

“Jack’s Big Headache”

Character : Jack (of Jack and Jill) Props: Metal Pail
Setting: Doctor’s Office Costume: Ordinary Clothing

(Jack is pacing on stage. The pail is “stuck” on his head. However, it shouldn’t cover his mouth.)

...But, doctor, what do you mean it won’t come off? It’s GOT to come off! You can’t expect me to go through life with a bucket stuck on my head. I mean, I’ve heard of being into heavy metal, but this is ridiculous!

And besides, I could get hurt in here. The last time I sneezed, it ricocheted for fifteen minutes!

Oh, why’d I ever go up that hill with Jill to fetch a pail of water in the first place? I should have told her to use the drinking fountain like everyone else.

But, nooooo! I had to try to *impress* her. I thought she was *cute*. I thought she was *nice*. I thought she was....*thirsty*!

And now, after all the trouble I went through for her, she’s nowhere in sight!.... But then, right now *everyone’s* nowhere in sight!

So, tell me, Doc, can you get it off? Tomorrow is class picture day, and I can’t go like this. *(Turns head to right, then to left, posing)* How will I know which is my best side?

But, hey, don’t get me wrong. I realize there are advantages to my predicament. This could save me a fortune on haircuts. And I could easily get away with sleeping in class, although, my snoring might echo.

But still, this isn’t the look for me. I mean, aluminum’s nice, but it’s definitely no my color.

Say, maybe if we both work at it...*(He starts pulling at the front of the pail, but it doesn’t budge)*. Okay, this time you pull the front and I’ll work at it from the back. *(He pulls at the back and it budes just a little)*. Hey, wait a minute! I can feel something loosening. It’s either the pail...or my head!

(He continues pulling at the pail). That’s it! That’s it! It’s coming! *(He struggles with it some more, gritting his teeth in sheer determination. Suddenly, the pail pops off)*. Whew! *(Holding the bucket in his hand, he rubs his head)*. That was a close one!

And trust me, Doc, I’ve learned my lesson. The next time a girl asks me to fetch a pail of water, her notebook had better be on fire!

(He turns and starts to exit). Well, see you, Doc. And thanks! *(He mimes opening a door, then stops suddenly and turns back.)*

Boy, I tell you, Doc, today just isn’t your day. Now there’s a guy in your waiting room who’s got his thumb stuck in a pie!...I wonder who he was trying to impress – Sara Lee? *(He shrugs his shoulders and exits with pail in hand.)*