

WHAT HAPPENED THIS TIME?

by

Donald E. Baker

The “Klutz of All Klutzes” explains to their long-suffering spouse why their failed attempt to take a box to the trash means a trip to the ER and the pet cemetery.

CHARACTERS

Two Actors, Any Age, Race, Ethnicity, Sexual Orientation, Gender, or Gender Expression

SAM

The klutz of all klutzes

JACKIE

The long-suffering spouse

SETTING

An apartment living room. A chair. A box. A few other items broken or overturned to suggest a room in shambles.

TIME

The present.

PUBLICATION

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This copy of the script is for perusal only. No performance of this play is permitted without express authorization in writing from the author.

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From the darkness is heard a cacophony of crashing, banging, and breakage, a small dog barking, an angry cat meowing, and SAM yelling at both animals. Then silence.

SAM (o.s.)

Fluffy! Come down from there!

Cat meows angrily.

SAM (o.s.)

Oww! Whoaaaa!

Sound of a large crash. SAM moans. Pause

Lights come up to reveal the suggestion of a living room in shambles. Door to the outside. Amid the wreckage is a box large enough to be cumbersome and to hold...well, you'll see. Its contents are not visible. SAM sits on what's left of a sofa or easy chair, all banged up and either holding their arm or wearing an improvised sling. After a moment JACKIE enters from the street and scans the scene in horror.

JACKIE

Oh, Sam. What happened this time?

SAM

I was carrying that box to the trash and tripped on the cat.

JACKIE

You are the klutz of all klutzes! But if there's such a thing as a black belt in klutziness I think you've finally earned it. Looks like a tornado went through here.

SAM

Close enough. Fluffy got so scared she started running all around. The dog got excited and started chasing her so I started chasing both of them and, well, you can see the results for yourself. Finally Fluffy climbed up the drapes. I couldn't stand to see her up there trembling so I got the step stool from the kitchen to get her back down. But when I grabbed her she scratched my hand. I was so surprised I dropped her, lost my balance, and fell off the stool.

JACKIE

Are you all right? Aside from the obvious I mean. Do we need to go to the emergency room?

SAM

Might be a good idea. I think my arm may be broken. Otherwise I'll live. ... Fluffy on the other hand ...

JACKIE

What are you saying? Where is she?

SAM

Across the rainbow bridge. When I fell off the stool I kind of landed on her.

JACKIE

Sam!

SAM

I scraped her up and put her in the box. That was pretty tricky with only one functioning arm, I can tell you. We can drop her off at the pet cemetery on the way back from the ER.

JACKIE

Poor Fluffy. I loved that cat!

SAM

After the pet cemetery we need to pick up some club soda. There's a big stain on the floor in front of the window.

JACKIE

This place is going to need a lot more than club soda. Good thing we have Hal the handyman on speed dial. Well, come on. Let's go.

SAM

Don't you want to know about the dog?

JACKIE

What about him?

SAM

You don't want to know.

JACKIE

Where is he?

SAM

In the box with Fluffy. ... It's a long story.

END OF PLAY