

TOE TAG: JOHN DOE

By Gary Ray Stapp

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A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

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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, John Doe.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females)

PAIGE (f).....A high school senior, mostly intelligent. *(73 lines)*

MACIE (f).....A high school senior, almost legally blonde. *(73 lines)*

PRODUCTION NOTES

The play is written to be performed on a bare stage, without props or furniture. John 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 John 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: *PAIGE and MACIE are as still as statues, staring with disbelief at the shrouded figure. They hold their breath for a beat.*

PAIGE: OMG! Macie, do you see what I see?

MACIE: Maybe. What do you see, Paige?

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

MACIE: Uh-huh, it looks like a body. It has two feet, anyway. But you know, there could be anything underneath that sheet.

PAIGE: Don't be like hashtag stupid! It couldn't be anything except a body because of the two feet.

MACIE: You're just making an assumption.

PAIGE: An assumption?!

MACIE: Uh-huh, you know that's when you're just guessing, but you don't really know.

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

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

PAIGE: It makes a Macie, that's what it makes.

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

PAIGE: Like how should I know?

Takes a tentative step forward, after a beat, MACIE mimics her singular step.

Clearly, it's a male body.

MACIE: A male body? You can tell that just by the feet?

PAIGE: Yes! (*Points.*) Look at the size of those things. Women do not have feet that big!

MACIE: Unless she's an Amazon woman. They have big feet.

PAIGE: You should know. Besides, look— (*Points.*) I can see hair on those toes. Gross!

MACIE: Those are a guy's feet alright. My brother, Joey, he has hair on his toes and he's only twelve.

PAIGE: Hashtag ICK!

Rolls her eyes, then grabs MACIE by the arm and pulls her to her side.

Macie, see that toe tag?

MACIE: You mean that tag that's tied around his big toe?

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

MACIE: What it says?

PAIGE: Yes, go read it.

MACIE: I don't think so.

PAIGE gives MACIE a shove.

PAIGE: Read it, you big scaredy cat!

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

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

MACIE: Are you sure?

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

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

PAIGE: Macie, we didn't like just walk down that long hallway and enter into a room that suddenly put us in Lillehammer or Barcelona!

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

PAIGE: Just read the name on the toe tag!

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

PAIGE shoves MACIE closer.

PAIGE: Can you read it now?

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

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

MACIE: What's it say, Paige?

PAIGE: John Doe.

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

PAIGE: John Doe ... I can't even! Oh, I wonder who he is?

MACIE: (*Looks at PAIGE quizzically.*) You wonder who he is? He's John Doe. Didn't you just say his name was John Doe? I know you were talking. Weren't you listening?

PAIGE: Macie, sometimes you are so hashtag whatever!

MACIE: Say, I just realized something. I have heard of him before!

PAIGE: Uh-huh. He took you to prom last year.

MACIE: He did?

PAIGE: This is just like way 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?

MACIE: What's a corpse?

PAIGE: He is!

MACIE: Oh.

PAIGE: What room number did they send us to?

MACIE: Two-Fifteen B.

PAIGE: Is that like where we're at?

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

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

MACIE: Correct.

PAIGE: Then we must be in the wrong room. Macie, go check the room number.

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

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

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

PAIGE: Don't be like an imbecile, Macie. People don't add letters to room numbers just because they left a body inside.

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

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

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

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