

WHEN THE MOON HITS YOUR EYE LIKE A BIG PIZZA PIE

by Jon Jory

Copyright © 2022 by Jon Jory, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-64479-193-6

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

WHEN THE MOON HITS YOUR EYE LIKE A BIG PIZZA PIE

A Comedic One Act of Amore

by Jon Jory

SYNOPSIS: Fast paced dialogue that interweaves literary expressions of love at all stages with both humorous and poignant recognizable scenes of teenage angst. J'adore!

DURATION: 25 minutes.

SETTING: Various places.

TIME: Present day.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(6-12 females, 6-12 males)

GIRL 1 (f)	(34 lines)
GUY 1 (m)	(40 lines)
GIRL 2 (f)	(19 lines)
GUY 2 (m)	(8 lines)
GIRL 3 (f)	(14 lines)
GUY 3 (m)	(15 lines)
GIRL 4 (f)	(31 lines)
GUY 4 (m)	(42 lines)
GIRL 5 (f)	(36 lines)
GUY 5 (m)	(30 lines)
GIRL 6 (f)	(46 lines)
GUY 6 (m)	(43 lines)

OPTIONAL DOUBLING: Some or all of the characters can play in only one scene, allowing the cast size to be as large as 24.

SET: None necessary.

FURNITURE: None necessary.

COSTUMES: Contemporary school clothes.

PROPS: Negligible.

AT START: *An empty stage. Perhaps there is a giant red heart painted on the stage floor. At lights up, GIRL 1 races out to center stage.*

GIRL 1: To love or have loved, that is enough, ask nothing further.
There is no other place to be found in the dark folds of life. Victor Hugo.

GIRL 1 races off as GUY 1 races on. This pattern continues throughout the section.

GUY 1: Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Alfred Lord Tennyson.

GUY 1 off. GIRL 2 on.

GIRL 2: A loving heart is the truest wisdom. Have no idea who said it.

GIRL 2 off. GUY 2 on.

GUY 2: Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure. And if you fall, stand tall, and come back for more. Tupac.

GUY 2 off. GIRL 3 on.

GIRL 3: Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind, and therefore is winged cupid painted blind. William Shakespeare.

GIRL 3 off. GUY 3 on.

GUY 3: Love is a canvas furnished by nature and embroidered by imagination. Voltaire.

GUY 3 off. GIRL 4 on.

GIRL 4: Love is the voice under all silences. The hope that has no opposite in fear. The truth more first than sun. More last than star. E.E. Cummings.

GIRL 4 off. GUY 4 on.

GUY 4: Where there is love, there is life. Mahatma Gandhi.

GUY 4 off. GIRL 5 on.

GIRL 5: You should be kissed and often, and by someone who knows how. Margaret Mitchell.

GIRL 5 off. GUY 5 on.

GUY 5: Love sucks. Me.

He rushes off. The stage is empty. Then GUY 6 enters left. GIRL 6 enters right they cross each other.

GIRL 6: Hi.

GUY 6: Hi.

GIRL 6: (Stops. Turns.) Wait.

GUY 6: What?

GIRL 6: Aren't you the guy who brought the severed finger of George Washington into History show and tell?

GUY 6: Unforgettable, right?

GIRL 6: Was that really the severed finger of George Washington?

GUY 6: Nah. It was the severed finger of my Uncle Big Basil. He cut it off when he was trying to get some extra fat off a pork roast with a small axe.

GIRL 6: That is so gross.

GUY 6: So you enjoyed it?

GIRL 6: I did.

GUY 6: You're the girl who came to school dressed as Marie Antoinette and offered people slices of cake.

GIRL 6: Only a couple of people got it.

GIRL 6 and GUY 6: "Let them eat cake!"

GUY 6: You're strange, right?

GIRL 6: So they say.

GUY 6: Do you mind that people don't really like you?

GIRL 6: They don't?

GUY 6: Not really.

GIRL 6: I suspected. On the other hand, you are openly disliked.

GUY 6: I'm not proud of it.

GIRL 6: Me either.

GUY 6: Stuff just walks out of my mouth.

GIRL 6: My sense of humor is like too abstract.

GUY 6: I'm used to it. They didn't like me in middle school either.

GIRL 6: In middle school they called me The Wicked Witch of the West.

GUY 6: We're an acquired taste.

GIRL 6: Here's hoping.

A silence.

GUY 6: See you.

GIRL 6: See you.

They start off.

GIRL 6: Hey!

GUY 6: *(Turning.)* What?

GIRL 6: You want to go over to the park and go down the kid's slide on your back, head first?

GUY 6: Wow. I've been waiting for someone to ask me that.

GIRL 6: I never had anyone to ask.

GIRL 6 and GUY 6 walk off together side by side not touching. Immediately a cheerleader enters one way and a guy the other. They cross. The guy turns.

GUY 1: You really drive me crazy!

GIRL 1: Excuse me?

GUY 1: Who do you think you are? What right do you have to walk past me for three years and never say a single word to me?

GIRL 1: You're joking, right?

GUY 1: No, I'm not joking. Do I look like I'm joking? Am I not a human being? If you prick me do I not bleed?

GIRL 1: Who said that?

GUY 1: I did.

GIRL 1: I have to get to class. *(Turns to go.)*

GUY 1: The first time I saw you I dropped my lunch tray and it was too bad because they very seldom serve Brussels sprouts.

GIRL 1: You like Brussels sprouts?

GUY 1: I do. There are several taste layers in a Brussels sprout.

GIRL 1: That is absolutely right.

GUY 1: The first layer has a promising crispness.

GIRL 1: But below that!

GUY 1: Exactly.

GIRL 1: There's a slight acidic tang.

GUY 1: I love that tang. And then...

GIRL 1: A surprising sweetness.

GUY 1: And a lingering aftertaste!

GIRL 1: Wow.

GUY 1: Wow. I do not know a single living person who recognizes that.

GIRL 1: What's your name?

GUY 1: Bob.

GIRL 1: You are kidding me.

GUY 1: What?

GIRL 1: I'm Bobbi.

GUY 1: I mean...

GIRL 1: Yeah.

GUY 1: Yeah.

GIRL 1: Ummm. *(Pointing in the direction.)* Algebra.

GUY 1: Like or not like?

GIRL 1: Algebra? Okay, I love Algebra. I mean it makes it so easy to state a mathematical relationship by using letters.

GUY 1: *(Amazed.)* That is exactly my feeling.

GIRL 1: *(Going.)* Bye.

GUY 1: Want to meet at three?

GIRL 1: I have a boyfriend.

GUY 1: Oh.

GIRL 1: But actually I am completely over him.

A pause.

GUY 1: By the flag pole?

GIRL 1: *(As she exits.)* By the flag pole.

GUY 1: *(Watches her go, then...)* Yes!

GUY 1 exits. GIRL 3 enters carrying several helium balloons. She stops and looks at her watch. After a moment, GUY 3 enters with helium balloons.

GIRL 3: *(Sings "Love's Old Sweet Song" in public domain.)*

JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT
WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW
AND THE FLICKERING SHADOWS
SOFTLY COME AND GO
THOUGH THE HEART BE WEARY
SAD THE DAY AND LONG
STILL TO US AT TWILIGHT COMES LOVE'S OLD SONG
COME LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

GUY 3: *(Sings "Everybody Loves my Baby" in public domain.)*

I'M HAPPY AS A KING
FEELING GOOD AND EVERYTHING
JUST LIKE A BIRD IN THE SPRING, GOTTA LET IT OUT
EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY
BUT MY BABY DON'T LOVE NOBODY BUT ME
NOBODY BUT ME

When GUY 3 finishes they exchange balloons and walk off together. GIRL 4 in a Halloween witch costume with mask enters left. GUY 4 is in a Frankenstein mask, enters right.

GUY 4: Hey, Lizzie, is that you?

GIRL 4: Ummm, no. But you're Michael, right?

GUY 4: Sorry.

GIRL 4: Why are you sorry?

GUY 4: Because I'm not Michael.

GIRL 4: Wilson?

GUY 4: Nope.

GIRL 4: Pete for sure.

GUY 4: Not Pete, but you're Alexandra.

GIRL 4: That's actually kind of insulting.

GUY 4: Sorry.

GIRL 4: She is an extremely negative personality. She reported her mailperson for dress code.

GUY 4: Ouch. But we know each other, right?

GIRL 4: Why do you think that?

GUY 4: You're talking to me.

GIRL 4: How would you get to know anyone if you didn't talk to them?

GUY 4: You want to get to know me?

GIRL 4: It's how Romeo and Juliet got to know each other.

GUY 4: Really.

GIRL 4: At a masked ball.

GUY 4: And how did that work out?

GIRL 4: She was fourteen!

GUY 4: Okay, okay.

GIRL 4: See actually I think this is a great way to meet. We wouldn't start by making simply physical decisions.

GUY 4: Point taken.

GIRL 4: Want to give it a shot?

GUY 4: I don't follow.

GIRL 4: Every Sunday we'll meet in the park at those benches by the fountain at one o'clock and we'll talk for a half hour.

GUY 4: Dressed like this? Dressed in our Halloween outfits?

GIRL 4: Why not? It's kind of weirdly sexy. Mysterious.

GUY 4: People will think we're crazy.

GIRL 4: What else is new?

GUY 4: Right again.

GIRL 4: After six weeks, we take off our masks, we kiss and then we see what happens next.

GUY 4: The kiss is mandatory?

GIRL 4: Contractual.

A pause.

GUY 4: Okay, I'll go for that.

GIRL 4: But we don't talk about ourselves. We talk about subjects.

GUY 4: Why?

GIRL 4: We're less likely to lie. You come with three subjects, I come with three subjects. You can pick the first one.

GUY 4: I'm in.

GIRL 4: *(Exiting.)* You're going to think about me all week.

GUY 4: *(Exiting the other way. To himself.)* Best Halloween ever.

GUY 5 enters one way. GIRL 5 enters the other. They pass each other.

GIRL 5: Jimmy Lee Babbit?

GUY 5: Lorene Kidder?

GIRL 5: Long time no see.

GUY 5: No kidding.

GIRL 5: You remember how the high school yearbook said we were the two most likely to become country singers?

GUY 5: Did you?

GIRL 5: No, I'm a butcher.

GUY 5: You are not!

GIRL 5: Would I lie to you?

GUY 5: I'm a butcher too.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from
WHEN THE MOON HITS YOUR EYE LIKE A BIG PIZZA PIE
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**