

# The Left Overs

By Jack Hall

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## CHARACTERS

Announcer

Tracie- An administrative assistant

Mr. Lumburgh- The boss

Buddy- The computer guy

Lawrence- An executive

Don- An accountant

Betty- Marketing

*Dramatic music plays.*

ANNOUNCER- From Revelation Studios... and the writer who brought you John 1, 2, and 3... Comes a story ripped from tomorrow's headlines. When Jesus returns, there will be two kinds of people. The Chosen Elect... and... the LEFT OVERS!!

*Lights up on an office break room. Tracie is unloading bags of groceries which include cold cuts, cheese, bread, chips, mayonnaise, brownies, and 2 liters. A coffee maker with a full pot of coffee is also set out, as are cups, plates, and napkins. Lumburgh enters. Music fades.*

LUMBURGH- Hi, Tracie.

TRACIE- Hello, Mr. Lumburgh.

LUMBURGH- Everything ready for the employee luncheon?

TRACIE- Just as you asked. Turkey, ham, bread, chips, brownies, sodas, and coffee.

LUMBURGH- Excellent, excellent. Hopefully this will boost the morale we've lost around here since the CEO went AWOL.

*Buddy enters with the numbers 666 written real big in black on his forehead.*

BUDDY- Hey, Tracie, look at my cool new tattoo!

TRACIE- Oh my! It certainly is striking.

BUDDY- Isn't it? Everybody's getting them, it's the coolest.

TRACIE- Did Mr. Lumburgh see it?

BUDDY- Are you kidding? Who do you think told me to get one?

LUMBURGH- That's right, Tracie. You know, you should look into getting one.

TRACIE- Me, sir?

LUMBURGH- Absolutely. I think it would be lovely on you.

*Buddy picks up a cup and the coffee pot.*

BUDDY- You bet it would!

*As Buddy pours a LOUD trumpet sounds, startling all three. Buddy pours the coffee on himself.*

BUDDY- YEEEEOW!! That's some hot coffee!

LUMBURGH- There's that darn trumpet again.

TRACIE- Where did it come from?

LUMBURGH- I don't know, but that's the seventh time I've heard one.

BUDDY- Must be those ad guys on the sixth floor, with their recording studio.

LUMBURGH- Whatever it is, I've noticed it's usually followed by bad news.

*Lawrence enters.*

LAWRENCE- Mr. Lumburgh, you won't believe this! Four riders with breastplates like sulphur on horses with heads of lions are flying through the sky, wreaking havoc and destruction in their path.

LUMBURGH- See what I mean? First there was hail, then seas of blood, then locusts, and now lion-horses with riders.

LAWRENCE- This can't be good for the economy. We're going to have layoffs, aren't we?

LUMBURGH- I wouldn't worry about that. We're still under capacity from all those religious nuts that vanished with Mr. Christian.

BUDDY- Say what you want, Mr. Lumburgh, but I am keeping my resume up to date.

*Betty and Don enter.*

DON- Hail, hail, the gang's all here.

LAWRENCE- Please, don't say hail!

LUMBURGH- Don, Betty, glad you could make it. Before we eat, I just want to say a few words. I know we've had a lot of set backs, with vanishing employees and natural disasters and that fiery abyss that opened up underneath our South Carolina plant. But I'm still here, and I still have faith in this company and all of you. Maybe the world is going to Hell in a handbasket, but this company will be here til the end of the world.

BETTY- Amen!

DON- Amen? What the crap does that mean?

BETTY- I dunno, I heard it some where.

LUMBURGH- Now, dig in.

*Everyone starts making sandwiches. Betty grabs a slice of bread and the mayonnaise jar.*

BETTY- Oh, these darn jars and their seals. Can someone please open this seal?

DON- I'll get that, Betty.

*Don opens the jar. A dark smoke comes out of it. Don and Betty grab their throats, gagging and dying violently.*

TRACIE- Don! Betty!

BUDDY- What happened to them? What pestilence was behind that seal?

LUMBURGH- I don't know, but it's killed a third of us.

*All the characters freeze as the announcer speaks. Music fades up.*

ANNOUNCER- It's a story so shocking, so urgent, so timely, it's guaranteed to capitalize on the current Left Behind mania. THE LEFT OVERS... coming soon to a theater near you.

*Black out.*