

Dory's Diaries

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CAST-

DOROTHY - Old lady/grandma (77)

DEBRA - Nursing home worker (34)

ALEX - Happy and curious child(9)

DREW - Disappointment and Mature Child(12)

HARPER - Disney Channel Kinda Dialogue(9)

YOUNG DOROTHY - A Teenage Dorothy(16-23)

YOUNG FRANK - A Teenage Frank(16-23)

BRENDA - Dorothy's Teenage "Friend"(18)

BILLY - The Main Bully

BETTY/BOBBY - Bully 2

FRANK - Kind and sweet person. Lover of Dorothy. Writer.

PROFESSOR - University teacher

Background Characters - Random old lady, audience members, students.

Story 1 - 1963

Story 2 - 1964

Story 3 - 1967

Story 4 - 1969

In-Betweens - 2024

SCENE 1

**Dorothy knitting in a rocking chair*

**Footstep noises as Debra walks on*

Debra: Dorothy, your grandkids are here!

Dorothy: Oh thank you, Brenda.

Debra: It's Debra. **timid*

Dorothy: Sorry, you just remind me of somebody that I used to know.

**Debra walks out*

**Grandkids walk-in*

**Harper is carrying the box*

Drew: **annoyed* Hey Grandma.

Alex and Harper: Grandma! Grandma! Grandma!

Dorothy: Hello my darlings! Harper, Alex, and Drew. My goodness you've grown like weeds.

Harper: We found this box of your old stuff from our attic!

Alex: There's some really cool stuff in here!

Dorothy: Oh aren't you a sweet bunch! Let me see!

**Harper lays the box beside the rocking chair*

**Dorothy grabs Souvenir [whatever we find backstage]*

Alex: Woah, look at these cool pink glasses! **Alex grabs the sunglasses and puts them on*

Dorothy: Those glasses look good on you, Alex. you remind me of my old self. **Grandma laughs*

Harper: And what's up with this paper?

Dorothy: Oh I forgot about these things! They're still in such good shape!

Drew: Except this... Why is this stuff so dusty?

**Drew pulls the diary out of the box and blows the dust off of it*

Dorothy: It's my diary! I used to write a lot, would you like to hear a few stories from it?

Alex & Harper: Yes, Grandma!

Drew: Not really.

Dorothy: Well Drew, that's too bad.

**Dorothy opens up the diary*

Dorothy: It says, "September 1963, It was my first day of senior year..."

SCENE 2

**Lights down on Nursing home*

**Lights up on Flashback*

Young Dorothy enters the stage holding her books. **Bully 1 and 2 come up behind her and push her down*

Billy: HAAAAHA! Look at this dork with her dorky books and her dorky pink glasses!

**The bullies walk away*

Brenda: You're right Billy, that girl is dorky.

Betty/Bobby: Dorky Dorothy.

**They snicker and young Dorothy cries*

**Young Frank enters from the other side of the stage*

Young Frank: Oh, what happened here? Let me help you.

**Young Dorothy notices him and quickly straightens herself up*

Young Dorothy: You didn't see anything! **Smiles, hiding her tears.*

**Young Frank tries to pick her books up for her*

Young Frank: My name is Frank, I'm new here. Haven't met many people yet. **Smiles*

Young Dorothy: Thank you for picking up my books. **Blushes* My name is D-D-Dorothy. Nice to meet you, Frank.

**Lights down on flashback*

**Lights up on Nursing Home*

Harper: You were bullied, grandma? That's not good. **Frowns*

Alex: We learned about that at school.

Dorothy: Yes, dear I was bullied since I was in middle school but I kept writing and making diaries to help. Here, let's get another diary from the year after to cheer up the mood.

**They all nod*

**Dorothy picks up a new diary in the box labelled "1964."*

SCENE 3

Dorothy: March 1964...

**Lights down on Nursing Home*

**Lights up on Flashback*

**Young Dorothy is sitting down reading with books scattered around*

**Brenda steps out from the side with a phone*

**Rotary phone rings next to her and picks it up*

Young Dorothy: Hello, Brenda.

**Brenda chewing gum*

Brenda: Okay. I have an extra ticket to this play that my Billy is in, and everyone else that I asked said no because they were at some silly funeral and this is like way more important, so you're coming with me.

Young Dorothy: Wait, but—

Brenda: Meet me at the theatre at 6:30, and wear something that doesn't look like a run-over possum as usual.

Young Dorothy: Oh o—

**Brenda hangs up and walks off stage*

Young Dorothy: **stands up* Shucks. I gotta hurry!

**Dorothy runs over to the curtain and grabs two outfits*

Young Dorothy: Ok which one, um. **lifts an outfit* This one!

**Lights down on Flashback*

**Lights up on Nursing Home*

**Drew finds clothes in the box*

Drew: Were these the type of clothes you wore? Brenda was right. This is pretty ugly!

Harper: Drew!

Drew: Sorry, it's true though.

Alex: Wait grandma, who's Brenda?

Dorothy: Oh... Brenda. She was the only "friend" I had in high school. Sometimes I'd think she was just friends with me so I would do her homework for her **pause* and she would just criticise my outfit **fake laugh*. But when it really mattered she would be a good friend!

Alex: Where is she now? Why haven't we heard about her before?

Dorothy: Um, I don't know. We lost touch after graduation.

**Lights down on Nursing Home*

**Lights up on Flashback*

**At the Theatre. Brenda Standing waiting by the seats*

**Young Dorothy runs to Brenda out of breath*

**Brenda is filing her nails*

Brenda: What took you so long?

Young Dorothy: Oh, sorry I was just—

**Brenda looks at her*

Brenda: What are you wearing?! **disgusted* You look like my grandma's couch threw up.

**Brenda points to an old lady*

Brenda: Like that. Anyway, did you get my essay done yet?

Young Dorothy: Um, n-no, not yet.

Brenda: Ugh, you're so slow. **sits down* Now hurry the show's about to start—

**Lights down on Flashback*

**Lights up on Nursing Home*

Drew: That bully was right, you really were a dork, grandma.

Dorothy: Hahaha. I wasn't that much of a dork.

All three grandchildren: Yes, you were!

**Harper goes over to the box and picks out the Playbill of Murder at Midnight*

Harper: Wait, is this the program from the play you saw?

**Alex takes it from Harper*

Alex: Huh. "Murder at Midnight," sounds corny.

Dorothy: It was actually very interesting, I even started making scripts after that.

**Lights down on Nursing Home*

**Lights up on Flashback*

**Everyone is standing around chatting*

Young Dorothy: Brenda, I loved the play! I'm gonna find the writer.

**Young Dorothy starts walking over to Frank*

Brenda: Whatever, I'm gonna go find Billy. **doesn't care*

**Young Dorothy walks over to Frank*

**Brenda goes up to a random person*

**Young Frank is turned talking to someone, facing away from the audience*

**Young Dorothy taps Young Frank on the shoulder*

Young Dorothy: Excuse me?

**Young Frank turns around*

Young Frank: Hey what's going on?

Young Dorothy: Oh! Frank. You're the writer, right? Your play was really good.

Young Frank: Thank you! I remember you! You're that dorky girl from last year!

**Young Dorothy is embarrassed.*

Young Dorothy: Oh.

Young Frank: It's true though you're one of the smartest people I know. **smiles*

Young Dorothy: Oh really? I just wanted to say how good of a writer you are. I share the same passion for writing too. I'm not much of a theatre person myself but I'm very impressed how you managed to write such an intriguing play.

Brenda: Hey Dorky Dorothy!! Come on, I want to go see Billy.

Young Dorothy: Sorry! Gotta go.

Young Frank: Okay? Bye!

**Brenda grabs Young Dorothy's arm and drags her offstage*

Young Frank: **yells* Hey wait! Dorothy, let's write together sometime!

Young Dorothy: O-Okay!! See you. **smiles*

**Lights down on Flashback*

SCENE 4

**Lights up on Nursing Home*

Harper: Is this the part where you and Grandpa Frank start dating?

Dorothy: Why, yes it is!

**Dorothy grabs a new Diary from the box labelled "1967"*

Dorothy: "1967." I guess we lost some of my diaries, let me give you some context for years between. So Brenda gave up having me as her friend, then me and your Grandpa made many plays together and even went to the same college. We realised we liked each other.

Drew: Is that what love is like?

Dorothy: Oh... Drew **sympathetically*

**Lights down on Nursing Home*

**Lights up on Flashback*

**Four to five Desks with Professor in front of them talking about something*

Professor: ...and class, I want everyone to finish their essay based on the characters of Romeo and Juliet.

**Professor looks at his watch*

Professor: Oh! Guess class is over, don't forget to read pages 10 to 43 and answer the questions in the textbook.

**Young Dorothy & Frank walk over to the desks*

Young Dorothy: Do you want to go anywhere since we only have an hour 'till my next class?

Young Frank: Yeah probably not, don't you always have something to do anyway? **sarcastic*

Young Dorothy: What's that even supposed to mean?

Young Frank: Well since *you* got the scholarship that I applied for, you've always got something to do without me!

Young Dorothy: I'm sorry that you feel that way but this is a great opportunity for me, but there's no need to be mad because you didn't get one.

Young Frank: That's not what I'm talking about!

Young Dorothy: Well, what are you even talking about then?

Young Frank: That scholarship! I was the one that got you to start writing, but now it's like I'm just an afterthought to you. You don't even write with me anymore!

Young Dorothy: What? You never had a problem with it before.

Young Frank: Who said I wasn't upset about it, 'cause it sure wasn't me!

Young Dorothy: Well you could've just said that to me.

Young Frank: I would've. If you were ever here to hear it.

Young Dorothy: Then what do you want me to do about it?

Young Frank: Maybe we should... **pause* Never mind.

**Young Frank walks off*

Young Dorothy: Wait, what? This is all too sudden.

**Young Dorothy runs after young Frank*

Young Dorothy: Stop!

**Lights down on Flashback*

**Lights up on Nursing Home*

Dorothy: I never heard from him after that day...

**Dorothy starts to cry*

Harper: Grandma, don't cry. **Frowns*

**Frank enters*

Frank: Dory! Are you telling the kids I ran off and died again!?

Dorothy: Heavens, No! Well, yes. But it just makes more of an emotional end.

Frank: Well stop it! Alex will think I'm dead again!

Alex: Grandpa. Are you a Ghost?

Frank: No! Here. Let me tell you three what actually happened after that.

SCENE 5

**Lights down on Nursing Home*

**Light up on flashback.*

**There is a tree (Miley) and a bench. It's sunny and they are outside walking, then they sit on the bench.*

Young Dorothy: You know. I'm really glad I met you in high school. I could've never escaped those bullies without you. Those moments where you would cheer up my day just by having a conversation with me.

Young Frank: I'm glad I met you too Dory. I feel so stupid not noticing. Oh, that reminds me, I've been working on a new project for a while and I want you to read it. The title is "An Unexpected Date."

Young Dorothy: Oh. Do you want me to edit some things in it and read it out?

**Frank nods and smiles*

Young Frank: Before you read it all. Read the last page first. Out loud.

Young Dorothy:**Young Dorothy looks at the script again* Okay, the character "Raymond" says "From the moment I met you, I knew you were special. I was too shy to confess my love for you. Then the chance came up when you spoke to me. After the play, I knew then that was the moment. You are everything I ever wanted, you were funny and a dork, but that's a good thing. What I'm trying to say is, will you marry me?" **Pause* Frank, I think this is really good.

**She looks away from the script to Young Frank and he is on his knees with a ring box in his hands.*

Young Frank: Dorothy Jo Carter, will you marry me?

**Dorothy in tears and disbelief from shock*

Young Dorothy: Frank?! Yes Frank I will!

**They run over and hug each other with a smile*

**Lights down on Flashback*

**Lights up on Nursing Home*

Drew: That was an amazing story.

Frank: It definitely was.

**All the kids nods in agreement*

Dorothy: Oh, yes I still have the ring. **laughs*

Dorothy shows off her ring

Harper: Very pretty.

Drew: How much was it?

**Frank whispers to Drew*

**Drew's face is shocked*

Alex: I wanna write my own diaries now!

Dorothy: I think that's an excellent idea!

**Debra returns*

Debra: Dorothy, you have a letter from someone.

**Debra gives the letter to Dorothy*

Harper: Who's it from, Grandma?

**Dorothy opens the letter*

Dorothy: Oh. It looks like it's from... **pause* Brenda.

**Grandkids are surprised*

Frank: Well what does it say Dory?

**Dorothy reads the letter*

Dorothy: She wants to reconnect.

Frank: That's great.

Harper: I'm so happy for you!

Alex: Can we meet her? She seems so cool!

Dorothy: Maybe another time. Now, who wants cookies?

**They all chit-chat.*

Alex: Grandma can I keep these? **puts on glasses*

**Grandma smiles*

Dorothy: *No.*

**Lights Fade*

The end.