

From The Matchmakers by Don Zolidis

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BREE sitting alone after the party is over. GABE approaches.)

After a party. On the street. Gabe has taken Bree to her father's birthday party in a dangerous neighborhood. He's freaking out.

GABE, 17, kind of a dork

BREE, 17

GABE

Are you ready to go?

BREE

Ugh. I feel terrible.

GABE

We shouldn't linger here, I feel their eyes on me.

BREE

Why can't I just be a nice person? Just grin and accept the fact that my Dad is a fruitcake and move on with it? Why can't I do that? Would it have been so bad to see me in a helmet?

(GABE looks in both directions. He's confused.)

GABE

Where's my car?

BREE

What?

GABE

It was right there.

BREE

Well where is it now?

GABE

How am I supposed to know?

BREE

It's your car!

GABE

Well normally when I park my car somewhere it stays there.

BREE

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This is not happening.

GABE

They've stolen it.

BREE

Oh come on.

GABE

It didn't just grow feet and walk away! Look around you! The hordes of the underworld crawled out of the sewers and stole my car! Why does your Dad have to live in the hood?

BREE

Cause he's poor and single and that's what you do when you get divorced!

(GABE pulls out a cell phone. He dials 911. BREE takes out her phone and dials.)

GABE *(into phone)*

Hello? 911. I'd like to report a stolen car.

BREE *(into phone, simultaneous)*

Katleigh? You know how I said Gabe was going to give me a ride home?

GABE *(into phone, simultaneous)*

Yes it's an emergency! Like five minutes ago! Look, I am stranded in an extremely sketchy neighborhood and I'm going to be mugged any second –

BREE *(into phone, simultaneous)*

What are you talking about? Come get me. I don't care if you're having special time with Chase, come and pick me up –

GABE *(into phone, simultaneous)*

I just saw someone peeing against the wall. They are peeing right now!

(GABE puts the phone down and shouts at someone off-stage)

Hey! I SEE YOU! NOT COOL!

(back into phone)

I'm going to die here – no it hasn't been 24 hours!

BREE *(into phone, simultaneous)*

I don't care that you're in love, I don't care that you're having alone time –

GABE *(into phone, simultaneous)*

Why does it have to be missing 24 hours!? It's not a toddler it's a car! I AM IN THE GHETTO AND I AM DELICATE. Do you understand what that means?!

BREE *(into phone, simultaneous)*

Fine!

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GABE (*into phone, simultaneous*)

Fine!

(They both hang up.)

Um... Maybe we should go back inside.

BREE

I'm not going back up there. The clown is still there negotiating his fee.

GABE

I don't care. We are in danger.

BREE

Oh come on it's not that bad.

GABE

They STOLE my CAR. Criminals from the street spotted it and hotwired it or whatever and now it is gone.

BREE

How did they steal it?

GABE

Do I look like a detective? They used street knowledge. That's what they learn instead of going to school. Like there are little kindergarten programs where they teach carjacking and drug dealing.

BREE

Oh come on. Did you lock it?

GABE

Of course I locked it.

BREE

How do you know you locked it?

GABE

Because I did. I touched my little...

(GABE reaches into his pocket.)

Where's my fob?

BREE

Your fob?

GABE

You know the little beep-beep thingie.

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That's called a fob? BREE

Yes that's called a fob. Where is it? GABE

Maybe robbers stole it. BREE

Somebody took my fob. Oh my God someone's going to kill me tonight. GABE

Is it possible you left it in the car? BREE

Why would I leave it in the car? GABE

Because you're an idiot and that's what idiots do. BREE

I left it in my car. GABE (*a horrible realization*)

You left it in your car? BREE

That's what I just said! GABE

Ug. BREE

Oh God I'm dead. I just realized something. There's mail in my car. GABE

So? BREE

So there's mail in the car. GABE

Again. So? BREE

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It has my address on it. GABE

Yeah? BREE

They can find me. GABE

Why would they do that? BREE

Why do they do anything?! GABE

They stole your car, they find a piece of mail, and they return to your house with the car? BREE

Actually, your house. Our house. GABE

Why would any criminal steal a car and then go to the house of the person they stole it from? BREE

To finish the job. GABE

They already finished the job! They've got the car! BREE

I'm not saying it makes sense. But it's possible. GABE

No it's not! BREE

It's not like we're dealing with rocket scientists here. GABE

Oh right, that's you, professor. BREE

I am going to be a rocket scientist. GABE

BREE

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Well you're gonna have a hard time piloting your rocket if you leave your fob in it!

Rockets don't have fobs! GABE

It's your lucky day then! BREE

Can we please go back inside?! GABE

I'm not going back in there! BREE

What are we gonna do then, walk? GABE

Unless you have a better idea. BREE

To read the rest of this play, please visit www.playscripts.com