

TOE TAG: JANE DOE

By Gary Ray Stapp

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TOE TAG: JANE DOE

A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

By Gary Ray Stapp

SYNOPSIS: A pair of high school friends prove that enrollment in college can be drop-dead funny when they find themselves alone in a room with a misplaced corpse. Initially mortified, they quickly turn their fear into curiosity as they contemplate death, tests, and internet stardom with their misfortunate roommate, Jane Doe.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 males)

MITCH (m)..... A high school senior, mostly intelligent. *(72 lines)*

FRANKIE (m) A high school senior, almost legally blonde. *(72 lines)*

PRODUCTION NOTES

The play is written to be performed on a bare stage, without props or furniture. Jane Doe should be imagined by the actors as being downstage of their center stage position. However, the play may also be performed with the use of a set complete with furniture, and/or with the addition of a third actor playing the non-speaking role of Jane Doe.

SCENE: A university admissions building, Room 215-B

TIME: The present, early morning.

SETTING

A modestly appointed office on the second floor of a university admissions building complete with standard furnishings but with one exception: a gurney upon which lies a shrouded body with bare feet exposed and one toe tied with a morgue I.D. tag.

AT RISE: *MITCH and FRANKIE are as still as statues, staring with disbelief at the shrouded figure. They hold their breath for a beat.*

MITCH: Frankie, do you see what I see?

FRANKIE: I dunno, Mitch. What do you see?

MITCH: I see a body lying on a cart thingy with a...with a toe tag.

FRANKIE: Yeah, it looks like a body. It has two feet, anyway. But you know, there could be anything underneath that sheet.

MITCH: Don't be a tool! It couldn't be anything except a body because of the two feet.

FRANKIE: You're just making an assumption.

MITCH: An assumption?!

FRANKIE: Yeah, you know that's when you're just guessing, but you don't really know.

MITCH: Frankie, I know what an assumption is! And I'm not guessing! It's a body!

FRANKIE: And you know what they say when you assume something. It makes an—

MITCH: It makes a Frankie, that's what it makes.

FRANKIE: Hmm...that's not how I heard it. So, Mitch, why would somebody leave a body in an office here on the second floor of the college admissions department?

MITCH: How should I know?

He takes a tentative step forward, after a beat, FRANKIE mimics his singular step.

Looks like a female body.

FRANKIE: A female body? You can tell that just by the feet?

MITCH: No! (*Points.*) Look at the lumps under the sheet. They're female lumps.

FRANKIE: Ohhhh, you mean like they could be lady parts?

MITCH: Yeah, lady parts. Look where they're located. What else could they be?

FRANKIE: You're probably right, Mitch. They don't look like party hats, and they're too small for footballs.

MITCH rolls his eyes, then grabs FRANKIE by the arm and pulls him beside him.

MITCH: See that toe tag?

FRANKIE: You mean that tag that's tied around her big toe?

MITCH: Do you see anything else that could be a toe tag? Now, go see what it says.

FRANKIE: What it says?

MITCH: Yeah, go read it.

FRANKIE: I don't think so.

MITCH gives FRANKIE a shove.

MITCH: Read it, you big wussie!

FRANKIE: *(Stumbling forward.)* What if it's written in Spanish? Or Norwegian? I--I can't read Spanish or Norwegian.

MITCH: No kidding? It's not going to be in Norwegian. The writing is going to be in English, don't worry.

FRANKIE: Are you sure?

MITCH: No, I'm not sure. But we're at an American university. I think we can assume the writing will be in English.

FRANKIE: There's that assume business again. Mitch, we can't assume anything. We've never been to a college before.

MITCH: Frankie, you and me, we didn't just walk down that long hallway and enter into a room that suddenly put us in Lillehammer or Barcelona!

FRANKIE: Who's Lilly Hammer? I don't think I know her, do I?

MITCH: Just read the name on the toe tag!

FRANKIE: Alright, alright! *(Stretches his arm as far as he can reach and lifts the toe tag.)* It's too far away, I can't read it.

MITCH shoves FRANKIE closer.

MITCH: Can you read it now?

FRANKIE: I feel like I'm in a lunch line. *(Takes a step back.)* I'm not getting any closer. You read it.

MITCH: Fine. *(Takes a hesitant step forward, lifts the tag, reads and quickly steps back.)*

FRANKIE: What's it say, Mitch?

MITCH: Jane Doe.

FRANKIE: That does sound English. I wonder how you'd say Jane Doe in Spanish?

MITCH: Jane Doe. Man, that's wicked. I wonder who she is?

FRANKIE: (*Looks at MITCH quizzically.*) You wonder who she is? She's Jane Doe. Didn't you just say her name was Jane Doe? I know you were talking. Weren't you listening?

MITCH: Frankie, you're some tool, you know that?

FRANKIE: Hey, I just realized something. I have heard of her before!

MITCH: Yeah, I think you took her to prom last year, bonehead.

FRANKIE: Did I?

MITCH: This is just too twisted! (*Looks around.*) I wonder if they sent us to the wrong room! Why would they want us to wait in a room with a corpse?

FRANKIE: What's a corpse?

MITCH: She is!

FRANKIE: Oh.

MITCH: What room number did they send us to?

FRANKIE: Two-Fifteen B.

MITCH: Is that where we're at?

FRANKIE: Yeah. As we walked down the hall, I looked at the numbers on the doors and stopped when I got to two-fifteen B.

MITCH: That's right. And I followed you in here.

FRANKIE: Correct.

MITCH: Then we must be in the wrong room. Frankie, go check the room number.

FRANKIE: (*Pulls the door open and looks at the number and points at each digit.*) Two One Five B.

MITCH: (*Agreeing.*) Two-fifteen B. I wonder what the B is for?

FRANKIE: Body. That would be my guess. B is for body.

MITCH: Don't be a tool, Frankie. People don't add letters to room numbers just because they left a body inside.

FRANKIE: I wish, instead, they would have sent us to room two-fifteen N.

MITCH: N? Why would you want a room two-fifteen N?

FRANKIE: Cause maybe that room would be a room with nobody.
Get it? No body!

MITCH: Frankie, you're so lame. Now, shut up and close the door.

FRANKIE: Okay. But, if it's all the same to you, I'm going to wait on
the other side of the door. I don't like it in here.

MITCH: No, you don't.

Pulls FRANKIE inside and closes the door.

You think you're the only one who doesn't like it here? I don't like
it in here either. But, I think maybe one of us I should go ask that
lady at the front desk if this was really the room she wanted us to
wait in.

FRANKIE: Okay, Mitch. I'll go.

MITCH: No, I'll go.

FRANKIE: I called it first. I'll go.

MITCH: Just wait here.

FRANKIE: Oh, no you don't. You're not leaving me in here by
myself.

MITCH: You're not by yourself. You're with Jane...your prom date.
(Starts for the door.)

FRANKIE grabs MITCH'S arm and pins it behind his back.

FRANKIE: Guess again.

MITCH: Ow!

FRANKIE: You're staying right here with me. This is way too
hardcore for solitaire. Open that door and I'll put you into some
mad pain. I swear it!

MITCH: Okay, okay! Chill, Captain America. You don't have to prove
to me why you're the school wrestling champ.

FRANKIE: *(Letting him go.)* Sorry, bro. That toe tag chick is just
freaking me out. Now, let's get back to your question.

MITCH: What question?

FRANKIE: The one about why would they put us in this room with a
Jane Doe course.

MITCH: Course? Not course. Corpse. A Jane Doe corpse.

FRANKIE: Who's that?

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