

GODDESS GAP YEAR

by Jon Jory

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GODDESS GAP YEAR

A One Act Comedy

by Jon Jory

SYNOPSIS: What happens after high school? These three seniors are questioning life after graduation and are determined to find answers. But this is not your average sleepover—as three goddesses and one wise woman come to their rescue. Full of sassy repartee, the goddesses offer Josie, Maythineé, and Lolo an opportunity of a lifetime—*A Goddess Gap Year!*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7-9 females)

JOSIE (f) High school senior. *(106 lines)*
 MAYTHINEÉ (f) High school senior. *(105 lines)*
 LOLO (f) High school senior. *(99 lines)*
 ETTA MAE (f) A wise woman. *(45 lines)*
 CIRCE (f) Greek goddess from Olympus. *(20 lines)*
 CETO (f) Greek goddess from Olympus. *(16 lines)*
 CYBELE (f) Greek goddess from Olympus. *(16 lines)*
 MOM (f) Offstage voice. *(1 line)*
 VOICE OF ALEXA (f) Offstage voice. *(4 lines)*

DURATION: 30 minutes.

TIME: Present day.

SETTING: Maythineé's Bedroom.

SOUND EFFECTS

- ☐ Beethoven's Fifth symphony
- ☐ very loud sound
- ☐ tremendous woosh sound

COSTUMES

JOSIE – bright PJs, animal slippers

MAYTHINEÉ – PJ bottoms, Ugg boots, rock t-shirt, leather jacket, Oakland raiders cap.

LOLO – bright PJs, animal slippers

ETTA MAE – long grey hair, jeans, work boots, t-shirt "Kiss me, I'm Irish", wizard hat with stars and moon.

CIRCE, CETO, CYBELE – white robes, baseball caps, sneakers

PROPS

- ☐ several pillows
- ☐ large teddy bear
- ☐ several stuffed animals
- ☐ doll house
- ☐ yellow wooden chair
- ☐ three root beers
- ☐ Twizzlers

AT START: *A bare stage. Perhaps there is a brightly colored circle on the stage floor defining the acting area. There are several pillows strewn about. A very large teddy bear and several other stuffed animals are present. A doll house sits near the back. There's a bright yellow wooden chair. Discovered are three seniors from John Tyler High School. JOSIE and LOLO resplendent in bright colored pajamas and animal slippers. The third young woman, MAYTHINEÉ has pajama bottoms and Ugg boots, but also a rock t-shirt, a leather jacket and an Oakland Raiders cap. JOSIE is standing. LOLO and MAYTHINEÉ lol about on the pillows.*

JOSIE: Your mom is really nice to, you know, let us do this.

MAYTHINEÉ: It's about the only thing I wanted to do in the last year she agreed with.

LOLO: A mom's whole job is not to agree with what you do in high school.

JOSIE: You're such a brainiac, no mom could understand you.

LOLO: I'm really that smart, huh?

MAYTHINEÉ and JOSIE: Yes Lolo, you're really smart.

LOLO: But I'm humble.

MAYTHINEÉ and JOSIE: Yes Lolo, you are very humble.

LOLO: But what I don't know is 14 down on my crossword puzzle. Let's see... "19th century Hindu mystic." Eleven letters. Oh, right. Ramakrishna. Duh.

MAYTHINEÉ and JOSIE: *(To each other.)* Duh.

MAYTHINEÉ: This is my first pajama party.

LOLO: Ever?

MAYTHINEÉ: Ever. No one ever invited me, I was such a trouble maker.

LOLO: You were. I remember I invited you for a sleepover at Christmas and you came down at three in the morning and hid all my presents. One was a Barbie and I didn't find it until three years later and you had beheaded it.

MAYTHINEÉ: I still have that Barbie head as a key ring.

JOSIE: I really, really, really need this pajama party. I do. I'm a nervous wreck about leaving high school. Maybe I'll flunk all my finals so I can stay another year. Can we watch cartoons later?

LOLO: *My Little Pony?*

JOSIE: I love *My Little Pony*!

MAYTHINEÉ: Who are the two of you?

JOSIE: Nobody trained me to be a grown up! How do you know when to rotate your tires?

LOLO: Can you cook vegetables in the microwave?

JOSIE: How do you get a license plate?

LOLO: I thought they just grew on your car.

MAYTHINEÉ: You are ridiculous! We are strong independent women.

JOSIE: We are?

MAYTHINEÉ: Well, we're working on it. It'll happen.

LOLO, JOSIE, and MAYTHINEÉ: Just not now!

JOSIE: Are we going to have to do income tax?

MAYTHINEÉ: Will you have a job?

JOSIE: I have to have a job to pay tuition.

MAYTHINEÉ: Then you have to pay income tax.

LOLO: No, there's a minimum level for single filing status.

JOSIE: Life is too complicated! (*Lies down in fetal position hugging a teddy.*) I have to regress.

MAYTHINEÉ: Let's just drink some root beer and calm down.

LOLO: Okay, okay, we'll talk about something really simple.

JOSIE: What's really simple?

MAYTHINEÉ: Men.

LOLO: Well they are kind of simple but they might get more complicated in college.

MAYTHINEÉ: My dad says you have to train them like large dogs but to remember they are dangerous to pet.

JOSIE: I kind of like them actually. They're sort of funny and bouncy.

LOLO: Good ones with older sisters can turn out okay.

MAYTHINEÉ: But are they the same later? Look what happens to them in fraternities?

JOSIE: I don't care. Fraternities frashmernities. (*Picks up a root beer.*) I propose a toast to the endangered American male.

MAYTHINEÉ: You mean as in putting them in a toaster?

JOSIE: No, I am making a sincere and hopeful toast.

LOLO: You can't make a sincere toast with root beer.

MAYTHINEÉ: Lolo is right. Plus environmentally speaking, what roots in this root beer made from?

JOSIE: Wow. That never occurred to me. (*Looking at the bottle.*) This is made of roots. Wow. To get enough root juice you would have to tear down the tree. How many tress has this root beer killed?

LOLO: So if this is truly root beer, it is denuding our forests and probably destroying the Amazon.

MAYTHINEÉ: Where exactly is the Amazon?

JOSIE: In Africa?

LOLO: No Josie, the Amazon is not in Africa.

JOSIE: Are you saying you know?

LOLO: Are you saying I don't know?

JOSIE: Lolo, this is a pajama party. A pajama party is definitely not a place for a serious critique of American education.

MAYTHINEÉ: Hey, that is absolutely right. A pajama party is an escape from reality into a kind of girly reality.

LOLO: What exactly is a "girly reality"? And without dipping a toe into American education, I can with some confidence tell you that the Amazon is in South America... I think.

JOSIE: See, that brings up the whole thing of why we don't have a class in Geography? Seriously. South America is above Africa, right?

MAYTHINEÉ: I think we had geography in third grade. I have this hazy memory there was a map on the wall. Didn't Miss Hazel-whomever have a map on the wall?

LOLO: Miss Hazelcraft. She had the most amazing nose and then all of a sudden, she didn't.

JOSIE: That's right! That was so scary.

MAYTHINEÉ: It was scary. I thought maybe your nose fell off when you got older and you had to grow another one.

JOSIE: Are there any more Twizzlers?

LOLO: Behind you.

JOSIE grabs the Twizzlers.

MAYTHINEÉ: I didn't know what a nose-job was until middle school and then I realized my mother had had one and she didn't look like my mother anymore.

LOLO: Right! Right!! There should definitely be a law that mothers cannot have any kind of facial surgery until you go away to college.

JOSIE: Would there be a jail term?

LOLO: It would be like a house arrest thing.

MAYTHINEÉ: Marriage is already a house arrest thing.

JOSIE: Not in my house, boy, my mom's a weather woman and she works fourteen hour days. My dad cooks and it's kind of terrible. My entire childhood has been the rotation of three meals, two of which are lasagna.

MAYTHINEÉ: I've had your dad's lasagna and I have to admit it's a little rubbery.

JOSIE: I know. I've tried bouncing a quarter off of the leftovers and it's like a trampoline. He does however do a gumbo that rocks. (To LOLO.) Has your mom taught you to cook?

LOLO: Yeah.

JOSIE: Not mine. Scrambled eggs that's all I can do. What if I have kids?

LOLO: Whoa! Hey! We pledged around a bonfire in seventh grade that we would never, ever, ever get married.

MAYTHINEÉ: I forgot.

LOLO: We cut our thumbs with a matt knife thing and mixed our blood and it made me throw up.

MAYTHINEÉ: That I remember.

JOSIE: I didn't say if I got married, I said if I had kids.

LOLO: Oh.

MAYTHINEÉ: Do you not know me or what?

LOLO: What are you talking about?

MAYTHINEÉ: Duh! You spent your entire childhood in my house and you don't remember my mom is a single parent?

LOLO: Of course I know that but...

MAYTHINEÉ: And it is really, really, really hard. It's hard on me and it's hard on her. I mean I'm not saying it's not righteous, I'm just saying it's devil hard.

LOLO: Sorry, I'm sorry. (A pause.) But are you saying that because you won't marry you won't have kids?

MAYTHINEÉ: That is so naïve!

JOSIE: Can we please, please just talk girly!

LOLO: Fine.

JOSIE: I mean a pajama party is supposed to be an escape from reality so can we please escape?

MAYTHINEÉ: That depends on the rules.

LOLO: Pajama parties have rules?

JOSIE: You have to have Twizzlers.

MAYTHINEÉ: We're down with Twizzlers.

JOSIE: You have to paint your toenails.

MAYTHINEÉ: I only do black.

JOSIE: And you have to do make-up makeovers.

LOLO: I didn't bring makeup.

MAYTHINEÉ: I have three shades of blue lipstick you could try. I can also make you look like a decaying skull.

LOLO: I don't think that's what Josie means by makeup.

JOSIE: Then we have to talk about boys.

LOLO: We already did.

JOSIE: It has to be nervously romantic.

A pause.

MAYTHINEÉ: They're pretty tall.

JOSIE: That's true. (*A pause.*) There are a couple of short ones.

MAYTHINEÉ: That's true.

A pause.

LOLO: Anything else?

JOSIE: Their hands should be tied behind them until college.

MAYTHINEÉ: That's true.

LOLO: They are apparently unable to talk to anybody who doesn't giggle.

MAYTHINEÉ: If you really, really stick with it they can recognize certain forms of intelligence.

LOLO: That's a long haul.

JOSIE: I like them pretty much. They like to help you and stuff. It's really a pretty generous instinct. They can fix things I'm not interested in fixing.

LOLO: But then you would have to untie their hands.

JOSIE: Nothing is perfect.

MAYTHINEÉ: I think maybe they like strong women. They just don't know what to do with them.

LOLO: When do they like strong women?

MAYTHINEÉ: When they are having their mid-life crisis.

LOLO: That could be twenty years.

MAYTHINEÉ: We have to take the long view. *(A pause.)* Can we stop talking about boys now?

JOSIE: Yeah, we've covered it.

LOLO: What else is in the pajama party rules?

JOSIE: We're supposed to dance wildly with the music turned up.

LOLO: Yeah? I'm up for that. Let's rock it out.

Everybody gets up.

JOSIE: We need music, Alexa.

SFX: "Beethoven's Fifth Symphony" plays. They dance wildly for about fifteen seconds.

JOSIE: Okay, that's enough.

Music stops.

MAYTHINEÉ: That was fantastic. What was that?

JOSIE: I think it was Def Leopard.

LOLO: They're eighties, right?

MAYTHINEÉ: Pretty out there. I thought those eighties groups played a lot of guitar.

JOSIE: No, Def Leopard was pretty cutting edge.

LOLO: That sounded like they had a pretty big group.

MAYTHINEÉ: I don't know much about the eighties. Who was President?

LOLO: Hamilton, I think, like in the musical. I'm joking.

JOSIE: You better be.

MAYTHINEÉ: Reagan, Bush, and that really nice Christian dude.

LOLO: You mean Carter?

MAYTHINEÉ: Yeah, that guy. How come he didn't get re-elected?

JOSIE: You're exempt from knowing things at a pajama party.

MAYTHINEÉ: See my problem is, I don't even know what I don't know.

JOSIE: About what?

MAYTHINEÉ: I don't know. Aren't you scared?

LOLO: Yeah. Maybe.

JOSIE: I mean we're graduating right? We're like going out into the world or whatever. I'm going to have to leave my room and my teddy bear. I'm going to have to make decisions about stuff. Like an adult.

MAYTHINEÉ: Whatever that is.

JOSIE: If I don't even know where the rainforest is, how can I possibly make decisions for myself?

LOLO: It's not exactly the same thing, Josie.

JOSIE: No, but it is. Decisions are based on your experiences and my parents and my church and my teachers have severely limited my experiences to protect me, so I will probably make terrible decisions based on limited experience. I mean when I was little my parents wouldn't even let me fall down.

LOLO: Ummm, Josie, I'm maybe not following you here.

JOSIE: I don't have enough experience to be suddenly turned loose in the universe.

LOLO: It's not a matter of experiences, it's a matter of critical thinking. Remember when you convinced us to turn back on that all-day hike because of the weather coming in?

JOSIE: My mom's a weather woman that's why.

LOLO: And she taught you critical thinking.

JOSIE: You mean I'm going to survive in the world because I know enough to come in out of the rain?

LOLO: Among other things.

JOSIE: What other things?

LOLO: The other things that experience has taught you.

JOSIE: And I'm telling you I'm low on experiences.

LOLO: That's right, so now you're going to go out and have some.

JOSIE: And that's exactly what I'm afraid of!

MAYTHINEÉ: We are doing a little circular thinking here. We are leaving high school and are about to experience independence. Statistically, most young women survive independence though a small percentage regress.

LOLO: A very small percentage.

MAYTHINEÉ: We're not going to talk about percentages.

LOLO: Why not?

MAYTHINEÉ: Because this is a pajama party. And no pajama party in the history of pajama parties has been spent calculating the percentages of survival among young women in their first year after high school. That would be antithetical to the very spirit of the pajama party.

JOSIE: What exactly is the "spirit of the pajama party"?

MAYTHINEÉ: I can tell you in three words.

JOSIE: Name them o' wise woman of the west?

MAYTHINEÉ: Makeup, boys, and shoes.

LOLO: Maythineé is right.

MAYTHINEÉ: I'm always right. That's why boys hate me.

LOLO: They don't hate you, they're just wary.

JOSIE: That's exactly it! They are wary like urban coyotes but they have a kind of feral wisdom.

MAYTHINEÉ: You mean they know where to find meat?

JOSIE: Absolutely, they can sense an Arby's several blocks away.

LOLO: But they have an innate fear of veggie burgers.

MAYTHINEÉ: It's true. Why do they like meat so much?

JOSIE: Okay, okay, my brother Jason...

MAYTHINEÉ: Jason is mildly hot.

JOSIE: I guess, freshmen girls keep following him home.

LOLO: I hear them howling on your front lawn.

JOSIE: But anyway, Jason wanted one of these DNA ancestry kits for his birthday...

LOLO: Yeah, but the problem with that is that he can later be identified as a serial killer.

JOSIE: I think he's more hoping to coach volleyball. But anyway, when the test came back, he was 20% Northern European, 15% Russian and 76% Cro-Magnon.

LOLO: That adds up to more than a hundred percent.

JOSIE: Whatever.

MAYTHINEÉ: Isn't Cro-Magnon like prehistoric man or something?

LOLO: Exactly.

MAYTHINEÉ: No wonder I'm attracted to him.

JOSIE: But see, it turns out that all men retain a high percentage of prehistoric genes.

LOLO: Are you sure that's actual science?

JOSIE: (*The proof.*) It was on a late night talk show.

LOLO: Where facts go to die.

JOSIE: (*Overriding her.*) And that's why they like meat!

LOLO: Maybe you shouldn't go out in the world, Josie.

JOSIE: See! That's what I'm saying. I'm not ready. What I think is there should be a halfway house you should go to after high school.

MAYTHINEÉ: Pretty good idea actually.

JOSIE: I mean, you would leave home and everything and the halfway house would be on a college campus but you wouldn't really be in college yet but you would go to a practice class and mock fraternity parties that weren't really fraternity parties and have a pretend boyfriend to have a pretend serious relationship with and be confronted with mock serious problems like balancing a checkbook. I mean everybody would do the halfway house thing and then after Christmas you would go to real college and have real problems but you would be ready.

MAYTHINEÉ: But see, Josie, some of us have already had real problems.

JOSIE: Well then you could skip the halfway house and go to actual college.

MAYTHINEÉ: Oh good.

JOSIE: What real problems have you had?

MAYTHINEÉ: I don't talk about them at parties where they serve Twizzlers.

LOLO: Good choice. Look, I agree with Josie that I'm not sure I'm prepared for, well anything, but I'll just say "life" to cover it. But the halfway house is not going to cut it because, hey, as far as I can tell you can't simulate life because it seems to me that, to learn about life you actually have to have skin in the game. I mean a simulation can't simulate life because life is too random and crazy and various to simulate, right? I mean my great grandfather was

Native American and my grandmother said he said that when girls left their parents, you know, got married and stuff, you went to the wise woman who knew what you needed to know and could get you, well you know, toned up and ready.

MAYTHINEÉ: Exactly! Now that's what I'm talking about! I would be completely down with that. I could definitely use a wise woman. I mean my mom is really cool but she has definite blind spots.

JOSIE: Like what?

MAYTHINEÉ: She wants me to marry a dermatologist.

LOLO: Dermatologists are creepy. We have one next door who lives alone and he makes snow angels and goes around caroling all by himself.

MAYTHINEÉ: What we need here is definitely the wisdom of the tribe.

JOSIE: But what tribe?

MAYTHINEÉ: Humanity, right? The human tribe.

LOLO: You think all humanity's problems can be covered by one wise woman?

MAYTHINEÉ: Could be. I mean maybe she can't afford advertising and stuff. Who knows? She could be anywhere but you only hear about her by word of mouth.

LOLO: But who do we know who's in on the word of mouth?

JOSIE: I know!

LOLO: You know what?

JOSIE: Alexa!

MAYTHINEÉ: That's right! Alexa.

JOSIE: Hey Alexa, we need an address and phone number for the wise woman.

VOICE OF ALEXA: (*Offstage.*) A Wise Woman's Lingerie Shop at 1540 North Central.

MAYTHINEÉ: I don't think that's her.

JOSIE: No, Alexa, a plain old wise woman.

VOICE OF ALEXA: (*Offstage.*) The Plain Old Wise Woman Frozen Yogurt Emporium at 1542 North Central.

JOSIE: She does both yogurt and lingerie.

LOLO: Not what we're looking for.

VOICE OF ALEXA: (*Offstage.*) A Wise Woman's Escort Service?

LOLO, JOSIE, and MAYTHINEÉ: No!

VOICE OF ALEXA: *(Offstage.)* Over and out.

MAYTHINEÉ: Technology is such a shuck.

JOSIE: I mean Alexa doesn't know, who does?

MAYTHINEÉ: Okay, okay, we need a primitive impulse here.

Problem: we have to go out in a complex and dangerous world we are not prepared for. On a primitive level, it would be like being lost in a jungle without your cell phone.

LOLO: I never go anywhere without my cell.

MAYTHINEÉ: But this time you do.

LOLO: But I wouldn't.

MAYTHINEÉ: But you do!

LOLO: Fine.

MAYTHINEÉ: You're lost. It's winter. You don't have a coat. The only food you have is breath mints. Night is falling. You hear the cries of ravenous beasts.

LOLO: I'd call 911.

MAYTHINEÉ: You don't have your phone.

LOLO: I forgot.

MAYTHINEÉ: What would be your primitive reaction?

JOSIE: I'd eat the breath mints.

MAYTHINEÉ: No, you wouldn't.

JOSIE: What would I do?

LOLO: You'd yell for help.

MAYTHINEÉ: Bingo!

JOSIE: And a wise woman would show up?

MAYTHINEÉ: Let's just give this a try.

JOSIE: Whatever.

MAYTHINEÉ: On three. One, two, three—

LOLO, JOSIE, and MAYTHINEÉ: Help!!

SFX: A very loud sound. Lights out. Lights almost immediately back on. LOLO, JOSIE, and MAYTHINEÉ are scattered about the stage asleep holding stuffed animals. Upstage of them are three classical Greek goddesses, CIRCE, CETO, and CYBELE, dressed in white robes but wearing baseball caps and sneakers. In front of the goddesses is a very old woman, ETTA MAE, with long grey hair dressed in jeans, work boots, a t-shirt that says, "Kiss me, I'm Irish," and a wizard hat with stars and moons on it.

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