



**Sample Pages from
Jealousy Jane**

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://folk.me/p13> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

JEALOUSY JANE

A DRAMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Lindsay Price



Jealousy Jane

Copyright © 2001 Lindsay Price

CAUTION: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and is subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

Theatrefolk

www.theatrefolk.com/licensing

help@theatrefolk.com

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above address.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

Printed in the USA

Characters

[2M+2W+1 Either]

JANE

HER MONSTER

BETINA

OSCAR

BILL

The monster can be male or female, similar to Jane or a complete opposite, barefaced or masked. There are no limitations on the character.

A spotlight comes up on a snarling monster. It is hunched over speaking in grunts and broken fragments of words. There is a thick rope around its waist, which extends into the darkness. It is dressed in rags and shreds, green preferably.

MONSTER: *(this is peppered with snorts and grunts)* ous-ous-snort-rgh-rgh-agh-ous-ous-aggggh-rrrrrhhhh-eee-eeee-jel-snort-jel-snort-argh-ug-rrrrrh-rrrrrh-ous-ous-snort-agh-ee-ee-jel-agh-rrrrrrr-hhh-ous-ous-ous-snort-unh-uhn – eeeeeeee-eeeeeeee.

The lights come up and we see that a teenager by the name of JANE is attached to the other end of the monster's rope. She looks extremely sullen. The MONSTER continues to grunt and snarl during the following.

JANE: Hello. My name is Jane. I'm the Jane in the title – Jealousy Jane. Pretty catchy don't you think? Of course you would. I'm sure you all came because of the snappy title.

The MONSTER's grunts get louder. JANE tugs on the rope and it quiets down.

JANE: While it is true, "Jealousy Jane" is a snappy title, it is completely untrue. False. A pack of lies. I am not Jealousy Jane. I am not a jealous person. At all. Period. End of story. There is not a jealous bone in this body. So there. What do you have to say about that? I would demand my money back if I were you. Demand your money back! Tell them, "I've been dragged here under false pretences! I was expecting to see a play with some jealousy in it and apparently there is none!" And there isn't. None. Nada. Zip.

The snorts and grunts get louder, bits of words come out.

MONSTER: rrrrrrh-urgh-arghy-veee-en-je-ja-ya-snort-unt-unt-en-snort-veee-argh-argh.

The MONSTER settles back into general grumbling.

JANE: I'm sure some of you are wondering why I'm attached to a monster. I can see wives elbowing their husbands, *(as an audience member)* "Why is she attached to a monster?" I can see boyfriends leaning over to whisper to their girlfriends, kids reaching up to tug on their mother's shirtsleeves: *(as a kid)* "Mommy, why is that girl on stage attached to that thing, that snarling thing, that, that, monster!" The answer is I don't know.

I'm sure it's a mistake. I'm just not the sort of girl who associates with monsters. It's probably a figment of my imagination.

The MONSTER's grunts get louder. JANE tugs on the rope to quiet it.

JANE: My plan is to ignore it as best as possible, seeing as it is most likely a figment of my imagination and after a length of time it will go away. Disappear. Poof. (to the MONSTER) Do you hear that? Poof!! It's a stupid plot twist if you ask me. (as if quoting) Lights come up on a teenage girl attached to a monster by a thick rope. A grunting, growling, slobbering monster. (The grunting gets louder. JANE tugs the rope and it quiets down.) From out of nowhere! And for no good reason. Last week I woke up and that (referring to MONSTER) was playing in my sock drawer. It was much smaller then. Now it's full-grown, and gets into everything. Say hello Monster! (the MONSTER responds with grunts and snorts) You don't think it can do you? (whispered as an audience member) "She's a loony tune. Monsters don't talk!" I know they don't, but I swear I can hear the bits and pieces of words.

MONSTER: ous-ous-snort-rgh-rgh-agh-ous-ous-aggggh-rrrrrhhhhh-eee-eeee-jel-snort-ouss-jel-rhhhhh-snort-ouss.

JANE: If it spouts out things that sound like words, can words be far behind? And sentences after that? And then what? If it starts to speak in complete sentences whatever will it say? (she sighs) Not that it matters 'cause it's not speaking now and I'm here now. I am here and you are there and I have nothing to give you. I have nothing to grow on in this play and I have absolutely, positively, no idea why I'm attached to a monster.

OSCAR's voice is heard offstage.

OSCAR: OH COME ON!

A couple more voices offstage chime in.

BETINA: Oscar! Be quiet!

BILL: We're not ready yet!

The voices offstage start to argue.

JANE: Hark! I hear some dissensions from the wings. We better hear them out. You know what they say about dissenters... actually I don't think they say anything about dissenters. (calling out) All right you lot, come out and have your say. (to MONSTER) Can we have a little quiet please? And try not to bite or drool on any of them.

OSCAR, BETINA and BILL file onstage, giving the MONSTER a wide berth. They all look a little sheepish.

JANE: Isn't this a motley crew. On stage right we have Betina, my supposed beloved sister. Centre stage is Oscar, my supposed beloved best friend, and stage left is Bill, my supposed beloved boyfriend.

OSCAR, BETINA & BILL: Hi Jane.

JANE: Hi yourself. What are you doing here?

BETINA: We've been talking a bit, and we've been working on something...

BILL: We knew that you'd have an audience tonight so...

JANE: You're trying to muscle in on my play.

OSCAR: No, of course we're not.

BILL: Yes we are.

OSCAR: Yes, of course we are.

BETINA: But it's for your own good.

JANE: I very much doubt that. I can't believe you guys are doing this to me. Especially you, Bill.

BILL: But Jane...

JANE: *(interrupting)* All right, all right, you're here, you can be in my play. I could use your help, actually, Monologues can be a bit of a bore. Go ahead. Spill your guts. Do your worst.

OSCAR, BETINA, and BILL turn to the audience and clear their throats. At that moment, the MONSTER becomes agitated, snarling and grunting and snorting. OSCAR, BETINA and BILL all jump and give a little shriek.

JANE: You're not afraid of a little monster are you?

OSCAR, BETINA and BILL turn back towards the audience. They clear their throats again and all begin to speak at the same time. They all end at the same time on the same line.

OSCAR: OK. She is my best friend. But if a best friend can't tell the truth who can? And if she's telling you that she doesn't have a

jealous bone in her body then she's the biggest freak of nature around. She must be a walking jellyfish, man. I mean, look at the size of that monster!

BETINA: OK. She is my sister, and blood is supposed to be thicker than water but family can only go so far. She's jealous over everything I do! My name, my clothes, my body, my grades, my boyfriend, my vocabulary, my hair, my nails. I mean, look at the size of that monster!

BILL: OK. She is my girlfriend. I know I have to support her. Well, it's not a question of have to. That would be a crummy thing to say. I'm supposed to support her. That didn't sound right. I do support her, of course I do, it's just that, well, I mean, look at the size of that monster!

JANE: (*cutting in loudly when they are finished*) I don't know what you're talking about. This monster is a mistake. It's a figment of my imagination. It's got nothing to do with me. It's a stomach problem. I've not been feeling completely myself these past few weeks. I burped too hard and out came a monster. That's it, that's all.

OSCAR: Good thing you didn't fart.

JANE: Oscar!

OSCAR: Hey, you opened the door. I just walked in.

BETINA: Can we continue? (*to the audience*) We have worked on a small display for you here tonight. This is how ordinary situations are handled in an ordinary manner. Oscar?

OSCAR: Bill?

BILL: Betina?

They all clap their hands and start to prepare for the scene. JANE gives a snort of disgust, which is matched by the MONSTER's grunts and snorts.

JANE: (*to MONSTER*) Shut up!

OSCAR: Keep that thing on a tight leash. Who knows how it will respond to the theatre.

JANE: Give me a break.

BETINA: Scene One.

BILL: This is how an ordinary situation should be ordinarily handled.

OSCAR: Staring Oscar “The Can Man” Sasso as Oscar Sasso.

BETINA: And Betina Cannon as Betina Cannon.

BILL: The scene with the concert tickets.

All three clap again. OSCAR and BETINA approach each other.

OSCAR: Hi Betina!

BETINA: Hi Oscar, whatcha got there?

OSCAR: Only two tickets to the hottest concert in town. Read ‘em and weep.

BETINA: That has been sold out for months!

OSCAR: Not if your dad knows the promoter. Front row centre.

BETINA: Who you gonna take?

OSCAR: Take? This baby’s going to the highest bidder! Care to put in an offer? *(he waves the tickets in front of her face)*

BETINA: I’m a bit strapped for cash at the moment. Besides...

OSCAR: Tough luck, Be. *(he snatches the tickets away)*

BETINA: Besides, I don’t like the band that much.

OSCAR: Too bad. It’s gonna be a scorcher.

BETINA: Have fun.

OSCAR: Don’t worry I will.

BILL: The end.

BILL claps. BETINA and OSCAR take deep bows. JANE gives some weak claps. The MONSTER grunts and snorts.

BILL: *(to the audience)* Notice the nuances in the way Betina handled the seemingly unfair advantage Oscar had over her: with class, skill, and a dash of nonchalance.

BETINA: Thank you Bill.

BILL: Don’t mention it.

JANE: Aren’t you supposed to be my boyfriend?

BILL: Sorry.

BETINA: Moving on. Scene Two.

OSCAR: Observe, gentle viewer how Jane...

BETINA: Our good friend Jane...

BILL: Who we know and love...

JANE: (*sarcastically*) Ha!

OSCAR: Handles the same scene.

BILL, BETINA and OSCAR clap.

BETINA: The scene with the concert tickets.

BILL: Staring Bill Nowlan as Oscar Sasso.

OSCAR: And Oscar Sasso as Jane Cannon.

BILL: Hi Jane.

OSCAR: (*using a high voice*) Hi Oscar, whatcha got there?

BETINA: Freeze!

OSCAR: What? I didn't do anything.

BETINA: We have Jane here, she should do it.

OSCAR: I want to play Jane.

JANE: Oh he can play me; I'm dying to see what he does.

BETINA: I think they (*pointing at the audience*) need to see the real thing.

JANE: Aren't you supposed to be my sister? My flesh and blood?

BILL: Betina's right.

OSCAR: OK, OK.

BETINA, OSCAR and BILL clap their hands and set the scene up again, pushing JANE centre stage.

BETINA: The scene with the concert tickets.

JANE: Hey, stop pushing me!

BILL: The way it really happened.

OSCAR: Watch that monster!

JANE: I'm not doing this.

BETINA: It's for your own good.

OSCAR: Hi Jane!

JANE doesn't answer.

OSCAR: Hi. Jane.

BETINA: Jane?

JANE: (*sullenly*) Hello Oscar, what have you got there?

OSCAR: Come on.

BETINA: You're recreating the past here.

OSCAR: We need accuracy.

BILL: Please? For me?

JANE: I'm doing this under protest.

OSCAR: Hi Jane!

JANE: Hi Oscar, whatcha got there?

OSCAR: Only two tickets to the hottest concert in town. Read 'em and weep.

JANE: That has been sold out for months!

OSCAR: Not if your dad knows the promoter. Front row centre.

JANE: Who you gonna take?

OSCAR: Take? This baby's going to the highest bidder! Care to put in an offer?

JANE: I'm a bit strapped for cash at the moment but –

OSCAR: Tough luck, Jane

OSCAR walks away. JANE starts to breathe in fast, shallow breaths. The MONSTER becomes really agitated. The snorting and grunting becomes more prominent.

MONSTER: Jel-Ja-Ya-En-Jel-ous-ous-ous-eee-eee-eee-en-je-ja-ya-en-vee-vee-vee – us-us-us-ous-ness-ous-ness-hell-ous-ness-ness

BILL: Jane, are you OK?

JANE becomes just as agitated, moving in sync with the MONSTER until she bursts out with her line.

JANE: Who cares about those stupid tickets! The band sucks and I hope he gets spit on!

MONSTER: Jel-Ja-Ya-En-Jel-ous-ous-ous-eee-eee-eee-en-je-ja-ya-en-vee-vee-vee – us-us-us-ous-ness-ous-ness-hell-ous-ness-ness

JANE: He doesn't deserve to have those tickets! Why does Oscar get all the breaks? He doesn't deserve to have a father that knows the promoter! I do, I do, I do!!!

There is a moment of silence. JANE clears her throat. The MONSTER goes back to muttering.

JANE: OK. Maybe I overreacted a little. But Oscar never heard what I said. I never said it to him. I only said those things in my head.

OSCAR: I'm hearing them now.

BETINA: Do you see Jane?

BILL: Do you see what we're trying to say?

OSCAR, BILL, and BETINA lean towards JANE in anticipation of what she's going to say.

JANE: That was an isolated incident.

All three groan and turn away.

JANE: I was having a bad day. I shouldn't be labelled because of one bad day. And furthermore, I think it's pretty slanderous that you would come out here and make false accusations in front of all these people.

OSCAR: False accusations? How can you be so blind!

JANE: What?

BETINA: Oscar.

BILL: Take it easy.

OSCAR: It's your play Jane, how can you miss the biggest freaking part of it? How can you ignore – it's in the title, it's in the title!!

JANE: (*talking overtop*) How dare you talk to me that way! You're supposed to be my friend. I'm not jealous and you can't make me!

They all start to talk and argue at once. After a few seconds BETINA interrupts them.

BETINA: All right, all right, shut up, shut up! Can I talk to Jane alone please?

OSCAR: Fine by me.

BILL: You're not too mad are you, Janie? (*JANE doesn't answer; her back is to BILL. BILL gives JANE a hug.*) I'll be in the wings if you need me.

JANE: Don't go too far. One of you has to play Andre pretty soon.

OSCAR and BILL give each other a look.

OSCAR: We'll flip for it.

BILL: Rock, paper, scissors.

OSCAR: I will so kick your ass Billy-Boy.

BILL: Will not.

OSCAR: Will too.

They exit. JANE heads downstage tugging at her MONSTER. BETINA is not sure where to start. BETINA approaches the MONSTER and tries to touch it but the MONSTER snaps at her.

JANE: (*without looking*) Careful. It bites.

BETINA: Right.

JANE: So.

BETINA: So.

There is silence. The MONSTER's grunts and snorts get louder.

MONSTER: ous-ous-snort-r – jel-snort-jel-snort-argh – ous-ous-snort-agh-ee-ee-jel-agh-rrrrrrrrhh-ous-ous-ous-snort-unh-uhn – eeeeeeee-eeeeeeee

BETINA: Does that sound like words to you?

JANE tugs on the rope and the MONSTER quiets down.

JANE: No. It's just grunts. Monsters can't speak. Everybody knows that.

BETINA: OK. OK. So.

JANE: What do you want to talk about?

BETINA: Jane. (*she sighs*) We're only trying to help you. I guess we didn't do a very good job.

JANE: I guess.

BETINA: We don't want to upset you or get you mad. You do see that don't you?

JANE: I see that my friend, my sister and my boyfriend are all against me.

BETINA: No! That's not it at all. We're trying to – Jane, look at your monster.

JANE: I don't have to, I know what it looks like.

BETINA: It only gets upset when you get jeal... (*she catches herself*) upset, and the only time you get upset is when you're jealous over something or somebody.

JANE: (*talking overtop of BETINA*) It's not a jealousy monster, it's a figment of my imagination and I am not jealous!

BETINA: Look can we talk about this, (*with a look towards the audience*) um, in private?

JANE: Anything you have to say to me you'll have to say it out here, centre stage, under the lights, right in the hot spot. (*she gestures to the audience*) These are my friends, my only friends, and I want them to bear witness to the injustices that apparently are going to befall me from beginning to end. (*to MONSTER, who's muttering has gotten louder*) Will you be quiet? A person can't hear themselves think! (*The MONSTER quiets down*)

BETINA: OK, let's look at this another way. Let's say you're not jealous.

JANE: Let's.

BETINA: However, can we say instead that you do sort of seem to get worked up over really small things lately?

JANE: I do not!

BETINA: For example, what about last week when Andre and I were sitting in the basement and –

JANE: (*in a mocking voice*) Andre. The great Andre.

BETINA: See, you're –

JANE: Ah, ah, ah. Don't say another word. I don't want them (*the audience*) to have your word on the issue; I want them to see this first hand. (*calling offstage*) Who's doing Andre?

OSCAR: (*entering*) I'm not playing Andre, he's bizarre. Get Bill to do it.

BETINA: What's wrong with my boyfriend?

OSCAR: He's weird. He's got weird eyes.

BETINA: He does not.

OSCAR: They shift.

BETINA: They do not.

OSCAR: He never looks at you when you're talking to him.

BETINA: Can we get back to the important matter here! Oscar – (*she gives a "come over here" gesture*)

OSCAR: All right. (*he sighs and gets into character*) I am Andre. Oh Betina you are so beautiful. The sun, the moon, blah, blah.

He crosses his eyes and doesn't look directly at BETINA.

BETINA: Idiot.

BILL: Scene Three. The scene in the basement.

OSCAR: Staring Oscar "The Can Man" Sasso as the wiggly eyed –

BETINA: Just get on with it!

*OSCAR, BILL and BETINA clap and get into position.
JANE enters.*

JANE: Hello you two. Monopolizing the basement again?

BETINA: We're just watching TV. Why don't you join us?

JANE: I wouldn't want to get in the way. Who knows what you two get up to down here.

OSCAR: (*speaking in a Russian accent*) Please Jane. Join us. You can speak with Betina while I use my brain to conduct a beautiful love poem in her honour.

BETINA: He doesn't have a Russian accent.

JANE: He recites poems for you?

BETINA: All the time. It's so romantic.

OSCAR: Thank you my beautiful bounty of borscht.

They make kissy noises at each other.

JANE: I don't think I care to watch. You two make me sick.

BETINA: Jane!

JANE: (*walking right up to BILL*) How come you never recite poetry to me?

BILL: You never asked.

JANE: Betina didn't have to ask Andre, he just does it.

BILL: If you want me to I will.

JANE: Never mind, it's not the same. It just irks me that my younger sister, my beautiful younger sister, with the pretty name and the great wardrobe, and the highest marks also has to have the boyfriend from another planet and it's so unfair, unfair, unfair!

During JANE's tirade the MONSTER gets more agitated verbally and physically.

MONSTER: Jealousy, Jealousy, Jealousy!

BETINA: Jane!

JANE: Leave me alone! Just leave me alone!

BILL: Jane?

JANE: Get off my stage! Get off the lot of you!

BILL: But Jane...

JANE: Go!

BETINA, BILL, and OSCAR exit. JANE takes some deep breaths. The MONSTER goes back to muttering.

JANE: (*to the audience*) Oh. Sorry. Sorry. I don't know what came over me. That was another isolated incident. Who wants to see their younger sister get poetry recited to her? I had a perfectly good right to react the way I did. A perfectly good right.

MONSTER: Jel-Ja-Ya-En-Jel-ous-ous-ous-eee-eee-eee-en-je-ja-ya-en-vee-vee-vee – us-us-us-ous-ness-ous-ness-hell-ous-ness-ness.

JANE: Oh shut up! (*she turns to the audience*) Sorry you had to witness that. No one likes to see the heroine lose her cool, even if she had a perfectly good right to. You may be wondering why it is that this is my play and yet some things seem to come as a surprise. (*she reaches down and picks up a worn script from the side of the stage*) I thought it would be more exiting not to know everything. I hate those actors who do their parts by rote. Still, I don't suppose it would hurt to take a peek... No. I know who I am. I trust who I am. (*she tosses the script offstage*) So, here my story does unfold and more and more my monster grows. And it's not because I'm jealous. Is it? (*she firms her resolve*) No. I know who I am. (*she exhales in frustration*) I can't think on this empty stage. Bring on the school set!

The lights change, we are now in a school hallway. BILL, BETINA and OSCAR help with bringing on whatever is needed for the school set. It should have a homemade appearance. The set should have a "theatre set" feel.

JANE is struggling to get down the hallway with her MONSTER. She pulls at it, but more often than not the MONSTER doesn't want to go.

JANE: I'm a pretty popular person here. I have a lot of friends. I have a really nice boyfriend; I do well in my classes. (*to MONSTER*) Would you stop squirming so much! (*to audience*) It just won't go away for some reason. I've been popping Tums like crazy and my stomach seems fine.

OSCAR, BILL and BETINA approach JANE.

BETINA: We want to talk to you.

JANE: I'm busy. I'm on to the next scene and none of you are in it.

BILL: But Jane...

JANE: (*to MONSTER*) Come on, come on.

OSCAR: That monster is looking pretty feisty. Don't you think you should do something about it?

JANE: You're such a master of the obvious Oscar.

OSCAR: Whoa Jane, kick back a few notches.

JANE: Just get out of my way.

BILL: No, we want to help you.

JANE: Did I ask for your help?

BETINA: Jane.

JANE: Can't you see I'm in front of a school set? Can't you see I'm trying to show how popular and friendly I am? (*she looks around*) Where are the others? This is supposed to be a crowded school scene. Where is everybody? I ordered an ensemble with lots of talking and laughing. People in front of lockers and going to and fro. Where are my people going to and fro? Where are they? (*turning to the trio*) You sent them away, didn't you.

BETINA: No.

JANE: So where are they?

BILL: They didn't want to come.

JANE: What are you talking about?

OSCAR: (*with a pointed look at the MONSTER*) Bad news travels fast.

BETINA: Everyone knows about your monster.

JANE: And who told them? I'll bet you –

OSCAR: No one had to Jane; it's loud and big.

BETINA: And getting bigger all the time.

The MONSTER makes noises that sound less and less like grunts and more like words.

MONSTER: Jealargyousy, argh, snort, snort, rrrrrresenughtment, en-veeee – sp-arg-hite, bit-bile bit-bile-rr-rr-rr, bitterbitterbitter.

BILL: And it sounds like it's making words.

OSCAR: And standing upright.

BETINA: And –

JANE: I don't believe this. I don't believe they bailed on me. This is typical. So typical. One little monster and everyone scatters. Why is this happening to me? It's not even a real monster; it's just a figment of my imagination. They don't have monsters; they don't know what it's like. (*She turns on the three*) And you, how dare you try and "help me." You don't have monsters either. So why don't you just butt out of my life and let me get on with this play! You have your parts. From now on, just say your lines and if you're not in the scene, keep your mouths shut!

JANE turns her back. OSCAR, BILL and BETINA stand in shock for a moment. OSCAR and BETINA leave. BILL moves as if he is going to approach JANE and say something, but instead turns to follow OSCAR and BETINA.

After they have left, JANE turns around as if to apologize and is shocked to find that she is alone. She steels her resolve and starts to pace the stage. The MONSTER starts to imitate her.

By now, the MONSTER's grunts and snorts are not so frequent and it almost begins to walk upright. It should seem as if the MONSTER is moving in and out of a human personality. Whenever JANE looks at the MONSTER it reverts to monster-like actions as if it doesn't want JANE to know that it is changing.

When the MONSTER is imitating JANE's words, JANE doesn't notice.

JANE: I don't need them! I don't need any of them! Turncoats.

MONSTER: Gggggrunt, snort, Turncoats, argh, argh...

JANE: Why is it people can't see that the way one deals with a specific situation doesn't have to colour their whole personality?

MONSTER: Argh, snort, personarality, snort...

JANE: Who cares about them? I don't need to go to school. I don't need friends. I don't need anyone.

MONSTER: rrrrrrarh, anyarhghone.

At this JANE turns and looks at the MONSTER. An idea forms in JANE's mind. She begins to circle the MONSTER as if seeing it for the first time.

JANE: Saaaaaaaay. I can't believe I didn't think of this before. For this whole play I've been fighting this monster but I should be doing the complete opposite! I'm sure there are a lot of ways to survive with a monster. *(she gets closer and pokes at the MONSTER)* People must do it every day. I can like my monster. I'll bet I could make a living with my monster. This is a unique, exceptional, exclusive situation. There is always someone who is willing to pay for something exclusive. *(she pokes at the MONSTER again)* I could do something really dignified, like a lecture tour. I could give lectures at universities and town halls and for heads of state. I'll bet they're dying for someone like me! *(to the audience)* This is the

plot twist I have been waiting for! Lights! Set! The star is ready to take centre stage!

Lights change and JANE comes to stand in front of a podium. Her MONSTER stands behind her. JANE bows her head as if she has just finished giving a speech. The MONSTER imitates this bow. OSCAR, BETINA, and BILL clap their hands enthusiastically.

BETINA: Thank you for that thrilling, thrilling speech. It's such an honour to have you here and I know that hearing you has changed my life and all our lives forever.

BETINA, OSCAR and BILL clap enthusiastically again.

JANE: Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

BETINA: We're now going to open the floor to questions.

JANE: I am ready and willing to answer.

BETINA: I know the first one I have is for the monster.

The MONSTER steps forward and is about to say something when JANE pushes it back.

JANE: The monster doesn't speak.

BETINA: Oh how disappointing!

JANE: Yes well, them's the breaks. Next question?

BETINA: But I distinctly heard it make a number of noises during your speech.

BILL: And words too.

OSCAR: I definitely heard words.

BETINA: And distinctly.

JANE: I speak for the monster. I know exactly what it's thinking. Next question please?

OSCAR: I want to know what it's like to be a monster.

JANE: I can tell you that –

OSCAR: Let the monster answer.

JANE: It can't.

BILL: Let's hear from the monster.

OSCAR: Yeah, we want to hear it speak.

BILL: Get the other side of the story.

JANE: I told you the monster doesn't speak. Can we please get off the monster? I'm the one who gave the speech. Let's talk about me. This is supposed to be about me.

BETINA: You're not jealous are you?

JANE: Of course not, I –

BILL: She sounds jealous.

OSCAR: Imagine that, jealous of her own jealousy monster.

JANE: I'm not jealous and it's not a jealousy monster.

BILL: I say let the monster speak.

OSCAR, BILL and BETINA: Speak! Speak! Speak!

JANE: NOW HOLD ON.

The lights change. OSCAR, BILL and BETINA give each other a knowing glance and leave the stage. JANE comes downstage and addresses the audience.

JANE: Sorry to stop. It's not professional I know, but that wasn't what I expected. There were too many people firing questions. It was hard to think. That scene wasn't right for me. What I need, what I excel in is one-on-one. I think the talk show circuit could be just as lucrative for me and my monster. Lights! Set! Show theme!

The lights change, a talk show theme song is heard, and JANE sits down in one of two chairs, BILL is in the other one, playing the part of the INTERVIEWER. The MONSTER prowls behind. Again, it is starting to look less and less like a MONSTER.

BILL: My name is Jet Jones and welcome to today's edition of Talk and Share, Share and Talk. You've read her book "Monster On a Leash" You've heard about her tours across North America and Europe, and the sell-out crowds everywhere she goes. And now, you're seeing it here first ladies and gentlemen, it's Jane and the monster, the monster and Jane.

JANE: Thanks for having me, Jet.

BILL: You are a tough lady to get ahold of. It seems no one can get enough of you.

JANE: I know a lot of people have monsters inside them. I was just lucky enough to figure out how to use mine to the best advantage.

BILL: I can tell you the staff here at Talk and Share, Share and Talk were absolutely abuzz when they heard you were humbly gracing us with your presence.

JANE: I have a lot of insight to share with your viewers.

BILL: Then lets get right down to it. I'm sure the first question everyone has on their minds, is this: where did the monster come from?

JANE: Excellent question Jet.

BILL: Thank you Jane.

JANE: Jet, I'm in favour of the undigested bit of beef scenario.

BILL: Come again?

JANE: It's an indigestion monster. It's a symbol for "don't eat so fast." Chew your food or a monster might come after you. It's a symbol for healthy eating.

BILL: Are you for real?

JANE: Uh, I'm very much for real Jet.

MONSTER: Very-snort-much-urh-arghghgh.

BILL: A symbol for healthy eating? This is what you're telling people? And they're buying it?

JANE: Most of my talks actually focus on dealing with the monster as opposed to where...

BILL: It's a monster man! It's your inner demons! It's a green monster! It's got Jealousy written all over it! Are you blind, are you completely blind, that you don't know when your worst attributes are staring you right in the face?

JANE: NOW HOLD ON THERE.

The lights change, the music grinds to a halt. JANE comes downstage. BILL looks like he wants to go and talk to JANE but BETINA and OSCAR come on and pull him off.

JANE: I don't think this is going to work either. No, I'm not one for big speeches.

MONSTER: Argh, Jane, snort, snort, Jel-oss-sss-eeeeee.

JANE: (*turning to stare at the MONSTER*) Did you say something? No. Of course you didn't. (*JANE sighs and rubs her head*) What I need is for someone else to do the talking and for me to just be... representative. The sight of me alone will make a lot of money. I'm sure of it. I could be a performance artist. I could run away and join the circus. That would be a scream. Or a carnival. Ooooooh the life of a carnie. If that isn't an adventure I don't know what is. Lights! And all the other stuff.

Tired circus music begins to play and OSCAR, dressed as a circus barker, enters.

OSCAR: Step right up, step right up! Sights that will thrill you to the core, and chill you to the bone. Step right up, step right up! No need to push, there's room for all interested patrons. Step right up, step right up! The show is going to start any second now. Come in, come in, there's room for all of you.

JANE steps forward. The MONSTER seems to prowl around her, almost stepping in front of her at times.

JANE: Wow, look at all the people. And they're all here to see me! (*to the MONSTER*) Hey, get out of my way; you're blocking my light.

OSCAR: Step right up, step right up to see our first freak...

JANE: Hey!

OSCAR: The Jealous Woman. Isn't she hideous?

JANE: That's not right, that's not my billing! That's not what we discussed!

OSCAR: See the thick rope that attaches her to her monster. See how fast her monster grows. Soon there won't be anything left of the girl.

JANE: You think?

OSCAR: Mothers shield your children's eyes from this abomination.

JANE: NOW HOLD ON. Cut! Stop! That's enough!

JANE comes quickly downstage to stop the scene. This action causes the MONSTER to be flung offstage for a

moment. OSCAR gives a little nod and casually leaves the stage. JANE talks to the audience.

JANE: Don't you think that's going a bit far? I mean, an abomination? Even if I were a jealous person, and I'm not... It's not that bad to be jealous. It's just a feeling; it's just an emotion. Jealous people don't kill or anything. Oh wait. They do. But that doesn't apply to me because I... because I've never felt... never... I... (*JANE pauses a moment and looks at her hands. But she will not accept. She squares her shoulders, puts her hands on her hips and juts out her chin.*) It's just ridiculous. They don't know what they're talking about.

MONSTER: They're just telling the truth.

JANE: And you, I'm getting tired of you – (*JANE's mouth drops*) You. You talked!

As JANE backs away in horror towards centre stage, the MONSTER enters. It is cleaned up and walks upright with an extremely elegant air. The MONSTER is also carrying a worn script.

JANE: What happened? You don't even look like a monster anymore. And you talked! In sentences.

MONSTER: I did, didn't I. What a glorious thing. Why didn't I try this sooner? (*the MONSTER takes a deep breath*) This is truly glorious.

JANE: And you're clean! And you're wearing nice clothes. And you're talking in –

MONSTER: Complete sentences. Yes, we established that.

JANE: Oh no.

MONSTER: Oh yes.

JANE: I don't like this plot twist at all.

JANE tries to tug on the rope, but the MONSTER will not budge for her.

MONSTER: I think I'm here to stay Jane. I like this place. (*JANE tries to tug the rope again and nothing happens.*) And you are a very gracious host, if I may say so. The more you deny me the stronger I get.

JANE: I am not in denial. (*she tugs the rope again*)

MONSTER: That's the spirit.

JANE: You can't get stronger. I don't want to have conversations with a monster. You can't stay.

During the following the MONSTER circles JANE, tugging on the rope to knock her off balance and poking at her the way JANE did previously.

MONSTER: And yet here I am. So what are we going to do today? School? Walking the halls, the slamming of locker doors, the substandard cafeteria food, hearing the taunts and jeers aimed at the less fortunate. *(the MONSTER breathes in with a satisfied smile)* I adore the classics. No? What about the mall? You don't like the mall do you Jane. All those girls with their better looks and their better bodies.

JANE: Stop it.

MONSTER: They've all got money to burn too, don't they? They don't ever look at the price tags like you have to.

JANE: Stop it!

MONSTER: They've got their own cars and you don't. They wear clothes that you could never fit into. They buy shoes by the dozen. Haven't you always wanted to be a musician? You know that will never happen to someone like you Dear. My goodness, it feels good to hate them so much.

JANE: Shut up, shut up, shut up!

MONSTER: I'm hungry, Jane. Let's go get something to eat.

JANE: I don't want to. I'm not hungry.

MONSTER: You're not in charge anymore, sister. I'm just getting started. The play is mine.

The MONSTER holds up the script. JANE's eyes widen in horror.

JANE: You can't do that!

MONSTER: Change of set please!

The school set is brought back on. The MONSTER walks with purpose and JANE is dragged behind. In the following, the MONSTER appears to speak bluntly to various people, and JANE can't stop it.

OSCAR, BILL and BETINA stand on the fringes and watch the action.

MONSTER: You've got the lead in the school play? How did that happen? I've got more talent in my baby finger than you have in your whole body! (*to a new person*) You won that writing contest? I should have won. You're not half as good as me.

OSCAR: That is some monster.

BETINA: We're too late now.

BILL: Jane doesn't even look like herself anymore.

MONSTER: (*to a new person*) You made the basketball team? Of all the luck. How on earth did that happen? You get everything you ask for, don't you? You never have to lift a finger.

JANE gets flung by the trio.

BILL: Hi Jane.

JANE: Hello.

OSCAR: How's it going?

JANE: Perfectly fine.

BETINA: Are you sure?

JANE: Positive.

BILL: You don't want any help?

JANE: Of course not, everything is under control...

On the word "control" JANE gets dragged away from them.

BILL: We have to do something.

OSCAR: What can we do?

BILL: I thought those scenes would really show her –

BETINA: It's too late Bill. It's too late.

BILL: It can't be too late. Where's the script? Can't we read ahead?

BETINA: We could if we could get it away from that thing.

BILL: So where are the other copies?

BETINA: There's only one.

OSCAR: That's stupid. Whose bright idea was it to have one copy of the script?

All three of them look towards JANE who is being flung about.

BETINA: I can't watch anymore.

BETINA exits. OSCAR and BILL follow. The MONSTER and JANE come downstage.

MONSTER: Where did everyone go? You sure know how to clear a room.

JANE: Why are you being so mean?

MONSTER: I'm just acting on your instincts Jane.

JANE: No, they're not my instincts, I would never say those things.

MONSTER: But you think those things. All the time. And you do say them behind people's backs. Do you think that just because you don't say something to a person's face, that makes it all right?

JANE: No, you've got it all wrong –

MONSTER: Now if you'll excuse me, I have work to do.

MONSTER pushes JANE away. She comes to speak to the audience.

JANE: As you can see, I'm in a bit of a bind here. I didn't expect this turn of events.

The MONSTER sees JANE talking to the audience and returns.

MONSTER: Who are you talking to?

JANE: The audience.

MONSTER: I see. Are you jealous of any of them?

JANE: Only that they are out there and I'm up here.

MONSTER: Then I guess I should just continue what I'm doing. *(as if quoting)* The Monster crosses in front of the previous main character Jane, upstaging her handsomely. The Monster smiles, turns its head and speaks, in lovely dulcet tones. Monster, colon, Come on Jane, we're going to a party. Lights! Set!

The lights change, the school scenery exits. JANE and the MONSTER stand together. Dance music is playing. The MONSTER looks like it's ready to have a great time. JANE looks on in horror.

MONSTER: Looks like a great crowd tonight.

JANE: What kind of party is this?

MONSTER: It's a jealousy monster's ball. I've been dying to attend one but I've never been fully developed.

JANE: Great.

MONSTER: I owe it all to you Jane. Thanks a bunch kid. (*the MONSTER cuffs JANE on the chin*)

JANE: All these people have monsters inside of them?

MONSTER: This is just the tip of the iceberg. Monsters are everywhere Jane. Just because you don't see them doesn't mean they aren't there; hiding in your ear, sitting on your shoulder, sucking up your thoughts. And once you let a monster out, it's practically impossible to get rid of it.

JANE: Impossible?

MONSTER: That's right.

JANE: (*hopelessly*) Impossible.

MONSTER: I've no time for small talk Jane. Mingle, mingle.

JANE: I don't want to mingle with monsters. They look awful.

MONSTER: Who said you had a choice?

The MONSTER stalks off. JANE collapses in a chair as the MONSTER schmoozes around her.

JANE: Oh this is horrible. Horrible! If this monster is a part of me, then I have some pretty awful parts to my personality. Can it be true? No, I'm not a bad person. I have friends, I have... well I had friends. The last time I talked to Bill I yelled at him. When was the last time I talked to Bill? I can't even remember. (*she looks at her hand*) Was my skin always this pale? I don't know, I... (*she yawns*) I'm so tired. I wish Bill was here. I wish Betina was here. I even wish Oscar was here. He would love this. I wish I could go back to the beginning of this play and make different decisions. How come we always know what to do too late?

The WOMAN WHO WALKS sashays into the room. She has the look of a woman from the 40's with a scarf over her head, sunglasses and a walk to match. She is carrying a clutch purse with a snap closure. She sashays to stand beside JANE. She does not look at JANE.

WWW: Pssst. Psssst!

JANE: Huh?

WWW: Pssst.

JANE: Are you pssting me?

WWW: Don't look at me!

JANE: Why not?

WWW: We mustn't arouse suspicion.

JANE: Why not? With who?

WWW: The monsters of course.

JANE: The –

WWW: Don't look at me!

JANE: Sorry. (*The WWW doesn't say anything*) Ah, what can I do for you?

WWW: I can't help but notice that you have a monster attached to you.

JANE: Can't help but notice? Are you nuts?

WWW: Shhhh!!

JANE: Sorry, sorry.

WWW: Don't look at me!

JANE: OK. Yes I have a monster.

WWW: Why don't you control it?

JANE: I would if I could.

WWW: So why don't you?

JANE: Look lady you obviously have no idea what I'm going through so–

WWW: I have a monster.

JANE: What?

WWW: Shh! Shh!

JANE: Sorry.

WWW: Don't look at me! I have a monster too.

JANE: You do? Where is it then? Where's your rope?

WWW: I have no rope.

JANE: Then how can you have a monster?

WWW: It's in here.

JANE: Where?

WWW: Here. *(she holds out her purse)*

JANE: There?

WWW: Go ahead. Open it.

JANE opens it and there is a booming sound of grunts and snorts. JANE quickly closes the purse again and the two of them look around making sure that no one heard the noise.

JANE: How did you do that? How did you get it so small?

WWW: I took control of the little creep. I showed it who was boss and shrunk it down to size.

JANE: Wow. That's amazing. But I thought they were impossible to get rid of.

WWW: Who told you that?

JANE: My monster.

WWW: Of course it did. It wants you helpless and hopeless.

JANE: That's how I feel all right.

WWW: Psssst.

JANE: What?

WWW: You can do it too.

JANE: Do what?

WWW: Shrink your monster.

JANE: I can't.

WWW: You can.

JANE: I'm telling you I can't. It's got my script and I can't even get a word in edgewise. (*as if to prove the point, JANE is jerked by the rope*)

WWW: You must fight, Jane. That is the only way. Otherwise you will lose yourself completely. Soon the monster will not be satisfied with being on the end of a rope, dragging you around. It will want to come closer and closer. It will want to take over completely. There'll be nothing left of you.

JANE: Just like the circus barker said.

WWW: Pardon?

JANE: Nothing. I don't want to disappear. Tell me what I have to do.

WWW: Name it. That is the first step.

JANE: If I name it, that means I admit I'm a jealous person.

WWW: Aren't you?

JANE: Maybe a little bit. I haven't been very nice to my friends and family. I can't help it. Sometimes it's just like punching out, only I'm not hitting anything. It's like I'm lashing out with words and thoughts and hate. I hate it when other people do better than me. I hate it that my sister is so pretty.

MONSTER: (*turning its head*) What's going on over there?

JANE: When other girls talk to Bill, I instantly assume there's something going on. I'm so afraid he's going to leave me and after everything that's happened I wouldn't be surprised if he does. It's all my fault. I am a jealous person.

MONSTER: Hey you can't say that.

JANE: I am a jealous person.

WWW: Say it Jane, say it!

MONSTER: Jane?

JANE: I am Jealousy Jane!

There is the sound of a gong and the MONSTER is hunched over, reduced to grunts and snorts.

JANE: I did it. I did it! *(she grabs the script from the MONSTER)*

WWW: That's just the beginning. You only paralysed it.

JANE: There's more? But that was really hard to say, doesn't it count for something?

WWW: You let your monster get too big. Now you must fight.

JANE: But how do I do that?

WWW: Only you can face your monster, Jane. And you must do it quickly before it grows in strength again.

JANE: But how?

WWW: You must discover the how. I cannot tell. This is your battle.

JANE: Great. Maybe the answer's in the script. *(she starts flipping pages)* Hey! The end has been torn out!

WWW: The monster must have done it.

JANE: That means the story could end up any which way!

WWW: Or have no ending at all.

JANE: We'll see about that. *(she tosses the script offstage)* What about backup, can I have backup? Can I have some support?

WWW: You're running out of time.

MONSTER: jel-snort-jel-snort-argh-rrrrh-ous-ous-snort—jel-agh-rrrrrrrh-hh-ous-ous-ous.

JANE: I need my friends.

WWW: Then you must hurry Jane, hurry to them.

JANE: You better become Betina then. That's the only short way to do it.

WWW: Right.

The WOMAN WHO WALKS takes off her scarf and sunglasses and becomes BETINA.

JANE: Oscar, Bill, get out here!

OSCAR: Is it time for us already?

BILL: Man this play went by so fast.

JANE: Are you ready Be?

BETINA: The woman who walks has walked away.

OSCAR: Good luck Jane.

BILL: Yeah.

JANE: Thanks.

BETINA: Here we go!

JANE turns away. OSCAR, BILL and BETINA clap and then assume poses of scepticism. The MONSTER grunts and snorts but not as much as at the beginning.

JANE: Thanks for coming over. I don't have a lot of time here.

OSCAR: You've still got your monster.

JANE: That's what I want to talk to you about. I'm sorry for the way I've been acting. I was wrong. I need your help. I don't want to be this way anymore. It sucks to be dragged around by a monster. I want my life back. I want to be in control again and I'm asking for help. Maybe it's too late. Maybe I don't deserve a second chance, and if that's your decision then... but I guess I'm asking for one. That's all I have to say.

OSCAR, BETINA and BILL look at each other.

BETINA: What do you think?

OSCAR: I think I'm gonna cry.

BILL: Oscar.

OSCAR: It's the saddest speech I've ever heard.

BETINA: But do we help her?

BILL: She is kinda cute.

OSCAR: Please, spare me the physical attraction commentary.

BETINA: I think we should.

BILL: Yeah.

OSCAR: Oh, OK.

JANE: Thanks guys.

MONSTER: What a lovely scene.

During the previous the MONSTER has reverted to standing upright, and loses the grunts and snorts. It watches the scene with a mocking look on its face. The others do not notice the change in the MONSTER. When it talks, the others all give a gasp and jump around to face it.

BETINA: It talks!

JANE: Oh no, I'm not ready!

MONSTER: Jane you don't stand a chance.

The MONSTER grabs its end of the rope and JANE grabs her end so that the two are in a tug of war position.

MONSTER: You can't beat me, Jane. I'm too strong.

JANE: I can be strong too. I'm not your lackey; I'm not going to do whatever you say.

MONSTER: But you've done such an impeccable job so far.

JANE: Stop making fun of me.

MONSTER: And you're such a whiner too. "Stop making fun of me." No wonder your friends dumped you.

JANE: No one dumped me.

MONSTER: Go on Jane, deny it. The more you deny, the stronger I get. *(the MONSTER pulls on the rope and JANE takes a step in)* Come back to me Jane.

JANE: No.

BILL: Why don't you leave her alone!

MONSTER: Stay out of it Billy, this is between old Janie-pie here and moi.

BETINA: What can we do?

JANE: I have to face it on my own. I just don't know how.

The MONSTER laughs and changes position to catch JANE off-guard.

JANE: You shut up.



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

Want to Read More?

Order a full script through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).