

The Last Position

A 1 Minute Play
By Greg Lam

ACT 1 SCENE 1

At rise, two people kneel on the ground, facing forward. Hands behind their heads. They look disheveled. They stare at the ground. They are the OLDER PERSON and the YOUNGER PERSON. They are nonwhite.

They hold this pose for a bit before the Younger Person speaks.

YOUNGER PERSON: Did you think we'd end up like this?

OLDER PERSON: Not necessarily.

YOUNGER PERSON: Not necessarily?

OLDER PERSON: I mean, there were a lot of ways this could have gone. This was always a possibility. Even in the best days, I knew this was a possibility.

Pause.

YOUNGER PERSON: Did you always think so?

OLDER PERSON: I had hope. That's why I fought.

Pause.

YOUNGER PERSON: Did you do enough to prevent this?

OLDER PERSON: Obviously not.

Pause.

YOUNGER PERSON: Do you think-

A sudden, loud scream from offstage. The two recoil in surprise and fear.

GUARD (OS): QUIET! SHUT UP, THE TWO OF YOU!

They stop talking and resume their last position, as best they can. Kneeling, facing forward, hands on the back of their heads.

THE END

Seven Ten

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ACT 1 SCENE 1

On one side of the stage stand SEVEN and TEN. They are two bowling pins, standing apart by a few feet. On the other side of the stage, THE BOWLER helps prepare THE BALL. Seven, Ten, and The Ball all speak in overlapping dialogue. The Bowler silently prepares The Ball.

SEVEN	TEN	THE BALL
All right you little so-and-so, you twerp! You might have gotten the other eight, but you'll never get all of us!	Why?	Alright, champ. How are you feeling? Good! So am I!
You can knock me down, but then 10 over there will get off scot free! Or if you go after 10, then there's no way you can get to me! We have you outnumbered, buddy boy!	Why must life be this way?	You've been doing outstanding all game. I'm so proud of you! We can do it this time. Confidence! Poise! We got this!
Who are you going to go after? It's a dilemma, right? Or are you just going to throw it into the gutter again, just like you did in the Seventh Frame? I bet you're thinking about that, right now, aren't you? Aren't you?	Time after time I'm set up, only to be flattened by an uncaring mammoth behemoth, over and over and over again.	You just send me off with just a little leftward hook, and I'll just give our pal Seven a little kiss. Just a little *mwah*!
Ooooooh!!! The pressure! Can you handle the pressure? Loser! LOOOOSER!	Every time I fall, battered, but then I'm grabbed by that infernal machinery, and set up to take another pummeling. What's the point?	Seven will bip into the wall and bop right on over to take out Ten. Just trust me on this, OK? I've done it a million times.
You can knock us down, but we will be set up again! We will never stay down forever! Do you understand?! We will never stay down! We will always return to stand tall the next frame!	Why this eternal bludgeoning?	BUMP! BIP... BOP! Like that!
Do! Your! Worst!	What have I done to deserve this, world? Haven't I suffered enough?	Don't forget to breath. Deep breaths!
	Why can't I rest? All I want is to rest. I didn't ask for this.	Here we go! Oh, you're doing so good! I knew you could do it. Remember the steps, smooth backswing and release. Nice and easy and....
	No! Don't! I'm innocent!	
	Mercy! Meeercyyyyyyy!	Cowabungaaaaaaa!

The Bowler sends the Ball speeding toward the pins.

THE END