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Waiting for Jazz Fest
A 10-Minute Comedy
by
Ross Peter Nelson

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CHARACTERS
2W / 2M

HIM Male, early twenties, heading for JazzFest.
HER Female, early twenties, friend of HIM.
VEE Male, mid thirties. A kind of superhero.
ESS Female, mid thirties. A different kind.

SETTING
New Orleans, the fairgrounds outside Jazz Fest. (See note.)

TIME
The present.

NOTES
The play maybe localized to the performance region by substituting a different music festival for JazzFest (e.g., SXSW, Coachella) and city in place of New Orleans
Waiting for Jazz Fest
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(HIM and HER are outside the fairgrounds. They are displeased.)

HER
I can’t believe we had to drive around so long to find a spot.

HIM
Parking is always a bitch at Jazz Fest.

HER
I can’t wait to get inside. I need a beer already.

Yeah.

HER
Wait, where are you going?

HIM
We need tickets.

HER
You didn’t preorder?

HIM
I was busy.

HER
Oh god, look at that line.

HIM
It’s not that bad.

HER
Are you kidding? It curves all the way around the grandstand!

HIM
We’ve got time, nothing even starts until eleven.

HER
You said you’d get the tickets.

HIM
I’m going to get them.
HER
You said you’d have the tickets.

HIM
I told you. I got busy.

HER
We’ll be waiting forever!

(VEE and ESS step out from behind a tree. They wear homemade outfits, for example, VEE wears a T-shirt with a hand-drawn lightning bolt on it, hi-tops, and long johns. ESS wears hot pants over a pair of tights and a sports bra over a turtleneck. The elements may or may not match. On her feet are silver ballet slippers. VEE is humming his personal theme song.)

VEE
Here we are!

ESS
You can go now.

HIM
What are you talking about?

ESS
We’ll take your place.

VEE
It’s what we do.

ESS
Waiting.

HER
Why would you do that?

ESS
We’re very good at it.

ESS
Waiting.

VEE
Just go on about your lives. We’ll wait here.

HIM
I’m confused.
We can’t do anything about that.

Yes we can.

What?

Explain to him.

What?

What we do.

I tried. I failed.

Try again.

(To HIM.)

We wait. For you.

How can you wait for me when I’m already here?

Not for you. For you.

(To HER.)

For you, too.

(A pause.)

This isn’t helping.

Shall we start over?

Yes.
VEE

Hang on.

(VEE and ESS disappear behind their tree. They wait.)

VEE

(Yelling.)

Go ahead. Say it.

HER

Say what?

VEE

What you said before.

HIM

Something about waiting.

HER

This is stupid.

HIM

It’s not like we have anything better to do.

HER

I don’t remember what I said.

HIM

Yes you do.

HER

God. (Beat.) We’ll be waiting forever.

(VEE and ESS come running out, with VEE humming his theme song.)

VEE

We heard your plight and we’ve come to save you.

HER

Save us from what?

ESS

Waiting.

HIM

And who are you, anyway?
I’m Vee. That’s Ess.

And why are you wearing those ridiculous outfits?

We’ve been co-opted into pop culture as superheroes.

Who were you before you were co-opted?

Vladimir.

Estrogen.

Really? I thought it was Estragon.

It’s the 21st century -- I thought a little gender balance would be appropriate.

So you … changed?

Didn’t you notice?

No.

Not at all?

No.

(Hands cupping her breasts.)

What about these?

I thought they were turnips.

(Posing to show off her legs.)

And these?
Didn’t notice.

Especially?

You always did have nice legs. (Beat.) Your feet on the other hand … Phew!

It wasn’t me. It was those horrible boots.

Still.

But now I have these.

(ESS removes a ballet slipper and hands it to VEE. He sniffs.)

Much better.

(ESS offers the slipper to HER and HIM.)

No thanks.

I’m not into that particular fetish.

Well, you know what they say.

When life hands you a fetish, make fettuccine.

I thought it was cannoli.

Fettuccine.

(ESS puts her slipper back on.)

So if you’re superheroes, what exactly do you do?
We wait.

For you.

You mean, in our place?

Yes!

It’s a service.

Like AirBnB?

Except we come to you.

Do you have an app?

We have a tree. (Beat.) And a turnip.

Two of them.

C’mon, lets go.

Where?

I don’t know.

We’ll lose our place in line.

They’ll wait for us.

Seriously? You trust those clowns?
Why not?

Look at them. Those goofy outfits.

Actually, that’s pretty tame by New Orleans standards. Remember last year? The guy with the hot pink lederhosen?

Oh, all right. … How much?

Pardon?

How much are you charging?

Oh, there’s no charge.

We do it for free.

We enjoy it.

It gives us something to do.

Oh … OK.

C’mon.

(They begin to walk away.)

Wait. How will you contact us?

Why should we contact you?

When the waiting is over.
ESS
That’s never happened before.

HIM
She means when you get to the head of the line. Do you have a cell phone?

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