

The Matchmakers

A Romantic Comedy in Two Acts

By Don Zolidis

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Cast of Characters

BREE, 17, pretty, a little caustic, but in a nice way.

DEVIN, 18, her initial boyfriend. Very concerned with his stomach.

GABE, 19 (EMPLOYEE), dorky, awkward, but a nice guy.

BRENDA, 40ish, Bree's mother. Going through a mid-life crisis.

STANLEY, 40ish, Bree's father. Works at a Renaissance Festival.

BROCK, 40ish, their marriage counselor. Thinks very highly of himself.

ALAN, 21, Brock's oldest son. A bully.

KATLEIGH, 17, Bree's best friend. Pretty.

CHASE, 17, Katleigh's boyfriend. Practically a servant.

SQUEAKY THE CLOWN, 30ish, not a very good clown.

GAIL, 43, a nutcase.

AUNT RHONDA, 40ish, Brenda's sister. Also a nutcase.

ROLAND, 22, Stanley's new boss at the Renaissance Festival.

Place: Suburbia. Somewhere near you.

Time: Now.

Act one

(A Fast Food Restaurant. BREE, 17, dressed up, sits on a plastic chair, highly annoyed. Cheesy music plays. DEVIN, 18, dressed in a ridiculous powder blue tux complete with cane and glove, approaches, carrying a tray.)

DEVIN

Here you go, baby.

(he sets the tray on the table, and hands BREE chicken nuggets and French fries.)

I got you a diet coke.

(BREE takes the diet coke and takes a sip.)

I'm not saying you're fat.

(BREE sets down the diet coke. Pause.)

What?

BREE

Why are we here?

DEVIN

We're having dinner. Um... hello? Eat up.

BREE

I'm not hungry.

DEVIN

Don't be like that.

BREE

What? I'm not hungry.

DEVIN

You're just pouting now. Why do chicks have to be like this?

BREE

We're at Wendy's.

DEVIN

I'm aware of that. I was driving the car.

BREE

It's homecoming.

DEVIN

Right.

BREE

We're at Wendy's and its homecoming.

DEVIN

I like Wendy's.

BREE

Oh my God.

DEVIN

What!

BREE

What do you think?

DEVIN

Why do you always play these mind games with me? Just tell me!

(BREE buries her head in her hands.)

Well I'm not playing, okay? We're gonna sit down and have a nice dinner here and you can either like it or not.

(DEVIN starts eating French fries.)

Oh man now my fries are cold. This always happens. Are you gonna eat yours?

(no response from BREE.)

Fine. Be that way. I'm eating your fries then.

(DEVIN starts eating BREE's fries.)

Is this about the fat thing? I think you look great. I hate skinny girls.

(BREE stares up at the ceiling in amazement.)

Well what is it then?! Tell me. Aggg! So I'm getting the silent treatment now, huh?

BREE

I just have no idea what to say to you.

DEVIN

How about you're so hot, Devin?

BREE

I'm not saying that.

DEVIN

You know what, sometimes you can be pretty mean.

BREE

Why are we at Wendy's?!

DEVIN

I like their nuggets and I was hungry!

BREE

Why aren't we going out to a nice restaurant?

DEVIN

What are you talking about?

BREE

You said we were going out before the dance.

DEVIN

Right. And here we are.

BREE

This is not going out!

DEVIN

Um... we are out, and we are having dinner. Well, I'm having dinner, you're just sitting there sulking cause I called you fat, *which I didn't even really call you!*

BREE

You didn't call me fat!

DEVIN

I know that!

BREE

I'm saying I would like to go to a better restaurant.

DEVIN

Well why didn't you just say that instead of playing all these evil games?

BREE (*trying to be calm*)

Devin. Can we please go to a different restaurant?

DEVIN

I just ate. I'm not hungry any more.

BREE

Okay, okay... you know what? We're breaking up!

DEVIN

Ah come on!

BREE

That's it. This is over.

DEVIN

You're crazy!

BREE

I'm crazy?!

DEVIN

Yeah, you and every chick like you is insane!

(BREE picks up chicken nuggets and throws them at DEVIN.)

What are you doing?! Those are perfectly good nuggets!

BREE

Fine! Eat them then!

DEVIN

Well now they've been on the floor!

BREE

Like you care about that!

(An EMPLOYEE, 19, geeky and awkward, approaches.)

EMPLOYEE

Um... excuse me?

DEVIN

Look, I'm trying to have a nice dinner here.

EMPLOYEE

Okay, and at Wendy's that's our goal, but um... the shouting and the food throwing is against our policy. Maybe you could -

DEVIN

You're impartial right?

BREE

I'm surprised you actually know what impartial means.

DEVIN

Can you explain to me why every chick is *freaking insane!*?

BREE

You're an idiot!

DEVIN

At least I'm an idiot with a full stomach!

BREE

That still makes you an idiot!

EMPLOYEE

Okay um... can you guys go somewhere else?

BREE

I'm not going anywhere with him!

DEVIN

Good!

BREE

Good!

DEVIN

I'm leaving then!

BREE

You do that!

(DEVIN gathers up all of the food on the table.)

DEVIN *(to EMPLOYEE)*

Can I get a bag for this?

(Lights down.)

(Lights up on BREE and EMPLOYEE in a car.)

EMPLOYEE

I apologize for the smell. The grease kind of stays with you after a while.

BREE

Oh.

EMPLOYEE

I try and try to wash it out, but... you know how it is. Well, you probably don't cause you're a girl.

(BREE tries to move a little bit farther away on her seat.)

BREE

Thanks for giving me a ride home –

EMPLOYEE

You'd be surprised at how often this happens at Wendy's.

BREE

Probably not.

EMPLOYEE

So um... is your house around here?

BREE

Yeah.

EMPLOYEE

Where is it?

BREE

You're not like a stalker or anything are you?

EMPLOYEE

Not usually. Just kidding. I don't do that any more. Just kidding again.
(he snorts a little)

BREE

I'm a little creeped out now.

EMPLOYEE

Don't look in the glovebox then. That was a joke.

BREE

Not helping...

(looks at his nametag)

Chuck.

EMPLOYEE

My name's not Chuck.

BREE

Why does it say Chuck on your nametag?

EMPLOYEE

It's an ironic nametag. It used to say Chuck Norris.

BREE

Oh.

EMPLOYEE

Like Chuck Norris was secretly working at the Wendy's and dressed up like me.

BREE

O-kay.

EMPLOYEE

But no one thought it was funny so I shortened it to Chuck. So um... so you're single now, right?

BREE

Okay can you just stop the car?

EMPLOYEE

No no I didn't mean it like that! I'm sorry. Do you want my wallet?

BREE (*mortally offended*)

What?!

EMPLOYEE

No I mean just so you know who I am –

BREE

I don't want your wallet!

EMPLOYEE

Okay. You don't have to take it.

(He goes back to driving. He steals a look at her.)

You know something? You have very elfin features.

(BREE is freaked out and says nothing. Pause.)

Not like one of Santa's elves, like a Lord of the Rings elf.

(She tries not to respond. Pause.)

That's a compliment.

BREE

I'd like to leave now thank you.

(To read the rest of this play, please email me at donzolidis@yahoo.com)