

A SUMMER EVENING

TEN-MINUTE PLAY

By Peter Huang

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PUBLISHED BY

**HEUER PUBLISHING LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
(2 MEN)

MAX
ZAC

SETTING

Outside a movie theater.

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AT RISE:

It is evening on a summer night in Portland, Oregon. ZAC and his friend, MAX, are awaiting some friends outside a movie theater. They are next to but not in the ticket line as it grows longer while the movie show time creeps closer

MAX: So, who are the slowpokes? They all said they would be here half an hour ago.

ZAC: Chris and Jamie.

MAX: Jamie's coming? *(Pause)* She's the one you like, isn't she?

ZAC: Maybe.

MAX: Yeah, she is. I thought so. You should have told me earlier. Everyone else knew except me.

ZAC: Now you know.

MAX: And I thought we were friends. Well it wasn't hard to figure out. It seemed you really liked her when we were in biology class.

ZAC: Yeah. Yeah, well, she's cool to talk to.

MAX: And she's absolutely beautiful! Tall, too. Taller than me. When are you gonna ask her out?

ZAC: Never.

MAX: Never. And why's that?

ZAC: She doesn't like me like that.

MAX: You don't know that.

ZAC: Yeah, I do.

MAX: You know for sure?

ZAC: I don't know for sure.

MAX: You won't know until you go up to her.

ZAC: I appreciate what you're doing, but there's no use trying to convince me.

MAX: So, you're not gonna do it? You're gonna leave her in the dark?

ZAC: Yes. Probably. I don't know.

MAX: She's the only one that laughs at your lame jokes.

ZAC: My jokes aren't lame. They don't have legs to lose. *(Pause)* The thing is, I got a letter from the college yesterday. I got the scholarship.

MAX: You did? You get to go to New York?

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ZAC: To the heart of the city.

MAX: Wow. That's so far away.

ZAC: You're telling me.

MAX: Well, I think congratulations are in order. New York is sexy.
That's a perk to leaving for college.

ZAC: I don't think I want to go.

MAX: New York's the big time. Of course you want to go.

ZAC: I'm not sure.

MAX: It'll be awesome. You'll love the Big Apple.

ZAC: Parts of New York are too seedy for me. I'm gonna be leaving everyone I know. I don't know anyone there.

MAX: You'll meet new people. New Yorkers are cool. They sip on martinis all day and speak funny. A change in scenery is always good. Are you flying by plane?

ZAC: Oh no, my fluffy angel wings will carry me over there.

MAX: Right, right. How long's the flight?

ZAC: Eight hours, with a stop in Chicago.

MAX: I see. You know what would suck? If your plane crashed on the way there. Like on a mountain range. You would die instantly. I hope you know those breath masks make people lightheaded so they don't panic.

ZAC: Yeah, I'm trying not to think about that.

MAX: Or what if you crashed in water? You would be even more screwed. You could land in deep water and sink to the bottom. And get saved by mermaids. Or mermen.

ZAC: Yeah, and merbutlers too, right? Look, I'm already scared enough of flying as it is, and you're not helping.

MAX: I'm only kidding around.

ZAC: Kidding around isn't going to ease my fears.

MAX: Zac, it'll be okay. You'll be fine in New York. You'll be King of the Concrete Jungle. Bigger than Rockefeller. Bigger than the Chrysler Building. Oregon won't be the same without you.

ZAC: *(Silence. Looks at the movie posters at the movie theater.)*
Hey, they changed movie posters! I liked the old one.

MAX: *(Looks at the movie poster.)* Whoa, there, sexy lady. This new movie looks cool. *(Reads writing on movie poster.)* "Invasion

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of the Internet Pirates.” Wow, where do they come up with this stuff?

ZAC: The old one was better. It had more flair.

MAX: No way. This new poster has as much, if not more flair. It screams flair.

ZAC: The old one was a work of art. All these people are airbrushed and the girl is just on there to get the teenage boys.

MAX: She’s got me, all right.

ZAC: The movie isn’t even rated R.

MAX: Alright, Zac. You’re cut. You’re done.

ZAC: Okay, okay, I’m just saying I like the old one more. They didn’t need to change.

MAX: It had to go sometime. It’s barely making money in the box office as it is.

ZAC: It could have stayed up a bit longer.

MAX: *(Pause. Looks at watch.)* Chris and Jamie sure are taking a long time. This is lame. They need to get here now. We really should have waited in line.

ZAC: *(Pause.)* Max, I’ve decided. I’m staying here.

MAX: Chris and Jamie will understand. We’ll wait in line and just get their tickets for them.

ZAC: No, I mean I’m staying. In Oregon.

MAX: What? You can’t stay here. You have to go. A four-year all-expenses-paid trip to New York? How can you turn that down?

ZAC: New York’s too liberal. It’s better for me if I stay here.

MAX: You’ll be better off in the long run if you go.

ZAC: I can decide on my own what’s better for me.

MAX: I’m just trying to help. Just look at what you have in front of you. You’re being irrational.

ZAC: I am being very rational.

MAX: Then why don’t you want to go? You have something that a lot of people wished they had.

ZAC: I KNOW WHAT I HAVE! I’m not leaving here. I’ve lived here for eighteen years. That’s my whole life. It’s all I know. I can’t leave yet. I’m not ready to. Max, you said so yourself. It won’t be the same when I leave.

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MAX: You're right. It won't be the same. Everyone will be doing their own thing. Going off into the unknown. No one knows what will happen.

ZAC: I know what will happen.

MAX: Do you? What's gonna happen?

ZAC: I know we'll be late if we don't get in line. The movie starts in a few minutes.

MAX: We can go to another showing. Zac . . .

ZAC: We have to make this one. I told Chris and Jamie this exact time.

MAX: Zac, listen.

ZAC: Wait, they could be in the theater as we speak. We have to go.

MAX: Remember when we saw that movie two weeks ago? And you kept talking about it for the next week? You didn't even want to see it in the first place, but Jamie did and you went.

ZAC: The romantic comedy.

MAX: A heartwarming coming of age story.

ZAC: It was a real tearjerker. I loved it.

MAX: Because you gave it a chance and you saw it wasn't so bad after all. We're all off to bigger and better things. Some better than others. Don't be afraid. We'll always be friends. That won't change. We'll get together and buy milkshakes and play board games. It's your move now. If you do decide to go, promise me one thing.

ZAC: What is it?

MAX: Promise me, after you get settled in and everything, to make sure people pronounce Oregon right! It's ory-gan! Not ory-gone! Who do they think we are? We're not polygons or squares around here!

ZAC: Yeah, if anything, we're a cube. All you see are squares.

MAX: Well, at least we're in shape.

Car honks from offstage.

MAX: Wow, Chris and his uber driving finally made it.

ZAC: I was thinking of making my move.

MAX: Yeah? Oh, ohh. Do you know what you're gonna say?

ZAC: I haven't the slightest idea.

THE END

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