



Proudly Presents

OFFICE SPACE: CUBICAL PARADISE OR DEATH FACTORY?

WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS

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Characters:

Bill Armstrong, a television host

One-Eye, an office victim

Sarah, an office victim

Gloria Gayle, an office victim

Dr. Evan Slander, a workplace psychologist

Myrna, an office manager

Bill Armstrong: Good evening, America. I'm Bill Armstrong, and as you can see (*Makes a big muscle with one of his arms*) I've got *strong arms*. (*Poses again*) But even these "loaded guns" couldn't help me—in what is quickly becoming one of the most dangerous work zones in America today: *The Office*. That's right—the average, fluorescent lit, ordinary, regular, office space. Tonight, we'll meet some of America's most unfortunate office workers—whose lives have been forever altered by the dangers lurking in the supposedly safe office workspace. So join me, (*Showing off his muscled arm again*) Bill Armstrong, as we visit *the Office Space: Cubical Paradise or Factory of Death?* (*Pause*) Our first guest tonight is One-Eye Jackson. We recently caught up with One-Eye at his local watering hole, Krazy Karl's Karaoke Bar, where he enjoys entertaining his co-workers with the musical musings of karaoke.

One-Eye: My name is One-Eye Jackson. God gave me a gift, and I'm going to use it. (*Takes a sip of his drink*) Yep, I'm a non-professional, *semi*-professional karaoke singer. (*Smugly*) I sing crowd favorites, but I also mix up the *words* a little bit, you know—to subliminally remind people about the hidden dangers lurking in an office.

Bill Armstrong: Well, One-Eye, I'm assuming the office dangers you are talking about involve losing an eye?

One-Eye: Very EYE-bservant, Mr. Armstrong! I am here to testify that "improper use of office supplies" in the workspace can be eye-opening—*literally*.

Bill Armstrong: (*Overly compassionate*) Tell us what happened, One-Eye. And please, take your time.

One-Eye: You see, me and my buddy, Leonard, were complaining

about how boring the day was going, and he said “Heads up!” I looked at him with TWO eyes and he was holding a stapler. And I said “The war is on!” *(Pause)* Well, you don’t have to be a rocket scientist to make a “scientific hippopotamus” about what happened next. I grabbed my stapler, and soon staples were flinging through the air. And you’ll *never* guess what happened.

Bill Armstrong: I’m guessing you—got hit in the *eye*?

One-Eye: *(Surprised)* That’s right. *(Amazed)* Man, you are smart. *(Pause)* I, One-Eye Jackson, got accidentally *shot*—in one of my *eyes*. *(Pause)* And I know you’re thinking, “Okay, now I get it. He’s called “*One Eye*,” because somebody shot out one of “One Eye’s” *eyes*!” *(Huge, wheezy laugh and cough)* Wrong!!! *(Pause)* After the accident, I had to get a “glass” eye—and I *lost* it—somewhere in a Pancake House.

Bill Armstrong: So—*then* you got the name One-Eye?

One-Eye: Nope. *(Pause)* After I lost my glass eye, I got *another* one. Then I lost *it*!

Bill Armstrong: Where’d you lose it this time?

One-Eye: *(Pause)* In a game of marbles. *(Angry)* A kid’s game of marbles! Those greedy little hellions! *(Pause)* The bottom line is this: You don’t have to have “*two eyes*”—to *see* what I see now: Improper use of office supplies in the workspace is dangerous!

Bill Armstrong: Dangerous indeed! *(Trying to look very concerned)* Looking back on your misfortune, would it be fair to say that people simply don’t understand that their *actions*—have *consequences*?

One-Eye: Well, I can’t speak for everyone, but I know that I’ve made a few mistakes in *my* life: Playing *war* with staple guns—going to Pancake Houses—losing my glass eye in a game of *marbles*—but it’s like people say before joining AA, “Always keep your glass half-full.” *(Proudly)* For example, now, whenever I’m at a buffet, and my plate is *full*—but I want one of those delicious-looking *devilled eggs* and it won’t fit on my plate—I just pick one up and put it right here in the empty socket ... where my glass eye used to be!

Bill Armstrong: That’s inspiring, One-Eye. I mean, how many people can say that their missing body part could serve as a