

JACK & ANGEL – Out of the box

JACK

*To Bella as she runs out*

Darling – thank you.

*As soon as the dressing room door bangs close, the wardrobe next to it bangs open. Angel leaps out. She's in her underwear.*

ANGEL

“Darling”?!

JACK

You get back in right this instant!!

ANGEL

“Darling”?!?!

JACK

We're at the theater, everyone's a darling, she's a darling, you're a darling –

ANGEL

I am – mice?!

JACK

You were scratching!

ANGEL

I was breathing!

JACK

Don't do that ever again! Why did you get out?! Ahh! I know! I know why you got out! You got out because you absolutely, positively must have a conversation regarding the purpose of art!!

ANGEL

*Reaching for the dress on the downstage of the costume rack.*

What? – no! – no!! I want my dress!

JACK

If you put on your dress, you won't fit back into the wardrobe!

ANGEL

Yes, I know, good!

JACK

No! Not good! Because you're going back in! And you don't have time to put it on!

ANGEL

Why?! Your la-la-la is gone!

JACK

She's not gone, didn't you hear what she said?

ANGEL

No! I couldn't make it out! Because I was in the wardrobe!

JACK

Angel, darling, she's not gone, she's getting more ink, she'll be back any moment! It will take five minutes to button all your buttons!

ANGEL

It took you two minutes to unbutton them all!

JACK

Those are the best buttons ever!

ANGEL

I guess we have two choices here – darling . Either I'm putting on that dress and heading out forever, or else I'm taking off the rest, you're locking the door, and we're getting back to where we were!

*Pause. Jack heads out to lock the door. He doesn't.*

JACK

I need to finish the act!

ANGEL

Yay! Lock the door!

JACK

No! No! The act of the opera! I have to write!

ANGEL

You have to write?! When you were unbuttoning me, did you know then you had to write?

JACK

I was unbuttoning you for inspiration.

ANGEL

That's the first. Did you find it?

JACK

With you an arm's length away and soft and warm, and me stuck at this desk, and I couldn't reach out, touch you, smell your skin? Yes, I did find it.

ANGEL

That's so sweet, darling. Go lock the door.

JACK

I can't.

ANGEL

*Rapidly switching from ordering to pleading to flirty and back.*

Lock the door. // Lock the door. Lock the door. Look – legs. Lock the door. Lock the –

JACK

No – I – I can't – I need to – she'll be back – she's coming back, I can hear her steps around the corner!

ANGEL

I can't hear a // thing –

JACK

That's because you are a singer, you only make music, you don't listen to it, it's like asking for musical appreciation from a bassoon, into the wardrobe!

*She takes a step towards the wardrobe, but then she stops.*

ANGEL

Write me a song.

JACK

Into the // war–

ANGEL

Yes, I will, only you have to write me a song, a good song, with a melody, and a chorus, and everything a song should have, and it should be pretty, and funny, and sad, and it should be a love song, and it should tell a story, because I want a song, no one ever wrote me a song, and I will go hide in the wardrobe, only you have to promise to write me a song, will you, please!?

*She is almost crying, and he's listening to Bella's footsteps in the corridor, and he knows he has to say yes, and the only decision he has to make is whether he means it, and he doesn't yet know this is the second-most important decision of his life, he won't know it for thirteen years, and so he decides he does not mean it.*

JACK

Yes, I'll write you a song! I'll write you twenty songs, one for each major and minor key, other than D-flat and G-sharp, because those are difficult, and in each song you'll be singing only the B-flat, B-flat and nothing else, bee-bee-bee-bee flat-flat-flat-flat, and then we'll get married and have twenty children, pop-pop-pop-pop! Into the wardrobe!!!

*Angel steps into the wardrobe.*