

**Where Do They Go?**  
**(A One-Scene Short Play)**

**Playwright:** Scot Savage  
(Based on a short story of the same name by Stephen Shearer)

**Where Do They Go?**  
A One-Scene Short Play  
For Two Actors of Any Gender

**WHERE DO THEY GO?** was first presented by The James Downing Theatre as part of the *Spring 2020 Short Play Festival* at the Edison Park United Methodist Church Lower Level Theatre in Chicago, IL on May 2, 2020. The performance was directed by TBA and the set design was by TBA. The cast was as follows:

**TEAMSTER**.....TBA  
**AGENT**.....TBA

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**CHARACTERS\***  
(in order of appearance)

**TEAMSTER**

Male or Female (or Female/Male-Identified), Age 25-55

A hard-working Freelance Owner/Operator Truck Driver who just wants to earn an honest buck for an honest day's work. Up until this unfortunate incident, he has been content with the solitude of driving the road across the country and seeing different places every day. This laid-back driver, who minds his own business and prefers no drama in his life, now finds himself in some sort of Federal Government Conspiracy/Cover-up and wants nothing more than to just go back to the uneventful and complacent life he was living before.

A chronic smoker to begin with, his habit has elevated exponentially with the new stress he is now under.

**AGENT**

Male or Female (or Female/Male-Identified), Age 25-55

A calm, cool, reserved and no-nonsense Government Agent/Investigator/Interrogator of an unrevealed Federal Agency who is fiercely loyal and will go through any lengths to protect the safety and sanctity of the country he loves dearly. Always well-groomed in his business-attire, his professional manner is mistaken for a lack of compassion and empathy, but this is just a ruse in order not to expose his "human-side" to those who may be threats to his country, way of life and the freedom he enjoys. He quietly and subtly detests the non-stop, chain-smoking from TEAMSTER, but looks past it considering the direness of the current situation.

\*At the director's discretion, Female performers can portray either role as a female or as male-identified. Gender labels were written in this script's dialog as neutral as possible, but this was difficult in the descriptions and stage directions, so male pronouns were used for simplicity and consistency; however, actors are encouraged to adjust dialog when using words, terms or pronouns which denote gender identification.

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**SETTING**  
The Present

**PLACE**

A Detention Room in a Top-Secret Federal Government Facility somewhere in the Continental United States

**TIME**

Presumably, Early Morning

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## SCENE

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*In the DARKENED theatre, the LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE UP to reveal TEAMSTER sitting R of a table at C. The table is bare except for a black “Easter Egg” (i.e. “Electronic Pollution” (See GENERAL PROPERTIES)) in the middle and an ashtray near TEAMSTER. There is an empty chair on the opposite side of the table on L.*

*TEAMSTER, facing AUDIENCE, draws and puffs away on a cigarette held in the right hand, occasionally flicking ashes into ashtray while drumming fingers on table with the left hand and shaking one of his legs. TEAMSTER tends to smoke more aggressively to alleviate his anxiousness as well as mask his steadily increasing stress as to not show fear or intimidation to anyone who might enter the room at any moment.*

*A few moments later, AGENT ENTERS L, carrying a clip board with papers attached and a pen clipped to the top. After taking a seat in the empty chair, AGENT removes pen and scribbles some quick notes on the papers on the clipboard. AGENT places clipboard off to the side and folds hands, looking at TEAMSTER.*

*TEAMSTER, aware of AGENT’s presence, continues to face AUDIENCE and ignore his new visitor and merely continues to smoke.*

*AGENT obligatorily clears throat in order to get TEAMSTER’s attention.*

*TEAMSTER merely turns head to glance at AGENT briefly and gives AGENT an annoying rolling of the eyes before looking back at AUDIENCE and continues smoking.*

***Note 1:** If this is not distracting to AUDIENCE, TEAMSTER should continue to smoke and occasionally flick ashes into the ashtray during the dialogue and actions until the end of the play when such times are appropriate. At least once during the play, TEAMSTER should put out old cigarette and take out a new one and light it. TEAMSTER should smoke more aggressively in situations or dialogue which make TEAMSTER nervous.*

***Note 2:** If this is not distracting to AUDIENCE, AGENT should take occasional notes on papers on the clipboard during the dialogue and actions until the end of the play when such times are appropriate. When appropriate and not distracting to AUDIENCE, AGENT should also quietly cough or discreetly wave hand to clear away smoke as a subtle way to get TEAMSTER to put cigarette out. TEAMSTER, in turn, does not comply as he is either oblivious to AGENT’s hints or merely pretends to be oblivious as to subtly annoy AGENT.*

*After a few more moments of awkward silence, AGENT finally speaks.*

**AGENT.** *(To-the-point and matter-of-factly)* Are you ready to talk?

**TEAMSTER.** *(Flabbergasted)* Am I ready to talk? Really? I’ve *wanted* to talk ever since I was arrested, but no one would listen, *Officer*—

**AGENT.** *(Interrupting)* My title is *Agent*, not *Officer*. I’m not a local, state or county law enforcer. I’m a federal investigator. You weren’t *arrested*; you were merely *detained* pending—

**TEAMSTER.** *(Interrupting in turn)* Well, no one wanted to listen when the accident happened. I’ve been waiting to talk to someone since you locked me in this room—six hours ago!

**AGENT.** *I’m listening now.* Shall we begin?

**TEAMSTER.** (*Surrendering*) I don't even know where to start.

**AGENT.** Start at the beginning.

**TEAMSTER.** (*Rubs forehead as the mental fatigue is starting to get to him*) I don't even know where that would be.

**AGENT.** Then allow me to assist you: Who do you work for?

**TEAMSTER.** (*Growing defensive as he believes he is being set up as a Fall Guy*) I'm not in "collusion" with Russia or North Korea—or any place this country is supposed to hate—if that's what you mean.

**AGENT.** Sorry, bad choice of words. Let me rephrase that: Who is your current employer?

**TEAMSTER.** (*Embarrassed by his wrong assumption*) No one—I mean—I am—I mean—I work for myself—freelance. I'm the owner/operator of my own truck. As of right now, I was contracted to do a haul by Qualcomm Corporation. Their satellite communication system contacted me to call in for a live dispatch. I should have known something was up as they were my only vendor that required to be on call for live dispatches—and this was my first one ever. Unlike my other hauls with them, this one didn't require refrigeration on the load and it wasn't FedEx. Also, if, in the event, we received a live dispatch, we have to call in by a pay phone—never a cell phone.

**AGENT.** (*Looks through papers on clipboard and nods head*) You are correct. My report confirms that much so far.

**TEAMSTER.** If you already knew that, then why did you ask me who my employer was?

**AGENT.** Just seeing if you are answering truthfully—which you are. You're off to a good start—so far.

**TEAMSTER.** Qualcomm is the place that sent me. You should be talking to them.

**AGENT.** They didn't make a breach of National Security.

**TEAMSTER.** Is that what I am being accused of?

**AGENT.** That is to be determined in this interview. I'm not *accusing*—just conducting an investigation. I need your cooperation if I am to help you. Please continue.

**TEAMSTER.** (*Deciding to cooperate as there is nothing to lose at this point*) Okay, after I got the satellite communication, I pulled into a truck stop which I knew still had a pay phone which was not far from where I had delivered my last haul and called the dispatcher. (*Begins to pace around room and continues to smoke cigarette as he is telling his story*) I was told that all I had to do was to drop the empty trailer I was currently hauling and then hookup the trailer that was waiting for me at the drop yard. I was told that the pick-up trailer would be an older model, non-refrigerated type.

**AGENT.** And, apparently, you had no problem accepting this lead?

**TEAMSTER.** It was fine by me. I like not having to pay for fuel to run the refrigeration unit if I don't have to and I can carry more freight without the weight of the reefer unit dragging me down. The dispatcher told me that I would take that old-style trailer to the shipper and do the drop-and-hook. The loaded trailer I was supposed to pick up would be sealed and I was not to have any curiosity about what was loaded in it.

**AGENT.** And this didn't strike you as odd?

**TEAMSTER.** You bet it did. I always like to know what I'm carrying—so I know I am legally loaded and won't run into any trouble with the bears—that's trucker-talk for state troopers.

**AGENT.** Yes, I am well-aware of the terms, slang and lingo used in the teamster profession.

**TEAMSTER.** Anyway—the dispatcher assured me that my load was one-hundred percent legal and was very light. At the request of the shipper, they didn't want anybody to know what the load was because of industrial espionage—or some other such nonsense.

**AGENT.** Yes, not to worry. It was all quite legal—until—the “accident”—that is.

**TEAMSTER.** Well, I was a little uneasy about the terms—at first, but—an easy buck is an easy buck—so—I accepted the assignment and I got back in my truck and headed off to the drop yard.

**AGENT.** What happened when you arrived?

**TEAMSTER.** The yard was unattended, as most are, so it was quick, easy and simple to swap trailers. I reported to QC and headed for the shipper. It was equally easy there. I arrived just as the sun was touching the horizon for the end of the day. The gate guard told me where to put the trailer I was dropping off and where to find the trailer to be picked up. There was plenty of room to maneuver, so parking the trailer was easy and finding, hooking and moving the other trailer was easy as well. This location, though, had an eerie feeling about it. The only person I saw was the gate guard. The place was quiet.

**AGENT.** A little too quiet, perhaps, for your tastes?

**TEAMSTER.** There were a lot of trailers in that yard—almost as many as at a container dock or a train yard. The facility itself was relatively small. Whatever it was that this place produced must be easy to make or gather—or whatever.

**AGENT.** How did the hook up go?

**TEAMSTER.** It was quick and I pulled out smoothly. At the gate, the guard checked out all five of the seals, gave me my bills of lading and waved me on. The BOL said I was carrying just less than five thousand pounds. That was the lightest load I ever had in my entire career. I figured I would enjoy this ride. With this light of a load, I could get the best mileage I had seen ever. I was doing a coast-to-coast with this load, so it looked to be a good, well-paid trip.

**AGENT.** Then what happened?

**TEAMSTER.** I pulled out of the shipper's yard and over on the shoulder. I got my tire thumper out and did a quick inspection of the trailer. I had never seen a trailer like this before—and it was *so* old—so I wanted to get a good look at it before I got on the road. I should have done it before I left the yard, but that place was kind of spooky and I wanted to get away from it.

**AGENT.** That's understandable.

**TEAMSTER.** Unlike other trailers, this one had a little vent door high up on the driver side in the front of the trailer. It was kind of peculiar when I saw that the little door had a seal on it. The seal on the back door was fairly elaborate. It was one of those kinds that you have to destroy to get off—but, that's fairly common. What was *uncommon* was that this trailer had four latches on it—and *every* latch had a seal on them as well.

**AGENT.** Yes, that is standard procedure. Did you find this “old trailer” to be in good condition upon your inspection?

**TEAMSTER.** Yes—well—initially. Electrical, air, tires, brakes, bearings—everything looked okay; however, when I looked underneath to check the airlines, I noticed that the wood floor was sagging here and there. It was really old and needed to be replaced. You don’t see many trailers with wood floors anymore; most have gone to a light metal.

**AGENT.** And you reported the damage?

**TEAMSTER.** Not at first. I looked at it and thought for a few minutes—then I walked back to the guard shack. He had been watching me and saw me coming. He met me outside the shack with clipboard and flashlight. I told him what I had seen and asked him to come and look at it to see what he thought. I explained that if anything should go wrong, I wanted someone to let the shipper know about the potential problem before I left.

**AGENT.** What did the guard say to you?

**TEAMSTER.** He didn’t say anything. He just crawled underneath the trailer and poked at a couple of the sagging spots with his long, metal flashlight. Everything seemed to be solid until he got to one spot. It seemed softer than the rest—and, sure enough, when he poked it, his flashlight went right through it and put a hole in the rotting wood. That’s when about two or three—they looked like plastic Easter Eggs—fell out from the hole. I was curious, so I picked one up.

**AGENT.** (*Picks up egg from center of table and hands it to TEAMSTER*) “Easter Eggs”—like this one?

**TEAMSTER.** (*Looks over egg*) Exactly.

**AGENT.** But *not* the Easter Eggs you grew up with—that you would hunt in your yard as a kid on Easter Morning? These eggs are black instead of pink, yellow or purple. They’re not hollow and don’t open up, so you can’t stuff plastic grass, jellybeans, coins, dollar bills and little toys inside. They are solid, but as light as a cotton ball, although logic tells you that something this compact should be heavier. They feel kind of like plastic—but not like any plastic you have ever touched before.

**TEAMSTER.** That’s right.

**AGENT.** Go on.

**TEAMSTER.** (*Clears throat*) Suddenly, the little hole the guard made caused the wooden board to split like a zipper opening and all the eggs came down on top of him. Considering how light-weight these eggs were, the falling product should not have hurt him. I guess the sudden surprise made him freak out and he tried to lunge away. When he did, he drove his head smack into the closest axle and knocked himself out.

**AGENT.** I see. Then what did you do?

**TEAMSTER.** I reached under the trailer, grabbed the sleeve of his nylon jacket and pulled him out before the eggs could pour out too much and pile up on him like sand. I pulled him clear and made sure he was breathing. We seemed to be the only ones there and I wasn’t real sure what to do next. The guard had a small trickle of blood running from under his hair onto his forehead; it didn’t look like he was badly hurt, just knocked out. But you never know about head wounds. He might have a concussion or a hemorrhage or some other nasty injury that only a doctor would know about.

**AGENT.** Of course.

**TEAMSTER.** I pulled his jacket away and spotted one of those new radios about the size of a pack of cigarettes. I yanked it off his belt. I figured he must have been carrying it so he could communicate with whoever his boss was. It had more buttons than any radio I had ever seen, but it did have, what looked like, a transmit button on the side. I pressed the button and called for help. The voice that answered said I was on a restricted frequency and that if I did not get off immediately, I would be tracked down and would face arrest on federal charges.

**AGENT.** Apparently, that warning didn't seem to faze you.

**TEAMSTER.** I told them who and where I was and said to come and get me and told them... *(Sarcastically)* Oh, by the way—one of their people was lying on the ground beside one of their damaged trailers with a lump on his head and I'm not a doctor, but they might want to get one out here to look at him.

**AGENT.** Well, thanks to your quick thinking, the guard will recover and be back on his feet in a few days.

**TEAMSTER.** *(Still sarcastic)* Glad to hear it, but a fat load of good it did me back then. Before I even finished talking, an alarm sounded. The effect was the same as if you had taken a machete and split a hornet's nest in half. People and vehicles streamed from doors all over the place. Guys in black suits, like the TV SWAT teams wear, came running toward me. Everyone had a weapon of some kind—except me—unless you count that little penknife I scrape my fingernails with. Within seconds, this team of ninja-like characters surrounded me. Everyone had a gun pointed at me.

**AGENT.** Yes—very unfortunate.

**TEAMSTER.** They took me in here and told me to wait. When they left, they locked me in. I've been sitting here for six hours before you finally showed up.

**AGENT.** *(Checking notes)* It appears that your account jibes with ours. I appreciate your honesty. *(Takes Easter Egg from TEAMSTER and holds it so it can be viewed)* Do you know what this *really* is?

**TEAMSTER.** I don't—but this bullshit of yours has resulted with me being held like a political prisoner in a Communist country—and I don't even know why. I don't know where my truck is and I have a schedule to keep. By detaining me, you have severely impacted the delivery time of my load. I imagine my vendor wants to know where I am since I was supposed to check in with them four hours ago—provided they haven't terminated my contract because they think I breached it with my absenteeism.

**AGENT.** Look, after hearing your account, I am convinced that you are just an innocent bystander who didn't know what was going on. First off, thank you for attending to the injured guard. Also, on behalf of the United States Government, I humbly and sincerely apologize for the faulty trailer—which will be replaced with one in acceptable condition—and for the horrible way you were treated. We were merely trying to contain a highly volatile situation. Since you've seen this much, you might as well know everything; however—I stress—that what you hear from this point on is a serious, sensitive matter of National Security which must never be repeated. You must tell no one—not even casually—or hypothetically in passing—not even in jest—it must never unintentionally slip out. Never tell your best friends, your family, your spouse or your significant other—or even discuss it with anyone you believe might know. No one! Got it?

**TEAMSTER.** *(Trying to find levity to hide his anxiousness over AGENT's last remark)* Another government cover-up, huh? Are you going to tell me that Kennedy wasn't killed by a lone assassin—or about the extraterrestrial aliens in Roswell, New Mexico—or that Global Warming was never caused by aerosol sprays?

**AGENT.** (*Dead serious with his reply*) Trust me—you don't want to go there. Civilians are entitled to learn and keep *only* one government secret on an as-needed basis—and at our discretion. That's the quota—no more than that? Understand?

**TEAMSTER.** Perhaps, it might be better that I don't know what's going on. Why even tell me at all?

**AGENT.** Because I feel compelled to tell you for your peace of mind. I can see the curiosity in your face. Not knowing the truth will drive you insane and paranoid—and you seem too decent, honest and sincere a person to be put through that. We can't have your curiosity getting the better of you years from now where you might start snooping around for answers. We might as well clear your doubts right now by coming totally clean.

**TEAMSTER.** (*Mentally preparing for the upcoming bomb as he wants to know—yet—doesn't want to know either as ignorance is bliss*) Ummm—yeah—sure—whatever you say.

**AGENT.** (*Places egg back on table and gets down to business*) This installation is one of three across the country—this one here on the West Coast—another on the East Coast—and the last one in the Midwest. The purpose of these installations is to process a waste product that threatens the world. It is so dangerous, in fact, that the general public knows nothing about it—and never should.

**TEAMSTER.** (*Picks up egg and looks at it*) You mean *these* Easter Eggs? They seem harmless enough.

**AGENT.** In their current state—they *are* harmless. Let me ask you something: Do you have a cell phone?

**TEAMSTER.** Yes.

**AGENT.** Own a computer?

**TEAMSTER.** Of course. Who doesn't? I have a laptop in my truck. I use it to keep track of paperwork—send emails.

**AGENT.** While you are typing away and you backspace to make a correction, what happens to all those little characters that you have created on the screen of your computer when you delete them? What happens after you delete every letter? Every word? Every sentence? Every paragraph? Every page? Each document, file, photo, phone text, Tweet or Facebook Messenger? What happens to that spam email you deleted from a barrister from Nigeria, with all the grammatical aptitude of a third-grader, claiming you won six-million dollars in their lottery and you need to wire over one thousand dollars to cover the expenses to release your check? Where do they go?

**TEAMSTER.** The recycle bin, of course.

**AGENT.** And *after* you empty the recycle bin?

**TEAMSTER.** They stay on the hard drive until they are written over by other new data.

**AGENT.** That is merely the residual signature footprint which remains behind. The bulk of it vents right into the atmosphere.

**TEAMSTER.** (*Interrupting in a Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Vincent Price, Peter Lorre or any other Horror Movie Icon voice as he believes AGENT is pulling his leg*) Just like ethylene oxide. (*Glancing at AGENT and seeing he is not amused, TEAMSTER resumes normal voice*) Sorry—bad joke.

**AGENT.** It's not a joke. This is worse than ethylene oxide; this is—"electronic pollution."



**TEAMSTER.** Are you for real?

**AGENT.** (*Matter-of-Factly*) You can't see it, taste it, smell it or feel it—but it's all around us. Due to the increased use of technology over the last seventy years, it's been getting so thick, that it's starting to affect electronics of all kinds. On top of causing severe National Security implications, there's the health hazard as well. It clogs up the air we breathe much like a lone goldfish in a small bowl of water—using up all the precious oxygen before someone can change the used-up water.

**TEAMSTER.** (*Still thinking it's all just a "put on"*) Are you trying to tell me that we're all—literally—choking on our own words—or—should I say—our own *deleted* words?

**AGENT.** *Choked*, actually—not *choking*. At the exponential rate which the pollution build-up was clogging our atmosphere, we should have all been dead since 2010.

**TEAMSTER.** (*Less skeptical*) Then why aren't we dead by now?

**AGENT.** Because our government scientists had developed a way to filter the floating deleted stuff out of the atmosphere and gather it together. We collect it here and at the other two facilities and compress it into these "Easter Eggs." (*Places the egg in TEAMSTER's hand*). What you hold in your hand are hundreds of gigabytes of compressed deletions. We process two or three dozen of these eggs every day between our three facilities.

**TEAMSTER.** (*Starting to believe, but not quite there*) No way!

**AGENT.** Way!

*TEAMSTER stares at egg. After a brief moment of silence, it finally dawns on TEAMSTER that this is all on the level and quickly puts the egg on the table wanting to have nothing more to do with it.*

**TEAMSTER.** (*Rubbing hands vigorously as if he just touched something contagious*) HO-LY SHIT!

**AGENT.** (*Ignoring TEAMSTER's outburst and getting back to business*) The next problem, of course, is what to do with the eggs. Again, our government scientists worked up a solution—well—*almost* a solution. If you subject only a single egg to a very high temperature, it catches on fire and burns with more energy than a tanker of oil or a ton of coal.

**TEAMSTER.** (*Recovering from his shock*) Why is that only—*almost*—a solution?

**AGENT.** Because burning that lone egg emits an odor—although physically harmless if inhaled by any living creature—which I heard, can best be described—for lack of better terms—as "sweaty armpit meets rotting fish"—and it can be smelled as far away as a five-hundred mile radius and lingers for an average of thirty days before the air finally dissipates it—however, we are working on that problem and should have a solution to burn the egg and neutralize the odor within the next five to ten years.

**TEAMSTER.** What do you do with the eggs until then?

**AGENT.** Until we solve the problem of the stench, we ship out and stockpile them all in a secret deep underground storage facility.

**TEAMSTER.** I see. (*Almost afraid to change the subject and ask the next question, but knows he must*) And what happens to me now?

**AGENT.** Well—you now know more than most of the civilian population and that makes you a “very dangerous person.” You are now bound by the “Official Secrets Act” and I must stress, yet again, never to tell another soul. Don’t talk about it at all—to anyone—ever! To assure this, we will be watching you from now on from time to time and—more importantly—we will be listening as well. Failure to keep your silence will result in—

**TEAMSTER.** *(Interrupts as he would rather hear it from his own lips rather than AGENT)* Let me guess—I will be—deleted! I get it! Can I leave now?

**AGENT.** You are free to have your normal life back once you make the delivery and complete your assignment. Whether or not you decide to accept another “live dispatch” is entirely up to you.

**TEAMSTER.** That’s fine by me. I just want to go back to work—provided my vendor hasn’t dropped me yet.

**AGENT.** Don’t worry about that. We will call your vendor shortly and straighten everything out. Now, just one last thing...

*AGENT reaches into pocket and places a credit card in TEAMSTER’s hand.*

**TEAMSTER.** *(Looks down at card)* What’s this for?

**AGENT.** Just a little perk and incentive in return for your continued silence. It’s a *special* credit card—no limit—never expires—never needs to be renewed—good for the rest of your life. Use that card from now on to buy anything you need or want, within reason, and you will never have to pay for it—the government will.

**TEAMSTER.** Anything? Do you mean—just for my truck—you know—business expenses?

**AGENT.** Anything!

**TEAMSTER.** Anything?

**AGENT.** Anything you want—just as long as you don’t go crazy.

*There is a short pause as TEAMSTER stares at card, still not sure what to make of it all. He then puts the card away in one of his pockets as he finally accepts the reality of the situation.*

**TEAMSTER.** *(Softly)* Thank you.

**AGENT.** You’re welcome. *(Gestures his hand to L as a subtle hint for them to leave)* This way, please.

*As AGENT EXITS L, TEAMSTER simultaneously CROSSES DC. As they both move, the LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE OUT TO DARKNESS except for A PATCH OF LIGHT surrounding TEAMSTER.*

**TEAMSTER.** *(Speaking directly to AUDIENCE)* Deleted! I know that word came from my own lips and not from that agent, but I realized by the tone of our conversation that I needed to keep quiet. After we left the room, I was escorted back to my truck. I reported to my vendor’s dispatcher and everything was cool. He acted like I was never gone all those hours. I made the delivery on time and went on about my business. Needless to say, I never responded to another “live dispatch” again from QC. I always manage to be “conveniently indisposed” when they are sent out. I use that credit card they gave me every day—but, just for legitimate truck expenses—you know—diesel fuel, tires, replacement parts, truck repairs and license renewals. Occasionally, I might use it

for medical expenses for deductibles and co-pays not covered by my health insurance. I have never seen a bill for any of it. I got a credit report on myself—the card and the expenses from it don’t show up on that. I make sure not to get greedy because—even though the government is picking up the tab, I have a gut feeling the average taxpayer is actually footing the bill—no sense in bilking other honest, hard-working folks. And so—I keep my mouth shut. Even if I didn’t, who the hell would believe me? They’d think I was crazy. I’m still not totally sure I believe it myself. But I still keep my mouth shut because—whoever I tell might end up getting “deleted” right along with me. If I mess up, I don’t care what would happen to me, but it would be too great of a burden on my conscience in the Afterlife if someone else suffered over my slip of the tongue. Every once in a while, I look around and I notice someone watching me—someone with clear, steely eyes—never the same eyes twice—but, they *are* there. Look around you. Is anyone watching *you* now? I traded in my cell phone for one of those old-fashioned ones—the kind that only transmits and receives phone calls. I never text or send emails. I sold my computer, too. I write everything down using pen and paper now. Every time I stroll in a *Starbucks* to treat myself to a *Java Chip Frappuccino*, I can’t help but notice all of the other customers taking advantage of the free Wi-Fi—frivolously typing and surfing away on their smartphones, laptops or tablets. Do they ever stop and ponder to ask this question to themselves every time they delete something: Where do they go?

As TEAMSTER *exits* L, the LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE OUT to a DARKENED theatre.

THE END.

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## GENERAL PROPERTIES

Table and 2 chairs – Preset C on stage

Condensed “Electronic Pollution” – Preset on C of table  
(Actually, a hollow plastic Easter Egg glued shut and painted black)

## PERSONAL PROPERTIES

### TEAMSTER:

Pack of cigarettes

To be “smoked” during duration of play at TEAMSTER’s discretion

Zippo Lighter (Optional)

For “lighting” a new cigarette after “finishing” an old one at TEAMSTER’s discretion

### AGENT:

Clipboard with papers and forms attached

Pencil/Pen

For taking notes during “interrogation” at AGENT’s discretion

Credit Card (pre-placed in jacket or shirt/blouse pocket)

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## COSTUMES/WARDROBE

### TEAMSTER (Male or Female (Male-Identified) Portrayal):

Plaid Shirt (Sleeves rolled up, worn buttoned and tucked in pants OR untucked, unbuttoned open and loose with T-shirt or Tank Top underneath)

Denim or Leather Jacket (Optional)

Denim Pants/Blue Jeans

Boots – Work Boots or Cowboy Boots

Head cover (Optional - Choose one below or none, make sure the hat is tilted back as to not hide face)

- Baseball Cap (Bill/Visor can face front or back, Non-Sports cap preferred (e.g. John Deere or other Company logo)

- Bandanna (Worn as either as band around head or draped over head entirely in “do-rag style”)

- Do-Rag

- Cowboy Hat (Standard Size)

### TEAMSTER (Female Portrayal):

Plaid Shirt (Sleeves rolled up, Worn buttoned and tucked in pants or tied off at bottom instead of tucked in with t-shirt or Tank Top underneath)

Denim or Leather Jacket (Optional)

Denim Pants/Blue Jeans or Denim Shorts

T-shirt, Hawaiian Shirt or Western Shirt (in lieu of two items above)

Work Boots or Cowboy Boots (if wearing Full-Length pants)

Sneakers or Cowboy Boots (ONLY if wearing Shorts)

Head cover (Optional - Choose one below or none, make sure the hat is tilted back as to not hide face)

- Baseball Cap (Bill/Visor can face front or back, Non-Sports cap preferred (e.g. John Deere or other

Company logo)

- Visor (Bill/Visor can face front or back)
- Bandanna (Worn as either as band around head or draped over head entirely in “do-rag style”)
- Do-Rag
- Cowboy Hat (Small type made of woven straw and dangling feathers on the back preferred)

AGENT (Male or Female (Male-Identified) Portrayal):

White Long-Sleeve Shirt  
Dark Straight Tie w/Tie Clip  
Dark Suit/Sport Jacket (unbuttoned)  
Dark Pants  
Dark Socks  
Dark Wing-Tip Shoes

AGENT (Female Portrayal):

White Long or Short-Sleeve Blouse  
Neck Scarf, Ascot Tie, Bolo Tie, Bowknot Tie, Chiffon Bowtie, Cross Snap-Over Tie or Collar Brooch  
(No Long Straight Tie or Traditional Bow Tie)  
Dark Blazer (Optional - unbuttoned)  
Dark Knee-Length Skirt, Dark Full-Length Slacks or Dark Capri Pants  
Dark Low-Heel Pumps or Fashionable Dress Sandals (ONLY if wearing Skirt, Slacks or Capri Pants)  
Dark wing-tip shoes (ONLY if wearing Full-Length Slacks)

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## MAKE-UP/HAIRSTYLE

TEAMSTER:

None required (Other than common stage make-up (or every-day-use make-up products such as lipstick, blush, eyeliner, etc. for Female portrayal))

If Actor/Actress has long hair (Male or Female Portrayal), it should be worn in a simple ponytail

AGENT:

None required (Other than common stage make-up (or every-day-use make-up products such as lipstick, blush, eyeliner, etc. for Female portrayal))

Male portrayal should be clean shaved. Hair should be short or slicked back if somewhat long. If actor has longer hair and does not wish to cut it, the long hair should be put in a ponytail and tucked-in/hidden under the back of shirt collar.

Female portrayal with hair length below shoulders should be worn up (i.e. a loose bun (top or back), French Twist or whatever works) or simple ponytail. Shorter hair can be worn freely.

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## SOUND EFFECTS

None