

THE SPACE BETWEEN MONDAY AND TUESDAY

By Ken Jones

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THE SPACE BETWEEN MONDAY AND TUESDAY

A One Act Ensemble Comedy

By Ken Jones

SYNOPSIS: It's New Year's Eve and the Lepsie's are making their New Year's Eve wish, which is to be like everyone else. The Lepsie's want to be a typical American family, but unfortunately, they are far from it!

Corie is a teenager who, unexplainably cannot control her hand movements. Ambert is suffering from *global amnesia*, therefore he has no short-term or long-term memory. Nara has *narcolepsy*, which causes her to fall asleep when excited. Micah is suffering from *microphobia*, leaving her with a fear of small things, and Jarvis is dealing with *jargonphasia*, which forces him to speak in nonsensical jargon.

So, seconds before the hands of the clock hit midnight... time stops. The Lepsie's are literally stuck in THE SPACE BETWEEN MONDAY AND TUESDAY, where they are not only ordinary, but also, they are extraordinary! But what good does that do if the world around them is frozen in time?

DURATION: 60 minutes

TIME: Modern day

SETTING: A typically American home in a typically American middle-class suburb somewhere in a typically American city.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 female, 2 male)

CORIE LEPSIE (f).....A teen-ager who, **unexplainably cannot control her hand movements**. The youngest of the Lepsie children. (132 lines)

AMBERT LEPSIE (m).....A man suffering from ***Global Amnesia***, **therefore he has no short-term or long-term memory**. He loves his wife

- and kids... when he can remember that they exist. (122 lines)
- NARA LEPSIE (f) A woman suffering from *Narcolepsy*, **which causes her to fall asleep when excited.** She just wants her family to be like all the other families. (131 lines)
- MICAH LEPSIE (f) A college student and the oldest daughter, is suffering from *Microphobia* **leaving her with a fear of small things.** (90 lines)
- JARVIS LEPSIE (m) A senior in high school and the middle child, is suffering from *Jargonphasia*, **which forces him to speak in nonsensical jargon.** (142 lines)

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

SCENE ONE: “BEFORE...”

The home of the Lepsie family. Eleven-thirty on New Year’s Eve.

SCENE TWO: “IN BETWEEN...”

The home of the Lepsie family. Stuck between one second before midnight and midnight.

SET

The home of the Lepsie family. A split-level home with the living room downstage of a dining area. A staircase leads to the second floor, and a door leads to the kitchen. Another door leads to the outside world. The walls of this traditionally designed home are cluttered with photos, schoolwork, newspaper clippings, and awards. A television sits downstage with its back to the audience. Beside the television sits a small grandfather clock. (The clock is not in place at the opening of the play.)

PRODUCTION NOTE

While the character of Jarvis is speaking, the translation of what he is actually saying should be projected somewhere on the set or clearly visible to the audience. The translation is provided in the script next to his dialogue.

COSTUMES

CORIE – colorful blouse with t-shirt beneath, jeans, white tennis shoes, add artist smock for Scene 2, hair in high ponytail

AMBERT – dull colored cardigan sweater, long sleeved collared shirt, corduroy pants, brown shoes, brown belt, add khaki overcoat for ending of Scene 2

NARA – colorful sundress, pearls, hair up, low-heeled shoe, Scene 2: seemingly same sundress but wrinkled and dirty, no pearls, hair down and messy, shoes replaced with fluffy slippers.

MICAH – sharp, crisp blouse belted, dress pants, expensive looking shoes, hair down but styled, jewelry minimal but stylish, Scene 2: add Dr's white lab coat

JARVIS – t-shirt, jeans, tennis shoes, Scene 2: add romantic flowing shirt with poet's sleeves, possibly a beret hat.

PROPS

- Television
- Small tabletop Grandfather clock
- Cooking pot
- Oven mitts
- Cooking spoons
- Oversized Champagne bottle
- Bottle corkscrew
- Monopoly game
- Dinner Plate
- Towel for wet hair
- Trench coat
- Airplane Ticket
- Boxing gloves (Corie)
- Cell phone
- ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA (several books) (Ambert)
- Poetry journal (Jarvis)
- Copies of masterpiece paintings (Corie)
- Copy of Picasso painting (Corie)
- Beer cans
- Empty mayonnaise jar
- Test tubes (Micah)
- Paperback Romance novel (Nara)
- Pill Bottle

PRODUCTION HISTORY

THE SPACE BETWEEN MONDAY AND TUESDAY has been produced at numerous universities, high school, and community theatres. It was the winner of the Delauney Playwriting Award as well as the Commonwealth Theatre Award for Best Short Play.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

In the theatre, tragedy and comedy are at their highest state when they are at the point where these two forms intersect. In *THE SPACE BETWEEN MONDAY AND TUESDAY*, the Lepsie family members have their tragic conditions, but they live their life in a comical world. Embrace the comedy of their situation. In directing the play remember that it's all right for the audience to laugh. It allows the for expression of emotions, and don't worry, the audience is not laughing at the Lepsie family, but instead they're laughing with them. Why? Because although the Lepsie's have very clear disorders that affect their daily attempts to be normal, so does each member of the audience. Sure. Maybe not global amnesia or jargonpahsia or narcolepsy, but the individuals of the audience, members of society and life, each have their own little things that keep them from feeling that they belong. Let the Lepsie's live on your stage and let them live in big broad strokes. And when the clock stops, and they are locked in the 'space between', that's when they can see that 'normal' is never normal nor is it supposed to be.

Keep the scenery simple and cozy. Don't complicate the show with too much around them. Remember you'll be adding stuff in the second scene. And speaking of the second scene... make the change from Scene 1 to Scene 2 as quickly as possible. Rehearse the change-over with the actors and your tech crew. Make sure your actors can handle their quick changes themselves which will free up any tech crewmembers to change the set over to the 'in between.' Simple lights that can illuminate the scenes as well as a downstage spotlight or lit area for the 'wishing monologues' is all you need.

And finally, for Jarvis's translations, if you don't have the capability to project the translations, then just have an offstage 'actor' read the translations with a voice over microphone. Have Jarvis speak his line and then let the voiceover happen immediately before the other characters onstage answer Jarvis. You've got this! Have fun with the play. And maybe after the Lepsie's make the audience laugh, then, just maybe, they'll make the audience think as well.

SCENE 1
"BEFORE..."

AT START: *The scene opens on the interior of a split-level house. A dining room area sits upstage of a small sunken living room. The walls are cluttered by photographs, children's drawings, and various awards and trophies. In the living room, a large television sits downstage of a large sofa. An oversize lounge chair is to the left of the sofa.*

CORIE, a young girl suffering from an inability to control her hand movements, is sitting on the couch watching the T.V. CORIE wears a boxing glove on one hand to keep her from harming herself.

NARA, CORIE'S mother, can be heard offstage talking to CORIE'S father, AMBERT.

NARA: *(Offstage.) All right, Ambert. Hold on to it! (Pause.) That's right. (Pause.) No, Ambert, you don't eat it. You eat off of it! (Pause.) Ambert, that's the closet. (Pause.) Here. No. (Pause.) Look out! (Pause.) Ambert! You cannot climb in the refrigerator. (Pause.) Yes, I know you didn't mean to do that. (Pause.) Now just go into the dining room and place it on the table. Can you remember that, Ambert? (Pause.) That's the wrong way! Here we go.*

AMBERT, a man suffering from global amnesia, enters the room. Hesitating for a moment, he walks to the table holding his dinner plate tightly. He stares at the table for a moment, then walks to the staircase. Slowly, he climbs upstairs one step at a time, concentrating on each step, and exits upstairs. NARA, a woman suffering from narcolepsy, enters from the kitchen.

NARA: Corie. *(There is no response.)* Corie?

CORIE: What is it, Mother?

NARA: Could you help me in the kitchen for a moment?

CORIE: Mom, they're showing New York City on the TV.

NARA: You can hear it from the kitchen.

CORIE: Five minutes.

NARA: Now. I need your help.

CORIE: Just give me five minutes.

NARA: Now!

CORIE: Mother! I want to see the ball drop! What could be so important that I have to run to help you in the kitchen?

NARA: I'm cooking the black-eyed peas, and I need someone to taste them.

CORIE: They're fine. I know they'll be just fine.

NARA: Corie, I'm not going to ask you again. I've been cooking these peas all day long trying to get them done before midnight. The least you could do is taste them. I refuse to have a year of bad luck because my black-eyed peas weren't ready. This is a tradition that began somewhere, sometime long ago... and someone believes it works. So you can either help me in the kitchen or you can call up Kirk and cancel your date tomorrow.

CORIE: Mom, please. Why can't Dad taste them?

NARA: Because he doesn't remember how they're supposed to taste. As a matter of fact, he doesn't remember how anything is supposed to taste. (*NARA looks around the room.*) Where is your father?

CORIE: I don't know.

NARA: Did he leave the house?

CORIE: I don't know.

NARA: That's just great!

CORIE: He'll be all right.

NARA: All I need is for your father to wander away again! (*She looks a little drowsy.*)

CORIE: He hasn't wandered away.

NARA: I can just see us out in the snow looking for his trail. Checking every police station, every hospital, terrified he has been hit by a bus or a snowplow or something.

CORIE: Don't worry!

NARA: Ambert! Corie, help me look for your father!

CORIE: He'll be fine, Mom.

NARA almost falls asleep.

NARA: Fine.

CORIE: Yes.

NARA: Fine?

CORIE: That's what I said, Mom.

NARA: You don't remember last New Year's Eve when he wandered to the airport and flew to Romania?

CORIE: I remember.

NARA: Your own father stuck in the middle of another country!

CORIE: It was no big deal. We got him back.

NARA: Only because the airline felt sorry for us. What if they hadn't done that?

CORIE: They did.

NARA: What if he was still there wandering around in the mountains of Romania? What then?

CORIE: Then I suppose he'd become a gypsy, and we'd have to find another father.

NARA falls asleep. MICAH, the oldest daughter who is suffering from microphobia, enters, coming downstairs with a towel wrapped around her wet hair.

MICAH: Corie, have you seen my big hair curlers?

CORIE: No.

MICAH: I can't find them anywhere.

CORIE: Use mine.

MICAH: Those tiny things? I'd rather die! (Sees NARA.) Corie, Mom's asleep again.

CORIE: I know.

MICAH: Don't you think we should get her off the floor?

CORIE: In a minute.

MICAH: Corie!

CORIE: Oh, all right. (CORIE crosses to NARA and picks her up.)

MICAH: I smell something burning. Is Mom cooking anything?

CORIE: Yes.

MICAH: Why? It's eleven-thirty at night! It's late to be cooking! I'd better go check on it. (MICAH exits to the kitchen.)

CORIE: No, Micah! Whatever you do, don't open that pot! (There is a scream.) Too late. (MICAH enters into the living room.)

MICAH: There were tiny little beans in the pot...

CORIE: I tried to warn you.

MICAH: ...and each of those very tiny beans had a very, very tiny black spot on it. I almost passed out.

CORIE: It's her black-eyed peas. It's a southern tradition... it's good luck for the New Year!

NARA wakes up.

NARA: Where's your father?

MICAH: He's upstairs in the linen closet.

NARA: What's he doing?

MICAH: I don't know. I went to get a towel, and there he was sitting on a stack of white sheets holding a dinner plate in his lap.

NARA: And you left him there?

MICAH: What did you want me to do with him?

NARA: You kids will drive me crazy! *(Starts upstairs.)*

MICAH: Oh, Mom, don't worry about those awful little peas. I threw them down the garbage disposal for you.

NARA: My black-eyed peas! You threw away my black-eyed peas?! *(Falls asleep on the stairs.)*

MICAH: You don't suppose she wanted to save those hideous little things?

CORIE: It's a tradition to eat black-eyed peas on New Year's Eve. You know that, Micah. Every year we go through the same thing.

MICAH: I have never eaten black-eyed peas.

CORIE: Yes, you have.

MICAH: No, I haven't. I would never put anything that small into my mouth.

CORIE: You eat them every New Year's Eve!

MICAH: No, I don't!

CORIE: Yes, you do.

MICAH: Mom has always told me that it's good luck to drink a glass of chocolate milk on New Year's Eve. She's never said anything to me about peas!

CORIE: Haven't you ever wondered why the milk you drank on New Year's was so lumpy?

MICAH: What are you saying?

CORIE: Think about it.

MICAH: No! No, no, no! It couldn't be!

CORIE: Yes, it could!

MICAH: I'm going to be sick. *(Runs upstairs stepping over NARA as she goes.)*

CORIE: While you're up there... send Dad down!

MICAH: Get him yourself!

CORIE: Oh, come on, Micah. Just send him down.

MICAH: You've got two legs! *(Exits.)*

CORIE begins to strike her head with her gloved hand. JARVIS, a young man suffering from jargonphasia, enters through the front door from outside. He is carrying a small grandfather clock. The translation of is listed in brackets. NOTE: The translation of JARVIS' speech should be projected somewhere on to the set.

JARVIS: Ding dong, Corie. [Hello, Corie.]

CORIE stops striking her head.

CORIE: Hello, Jarvis. Did you fix it?

JARVIS: Ten-four. [No problem.]

CORIE: Great!

JARVIS: Ruffles has ridges. [Where are Mom and Dad?]

CORIE: Mom's asleep on the stairs.

JARVIS: Dial 911? [Why?]

CORIE: Because Micah threw Mom's black-eyed peas down the garbage disposal.

JARVIS: You're a quart low? [Where is Micah?]

CORIE: Fixing her hair. Where else would she be?

JARVIS: Sunny side up? [And Dad?]

CORIE: Upstairs in the linen closet.

JARVIS: Two for the price of one? [What's he doing there?]

CORIE: That's what Mom said. Hey Jarvis, can I make a wish on the clock?

JARVIS: Negative. Two IBMs on my heat pipes. [No. We make our wishes at midnight.]

CORIE: Well, it's almost midnight. Come on. Let's each make one little New Year's Eve wish.

JARVIS: Two IBMs on my heat pipes! [We will at midnight.]

CORIE begins to strike her head.

NARA: *(Waking up.)* Jarvis?

JARVIS: Ding dong, Mom. [Hello, Mom.]

NARA: Did you get the clock to work?

JARVIS: In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. [It's as good as new.]

NARA: I'm so glad. I know people must think our family is crazy, but wishing on that old grandfather clock at New Year's Eve somehow helps us get through the rest of the year.

JARVIS: Place your bets. [I know what you mean.]

NARA: What was the matter with it?

JARVIS: What goes up, must come down. [The main spring was broken.]

NARA: And you knew how to fix that? You're a smart boy, Jarvis. *(Yelling.)* Corie! *(CORIE stops pounding her head.)* Corie, where is your father?

CORIE: Last report was the linen closet.

NARA: Why don't you go, and get him?

CORIE: No.

NARA: What did you say, young lady?

CORIE: I said, "no."

NARA: And why not?

CORIE: Because, as soon as I leave, Jarvis will make the first wish.

JARVIS: Guaranteed or your money back! [You're so stupid!]

CORIE: *(To JARVIS.)* Oh, yeah, you're pretty stupid yourself!

NARA: Why don't you both go retrieve your father? Together.

JARVIS: Bingo, Mom. [Okay, Mom.]

CORIE: All right.

JARVIS and CORIE exit upstairs. NARA crosses to the clock.

NARA: One little wish won't hurt. (*Looks around the room to make sure she's alone.*) Tick tock, tick tock, make a wish on a grandfather clock. I wish... I wish that I could stay awake just a little longer. Enjoy life more. See, smell and taste life! Live life to its fullest! Experience the passion of just being!

(*Talking to the clock.*) I have a problem with my husband. He forgets what he's doing sometimes. Actually, all the time. We don't get to experience anything together because he's forgetting or I'm sleeping!

(*Smiles and almost falls asleep.*) It seems the older he gets, the less he can remember. So, if I didn't fall asleep so quickly... if I didn't get excited so fast, then maybe I would be awake when he remembered what we're doing!? Did that make any sense?

(*Laughing.*) I find myself falling asleep at the mere thought of something... well... you know... provocative! The smell of an exotic spice... I'm asleep. The pop-out in a scary movie... I'm asleep. A glimpse at an attractive person... I'm asleep. The other day after I dropped Jarvis off at the speech therapist, I had some grocery shopping to do. There I was pushing my cart down aisle four – cake mixes and magazines – when the cover of one of those movie magazines caught my eye. Well... by the time I noticed it, I was already passing by it. So, I stopped my cart in the middle of the aisle and pretended that I had taken the wrong kind of cake batter. I turned my cart around, and I went back.

(*Smiling.*) Okay. So, I'm switching my chocolate fudge cake mix for the fudge chocolate mix with pudding added, and I'm moving towards the magazines. Then before I stopped... I saw this handsome actor playing a superhero on the cover. Naturally, I got so excited that I fell asleep. The next thing I remember was a stock-boy pulling me from the powdery arms of Betty Crocker. Now it's very difficult for me to look at a cake, much less, eat a piece, without falling asleep. I am a little anxious to get back to the baking section of the supermarket. Oh, the joys of baking!

NARA smiles and falls asleep. JARVIS and AMBERT enter, JARVIS leading AMBERT down the stairs.

JARVIS: Smoking is hazardous to your health. [Hurry up, Dad.]

AMBERT: I'm moving as fast as I can.

JARVIS: Take 2 aspirin and call me in the morning. [Mom has fallen asleep again.]

AMBERT: Let her sleep, if she wants to sleep. Where are we going?

JARVIS: Back to school sale. [To the living room.]

AMBERT: What living room? Whose living room?

JARVIS: A mind is a precious thing to waste. [Your living room.]

AMBERT: My living room? I have a house?

JARVIS: Affirmative. [Yes.]

AMBERT: How much did I pay for it?

JARVIS: Start an IV and transport immediately. [I do not know.]

AMBERT: Who's the lady on the table?

JARVIS: No Trespassing. [Sofa.]

AMBERT: Sofa. That's what I meant! Who's the lady on the sofa?

JARVIS: An apple a day helps keep the doctor away. [Your wife, my mother.]

AMBERT: I'm not stupid, Jerry.

JARVIS: Jarvis. [JARVIS.]

AMBERT: Jarvis. I'm not stupid, Jarvis. Hey, who's the lady on the table?

JARVIS: No Trespassing! [Sofa!]

AMBERT: Sofa! Who is she?

JARVIS: An apple a day! [Your wife!]

AMBERT: When did I get married?

JARVIS: The sum of the squares of both sides is equal to the square of the hypotenuse. [Thirty years ago.]

AMBERT: What happened thirty years ago?

JARVIS: Do not tumble dry. [You got married.]

AMBERT: Who did I marry?

JARVIS: The Un-cola! [Her!]

AMBERT: Really? What's her name?

JARVIS: Nara. [Nara.]

AMBERT: Nara what?

JARVIS: Lepsie. [Lepsie.]

AMBERT: I knew a Lepsie once.

JARVIS: Postage is required! [You are a Lepsie!]

AMBERT: So?

JARVIS: You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. [I give up! Dad, I fixed the clock.]

AMBERT: Was it broken?

JARVIS: Affirmative. [Yes.]

AMBERT: What was the matter with it?

JARVIS: I've got a sergeant. He's so mean. [The main spring was broken.]

AMBERT: And you knew how to fix that? You're a smart boy. You know that thing there... that...

JARVIS: Death trap. [Clock.]

AMBERT: Clock. That clock reminds me of something. Something we do with it?

JARVIS: Mix until all lumps are gone. [We make wishes on it.]

AMBERT: That's right. We make wishes on it every Halloween.

JARVIS: Happy Birthday to you. [New Year's Eve.]

AMBERT: New Year's Eve. *(Pause.)* Don't we eat something on New Year's Eve?

JARVIS: Sour grapes. [Black-eyed peas.]

AMBERT: Black-eyed peas! That's what I meant!

JARVIS: Store all items in the overhead bins and place your seats in an upright position. [Mom was cooking a pot of them.]

AMBERT: What?

JARVIS: Sour grapes. [Black-eyed peas.]

AMBERT: I love them. Why don't you fix a pot?

JARVIS: Contains no cholesterol! [Mom is cooking some.]

AMBERT: What?

JARVIS: Sour Grapes! [Black-eyed peas.]

AMBERT: Black-eyed peas? What about them?

JARVIS: Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. [I cannot take it anymore.]

JARVIS exits. AMBERT crosses to the sofa and sits.

AMBERT: Hey, you. Hey, lady. Hello. Hello, there. Miss? Do you know where we are? Yo, lady! (*Thinks for a moment.*)

My name's Ambert. Ambert... uh... now wait a minute... I knew it a minute ago. It begins with a... a... Lepsie! That's it! Lepsie. My name is... uh... something Lepsie. I'm a bus driver. I think? No, I'm pretty sure I drove buses. Lost buses is more like it. I had a route over on the south... north... north-east side... I think. I wonder if they ever found that bus... or those people? Anyway, I'm retired. You look pretty tired yourself. What did you say your name is? (*Sits for a moment.*)

Hey, lady, do you like jokes? I know some great jokes. Okay. There were these two Brazilians, and they were... no... I don't think they were Italians. No, I mean Australians. Is there such a thing as an Australian? Oh, well, there were these two Swedes... not Swedes... what's that country? It's close to Russia... I think it was a commuter country. Not commuter. It's like commuter? Communists! Yes! Communists! (*Thinking about it.*)

I've been to Romania. Nice people. Great fried chicken! Original or extra crispy! I bet that's where I left that bus. I drove a bus you know. Over on the Southwest side. Hey, lady, do you like jokes? There were these two Mexicans... no... I think they were black-eyed peas. Yes! There were these two black-eyed peas...

NARA wakes up.

NARA: Ambert? Ambert, what happened?

AMBERT: Nothing.

NARA: What are you doing?

AMBERT: Telling jokes.

NARA: Where are the children?

AMBERT: In school?

NARA: It's New Year's Eve! The kids wouldn't be in school on New Year's Eve. Oh, my God! What time is it?

AMBERT: Lunch time.

NARA: Fifteen minutes. We only have fifteen minutes! We need to gather everyone together... wait... my black-eyed peas!

NARA and AMBERT exit, NARA running into the kitchen, followed by AMBERT.

AMBERT: Hey, lady, did you hear the one about the six Australians...?

CORIE enters, sneaking downstairs.

CORIE: Tick, tock, tick, tock, make a wish on a grandfather clock. Please let me learn to control my hands. *(Pausing.)* I have never been so embarrassed in my life as I was last month in the school play. I worked so hard to get that part. The part of a lifetime. Martha Washington. I was Martha Washington in the greatest American play written by the greatest American playwright. TAKE OUT THOSE WOODEN TEETH AND KISS ME, DEAR, by Giovanni Wilhelm Jones. I was the lead. I was the leading lady. I was on top of the world. I had over two thousand and six lines! Even more lines than Dirk Kirby who was playing George. I was going to be a star.

(Remembering.) Rehearsal after rehearsal, beautiful, big Dirk Kirby alias George Washington would pop out those brown wooden teeth at the climax of the act, take me in his large round arms, and plant a big wet one right on my mouth. Then, with an unabashed dignity, I would push him away from my quivering body and say, "I know you never tell a lie, George, but as sure as the hair on my head, I don't believe you when you say the war can wait until we make love! We can wait for our moment of whoopee! It's time now for our country's moment of whoopee!" *(Smiles.)* Wow! What a great line! Oh, yeah, then Dirk, I mean George, trudges off to win our freedom and to establish our independence. *(Pausing.)* It was opening night and I floated onto the stage complete with a flowing gown and a two-foot powdered wig. The play bounced along until we reached the climax of act two! Dirk took me in his arms and planted that glorious kiss directly on my lips! It was then that I heard my mother hit the floor in the front row. I was so upset that my arm flew up

uncontrollably and knocked my powdered wig from my head. Waving the powder from the air, Dirk stepped back leaving me in the center of the stage... alone. (*Pleading.*) Well, I just couldn't say it! I couldn't say, "...as sure as the hair on my head." So, I improvised. Spinning toward George, I mean Dirk, I said, "George, you really make me flip my wig!" Dirk trudged off to win our freedom and to establish our independence, but because of the powder in the air, he missed the exit and fell off the stage. Needless to say, there was no act two.

JARVIS enters from upstairs.

JARVIS: Corie, bandits at twelve o'clock? [Corie, where is the champagne?]

CORIE: I don't know. Micah bought it. Ask her where it is.

JARVIS: Name, rank, and serial number. [She said she gave it to you.]

CORIE: Why would she give it to me?

JARVIS: Gentlemen, start your engines. [So you could hide it.]

CORIE: Well, if I hid it, I did a good job. I don't know where it is.

JARVIS: Please watch your step and exit to the right. [Corie! That is Mom and Dad's New Year's Eve present!]

CORIE: I know it is, but I don't know where I hid it!

MICAH enters, comes downstairs.

MICAH: Corie, do you have the champagne?

JARVIS: Sunny side up! [She lost it!]

MICAH: What do you mean?

CORIE: I can't remember where I hid it.

MICAH: You lost it? How could you lose an enormous bottle of champagne?

CORIE: I didn't lose it. I just misplaced it. There's a difference.

MICAH: You're getting more like Dad every day!

CORIE: So what? I enjoy being like Dad!

AMBERT enters from the kitchen carrying a spoon filled with black-eyed peas.

AMBERT: Did someone call me?

MICAH: Dad, what have you got on that spoon?

AMBERT: Lima beans.

JARVIS: Sour grapes! [Black-eyed peas!]

MICAH: Black-eyed peas! I threw them away!

AMBERT: So that's why they were in the sink.

CORIE: Dad, give me that spoon.

AMBERT: What spoon?

CORIE takes the spoon and chases MICAH to the kitchen door.

CORIE: Here you go, Micah!

MICAH: Get those things away from me!

CORIE: Look how tiny they are!

MICAH: Corie! Mother!!

CORIE and MICAH exit to the kitchen.

NARA: (Offstage.) Girls! Girls! You're getting me very upset!

The sound of NARA'S body hitting the floor can be heard.

MICAH: (Offstage.) Now see what you've done! You pick her up, and I'll get rid of those horrible little monsters once and for all!

AMBERT: Jerry.

JARVIS: Jarvis. [Jarvis.]

AMBERT: Jarvis. If anyone wants me, I'll be in the linen closet.

JARVIS: Bingo, Dad. [Okay, Dad.]

AMBERT, wandering, exits upstairs. JARVIS crosses to the clock.

NOTE: It is suggested that during JARVIS'S monologue, the translation is projected somewhere on the set.

JARVIS:

Left, right, left, right

I've got a girl way out west she's

Grows hair on her chest. Two all beef
patties, special sauce, lettuce,

[Tick, tock, tick, tock

make a wish on a grand-

father clock. Please

allow me to communicate

cheese, pickles, onions on a sesame seed bun. Four score and seven years ago, two burgers up and make 'em bleed. Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes.

He thinks for a moment.

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be they name, and to the Republic for which it stands one nation under the big top. Never give a sucker an even break. Melanie McCain, come on down. You're the next contestant on the Price Is Right. Flaps up. Ailerons down. Keep it between the ditches, good buddy, and I'll catch you on the flip-flop. When you hit them, hit them hard. When they get up, hit them again. On my honor, I promise to do my duty to God and my country and to obey the scout law.

Smiling.

Houston control, we're looking good. Blend together one egg, a teaspoon of warm water and the cookie mix. Place dough on an ungreased cookie sheet and bake at 350 for twelve minutes. Would you prefer the smoking or the non-smoking section? Keep your eye on the ball and follow through. Which came first, the chicken or the egg? If you can see them, then they can see you. Have you ever been convicted of a felony? And if you have, what was it? 'I' before 'E' except after 'C.' LOL. His bark is worse than his bite.

with others. Although I am an intelligent,

Articulate person, I cannot seem to express myself.]

[Here is an example. I decided last week that I would make my big move for Melanie McCain. There she was like a fairy tale princess at the end of hall feverishly trying to open her locker. I knew she had forgotten her combination so using basic algebra, I volunteered to crack the three number code.]

[Her large brown eyes looked so grateful as I opened the metal door to her upper level locker. I figured this was the moment to ask her out. So, I did. She slapped my face. I asked her out, and she slapped me. The only possible solutions I could come

up with were either she misunderstood me, or my technique stinks.]

MICAH enters from the kitchen.

MICAH: Jarvis.

JARVIS: Ding dong, Micah. [Hello, Micah.]

MICAH: Where's Dad?

JARVIS: Slopping the hogs. [Upstairs.]

MICAH: Could you get him?

JARVIS: Bingo. [Okay.]

MICAH: What?

JARVIS: The surgeon warns that cigarette smoking is hazardous to your health. [Do you have a hard time understanding what I say?]

MICAH: No. I've always understood every word you've said. Why?

JARVIS: Here's Johnny. [No, reason.]

JARVIS goes upstairs. MICAH crosses to the clock.

MICAH: I swore I would never wish on this stupid clock again. *(Looks around.)* Tick, tock, tick, tock, make a wish on a grandfather clock. I wish I could overcome my fear of small things. I can't believe I'm talking to a clock. *(Embarrassed.)*

There I was at the Hug-a-Heart Dating Service with my trench coat and sunglasses filling out my questionnaire. It was a very small questionnaire. Anyway, I included all the pertinent information; name, age, height, weight, hair and eye color, favorite movie – THE BIG CHILL, favorite book – MOBY DICK, favorite T.V. show – THE BIG BANG THEORY, hobbies – mountain climbing and fishing for large-mouth bass. The next section was the most important. It was the 'what do you want' section. I wrote I wanted a man at least six-foot-four inches tall!

(Pausing.) Two days later, I'm dressed to kill, and I'm waiting for my dream man to pick me up for our big date. The doorbell rang! Mom passed out. Dad went into the broom closet. Jarvis began muttering agricultural metaphors. Corie knocked herself to the floor. Everything was perfect! *(Pause.)* So, I threw open the door, and I threw up on my date. The computer had made a mistake. Instead of a man six-foot-four, I got a man four-foot-six! *(Laughing.)*

However, after two bottles of Pepto-Bismal and a trip to the twenty-four hours dry cleaner, we had a nice time. We made sure it was always too dark for me to be aware of his height. (*Smiling.*) We've been dating for two months, and I still don't know what he looks like. Oh well, que sera, sera.

NARA enters from the kitchen, followed by CORIE.

NARA: I don't care what she said. You don't chase your sister around with black-eyed peas!

CORIE: She's the one who threw them down the garbage disposal!

NARA: Corie, as far as I'm concerned, you're just as guilty as she is!

JARVIS and AMBERT enter, coming downstairs with a large bottle of champagne.

NARA: Jarvis, what have you got?

JARVIS: Dial 0 for operator assistance. [A bottle of champagne.]

NARA: Champagne?

MICAH: Where did you find it?

JARVIS: Here comes the king, Here comes the king. Here comes the big number one. [Dad was trying to screw a light bulb onto it.]

MICAH: He was trying to screw a light bulb onto a champagne bottle?

AMBERT: That damn lamp never has worked.

NARA: Where did the champagne come from?

CORIE: It's your New Year's Eve gift!

NARA: We can't afford champagne.

MICAH: Yes, we can, Mom.

JARVIS: Postage and handling included. [It is a tradition.]

MICAH: That's right! Champagne on New Year's Eve is a tradition!

NARA: But the money?

CORIE: We all chipped in. It really wasn't much.

JARVIS: Please print or type. [It is okay.]

NARA: Ambert, we have the best kids in the world.

AMBERT: Yeah?

NARA: That's right.

AMBERT: Do I know them?

NARA: Of course!

AMBERT: Good.

NARA: Why did you get such a big bottle?

CORIE: Micah bought it.

MICAH: Do you really think that's a big bottle?

NARA: Oh my Lord! Look at the time! Hurry! Jarvis get some glasses!

Micah, open the bottle! (*AMBERT wanders off.*) Corie, get your father!

JARVIS exits, rushing offstage. MICAH uncorks the champagne. JARVIS enters, rushing in with champagne glasses.

NARA: Here we go! (*The Lepsie family, MICAH, NARA, CORIE, JARVIS and AMBERT, gather around the clock. It begins to gong.*)

One! (*Gong two.*) Two!

CORIE: Tick, tock, tick, tock...

Gong three.

NARA: Three!

MICAH: Tick, tock, tick, tock...

Gong four.

NARA: Four!

JARVIS: Left, right, left, right... [Tick, tock, tick, tock...]

Gong five.

NARA: Five!

Gong six.

CORIE: Dad make a wish!

Gong seven.

NARA: Seven!

AMBERT: What?

Gong eight.

NARA: Eight!

CORIE: Make a wish!

Gong nine.

NARA: Nine!

AMBERT: Starlight, star bright...

Gong ten.

NARA: Ten!

JARVIS: Negative, Dad. [No, Dad!]

Gong eleven.

NARA: Eleven!

AMBERT: What? I don't understand?

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