

THE MAGIC HOUR

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By Jonathan Dorf

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Draft 2.1

## Cast of Characters

ERIN (or AARON), female or male.  
FRANKIE, lonely teen "DJ," female or male.  
JAKE (or JANE), male or female.  
SIMON, male.  
HALE, male.  
MONICA, female.  
ANNE, female.  
ROMEO, male.  
JULIET, female.  
FIRST OFFICER, male or female and a Keystone Cop type.  
SECOND OFFICER, male or female and a Keystone Cop type.  
THE MONSTER UNDER THE BED, male or female.  
THE JOGGER, male or female.  
ENSEMBLE to play various monsters and for the play's "choral" moments.

All characters except for the Officers and Monsters are teens, and all roles may be played by teen performers. To reduce cast size, it is possible to multiple cast many of these roles, and for the named characters to perform the choral moments.

## Production Notes

In the script, you'll find the occasional use of "beat." As I use it, it means a "thoughtful pause," but don't feel that it needs to be a long pause. It's more about the intention.

It's important that pacing stay crisp. To keep it moving, avoid blackouts wherever possible. Instead, use area staging and/or stylized scene changes where needed.

## Acknowledgements

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ME AND MY MONSTER, PART I

A bedroom. 4 A.M. ERIN, mid to late teens.

ERIN

The monster under the bed left. One day there's all these creepy creaks, those bumps and rattles that make your eyes go wide, and the next, nothing.

(Beat.)

I think, "well, he'll come back." It's not like he was there all the time before. So wherever he goes when he's not here, he's just gone there and when he's ready, he'll come back. He has to. He's my monster, and I'm used to him.

(Beat.)

And when my parents go out, I turn off all the lights and I lie in my bed in the dark and I wait for him. I wait and I call out, "Is there anybody out there?" but it's just quiet. And empty. And somehow it's a worse kind of empty, an emptier empty because something used to be there before.

(Beat.)

And I am more afraid than I have ever been.

The lights dim on Erin and come up on FRANKIE, teenage "DJ" broadcasting into the void.

FRANKIE

This is Frankie, your 4 AM voice, the only choice to get you through the wee-est hours, when your power wanes like the moon, and the sun can't come soon enough. I've got a special show for you tonight - or is it tomorrow? Because it's a year ago today that Frankie struck up the band and came on out to play. I'm not a sergeant and I can't find the pepper, but I'm here to stay with you again, to be your friend, your guiding light until the night runs out of time and I run out of rhymes.

The lights come up on the rest of the stage.

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## 4 A.M. AGAIN

The ENSEMBLE, all teens, some of them in bed and some of them not, appear in various places on stage.

## VARIOUS ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

4 A.M. Again.

To Do #7: get French fries for International Day.

One more episode of...what am I watching?

In my dream, I am always naked...and fighting Godzilla.

Kumquat: an orange-like fruit related to the citruses, with an edible sweet rind and acid pulp.

Sleep. The notes will only sink in if you're sleeping.

Is that a zit?

(Swinging an imaginary  
baseball bat in bed:)

Visualize the bat hitting the ball.

I wake myself up. I wake myself up.

An Ensemble Member bangs out a rhythm and hums/moans along, using the bed as needed to create a rock "concert."

## VARIOUS ENSEMBLE MEMBERS (CONT'D)

Why did I get a clock that ticks?

Sometimes I just wish we could skip ahead an hour.

The secret to flying is learning how to throw yourself at the ground and miss.

(Holds up a picture of a  
giant lump in a bed under  
covers:)

I call this, "Portrait of the artist...in bed."

Would you like fries with that?

4 A.M. selfie!

(Zit Kid:)

I think that's a zit.

No more coffee before bed. You are cut off.

Planning ahead makes me think of the future too much.

(The Flying Kid:)

Douglas Adams, gone too soon.

(The To Do Kid:)

What were To Do Numbers One to Six?

Keep sleeping. Keep sleeping.

(Rock Concert Kid:)

Thank you, bedroom!

Second to the right, and straight on 'til morning.

(Godzilla Kid:)

Why is it always Godzilla?

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The lights dim on the Ensemble,  
and come up on teenage JAKE,  
writing a letter.

JAKE

Dear Frankie,

Congratulations on moving to the internet. It's a brave new world and let's face it - old school radio was kind of limited. I mean, you only have a range of what - 10 miles? Twenty? It's funny to think you're so close I could practically know you in real life. Wouldn't that be weird if I did? You could be somebody I go to school with. Of course, then I would actually have a friend. Wait - I don't want you to get the wrong impression. Things are a lot better than a year ago. For one thing, I'm a year older. That means there's a whole new crop of weaker, easier targets. I'm not saying it's good that bad things happen to other people, but let's be honest: it's better than them happening to me.

(Beat.)

I tried to return the knife that I bought last year. But the warranty - kinda like the knife - is a joke. I realize this doesn't mean anything to you. You don't know that I own a knife-

FRANKIE

(A fake commercial:)

Thank you for making such crappy knives.

JAKE

Or that it's the same knife you make jokes about. You'd probably be all like "Ha, I told you so" when I tell you what a crap job it did on my wrists. Except that I don't think you would laugh when I tell you I was sitting on the floor in the dark soaking into the carpet, in the kind of pain that makes you beg the air for anything that will make it stop. But then there was you. Sandwiched between sports talk and a preacher on my battery-operated radio, flying through the static like Superman.

(Beat.)

And I want to tell you about the knife and the blood and how you saved me, but that seems like a lot for a first comment and I don't want you to be scared of me.

(Beat.)

Maybe I could cook you something sometime. To say thank you. Cooking relaxes me. I think I might be good at it. Well, mostly I bake because cooking requires a good knife, and we all know how that worked out. But maybe I could post some recipes, and you could choose and I...I'm just gonna hit "like" for now. Just for now.

Love,  
Jake

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The lights fade on Jake and come  
up on...

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## ROMEO AND JULIET, PART I

Teenage JULIET, in her bedroom at  
4 A.M. The sound of pebbles  
against a window. Once. Twice.  
Three times. Juliet gets out of  
bed and goes to her window sill.  
ROMEO, same age, is below.

JULIET  
What are you doing here?

ROMEO  
I came to see you.

JULIET  
It's so late. What time is it?

ROMEO  
I think it's four.

JULIET  
Four!?

ROMEO  
Maybe a little past.

JULIET  
Are you crazy?

ROMEO  
I couldn't stop thinking about you.

JULIET  
So text me.

ROMEO  
All we ever do is text.

JULIET  
My dad could've shot you.

ROMEO  
Your dad has a gun?

JULIET  
I don't know. Maybe he does. And what about your parents?

ROMEO  
I just wanted to do something big-

JULIET  
Your mom is probably freaking out.

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ROMEO

-to show you I love you.

(Beat.)

This was our balcony scene.

JULIET

Text me when you get home.

Romeo's body droops, and he starts to slink off as the lights dim and come up on the JOGGER, male or female, carrying a bag of newspapers in a backpack or shoulder bag.

JOGGER

And thus begins the magical hour where I run among you, my loyal subjects of the Kingdom of LATimesLandia [substitute your local newspaper for LATimes]. I bring you tidings of joy and woe, of sales among our many merchants, and of sports scores except for the games that ended after deadline.

The Jogger continues offstage, and lights up on...

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## SLEEPOVER: THE BOYS, PART 1

HALE's bedroom. 4 A.M. He and SIMON, both teens, are on the floor in sleeping bags.

HALE

Just like you never left.

SIMON

Did you never change that bulb or did it burn out again?

HALE

Never changed. We should shut the lights out anyway.

They turn out the lights.

SIMON

Not like your parents think we're gonna sleep.

HALE

Truth.

SIMON

(Beat.)

Your room is like twice as big as mine. More than twice as big.

HALE

It's just a room. It's better, though, right?

SIMON

I guess.

HALE

Pete was a bad dude.

SIMON

Yeah. I just wish we had more space is all.

HALE

(Beat.)

Your room is less than half this?

SIMON

Rub it in.

HALE

So if your room was exactly half this, that would be better.

SIMON

Thank you, Mr. Math.

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HALE  
What if you had half of this?

SIMON  
(Beat.)  
Seriously?

HALE  
My mom loves you. My dad'll be all practical and whatever,  
but Mom wins that one every time.

SIMON  
You're serious.

HALE  
Third quarter's kind of a weird time to transfer, but if you  
live here, they gotta take you. That kid - Doug - bowtie kid-

SIMON  
Yeah - scar on his face.

HALE  
Yeah. He was a fourth quarter transfer. So third is cake.

SIMON  
And it's not like I wasn't here before.

HALE  
Why did I not think of this six months ago?

SIMON  
'Cause our wonder twin powers weren't activated.

They bump fists to "activate"  
their powers.

HALE  
Boom.

SIMON  
Boom.

(Beat.)  
Who do you think's better: the Dynamic Duo or the Wonder  
Twins?

HALE  
You mean like if they fight, who wins?

SIMON  
Yeah.

HALE  
Batman. More famous and way more gadgets.

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SIMON  
Yeah, but they have magic.

HALE  
I don't know.

SIMON  
Wonder Twins have magic. Batman has gadgets. Those rhyme.

HALE  
Magic and gadgets.

Simon starts beat-boxing.

HALE  
Magic versus gadgets  
Activate the power from an alien planet  
But Batman's punch is wicked  
If he can only land it.  
(Beat.)  
Fail. But I definitely gotta go with Batman.

SIMON  
And Robin.  
(Beat.)  
Which one of us is which?

HALE  
Maybe we're both Batman and Robin.

SIMON  
That's like zen.

HALE  
Zen Mo Dee.

SIMON  
Your rapper name.

HALE  
I'm glad you're stayin'.

SIMON  
(Silly Rapper-like:)  
Word.

The lights dim on them and come  
up on Frankie.

FRANKIE  
Is anybody out there? I know the answer, because when I  
jumped from the airwaves to the ether, somebody clicked  
"like." There's been a spike in my popularity. Somebody out  
there hears my show, and you're free to go but you said no.

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## FRANKIE (CONT'D)

That click is like a virtual shake of the hand, a high-five that lands with love, a velvet glove giving me a thumbs up, and I won't let you down, so please stick around and if you want to invest, I take requests. Every day-night at four, so please tell me more.

The lights dim on Frankie and  
come up on...

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## SLEEPOVER: THE GIRLS, PART 1

MONICA, a teenage girl, sleeps, but then wakes with a start and looks over at ANNE, same age, not sleeping. She considers Anne for a moment.

MONICA

Where's Winnie?

ANNE

She's not here.

MONICA

She was- What did you do with- What are you doing here?

ANNE

We're having a sleepover.

MONICA

No. Winnie and I were having a sleepover. What did you do to Winnie?!

ANNE

Why do you assume I did something-

MONICA

Because she was here and now she's gone and you're here - and because that's what you do.

ANNE

That's not true.

MONICA

Mr. Snuffles.

ANNE

That was like a year ago.

MONICA

You kidnapped my freakin' cat.

ANNE

How could you just replace me?

MONICA

Did you kidnap her?

ANNE

Winnie or your cat?

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MONICA

We already know you kidnapped my cat. And Mr. Snuffles is a him.

(Beat.)

I didn't replace you. I just wanted to mix it up.

ANNE

We were best friends. You don't just mix us up.

MONICA

What did you do to Winnie?

ANNE

Don't make this about me.

MONICA

Fine. It's about me. And sleep. And you sleeping over every weekend, only we're not allowed to sleep at a sleepover and after a year of that I've run out of stuff to talk about. It got so bad I started to make things up. Yep - two months ago I hit the wall, so I completely made up the thing with Hale Cartwright because it gave me enough material to get through the weekend.

(Beat.)

Hale Cartwright barely knows I exist.

(Half to herself:)

What kind of a name is Hale Cartwright?

ANNE

But the secret milkshake.

MONICA

There was no secret milkshake, and every weekend I just made up something new.

ANNE

The One Direction [or band of the moment] sighting...

MONICA

Nope.

ANNE

The horseback riding guide who took you on a private tour...

Monica shakes her head.

ANNE

Your grandma doing vaudeville?

MONICA

Come on. You seriously didn't know?

ANNE

I can't believe you lied to me.

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MONICA

I just needed some time to recharge. With Winnie, there's no pressure, 'cause everything is new. And she lets me sleep.

ANNE

She's not a good influence. You don't know.

MONICA

I don't know where she is - that's what I don't know.

ANNE

Nope. You don't.

The lights dim on them and come up on...

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## ME AND MY MONSTER, PART 2

A "checkpoint." Two OFFICERS who remind us of Keystone Cops are stopping MONSTERS of all varieties. Each time, they grab a monster and hold it for Erin to ID.

This one? FIRST OFFICER

No. ERIN

This one? SECOND OFFICER

No. ERIN

This one? FIRST OFFICER

No. ERIN

This one? SECOND OFFICER

There's got to be a better way. ERIN

Right. FIRST OFFICER

You. You. You. You. SECOND OFFICER  
(Pointing at several MONSTERS:)

Line up. FIRST OFFICER

Shake a tailfeather. SECOND OFFICER

Or whatever you've got back there. FIRST OFFICER

The Monsters line up.

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SECOND OFFICER

Are you now, or have you ever been the monster under this kid's bed?

The Monsters make various gestures and sounds of denial.

ERIN

It's not them.

FIRST OFFICER

Then we have no choice: Effective immediately, any monsters under the bed-

SECOND OFFICER

They're *all* monsters under the bed.

FIRST OFFICER

(Points at one:)

That's a monster in the closet.

SECOND OFFICER

So hard to tell them apart.

FIRST OFFICER

It's in the coloration, but it's subtle.

SECOND OFFICER

You know I don't do subtle.

ERIN

I know my own monster.

FIRST OFFICER

Do you?

SECOND OFFICER

I've got it. Effective immediately, all monsters under the bed, in the closet-

FIRST OFFICER

Back seat-

SECOND OFFICER

*Everywhere.* All monsters everywhere are to report to the Monster Relocation Camp in your designated district.

The Monsters start freaking out in terrifying terror.

FIRST OFFICER

We are not punishing you.

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SECOND OFFICER

You are not being imprisoned.

FIRST OFFICER

We are just keeping you in one place.

SECOND OFFICER

Until we get things figured out.

The Officers pull out their  
weapons and start herding the  
Monsters into a corner.

ERIN

You're scaring them.

FIRST OFFICER

To make an omelet...

SECOND OFFICER

Wait - I know this one.

ERIN

I didn't ask for this.

SECOND OFFICER

Eggs. You gotta break some eggs.

The Monsters line up with their  
hands - or whatever passes for  
hands - in the air.

FIRST OFFICER

This is what you wanted, kid.

ERIN

You keep saying that, but-

FIRST OFFICER

No need to thank us.

SECOND OFFICER

Your thanks is thanks enough.

FIRST OFFICER

But feel free to tip your server.

SECOND OFFICER

You won't ever have to worry about that monster leaving you  
again.

The Officers escort the Monsters  
off. Lights come up on Frankie,  
broadcasting.

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## FRANKIE

We're in the space between four and more, which means it's time for sports... Someone scored. Someone won. Someone lost. There probably was a ball involved, or possibly a puck, and I'd be willing to bet there might have been a net with or without a shuttlecock, but mostly without. Sorry, horseshoe hurlers, that's not a sport. But whether you play sports or not, whether you like sports or not, one thing you can count on is the weather: there will be some. The sun will rise, the sun will set, and in between, there will be weather of one kind or another whether we predict it or not. So get out there, expect anything, and be ready for everything. Because there is a one hundred percent chance that stuff will happen, and it might not be the stuff you thought it would be.

The lights fade on Frankie and  
come up on...

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## ROMEO AND JULIET, PART 2

Romeo and Juliet are in their respective bedrooms. 4 A.M. The following conversation takes place via text, which could be projected on a screen, or two other actors could hold up cards with the messages already written on them, peeling off a new card each time - make the choice that makes sense for your production. The actors should say the whole words, even if the images show text-speak abbreviations.

hey	ROMEO
hey	JULIET
i miss u	ROMEO
i miss u 2	JULIET
so wyd?	(Beat.)
thinking about u	ROMEO
same	JULIET
i wish i was there	ROMEO
i know	JULIET
do u wish i was there?	ROMEO
duh	JULIET
do u 4 sure?	ROMEO
most def	JULIET

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really? ROMEO

YES! JULIET

i want to do something to show u how much i love u ROMEO

i know u do  
u don't need to do anything JULIET

i have to do something ROMEO

I KNOW JULIET  
i know  
u r my romeo

u r my juliet ROMEO  
i gotta do something

make me a sandwich? JULIET

Beat.

4 real? ROMEO

y not? JULIET

that's all? ROMEO  
when?  
what kind?

i have to go JULIET  
i will see you in the a m

When do u want the sandwich ROMEO  
?

love u JULIET

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ROMEO

love u more

They kiss their phones goodnight  
as the lights dim on them.  
Elsewhere on stage, the Jogger  
enters as before, though this  
time at least one newspaper is in  
hand.

JOGGER

For you, loyal 215 Sunday Road,  
(Throwing a paper off toward  
the "house":)  
givers of bounteous cookies at every season of the year, my  
continued goodwill.

The Jogger jogs on briefly to the  
next "house."

JOGGER

But you, the fiends of 217, you are behind in your taxes, and  
you are cut off from my royal favor. Onward, my army. We must  
complete our march under cover of darkness!

The Jogger jogs off as the lights  
come up on...

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## LETTER TO THE PERSON WHO SAVED MY LIFE, PART 2

Jake, writing a letter as before.

JAKE

Dear Frankie,

Sometimes you just need to step back to get a better view.

(Beat.)

I know that the "like" made it seem like the next step would be maybe a smiley face or a wink or maybe even a word like "nice," but I've decided it's time for one of those strategic steps backward.

(Beat.)

I don't think I'm really ready to take the one forward. Step, that is. I've typed that colon dash close parentheses a thousand times, and every time: backspace delete next time. And what if you're not ready? It's like in Greek mythology, Zeus gives Pandora this box, and when she opens it, there's no way to put those things back in ever again.

(Beat.)

I open the box and suddenly it's hero this and hero that and everybody's watching and they expect you to walk on water and leap tall buildings with a single bound, and you start to think you're nothing if you can't keep saving people, but when you can't find someone or the saving gets messy or you just can't save them at all, it tears you apart.

(Beat.)

Even now, you may feel that you need to do things differently - because of what I did. That you may need to change. But you don't. I don't want you to, because you're great just the way you are. I realize by hitting "like" I may have put the pressure on you already, and I want you to know that I thought long and hard about unliking that like, but I worry that the damage I could do might be a lot worse. That it might really hurt you. And I could never do that. Not after what you did for me.

Love,  
Jake

p.s. Someday I hope to send this letter. Just like the other 365.

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## SLEEPOVER, THE GIRLS PART 2

Monica's room. As before.

MONICA

If you don't tell me where Winnie is, I'm going to wake up my parents.

ANNE

They don't think she's a good influence. They say you spend too much money online when you're with her. They thought about cutting up your credit card, and they're still not sure, but I told them I would talk to you.

MONICA

You talked to my parents about my credit card?

ANNE

Not like for hours or anything. But I've suddenly had all this free time.

MONICA

Where's Winnie?

ANNE

Probably home.

MONICA

(Pointing at Anne's sleeping bag:)

She was right there.

ANNE

Until her parents found out she's failing math.

MONICA

How do you know she was-

ANNE

Seriously - Winnie? Ya kinda have to stop surfing Amazon [or shopping site of the moment] long enough to study. I'm surprised you could get a word out of her between clicks.

MONICA

But she couldn't just disappear.

ANNE

Well, her parents called your parents.

MONICA

And...?

ANNE

They took her home, obviously.

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MONICA

But I was here. She couldn't just disappear from five feet away.

ANNE

This is what happens when people switch to decaf.

MONICA

And so all of this involves you how?

ANNE

(Beat.)

Maybe I was outside.

MONICA

... Why?

ANNE

I don't know.

MONICA

Don't know or can't say?

(Beat.)

I feel like I'm in the middle of some creepy teen thriller.

ANNE

We should write one. Tonight.

MONICA

You write it. I'm going to sleep.

ANNE

You've changed.

MONICA

You're kind of the same.

ANNE

Why's that so bad?

MONICA

It's not. It's just...it wasn't gonna last forever.

ANNE

You remember that song we used to sing?

MONICA

I'm not singing the Camp Teatotem song.

ANNE

Come on.

MONICA

Not now.

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ANNE

One verse and then we can go to sleep. I promise.

MONICA

I don't remember it anymore.

ANNE

(Singing:)

Green Tea Goddesses forever...

Monica hums, faking it badly.

ANNE

It's the Camp Teatotem way...

(Stops singing:)

You really don't remember. How do you forget - that was like half our childhood!

MONICA

Sometimes it pops into my head, like randomly in the shower or right before I got in the car yesterday - and sometimes I just can't see it anymore. It's like this hazy almost.

ANNE

Guess it couldn't last forever.

MONICA

Sorry.

ANNE

I get it. Life marches on.

MONICA

Goodnight.

ANNE

Leaving your best friend in the dust.

(Pause.)

Caked in mud.

(Pause.)

Choking on fumes.

(Pause.)

Picking the broken pieces of her shattered dreams out of her bare feet.

(Beat.)

'Night.

The lights dim on them and come up on Frankie.

FRANKIE

In the one-year life of the radio show everyone wants to watch, the advertisers have been all over us like white on brown rice.

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FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Come with me on a magical mystery tour, explore the ads that are sure to make you LOL. Well, I think they're swell.

(Like an advertising  
voiceover:)

Tossing and turning because your chest is too cold but your legs are too hot but your feet are too cold? Why settle for a one size fits all blanket when you can have a different thickness for every part of your body? Let your legs play it cool while your tummy keeps it warm and fuzzy. Feet, neck, shoulders...the Cover-Cover's got you covered! Order today and you can be the ultimate blanket player. Just slap on a new layer, or rip it off and go undercover in the land of temperature-controlled bliss. Order your Cover-Cover in the next 15 minutes and we'll upgrade you to our patented poly-cotton blend free of charge. Too many choices? Check out our awesome radio-friendly full-color chart to help you choose your own sleep adventure.

(Reading the "disclaimer"  
super quickly:)

This blanket may be highly flammable and is not recommended for use by children under 10. It should not be used as a knapsack, for picnics, for the temporary storage of raw fish, as an emergency food source, a conversation starter, for emotional security or to prevent the spread of airborne illnesses. It is not an approved flotation device in the event of a water landing, does not deflect attacks from anything but the bluntest knives and does not assist you in making better life choices.

There's a beep or click. It's  
online activity.

FRANKIE

You like me, you really like me.

Another beep.

FRANKIE

Smiley face. The plot thickens. My pulse quickens.

Frankie waits for another action.  
Long pause. It's not coming.

FRANKIE

And the rest is silence.

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## SLEEPOVER: THE BOYS, PART 2

4 A.M. Hale's bedroom. He's in bed, and Simon is on the floor in a sleeping bag.

SIMON

I can't stay. I want to, 'cause this would be so perfect - like there's perfect and then there's this - but I don't know what my mom would do if I left. And Susie.

(Beat.)

I'd be like king douche of the year.

HALE

He was king douche of the year.

SIMON

Technically, he was king douche of last year.

HALE

More like king douche of the century.

SIMON

Truth.

Long pause.

HALE

Summer's just a couple months away.

SIMON

Yeah, but you're doin' that big trip to Canada, and my mom's like let's go to Florida.

HALE

Florida in summer.

SIMON

Camping in Florida in summer.

HALE

Aren't there like mosquitos and gators and-

SIMON

It's a campground, not a swamp.

HALE

So?

SIMON

Wanna send us some money so we can stay at a hotel?

HALE

Sorry.

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SIMON  
Anyway, then you've got soccer-

HALE  
That's just a week.

SIMON  
Yeah, but you see my point? It's like one week here, two weeks there and pretty soon it's like the whole summer is gone.

HALE  
You like too much.

SIMON  
Shut up.  
(Beat.)  
See? Who's gonna tell me that if you don't?

HALE  
We're still gonna talk. There is technology.

SIMON  
I know. But it's not like we can just go bowling.

HALE  
Bowling.

SIMON  
Yeah.

HALE  
Bowling?

SIMON  
Why not?

HALE  
When did we ever go bowling?

SIMON  
We could.

HALE  
Do you even like bowling?

SIMON  
Never tried.

HALE  
Then how do you know you'd like it?

SIMON  
I don't care if it's bowling or not.

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HALE

Is there even a bowling alley? Wait - what?

SIMON

What?

HALE

Did you just say you don't care if it's bowling?

Beat. Simon shrugs.

HALE

It's four. After four. We should go to sleep.

SIMON

But then it'll be morning.

HALE

Unless there's an apocalypse, yeah.

SIMON

I'll have to go.

HALE

You'll be back.

SIMON

You remember we used to name the bands with colors in their names?

HALE

Yeah. You didn't want to let me use James Brown.

SIMON

We did say bands.

HALE

We said musical acts. Are we gonna fight over this again?

SIMON

I'm not fighting.

HALE

You want to name musical acts again?

SIMON

Not really.

HALE

Bands?

Simon shakes his head.

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HALE  
So you don't want to name bands and you don't want to bowl-

SIMON  
I didn't say I don't want to bowl.

HALE  
So you do.

SIMON  
We could skydive for all I care.

HALE  
I'm not skydiving.

SIMON  
I don't care what we do.

HALE  
How 'bout sleeping then?

SIMON  
This is our last few hours.

HALE  
Not for ever.

SIMON  
But what if it is?

HALE  
(Beat.)  
Let's just stay up.

## ROMEO AND JULIET, PART 3

4 A.M. Juliet's bedroom. Pebbles like before. Juliet sits upright, then goes to open the window. As she opens it, Romeo literally climbs in. He's got a basket strapped to his back.

JULIET  
Are you crazy?

ROMEO  
Maybe.

JULIET  
If my parents hear you-

ROMEO  
I don't care.  
(Unpacking sandwiches and containers:)  
I should've done this a year ago. There's chicken salad, egg salad, tuna salad, cold pasta with peppers, feta and cherry tomatoes.

JULIET  
There's no words for what my dad is gonna do to you.

ROMEO  
I put grapes and walnuts in the chicken salad, 'cause I know you like them.

JULIET  
You made all this?

ROMEO  
Uh huh.

JULIET  
I didn't even know you cooked.

ROMEO  
There's this kid who cooks in the home ec room after school while the teacher sits at her desk. He doesn't know I watch him.

JULIET  
I've never had grapes in chicken salad before. Or walnuts.

ROMEO  
You should. I really should talk to him sometime, and thank him for all the recipes.

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JULIET  
Bring it all to lunch and we'll-

ROMEO  
All we do is have safe lunches, send safe texts-

JULIET  
I love the texts you send me.

ROMEO  
And I love yours. But it's been 14 months, and I'm never the guy who stands under your window blasting Peter Gabriel songs on a boombox and making a grand gesture.

JULIET  
You don't need to make a grand gesture.

ROMEO  
I do. I've already done all the little ones.

JULIET  
Why isn't that enough?

ROMEO  
It's just...not.

Beat.

JULIET  
Somebody's awake.

ROMEO  
I brought extra sandwiches. And brownies.

JULIET  
My dad loves brownies.

ROMEO  
I know.

JULIET  
But my mom hates-

ROMEO  
(Pulling out a container:)  
Mini fruit tarts for your mom.

JULIET  
My mom will love - you really made all these?

Romeo nods. Beat. There's a definite sound of someone waking up and heading this way. Juliet looks one way and then the other.

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JULIET

Oh no. Quick - out the window. I'll cover this-

ROMEO

(Grabbing her to stop her:)

We've got this.

They turn to face what's coming  
as the lights dim on them, as the  
Jogger jogs on once more.

JOGGER

The minutes wane, a new day comes. Hold on, my brave  
warriors, hold on.

(Dropping the act:)

I think every week my bag gets lighter. People get the  
digital edition, or they just get their news on their phones  
or from Facebook [feel free to substitute the social media  
site of the moment]. I'm just hoping I can keep this job 'til  
college. Pay's not great, but it's OK and I get tons of  
exercise and four is like this magical hour where I can be a  
king or a hero or just...be.

The Jogger jogs off, throwing a  
newspaper to Frankie as the  
lights come up on her.

FRANKIE

Special delivery,

(Putting the newspaper down:)

but the news isn't in the paper, it's two letters, an H and  
an I that fly across the screen. I'm just a teenager with a  
radio show nobody knows and a truckload of doubt about what's  
out there, but now I can barely breathe. I want to leave it  
alone, to stick with the known status quo, but subject line  
"hi" isn't gonna go away. Today is D-Day and H-Hour and now  
that it's here do I run from this fear that I've lived with  
all year and hit delete, or do I make sweet dreams and click  
open to let hope in?

Like what you see? Follow the instructions on the  
play's page to request a perusal copy of the full  
script!

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