

Fedoras and Jazz
by Breanna Rocha

THE NARRATOR - a man in a suit who narrates everything happening, that no one except the bartender can see.

BARTENDER - a modernized man or woman working their bartending shift when an argument breaks out. They can see the narrator.

JOHNNY - the club singer's husband who is watching her perform, with a love for fedoras.

BETSY - the club singer with a secret and more to her than she seems.

TOM - a British man who has a secret with the club singer and came to confront her, but he has a secret she knows too.

SCENE 1

THE NARRATOR stands stage right, in front of the club set. He is speaking to the audience, very dramatic and narrative style.

NARRATOR

Hello all, and welcome to secrets told
in jazz.

(he does jazz hands).

Now, this isn't just any jazz club I
stand in front of. No, this is a club
full of secrets. Because inside this
club lies a club singer keeping a deep
dark secret from her husband, but
little does she know he's here to visit
her tonight. Let's see how it will
unfold, or better yet let me unfold it
for you.

He winks at the audience and walks into the club.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 2

INT. JAZZ CLUB - LATE NIGHT

A woman, BETSY, is on a stage platform singing some 1920s rhythm and blues. There is a man sitting in the audience, Betsy's husband, JOHNNY, watching her from a table. He is having an

internal monologue, told melodramatically by The Narrator, about his life. Throughout this whole monologue, BARTENDER is watching The Narrator move around Johnny.

NARRATOR

As he listened to her sing, her smooth voice washing all over him, bringing him to a certain place that only *fedoras* could ever take him before. Johnny loved his wife, he'd never loved anything more than her... except maybe *fedoras*. Johnny loved *fedoras*. Because *fedoras* could never break your trust, unlike his wife...

BARTENDER

(snaps at Narrator)

Excuse me, can I help you? What do you think you are doing?

Narrator is deeply confused by this action and points to himself and mouths "me?" asking if the bartender is calling him.

BARTENDER

Yeah, you! Why are you *talking all dramatic* over my customer?

NARRATOR

Uh- uh... Johnny laughs and waves off the crazy bartender.

Johnny does so, leaving Bartender confused and he continues.

BARTENDER

That was weird...

NARRATOR

That was weird...

JOHNNY

What was weird?

Johnny asks looking around and immediately grabs his fedora to protect it.

NARRATOR

Oh, um nothing. Anyways,

(back to dramatic narration)
Johnny didn't know what his wife was hiding, but he knew something was wrong. As he looked out the window, wistfully at the dark night street-

JOHNNY

I wondered what fedora would look best-

NARRATOR

What? No! Johnny stop thinking about fedoras!

Johnny looks down OR Narrator raps him on the shoulder and Johnny corrects his thought.

NARRATOR (CONT')

As I was saying,
(Narrator goes back to being dramatic)
he thought about what secret his wife could be keeping from him and what events would follow the soon-to-come confrontation.

At this time, Betsy has finished singing and walks off the stage.

Betsy dramatically sighs and makes noises looking around, trying to get Narrator's attention, but never looking at him.

Narrator realizes she's calling him.

NARRATOR

Oh right. As our own club singer walked down the stairs of her stage, ever so slowly

(Betsy's walk slows)

Because she was in no rush to be near her husband or his many fedoras. So, she turned to get a drink because she couldn't face him. Not when she was keeping a secret from him so big that she could never live it down-

BARTENDER

Hey, you! What did I say about harassing and speaking ominously around my customers?

NARRATOR

What? How- how can you see me?

BARTENDER

How much have you had to drink? I swear, it's always me who gets those drunks who think they're suddenly invisible.

NARRATOR

I'm not a drunk, I'm the narrator and you are interrupting my job, so just pretend like you can't see me.

Narrator waves them off and continues narrating Betsy. Meanwhile, someone has just entered the club.

NARRATOR

Back to Betsy. She grabbed her drink and turned to find a figure just entering the club. She couldn't see who it was in the dim light of the room. But once he walked out of the shadows-

Betsy and Narrator let out a loud, exasperating gasp when they see the person is TOM. Johnny stands up looking between Tom and Betsy. Bartender watches this whole scene unfold, confused but intrigued.

BRITISH MAN

Ello, Betsy. I think it's time we talk..

NARRATOR

Johnny realized this must be the secret that Betsy has been keeping from him!

JOHNNY

Is this the secret you've been keeping from me Betsy?

BETSY

(she looks away from Johnny dramatically)

Yes.

BARTENDER

Wait whaaat, she's having an affair?

BETSY

WHAT! No, of course not. Tom's- he's my accountant.

Johnny and Narrator let out a loud, exasperating gasp.

BARTENDER

Why did you gasp? He's just her accountant.

TOM

Er- British accountant that is, sir.

NARRATOR

Johnny couldn't believe what he was hearing.

JOHNNY

I can't believe what I'm hearing! You got an accountant?

BARTENDER

(totally confused)

I really don't see what the problem is.

BETSY

Johnny, I'm so sorry. I know that women aren't supposed to do such things in this era but-

JOHNNY

What? I'm not upset that you have a mind of your own, I'm upset that you did it without me. We were supposed to open an account together.

NARRATOR

Johnny practically begins crying.

Johnny questions this for a second, but then begins doing so.

BETSY

Johnny, you don't have a job, you don't have any money to put in a bank!

JOHNNY

That's not the point Betsy! I can't believe you kept this secret from me!

BETSY

I'm sorry Johnny! I'll make it up to you I promise! But first... I need your fedora...

She grabs his fedora off his head and Johnny is completely confused. Betsy pulls out a few hundred dollars from his fedora and gives it to Tom. Tom takes it and Betsy gives the hat back to Johnny. He is silent and obviously heartbroken.

JOHNNY

My own fedora betrayed me.

NARRATOR

Fedoras were all Johnny ever had. Since he was a young child when his father gave him his own fedora so he wouldn't tell his mother about the women he brought home for "playtime". Johnny wasn't sure he would ever be the same again. If he couldn't trust fedoras, who could he trust?

JOHNNY

(on the floor staring at his fedora, he quickly turns to Betsy)
How could you do this to me, Betsy!

BETSY

Well- I- I. Would it make you feel better if I told you a secret?

BARTENDER

I really doubt a secret would work-

JOHNNY

Depends on how juicy it is.

BETSY

I'd say it's a pretty good secret.

She looks at Tom.

JOHNNY

No, Betsy, that's not what I said. I said I want a "juicy secret" not a "pretty good secret". You know I love juicy secrets almost as much as I love-

BETSY

"Fedoras" I know... I'm sorry Tom.

TOM

Wait- wait Betsy don't! *Naur!*

Betsy points at British Man dramatically.

BETSY

Tom isn't British!

Narrator, Bartender and Johnny let out a loud, exasperating gasp.

BARTENDER

Hold up. Why are you pretending to be British?

TOM

(without a British accent)

I'm an accountant, not exactly the most interesting job. I gotta have something interesting to attract the ladies.

NARRATOR

Now that all was settled between Betsy and Johnny, they made up in a *passionate heat* and went on their merry way. And everyone lived happily ever af-

Betsy runs to Johnny and wraps her leg around his and then they tango walk their way out.

TOM

Wait. What about me? What do I do now?

NARRATOR

Oh yeah, and Tom went on to find the love of his life sooner or later blah blah he left the club.

TOM

Oh okay, but like how soon or later-

NARRATOR

TOM left the club!

TOM

Right, right okay. But just- I- when!

Tom leaves the club, seemingly against his will.

NARRATOR

Geez, pour me a glass will ya?

Narrator sits down near the bar. Bartender starts pouring his drink.

BARTENDER

Okay, now explain how you just did all that.

NARRATOR

I already told you. I'm the narrator.

BARTENDER

Hmm... Prove it.

NARRATOR

What, fixing a wack job of marriage wasn't enough for ya?

Bartender shakes their head and does a presenting gesture with their arms.

NARRATOR

Okay... for example, the bartender shut up because the narrator was tired of talking... and let him have his drink for free.

Bartender opens their mouth to speak, but nothing comes out. Narrator winks at them and they both smile and drink in silence.

NARRATOR

(to audience)

The end.

END.