



Proudly Presents

THIRTY MINUTES WITH JULIE

**WRITTEN BY SANDY MARANTO
AND GREGORY T. BURNS**

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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?