



JINXED!

a one act comedy

by Ash Crestfelt

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SCENE

Inside a small psychologist's clinic.

TIME

The afternoon of April 1st, 2007.

THE CHARACTERS

NIC	A cranky and anti-social young man who is sent to a psychologist for help. He despises being around other human beings.
GAIICHÉ	A flamboyant actor. He is also quite forgetful.
VAL	An easily angered country girl.
LUDOVIC	A foreign chef who is out of luck.
BENO	The leader of the mischievous twins and Bena's sister.
BENA	Beno's follower and her brother.
DOC	A lazy psychologist that slacks off often. She also enjoys drinking juice.
NURSES (4)	Doc's helpers in the clinic.
CITIZENS (4)	Townpeople eager to capitalize on sales.
ANNOUNCER	Informs everybody of sales through the Public Announcement (PA) system.

SCENE ONE

NIC *impatiently sits by himself*. BENO and BENA *run with VAL's hat*. VAL *chases after them*. DOC *sits at her desk, drinking juice*. Two NURSES *try to take the juice away from DOC, while the other two try to calm BENO, BENA, and VAL down*.

DOC: Hey, get me a refill. I don't have a date today, so I'm feeling a little empty.

NURSE #1: But it's not Valentine's Day, it's April Fool's!

DOC: Same difference.

LUDOVIC *enters with a knife in hand*. BENO, BENA, and VAL *stop running*. NIC *anxiously shifts in his seat*. The NURSES *hide behind DOC*.

VAL: What's his deal?

LUDOVIC: I came for money.

DOC: Security!

LUDOVIC (*waving his knife*): That is not what I meant!

NURSE #2: I'll go get the tranquilizer!

LUDOVIC (*tossing knife aside*): Wait! I mean no harm. I have just come to receive a refund for the counseling session my wife scheduled for me.

DOC: Sorry, we don't do refunds.

LUDOVIC: But my wife booked the appointment without my knowledge—

DOC: That's normal around here. Besides, I think you need help. What's with the bloodstained get up? You kill someone already?

LUDOVIC: I am a chef!

NIC: More like a butcher.

LUDOVIC: I was late to work, was in a bus accident, squirted ketchup on myself, set my restaurant on fire, and lost my job.

NIC: Talk about getting fired.

LUDOVIC: Worst of all, I lost my phone in the crowd outside! It is as if someone is playing one big April Fool's prank on me!

DOC: Well, that's why you're here isn't it? Have a seat.

LUDOVIC: But I am not here to—

DOC: Look mister, you're not getting your money back. So you might as well relax.

LUDOVIC *reluctantly sits down next to NIC. NIC shifts away from him. BENO and BENA resume running with VAL's hat. VAL resumes chasing them. DOC continues drinking juice. NURSES continue preventing chaos in the clinic.*

NIC: Doc, when are we finishing this thing?

DOC: What thing?

NIC: This counseling shenanigans! Just let me go already!

DOC: Zip it. Your session's not over yet.

NIC: It never started to begin with!

DOC (*to VAL, BENO & BENA*): Fine, fine. Settle down children.

BENO, BENA, *and VAL continue their rampage.*

DOC: I SAID SHUT UP!

BENO, BENA, *and VAL freeze.*

DOC: Good. Now we're going to start with group therapy.

LUDOVIC: Group therapy?

DOC: Yeah, where you guys figure out your issues with each other.

BENO: Is it a game?

DOC: Sure.

BENA: A really fun game?

DOC: Yes, one really big fun game that everybody plays together.

BENO: What's the prize?

DOC: Winner gets to go home.

NIC: I'm in.

DOC: Right. Everyone grab a chair and sit down in a line.

NIC, LUDOVIC, BENO, BENA, *and VAL take a chair each and sit down in a straight line.*

DOC: Now everyone talk to the person on your left.

They all turn to their left to talk, but end up facing each other's backs. There is an awkward silence.

NIC: Well that didn't work.

LUDOVIC: Who am I supposed to talk to?

VAL: I'm guessing my backside.

LUDOVIC: How rude.

DOC: Uh-huh. Now stay that way for a bit, will you?

LUDOVIC: I want a refund.

DOC: Not happening.

LUDOVIC: Listen, lady, I will sue—

A scream is heard offstage. Everyone goes silent. GAIICHÉ falls in from the crowd outside. A clock is strapped to him.

DOC: Alright, what is it this time?

GAIICHÉ: This is a mental hospital, right?

DOC: For the good, bad, and the weird – yes, it is. What can we do for you?

GAIICHÉ: Doc, I think I have a mental disease.

DOC: Disease? We don't deal with diseases here, just disorders.

GAIICHÉ: You see, I'm an actor – the stage kind.

NIC: That explains the outfit.

GAIICHÉ: The thing is...this isn't a costume. I woke up this morning with this clock strapped to me and I don't know why.

DOC: That sounds like a prank.

GAIICHÉ: To top it off, I'm convinced the minute hand is going the wrong way. I don't have time for this – my agent will get mad when he finds out I've been duped! And I have a gut feeling that I'm supposed to remember something important for later today...

NIC: Wait, you said the minute hand is going the wrong way. What do you mean?

GAIICHÉ: Look, it's going backwards, not forwards.

LUDOVIC: Like a countdown timer?

NIC: Uh-oh. This is bad.

DOC: How so?

NIC: It's a bomb!

LUDOVIC: Bomb?!

BENO & BENA: What?

VAL & DOC: Huh?

GAICHÉ: Where?!

NIC: On you!

LUDOVIC: We are all going to die!

BENO *and* BENA *start crying*.

VAL (*to* GAICHÉ): C'mere ya stage freak!

GAICHÉ *runs from* VAL, *but is quickly restrained*. DOC *drinks juice as if there's no tomorrow*. The NURSES *frantically run in circles*.

NIC (*to* VAL): Wait, don't pull it off! It'll blow!

VAL *freezes*. *Everyone goes silent*.

NIC: If we try to remove it, it might explode sooner.

GAICHÉ: What do we do?

NIC: You get out.

GAICHÉ: No.

NIC: I said get out!

GAICHÉ: I need help!

NIC: I don't care. Go get help from the police or something.

GAICHÉ: But there's no one around.

NIC: What?

GAICHÉ: They're all gone on crowd control duty...for that mall over there.

NIC: Fine, then go to another psycho doc who'll remove that thing from you. Go, now! Move it!

GAICHÉ: But—

VAL: No buts. Just get outta here.

LUDOVIC: Please leave.

NURSE #1: Yeah, leave!

NURSE #2: Get out!

NURSE #3: Go away!

NURSE #4: Shoo. Shoo.

GAICHÉ starts to leave, but a loud siren sound can be heard. BENO and BENA imitate the siren. DOC covers her ears. VAL, LUDOVIC, and NIC look around confused. The NURSES chatter nervously.

ANNOUNCER: Attention, ladies and gentlemen. As part of our April Fool's celebration this year, the Marvelous Mall is having a massive sale, where everything is 50% off! You heard us right: 50% off of everything in the Marvelous Mall! This is not a joke. Hurry, the sale lasts only two hours. Happy shopping!

The crowd outside erupts in joy. The NURSES run out in excitement.

CITIZEN #1 (*offstage*): Hurry! Everything is cheap!

CITIZEN #2 (*offstage*): Out of my way!

The NURSES return.

NURSE #1: Bad news.

NURSE #2: We can't get out.

NURSE #3: The crowds from the mall are blocking the way.

NURSE #4: I think it'll be like this until the sale is over.

NIC *examines the window.*

NIC: Yeah, it's getting pretty ugly.

VAL: Any other way outta here?

NIC: Well, we're on the first floor of a tiny clinic, where the only way in or out is through that door. But right now we're facing a fire hazard, because there are too many people blocking our only escape route.

LUDOVIC: What about the windows?

NIC: None of them are large enough for any of us to fit out. They might as well be mouse holes. Thanks a bunch, Doc.

DOC: What? I was on a budget.

NIC: Of course you were. I can't even see out the window. Actually, scratch that, I can see...people...sort of.

CITIZEN #1: Ow, my spleen!

CITIZEN #2: I can't feel my leg!

CITIZEN #3: I don't know what my face is touching!

CITIZEN #4: Spider!

CITIZEN #1: Where?!

CITIZEN #2: I don't know!

CITIZENS *scream in panic.*

NIC: I am not going into that. I mean who in their sane minds would want to be with that many people and—

LUDOVIC: I do not mean to interrupt, but I believe we have a bigger problem at hand.

Everyone looks at GAIICHÉ.

GAIICHÉ: What? Is there something on my face?

VAL: Oh, there'll be somethin' on yer face when I'm done with ya.

LUDOVIC: Should we still attempt to push him out?

NIC: Even if we tried to, this guy wouldn't make it very far in the crowd. He'd blow up near us and we'd get caught in the blast. Plus, the moment we open that door, people will come pouring in and we'd be even more trapped than we are now. We'd be worst off than a bunch of sardines in a can.

VAL: What if we yell "bomb" at 'em?

NIC: Do you think they'll hear us?