Testing 1, 2, 3

Three short plays
by
Robert Mattson

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STORY OF PLAY

The ten-minute play form is more popular than ever, and these 3 lively short plays can be performed together or individually. In “Babysitter Brokerage” (4 w), the bidding war is fast and furious and the contenders are desperate. Who will win the baby-sitting job?

In “The Drive-Thru Interview” (1 m, 1 w), a teen job seeker shows she’s got what it takes to be the next entrepreneur of the year ... as soon as she finishes cheerleading practice.

In “Mr. Perry’s Test” (1 m, 3 w), three soon-to-be driving teens meet their match with their instructor. All three plays are excerpted from Robert Mattson’s original collection, “The Four Biggest Guys in Rock.”

BABY-SITTER BROKERAGE

CAST OF CHARACTERS
MRS. LEVITT
AMBER
CHANNING
EMMA

(AT RISE: In the LIGHT is MRS. JUDY LEVITT. Judy is a pre-soccer mom. Give her about four years and she'll have 1.5 more children, a minivan and an even busier schedule. But, right now her son Zach is "this many" [three] and she's looking for a baby-sitter so she and her husband can go out this Saturday night. She has a standard phone in her hand.)

MRS. LEVITT: Hi Jim. It's Judy Levitt. Is Amber in? *(Pause.)* Yes, I'm trolling for a baby-sitter again. *(Pause.)* No, this is my third call. *(Pause.)* Well, after Amber spilled Zach's fruit juice all over my chenille throw she got demoted. Is she around?

(LIGHTS up DSR on AMBER. Amber is 14, and doesn't have much interest in what adults say unless it gets her closer to boys, a mall or ... boys.)

AMBER: Hello.
MRS. LEVITT: Hi, Amber. This is Mrs. Levitt.
AMBER: I don't know who did it.
MRS. LEVITT: Did what?
AMBER: Whatever you're calling about.
MRS. LEVITT: I'm calling about Zach.
AMBER: I swear I didn't drop him.
MRS. LEVITT: I'm sure you didn't.
AMBER: It was just the juice that fell.
MRS. LEVITT: I know, Amber.
AMBER: I really took good care of him.
MRS. LEVITT: Yes, you did, Amber, and that's why I'm calling to see if you could watch Zach again on Saturday.

AMBER: Night or day?
MRS. LEVITT: Night.
AMBER: I don't know if I can. I might have to help my mother.
MRS. LEVITT: Could you check?
AMBER: Sure. Can you hold on a minute?
MRS. LEVITT: Yes.
AMBER: *(Blocking the phone.)* Hey, Dad! Have you made up your mind on the jacket I wanted? *(Pause.)* The one from the mall! *(Pause.)* The blue one! *(Pause.)* That's not fair! Shawn got new hockey skates and I didn't get anything! *(Pause.)* No. I don't want to hear about his perfect report card again. Never mind. *(Back to the phone.)* Mrs. Levitt? I think I --

(A call-waiting BEEP is heard.)

MRS. LEVITT: I'm sorry, Amber. Could you hold a minute? I have a call on the other line.
AMBER: Sure.
MRS. LEVITT: Hello.

(LIGHTS up DSC on CHANNING. She is an Amber at another address.)

CHANNING: Hi, Mrs. Levitt. This is Channing.
MRS. LEVITT: Hi, Channing. That was quick. I only called you a few minutes ago.
CHANNING: Yeah. Sorry about that. I was screening calls and you sounded just like my English teacher.
MRS. LEVITT: Still having problems?
CHANNING: Yeah. I don't know why we have to be able to diagram sentences. Write them, sure, but diagram them? I don't know if I'm ever going to need that when I grow up. And I still haven't figured out what a gerund is.
MRS. LEVITT: I know, Channing. I think I knew what a gerund was for about ten minutes my junior year. But then the bell rang. I went to lunch and lost it.

CHANNING: That's nice. So you need a baby-sitter for Zach?

MRS. LEVITT: Yes, but I'm actually talking to Amber on the other line.

CHANNING: But I really need the money, Mrs. Levitt. My dad says if I want to go to cheerleading camp I have to pay half of it myself to teach me the value of a dollar.

MRS. LEVITT: Well, that's not a bad idea. It's good to be responsible with money.

CHANNING: Do you pay Amber the same as you pay me to baby-sit? Six dollars an hour?

MRS. LEVITT: Yes, but --

CHANNING: I'll do it for five-fifty.

MRS. LEVITT: What?

CHANNING: Five-fifty. I really need to go to this camp or I'll never make the squad next year.

MRS. LEVITT: *(Thinking.)* Hold on a second. *(Switches lines.)* Hi, Amber?

AMBER: Hi, Mrs. Levitt, what time do you want me to come over?

MRS. LEVITT: Well, there's been a new development. You see, that other call was Channing and she says that she'll watch Zach for five-fifty an hour.

AMBER: But you called me first!

MRS. LEVITT: Actually, I called her first, but that's not the issue.

AMBER: Five dollars!

MRS. LEVITT: Excuse me?

AMBER: I'll watch Zach for five dollars an hour.

MRS. LEVITT: Really? Hold please. *(Switching lines.)* Hi Channing? Sorry to keep you waiting.

CHANNING: I'm perfectly happy to wait for you, Mrs. Levitt. I know you had to let Amber down easy. What time Saturday?

MRS. LEVITT: Actually, Channing, Amber undercut you by fifty cents.

CHANNING: What!

MRS. LEVITT: So I'm sure you can understand that --

CHANNING: Four-seventy-five.

MRS. LEVITT: Hold please. *(Switches lines.)* Hi, Amber. Channing dropped down to -- *(HER cell phone RINGS.)* I'm sorry, Amber. That's my cell. It might be the office. Can you hold on for a second?
AMBER: Sure.

(MRS. LEVITT pulls out her cell phone as the LIGHTS come up on EMMA DSL. Emma is not going to cheerleading camp, or soccer camp or field hockey camp. Emma might go to math camp or, if she's lucky, band camp. But not the cool band camp, more like the one that tuba and French horn players go to.)

MRS. LEVITT: *(Into cell phone.)* Hello.

(As MRS. LEVITT talks on her cell phone to EMMA, AMBER uses her cell phone to call CHANNING on her cell phone.)

CHANNING: Hello.
AMBER: What are you doing?
EMMA: Hi, Mrs. Levitt. This is Emma. Sorry to call you on your cell phone, but your line was busy and I wanted to get to you before you got a baby-sitter for Zach.
CHANNING: What do you mean, what am I doing?
MRS. LEVITT: Actually …
EMMA: Because I love baby-sitting Zach.
AMBER: You're undercutting me for my baby-sitting job!
CHANNING: I am not.
MRS. LEVITT: I know, Emma, but you must have something better to do on a Saturday night than watch Zach.
EMMA: Not really.
MRS. LEVITT: I'm sorry, Emma. I didn't mean to bring that up …
AMBER: You ARE SO! I need that money.
CHANNING: I do too!
EMMA: Oh, it's OK, Mrs. Levitt. I know that I'm not that popular now, but my mom says that I'll be the one that turns heads at my high school reunions just like she did.
MRS. LEVITT: Your mother said that?

End of Freeview

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