

*From the Matchmakers*

*(BREE, 18 storms in, GABE, 19 is following.)*

GABE

Oh come on! Come on just talk to me! Bree it was a requirement!

*(BREE spins on him.)*

BREE

It was a requirement?!

GABE

You heard him!

BREE

I'm sorry, when did the clown get the authority to make us kiss? Is he some kind of like clown emperor?

GABE

Otherwise he was going to hit on you.

BREE

Oh gee.

GABE

Well? Is that what you wanted?

BREE

I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself, all right? Guys hit on me all the time. It's like a daily occurrence with me, okay? It's what happens when you look like this.

GABE

Well I thought you needed help.

BREE

Well I didn't.

GABE

Then why did you say we were going out?

BREE

It's standard operating procedure, all right? When a weird guy in a clown suit or from a fast food restaurant starts hitting on you, you just say, 'I have a boyfriend.'

GABE

You didn't say you had a boyfriend when I gave you a ride home.

BREE

You had just seen me break up with my boyfriend! God you're infuriating.

GABE

Sorry.

BREE

Why does my life suck? Seriously, can you please explain it to me? I go to homecoming at Wendy's, my parents get a divorce, and I spend my birthday in a clown car making out with my future stepbrother!

*(she speaks up to GOD)*

Lord, what have I done to offend you? I'll go to church, I promise. Is there anything I can do to make this up?

*(Thunder. It starts to rain.)*

Ah!

*(BREE dashes for cover. GABE runs and huddles next to her.)*

Hey no! Back up!

GABE

It's raining!

BREE

I'm aware of that! Back up!

GABE

No!

BREE

Back up or I'll kick you!

*(BREE pushes him out of her spot.)*

Go over there!

GABE

Ack!

*(GABE runs to another spot on the stage and cowers.)*

BREE

This is just great. Thanks God! Thanks a bunch!

GABE

Maybe you shouldn't tempt fate any more.

BREE

What more could happen?

*(Thunder again.)*

GABE

You realize you're going to get hit with lightning now.

BREE

Maybe it will vaporize my memories of the slide show from tonight.

GABE

By the way, I'm really sorry *my* car getting stolen was a big inconvenience for *you*.

BREE

Well it was.

GABE

The world doesn't revolve around you, okay?

BREE

No the world lands on me.

GABE

You are so conceited.

BREE

Oh I'm sorry Mr. Rocket Scientist.

GABE

Do you think I want to live in your house?

BREE

I don't really care. You're already here like fungus. We can't get rid of you without spraying.

GABE

You know what I'm sorry I kissed you tonight! I would have preferred my first kiss to be with a nice person!

BREE

Grabbing my face and shoving your mouth on me doesn't qualify as a kiss, freak boy!

GABE

Well it's the closest I've gotten!

BREE

That is really pathetic, you know that?

GABE

Yeah, I'm aware! Thank you for bringing up a painful subject.

BREE

You brought it up.

GABE

You know what, you're going to be a great addition to my family, you're just like my brother!

BREE

Really? Do you try to kiss him too?

GABE

I'm just saying that just because you think you have it bad, doesn't mean that you have it any worse than anybody else.

BREE

That's deep, Gabe. Don't mind that your life sucks, if you look around you'll realize that everybody's life sucks.

GABE

Pretty much.

*(BREE stops herself.)*

BREE

All right, all right, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have made fun of you.

GABE

I didn't make fun of the slide show.

BREE

I don't think I'm really responsible for the way my skull looked at birth. You can't really hang that on me.

GABE

It did look a little bit like a zucchini.

BREE

Yeah.

GABE

Like a red zucchini with a little bit of fuzz glued to it.

BREE

Thanks. I'm glad you thought I was pretty.

GABE

Well you turned out great. You can't even tell that you wore a helmet as a baby.

BREE

Thanks. I guess.

GABE

The rain's stopping.

BREE

Yeah. Things are looking up.

GABE

I suppose.

*(They move from their respective hiding places.)*

BREE

I guess we should go home.

GABE

By the way, I was just trying to save you tonight.

BREE

Thanks. And I'm sorry you're so weird that no one's ever kissed you.

GABE

I bring it on myself. My standards are too high.

BREE

Oh right.

GABE

I've just been holding out for somebody really special, you know?

BREE

That's your problem.

GABE

And then I look at these guys, these jerks, like that clown, and I think how do they do it? You know, like how do they get girls to like them? And I figure it's cause girls like jerks.

BREE

Girls don't like jerks.

GABE

How many of your ex-boyfriends have been jerks?

BREE  
All of them.

GABE  
So. So I guess I've just been hoping that there's some girl out there who doesn't want to date a creep, and she'll... you know, go for me.

BREE  
Well... there's gotta be somebody out there.

GABE  
Yeah.  
*(BREE stops. She looks at GABE.)*

BREE  
All right, keep your hands at your sides.

GABE  
What are you gonna do?  
*(BREE kisses him.)*

BREE  
There. That one counts.

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