

Scene 1 - Lounge

(Tabs open. Lights up. The stage is split into four areas. From stage right to left these are, Hallway, Lounge, Jack and Jill's kitchen, Susan and Brian's Kitchen. The scene opens in the lounge area of married couple Jack and Jill Jenkins. Jill is sitting in her armchair, doing a crossword puzzle, when Jack storms into the room. Jill doesn't look up, just continues with her crossword)

Jack: That's it, that's it! I can't do it! I just can't take it anymore. It's beyond the pale. It just is. I can't bear it any longer. Staring at the same four walls, looking at the same television, not seeing anyone. Not talking to anyone. Just being trapped here in this house, with no chance to go out. It's inhuman, that's what it is. Inhuman I tell you! **(Drops to his knees)** I'm never going to make it. Never. Do you understand. I'm just not going to make it!

(Jill carries on with her crossword and doesn't look up)

Jill: You only started to self-isolate two hours ago.

(Jack stands up)

Jack: Two hours?

Jill: Yes.

Jack: Is that all it's been?

Jill: Yes:

Jack: It feels like it's been weeks.

Jill: Just pull yourself together and go and make a cup of tea.

Jack: Tea? How can you think about tea at a time like this?

Jill: You're right. I'll have a coffee.

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Jack: What are we going to do Jill?

(Jill puts the crossword down and stands up)

Jill: Well I'm going to put the kettle on.

Jack: How can you be so calm woman?

Jill: It's the same for everyone Jack. We are all in the same boat.

Jack: Oh, how I could picture myself on a boat on a river.

Jill: With tangerine trees and marmalade skies, somebody calls you; you answer quite slowly.

Jack: Very profound. Almost musical... Wait a minute, that sounds familiar.

Jill: That's because it's from 'Lucy In the Sky with Diamonds', by the Beatles.

(Jill exits out of the lounge area and into the kitchen area. Jack follows. Jill switches on the kettle.)

Jack: Doesn't self-isolation bother you at all?

Jill: Self- isolation isn't the problem. Being isolated in this house with you, is another matter.

Jack: Well that's nice I must say.

Jill: It's always the same with you.

Jack: What is?

Jill: Over reacting.

Jack: What are you talking about? How can I be accused of over reacting, with the plague forcibly knocking on our own front door?

Jill: It's coronavirus, not the Black Death.

Jack: I could be dead tomorrow.

Jill: Keep it up and it might happen even quicker.

Jack: I coughed this morning!

Jill: You cough every morning.

Jack: I've got a temperature.

Jill: You went to bed in an overcoat and a balaclava.

Jack: I need to phone 111 again.

Jill: Don't bother to give them your name, they'll just recognise your voice.

Jack: I don't think you are taking this seriously enough.

Jill: There's no need, you're taking it seriously enough for both of us. Jack, it's the same as always. You get a headache and you think it's a brain tumour. You have indigestion and you immediately think you are having a heart attack.

Jack: Are you honestly saying that you think I'm a hypochondriac?

Jill: No, I'm sure you are. Get a grip. This is the first day of our self-isolation. We have thirteen more days of this.

Jack: Thirteen! My goodness that's unlucky.

Jill: As your favourite television programme of all time would say. Don't panic!

Jack: Holby City?

Jill: Dads Army.

Jack: Oh yes.

Jill: Be more like Captain Mainwaring and less like Corporal Jones.

(The kettle boils and Jill make's the tea)

Jack: (Sings to the tune of ‘Who do you think you are kidding Mr. Hitler’ by Bud Flanagan) Who do you think, you are kidding Covid-19, if you think we’re on the run?

Jill: Better.

Jack: (sings) We are the boys that will stop your little game.

Jill: (sings) You are the man who is driving me insane.

Jack: That’s nice I must say.

Jill: Come and have a cup of tea.

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(Jill sits down at the kitchen table with two mugs of tea. Jack joins her. There is an iPad on the kitchen table)

Jack: Two weeks Jill! Two bloody weeks. What are we going to do for the next two bloody weeks?

Jill: Well you could paint the second bedroom.

Jack: Paint the second bedroom?

Jill: Yes, do you remember that I asked you to paint the second bedroom. Oh, when was it now? Ahh yes, I remember three years, four months and sixteen days ago.

(SFX. The doorbell rings)

Jack: Oh, my goodness!

Jack: (Almost spills his tea) There’s someone at the door.

Jill: Not much gets past you Jack.

Jack: But we are in self- isolation.

Jill: Yes but...

Jack: That’s it.

Jill: What is?

Jack: Get the government on the phone straight away.

Jill: Any particular department, or shall I go straight to Boris?

Jack: We can’t have people calling on us, if we are in self-isolation. They are breaking the rules. The Rules Jill. Those rules are there for a reason, they are not to be played around with. This is serious Jill.

Jill: Quite right Jack.

(SFX. Doorbell rings again)

Jill: Except that is our supermarket delivery.

Jack: What?

Jill: If you want your box of cereal, I suggest you answer the door.

(Jack tentatively walks through the lounge area of the stage and into the hall. Jill follows slowly behind him)

Jack: Now what do we do?

Jill: Well unless there is a way for him to metamorphous the shopping through the door, you will have to open it for him.

Jack: But I'm self-isolating.

Jill: Yes, don't worry. He will step back from the door.

Jack: How do you know he will?

Jill: Because he will.

Jack: Well, he might be a psychopath intent on infecting all the supermarket customers with Coronavirus.

Jill: Let's take the chance.

(Delivery man waves again)

Jill: Open the door Jack.

Jack: Are you sure you don't want to open the door. You are much better at door opening than I am.

Jill: Jack!

Jack: Alright, alright.

(Jack approaches the door and shouts through it)

Jack: Move away!

(The delivery man doesn't move)

Jack: Move away from the door!

(The delivery man still doesn't move).

Jack: **(to Jill)** He's not moving away.

Jill: He will when you open the door.

Jack: Are you sure.

Jill: I'd bet your life on it.

Jack: Okay.

(Jack is about to open the door and then stops to turn back to Jill)

Jack: What did you say?

Jill: Open the door!

(Jack opens the door and the delivery person steps back)

Delivery: Your on-line shopping order.

Jack: That's comforting. I didn't want anyone else's.

Delivery: We are not allowed to bring it in.

Jack: Good, I'll get it.

(Jack brings in each crate and unpacks them in the hall, while the delivery person continues to speak)

Delivery: We had to put some substitutes on.

Jack: **(still bringing in crates)** Really, who's on the bench?

Delivery: What?

Jack: Forget it. Just a football joke. Do you remember football? It's that game people used to watch being played every week.

Jill: **(from hallway)** What did you have to substitute?

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Delivery: Well instead of toilet roll, we have put on bleach.

Jack: I want to wipe my arse, not give it a spring clean.

Delivery: Instead of shower gel, we have put soap.

Jill: Anything else?

Delivery: Instead of eggs, we've put rice.

Jack: An omelette in your house must be interesting.

(Jack has unpacked the four crates)

Jill: Thank you. I understand. These are difficult times.

Jack: Made even more difficult without bloody toilet roll.

Delivery: I'm a key worker I'll have you know.

Jack: Well that's good. So are locksmiths.

Jill: Jack!

Jack: Sorry.

(Jack takes the crates and puts them on the doorstep. The delivery person picks them up)

Delivery: Apologies about the toilet roll. We've had a bit of a run on them.

(Delivery person exits with the crates)

Jack: Smart arse.

Jill: But has he a clean arse?

Jack: Very funny.

Jill: Well, put the shopping away Jack, I'm going to call Susan on Facetime.

(Jill exits through the lounge and back into the kitchen area. Jack stares at the shopping in the hallway and starts to pick some of it up, before following Jill through the lounge area and into the kitchen area. Jill sits down at the kitchen table, where she opens up the iPad. Jack also enters the kitchen, carrying in some of the shopping. As Jill begins to Facetime Susan, Susan and Brian's kitchen area on the stage lights up. Susan is seated at her kitchen table and answers her mobile phone. Brian is standing behind her.)

Susan: Hi Mum, how are you doing?

Jill: Not bad, that is if I don't end up killing your father.

Susan: I know what you mean Mum. Brian's driving me mad as well.

Brian: Oh, that's nice, I must say.

Jill: What's Brian been up to?

Susan: He's decided to re layout the garden while we are self-isolating.

Jill: Well that should keep him busy.

Susan: Unfortunately, as a gardener, he's a better DIY man.

Jill: But Brian is terrible at DIY.

Susan: Exactly my point.

Brian: I can hear you; you know.

Susan: What are you doing with yourself Mum?

Jill: Crosswords, telly, house work, staying calm while your father goes into one of his normal meltdowns. We've just had our shopping delivered.

Susan: Oh, that's good. I can't bear these irresponsible people who are panic buying and just filling up their trolleys as if it's the end of the world.

Jill: I agree.

Brian: Tell Jack to get out in the garden, get some air.

Jill: What? Air that some infected person may have breathed? Not Jack.

Brian: I'm going to put in a pond you know.

Jill: That's nice.

Brian: I've always wanted a pond. Thought this was a good time to build one.

Jill: Good.

Brian: Thought I'd have a fountain as well.

Jill: What about the fish?

Brian: What fish?

Jill: The fish for the pond.

Brian: You can't make those Jill; you have to go out and buy them.

Jill: From where?

Brian: Well aquatic shops I suppose.

Jill: But they are all closed.

Brian: Oh yes.

Susan: Don't worry mum, we have a lovely big hole where the lawn used to be. It's very fetching.

Jill: Can I see the kids?

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Susan: Well, Simon's upstairs on his Xbox, halfway through a quarter-final cup game and cannot be disturbed.

Jill: And Abigail?

Susan: She's spring cleaning her dolls house.

Jill: I'll call them back later when the match is over and the doll's house is looking pristine.

Susan: Can I talk to Dad?

Jill: You can, but you might need to take an antidepressant first.

(Jack joins Jill at the table and Jill hands him the iPad)

Susan: Hi Dad.

Jack: Hi darling. You and Brian okay?

Susan: We're coping. Are you?

Jack: Well I am, but your Mother gets a little hysterical at times. Thankfully I am always there to keep her calm, during these most challenging times.

Susan: You're a star Dad.

Jack: I know.

Susan: Dad, something terrible has happened

Jack: Really? What?

Susan: Well, you know before we all self-isolated, we borrowed your car, while ours was being serviced.

Jack: Yes.

Susan: We took it to the supermarket.

Jack: Okay.

Susan: And it was really useful, because your car is so much larger than our little thing, so we managed to fill up the boot and the back seat with loads of toilet roll.

Jack: So not panic buying then.

Susan: Oh no. We only bought ten packs of twelve.

Jack: It's not a mass irritable bowel syndrome plague you know.

Susan: No, but you know how everything goes to Brian's stomach.

Jack: We didn't get any toilet roll. We just got bleach.

Susan: That's useful.

Jack: It's not easy Susan, I have to tell you. Your Mother won't keep still for me to bleach her arse.

Susan: You're kidding right?

Jack: Yes. So apart from taking all the toilet roll from the supermarket, what terrible thing has happened?

Susan: Oh yes, that.

Jack: Did you have an accident in the car?

Susan: What? No, of course not. Brian is a very good driver.

Jack: Well, what then?

Susan: When we were unloading the shopping...

Jack: Yes?

Susan: Someone stole the car.

Jack: What?

Susan: Someone stole your car.

Jack: Bloody hell, that is terrible.

Susan: I know, they got all the flaming toilet roll.

Jack: Oh, for heaven's sake! I'll pass you back to your Mother.

(Jack stands up and starts to go through the shopping again. Jill takes the iPad back)

Jill: Did you call the police Susan?

Susan: Yes.

Jill: What did they say?

Susan: They wanted a description?

Jill: What did you tell them.

Susan: four packs were blue; two packs were pink and four packs were white.

Jill: I meant the car.
Susan: I didn't mention the car.
Jill: Oh Susan!
Susan: Mum, did I do something wrong?
Jill: I'll call you later Susan. I'm just going to calm your father down for the umpteenth time today.
Susan: Love you Mum.
Jill: Loved you too darling.

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(Jill disconnects the Facetime call. The lights in Sue and Brian's kitchen area go off. Jill stands up and exits the kitchen for the lounge area. After a few seconds Jack follows her to the lounge area, goes to the sideboard and pours himself a whiskey before sitting down on the sofa)

Jill: Are you okay?
Jack: Brilliant, just brilliant.
Jill: These things happen Jack.
Jack: They do to me.
Jill: Try to look on the bright side.
Jack: What bloody bright side. We are stuck here, self- isolating. Not seeing a living soul, except for the supermarket delivery man and now my bloody cars been stolen.
Jill: Not to mention the toilet roll.
Jack: I'm trying to forget about the toilet roll.
Jill: That's right, just think about the bleach.
Jack: Oh, hell Jill. I've simply had enough! Enough I tell you. I just can't take any more.
Jill: Are we going to be Corporal Jones or captain Mainwaring?
Jack: What?
Jill: **(sings)** Who do you think, you are kidding Covid-19, if you think we're on the run. We are the boys that will stop your little game. We are the boys that will make you think again.
Jack: Very nice **(swallows his whiskey and stands up)** I'm going to the toilet.
(Jack exits)
Jill: **(Thinks for a few seconds)** I'll bring up the bleach.