

# LIFE JITTERS

**Dramatic Comedy Duet**

by  
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## CHARACTERS

CASSIE: 18 year old bride  
JACK: 18 year old groom

**At Rise:** *A door is set perpendicular to the audience and slightly left of center stage. As the curtain rises, we see a nervous BRIDE pacing the floor on the stage right side, the slightly larger side of the stage that is separated by the door. SHE's fully dressed and ready for her wedding, mumbling to herself and carrying an old-looking spiral-bound notebook that SHE keeps referring to. SHE also has a pen tucked into her curled and bound hair, which SHE pulls out upon occasion to make notations in the notebook.*

CASSIE: *(nervously pacing with her notebook and talking to herself at a quick tempo)* Ah, ha! And sail the seven seas! There's no check mark by that one, so obviously one would deduce that I haven't done that yet! Let me check with myself. Self, have you yet sailed the seven seas? Ah, nooo, don't think so... um hum. I didn't think so, so that is just one more thing. *(frantically flipping a page in the notebook)* Also, I see here that you were planning on spending a year in Paris, drinking coffee in cute little outdoor cafés WHILE the sun comes up AND drinking wine in those same cute cafés while the sun goes down! Done that yet? No! Right, you haven't done that yet, either. AND... *(unceremoniously snaps the pen from her coif and starts writing)* while we're on the subject of wine, let's add a little something here. Trip to the French countryside to stay at 200-year-old vineyard. Well, I suppose that... maybe that's something I COULD do with a husband. Okay, any of these things I could do with a husband... I guess. But, the question is, do I WANT to? Yes, let's explore that, shall we? *(flips to a fresh page in book and writes the question out)* Do. I. Want. Let's put the word WANT all in caps. To. Do. These. Things. With. A. Husband. Question mark! There! *(puts the book down and claps her hands together a couple of times and waiting for herself to answer)* Well? Do I? *(thinks for a moment, then a conclusion begins to dawn on her and SHE sits down in a chair, deflated)* Of course, doing these things with a husband would be great. So, really, the question, to be more succinct, is do I want to do these things with Jack? Oh, man. Oh, MAN!! STOP! DON'T THINK THIS WAY! Oh, man. Oh, God, no. I don't want to think these thoughts. I don't want to have these thoughts. I love Jack! He's great! He's... he's... cute... and he's... um... brave, yeah, he's brave... I think... and he's so... so... so really cute. NO! I already used that one. Okay, he's... *(sounding more assertive)* He's kind and confident and cool and sweet and good looking. Gee, I never expected to catch such a good looking guy... he's also funny and... he's... he's fun to be with; that's important! And... let's see... he's...

JACK: *(Enters stage left and walks up to the closed door dressed in wedding attire and looks concerned. HE knocks at the door.)* Cassie?

CASSIE: *(jumps at the sound)* Jack!

JACK: Are you okay, babe?

CASSIE: *(barely a whisper)* Yes.

JACK: What? I can't hear you. Are you okay?

CASSIE: *(more forcefully)* YES! I'm fine!

JACK: *(laughs a little nervously)* What are you doin' in there, Cass?

CASSIE: *(suddenly feels the need to hide the notebook, as though JACK may be able to see through the door)*  
Uhhh...

JACK: Cass? Cassie.

CASSIE: Yes?

JACK: There's a church full of people out here just waitin' to see you float down the aisle looking like a princess.

CASSIE: I... uh...

JACK: What are you doin' in there?

CASSIE: Nothing.

JACK: Can I come in?

CASSIE: NO!

JACK: But...

CASSIE: NO! DO NOT COME IN!

JACK: Well, Cass, I think you're in there worried and I feel like I could put you at ease.

CASSIE: I don't want you to see me in my wedding dress!

JACK: That's just superstition or something.

CASSIE: NO! Don't! I mean it, Jack! Do not open that door! *(rushes to the door and locks it)*

JACK: *(sighs)* Cassie, what's going on, huh? *(no answer)* Cold feet?

CASSIE: Maybe... no... I don't think so... maybe... well... I don't know. Ohhhh...

JACK: Well, your Aunt Mabel told me to come check on you. She thought you were a bit nervous.

CASSIE: (**obviously nervous**) NO! I'm not... nervous. I'm not! Nervous! Ha! No! Not nervous!

JACK: Well, she was just worried about you.

CASSIE: She shouldn't worry. I'm fine! Really fine, you know, I'm so (**gulps**) fine.

JACK: Well, you don't sound... fine. Are you?

CASSIE: Am I what?

JACK: Fine. Are you fine?

CASSIE: I am! What makes you say I'm not. I am, you know, fine.

JACK: Cass, the wedding was supposed to start thirty minutes ago.

CASSIE: Oh, well. I just... I'm having a bad hair day and I... just need... I just need a few more minutes to... uh, uh, uh... I... I, uh, I need some more hairspray!

JACK: (**ever patient**) Okay. You want me to hop down to the Shop & Go and get you some hairspray?

CASSIE: NO!

JACK: 'Cause I will, Cass. Anything you need, hon.

CASSIE: I don't need hairspray.

JACK: (**sighs**) Okay. Okay, what... what do you need? Pantyhose or... some dental floss? Or... do you need some tampons or something like that? (**scratching his head and hoping this is not what SHE needs**) Feminine something or other?

CASSIE: No... um, Jack?

JACK: Yes?

CASSIE: I'm having frozen feet!

JACK: (**chuckling a little**) Cold feet. You're having cold feet. It's okay, you know. I was worried last night myself.

CASSIE: No, I don't think this is cold feet; this is actually frozen feet. I can't come out there... at all. I think that I can't... I can't do it... I... I... uh...

JACK: (**sighs, HE's used to her being indecisive**) Cassie, baby...

CASSIE: No, listen to me. I can't come out there at all. I'm frozen. I'm scared stiff, I'm... I'm... I'm worried... stiff.

JACK: (**nods to himself**) You're worried stiff?

CASSIE: Yes!

JACK: Hon, you're just having a case of nerves, no problem. I understand. It's okay.

CASSIE: No, it's not okay. These aren't ordinary nerves.

JACK: Of course, they're not. They're wedding jitters.

CASSIE: No... I think they're, they're... uh, I think they're... life jitters.

JACK: Life jitters?

CASSIE: Uh, huh.

JACK: "Okay...walk me through this, Cass. What are you trying to tell me?"

CASSIE: (**pacing back and forth on her side of the door**) "Alright, uh...I have this old notebook...that I found last night, and, you see, I've had this book since I was eight years old and..."

JACK: Your book of dreams?

CASSIE: YES! MY BOOK OF DREAMS!

JACK: You told me about that before... that you had a book...

CASSIE: A book of dreams. Yes! I called it my big book of dreams, or my little book of big dreams, or something... I forget, but I used to write everything in that book. Everything! At least I did until I lost it a couple of years ago.

JACK: Around the time you met me, right? I remember.

CASSIE: Yes. That's right!

JACK: Okay. I'm with you so far.

CASSIE: Well, I found it last night. I stumbled upon it, you know... while I was packing for our honeymoon... and for the move when we get back, and... well...

JACK: (**happy SHE found her book**) GREAT!

CASSIE: What? Did you say FATE?!

JACK: Huh? No, I said GREAT, GREAT that you found it. That's good... isn't it?

CASSIE: I thought you said FATE, which is funny, because... because it probably is fate that I found it... you know... at this precise moment in my life... and...

JACK: Yes, that's great... G-R-E-A-T, great that you found it, that you stumbled upon it.

CASSIE: Well, I didn't stumble upon it, actually... I tore the attic apart looking for it.

JACK: That's good, Cassie, you found it. I know it meant a lot to you to find it.

CASSIE: It's not just that. (**moves to where SHE hid it and takes it out and clasps it to her chest**)

JACK: What? (**pause**) What then?

CASSIE: (**a thought occurs to her**) What did you mean... earlier when you said that you were worried last night?

JACK: I... what?

CASSIE: (*moving to the door*) A few minutes ago, you said it was okay to be nervous, that you were worried last night, too. What did you mean? Are you having life jitters, too?

JACK: Oh, that. Nothin'... I just had some wedding jitters, you know. Typical stuff.

CASSIE: Like?

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