

The following is excerpted from

“FRACTURED FERRY TALE”

A Two Character Comedy

By Ken Levine

Kevin sits on a bench on the Staten Island Ferry and meets a mysterious passenger. Much to Kevin's surprise he's transported back to 1930. Why? And can he return to the present? What will he learn from the experience? And was there really an NFL team in Staten Island at one time?

Copyright © Ken Levine 2017

All Rights Reserved

No portion of this script may be performed, or reproduced by any means, or quoted, or published in any medium without prior written consent of Ken Levine.

Contact: Jamie Kaye-Phillips

United Talent Agency, Theatre Department

New York, NY

PH: 212-991-4245

E-mail: [Jamie.KayePhillips@unitedtalent.com](mailto:Jamie.KayePhillips@unitedtalent.com)

Performance licenses must be purchased separately from each script. To inquire about a performance license, please complete the online licensing form at [KenLevinePlays.com/Licensing](http://KenLevinePlays.com/Licensing), or contact Jamie Kaye-Phillips via the contact information provided above.

Royalties are due on all performances of "FRACTURED FERRY TALE." This includes amateur, professional and school productions as well as auditions, staged readings and informal readings where an audience is present whether it is a paying or non-paying audience.

Royalties will not be waived or reduced for schools, charity performances or auditions.

All copyrights are energetically enforced.

# A FRACTURED FERRY TALE

A 10-Minute Comedy by  
Ken Levine

SYNOPSIS: Kevin sits on a bench on the Staten Island Ferry and meets a mysterious passenger.

Much to Kevin's surprise he's transported back to 1930. Why? And can he return to the present? What will he learn from the experience? And was there really an NFL team in Staten Island at one time?

CHARACTERS:

KEVIN – 50's, a New Yorker

PASSENGER – 50's, folksy

All the action takes place on the outer deck of the Staten Island Ferry. Only a bench will be required.

A FRACTURED FERRY TALE

by Ken Levine

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - DAY

KEVIN sits on a bench talking on his iPhone. He's in his 50's, dressed casually, a New Yorker.

KEVIN

Really? My son is now in a Nickelback cover band? Hell, Nickelback sucks... No, I didn't know. He never calls me. Listen, just got on the Staten Island Ferry. Catch you tomorrow.

He hangs up and puts the phone away. A beat later A PASSENGER approaches with what looks like a magazine. He too is in his 50's, somewhat folksy.

PASSENGER

Mind if I take a load off?

KEVIN

No, not at all. Have a seat.

PASSENGER

Thanks. (beat) So you going to the big game?

KEVIN

What big game?

PASSENGER

The Stapletons. They're playing the New York Giants today.

KEVIN

What are you talking about? Who are the Stapletons?

PASSENGER

How could you not know about the mighty Staten Island Stapletons? Why they're the best team in the National Football League.

KEVIN

Really? The Staten Island Stapletons? Is that what the scalper said? Well, I hate to tell you, buddy, but there is no NFL team on Staten Island. It's bad enough there's one in Jacksonville.

PASSENGER

(opening his magazine) It says it right here in the schedule. Sunday the 18th. New York Giants.

KEVIN

What is that?

PASSENGER

The Stapletons' yearbook. It has the schedule, profiles on all the players, and a coupon for a five-cent orange drink at Nedicks.

The Passenger hands him the yearbook.

KEVIN

Holy crap. This says 1930.

PASSENGER

Yeah? So?

KEVIN

What do you mean, so? It's 2018.

PASSENGER

(chuckling) Yeah, and I'm the crazy one.

KEVIN

What are you telling me? You think it's 1930?

PASSENGER

It is 1930. And you're saying it's... what year again?

KEVIN

2018.

PASSENGER

Uh huh. Sure. So if it is 2018 why isn't everyone flying around in spaceships?

KEVIN

Are you kidding? Ford can't even make a reliable station wagon!

PASSENGER

I'm going to need some proof that it's 2018. I showed you my proof.

KEVIN

You could've bought that on eBay.

PASSENGER

What's eBay? You're saying all these words that make no sense. You're starting to sound like Curly after Moe and Larry hit him fifty times with a lead pipe.

KEVIN

You want proof? I'll give you proof.