

## LEMONS

JACK: A live-in Butler

MR. WILSON: A wealthy retiree

### Act 1

Scene 1: A luxurious living room with expensive furnishings. A door opens, and Jack enters the room, dressed in a butler's uniform. He carries a silver tray with a cup of coffee and a croissant.

JACK: (to himself) Another day, another croissant.

MR. WILSON: (offstage) Jack! Where's my breakfast?

JACK: (sighs) Right away, sir.

(He places the tray on a side table and exits the room.)

Scene 2: Jack enters the kitchen, grumbling to himself.

Jack: (muttering) It's always the same with that man. He treats me like a machine.

Suddenly, Jack clutches his stomach and falls to the floor, writhing in pain.

Scene 3: Mr. Wilson enters the kitchen and sees Jack on the floor.

MR. WILSON: (shocked) What's wrong with you?

JACK: (grimacing) I don't know. It feels like my insides are on fire.

Scene 4: Days later, Jack is lying in bed, covered in a rash. He stares at his hand, which is covered in small green bumps. Suddenly, one of the bumps bursts, revealing a small lemon.

JACK: (astonished) What the...?

### Act 2

Scene 1: Jack is pacing in his room, surrounded by dozens of lemons.

JACK: (to himself) How can this be happening?

Mr. Wilson enters the room, inhaling deeply.

MR. WILSON: (sniffs) What's that smell? Lemons?

JACK: (nervously) Yes, sir. I was going to dispose of them.

MR. WILSON: (eyes widen) Dispose of them? Don't be ridiculous. I ADORE lemons. Why don't you fix me a drink?

Scene 2: The living room, a week has passed.

(Mr. Wilson enters stage left, coughing.)

MR. WILSON: Jack, this smell again! Where is it coming from?

JACK: (nervously) I'm not sure, sir. Maybe the flowers in the garden?

MR. WILSON: (angrily) Don't lie to me, Jack. I know that smell. It's lemons!

JACK: (defensively) I don't know what you're talking about, sir.

MR. WILSON: (grabbing Jack's arm) I demand to know what's going on.

JACK: (struggling to break free) Sir, please let go!

MR. WILSON: (yelling) What are you hiding, Jack?!

(As Mr. Wilson grips Jack's arm, a lemon pops out of his skin).

JACK: (horrified) No! Please, sir, don't!

MR. WILSON: (stepping back in disgust) What kind of monster are you?

(Jack exits stage left sobbing uncontrollably, and Mr. Wilson is left alone.)

Scene 3: Weeks have passed.

The room is now filled with lemons, and Mr. Wilson is lying in a bed covered in them, coughing and wheezing.

MR. WILSON: (gasping) Get rid of them, Jack. I can't take it anymore!

JACK: (with an air of acceptance) I can't, sir. They keep coming.

Scene 4: Mr. Wilson is lying in bed, weak and feverish.

MR. WILSON: (weakly) Make it stop, Jack. Please.

JACK: (in a resigned voice) I can't. I don't know how.

Scene 5: The room is now bursting with lemons, and Mr. Wilson is gasping for breath. Suddenly, he stops breathing and slumps back on the pillow.

JACK: (tears in his eyes ) Goodbye Mr. Wilson.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Written by ChatGPT, prompted and edited by Justin Fitzpatrick.