

CLOSETED

A ten-minute dramedy by
Jonathan Dorf

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

ANDREW, early to mid-teens and not the coolest boy in school.

CHLOE, female, same age and way closer to the top of the pecking order.

PRODUCTION NOTE

In two instances, dialogue is followed by [bracketed] text. The bracketed text may substitute for the dialogue it follows if it is more appropriate for your community or production.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Special thanks to Pam Covington, Billy Houck, Parker Kaeding, Daniel Rashid and Cassidy Shapiro for their assistance in the development of the play.

(A walk-in closet in a home. ANDREW, early to mid-teens, and CHLOE [pronounced Klo-ee], same age, are inside. MUSIC and PARTY SOUNDS come from the other side of the door. The play should begin in almost total darkness, but as the characters' eyes adjust, the light should gradually increase.)

ANDREW: OK, so...

CHLOE: So...

ANDREW: Well, I guess I should come over there. Or...

CHLOE: Or...?

ANDREW: I don't know.

CHLOE: OK...

ANDREW: *(Beat.)* Yeah. I'll come over there. *(Beat as he doesn't move:)* It's weird that in 10 minutes, somebody's just gonna open the door. What if they lose count, and 10 minutes goes by and you're just waiting? I mean, can you come out on your own, or do you just have to wait? Or what if they open it, but it's only been six minutes? *(Beat.)* Do you think anybody's ever locked the door from the inside?

CHLOE: What are you talking about?

ANDREW: Nothing. I'm just— Nothing.

CHLOE: *(Beat.)* So are you gonna come over?

ANDREW: Do you want me to?

CHLOE: You just said you were. *(Half to herself:)* It's kind of the point.

ANDREW: Where's the light?

CHLOE: You don't turn on the light.

ANDREW: I can't see. I can feel something next to my foot,

but I can't see what it is.

CHLOE: Derek's mom has like 75 pairs of shoes.

ANDREW: It doesn't feel like a shoe.

CHLOE: So step over it.

ANDREW: I don't want to break anything.

CHLOE: Haven't you done this before?

ANDREW: Yeah. Of course. But not in this closet.

CHLOE: A closet's a closet.

ANDREW: I mean they usually have like windows and stuff.

CHLOE: Closets don't have windows.

ANDREW: Sometimes they do.

CHLOE: Where?

ANDREW: I don't know.

(Beat. Andrew is breathing very deliberately. It's loud.)

CHLOE: Are you...what do they call it when you breathe really fast?

ANDREW: Hyperventilating. No. *(Beat.)* It's just I used to get panic attacks, and so I have these breathing techniques that keep me from going all...

CHLOE: All...?

ANDREW: My eyes are starting to adjust. I think I can step over it.

(He moves toward her, his hand reaching out and feeling the air until he touches her arm.)

CHLOE: What is that?

ANDREW: That's my hand.

CHLOE: It's all sweaty.

ANDREW: Sorry. It's like really stuffy in here.

CHLOE: So your hand's all sweaty?

ANDREW: *(Beat.)* We don't have to touch hands. *(Beat.)* I just thought— Never mind.

CHLOE: What?

ANDREW: I just thought it would be nice.

CHLOE: That's sweet. *(Beat.)* But sweaty hands just feel kinda gross.

(Andrew pulls away and blows on his hands.)

What's that?

ANDREW: Nothing.

CHLOE: I just felt something on my ear.

ANDREW: No.

CHLOE: Are you like blowing on my ear?

ANDREW: I'm trying to dry my hands.

CHLOE: *(As he keeps blowing:)* Stop. You're weirding me out.

ANDREW: Sorry.

CHLOE: There's no point drying them.

ANDREW: I guess.

CHLOE: You're just gonna keep sweating.

ANDREW: Sorry.

CHLOE: It's all right. Let's just not touch hands.

(Andrew moves away. The sound of a TEXT MESSAGE)

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BEEP.)

ANDREW: What's that?

CHLOE: None of your business. (*Beat as Chloe checks her phone:*) Janette wants to know if we're making out yet.

ANDREW: Oh. (*Beat.*) What are you gonna tell her? (*Beat.*) Why do they call it Seven Minutes in Heaven if we have ten minutes? (*Beat.*) Sorry. I know you wanted Derek.

CHLOE: Derek's a tool [an idiot].

ANDREW: Isn't he your boyf—

CHLOE: Ex-boyfriend.

ANDREW: But you've been holding hands all night.

CHLOE: Cause he doesn't want it to be a whole big thing that we broke up, cause it's his party and he doesn't want the karma or fang shu or whatever to be all messed up, so I said I'd do this one last thing cause of all the good times we had together, which is a total lie, cause we went out for like three months which is totally forever and he bought me one tulip, which I'm like ninety-nine percent sure he stole from the Partridges' garden on his way over, and a stuffed zebra. It's soft, but he knew I wanted a koala and he got me a zebra.

ANDREW: (*Pronounced fung-shway:*) Feng shui.

CHLOE: What?

ANDREW: You said he doesn't want the karma or fang shu to be all messed up. It's feng shui. It's an ancient Chinese science. Well, sort of science with a little magic or mystic thrown in. It means "wind water." It's all about balancing energy in your space so good things happen. So if you want a room to have the right energy, you have to feng shui it by doing stuff like putting plants in the corners to protect against

the hard edges, picking the right colors...

CHLOE: Wow. They were right.

ANDREW: Who? Right about what?

CHLOE: Everybody. Everybody says you're like the brain of brains.

ANDREW: I'm not that smart.

CHLOE: You think Mr. Donnelly knows what f...

ANDREW: Feng shui.

CHLOE: (*Carefully parroting him:*) Feng shui is?

ANDREW: Mr. Donnelly is building a school in Kenya next year when he retires.

CHLOE: Doesn't mean he's smart. Just means he's nice.

ANDREW: He designed the building. Even the electrical and sewage systems. I've seen the blueprints.

CHLOE: Total shocker you're never at any of the parties. (*Beat.*) Sorry. That was mean.

ANDREW: It kinda was.

CHLOE: My dad says I better enjoy it now, cause when I get older I'm gonna be ugly and stupid and probably poor unless I marry somebody rich. (*Beat.*) I'm really sorry.

ANDREW: (*Beat.*) You'll never be ugly. (*Beat.*) I told Evan I'd do his math for a week if he asked Derek to let me come.

CHLOE: Why would you even want to come here?

ANDREW: Why do you? (*Beat.*) It was either sit at home with my mom practicing for Science Olympiad or...I don't know...

(The sound of a TEXT MESSAGE BEEP. Chloe checks her phone.)

CHLOE: Geez, Janette. She's mad I didn't text her back.

ANDREW: Hey Janette—having an awesome time in the closet with Andrew.

CHLOE: I like it.

ANDREW: What?

CHLOE: I'm texting that.

ANDREW: It was a joke.

CHLOE: It's perfect.

ANDREW: But then she'll know we're not doing anything.

CHLOE: We're not doing anything.

ANDREW: But— Yeah.

CHLOE: And no she won't. Everybody knows I'm the fastest texter in our grade.

(The sound of a TEXT MESSAGE BEEP. Chloe checks her phone. Reading:)

OMG.

ANDREW: What?

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