

**My Cubicle Life**  
- a corporate farce -

*by*

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## CHARACTERS

### JOEY

A recent college graduate and new finance executive. He's an overachiever, with a naïve ignorance of reality. Charming. Male. Twenty-two.

### MORT

The finance supervisor who daydreams about retirement. He's bespectacled; ordinary; predictable; but likeable. Male. Forty-five.

### VANEET

An IT executive. She's complex and difficult to read. Inquisitive; but indifferent. Female. Twenty-eight.

### SHIRLEY

Nobody is quite sure what she does for the company. She wears a floral apron over her business attire. Daffy; domestic. Female. Fifties.

### GARY

He works down the hall; unknown department. He walks around with a file covering his face. If his face was revealed, it would be a poker face; but that will remain a mystery. Male. Age undeterminable.

### RICARDO

A marketing executive. He's blind, but very aware of his surroundings. White cane. Dark glasses. Aloof. Male. Forties.

### LISA

The receptionist. A contemporary hippie with cool tattoos. She's free-spirited; pretty; picturesque. Female. Nineteen.

### PRESIDENT

The president of the company. Nicknamed, Mr. Bigfoot. He is never seen, just heard over a loudspeaker. Male (raspy female voice). One hundred one.

### ANGELA #2

The HR Director in a brunette wig. She's a wheelchair user and wears a whistle around her neck. A former army drill sergeant. Militant. Female. Thirties.

### ANGELA #3

The HR Director in a blonde wig. The same actor as Angela #2 and same character description.

## SETTING\*

Office / Breakroom.

### CUBICLES

Centerstage, four cubicles are opened toward the audience. The cubicle walls are low (approximately forty-two inches) allowing employees to see and converse with one another while seated. The cubicles are gray; bland. From stage right to left:

- Shirley's cubicle is a kitchenette: refrigerator, oven, cooktop, pantry, etc.
- Joey's cubicle is narrow; a third of the size. A desk and chair only; bare.
- Mort's cubicle is covered with sticky notes and a painting of a window.
- Vaneet's cubicle is orderly and minimal: desk, chair, computer and phone.

### BREAKROOM

Downstage, right. A small round table with two chairs. A beverage cart, with a coffeepot and coffee cups. A watercooler.

### WARDROBE

All employees wear business attire in various shades of gray. The gray scheme should be in unison with the cubicle walls, creating a drab environment. No color; bland. However, there are two exceptions: 1) Shirley's floral apron 2) Mort's yellow sticky notes.

### TIME

Monday morning. Present day.

### SYNOPSIS

It's the first day of a new job and Joey, fresh out of college, is a new finance executive. His goal is to climb the corporate ladder, but fate takes him in a different direction after encountering crazy coworkers, looming layoffs, a mysterious boss and the love of his life. During a single workday, Joey spends more time navigating office shenanigans than working. Are his dreams about to begin *or* come to a crashing halt?

\*Four cubicles and breakroom only. The reception desk and other workspaces are not visible on stage.

## ACT ONE



Monday, 7:55 a.m.

*The stage is dark.*

*Low intensity lighting.*

*Centerstage, Shirley, Mort and Vaneet are in their cubicles; tableau.*

*Downstage, Joey is standing in a spotlight.*

*He addresses the audience.*

*Soliloquy #1*

JOEY

Hi, I'm Joey. I'm twenty-two. I graduated college two weeks ago, top of my class. I gave the commencement speech—you know the one: quote a wise, dead person and then talk about world domination. I have a degree in finance. I was offered a job immediately. The company wanted me to start two weeks ago, but I wanted a little time for myself; time to discover myself. I know, I know, two weeks is not that long. But I got to hang out with my buddies . . . a few parties . . . a quick backpacking trip. Uh. I didn't discover myself, but maybe work is the best place to do that. Yeah. When I'm sitting in my big office, feet on the desk, I'll have plenty of time to reflect—find my purpose. I've arrived! Time to reap the benefits. My hot secretary will enter with a latte, go over my schedule and brief me of all my important meetings. She'll probably be the hot, nerdy-type. Hair up in a bun . . . thick glasses that magnify her eyes . . . business suit . . . once she lets her hair down and puts in contacts . . . ohmywow! We'll have an office romance; very inappropriate. I'll break it off before it gets too involved; I don't want rumors to spread. I'll just let her know, I need to concentrate on my career. I'm climbing the corporate ladder and nothing is going to slow me down. The president of the company will treat me like a son. He'll say, "Son, let me introduce you to my daughter." She'll be smokin' hot, too, but in different way. We'll get married . . . have three children—all boys. And when the old man dies, I'll be named president of the company. It's going to be a blast. Today's my first day. I better go. I don't want to be late. Me, an executive? Kick-ass! Enter, "My Business Life."

*Lights up.*

*Movement.*

*Joey's in his cubicle.*

I feel trapped. JOEY

It's been five minutes. MORT

I feel claustrophobic. JOEY

It's only been five minutes. MORT

How do you do it? JOEY

I'm not sure what you mean. MORT

I think my cubicle is getting smaller. JOEY

You've been employed with the company for five minutes. MORT

I feel— JOEY

Don't think about it. I don't think about it. MORT

Mort . . . it's Mort, right? JOEY

Yes. Short for Morton, but everyone calls me Mort. MORT

Mort, how long have you been here? JOEY

Since seven o'clock this morning. MORT

No, I meant with the company. How long have you been with the company? JOEY

Twenty-three years—and a summer.

MORT

Twenty-three years—and a summer?

JOEY

I started as an intern. The summer before my senior year, so I count the summer, too.

MORT

That's a long . . .

JOEY

After graduation, I was offered a job immediately; and twenty-three years later, here I am training you.

MORT

Same cubicle?

JOEY

Yes. No. Same spot, but the cubicle walls are newer. The old cubicle walls were much higher. Over six-feet tall. I enjoyed the anonymity; it was much easier to disappear.

MORT

You've been in that same spot for twenty-three years?

JOEY

The chair is newer, too. It's ergonomically fitted to my body.

MORT

How do you do it?

JOEY

It's designed for efficiency and comfort.

MORT

No, not the chair . . . I meant the job.

JOEY

Don't think about it. I don't think about it.

MORT

It's just . . . I thought I was going to get a hot secretary.

JOEY

Admin.

MORT

JOEY  
Hmm?

MORT  
Admin . . . nobody says secretary anymore.

JOEY  
It's just . . . I thought I was going to get a hot admin.

MORT  
That sounds a little more appropriate.

JOEY  
Twenty-three years—

MORT  
And a summer.

JOEY  
It doesn't feel right.

MORT  
Call the industrial hygienist . . . she'll get you fitted for your own chair.

JOEY  
No, not the chair . . . I meant . . . I just graduated. I have a finance degree.

MORT  
We all have finance degrees.

VANEET  
Not everyone—IT

*Vaneet walks to Joey's cubicle.*

I'm Vaneet, congratulations on your new career.

JOEY  
Thank you. I'm Joey.

*They shake.*

VANEET  
Welcome, Joey.

JOEY

I was just telling Mort, I majored in finance. I thought I was going to get my own office.

*Shirley leans over her cubicle wall, holding a tray of cupcakes.*

SHIRLEY

Finance my cookies! Home economics.

JOEY

Home economics? . . . That's a thing?

SHIRLEY

It was in the 1950s—coffee cake?

JOEY

Hmm?

SHIRLEY

Would you like some coffee cake?

JOEY

They're cupcakes . . .

SHIRLEY

Coffee cake cupcakes.

JOEY

I've never had one.

SHIRLEY

Coffee cake or cupcakes?

JOEY

No, uh . . . coffee cake.

SHIRLEY

Would you like some coffee cake?

JOEY

Uh, yes . . . thank you.

*Joey takes a bite.*

SHIRLEY

Well?



Mmm. JOEY

What do you think? SHIRLEY

Good. JOEY

*Shirley glares.*

Delicious.

*Shirley gleams.*

I created the recipe for my dissertation. SHIRLEY

Dissertation? . . . You have a PhD? JOEY

Yes. In home economics . . . Dr. Shirley, but you can call me Shirley. SHIRLEY

They're delicious. JOEY

I baked them—myself. SHIRLEY

*pause.*

Take another bite.

Mmmmm. JOEY

Scrumptious, eh? SHIRLEY

I can taste the coffee. JOEY

There's no coffee in the ingredients. SHIRLEY

Are you sure?	JOEY
Yes. I baked them—myself.	SHIRLEY
I swear I taste coffee.	JOEY
There's no coffee.	SHIRLEY
Why is it called coffee cake?	JOEY
You're supposed to eat it with coffee.	SHIRLEY
So, there's no coffee?	JOEY
No coffee.	SHIRLEY
I detect a hint of coffee.	JOEY
Do you drink coffee with sugar?	SHIRLEY
No.	JOEY
Milk?	SHIRLEY
A little.	JOEY
That's it. You taste the milk.	SHIRLEY
Uh. Yeah.	JOEY

SHIRLEY

What do you think?

JOEY

Still delicious.

*Intercom.*

PRESIDENT

Attention, attention: due to budget cuts, layoffs will be announced today; and the employee appreciation luncheon is rescheduled for tomorrow. In addition, the employee appreciation luncheon will be a potluck. Everyone is required to bring a dish to participate. A sign-up sheet is posted in the breakroom. This year's motto: "We appreciate you, but we don't have the funding to feed you."

JOEY

Layoffs? Today? Who was that?!

MORT

Don't worry, it's just the president of the company.

VANEET

Mr. Bigfoot.

JOEY

Mr. Bigfoot? The president of the company is named, Mr. Bigfoot?

MORT

That's what we call him.

VANEET

He's like a mythical creature. Everyone has heard of him, but no one has actually seen him.

MORT

I saw him once.

VANEET

There's never been a credible witness.

MORT

I saw him once.

VANEET

Other than daily announcements, there's no physical evidence of his existence.

JOEY  
Nobody has actually seen the boss?

MORT  
I saw him once.

VANEET  
There is a photograph circulating, but it's blurry.

*Vaneet hands Joey a photograph.*

JOEY  
It's hard to tell, but he looks like a hairy ape.

VANEET  
I sent a copy to a forensic lab.

JOEY  
What did they say?

VANEET  
The results are inconclusive. Some say the posture mimics a simian-like creature; while others claim it's a man in a gorilla suit.

SHIRLEY  
I baked him a banana cream pie once.

JOEY  
I thought nobody has seen him.

MORT  
I saw him once.

SHIRLEY  
Did he mention my pie?

JOEY  
Wait. Vaneet just said . . .

MORT  
I was an intern.

JOEY  
Twenty-three years ago?

And a summer.

MORT

Where?

JOEY

I was taking some boxes to the storage room. When I turned the corner, I bumped into this large, hairy figure.

MORT

What did you say?

JOEY

Nothing.

MORT

What did he say?

JOEY

Nothing.

MORT

Nothing?

JOEY

He just grunted.

MORT

Grunted?

JOEY

Yes. Ooo, ooo.

MORT

Like? . . . Aw, aw.

VANEET

Eee, eee.

SHIRLEY

No, like. . . . Ooo, ooo.

MORT

Rawr.

JOEY

Deeper. . . . Ooo, ooo. MORT

Aw, aw. VANEET

Eee, eee. SHIRLEY

Closer. . . . Ooo, ooo! MORT

Rawr! JOEY

That's it! MORT

*Mort, Vaneet, Shirley and Joey grunt uncontrollably; rapidly; in perfect succession.*

Ooo, ooo! MORT

Aw, aw! VANEET

Eee, eee! SHIRLEY

Rawr! JOEY

*Violently!*

Ooo! Ooo! MORT

Aw! Aw! VANEET

Eee! Eee! SHIRLEY

Rawr! JOEY

*They beat their chests!*

Ooo! Ooo!	MORT
Aw! Aw!	VANEET
Eee! Eee!	SHIRLEY
Rawr!	JOEY

*They climb on the chairs; desks!*

Ooo! Ooo!	MORT
Aw! Aw!	VANEET
Eee! Eee!	SHIRLEY
Rawr!	JOEY

*Louder!*

OOO! OOO!	MORT
AW! AW!	VANEET
EEE! EEE!	SHIRLEY
RAWR!	JOEY

*Stop!*  
*Long pause.*  
*They compose themselves.*

VANEET

*(Calm)* There's never been an independent witness to collaborate Mort's story; so, I've been working with Gary to collect evidence.

JOEY

Gary?

VANEET

That's not his real name. Let's just say he works down the hall.

*Gary enters.  
He's holding a file that covers his face.  
He walks across the stage rapidly.  
Gary exits.*

JOEY

Who was that?

VANEET

That was Gary.

*Blackout.*

10:00 a.m.

*The stage is dark.  
Low intensity lighting.  
Centerstage, Shirley, Mort and Vaneet are in their cubicles; tableau.  
Downstage, Joey is standing in a spotlight.  
He addresses the audience.*

*Soliloquy #2*

JOEY

I didn't get a hot secretary—I mean, hot administrative assistant. And the chance of marrying the president's daughter is slim. Unless I want hairy children. So much for a hostile takeover. Mort is training me. Sharing all his knowledge. Showing me the ropes. I didn't get a big office. I, uh . . . I got a . . . I'm in a cubicle. Being in cubicle is like living in a trailer park. Very confined. Compact. Rows and rows of mobile homes. No privacy. You don't even get to choose your neighbors. Cubicle? That's a stupid name. Can someone invent a better name: creative pod; hack pad; power den; think tank. Except for Shirley's cubicle . . . I call her cubicle a . . . "kitchen." I don't know how Mort does it—how any of them do it. Twenty-three years—and a summer . . . I'd jump out of a window. Oh, yeah, there are no windows. Enter, "My Cubicle Life."

*Lights up.  
Movement.*



*Joey's in his cubicle.*

I feel trapped. JOEY

It's been two hours. MORT

I feel claustrophobic. JOEY

It's only been two hours. MORT

How do you do it? JOEY

I'm not sure what you mean? MORT

I think my cubicle is getting smaller. JOEY

You've been employed with the company for two hours. MORT

I feel— JOEY

Don't think about it. I don't think about it. MORT

*Mort references a painting of a window, hanging in his cubicle.*

Every time I feel trapped, I just gaze out my window.

It's a painting . . . JOEY

. . . it's a painting of a window. MORT

VANEET  
That ugly thing has been hanging there for twenty-three years.

My mother bought it for me. MORT

Why? JOEY

It was a graduation present. MORT

Oh. JOEY

I gaze out my window and I write on sticky notes. MORT

I noticed. I was going to ask you about those. JOEY

Don't. VANEET

Don't. SHIRLEY

*Gary Enters.  
Face covered.  
He walks across the stage rapidly.*

Don't. GARY

*Gary exits.*

I list all the things I'm going to do. MORT

Do? JOEY

It's like his bucket list. VANEET

Bucket sticky . . . sticky bucket . . . sounds like a pastry—yum! SHIRLEY

MORT  
When I retire, I'm going to complete every single sticky note.

JOEY  
Why wait? . . . Get started now.

MORT  
I don't have time.

JOEY  
Make time.

MORT  
When I retire . . .

JOEY  
Can I read some of the notes?

VANEET  
No.

SHIRLEY  
No.

*Gary enters.  
Face covered.  
He walks across the stage rapidly.*

GARY  
No.

*Gary exits.*

MORT  
Uh . . . no.

JOEY  
Okay.

*Pause.*

During the announcement, Mr. Bigfoot mentioned something about layoffs. What did he mean, layoffs?

VANEET  
I wouldn't worry about it.

JOEY

Everyone keeps telling me that, but I've only been here two hours!

MORT

I've been through twenty-three layoffs and survived them all.

VANEET

They wouldn't have hired you just to fire you. You're safe.

JOEY

Are you guys worried?

VANEET

No . . . IT is always safe.

SHIRLEY

I'm safe!

*Gary enters.*

*Face covered.*

*He walks across the stage rapidly.*

GARY

My employee file has been destroyed. I'm safe.

*Gary exits.*

MORT

I secretly wish I would get laid-off.

JOEY

You're kidding, right?

VANEET

He says that every year.

SHIRLEY

Every year.

*Gary enters.*

*Face covered.*

*He walks across the stage rapidly.*

GARY

Every year. I've recorded the exact date and time of his statements.

*Gary exits.*

I do. MORT

Why? JOEY

So, I can complete my list. MORT

Your sticky notes? JOEY

Yeah. Sticky notes. MORT

*Shirley leans over her cubicle wall, holding a frying pan.*

Would you like an omelet? SHIRLEY

Hmm? JOEY

A three-egg omelet? SHIRLEY

Oh, I'm still a little full from the coffee cake. JOEY

Nonsense. SHIRLEY

Really, I'm— JOEY

Onions? Green peppers? Ham? SHIRLEY

Uh . . . just cheese. JOEY

Cheese omelet, coming up! SHIRLEY

*Shirley starts to cook the omelet.*

Dr. Shirley?	JOEY
Please, just Shirley.	SHIRLEY
I was . . .	JOEY
Yes?	SHIRLEY
. . . curious . . .	JOEY
About?	SHIRLEY
. . . what department . . .	JOEY
Go ahead.	SHIRLEY
. . . do you work . . . ?	JOEY
Mushrooms?	SHIRLEY
No, just cheese.	JOEY
Almost ready.	SHIRLEY
So . . .	JOEY
Uh-huh?	SHIRLEY
. . . what exactly do you . . . ?	JOEY

SHIRLEY

Toast?

JOEY

Uh. No, thank you.

*Shirley serves Joey the omelet.*

Thank you.

*Intercom.*

PRESIDENT

Attention, attention: due to the approaching deadline, everyone is required to eat at their desk during the employee appreciation luncheon. Also known as an employee appreciation “working” luncheon. Lisa, you’re still required to answer phones during this time frame; so please identify a volunteer to fix a plate and deliver it to the reception desk. An update to this year’s motto: “We appreciate you, but we’ll appreciate you more if the deadline is met.”

*Lisa enters.*

*“Grand entrance.”*

*She walks across the stage like a model on a catwalk.*

*Confident stride.*

*Joey and Mort stop what they are doing and stare.*

*Mesmerized.*

*Their heads swivel in perfect unison with every step.*

*Lisa exits.*

MORT

Lisa.

JOEY

Hmm?

MORT

She’s the receptionist . . . if you were wondering.

JOEY

Wondering what?

MORT

What her name is.

JOEY

Oh, I wasn’t . . .

Just in case. MORT

. . . wondering. JOEY

It's Lisa. MORT

Yeah. Okay. JOEY

*Ricardo enters.  
White cane.  
Dark glasses.*

RICARDO  
Forgive my tardiness, traffic was a bitch. Perhaps I took the wrong exit.

*Censored version: . . . traffic was a bear.*

MORT  
Perfect timing, actually. I was just about to review the budget with Joey.

RICARDO  
Who?

MORT  
Oh, he's the new guy.

RICARDO  
New guy?

MORT  
Joey, this is Ricardo from marketing.

JOEY  
It's . . .

*Joey attempts to shake Ricardo's hand.  
They miss.  
They miss again.  
They miss again.  
Finally, they connect.*

. . . good to meet you.



RICARDO

Good to meet you. How long have you been with the company?

JOEY

Two . . . hours.

RICARDO

Ah! First day.

JOEY

Yeah.

MORT

Joey just graduated.

RICARDO

Fascinating.

JOEY

Yeah.

RICARDO

What was your major field of study?

JOEY

Finance.

MORT

Top of his class.

RICARDO

And you chose this company?

JOEY

They offered me a position immediately.

RICARDO

That didn't seem odd?

JOEY

No . . . should it?

MORT

I was offered a position immediately.

RICARDO  
You didn't want time to discover yourself?

JOEY  
I figured work might be the best place . . .

RICARDO  
Fascinating.

JOEY  
Yeah.

RICARDO  
So why isn't a young, go-getter like yourself, working for a company who offered him a big office and a hot secretary?

MORT  
Admin.

JOEY  
Well, I, uh . . .

RICARDO  
Who's training you?

JOEY  
Mort.

RICARDO  
Fascinating.

JOEY  
Yeah.

RICARDO  
How's that going?

JOEY  
Oh, it's . . .

RICARDO  
How do you like it here so far?

JOEY  
Oh, it's . . .

RICARDO

Not what you expected?

JOEY

Oh, it's . . . fascinating.

RICARDO

Fascinating.

MORT

Ricardo, you wanted to see me about a new marketing strategy?

RICARDO

Follow me.

*Ricardo, Mort and Joey go to the breakroom; downstage, right.*

I'll brief you on the rebranding of the company.

MORT

Rebranding?

RICARDO

Exactly. I'm creating a new identity for the company and I'm going to need your help with the budgeting.

MORT

Oh . . . with the layoffs coming, I'm not sure we can justify—

RICARDO

To kick-off the operation, I've made radical changes to the company logo.

MORT

What's wrong with the current logo?

RICARDO

It's outdated.

JOEY

I agree with Ricardo. It looks like old people made it.

MORT

If we change the logo, how will our customers recognize us?

RICARDO

We need to reposition ourselves, so we can appeal to a new generation of customers.

JOEY

If you want to attract a younger clientele, you need something hipper.

RICARDO

Exactly.

JOEY

Something they connect with.

RICARDO

Exactly!

JOEY

Something that represents our values and beliefs.

RICARDO

EXACTLY!

MORT

You've only been here two hours.

RICARDO

Listen to the kid; he's top of his class. Here. Allow me . . .

*Ricardo approaches an easel with a large poster board; it's veiled.*

*Slight pause.*

*Ricardo unveils it.*

*The poster board has scribble in a perfect circle.*

*Silence.*

I drew it myself.

MORT

What's that?

RICARDO

The new company logo.

JOEY

When I said, hipper . . . I was thinking more—

RICARDO

Shut it! You've only been here two hours.

MORT

I'm not sure what it is.

That's the point. RICARDO

What point? MORT

I don't see a point. JOEY

It's a conversation piece. RICARDO

A conversation piece? JOEY

Exactly! My marketing strategy is called, "Operation: what the fuck is that?!" RICARDO

*Censored version: "Operation: what the heck is that?!"*

Operation: what the fuck is that?! MORT

Catchy! RICARDO

I'm not sure that's going to work with the younger . . . JOEY

When the sales team is with a potential client, it's guaranteed to generate a response. RICARDO

What kind of response? MORT

"What the fuck is that?!" RICARDO

Yeah, I'm not sure . . . MORT

It's an icebreaker. RICARDO

*Lisa enters.*  
*"Grand entrance."*

*She walks across the stage like a model on a catwalk.  
Confident stride.  
Joey, Mort and Ricardo stop what they are doing and stare.  
(Yes, even Ricardo stares.)  
Mesmerized.  
Their heads swivel in perfect unison with every step.  
(Yes, even Ricardo's head.)  
Lisa exits.*

RICARDO (*continues*)

Lisa.

JOEY

Hmm?

RICARDO

She's the receptionist . . . if you were wondering.

JOEY

Yeah. Okay.

RICARDO

As I was saying, it's an icebreaker. This allows a sales rep to transition into the product.

MORT

Yeah, I'm not sure . . .

*Gary enters.  
Face covered.  
He joins them in the breakroom, pours a cup of coffee.  
He studies the new logo.*

GARY

What the fuck is that?!

RICARDO

Like Magic.

MORT

I'm starting to see your point.

JOEY

(*Doubtful*) I still don't see your point.

*Vaneet goes to breakroom, pours a cup of coffee.  
She studies the new logo.*

VANEET

What the fuck is that?!

*She returns to her cubicle.*

RICARDO

*That's the point.*

JOEY

That doesn't prove anything.

MORT

It's like mind control.

GARY

"Image persuasion" . . . I've read about this.

JOEY

It's a coincidence.

GARY

It's an attempt to evoke an emotional response.

JOEY

Like confusion?

GARY

The response I'm referring to is *pain* and the customer is desperate to find a *cure*.

JOEY

It's scribble.

GARY

The scribble represents life in chaos and our company product is the only solution for stability.

RICARDO

Fascinating.

MORT

I'm sure I can move a few numbers around to fund this.

JOEY

Wa-wa-wait! The company is about to announce layoffs. People are going to lose their jobs. And you want to spend money on this?

GARY

This will secure the future of the company.

JOEY

This is crazy!

*Shirley goes to breakroom, pours a cup of coffee.  
She studies the new logo.*

SHIRLEY

What the fuck is that?!

*She returns to her cubicle.*

RICARDO

Every time.

MORT

I'll allocate the funding today.

JOEY

It's a fluke.

*Lisa enters.  
"Grand entrance."  
She walks across the stage like a model on a catwalk.  
Confident stride.  
Joey, Mort, Ricardo and Gary stop what they are doing and stare.  
(Yes, even Ricardo stares.)  
Mesmerized.  
Their heads swivel in perfect unison with every step.  
(Yes, even Ricardo's head.)  
She joins them in the breakroom, pours a cup of coffee.  
She studies the new logo.*

LISA

What the fuck it that?!

*Lisa exits.*

GARY

Lisa.

JOEY

Hmm?



GARY

She's the receptionist . . . if you were wondering.

JOEY

Yeah. Okay.

*Blackout.*

*Ricardo and Gary exit.*

11:45 a.m.

*The stage is dark.*

*Low intensity lighting.*

*Centerstage, Shirley, Mort and Vaneet are in their cubicles; tableau.*

*Downstage, Joey is standing in a spotlight.*

*He addresses the audience.*

*Soliloquy #3*

JOEY

Lisa . . . she's the receptionist . . . if you were wondering. Ohmywow! I've noticed she's very disruptive. Work stops whenever she's in the room. I'm talking a complete standstill. It's amazing how much energy is consumed. For example: let's say four employees are in the breakroom and Lisa walks by. All four cease what they are doing. This alone takes upwards of a minute. That doesn't seem like a long time. However, multiply this by four employees . . . that's four minutes. I figure she walks by at least fifteen times a day . . . four times fifteen is an hour . . . times that per work week . . . five hours a week . . . times fifty-two weeks in a year . . . two hundred and sixty hours a year, just in our section . . . that's six and a half weeks . . . gone! I'm a numbers guy. I've noticed she's very disruptive. *(Pause)* We haven't spoken. Well, I said, hi. Waved. Okay, it was more of a nod; but I didn't want to seem anxious like all the other dopes. She looks . . . yeah. I just want to . . . okay. I'll play it cool.

*Lights up.*

*Movement.*

*Joey's in his cubicle.*

*Lisa enters.*

LISA

Hey!

JOEY

Uh . . .

LISA

Hello.

Uh . . .	JOEY
Hi.	LISA
Uh . . .	JOEY
First day?	LISA
Uh . . .	JOEY
You're the new guy, right?	LISA
Uh . . .	JOEY
I think I saw you in the breakroom.	LISA
Uh . . .	JOEY
I wanted to stop by and . . .	LISA
Uh . . .	JOEY
. . . welcome you to the company.	LISA
Uh . . .	JOEY
So . . . welcome.	LISA
Uh . . .	JOEY

I'm Lisa. LISA

Uh . . . JOEY

And you're . . . ? LISA

Uh . . . JOEY

Well, if you need anything. LISA

Uh . . . JOEY

It was nice talking with you. LISA

Uh . . . JOEY

I'll see you around. LISA

Uh . . . JOEY

Bye! LISA

*Lisa exits.*

What did she say? MORT

Who? JOEY

Lisa . . . what did she say? MORT

Oh, her . . . just . . . you know. JOEY

SHIRLEY  
Did you tell her about my coffee cake?

JOEY  
What? No. We just . . . she just . . .

VANEET  
You seized up.

JOEY  
What?! No! We just . . . she just . . .

SHIRLEY  
Did you tell her about my omelet?

JOEY  
I didn't have a chance.

VANEET  
You seized up.

*Gary enters.  
Face covered.  
He walks across the stage rapidly.  
He hands Vaneet a plastic baggie.  
Gary exits.*

JOEY  
What's that?

VANEET  
Hair sample.

JOEY  
Who's hair?

VANEET  
That's what we're trying to determine.

JOEY  
Determine what?

VANEET  
Our quest for Bigfoot.

JOEY

Wouldn't it be easier to go to the president's office and knock on the door?

VANEET

Impossible.

SHIRLEY

Impossible.

*Gary enters.*

*Face covered.*

*He walks across the stage rapidly.*

GARY

Impossible.

*Gary exits.*

MORT

He's on the top floor.

JOEY

Top floor?

MORT

Top floor.

JOEY

What does that mean, top floor?

MORT

Nobody goes to the top floor.

VANEET

It's secure.

JOEY

Just go up.

VANEET

No employee has ever been granted access to the top floor.

JOEY

Make up a story . . . say you have to drop something off.

VANEET

That violates protocol.

JOEY

Say it was an accident.

VANEET

All communication with the top floor is done by interoffice mail.

SHIRLEY

I interoffice chocolate chip cookies to the top floor.

JOEY

Say you pushed the wrong button on the elevator.

MORT

Too risky.

VANEET

Even if someone were to attempt that, they would have to know the security code. Plus, they would still have to get past the laser sensors, fingerprint ID pad, retina scan, motion detection, DNA testing . . . like I mentioned before—impossible!

JOEY

You're IT, hack the security system.

VANEET

Now that's possible, but even if I did, I'd still have to get past the armed guards.

JOEY

Armed guards?

VANEET

With machine guns.

SHIRLELY

Machine guns.

*Gary enters.  
Face covered.  
He walks across the stage rapidly.*

GARY

Machine guns.

*Gary exits.*

I don't understand.

JOEY

That's why we're investigating.

VANEET

What the heck is on the top floor?!

JOEY

Nobody knows.

VANEET

Nobody knows.

SHIRLEY

*Gary enters.  
Face covered.  
He walks across the stage rapidly.*

Nobody knows.

GARY

*Gary exits.*

Twenty-three years—and a summer . . . I don't even know what's on the top floor.

MORT

*Ricardo enters.  
White cane.  
Dark glasses.*

*(Elated)* I just came back from the top floor!

RICARDO

Wait. What did you say?

JOEY

I briefed the president of the company on the new logo.

RICARDO

What did he say?

MORT

He loved it!

RICARDO

JOEY

What did he look like?

RICARDO

*(Offended)* Excuse me?

JOEY

*(Embarrassed)* Oh! I'm so . . . I didn't . . . what I . . . you see—

*Intercom.*

PRESIDENT

Attention, attention: due to the random selection of layoffs, if your name is called, please ensure all work is completed. We believe it's unprofessional to leave unfinished work for those who are remaining with the company. Completion of all work will ensure a positive recommendation to any future employer. An amendment to this year's motto: "We appreciate you, so don't take the layoffs personal."

VANEET

We're pushing noon; let's do lunch.

*Gary enters.  
Face covered.*

GARY

I know a great Mexican place.

SHIRLEY

Taco Tuesday!

GARY

It's Monday.

SHIRLEY

Menudo Monday!

VANEET

Joey?

JOEY

Oh, I'm still a little full from the coffee cake and omelet.

VANEET

Mort?



I packed.

MORT

Ricardo?

VANEET

I'll drive.

RICARDO

*Vaneet, Gary, Shirley and Ricardo exit.  
Mort grabs his lunch, a brown paper bag.  
Joey and Mort go to the breakroom.*

Mort?

JOEY

Yeah?

MORT

Is this what you envisioned?

JOEY

I'm not sure what you mean.

MORT

After college, what did you want to do?

JOEY

I'm doing it . . . I guess.

MORT

Finance?

JOEY

Yeah . . . I guess.

MORT

Finance, that's it?

JOEY

Don't think about it. I don't think about it.

MORT

But you wrote all those sticky notes . . .

JOEY

MORT  
Besides, my father said it was stupid, so, I stuck with finance.

JOEY  
What was stupid?

MORT  
That was over twenty-three years ago. It doesn't matter.

JOEY  
It matters.

MORT  
You'll think it's stupid, too.

JOEY  
Tell me.

MORT  
It might sound strange.

JOEY  
I don't judge.

MORT  
When I was younger . . .

JOEY  
Yeah . . .

MORT  
. . . I dreamt of being the "Air Guitar Champion of the World."

JOEY  
That's a thing?

MORT  
Oh, yeah!

JOEY  
That's, uh . . .

MORT  
There's an international contest held every year, where performers pretend to play an imaginary electric guitar.

JOEY  
... cool.

MORT  
Riffs ... strumming ... picking ... solos ...

JOEY  
That's ... not stupid.

MORT  
On stage, in front of a cheering audience.

JOEY  
That's not stupid at all.

MORT  
Contestants are judged on things like, technical merit, stage presence and the most important of them all: "airness."

JOEY  
Airness?

MORT  
Airness.

*Blackout.*

*The stage is dark.*

*Downstage, Mort is standing in a spotlight.*

*His necktie is tied around his head like a bandanna.*

*Heavy metal music erupts!*

*Boom!*

*Bag!*

*Mort jams on an imaginary guitar:*

*Strumming!*

*Picking!*

*Fretwork!*

*The music ends.*

*The sound of a cheering crowd.*

*Blackout.*

LUNCHTIME

ACT TWO

— □ □ —

12:55 p.m.

*The stage is dark.*

*Low intensity lighting.*

*Centerstage, Shirley, Mort and Vaneet are in their cubicles; tableau.*

*Downstage, Joey is standing in a spotlight.*

*He addresses the audience.*

*Soliloquy #4*

JOEY

During the lunch break, I was gazing out Mort's window. Actually, it's a painting . . . it's a painting of a window. That ugly thing has been hanging there for twenty-three years. It was a present from his mother. No, I didn't write sticky notes, but I did question why I'm here. Why do I work here? . . . You want to know what's strange about that question? I don't have an answer. I know, I know, it's only been one day—not even a day! I've barely made it through lunch. But I don't have an answer. So, I started to think of what I want to do. I continued to look out the painting—window, but I couldn't think of one thing. Not one single thing. And that's when it hit me! My whole life (all twenty-two years) I had a plan. A road map. A precise schedule. Everything in order: complete task "A" then move onto task "B" then task "C" . . . but *Joey*, don't go to task "F" because "D" and "E" aren't completed yet. That's what I would tell myself. Maybe that's my problem. Yeah. That *is* the problem! As I was staring out that window, the only thing I could think about was task "Z" as in zebra. That's right. Skip to the very end and work backwards or better yet, just stay put. Cling onto "Z" and stay there forever. I don't know what task "Z" is; but I do know, I don't want to stare out the same window for the next twenty-three years to figure it out—that's longer than I've been living on this planet. Vaneet is right, it is an ugly painting, but there's something magical about it. At least something magical happens when I stare at it—out it. It's not a painting. It's a window, an actual window. At least it is in Mort's mind. And for a brief moment, it was a real window for me, too. My lunch is over. I better go. I don't want to be late.

*Lights up.*

*Movement.*

*Joey's in his cubicle.*

I feel trapped. JOEY

It's been five hours. MORT

I feel claustrophobic. JOEY

It's only been five hours. MORT

How do you do it? JOEY

I'm not sure what you mean. MORT

I think my cubicle is getting smaller. JOEY

You've been employed with the company for five hours. MORT

I feel— JOEY

Don't think about it. I don't think about it. MORT

*Pause.*

It gets easier. VANEET

Huh? JOEY

The job. VANEET

Oh. Yeah. JOEY

Once you create a routine, it becomes autopilot. Then it's smooth sailing. VANEET

JOEY

How do you do it?

VANEET

I deprioritize hobbies, leisure time and intimate relationships.

JOEY

Sounds like you're a workaholic.

VANEET

Some say I work too many hours, but I'm dedicated to the mission. I've been known to work in my sleep.

JOEY

What about your family?

VANEET

I'm not married at the present time. Possibly divorced.

JOEY

Possibly?

VANEET

Twice. Some say the first husband is for practice; so, I divorced him.

JOEY

Oh.

VANEET

I married a second time.

JOEY

What happened?

VANEET

He died . . . or was killed. Depends on who you ask.

*Pause.*

JOEY

Someone left an egg salad sandwich on my desk.

SHIRLEY

Is there egg inside?

Yes. JOEY

It's mine. SHIRLEY

*Gary enters.  
Face covered.  
He walks across the stage rapidly.  
He hands Vaneet a large footprint cast.  
Gary exits.*

What's that? JOEY

A grotesquely large humanoid footprint. VANEET

That can't be real. JOEY

That's what we're trying to determine. VANEET

That's a *bigfoot!* SHIRLEY

Precisely. VANEET

You're not suggesting . . . JOEY

Where did you get that thing? MORT

VANEET  
Gary discovered unusual footprints in the courtyard. He poured plaster into one of the impressions and created this cast.

*She holds it up.*

Presto!

JOEY  
Maybe an employee was walking around barefoot during their lunch break.

VANEET

The footprint measures approximately thirty-five centimeters long and nineteen centimeters wide.

SHIRLEY

That's a *bigfoot!*

MORT

Peggy in accounts receivable has large feet and she's always taking her shoes off. Maybe—

JOEY

Looks fake.

VANEET

The step pattern measured more than a meter.

JOEY

Still doesn't prove anything.

SHIRLEY

I'll bake a casserole and put it in the courtyard.

MORT

What's that going to prove?

SHIRLEY

When the creature goes to eat it, I'll throw a net and capture him.

JOEY

That's ridiculous!

SHIRLEY

My casserole won a blue ribbon at the state fair.

JOEY

Not your casserole! The idea!

MORT

That *would* prove it.

VANEET

I'm conducting a comparative analysis of the photograph, hair fibers and this footprint cast.

JOEY

It's a hoax.



Unlikely.

VANEET

I can call Peggy . . .

MORT

With multiple discoveries, this could be the evidence needed to support our theory.

VANEET

What theory?

JOEY

That Mr. Bigfoot is in fact . . . *a Bigfoot.*

VANEET

I believe in Bigfoot.

SHIRLEY

I believe in Bigfoot.

MORT

*Gary enters.  
Face covered.  
He walks across the stage rapidly.*

I believe in Bigfoot.

GARY

*Gary exits.*

Should I call Peggy . . . ?

MORT

*Lisa enters.  
She goes to the breakroom.*

*Pause.*

*Joey spots her.  
He abruptly goes to greet her.*

Hey.

JOEY

Oh, hi.

LISA

Hey. JOEY

Hi. LISA

What's up? JOEY

Nothing. Really. LISA

Uh . . . JOEY

I thought I'd sign up for tomorrow's pot luck. LISA

Yeah. Me too. JOEY

What are you bringing? LISA

Chips. JOEY

Right on. LISA

What about you? JOEY

Vegan brownies. LISA

I love vegan brownies. JOEY

Oh. You're vegan? LISA

No. Brownies . . . JOEY

*Lisa writes vegan brownies on the sign-up sheet.*

LISA  
Oh, Mort has his name down for chips.

JOEY  
He beat me to it?

LISA / JOEY  
*(Simultaneously)* You'll think of something else. / I'll think of something else.

JOEY  
Yeah.

LISA  
How's day one?

JOEY  
Huh?

LISA  
Work?

JOEY  
Oh. Good.

LISA  
Good.

JOEY  
Really good. I like it here. Do you like it here?

LISA  
It fits my needs.

JOEY  
Good.

LISA  
The company has a tuition reimbursement program.

JOEY  
Oh.

LISA  
So, I—

JOEY

You're still in college?

LISA

I recently started. I took a break after high school. My boyfriend and I bought a 1973 Volkswagen Bus. We found it on the internet. Totally rusted; we had to gut it. It was a project. We put in a bed and a kitchen. It was our home for over a year. We drove across the country taking pictures. We created a vlog. You can watch the videos on YouTube.

JOEY

*(Defeated)* You have a boyfriend?

LISA

I did. When the trip ended, so did the relationship.

JOEY

*(Victorious)* Oh! *(Deadpan)* You okay?

LISA

Entirely. You okay?

JOEY

Entirely.

LISA

I decided to work full-time and take internet courses. I'm saving for my next adventure.

JOEY

Where are you going?

LISA

I don't need to know.

JOEY

Just hop in your bus and go?

LISA

We sold the bus. I need a new vibe.

JOEY

I get it.

LISA

Maybe I'll buy a bicycle or backpack.

And just go?  
JOEY

And just go. That's why I'm taking internet courses. I can log in anywhere.  
LISA

What's your major?  
JOEY

I don't need to know.  
LISA

Cool.  
JOEY

What about you?  
LISA

Huh?  
JOEY

You should take an adventure.  
LISA

With you? I mean . . . I . . . I meant, I . . . *I* should take an adventure. Yeah. I *will* take an adventure. Soon.  
JOEY

Right on.  
LISA

But . . .  
JOEY

But?  
LISA

I don't know where I'll go . . .  
JOEY

You don't need to know.  
LISA

*Intercom.*

PRESIDENT

Attention, attention: due to my tee time at the country club, I will be announcing layoffs earlier than anticipated. Layoffs will be conducted in two phases. If your name is called, please report to HR. Phase one: Larry from the mail room, please report to HR . . . Roberta from marketing, please report to HR . . . Frank from accounting, please report to HR . . . Mildred from billing, please report to HR . . . Angela from HR, please report to HR. This concludes phase one of the layoffs. We are going to adjust this year's motto: "We appreciate you, but don't get too comfortable, because this was only phase one."

*Angela #2 (brunette wig) enters.*

*Wheelchair user.*

*Whistle around her neck.*

ANGELA

Hi. I'm Angela. I'm the new HR Director.

MORT

I'm sorry. I think I heard your name called on the announcements, during phase one.

ANGELA

That was Angela number one. I'm Angela number two.

MORT

*(Mumbles)* Two Angelas?

ANGELA

With the layoffs underway, it's like a morgue in this place and I'm here to liven things up.

SHIRLEY

I can make some pudding.

ANGELA

I was tasked by the Board of Directors to light a fire under your asses.

VANEET

Did you say—

ANGELA

Teambuilding.

*Ricardo enters.*

*White cane.*

*Dark glasses.*

RICARDO

What's going on?

VANEET

Teambuilding.

*Gary enters.  
Face covered.*

GARY

What's going on?

MORT

Teambuilding.

ANGELA

Teambuilding is one of the most important investments a company can make. It builds trust, mitigates conflict and promotes camaraderie.

RICARDO

Fascinating.

*Lisa and Joey walk over from the breakroom.*

LISA

What's going on?

SHIRLEY

We're going to light our butts on fire and build a team!

*Angela hands Lisa a stack of red plastic cups.*

ANGELA

Randomly place these cups across the floor.

*Lisa places the cups upside-down.*

JOEY

I played this game in college.

ANGELA

We're are going to play, "minefield."

JOEY

Wrong game.

ANGELA

The red cups signify land mines. The object of the game is to walk across the minefield without stepping on a land mine.

JOEY

Sounds easy.

ANGELA

While blindfolded.

SHIRLEY

Oooh! I love being blindfolded. I ate a tub of pudding blindfolded once.

RICARDO

Fascinating.

*Angela hands Vaneet a stack of scarves.*

ANGELA

Pass these out, please.

*Vaneet passes out the scarves in this order: Mort, Shirley, Lisa, Joey and Gary.*

VANEET

One for you . . . and you . . . and you . . . and you . . . and you . . .

*Vaneet approaches Ricardo.*

. . . and . . .

*Long, awkward pause.*

. . . uh . . . and me.

ANGELA

Everyone form a line.

*Lineup order: Mort, Shirley, Vaneet, Gary, Lisa, Joey and Ricardo.*

Before we begin, I am going to demonstrate. I want you to think of the land mines as obstacles in the workplace. And as skilled professionals, it's your job to avoid obstacles, streamlining the process, thus, creating a more efficient workplace.

*Angela rams her wheelchair through the minefield, destroying everything in her path.*

Any questions?

*Silence.*

Secure your blindfolds.



*Everyone (except Ricardo) places the scarves across their eyes only.  
Gary turns away from the audience and uses the scarf to cover his entire face.*

ANGELA (*continues*)

You are going to take turns crossing the minefield. Every time you hear the whistle (*blows whistle*), you are in jeopardy of stepping on a land mine and must change direction. I will continue to blow the whistle (*blows whistle*) to help you navigate the course successfully. Let's begin. Mort, when you're ready.

*Mort lands on a cup with his first step, crushing it.*

MORT

What was that?!

ANGELA

You exploded.

GARY

Predictable.

LISA

It's okay Mort!

ANGELA

Shirley, you're next.

*Shirley is disoriented and walks the circumference of the minefield.  
Angela frantically blows the whistle.  
Shirley completes a loop and is back in front of the line.  
Shirley removes her blindfold.*

SHIRLEY

How'd I do?!

ANGELA

It appears to be a training issue.

GARY

Predictable.

SHIRLEY

What'd I win?!

ANGELA

Uh . . . end of the line, please.

I'm craving pudding!

SHIRLEY

Fascinating.

RICARDO

Vaneet. You may begin.

ANGELA

*Vaneet starts slowly.  
Angela blows the whistle.  
Midway through, Vaneet steps on a cup.*

(To Gary) Not a word.

VANEET

Next! Who are you?

ANGELA

Gary.

GARY

Gary?

ANGELA

Gary.

GARY

I don't remember reviewing your employee file, Gary.

ANGELA

I'm Gary.

GARY

(Suspicious) Continue.

ANGELA

*Gary marches through, like a soldier.  
Angela blows the whistle; Gary ignores commands.  
He steps on a cup and rolls around, acting as if his leg was blown off.*

Argh! . . . I think this game is rigged.

GARY

Next.

ANGELA

JOEY  
You got this babe!

LISA  
Did you just call me *babe*?

JOEY  
Bud. You got this bud! Buddy!

*Lisa starts slowly; cautiously.  
Angela blows the whistle.  
Lisa steps on a red cup.*

JOEY  
That didn't sound good. It's okay. You'll get it next time.

ANGELA  
Joey, are you ready?

JOEY  
Let's do this.

*Joey begins to navigate the minefield.  
Angela blows the whistle.  
Joey is almost to the end.  
He steps on the last cup before completing the course.*

Ugh!

LISA  
You almost had it *bud*!

ANGELA  
Ricardo, you're up.

*Ricardo removes his coat and hands his white cane to Mort.*

Show us what you got.

*Everyone watches with anticipation.  
Angela does not blow the whistle.  
He glides through the minefield like a ninja:  
Nimble.  
Stealth.  
Catlike.  
He even moonwalks.*

*Ricardo completes the course without stepping on a single cup.*

*Mort tosses the white cane back and Ricardo catches it in midair.*

ANGELA (*continues*)

Fascinating.

*Blackout.*

*Ricardo, Gary, Lisa and Angela exit.*

2:45 p.m.

*The stage is dark.*

*Low intensity lighting.*

*Centerstage, Shirley, Mort and Vaneet are in their cubicles; tableau.*

*Downstage, Joey is standing in a spotlight.*

*He addresses the audience.*

*Soliloquy #5*

JOEY

Phase one, complete. Phase two, imminent. I'll admit it. I'm a little scared. That's right. I said it out loud. I'm starting to like this place. That's right. I said it out loud. "I like it!" I like it enough that I don't want to be part of phase two. Not on my first day of work. How would I explain that to my parents? It's like a reverse lottery, if your name is called, you lose. I don't want to lose. I'm part of the tribe now—a dysfunctional tribe. They're like family. Yeah. They're starting to grow on me. That's right. I said it out loud.

*Lights up.*

*Movement.*

*Joey's in his cubicle.*

JOEY

Hey, Mort?

MORT

Let me guess, you feel trapped.

JOEY

No . . .

MORT

You feel claustrophobic?

JOEY

No, I . . .

Your cubicle is getting *smaller*? MORT

No, I . . . I just wanted to say . . . JOEY

Yeah? MORT

Thank you. JOEY

Huh? MORT

Thank you for today. For training me. JOEY

Uh . . . you're . . . MORT

I appreciate it. JOEY

. . . welcome. MORT

*Shirley removes a large, roasted bird from the oven.  
She puts it on a tray and leans over her cubicle wall.*

Turducken? SHIRLEY

Hmm? JOEY

Would you like some Turducken? SHIRLEY

It looks like a turkey. JOEY

SHIRLEY  
It's a turkey stuffed with a duck, stuffed with a chicken. Three birds, one name.

JOEY

I've never heard of such a thing.

SHIRLEY

It's a unique culinary method, by taking one animal and stuffing it inside the cavity of another.

*Ricardo enters.*

*White cane.*

*Dark glasses.*

RICARDO

Fascinating.

*Ricardo exits.*

JOEY

*(Perplexed)* You're saying, you took a whole chicken and put it inside a duck; and then you took the duck and put it inside the turkey?

MORT

My mother used to make it.

JOEY

You've had this before?

MORT

It brings back fond, childhood memories.

JOEY

It does?

MORT

*(Nostalgic)* Oh, yes. I'd be outside playing and I hear my mother calling from the porch, "The Turducken is ready!"

*Shirley puts the tray under Joey's nose.*

SHIRLEY

Turducken?

JOEY

Believe it or not, I'm still full from this morning.

SHIRLEY

I'll put some in a to-go box and you can have it for dinner.

Can I have a to-go box, too? MORT

Certainly, Mort. SHIRLEY

*Gary enters.  
Face Covered.  
He walks across the stage rapidly.  
He hands Vaneet a digital audio recorder.  
Gary exits.*

What's that? JOEY

A digital audio recorder. VANEET

What's on it? JOEY

That's what we're trying to determine. VANEET

Determine what? JOEY

The sounds of the top floor. VANEET

Top floor? SHIRLEY

Top floor? MORT

*Gary enters.  
Face covered.  
He walks across the stage rapidly.*

Yes, top floor. GARY

*Gary exits.*

VANEET

Gary took a wireless microphone and attached it to a cable. He ran the cable through the ductwork, reaching an open vent on the top floor.

JOEY

Sounds dangerous.

SHIRLEY

Can I listen.

MORT

Yeah, I need to hear this.

*Vaneet connects the digital audio recorder to her computer.*

*Selects play.*

*The eerie sounds of Bigfoot:*

*Grunts.*

*Moans.*

*Howls.*

VANEET

This concludes my investigation.

SHIRLEY

Is it Bigfoot?

MORT

Is it Bigfoot?

*Gary enters.*

*Face covered.*

*He walks across the stage rapidly.*

GARY

It's Bigfoot.

*Gary exits.*

JOEY

Yeah. Okay. It's definitely Bigfoot.

*Angela #2 (brunette wig) enters.*

*Wheelchair user.*

*Whistle around her neck.*



ANGELA

Is that Turducken I smell?

*Angela exits.*

JOEY

*(To himself)* I need coffee.

*Joey walks to the breakroom and pours a cup of coffee.*

*Pause.*

*Shirley walks to the breakroom to sign up for the potluck.*

SHIRLEY

*(Horrified)* Chips?!

JOEY

Huh?

SHIRLEY

I can't believe my eyes.

JOEY

What is it?

SHIRLEY

Mort signed up for chips.

JOEY

Oh, yeah. I was—

SHIRLEY

That's taking the easy way out.

JOEY

What?

SHIRLEY

Only someone with no creativity brings chips to a potluck. Someone with no vision. Someone with no initiative. This is borderline insubordination.

JOEY

I don't know what he was thinking.

SHIRLEY

*(Homicidal)* Might as well bring a two-liter bottle of soda to wash down the *chips!*

JOEY

Are you okay?

SHIRLEY

*(Pleasant)* What are you bringing?

JOEY

I haven't decided.

SHIRLEY

You'll let me know once you decide?

JOEY

I'll run it by you.

SHIRLEY

*(Disgusted)* Chips.

JOEY

Yeah. I would never . . .

*Intercom.*

PRESIDENT

Attention, attention: due to the fact that my tee time has been moved to an earlier slot, I will announce phase two of the layoffs. If your name is called, please report to HR. Phase two: Carol from operations, please report to HR . . . Hank from sales, please report to HR . . . Mario from customer service, please report to HR . . . Lisa from the reception desk, please report to HR . . . Angela from HR, please report to HR. This concludes phase two of the layoffs. A final adjustment to this year's motto: "We appreciate you, but if your name wasn't called, get your ass back to work."

*Shirley and Joey walk back to the cubicle area.*

VANEET

We're safe.

*Gary enters.*

*Face covered.*

*He walks across the stage rapidly.*

GARY

They don't even know I work here.

*Gary exits.*

MORT

Twenty-three layoffs . . . I survived them all.

*Shirley removes a cake from her filing cabinet.*

SHIRLEY

Let's cut the cake and celebrate!

JOEY

I don't feel like celebrating . . .

*Angela #3 (blonde wig) enters.*

*Wheelchair user.*

*Whistle around her neck.*

ANGELA

*(Blows whistle)* Hi. I'm Angela. I'm the new HR Director.

MORT

I'm sorry. I think I just heard your name called on the announcements. For phase two.

ANGELA

That was Angela number two. I'm Angela number three.

MORT

*(Mumbles)* Three Angelas?

*Angela starts to exit.*

*Sniffs.*

ANGELA

Is that Turducken I smell?

*Angel exits.*

*Pause.*

*Joey sees Lisa in the breakroom.*

*He walks to the breakroom.*

JOEY

Hey.

Hi. LISA

Um. I . . . JOEY

Yeah? LISA

About the announcements. JOEY

It's okay. LISA

It's just— JOEY

You don't have to say anything. LISA

But . . . JOEY

I was going to quit anyway. LISA

Oh? JOEY

Eventually. LISA

Yeah. JOEY

I'm going to start my new adventure tomorrow. LISA

Where are you going? JOEY

I don't need to know. LISA

JOEY

That's right.

LISA

I came in here to scratch my vegan brownies off the list.

JOEY

Leave it. I'll bake them.

LISA

Do you know how?

JOEY

You can text me the recipe.

LISA

Right on.

JOEY

Plus, I should have the phone number of the person I love.

LISA

Love? You don't even know me.

JOEY

I don't need to know.

*Intercom.*

PRESIDENT

Attention, attention: due to a typo, Lisa's name should not have been called during the layoff announcements. Lisa, please return to the reception desk and answer the incoming calls. And don't forget the vegan brownies for tomorrow's potluck. However, there is an update to phase two: the employee's name that should have been called is . . .

*Pause.*

Mort from finance, please report to HR. Mort from finance, please report to HR.

JOEY

Did he just say . . . ?

*Joey and Lisa dash to the cubicle area.*

LISA

We just heard your—

*Vaneet and Shirley console Mort.*

VANEET

We're sorry, Mort.

LISA

Yeah. Sorry, Mort.

MORT

When I said, "I secretly wish I would get laid-off," I didn't mean it.

VANEET

You're going to be okay.

MORT

This may sound odd, but I wasn't prepared to hear my name called.

JOEY

I don't know what to say . . .

SHIRLEY

I packed you a tuna fish sandwich for the road.

*Shirley hands Mort a brown paper bag.*

MORT

Twenty-three years—and a summer.

*Mort takes a bite of his sandwich and exits.*

*Pause.*

JOEY

This is wrong. Are we next? Do we work for the next twenty-three years and wait for our names to be called? If it can happen to Mort, it can happen to anyone of us.

VANEET

It's unfair, but it's part of cubicle life.

*Vaneet, Shirley, Joey and Lisa gather around Mort's cubicle.*

JOEY

I propose we pay homage to Mort.

SHIRLEY

*(Worried)* Did he die?

VANEET

What do you mean?

JOEY

We'll randomly pick a sticky note and make a pledge to complete the task.

LISA

No matter what's written on it?

JOEY

No matter what.

LISA

Right on.

VANEET

Excellent idea.

*Ricardo enters.*

*White cane.*

*Dark glasses.*

RICARDO

What's going on?

SHIRLEY

We're all picking a sticky and doing it!

RICARDO

Fascinating.

VANEET

I'll go first.

*Vaneet selects a sticky note and reads it.*

"Go out in the middle of the desert and stargaze. Alone."

*Vaneet holds the sticky note against her heart and smiles.*

SHIRLEY

Me next!

*Shirley selects a sticky note and reads it.*

"Knit a sweater." I always knew Mort was a little twisted.

RICARDO

Out of respect for Mort and his dedication to the company, I'll participate.

*Ricardo selects a sticky note and reads it.*

"Nude yoga."

SHIRLEY

Why do you get the good one?

JOEY

You can read that?

RICARDO

It's written in braille.

*To Shirley.*

Would you care to join me?

SHIRLEY

Fascinating.

*Gary enters.*

*Face covered.*

*He walks across the stage rapidly.*

*He selects a sticky note and reads it silently.*

*Gary exits.*

JOEY

I guess I'll go.

*Joey selects a sticky note and reads it.*

"Go on an adventure."

*To Lisa.*

Do you want to share?

LISA

Where are we going?

JOEY

We don't need to know.



*Blackout.*  
*Vaneet, Shirley, Ricardo and Lisa exit.*

5:00 p.m.

*The stage is dark.*  
*Low intensity lighting.*  
*Centerstage, empty.*  
*Downstage, Joey is standing in a spotlight.*  
*He addresses the audience.*

*Soliloquy #6*

JOEY

I'm going on an adventure tomorrow. With Lisa. I quit my job. *We* quit our jobs. Resigned. Quit. Ohmywow! I feel good. Relieved. I know, I know, one day is not that long; but I did discover myself (kind of). I guess work *is* the best place to discover yourself. I'm not sure how to explain this to my parents. Maybe I'll just introduce her, "Mom, Dad . . . this is Lisa. We're going on an adventure!" Expectations change. They did for me. What I wanted this morning, is oceans apart from what I want now. I had a vision; It didn't turnout. But that's okay. It's for the better. Just imagine if I did get everything I envisioned, I would be miserable. And in twenty-three years, it could all be taken away. Without warning. Yanked! In a way, I did get everything I envisioned (kind of). True, I didn't get a hot secretary, I mean, hot admin, but I did get a hot girlfriend. True, I didn't get a big office, but I'm about to explore the world; which is bigger than any office I hoped for. True, I didn't marry the president's daughter—thank goodness—but I'm going to marry Lisa; she doesn't know yet. Which means, I had an office romance (kind of). We'll have three children—all girls. I'll need to update my resumé. Work history: finance executive. Start date: Monday, 8:00 a.m. End date: Monday, 5:00 p.m. References: Mr. Bigfoot, no, I'll leave him off. I will put Angela, number two and number three. Of course, I'll put Ricardo, Gary, Shirley, Vaneet and most of all, Mort. I'm going on an adventure tomorrow. It's going to be a blast. Today is my last day. I better go. I don't want to be late. I have a lot of packing to do. Me . . . an unemployed executive . . . kick ass! Exit, "My Cubicle Life."

*The spotlight fades.*  
*Joey exits.*

*Upstage, a silhouette of a large, simian-like creature crosses the stage.*

PRESIDENT

Ooo! Ooo! Aw! Aw! Eee! Eee! Rawr!

*Blackout.*

CURTAIN