUCE:** Well, she knows her ham.

**DWAYNE:** C'mon! Sit in that chair! Bruce, grab the duct tape. Make sure she doesn't move.

**PRISONER:** N'importe quelle minute! [Any minute!] We are invincible. The door will be down soon and we will kill you all!

*The PRISONER notices the GENERAL.*

**PRISONER:** Que l'enfer? [What the heck]?

**DOLCE:** Get the lights ready, por favor.

*BRUCE exits to the closet.*

**DWAYNE:** What do we do about her?

**PRISONER:** Choke on it!

**DOLCE:** Shut her up?

**DWAYNE:** Si! I was thinking the same thing.

*DWAYNE silences her with tape.*

**DOLCE:** Justo lo que se necesitaba [Just what the doctor ordered].

What do we do with the General?

**DWAYNE:** If there is any more singing I say we tape him up too.

**GENERAL:** Harrumph! No respect for authority. When the cat's away—

**DOLCE:** Cuando el gato no está, los ratones bailan [When the cat's away, the mice will play]. We play it safe?

*DOLCE tapes the GENERAL'S mouth.*

**DOLCE:** *(Continued.)* Where is he with the lights?

**DWAYNE:** Don't worry about him, he'll be here. We have to worry about another charge and that door coming down.

**DOLCE:** We must be careful of the other one.

**DWAYNE:** Bruce? Oh, no, he's a good soldier. A bit hot in the head and doesn't quite know when to shut up, but when it boils down, he's a good guy.

**DOLCE:** His head is hot?

**DWAYNE:** No, what I meant was...he is...his general thought about everything...he's kind of stupid sometimes.

**DOLCE:** Si. He does not think much of me.

**DWAYNE:** I don't think that's it.

**DOLCE:** Que has dicho [What did you say]?

**DWAYNE:** What did you say?

**DOLCE:** No comprendo.

**DWAYNE:** Comprendo? I see. What I mean is, you mean much more to him than you think.

**DOLCE:** I do not see it. How can I know what you speak is true?

**DWAYNE:** You'll see what I mean. He has an odd way about things, but —

*BRUCE enters with many strings of lights. He trips.*

**BRUCE:** I got the lights!

**DWAYNE:** I suppose he just has an odd way all around.

**BRUCE:** You talking about me?

**DWAYNE:** No, no. About the General. He's an odd duck.

**BRUCE:** I couldn't decide which kind you wanted so I brought all of them.

**DOLCE:** Gracias. (To DWAYNE.) I see.

**BRUCE:** Sees? Sees what?

**DWAYNE:** Nothing. Just how she's going to set these up.

**BRUCE:** Yeah, those will be tricky. If you need any help...I mean...if you have any orders, I don't mind helping.

**DOLCE:** Gracias. I may take you up on that.

**DWAYNE:** I thought you wanted her to stay out of battle?

**BRUCE:** In this case, we won't have to battle. In this case, she won't hold us back. In this case, you should shut up.

**DOLCE:** Sergeant, would you help me with the lights, por favor?

*DOLCE begins stringing lights around the board upstage.*

**BRUCE:** En un momento, I'll be right there. (To DWAYNE.) I know what you're getting at and you're wrong. Don't you say a word – even if you're right, which you aren't, what could come of it?

**DOLCE:** Sergeant? Bruce?

**BRUCE:** I'm coming!

**DWAYNE:** (To the PRISONER.) Who would have thought, huh? Hard case little soldier falls in love amongst the mess your people created.

**PRISONER:** Meghy pweredr derjunt –

**DWAYNE:** I got it, I got it. You're people didn't start it, my people didn't start it. Blah, blah, blah. Neither of us are ever the bad guy, right? We're never the instigator. But then, who is?

**PRISONER:** Tahae chaoorweeard wftkko sfthtoot ta—

**DWAYNE:** I understand. The idiots that brought down the satellites or at least made them inoperable. But as I recall that wasn't your people, nor was it my people. The human race brought the human race back to square one.

**PRISONER:** Waye ahhel ta ahhme.

**DWAYNE:** I agree. We're all the same. It doesn't matter if we're black or white or translucent or orange.

**PRISONER:** Uh zzhabbe uh breay.

**DWAYNE:** Just shades of gray. Without the technology or communication we're just as useless as –

**PRISONER:** Garbeth tada wethar.

**DWAYNE:** (*Laughs.*) Exactly.

**PRISONER:** Woohod eh lad ee oot?

**DWAYNE:** I wish I could, really. We're in a predicament with your people.

**PRISONER:** Wasdter umi pheebole?

**DWAYNE:** I'm sorry, bad choice of words. I'm not a hypocrite really. I could never deceive the Good Book like that.

**PRISONER:** Dha gaude bak. Whae er phiette ur etz kawz.

**DWAYNE:** As do we. But because one group may think another has its first copy doesn't justify the reason to wage World War IV.

**PRISONER:** Gast um tharedar pumb phray thaletodar meekle dap ma ta hanum.

**DWAYNE:** No, that's a good point.

**PRISONER:** Phank ew.

**DWAYNE:** Did anyone ever tell you that you have beautiful eyes? I mean, once you get the duct tape off your mouth.

*Large booms from entryway.*

**BRUCE:** What've they got out there?

**DWAYNE:** Holden only knows.

**BRUCE:** Sure, or a dirty Canuck we have prisoner.

**DWAYNE:** Don't touch her. There's a better way to go about this.

**BRUCE:** Honestly? Do you think they'd treat you as kind?

**DWAYNE:** I'm trying to be the better person here. Remember what the prophet Salinger wrote?

**BRUCE:** Fine! You be the better person and I'll get the answers!

**DWAYNE:** This is Mexi-America we're fighting for! Let's put it to a vote.

**BRUCE:** Democratic, schmeocratic. It doesn't belong in war!

**DOLCE:** Callate! Shut up!

**BRUCE:** Don't you want answers?

**DOLCE:** Sì! Only the right way. But if that is the only way, we must get information.

**DWAYNE:** Then we vote.

**BRUCE:** All in favor of torturing the little puck-eater to get some answers, raise your hand!

**GENERAL:** Pmmbhghh! Mytfrgpppgm! Pmmbhghh!

**DWAYNE:** What's the problem?

*BRUCE rips tape off.*

**GENERAL:** Dear Mother of Phoebe and all that is holy at Pencey! That hurt like a mother!

**BRUCE:** You wanted to say something?

**GENERAL:** Allow us to collect ourselves. With such a lashing from the lip you don't expect me not to lose my locomotive of thought.

**BRUCE:** If you're not ready, let me put the tape back on or start talking.

**GENERAL:** If there is to be a vote, we say that we are part of this process. If it is democracy you want we'll show you how democratic we can be!

**BRUCE:** Fine. You can vote, too.

**DOLCE:** How will the General vote? We raise our hands to vote, si?

**DWAYNE:** That's right. Now, let's get to it.

**DOLCE:** But he cannot.

**BRUCE:** Sure he can. Anyone can vote. You just raise your hand for yea or nay.

**DWAYNE:** I think she may be on to something. He can't vote.

**GENERAL:** And why the Pencey not?

**DWAYNE:** He can't vote without any hands.

**DOLCE:** Si, that is what I said.

**BRUCE:** I'm not untying him. I'm not cutting that nut loose.

**GENERAL:** We beg your pardon? Private, you forget that we –

**BRUCE:** For the last time, I'm a Sergeant!

**GENERAL:** When did this happen? Why weren't we made aware?

**DWAYNE:** You were, sir. One of you promoted him this morning.

**GENERAL:** Why didn't you tell me? I did tell you! You certainly did not! You forget these matters all the time. Harrumph! I'm no longer speaking to you!

**BRUCE:** Shut it! Okay, when it comes time for the General to vote, he will nod his head. Does that work?

*The GENERAL nods twice.*

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