HELP WANTED

A Revue with Music and Dances

By James Rayfield

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STORY OF THE PLAY

HELP WANTED uses scenes, monologues, songs and dances to explore a very real part of teenagers' lives - their part-time jobs. Everything from the first day on the job at a restaurant when you spill gravy all over the place, to dealing with customers who "want to see the manager," gets its time on stage along with some moments of fantasy as teens try to find their dream job. This play lets you add your own creative touches - you choose the music - and allows you to customize the show for your cast and audience.

PERFORMANCE TIME: Approximately 30 minutes.

CAST: Flexible. This play is a flexible work which can use as many students as you wish or as few as 10. The Ensemble is a core group of actors that play many different characters or the director may desire to have a very large cast with each actor having a small role.

PROPS: TV remote, newspapers, application, voodoo doll*, pins, spray bottle, wand, guitar, paychecks, watch.

***Note**: An alternative to using the voodoo dolls is spraying the customers with Silly String.

HELP WANTED

(AT RISE: The CURTAIN opens on a group of TEENAGERS, many of whom are dressed in uniforms for work. They stand together briefly and then a fast rock SONG begins and they dance "The Dance of Being Happy and Carefree," the title of which says it all. After they have danced briefly and happily, the MUSIC stops; they all freeze and CHRIS steps out to speak.)

CHRIS: Ever notice when you're being happy and carefree…

(The MUSIC and the dance resume. EVERYONE dances and again the MUSIC stops; everyone except LAURA freezes.)

LAURA: … that something really horrible comes along and ruins everything?

(MUSIC and dance again. Happy and carefree. Then the MUSIC stops, ALL freeze, and CASEY speaks.)

CASEY: Like, your parents say -

(The ENSEMBLE has huddled into a mass and one-by-one they walk out of the group to speak as parents.)

PARENT #1: If you want to drive a car -
PARENT #2: - Go to college -
PARENT #3: - Keep that horse that eats more than you do, as if that were humanly possible -
PARENT #4: If you want to go to Grad Night -
PARENT #5: - Prom -
PARENT #6: - Beach Week –
PARENT #7: If you want to get a class ring -
PARENT #8: - CD Player -
PARENT #9: - New clothes -
PARENT #10: You're going to have to get -

PARENT #11: You better start looking for -
EVERYONE: You need to find a JOB!

(CASEY breaks down and sobs. ALICIA and SAMANTHA rush to comfort her.)

ALICIA: There it is …
SAMANTHA: … just three little letters …

(THREE TEENS from the CROWD shout out letters a la cheerleaders to spell "J - O - B"!)

DENISE: *(Like a cheerleader.)* But put them all together and they spell the end of the dance of being happy and carefree.

(EVERYONE groans as a couch is pushed on stage. DAD and MOM sit watching an unseen TV as THE KID pleads with them.)

KID: Aw, Dad, do I have to get a job?
DAD: *(Seldom taking HIS eyes off the TV which he controls with a remote.)* Naw, you don't have to get a job - unless you want to drive a car. I'm not about to pay eight million dollars for insurance.
KID: Dad, it's not eight million dollars.
DAD: How long have you had the car?
KID: Six months.
DAD: And can you tell me about your accident of the month plan? First it was the mail box -
KID: Dad, I swear it had never been there before -
DAD: Then it was the door -
KID: I told you my hands were greasy and slipped off the steering wheel.
DAD: Then it was the bumper and the fender and the headlights and the taillight and I still don't understand how you managed to lose the passenger seat.
KID: Dad, it's a long story.

DAD: Anyway, the insurance company says if you ever want to drive on planet Earth again, that you have to pay out lots and lots of insurance. So, your mom … *(For the first time MOM lets out a small laugh of acknowledgment.)* … and I decided - since we want to have a few dollars left for peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for our dinner each night - that you will either have to give up the car …

KID: *(Ballistic.)* No, no, not the car! Please don't make me give up the car.

DAD: … or get a job and earn the money. So, there.

(The ENSEMBLE has gathered around this scene, reflecting THE KID'S anxiety. SHANNON and LEAH speak from the crowd as the couch is pushed off stage.)

SHANNON: So, there!

LEAH: So, there begins the great search for a job.

(The ENSEMBLE rushes madly about the stage "looking" for a job - each in a rather crazy way. They look off stage, they look in their pockets, etc. They freeze as JOHN speaks.)

JOHN: We're all out there looking -

(Mad rushing around and then freeze.)

ADDIE: If not to pay insurance, then just to have some dough, right?

EVERYONE: Right!

SYDNEY: Looking for a job?

CHRIS: I wrote a song about it. Want to hear it? Here it goes.

(To the tune of "Fur Elise" the ENSEMBLE sings and they do not a great ballet dance.)

LISA'S SONG: *(ENSEMBLE sings.)*
IF I COULD ONLY HAVE A JOB,
I'D HAVE SOME CASH;
IT'D BE REAL COOL.
WOULDN'T ALWAYS LOOK A SLOB
AND I COULD BUY
SOME CLOTHES FOR SCHOOL.
WISH I HAD A JOB THAT PAID
MIN - I - MUM WAGE
OR EVEN MORE.
I'D GO TO CONCERTS EVERY NIGHT,
BUT I WOULD STILL
HAVE MONEY LEFT.
I'D KEEP THE DOUGH
ALL TO MY SELF
AND NOT GIVE ANY
TO DAD OR MOM.
IN A COUPLE YEARS FROM NOW,
I'D BUY A CAR THAT'S TRULY WOW!
A NICE FOUR-DOOR MERCEDES BENZ,
BUT WITH NO JOB.
THAT'S JUST A DREAM.

(The ENSEMBLE bows as the song ends.)

LAURA: So, we're looking in the help wanted ads.

(The ENSEMBLE forms groups and pours over the newspaper ads.)

JENNIFER: *(Looking up from HER paper.)* Why do they write these things in code?

MELISSA: *(Reading an ad.)* "Wanted: Part-time, Flexible Hours, Top Pay, No Experience Necessary."

ALICIA: Translation: You're walking door-to-door hanging plastic bags full of fliers on door knobs.

(The ENSEMBLE forms a wall and the irate HOMEOWNERS open "doors" and yell to the flier-hanger.)

End of Freeview

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