Linda LaRocque





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We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

ArtAge Publications

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FINE PRINT

by

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CAST

HR: Male or female.

HARRY: middle-aged to elderly male.

<u>Place</u>

Heaven.

Time

The present.

Setting: There is a desk with paper, pencil and several manila folders and two chairs.

At Rise: HR is seated at desk looking through manila folder.

HR: Next.

HARRY: (Enters. He is carrying a manila folder.) Guess that's me. I'm Harry Evans.

HR: I know. Have a seat, Harry. I'm HR. Short for Human Resources.

HARRY: Are you serious?

HR: As a heart attack. Oh, sorry. Bad joke since I see you just had one of those.

HARRY: That's all right.

HR: Great attitude then. After all, something has got to do you in.

HARRY: That's what I've always heard. I just wasn't ready is all.

HR: Oh yeah? Why not?

HARRY: Well I thought I was in good shape. I had annual check-ups, worked out three times a week, watched my diet, eliminated most stress from my life, even did yoga with a bunch of old ladies at Peace Lutheran Church on Monday mornings. This should not have happened to me. I was a good guy.

HR: Let me see your folder.

HARRY: (hands folder to HR) Here. Everything has been updated. At least that's what one of your receptionists told me.

HR: (looks through folder) Hmm. Looks as if you were right. Yup, a good guy.

HARRY: Well, I always thought so. I don't mean to brag but I had the respect of my colleagues and my community. Fact is, it was one heck of a shock when I dropped dead. In my garage, no less. I sure surprised everyone. And Audrey had me a bang up funeral which really made me feel good. It was a full house, if you know what I mean. She had it on Saturday too and paid everybody time and a half. Those funeral homes aren't about to give anybody a break. They're a bunch of bandits. Damn government ought to regulate them.

HR: But all in all, you liked your funeral?

HARRY: Sure. Only thing, I overheard my two brothers talking. I mean gossiping like they've always done, and Joey, the oldest said the only reason so many people came was because everybody wanted to make sure I was really gone. Wasn't that a hell of a thing to say?

HR: Yeah. Any idea what made them feel that way?

HARRY: No, other than they were both a couple of jealous, whining babies.

HR: Is that right?

HARRY: Yeah. They always felt that I pushed them out of the business when I took it over.

HR: And did you?

HARRY: I had to. We'd have been broke the first year. They were morons. Spent money faster than we could make it. So I got them out. I had to. For the sake of the business.

HR: What did they do?

HARRY: They found other jobs eventually, and I paid them off. Which was more than they ever would have done for me. Look, everything I did was legal.

HR: That's not what they say.

HARRY: Well they should have read the fine print. I did nothing wrong. It's not my fault they were stupid. Family's one thing. Business is another. That's why we have contracts.

HR: Says here, they trusted you.

HARRY: Well, of course they did. I was the only one smart enough to cover myself, the business, and them too with a contract. Can we go on to something else? I mean, are we done?

HR: Yes. Only one more funeral related question.

HARRY: All right. Shoot.

HR: Why were you surprised with Audrey having a beautiful funeral for you?

HARRY: Oh, I don't know, maybe the extravagance of it all. She was pretty conservative.

HR: Any other reason you can think of?

HARRY: No, not really.

END OF FREEVIEW You'll want to read and perform this show!