

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this play is subject to royalty. It is fully protected by Original Works Publishing, and the copyright laws of the United States. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

The performance rights to this play are controlled by Original Works Publishing and royalty arrangements and licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur royalty fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a royalty quotation and license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Royalties are payable with negotiation from Original Works Publishing.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured from Original Works Publishing through direct contact.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play:

**“Produced by special arrangement with
Original Works Publishing.”
www.originalworksonline.com**

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

Jinxed

© K. Alexa Mavromatis
First Printing, 2013
Made in America

Cover photo by Joel Daavid.
From the Elephant Theatre Co. production.
Amy French (left), Darryl Armbruster (right)

*Also Available From
Original Works Publishing*

KILLED A MAN IN RENO

By Robin Hack

3 Males, 1 Female

Synopsis: Kurt and Julie Lawry travel to Reno, Nevada for a wild weekend. The biggest little city in the world doesn't have all the glitz and glamour of Las Vegas, but it is able to offer its own "unique" activities. As soon as Kurt and Julie arrive in their room, the trusty hotel concierge is at their service, offering to get show tickets, reserve gaming tables, make dinner reservations, or let them kill a man just to watch him die. "It is what Reno, Nevada is famous for Mr. Lawry."

SCRUB MY TUB

By Claudia Melatini

1 Male, 1 Female

Synopsis: Gary has a particular way he likes his apartment cleaned and his regular maid is unavailable. Aretha's just about mopped her last floor. Find out what happens when an anal retentive man and a burnt-out maid come to blows over dusting styles, chivalry, and Japanese dining etiquette.

JINXED

by

K. Alexa Mavromatis

Jinxed was first performed in June 2010 at Center Stage, NY, as part of Renegade Redhead Productions' *Last Day on Earth* evening of short plays (Janet Zarecor, producer). The production was directed, in association with Boomerang Theatre Company (Tim Erickson, Artistic Director), by Marielle Duke. The cast was as follows:

Meatloaf.....Catherine McNelis

Stringbean.....Philip Emeott

CHARACTERS

Meatloaf, a woman.

Stringbean, a man.

SETTING

Detritus of city, perhaps Boston.

TIME

Three days post-apocalypse.

For Jessica West, who's always up for the adventure...
...and with thanks and love to Dolly, Stella, and Cleo.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Jinxed is for a director with a twisted take on the universe and an ear for the rhythm of comedic insanity. Timing is crucial, and the play benefits from intelligent actors who are not afraid to be physical. It's a workout. Meatloaf and Stringbean were originally written as characters in their 50s; and while I still hold that actors in mid-life work best, I've seen younger performers do a great job, too. Either way, I do feel that casting actors who are of similar age to one another is crucial.

Rules and consequences of the game of Jinx differ from region to region, era to era. Some of the rules included here are real; others are simply made up. Also, whoopie pies: These treats are a New England phenomenon, consisting of two round chocolate cake slices with creamy white icing holding them together. (Imagine a soft Oreo on steroids.) Have fun.

K.A.M., March 2013

The blizzard, the blizzard of the world has crossed the threshold
And it has overturned the order of the soul.

- *Leonard Cohen*

We're all alone, no chaperone
Can get our number
The world's in slumber – let's misbehave!

- *Cole Porter*

JINXED

THREE DAYS POST APOCALYPSE. DETRITUS OF CITY, PERHAPS BOSTON.

(Meatloaf, a woman wearing one spike heel, and Stringbean, a man wearing broken black glasses and a military-style jacket with lots of pockets, are the only survivors. Both are hungry, and seemingly on the brink of insanity. Meatloaf stands downstage, staring into the darkness. Stringbean fusses with a walkie-talkie.)

STRINGBEAN: *(Stopping to study her)* Well, you sure as hell wore the wrong shoes.

(Stringbean hands her one of the walkie-talkies and walks upstage. Meatloaf laughs.)

STRINGBEAN: What?

MEATLOAF: Nothing.

STRINGBEAN: What?

MEATLOAF: It figures. The end of the world. Me. *You*. As if the rats and roaches weren't bad enough.

STRINGBEAN: I don't see what's so funny about that. *(Into the walkie-talkie)* Meatloaf... Stringbean to Meatloaf. Do you copy?

(Meatloaf glares downstage.)

STRINGBEAN: *(Hiding, into his walkie-talkie)* Stringbean to Meatloaf. What's your 20?

(Meatloaf continues to stare straight ahead.)

STRINGBEAN: *(Louder)* Meatloaf! Meatloaf?! Do you copy?!

MEATLOAF: Yeah, I copy – *because I'm ten fucking feet away from you.*

STRINGBEAN: Goddammit. If these things would work, we could divide and conquer, and still, you know, talk... Do you understand?

MEATLOAF: Well, I told you they wouldn't work. And stop calling me that. *Jessica*. Or Jess is fine, but you...

STRINGBEAN: I dreamed I cooked you a meatloaf.

MEATLOAF: You dreamed?

STRINGBEAN: I always dream.

MEATLOAF: About *food*.

STRINGBEAN: Well...

MEATLOAF: Okay, you're obsessing over food, David, and it's really starting to...

STRINGBEAN: (*Covering his ears, turning red*) Stringbean! I am Stringbean! Call me Stringbean! Stringbeeeeeeeean!

MEATLOAF: This is *food psychosis*. Do you hear me?

STRINGBEAN: No!

MEATLOAF: *Food psychosis*. You are the living embodiment of...! You are *cracking up*!

STRINGBEAN: No.

MEATLOAF: And I'll tell you something...

STRINGBEAN: What?

MEATLOAF: ...I'll tell you something else...

STRINGBEAN: What?

MEATLOAF: I don't want to hear *one more word* about how hungry you are. Because you know what I ate yesterday? Nothing. And the day before that? *An expired pack of Carl Buddig sliced turkey I had to pry from the hand of a dead guy.* So fuck you.

STRINGBEAN: Fuck you.

BOTH: *Fuck you!*

MEATLOAF: Jinx!

STRINGBEAN: What?

MEATLOAF: Jinx.

STRINGBEAN: What are you...?

MEATLOAF: We both said 'fuck you' at the same time. So I'm calling j...

STRINGBEAN: You can't call...

MEATLOAF: The hell I *can't*.

STRINGBEAN: Eh! You mean to tell me... You have a Ph.D. from fucking *Brandeis*, and you're calling 'jinx'?

MEATLOAF: That's right. (Punching him in the arm) Enough with the food obsession freak show. *Dr. Meatloaf is calling jinx.*

STRINGBEAN: (*Rubbing his arm*) What was your dissertation? Punch buggy?

MEATLOAF: (*Punching him again*) Actually, that was my master's thesis. My dissertation was a survey of the societal implications of Jinx and related playground games on cultures throughout history, ranging from post-colonial Caribbean settlements to contemporary North America. With an emphasis on the Victorians. I love them.

STRINGBEAN: Are you for fucking real?

MEATLOAF: *(Punching him again)* I should probably warn you: You're in danger of invoking the Quadruple Jinx American Bufalorumpus, a common variation in the Great Plains. You really should just stop talking.

(Stringbean purses his lips and raises his hands in defeat. He plops himself down on an overturned crate.)

MEATLOAF: And when I decide to say your name – which isn't going to be for *a long damn time* – you can open your mouth again.

(Meatloaf starts to rummage through some of the rubbish that litters the stage. She is looking for food. As she goes, she occasionally glances over at Stringbean, but eventually forgets he is there. Stringbean, meanwhile, takes a whoopie pie out of his coat pocket, and begins to eat it. It's messy, and he enjoys it very, very much, to an almost pornographic degree. He reaches the last bite.)

MEATLOAF: *(Taking note of what he's doing for the first time)*
What's that?

STRINGBEAN: *(Mouth full)* Hmmmmmm?

MEATLOAF: What do you have?

(During the following, Stringbean, still under jinx, refuses to speak. His intended communications – which he expresses by making noise and gesturing – are in brackets. Meatloaf becomes increasingly agitated.)

STRINGBEAN: [I don't know.]

MEATLOAF: *(Grabbing his hand)* Let me see...

STRINGBEAN: [You won't let me talk.]

MEATLOAF: Where did you get that?

STRINGBEAN: [I can't tell you.]

MEATLOAF: *Where did you find that?*

STRINGBEAN: [You won't let me talk.]

MEATLOAF: Are there any more?

STRINGBEAN: [I can't tell...]

MEATLOAF: Tell me!

STRINGBEAN: [Hey, you called jinx!]

MEATLOAF: STRINGBEAN!

STRINGBEAN: Aha!

MEATLOAF: Shit!

STRINGBEAN: Ha – gotcha!

MEATLOAF: Goddammit!

STRINGBEAN: You said my first name!

MEATLOAF: *(She punches him in the arm – thinking quickly on her feet)* But I didn't say your *middle* name. Midwestern variation...

STRINGBEAN: You don't *know* my middle name.

MEATLOAF: ...and your name isn't Stringbean anyway.

STRINGBEAN: *(Punching her in the arm)* Stringbean!

MEATLOAF: *(Punching him in the arm again)* Ow! Don't hit me – *you're* the one under jinx!

STRINGBEAN: That's not how we played it in Chicago.

MEATLOAF: I don't give a shit how you played it in Chicago.

STRINGBEAN: Well, I should think you would care a lot, *Doctor*, because you should know that *in Chicago*, you'd be buying me a Coke right about now, because you didn't call "Lock" after jinxing me the first time, which means that you're not the only one who can release me from the jinx. *So I released myself. And that means the jinx doubles back on you.* Ha!

MEATLOAF: Everyone knows that move requires a third person.

STRINGBEAN: *This is an extenuating circumstance!*

MEATLOAF: *Life* is an extenuating circumstance! You're creating your own rules here, David...

STRINGBEAN: Stringbean!

MEATLOAF: Oh. My. God.

STRINGBEAN: *Stringbean!!!*

MEATLOAF: Where are they?

STRINGBEAN: What?

MEATLOAF: The *whoopie pies*! Where did you find it?

STRINGBEAN: Over there. There was a whole case...

(Meatloaf crosses to the area of the stage where Stringbean is pointing. She picks up an empty box, turns it over. Wads of whoopie pie wrappers fall to the ground. Meatloaf lets out a cry of anguish. It is the saddest sound we've ever heard.)

STRINGBEAN: I found them last night.

MEATLOAF: Last *night*?!