

The Disappearance of Ezra Clybourne...?

By

David Taylor Little

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF EZRA CLYBOURNE...?

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THE DISAPPEARANCE OF EZRA CLYBOURNE...?

*for the students and faculty at The Blue Lake Fine Arts Camp
with love and admiration*

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF EZRA CLYBOURNE...?

The Disappearance of Ezra Clybourne...? was originally produced at The Blue Lake Fine Arts Camp in Twin Lake Michigan directed by David Taylor Little, and featuring the following cast:

Jake Mitchell..... C. Drew Vidal
Devon Bennet.....Susan Ruggiero-Mezzadri
Ezra ClybourneAndrew Anglin
Logan MorrisStephanie “Tippi” Hart
Chris MitchellStephanie “Tippi” Hart
Phony Ezra.....Andrew Anglin
Agnes EdwardsDavid Taylor Little
Camp AnnouncerAndrew Anglin
Random CouselorDavid Taylor Little

The Disappearance of Ezra Clybourne...? was subsequently broadcast on Blue Lake Public Radio, featuring the following cast:

Jake Mitchell..... C. Drew Vidal
Devon Bennet Katherine Mayberry
Ezra ClybourneMark Cabus
Logan MorrisStephanie “Tippi” Hart
Chris MitchellStephanie “Tippi” Hart
Phony Ezra.....Mark Cabus
Agnes EdwardsDavid Taylor Little
Camp AnnouncerMark Cabus
Random Counselor ..David Taylor Little

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CAST: 2 Women, 2 Men, 5+ Any

Jacob (Jake) Mitchell	Teens. Youthful, energetic, and resourceful.
Devon Bennet	Teens. Fun, a little tough, but mostly warm and kind.
Ezra Clybourne	Teens. Loyal, nerdy, maybe a little shy ***This actor also plays Phony Ezra Clybourne.
Chris Mitchell	30s. Jacob's mother or father (if changing the gender, adjust pronouns accordingly). Feisty, fearless, EPIC (to use Devon's word).
Logan Morris	20s. Efficient, kind, busy all the time. Can be played by any gender expression.
Agnes Edwards	An old lady. Not nice, inhospitable, scheming.
Dylan Gabriel	Any age. Congenial. Can be played by any gender expression.

ADDITIONAL PARTS: Random Counselor, Camp Announcer, Commercial Actors. These parts can be distributed amongst your other cast members, or to additional actors depending on how many people you want to involve in your production. They can be played by any gender expression.

TIME: Summertime. The Present.

PLACE: A fine arts camp somewhere in the USA.

A NOTE ABOUT THE COMMERCIALS: I have included three breaks with commercials for you to use if you so choose. However, I highly encourage you to write your own commercials in place of the ones I've added. I promise my feelings won't be hurt. You can use this space to advertise your season, upcoming events at your school or theatre, or plug your own sponsors. My only request is that if you choose to write your own commercials, you make them as fun as you can.

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A NOTE ABOUT MUSIC: In the original production of this play, we included live music between the scenes. This helped a lot with transitions. We specifically played camp songs...i.e. *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*, and *Kumbaya*. But I can envision any number of different musical styles that would work just as well. This could also be a way to get many more students involved. We used simple piano accompaniment without voices, but a production with sung camp songs between the scenes could also be a lot of fun.

A NOTE ABOUT FOLEY: In the original production of this play, we had electronic sound effects that created an underlying sound scape. It was quite effective. But I also think you could use actor-generated Foley, or a mix of that and electronic sound effects. Whatever you do, get lots of people involved in the creation of sound. It's part of what makes the play fun.

FINAL NOTE: I call this a "Live Podcast," but it's essentially an old-fashioned radio play. One need not produce it with a set or costumes. All you need for this piece to be effective is actors, music, and fun sound effects. But, I can see where hints of costume, and maybe even projected images as backgrounds could be a lot of fun. If producing this in an educational setting, I can also imagine a world where you have your students do a dramaturgical project on the history of radio plays and how that form has morphed into the current trend of podcasting.

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Actors are lined up on stage with scripts on music stands, waiting for the podcast to start. Eventually, DYLAN GABRIEL enters and music begins. As the music comes to an end:

DYLAN. Hello listeners and welcome back to *Tales From the Twilight Realm*...a weekly anthology podcast series featuring stories of mystery and intrigue. Once again, I'm Dylan Gabriel, your host and guide through the chilling twists and turns of the Twilight Realm. I hope you enjoyed last week's episode *The Great Catsby*, the story of a resuscitated, zombie cat in 1920s New York City. If you missed it, you'll want to be sure and look for it wherever you download your podcasts. It was something of an experiment for us since we'd never done a musical episode before. This week we are broadening our horizons again by bringing you our episode live from (*Insert name of venue*). We have recruited the help of (*name of performance group*) to play all the parts in today's episode. So, without further ado, sit back, adjust your headphones if you're joining us from home, and get ready for, *The Disappearance of Ezra Clybourne...?* live from (*Insert name of venue*)!

Music plays to begin the story...then transitions into:

SCENE 1

CAMP ANNOUNCER. (*On a loudspeaker.*) Hello, campers! Welcome to Red River Ridge Arts Camp! Whether it's your first time or your fifth, you're family here at Red River! Please look at your registration card to find your cabin counselor. You can follow them to your unit for cabin time,

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and we'll see you for dinner at 5:30! (*DEVON BENNET is sitting on a bench at camp. JAKE MITCHELL runs up to her.*)

JAKE. Devon! Hey Devon!

DEVON. (*Not as excited to see him as he is to see her*) Oh...hey, Jake.

JAKE. It's good to see you!

DEVON. Uh...yeah.

JAKE. Are you ready for placement auditions tomorrow?

DEVON. I'm not gonna be in the orchestra this year.

JAKE. What? We always do it together! You, me and Ezra!

DEVON. Yeah...well, I decided to try something different this year.

JAKE. Oh. Okay. Uh...What are you doing instead?

DEVON. Dance.

JAKE. I guess that's okay. It just won't be the same. It's always the three of us.

DEVON. Things change.

JAKE. Yeah...I guess so.

DEVON. See ya, Jake.

JAKE. Wait, I haven't seen you all year. How've you been?

DEVON. Fine.

JAKE. Good. (*It's awkward for a minute. Neither of them knows what to say. We don't know why it's so awkward. Then:*) Is Bella Garcia in the dance department this year?

DEVON. Why? You still have a crush on her?

JAKE. Maybe...

DEVON. I don't know yet.

JAKE. I was thinking about asking her to the dance.

DEVON. Look, Jake...I don't really feel like talking to you right now. So I'm gonna go find my cabin mates.

JAKE. You still mad about last year?

DEVON. (*Sarcastically*) You think?

JAKE. Oh...Ok...maybe we'll get a chance to talk later.

DEVON. Maybe.

JAKE. (*Dejectedly*) I guess I'll see you later then?

DEVON. (*Hesitantly*) Have you...ah...seen Ezra yet?

JAKE. No. He must have gone straight to the cabin. Why?

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DEVON. I haven't heard from him in a while.

JAKE. Why are you asking me anyway? You're the one dating him.

DEVON. Well...

JAKE. (*Laughing*) You two break up or something?

DEVON. Kind of.

JAKE. What do you mean kind of?

DEVON. It happened in May.

JAKE. YOU TWO BROKE UP TWO MONTHS AGO!

DEVON. Yeah.

JAKE. He's my best friend. Why didn't he tell me!

DEVON. When's the last time you talked to him, Jake?

JAKE. (*Embarrassed*) I guess it's been a while.

DEVON. (*She knows how long it's been since Jake and Ezra have spoken. It was last year at camp*) Yeah. About a year, huh?

JAKE. I just thought he would tell me if something big like that happened. Why didn't he text me or something?

DEVON. (*Facetiously as she knows why he didn't actually call*) Maybe he was just embarrassed.

JAKE. (*Doesn't hear the facetiousness*) Why would he be embarrassed for breaking up with you?

DEVON. (*Angry*) What makes you think HE broke up with ME?

JAKE. Oh...sorry...I just assumed.

DEVON. Jerk.

JAKE. So...what happened?

DEVON. I don't wanna talk about it. Especially not with you.

JAKE. Is there someone else?

DEVON. No.

JAKE. Swear?

DEVON. NO! THERE ISN'T!

JAKE. Ok! I'm just being protective.

DEVON. You gave up your right to be protective of Ezra.

JAKE. He's still mad at me too, then?

DEVON. Shouldn't YOU know the answer to that question? I thought you were like best friends, or something?

JAKE. We don't, like, talk every day. We go to different schools.

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DEVON. (*Matter of fact*) I KNOW, Jake, but he DOES have a phone.

JAKE. We talk sometimes. Just not ALL the time.

DEVON. Well...not for at least a YEAR...huh? Anyway...I tried to text him a few times, but he didn't write back. So I guess you're not the only person he's angry with.

JAKE. Maybe he's just busy with baseball practice. I think he's the team captain this year.

DEVON. Yeah...maybe.

JAKE. If we're in the same cabin, we'll flag you down at dinner.

DEVON. Assuming he wants to talk to either of us. (*A trumpet sounds off in the distance.*) Look, I gotta run. If you see Ezra, tell him I want to talk to him.

JAKE. (*Sadly*) Okay.

DEVON. Thanks. (*She runs off*).

JAKE. It really is good to see you...she's gone. Shoot. I screwed that all up.

LOGAN. (*In the distance*) Hurry up, Jake or you'll fall behind your cabin mates.

JAKE. (*To himself*) Camp is really gonna suck this year if everyone's mad at me.

LOGAN. JAKE!

JAKE. (*To Logan*) Coming! (*Jake runs to catch up to his cabin mates.*)

SCENE 2

CAMP ANNOUNCER. Twenty minutes until lights out, Red River campers! You have just enough time to scarf down a s'more, brush those pearly whites, and write a letter to your parents before you hear the closing day song. Get a good night's sleep! Tomorrow will be an exhilarating day! Also, would Sophie Maslon please report to the office, we retrieved your piccolo from the beaver's lodge up the river and would like to return it.

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We're in the office for Jake's unit. We can hear many boys, in the distance, unpacking, joking around, catching up, maybe practicing their instruments. The phone rings and the unit leader, LOGAN, picks it up.

LOGAN. *(On the phone)* Yello?! Yeah...I'll get right on that. We can move him to another cabin. I think there's space in Pirandello...the Rivera twins didn't show up so we have two beds there. I'll see you at breakfast tomorrow. *(Logan hangs up the phone and sees Jake in the doorway.)*

JAKE. Ummm...hey, Logan...

LOGAN. Jake! Welcome back! It's good to see you.

JAKE. You're a unit leader now?

LOGAN. Yup. I finished undergrad...and Stacy couldn't be here this year...so I got a promotion!

JAKE. That's great. Congratulations.

LOGAN. What can I do for you?

JAKE. Oh, right...have you seen Ezra Clybourne? His bunk is usually next to mine, but I don't see any of his stuff.

LOGAN. *(Looking through papers)* Clybourne...Clybourne...Nope, haven't seen him yet.

JAKE. Did he check in?

LOGAN. Not as far as I can see. We get a running tab of campers as they check in and register. He's not on my list. Everyone else in the cabin is here.

JAKE. Huh...

LOGAN. He's probably just late. You guys friends?

JAKE. *(Distractedly thinking)*...Uh...yeah. Best friends. Or...at least we were.

LOGAN. I wouldn't worry too much.

JAKE. Normally I wouldn't. His grandmother is always running late. But I haven't heard from him in a while. Our friend Devon, over on the girl's side of camp, she hasn't heard from him either. I just thought it was because he was busy. But it's not like him to be this late for camp. It's his favorite part of the year.

LOGAN. Well, I probably have a phone number for his house in my files. If he's not here by dinner, I'll call and find out what's up.

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JAKE. Thanks, Logan.

LOGAN. In the meantime, get unpacked and set up.

JAKE. Yeah. Ok. (*Jake leaves the office.*)

SCENE 3

It's breakfast the next day and LOUD! Campers are talking all over the place. But the camp announcer gets their attention and things quiet down.

CAMP ANNOUNCER. Welcome....to Breakfast! For those of you new to Red River Ridge, we have a long-standing tradition of singing before the day begins. If you don't know the song, you'll learn it tonight in your cabin. For everyone else, join me in singing The Red River Ridge Roundelay. (*We hear a large group of singers join in a lovely song together.*)

ALL CAMPERS. DEAR, RED RIVER RIDGE
WE'VE ONCE AGAIN RETURNED.
IT'S BEEN 12 MONTHS
SINCE OUR TIME HERE LAST ADJOURNED.
OUR TEACHERS, FRIENDS, AND COUNSELORS
WE'RE HERE TO SEE ONCE MORE.
IT'S TIME TO CELEBRATE
SO TOAST YOURSELF A S'MORE.
AND WHEN OUR SESSION'S OVER
AND IT'S TIME TO HEAD ON HOME.
WE'LL TAKE OUR MEM-RIES WITH US
WHERE E'RE IT IS WE ROAM.
FOR IN ONE YEAR
WE'LL BE BACK AGAIN YOU'LL SEE.
DEAR, RED RIVER RIDGE
WE PLEDGE OURSELVES TO THEE! (*As soon as it's over, people begin talking again, but it's not nearly as loud. Logan approaches Jake's table with a new kid.*)

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LOGAN. Hello, folks! We have a big day today so eat up! AND DON'T FORGET TO DRINK SOME WATER! Bug Juice is not enough to keep you hydrated today. It's gonna get up to 90 degrees! Also, we have a late arrival I'd like to introduce to you. His name is Ezra Clybourne. Give him a big Red River welcome and please make room for him at our table.

PHONY EZRA. (*PHONY EZRA sits beside Jake.*) Hey, man. I'm Ezra.

JAKE. Ummm...I'm Jake.

PHONY EZRA. Nice to meet you.

JAKE. Wait...I'm confused.

PHONY EZRA. About what?

JAKE. I've never seen you before.

PHONY EZRA. I just got here.

JAKE. Haven't you been here before? To Red River?

PHONY EZRA. Uhhh...yeah. I love it here. Been coming here for a while. I go to Unterclocken sometimes, too. It's a couple of hours away.

JAKE. I know where it is.

PHONY EZRA. But I don't like it as much there. So I didn't go this year. Red River is much more fun.

JAKE. Huh...

PHONY EZRA. You been here before?

JAKE. Uh...yeah...

PHONY EZRA. Maybe you can show me the ropes then.

JAKE. I guess...would you excuse me...I...uh...gotta...go. (*Jake gets up quickly and we cut to a commercial break.*)

COMMERCIAL BREAK #1

DYLAN. Ooooh! How mysterious! I wonder what's going to happen next for Jake and Devon? While I hate to stop, we do need to take a moment to recognize our sponsor for this evening's presentation.

We transition to a commercial for Rick's Heating and Cooling Experts.

Note: You are encouraged to write your own commercials in place of this

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one for your production of the play. Maybe you can give a shout out to your theatre's sponsors. Or plug your upcoming season. Have fun with it. You may also cut the commercials in the interest of time if you do not wish to include them.

YOUNG BOY. MOM! I'm soooooooo cold. Can I PLEASE turn up the thermostat JUST a little bit?

MOM. No...Put on a sweater...you'll be fine

YOUNG BOY. I have 3 sweaters on!

MOM. I know you have at least one more sweater on the floor in your room.

YOUNG BOY. *(To himself)* Aww...what does she know? Two degrees can't hurt. *(Eddie turns up the thermostat 2 degrees and we hear a loud explosion...unsettlingly, and hilariously loud. There is an uncomfortably long pause.)*

MOM. *(Cheerily, scolding)* EDDIE! I thought I told you to leave the thermostat alone!

YOUNG BOY. Oopsie daisy! *(We hear a jaunty commercial ditty for Rick's Heating and Cooling Experts:)*

MOM AND YOUNG BOY. IF YOUR FURNACE NEEDS A FIX
AND YOU DON'T HAVE ANY TRICKS
CALL THE HEATER EXPERTS
AT 1-800-RICKS!

MOM. That's Rick's Heating and Cooling Experts!

DYLAN. And now...back to The Disappearance of Ezra Clybourne!

SCENE 4

CAMP ANNOUNCER. Rec hour has officially begun, and we have a special treat for you today...the faculty polka band will be playing a 30-minute concert on the central camp gazebo. Counselors will be on hand to teach any brave campers how to polka! Also, we will be serving root beer and soft pretzels on the river front patio. Come on over and bust a move...it's Oktoberfest...in July! Also, would Jason Peters please report to

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the health lodge? Your cabin councilor has not seen you since lunch on Thursday and would like to make sure you're okay.

We're back in the unit office. Jake is talking to Logan.

LOGAN. Jake! Your friend showed up, finally. You must be relieved.

JAKE. Yeah...uh...that's not Ezra.

LOGAN. Um...yes it is.

JAKE. I've never seen that kid before.

LOGAN. Seriously?

JAKE. Yeah.

LOGAN. Are you sure? You said you hadn't seen him in a while.

JAKE. He didn't know who I was.

LOGAN. He looks like Ezra. At least I think he does. He was here last year, right?

JAKE. Yes. But I'm telling you, that person is not him. He's got a deeper voice than Ezra.

LOGAN. Did his voice drop? I'm not gonna have to tell you about puberty, am I? I don't get paid enough for that.

JAKE. (*Ignoring that comment*) And this guy isn't wearing glasses.

LOGAN. Maybe he got contacts. Ooooh...or lasic!

JAKE. (*Interrupting*) And Ezra does NOT have muscles like that. Look...he's my best friend, and I love him, but he's kind of a nerd. This guy, whoever he is, may be similar to Ezra, but he's definitely NOT Ezra.

LOGAN. So...what do you want me to do about it?

JAKE. Call his house.

LOGAN. Who, Ezra's?

JAKE. Yeah.

LOGAN. Why?

JAKE. Just to check. Please. Make sure it's the correct number.

LOGAN. But he's not there.

JAKE. No...but his grandma SHOULD be there. It will only take a minute to see if she is. You can say you're...double checking to see if it's the correct phone number.

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LOGAN. (*Reluctantly gives in*) Okay...FINE...Hold on. I have to grab his file.

JAKE. No! Don't call that number.

LOGAN. Why are you making this so complicated?

JAKE. They could have given you any number. I have his house number memorized. Call that one. If it doesn't match the one in his file, then something's up. If you pass me the phone, I can dial it for you.

LOGAN. Can you write it down on this piece of paper, too? Just in case it IS different. (*He writes the number down. He then points to the application in his hand*) Wait. Look at this. That's the same number his grandmother wrote on Ezra's application.

JAKE. (*Confused*) What? That can't be right...

LOGAN. Should we still call?

JAKE. Ok...Yeah...I guess...? (*Jake dials the phone. It takes a minute for someone to pick up. Then...*)

AGNES. Hello?

LOGAN. Hello, is this Ezra Clybourne's Grandmother?

AGNES. Yes.

LOGAN. This is Logan Morris from Red River Ridge Arts Camp.

AGNES. Oh no! Is Ezra in trouble?

LOGAN. No. I just needed to double check and make sure we had the correct number. Sorry to bother you. Have a nice evening, ma'am.

AGNES. You too. And don't hesitate to call if you need anything for my Ezra. (*Logan hangs up.*)

LOGAN. I don't know what to tell you, Jake. That was Ezra's house. And you and I both have the same number.

JAKE. Something's wrong.

LOGAN. Listen...it's been a long first day of camp. Go get a s'more and hit the hay. Maybe you'll be able to figure it out in the morning after you get some sleep.

JAKE. Okay...night, Logan. (*Jake leaves the unit office confused and frustrated.*)

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SCENE 5

The next evening, a concert at camp. The campers are filing into seats in the large band shell. Devon sits right in front of Jake.

CAMP ANNOUNCER. Good evening campers! Before we begin tonight's concert, we'd like to remind you that the use of recording devices is strictly prohibited. Please turn off all cell phones...Just kidding! I know you don't have any electronic devices! *(There is a groan from the audience.)* Now...have we got an exciting concert lined up for you this evening...our first performance of the session! Anastasiya Kushnir has been traveling across the United States this summer, playing concerts in some rather impressive venues. We're happy to have her with us this evening, to play some Rachmaninoff and Chopin. Please join me in giving a warm, Red River welcome to Anastasiya Kushnir! *(The campers applaud. There is a brief silence until Anastasiya begins to play some Rachmaninoff music on the piano.)*

JAKE. *(Jake leans over and begins to talk to Devon.)* Pssst! Devon.

DEVON. Shhhh! I told you, I don't really want to talk to you.

JAKE. This is important. And I haven't seen you all day.

DEVON. *(Hissing)* What is it?

JAKE. There's an imposter Ezra that showed up this morning at breakfast.

DEVON. What?

JAKE. Yeah...He said his name was Ezra, but it's not him.

DEVON. Who is it?

JAKE. I DON'T KNOW!

DEVON. Weird.

JAKE. Not just weird...scary.

DEVON. I guess. Maybe it's just another kid with the same name.

JAKE. EZRA. CLYBOURNE? How many Ezra Clybourne's have you met?

DEVON. Well...just the one.

JAKE. Yeah...that's what has me worried.

DEVON. Jake...let it go!

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JAKE. Let it go?!?! You know I can't do that, Devon. And neither should you!

DEVON. Just because your cabin sits behind mine at the concerts doesn't mean you can keep talking to me. This is gonna have to wait until later. Now, leave me alone. (*Jake waits for a bit. We listen to Rachmaninoff. He can't wait any more.*)

JAKE. Devon, we have to talk now. My unit leader, Logan, called Ezra's house.

DEVON. And?

JAKE. He talked to Ezra's grandma!

DEVON. Okay...? And...

JAKE. Nothing.

DEVON. What do you mean nothing?

JAKE. She didn't say anything about Ezra. Nothing about going to another camp. Or that he's home sick. Just nothing.

DEVON. Ok. Then he must be fine.

JAKE. I'm not so sure.

DEVON. Why would she lie?

JAKE. I don't know. OOOO! Maybe it wasn't his grandma!

DEVON. What? You read too many detective stories.

JAKE. You never know, Devon.

DEVON. Are you sure you called the correct number?

JAKE. Yes. I dialed it myself.

DEVON. (*Surprised*) You have it memorized?

JAKE. Remember a year and a half ago when Ezra was grounded for 3 weeks and he got his cell phone taken away?

DEVON. Yeah.

JAKE. I used to call his grandma's house when she was at swim aerobics so I could talk to him.

DEVON. (*Surprised*) You called Ezra? Like on a land line? You don't even text each other.

JAKE. I was trying to get him to talk to Bella for me. They go to the same school.

DEVON. Seriously?!?! You've had a crush on her for that long? Don't you care about anything else?

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JAKE. Yes...I care about Ezra.

DEVON. Jake...he's fine. You're blowing things out of proportion.

JAKE. Something seems fishy to me. Would Ezra really go to a new camp without telling us?

DEVON. Maybe? I mean neither of us have talked to him for a couple months.

JAKE. Yeah...

DEVON. Please stop talking. There isn't anything we can do about it at the moment.

JAKE. There might be.

DEVON. How do you figure that? We don't have our phones. We don't have cars. We don't even have access to the internet. What are we supposed to do? (*A RANDOM COUNSELOR interrupts them.*)

RANDOM COUNSELOR. Hey...Devon...SHHHHHHHHH!

DEVON. UGH! (*A few minutes of Rachmaninoff.*)

JAKE. (*Whispering*) Devon.

DEVON. SHHHHHH!!! You got me in trouble.

JAKE. This is important.

DEVON. I know, but do we have to talk about it now?

JAKE. If not now, I won't see you until tomorrow at rec time.

DEVON. Fine...just...be quick.

JAKE. We need to find out where Ezra is.

DEVON. How? We're at camp. We don't even have phones.

JAKE. I have an idea though. (*He pauses, waiting for her to ask him what the idea is.*)

DEVON. And...it is...?!

JAKE. Middle Sunday is tomorrow.

DEVON. Yeah?

JAKE. My mom is picking me up and taking me to dinner with my family. It's my Great Aunt Mildred's birthday.

DEVON. That has nothing to do with Ezra.

JAKE. No...but my Great Aunt Mildred lives near Ezra's house. I can convince my mom to drop by his place. We can check on him.

DEVON. What do you mean we? This is your idea.

JAKE. You need to come with me.

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DEVON. No. I don't. The theatre department is doing selections from *Hamilton* tomorrow night. I'm not gonna miss that.

JAKE. Seriously?!?! How many times have you seen that show now?

DEVON. (*She has to count*) ...Seven...

JAKE. You don't need to go to that. You're coming with me.

DEVON. No I'm not! I told you...Ezra and I broke up. It'll be awkward. I'm sure he's fine. Plus, I'd have to get my counselor to call my mom and ask if it's okay. AND I don't want to give up my night to spend it with your super old aunt...or YOU.

JAKE. Come on...Our moms know each other. She's not gonna say no. I know you're worried about him too.

DEVON. (*Thinking...then a little too loudly*) I'll think about it.

RANDOM COUNSELOR. (*Loud whisper*) Devon! Do I need to move you!

JAKE. (*A few minutes pass. More Rachmaninoff. Then.:*) Call your mom. You're coming with me.

DEVON. SHHHHHH!

JAKE. Fine! I'm just worried about my friend!

DEVON. ME TOO, JAKE! I JUST CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT RIGHT NOW!

RANDOM COUNSELOR. (*Whispering VERY loudly*) That's it, Devon! Move to the end of the row.

DEVON. I'm gonna kill you, Jake!

JAKE. Call your mom! I'll see you at rec hour tomorrow. (*The music stops and we hear applauding as the action segues to the 2nd Commercial Break.*)

COMMERCIAL BREAK #2

DYLAN. Well, listeners...things are really starting to heat up for our heroes, Jake and Devon. I'm sure you're just as curious as I am to know what's going to happen next. BUT first we need to hear from our sponsor.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF EZRA CLYBOURNE...?

Note: You are encouraged to write your own commercials in place of this one for your production of the play. Maybe you can give a shout out to your theatre's sponsors. Or plug your upcoming season. Have fun with it. You may also cut the commercials in the interest of time if you do not wish to include them.

YOUNG GIRL. *(Calling to her father)* Dad! Dad!

FATHER. Yes, Susan.

YOUNG GIRL. We're out of toothpaste again.

FATHER. There's a new tube of Happy Teeth Mint-O-Licious in the cupboard.

YOUNG GIRL. Oh, Dad! I'm tired of the same old mint flavored toothpaste.

FATHER. Isn't all toothpaste mint flavored?

YOUNG GIRL. Not Indiana Ike's new Savory Toothpaste line.

FATHER. Oh yeah? What flavors do they have?

YOUNG GIRL. Macaroni and cheese, bacon and eggs, sushi, and even turkey dinner!

FATHER. Does it fight gingivitis like regular old Indiana Ike's?

YOUNG GIRL. For sure! But now it fortifies gums with a hint of gravy!

FATHER. Can you get Indiana Ike's at the drug store?

YOUNG GIRL. Yes. Marla's mom got her the new chicken parmesan toothpaste, and I don't think I've ever seen Marla's teeth look so clean! And their baked pork chops with bourbon glaze tooth whitener really gives you that runway smile you've always wanted.

FATHER. Okay, Susan. I'm sold. But can you use your regular old mint toothpaste until I have a chance to go to the store tomorrow?

YOUNG GIRL. I guess so. But until then, I'll be dreaming about the garlicy fresh taste of Indiana Ike's Savory Toothpaste!

DYLAN. And now, thankfully, back to "The Disappearance of Ezra Clybourne...?"

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF EZRA CLYBOURNE...?

SCENE 6

CAMP ANNOUNCER. Campers! It's already middle Sunday! You've officially made it a third of the way through Red River session #2! If you're meeting your parents for an off-campus visit, please head to the north parking lot entrance of Sondheim Dining Hall. If you're staying on camp, we'll see you in Hammerstein Band Shell in approximately 15 minutes. Also...has anyone seen Jason Peters? Anyone? If you have seen Jason Peters, please alert a counselor.

Jake and Devon are sitting in the back seat of his mother CHRIS' car. They are driving to Ezra's grandmother's house.

JAKE. I told you your mom would let you come with us.

DEVON. That doesn't mean I wanted to.

JAKE. Yeah...well...you're here...

DEVON. I'm...curious.

JAKE. I knew it. You're worried.

DEVON. A little.

JAKE. He's been kidnapped...or something...I'm sure of it!

DEVON. Jake! You're being so extra right now!

JAKE. Maybe, but when we discover the band of pirates who stole Ezra in the middle of the night, you won't think I was being extra!

DEVON. Jake!! Stop!

JAKE. Mom, that's the house there, at the end of the street. *(The car pulls over and Jake's mom turns off the engine.)*

CHRIS. What exactly are we looking for, Jake?

JAKE. WE'RE not looking for anything, Mom. You stay in the car. Devon and I can handle this.

CHRIS. *(Worried)* I don't know, Jake. Maybe I should go with you.

JAKE. We're just gonna ring the doorbell and see if anyone is home. You can see us from the car.

CHRIS. I'm gonna get out and stand on the sidewalk.

JAKE. Mom! We got this! *(Jake and Devon open the car doors and begin to walk towards Ezra's Grandma's house.)*

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF EZRA CLYBOURNE...?

DEVON. Are you sure this is the house?

JAKE. Yup. Ezra invited me for a sleep over once...before, you all broke...*(realizes he shouldn't bring this up)*...well you know.

DEVON. *(Somewhat angry with Jake)* Yes. I DO know.

JAKE. Sorry for bringing it up.

DEVON. Let's just get this over with. This whole trip is frustrating enough without you mentioning that. Please...just...don't do it again.

JAKE. Wait...haven't you been here before?

DEVON. No. If we were hanging out, we'd meet up in town or at my house.

JAKE. So you never even met his Grandma Joan?

DEVON. *(Annoyed with Jake)* No, Jake...I never did!

JAKE. Sorry.

DEVON. We were planning on having her come to my parent's house for dinner, but then we broke up.

JAKE. I shouldn't have asked.

DEVON. Look...I know you're worried. I am too. But I just want to go back to camp. I'm missing good stuff tonight to be here with you. *(Looking around)* AND this place is a little CREEPY! Weren't you scared to stay here?

JAKE. Not really. His Grandma Joan is super nice. And he had a couple of other friends here too. There were like 6 of us.

DEVON. What do boys even DO at a sleepover?

JAKE. Video games.

DEVON. Is that it?

JAKE. Yup! We played Super Smash Bros. all night!

DEVON. *(She interrupts Jake with a little gasp)* AHH! Did you see that?

JAKE. What?

DEVON. That window upstairs! The curtain moved.

JAKE. So?

DEVON. Someone was watching us.

JAKE. It was probably just the cat...Bandit.

DEVON. That's a dog name.

JAKE. Ezra wanted a dog...his grandma got him a cat...so he named it Bandit.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF EZRA CLYBOURNE...?

DEVON. Well, maybe it was the cat. Just knock on the door. I wanna get the heck out of here! (*Jake knocks on the door. There is a long pause. Then...from behind the front door AGNES speaks.*)

AGNES. Go away!

JAKE. (*Pause. Jake doesn't know what to say*) Oh...uh...we're...

DEVON. (*Whispering*) Say something!

JAKE. Uh....We're here to see Ezra.

AGNES. He ain't here.

JAKE. But he lives here.

AGNES. Not at the moment, he don't.

DEVON. Grandma Joan? Is that you? I can't see you. Would you please come outside? We just want to ask you a question or two.

AGNES. I said go away! You want me to call the cops?

CHRIS. (*Walking up behind Jake and Devon*) What's wrong, Jake?

JAKE. (*Whispering*) She won't come outside. And I can't see her. It's dark in there.

CHRIS. Excuse me...Mrs...(Looks to Jake for help)

JAKE. Same as Ezra...Clybourne.

CHRIS. Mrs. Clybourne?

AGNES. (*Cuts her off*) What do you want?

CHRIS. We're just looking for my son's friend.

AGNES. I told you. He's not here!

JAKE. Uh...Grandma Joan...Don't you remember me? It's Jake Mitchell. Ezra's best friend. I slept over that one time when he had a party.

AGNES. (*Softening a little...or is the softness fabricated?*) Please leave. He's away at camp. And I don't like talking to strangers.

JAKE. Well...I could...leave him a note if you have some pen and paper.

AGNES. Ain't got no pen and paper handy. And I'm not feeling too well today. I'll tell him you stopped by. Now leave.

CHRIS. I think we need to go, Jake. Thank you...Mrs...Clybourne. We hope to hear from Ezra soon. (*Agnes slams the door shut.*)

JAKE. (*As they walk back to the car and get in*) I don't think that's Grandma Joan.

DEVON. Yeah...clearly! You said Grandma Joan is nice. That lady's mean. (*Car doors slam.*)

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF EZRA CLYBOURNE...?

CHRIS. Did you recognize the voice? Could it be another family member?

JAKE. I don't know. Ezra never told me about any other family. It was just him and Grandma Joan.

CHRIS. Well, we need to get you both back to camp. It's almost 8:30.

JAKE. Okay.

DEVON. Jake! Look! That window again!

JAKE. Huh... You're right. It does look like there is someone pulling that curtain back. But it's too dark to see a face. Quick, Mom...your phone. I'll take a picture or two. *(He snaps a few photographs of the house.)*

DEVON. You don't think it's Ezra, do you?

JAKE. Why would he be hiding in the attic? And if it is him, who's that lady?

CHRIS. Now's not the time to find out. Whoever she is, she wants us GONE! I'll see what I can figure out tomorrow. For now, let's not be late for curfew. *(The car starts up and drives off.)*

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
ORDER A COPY AT WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.COM***