

PERUSAL SCRIPT

ANOTHER JASMINE

by

James Arrington



Newport, Maine

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Another Jasmine

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CAST

Jamine — a 16 year-old sophomore

Yudi — a 29-year old custodian

Mr. Hollister — a Principal, 50's, in a suit

TIME: PRESENT

SETTING: AN EMPTY SCHOOL HALLWAY

ANOTHER JASMINE by James Arrington 1f, 2m Simple setting. 10-12 minutes. Unfortunately, the world can be a frightening place when things swirl out of control. On a seemingly normal day after school, Jasmine and Yudi find themselves dovetailed into a complex personal puzzle of the type usually found in crime and horror shows. Simple but painful questions without clear answers. A hallway. A Custodian mopping the floor after school. A terrified girl runs down the hall. They have words. Hers are abrasive at first, but he calms her down. Then the Principal is heard coming down the hall and the girl loses it and hides in the bathroom. The Principal needs a mess cleaned up in his office. The Custodian agrees to do it. The Principal leaves. The girl comes out of hiding and crying profusely. The Custodian realizes why. **ORDER #3350**

James Arrington — Retired former Associate Professor, Former Department Chair at Utah Valley University. James Arrington was schooled professionally at The American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco and then earned a master's degree in Theatre from Brigham Young University. He has worked professionally for 30 years became a sensation on the Utah theatre scene when he returned to create and star in his one-man show *Here's Brother Brigham*. It toured the U.S., Canada, and the British isles. He went on to write and produce numerous theatre pieces including several one-man shows: *J. Golden*, *Tumuaki! Matthew Cowley of the Pacific*, and co-wrote *Wilford Woodruff: God's Fisherman*. He wrote and starred in a quirky TRIPLE *The Farley Family Reunion*, *Farley Two: The Next Gyration*, and *Farley Family Xmas* and a charming musical *Christmas Without Christmas!?* He co-wrote the pioneer musical *The Trail of Dreams* and was granted a commission by the Sesquicentennial UtahWar Committee to co-write and tour *March of the Salt Soldiers: The Utah War*. He has written for stage, screen, outdoor pageant, radio drama, and puppet shows.

ANOTHER JASMINE

SCENE: *In front of a women's restroom with a temporary sign stating "restroom closed for cleaning." YUDI is swishing a mop down the main hallway floor. JASMINE, turns a corner into the back hallways and hurries toward him with her books clasped tightly to her chest. She seems very upset even panicky.*

YUDI: Hey, Hey. Careful there. That's wet.

(JASMINE appears not to hear him. She doesn't slow down but does change course to avoid him. In doing so she slips and almost falls. YUDI jumps into action and grabs her arm. She rips her arm away from Yudi's grasp, falling to her knees.)

JASMINE: Don't TOUCH me!

YUDI: Hey, hey, hey... just tryin' ta help.

JAMINE: *(loudly)* I Don't NEED your help. I DON'T NEED ANYTHING.

YUDI: Sorry...

JASMINE: *(hysterically)* You are such a CREEP! Don't... DON'T EVER TOUCH ME AGAIN!!!

YUDI: I don't know what...

JASMINE: *(Shrieking and crying)* THIS IS THE END FOR ME... DO YOU HEAR? THE VERY END FOR ME.

(She sinks onto the wet floor in a pitiful condition. YUDI looks around and doesn't seem to know what to do.)

YUDI: Uh, look, uh, I'm...

JASMINE: Don't! Don't!! DON'T!!!

(She drops her books, scoots away from him, and pitifully begins sobbing. YUDI looks up and down the hallway. He sees no one. Uncomfortably he tries to offer some support.)

YUDI: Whatever it is, it's not the end of the world.

JASMINE: What do you know?! Huh?

(Through her sobs)

You don't know anything. Anything! ANYTHING!!!

YUDI: Right. Look. Okay, if I can do anything...

JASMINE: You don't have to do anything, stupid. Nothing.

(Shrieking)

MEN ARE SUCH STUPID CREEPS!

YUDI: I don't know what...

JASMINE: *(escalating)* Just shut the hell up! Did I ask you to talk? Did I ask you for help? Did I? You're all creeps... HORRIBLE CREEPS.

(She does not get up or gather her things, but stays pitifully crying on the floor. YUDI notices this and lets her cry for a bit, but he stays close by, working with his mop.)

YUDI: *(Gently)* Tough day, huh?

(she shoots him a sidelong bitter glance.)

JASMINE: What do you know, CREEP!?

(YUDI carefully offers a paper towel from his mop unit. She eyes, then grabs the paper towel angrily. She concentrates on the front of her blouse.)

YUDI: I can see you're hurting pretty bad.

(Bitterly she stops cleaning her blouse but is revolted by it.)

JASMINE: Eeeuuu!! Euuuu. EEUUU!!

(She recoils and tosses the towel on the floor to the side of her while dry heaving.)

YUDI: Oh man... you're sick. You need me to call somebody?

JASMINE: NO! No.

YUDI: Need another towel?

(She is hysterical and angry as she is. He offers it anyway. She takes it begrudgingly, this time wiping here eyes and face.)

Good thing I got plenty.

JASMINE: Look, will you quit trying to fix things?

YUDI: Can't do nothing when somebodies upset.

JASMINE Well, it's not your deal, k?

YUDI: Right, which is why I don't ask about it.

(She blows loudly into the second towel and dabs at her tear-stained face.)

Not everyday that I can help a little instead of just swab the deck here.

(She looks around for a trash can and doesn't find one. He notices.)

We carry trash bags, just in case. Take a shot.

(He holds up the formerly attached trash bag for her to toss in the towels.)

JASMINE: I'm not going to throw it if that's...

YUDI: Just trying to keep a safe distance.

(He picks up the bag and offers it. She holds angrily, then finally cocks her head and allows him to approach. She puts the second used towel into the bag. They BOTH stare at the first. YUDI picks it up, tossing it into the bag.)

JASMINE : *(quietly)* Thanks.

(He steps back and reattaches the bag.)

YUDI: You know, I'd feel a little better about this... if I could actually do something to help.

(She is silent, at least she doesn't scream at him for the first time. She sniffs and looks around her, up and down the hall for anyone else, but stays put.)

This long after school's out hardly anybody around.

(She stares up at him.)

Look, no reason to be scared of me. I can just go ahead and do my job.

(A long moment and he finally picks up the mop and turns his back to finish his work on the floor. She watches him anxiously for a long moment.)

JASMINE: *(quietly)* What's your name?

(Startled, he stops and turns around.)

YUDI: Huh? Did you...?

JASMINE I said, "what's your name."

YUDI: Steve. Esteben Ayuder. I know, funny name, right? Used to be Spanish, but it isn't anymore. People just call me "Yudi."

(A long reluctant pause from both parties.)

Yeah...

(YUDI turns back around and begins to mop again.)

JASMINE: I just need to know it so if I make a report you can say...

YUDI: *(still working)* Okay by me. No need. Just workin' it out here, boss.

(Again she watches him and he totally disregards her.)

JASMINE: *(again quietly)* Uhm... Do you know all...

YUDI: Sorry. I really can't hear when I'm turned around. I'm a little impaired. It's probly why I'm just a janitor. Again?

JASMINE: Do you know all the teachers?

YUDI: Lots of 'em. Not sure about all. Are you looking for someone?

JASMINE: NO! No... No. Absolutely not.

(Quietly to the side)

I just wondered...

YUDI: What's your name?

JASMINE: Mine?

YUDI: Yeah. You know, so we can be introduced and stuff.

(She casts a baleful glance at him. Looks up and down the hall again and responds.)

JASMINE: Jasmine.

YUDI: Hey, wow. Great name. Really. Like Jasmine in *Aladdin*, right? Wow. Jasmine what?

JASMINE: ... I don't really want to say.

YUDI: Fair enough. You call me Yudi and I'll call you...

JASMINE: ...Jasmine. It's Jasmine.

YUDI: Right. A very cool name. So Jasmine, crappy day, huh?

(She immediately begins to cry.)

Oh, sorry man, I shouldn't have brought that back up again. Sorry. Sorry. I'll just shut up and get on with it, okay?

(He turns around lecturing himself and begins again to mop.)

(To himself)

Just keep your mouth shut. Just shut it. Don't push it, dude. Just none o'your business. It's fine. I'll keep quiet.

(For the first time since she sat on the floor, JASMINE changes her position, gathers her books, and pulls herself into a more comfortable position.)

JASMINE: Hey. Hey, Y-Yudi.

YUDI: *(still working)* Yeah?

JASMINE: Can I, uhm, ask you a question?

YUDI : Sure. Don't know if I'll know the answer, but sure, Jasmine. What?

(He stops and turns half-ways around.)

JASMINE: Uhm... have you ever...

(Words fail her.)

YUDI: Oh boy, yes. Have I ever!... and then some! Yeah sure. Didn't I tell you? "Ever" is my middle name.

(He smiles reassuringly. Kind of does a little "ta-dah" stance.)

JASMINE: You know, you're kind of weird.

YUDI: Yeah, I am. And you're not the first person to have figured that out.

(Pause)

So, you had a question?

(Again she looks up and down the hall.)

3+ more pages to the end