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# LET ME IN

A PLAY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Sholeh Wolpé*



*Let Me In*

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## **Casting**

4F 3M + 2 Any Gender

**Ticket Guard:** Male. Passive young man who is very involved with his phone... texting, looking at Instagram, etc.

**Jazmine:** Female. Mild mannered Yemeni teenager with slight accent.

**Inspector:** Female. Aggressive late teens woman eager to assert her power.

**Jazmine's Date:** A teenage boy.

**Moviegoer 1:** Any gender.

**Moviegoer 2:** Female.

**Moviegoer 3:** Any gender.

**Moviegoer 4:** Male.

**Girlfriend:** Female.

Jazmine's Date can double as Moviegoers 1, 3, and 4. Girlfriend could double as Moviegoer 2.

## **Place**

At Archi-Light Theater in any city in United States.

## **Setting**

Entrance of Archi-Light Movie Theater.



*INSPECTOR is playing with her flashlight. It seems to be broken. It flashes on and off. She removes the batteries, puts them back in again, hits it against her palm, then against her thigh. She is aggressively frustrated with it.*

*TICKET GUARD is checking out Instagram pictures on his phone. He is completely absorbed in it, chuckling at some of the photos.*

TICKET GUARD: (to INSPECTOR) You girls are either posting cat videos or pictures of your feet.

INSPECTOR: (annoyed by his comment and still tackling her flashlight)  
Since when do I represent all the “girls” in your stupid Instagram app.

TICKET GUARD: You saying you’re not a girl?

*INSPECTOR gives TICKET GUARD a menacing look. JAZMINE arrives at the theater. She is out of breath, as if she’s been running. She trips over her own shoelace. She looks around, a bit embarrassed, then bends over to tie her shoe. Her skirt is bit tight and she struggles to perform the task with dignity. INSPECTOR and TICKET GUARD watch her with interest. Once she has tied her shoe, she straightens up and hurries over to TICKET GUARD.*

JAZMINE: Hi.

TICKET GUARD: Hi.

JAZMINE: I’m late.

TICKET GUARD: Don’t we go to the same high school?

JAZMINE: Maybe. I think so.

TICKET GUARD: (with a sly smile) Yeah.

*TICKET GUARD extends his hand out for her ticket. JAZMINE looks at it then realizes she has to show her ticket.*

JAZMINE: Oh, sorry.

*She laughs nervously, pulls out her phone and searches for her ticket app. TICKET GUARD watches her with interest and exchanges a knowing glance with*

*INSPECTOR. After a bit of clumsy, hurried searching JAZMINE pulls up her ticket app and gives her phone to TICKET GUARD. He scans the ticket.*

TICKET GUARD: *(handing back the phone)* Thank you. Now please step over there to have your bag inspected.

JAZMINE: You mean like in an airport? *(good-natured)* Should I take off my shoes too? *(giggles)*

INSPECTOR: *(beckoning her to come over)* It'll just take a moment.

JAZMINE: *(to TICKET GUARD)* I'm a bit late. Has the movie started?

*TICKET GUARD disregards her question and returns to his Instagram. JAZMINE steps toward INSPECTOR. INSPECTOR motions for JAZMINE to open her bag. JAZMINE reluctantly opens her bag. INSPECTOR switches on her flashlight. It does not go on. She jerks it a few time. Then gets more aggressive with it and bangs it on the table. JAZMINE steps back a bit in response, but smiles good-naturedly. She is nervous about being late and looks over INSPECTOR's shoulder toward the theater. We hear faint sounds of what may be the beginning of the movie. She is eager to get inside. The flashlight finally flickers on. INSPECTOR shines it on JAZMINE's face. JAZMINE squints and shields her eyes. INSPECTOR smiles menacingly, then directs the light into JAZMINE's bag.*

JAZMINE: *(good-naturally)* It's my first official date. Ever. Between us girls, I'm afraid I'm not making a good impression by being late, if you know what I mean.

INSPECTOR: *(frowns, not liking the "us girls" reference)* What's that?

JAZMINE: I said, I really like this guy.

INSPECTOR: *(takes a deep breath)* I mean, what's THAT? *(points and jiggles her flashlight at something in JAZMINE's bag)*

JAZMINE: What?

INSPECTOR: That! The thing wrapped in silver foil.

JAZMINE: Oh. *(she giggles)* Nothing illegal! *(INSPECTOR is not amused)* Just a piece of chocolate my mom gave me, when... *(beat)* ... well, it's been a while. I'm from Yemen and Yemeni mothers are always stuffing something in their children's bag... no matter what the age. You know what I mean.

INSPECTOR: I do not. My mother is American. And she never stuffs things wrapped in foil into my bag.

JAZMINE: Well Yemeni mothers do. Foil, plastic, cotton, you name it. They're always concerned we'd get stuck somewhere without food... in a traffic jam, or... a bomb shelter.

*JAZMINE chuckles, then sobers when INSPECTOR shows no reaction. She watches INSPECTOR take the foil-wrapped chocolate out of the bag and hold it up like something dirty.*

JAZMINE: Seriously. It's practically a relic. I'm never going to eat it.

INSPECTOR: Yemeni custom or not, you can't bring this in. It's against Archi-Light Theater policy.

*INSPECTOR picks up a large sign that reads NO OUTSIDE FOOD and waves it in her face.*

JAZMINE: This isn't "food" food. It's a keepsake... something I carry around. I don't intend to eat it.

INSPECTOR: Is it chocolate?

JAZMINE: Well... *(she nods reluctantly)*

INSPECTOR: Then it's meant for the mouth. Why is it bumpy?

JAZMINE: Hazelnuts. My mom loved hazelnuts.

INSPECTOR: Then it's superfood. And...

*INSPECTOR waves the sign in JAZMINE's face again and hands her the chocolate.*

JAZMINE: What do you want me to do with it?

*INSPECTOR points at the trash bin.*

JAZMINE: *(horrificed)* I'm not going to throw this away.

INSPECTOR: Then go back to the garage and put it in your car.

JAZMINE: I don't have a car. I walked. And I'm late. For my date!

INSPECTOR: That is not my concern. The bin is over there.

JAZMINE: This is rather harsh, don't you think?

INSPECTOR: Listen, I'm not going to say sorry. I'm just doing my job.



*INSPECTOR goes back to looking inside JAZMINE's bag as MOVIEGOER 1 walks in. He has a small popcorn machine popping popcorn on top of his head. He takes a salt shaker out of his pocket, shakes salt on the popcorn, then puts a large hat over it. TICKET GUARD is paying no attention to this. He chuckles at something on his phone.*

MOVIEGOER 1: (to *TICKET GUARD*, handing him a ticket) Has the movie started?

TICKET GUARD: (scanning the ticket without even looking up from his phone) A minute ago.

*JAZMINE looks on in amazement. MOVIEGOER 1 walks in leisurely. Popcorn falls off him like snow.*

INSPECTOR: Yeah, just doing my job.

JAZMINE: (sarcastically) You should apply for TSA. Work at the airport.

INSPECTOR: (perks up) That's exactly what I intend to do. After I graduate high school. In the meantime, I get to practice at this fine institution.

JAZMINE: (still holding on to the foil-wrapped chocolate) Look, I promise not to eat this.

*The INSPECTOR is unmoved.*

How about I show it to you after the movie. If I've consumed it, I'd go over there... (pointing to the concession stand somewhere behind *INSPECTOR*) ... And buy the entire candy counter.

INSPECTOR: So... (grinning triumphantly) ... You have a sweet tooth. (in militaristic mode) Please empty the contents of your bag on the table.

JAZMINE: What?

INSPECTOR: You heard me.

*MOVIEGOER 2 enters. Her bag is bulging with groceries: lettuce, celery, a bag of potato chips, etc. JAZMINE begins to reluctantly take out the contents of her bag: Comb, lipstick, a tampon, etc.*

MOVIEGOER 2: (to *TICKET GUARD*, seductively) Hey.

TICKET GUARD: (perks up) Hey. How's it going?

MOVIEGOER 2: Meeting a few girlfriends inside.

TICKET GUARD: (*scanning her ticket but keeping his eyes on her face*)  
Nice. Have fun.

*MOVIEGOER 2 walks slowly and seductively toward the theater door.*

TICKET GUARD: (*looking after her*) Haven't missed much. Just started.

*MOVIEGOER 2 looks back, winks and blows him a kiss. INSPECTOR slowly sorts through the content of JAZMINE's bag.*

JAZMINE: This is outrageous!

INSPECTOR: The faster we do this, the sooner you get to go in there.

*JAZMINE inverts her bag. Its contents tumble on the table.*

*MOVIEGOER 3 arrives. A large plastic container of Coke sticks out of his pocket. There is a long tube that snakes up from the bottle into his mouth. He sucks hard and we hear air bubbling. The bottle is almost empty. He takes it out, throws it away, replaces it with a new bottle, snakes the long tube/straw from under his T-shirt into his mouth, then walks up to TICKET GUARD.*

TICKET GUARD: (*notices the tube and motions to his straw*) You Ok, man?

MOVIEGOER 3: I'm a diabetic. Need my insulin.

TICKET GUARD: (*nods in sympathy*) My sister is a diabetic. This is such a good idea, man. (*pointing at the tube*) Can I take your picture and send it to her?

MOVIEGOER 3: Yeah man. Sure.

*MOVIEGOER 3 poses holding the tube near his mouth and smiling. TICKET GUARD snaps a picture with his phone. MOVIEGOER 3 then places the tube back in his mouth, suck in a mouthful of Coke and walks into the theater. TICKET GUARD busies himself with sending the picture to his diabetic sister. JAZMINE is outraged but takes a deep breath and calms herself.*

JAZMINE: Look... (*wanting to get more personal*) What's your name?



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