

A script from



“The Terminal”

by
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- What** A man traveling with lots of baggage meets the person who can take it off his hands. **Themes:** Baggage, Guilt, Shame, Forgiveness, Redemption, Freedom
- Who** Tony
John
- When** Present Day
- Wear (Props)** 8 or 9 different pieces of luggage (one should be red)
Bench
Recording of a flight announcement
- Why** Isaiah 43:18-19, John 8:36, Matthew 11:28-30
- How** John should have a presence of authority and slight mystery to him, yet kindness and compassion as well. Tony needs the defeated feel of someone who is worn out from all of the emotional baggage he has been carrying around.
- Time** Approximately 6-7 minutes

*Lights Up on an Airport Terminal. We hear the noises of jets taking off in the background. We see a line of chairs in the waiting area. A man – his name is **Tony** - sits in one of them, slightly off centre. He sits amid a pile of luggage. There are maybe 8 or 9 different bags of varying sizes and shapes. He sits there, obviously waiting.*

*A second man, **John**, enters. **John** is a wealthy man, though we don't necessarily know it from his appearance right away. He is dressed in nice jeans, a blazer, nice shoes and a button-up shirt with the collar open a little. He's a businessman.*

***John** enters and almost immediately passes by **Tony**. He sees him out of the corner of his eye. Stops for a beat, and then turns.*

John: Where's the sink?

Tony: *(Startled as if out of a daze)* Huh?

John: Didn't bring it, eh? So just everything BUT the kitchen sink, then?

Tony: Oh...ha ha, yeah.

John: I've seen a lot of people waiting for their jet planes but I've never seen anyone like this.

Tony: Yeah, well, it's...it's a lot I know.

John: A lot. That is the understatement of the century. *(A beat. **John** is intrigued by this man. He walks over and sticks out his hand.)* John.

Tony: Oh...uh...*(he digs his arm out from under a bag or two)* Tony. Hey.

***John** sits next to him. It's a little bit awkward as there are bags upon bags on the seat. They shuffle things around and this is a little funny-awkward. They mumble to each other about the new arrangement of bags, which can go where, etc. When this little "dance" is all done, **John** finally climbs over a bag or two to grab a seat next to **Tony**.*

John: So.

Tony: So. You say you've seen a lot of people waiting for planes. You must come here a lot.

John: A lot wouldn't even begin to describe it. I live here.

A beat.

Tony: You're not like Tom Hanks in the airport movie are you?

John: Oh, no. No, no. I own this place. My office is right up there, looks out onto the tarmac. *(He point up and over to the left)* Beautiful view at sunset.

Tony: I bet.

John: So where you headed with all this stuff?

Tony: Anywhere but here.

John: You don't like it here?

Tony: Its not that...it's just I've...there's a lot of history that I'm trying to get away from.

John looks at Tony, then at the bags, nods his head and turns his head back out, thinking.

John: So you're running away from home...but taking all of home with you.

Tony: It's a little more complicated than that.

John: Couldn't decide what to bring along.

Tony: Um, no. It's just that this is...my life. How can I leave it behind?

John: Well, the sheer weight of it all for one! I mean, how do even get around with all this? And the cost! I can't imagine the cost to check all this baggage wherever you go.

Tony: Yeah. There's that.

John: The cost?

Tony: Well, yeah.

John: How much it cost you?

Tony: Today?

John: Doesn't it cost the same every time?

Tony: Well, no. I keep picking up stuff everywhere I go. So I have to add it. It costs more every time I go somewhere to check my baggage.

John: And you lug all this by yourself?

Tony: It's not that bad.

John: Not that bad? You must have a couple hundred pounds of baggage here. For you to lug that around...

Tony: I'm young. I can handle it.

John: I'll give you that. But...whatever you do now, just catches up with you later. Believe me. You keep lugging these bags around for a few more years and you'll end up in traction...or worse, sooner than later.

Tony: Well, we shall see then.

John: Yes, we shall.

A slightly awkward pause for a moment. And then:

John: Can I ask you something personal?

Tony: Umm...I never know how to answer a question like that.

John: Well, you don't have to if you don't want to, I just...

Tony: No, no. Go ahead. What have I got to lose?

Pause.

John: What's in the bags?

Long pause.

Tony: Umm...this one is...guilt. I, um, I left home when I was sixteen. And I've been crisscrossing the country ever since. I left my mother with my stepfather. Just packed up and left one day.

John: Why?

Tony: He beat me. He beat me and I'd just...just had enough and wanted to get out of there so I packed a small bag and left. And I left my mother there. Alone.

John: He beat on her too?

Tony: Yeah. Yeah, he did. I left here alone. All alone. And I got to the bus depot with my travel bag and this. It didn't use to be this big. But...you know, I left, and then I didn't call. And haven't gone back...and every night before I go to sleep I play that "what if" game and...I wake up the next morning and its bigger. So...

John: That's awful, Tony.

Tony: Oh, we're just getting started, John. What else do you want to know?

John: Listen, Tony, I-

- Tony:** This one's anger. Filled with anger. Notice the color. Red? Fitting. This is all for my step-dad. All of it.
- John:** Tony.
- Tony:** It started out that way, anyway. Now I think it might be mostly for me. I don't know. I haven't really opened it up in a while, you know?

To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

- John:** Oh, Tony. I'm not here to answer questions you already have the answer to. I'm just here for these.

We hear an announcement over the PA system in the airport. "Final boarding call for passengers on flight 23. This is your final boarding call." Change this if needed.

- John:** There's your flight. I'll call ahead and have them hold a seat for you.
- Tony:** What will you do...um...*(He changes thought mid-sentence. He doesn't need to know what's going to happen to the bags. He doesn't know, and he doesn't care.)* Thanks.
- John:** You're welcome.

Tony starts to walk away. Then turns back.

- Tony:** This is different.
- John:** What?
- Tony:** Walking. It feels...I feel different.
- John:** I'm glad.

Tony walks away, and exits.

- John:** That makes me very glad, Anthony. Very glad.

Fade to black. The end.