

4 A.M.

Book by Jonathan Dorf
Music and lyrics by Alison Wood

Based on the play **4 A.M.** by Jonathan Dorf

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Cast of Characters

4 A.M. is designed to be an ensemble piece. With multiple casting, it can make use of a minimum of 8 performers, with a maximum of 30 or more. All characters are teenagers, except for the Officers and the Monster/Nightmares, who are meant to be played expressionistically and could be played by teen actors.

FRANKIE, female, short-wave radio DJ
JAKE, male, smart but isolated
FIRST JOGGER, male
ANNE, female and more than occasionally abrasive
MONICA, female, Anne's friend
ROMEO, male, in love with Juliet
JULIET, female, in love with Romeo
SLEEPER KID, a girl who has nightmares
MONSTER UNDER THE BED, the manifestation of the Sleeper Kid's fears and dreams, or perhaps a real entity
NIGHTMARES, dancing manifestations of teenage fears...and dreams
SIMON, male, a victim of abuse
HALE, Simon's friend
FIRE KID, female, witness to a fire
FIRST OFFICER, a caricature of an FBI-like special agent
SECOND OFFICER, the First Officer's overly enthusiastic partner
SECOND JOGGER, female
ENSEMBLE, a flexible ensemble may be used to play the teens in Scene 2, the Nightmares, and to serve as a chorus. For a larger cast, you may use multiple Sleepers and Nightmares in **Fear Dance**.

The musical may be performed with as few as 8 actors. We recommend the following for a smaller cast production:

FRANKIE
JAKE
JOGGER/FIRST OFFICER
SIMON/ROMEO
HALE/MONSTER UNDER THE BED
ANNE/SLEEPER KID
MONICA/JULIET
SECOND JOGGER/FIRST ENSEMBLE KID/FIRE KID/SECOND OFFICER

Settings

The play takes place at 4 A.M. in the bedrooms of its various teen characters, as well as on the street, but the settings and production design can be as suggested or non-realistic as desired.

Authors' Notes

The play should move from one scene to the other as fluidly as possible - blackouts are deadly. Area staging is one good way to avoid them.

In "4 A.M. Again," in a small cast production, some quick "costume" changes may be required. Giving each character a distinctive costume piece will simplify this.

Much of Frankie's speech has a hip-hop sensibility to it, and performers should be mindful of its internal rhyme.

When Anne is supposed to say the name of her school, in a professional production or one otherwise unaffiliated with a school, the actor can just as easily make one up.

In "Secrets," if "Well, my grandma was a prostitute" is too strong a lyric for your production, you may use "My grandma was in the circus" instead.

In the Cambridge-Isanti High School production, the Nightmares were played by an ensemble of dancers, each of whom shadowed a specific character, though other Nightmares often joined them.

List of Songs

4 A.M. Again	The Company
Escape Myself	Jake
Kingdom of One (Intermezzo 1)	First Jogger
Secrets	Monica, Anne
One Voice	Frankie
One Voice (Intermezzo 1)	Fire Kid
Star-Crossed Lovers	Romeo, Juliet
Fear Dance	Instrumental
All Around the World (Intermezzo 1)	Frankie
Something So Small	Jake
Kingdom of One	Frankie, Jake, the Company
All Around the World (Intermezzo 2)	Frankie
All Around the World	Fire Kid
Kingdom of One (Intermezzo 2)	First Jogger
People Say/No One but You	Simon, Hale
Don't Mess with Success	Monica, Anne
Fear Dance (Reprise)	Instrumental
One Voice (Reprise)	Frankie
Something So Small (Reprise)	Jake
Star-Crossed Lovers (Reprise)	Romeo, Juliet
Finale	The Company

Acknowledgements

4 A.M. was first produced by Cambridge-Isanti High School in Cambridge, MN in May 2011.

The original one-act version of **4 A.M.** premiered in April 2009 at the Zone 2E One Act Festival in Edmonton, Alberta at the University of Alberta, produced by Edwin Parr High School's "For Sale Theatre. It is published by Playscripts, Inc.

SCENE 1: ANYBODY OUT THERE?

4 A.M. A bedroom. Spotlight on FRANKIE, female, self-styled teen DJ, broadcasting into a microphone. The rest of the stage should be as dark as possible.

FRANKIE

This is Frankie, your 4 A.M. connection, your 4 A.M. force, and a horse is a horse is a horse, of course. No idea why I just said that, but come what may, I am here to light your way in the darkness, broadcasting to you live on 777.7 - that's seven hundred seventy-seven and seven-tenths, the luckiest frequency on your A.M. dial - comin' at you old school in the magic hour, when your world is asleep and there's no one but me and maybe a zombie or three to keep you company.

(beat)

And speaking of the magic hour, don't you dare disappear, don't you go, because I've got a magical mystery show for you. It's true - it's true. So keep your radio tuned just right, 'cause Frankie's gonna get you through the night.

(beat)

Is anybody out there? Can anybody hear me? Come out, come out, wherever you are. Hello? Hello?

Lights slowly fade on Frankie and gradually come up on the rest of the stage, revealing the rest of the cast, all in their own little 4 A.M. worlds.

SCENE 2: HERE I AM, 4 A.M. AGAIN

4 A.M. TEENS, in or out of bed, in all sorts of sleepwear or not in sleepwear at all, are on stage as the lights come up. The lines in the scene should rotate through the ensemble, with no one delivering two lines in a row unless specified.

VARIOUS ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

4 A.M. again. Go back to sleep.
 I want to go to the bathroom, but I don't feel like getting out of bed.
 What's that sound?
 Are there really vampires?
 Did I turn the webcam off?
 Can I get back to sleep if I have to go to the bathroom?

4 A.M. Again

FRANKIE

THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A MYSTERY AROUND THE
 HOURS BETWEEN
 MIDNIGHT AND WHEN IT GETS LIGHT

JAKE, alone in his room:

JAKE

AFTER ALL THE BUSINESSMEN HAVE GONE TO BED,
 THE MOON IS SETTING

FRANKIE

THAT'S WHEN THE BEST PART BEGINS

VARIOUS ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

If I just lie on this side, there's no way I can fall out of bed...again.
 I want a big juicy hamburger.
 A squared plus B squared equals C squared.

The FIRST JOGGER, male, mid to late
 teens, in sweats or shorts
 depending on the season:

FIRST JOGGER

HOURS 'TIL THE SUN WILL COME BACK

The SLEEPER KID, female, on high
 alert in her bedroom, as the
 MONSTER UNDER THE BED lurks nearby:

SLEEPER KID
BRACING FOR THE FINAL ATTACK

JAKE
THAT'S WHEN THE WORST PART BEGINS
(beat)

What will it feel like to be dead?

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS
IT'S 4 A.M. AGAIN - IS ANYBODY OUT THERE?
IT'S 4 A.M. AGAIN - IS ANYBODY OUT THERE?
I could dance in my underwear right now and nobody would see -
I could totally dance in my underwear.
I shouldn't be on this website.
Stop thinking. Stop thinking.
(The speaker should say his name.)
Yes, I am the famous artist, _____.
One two three. One two three. One two three.

SLEEPER KID
WHEN THE WORLD IS EMPTY, ALL SO SECRET AND
SO SOLITARY

In a production that uses multiple casting, the actors playing Romeo, Juliet, the Monster Under the Bed and the Sleeper Kid will need to transform themselves quickly into new characters. The Sleeper Kid and the Monster Under the Bed could begin their changes here into ANNE and HALE, respectively, but since the Sleeper Kid will have to change back before the end of the song, giving each character a distinctive costume piece will be best.

A modern ROMEO and JULIET, male and female, respectively, adoring each other but separated by as much stage as your production can manage:

ROMEO AND JULIET
OR SHARED WITH THE PERFECT COMPANY

A SECOND JOGGER, female, joins in with the First Jogger, but like Romeo and Juliet, they're not near each other:

JOGGERS
JOGGING OVER EMPTY SIDEWALKS

ROMEO AND JULIET
TALKING OVER MILES OF WIRE

FRANKIE
THERE'S NOWHERE ELSE I'D RATHER BE

JAKE
THERE'S NOWHERE I WANNA BE

ENSEMBLE
IT'S 4 A.M. AGAIN - IS ANYBODY OUT THERE?
IT'S 4 A.M. AGAIN - IS ANYBODY OUT THERE?

The First Jogger jogs into his own
light. It's as if he is outside.
All others on stage freeze.

FIRST JOGGER
(jogging in place)
Sometimes I feel the urge to do something radical. Like run
at 4 A.M. Run through the night-morning, run through the
frozen world, where everything's still but me.

The stage unfreezes. Romeo and
Juliet begin their respective
changes into SIMON and MONICA, if
necessary.

VARIOUS ENSEMBLE MEMBERS
Why is green green? Why isn't it red? Or yellow?
What if I just walk up to him and punch him in the-
A big juicy hamburger, with blue cheese melted on top,
dripping onto my tongue...
I never heard my Dad come home.
Did aliens land in Roswell? Are they still there?

FIRST JOGGER
Sometimes I can run for an hour, and never see another
person.

The First Jogger once again blends
into the rest of the scene.

ENSEMBLE
IT'S 4 A.M. AGAIN - IS ANYBODY OUT THERE?
IT'S 4 A.M. AGAIN - IS ANYBODY OUT THERE?

VARIOUS ENSEMBLE MEMBERS
I don't think I studied enough for history.
Why was Michelle looking at me and whispering to Jen?
(with eyes closed)
The sun is shining. There's a slight breeze. The water is
blue and perfect, and I have the entire beach in Port
Douglas, Australia to myself. I'm in my happy place.

VARIOUS ENSEMBLE MEMBERS (cont'd)

I am in my happy place.
 I have to wake up in 86 minutes.
 I am not afraid of tomorrow.

Simon sleeps over at his friend
 Hale's, while Monica sleeps over at
 her friend Anne's:

SIMON, HALE, MONICA, ANNE
 THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A MYSTERY AROUND THE
 HOURS BETWEEN
 MIDNIGHT AND WHEN IT GETS LIGHT

Anne begins her change back into
 the Sleeper Kid, if necessary.

JOGGERS
 AFTER ALL THE BUSINESSMEN HAVE GONE TO BED,
 THE MOON IS SETTING

FRANKIE
 THAT'S WHEN THE BEST PART
 BEGINS

JAKE
 THAT'S WHEN THE WORST PART
 BEGINS

FIRST ENSEMBLE KID
 Is there anyone out there?

SLEEPER KID
 There's a monster under the bed.

FIRST ENSEMBLE KID
 Anyone-

SLEEPER KID
 He talks to me.

FIRST ENSEMBLE KID
 (finishing the thought)
 -who's thinking this thought-

SLEEPER KID
 He's scared-
 FIRST ENSEMBLE KID SLEEPER KID
 -too? -too.

Lights down on the Ensemble, who
 might exit, or hang around the
 stage, frozen, as the lights come
 up on...

SCENE 3: ROMEO AND JULIET, PART 1

*Teen lovers Romeo and Juliet
sleep in very separate bedrooms,
cell phones in hand,
contemplating.*

ROMEO

I wonder if she's up.

JULIET

I wonder if he's up. I love him so much.

ROMEO

Juliet, I love you so much. We complete-

JULIET

each other's sentences. You are the close parentheses-

ROMEO

to my open. You are the quid to my pro quo.

JULIET

I took a new name-

ROMEO

just for you.

JULIET

Whenever you are near me, I hear a symphony,

ROMEO

Flights of angels sing from your lips

JULIET

(completing her sentence)

a tender melody.

ROMEO

(completing his sentence)

kissing my ears. To call or not to call, that is the question.

Both stare at their cell phones as
the lights fade and come up on
Jake...

**SCENE 4: LETTER TO A KNIFE
COMPANY, PART 1**

4 A.M. Jake is in his bedroom,
writing a letter.

JAKE

To whom it may concern. I recently purchased your four-inch peeling knife. It was on sale, but just because it was on sale doesn't mean it should be worse than a knife that's not on sale. Right?

(beat)

You advertise it as - and I quote - "the chef's ultimate weapon. The ergonomically designed handle offers maximum comfort, giving way to a razor sharp carbon steel blade." You also note that it cuts through fruits and vegetables like hot butter, standing up to the demands of the busiest professional kitchens, with no need for sharpening for three to five years. Three to five years. Not weeks. Not months. Years!

(beat)

I've had your knife for six days. And in these six days, I've cut a half-dozen tomatoes, two onions, one each red, yellow and orange peppers, and two cloves of garlic. Not bunches - cloves, and not even big ones - and kind of goin' soft.

(beat)

And therein lies our problem. Last night, I take your knife, your knife that doesn't need to be sharpened for three to five years, and thirteen vegetables later, it punks out. When it comes to two puny wrists, your razor sharp carbon steel isn't up to the job. It cuts like a butter knife, and the blood is dripping so slow it could take hours before I even lose consciousness. But my parents are the only parents I know who don't have a lethal pharmacy in their medicine cabinet, and they're out with the car, so that's not an option either, which means that now, because of your carbon-steel disappointment I have to sit around and wait and hurt. The whole point of your knife is so I don't have to hurt anymore.

(beat)

Do you know what it's like to have people smear egg yolks on your lunch table just before you get there, so you don't have anywhere to sit? Don't worry - they didn't waste the whites: those went into my lunch bag. And both of those were better than the rotting mouse in my locker.

Escape Myself

EVERY CHANCE I'D GET I'D GET BACK IN BED,
COVERS OVER MY HEAD - HOPING IT WOULD PASS
BUT EVERY NIGHT I SPENT TRYING TO CLEAR MY
HEAD

GOT MORE LOST INSTEAD
 HOW LONG COULD I LAST IN MY PRIVATE HELL?
 WISH I COULD ESCAPE MYSELF

EVERY DAY THAT PASSED WAS A LITTLE MORE
 LIKE A LITTLE WAR I COULD NEVER WIN
 I NEVER STOPPED TO WONDER WHO'S KEEPING
 SCORE
 JUST GO BACK FOR MORE AGAIN AND AGAIN AND
 AGAIN
 TO THE POISONED WELL
 WISH I COULD ESCAPE MYSELF

EVEN NOW I'M ONLY HELD TOGETHER WITH PINS
 AND DUCT TAPE
 MEDS AND THIN THREADS
 HOW MUCH MORE CAN I TAKE?

EVERY LITTLE BOY'S GOT A DARKER SIDE THAT
 HE TRIES TO HIDE
 FROM THE WORLD OUTSIDE
 I'D BE QUIET ON THE PHONE TRYING NOT TO CRY
 HOLD IT IN SO TIGHT
 SAVE MY LITTLE PRIDE
 THEY COULD ALWAYS TELL
 WISH I COULD ESCAPE MYSELF

(beat)

I used to cry about it. I stopped. What's the point? -
 unless you're too busy crying to think.

(beat)

That might be something.

Jake freezes at the desk as the
 lights dim.

**SCENE 5: SLEEPOVER: THE GIRLS,
PART 1**

4 A.M. ANNE and MONICA, her guest, both mid-teens, lie in a dark bedroom. Anne is awake, but Monica sleeps. Anne stands over her, scrutinizing her.

ANNE
Monica, are you awake?

(beat)

Monica?

(beat)

Monica!

MONICA

What?

ANNE

Are you awake?

Monica groans.

MONICA

What are you doing?

ANNE

What are you doing?

MONICA

Sleeping.

ANNE

You can't.

Monica turns over and tries to ignore her. Beat. Anne turns on the lights. Monica groans.

ANNE (cont'd)

I can't believe this is happening.

MONICA

What? Turn off the lights.

ANNE

This is supposed to be a sleepover, but you're just...sleeping.

MONICA

It's...what time is it?

ANNE

Four. And we should be up, talking about guys and dyeing each other's hair purple, texting our friends to tell them what an amazing time we're having-

MONICA

Sleepover. Sleep.

Monica tries to cover her head with a pillow, but Anne pulls it off.

ANNE

If you wanted to sleep, you should have stayed home.

MONICA

What's wrong with you?

ANNE

I'm not the one sleeping at four.

MONICA

Everybody's asleep at four.

ANNE

Not at a sleepover. Right now we should be confiding our deepest, darkest secrets, secrets so secret that we have to swear on the grave of an A-list celebrity never to tell.

Monica tries to hide under the covers, but Anne starts to pull them off.

MONICA

Hey!

ANNE

(as they struggle)

We've been waiting for this night for years, and now that we finally reach the summit, all I see is betrayal.

MONICA

(struggling)

Then maybe you should shut your eyes.

ANNE

(seemingly gaining the upper hand)

What if people found out that we...slept?!

Monica, with a forceful pull, comes up with the blanket.

MONICA

(beat)

I won't tell anyone.

ANNE

Once you're on the list, do you know how hard it is to get off?

MONICA

I promise.

ANNE

It's like a big black lipstick smudge of Cain on your forehead. No one's gotten it off in the history of
(Anne should say the name of her school)

_____.

(beat)

I can't risk it.

Anne starts to pack Monica's things.

MONICA

What are you doing?

ANNE

You've left me no choice.

MONICA

What if I got up extra early-

ANNE

It *is* extra early.

Kingdom of One - Intermezzo 1

FIRST JOGGER

RUNNING THROUGH THE STILLNESS AND THE CHILL
OF THESE EMPTY HOURS

MONICA

Wait-

FIRST JOGGER

MAKING UP THE STORIES OF THE LIVES IN THESE
DARK HOUSES

MONICA

I want to swap secrets and talk about guys...

ANNE

(stops packing)

Yeah...? I'm listening.

MONICA

We could set a time: eight. Nobody's gonna' be up at eight on a Saturday. We could do all that, and they'd never know.

ANNE

I'd know - and what if it just slips out? I see how you look at Ryan. Your mouth opens - you look like a whale from science class feeding on plankton. Yeah - you get all whale mouthy, and something might just slip out.

MONICA

Four hours. That's all I ask.

ANNE

You ask too much.

(beat)

I could maybe do it, if I had some kind of proof that you won't say anything.

MONICA

Proof?

ANNE

Like a hostage.

(beat)

Yeah. If I had a hostage, maybe we could make this work.

MONICA

But I promised-

ANNE

Just cause you're on honor roll doesn't mean you don't lie. I mean, it's not like I know you.

MONICA

We've been best friends since kindergarten.

ANNE

Not sleepover friends.

MONICA

Come on - we were green tea goddesses.

ANNE

You're like some stranger off the street. Speaking Russian.

MONICA

(singing - sort of)

Green Tea Goddesses forever...

It's the Camp Teatotem way-

ANNE
 That was day camp.
 (beat)
 Your cat.

MONICA
 What?

ANNE
 If I had Captain Snuffles as a hostage, I'd feel better.

MONICA
 You want my cat?
 (beat)
 You can't take my cat.

ANNE
 Not take. Just take for a little while. Until I'm sure.

MONICA
 Of what?

ANNE
 That these four hours aren't going to blow up in my face.

MONICA
 I'm not giving you Captain Snuffles.

ANNE
 Then stay up.

MONICA
 I can't. Even if I wanted to, he's at my house.

ANNE
 (pointing at the box)
 Actually...

MONICA
 You psycho! You kidnapped-

ANNE
 He chases after Eddie.

MONICA
 Oh yeah - he chases after your little brother for two miles
 right into a box in your room.

ANNE
 It helps when Eddie rubs tuna all over his body and stands
 outside your window.

MONICA
 (getting up)
 I'm coming, Captain Snuffles...

Anne blocks her way.

ANNE
 You don't look so tired now.

MONICA
 Give me my cat.

ANNE
 Give me a secret first.

MONICA
 You're not being a good goddess.
 (beat)
 I'm not in love with Ryan. I don't even like him that much.
 I like Jerome, and since they're always standing next to each
 other, it looks like I'm in love with Ryan. Now give me my-

ANNE
 I still have nightmares about that clown.

MONICA
 What?

ANNE
 The clown.

MONICA
 (beat)
 The one holding the cotton candy?

ANNE
 He won't stop chasing me.

MONICA
 But that's-

ANNE
 Don't laugh at me. I should've never told you I-

MONICA
 Did you know Captain Snuffles was specially trained as a
 clown-fighting cat?

ANNE
 (beat)
 Really?

MONICA
 No.

ANNE
Oh. You're making fun of-

MONICA
But I'm not so bad at clown fighting.

ANNE
(beat)
Yeah?

MONICA
Yeah.
(beat)
My turn for another secret?

Secrets

I STILL SLEEP WITH MY OLD TEDDY

ANNE
I STILL TAKE A BATH WITH RUBBER DUCKIES

MONICA
YOU SAID YOU GAVE THOSE TO CHARITY

ANNE
I SING ALONG TO WHITNEY HOUSTON
USE MY HAIRBRUSH AS A MICROPHONE

MONICA
YOU THINK THAT'S BAD?
I DANCE TO MICHAEL JACKSON IN MY UNDERWEAR

ANNE
I STILL BELIEVE THAT SANTA CLAUS MIGHT BE
REAL

MONICA
I'm training for the women's Olympic spelunking team.

ANNE
I have no idea what spelunking is.

MONICA
Finding your way in caves.

ANNE
That's not in the Olympics.

MONICA
It will be if it's up to me.

ANNE

(beat)

OK: I've always wanted to be a superhero.

MONICA

I think everybody wants that.

ANNE

I have a costume.

MONICA

A superhero costume - like for Halloween?

ANNE

Like for Saturdays.

MONICA

That would be fun to save the world.

ANNE

I keep getting stuck on world domination.

MONICA

Oh.

ANNE

But I feel really guilty about it. And I'm growing out of my costume.

MONICA

(beat)

SCARY MOVIES GIVE ME NIGHTMARES

ANNE

MY FAV'RITE TV SHOW IS MISTER ROGERS
I'D RATHER WATCH SOME KIDDIE SHOW
THAN HEAR MY PARENTS GET IT ON

MONICA

You can hear?

ANNE

Let's talk about something else. It's your turn.

MONICA

MY GRANDMA'S IN A CULT

ANNE

WELL, MY GRANDMA WAS A PROSTITUTE

MONICA

Now you're just making things up.

ANNE

Am I?

The lights dim on Anne and Monica,
as the lights come up on Frankie.

**SCENE 6: FRANKIE INTERLUDE,
INTERVIEW AND COMMERCIAL**

*Frankie, broadcasting from her
"studio," aka her bedroom.*

FRANKIE

This is Frankie 4 A.M. in the studio, so don't be rudio. I am live with a special guest. You all think about him when you're lying there alone: he's the merchant of death, he'll take your breath away - literally. Put your hands together and give it up for the man who'll make you a permanent sleeper - it's the big guy in the hood, the Grim Reaper.

(sound of AUDIENCE APPLAUSE)

Hey Grim - may I call you Grim? - thanks for coming by. I know you're a busy man...er, entity. And you're very tall. The pictures do not do you justice.

(beat)

So, uh...Mr. Reaper, how does it feel to be the taker of lives, the stealer of souls, the harbinger of doom?

(long pause)

The silence is really scary - and I mean *really* scary, but...

(beat)

Uh - the finger wagging in my direction is about to make me wet my pants, but nobody can see it.

(beat)

This is radio! You can't gesture silently on the radio!

(beat)

We're going to a commercial, and we'll try to get a word, any word, after the break.

There's a MUSICAL INTERLUDE, one of
Frankie's cheesy radio fill-ins.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

(trying to disguise her
voice)

It's been called ergonomic. The chef's ultimate weapon. Four inches of drop dead sexy. But don't take our word for it that this four inch tower of chopping and peeling power will give your knife life the edge it's been missing. Ask our customers.

(as the First Customer)

I love this knife. It couldn't peel a boiled potato, but it looks so beautiful.

(as the Second Customer)

If I had a kid that was as bad as this knife, I'd kick his lazy butt out of the house and change the locks.

(as the Third Customer)

Thank you. Thank you so much. Thank you...for making such crappy knives.

One Voice

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THANK YOU, THANK YOU - HOLD YOUR APPLAUSE
 I HAVE TIME FOR YOU ALL
 NO ONE'S TOO SMALL FOR ME TO NOTICE
 'CAUSE HERE AT THE TOP I'VE NEVER STOPPED
 REMEMBERING THE LITTLE GUYS
 THE ONES WHO TRY AND TRY
 LIKE THAT

ONE VOICE IN THE NIGHT
 ONE VOICE WHEN THERE'S NO ONE LISTENING
 ONE VOICE THAT'S JUST DYING TO BE HEARD

THANK YOU, THANK YOU - LISTENERS ALL
 I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE
 SOMEWHERE OUT THERE MUST BE SOMEONE
 SPINNING THE DIAL, STAYING A WHILE
 TO SHARE THIS MOMENT
 BEFORE I'M ALONE AGAIN
 OR AM I

ONE VOICE IN THE NIGHT?
 ONE VOICE WHEN THERE'S NO ONE LIST'NING?
 ONE VOICE THAT'S JUST DYING TO BE HEARD?

ON THE RADIO DIAL
 ON THE RADIO DIAL
 ON THE RADIO DIAL
 ON THE RADIO

THANK YOU, THANK YOU - IF YOU'RE STILL
 THERE
 AS WE WEATHER THE NIGHT
 LOOKING FOR LIGHT IN EVERY MOMENT
 'F I KEEP SENDING OUT
 SOMEBODY'S BOUND TO HEAR ME CALLING
 THEN THERE WILL BE TWO TO SING
 'TIL THEN I'M

ONE VOICE IN THE NIGHT
 ONE VOICE WHEN THERE'S NO ONE LISTENING
 ONE VOICE THAT'S JUST DYING TO BE HEARD

The lights fade on Frankie as they
 come up on...

**SCENE 7: SLEEPOVER, THE BOYS, PART
1**

4 A.M. Hale's bedroom. HALE, mid-teens, lies in the bed, and SIMON, same age, is on the floor in a sleeping bag downstage. The lights are on dimly.

The White Stripes. SIMON

White Lion. HALE

Great White. SIMON

James Brown. HALE

That's not a band. SIMON

It still counts. HALE

We said bands. SIMON

I meant musical acts. HALE

Fine. Whitesnake. SIMON

Black Sabbath. Band - happy? HALE

I am Iron Man. SIMON

Hale and Simon play air guitar and vocalize the opening notes of "Iron Man" by Black Sabbath.

I'm tired. SIMON (cont'd)

Do you want to go to sleep? It's four. HALE

No - let's keep going. SIMON

OK. HALE

Uh...Barry White. SIMON

Who's that? HALE

The love song guy. SIMON

'K. Blue Oyster Cult. HALE

Nice. Deep Purple. SIMON

King Crimson. HALE

Pink Floyd. SIMON

(beat)
How come everything we come up with is so old?

White Stripes aren't old. HALE

That's the only one. SIMON

I don't know. Old souls. HALE

What's that? SIMON

My Mom says that. You're an old soul, Hale. HALE

What's it mean? SIMON

No clue. I think 'cause I'm named for some guy from the
Revolutionary War. HALE

She thinks he's like...in your body or something? SIMON

(makes ghost noises)
Ooh wee oo... HALE

HALE (cont'd)

(beat)

You wanna keep going?

SIMON

I can't think of anymore.

HALE

Was Purple Haze a song or a band?

SIMON

Dunno. But I can't think of any more colors in-

HALE

Simply Red!

SIMON

Stop - it's my turn!

HALE

I thought you couldn't think of-

SIMON

So? It's still my turn.

HALE

You want to try a different one?

SIMON

Like?

HALE

I dunno. Vegetables?

SIMON

Vegetables?

HALE

Or whatever.

SIMON

Vegetables are stupid.

HALE

It was just an idea. We can do whatever.

SIMON

Whatever is good. Just keep talking.

HALE

About...?

SIMON

I just need the noise.

(beat - almost sung)

ALL I HEAR-
CAN'T TURN OFF-

HALE

OK. Noise. Things I can say that'll make noise.

SIMON

(beat)

Every time I shut my eyes, every time it's quiet, the movie starts playing.

HALE

What about cars?

SIMON

And I keep trying to cover my head-

HALE

Or sports teams.

SIMON

And I'm trying to block it with my hands and with the pillow and then with this mini-refrigerator - you know like the kind people get in college - and then with the Barbie Dreamhouse my sister had when she was five - before he broke it.

HALE

I didn't know he broke Susie's Barbie Dreamhouse.

SIMON

But no matter what I put in the way-

HALE

(continuing with the
Dreamhouse)

That's just cold.

SIMON

-he always gets through, and the whole time, the soundtrack keeps getting louder and louder, this sound of screaming and thwacking and breaking...

HALE

It's OK now. It's done.

SIMON

Is it?

HALE

You're here, right?

(beat)

What do you want to play?

Vegetables is good. SIMON

You sure? HALE

Here is good. SIMON
(beat)
Carrot.

Asparagus. HALE

Spinach. SIMON
(as the lights dim)

Tomato. HALE

Tomato's a fruit. SIMON

Seriously? HALE
(beat)
I got it - soybeans.

Lights dim on them as the FIRE KID,
female, mid-teens, enters.

One Voice - Intermezzo 1

FIRE KID
MIDNIGHT'S LONG GONE
HOURS 'TIL DAWN
I LIE IN THE DARK
SILENT AND STARK IT'S ALL AROUND ME
IF I JUST SHOUT SOMEBODY'S BOUND TO HEAR ME
CALLING
BUT I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING...

Lights dim on the Fire Kid and come
up on...

SCENE 8: ROMEO AND JULIET, PART 2

*Romeo and Juliet are still in
their distant beds.*

ROMEO

The seconds pass like hours.

JULIET

Every minute feels like my entire life.

Star-Crossed Lovers

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
IS IT TOO LATE TO CALL YOU
SHOULD I TAKE THE CHANCE, OR PLAY IT SAFE
WAIT 'TIL DAY?
BUT

ROMEO AND JULIET

OH MY LOVE, MY LOVE
I'LL DREAM ONLY OF YOU WHEN I'M UNDER THE
COVERS
BUT I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEAL OUR FATE
A PAIR OF STAR-CROSSED LOVERS

ROMEO

JULIET

JULIET

ROMEO

ROMEO

THE HOURS GO SO SLOW
I'LL NEVER LIVE TO SEE TOMORROW
MY FRIENDS SAY I'M TOO YOUNG TO REALLY FEEL
BUT THIS IS SO REAL
AND

ROMEO AND JULIET

OH MY LOVE, MY LOVE
I'LL DREAM ONLY OF YOU WHEN I'M UNDER THE
COVERS
BUT I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEAL OUR FATE
A PAIR OF STAR-CROSSED LOVERS

JULIET

ROMEO

ROMEO

JULIET

JULIET
DON'T YOU KNOW

ROMEO
I'LL JUST BET

ROMEO AND JULIET
WE'RE JUST LIKE THAT MOVIE
BUT WE'LL HAVE A HAPPY ENDING AND
OH MY LOVE, MY LOVE
I'LL DREAM ONLY OF YOU WHEN I'M UNDER THE
COVERS
BUT I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEAL OUR FATE
A PAIR OF STAR-CROSSED LOVERS

ROMEO
JULIET

JULIET
ROMEO

ROMEO
If I call her-

JULIET
If I call him and he's sleeping.

ROMEO
And she's sleeping. And I wake her-

JULIET
What if I wake him?

ROMEO
She'll hate me-

JULIET
What if he hates me forever?

They continue to contemplate the
cell phones they hold in their
hands as the lights dim on them and
come up on...

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy
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