Snowman

by andlat

Jason's stage fright kept him from trying out for the play. He was fine working tech, but somehow, fate still found a way to get him on stage.

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

Snowman

"It's the big day!" Ricky said with a grin as Jason walked up to him. Jason nodded, trying not to eye the snowman Ricky stood behind. "Got stage fright or something?"

"Can you blame me? You don't have to climb into that thing."

"No one even knows someone's in there." Ricky said as if that made it any better.

"You said tech meant we didn't have to perform on stage." Ricky scoffed.

"You're barely performing. You just make the arms wave to the music."

"Still, I gotta... be in there!"

"You know you're the only one who fits." Ricky said with a shrug. "C'mon, I gotta get to the sound booth, so you gotta get all frosty."

"That's not funny." Jason muttered as Ricky patted the snowman beside them.

"Just a sec!" Ricky said into his headset. "See? Plumly's asking where I am!" Jason had a sneaking suspicion no one had said anything over the headset, but he knew it was time to face the inevitable.

"Ok, guess I'll just" he paused. "You'll hang onto my stuff,

right?"

"Course. And I'll be back here as soon as it's over. Are you really gonna get all undressed?"

"Yeah, I boiled alive during dress rehearsals and Mrs. Plumly said I need to do whatever it takes." His nervous laugh echoed in the cavernous space. "She's kinda intense."

"And she's gonna kill me if you don't hurry up." Ricky said, his hazel eyes wide and sincere. Jason nodded and began to undress.

Jason had known Ricky for over four years, ever since Jason had moved to town, but undressing in front of him was a new experience. For the dress rehearsals, he had tried going shirtless, but it had still felt like a sauna in there, so his pants had to go too. He shivered as the coldness of the backstage area touched his bare skin.

"Aw, cute. You matched your undies to the snowman." Ricky teased.

"Shut up, Ricky." Jason muttered, covering his briefs before realizing it made more sense to climb in.

"You're not claustrophobic, right?"

"I'm the only one scrawny enough to fit." Jason said, repeating the words of the director.

"Oh, I remember." Ricky reassured him, gathering his clothes in his arms. "And don't worry, I'll let you out as soon as the show's over. You did pee, right?" Jason nodded. He had not

had anything to drink for at least the last two hours, just in case. "I'll be back right after the show. Promise."

"You won't forget?" Jason's question hung in the air as Ricky closed him up into the darkness of the snowman. They would be striking the set almost immediately after the show to make space for something else, so he was sure Mrs. Plumly would emphasize to Ricky the need to not waste time in getting Jason out and out of the way.

He could comfortably rest his hands on the levers to control the snowman's stick arms and could just barely see out the eye holes hidden inside the snowman's eyes. They had gone with eyes more like Olaf from Frozen than a typical snowman's coal eyes to better hide them. He gave the arms a little test, just to make sure everything was working.

"Seems fine." He shifted slightly, feeling a little self-conscious about being in his underwear like this. No one would know, right? Other than Ricky.

Jason had been a bit chilly when he had first climbed in, but he soon warmed up in the confined space with the stage lights on him. Not as hot as it had been when he had kept his jeans and shoes on during the dress rehearsal, he thought, wiggling his toes as he became momentarily super aware of his bare feet. There was something almost funny about being warm inside a snowman, he thought, shifting slightly. If he was careful, he knew he could rest against the back so that he did not have to stand the whole time.