

"OBLIVIOUS"

A Skit by Greg Beastron

FADE IN:

Int. Home office - DAY

GEORGE, a man in his 30's or 40's sits at the desk with his sleeves rolled up, pencil resting behind his ear, eye glasses resting on the end of his nose. His desk is a mess of papers and a laptop. He is thoroughly engrossed in his work.

His daughter, STACY, about 9 years old, ENTERS.

STACY

Daddy, when are you gonna get ready?

GEORGE

Huh? What do you mean?

STACY

You said you were gonna take me to Disneyland today.

GEORGE

I did?

STACY

Yes.

GEORGE

Sweetheart, I'm sorry. I've got too much work to do. There's no way I can take you today. Maybe tomorrow.

STACY

You said that yesterday. And the day before -- and the day before that. You're always working. Can't you take one day off?!

GEORGE

Honey, I don't have time right now. We'll have to do it another time.

STACY

Fine! I'm going to Disneyland without you! I'll just go hitchhike! Maybe some STRANGER will give me a ride!

GEORGE

(oblivious)

Maybe so, sweetheart. Have fun.

Stacy angrily EXITS just as ERICA, George's teenage daughter, ENTERS.

ERICA

Bye daddy. I'm going to a rave with some of my friends.

GEORGE

(oblivious)

Bye honey. Mind your curfew.

ERICA

Sorry daddy. By the time my curfew comes around, I'll be hyped up on Ecstasy and dancing around with a bunch of gang members. I probably won't be home for a few days.

GEORGE

Okay. Have a good time.

ERICA

Don't say I didn't tell you.

GEORGE

Sure thing.

Erica EXITS just as HAYLEY, George's oldest daughter, ENTERS.

HAYLEY

Daddy? I Have something I'd like to tell you.

GEORGE

(still oblivious)

Yes dear?

HAYLEY

You know my pen pal that I always write to?

GEORGE

Uh-huh.

HAYLEY

Well, what I haven't told you is that he's in the state penitentiary for aggravated assault.

GEORGE

That's nice.

HAYLEY

Actually, he wrote me a letter and asked me to marry him -- and I said yes.

GEORGE

Congratulations, sweetie.

HAYLEY

I'm so relieved you don't mind. That makes the fact that I'm pregnant with his child so much easier to deal with.

GEORGE

That's great, dear.

HAYLEY

Well I've got to get going. He gets out of prison today, so we're gonna elope and live in a crackhouse downtown.

GEORGE

All right. Take care.

Hayley EXITS as George's wife, ROBERTA, ENTERS with her bags packed.

ROBERTA

I'm leaving you George.

GEORGE

Okay, honey. See you later.

ROBERTA

No you don't understand. I don't ever want to see you again.

GEORGE

That sounds like fun.

ROBERTA

All you do is work, work, work. You care more about your precious laptop than you do your own family! Well I'm through fixing your meals, cleaning your clothes and keeping your house. I've been recruited as a suicide bomber for Al Qaeda. At least someone appreciates me.

GEORGE

That's good honey.

ROBERTA

Well I guess there's nothing more to say. I'm off to the Middle East.

GEORGE

Say hi to the Bin Laden for me.

Roberta EXITS just as a neighbor, CAROL, ENTERS excitedly.

CAROL

George! George! Have you heard the news?!

GEORGE

No. I haven't.

CAROL

It's horrible! Just horrible! A meteor is hurtling toward us and will hit the earth in two hours!

GEORGE

That's really something.

CAROL

They say it will destroy all life on the planet! Our only hope is to seek shelter in the caves! Hurry! Everyone in the neighborhood is leaving now!

GEORGE

Okay, okay. I'll be right there.

CAROL

What's the matter with you! Don't you care?! The world is coming to an end!

GEORGE

I can't help you right now, Carol. I've got too much work to do.

Carol is flabbergasted. She throws up her hands in disgust and EXITS.

Pause.

GOD (O.S.)

George!

No answer.

GOD (O.S.)

George!

GEORGE

(annoyed)

Lord? Can't You see I'm working?!

GOD (O.S.)

Choose!

GEORGE

What?!

GOD (O.S.)

No one can serve two masters! Choose you this day whom you will serve!

GEORGE

Okay. Okay. Let me just get to a stopping place here.

GOD (O.S.)

I know your works that you are neither cold nor hot. I could wish you were cold or hot. So then, because you are lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spew you out of my mouth!

GEORGE

That's nice, Lord. Try an antacid.

GOD (O.S.)

Depart from Me!

GEORGE

All right. See you later.

There is a long pause as George continues to work.

GEORGE (cont'd)

(wipes his forehead)

Is it me, or is it getting hotter in here?

Lights OUT.

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