

**From The Matchmakers**

*(BREE, 18 is sitting alone on the street after a disastrous birthday party. Her new stepbrother, GABE, 19 approaches.)*

Are you ready to go? GABE

Ugh. I feel terrible. BREE

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

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? BREE

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

Where's my car? GABE

What? BREE

It was right there. GABE

Well where is it now? BREE

How am I supposed to know? GABE

It's your car! BREE

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

This is not happening. BREE

They've stolen it. GABE

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!

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.

BREE

That's called a fob?

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

BREE  
Maybe robbers stole it.

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

BREE  
Is it possible you left it in the car?

GABE  
Why would I leave it in the car?

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

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

BREE  
You left it in your car?

GABE  
That's what I just said!

BREE  
Ug.

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

BREE  
So?

GABE  
So there's mail in the car.

BREE  
Again. So?

GABE  
It has my address on it.

BREE

Yeah?

GABE

They can find me.

BREE

Why would they do that?

GABE

Why do they do anything?!

BREE

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

GABE

Actually, your house. Our house.

BREE

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

GABE

To finish the job.

BREE

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

GABE

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

BREE

No it's not!

GABE

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

BREE

Oh right, that's you, Einstein.

GABE

I am going to be a rocket scientist.

BREE

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

GABE

Rockets don't have fobs!

BREE

It's your lucky day then!

GABE

Can we please go back inside?!

BREE

I'm not going back in there!

GABE

What are we gonna do then, walk?

BREE

Unless you have a better idea.

*(To read the rest of this play, contact me at [donzolidis@yahoo.com](mailto:donzolidis@yahoo.com) )*