

PERUSAL SCRIPT



Newport, Maine

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CONTROL_ALT_DELETE

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CONTROL_ALT_DELETE by Eric Samuelsen received its world premiere May 7, 2011 as part of the eighth annual SLAM at Plan-B Theatre. The following cast was directed by Marcine Lake: Joe Debevc, John Graham and Christy Summerhays. Designed Cheryl Cluff, Jesse Portillo and Randy Rasmussen. Stage managed by Jennifer Freed. Produced by Jerry Rapier.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

RACHEL, a scientist

OLEG, a Russo-Alaskan guide and environmentalist

GEOFF, a writer

Setting: A campsite on the North Slope in Alaska. Seventy degrees north latitude, equally distant from Kotzebue and Barrow. An ocean shore. A box sits on the beach. Further upstage, chairs, a campfire.

Time: Now

CONTROL_ALT_DELETE a ten minute play by Eric Samuelsen. 1f 2m. Contemporary. Eric (the playwright) had been reading a book called MOBY DUCK, about bath toys that washed off a cargo ship and were floating all over the world. He came upon an environmental idea; going control_alt_delete and basically starting over with our poor beleaguered planet. Premiered as Plan-B Theatre Company's SLAM 2011 in Salt Lake City. **ORDER #3265**

Eric Samuelsen taught at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio before joining the faculty at Brigham Young University in 1992. He became head of the Playwriting program at BYU in 1999. He has also taught as an adjunct faculty member in the Religion department. He retired from BYU in 2012.

As a playwright, Samuelsen has had twenty-seven plays professionally produced in Utah, Indiana, Louisiana, New York, and California. Some of his plays include *Gadianton*, which has seen three professional productions across the country, *A Love Affair with Electrons*, *Family*, *The Plan*, and *The Way We're Wired*. He is resident playwright at Plan-B Theatre Company in Salt Lake City, who designated their 2013-14 season a 'Season of Eric', including productions of six of his plays.

He is a member of the Playwrights' Circle, and the Dramatists Guild. He is three-time winner of the Annual Award in Playwriting offered by the Association for Mormon Letters (AML) and he became president of AML in 2007. In 2013 the organization awarded him the Smith Pettit Award for his lifetime work as a playwright.

He has been a staff writer for the on-line satirical magazine *The Sugarbeet*. He was also featured in the book *Conversations with Mormon Authors*, edited by Chris Bigelow. He is a noted Ibsen translator, and has also published scholarly articles on 19th and 20th century Scandanavian Theatre, and more recently, on LDS drama and film. He blogged at Mormoniconoclast.com. Eric died in September of 2019 after a long battle with polymyositis. This has left a huge hole in the Theatre Community within, and outside of, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

CONTROL_ALT_DELETE

(OLEG and GEOFF enter. GEOFF sits with a groan.)

OLEG: Good, good, you sit. She's around somewhere.

(Crosses the stage.)

Rachel?

RACHEL: *(Enters, very upset.)* Oleg. Oh, Oleg, it's horrible, it's . . .

(Sees GEOFF.)

That's the guy?

OLEG: It's him.

RACHEL: *(Controlling herself.)* Okay. Right, good. First thing's first, I'll deal with the other...

OLEG: Just don't be disappointed. You sometimes get your hopes up and. . . .

RACHEL: I'm fine, I'm prepared. They said VIP, extend him every courtesy, so . . .

(Looks at GEOFF.)

He looks like he's been barfing.

OLEG: Many...many...many

RACHEL: *(Crosses to him.)* Hi, you must be Geoff. I'm Dr. Rachel Ford, just call me Rachel.

GEOFF: *(Stands wanly.)* Geoff Morton.

RACHEL: And Oleg you've met.

GEOFF: Yeah. I'm so sorry about your boat, man.

(OLEG nods.)

RACHEL: Anyway. I head this research station. Oleg's sort of our guide slash lab assistant slash cook...

OLEG: I also shoot things.

GEOFF: Excuse me?

RACHEL: Polar bears. Are becoming something of a...

GEOFF: *(Looks around.)* Polar bears? Um. But...it's a they're-more-afraid-of-us-than-we-are-of-them sort of scenario, right?

RACHEL: Yeah. Look, it's been a bad year for seals, after five bad years for seals. Polar bears are starving and they're getting aggressive. So. . . .

OLEG: Me.

(He mimes holding and shooting a rifle, makes a gunshot sound, then laughs.)

RACHEL: Just stay close to camp, okay?

OLEG: I also make coffee. You want coffee?

GEOFF: Maybe in a bit.

RACHEL: Rough flight in, I gather?

GEOFF: I honestly thought I'd be fine. I'm outdoorsy, you know? Like, I sail. Sky dive.

RACHEL: Sky dive. Great. And of course the atmospheric pollution your pointless plane trip causes. . .

OLEG: *(The peacemaker.)* I have done the sky diving thing as well. Very enjoyable.

RACHEL: *(Controlling herself.)* So I've heard. Anyway. Those pontoon planes, they can get pretty. . . .

GEOFF: And the helicopter. And Oleg's boat.

(To Oleg.)

I am really genuinely sorry, man.

(Oleg nods.)

RACHEL: Anyway, here we are. So.

GEOFF: So okay.

(Awkward pause.)

So...um...you're with the, um. . . .

RACHEL: I'm sorry, I thought you'd been briefed. With C-SCOR. The Center for Sponsored Coastal Oceanic Research? We're out of the NOAA.

GEOFF: The, um, N...um. . . .

RACHEL: You weren't briefed at all? National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration?

GEOFF: So you're, like, an environmentalist chick? That's hot.

OLEG: *(Enjoying this immensely.)* He's here about the ducks.

RACHEL: The ducks?

(Gets it.)

No way, you're here about the frickin' ducks!

OLEG: *(Vastly amused, sings.)* Rubber ducky, you're the one . . .

RACHEL: Oleg. . . .

GEOFF: Also beavers. Frogs.

RACHEL: *(Quickly, to OLEG.)* They said he was important! I thought maybe a congressional staffer!

GEOFF: Oh, no. No. I'm sort of a free lance. . . .

OLEG: He's a teacher.

RACHEL: With what university?

GEOFF: Um... Woodrow Wilson Junior High?

RACHEL: Oleg!?!?!?

OLEG: He's writing a book. He has an advance from a publisher.

GEOFF: Look. Okay. My life sucks, I teach junior high English, always wanted to write. And I find this amazing story.

RACHEL: Ducks.

GEOFF: Yeah. Twenty eight thousand eight hundred plastic floating bath toys, man, lost at sea in the North Pacific, swept off a cargo ship in a storm.

RACHEL: I know, back in ninety two. They wash up all over the place.

GEOFF: Yeah! Twenty years they've been floating around, coming ashore, in Hawaii. Tahiti. Easter Island. Alaska, California, of course Canada, Russia. And then, best of all, a yellow duck found by a couple vacationing in Kennebunkport Maine! Kennefreakingbunkport! Drifted through the Northwest Passage, to Maine. I mean, right?

(OLEG resumes singing.)

OLEG: Rubber ducky, you're so fine.

RACHEL: Oleg, please. So you're writing a book.

(He nods.)

And you want me to help you.

(He nods.)

Great. Today of all days.

GEOFF: And I totally get that you're, like a scientist and all. And an environmentalist. And I'm totally cool with all that.

(She walks away.)

OLEG: I found one. One of your floating toys. Not a duck, though. A beaver.

GEOFF: Really? You found a Friendly Floatee?

OLEG: There are probably some right here, on this beach. We do clean-up here, you can't believe the things we find. Brand-new Air Jordans.

GEOFF: Seriously?

OLEG: Oh, yeah. Toilet seats, the padded ones. Refrigerators.

(GEOFF looks at RACHEL.)

The beaver I find, we take it into the lab.

RACHEL: *(Abruptly.)* It was saturated with eight separate toxins. Plastic never sinks, never degrades. It absorbs.

GEOFF: Yeah, I'm not so much interested in...

RACHEL: See that box? That's what we do, collect lab samples. We find plastics, we find PCPs, Dioxins...

GEOFF: So kids, they find one of my ducks, they shouldn't play with it. Is what you're saying...

OLEG: Depends. How much you like your kids?

RACHEL: Look, go down the beach, down that way, just past that scrub pine. You'll see a dead albatross. Choked on plastic, poisoned. Your ducks are lethal.

GEOFF: That's so cool.

RACHEL: It's not cool!

GEOFF: I mean, for the book, right. Not actually cool at all in reality-land.

RACHEL: Right.

GEOFF: You know like that commercial? With the crying Indian dude?

RACHEL: What?

GEOFF: Back in the sixties or something. There was like this commercial. With this Indian, and he sees all this trash, and he starts crying. It's old, but like, also on Youtube. Gone viral, man.

OLEG: I've seen that.

GEOFF: The actor totally wasn't even an Indian. He was, like, Italian or something.

(Pause as they stare at him.)

So I totally get that about the ducks and poison? But what I'm about is, like: ducks. You know?

(Pause.)

RACHEL: Okay, you can catch the helicopter in Kotzebue on Friday, Oleg will get you there tomorrow afternoon.

OLEG: Rachel, he's writing a book.

RACHEL: Did you hear him?

(To Geoff.)

Tomorrow, pal, you're gone.

2.3 more pages to the end of the play