



TAZ Entertainment

ABN: 16237449334

PO Box 4072, Swan View WA 6056, Australia

Tel: (08) 9255 3336 Fax: (08) 9255 3395

Mob: 0417 093 800

Email: taz@tazentertainment.com.au

www.tazentertainment.com.au

Travis Hooper

- "Jarrod Goes Shopping"

A one act play - comedy

Running Time: approx. 25 minutes

Period: Modern Day

Rating: Adult Content

Synopsis:

Jarrod Shuldig is a sweet young Doctor who helps out with his wife's local theatre groups production of "Ooh err missus." Goaded by his wife and business partner, he decides to enter into the spirit by volunteering to buy a very personal prop. What could possibly go wrong?

This play is an intriguing mixture of observations on relationships, neo-absurdist comedy with a good dash of "carry on" humour.

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About the Author: Travis Hooper

- This page will be updated shortly.



bio

About the Play:

Jarrold Goes Shopping was written in 2005 and first produced at The Brookman St Theatre home of the Goldfields Repertory Club (1931) Inc in Kalgoorlie, Western Australia, and directed by Andrew Upfold. The theatre then entered this production into the ITA State One Act Drama Festival and travelled to Perth (some 600kms) with the same cast to present this production and to receive professional adjudication, which was held at the Roleystone Theatre Club and adjudication by Jenny Davis.

The original 2005 cast:

Jarrold Schuldig played by Callum Johnson
Jenny Schuldig played by Emma Brown
Brooke Caufield played by Danni Ashton
Chris Llewellyn-Davis played by Brett Thomas
Tom Summers played by Georg Eitelhuber

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“Jarrod goes shopping”

by Travis Hooper

Jarrod Schuldig

- *a shy, retiring doctor in his late 20/early 30's*

Jenny Schuldig

- *Jarrod's wife, a self confident teacher same approx. age as Jarrod*

Brooke Caufield

- *A bubbly receptionist early 20's*

Chris Llewellyn-Davis

- *an English Doctor, Jarrod's boss*

Tom Summers

- *President of the local amateur dramatic society*

SCENE ONE. – on stage

(JARROD stands to the side throughout this section, and during any rehearsal of “Ooh er Missus” TOM and BROOKE are to perform with Cockney/Carry on accents.)

TOM: Shop! Anyone here?

BROOKE: Good morning sir- Sydney? Sydney Williams? It's me, Barbara Slone, from Kelsey Grammar School.

TOM: Barbara Slone! Well I never! Well, OK, once behind the bike shed

BROOKE: Ooh, I did not! Although, I used to daydream about you all the time in Maths class.

TOM: Mr Turner's Maths class right? You sat behind me. So you used to daydream about me eh? So How come you never asked me out?

BROOKE: Your best mate Gary told me you were binomial.

TOM: Bastard! Next time I see him, I'm gonna shove his indices right up his algebra

BROOKE: So what can I do for you, Big Boy?

TOM: Oh the mind boggles Darling.

BROOKE: What would you like to buy?

TOM: I'd like to get a present for a lady friend.

BROOKE: Well, we have lingerie. Would you like to see my knickers?

TOM: Not half, But it's actually for my aunty. I was thinking perhaps a gift basket.

BROOKE: How's about a bunch of Pansies?

TOM: Nah, she don't like the ballet. What about South American coffee?

BROOKE: The only Brazilian I've got ain't for sale.

TOM: Shame. (*thinks*) You got any Posh food? You know, salami, that sort of thing

BROOKE: The Lorry's coming this afternoon. I'm hoping to get an order of Spicy, Hot, Pork sausage then.

TOM: Well, perhaps I can help you there.

BROOKE: Oww, saucy.

TOM: Taking about food, how would you like to come over to mine tonight for a serve of meat and two veg?

BROOKE: That sounds lovely Pet, but how about this? Maybe you can come over to mine, I've got a German cookbook.

TOM: German Cookbook?

BROOKE: My ex boyfriend Hermann gave it to me.

TOM: I'm sure he did darling. Ex-boyfriend you say? What happened?

BROOKE: He was really sexy, but before he went back to Berlin he used to get really moody and angry.

TOM: He must have been a real sour kraut!

BROOKE: Well Honey, Come over tonight and you might get your hands on my Dumplings.

TOM: I should be so lucky!

BROOKE: It's a date then! *(breaking accent into Australian)* Jarrod, What do you think? Should I go and hug him, or should I also give him a big kiss?

JARROD: Um, I'm not sure –

TOM: *(breaking accent into Australian)* Maybe Brooke should bend over as she faces me?

JARROD: I don't know –

BROOKE: Oh yes, and then he could pinch me on the bum!

JARROD: OK, um, we could perhaps look at that, Jenny will be taking the next rehearsal, so it would probably be best if we were to wait for her decision.

BROOKE: *(teasing)* Oh yes, Best we wait for wifey. *(whipping)* Whu-CHING!!!

JARROD: Come on, that's not fair, after all, she's the Director, I'm just the stage manager.

TOM: Alright, Mr Stage Manager, shall we take a break?

JARROD: I guess we should call it a night, good work everyone.

BROOKE: *(curtseying)* Thank you kind sir.

TOM: Well, if we're calling it a night, who wants a drink? Bar's open.

JARROD: Do you have a key to the bar?

TOM: Sure do, one of the advantages of being President of the club. Jarrod?

JARROD: Oh, no thanks, I'll just clean up here and then I really should get home. Jenny will be finished at the parent night soon.

TOM: OK. Brooke? Fancy a tall cool one?

BROOKE: But of course, *(singing)* Large Bacardi, Mr President.

TOM: Here you go Brooke. *(tosses Brooke some keys)*

BROOKE: Catch you at the bar Tom. And I'll see you at work tomorrow, Dr. Schuldig. *(exits)*

(Tom assists Jarrod in cleaning up.)

TOM: Thank you.

JARROD: What do you mean?

TOM: I appreciate all the work you are doing here.

JARROD: Just doing my job as the stage manager

TOM: I know, but I'm still impressed, it's not really your thing though is it?

JARROD: You're right, this is more Jenny's thing, but she asked for my assistance, and I was more than happy to help out.

TOM: You're a good man Jarrod. We finished?

JARROD: I guess so. See you Wednesday.

TOM: Catch you then. *(exits)*

LIGHTS DOWN/UP

SCENE TWO – Home

JENNY: *(offstage)* Jarrod, You home?

JARROD: In here Jenny. Would you like something to eat?

JENNY: *(Off)* Did you make something?

JARROD: No, but I could whip up something if you're hungry.

JENNY: That's so sweet of you! *(kisses Jarrod on the top of his head.)* It's alright, I grabbed a burger on the way home

JARROD: How was parent night?

JENNY: *(slumping onto Sofa)* Oh god, you know, the usual. The parents who you need to see are never there, and as for the rest, it's always: "Johnny needs to focus more at his studies." Or "Susan should spend more time on home assignments." Or "Billy would perhaps benefit from home tutoring, or a lobotomy."

JARROD: That's a bit nasty.

JENNY: I remember my first boss used to always say, "Schools would always run better if they didn't have parents or kids."

JARROD: You don't really mean that do you?

JENNY: Oh come off it darling, you know I'm only joking. Any way, how were rehearsals? Everyone work hard?

JARROD: I guess so, the lines are coming along well, everyone has pretty much got their scripts down. *(Pause)* Brooke and Tom had a few, um suggestions.

JENNY: *(teasing)* Were they being naughty?

JARROD: Well, Brooke was being a bit forward with her suggestions, I mean, she's my receptionist at work and I felt a bit, you know, uncomfortable.

JENNY: Did she threaten to take advantage of you? Did she want to ravish your hot, sexy body?

(JENNY makes a grab for JARROD, who springs up.)

JARROD: No! No, nothing like that, she was talking about her character, and what she could do, and with Tom egging her on, it got a bit, you know, rude.

JENNY: It's a British bedroom farce, it's supposed to be a bit, "you know, rude"

JARROD: I just don't like it when she gets all flirty, we should maintain a professional relationship.

JENNY: Christ, here we go again, Jarrod it's the part she's doing in the play. I know this is the first play you've been involved in, and some of the nuances and intricacies are yet to come to you, but in the theatre we have a thing where people get on stage and pretend to be someone else. They achieve this by reading other people's words out of a script. It's called ACT-TING!

JARROD: But couldn't you have done something less, you know, in your face?
(thinking) Noel Coward, he's good, and it's something everyone can enjoy.

JENNY: *(rising)* I'm sorry I'm not doing Coward, my maiden Aunt had her copy of "Blythe Spirit" buried with her! It's not like we're doing "Debbie does Dallas" here, it's just a bit of fun. And what the hell is wrong with that? I don't seem to recall you ever complaining about "a bit of fun."

JARROD: That's different, that's private.

JENNY: That's right, I forgot. *(deep Brooklyn accent)* "Sex is a very private and personal thing that is just between you and the person you're doing it to."

JARROD: I didn't mean it -

JENNY: If you're so damn opposed to us doing the play, why the hell did you volunteer to be stage manager?

JARROD: Because theatre is an important part of your life and I want to be a part of anything that's important to you. *(sits)* Look, I've always been shy around people and I thought that maybe getting involved with the theatre would help me.

JENNY: I know you're shy; it's what first attracted me to you. I think it's sweet.

JARROD: I am trying.

JENNY: *(sitting)* Of course you are. I love that you're trying, I love that you're getting involved with the theatre, and most of all, I love you. *(embrace, kiss)* So, did Tom have any suggestions on how he could get sexy?

JARROD: Yes, quite a few.

JENNY: Want to show me?

JARROD: Here?

JENNY: *(smiling)* The bedroom, race you.

Lights Down up

SCENE THREE – Surgery

CHRIS: Jarrod! My dear boy! How are you Today?

JARROD: Good thanks.

CHRIS: Capital! I've got something to show you.

JARROD: What is it?

CHRIS: Steady on old bean, I want Brooke to see this too. Brooke?

BROOKE: *(entering)* Yes Dr. Llewellyn-Davis? Oh, good morning Dr. Schuldig, what can I do for you both?

CHRIS: I went home last night via the Box office and got these. *(produces two tickets)* Front row centre, two tickets to Actors Incorporated's production of "Ooh er Missus." Directed by Jennifer Schuldig and Starring Brooke Caufield.

BROOKE: What night are you coming to see it Dr. Llewellyn-Davis?

CHRIS: Opening night.

BROOKE: I'll be extra naughty that night then.

CHRIS: I should hope you would be.

BROOKE: Will you stay afterwards?

CHRIS: Indeed, it is my intention that I shall stand the entire cast and crew a drink at the bar to toast their enormous success.

BROOKE: Lovely. Is there anything else?

CHRIS: Not for the moment thank you.

BROOKE: Thank you.

CHRIS: Well, break a leg, both of you. (*BROOKE exits*)

JARROD: So you're coming to see the show?

CHRIS: Of course, Wouldn't miss it for the world dear boy.

JARROD: I just thought it wouldn't be your sort of thing.

CHRIS: Nonsense, We British have thrived on "this sort of thing" for generations.

JARROD: British?

CHRIS: Despite what people tell you, the British Empire wasn't founded on the playing fields of Harrow and Eton, believe me, I've been there. No, The British Empire was founded on the three B's; Bawdy Songs, Busty maidens and Benny Hill.

JARROD: You watched Benny Hill?

CHRIS: Dear lord no, I didn't get a television until I moved out here to Australia. Mater thought it would cheapen us.

JARROD: I'm not sure I follow you.

CHRIS: We British have the power to allow ones self to be humorous and self-deprecating. A lesson you should learn from.

JARROD: How do you mean?

CHRIS: Do you know why I brought you to this surgery?

JARROD: Because no one else would take the Job?

CHRIS: No, It was because I saw in you a man of strong principles.

JARROD: Principles?

CHRIS: You believe in your own set of values, and you stand by them. It is rare to find in this day and age, and a sterling quality to possess. Mater was a lot like that.

JARROD: Your Mother?

CHRIS: Indeed. I saw in you what I saw in Mater. She was a woman of strong principles. Principles that only an Englishwoman of decent heart and stout bosom possess, principles that allowed her to rise splendidly above the banal and the absurd. *(pause)* You know, I would like to be remembered that way.

JARROD: Rising above the banal and absurd?

CHRIS: No, as an Englishwoman of decent heart and stout bosom.

JARROD: Look, I really should be –

CHRIS: But the thing –

JARROD: Getting back –

CHRIS: But the thing is my boy, Principles, no matter how well intentioned, will only get you so far. You also need to take the occasional step backwards from the serious aspects of life.

JARROD: What are you talking about?

CHRIS: I'm telling you that every now and then, it is important that you heed to advice of my old Housemaster and "*solve lora infernis*"

JARROD: And that means?

CHRIS: "Dr Schuldig didn't pay attention in Latin"

JARROD: I didn't take –

CHRIS: "Unleash Hell" dear boy, "unleash Hell". You do know the Phrase don't you? Made famous in this country by that awful New Zealand chap who becomes Australian every time he receives an academy award.

JARROD: Russell Crowe?

CHRIS: That's the fellow. You need to heed his advice occasionally. Live a little. You'll feel all the better for it.

JARROD: I suppose so.

CHRIS: Now, you have to excuse me, I have to give Mrs. Petrie's Husband some extremely bad news.

JARROD: Mrs Petrie is sick?

CHRIS: No, She's as healthy as a horse. Mustn't dilly dally, I'll see you for Lunch.

Lights down/up

SCENE FOUR – on stage

JENNY: Ok, before we start rehearsals, I would like you to give your full attention to our stage manager, my husband and doctor to the stars, Jarrod Schuldig! Yay!

BRO/TOM: Bravo! Yay! Woo Hoo!

JARROD: Um okay, thank you Jenny. um, Firstly, has everyone got there costumes organised?

TOM: I have indeed

BROOKE: All present and correct Mr Stage manager.

JARROD: Good. Now, I'd like to talk to you all about props for the play. I've had a look backstage and we have all of the props for the kitchen and the shop scenes. Now for the um, bedroom scene, -

BROOKE: I've got a feather duster –

TOM: I'll bring my own handcuffs –

JARROD: Okay –

JENNY: And of course on the way here each night I can pick up the smoked oysters and whipped cream.

JARROD: Ok, great, thank you, um, that's great. Um, now we still need to get the um, toy.

BRO/TOM: WWWOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

JENNY: No worries, I'll get it after work tomorrow.

JARROD: No. That's OK. *(deep breath)* I'll get it.

ALL: YOU!?!

JARROD: *(Under breath)* Solve lora infernos. *(to others)* Yes. Yes I will. The shop is still open; I'll get it now.

JENNY: Well, Thanks honey. Alright then, Tom, Brooke, let's get to work.

Lights down up

SCENE FIVE – on stage.

(act two of “ooh er missus”)

TOM: *(looking around)* Nice place, It's a lot cleaner than mine.

BROOKE: Well, Every Tuesday and Thursday I get a lady in.

TOM: Really? Remind me to bring a camera. I noticed a dog flap on your door. You got a dog?

BROOKE: Not any more. But I've got a Persian cat.

TOM: Persians? The fluffy ones? My Granny had a couple.

BROOKE: That's it.

TOM: So where's the cat hair? Granny's bungalow was full of it.

BROOKE: It's not a problem, I get my pussy clipped twice a month.

TOM: That's not something you see every day. How long you been here?

BROOKE: Two years, but I'm looking at getting a place of my own. I went to the bank today looking for a loan.

TOM: How'd it go?

BROOKE: The officer was really cheeky. He said he wouldn't give me a loan until he had a look at my assets.

TOM: That seems fair enough, I'd love a butcher's at your assets

BROOKE: Well, I went to complain about him to the manager. The Manager said he was really a nice man, but I still wasn't happy, so he showed me his Testimonials. Anyway, how was your day love?

TOM: Bloody Terrible, I was working on those renovations at the British Legion and the Shop steward came round didn't he? Turned out we didn't have the required amount of page three posters in the tea room.

BROOKE: Well, rules is rules.

TOM: So he called us all off the job.

BROOKE: And I know how much you like to be on the job.

TOM: Not half, I was just about to finish concreting in the flagpole, and I had to leave it. There's nothing worse than leaving a half-finished erection.

BROOKE: *(breaking accent)* Should Tom say 'RSL' instead of 'British legion'? Will anyone besides Dr. Llewellyn-Davis know what we're talking about?

JENNY: I don't know, what do you guys think?

BROOKE: I've got not idea. Can we hold on for a sec? I'm absolutely busting.

JENNY Sure. *(brooke exits) (pause)* Ah Jarrod, the shopper returns. So? Did you get it?

JARROD: Um, yes, it's here

JEN/TOM: WWWOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

JENNY: Thank you. Just pop it on the props table out back.

JARROD: OK *(exits, offstage)* Hey Brooke, Look what I've got for You.

(Brook Screams, runs across stage to Tom, Jarrod follows with bag)

JENNY: What in god's name did you get?

JARROD: *(confused)* I went to the shop and bought what you asked me to.

JENNY: *(looks in)* Oh my god! What the hell is that supposed to be?

JARROD: It's the prop you asked me to get. The script said we needed one.

JENNY: That is NOT what it says in the script!

JARROD: They didn't have the exact same one in stock, but the girl behind the counter said this was the next best thing.

JENNY: But Jarrod, what were you thinking? How can we use this on stage? It's supposed to be a family show?

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