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*Dramatic Publishing*

# **JUST A STAGE HE'S GOING THROUGH**

**A Theatrical Fantasy in One Act**

**by  
PAT COOK**



**Dramatic Publishing**  
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# JUST A STAGE HE'S GOING THROUGH

A One Act Play  
For Four Men and Four Women

## CHARACTERS

DWIGHT . . . . . a middle-aged man lost in a world he doesn't  
understand

BLANCHE . . . . . his long-suffering and sarcastic wife

MOM . . . . . a memory of Dwight's mother, a sweet, supportive  
woman

WOMAN . . . . . a hard-working person of unknown age

MAN . . . . . a business type, all work and no play

LADY . . . . . a society matron, complete with manners and  
demeanor

SAX PLAYER . . . . . a scat musician, the random element

DR. SIGMUND FREUD . . . . . an exaggeration of the noted  
Viennese alienist

TIME: The present.

PLACE: Dwight's world.

## JUST A STAGE HE'S GOING THROUGH

**SETTING:** *Two pieces of furniture: a double bed, located UC and a couch, located DR.*

**AT RISE:** *Lights come up on DWIGHT and BLANCHE, asleep in bed. After a medium pause, DWIGHT begins shifting and moaning. Finally, he sits bolt upright and stares out at the audience. Then, gently, he nudges BLANCHE.*

DWIGHT. Blanche?

BLANCHE. Mmbbflm.

DWIGHT (*nudges her again*). Blanche!

BLANCHE. I don't know who this is but it better look a lot like Tom Cruise.

DWIGHT. It's me, your husband.

BLANCHE. Not even close.

DWIGHT. Bla-a-anche!

BLANCHE (*opens her eyes and looks at him*). What?

DWIGHT. I...I just got a terrible feeling.

BLANCHE. S'what you get for eating generic sardines. (*She rolls over.*)

DWIGHT. No, I...I have this awful feeling.

BLANCHE. Not now. Have it when there's sunlight around, say oh, six or seven hours from now.

DWIGHT (*gets up and looks at the audience*). I knew it!  
There they are, I can see them.

BLANCHE (*sits up*). What ARE you rambling on about now?

DWIGHT. I've had this feeling all night. The feeling about them. (*He points to the audience.*)

BLANCHE. Them? Whom them?

DWIGHT. I woke up and I had this feeling, like...now, this may sound a little crazy.

BLANCHE. Why am I not surprised?

DWIGHT. Well, I had this feeling that I'm...on a stage somewhere. (*He looks out.*) And that they're watching me.

BLANCHE. Hah?

DWIGHT. That's right. Them. And I looked up and, sure enough, there they are. (*He aims her head at the audience.*) Look at them, just sitting there, smiling and scratching and all of them watching me.

BLANCHE. Who?

DWIGHT. Them! There! (*He pulls her out of bed and aims her out.*) Right there, don't you see?

BLANCHE. I don't believe this...

DWIGHT. See them?

BLANCHE (*decides to humor him*). Oh-ho-ho, THEM! Sure, I see them. Tell them there's no more beds, count the silverware and kick them out. (*She tries to crawl back in bed. DWIGHT stops her.*)

DWIGHT. You don't believe me, do you?

BLANCHE. Let me see, no.

DWIGHT. But...okay, say you can't see them. Then listen a minute. Maybe you can hear them, so listen. (*BLANCHE listens.*) See? There's somebody breathing hard. (*He looks at BLANCHE who's glaring at him.*) Besides you.

BLANCHE. Look, there's nobody there! (*She points out and then points at DWIGHT'S head.*) Is there anybody here?

DWIGHT. You really don't see them?

BLANCHE. I really don't see them.

DWIGHT. A whole crowd of them.

BLANCHE. Look, this bedroom is ten feet by twelve feet. I think a crowd of people would be hard to miss.

DWIGHT. Bedroom? *(He looks around.)* But...it's NOT a bedroom. It's just a set piece with no walls.

BLANCHE. Oh, I should've listened to Mother. Listen, see this floor? *(She points down.)*

DWIGHT. Yeah.

BLANCHE. See this bed?

DWIGHT. Yeah.

BLANCHE *(makes a fist)*. See this fist? *(She sighs deeply, goes back to bed and pulls the covers over her head.)*

DWIGHT. Listen to me. An entire audience is watching me. Right now!

BLANCHE. In your pajamas?

DWIGHT. Oop! *(He grabs his robe off the bedpost and puts it on. He then looks back at the audience.)* Excuse me.

BLANCHE. You're excused.

DWIGHT. I wasn't talking to you. *(BLANCHE throws off the cover and looks at him.)* I was talking...

DWIGHT & BLANCHE. To them!

BLANCHE. That's it. *(She gets up.)* Look. *(She pulls DWIGHT downstage and feels an imaginary wall.)* I want to introduce you. Dwight, this is a wall. Wall? This is Dwight. You two have a lot in common. You're both square, same I.Q.

DWIGHT. But there's not a wall here!

BLANCHE. Not a wall...I don't believe this. Your mother keeps telling me what an active imagination you have. Every chance she gets. I can just hear her now.

*(LIGHTS come up on the couch, where MOM sits, mixing something in a bowl.)*

MOM. He was always like that. Even as a kid, always seeing things that weren't there, such an imagination. But you gotta love him. *(LIGHTS black out on MOM.)*

DWIGHT *(looks toward the couch with a horrified expression)*. Mom?

BLANCHE. What?

DWIGHT. Mom was just over there, she...hang on. *(He crosses to the couch and the LIGHTS come up. MOM is not there.)* Mom?

BLANCHE. Dwight?

DWIGHT. Mom was just here!

BLANCHE. What're you doing in the living room?

DWIGHT. Living room? I just walked across...wait a minute. *(He crosses back to BLANCHE and the LIGHTS go out on the couch.)* I didn't go into the living room. There IS no living room! And what's with the lights?

BLANCHE. Oh, here you are.

DWIGHT. Didn't you just see Mom?

BLANCHE *(sarcastically)*. No, I'm still busy with the crowd here.

DWIGHT. No, no, you don't see a crowd.

BLANCHE. I didn't see your mom, either!

DWIGHT. But you just said "I can just hear your mom" and Phwang! There she was.

BLANCHE. Just like that. She just appears and disappears.

DWIGHT. So it appears.

BLANCHE. What would she be doing here at this time of night?



DWIGHT. I don't know! You called her! Oh, and watch this.  
(*He crosses back to the couch and the LIGHTS come up.*)

Did you see that? The lights just come up over here.

BLANCHE. Why're you back in the living room again?

DWIGHT. I'm NOT in the living room. (*He sits on the couch.*)

BLANCHE. Yeah, what're you doing?

DWIGHT (*trying to think*). Sitting down.

BLANCHE (*long suffering*). On what?

DWIGHT. A couch.

BLANCHE. Gee, a couch. Hm, wonder just where a couch might be? Hey, maybe you're in the kitchen, then.

DWIGHT. Now what would a couch be doing in the kitchen?

BLANCHE. What would your mom be doing in the living room?!

DWIGHT (*crosses back to her*). But she was there, I SAW her. (*The LIGHTS black out on the couch.*) And there they go again!

BLANCHE. The audience?

DWIGHT. The lights.

BLANCHE. AAH! (*She covers up again.*)

DWIGHT. Look, Blanche, I'm not crazy.

BLANCHE. Oh no. I figure you're nowhere NEAR crazy. You'd have to be promoted to be crazy. That's something you can shoot for, an ambition. Oh! (*She looks at the "wall."*) Look at the time. You need to get to work.

DWIGHT. Time? What time? Where did you see time?

BLANCHE. On the clock.

DWIGHT (*looks out*). What clock?

BLANCHE (*points to the "wall"*). On the...never mind! Just get out of here and get to work, will you?

DWIGHT. Get to work? But it's in the middle...

BLANCHE. Go on.

*(BLANCHE shoves DWIGHT DL, where the LIGHTS come up on four PEOPLE standing waiting for a bus.)*

DWIGHT. Wait a minute! I thought you said it was still the middle of the night! *(BLANCHE moves back to the bed and gets in. LIGHTS black out on the bed.)* What's this?

WOMAN. The city calls it a bus stop, do you believe it?

DWIGHT. What?

WOMAN. You'd think they'd clean it up once in a while. I mean, why do we pay our taxes? *(The group agrees with her.)*

DWIGHT. Bus stop?

WOMAN. Disgrace, isn't it?

DWIGHT. But it can't be. I just walked over from there. First, I was in my bedroom, I moved a few feet and now I'm at a bus stop? Do any of you people out there...? *(He moves toward the audience. The SAX PLAYER and WOMAN grab him and yank him back.)*

SAX PLAYER. What're you, crazy, man?

WOMAN. What's the idea of stepping into the street?

DWIGHT. Street? This used to be a wall! What is going ON here?

LADY. Well, that's certainly ONE way to make sure the bus stops. We have a human sacrifice. Every morning we throw someone in front of the thing...

SAX PLAYER. Be cool, man.

DWIGHT. Hold on here! This ain't no bus stop. Am I the only one who sees the audience and my mom appearing and disappearing and...*(Everyone starts looking at him.)* ...the lights flickering on and off...*(The rest of the PEOPLE move closer together and away from him.)*

LADY. That's the trouble with public transit. You get so much of the...*(Looks disdainfully at DWIGHT.)*...public.