

JACK-IN-THE-BOX

A Play in One-Act

By Sara L. Reily

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-2-

Dedicated to Jennifer

The Playwright, Sara L. Reily

STORY OF THE PLAY

JACK-IN-THE-BOX is a unique drama that explores the depths of the human spirit. Jarod, a young med student, takes a journey into his own mind after an accident causes him to become comatose. As Jarod struggles to make sense of his surroundings he comes across a man who will change his life forever...his subconscious. The limited set allows the stage to become a universal playing ground where Jarod's subconscious introduces him to various places and people that enlighten and encourage him to take on life's obstacles and survival. Jarod becomes a recognizable character who discovers more about himself than he ever knew existed.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 M, 2 W)

MAN: Jarod's subconscious.

JAROD: Medical student in a coma.

LIZ: Jarod's wife.

AARON: Jarod's dead brother.

WOMAN: Jarod's mother.

PROPS

MAN: Stack of notebooks, pen, paper, newspaper, orange.

JAROD: Letter opener.

AARON: Baseball and mitt.

WOMAN: Baby doll wrapped in a blanket.

SETTING

The stage is cluttered with junk. There is a filing cabinet, a chair, pens and paper strewn over the floor. The stage is dimly lit.

SOUND EFFECTS

The beep of a pulse monitor. Pace of monitor varies at times.

Scene 1

(AT RISE: THE MAN walks on stage carrying a stack of notebooks. He drops them, exasperated, sits down, picks up a pen and some paper and begins to write. JAROD, a young man in his 20s, enters looking frazzled.)

MAN: Yeees?

JAROD: What're you trying to do, give me a heart attack?

MAN: Hardly.

JAROD: *(Walks farther onto the stage)* I need help.

MAN: *(Grunts)* What a surprise.

JAROD: Directions or something...I don't know. Where am I?

MAN: Hmmm?

JAROD: Can you tell me where I am?

MAN: Should I?

JAROD: What? Yes...I...I...

MAN: I don't think I will.

JAROD: Are you crazy?

MAN: That's personal, don't you think?

JAROD: Forget it. Just...I don't need this.

MAN: Good-bye.

JAROD: I'll ask someone else.

MAN: Good luck. *(JAROD exits SR. MAN begins to write. Jarod enters again.)* Yeees?

JAROD: Jesus!

MAN: You really should be more aware of your surroundings.

JAROD: What?

MAN: You know, take in the scenery...watch where you're going.

JAROD: I don't understand.

MAN: No, of course you wouldn't know.

JAROD: *(Crossing towards MAN)* Do I...know you?

MAN: I don't think so.

JAROD: You seem familiar.

MAN: Yes, well...I'm not...bye.

JAROD: No...really...Who are you?

MAN: (*Drops notepad*) Look, you need to go now.

JAROD: I tried.

MAN: Try harder.

JAROD: Am I dead?

MAN: Do you feel dead?

JAROD: (*Thinks for a moment*) I guess not.

MAN: OK, bye.

JAROD: Will you at least show me the way out?

MAN: OK...(*Begins to exit SR. Stops*) Hmm. No, I don't think so.

JAROD: You want to get rid of me so bad.

MAN: Yes! Yes I do. God, I wish you would leave.

JAROD: Have you ever heard of hospitality?

MAN: Yes.

JAROD: Well...?

MAN: I don't believe in it.

JAROD: You're insane.

MAN: I've often thought so.

JAROD: Just show me the way out.

MAN: (*Begins to write*) Go the way you came.

JAROD: I...I don't remember how I got here.

MAN: I can't show you the way back.

JAROD: Do you mind telling me why?

MAN: I can't...leave.

JAROD: What? How am I supposed to get out of here?

MAN: Look...I'm stuck here.

JAROD: (*Exits and returns*) What do you mean stuck here?

MAN: Just go. I have a lot of work to do.

JAROD: Tell me what you mean.

MAN: Go.

JAROD: I can't. (*MAN ignores JAROD and continues to write. JAROD plops down to think.*) I'm dead.

MAN: You're not dead.

JAROD: I'm dead and I'm in hell.

MAN: You're not dead.

JAROD: I knew I should have gone to confession. I took the Lord's name in vain eight times last week —

MAN: Twelve.

JAROD: I drank someone else's wine at a par...What did you say?

MAN: *(Looking up)* I said dwell. Don't dwell on it.

JAROD: So, I am dead.

MAN: Please sir, if you'd kindly shut your trap...I have to think.

JAROD: Rude.

MAN: Shhh.

JAROD: *(Searching the room)* There's gotta be a way out.

MAN: There is.

JAROD: How?

MAN: I don't know, but you got here, right?

JAROD: You know something.

MAN: Really?

JAROD: Why won't you tell me?

MAN: Tell you...?

JAROD: *(Crosses to MAN and grabs him)* You're holding out on me. I want you to tell me how to get out of here.

MAN: And by assaulting me you think I'll tell you.

JAROD: *(Lets go of MAN)* Oh, God. What am I doing?

MAN: You're losing your mind.

JAROD: I'm losing my...I'm crazy.

MAN: More like claustrophobic.

JAROD: Yes. Yes. That's it. Claustrophobic. How did you know that?

MAN: You're displaying classic symptoms.

JAROD: Oh.

MAN: It helps to loosen your tie.

JAROD: *(Takes HIS tie off)* Thanks.

MAN: Now, if you'll excuse me.

JAROD: Who are you?

MAN: You're not going to let this go are you?

JAROD: No.

MAN: Figures.

JAROD: You're not going to say?

MAN: No.

(JAROD stares at MAN while Man writes ignoring him.)

End of Freeview

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