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*Dramatic Publishing*



# **GET**

By  
JAMES DEVITA

Inspired by the Tenth Commandment

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## CHARACTERS

JESSE, a boy of about 14 or 15

KEVIN, his brother, high energy, mid- to late 20s

CLAUDIA, their sister, about 17

SETTING: A lawyer's office.

TIME: Now.

## Get

AT RISE: *A lawyer's office. JESSE is sitting on a bench listening to a portable CD player. He wears loose-fitting clothes, a wild-colored tie-dyed T-shirt and a funky loose-knit cap. His eyes are closed as he sways back and forth listening to his music. KEVIN is on his cell phone mid-conversation. He is dressed extremely smart in a suit and tie, professional but very hip.*

KEVIN. I want champagne. Yeah. No, no, champagne the color. It's a color. What are you talking about? Every exec in the building has one. *(To JESSE.)* You believe this guy? *(Into phone.)* No, it's nothing like that, it's kind of, you know, it's kind of...it's champagne-y—it's like a light tan, like a kinda light gold...gold-ish, kinda light tan, you know? *(JESSE starts making percussive sounds with his mouth. He will do this wherever appropriate whenever he speaks his hip-hop.)* Like champagne. Yeah. That's why they call it that.

JESSE. Champagne be the name say the man on the train...

KEVIN *(into phone)*. Look, okay, okay—stop! Stop! Look out your window.

JESSE. His face lookin' pained as he tries to explain... *(Percussive sounds.)*

KEVIN (*overlapping percussive sounds*). Just, just look out the—

JESSE. ...this game named fame... (*Percussive sounds.*)

KEVIN. Jesse, please?

JESSE. ...it's a shame it's so lame... (*Percussive sounds.*)

KEVIN (*into phone*). You looking?

JESSE. ...it's drain on the brain... (*Percussive sounds.*)

KEVIN (*giving JESSE a look, but into the phone*). The company parking lot—you looking at it? Okay, good—look to your right. See where the VIPs park? The president, vice president? Look at their cars. That's champagne. Yeah. Get me one. (*Shaking his head in disgust and dialing another number on his phone as he looks at his watch. JESSE continues soft percussive sounds, entertaining himself.*) These interns working for me are about this (*holds up a pen*) smart. I wheeler-dealed a company car with my new contract. Two of the guys in marketing had one. I figure why should they get one and not me, right?—management went for it. Hey, give me a break with the rapping, would you, Jess?

JESSE. It's true what I do may be voodoo à la you but the reason for ma' teasin' is you gotta getta clue, get a clue, get clue, gotta gotta getta clue.

KEVIN. C'mon already—

JESSE. Don't be a moo in a zoo.

KEVIN. Make yourself useful and help me find a phone-book in here.

JESSE. Be the bro that can-do.

KEVIN. I need a— (*Into his phone.*) Hi. Yeah, it's me.

JESSE (*softly, to himself*). The bro that can-do- (*Rapid-fire percussive.*) -do, do, do, do, do, do, do.

KEVIN. I'm going to be late. (*Louder. Looking for a phonebook.*) LATE. Yeah, I'm going to have to get a ride. (*Of phone.*) Great, this thing is dying. (*Into phone.*) What? I can't hear you.

(*CLAUDIA enters. She is wearing helmet, sunglasses and a backpack.*)

KEVIN. I'm going to call you on the land line. Yeah, call you right back. (*He uses a phone on the desk. To CLAUDIA.*) Hey.

CLAUDIA (*doesn't acknowledge KEVIN. She speaks to JESSE*). Hey.

JESSE (*high-fiving CLAUDIA*). I weigh what you say and I lay the trey—hey. (*She sits on the bench.*)

KEVIN (*into phone*). Yeah, it's me. Hold on. (*Finding and giving phonebook to JESSE.*) Jesse, could you look me up a limo service— (*Into phone.*) What? You gotta talk louder.

CLAUDIA (*to JESSE of the music he is listening to*). What? (*JESSE holds up the CD cover. CLAUDIA takes it, removes her sunglasses and examines it.*)

KEVIN (*into phone*). Can you hear me? I can't hear you.

CLAUDIA (*to JESSE, handing the CD back*). Are they here yet? (*JESSE shakes his head "no."*)

KEVIN. Hey, Jess, do me a favor and look up a— (*Into phone.*) What? No, just stay where you are; I'm not going to get dropped off like some car-pooling office goon. I'm looking up a— (*JESSE gives him the phonebook having looked up the number. KEVIN grabs it.*) Thanks. (*Into phone.*) Got a pen? Okay, call this number and get me a limo: 555-XXXX. (*Spelling it out slower.*) 555-

XXXX. All right? Good. Have them meet me here after one-thirty. Yeah. Okay. Okay. Yeah. 'Bye. (*Sits between CLAUDIA and JESSE. JESSE takes off his headphones. All looking straight ahead.*) It's a wonder. You know that? Working with people like this? It's a wonder we've come this far. The human race. We're doomed. I actually think we're doomed. (*Pause.*) "Doom on you." Wasn't that from—did you see that movie? We took the kids to it? The one with the penguins? The extinct penguins?

JESSE. Your song is all wrong—they be the dodo, you bozo.