

NOTES

THIS SELECTION CONTAINS MATURE SUBJECT MATTER.

According to statistics, there are an estimated one million adopted children living in the United States today, and it is also reported that there are approximately 750,000 teenage pregnancies in our nation each year. Given those statistics, it might be surprising to learn that only an estimated 2% of those teenagers choose to give their babies up for adoption. In *Thirty Minutes with Julie*, we are introduced to two teens, who both coincidentally are named Jordan. This selection should be performed by a mature male and female; and while the characters are pre-designated, with careful editing, the performers may wish to switch roles. There are also two additional characters found within this play: A nurse and Jordan 2's father. It will be important for the actors performing these additional characters to portray them with both vocal and physical variety to distinguish them from their original characters. Also, there is a reference to the year in which the two Jordans were born; feel free to change that date to reflect the present. This play contains a lot of humor, and each performer should be adept at playing comedy, as well as drama. While this play is fictitious, the reality of the situation is very true-to-life. This play may be entered in Duo Interpretation, Duet Acting, or Dramatic Interpretation. If entered in Dramatic Interpretation, the play may be performed by either a male or female; and it might also be advantageous to only have one character address the audience during the narrative transitions. If using a teaser, the drama mask icons are simply a suggestion as to when to end the teaser.

Characters:

Jordan 1, a teenage male

Jordan 2, a teenage female

Nurse

Jordan 2's Dad

Jordan 1: *(To the audience)* When I think about it now, it unfolds in my mind like dialogue between two fictional characters in a *play*—instead of an *actual* conversation that I had with the nurse.

Nurse: *(Smiling, holding a newborn)* So. *Who* am I holding? *(Gently handing the newborn over)*

Jordan 1: *(Taking the newborn from the nurse)* I don't—I don't think we

should say.

Nurse: What do you mean you don't think you should say?

Jordan 1: (*Looking down at baby*) She's not going to be ours. *Whatever* we call her—it doesn't matter. They're just going to rename her anyway.

Nurse: Well, yes, they're going to rename her, and she will belong to them. But for right now, she's with *you*. If she *were* going to be yours, what would you name her?

Jordan 1: (*After a few seconds, smiles, then looks up at the nurse*) Julie. (*With a huge smile, slowly starts to look back at Julie*) We'd name her Julie.

Nurse: (*Smiling, pleased*) Well then, Julie it is.



Jordan 1: (*To the audience*) My mom is fit. In fact, she has worked out for *thirty-minutes*—every single day—for as long as I can remember. She says that's why she's in such good *shape*—even though she had a baby after the age of 40. (*Pause, smiling and raising hand*) I'm that baby. (*Pause*) When I was younger, I used to practice the piano in *thirty-minute intervals*. *Thirty-minutes of practice*— followed by a *ten-minute break*. Even when I practiced for *hours* at a time, I'd never go longer than *thirty-minutes* before taking a *ten-minute break*. If I *napped* for *more* than *thirty minutes* after school in the afternoon, I was *useless* until the next morning; but a *thirty-minute nap* was just right. *Thirty-minutes* has always been the *perfect* amount of time for so *many* things. I wanted to spend some *time* with her—with Julie. I wanted to *know* her—at least a little. I felt *thirty-minutes* would be the perfect amount of time. *Thirty-minutes* would be just enough time enough to *know* her—but not so much time that I wouldn't be able to say goodbye.

Jordan 2: (*To the audience*) Being number *five* in a family with seven *kids*—came with its *advantages*. I discovered I was often—*invisible*—to my parents; and believe me, this was a great *advantage*. My parents weren't ignoring me on *purpose*. It's just that when you're the kid who never makes *waves* in your family's *ocean*—it's easy to be washed away with the *tide*. Because I didn't get in *trouble*, my parents didn't—*glue* themselves to me—like they did to the twins. And not thinking of me as the overly *responsible* type, they didn't expect me to help out as much with my younger *siblings*—the way they expected help from my older *sisters*. It was kind of a sweet deal. I, as they say, was left to my own *devices*. And at the age of 16, *my favorite device*—was *Jordan*—

Jordan 1: (*Interrupting Jordan 2, but still addressing the audience*) Lawrence. Oh yeah, Jordan Lawrence. (*Pause*) We met when we were

16 and camp counselors. (*Beat, smiling*) I know. You don't need to say a *word*. It doesn't get *cornier* or more *cliché*—than meeting your first true *love* at a summer camp. But hey, that's where it happened.

Jordan 2: (*Looking off, yelling at someone offstage*) Hey! Come back here! Come back here right now! (*Beat*) Oh, no. Don't you *dare* give me that look. (*Beat*) Wait, what are you going to do with that *brick*? Put that down! Don't you dare throw that at me! I'm warning you! (*Dodging the brick*) Why, you little— (*Almost calling the child a bad name*)

Jordan 1: (*Entering the scene*) You're not *really* going to call a six year old girl a *bad name*, are you?

Jordan 2: She threw a *brick* at me! (*Beat*) And that's no *kid*. That's a *demon*!

Jordan 1: She's six years *old*. She's not a *demon*. (*Pause*) She just— *admires* you; that's all.

Jordan 2: *Admires* me? Well, I hope it never goes beyond *admiration*. If I end up as her new best *friend*, she'll probably throw an entire *house* of bricks at me! (*Pause*) Wait a minute. Why are there *bricks* out here anyway? This is a kids' camp!

Jordan 1: (*Laughs*) Well, lucky for you, you ducked at precisely the right time. (*Pause*) By the way, I'm Jordan.

Jordan 2: Why does that *not* surprise me?

Jordan 1: You got a problem with the name *Jordan*?

Jordan 2: (*Sighing and extending hand for introduction*) Pleased to meet you, Jordan. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Jordan Lawrence.

Jordan 1: Let me guess. You must have been born in—

Both: (*In unison*) 1995.

Jordan 2: Ah, yes, the year of the Jordans.

Jordan 1: Do you think we'll run into any *more* Jordans here?

Jordan 2: Think? No. I don't *think* we will. I *know* we'll run into more Jordans.

Jordan 1: (*To the audience, almost flirty*) Jordan Lawrence was ... *awesome*. (*Pause*) We were both assigned to the archery range at camp. (*Beat*) What that basically *meant*—was that we had to run and pick up all of the arrows—after the kids shot at and usually *missed* all of the *targets*. You have no idea how *lucky* we were to escape that camp with our *vision* still intact! (*Smiling big*) But it was *worth* it— because I got to spend so much time with Jordan. Spending time with Jordan on the archery range was *great*, but spending time at *night* with Jordan—after all of the little *campers* were in bed—was even better.

Jordan 1: (*Returning to their campfire, after investigating a strange noise*) It was nothing – probably just some fish jumping in the lake.