

JUMP...

a one act drama

by Ryan Naamdheh

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By Ryan Naamdheew

Characters:

- **Navii** – A transgender girl (not transitioned from a boy yet) who wishes to end her life by jumping off a building. She is sarcastic and snarky although emotionally fragile.
- **London** – A man who lives upon the building, questioning for years whether he should jump or not. He is energetic, bubbly, frantic and dry-humoured.
- **Solum** – A man who wishes to see Navii and London jump off the building. He is jovial and oblivious to people’s feelings. He hides a deeply, personal secret.
- **Death** – Intense and wicked but sprinkled with touches of childlike behaviour. He/She loves toiling with people and their minds. He/She is best friends with Animism.
- **Animism** – Believes that every object in the material universe is alive and that they possess a spiritual force. He/She is preachy, vibrant and arrogant.
- **Zealots** – Malicious and deadly creatures. Followers of Animism

Costumes

- **Navii** – A pink tutu/short dress, long-sleeve hoodie and casual shoes.
- **London** – Rugged pants, worn-out long-sleeve shirt, an old jacket (preferably yellow) and no socks or shoes.
- **Solum** – A sweater (preferably orange), long jeans and casual shoes.
- **Death** – A slim, sleek black suit, white shirt, purple tie, purple belt and formal black or purple shoes. Extra accessories can be added to emphasize that this character is a symbol of death i.e. small skulls. His sleeves will be rolled up.
- **Animism** – A slim, sleek grey/ white suit, black shirt, green tie, formal black or green shoes, flower crown on his head, around his neck and flower bracelets on both his wrists.
- **Zealots** – Blue cloths draped around them in different styles and blue socks. The same color should be maintained for all zealots but can vary in shades.

A rugged, worn-out couch lies at stage center, slightly skewed. A couple of boxes lay at stage right. A heap of clothes, newspapers and other miscellaneous objects are placed mainly at stage left but also sparsely scattered across various parts of the stage. Navii, appearing from the shadows slowly makes her way down stage towards downstage center. She is utterly frightened, with tears in her eyes, taking each step more slowly as she nears the edge of the stage. She struggles to but eventually looks over the edge of the stage. Lights shine solely on her.

London: You can wait your turn!

Navii screams in fear and jumps back. London screams for a moment before immediately regaining himself. The lights come on across the stage; also revealing London at stage left.

London: Thank you! Now if you excuse me, I was in the middle of a very important matter. *(He begins stretching in a comedic fashion)* Now...that should do it.

London steps forward and gets ready to jump.

Navii: No, wait! Wait! *(Realizing what is happening).*

Navii grabs London and pulls him back fiercely.

London: Hey?! *(Escapes out of Navii's grasp)* Bloody hell. What do you think you're doing, exactly?

Navii: Me? What are YOU doing?!

London: Well isn't it obvious.

Navii: You were going to...

London: Why are you up here? Same reason as me, I bet.

Navii is at a loss of words.

London: Well, lovely chatting with you. I'll be on my way.

London gets ready to jump again.

Navii: Wait! *(Just before London jumps).*

London gets startled and ends up slipping on the stage, almost falling off. He quickly gets up and dusts off his shirt in anger. He then relaxes himself.

London: Yes?

Navii: Why are you going to jump? *(Utterly concerned)*

London: Does it really matter?

Navii: Yes. Of course it does.

London: Oh and are you the decider of fates?

Navii: I am only concerned.

London: ONLY Concerned? (*Laughing*). Concerned with what? That a stranger is going to jump off a building and end his life with blood splattered across the concrete floor? (*Thinks about what he said*) Ugh...that was a sickening image. I creeped myself out.

Navii: I mean...are you sure you want to do this?

London: Hey, Guardian Angel, you're doing a terrible job if you're trying to save me. Send that message back to God.

Navii: I'm afraid even I cannot reach God at this point, let alone be a messenger.

London: Unusually deep.

Navii: Won't you tell me why? Why do you want to jump? Why do you want to end it all?

London: End it all (*Thinks*)...now that's powerful. I should write that down.

Navii: How many times have you said that?

London: Far too many. I do remember a quote however...

Navii: Which is?

London: I think it went... (*Splays arms*) "Why do you want to end it all?"

Navii: That's what I said.

London: Your observation skills are quite impeccable. You're the first person to come up here and thus the first person to really water my thirsty ears.

Navii: How long have you been up here?

London: 5 years. (*Smiling widely*)

Navii: 5 years!

London: Mesmerizing solitude, mind you. It was splendid lest all the odd pigeon encounters. Quite odd indeed. (*Thinking*). You're sure filled with a lot of questions. Eh, I wouldn't mind indulging in some conversation before the sky swallows me up. What is your name, by the way?

Navii: Navii.

London: Navii? (*Chuckles*) That's exceptional. I'm London.

Navii: Like the city?

London: No...like the toy shop. Yes, of course the city.

Navii: Sorry...

London: What brings you up here, Navii?

Navii: A very disastrous series of events.

London: Again...really hitting those heart tugging balls home. Nevertheless, I don't have the time for that.

Navii: Usually people say they DO have the time to hear someone out.

London: I'm not the "usual" type of person.

Navii: Clearly. *(Becoming slightly agitated)*

London: Fine, share with me small anecdotes. Use as many metaphors as possible.

Navii: Let's just say that I've been through...quite a lot in these past few days.

London: Well what does that mean? "Quite a lot"? Brushing your teeth twice a day could be considered "quite a lot" to people.

Navii: Perhaps I need time for my brain to make sense of it all. *(Trying to not think about the situation)*

London: Sense is arbitrary.

Navii steps forward to downstage center and lights shine solely on her.

Navii: The pain that seeps through my body chills my very bones. The wandering light within this primordial shell lights only the smallest crevices of my brain. My head is spinning; constantly spinning as if hands of grimy and cratered texture holds it and rotates it as my body tries to align itself. My heart is weak...oh so weak. Oh...so weak. My hands quiver at the sheer touch of my skin. This skin...

London: So why are you dressing a dress?

Lights come up again across the whole stage.

Navii: Excuse me?

London: The pink material you drape yourself in. Why are you wearing it?

Navii: Do you really want to know?

London: Perhaps.

Navii: Well considering that you interrupted me-

London: I did say I do not have much time.

Navii: Well time is illogical.

London: Indeed it is. And it is also quite illogical as to why you are still keeping me waiting.

Navii: I'm surprised you didn't bring the dress up earlier.

London: I do not need to judge one's apparel. Living on the top of a building gives you new perspective. It's the first time I've seen pink in a very long time. It's quite splendid.

Navii: What the hell did you even eat while you were up here?

London: Birds drop scraps of food as they fly over.

Navii: Drink?

London: It rains.

Navii: Where did you...

London: Chocolate rain my dear.

Navii: Ugh!

London: I am only joking! Please, do not carry that image to your grave. (*Thinking*) Though that would be quite hilarious. Tell me...has the world progressed so much that boys are wearing dresses openly now?

Navii: I wouldn't quite say that.

London: I should have known. Such societal changes are even too big for 5 years. Even in my day, I can't say we had it better. (*Moving towards downstage*) The sky: dark and murky, veils all light within the city. You realize how much sadness actually falls over this place from up here. You realize how much people actually cry...how much they actually smile. You watch lives rise to new heights and others crumble to dust.

Navii: So you're stalker?

London: I am not a stalker!

Navii: Of course. How did you see everyone from all the way up here? (*Sarcastic*)

London: I have... good eyes.

Navii: You crusty old man, don't lie to me.

London: I am far from crusty. I'm more...juicy.

Navii: Ew.

London: That came out wrong. I meant to say...smoky.

Navii: You meant to say: perverted.

London: I am not a pervert!

Navii: That's why you want to jump. You ran away because the cops were catching onto your perverted shenanigans.

London: You're really stamping on my nerves. Although... I wish it was that simple.

Navii: So you have your own...series of events?

London: Oh but mine were wickedly wonderful.

Navii: How so?

London: I had freedom, Navii. Pure, sweet freedom. I could savor it every second of every day. The blissful days of my past I will always hold dear to me. Imagine it! A world of mystery. But that world is yourself. Because I meant the world... to myself.

Navii: Egotistical?

London: Unmoved by judgement.

London moves to downstage center as he speaks.

London: The whole city was in the palm of my hands. I didn't care if someone managed to escape through the gaps of my long, twisted fingers. I was the talk of the town and a force to be reckoned with. It was a time of unique discovery where one touch of another; where exchanges of hands and delicate lips; melted fear like glass. The slinking pulse of pinks and purples enveloped me in their sheets of saturated colour. I was against the backdrop of profound change. I was at the forefront of a revolutionary movement. Even the stars dulled their light... because I shone so bright! But of course, there are 7 billion people on Earth. And this city isn't some cut off part from the world. The internet crept and lurked its way into the mind of its citizens. For every invention, someone will improve on it while someone else will twist it. That was all in the past.

Navii: It seems the past is still sleeping on your shoulders.

London: It always sleeps uncomfortably. I give it one or two shrugs from time to time. But now I'm here.

Navii: Now you're here. And you're going to do what?

London: I'm going to jump.

Navii: Jump...? (*Thinking*)

London: No...I'm going to fly. (*Mimicking a bird flapping its wings*)

Navii: That's two very different things.

London: Well of course. That's why they're two different words.

Navii: You can't possibly think you will fly?

London: Why not?

Navii: Because...you CAN'T fly!

London: But I'm a bird. (*Smiles widely*)

Navii: You're not a bird!

London: If you can wear a dress then I can be a bird.

Navii and London slowly approach each other as they trade lines.

Navii: You're a pervert and a psycho!

London: If you were told your whole life that you were bird...would you not believe that you were one? Even a perverted and psychotic one.

Navii: No!

London: Are you sure about that?

Navii: Certainly.

London: How certain are you with decisions?

Navii: Quite good, mind you.

London: That's a good laugh!

Navii: You don't know me!

London: So have you made your decision on when you're going to jump off this building?

Navii is silent, breathing heavily from the heated exchange.

London: Why are you wearing a dress?

Navii: Why do you care?

London: Because-

Solum rushes on stage from backstage left, panting and with a popcorn box in his hand.

Solum: Did I miss it?!

London screams and jumps into Navii's arms.

Solum: Please don't tell me I missed it- (*Sees London and Navii*) Ah yes! You guys are still here!

Navii looks annoyed and drops London.

Navii: One of your perverted friends?

London: Of course not. I don't have friends. *(Dusting himself off as he gets up)*

Solum: I'm just an observer; don't worry. *(Jumps on couch)*

Navii: So he is one.

London: My couch. *(High-pitched voice)*

Solum: I came to watch you two. *(Eats box of popcorn)*

London: Bloody hell. Get off my couch would you?

Solum: It's so comfortable. Got a real good spring to it. *(Bounces up and down on it)*

London: Inner peace, London, inner peace. *(Becoming frustrated)*

Navii: And what exactly did you come to watch?

Solum: You two.

Silence.

London: Why? *(Looks at Solum, shocked)*

Solum: I wanted to see the moment unfold in front of my own eyes. Video recordings and photos just don't capture that feeling of genuine emotion.

Navii: Genuine emotion from?

Solum: From seeing you two jump off this building.

London and Navii look baffled. Solum gets up and approaches London.

London: Excuse me? I have not cleaned my ears in 5 years but did I hear that correctly?

Solum: Plastic-sleeve clear, buddy. *(Places his arm around London and spreads his arm (still holding the popcorn) out as he explains)* I was taking a quiet stroll...by myself. Until my eyes hooked onto two figures upon this building. Well, my peak skyrocketed, almost high enough to reach the building but alas I had to climb the set of stairs that led to THIS! Oh, this perfect sight. This was not before I got myself a good old snack. I thought to myself...gosh; this will be just like the movies... but in real life!

London: So real life?

Solum: Quite so. Now don't let my words flap around you endlessly. I'll let them leave you two alone so you can continue your intentions. Remember to build up pace; don't want it to end too early now do we? *(Hops back on couch and starts eating popcorn)*

London: What a strange man.

Navii: Strange is the understatement of the century for this guy. Why would anyone want to watch people committing-

London: Self-murder? Well why would anyone want to watch internet porn?

Navii: How did this get to porn?! That's not what we're talking about here.

London: I believe it is. Or it could be or maybe it was. Maybe it was always there.

Navii: No it never was, is or will be.

Solum: DRAMA!

London: Dabble on this thought. Why would one want to watch porn compared to why someone would want to watch someone end their life in dramatic fashion? It's all the same notion, Navii.

Solum: Plot twist! (*Gasps*)

London: There are 7 billion people walking this Earth.

Navii: And so?

London: And so, every person carries out a bundle of thoughts... like a backpack to school. Inside, that backpack holds books and although the content may be similar in the way it is laid out, written, pasted, copied... the way the books are covered and even the items and stationary within that backpack are all different from one another. Neither one person's backpack nor what enters it or leaves it will be the same as the next.

Solum: Hmm...revelations.

London: Revelations indeed.

Solum: Oooo! You know...with your backpack idea...people...like... share stuff, right?

Solum hops off the couch and rushes forward.

London: Water that idea a bit more.

Navii: I don't believe he has anything useful to say.

Solum: Well...sometimes people share stationary or notes. Different backpacks get filled with all sorts of different stuff. Sometimes, we get stuff that we like and we use it or copy it.

Navii: And sometimes we receive things we despise.

Solum: And then we throw that stuff out.

Navii: How I wish. (*Looks at Solum*)

London: While this man may have a backpack filled with odd and somewhat disturbing fetishes, others may have a liking to other interests...such as porn.

Navii: Or feet.

London: Or eyes.

Solum: Or pineapples on pizzas.

Navii: Or alcohol.

London: Or sadism.

Solum: Maybe saying poe-taaa-toes.

Navii: Perhaps gambling.

London: Or maybe they fancy wearing a dress. *(Looking into Navii's eyes)*

There is an awkward tension between Navii and London. Solum, smiling joyfully, oblivious to the tension is shaking, eager to continue the conversation. He turns to London.

Solum: But which ones do we accept?

London: The ones you choose to put into your backpack.

Navii: But you can't change the actual backpack.

Solum: Hm? *(Turns to Navii)*

London: Well of course you can.

Navii: It would be quite a difficult process.

London: Indeed. You would have to move over everything to try and fit it in.

Solum: And getting used to a new bag *(Starts thinking about his past. His eagerness and jubilation slowly diminish)* ...that was always the worst thing for me in school.

London: That was the worst?

Solum: Well... I wouldn't say the "worst". *(Tries to forget about the inner sadness building up inside of him)* It was just an over-exaggeration.

Navii: This whole situation feels over-exaggerated.

Solum: I hear that. *(Regaining his former jovial nature)*

Navii: You are not allowed to say anything! You came up here to watch us die.

Solum: Well not really. I wouldn't SEE you die. I would just watch you guys leap off the edge.