

JILL AND JACK

JACK: The sign says free.

JILL: Nothing is free.

JACK: So, we don't take it. We can walk away and pretend we never saw it.

JILL: But what if it goes bad? Then we're being wasteful.

JACK: So you don't want us to eat it?

JILL: No.

JACK: And you don't want to leave it?

JILL: No.

JACK: So... we give it away.

JILL: Yeah...

JACK: Would that appeal to your guilt-ridden sensibilities?

JILL: We'll take it down to the church. Set up a food bank!

JACK: Why not?

JILL: We'll give it to the town. What a great idea!

JACK: Thank you. Thank you very much. I think I deserve at least a sandwich for my staggering intelligence.

JACK reaches for the food and JILL slaps his hand away.

JILL: Let's start with the baskets.

JILL gives JACK a hug.

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KATHERYNE AND THOMAS

PLAY: Wenceslas
GENRE: Drama
TIME: 3:00

DESCRIPTION

This play is based on the Christmas carol, "Good King Wenceslas." Thomas is the poor man in the song who goes out into the cold to search for wood. In the play, Thomas is gathering the wood to build a fire for his wife, Katheryne, who is ill.

ACTING HINTS

The style of the scene should be quite classical: there is almost a poetic quality to the dialogue. However, make sure you give the characters real emotions. Even if the dialogue isn't modern, the relationship between the two is universal.

KATHERYNE is lying down, covered in a threadbare blanket.

KATHERYNE: (*calling offstage*) Thomas? Thomas is that you?

THOMAS: (*entering*) I'm right here.

KATHERYNE: It's so late.

THOMAS: The wind was a hard taskmaster tonight. I took one step forward and it blew me four steps back. The wind and I danced as such all the way home.

KATHERYNE: I wish you did not have to go all the way to the castle for work.

THOMAS: I wish the same. But see what I have brought. The cook was very kind.

THOMAS brings a small bag to her and sits on the side of the bed.

KATHERYNE: Bread and cheese.

KATHERYNE AND THOMAS

THOMAS: And a bit of ham as well.

KATHERYNE: And apples too! We must save this for tomorrow night. We'll have our own feast, just as good as what they are serving the King and Queen.

THOMAS: I wish it could be more. You're shivering.

KATHERYNE: Not too much. This blanket keeps me warm.

THOMAS: This blanket is threadbare and worn.

KATHERYNE: Aye, but it will do me well.

THOMAS: How are you feeling?

KATHERYNE: Better. I think I'm getting better. *(She coughs. It's harsh and raspy.)*

THOMAS: If only we could get a good fire and some good food into you. You'd be up in no time. I know it.

KATHERYNE: I'm perfectly content.

THOMAS picks up the small bag and takes it off the bed. He turns away from KATHERYNE.

KATHERYNE: Thomas? What is the matter?

THOMAS: I have nothing to offer but some food scraps.

KATHERYNE: Have I asked for any more?

THOMAS: Never. It's just that... another year has come and gone and we are unable to celebrate.

KATHERYNE: We have each other.

THOMAS: I know. But I would like to give you so much more. I wish for one year I could give you something. *(he sighs)* I wonder what they are doing up at the castle. I saw them setting up for the

KATHERYNE AND THOMAS

feast. It's supposed to be very grand.

KATHERYNE: And wherefore did we not receive our invitation? Are we not as grand as any Lord and Lady?

THOMAS: It must have been lost.

KATHERYNE: I can just imagine it all. Was the castle so beautiful?

THOMAS: Decorated from top to toe.

KATHERYNE: Wouldn't that be lovely to see.

THOMAS: One day you will.

KATHERYNE: If I close my eyes, I can be there right now. *(she closes her eyes)* Oh yes, I see everything! Isn't it beautiful? Thomas, close your eyes.

THOMAS: Katherlyne...

KATHERYNE: Close your eyes. *(he does)* Can you see it?

THOMAS: Katherlyne I can't...

KATHERYNE: Look, a roaring fire right in front of you. I can feel the heat on my toes. Oh! Watch out for flying sparks. And the walls are covered in greenery and candlelight. The table groans under the weight of all the good food. And the smells. Tell me what you smell.

THOMAS: Ummmmm, let me think. Roast goose.

KATHERYNE: And turkey.

THOMAS: And ham. All on the same table.

KATHERYNE: Plum pudding.

THOMAS: Gravy. And potatoes.

KATHERYNE AND THOMAS

KATHERYNE: Baked apples - too many to count. And look! Here come the King and Queen. Aren't they lovely? Can you hear the music? Beautiful! Oh Thomas! Dance with me.

THOMAS: Are you up for it?

KATHERYNE: I am, oh I am! I want to dance.

THOMAS: But what about our clothes?

KATHERYNE: Pish pish Master Thomas! You, of course, are wearing a royal blue doublet and I have a shimmering gold sheath made especially for the occasion.

THOMAS: *(bowing)* M'Lady, would you care to dance?

KATHERYNE: *(with a curtsey)* Why thank you, M'Lord.

THOMAS sings a song and the two of them begin to dance. They laugh and dance and fall over each other.

KATHERYNE starts to cough. She cannot go on.

THOMAS gently sits KATHERYNE down.

KATHERYNE: Thank you, Thomas.

THOMAS: Are you all right?

KATHERYNE: Perfectly well. I am feeling better all the time.

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NICKY AND PETE

PLAY: Wait Wait Bo Bait
GENRE: Seriocomic
TIME: 3:00

DESCRIPTION

The scene takes place outside a bathroom door. Nicky and Pete await the results of a pregnancy test.

ACTING HINTS

The two characters have opposing energies in this scene: Pete is manic, Nicky is numb. Play with these different reactions to the situation.

Underneath the stress of the moment, these two characters really care for each other. Make sure this is evident in the scene.

NICKY sits on the ground. PETE is pacing. There is a moment of silence as NICKY sits staring and PETE paces. Finally NICKY can't stand it any longer.

NICKY: Stop it.

PETE: *(still pacing)* What?

NICKY: Stop it.

PETE: What?

NICKY: Pacing. You're wearing a hole in the carpet.

PETE: I can't. I'm all wired up. When I'm wired up, I need to keep moving. It's genetic or generational or geometrical or something. Why are you so calm? Isn't this driving you nuts? Isn't this eating you up inside? Aren't you going crazy?

NICKY: It's been less than a minute.

PETE: *(continues pacing)* I hate waiting. Hate it, hate it, hate it. I'm never good at Christmas. And birthdays... don't get me started on birthdays.