

JACK AND JILL

A 10 minute play

by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jack: male, 70's

Jill: female, 70's, Jack's wife

SCENE

Front seat of a car, there is a center console with a lid.
Perhaps a trunk area.

TIME

Now

OPTIONAL PROJECTION ON SCREEN
OR SUNG IN NURSERY RHYME STYLE

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after."

Jack and Jill enter and sit in the car. They buckle seat belts.

JILL

All right, let's go.

JACK

Yep, where first?

JILL

What do you mean? I just told you as we were leaving the house. Don't you remember?

JACK

Oh, you listed a bunch of places to stop - which one is the first?

JILL

I worry about you. The Drug store? To get my prescription? My medicine? That's why I brought some water? So I could take my pill?

JACK

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.

JILL

I certainly hope they have the correct dosage this time. Last time I had to split the pills. I didn't bring the pill splitter. Should I have brought the pill splitter?

JACK

It should be ok, I think.

JILL

How can you say that? How can it be okay if I need to split the pill? I can't just take the wrong dosage. What would I do?

JACK

I have a knife in the console.

JILL

What? A knife in the car? Why do you have a knife in the car?

JACK

I saw it in the garage the other day and thought it might come in handy.

JILL

Handy. A knife. Is it at least clean? I can't split my pill with a filthy knife. What have you used it for?

JACK

Nothing. I just put it in there.

JILL

I see. I'm not sure I like having a weapon in the car. It doesn't feel safe to me.

JACK

Well, try not to think about it.

JILL

Do I smell your breath? Did you brush your teeth today?

JACK

Yes, I did.

JILL

It doesn't seem like it. Your breath is horrible. You need a mint.

JACK

I had coffee this morning.

JILL

That explains it. I hate the smell of coffee on your breath. Yuk.

JACK

Sorry.

JILL

We can park right over there, I don't want to use the drive through. Use your signal and go slow.

JACK

Yep, let me drive.
(they park)

JILL

I'll be right out.
(she exits stage)

JACK

When I graduated from High School in 1970, I joined the United States Army and got sent to Vietnam during the war there. I was stationed near DaNang in a place called Marble Mountain. It was the largest and busiest heliport in the country. We used to get mortar shells incoming most nights and we had a makeshift bomb shelter that no one ever used. I was just 18 and I couldn't imagine that I was in danger. I don't recall ever feeling fear. I worked in the Air Control Tower and sometimes got to ride with chopper pilots around the area. We would draw fire occasionally, and the door gunner would return fire. I just sat and watched. When I got home I was treated like a hero by my family, but not by too many others. I go to the VA for my medical stuff. I have some PTSD and some neuropathy from Agent Orange. All in all, I guess I'm fortunate to have survived.

(Jill returns)

JILL

Well, the pills are the correct dosage. They even had a pill splitter right there in case I would need it! **(she takes the pill)** So there was no need for your precious knife after all. Okay, I'm ready, let's get going.

JACK

Uh. Where to?

JILL

Jeez Louise! Why can't you remember the simplest things I tell you? Do you just not pay attention? Why can't you pay attention?

JACK

I don't know. I guess I get distracted.

JILL

Distracted? You need to focus. Pay attention. Our next stop is to Aunt Linda's house. Do you remember?

JACK

Oh, yes. Your Aunt Linda. She's on Maple Street.
(he drives)

JILL

NO! Not on Maple! She moved two months ago! On Baker Drive. I really am worried about your memory. And I told you Baker Drive right before we left. How can you not remember that?

JACK

I don't know.

JILL

Are you taking the interstate?

JACK

Oh! Uh, no.

JILL

Well, then you are in the wrong lane. Use your turn signal and look carefully.

JACK

I know, let me drive.

JILL

Did you look before merging? I didn't see you look.

JACK

I looked.

JILL

You know, you can't just trust those side mirrors. You must check your blind spot. A car could be right next to you.

JACK

Well, this car beeps if someone is next to you.

JILL

I don't trust that. I always look, sometimes twice. You can't be too careful! Lot's of accidents happen because people trust their cars to look for them.

JACK

Yes.

JILL

And back up cameras are worse. I never use mine. I always turn in my seat and make sure. I've seen people pull out of parking spaces and never even look! Personally, I like to do the pull through and face out. Makes it a little easier and safer. You know?

JACK

Yes.

JILL

Do you remember that our daughter Josie is going to Florida next weekend?

JACK

Yes.

JILL

Do you remember where she said she was staying?

JACK

No, I don't remember.

JILL

You see? This worries me. She told us where she was staying. It's very important. She's our daughter and we should be able to remember where she could be reached in Florida when she is away. In case something happens.

JACK

Well, I don't recall. I'm sure it's somewhere nice and safe. We should probably write that stuff down somewhere.

JILL

It's the Delta Hotel, the Delta Hotel on Parkway Boulevard. Oh, she would love it on the beach with the sound of the ocean and watching the waves. Do you think it's on the beach?

JACK

Sure, I bet.

JILL

(she googles on her phone) It is not on the beach. Why did you say it was on the beach?

JACK

I said, I bet.

JILL

You expressly led me to believe that the hotel was on the beach. Now, why would you guess like that? If you don't know something, just admit it. I can never trust what you say, you make things up all the time. People will not trust you if they can't believe you.

JACK

Right. I guess.

JILL

You know, there was a nice interview on TV this morning with one of my favorite tennis players.

JACK

Oh?

JILL

Yes, they interviewed Daniil Medvedev, he's from Russia. A good player and a polite and nice gentleman, but they won't show his flag because of the Ukraine thing. He's very good, but he's not as good as Rafa Nadal. Or my Roger Federer. Roger was wonderful. Do you remember how he could play for hours in the sun and not even break a sweat? My wonderful Roger Federer. Do you remember that?

JACK

I think so. I recall you saying that.

JILL

Yes. You know, I really hate that you drive with only one hand. Why do you do that? It really isn't safe, you know?

JACK

It's just a habit, I guess.

JILL

You can change those bad habits, you know. We learned in Driver's Education to always have two hands on the wheel. Ten and Two. That's the rule. Ten and Two. I always drive with my hands at ten and two. It's the correct and safest way to drive. Why don't you do that?

JACK

I feel like I oversteer that way.

JILL

It's a bad habit. You should work on changing it. Did you remember to pack the bag of clothes I set out for Aunt Linda to take to the women's shelter?

JACK

Yes.

JILL

I don't see the bag. Where is it?

JACK

I put it in the trunk.

JILL

The trunk? Why the trunk?

JACK

Things go in the trunk. It's where I put things.

JILL

The bag might get dirty in your trunk. Did you think of that?

JACK

I think it will be okay. My trunk is pretty clean.

JILL

I notice that you didn't store your knife there.

JACK

You're right. I didn't.

JILL

Right. Do you know that in England they call a trunk a bonnet? I think that is stupid. There's already something called a bonnet. Don't you think that it's stupid to do that?

JACK

No, I guess not.

JILL

I saw that you put plastic in the garbage again. How many times do I have to tell you that plastic goes in the recycle bin? All the number 1 and 2 plastics go in there. There's a paper on the side of the fridge that tells you. Do you just not care?

JACK

I guess I don't think about it.

JILL

You don't care about the environment? You can't be bothered to care for the ecology of the planet?

JACK

I care. I guess I sometimes get a little distracted.

JILL

Well, I hate that my aunt lives in such a dangerous part of town. I wish she could move away from here.

JACK

Yes.

JILL

I hate the damn neighborhood. I always get so nervous here. I saw on the news a few years ago that a woman got mugged right on Aunt Linda's street. I don't think they ever caught the mugger. That is exactly the kind of place where you could kill someone and never get arrested.

JACK

Oh.

JILL

I'll be fast here and when I come out, you can take us to lunch. Just the two of us. A date.

JACK

Okay.

JILL

Even though I worry about your memory, you know I love you, right?

JACK

Yes, I love you, too. **(they park and she exits - with the bag of clothes)** I suppose the real question is whether I am just not very attentive or whether I actually have some memory issue. Maybe this is the early stage of dementia? Or maybe the late stage? Maybe I'm actually sitting in a

wheelchair in a VA Nursing Home drooling into my lap and dreaming that I'm driving her around to places? Could that be true? They say that people in some stages of dementia can actually hallucinate and see things that aren't really happening. And sometimes, they even act on them. I don't think I do that. Yet. Still. Ever since I was young, I've always wanted to be a hero of some kind. I would love to find something heroic in my life. I know it isn't likely anymore. I have a bad knee and I'm older than dirt. Still, I hope for the chance. She's my whole life now but it feels like we are no longer husband and wife. It feels like we're acquaintances. We don't have sex anymore. I never thought I would be in a sexless marriage, but here we are. Maybe it's normal for 70 year old people. But it makes me feel unloved and undesired. And that makes me feel angry sometimes. And frankly, if we are in this new phase, I don't want all the negatives. I don't want to be corrected even if I'm wrong. I don't care. I hate that. Stop trying to fix me! If I'm broken, so be it. I don't want to be corrected like a 6 year old. I think she sometimes plots out little traps to get me. But that would be crazy - who would do that? I think she does it though. I think she tries to find ways to cut me down and make me be wrong. I get so angry about that. It's hard to always control my temper. That might be part of the PTSD. I wish she would come out here so we could go. She just loves to talk and her Aunt does too. Ah, I see her, she's headed this way. Good. Wait! NO! LEAVE HER ALONE! (**Jack reaches into the console and takes out the knife - he leaves the car and heads off toward Stage left**) STOP! STOP! Drop that Purse! STOP!

(Just as Jack exits, Jill screams)

Lights out - END OF PLAY