

Winnie and Jack's Adventures Until the End of Time

Written by

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Characters

Winnie: He/him. An energetic and unfocused 20 year old who's passion is his fairytale fanfiction.

Jack: He/him. A hardworking 20 year old with a "get it done" attitude. His pessimism about magic drives a wrench into his relationship with Winnie.

Alice: She/her. A depressed 10 year old from Winnie's Alice in Wonderland fanfiction he wrote in middle school.

Grandma: She/her. An old woman obsessed over people's weight. She was written by Winnie while he was struggling with anxious thoughts and food.

Heffalumps: They/them. Two big balls with the energy of a vacuum cleaner.

Wolf: He/him. Wolf is a teenage wolf from when Winnie was actively identifying as a furry.

Snow: She/her. Snow is around a 30-year-old mom. She is best friend with Cindy. The two are Winnie's newest adaptation of Snow White and Cinderella as wine moms.

Cindy: She/her. Cindy is around a 30-year-old mom. She is best friends with Snow. The two are Winnie's newest adaptation of Snow White and Cinderella as wine moms.

Setting

The set is an apartment filled with boxes yet to be unpacked. There is a bookshelf, a counter, and a few storage pieces in the room. Winnie's writing desk is the only place appearing to be fully unpacked.

Offstage is Winnie and Jack's bedroom and bathroom.

Lights up on Winnie and Jack in their new apartment. Winnie sits in a chair reading a manuscript while Jack sorts through one of the many boxes scattered around the home.

Winnie: *(Winnie is reading from his manuscript)* "I bought a new sign from that new small business that opened. It says, 'Wine not'? Isn't that so us?" Cindy laughed to her friend. "Oh my goodness Cindy," Snow replied. "I bought the same one!" The two girls laughed and clinked their glasses together.

Jack: Hey, Winnie, when you're done could you help me unpack?

Winnie: How do you end wine moms?

Jack: Aren't you writing Cinderella and Snow White?

Winnie: Well, yeah. Don't they give you wine mom vibes?

Jack: No?

Winnie: I just need to figure out the ending.

Jack: And they all lived happily ever after.

Winnie: But that's so overdone.

Jack: It's overdone because it's good.

Winnie: *...they clinked their glasses together. "I'd better get home," Cindy said. "So soon?" Snow asked. No, I don't like that either.*

Jack: They clinked their glasses together, the end. Where do you want to put all of your old fairytale books?

Winnie: *"I'd better get home," Cindy said. "I'll cover the bill." "Don't you dare!" Snow exclaimed.*

Jack: Winnie. Alice in Wonderland original edition. Where do you want it?

Winnie: *"You got the bill last time. I'll cover it."* I think I like that.

Jack: *(To the books)* I hate you.

Winnie: I think I'm almost done this project. I can feel it.

Jack: Great! Do you think you could come help me for a bit?

Winnie: I would, but I'm in the zone right now...

Jack: Winnie.

Winnie: *"If I had known you were going to pay..."*

Jack: Winnie. Earth to Winnie.

Winnie: Huh?

Jack: Unpacking?

Winnie: What about it?

Jack: Most of these boxes aren't even mine.

Winnie: Right. I'm sorry.

Winnie puts his writing device down and goes to help Jack.

Winnie: I'm ready to help! What can I do?

Jack: ...unpack?

Winnie: Oh. Right.

Jack: Can you start with these books?

Jack gives Winnie the stack of fairytales.

Winnie: Yes. *(beat)* My old copy of Hansel and Gretel is in here! In this one the Witch doesn't- *(Jack gives him a look)* Unpacking. I'm unpacking. I didn't even know I still had this book!

Jack: Maybe we can just put them on the bookshelf for now?

Winnie: What?

Jack: We can always organize them later. I just think your organization system might take a bit long to do right now.

Winnie: Heffalump on a doozle, how do you expect me to not organize by author, series and colour immediately?

Jack: They just need to be out of the boxes.

Winnie: Fine.

Jack: Thank you.

Winnie sorts through the boxes, but quickly gets distracted again.

Winnie: Jack, look what I found!

Jack: Winnie-

Winnie: It's our old scrapbook. "Winnie and Jack's Adventures Until the End of the World".

Jack: I remember making that.

Winnie: Look at this page! It's us at that farmers market.

Jack: "That farmers market?" You mean my childhood farmers market?

Winnie: No, I mean the farmers market that nerds go to.

Jack: Are you calling me a nerd?

Winnie: Do you go to the farmers market?

Jack: Yes.

Winnie: Then yes.

Jack playfully punches Winnie.

Jack: What about the pages we made about the TV show we watched together?

Winnie: How I Met Your Mother? I forgot we made a page for that.

Jack: It's even got the photo we took with Cobie Smulders in Tim Hortons.

Winnie: I love that woman.

Jack: If I wasn't gay...

Winnie: And in a relationship. Ooooo, what about when we went to the craft fair and made puppets together?

Jack: We do not speak of puppet Jack and Winnie.

Winnie: But-

Jack: No. Are you ready to unpack some more?

Winnie: Already?

Jack gives Winnie a disappointed look. Winnie gets up to help unpack. Jack puts the book on the shelf and Winnie eyes it. He looks from the shelf to Jack, knowing he's doing something he shouldn't. Then, he starts taking all of the books off the shelf.

Jack: What are you doing?

Winnie: What? I just thought it would be helpful to clean the shelf down before we put all the books on it. When do you think the last time this got cleaned was?

Jack: We can focus on that later. Right now we just have to get the boxes unpacked.

Winnie: Are you sure? It'll probably be easier to clean this before we put everything on it.

Jack: Can you please just help me unpack?

Winnie: Okay. Fine.

Winnie goes to a box and stares into it.

Jack: Y'know, maybe you should just go back to writing. I'll try to unpack everything myself.

Winnie: You asked me to help unpack. I'll help you unpack.

Jack: You're not being helpful right now. I think it would be more helpful if you went back to writing.

Winnie: I can be helpful. *(Gets distracted)* You packed my old writing books? These have all of my ideas since forever ago! These even have my old Tumblr posts from my adaptation of the three little pigs. I thought we lost these in the move.

Jack: I made sure to put them in that box so they wouldn't get lost.

Winnie: I don't think I can focus on unpacking right now.

Jack: (sarcastically) Really?

Winnie: I'm sorry.

Jack: It's fine. Do you think you could make us something to eat while I continue unpacking?

Winnie: I will housewife so hard I'll become a Disney princess. What do you want?

Jack: Please don't force me to make a decision right now.

Winnie: Okay. I bought those beans at home. Old home, I mean.

Winnie searches through boxes for beans and pulls out a bag of 3 seeds.

Jack: You bought? I thought we'd already decided to only spend what we had on groceries?

Winnie: Well, yeah, but these are magic beans.

Jack: Did you buy drugs?

Winnie: What? No!

Jack: Are you sure? Let me see them.

Jack takes the bag and sniffs inside.

Jack: It doesn't smell like weed.

Winnie: They're "Little Old Man's Magic Beans". They're magical.

Jack: Magic beans? Where did you buy these things?

Winnie: There was this really lovely person hanging out in the elementary parking lot. Y'know, beside the tall tree.

Jack takes another deep whiff of the beans.

Jack: You definitely bought some weird marijuana.

Winnie: Do you think if we boil them in hot water they'll give us a lavish meal?

Jack: Why don't we plant them next.

Winnie: You're right!

Jack: What? No, I was making a joke.

Winnie: It's right though. If we plant them, maybe we'll get a giant bean stock.

Jack: Are you kidding?

Winnie: Should I be?

Jack: It's just kinda silly to me. Magical beans?

Winnie: Oh. Yeah. You're right.

Jack: I can heat up some alphagettis.

Winnie: Okay. Thanks.

Jack grabs two cans of soup from a box and throws them both in the microwave. Winnie mopes around.

Jack: I haven't had enough time to set up the table. Or find bowls. Or spoons.

Winnie: I'm okay to just sip it.

Jack: I'm sorry.

Winnie: You don't have to apologize! It's okay, I'm really grateful for everything you've done already. You're like, Snow White if she was my boyfriend.

Jack: Thank you?

Winnie: Have you ever considered wearing a red lip?

Jack: Absolutely not.

Winnie: But it'd be so cute!

Jack: I refuse to participate in your weird attraction with Snow White.

Winnie: It would suit you so well! (beat) I'm sorry I haven't been helpful with unpacking.

Jack: It's okay. I just want to get all these boxes out of the way.

Winnie: Yeah.

Winnie gets up and puts his alphagettis on the table. He grabs the beans and a mug and sneaks behind Jack.

Winnie: I think I'd better hit the hay. Lots to do tomorrow.

Jack: What? Already?

Winnie: Yep, I'm just feeling so sleepy.

Jack: You were feeling fine a minute ago. What are you hiding?

Winnie: Huh? Nothing! I'm stretching.

Jack: Winnie.

Winnie: Jack.

Jack: You're going to plant those beans aren't you.

Winnie: Okay, I really think there's no harm in planting them and seeing what happens!

Jack: You're allowed to believe in things I don't believe in.

Winnie: I don't want you to think it's stupid.

Jack: I do think it's stupid, but that doesn't mean I think you're stupid.

Winnie: Okay. I'm going to grab some dirt from outside.

Jack: How were you planning on doing that in our bedroom?

Winnie: I don't know. Sneak out the window or something?

Winnie runs outside to grab some dirt. He leaves the mug inside.

Jack: Dumbass.

Winnie runs back inside with a handful of dirt.

Jack: I think you forgot something.

Winnie: It was my Cinderella glass slipper moment. *(As he plants)* It's okay. I'm a problem solver. Beans, beans, magical beans. Beans beans, the magical fruit, the more you eat the more you toot! Poke, poke, poke. Get planted. I wish I had a miniature watering can for this.

Jack: Maybe there's some good farmer markets in the area we can get one from.

Winnie: I would like that. I love you beans. Goodnight. Goodnight Jack.

Jack: Goodnight Winnie.

Winnie walks into the bedroom.

Jack: I am not going to be jealous of beans. I won't do it.

The beans turns to look at Jack.

Jack: Screw you 'magic beans'. You're stupid. You probably have bean disease. I hope you deteriorate and don't work. Your soil is stupid. You're stupid. You don't even have any fertilizer and you're stupid and dumb and I hate you. Ooooo that felt good.

Jack gives the beans a thumbs down and walks into the bedroom. Lights down.

Lights up on Jack sorting through boxes. "Winnie and Jack's Adventures Until the End of the World" is open in front of the beans as if the beans are reading a novel. Winnie comes into the living room from the bedroom.

Jack: Good morning sleepy.

Winnie: Morning.

Jack: How did you sleep?

Winnie: My beans!

Jack: You slept like beans?

Winnie: No, my beans! Did they grow?

Jack: I don't think so.

Winnie: I have to water them. It's raining outside.

Winnie runs outside. Alice slinks onstage from the outside.

Jack: We have a working faucet.

Winnie (offstage): I want the authenticity of the rain. Jack!

Jack: Yeah?

Winnie: It's growing!

Jack: What?

Winnie: It's growing!

Jack: Who else is out there?

Winnie runs back inside with a comedically small plant.

Winnie: Look!

Alice: (sarcastically) That's a really big plant.

Winnie: Right?

Jack: No it's not. Wait- who are you?

Alice: Who are you?

Winnie: I'm Winnie.

Jack: Why are you in our living room?

Winnie: Where did you get your dress?

Jack: I think we have more things to worry about than where she got her dress.

Winnie: That's the dress I always picture my fanfic of Alice in Wonderland wearing.

Jack: Alice in Wonderland fanfiction?

Winnie: I had an Ao3 account before we met.

Alice: How do you know my name?

Winnie: Your name is Alice?

Alice: Didn't you know that? I'm confused.

Winnie: Yes! We did know that.

Jack: How did you get in our home?

Alice: You live here? By choice?

Jack: We just moved here, and it's a very nice place.

Winnie: It is a little small...

Jack: You don't like it? That's besides the point, how did you get in here?

Alice: I climbed down the magical beanstalk and poof! I was here.

Winnie: Really?

Alice: No, you idiot. I walked in the door.

Jack: You can't just walk into people's houses!

Alice: You can't leave your door wide open. People might walk in.

Jack gives Winnie a "what the heck" look.

Winnie: I swear I closed it!

Alice: Can I have something to eat? I'm starving.

Winnie: What do you want?

Jack: Yeah, let's feed the criminal.

Alice: Mac N Cheese or something?

Winnie: Mac N Cheese?

Winnie pulls Jack aside and whisper yells. Alice paws through their boxes, throwing everything out, including the Winnie and Jack puppets.

Winnie: Mac N Cheese is the comfort food of my Alice in Wonderland fanfic Alice.

Jack: That proves nothing.

Winnie: I'll ask her some more questions. Watch. Hey Alice?

Alice: I found some Mac N Cheese at the bottom of this box.

Winnie: We can make it together. What's your favourite band?

Alice: Hell yeah! I love Mac N Cheese.

Winnie: I do too. What's your favourite band?

Alice: You don't have any pots. We can microwave it.

Alice puts the pasta in a bowl and into the microwave.

Winnie: Mariana's Trench was my favourite band when I was a kid. Do you have a favourite band?

Alice: Who's Mariana's Trench?

Winnie: They're a Canadian Punk Rock band who writes these awesome songs. Once, Jack and I went and saw them in concert.

Alice: That's... kinda cool.

Winnie: Do you have any music you really like?

Alice: Do you think the pasta's ready? I'm ready... for MCR to be revived.

Jack pulls Winnie away.

Jack: She's not going to answer your question.

Winnie: Why not?

Jack: Sometimes people just don't answer everything. Or can't do something. Even if you really, really want them to and it would make you really happy if they did.

Winnie: God, that's so frustrating.

Jack: It's okay. It can be, but oh well.

Winnie: Why won't she just pay attention. I could never handle being around someone who couldn't listen.

Alice: I think the Mac N Cheese is done. Just like how I'm done.

Winnie: (to Jack) Do you wanna grab a bowl?

Jack: I will. Listen, I think it might help if you try asking her about things she's interested in, instead of just repeating the same question over and over. Not that I have experience or anything.

Winnie: Okay.

Winnie, Alice and Jack all take a seat on the floor.

Winnie: Our furniture order hasn't come in yet.

Alice: Neither has my soul.

Jack: What does that even mean?

Winnie: Alice, have you ever read Percy Jackson / and the Olympians.

Alice: /and the Olympians, yes! It's only my favourite book series ever.

Alice realizes she's being too excited and clears her throat before continuing.

Alice: I've heard of it.

Winnie: Glass slipper, I love the relationship between Percy and Annabeth.

Alice: It's alright.

Winnie: Do you remember when Annabeth didn't join the Hunters and Percy was so excited.

Alice: Do I remember? That's like asking if I think Dionysus is happy with his job at CHB!

Winnie and Alice laugh.

Alice: I'm going to go home now.

Winnie: Already?

Alice: I'm tired. Goodbye.

Just before leaving Alice sniffs the plant and exits outside.

Jack: That was...

Winnie: Amazing.

Jack: Weird.

Winnie: What do you mean?

Jack: Some random 11-year-old girl walks into our house, demands Mac N Cheese and you're not even a little freaked out?

Winnie: Okay, first of all, canonically she's seven, but in my fanfiction, she was 10. Secondly, that was definitely Alice from my work!

Jack: Winnie.

Winnie: It was uncanny, she was exactly what I expected her to be! Even down to her leaving.

Jack: Winnie.

Winnie: I think the beans are actually working Jack.

Jack: Winnie. That was not the girl from your story. There is something seriously wrong with this house. We need to leave before it starts to get worse.

Winnie: What? No! There's nothing wrong.

Jack: A random 10 year old just walked into our home. Somehow, you think your plant grew a foot overnight. Nothing's unpacked and the floor in our bedroom keeps making a weird creaking noise!

Winnie: Jack, it's okay.

Jack: It's not! I want to go home.

Winnie: This is home.

Jack: You know what I mean.

Winnie: What are you trying to say?

Jack: I think we should find somewhere else to live. Somewhere closer to home.

Winnie: I like it here.

Jack: You're going bonkers! There's too many things going wrong.

Winnie: I don't think they're going wrong, just not going the way you want them to. These are my characters, there's nothing wrong with them.

Jack: How on earth could they be your characters?

Winnie: The beanstalk!

Winnie picks up the plant and shoves it in Jack's face. Grandma (blind) enters from the outside and walks around.

Jack: You're being.... you're being... overdramatic. These aren't your characters.

Winnie: There's no evidence to prove otherwise.

Jack: Other than the fact that that's fiction and this is real life.

Grandma bumps into Winnie and grabs him into a hug. Jack grabs the plant before Winnie drops it.

Grandma: Hello boy.

Winnie: Ah!

Grandma: You're feeling awfully thin today. I'll cook you up something.

Winnie: No thank you!

Jack: Get your hands off him.

Grandma: Need to plumpin him up. Plumpin. Want some candy boy?

Winnie: Nothankyouimnotveryhungry.

Jack: I don't want to touch her!

Winnie: She's touching me, I think it equals out.

Jack: I guess.

Jack inches closer towards Grandma.

Jack: Something about it just doesn't feel right...

Winnie: Jack!

Jack: Okay, okay!

Jack goes to throw the plant.

Winnie: Wait!

Jack: What?

Winnie: Not that.

Jack: Are you seriously being picky right now?

Winnie: It's important to me!

Jack puts the plant aside and grabs a broom. He jabs it at Grandma.

Grandma: Too skinny, plumpen up boy.

Jack: He's a perfect size.

Grandma: Needs to be thicker... like butter. Butter up boy!

Winnie: I have an idea. Can you switch places with me?

Jack: Uh. I'd rather not.

Winnie: Common!

Jack: Okay, fine!

Jack offers Grandma some food.

Jack: Hey oldie, feed him this and he'll plumpen up.

Grandma lets go of Winnie and grabs the food. Winnie sneaks away and Grandma grabs Jack. She tries to feed him. Winnie starts searching through his old stories.

Grandma: Aren't you hungry boy?

Jack: Winnie, is this going to take long?

Winnie: Give me one second.

Jack: One.

Winnie: Found it!

Winnie waves around a piece of paper.

Jack: I don't think a single paper is going to save us from this.

Winnie: No, it's the story I wrote with Grandma. I think if I just...

Winnie grabs a pencil and scribbles out half the page. He starts writing in the sidelines.

Jack: This isn't a good story building moment!

Winnie keeps scribbling. As he writes, two Heffalumps waddle onstage and begin circling Grandma. She yells and lets go of Jack who runs out between the two and envelops Winnie in a hug. The Heffalump's keep circling Grandma.

Winnie: Royal crown, it worked!

Grandma: Where am I? What's going on?

Jack: Should I be comforting the women who was strangling us a few minutes ago?

Grandma: I need... I must...

Grandma picks her bottom clothing up and begins tap dancing. Winnie stops writing.

Winnie: I turned her into a tap dancer!

Jack: Why would you do that?

Winnie: Isn't it funny? Wait, I can make this better.

Winnie writes a quick line and the Heffalumps begin tap dancing.

Jack: No, it's cruel. Let them go.

Winnie: Come on, it's a little bit funny.

Jack: Winnie.

Winnie: Okay, okay fine.

Winnie picks up his pen again. The Heffalumps and Grandma form a Rockette esque kick line and leave to outside.

Jack: What were those things?

Winnie: Heffalumps.

Jack: Huff a lamp?

Winnie: Heffalumps. They can look like anything but I like to imagine them as pink elephant circles.

Jack: So you just added them to a story.

Winnie: Yeah.

Jack: And then they showed up to our house?

Winnie: Yeah.

Jack: Oh. Did you write the old lady?

Winnie: Grandma? Yeah! I wrote her when I was in middle school.

Jack: Oh. She was really mean.

Winnie: Well there has to be a villain of every story.

Jack: She just seemed very... intense about weight.

Winnie: Are you okay?

Jack: I'm trying to figure out if you are. Are you struggling again?

Winnie: What?

Jack: Maybe she showed up because you're feeling bad again.

Winnie: I'm fine.

Jack: I'm here if you aren't.

Winnie: If I wrote the heffalumps in, do you think I could write more characters in?

Jack: Please don't.

Winnie: Just once, as a test!

Winnie scribbles on some more paper.

Winnie: Any second now. *Beat.* I swear, something's gonna happen. *Beat.* If we give it one more minute.

Jack: I don't think it works like that love.

Winnie: I swear, any minute someone's gonna walk into our room. Maybe they're already there, and just confused!

Winnie walks into the bedroom.

Jack: I don't think that's how this works...

Jack sits down. Winnie comes back in from the bedroom. The two are visibly upset for different reasons.

Winnie: Nobody there.

Jack: That's what I was trying to tell you.

Winnie: What? No you didn't.

Jack: And I asked you to not even try.

Winnie: How could I not?

Jack: It's not hard to not do something.

Wolf races onstage and starts blowing.

Wolf: I'll huff.... and I'll puff....

Jack: I am so over this.

Jack backs up to get a running start and charges after Wolf. Winnie gets in between him and Wolf. Wolf cowers down.

Winnie: Don't! You'll hurt him.

Jack: Look at him! He's vicious!

Winnie looks over to Wolf cowardly on the ground.

Winnie: No, look at him, he's just a little guy.

Winnie scratches behind Wolf's ear and Wolf thoroughly enjoys this.

Winnie: Who's a good boy? Who's not going to blow our house down?

Jack: Is this another one of your characters?

Winnie: ...No.

Jack: It totally is.

Winnie: Okay, look-

Jack: You wrote a cringey little story about a dog didn't you.

Winnie: No! He's a big bad Wolf.

Jack: He doesn't look very big or bad.

Wolf growls lowly at Jack.

Winnie: Don't be rude.

Jack: Thank you.

Winnie: I'm not talking to him. You're being rude. He's just a little guy.

Jack: I'm being rude? You've been rude all day.

Winnie: What do you mean?

Jack: You haven't helped me at all, you keep doing things I ask you not to and whenever I try to bring it up you don't listen to me.

Winnie: I'm listening now.

Jack: I don't want to talk about it.

Winnie: But you said you've been trying to talk about it all day.

Jack: Yeah, and now that I've had the conversation with myself a million times I don't want to have it with you.

Winnie: I don't understand.

Jack: I just want some time to myself.

As if listening to Jack's request and violently rejecting it, Alice, Grandma, the Heffalumps, Snow and Cindy all run inside. Grandma and the Heffalumps are still tap dancing.

Alice: I'm going to get a rash from all these people. *(Noticing the tap dancing)* Oh, what are they doing? That is disgusting.

Snow: It looks like my kids roamed around this area.

Winnie: *(to Snow)*: M'Lady...

Winnie grabs Snow's hand and plants a kiss on it. Snow withdraws awkwardly.

Cindy: Do you folks need any help tidying this place up?

Jack: No! I need you all to go away!

Winnie: Don't be mean to my characters Jack, this is a huge moment for me.

Jack: I can't deal with this anymore, I just want space to myself.

Alice: Same.

Jack: This is my space Alice, you can leave whenever you want.

Alice: Really?

Alice looks around then walks outside. The Heffalumps and Grandma tap dance out. Snow and Cindy whisper to each other and hide behind furniture.

Winnie: No! Wait! We could have a tea party! I have a special kettle! Please don't leave.

Jack: Finally some peace and quiet.

Winnie: That was so important to me. Snow White was here! I didn't get a chance to take my shot with her.

Jack: I told you I wanted time to myself and you didn't listen to me.

Winnie: Then maybe I'll leave you alone.

Jack: I would appreciate that.

Winnie: Oh. Okay. *Beat.* I guess me and Wolf will go for a walk.

Jack: Thank you.

Winnie: Okay. Bye.

Jack: Bye.

Wolf walks outside. Winnie throws a glance back at Jack before following. Jack sits for a minute. He glances around the room, then pulls the Jack and Winnie puppets off the floor.

Jack: (as Winnie) Oh Jack, you're being rude! (as himself) I'm rude? You're rude! (As Winnie) Are we fighting? (as himself) Yes we are! Go away! (as Winnie) Please don't send me away! I'm sorry, I wronged you. (as himself) Oh, thank you Winnie! (as Winnie) You're welcome Jack.

Jack makes the two puppets start having an intense make out session. Cindy and Snow clear their voices and walk up to Jack.

Cindy: Are we interrupting something?

Jack: What? Oh! Why can't you leave me alone?

Cindy: Us?

Jack: Not you, just my boyfriend's fairy tale characters.

Cindy: Huh?

Snow: You have a boyfriend?

Jack: Yeah, and he writes these stories about you guys and for some reason there's been all these people we don't know inviting themselves into our house that we just moved into, I miss my sister and I'm having a really hard time, but he can't be bothered to listen.

Cindy: You mean to tell me we're written by a prepubescent boy?

Jack: He's not prepubescent! I don't look that young.

Cindy: Oh, hon...

Jack: Why aren't you more freaked out by this! I just told you your life is a work of fiction.

Snow: We're moms.

Cindy: I don't think I can be surprised by much after that blowout Charming Jr. had.

Snow: Oh, I know, Doc's poops have gotten uncontrollable.

Cindy: Sorry, we don't mean to be rude houseguests and ignore you.

Snow: Not at all!

Cindy: Is there anything we can do to help?

Jack: No. I'd rather just be left alone to unpack.

Snow: I'm good at unpacking.

Jack: (snarkishly) I don't want any help.

Cindy: Your boyfriend might be right about you being rude.

Jack: Setting boundaries isn't rude.

Snow: He has a point.

Jack: Thank you.

Snow: Still, you're sure you don't want any help?

Jack takes a slow look around the apartment. He takes in the complete mess that the characters have left their new home in.

Jack: It might be useful.

Cindy: Where can we start?

Jack: There's a box of books over there. Could you start putting them on the shelf?

Cindy: On it!

Snow: What should I do?

Jack: Could you throw out those bowls of Mac N Cheese? They've gone bad by now.

Snow: Got it kid.

Jack: Thank you.

Jack Cindy and Snow all focus on their tasks for a minute.

Jack: It's nice to have some help. I haven't been getting much of that.

Cindy: Whatdya mean?

Jack: Sometimes Winnie can't help me as much as I need.

Cindy: Like the books?

Jack: Yeah. I asked him to put them away, just to get them out of the box but he wouldn't put them away without putting them all in their perfect spots.

Snow: That's hard.

Jack: I know. I just wanted to get as much as we could out of the boxes so this place started to feel more like ours, y'know?

Cindy: Boy do I. I remember moving in with the prince and having nothing of my own there. It felt like living in a stranger's house.

Snow: Living with the dwarves was weird. It took awhile for it to really feel like home.

Jack: Exactly! I want this to be our place, not somebody else's.

Snow: It's cheesy, but places don't become home, people do. The house was home because I shared it with my best friends. Have you tried talking to him about your feelings?

Jack: You met Winnie. He gets very... distracted.

Cindy: I can relate to that. My husband couldn't remember my face after we spent an entire night together.

Jack: Yeah! Sometimes it just feels a bit...

Cindy: Lonely?

Jack: Yeah.

Snow: Well. That sucks.

Jack: It does. I tried to bring it up with him, but I don't know. He can't help it.

Cinderella: Have you tried a compromise?

Jack: How could that even work?

Snow White: Those aren't my dwarves to sort through. You're on your own for that one.

Snow and Cindy stand up. Snow looks through "Winnie and Jack's Adventures Until the End of the World."

Cinderella: Your story has a happy ending.

Jack: How can you be so sure?

Snow: Just believe us.

Snow and Cindy envelop Jack into a hug before leaving. Jack notices the scrapbook left on the table, "Winnie and Jack's Adventures Until the End of The World". He starts flipping through the pages. Emotions overcome him. Happiness. Sadness. Laughter. Winnie enters the room.

Jack: "Winnie and Jack's Adventures Until the End of The World". Do you still think we could take over the world?

Winnie: I think with you by my side, I can do anything.

Jack: Do you think we could talk?

Winnie: Are you about to break up with me?

Jack: What? No!

Winnie: Okay. Then yeah. We can talk.

Winnie and Jack sit beside each other avoiding the others eyes. Neither one of them want to start the conversation.

Jack: Sometimes you don't listen to me.

Winnie: What do you mean?

Jack: I'll be talking to you and it's like I'm talking through you.

Winnie: Oh.

Jack: Yeah.

Winnie: Okay.

Jack: Just okay?

Winnie: I don't know. Sometimes when you talk all I hear is the sound adults make in Charlie Brown.

Jack: I don't sound like that.

Winnie: I know, but it's what my brain hears. Or, sometimes your words and my words will get mixed up and I'll forget who just spoke.

Jack: Can you tell me when that happens?

Winnie: I don't know when it happens. (beat) I can tell you when my brain gets fuzzy. It's hard to tell what's happening up there when it's fuzzy.

Jack: I would like that.

Winnie: I can't always do everything when you want me to.

Jack: I know that.

Winnie: I don't think you do. My brain doesn't work the same way yours does. I can't just switch whatever I'm doing in a twitch of an eye. Like, right now I really have to pee, but I haven't been able to notice that all day because my brain has been all over the place.

Jack: You can pee.

Winnie: I know I can, I just forget to. Have patience with me, please. Not everything is as time limited as your brain makes it out to be.

Jack: I'm sorry.

Winnie: I'm sorry too.

Jack and Winnie hug.

Jack: I'm so grateful I get to figure this all out with you. I don't want to ever stop writing our story.

Winnie: Mmm.

Jack: You really have to pee don't you.

Winnie: Now that I've noticed it it's terrible, I'm about to pee myself.

Jack: Go, go!

Winnie gets up and starts to run before spinning around and giving Jack a little kiss. Jack waits until Winnie's left the room to silently cheer. Jack flips off the plant and mouths curse words at it. Winnie comes back to wash his hands in the kitchen, Jack acts cool.

Winnie: Where'd you want to put the scrapbook?

Jack: I think it would be cool to have it in the centre of the bookshelf. I'd like to see it everyday.

Winnie: I'd like that too. Do you think we could add a few pages of our old home and our new home?

Jack: I'd like that a lot.

They put the book on the shelf.

Jack: Do you think any of the characters left anything?

Winnie: I hadn't even thought about that. Do you think Snow left anything?! You check in here, I'll check the bedroom!

Winnie runs to the bedroom. Jack smiles and peeks around. He notices the plant again, picks it up and places it on the countertop.

Jack: *(to plant)* I still don't like you.

Winnie: Jack, come check this out!

Jack: Coming!

Jack walks offstage. Lights down to light on the plant.

Curtain.