

BOXES

SCENE:

An empty stage containing twelve cardboard boxes of different sizes. MASON sits on the floor against a box drinking a cup of coffee. HARLEY enters, sits on the chair and changes shoes to the pair set under his chair. He has clipboard with papers on it.

HARLY

Hey, Mason! You ever know someone by the name of Jessica?

MASON

Why do you ask?

HARLY

Just asking.

MASON

There's got to be a reason.

HARLY

Your name came up in conversation.

MASON

Am I that important?

HARLY

Whoa. Back up. No one said you were important. I mean ... look at you. You're clothes are rotting away, you're shoes are almost just strands of leather, and Mason ... you smell bad. How can you be important?

MASON

There was a day ...

HARLY

Ahh, "was" ... but where are you now?

MASON

I must have some importance. Someone asked about me. Jessica Jessica ... I can't ... it won't come up.

(Hits the side of his head gently.)

HARLY

Well, don't waste your time on it. We have things to do.

MASON

You won't tell me about this Jessica.

HARLY

Why should I if you don't know who it is?

MASON

I might recall.

HARLY

I doubt it. It was a long timer ago.

MASON

Won't you at least let me ... I mean, give me a hint ... a word, a place, a time. Maybe I'll know.

(MASON stands)

HARLY

What's the point?

MASON

I must have once known a Jessica. I mean for someone to remember a name for so long ... I must have made an ... I impressed someone. But why can't I remember? Is there some reason you won't tell me? Did I do something bad?

HARLY

I don't know.

MASON

Don't you think I should know who this person is who asked about me?

HARLY

It was someone you don't know ... never knew.

MASON

But this Jessica. She knew me.

HARLY

Someone asked me if you knew a Jessica. I told that person I didn't know. I asked you and you don't know. That's it. Period.

MASON

Who was that person?

HARLY

No one you know.