

JARS

By

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Cast of Characters

Heely: Female. Thirties.

Shyne: Female. Thirties.

Scene

A treehouse in Helena, Arkansas.

Time

Dusk.

LIGHTS UP. AN OLD TREE HOUSE.

The aged wood has warped and turned green. Cobwebs and dust litter the area. Lining the walls are numerous SEALED MASON JARS. An old, kid-made sign hangs and reads 'THE PALACE OF HEELY AND SHYNE. DEATH TO ALL BOYS DARE ENTER'.

HEELY sits in the middle of the tree house, near the door on the floor, thumbing through a stack of OLD MAGAZINES. A SMALL WOODEN BOX and OLD BATTERY -POWERED JAMBOX sit next to her. There's a knock at the door. Heely smiles and sets turns away from the magazines.

HEELY

What's the password?

SHYNE (O.S.)

Let me in, Heely.

HEELY

Not 'till you say the password. I's here first, you know the rules.

SHYNE (O.S.)

Ain't we too old fer passwords?

HEELY

Uh-uh.

SHYNE (O.S.)

You called me out here, jus' open the door.

Heely waits.

(exasperated)

Your royal highness, Heely. Please let me in else 'for I fully turn into a pig.

HEELY

And?

SHYNE (O.S.)

Really?

HEELY

Finish it.

SHYNE (O.S.)
Cause I already smell like one.

Heely laughs as she unlocks the door and opens it. SHYNE enters, holding a DOG LEASH. She shuts the door.

HEELY
Wasn't so hard was it?

SHYNE
What're we doin' here?

HEELY
No 'hello'?

SHYNE
Saw each other jus' this mornin'.

HEELY
That was this mornin'.

(Beat.)
Ain't you want one last look at the place 'for ya go?

SHYNE
Surprised it's still standin'.

HEELY
Palace a' Heely n' Shyne weathers all sorts a things.

She sees the leash.
Whatchu' holdin' that for?

SHYNE
It's Dodie's.

HEELY
I know. Why you holdin' it?

SHYNE
Let her go as we was loadin' up so's I could meet you here.
Only thing I could think of.

HEELY
Tellin' him woulda' been easier, yeah?

SHYNE
No. It wouldn't.

Pause. Heely reaches for the box.

Look what I got.

HEELY

She opens the box and removes a MARIJUANA JOINT and MATCHBOOK.

'Member we useta' come up here an' get stupid with this stuff?

SHYNE

How old is that thing?

HEELY

Wanna' hit?

SHYNE

No, I don't want a hit.

HEELY

Why come, you ain't drivin'.

SHYNE

He'll smell it on me. 'Sides if that's the same stuff from back in ninety-seven I don't want it touchin' me. Sheer poison, that is.

HEELY

Fine.

She puts the joint and matchbook back in the box.

Be that a' way.

SHYNE

Why'd you make me come out here?

HEELY

You the one done let yer dog run off. I didn't make you do nothin'.

SHYNE

Why am I here?

HEELY

Gettin' dark.

SHYNE

I know. Gotta go 'for it gets that way.

HEELY

Fireflies be comin' out soon.

SHYNE
Christ, Heely.

HEELY
What?

SHYNE
You make me come all the way out here, leavin' him waitin' for me to find our dog, so's we could catch fireflies?

HEELY
Some a the best times in my life was catchin' fireflies with you. Nothin' but the sounds of us laughin' and a choir a crickets.

SHYNE
We ain't catchin' no fireflies.

HEELY
I been practicin'. Bet money I could get more n' you this time.

SHYNE
We ain't sixteen no more.

HEELY
(motioning to the jars)
Finish our collection.

SHYNE
These jars ain't full a' nothin' but dead things.

HEELY
Finally get to a' hundred.

SHYNE
I said no.

HEELY
A'right.

Heely reaches for the jambox and presses play.

SHYNE
What's goin' on with you?

HEELY
Nothin'.

Tom Petty's 'AMERICAN GIRL' plays.
Jus' want one last time before you go.

One last time fer what?
SHYNE

You know.
HEELY

She scoots closer to Shyne. Rubs
her thigh.
Got our song goin'.

We ain't got a song.
SHYNE

What're you doin'?
She flashes a smile.

Don't matter so long as it's workin'. Look on yer face says
it is.
HEELY

I...
SHYNE

A kiss. Snapping out of it, Shyne
pushes Heely. She goes for the
jambox and shuts it off.
I ain't that girl no more. I'm a married woman now.

Only in God's eyes.
HEELY

Yeah. In God's eyes. And in Doyle's, his momma's, my
daddy's. All a ' Helena's eyes know me as Mrs. Sutton now.
'Bout time yours knew the same.
SHYNE

She opens the door.
And Mr. and Mrs. Sutton are movin' to Houston, Texas and we
are never comin' back. You can catch fireflies without me.

She starts to head down.

Was last Tuesdy somethin' God's eyes saw, too?
HEELY

Well, was it?
Shyne stops. Silence.

It was a mistake.
SHYNE