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# Snowballing

A One-Act Comedy

by

**Ronan Holiday**

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# Snowballing

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## **Cast of Characters\***

DAVIDSON: *Hiring manager at [COMPANY]*

KENNEDY: *Applicant at [COMPANY]*

ASHLEY: *Applicant at [COMPANY]*

MELLISA: *DAVIDSON's assistant*

*\*ASHLEY and MELLISA can be played by the same actor. Pronouns and honorifics can be altered to preference.*

## ***Setting***

*Now; Davidson's office on the seventeenth floor at [COMPANY]; Seattle*

**Approximate Playing Time**  
*20 minutes*

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Scene I

SETTING: *A polished yet comfortable office. Downstage center is a desk, with two matching chairs on either side. On the desk is a phone, KENNEDY's resume and cover letter, a full pencil jar, a stack of papers, and a Kleenex box. Inside the desk's top drawer is a bag of Halls honey-flavored cough drops. Next to the desk is a small trash can. Center stage right is a closed door.*

AT RISE: *DAVIDSON is nearly finished interviewing KENNEDY for a position with the Company. Both remain seated.*

DAVIDSON

*(Laughing.)*

You are definitely not wrong.

KENNEDY

Yeah, that's why I always leave at LEAST fifteen minutes early now.

DAVIDSON

And I-5—

KENNEDY

Don't get me STARTED on I-5!

*They laugh. DAVIDSON shuffles KENNEDY's resume and cover letter.*

DAVIDSON

Well, I will hang onto these if you don't mind, but it has been wonderful talking with you. Now, do you have any questions for me before you go?

KENNEDY

I don't think so!

DAVIDSON

Then I hope you have a wonderful day and you will hear from us soon.

*DAVIDSON AND KENNEDY shake hands. KENNEDY heads for the door and opens it, but remembers a question and turns back.*

KENNEDY

Oh, do you know where the nearest bathroom is?

DAVIDSON

Down the hall on the left past the elevator.

KENNEDY

Okay, thanks. Love you, bye.

*KENNEDY exits. Beat. DAVIDSON looks up, having just registered what was said. Right after they do, KENNEDY opens the door again.*

KENNEDY

NOOOOO. NO. I- I didn't- no, I just meant bye-bye.

*KENNEDY exits. A moment, then the door opens again.*

KENNEDY, *Continued*

Not that you aren't WORTHY of love, just that I don't love you. Not that I COULDN'T with time, but like – you know what, let me just—

DAVIDSON

What are you—?

*KENNEDY sits down at the desk, waits a second, then rises.*

KENNEDY

It was great talking! I look forward to hearing from you soon.

*KENNEDY extends their hand for a handshake. DAVIDSON stares, then reluctantly shakes. KENNEDY exits like nothing has happened. DAVIDSON is befuddled, but sits back down and gets back to work. The door opens again, and KENNEDY moves to sit back down.*

KENNEDY, *Continued*

That wasn't right either, was it? I don't want you to think I'm weird or anything.

DAVIDSON

*(Being polite)*

Not at all. We've all called our teacher 'mom' before, right? One of those things.

KENNEDY

I've never called my teacher mom.

DAVIDSON

Well, you know. Something like that. I'm saying you're fine.

KENNEDY

But you WOULD say that, wouldn't you? You're probably going to toss my resume the second I leave, phone your assistant – what was her name – Melissa? Phone Melissa and tell her to make sure she sees me leave.

DAVIDSON

*(Lying)*

No, no! It's fine, you're fine. Now, did you have any other questions, or—

KENNEDY

I didn't mean it when I said I loved you.

DAVIDSON

I know.

KENNEDY

I mean, I try to have a universal love for everyone, but it's tough sometimes. Especially in a place like this. No offense.

DAVIDSON

None taken. Now, I'd love to talk more but I've got another interview in a few minutes—

KENNEDY

Do you mind if I stay here while I wait for my bus?

DAVIDSON

Well actually, yes, like I said, I have a—

KENNEDY

*(Already settling in)*

Oh my god, I'm so sorry. I hate being a nuisance. You probably can't tell by looking at me but I get on a roll and I just can't stop talking. That ever happen to you?

DAVIDSON

Sometimes, I guess.

KENNEDY

Good. That makes me feel better.

DAVIDSON

*(Reaching towards phone)*

If you'd like, I can see if Melissa could call a car for you—

KENNEDY

Do you have a tissue?

DAVIDSON

Oh, uh, yes. *(Grabs Kleenex box; extends it)* Here.

KENNEDY

Thank you.

*KENNEDY takes one Kleenex and blows an impressive amount of snot into the tissue. They crumple it up, looking around for a trash can. DAVIDSON grabs the can by the desk, but by the time they offer it KENNEDY has already shoved the Kleenex into their pocket.*

KENNEDY, *Continued*

I have a little cold.

DAVIDSON

I'm sorry to hear that. Would you like a glass of water?

KENNEDY

No.

DAVIDSON

Alright. We could have rescheduled you, if you'd requested.

KENNEDY

Oh no, it had to be today. I can't really wait any longer, not since getting fired.

DAVIDSON

*(Glancing at resume)*

You told me that Pizza Fun Time Express was still your current employer?

*KENNEDY looks off, puzzled for a moment.*

KENNEDY

Oh shoot.

*Looking back to DAVIDSON, there is a brief pause. KENNEDY makes a jilted laugh, which turns into coughing.*

KENNEDY, *Continued*

No, no, I'm so stupid, you're right. Sorry, do you have a cough drop?

DAVIDSON

Oh. Uh, yes, actually, I think so. *(Reaches into desk, pulls out a Halls, hands it to KENNEDY)*  
Would you mind telling me why your former employer chose to terminate you?

*KENNEDY unwraps the Hall, pops it into their mouth and shoves the wrapper into the pocket containing the tissue.*

KENNEDY

Current.

DAVIDSON

Current employer. Sure.

KENNEDY

I mean, it's a pretty long story, you're probably busy—

DAVIDSON

You're waiting for your bus, aren't you? We've got time.

*KENNEDY checks their watch, rises and heads towards the door.*

KENNEDY

Oh, you know what? I think it's arriving soon. Let me just head on out—

DAVIDSON

Well, I'd hate to make you wait in the rain. *(Pressing button on phone)* Melissa?

MELISSA, *Voice on intercom*

Yes, *[Mr/Ms/Mx]* Davidson?

DAVIDSON

What time does bus 48 arrive?

MELISSA

One moment . . . in fifteen minutes, *[Mr/Ms/Mx]* Davidson.

DAVIDSON

Thank you, Melissa.

MELISSA

Of course, [Mr/Ms/Mx] Davidson.

*DAVIDSON ends the call; folds their hands.*

DAVIDSON

You've got time. *(Gestures to empty seat)* Please.

KENNEDY

*(Slowly returning to chair)*

I, um...tried to unionize.

DAVIDSON

Oh. *(Beat; waiting for elaboration)* Is your voice gone? Would you like another cough drop?

KENNEDY

No no, I'm fine.

*Beat. KENNEDY avoids eye contact.*

DAVIDSON

Uh—what happened? And with who? I'm not familiar with what industry Pizza Fun Time Express falls under.

KENNEDY

Well that's— *(A nervous laugh escapes)* That's kind of the thing. I wasn't sure who to call, so I just thought I'd do it myself. But all my coworkers were in high school or middle-aged stoners so no one ever responded to my group chat requests—

DAVIDSON

A group chat?

KENNEDY

Yeah, you can set them up on iPhones by—

DAVIDSON

No, I know what a group chat is, I'm not seventy. You tried to start a union over text?

KENNEDY

I didn't know it would be so hard!

DAVIDSON

Why did you think they have organizations for—

KENNEDY

Please don't yell at me—

DAVIDSON

I'm not—I'm sorry. Please continue.

KENNEDY

Well, no one responded to me, so I started asking people face-to-face. Someone told my manager and he fired me. But I still work there because they're still my current employer.

DAVIDSON

Of course. But isn't it illegal to fire a person for trying to unionize?

KENNEDY

I think it would have been if I had done it right. And if I hadn't called him a middle-aged stoner.

DAVIDSON

And did you learn anything from that experience?

KENNEDY

Oh, absolutely. I learned to do my research! That's what I did before I came here today. Googled this place. Founders and founding dates and all that jazz.

DAVIDSON

What for? You didn't need to do all that.

KENNEDY

But you asked me if I knew anything about the company.

DAVIDSON

Well, yes, but that's more of a launching pad for ME to talk about our history.

KENNEDY

But it impressed you, didn't it?

DAVIDSON

I mean, a bit, but that's not something I check for.

KENNEDY

I know, but I feel like I needed a little extra padding.

DAVIDSON

I mean, your resume, while apparently falsified, was quite impressive.

KENNEDY

Oh, here we go.

DAVIDSON

I'm sorry?

KENNEDY

You don't have to lie to me. I know you don't care what's on there.

DAVIDSON

Well, I—

KENNEDY

I've done this before. I mean, not THIS — (*Gestures to surroundings*) — but, you know, this. (*Gestures to exact same surroundings*) You probably didn't even look at that (*Pointing to resume*) until I walked into this room. It's your job to lie. Not in a bad way! I mean, not like everyone ELSE. Based on what I've seen about you I think you're probably good. But you know. Can't be too cautious these days.

DAVIDSON

I'm afraid I don't — could you elaborate?

KENNEDY

Because everyone's being replaced by space aliens.

*Beat. Phone buzzes.*

MELISSA

[Mr/Ms/Mx] Davidson, your next applicant is here for their inter—

DAVIDSON

*(Without looking at phone)*

Give me a minute. (*Ends call*) What?

KENNEDY

I'm not crazy.

DAVIDSON

Didn't say you were.

KENNEDY

But it's what I'd think if someone told me that a year ago. But I'm not. Just listen.

DAVIDSON

I'm listening.

KENNEDY

With an open mind.

DAVIDSON

Mind's open.

KENNEDY

How do I . . . hmm. When you walked down the street on your way to work today, what did you see? Crowds of people passing by, maybe someone said ‘sorry’ if they bumped into you. Maybe not. But you know what most of them had in common?

DAVIDSON

I’d love to hear it.

KENNEDY

None of them looked at you. I haven’t been able to make eye contact with anyone on the street for two years now!

DAVIDSON

This is Seattle.

KENNEDY

You’re telling me not a SINGLE person looking in your eyes for two years is just what city living is about?

DAVIDSON

I’m saying what the fu— I’m saying what does that have to do with aliens?

KENNEDY

Because it’s not just the eyes! I don’t know that it’s a CLASSIC alien invasion per say, with the green dudes and the UFOs. I’m not stupid or anything. I read a really good book where a parasite invaded the earth’s water supply and gave everyone magic powers, if you want to read it I think it was called ‘The See—

DAVIDSON

Let’s stay on topic.

KENNEDY

Right, sorry. But anyway, I think a similar thing is happening here and because it rains so much it’s more powerful here but it’s not giving us magic powers, it’s forcing us to become more independent and isolated. To prepare for the apocalypse.

DAVIDSON

The apoca— Okay, we don’t have time to get into that, but I have to say that in my personal opinion I don’t think that we’re being terrorized by UFOs.

KENNEDY

So you’re a fan of the water supply theory?

DAVIDSON

Ye— NO, I think what you’re describing is a symptom of living in a city of introverts.

KENNEDY

Then why is it so hard to meet people?

DAVIDSON

For you, I can't imagine that being a problem. But what do you mean by hard? Have you tried any apps?

KENNEDY

Yes I have! And I HATE it! It seems simple, but I keep matching with people who ask for my birth chart and I end up spending 30 minutes just trying to figure out what that even *is* and then they ghost me when I tell them I'm a Gemini moon Aquarius sun Pisces rising OR they tell me to meet them at Gas Works at 2 AM with my social security card and I REFUSE to fall for that a third time!

DAVIDSON

Well it sounds like maybe you're just going for the wrong people—

KENNEDY

I'm not though! Those are the people who Bumble BFF thinks I would get on with. I mean, there's a whole WORLD of people out there but all the outside ones are turning into aliens and all the digital ones want to commit identity theft. (*Rising; moving to door*) You're talking to me right now because you need an employee. I leave this room today and unless someone needs something from me, no one will even look my way.

DAVIDSON

That's not true at all! You're a...lovely person.

KENNEDY

Well I'm glad YOU think so, but to anyone out THERE—

*KENNEDY swings open the door and points to the doorway, not breaking eye contact with DAVIDSON. Standing in the doorway is ASHLEY, holding a purse and checking their phone. Seeing the door open, they smile and extend a hand.*

ASHLEY

Hi! I'm Ashley, I'm here for the inter—

*KENNEDY slams the door.*

KENNEDY

—I'm a nuisance.

DAVIDSON

*(Aside)*

Just out there?

KENNEDY

What?

DAVIDSON

Nothing. Listen, you're not always going to be meeting people 24/7, life isn't that easy. You're not the only one struggling. Hell, I know what it's like to feel lonely.

*KENNEDY sits back down.*

KENNEDY

You didn't need to tell me that.

DAVIDSON

Excuse me?

KENNEDY

Oh, not like that. I just meant that the only people you probably ever speak to on a day-to-day basis are Melissa and your Uber driver.

DAVIDSON

But no offense meant.

KENNEDY

Not at all.

DAVIDSON

You want some friendly advice on becoming less lonely? You really shouldn't make assumptions about people you don't know. You ESPECIALLY shouldn't say those assumptions to their face.

KENNEDY

Oh my god, I offended you didn't I? I'm so sorry. It's true but I'm so sorry I'll shut up I'm just stupid.

*KENNEDY removes the tissue from their pocket, blows into it again, puts it back in their pocket.*

DAVIDSON

No no, speak your mind.

KENNEDY

I really shouldn't—

*DAVIDSON puts a finger up to silence KENNEDY, then pulls another Halls out of the desk and hands it over. KENNEDY looks at it for a moment then slowly takes it, unwraps it, pops it in their mouth, then shoves the wrapper in their pocket.*

KENNEDY

It's not your fault. It's the Martians. I've established that the invaders are from Mars. You're cool and attractive so the only reason I can think of that you've listened to me for so long is either that you want to infect ME with space water, or you're so lonely that I'm your only option.

DAVIDSON

I can assure you that both of those assumptions are incorrect.

KENNEDY

And I can assure you that one of them definitely is.

DAVIDSON

I am genuinely concerned that you actually believe in aliens right now. I assumed that this was a bit you were doing as a coping mechanism but I'm starting to think you're just like this.

KENNEDY

I wasn't talking about the aliens.

*DAVIDSON takes a moment to get it, then scoffs and turns away.*

KENNEDY, *Continued*

Kidding! I was kidding!

DAVIDSON

No, you got me. I'm wounded. Devastated, even.

*DAVIDSON turns back, KENNEDY is still worried.*

DAVIDSON, *Continued*

You're fine. Not about the invasion thing, but everything else.

KENNEDY

Oh, come on, it is not THAT bad.

DAVIDSON

It's definitely not a conventional opinion.

KENNEDY

Maybe not, but it's right, and everyone's got something! What's something you believe that no one else does?

DAVIDSON

I'm afraid I don't have any conspiracy theories.

KENNEDY

And neither do I.

DAVIDSON

Alright, arguably you *do*—

KENNEDY

But that's my point! I don't think I'm a theorist, even if other people do. I mean, what's something you believe that other people would call crazy but you think is common sense?

DAVIDSON

I can't really. . . well, (*Chuckles*) Actually, there is this one thing. . .

KENNEDY

Yes! Share with the class. (*Gestures to audience*)

DAVIDSON

It's not something I still believe though, it was just something I used to think about when I was a kid.

KENNEDY

I showed you mine, you show me yours.

DAVIDSON

What?

KENNEDY

Nothing. Sorry. (*Hand gestures for DAVIDSON to continue*)

DAVIDSON

I mean, it's not space aliens, but when I was younger I had this idea that, when we went to sleep and had dreams, THAT was the real world and us being awake was the real dream.

KENNEDY

And you called ME unconventional.

DAVIDSON

It's not ALIENS! And I don't still think it's TRUE!

KENNEDY

But it's cute!

DAVIDSON

That's the point! It's just 'cute.' It doesn't mean anything.

KENNEDY

Why are you so afraid of being wrong?

DAVIDSON

I'm sorry?

KENNEDY

Or is it that you're afraid of being seen as weird?

DAVIDSON

I don't have to be *afraid* of being weird. I'm not weird.

KENNEDY

I didn't say you were.

DAVIDSON

Okay, I see what you're trying to do here. You want me to tell you that I've got a deep, hidden side of me that I just can't let out because society is so mean and cruel. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but this is it. (*Gesturing*) This is it. And I hate to be the one to break this to you, but maybe the reason that you're having trouble meeting people is because you're looking for theories and personality traits that only exist in yourself. Sure, everyone is different and special and valid. But they don't all believe in what you do.

*Beat. Both DAVIDSON and KENNEDY look away.*

DAVIDSON, *Continued*

I shouldn't have said that.

*KENNEDY remains silent.*

DAVIDSON, *Continued*

I— look. I'm sorry. All I was trying to say was that I'm not a visionary, or a creative, I'm just a person. And I'm fine with that.

KENNEDY

And all I was trying to say was that you don't need to hesitate on your enthusiasm! I don't care that you don't have hobbies or interests!

DAVIDSON

Hey!

KENNEDY

Okay, maybe you do. That's not my point! I care that you have to fake politeness to everyone in this building and that you're afraid to tell people that you think the world is a dream! Which, by the way, I'm stealing that idea because that's a really good one!

DAVIDSON

Why do you care at all!

KENNEDY

*(Beat)*

I don't know. Same reason you haven't kicked me out, I guess. Why do YOU care?

DAVIDSON

I don't know. I suppose you've grown on me.

*KENNEDY appears amused.*

DAVIDSON, *Continued*

Not like that! I mean, not, NOT like— I'm — hm. You really know how to shut people up, huh?

KENNEDY

I should've put that on my resume.

DAVIDSON

With the amount of falsified information that's on there I don't know if I'd believe it.

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