

# LAST RIGHT BEFORE THE VOID

---

A ten-minute dramedy by  
Jonathan Dorf

This script is for evaluation only. It may not be printed, photocopied or distributed digitally under any circumstances. Possession of this file does not grant the right to perform this play or any portion of it, or to use it for classroom study.

[www.youthplays.com](http://www.youthplays.com)  
[info@youthplays.com](mailto:info@youthplays.com)  
424-703-5315



*Last Right Before the Void* © 2004 Jonathan Dorf  
All rights reserved. ISBN 978-1-62088-342-6.

**Caution:** This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the copyright union and is subject to royalty for all performances including but not limited to professional, amateur, charity and classroom whether admission is charged or presented free of charge.

**Reservation of Rights:** This play is the property of the author and all rights for its use are strictly reserved and must be licensed by his representative, YouthPLAYS. This prohibition of unauthorized professional and amateur stage presentations extends also to motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of adaptation or translation into non-English languages.

**Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments:** Amateur and stock performance rights are administered exclusively by YouthPLAYS. No amateur, stock or educational theatre groups or individuals may perform this play without securing authorization and royalty arrangements in advance from YouthPLAYS. Required royalty fees for performing this play are available online at [www.YouthPLAYS.com](http://www.YouthPLAYS.com). Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Required royalties must be paid each time this play is performed and may not be transferred to any other performance entity. All licensing requests and inquiries should be addressed to YouthPLAYS.

**Author Credit:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisements and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line with no other accompanying written matter. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s) and the name of the author(s) may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

**Publisher Attribution:** All programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

*Produced by special arrangement with YouthPLAYS ([www.youthplays.com](http://www.youthplays.com)).*

**Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying:** Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book, whether by photocopying, scanning, video recording or any other means, is strictly prohibited by law. This book may only be copied by licensed productions with the purchase of a photocopy license, or with explicit permission from YouthPLAYS.

**Trade Marks, Public Figures & Musical Works:** This play may contain references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may also contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). YouthPLAYS has not obtained performing rights of these works unless explicitly noted. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

## COPYRIGHT RULES TO REMEMBER

1. To produce this play, you must receive prior written permission from YouthPLAYS and pay the required royalty.
2. You must pay a royalty each time the play is performed in the presence of audience members outside of the cast and crew. Royalties are due whether or not admission is charged, whether or not the play is presented for profit, for charity or for educational purposes, or whether or not anyone associated with the production is being paid.
3. No changes, including cuts or additions, are permitted to the script without written prior permission from YouthPLAYS.
4. Do not copy this book or any part of it without written permission from YouthPLAYS.
5. Credit to the author and YouthPLAYS is required on all programs and other promotional items associated with this play's performance.

When you pay royalties, you are recognizing the hard work that went into creating the play and making a statement that a play is something of value. We think this is important, and we hope that everyone will do the right thing, thus allowing playwrights to generate income and continue to create wonderful new works for the stage.

Plays are owned by the playwrights who wrote them. Violating a playwright's copyright is a very serious matter and violates both United States and international copyright law. Infringement is punishable by actual damages and attorneys' fees, statutory damages of up to \$150,000 per incident, and even possible criminal sanctions. **Infringement is theft. Don't do it.**

Have a question about copyright? Please contact us by email at [info@youthplays.com](mailto:info@youthplays.com) or by phone at 424-703-5315. When in doubt, please ask.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHRISTIAN, in his mid to late teens.

WOMAN, late thirties.

MAN, late thirties or forties.

© Jonathan Dorf

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying or performance permitted.

*(Night. Minnesota. Two hitchhikers, CHRISTIAN, mid to late teens, and a WOMAN, late thirties, stand on opposite sides of a dark highway. The Woman wears a bathing suit and a fur hat and holds a sign that says "Alaska.")*

**CHRISTIAN:** Do I look like I killed my father and slept with my mother? *(Beat.)* Do I? *(Beat.)* I thought you might want to know. I'm hitchhiking because my car broke down. That's a lie. It broke down, but it's not my car. It's my father's car. Pieces of it broke off when I ran over my father in front of our house. That's a lie. He's not my real father. My real father killed himself when I was two. Or four. My mom tells it both ways. When I was two, he took me to a baseball game, then left me with a hot dog vendor and hung himself in a bathroom. When I was four, I was asleep and he stuck a shotgun in his mouth and woke me up from a dream about a sea horse. *(Christian crosses the road to the Woman.)* He also killed himself when I was six by jumping into a pool of concrete at a construction site or by suffocating himself in a plastic bag. I was at my grandparents' for the weekend. *(Beat.)* Do you really think someone's going to drive you from Minnesota to Alaska?

**WOMAN:** Don't make me use the fish in my purse.

**CHRISTIAN:** My mom was supposed to go to Alaska once, only my dad killed himself or I got chicken pox, and she couldn't go.

**WOMAN:** It's been in there for a week.

**CHRISTIAN:** I'm in college.

**WOMAN:** A week is a long time in fish years.

**CHRISTIAN:** I go to community college. I wish I could live at school. I don't think I'd have so many problems at home if I lived at school. That's a lie. I dropped out, because I got fired from my job at the mall. I handed out flyers for a seafood

---

restaurant—Joe's Seafood—until I got fired. And I was in this Calvin Klein underwear ad when I was twelve. With my shirt off. That's a lie. It wasn't Calvin Klein, and I was sixteen. I'm nineteen now. *(Beat.)* I walked through an accident up the road. It's a big one. You'll see it if you go that way.

**WOMAN:** Do you think I'm joking about that fish?

**CHRISTIAN:** Would you like me better if I took my shirt off? You're old enough to be my mother.

**WOMAN:** You're blocking my sun.

**CHRISTIAN:** I got stopped by the state police. At the accident. They thought maybe I was hurt. There were three ambulances. *(Beat.)* I have a scar. Do you want to see it?

**WOMAN:** I thought you were going in the other direction.

**CHRISTIAN:** If you look at my scar I'll go back 'cross the road. Do you want to see it? *(Beat.)* You can't, 'cause it's psychological. I'm emotionally and psychologically scarred from running over my stepfather.

**WOMAN:** You need to leave.

**CHRISTIAN:** I need to talk to somebody. It's only been three hours since I ran over my stepfather, and after this exit, the road turns into a...black hole.

**WOMAN:** Wouldn't a black hole be better if they're after you?

**CHRISTIAN:** You hate me. You'd like me better with my shirt off. I work out. *(Beat.)* If I don't stand near this exit, nobody'll see me. I'll be waiting all night.

**WOMAN:** Then they'll see you tomorrow in the daylight. Or walk back to the last exit.

**CHRISTIAN:** I can't go back through the accident. They'd ask me questions this time. *(Beat.)* It's supposed to go down to twenty degrees tonight.

**WOMAN:** You should go and get warm then.

**CHRISTIAN:** You too.

**WOMAN:** I'll be fine. I'm dressed for Alaska. (*The sound of a CAR. Headlights. Christian puts his thumb out. We hear it PULL OVER. A door OPENS and CLOSES:*) You've got to leave—now!

**CHRISTIAN:** No way—this could be my ride.

(*Enter a MAN, about the same age as the Woman, wearing a boxer's robe and boxing gloves.*)

**MAN:** Anyone going to Alaska? (*The Woman raises her hand. Beat. So does Christian. To Christian:*) Who're you?

**CHRISTIAN:** I'm... (*Decides not to introduce himself:*) good, thanks.

**MAN:** Good—see ya.

**CHRISTIAN:** Just give me a ride to the next town.

**MAN:** There is no next town. We're on the edge of the void.

**CHRISTIAN:** (*Beat. To the Woman:*) I could take my shirt off in the car. I can bench more than my weight, which is amazing for high school.

**WOMAN:** You said you were in college.

**CHRISTIAN:** That was a lie. I'm seventeen. But I really killed my stepfather.

**WOMAN:** Arrest him. (*Beat.*) Arrest him, officer.

**MAN:** You're under arrest for the murder of...the player to be named later.

**CHRISTIAN:** You're not a cop.

**MAN:** Christian, take a walk.

**CHRISTIAN:** My name's not Christian. That's a lie. But you're not supposed to know it. Did you hear my name on the news?

**MAN:** Why would your name be on the news?

**CHRISTIAN:** Because I killed my—no, that's a lie. But I wanted to.

**WOMAN:** Go home, Christian.

**CHRISTIAN:** I can't. I made up my entire home life. I don't have a home life. I'm home lifeless.

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!