

TWO YOUNG LOVERS IN PLASTIC KIDDIE POOLS

by Jon Jory

Copyright © 2021 by Jon Jory, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 978-1-64479-154-7

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

TWO YOUNG LOVERS IN PLASTIC KIDDIE POOLS

by Jon Jory

SYNOPSIS: At first glance you might think this is a modern take on Romeo and Juliet, however all that's kept are the names. In this zany comedy, Rom professes his unrequited love at all hours of the night until Julie agrees to a first date: a meal in plastic kiddie pools with Rom's mother chaperoning. This two character One Act rom com features nine actors who play the two roles of Julie and Rom. Designed to fit stage and virtual programs.

DURATION: 30 minutes.

TIME: Present.

SETTING: Outside Julie's home and Rom's backyard.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 females, 4 males)

JULIE 1 (f)(60 lines)

JULIE 2 (f)(44 lines)

JULIE 3 (f)(3 lines)

JULIE 4 (f)(43 lines)

JULIE 5 (f)(25 lines)

ROM 1 (m)(57 lines)

ROM 2 (m)(42 lines)

ROM 3 (m)(44 lines)

ROM 4 (m)(25 lines)

CHARACTER NOTE: ROM speaks with an endearing Russian accent. Full sentences are mostly used throughout for readability, articles and pronouns may be altered to fit the character's accent.

PRODUCTION NOTE: As only two characters are ever on stage together, social distancing is built in. The play is structured for stage as well as Zoom and all video platforms.

SET: No requirements.

COSTUMES

JULIE 1, 2, 3, 4 – jeans, t-shirt, red beret, goggles, oven mits, plastic wrap over flip-flops

JULIE 5 – swim attire, red beret

ROM 1 – Lakers basketball jersey, shorts, fedora, tennis shoes, cloth mask, blue latex gloves

ROM 2 – Lakers basketball jersey, shorts, fedora, tennis shoes, surgical mask, latex gloves

ROM 3 – rooster balladeer outfit

ROM 4 – swim attire, rooster hat

SOUND EFFECTS

- ☐ gong

PROPS

- ☐ bouquet of flowers (plastic)
- ☐ turkey legs
- ☐ “elephant ear” food
- ☐ small bag with cookies
- ☐ small bag with animal crackers
- ☐ silver coin
- ☐ two plastic kiddie pools

PROP NOTE: If kiddie pools with ducks on them are not available, the lines may be changed to reflect whatever decorations they have.

AT START: *We see JULIE 1 wearing jeans, a t-shirt, a red beret, goggles, and oven mits.*

JULIE 1: I'm outside, Mom, in the front yard. I have to be outside the house for a minute or I'm going to start screaming and eating the lamps. Really, I'm good, I'm masked, gloved, and goggled and I'm wearing a garbage bag under my jeans. I've put plastic wrap over my flip-flops. Just five minutes, Mom, I just need to be sure there's still an outdoors. *(Puts her arms out wide and speaks to the sky and her surroundings.)* Oh sky and cloud that looks like a Dodge Ram – oh, hills that were green, but now are black because of the fire – oh delicious haze made up of aldehydes, acid gases, sulphur dioxide, and polycyclic hydrocarbons with just a pinch of styrene and dioxins that obscure the sun and moon, it's me, Julie, currently a junior at Monica Lewinsky High School, just kidding, escaped from my dim prison cell at 1140 Paradise Road somewhere in deepest California, to celebrate life, what's left of it, during the fifth wave of COVID, by venturing out to see if it all looks like Fury Road. Hail!

ROM 1 enters. A guy the same age wearing a Lakers basketball jersey, shorts, a fedora, and tennis shoes. He is wearing a cloth mask and blue latex gloves.

ROM 1: This is very good.

JULIE 1: Excuse me?

ROM 1: You speak to the sky.

JULIE 1: Back up!

ROM 1: This is eight feet, no?

JULIE 1: For strangers wearing a fedora I work with twelve.

ROM 1: I am backing up.

JULIE 1: You are wearing a cloth mask.

ROM 1: This?

JULIE 1: That. It lets in seventy-eight percent of all particulates.

ROM 1: My mother is making this.

JULIE 1: Surgical masks performed twice as well in testing.

ROM 1: But sadly my father is using up such masks.

JULIE 1: What does he do?

ROM 1: His is a chimney sweep.

JULIE 1: If you sneeze while wearing a cloth mask, droplets are still found up to seventeen feet away.

ROM 1: I don't sneeze for seven months.

JULIE 1: How do you know that?

ROM 1: I keep journal.

JULIE 1: So do I.

ROM 1: Ah. We could exchange for mutual interest.

JULIE 1: Yeah, when pigs fly.

ROM 1: *(Smiles.)* Very good. You have name?

JULIE 1: Who wants to know?

ROM 1: Rom Ibragimov, being from Uzbekistan.

JULIE 1: Where's that?

ROM 1: Latitude is forty-one, longitude is sixty-nine.

JULIE 1: Right.

ROM 1: So what may I call you?

JULIE 1: You don't call me.

ROM 1: But if I did?

JULIE 1: *(Pause.)* You may call me the mysterious lady.

ROM 1: *(Smiling.)* This is very good.

JULIE 1: Where do you live?

ROM 1: Two walkings that way. We have just moved in.

JULIE 1: From where?

ROM 1: From your state of Iowa.

JULIE 1: Why Iowa?

ROM 1: Corn. Corn here, corn there, corn everywhere. Corn.

JULIE 1: So you trafficked in corn?

ROM 1: My father was farm manager. One day he comes home and says, "Too much corn." Thus we came to California.

JULIE 1: Corn has its limits.

ROM 1: Very much.

JULIE 1: Why here?

ROM 1: My father wishes to be actor. He makes many faces.

JULIE 1: I see.

ROM 1: He counts these faces in the mirror. When he has one hundred faces we move here. He studies these movies. He says only one actor makes even fifty faces.

JULIE 1: Will Farrell?

ROM 1: Your Jim Carey.

JULIE 1: So your father is funny?

ROM 1: No.

JULIE 1: So what does he do with the faces?

ROM 1: He makes action movie faces.

JULIE 1: Should have guessed.

ROM 1: He can make different faces based on study of different caliber bullets.

JULIE 1: He'll definitely find work.

ROM 1: I think so.

JULIE 1: So he was an actor in Uzbekistan?

ROM 1: No, he had popsicle cart. But he was very popular. If you bought two popsicles he made ten faces, three fifteen, four twenty.

JULIE 1: Wow. How did he get into corn?

ROM 1: It was always a hobby. Hey! Why don't we go to my house and you stand in yard and he'll make faces for you.

JULIE 1: It's just not my thing.

ROM 1: My mother makes incredible Uzbek sweets called zangsa curd rolls, they're fresh from oven.

JULIE 1: Oh thanks, but I just had some curd rolls.

ROM 1: I think you are very ravishing.

JULIE 1: Is it the goggles or the oven mitts?

ROM 1: With much seriousness.

A pause.

JULIE 1: (*Simply.*) Thank you.

ROM 1: May I see you again?

JULIE 1: You're not putting me on right?

ROM 1: I would not.

JULIE 1: When?

ROM 1: Tomorrow at stroke of noon.

JULIE 1: You're really putting on the full court press.

ROM 1: I do not know what this is.

JULIE 1: In the desert of my life, why not?

ROM 1: I will bring you a zangsa curd roll.

JULIE 1: I don't do that until the third date.

ROM 1: (*Tips hat.*) Men seni sevaman.

JULIE 1: Whatever.

SFX: gong. ROM 1 and JULIE 1 leave and are replaced by ROM 2 and JULIE 2, dressed in the same outfits.

JULIE 2: Man, you are right on time to the second.

ROM 2: I do not like to disappoint.

JULIE 2: You have a surgical mask.

ROM 2: A man who cannot learn is a fool.

JULIE 2: Back up.

ROM 2: This is six feet.

JULIE 2: You have to earn six feet.

ROM 2: *(Steps back.)* Now?

JULIE 2: Further.

ROM 2: *(Steps back.)* Now?

JULIE 2: Further.

ROM 2: But...

JULIE 2: Joking.

ROM 2: How can I earn?

JULIE 2: Earn what?

ROM 2: Six feet.

JULIE 2: A person has to know the other person is not hit-and-run.

ROM 2: What is "hit-and-run"?

JULIE 2: Here today and gone tomorrow.

ROM 2: I am here.

JULIE 2: But I don't know you. If I give you the six feet...

ROM 2: You give me six feet?

JULIE 2: How do I know that when you get the six feet you won't just leave?

ROM 2: How can I leave? I live two walks away.

JULIE 2: Me. You leave me. I have given you something deeply intimate and important to me and you just go on to another girl and take her six feet. So until I know I can trust you, back up.

ROM 2 takes a step back.

ROM 2: You are very strange. I like it. *(He holds out a bouquet of flowers he has held behind his back.)* For you.

JULIE 2: Those are for me?

ROM 2: Yes.

JULIE 2: They're plastic.

ROM 2: Yes.

JULIE 2: You're giving me plastic flowers?

ROM 2: Yes. To bring real ones I would have to go to the downtown and my mother does not wish it, so I must obey.

JULIE 2: Plus they look dusty.

ROM 2: They have been in our house since I remember. They were my mother's wedding flowers that she carried.

JULIE 2: When she walked down the aisle?

ROM 2: Yes.

JULIE 2: Ummm. That is a lovely... gesture.

ROM 2: Yes.

JULIE 2: But I cannot accept them.

ROM 2: You must accept them.

JULIE 2: No.

ROM 2: You say they are a lovely gesture.

JULIE 2: Yes, but I met you yesterday. Yesterday!

ROM 2: You Americans are slaves of time! My mother has told me when I meet the woman, I should bring her these flowers. So, I ask her for the flowers and she gives me the flowers. I cannot take them back to her.

JULIE 2: You don't know me!

ROM 2: Love is a feeling not a knowing.

JULIE 2: But I don't have the feeling.

ROM 2: Also, mysterious lady, I have for you the zangsa curd rolls.

JULIE 2: Thank you. Thank you very much.

ROM 2: They are best gently warmed. You should eat them late at night before you sleep.

JULIE 2: I'll keep that in mind.

ROM 2: As to the flowers...

JULIE 2: I will keep the flowers...

ROM 2: Ah.

JULIE 2: Until we meet again.

ROM 2: Tomorrow.

JULIE 2: In two weeks.

ROM 2: No.

JULIE 2: Yes.

ROM 2: This is very bad. You say you have not the feelings, but they cannot be created apart.

JULIE 2: That's exactly how they can be created.

ROM 2: No.

JULIE 2: How do you cook the zangsa curd rolls?

ROM 2: Slowly at low heat.

JULIE 2: I rest my case.

ROM 2: When we meet again I will have an important question I must ask of you.

JULIE 2: That sounds very scary.

ROM 2: Until then I will come each night at the midnight hour and sing for you.

JULIE 2: Okay, that is absolutely a firm no.

ROM 2: I must.

JULIE 2: Rom, first of all, the neighbors will freak out. My father, who is an undertaker will come out and threaten you. My sister, who has the bite of a hooded cobra, will tease me until I kill her. And I will be... mortified.

ROM 2: You have left out your mother.

JULIE 2: She will unfortunately like it.

ROM 2: You will change this opinion. I have very nice voice. An Uzbeki man by singing can warm all woman's heart. Even if you are Dutch.

JULIE 2: If you do that I will never speak to you again.

ROM 2: You will.

JULIE 2: I won't.

ROM 2: You will.

JULIE 2: I won't!

ROM 2: I like you very much.

JULIE 2: Don't you dare.

ROM 2: It is customary for the woman who has been serenaded to leave baked salmon for the singer.

JULIE 2: I'm not leaving you a baked salmon!

ROM 2: We will see. Goodbye, my mysterious lady. Until the moon is full. *(Exits.)*

JULIE 2: *(To herself.)* I'm going to be the laughing stock of Pasadena.

JULIE 3 enters, wearing the same costume as JULIE 2, and taps JULIE 2 on the shoulder.

JULIE 3: My turn.

JULIE 2: (*As she exits.*) This is not going well.

SFX: gong sound. Special on JULIE 3.

JULIE 3: Okay, I am in a complete dithering dither. I mean is it possible to be horribly embarrassed and kind of fascinated at the same time? Really. I mean mind-blown, gafooooo! I mean I'm kind of, I don't know, sort of an invisible sort of person, you know, always standing around in a crowd of four, listening to the other three speak? And that's fine because being a really, top-of-the-line, all-star listener – well, that's always in demand, right? So I have like a gazillion friends without, in another way, being anybody. Anyway, I met this guy in the neighborhood who is from some other place I can't remember the name of—ummm—near Russia maybe. I can however tell you that their zangsa curd rolls are big-time yummy. Anyway, anyway for almost two weeks he has been coming over to my house at midnight and serenading me. I didn't even go to the window the first time because hey, I didn't want to encourage the guy, but I just peeked out and there he is in this, I don't know, weird troubadour outfit that has like nineteen colors and like a rooster hat. Did I say it's midnight? Yeah, and he has a little light set up, and an amplifier and he's singing, I don't know, maybe some kind of opera thing in some language or other. Really? How embarrassing is that? But the guy can really sing, right? And my neighbor next door, who is like meaner than a junk yard dog comes out to yell at him, but unbelievably he sits down on his front steps and listens! For like ten minutes. And a lady from across the street comes out holding a cat. And another guy, driving by, stops his car in the middle of the street and stays there. So he finishes and he calls up toward my window, "Mysterious lady! Have mercy on me, poor Romulous Yusef Ibragimov, struck to the heart by you and wanting only your company. Come down, come down, oh mysterious lady or my heart will shatter like a broken glass." And the lady across the street says, "That is so sweet." And the guy in the car yells, "Hey, give the guy a break!" But I don't and everybody goes away and silence reigns. But he's back the next night. And this time more people come out,

maybe ten or fifteen, and when he finishes the junk yard dog guy starts a chant, "Come out, come out, come out." And they all pick it up and other people come out to see what's happening and my father who wears red striped pajamas so he looks like a candy cane comes out with the flare gun he has from his sailing days and shoots it off and the whole block is illuminated in a red glow and he shouts, "Go home!" And the people do and he comes up and has a brief conversation with me which I will not repeat. And night after night more people come and some people bring cookies and these two idiots shoot off fireworks. And the police clear the street. And I'm locked in my room because Dad has turned into a raving maniac and my mother puts trays of food outside the door and slips me a note that says, "I love it!" and he's out there singing like a nightingale, but now it's Beatles songs like, "All You Need is Love" and "When I'm Sixty-Four" and "I Want to Hold Your Hand" and during the day people drop off cards that say how I'm a hard-hearted Hannah and give love a chance and then, then! The TV trucks show up! Three of them. Two are local news and one of them is, "Sixty Minutes" and after he stops they do this interview with him which they use on the show where he says he doesn't know my name so I am the mysterious lady and his heart is breaking and he wants only to talk to me – just to talk and they show him singing, "I'm Happy Just to Dance with You" and Anderson Cooper makes a personal plea for me to come down and he closes the program saying, "This is the love American needs, come down, come down, oh mysterious lady." So then my mom and dad come into my room and it is obviously serious because he is wearing a suit and my mom has on lipstick. And the basic idea is that this cannot go on because we are, what my father calls, a laughingstock, because he is – well, an undertaker and now people are laughing and singing Beatles songs at open casket viewings and his business, as he put it, has "gone to hell in a handbasket" and my mother pats him and says to me, "I do understand, dear. I wouldn't want to go out there, but you need to for the family." And I say, "What am I supposed to say to him?" And my father says, "Tell him to shut up about the Beatles stuff and go home!" And Mom pats him until his breathing is more normal and says, "Just tell the nice boy that you are overwhelmed and want to meet him privately to discuss your feelings." And Dad

says, "Not to worry, he will get the police to clear the street before I go out." So what can I do? I say okay.

JULIE 3 exits and JULIE 4 enters as does ROM 3 in his rooster balladeer outfit. JULIE 4, of course, has the red beret.

JULIE 4: Hi.

ROM 3: Hi.

JULIE 4: I saw you on *Sixty Minutes*.

ROM 3: Yes.

JULIE 4: Nice rooster hat.

ROM 3: It was made for me by my Aunt Darisa. Rooster costumes are usual when singing of love since the fourteenth century.

JULIE 4: Right. Over here guys dress as Tony in *Saturday Night Fever*.

ROM 3: I will write this down.

JULIE 4: Please don't.

ROM 3: He is the white suit guy, yes? I can dance like that.

JULIE 4: No, no, no, no, no.

ROM 3: They want me to go on the television for something they call the *Jimmy Kimmel Show* in my costume. Is this good?

JULIE 4: No, no, that's not good.

ROM 3: But you will know I sing for you.

JULIE 4: Okay, okay, Rom, listen, my name is Julie.

ROM 3: (*Ecstatic.*) You tell me your name!

JULIE 4: Well I...

ROM 3: (*Still ecstatic.*) Your name is Juicy!

JULIE 4: Julie.

ROM 3: (*Striking his head several times.*) Julie! Yes! I am very stupid, Julie.

JULIE 4: And I want you to know that you coming at midnight and singing in your rooster hat has been... well... very cool. I mean really, really cool, but I'm getting a lot of truly weird attention and everybody is mad at me and my dad is staying in the basement to avoid me so...

ROM 3: Oh, no.

JULIE 4: So...

ROM 3: Please no.

JULIE 4: So I can't do this anymore, okay, I just can't and I'm sorry.

ROM 3: So, no more singing, singing will be gone? No more Bootle songs.

JULIE 4: Beatles.

ROM 3: What?

JULIE 4: They are called The Beatles, not The Bootles.

ROM 3: I say this.

JULIE 4: No, you said, "Bootles."

ROM 3: No, I do not say, "Bootles." I have studied the English very good.

JULIE 4: Very well.

ROM 3: This is not what I said, Julie? You see I like to know your name. I have longed to know your name. So here is my idea.

JULIE 4: What?

ROM 3: You will come to my house – to my yard in the behind.

JULIE 4: The backyard.

ROM 3: Yes. You will come there and meet my father and my mother. All at a distance. They will meet you from a window above. High up. Far away. And how do I say this, you will come in swimming attire.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from
TWO YOUNG LOVERS IN PLASTIC KIDDIE POOLS by Jon Jory.
For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:***

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com