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*Dramatic Publishing*



# **WAITING FOR BOBO**

By  
SANDRA FENICHEL ASHER

Inspired by the Third Commandment

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For inquiries concerning all other rights, contact:  
Chris Till, Writers and Artists, 19 W. 44th St., Suite 1000,  
New York NY 10036 - Phone: (212) 391-1112

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## CHARACTERS

DANIELLE, 15 years old

JESSICA, 15 years old

SETTING: Outside of the Savor One-Stop, a combination gas station, convenience store, roadside restaurant and Greyhound bus station in a small Midwestern town. The store may be represented by a glass door at center. The door sports a large, brightly colored poster showing a guitar and boldly proclaiming “Bobo Taylor! One Night Only!” A smaller sign on the door indicates that this is an official bus stop and displays the schedule; another gives the store hours and reads “Closed.”

TIME: The present.

## Waiting for Bobo

AT RISE: *Past midnight, early spring, and it's turned chilly. DANIELLE is pacing up and down in the parking lot in front of the Savmor. Occasionally, she peers off L, searching the street in vain for signs of Bobo Taylor's tour bus. JESSICA has her back to the audience. She's reading the bus schedule. The door and area in front of it are bathed in eerie after-hours light. JESSICA has a sweater over her shoulders; DANIELLE does not.*

JESSICA. Danielle?

DANIELLE (*impatiently*). Yeah?

JESSICA. What time is it?

DANIELLE (*holds her wrist up to the light to read her watch*). One...fifty...seven.

JESSICA. The last bus left at twelve forty-three.

DANIELLE. So?

JESSICA. We should've been on it.

DANIELLE. He'll be here.

JESSICA. Next one's not until 7:09. In the *morning*.

DANIELLE. So we'll be home by eight. No problem.

JESSICA. That's not my point.

DANIELLE. What *is* your point, Jessica?

JESSICA. We may be stuck out here all night.

DANIELLE. He'll be here.

JESSICA. When?

DANIELLE. *Soon.*

JESSICA. The concert ended over two hours ago.

DANIELLE. There's a lot to do after a concert, you know?

They have to take down all that equipment, pack everything on the bus...and you saw how many people were trying to talk to him.

JESSICA. If you knew it was going to take so long, why did you tell him to meet us here?

DANIELLE. I thought this place stayed open all night.

JESSICA. Should've read the sign.

DANIELLE. It *looks* like a place that stays open all night!

JESSICA. Who'd come here after the last bus?

DANIELLE. We're here, aren't we?

JESSICA. Oh. Right. (*Muttering to herself.*) The Idiot Patrol.

DANIELLE. I figured it was a good location. Right on the highway. Easy to find.

JESSICA. So why hasn't he found it?

DANIELLE. *He will be here.*

JESSICA (*starts digging around in her purse*). I don't think so.

DANIELLE. What are you doing?

JESSICA. Looking for my cell phone.

DANIELLE. Why?

JESSICA. I'm going to call my mom.

DANIELLE. Jessica! You cannot call your mom!

JESSICA. Oh, no? Watch me.

DANIELLE. What are you going to say to her?

JESSICA. I'm going to ask her to come pick us up, what do you think?

DANIELLE. You told her you were spending the night at my house! I told *my* mom I was spending the night at *your* house! How are you going to explain being *here*?

JESSICA (*after a moment's thought*). She'll understand.

DANIELLE. Well, my mom will *not*! Do you want to get me grounded for the rest of my life?

JESSICA. No, but I don't want to spend the night in a parking lot, either.

DANIELLE. You promised, Jessica! You *swore* you wouldn't tell.

JESSICA. I know, but it's *creepy* out here. Everything's gone *dark*. And it's getting *cold*!

DANIELLE. You swore to *God*!

JESSICA (*a pause as she considers this—and slowly lets her purse slide to the ground. She plops down beside it*). I don't know why I stay friends with you.

DANIELLE (*grinning, she sits beside JESSICA, bumping her a little in a teasing way—and also to get closer for warmth. She pulls half of JESSICA's sweater around her own shoulders*). Because it's fun, that's why.

JESSICA. You get me into more trouble—

DANIELLE. And you love it. You know you do! You loved sneaking out to go to this concert, and you loved talking to Bobo. Admit it!

JESSICA (*nodding*). It *was* fun. It was cool.

DANIELLE. Yes! And you're going to love being my best friend when I'm a rich and famous country star, touring coast to coast in my very own private bus, *just like Bobo!* (*Beat.*) You can be my manager, if you want.

JESSICA. I don't know anything about that stuff—