

**REGULARLY SCHEDULED**

by

Brandon M. Crose

**REGULARLY SCHEDULED**

SETTING — A family living room.

CHARACTERS — FATHER, MOTHER, SON, and DAUGHTER.

AT RISE — Lights up on a giant flatscreen television and a couch facing it. After several beats, the front door bursts open and the four family members assemble around the television with great urgency. Chaos.

FATHER

Only one minute to spare!

MOTHER

I'll make popcorn during the commercials!

FATHER

Great idea!

SON

Wait, the... The remote isn't working!

DAUGHTER

(leaping to the TV set)

Just hit the button your— WHY ISN'T THE TV TURNING ON!

FATHER

WHAT DID YOU TWO DO?!

SON and DAUGHTER

NOTHING!

MOTHER

IS IT PLUGGED IN?

DAUGHTER

IT IS PLUGGED IN!

FATHER

WE'RE GOING TO MISS IT!

FATHER rushes to the TV set.

SON

Oh no... oh God no...

MOTHER

I can't believe this is really happening. Take my hand, son.

He does.

MOTHER (cont.)

We'll face this together.

FATHER

I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! IT ISN'T WORKING!

DAUGHTER

Dad, it... It's fried. It's fried.

FATHER

"Fried"?

DAUGHTER

We can't watch the show. We can't watch... any show.

Everyone falls into a stunned silence.

FATHER

I failed you. I failed you all.

DAUGHTER

(comforting)

You did.

Long beat.

MOTHER

(to SON)

This is kind of awkward, but... what is your name again?

SON

Mom! What the hell.

MOTHER

Please don't take it personally. I'm great with faces but awful with names.

SON

It's Brian, Mom.

MOTHER

Brian. Brian. Right. Thank you.

Long beat. FATHER begins weeping. Large, broken sobs.

FATHER

There's no... there's no point to popcorn now, is there?

DAUGHTER

Maybe there never was.

(a long, profound beat)

Maybe there never was.

CUE MUSIC: Loud and orchestral. The end of an era. The end of everything. The...

**END OF PLAY.**