

SCHOOL NIGHT

by Tracy Wells



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**CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS
EDUCATIONAL SERIES**

SCHOOL NIGHT

Parable: The Friend Comes at Midnight

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SYNOPSIS: It's midnight and Julie is trying to finish her research paper, but her former friend, Angela, keeps trying to sneak in through her open window. Her persistence pays off, and Julie finally lets her in.

BIBLE VERSE: Luke 11: 5-13

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 either)

JULIE/JEFF (m/f)Teenager. *(55 lines)*

ANGELA/ANGELO (m/f).....Julie/Jeff's friend. *(27 lines)*

MOM/DAD (m/f).....Julie/Jeff's mom/dad. *(17 lines)*

DURATION: 10 minutes.

SETTING: Julie's bedroom.

TIME: Modern day.

SET

The set is very simple, but could be as elaborate as the director chooses. Center stage is a window large enough to enter/exit through. JULIE may simply mime opening and closing the window. On one side of window is Julie's bed, decorated in colorful teenage bedding and pillows. On the other side is a small desk and chair with a lamp, laptop, and books on it.

LIGHTING/SOUND

A lamp is present. Optional blue lighting can be used to indicate night once lamp is turned off. Sound of knocking on door is required. Laptop should be able to play cat video. If not, audio of cat sounds or cat video should be heard. Sound of rocks hitting window is required.

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COSTUMES

Current-day attire is appropriate. JULIE should be dressed in pajamas. ANGELA should be wearing a dark coat. MOM wears casual attire and a watch.

PROPS

- ☐ Laptop
- ☐ Books
- ☐ Paper
- ☐ Pen or pencil
- ☐ Pillow
- ☐ Top of ladder

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Parables are earthly stories intended to reveal a heavenly meaning. They are by nature stories that people could relate to and which would inspire questions and discussion, thus providing the opportunity for revelation of the truth. We have brought these parables into present time where the listener can relate and once again ask questions, which will reveal the true meaning.

SCRIPTURE: Taken from THE HOLY BIBLE, NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION ®. Copyright© 1973, 1978, 1984, 2011 by Biblica, Inc.™. Used by permission of Zondervan.

PARABLE: ⁵Then Jesus said to them, "Suppose you have a friend, and you go to him at midnight and say, 'Friend, lend me three loaves of bread; ⁶a friend of mine on a journey has come to me, and I have no food to offer him.' ⁷And suppose the one inside answers, 'Don't bother me. The door is already locked, and my children and I are in bed. I can't get up and give you anything.' ⁸I tell you, even though he will not get up and give you the bread because of friendship, yet because of your shameless audacity he will surely get up and give you as much as you need. ⁹"So I say to you: Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. ¹⁰For everyone who asks receives; the one who seeks finds; and to the one who knocks, the door will be opened. ¹¹"Which of you fathers, if your son asks for a fish, will give him a snake instead? ¹²Or if he asks for an egg, will give him a scorpion? ¹³If you then, though you are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him!" (*Luke 11:5-13*)



AT START: *JULIE is seated at desk, working on her laptop and writing on her paper.*

JULIE: (*While she works.*) Only one more paragraph to go. (*Picks up paper and looks at it.*) I have my introduction, my thesis statement, and my evidence statements. I just need to add a few more details and my conclusion, and I'll be all set. (*Resumes typing.*) Who knew there was so much to say about funny cat videos on social media?

SFX: *Knock on door.*

JULIE: (*Looks up.*) Come in.

MOM: (*Enters.*) Hey, honey, how is the report coming?

JULIE: It's going well. (*Turns to face MOM.*) Did you know there are over two million cat videos on YouTube alone?

MOM: That's at least one million more cat videos than the world needs.

JULIE: (*Chuckling.*) At least.

MOM: (*Crosses to desk, picks up paper, and reads it.*) Why are you writing about cat videos anyway?

JULIE: Mrs. Wilson said we could choose our own topic.

MOM: (*Smiling.*) And you thought, "I know what the world wants to know more about—cat videos."

JULIE: Hey... two million cat videos, remember? The world wants what the world wants.

MOM: (*Chuckling.*) I guess so.

JULIE: (*Turning back to her computer.*) Besides, the assignment is to demonstrate that we know how to write a five-paragraph essay—it doesn't really matter what we write about.

MOM: Well, I'll let you get back to it, then. (*Looks at her watch.*) It's after eleven o'clock. You have about twenty minutes until lights out.

JULIE: I'm almost done with this paragraph, and then I can finish up my conclusion tomorrow.

MOM: Sounds like a good plan. (*Exits.*)

JULIE: (*Typing.*) I probably should watch one more cat video before I finish up this paragraph—it's research, after all.

JULIE pulls up cat video which may or may not be visible to audience. If not, then the audience should be able to hear the audio/cat noises of the video. After a few moments of watching, JULIE laughs.

JULIE: Oh my, who knew a cat could do that?

SFX: Sound of rocks hitting window.

JULIE: (*Stops video and looks up.*) What was that? (*Listens for a moment and doesn't hear anything else.*) Must've been the wind.

JULIE turns another cat video back on. It is visible/audible to audience.

JULIE: *(After a moment, exclaiming.)* Why would a person dress up a cat like that? *(Laughs.)* Because it's hilarious, that's why.

SFX: Sound of rocks hitting window. JULIE stops video and looks up.

JULIE: There's that sound again. It sounded like it was coming from the window.

JULIE stands. As she does, the top of a ladder becomes visible in the window.

JULIE: *(Sees ladder. Nervously.)* Who's there? *(Picks up pillow from bed.)* I've got a pillow, and I'm not afraid to use it!

ANGELA appears in the window as if she has climbed the ladder.

JULIE: *(Shocked.)* Angela?

JULIE crosses to window and opens it. ANGELA stays outside, but her head is visible inside the window.

ANGELA: *(With a smile, holding up one hand.)* No need for violence with that pillow. It's only me.

JULIE: *(Surprised.)* What are you doing here?

ANGELA: *(Shrugging.)* I was in the neighborhood.

JULIE: Of course you were. You live across the street.

ANGELA: That's where my house is, but I'm not really there much anymore.

JULIE: *(Scornfully.)* Yeah, I noticed.

ANGELA: *(With attitude.)* What's that supposed to mean?

JULIE: Nothing. Forget it. Now would you mind telling me what you're doing here—throwing rocks at my window at eleven o'clock at night?

ANGELA: *(With a rueful chuckle.)* I'd almost think you're not happy to see me.

JULIE: I'm not.

ANGELA: Wow. You've gotten meaner since we last hung out. You used to call me the second you got home from school, even though we had just seen each other all day. Where's my old best friend?

JULIE: She's still here. It's you who no time for me, Angela. And speaking of time—it's time for you to go.

ANGELA: But I haven't even told you why I came here tonight.

JULIE: It's too late. I'm tired and I have a report to finish. (*Starts to close window.*) Now, go—it's what you're best at anyway.

ANGELA: Julie, wait!

JULIE closes window. ANGELA shakes her head then "climbs down" ladder and is out of sight. JULIE sits down at computer. She starts to type.

JULIE: (*Reading aloud as she types.*) Cats are one of the most searched terms on the Internet. In 2015, CNN estimated there could be about 6.5 billion cat pictures on the Internet. (*Stops typing and turns away from her computer.*) I can't believe she had the nerve to climb through my window like nothing has changed. Who does she think she is?

SFX: Knock on the door is heard.

JULIE: Come in.

MOM: (*Enters.*) Are you about ready to turn in for the night?

JULIE: Yeah. I just have to finish this sentence, and then I'll be all set.

MOM: All right. (*Starts to exit, then turns back.*) But no more cat videos, OK?

JULIE: What are you talking about? I'm just typing up my essay.

MOM: (*Smiling.*) I could hear you laughing all the way from the kitchen.

JULIE: (*With a chuckle.*) Hey, it's research.

MOM: Julie, what did I say?

JULIE: I heard you—no more cat videos.

MOM smiles and exits. JULIE turns back to the computer.

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JULIE: One more couldn't hurt. *(Starts to type on computer.)*
Besides, I can't stop thinking about Angela showing up here like that. I need a distraction to clear my thoughts if I'm ever going to finish this paragraph and get to bed.

JULIE starts cat video, which is visible or audible to audience.

JULIE: *(After a moment, exclaiming.)* Watch out cat!

SFX: Sound of crash followed by cat noises is heard.

JULIE: *(Shaking her head.)* Silly cat will never learn.

SFX: Sound of rocks hitting window is heard. JULIE stops video and looks up.

JULIE: Speaking of someone who will never learn...

JULIE stands up and crosses to window. ANGELA appears in the window as if she has climbed the ladder. JULIE opens it. ANGELA stays outside, but her head is visible inside the window.

JULIE: What do you want now?

ANGELA: Is that any way to welcome an old friend?

JULIE: An old friend? *(Shakes head.)* You were my best friend, and then you decided to hang out with the kids that cut class and steal from their parents' liquor cabinets.

ANGELA: My friends are really cool when you get to know them.

JULIE: *(Sarcastically.)* I'm sure they are. I bet they'll be really cool when they're doing five years of hard time for grand larceny. And you'll be right there with them.

ANGELA: *(Annoyed.)* You don't know anything about me. Not anymore.

JULIE: You're right. And I don't want to. So why don't you just go home—or wherever it is you hang out these days? *(Starts to close the window.)*

ANGELA: *(Stops her from closing the window.)* Julie, wait! I need your help.

JULIE: *(With a rueful laugh.)* You need my help? That's hilarious. Why don't you ask one of your really cool friends for help?

ANGELA: *(Sadly.)* They're not the type of people I can go to for this kind of thing.

JULIE: And what kind of thing is that?

ANGELA: Well, I—

SFX: Knock on door is heard.

MOM: *(Calling from offstage.)* Julie—it's a school night. Time for lights out.

JULIE: *(Calling over her shoulder.)* OK, Mom. *(Turning back to ANGELA.)* I'm sorry. I've got to go.

ANGELA: *(Looking past JULIE.)* Just hearing your mom's voice reminds me of the sleepovers we used to have. Do you remember those?

JULIE: *(With a small smile.)* Of course I do.

ANGELA: *(Laughing.)* Remember the popcorn fights, giving each other pedicures, and staying up all night talking about boys?

JULIE: *(Smiling.)* We had some good times in this room.

ANGELA: *(Looking around the room.)* It looks exactly the same. *(Looks down.)* It's good to know some things will always stay the same.

MOM: *(Offstage.)* Julie, I see your light is still on.

JULIE: *(Calling out.)* I'm turning it off now, Mom. *(Turns back to ANGELA.)* You've got to go. *(Starts to close window.)*

ANGELA: But I need your help.

JULIE: *(Softening.)* I'm sorry, Angela, but it's nearly eleven-thirty and a school night. You've got to go. *(Closes window.)*

ANGELA looks at her sadly and then "climbs down" ladder and is out of sight. JULIE turns off lamp and climbs into her bed, under the blankets. Optional blue light is present to indicate night. JULIE tosses from side to side, fluffs pillow, and can't get comfortable. She sits up.

JULIE: What could Angela possibly need my help for? (*JULIE pulls back blankets and sits on the side of the bed.*) Maybe I should have listened to her. She seemed like she really needed me. (*Stands.*) She might still be out there.

JULIE crosses to window and starts to open it. As she does, ANGELA suddenly pops up, startling JULIE.

JULIE: Ahhh!

JULIE stumbles back and falls, startled. At the same time, ANGELA is also startled and falls through the window, into the room and onto JULIE.

ANGELA: Ahhh!

ANGELA and JULIE look at one another and start laughing. Their laughter increases until ANGELA'S turns to crying. JULIE notices and stops laughing.

JULIE: (*Putting her arm around ANGELA.*) Hey, what's the matter?

ANGELA: (*Sniffling, through tears, looking down.*) It's... it's... it's my parents.

JULIE: (*Standing and guiding ANGELA to sit on the edge of the bed with her.*) What about your parents?

ANGELA: I'm in really big trouble. My parents are so mad at me.

JULIE: What did you do?

ANGELA: (*Looks up suddenly at JULIE.*) I'm sorry. I shouldn't be bothering you with my problems. This was a mistake. (*Starts to stand.*)

JULIE: (*Stands and grabs ANGELA'S arm.*) Angela, wait!

ANGELA stops and turns.

JULIE: You can talk to me. Just tell me what's going on.

JULIE sits back down on the side of the bed with ANGELA.

ANGELA: You have no idea how much I wish I could go back in time—back to our sleepovers and popcorn fights and talking about boys. I wish I had never met those kids. (*Turns to look at JULIE.*) I should've stayed best friends with you.

JULIE: It doesn't matter that we haven't been as close the last couple of years, Angela. You were my best friend and I love you. I'll always be here for you.

ANGELA: (*Looking down.*) I don't know why. After the way I treated you—tossing aside our friendship so I could hang out with a bunch of idiots...

JULIE: (*With a smirk.*) I thought you said they were really cool.

ANGELA: I've said and done a lot of stupid things lately.

SFX: knocking on door.

MOM: (*Offstage.*) Honey, are you talking to someone in there?

ANGELA: It's your mom! (*Crosses to window.*) I'd better get out of here.

JULIE: Angela, wait. (*Turns toward offstage. Calmly.*) Mom, come in.

MOM enters and stops when she sees ANGELA.

MOM: Angela! What are you doing here? We haven't seen much of you in a while.

ANGELA: (*Looking down.*) I know.

MOM: Don't you know what time it is? (*Looks at her watch.*) It's midnight—on a school night.

JULIE: Mom, Angela has a problem she needs our help with.

MOM: Is that so?

MOM puts her arm around ANGELA and leads her to the edge of the bed and sits down with her. JULIE crosses and puts her hand on ANGELA'S shoulder.

JULIE: It's all right, Angela. We're here for you. Tell us what happened.

ANGELA looks from MOM to JULIE, then starts to open her mouth to speak. JULIE and MOM lean in to hear as lights blackout.

THE END



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