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Grape Jelly

A One Act Comedy for One Man & One Woman

By J.C. Svec

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Grape Jelly

Based on a Story by Dakota Lyn Svec

Characters

JOE; *a grape jelly person*

JEAN; *his grape jelly wife*

Setting

Sometime in the near future; a table center stage

Grape Jelly

By J.C. Svec

SCENE: Sometime in the near future. A table sits center stage. Its contents include large jars of both grape jelly and peanut butter plus knives, packages of white bread and several plates.

AT RISE: A man, JOE, and a woman, JEAN, methodically construct healthy peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. They are dressed in contemporary clothes which are protected by full length aprons. When decent piles of sandwiches have been constructed, they break the fourth wall and address the audience.

NOTE: JOE and JEAN continue to construct sandwiches throughout the play. They only address each other when specified; otherwise they break the fourth wall and speak directly to the audience.

JOE

We're jelly people.

JEAN

Grape jelly... people.

JOE

Yes, grape jelly. *(Beat)* At a time, not long ago, we thought we might just be the last jelly people on earth.

JEAN

Grape jelly people on earth.

JOE

We thought we had become the last of a... a... a....

JEAN

Dying breed.

JOE

That's it. The last of a dying breed.

JEAN

The last of a dying breed.

JOE

Until.

JEAN
(*To JOE*) Until?

JOE
We actually were the last of a dying breed.

JEAN
Dead.

JOE
Well... dying.

JEAN
Okay.

JOE
It was interesting how the situation unfolded.

JEAN
Strange.

JOE
That too.

(*JEAN nods.*)

JOE, *Continued*
A situation started to unfold.

JEAN
Nothing out of the ordinary, so it appeared.

JOE
We didn't think much about it, at first.

JEAN
Not much at all.

JOE
It happens sometimes. The depletion of a particular grocery item in a popular supermarket of above average consumer traffic.

JEAN
It's bound to happen, at some time, in almost every section, one would think.

JOE

It was a Sunday morning...

JEAN

Sundays are when we do our weekly shopping.

JOE

We used to so it on Saturdays.

JEAN

Saturdays are now for laundry.

JOE

(To JEAN) Oh, I like that new detergent.

JEAN

(To JOE) Like a Fresh Meadow. *(Beat)* And so it does.

JOE

(To JEAN) And so it is. *(Beat)* Where was I?

(JOE and JEAN think.)

JEAN

(To JOE) Sunday morning shopping.

JOE

(To JEAN) Yes. *(To audience)* But, that Sunday morning, as we were doing our weekly shopping...

JEAN

I said that.

JOE

Please.

JEAN

Sorry.

(JOE regroups by mouthing what he has just said.)

JOE

(Continues) We noticed something, that for us, was very...

JEAN

Upsetting.

JEAN

(To audience; demure) Thank you.

JOE

It wasn't as if all jellies and jams were no longer being stocked.

JEAN

There were plenty of... others.

JOE

It wasn't as if the store was out of particular brands.

JEAN

Or specific varieties.

JOE

Or jar sizes.

JEAN

There was product to be had.

JOE

If you wanted anything other than grape jelly.

JEAN

They were stocked.

JOE

Oh, they were stocked.

JEAN

Yes, they were stocked.

JOE

(To JEAN) I said that.

JEAN

(Shakes her head) I know. *(To JOE)* It was already out of my mouth when I realized. *(Very upset)* I'm sorry.

JOE

(To JEAN) Calm down... it's okay.

JEAN

(To JOE) Thank you. *(Beat)* I love you.

JOE

(To JEAN) I love you, too.

(Silence.)

JEAN

Stocked.

JOE

(Regroups) Yes, the shelves were stocked.

JEAN

But...

JOE

There was that clear indication our type of spreadable delight was no longer desirable.

JEAN

(To JOE) That was very poetic.

JOE

I try.

JEAN

It had been a subtle, almost unrecognizable elimination at first.

JOE

First, the larger size jars.

JEAN

Then the low sugar...

JOE

...the sugar free...

JEAN

Finally they were down to Welch's and Smuckers Grape Jelly.

JOE

Twelve ounce jars.

(JEAN forms the size of the jar with her hand. JOE adjusts her fingers slightly, faces the audience and nods. JEAN holds up a plate of sandwiches.)

JEAN

(To audience) Is anyone hungry?

[*NOTE: If someone in the audience raises a hand, JEAN should deliver a sandwich, or two. If, or if not, she should bite into a sandwich of her own and continue.]

JEAN, *Continued*

The Flintstones.

JOE

Excuse me.

JEAN

(*To JOE*) The Flintstones. The cartoon.

JOE

(*To JEAN*) I know who the Flintstones are. Why...?

JEAN

(*To JOE*) Welch's Jelly.

(*JOE gestures that he is still lost.*)

JEAN, *Continued*

When you emptied the jar it became a drinking glass.

JOE

(*Acknowledges*) I remember. I do remember.

JEAN

My family had a set of twelve. Passed down over the years, of course.

JOE

We only had a couple. One for me and one for my sister. (*Beat*) Then the glass broke.

JEAN

Yours?

JOE

No, my sister's.

JEAN

Aww.

JOE

She took mine.

Ohh. JEAN

(To JEAN) I hated my sister. JOE

(To JOE) Because she took your Flintstones glass? JEAN

(To JEAN) No, because she hated me. I couldn't care less about the glass. JOE

Uh-huh. JEAN

(To JEAN) By the way, how's your sister Sandy? JOE

(To JOE) Very well, thank you. JEAN

(Both JOE and JEAN relax with a sandwich. They then remember the audience and continue without missing a beat.)

Welch's and Smuckers. JOE

Twelve ounce jars. JEAN

One grape jelly. JOE

One grape jam. JEAN

Meanwhile, all the other brands, varieties and flavors were there... available. JOE

Slowly taking over for... replacing... JEAN

JOE AND JEAN, *Together*
Grape jelly.

JOE
There were red raspberry preserves—

JEAN
And jam.

JOE
Peach preserves.

JEAN
Strawberry and blackberry preserves.

JOE
Apricot preserves and jelly.

JEAN
Even pineapple preserves.

JOE
Orange marmalade.

JEAN
Black cherry jelly.

JOE
Blueberry jelly.

JEAN
All Fruit.

JOE
Currant.

JEAN
And legion... langdon... legend...

JOE
(*To JEAN*) What are you trying to say?

JEAN
(*To JOE*) You know, the preserves... from Sweden.

JOE
Ah, lingonberry.

JEAN

(Excited) That's it.

JOE

But... preserves, not the jam.

JEAN

Same thing.

JOE

No, not really.

JEAN

Really? *(To JOE)* There's a difference between jam, jelly and preserves?

JOE

(To JEAN) Not really so much between jelly and preserves, but between jelly and preserves and jam.

JEAN

(To JOE) Hmm. Really. Do tell.

JOE

Preserves and jelly refer to fruits, or vegetables, that have been prepared and canned for long term storage.

(JEAN is silent. She waits for JOE to continue.)

JOE, *Continued*

The use of pectin. As a gelling agent.

JEAN

Jelly agent?

JOE

Gel-ling agent. You could use honey or sugar.

JEAN

And jam is different?

JOE

Slightly. Theoretically, jam is a variation of preserves. The difference is a jam often has pieces of the actual fruit's flesh. Some sources merely differentiate jam as cooked and gelled, that's gelled, fruit puree.

JEAN

Wow.

JOE

Jam usually refers to a product made with whole fruit, cut into pieces and crushed.

JEAN

I didn't know that.

JOE

Most times just one fruit rather than a combination.

JEAN

One fruit?

JOE

Yes.

JEAN

(To JOE) Do you know what fruit butter is?

JOE

Yes, I do. A larger fruit, your apple, plum, peach, is cooked until softened and then run through a sieve for a smooth consistency. Add sugar, and cook rapidly with a constant simmer.

JEAN

How about conserves?

JOE

Fruit stewed in sugar.

JEAN

And confit?

JOE

(Shakes his head) Preservation of meat. Nothing to do with fruit.

JEAN

(To JOE) You amaze me.

JOE

I just know my jams and jellies. For us and... for them.

(JOE gestures to the audience.)

JEAN

(To JOE) I love you.

JOE

(To JEAN) I know. (Beat) Back to the shelf space?

JEAN

Let's.

JOE

The shrinking shelf space and diminished stock was, in our opinion, clearly, not a coincidence.

JEAN

So, we spoke to the store manager hoping for an answer.

JOE

We approached the store manager.

JEAN

Yes, we approached the store manager. Joe spoke to him.

JOE

'We are good, regular customers,' I said.

JEAN

I was standing behind Joe, nodding my head.

JOE

'Mr. Tucker,' I asked...

JEAN

We knew it was Mr. Tucker because of his picture over the Customer Services counter. Where we get our lottery tickets.

JOE

Remind me to get tickets for the next drawing.

JEAN

I will.

JOE

'Mr. Tucker,' I asked. 'Why are you no longer stocking any brand or variety of grape jelly?'

JEAN

Or...

JOE

‘Or grape jam, for that matter?’

JEAN

And he replied...

JOE

(In a deep voice) ‘We do stock grape jelly and jam. Twelve ounce jars. Welch’s Grape Jelly and Smuckers Grape Jam. Aisle 13 with the peanut butter, Marshmallow Fluff and Nutella spread. The original creamy, chocolaty hazelnut spread.’

JEAN

And then...

JOE

He walked away.

JEAN

Just disappeared into the lines that had gathered at the checkouts.

JOE

We were looking for a bit more of an explanation.

JEAN

Now...

JOE

It was up to us.

JEAN

To find an answer.

JOE

The answer.

JEAN

We left the store and on our way back to our car we plotted our next move.

JOE

Road trip.

JEAN

Down the road to the A&P.

JOE

Then cross town to the Whole Foods and from there, Pathmark. Twenty minutes more to the Stop and Shop and finally—

JEAN

Lunch.

(JEAN'S comment has put an immediate halt to the momentum of the scene.)

JOE

(To JEAN) Not really relevant to our saga.

(JEAN thinks hard.)

JEAN

(To JOE) No, it isn't, is it? Sorry. *(To audience)* Sorry.

JOE

Finally... King's.

JEAN

But, we weren't done.

JOE

Into the city.

JEAN

New York... City. And beyond.

JOE

We visited them all. Met Foods, D'Agostino's, The Food Emporium, Walbaum's, Gristedes, Key Food and King Kullen.

JEAN

And all the overpriced bodegas and deli's in between.

JOE

The situation got worse by the day... by the hour, no, by the minute.

JEAN

With each visit there were less and less jars of grape jelly to be found.

JOE

They were disappearing overnight.

JEAN

Our search had taken weeks. We slept on the street...

JOE

When we slept...

JEAN

In the subways... in parks.

JOE

When we returned home we persevered.

JEAN

Every minute of every day on the phone and searching the internet.

JOE

There were only more lies...

JEAN

And less grape jelly availability.

JOE

Until...

JEAN

Until...

JOE

It was gone.

JEAN

From everywhere.

JOE

Our worst fears had come true.

JEAN

Back at our Shop Rite...

JOE

The amount of shelf space once reserved for grape jelly and jam was now occupied, by of all things....

JEAN

Mint jelly. That's right. Mint jelly.

JOE

In jars of every shape and size. Original, regular, reduced fat, low fat, fat free—

JEAN

Seedless.

(JOE is once again thrown by JEAN'S random comment.)

JOE

They didn't... there couldn't be, seeds.

JEAN

Oh. No? *(To JOE)* Why not?

JOE

(To JEAN) Mint isn't a fruit... it's a leaf.

JEAN

(To JOE) They can make jelly from a leaf?

JOE

(To JEAN) And stems.

JEAN

(To JOE) The stems, too? *(Beat)* You're kidding.

JOE

(To JEAN) You can make it yourself.

JEAN

(To JOE) No?

JOE

One to one and half cups of fresh mint leaves and stems, four to six drops of green food coloring, two and a quarter cups of water, three and a half cups of sugar, two tablespoons of lemon juice, from the bottle, and a three ounce pouch of liquid pectin makes about four half-pint jars.

(JEAN ponders the idea.)

JEAN

They even had it in squeezable containers.

JOE

Produced by every major company you could think of. Worse yet was the seemingly total acceptance of the disappearance of an American food staple.

JEAN

It just didn't seem to matter to anyone. No grape jelly, no big deal. Shoppers just selected something else.

JOE

Like robots.

(JOE pantomimes a zombie-like individual selecting any-old-jar of fruit spread.)

JEAN

Then one night, sitting in a dumbfounded state about the whole situation, we attempted to put the pieces to our mysterious puzzle together.

(Silence.)

JOE

We were playing Scrabble. I had the "J".

JEAN

I hate it when I get the 'J'.

JOE

I perused the letters on my rack and there they were. J-L-L-Y. Well, with the word grape running vertically on the board and the "E" available...

JEAN

It was a sign.

JOE

It was a triple word score.

JEAN

It was an omen.

JOE

We had to continue our...

JEAN

Quest.

JOE

Yes, quest. We were destined to find the reason behind the now extinct product we knew simply as... grape jelly.

(JEAN fights to hold back her emotions.)

JOE, Continued

(To JEAN) Are you all right?

JEAN

(To JOE) It just so overwhelming sometimes.

JOE

(To JEAN) I know, I know.

JEAN

(To JOE) Sorry, dear. Please continue.

JOE

(To JEAN) What a trooper.

JEAN

(To JOE) Thank you.

JOE

Our theory, brief and to the point, is what we thought was the sudden and unexpected disappearance of grape jelly was, in fact, a process that had been going on for some time prior, and right under our noses.

JEAN

Everyone's noses.

JOE

Apparently we were the only one's bothered by the situation. And aware of the circumstances at the end of the... extermination.

(JEAN quickly covers her mouth in fear.)

JEAN

The last thing we wanted to do was bring attention to ourselves...

JOE

By complaining, questioning, or even mentioning the subject.

(JEAN zips her mouth shut with her finger.)

JOE, Continued

We kept our mouths shut and our eyes and ears open.

(JEAN cups her ears.)

JOE, Continued

We spent every spare minute reading newspapers and magazines. We watched every news program and took shifts searching sites on the computer.

(JEAN types on an "air keyboard.")

JEAN

Just for some hint, some remote bit of information.

JOE

After some time, it was clear. We were the last two people on earth who still liked, no, desired...

JEAN

And wanted...

JOE

Grape jelly.

JEAN

It was a horrific realization.

JOE

Sad. Disconcerting and depressing.

JEAN

Dreadful. Absolutely dreadful.

JOE

There was nothing more to do.

JEAN

We packed up whatever research materials we had accumulated over the months and tried to settle back into a normal routine.

JOE

Several days later, we were watching television.

JEAN

Antiques Road Show.

JOE

A woman from Hartford, Connecticut had a collection of Civil War era military buttons.

JEAN

Regular jacket buttons.

JOE

What else would they be?

JEAN

Well, they could have been campaign buttons.

JOE

(*To JEAN*) You're right. I stand corrected.

JEAN

No need.

JOE

(*To JEAN*) I love you.

JEAN

(*To JOE*) And I love you.

JOE

(*To audience*) One of the *jacket* buttons was manufactured for the Arkansas Militia.

JEAN

It was worth five thousand dollars.

JOE

The reason I'm telling you this story is that how the buttons were mounted in their display brought up a very fond memory...

JEAN

The array of buttons reminded us how we would serve snacks to guests in our home.

JOE

Platters of Ritz crackers topped with...

(*JEAN takes JOE'S arm.*)

JOE AND JEAN, *Together*

Grape jelly.

JOE

It was time to finish the last of the Welch's we had been saving for a special occasion. It was about a half an hour later when something most unusual occurred.

JEAN

(*To JOE*) I always scraped the last of the grape jelly from the bottom of the jar... you just never saw me.

JOE
That's not what I was referring to.

JEAN
No?

JOE
No. Of course not.

JEAN
Oh. *(Beat)* Maybe it would be best if I just...

(JEAN makes a shushing gesture. Just as JOE begins to speak...)

JEAN, *Continued*
I need to stop interfering, don't I?

JOE
At times you...digress.

JEAN
Sorry.

JOE
I love you.

JEAN
I know. Me too.

(JOE ponders her response.)

JEAN, *Continued*
So, tell them what was so unusual.

JOE
We receive a phone call from an anonymous individual who wants to know if we were the individuals looking for grape jelly.

(JOE waits for JEAN to interject.)

JOE, *Continued*
It had been months since our last inquiries. I acknowledged we were and that we had.

(JOE nudges JEAN.)

JEAN
(*Smiles*) Made inquiries.

JOE
I'm sorry.

JEAN
I love you.

JOE
I love you. (*Beat*) I received a phone number from the mysterious voice.

JEAN
(*Serious*) It was a number assigned within in our state.

JOE
After all we had been through... we knew—

JEAN
Without discussion...

JOE
We had to call the number.

JEAN
We huddled together... each with an ear to the receiver.

JOE
I dialed the number... slowly.

JEAN
Of course, slowly, we still own a rotary phone.

JOE
(*To JEAN*) It still works.

JEAN
(*To JOE*) Hello, sweetheart. The twentieth century.

JOE
Twenty-first.

JEAN
Exactly!

JOE
You've...

(JOE refers to the interruption. JEAN gasps.)

JEAN
(Embarrassed; to JOE) So, so, sorry.

JOE
On the other end of the call was an automated message.

JEAN
Don't give away too much.

JOE
It doesn't matter now, does it?

JEAN
Well, out of respect.

JOE
(To JEAN) Good point. *(To audience)* The message provided an address and... *(To JEAN)* I can tell the time, can't I?

JEAN
I'm sure that will be fine.

JOE
Friday night. Eight o'clock. We had three days to determine what we should do.

JEAN
Finally, we agreed to attend.

JOE
Why not. We had gone as far as we could on our quest for answers and...

JEAN
Grape jelly.

JOE
We had to follow through, no matter where the adventure would take us.

JEAN
Anyway, there's nothing new on TV on Friday nights.

JOE
It's movie night with Chinese take-out.

JEAN

To be honest, it was pizza. We had Chinese the week before.

JOE

It was pizza. (*Beat*) But we had already discussed what we were going to order come Friday night.

JEAN

Because it appeared you really wanted pizza.

JOE

And you were willing to skip Chinese? For pizza?

JEAN

I was willing to skip Chinese... for you.

JOE

(*To JEAN*) I love you so much.

JEAN

(*To JOE*) I love you just as much.

(*Silence.*)

JOE

(*To JEAN*) You want sub sandwiches this week.

JEAN

(*Excited; to JOE*) Sure.

JOE

So with directions and map in hand...

JEAN

(*Whispers*) I'm getting him a GPS for Christmas.

JOE

A what?

JEAN

Nothing.

JOE

We began our trek, not knowing where we would end up, or what we would find there.

JEAN

It was a moonless, pitch black night. A slight breeze rustled the remaining leaves in the trees. It was chilly, but not cold. The kind of chill that goes through to your bones if—

JOE

Jean.

(Silence.)

JEAN

(Quickly) We had a rendezvous with destiny.

JOE

What it did turn out to be was a meeting. In the back room of a Perkins Pancake House.

JEAN

A secret meeting.

JOE

Under the guise of a book club meeting.

JEAN

(Remembers) That's right. The hostess asked us if we were there for the book club meeting... and she winked at us.

JOE

We winked back.

(JEAN displays an over zealous wink.)

JEAN

Only there were no books.

JOE

Just a room full of people, just like us.

JEAN

Lovers of the jelly.

(JOE looks up and sighs, deeply.)

JOE

We all proceeded to introduce ourselves and over the course of the night shared our stories. We had all received the same phone call, listened to the same recorded directive and made our way to the same restaurant.

JEAN

It was good to meet people just like us. In the same predicament.

JOE

Just as the conversations concluded and it seemed as if the evening was over—

JEAN

He walked into the room.

JOE

He was a tall, comely, gentleman.

JEAN

(To JOE) Comely?

JOE

(To JEAN) Good-looking. Handsome.

JEAN

(To audience) He was hot.

JOE

(To JEAN) Excuse me?

JEAN

(To JOE) I'm agreeing with you. He was an attractive man.

JOE

Yes. *(To audience)* He was better looking than the average man.

(JEAN agrees emphatically.)

JOE, *Continued*

Oh, go ahead and say it.

JEAN

He was really hot. *(Beat)* Thank you. *(Beat)* I love you.

JOE

I'm not threatened.

JEAN

Good.

JOE

His attire was impeccable. He spoke very little.

JEAN
And, he refused to give us his name.

JOE
Except to say... 'It was up to us.'

JEAN
'It was up to us.'

JOE
That was all. *(Beat)* We all remained silent. Slowly, one by one, we looked to each other. What was 'up to us?'

JEAN
He remained still.

JOE
The room got quieter still—

JEAN
If that was possible...

JOE
As he walked amongst us.

JEAN
When he settled in the center of the room...

JOE
And we all had formed a circle around him...

JEAN
He snapped his fingers.

JOE
The loudest finger snap one could ever imagine.

JEAN
The back door flew open and dozens of other men, women and children entered the room.

JOE
Each person carried a case of grape jelly.

JEAN
As quickly as they entered the room, they handed off their case of jelly to one of us and left...

Through the same back door.

JOE

As quiet as church mice.

JEAN

They never uttered a word...

JOE

Not a sound...

JEAN

They handed us a box, smiled, and were off. *(Beat)* We all stood there... amazed.

JEAN

Some stared at each other...

JOE

Most at what they were holding in their arms.

JEAN

He had been watching the proceedings with great concentration—

JOE

And delight.

JEAN

Then, without warning or introduction or...

(JEAN looks to JOE.)

JOE

Fanfare.

JEAN

Good. *(To audience)* He spoke.

JOE

‘Go forth and spread the jelly.’

JEAN

I actually giggled, thinking it was a joke. Spread the jelly.

(JEAN pantomimes the directive.)

JEAN, *Continued*

You know... spread...jelly

JOE

In Jean's defense, several people in the room were laughing.

JEAN

But...

JOE

It was no joke.

(JEAN shakes her head vigorously.)

JOE, *Continued*

In an instant, we all realized the severity of the situation. The responsibility we were being asked to assume and the undertaking on which we were about to embark.

JEAN

(Whispers to audience) F.Y.I., those of us who found humor in the initial situation apologized to whom we could as we were leaving.

JOE

(To JEAN) You needed to do that, didn't you?

JEAN

(To JOE) Yes. Yes, I did.

JOE

(To JEAN) Feel better?

JEAN

(To JOE) Yes. Yes, I do.

JOE

He then pulled up a chair, told us to relax, and spoke to us for forty-five minutes.

JEAN

His voice was soothing... calm.

JOE

His name was Mr. Blue. He reviewed the time line of grape jelly's demise. He explained when it began—

JEAN

(Cuts in) An ACME Supermarket in Jersey City, New Jersey.

JOE

—and why.

JEAN

When asked by her mother what brand grape jelly she wanted...

JOE

... a little girl in pigtails and a frilly pink dress responded through the gap produced by two missing front teeth...

JEAN

‘I’d prefer just a spoonful of peanut butter, thank you.’

JOE

It took nothing more than a simple lack of interest in a peanut butter and jelly sandwich by a youngster to get the ball rolling.

JEAN

He explained everything.

JOE

Peanut butter’s rise to prominence in the pastry and candy world. Grandmothers’ failure to pass along their recipes for lindsor tortes.

JEAN

The whole low calorie, processed food craze.

JOE

He had statistics, names, memos, official documents.

JEAN

It was frightening.

JOE

His final words hit home. If it could happen to grape jelly, it could happen to anything.

JEAN

Imagine the world without... Macaroni and Cheese.

JOE

Ring Dings.

JEAN

Ketchup.

JOE

(To JEAN) Catsup.

(JEAN ignores JOE'S correction.)

JEAN

Mustard, French fries, spaghetti sauce... bread for God's sake!

JOE

(To JEAN) You okay?

JEAN

I couldn't live without bread.

JOE

Who could? (To audience) Now it was up to those of us in that room. We had received our charge. We were told groups such as ours were forming across the nation – around the world, that night.

JEAN

It wasn't important how they got our name and phone number...

JOE

What was important was being part of the movement.

JEAN

Helping the cause.

JOE

Until our job was done, we would receive a phone call at the same time every Tuesday night. The message would tell us where and when to pick up our case of grape jelly. From there it was up to, on our own time and in our own way to...

JOE AND JEAN, *Together*

Go forth and spread the jelly.

(Silence... then JEAN giggles... but just a bit.)

JOE

Stop it.

JEAN

Sorry.

JOE

We started with samples at street fairs and flea markets. Shelters, parks, anywhere we could find a public gathering.

JEAN

Location, location, location.

JOE

We were getting the word out, building a following again, just not getting the grass roots movement we had hoped for.

JEAN

Groups around the world were experiencing the same problems.

JOE

That's when, (*To JEAN*) what did you call it?

JEAN

(*To JOE*) A miracle.

(*JOE nods and points to JEAN.*)

JOE

Let her tell you. It's her story.

JEAN

I was feeling a little down one day, so I went to church.

JOE

That's what she does. I don't, she does.

JEAN

The line for the confessional was longer than usual.

JOE

(*Kids*) Like she has anything to confess.

JEAN

(*Serious; to JOE*) I do.

JOE

Right.

JEAN

You'd be surprised.

I would? JOE

Yes. JEAN

(*To JEAN*) Anything I should be worried about? JOE

(*To JOE*) What do you mean by that? JEAN

(*To JEAN*) Is there something I should be worried about? JOE

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes