

Script sample #1 of "A Day To Remember"

by Fred Passmore

Two men in business suits, carrying folders, walk into the room onstage. One of them, the character of Mike, drops his folder on the desk dejectedly and walks over to the end of the stage and stands looking out over the audience, as if out a window. The other character, Jeff, sits down casually in a chair beside the desk and looks at him expectantly, as if waiting for him to speak first. After a moment, he does.

Mike: "You know, when I came in today, I never dreamed this would be the last time I'd be standing here, looking out this window over the city."

Jeff: "Hey, man, I'm sorry about the way it turned out in there. I had no idea what would happen in that meeting."

Mike: (doubtfully) "Oh, really?" (He turns to look at Jeff, who comes to stand beside him at the window.) "I find that hard to believe."

Jeff: "That I'm sorry, or that I had no idea?"

Mike: "Both."

Jeff: (Puts on a hurt expression and puts a hand to his heart as if pained.) "You cut me, man." (He drops the hand and grins.)

Mike: (moving to his desk, he reaches under it and takes out a plastic crate and sets it on top.) "I had the distinct impression that everyone there was just waiting for me to object to the nature of the campaign."

Jeff: "Which you did. That's why I didn't tell you earlier. I knew you'd never go with an ad like that, but I gambled that once I pitched it, they'd love it. And they did!"

Mike: "And I look like a relic that not only doesn't know what his department is doing, but an uptight moralist out of touch with the times."

Jeff: (spreads his hands) "You are.(At a sharp look from Mike he tries to soften it.) Look, Mike, everyone here respects your stand, and your talent, but with the sales drop caused by your "family friendly" approach, you became a liability. You were gone before you ever went into that meeting this morning. You were the only one that didn't know it."

Mike: "I'm sure that you'll fit their needs quite nicely, now that you're the new head of marketing and ad development. (He begins taking items off of the desk and placing them into a plastic crate. He does this slowly, as the dialogue continues.) And I'm clearing out my desk, while a security man waits outside the door to escort me out of the building."

Jeff: "Hey, I don't want you leaving with hard feelings. I didn't engineer this turn of events. Nature just took it's course. You know, the survival of the fittest."

Mike: "Which is another way of saying I'm a dinosaur."

Jeff: (shrugs) "Well... look at the bright side, one day you'll be a rich oil source!" (He

leans back in a chair and puts his feet up on the edge of the desk that is now his.)

Mike: (lightening up) "Believe it or not, I am looking on the bright side. It's for the best, really. I know they'll be happier with you. I hated having to constantly weigh my convictions against the need for an advertising edge. This is a relief, in a way." (He removes a picture of his family from the desk, looks at it affectionately, then puts it in the crate.)

Jeff: "I don't believe it. (Taking down his feet and leaning forward in disdain and disbelief.) Here you are, fresh out of a job with a wife and two kids to support, and you're acting like you're happy about it. You're not for real, man."

Mike: "I didn't say I was happy about it. But even though I'm out of work, I'm not out of God's will. He has a reason for even this. I don't know what it is just yet, but I trust Him to work it out for my good and His glory."

Jeff: "You are such a piece of work. You'd deny reality itself to justify this so-called faith of yours."

Mike: "I don't deny reality. And I don't have to justify anything. But reality is what God makes it, and He'll justify me when it's all over and the dust settles. My vision is higher than what seems to be a disaster right now. I'm looking beyond it to see the ultimate destiny God has planned for me."

Jeff: (Standing, he places his hands on the desk and leans forward toward Mike.) "Sorry to burst your bubble, but the truth is, your faith cost you this position by preventing you from doing what was necessary to stay on top of the heap. A lot of good it's done you. (Stand back and spreads his arms to indicate himself.) Look at me. Here I am, a self-admitted party animal, I'm juggling three women, I don't even believe in God, and I'm doing better than you! You got fired and I got your position and a hefty raise to boot. If there is a God he doesn't care about the little stuff you obsess over. He doesn't even care about the big stuff! If he did, why does bad stuff happen to good people all the time?" (Grabs a newspaper off the desk and, spreading it open, he holds it up defiantly.) "This tells me there's no God."

Mike: (Taking a Bible out of a drawer, he looks at it.) "And you'll throw that away at the end of the day. This, on the other hand, (holding up the Bible) has outlasted all its critics and will last forever. This tells me there is a God, and that He cares for His creation. He has a plan, a wonderful plan, and I'm part of it."

Jeff: "Good for you. I want no part of it. I have my own plans, and tonight I plan to party!" (He dances a few steps.)

Mike: (As he puts a last item in the crate.) "Jeff, I may never get another chance to tell you this. Bad things can happen to good people the same as everyone else. But those who know Christ have someone to turn to, someone that cares, when they do. You don't know what tomorrow may bring. (Script continues...)