

In the Company of Jane Doe

by  
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Time: Now

Location: Anywhere

**Cast of Characters:**

Jane Doe: 30, a woman of lofty ambitions  
Dr. Annabelle: A psychiatrist  
Dr. Snafu: A quack  
Ruby: Jane Doe's Secretary  
Samuel Spritz: The man of Jane Doe's dreams  
Jenny the Clone: Looks like Jane Doe (also the figure  
in opening scene)  
Doc Any age, a caricature of a doctor, and  
he's short  
Woman in Office Any age  
Man in Office Any age, played by the actor playing Doc  
Voice 1 Any age, played by the actor playing Doc  
Voice 2 Any age, played by the actor playing  
Woman in Office  
4 Inquisitive Scientists Any ages, played by the actors playing  
Samuel Spritz, Ruby, Doc, and Woman in  
Office

**Playwrights Note**

*It is important that all locations in this play be suggested by the mere furniture necessary to locate the scene. Doors should be independent of any walls, and may be represented with mere door frames. Boundaries can be distinguished with lighting, and the lighting should suggest a dream. That is not to say the play is a dream, only that the parts of this story that we witness should be highlighted like those wonderful stories we remember upon waking. It is important for directors to recognize the possibility that the play from Dr. Snafu's entrance to his final exit may very well be happening in an instant.*

*Stage should be black, furniture should be bright and well maintained. As to the number of characters in this play, all parts may be multicast, with the exception of JANE DOE, DOCTOR SNAFU, DOCTOR ANNABELLE, and THE CLONE.*

IN THE COMPANY OF JANE DOE

The stage is black. At curtain, a faint spot starts to glow in the middle of the stage space, like a faint star. We hear a voice coming from the darkness, it is the voice of JANE DOE. As she speaks, a figure of her likeness moves into the spot of light. This figure wears a nude body suit. Her gender is obvious, but the lack of specificity the suit provides is important. The light will never get bright enough, and the audience will have to lean forward to read her completely impassive face. The figure does not see the audience, nor does she see the ceiling, or walls around her. She exists only as a doll, and is resplendent in her opaqueness.

JANE

(V.O.)

I've told you this a thousand times. I don't understand why I have to tell it again- It's always the same. Always. Nothing ever changes.

There is a sigh.

JANE

(V.O.)

What?

(long pause)

Fine. Where do you want me to start? At the beginning? Yeah, you guys always want to start at the beginning.

The light that was faint will continue to grow in intensity over the following. The figure stands in a classic Eve pose, hiding her breasts with one arm, and her lap with the other. A figure in a white coat and beret stands in the background. He appears to be very short. He zigzags his way to the foreground of the stage as the scene progresses.

JANE

(V.O.)

Alright, a thousand and one. So, I'm naked. I'm always naked. And I feel... Awkward. I feel cold. And hungry. It's like my stomach is full of sharp, starving, diamonds, if that makes sense. And I can feel everyone looking at me. And then my dad is there, and he's waving his hands, only I can't reach him because this little man is holding onto my thigh and he's diagramming my skin.

JANE

He's got this line of people behind him, they're like this blur of peaches, and he's telling them to stop pushing, he tells them to calm down.

The little man in the white coat pulls out a painters palette and with the dexterity of a highly trained surgeon begins to diagram the body as he speaks. He has the flair of an artist, and may use a magic marker although he wields the palette. He may move the figure as needed, but she does not ever move of her own accord. He speaks with his back to us.

DOC

The nose is a composite tissue structure composed of the nasal skeleton, an internal lining of mucosa, and an external layer of skin. The topography of the external nose is a graceful blend of complexities. You're Madonnas, Nicole Kidmans, and other famous dollar signs that reflect the underlying shape of the material soul.

JANE

(V.O.)

I try to turn, to see him better, but every time I turn around, all I can see is the top of his head bent down... He's very short.

DOC

As with all surgical procedures, understanding the anatomy is crucial prior to performing an operative procedure. The blood of the breast skin depends on the subdermal plexus, which is in communication with underlying deeper vessels supplying the breast parenchyma. The breasts being located above the heart as a sort of double faced sphinx. The riddling, jiggling, man-catching, pear-lings, hiding the blood-pumping river below. This rich blood supply allows for a variety of reduction techniques, ensuring the viability of the skin flaps after surgery.

JANE

(V.O.)

This is when I start to feel the pressure.

(MORE)

JANE (cont'd)

Remember, I tried to explain it to you last week... It's like an elephant sitting on my chest. He starts handing out pieces of my skin to the people behind him. They just... can't get enough.

DOC

Use caution with superficial irregularities that are more confined to the skin and superficial levels. The patient may describe this as cellulite. Or cottage cheese. Delicious when served over tomatoes, but considered a distasteful and undesirable date for cocktail parties. Particularly on the dance floor, living la vida loca. Caution must be emphasized concerning the fullness just inferior and parallel to the buttock (the so-called banana deformity)

By now, the figure is quite covered in lines delineating what should be cut and what should be tucked.

JANE

(V.O.)

And just before I wake up, I see my Dad. He's finally made it over to me, and he looks at me, and the little man, and then he says "Goddamnit Jane, couldn't you have saved me even a little piece?"

The Doctor scoots away. The Figure is covered now not only in dashes and lines, but it also holds certain words from Jane and the Doc's speeches, such as "Banana Deformity", "Sharp Starving Diamonds", and "Pear-lings". A roar of applause shakes the stage, and the Doc takes a big sweeping bow as the spot light goes black. Lights go up on a psychiatrist's office. JANE DOE, who reclines on an overstuffed chaise, has obviously spent a great deal of money on herself and has been carefully crafted into perfection. She is thin, well dressed, her hair is pulled back tightly. Her skin is treated to all the right peels and scrubs, her body is carefully manipulated each week by a personal trainer, her nose no longer carries the rather unfortunate, but signature, Doe bump. Even her breasts are high and perky in her fancy suit, and her forehead refuses to wrinkle. DOCTOR ANNABELLE, in comparison, appears comfortable with the weather age has thrown her, and sits in a matching overstuffed armchair. She wears a white lab coat. She is looking over her notes.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
And how did it make you feel?

JANE  
It made me feel the way it always  
makes me feel-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Jane-

JANE  
I wake up pissed off, hollow,  
hungry-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Okay, okay, hmmm...

JANE  
What?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Have you given any more thought to  
what this dream might mean?

JANE  
You're asking me? I come here every  
week, and every week you insist on  
discussing this dream! I'm telling  
you the *dream* isn't the *problem*-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
You're talking about the "incident"-

JANE  
Yes. And could you please not say  
it like that?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Like what?

JANE  
(mimicking)  
"The incident"- like you think I'm  
making it up or something. Like  
you don't believe it happened-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Jane-

JANE  
I mean, this is serious! You try  
explaining to your boss why there  
are snowshoes in your briefcase  
instead of the very important,  
guard-these-with-your-life-files  
you were *supposed* to bring.

(MORE)

JANE (cont'd)  
Files that were entrusted to you to  
present during the MOST IMPORTANT  
MEETING OF YOUR LIFE-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Jane, of course I believe you. You  
wouldn't be here unless there was  
good reason-

JANE  
Yes.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
I'm just wondering if the two  
aren't related somehow, if together  
they aren't all symbolic of some  
sort of deep seated-

JANE  
I mean, where did they come from?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
- where did what come from?

JANE  
The snowshoes!!

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Ahh, well-

JANE  
I don't even know where one would  
buy snowshoes, much less be able to  
stuff a pair in my briefcase- And  
what about the Eskimos?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Eskimos?

JANE  
Yes. I couldn't sleep, *again*, so I  
stayed up late watching the  
Discovery channel, *again*. I mean, I  
spent the whole night learning  
about Eskimos, and, and igloos, and  
then this morning I woke up with  
this really strong desire to eat  
snow...

Doctor Annabelle makes some notes.

JANE  
What? What are you writing?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

Jane, I am merely concerned that these, *incidents*, as you call them, might be a manifestation of some deeper urges. Have you thought about taking a vacation? Something relaxing?

JANE

A vacation? And just when the hell am I supposed to do that? Do you know I've averaged 64 hours a week at my firm for the last-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

(overlapping)

-64 hours a week for the last four years. Yes, you said-

JANE

I don't take time off for Christmas. I miss birthdays, there's no way I have time for a *vacation*.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

Well-

JANE

Look, all I'm saying is I have given this firm my soul, and they still refuse to promote me, until now. Now things are finally looking up and I have a product they cannot ignore!

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

(looking at her notes)

Yes, Cheesy Dips, correct? Sounds delightful.

JANE

Exactly! And I can't even make a decision on the product designs because my eyes are swollen shut, and all I do at work is daydream about curling up inside a fur-lined sleeping bag, in an igloo somewhere, where some smooth skinned fisherman feeds me seal milk and I learn how to hunt polar bears...

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

Excellent visualization-

JANE

No!

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

No?

JANE

(at wit's end)

I don't want to hunt polar bears!!!  
I want to get the promotion!

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

Alright, Jane- time for some deep  
breathes.

Doctor Annabelle puts down her notes, dims lights.

JANE

What?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

You're very upset. This will help-

JANE

I'm not upset because I can't  
breathe!

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

Jane...

JANE

What?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

DEEP BREATHES.

JANE

Fine!

Jane breathes.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

Good. Now let it out, slowly...

Jane exhales.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

Good. Now I am going to count  
backwards, and I want you to keep  
breathing.

JANE

You want me to breathe, I'll  
breathe.

She breathes.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

Ten... Nine...

JANE  
I just, it's just that I look in  
the mirror and I've got bags on top  
of bags-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Eight... Seven...

A breathe.

JANE  
(calmer)  
I mean, it's not like me to be  
so... distracted!-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
(overlapping)  
Six... Five...Four

Another breathe.

JANE  
(relaxing)  
So... like I don't even know who I  
am anymore...

There comes a loud banging on the door. Jane and Doctor  
Annabelle jump.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Goddammit!  
(catches herself)  
Sorry Jane.

The door opens to reveal DOCTOR SNAFU. He wears a white lab  
coat, is about 50, and walks with a purpose that carries him  
into a room faster than his feet.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(clearing his throat)  
Who are you indeed!  
(clearing throat)  
Doctor Annabelle

He enters the room, clears his throat, turns around, exits,  
enters again, repeating the behavior under the following  
dialogue.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(clearing throat)  
Doctor Annabelle-  
(clears throat)  
Doctor Annabelle-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
I, I'm with a patient-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
A very impatient, patient if I'm  
not mistaken!

Doctor Snafu whips out a chart, and with some difficulty  
ceases his entry-re-entry process, heading to the desk, which  
he circles three times before sitting upon.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Got the chart right here. Jane Doe.  
Unfortunate name, isn't it?  
Criminologist?

JANE  
Er, no.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Hmm. Shame. Well, I was just out  
for a leisurely stroll, couldn't  
help but hear the desperate cry for  
help emanating from within... fate,  
I suppose, to have brought you here  
Miss- may I call you Jane?

JANE  
That would be-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
To have brought you here Miss Jane,  
on this particular day when I am  
feeling so alive with altruism for  
my fellow man, woman, and the  
occasional beast.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
I must object to this intrusion-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
You're a Doctor, Annabelle, not a  
lawyer.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
We were in the middle of a  
treatment!

Doctor Snafu leans in close to Jane, peering into her face.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Now Jane, as I was saying, out for  
a stroll when what to my wandering  
ears should intone but the  
sorrowful mewl of your-  
(looking at lips)  
You have exquisite lips my dear!

JANE  
Thank you.

He's still very close to her. Doctor Annabelle clears her throat

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(straightening)  
Exquisite.

JANE  
Who are you?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(very grand)  
I am Dr. Snafu.

No recognition.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Why, surely you've heard of me?

No response.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Doctor Annabelle hasn't spoken of me?  
(silence)  
Doctor Annabelle?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Jane and I are currently exploring breathing techniques and visualization as a way of curbing her anxiety. Not exactly your field of study-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Posh.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Excuse me?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Breathing techniques. All rubbish. a pansy, wet, sloppy, not-to-be-taken-seriously approach. And lazy to boot.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
This patient has real problems. Real problems require real solutions, and reality is my speciality-

Doctor Annabelle laughs, once, for punctuation.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Jane, I think you might be a perfect candidate for my program-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
But Doctor, I'm afraid I must  
strenuously object to that  
appraisal-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
And I'm afraid I must strenuously  
remind you that you are *not* a  
lawyer-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
But she's not a good candidate-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
She's a perfect candidate!  
Distressed, pale, confused... It's  
practically stamped on her  
forehead! I'm taking her!

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
You can't have her!

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Might I remind you who's name is on  
the door?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Mine!

DOCTOR SNAFU  
I meant the other door, of course!  
I am still running this facility,  
am I not?!

The doctors have gotten quite close in their standoff. Jane  
raises her hand.

JANE  
Umm, excuse me?

They both turn to Jane.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
(collecting herself)  
Of course, Jane, I'm sorry you had  
to see this. Dr. Snafu, if you  
don't mind-

JANE  
Can I ask Dr. Snafu, what kind of  
treatment you are proposing?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Aha! Say no more, my dear. I can  
see it in your eyes, you are a  
realist. Here.

He pulls an extremely large book from his lab coat and thumps it onto her lap.

DOCTOR SNAFU

This is the manual. It explains everything. Don't be intimidated. It's very important you understand the full ramifications of what it is we'll be doing. Nuclear transfer, mitosis, failure and success rates, investigating personality traits, etc.

JANE

Err...

DOCTOR SNAFU

Don't worry about the cost of course, Government grants and all that. We're taken care of till 2010. Let us know if you have any questions. Don't forget the introduction, it's my favorite part!

JANE

Of course, I'll read it immediate-

DOCTOR SNAFU

Ah, excellent! See you soon Jane Doe. Dr. Annabelle, you'll have no problem in *assisting* I presume?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

You might want to rethink that *presumption* Doctor! Doctor?

He starts to exit, backs up three steps, tries it again, backs up three steps again. Looks at Jane, makes a little chuckle, shrugs, and leaps through the door.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

I hate it when he does that.

Lights go out.

SCENE 2

Lights up to a phone ringing in Jane's office. Jane sits in an executive chair, behind a large desk which is buried under copious amounts of paper. The papers fly around her as she signs them, stamps them, or throws them away. She moves efficiently and with good speed, but she does not seem to make a dent. Her secretary Ruby mans the phones. Jane looks dreadfully tired.

Her secretary, RUBY, a redhead who speaks a bit through her nose, sits in a chair near the door. She wears a headset, continuing to man the phones as she takes notes from Jane.

RUBY  
(into headset)  
Miss Doe's office. Mhmm, Mhmm, yes  
sir. Right away sir.

She hangs up.

JANE  
Where were we?

RUBY  
(looking over notes)  
It is the consensus of this  
department that "Dippy-

JANE  
Yes. That "Dippy-Cheese" might be  
the biggest seller- underline "the  
biggest"- seller this year.  
Research has indicated that the  
cheese market-

Phone rings.

RUBY  
Miss Doe's office- Mhmm. Mhmm.  
Of course.

She picks up her pencil again.

JANE  
-that the cheese market is not only  
ready, but in desperate need of a  
product like this!

The phone rings again. Jane continues to shuffle papers,  
signing and underlining various things.

RUBY  
Miss Doe's off- Oh hello Sir.  
(get's Jane's attention)  
Yes Sir. I'll get her right now  
sir.  
(puts on hold)  
The Partners want you to lead the  
department meeting this afternoon.  
They asked if you could run an  
itinerary by them first.

JANE  
Are you serious?

RUBY

Yes!

JANE

(picking up her line)

Jane Doe here.

(listens)

Yes, yes, that would be fine sir, I would be honored sir. I'll run it up to you myself sir!

Hangs up.

RUBY

Just tell me you'll take me with you when you move upstairs.

JANE

Ruby-

RUBY

The offices are so much bigger!

JANE

Nothing's been decided yet-

RUBY

Are you kidding me? You practically run this department. You're on the short list, and now they're handing you the meeting? That's the department head's job. You are sooo in!

A woman in a business suit pops her head in.

WOMAN

Miss Doe?

RUBY

She's busy-

WOMAN

Partners asked me to send these down.

She drops a huge stack of files onto Jane's desk.

JANE

Thanks.

WOMAN

Might be back with more later.

JANE

Of course.

WOMAN

They want you too look them over  
before the meeting.

JANE

I'm right on top of it. Thank you.

The woman leaves. The phone rings.

RUBY

Hello, Miss Doe's office. Mhmm,  
mhmm, yes, yes, yes.

She hangs up.

RUBY

Accounting would like to see you  
today about remunerating for the  
research group on Sunday-

JANE

Okay, set something up for 1.

RUBY

Can't. You have a meeting with the  
"Dippy Cheese" group.

JANE

Oh, right. 2 then.

RUBY

2:00 you're meeting with Mr. Bunts.

JANE

3?

RUBY

Howards.

JANE

4.

RUBY

That's the department meeting-

JANE

(sighs)

Cancel lunch then. I'll see  
accounting at lunch.

RUBY

Fine. You want me to-

A man enters, carrying a large stack of papers.

MAN  
Accounting sent these up, need you  
to take a look at them before the  
meeting.

He drops a ridiculously large bundle of papers on her desk.  
We can barely see Jane's face now.

JANE  
Is all that really necessary?

MAN  
Just doing what they told me-

JANE  
Of course-

MAN  
Gotta' do my job-

JANE  
(gritted teeth.)  
Thank you.

MAN  
Wouldn't want to get in trouble.

JANE  
No.

As he starts to leave he knocks some of the papers from her  
desk. Everyone leans down to pick up the papers.

RUBY  
You might want to watch where  
you're going!

MAN  
Oh, sorry! I'll pick that up-

JANE  
No, no, I know where everything  
goes. You've done enough.

MAN  
Sure, sure. Well, probably be back  
later with some more figures.

JANE  
I can hardly wait.

He leaves. Ruby notices a brochure in the pile of papers.

RUBY  
Are you planning a *vacation*?

JANE

What? No, of course not.

Ruby holds up the brochure.

RUBY

Then what are you doing with a travel brochure for the North Pole?

JANE

How should I know? I've never seen it before. It must've gotten mixed in with somebody's paperwork.

Jane snatches the brochure and drops it in the wastebasket. Ruby eyes her suspiciously.

JANE

Ruby, I'm in the middle of the biggest promotion of my life! I'd have to be crazy to go anywhere right now! I don't even know where the North Pole is, besides, you know, in the North. Now can we just get some work done, please?

RUBY

Of course, Miss Doe. I'm sorry.

Jane tries to move even faster with her paperwork. It is hopeless.

RUBY

Would you like me to start notations for the department meeting?

JANE

Yes.

Ruby gets ready to take notes.

JANE

First-

SAMUEL SPRITZ enters carrying a stack of papers. He is 34, and gorgeous. Everything in Jane's office stops. The papers, the phone, EVERYTHING.

SAMUEL

Jane got a second?

RUBY

She-

JANE

Sure, Samuel. Come in.

He does. She peeks out over the pile at him, smoothing her hair.

SAMUEL  
Whoa! Look at your desk.

JANE  
I know.

SAMUEL  
Guess they really got you swamped up here.

JANE  
Yes.

SAMUEL  
Well, I hate to throw more fuel on the fire, but partners said you're the one to talk to about the Schlick account.

JANE  
They did?

SAMUEL  
Yeah- I've got the files, just need to get everything processed-

JANE  
Sure, sure, just get them to me when you're finished.

SAMUEL  
I've actually got some of the figures with me now-

He searches for a place to put a large printout, finally deciding on top of the already looming stack, hiding Jane completely.

JANE  
Just put them, yes, that's great. Thank you.

SAMUEL  
Okay then. I'll just bring the rest over when they're done-

JANE  
Sure. Thank you.

He turns to leave.

JANE  
Oh, Samuel?

SAMUEL

Yes?

JANE

I just, I was wondering... are you, by any chance, going to the company picnic on Saturday?

SAMUEL

Of course!

JANE

Good. I mean, it should be fun. For everyone. To go.

SAMUEL

Oh, yeah.

Awkward pause.

JANE

(searching for something witty)

Umm, I hope the entertainment is better than last year though-

SAMUEL

Yeah! We've actually got a pool going about how bad it's gonna get- Odds are 2 to 1 it's Hall and Oates, 3 to 1 it's an Elvis impersonator,

JANE

Oh really!

SAMUEL

Yeah, but personally I think they're springing for somebody big this year. They've invited all the stockholders.

JANE

Oh. Right. Wouldn't want to let the money men down!

SAMUEL

Nope.

Jane has completely run out of things to say.

SAMUEL

So, I guess I'll see you there, then.

JANE  
Looking forward to it.  
(blurting)  
I'll be the one eating all the  
potato salad.  
(beat)  
I love potato salad.

SAMUEL  
Right.

He smiles and turns to leave. Jane drops her head on her desk  
in defeat.

SAMUEL  
See ya' Ruby.

RUBY  
Mr. Spritz.

He leaves. Jane's office returns to life.

RUBY  
Well, you've just double scheduled  
yourself again.

JANE  
The picnic?

RUBY  
You're supposed to be at a Women in  
Business luncheon downtown. I  
don't know how you plan on being  
two places at once-

Jane uncovers Dr. Snafu's manual.

RUBY  
(cont.)  
If you ask me, it's just a question  
of prioritizing. Like, with this  
picnic for instance-

JANE  
Ruby, can you give me a minute  
please?

RUBY  
Oh, sure thing Miss Doe.

Ruby leaves, Jane thumbs through a few pages of the manual.  
She picks up the phone and dials. Lights up on Dr. Snafu at  
his desk.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(clears throat)  
Hello?

(MORE)

DOCTOR SNAFU (cont'd)  
(clears throat again)  
Hello?

JANE  
Hello, Dr. Snafu-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(clears throat again)  
Hello?

JANE  
Dr. Snafu?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(clearing throat again,  
meekly)  
Hello?

JANE  
Dr. Snafu, it's Jane Doe.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Secretary's out of the office I'm  
afraid, perhaps you could call back  
later-

JANE  
But, Dr. Snafu-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
No idea when she'll be back-

JANE  
DR. SNAFU!

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Yes?

JANE  
I was hoping I could talk to *you*-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Oh, indeed!

JANE  
-about the manual.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Ah, yes. Yes. The manual. Trust  
you've read it by now?

JANE  
Well, actually-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
I know, I know it's overwhelming.  
A lot to handle.

JANE

Yes-

DOCTOR SNAFU

Probably wondering how we do it,  
right?

JANE

Er-

DOCTOR SNAFU

Brilliant design actually- Of  
course we've got some critics,  
always have critics- but I think  
Chapter 12 really delineates the  
practice, puts it into laymens  
terms so to speak. See, we  
borrowed from Wilmut, added a bit  
of Antinori, or was it Zavos? Oh,  
well a dash of this and a dash of  
that I always say- Anyway, once we  
figured out how to replicate the  
womb, we were able to regulate the  
whole thing- it's been amazing.  
Add to that the chapter on rapid  
growth- you've read chapter 23 I  
assume? And well, it's no wonder  
your head is swimming.

JANE

Yes. Actually that was what I-

DOCTOR SNAFU

(getting serious)

Of course, you've read chapter 29?  
The footnotes?

JANE

(desperately flipping  
pages)

Err...

DOCTOR SNAFU

I know it's daunting. Success rate  
17 percent.

(whistles)

Couldn't sell me on those odds- but  
the payoff? Unbelievable!

JANE

Dr. Snafu.

DOCTOR SNAFU

Yes, yes, I know. I'm rambling on.  
Anyway, let's just talk about it  
tomorrow, say around 2:30.

(MORE)

DOCTOR SNAFU (cont'd)  
I know you've got questions, come  
down to the office, we'll get you  
started on the paperwork.

JANE  
But Dr. Snafu!

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Yes?

JANE  
I think there's been some mistake.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Mistake? No mistake. Tomorrow  
afternoon. Unless you can't-

JANE  
No. A mistake with the manual. It  
seems-  
(whispering)  
Well, it seems to be all about  
cloning.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Don't have to tell me what it's  
about. I wrote the damn thing.

JANE  
But-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
See you tomorrow.

He hangs up. Lights go down on both offices.

### SCENE 3

Lights up on Dr. Snafu's Laboratory. Jane sits on an exam  
table, wearing a paper hospital gown. Various machinery  
rests around her, letting out the occasional beep, or sigh.  
Doctor Annabelle is getting ready to collect Jane's blood  
samples.

JANE  
Is all this really necessary?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Having second thoughts?

JANE  
I just, I thought that maybe you  
would just prick my finger or  
something.

Doctor Annabelle laughs, tightens the cuff on her arm.

JANE  
No, really. I don't like the sight  
of blood.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
It's not too late you know...  
Perhaps some *deep breathing* would  
be helpful-

JANE  
Ooh-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Lie down.

JANE  
Ohh.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Now, visualize an ocean, or a  
feather in the breeze-

Doctor Annabelle pushes her back on the exam table.

JANE  
Maybe if I could just talk to Dr.  
Snafu first-

Dr. Snafu enters looking over Jane's paperwork. He again has  
trouble entering the room, and has to turn around, exit, re-  
enter, etc.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Ah, Jane Doe.

JANE  
Doctor-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
No need to get up, no need at all.

JANE  
Dr. Annabelle brought me here. I  
thought-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Of course she did. Efficient  
woman, Annabelle is. Very  
efficient.

Doctor Annabelle gives him a sharp look.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
*Doctor.*

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Yes?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
It's *Doctor* Annabelle.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
What about her?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
What about *me*.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
What about you?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
My *name*!

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Is Annabelle! My goodness woman,  
you're a doctor, pull yourself  
together! Now, what were we  
talking about?

Doctor Annabelle is frustrated, Doctor Snafu is confused,  
Jane raises her hand tentatively.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Ah, yes, Jane Doe! You've filled  
out all the paperwork I presume?

JANE  
Yes, but I-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Get your John Hancock on all the  
dotted lines?

JANE  
Yes, but I was just-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Good. Good. How you feeling?

JANE  
Well, a little woozy actually-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Oh, nothing to worry about there,  
probably just the blood samples.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
(coughing it)  
Second thoughts.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Did you hear something?

JANE  
Err, I-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
(whispering)  
Second thoughts.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(looking under desk)  
I say, is there someone else in  
here?

JANE  
I don't think-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
(blurting)  
She's having second thoughts!

DOCTOR SNAFU  
I see no reason to yell!

Doctor Annabelle glares at Doctor Snafu.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Now, Jane, you were saying?

JANE  
Well, I was hoping you could-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Ah, yes, blood samples. Always a  
bit rough. Don't worry though,  
Annabelle is an excellent  
clinician.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
*DOCTOR!*

Doctor Annabelle jabs the needle into Jane's arm, the blood  
starts to draw.

JANE  
Ouch!

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Yes, yes, I know. Now, Jane...

He picks up a clipboard.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Just going to have to ask you a few  
questions, here. Just a few.  
Comfortable?

JANE  
Well actually I had a few-

Before she can say more Doctor Annabelle hands her a cup of  
juice.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Drink this or you'll pass out.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
When was your last menstrual  
period?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Why do you always start with that  
one?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
I like to get it out of the way.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
It doesn't make any difference.

JANE  
(quietly)  
Oohh.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
I beg to differ.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
You just like to get it out of the  
way.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
That's what I said.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
But why, that's the question.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Indeed.

JANE  
(woozy)  
Oohh.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Makes you uncomfortable. Menstrual  
period.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
I don't know what your talking  
about.  
(looks at Jane)  
Are you drinking your juice?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Of course she's drinking her juice.  
Why don't you try observing before  
you start hammering away like you  
do?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
I do not hammer!

Doctor Annabelle whips the needle out of Jane's arm, pressing a cotton ball to the puncture. Doctor Annabelle lets out a "hmph". Doctor Snafu takes a deep breathe.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Menstrual period?

JANE  
Monday before last.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Stopped, or started?

JANE  
Stopped.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Good.

Doctor Annabelle pulls out a blood pressure cuff.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Give me your arm honey. Not the one we just sucked dry dear, the other one.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Anything unusual?

JANE  
Excuse me?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
With the period- everything a-okay?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
I told you it makes him uncomfortable. "A-okay"? He doesn't like period talk.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Can. I. Continue?

She glares at him and goes back to work.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Jane?

JANE  
Yes, everything was fine.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Good.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
(removing blood pressure  
cuff)  
120 over 80.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Oh, that's good. That's very good.  
And how about psychotic breaks?

JANE  
I beg your pardon?

Doctor Annabelle starts testing Janes reflexes with a little hammer.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
She's not crazy. I've been working  
with her for months-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
I must argue Annabelle that this is  
*my* analysis, not yours. I will ask  
the questions, *any* questions, that  
I see fit. *Is that clear?*

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Crystal.

Doctor Annabelle hits Jane's knee, and it kicks so high that  
it knocks Doctor Snafu's clipboard out of his hands.

JANE  
I'm sorry.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(collecting himself)  
That's alright. It wasn't *your*  
fault.

He turns to glare at Doctor Annabelle.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
So, nothing wrong with your  
reflexes now, is there? Alright,  
about those psychotic breaks-

JANE  
Haven't had any.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Good.

JANE  
Yet.

She laughs a little too loud. Dr. Snafu laughs. Doctor  
Annabelle laughs. Then it is silent.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Well, that was healthy. Hmm- now  
where did I put that stethoscope...

Doctor Annabelle hands him a stethoscope. He leans behind Jane, she jumps at the cold metal on her back.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Annabelle, what have I told you  
about COLD STETHOSCOPES!?!

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Sorry Jane.

She breathes on the metal to warm it.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Now. Let's see... Breathe in.  
(Jane does)  
Good. Breathe in again. Sounds  
good.

He hands the stethoscope back to Dr. Annabelle, picks up his clipboard again.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Ever been pregnant?

JANE  
No.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Exposed to Hepatitis A?

JANE  
No.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
B?

JANE  
No.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
C?

JANE  
No.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Good.

Doctor Annabelle grabs a tongue depressor.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Do you suffer from Migraines?

No. JANE

Open. DOCTOR ANNABELLE

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Ever had any problems with ulcers?

Not yet. JANE

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Say "ahh."

Aaghh JANE

Doctor Annabelle sticks a tongue depressor in Jane's Mouth.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Bleeding stomach?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
(on Jane's behalf)  
No.

Cancer? DOCTOR SNAFU

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
No.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Drugs?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
No.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Alcohol.

No. DOCTOR ANNABELLE Sometimes. JANE

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(looking up)  
What?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
She's a social drinker.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Annabelle! I am interrogating the  
patient, not you!

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
If you had read my notes you  
wouldn't have to interrogate  
anyone!

DOCTOR SNAFU  
How could I read them? Nonsense  
they were! Pure nonsense!

Doctor Annabelle snatches up a sheet from Dr. Snafu's pile,  
thrusting it towards him.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
(reciting)  
Jane Doe, 33, non-smoker, no drugs-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Unorganized-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
(louder)  
No serious medical threats.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Sloppy, inconclusive-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
(louder)  
Healthy as a horse.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(squinting at the sheet)  
Is that a... six?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
(finally)  
She's in perfect condition!  
PERFECT! The closest she's ever  
been to inferm was a broken heart.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
A broken heart? Jane?

JANE  
I, well, figuratively, of course.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Ahh, well...

Doctor Snafu rocks back and forth on his heels, thinking,  
looking over his notes.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
I suppose then, if there's no other  
previous medical conditions...

JANE

No.

DOCTOR SNAFU

Ahh. Well, thank you *Doctor*  
Annabelle. This was most helpful.

Doctor Annabelle glows.

DOCTOR SNAFU

Most helpful. Well then, unless  
there is anything else, Jane, you  
can just sign right here-

He leans over with the paperwork. Jane looks at it, looks at  
the doctors.

JANE

Well, actually I did have just a  
few questions.

DOCTOR SNAFU

What? Questions? Well why didn't  
you say so?

(very grand)

Allow me to enlighten. To titalate  
the brain, if you will. You've  
read the manual? You know we are  
going to take your DNA and combine  
it with an un-nucleated cell to  
create an embryo, which we will  
then plant in a syndicated-

Doctor Annabelle laughs.

DOCTOR SNAFU

Yes?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

Synthetic.

DOCTOR SNAFU

Yes, synthetic- My my, what did I  
say?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE

Syndicated.

DOCTOR SNAFU

Well, that would be something  
wouldn't it?

(laughs to himself.)

*Synthetic* womb. Then, we'll add  
our magic, copyrighted, patented,  
Top Secret, growth hormones, and  
Voila' in no time at all you'll be  
twins. Two for the price of one.

(MORE)

DOCTOR SNAFU (cont'd)  
Double your pleasure, double your  
fun... hmm, that's catchy. In the  
mean time, we'll be doing some  
personality extractions, character  
mining, psychological  
differentiations, carry the one and  
so one. If your ready of course.

JANE  
(finally)  
But Dr. Snafu! Does it really  
work?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(quite sincere)  
Oh yes, my dear, needles and veins,  
cooperate everytime.

Jane looks at the paperwork, takes a breathe and signs.  
Doctor Snafu claps his hands. He gives the papers to Doctor  
Annabelle. The lights start to dim, swallowing Doctor  
Annabelle.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Ah, wonderful! Now, Doctor  
Annabelle, can you please give  
these to my secretary? I want  
everything in triplicate. Jane,  
how you coming with that dream of  
yours?

JANE  
I had it last night.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Hmmm.

JANE  
It's always so upsetting.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Mhmm. And what about the,  
incidents?

He hands Jane her clothes, she steps off the examining table  
towards the chair, and starts to get dressed. The examining  
table promptly disappears into darkness.

JANE  
This morning I woke up and I felt  
like someone had split me into a  
thousand pieces-

Dr. Snafu starts to exit, backs up three steps, tries it  
again, backs up three steps again.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(laughs to himself)  
Always a bit tricky...

He readies himself to leap through the door-

JANE  
And when I got to the office,  
everything was in a shambles.

Doctor Snafu finally jumps through the door, everything disappears into the dark except Jane and the chair. Jane continues as she starts putting on her shirt.

JANE  
I tried to tune it out, to get some work done, but all I could think about was ice skating, and it smelled like snow... but I'm sure I was imagining that part-

A giant spotlight hits Jane square on. Jane squints into the light.

JANE  
Uhh, hello? That light's really bright.

VOICE 1  
Ahh, specimen Jane Doe.  
Approximately five feet eight inches, weight one hundred and twenty three pounds...

VOICE 2  
Ha, talk to her when she's bloating!

JANE  
Hey-

VOICE 1  
One hundred and twenty three pounds, today. Hair, Blond-

VOICE 2  
-ish. I've seen better dye jobs on a Barbie doll.

JANE  
Excuse me?!

VOICE 2  
Where'd you get it done? Peroxide Nation?

JANE  
I beg your pardon?

VOICE 1  
Hair, Blondish.

JANE  
It's dirty blonde... It's natural,  
I just-

VOICE 1  
Eyes green.

There is a pause, no one interjects.

VOICE 1  
Specimen complains of missing time,  
missing pieces of oneself, not  
having enough to go around-

VOICE 2  
Over-worked.

JANE  
Yes.

VOICE 2  
Over-stressed.

JANE  
Probably.

VOICE 1  
Do you feel stressed?

JANE  
Yes.

VOICE 1  
Is this "stressing you out" now?

JANE  
I'm a little nervous...

VOICE 1  
Natural, considering...

JANE  
Considering what?

VOICE 2  
This is a big step dear.

Pause.

VOICE 1  
Are you ready?

JANE  
I, think so?

VOICE 1  
Alright then. Let's continue- What  
is your earliest memory?

JANE  
I, well... I, guess- Oh, I think I  
was three, or four, and I had gone  
down the hall to get some mail from  
our box, and I turned and fell down  
the stairs. I felt like I was  
falling forever, but it was only  
three steps.

VOICE 2  
Clumsy.

JANE  
No, I... I was just a child.

VOICE 2  
A clumsy child.

JANE  
No- I just fell.

VOICE 1  
Is that why you remember this? The  
falling?

JANE  
Well, yes, I suppose so. I mean,  
it was terrifying. And then once  
it was done, once the falling was  
over, I just laid there, catching  
my breathe. I thought someone  
would come out and see if I was  
okay. I was crying... No one came.  
I had to walk back to the apartment  
by myself-

VOICE 2  
(softly)  
Self reliant.

JANE  
And then when my mom saw me, she  
panicked. She thought I had  
permanently scarred my face. I had  
a deep cut running down my  
forehead.

Beat.

VOICE 2

Ahhhh.

VOICE 1

Anything else?

VOICE 2

Yes, anything else??

JANE

I, don't remember, I just, she was crying. She was crying so I stopped.

VOICE 1

Hmmm. What about father?

JANE

What about him?

VOICE 1

What did he do when he saw your cut head?

JANE

I, don't remember. I don't think he was home.

VOICE 2

Absence makes the heart go yonder...

JANE

No, it wasn't like that. He was just away on business a lot. He worked hard for us. We didn't live in that apartment very long, he got promoted and we bought a house. It was beautiful. I loved growing up in that house.

VOICE 2

1611 Herwood Dr.

JANE

Yes.

VOICE 1

Brothers and sisters?

JANE

No.

VOICE 2

Only child.

JANE  
So?

VOICE 2  
Spoiled?

JANE  
No!

VOICE 2  
Hmmm?

JANE  
What is that supposed to mean?

VOICE 2  
Never wanted for things, never  
lacking in materials...

JANE  
My parents loved me!

VOICE 1  
Of course they did.

VOICE 2  
Of course they did.

VOICE 1  
Of course.  
(beat)  
And in school?

JANE  
What do you mean?

VOICE 1  
Average, Below Average-

JANE  
Above Average.

VOICE 1  
What was your favorite subject?

JANE  
Math. Art. VOICE 2

There is a beat.

JANE  
Art when I was younger, Math once I  
was old enough to know better.

VOICE 1  
Meaning?

JANE

I was-

VOICE 2

Discouraged.

VOICE 1

Your parents didn't approve?

JANE

No, they-

VOICE 2

Didn't hang her pictures up.

JANE

I can tell the story myself!

Silence. After a moment-

JANE

There was an art show at school, we all made pictures. After the show we got to take them home with us. I put mine on the refrigerator so my dad could see it in when he came home.

VOICE 1

Yes?

Jane doesn't answer.

VOICE 2

Found it in the garbage the next morning?

JANE

Yes.

VOICE 1

My, my.

JANE

It was just a stupid picture-

VOICE 1

Age?

JANE

11.

VOICE 1

Impactful...

VOICE 2

Turned to math...

VOICE 1

Ahh.

JANE

I don't understand why any of this matters-

VOICE 2

Research dear.

VOICE 1

For the clone, dear.

VOICE 2

Clone sweet clone...

JANE

It was just a stupid picture-

VOICE 1

There are no little pieces-

VOICE 2

Everything matters-

VOICE 1

Everything matters-

JANE

Fine. Fine. Can we just get on with it then?

VOICE 1

Of course Jane. Just a few hundred questions to go...

She heaves a big sigh, the lights go out on her and a recorded continuation of the previous interview continues in the dark.

#### SCENE 4

The recorded interview is being played for the benefit of the clone. After a moment, and under the sound of the recording, A red pulsating light starts to glow, the source of which is a rather large voluminous womb residing on a table, within a tank. As the light intensifies, the shape of a large figure can be seen through the red translucent lining of the womb. Every once and a while the figure will move swimmingly. The sight should be a little bit scary but not grotesque.

RECORDING VOICE 1

Tell us about your friends.

JANE VOICE  
What do you want to know?

RECORDING VOICE 2  
Do you have any?

JANE VOICE  
Of course, I have friends.

RECORDING VOICE 1  
What are they like?

JANE VOICE  
I, well, we don't see each other  
that often...

Jane enters, carrying a briefcase. She steps up to the recording device and turns it off. The figure moves.

JANE  
That's enough of that, huh?  
(the figure does not  
respond)  
How's it going in there? I had a  
heck of a day. You don't know what  
I'm talking about yet, but when I'm  
not here getting blood drawn, or  
talking to men in white jackets,  
I'm in my office, trying to be  
brilliant, and lately that's been a  
tad bit difficult what with running  
over here all the time-

The figure moves.

JANE  
Not that it's your fault. I mean,  
we've got a lot of work to do if  
we're going to get you ready in  
time. We've got numbers to draw  
up, and accounts to creatively  
endorse- I just can't believe Dr.  
Snafu wants me to come in here and  
listen to this crap with you. Just  
a waste of time, really. We've got  
a company wall to climb. So maybe  
today, we can start with the Dippy  
account...

The figure moves again.

JANE  
Dippy Cheese is the one that could  
make it all come true...

JANE

You know how you hope and dream for something so long that it seems like it will never come to fruition?

(looks at the womb)

Hmm, maybe not. Well, I tell you, it's either going to be the biggest break of my life, or the biggest bomb.

The figure is restless, continuing to move through the following.

JANE

Oh, sorry. I probably shouldn't have used the word "bomb". I suppose that's not the most serene image to give to a ... Fetus, er... you know what I mean. I just, we've got so much to do, and- Hey, you don't, *like* listening to that recorded stuff, do you?

Jane walks over to the recording, switches it on again. The figure stops moving.

RECORDING VOICE 1

First kiss?

RECORDING VOICE 2

First kiss?

JANE VOICE

Daniel Breck. 8th grade. He had blonde hair.

JANE

And a big ego.

JANE VOICE

(continuous)

He broke up with me the summer before high-school started. He said I had funny eyes, and he wanted to be available for all that high-school had to offer.

JANE

Daniel Breck was a total jerk.

She turns off the recording annoyed.

JANE

He was the one with the funny eyes.  
I don't think he had another  
girlfriend... Ever. I had other  
boyfriends of course.

She walks over to the womb, reaches out her hand.

JANE

What's it like in there?

The figure moves.

JANE

It looks warm.

Beat.

JANE

Well, let's get to work, shall we?

She opens the briefcase, but instead of papers finds it full  
of ice and codfish. The mess comes spilling out of her  
briefcase, clattering to the floor. Jane lets out a  
surprised gasp.

JANE

What on earth...

Jane looks around, then back at the case, and then she bends  
down, looks at the fish.

JANE

Cod? But, I put the files in here,  
I know I did. I just, I mean...  
How?

She looks around, confused. The figure moves swimmingly.  
Jane looks at the cod nervously, looks at the figure...

JANE

(nervous laugh)  
I guess you can tell things haven't  
been going well lately. I'm, uh,  
not sleeping too well, and well,  
these *things* keep happening... Did  
you know that in days past, Eskimos  
might settle a disagreement by  
having a contest of insults? The  
first person to get upset would  
lose the contest, and the dispute.

Beat. She reaches for the recording, nervously.

JANE

Maybe I can listen to these tapes with you. I could even fill you in on the parts that got skipped. Like that idiot Daniel. Don't worry, we got over that one fast! And the cheer-leading tryouts? Turns out nobody liked those girls anyway. Everyone threw food at them during the games.

RECORDING VOICE 1

Most embarrassing moment.

JANE

Don't even listen to this one, I never get embarrassed, I just made this one up-

JANE VOICE

(sigh)

When I was in 9th grade I got my period in class and had to ask the teacher for a tampon-

JANE

Can you imagine?

Lights go down on the scene.

#### SCENE 5

The phone rings in blackout. We hear the unmistakable voice of Ruby answering the phone.

RUBY

Hello, Miss Doe's office- no she's not in at the moment, can I take a message? Mhmm, mhmm. Thank you sir, I'll tell her you called.

Phone rings again. Lights up on a Jane's office. Her desk is as before, but even more paperwork is piled on top of her desk, if that's possible.

RUBY

Hello, Miss Doe's office... Mhmm. Mhmm. I see. Well she's not in right now, Oh-

Ruby uncovers a mitten on Jane's desk.

RUBY

(about the mitten)

Where did you come from?

RUBY  
(into phone)  
Oh, no, I'm sorry sir, I was just  
(listens)  
Well, Jane's not in at the moment-

Jane enters, looking harried. Ruby opens her mouth to speak to her, but Jane holds up a finger, and walks to her desk, hanging her coat up on the way, and stuffing her briefcase in a corner.

RUBY  
Can I take a message?  
(listens)  
I'll be sure to tell her.  
(hangs up)  
Where have you been? This place  
has been sinking faster than the  
Titanic. I've had 24 calls about  
Dippy-Cheese alone. 12 from  
Development, 5 from Mr. Dippy  
himself, 2 from People, wanting to  
know why we'd buy advertising space  
for a product that's already  
shelved-

JANE  
Shelved? When did it get shelved??

RUBY  
That's what I'm trying to tell you,  
bad things have been happening!  
And why do you have mittens? Are  
you sure you're not planning some  
sort of trip?

Jane snatches the mittens from Ruby and stuffs them in a drawer.

JANE  
Of course I'm not going on  
vacation. I don't know where this  
stuff keeps coming from. Someone  
else must be leaving it here. And  
what's all this about Dippy? I  
thought Dippy was a done deal-

RUBY  
Apparently the test groups haven't  
been going well-

JANE  
According to whom?

RUBY  
According to the scores of kids who  
think the packaging is scary-

Jane groans.

JANE  
So, we revamp the package-

RUBY  
Apparently it's not that simple,  
some religious group identified a  
pagan symbol on the cow bell-

JANE  
Jesus!

RUBY  
(continuous)  
-And now one of the Partners called-  
They want to know why you've been  
gone so much this week.

JANE  
What'd you tell them?

RUBY  
That you were looking into other  
products- geez, you look like shit!

JANE  
Thanks.

The phone rings.

RUBY  
Miss Doe's office-  
(listens)  
Just a moment.  
(to Jane)  
You better take this.

Jane answers the phone.

JANE  
Jane Doe here.  
(listens)  
Yes sir... yes of course sir... I  
just had, er, I've been researching  
a new product, doing some research-  
hoping to find a replacement for  
the Dippy- yes... Yes, of  
course.... I see. Well, I... Yes,  
I understand. Thank you for  
calling me personally sir. I will.

She hangs up the phone, stares at her desk.

RUBY  
What? Is it bad? He sounded scary-

JANE

They're calling a meeting with the Dippy Cheese group, says he's not blaming anyone, yet. They want everything. I've got to meet with development- This could jeopardize everything!

Samuel Spritz walks by, peeks his head in.

SAMUEL

Hey, hey, where's the party?

Jane wheels around, trips, and falls into Samuel.

JANE

Oh!

SAMUEL

Whoops, I got ya'.

There is a momentary stopping of Jane's heart. Everything on stage stops. It begins again when Samuel finally speaks. He has missed the irregularity of Miss Doe's palpitations.

SAMUEL

You alright?

JANE

I think so. Thank you.

SAMUEL

No problem. What's all the commotion? Somebody bring in a big contract?

RUBY

(for her)

Not exactly.

JANE

There have been some problems with Dippy Cheese-

SAMUEL

Oh man, I heard things weren't going well-

JANE

(groaning)

Everyone's already talking?

SAMUEL

Oh, I wouldn't worry. The rumor mill's got more gossip that it can handle right now, what with the big Elton scandal.

The phone rings.

JANE

Elton?

SAMUEL

Yeah, at the company picnic.  
Somebody's saying they cashed in  
our Christmas bonuses to get him to  
play-

RUBY

Jane Doe's office- excuse me? Miss  
Doe's in a meeting right now-

SAMUEL

It's a shame you missed it. The  
potato salad was delicious.

JANE

(weakly)  
Potato salad?

RUBY

Sir, SIR, I'm sorry I can't... I  
CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU-

SAMUEL

Yeah. So, what happened, they  
bagged on the design?

JANE

What?

SAMUEL

Partners. They don't like the  
design or something?

JANE

What's wrong with the design?

SAMUEL

Well, the cow's a little scary-

JANE

Scary? It's a cow!

SAMUEL

Yeah, with creepy little eyes-

JANE

(irritated)  
I'm afraid I have to disagree with  
you Samuel, I thought the cow was  
fine.

SAMUEL

Oh-

RUBY

SIR?! SHE'S IN A MEETING-

SAMUEL

Looks like you're needed.

JANE

Apparently this place is falling apart.

SAMUEL

Is there anything I can do?

JANE

It's not really an accounting problem...

SAMUEL

Oh, yeah, of course.

JANE

I mean, I should probably get in touch with development, see exactly what the test groups were saying-

RUBY

Can you hold? I SAID CAN YOU PLEASE HOLD?!

(to Jane)

Jane, it's a Dr. Snafu, I think. He keeps clearing his throat...

JANE

I'd better take that-

SAMUEL

Right. Well, if you change your mind-

JANE

Yes. Thank you Samuel.

SAMUEL

I hope you get it all figured out. See you Ruby.

RUBY

Mr. Spritz.

He leaves. Jane snatches the phone off her desk.

JANE

Thank you Ruby. I'll take it privately.

(MORE)

JANE (cont'd)  
And let's see if we can't get some  
of this stuff sorted out later. I  
can't think with all this mess  
around-

RUBY  
Of course!

She exits, Jane puts the phone to her ear. It is obvious  
from her reaction that Dr. Snafu is still clearing his throat  
into the phone.

JANE  
Hello?

Lights up on Dr. Snafu on the telephone.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Jane Doe?

JANE  
Yes.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Jane Doe, this is Dr.  
(clears throat)  
This is Dr.-  
(clears throat again)

JANE  
I know who it is Dr. Snafu. My  
secretary told me.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Oh right, of course.

JANE  
Why are you calling me so soon? I  
thought I wasn't supposed to come  
in yet for another week-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Quite true, quite true. Couldn't  
be helped I'm afraid-

JANE  
Can I call you back?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
No, have to do it now, can't wait.  
There've been some complications  
you see-

JANE  
Excuse me?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Complications, with the *project*?

JANE  
What complications?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
It's become apparent that some of our data was incongruent with your DNA, and after inoculating the fetus, feeding it, growing it, shaping it from a slimy, pulpy, mush into a humanoid reflecting-

JANE  
Can you say that in English please?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
I'm not speaking English?

JANE  
Well-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Fascinating. What language was I speaking? I only speak three-

JANE  
Doctor!

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Oh, right, well, what I was trying to say is that we need you to come down here right away.

JANE  
But, I've been there practically every day for the last couple of weeks, I am completely behind at work and I really need to stay here and get caught up before anyone realizes-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
It's come to light that certain omissions on your part may have led to the present problems Jane. The present *aesthetic* problems...

There is a pause.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Hello? Jane?  
(clears throat)

JANE  
Yes?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
I've got an opening at 2:00.

JANE  
Alright.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Good. It wasn't Khoisan, was it?

JANE  
What?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
I wasn't speaking Khoisan?

JANE  
No.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Absolutely fascinating language.  
Alright then Jane, see you at two.

She hangs up the phone. Lights down on Jane's office as Doctor Snafu's office gets brighter. Doctor Annabelle is standing in the room with a shivering figure in a blanket.

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Is she coming?

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Of course she's coming. How's the subject?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Cold. She's early you know.  
Impatient little thing-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
(sigh)  
Some spirits cannot be squelched-

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
Doctor-

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Ahh, science and the soul, can a meeting ever be made betwixt the two? Annabelle?

DOCTOR ANNABELLE  
This is hardly a time for philosophy...

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Of course, of course. Well, clean her up.

(MORE)

DOCTOR SNAFU (cont'd)  
Miss Doe will be arriving shortly  
and we'll want to have all our  
ducks in a row.

Doctor Annabelle guides the shivering body out of the room.  
Dr. Snafu tries clicking his tongue a couple of times, his  
endeavors at a cliched Khoisan.

DOCTOR SNAFU  
Fascinating!

LIGHTS OUT. ACT BREAK