

Excerpt terms and conditions

This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest you read the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Night Night, Roger Roger

By

RONI RAGONE

Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our website: www.dramaticpublishing.com, or we may be contacted by mail at: THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play that are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

©MMXXIII by
RONI RAGONE

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(NIGHT NIGHT, ROGER ROGER)

ISBN: 978-1-61959-304-6

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent (50%) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., of Woodstock, Illinois.”

Night Night, Roger Roger was premiered by Young Artists Ensemble at Hillcrest Center for the Arts on Nov. 20, 2020.

CAST:

ROBIN Lauren Montano
FREDDIE..... Amanda Gauthier
THE MOONY/IAN THE LANDLORD..... Ella Boring
AUGUSTUS GUSTAV/AUGGIE..... Jack Rogers
ANDY..... Genysia Brown
VEE/JOYCE Maddie Ragsdale
WREN/VLADIMIR..... Austyn Smith
MADISON Madelyn O’Neill
NOLAN/KAYDEN Hunter Uliasz
ZACH Avery Nguyen
BENNY/MABEL Aubrey McGowan
MERCY..... Marie-Pierre Amvela
IVY/MICHAEL..... Faith McDonough
DAWN..... Julia Bowden
WILLIAM..... Alexis Glavey
GUS GUS..... Tobias Neal
ALICE Lucía Salazar-Davidson
NANA..... Ouanessa Nana

PRODUCTION:

Director Roni Ragone
Producer Megan McDonough
Technical Director/Stage Manager..... Mark Andrew Reyes
Costume Designer..... Lorna Bowen
Video Production Stage Manager Ian Kelley
Assistant Director..... Lauren Alexander
Original Music Composer..... Nolyn Ducich
Lullaby Music Composer..... Lucía Salazar-Davidson

Night Night, Roger Roger

CHARACTERS

ROBIN (w or enby): 11, Freddie's neighbor and friend, can't sleep, a kid.

FREDDIE (w or enby): 12, Robin's neighbor and friend, likes to find things, a kid.

THE MOONY (a): Ageless, Freddie's monster in the closet, looking over her, a protector of dreams and thoughts, a protective figure with a big personality and a New York accent.

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV (a): Adult, host of the hit game show *Midnight Snack*, has an Australian accent, has a weird distinct act, eccentric, Gus Gus and Auggie's father.

ANDY (a): 20s or older, a contestant on *Midnight Snack*.

VEE (a): 18 or older, a contestant on *Midnight Snack*, Nolan's cousin, Nana's granddaughter, overly dramatic in a fun way.

WREN (m): 17, a teenager just trying to impress his girlfriend, Alice.

MADISON (w): 14, young, bubbly, awkward in a cute way, really likes Benny.

NOLAN (a): 25 or older, works as a security guard at the history museum with Zach, Vee's cousin, does the bare minimum for night shifts.

ZACH (m): 20, works as a security guard at the history museum with Nolan, a mess but a nice one.

BENNY (m): 14 going on ageless, a new vampire, young, shy, sweet, loves flowers and peaches and sunlight, VERY rosy cheeks, wears a dinosaur-head mask.

MERCY (a): Ageless, a nice vampire, has a Transylvanian accent.

IVY (a): Ageless, a mean vampire, has a Transylvanian valley-girl accent.

DAWN (a): Ageless, a mean vampire, has a Transylvanian meets valley-girl accent.

WILLIAM (a): Ageless, a nice vampire, has a Transylvanian meets valley-girl accent.

VLADIMIR (a): Ageless (but the oldest of the clan), a mean vampire, has a strong Transylvanian accent.

GUS GUS (m): 9, Augustus Gustav's son, a light sleeper.

AUGGIE (m): 19, Gus Gus' brother, sings a little, in college.

JOYCE (a): 20s or older, a light sleeper, lives in an apartment building.

KAYDEN (a): 20s or older, a night person, gets very emotional over fictional characters.

MICHAEL (a): 20s or older, has a deviated septum.

IAN THE LANDLORD (a): Adult, the building's landlord, the amount he puts up with on a daily basis is truly amazing.

MABEL (enby): 18 going on ageless, a vampire, has a love for academia, specifically literature, Benny's older sibling.

ALICE (w): 17, Mabel's human best friend, Wren's girlfriend, a little self-centered but not a bad person.

NANA (w): 87 and three quarters, lives for adventure.

TIME: Midnight.

PLACE: A small suburban town.

PRODUCTION NOTES

For the many characters indicated as “any gender,” producers may change pronouns to match the performers.

For doubling, producers should keep relation/theme in mind. For example: Augustus Gustav/Auggie, Benny/Mabel, Ian the Landlord/The Moony, Madison/Alice, Robin/Nana.

In I.4, II.3 and II.6, “The Owl” should be represented by a sound or recording rather than a casted performer.

Feel free to get creative with the presentation of the play especially with colors and the transitions. There’s a whole universe to explore.

DEDICATION

This play is dedicated to all the amazing people in the universe—my family, friends, coworkers, fruit lovers, Moonies under the bed, members of the undead who love to rhyme, and even those who live in Australia.

More specifically this play is for my sister—the one who continually shows me how to keep my head full of peaches. My brother—the one who will always find the time to go to Venus with me.

My father—the one who rids my life of any and all onions. My mother—the one who is my forever dino dance partner. And to Grandma Chicken—the one who taught me how to take my turn with the universe.

I hope you all can do the same.

“I think we dream so we don’t have to be apart for so long.
If we’re in each other’s dreams, we can be together all the time.”

—A. A. Milne

Night Night, Roger Roger

ACT I

Scene 1: Roger Roger, Part One

(It's nighttime, midnight to be exact.

ROBIN sits in her bedroom inside a tent she fashioned out of a bed sheet, some string, and a flashlight.

Trying to sleep, she counts her sheep. She gets to twelve, but it doesn't do much.

She's in her pajamas clutching onto a tin can with a string that goes out of the window connecting to FREDDIE's bedroom. FREDDIE is asleep, hidden under a blanket, with her tin can close by.)

ROBIN *(into the can)*. Pshht—roger roger.

(...)

ROBIN *(cont'd)*. Pshht ... roger?

(No response.)

ROBIN *(cont'd)*. Pshht—roger roger. Pshhhttt rogeeeerrrrr.

(...)

ROBIN *(cont'd)*. PSSSHHTTTT R-O-G-E-R.

FREDDIE *(answering from her can)*. What?

ROBIN. What roger?

FREDDIE. Sorry roger, what roger?

ROBIN. Oh good, you're up, over.

FREDDIE. I am now. What do you want?

ROBIN. I can't sleep, over.

FREDDIE. So you're taking it out on me?

ROBIN. I just keep thinking and I can't sleep, roger.

FREDDIE. About?

ROBIN. I-97 is constantly jammed, the big man upstairs is riding me for next year's projections, we're out of Folgers.

FREDDIE. Nescafé is better anyway.

ROBIN. Copy that.

FREDDIE. Have you counted your sheep?

ROBIN. Yup. Still only twelve.

FREDDIE. Twelve?

ROBIN (*pointing to her head*). Yeah. I guess that's all this field can handle.

FREDDIE. Get some warm milk.

ROBIN. Is that what you did?

FREDDIE. No, I wasn't having trouble sleeping-

ROBIN. I hate milk. Straight milk, bluck.

FREDDIE. Put cinnamon in it.

ROBIN. I'm lactose intolerant.

FREDDIE. Forget the milk.

ROBIN. It might help me fall asleep but pretty soon we're gonna have a different problem.

FREDDIE. Forget the milk, Robin.

ROBIN. I do like cinnamon though.

FREDDIE. Robin.

ROBIN. Forget the milk. Roger that. Over and out ...

(...)

ROBIN (*cont'd*). What are you thinking about?

FREDDIE. I'm thinking I wish I was asleep.

ROBIN. Oh, yeah.

FREDDIE. Yeah.

ROBIN. Sorry.

(...)

ROBIN (*cont'd*). Freddie?

FREDDIE. Yes?

ROBIN. Do you miss me?

FREDDIE. What?

ROBIN. Do you miss me?

FREDDIE. Yeah, sure, I miss you.

ROBIN. Sure?

FREDDIE. Sure.

ROBIN. Okay.

(...)

ROBIN (*cont'd*). Tomorrow we should do something.

FREDDIE. I have chores tomorrow.

ROBIN. Oh. Okay.

(...)

FREDDIE. I'm sorry.

ROBIN. No, you don't have to be sorry.

FREDDIE. Maybe I can ask my mom if we can hang out in the yard after chores.

ROBIN. Really?

FREDDIE. I mean, yeah, it's not like it's far. She doesn't let me go out after dark, but since it's just in the yard maybe that's okay.

ROBIN. And I can be in my yard.

FREDDIE. Yeah.

ROBIN. Yeah.

(...)

FREDDIE. Still can't sleep?

ROBIN. I don't know ... been thinking a lot ... and Wren is being kind of loud.

FREDDIE. Oh.

ROBIN. Yeah.

FREDDIE. Do you want to talk about it?

ROBIN. No, it's okay. You're tired.

FREDDIE. I'm up now.

ROBIN. Sorry.

FREDDIE. It's okay.

ROBIN. Okay.

(...)

FREDDIE. So ... ?

ROBIN. Were you dreaming about anything?

FREDDIE. I can't remember.

ROBIN. That's okay ... do you think it was happy?

FREDDIE. I hope so.

(FREDDIE gets up and grabs a flashlight and turns it on. She opens her blinds; it's still dark outside.)

FREDDIE *(cont'd)* Your window is open.

ROBIN. Oh, yeah, it was hot. Is hot.

FREDDIE. Check this out—

(FREDDIE runs to her desk and grabs a laser pointer. She points it out the window.)

ROBIN *(with a laser going in her eye)*. Ow!

FREDDIE. Cool right?

ROBIN. When did you get that?

FREDDIE. I can't tell you.

ROBIN. Why not?

FREDDIE. I stole it.

ROBIN. You stole it??

FREDDIE. I didn't steal it. I found it.

ROBIN. Where'd you find it?

FREDDIE. The sidewalk. Wren was on the phone, I think with his girlfriend, it sounded gushy and lovey. But he dropped it. And I found it.

ROBIN. You stole my brother's laser pointer?

FREDDIE. Yeah.

ROBIN. Nice. *(She laughs.)* I like Alice.

FREDDIE. His girlfriend?

ROBIN. Yeah, she's really nice. She's really smart. Like really super smart.

FREDDIE. And pretty.

ROBIN. Yeah, she's really pretty.

(Pause.)

WREN yelling, game show music plays faintly.)

FREDDIE. What is that?

ROBIN. It sounded like Wren screaming.

FREDDIE. I could hear it from my house.

ROBIN. He's a loud screamer.

FREDDIE. He screams a lot.

ROBIN. He's moody.

FREDDIE. Yeah. He's moody.

(ROBIN hears footsteps coming toward her room, and her door opens. She sits on her can to muffle it.)

ROBIN *(to the door)*. I didn't scream, Wren was—yeah, I'm sorry ... I couldn't sleep ... I know, I'll try now ... I'm sorry ... yeah ... love you ... night night.

(The door closes.)

ROBIN *(cont'd, into the can)*. Busted.

FREDDIE. Did your dad catch you?

ROBIN. Yup.

FREDDIE. It's not that late.

ROBIN. It's past midnight.

FREDDIE. Oh.

ROBIN. Sorry I woke you up.

FREDDIE. It's okay.

ROBIN. I'll talk to you tomorrow?

FREDDIE. Night, roger.

ROBIN. Night night, roger.

(Lights out.)

Scene 2: The Monster

(It's midnight.)

THE MOONY is hiding in FREDDIE's closet, as all good monsters should.)

THE MOONY. I hate teenagers.

I really do.

All they do is criminalize creatures like me.

They twist up these creepy stories about how we stalk children, how we wait just for the right moment to pop out from their closets and under their beds to scare the bebesies out of them—

What kind of sick-minded thing would do that?? Who even thinks up that stuff?

And they're the ones who calls us *monsters*—oh, excuse me, pardon my French.

(...)

It's just such poor representation for what we actually do.

I blame the media. Hollywood has made a ton off of criminalizing us Moonys.

If people knew what we're actually doing, if they weren't scared by even the concept of us, maybe we wouldn't have to hide in the crooks of our kid's rooms.

Ever think of that Stephen King?

(...)

After I had my training, I was assigned Freddie.

She's the coolest kid in the world.

She's the only kid I've had so far, but still, I know it's true. I even almost talked to her once. She was technically sleeping, it was mostly gibberish, the only word I could make out was "flags."

I said, "Flags? Which flags, baby?"

And she said "flags" again ever so softly, but backhanded almost.

It was like she was trying to get the word out of her mouth, as if it had a foul taste.

"Flags."

Bluck.

I realized, Freddie was having a bad dream, so I had to step in, that's my job. She had dropped Bluey, that was her favorite stuffed animal at the time, now I think it's Rexy—besides the point—she dropped Bluey and I could tell—we can always tell when our kids are having bad dreams—that night's dreams were especially scary.

The air begins to smell like peaches. Once the sweet thoughts leave their heads, the scent is soon to follow. It's basic science.

So anyway, I smell peaches and I see her twitching and moving her head a bit, so I did what every good Moony should do. I gathered up all the peaches I could and slowly poured them back into her ears.

That's the quickest way to push out the onions—nightmares, I think the creatures call them.

In one ear and out the other.

Some will say the fastest way is through the mouth, but that's only because they're too focused on the scent.

I try to tell them, "No, no, no. That goes to the stomach, you wanna get in the thought zones, that's how you push the onions out."

Anyway, after I sprang into action, the peaches smell faded quickly and I smelled the onions.

It was the best aroma the room had ever had.

I was so relieved she was okay.

(...)

The worst is when the onions are stuck.

Because of their hard exterior, they can really get lodged in there.

The worst—and I mean the WORST—is when there's so many onions, you just have to wait for them to cook out.

Those are the hardest nights.

On those nights, I just hold her ears shut to keep in as many peaches as I can. I know this also keeps the onions in, but sometimes, you just gotta wait them out.

They'll cook out eventually.

Hopefully.

As long as you hold tight to your peaches, thought zones will balance themselves. Onions are strong, but every Moony will tell you peaches are stronger.

That is until they become teenagers anyway.

But that's a different story.

I hope that never happens to Freddie.

(...)

I've been smelling peaches too much recently. Like, nearly teenager levels. It's a lot for a creature her age. I get as many as I can, but it's getting harder for me to breathe. Who can breathe in a room full of peaches? I keep telling myself, push through it, this is what you were born to do.

(...)

She's gonna be okay, just as long as she stops growing up.

(...)

Oh!

Oh, she's awake, shh, shh, shh, okay Moony shh ...

Funny, she isn't usually up this late.

No need to worry, I'll push more peaches back in once she's asleep again.

I've been saving them up.

I've got twelve locked and loaded hidden in here.

Because I'm a good Moony.

All good Freddie's deserve all the peaches lodged into their thought zones.

(Lights out.)

Scene 3: Midnight Snack

(It's midnight. In a kitchen.)

Game show music plays. AUGUSTUS GUSTAV pops up wearing a beautiful matching silk pajama set including a bow tie and head cap. He is holding a fake baby.)

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV. Welcome, night owls of the world, to your favorite game show *Midnight Snack*. I'm your host, Augustus Gustav.

(Clapping and audience roaring.)

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV *(cont'd)*. Ah ha ah ha ah ha—hush now, hush!!! Keep it down, Gus Gus Jr. is trying to sleep!

(He pats the baby's back.)

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV *(cont'd)*. On this show, we're going to YOU, that's right. You, the watchers, are the contestants! We've selected three random fans to compete in tonight's competition and to join the livestream from their very own homes! These are not paid actors, these wackos are doing it for free! Ah ha ah ha ah ha, let's welcome them!

(More roaring followed by a hush from AUGUSTUS GUSTAV.)

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV *(cont'd)*. First up, please welcome Andy Walsh! Andy, how the heck are ya?

(ANDY's screen pops into view.)

ANDY. Hi there, hi, I'm good hello hi!

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV. How the heck did you get so lucky as to get picked for *Midnight Snack*?

ANDY. It's actually really easy. You just go on the website and sign up. All I needed was my credit card and my social—

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV. Ah ha ah ha, this guy! Andy, how would you like to answer a super secret bonus question?

(“OOOhhhh!” from the audience.)

ANDY. Oh goody!

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV. What is—

(Game show music intensifies.)

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV *(cont'd)*. Your mother's maiden name?

(Sound of a clock ticking. ANDY begins to sweat.)

ANDY. Umm, I'm gonna go with ... Brutte-Battute??

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV. Is that your final answer?

ANDY. Yes. Yes it is.

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV. And for the win ... IT IS Brue-Bruta—Bruey-Battutte—YOU GOT IT!

(“WOOO!” from the audience.)

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV *(without accent, under his breath and to the side)*. Did you get that? No? Hold on— *(Turning back to ANDY and speaking with an accent again.)* Could you spell that for us?

ANDY. I don't know if—

AUGUSTUS GUSTAV. Come on Andy, for your fans!

(“WOOOOO!” from the audience.)

ANDY *(cheeks turning red)*. Oh, okay, heh—B-R-U-T-T—

Light (Gus Gus' Lullaby)

from Night Night Roger Roger

Lyrics by Roni Ragone

Music by Lucía Salazar-Davidson

Arranged by Bella Garcia-Holland

♩ = 100

Freely

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of five staves of music. The key signature is C major. The tempo is marked as 'Freely' with a quarter note equal to 100 beats. The score includes lyrics and various musical notations such as chords (A, C, Am, F maj7, E7), dynamics ('a tempo'), and performance instructions ('Slightly Faster').

1. **Staff 1:** Chord **A** above the staff. **Auggie:** written above the first measure. **Am** above the final measure. Lyrics: "Have you seen the moon ___ since yes - ter - day ___ He changed his

2. **Staff 2:** Chord **C** above the staff. Lyrics: "face just for you ___ Have you looked ___ at ___ the stars ___ They've

3. **Staff 3:** Chord **F maj7** above the first measure, **B** above the fifth measure, and **F maj7** above the final measure. *a tempo* written below the staff. Lyrics: "made a place Just for you ___ Look a - round they're not

4. **Staff 4:** Chords **E7**, **Am**, **F maj7**, and **E7** above the staff. Lyrics: "push - ing an - y - thing ___ You're safe and sound you can re - lease ___ your breath ___

5. **Staff 5:** Chords **C**, **F**, and **C** above the staff. Lyrics: "You're my light light light You shine bright

6. **Staff 6:** Chords **F**, **E7**, **Am**, **E7**, and **C** above the staff. **C** above the final measure. *Slightly Faster* written above the staff. **Gus Gus:** written above the final measure. Lyrics: "bright bright You are ___ oh you are ___ my light Let's go to

Light (Gus Gus' Lullaby)

32 E7 Am F
 out-er space ___ we'll leave this world ___ be-hind ___ We'll leave this

36 C E7 Am C
 nois-y place ___ it will be just you ___ and me ___ We land on

40 F E7 Am F C
 Ju-pi-ter ___ That's where boys tend to grow ___ This world will be a blur ___

45 F maj7 G D **Auggie/Gus Gus:**
 no one can tell us no ___ oh ___ no ___ Look a -

50 F maj7 C E7 Am F
 round They're not push-ing an - y-thing You're safe and sound you

55 E7 C F C
 can re-lease ___ your breath ___ You're my light light light

61 F E7 Am
 you shine bright ___ bright ___ bright ___ You ___ are ___ oh

67 E7 C *rit.* Am E7 C
 you ___ are ___ my light You ___ are ___ oh you ___ are ___ my light