

Adopt A _____

By: Anna Turner, Jeff Sams, Samuel Coffey

Jeff: Kilburn Adoption Agencies, this is Jeff, how can I help you?...Oh, hello Miss Somers....Yes, hm...Well, that's not a problem. We'll just start the meeting a little late....Well, how far are you?...Oh, well...That's...I'll see you in about...two hours, then? Okay, thank you Miss Som—(CHARLES and BRETT walk in. Brett has three cigarettes in her mouth, two in each hand, etc. CHARLES is just weird.)

CHARLES: HELLLLLOOOO!

Brett: (into phone) Yes, I'll see you in two hours, Jeff. (hangs up) Hello, Jeff! (JEFF, confused, regains his composure and crosses to shake CHARLES and BRETT's hands)

Jeff: Miss Somers, Mr. Reilly, so glad to have you here.

Brett: (blowing smoke in his face) What was the question?

Jeff: You can't smoke in here, there's a strict no smoking policy. (gestures to sign. She gives most to Jeff, who drops the lit ones—because they're hot--and stomps them out. The final one she puts it in CHARLES' pipe.)

CHARLES: Yes, just put it in my pipe. AND SMOKE IIIIIITTTT!!!!

Brett: Well, darling, he said I couldn't smoke in here.

Jeff: Won't you sit down? Can I get you two anything to drink? (pulls out chair for Brett. CHARLES waits for Jeff to pull chair out for him, too.)

Brett: Oh, no thank you deary...I brought my own. (pulls out a flask, pops it open and takes a drink)

CHARLES: How long is this going to take?

Jeff: I can have you in and out in ten minutes.

CHARLES: That's what she said!

Brett: What was the question, darling? I couldn't hear.

CHARLES: With those gaudy earrings, you couldn't hear a train if it were about to run you over.

Brett: Sorry, sorry? I couldn't hear you, Charles, your shirt's too loud!

Jeff: Kilburn Adoption Agency is thrilled that two fine actors like yourselves are using our services.

CHARLES: Isn't it wonderful? EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSES!

Jeff: Have you thought about whether you want a boy or a girl?

CHARLES: Well, Jeff, I was thinking about whether I wanted a boy or a girl, and I said it really doesn't matter to me but if I have to choose...(shows card) BOY. I just love little boys. (glasses thing) I even made him a pair of pants. (pulls out pair of pants with three legs)

Jeff: Those have three legs.

CHARLES: I have high expectations.

Jeff: Oh...okay...What about you Brett? Do you want a daughter or a son?

Brett: You know, I was in Manhattan the other day at a hat store—

CHARLES: Haberdashery.

Brett: What?

CHARLES: Haberdashery. That's what they call a hat store. And a hat maker is a haberdasher.
(Brett and CHARLES bicker until Jeff clears his throat.)

Brett: I'm sorry, what was the question?

Jeff: Boy or girl.

Brett: Oh yes, so I was in Manhattan the other day at a hat store—

CHARLES: Haberdashery.

Brett: --and I saw this hat and I thought, "I want that hat." So my answer is...(flips card)
CHINA.

Jeff: So you're looking into foreign adoptions? That's very common these days, especially Chinese adoptions. I will warn you that it takes a long time. (pulls out some papers from a file)
Now, these are just—

CHARLES: How long?

Jeff: I'm sorry?

Brett: What was the question?

CHARLES: I said (sings) HOWWW LOOONNGGG?

Jeff: (hands papers over to them) Well, I'm afraid it can take up to a year. (Brett and Charles

CHARLES: But we don't have to do all that. (turns card around) We're FAMOUS.

Brett: Yes, yes. We even have a letter of recommendation from Gene Raeburn. Let me just find it (ruffles through lots of bottles in purse)...Ah, here it is. (hands it to Jeff, who reads aloud)

Jeff: Dear Mr. Adoption Man,

Brett and Charles would make wonderful...erm....blank. They are both extremely blank and display good blank. You need three matches to tie and four to win...Signed, Gene blank. (folds up letter) Um, well...

Brett: Let me, let me read that. (looks over it and kind of mutters things while CHARLES does something weird)

Jeff: We can get to references later. First we have to iron out a few things, just some quick questions here...How old would you like your child to be? (Brett and CHARLES write something down on card) Um...You can just tell me, you don't have to write it down.

CHARLES: I say...CHILD.

Jeff: Child is how old you want your child to be?

CHARLES: HELLOOOO!

Jeff: Um. .right. Most people elect to adopt infants, but—

Brett: I've got my match.

Jeff: I'm sorry.

Brett: The answer, Jeff, the answer.

Jeff: Oh, excellent. What age are we talking, here?

Brett: Whenever I'm at the grocery store I tend to get confused.

CHARLES: It's not just at the grocery store.

Brett: I get confused because they don't have any signs! So I said (flips card) CHINA.

Jeff: Yes, I know you're interested in a child from China, but what age?

Brett: What was the question?

Jeff: What AGE.

CHARLES: We seem to think the same way, Jeff, because I put ("Put on Your Sunday Clothes")

Brett: You already guessed this round and (hits him to make him stop singing, he doesn't) Stop
sinoino!

Jeff: Maybe we should change the subject? Parents like discussing names. Do you want the child to be named or do you want to select your own?

Brett: (stumped) Oooh, that's a good one...What did you write? (looks over at CHARLES' card, he takes it away from her)

CHARLES: No peaking. (turns to Jeff) I was kind of torn between this one but then I thought, no, no I have it, this name works. (turns card around. It's a ball with a bunch of dots on it)

Jeff: That's not a name...That's just a...I'm sorry what is that?

CHARLES: Pokeyball!

Brett: Oooh, well I can't beat that.

Jeff: It can't hurt to try.

Brett: Okay...I'll try...What was the question?

CHARLES: Oh for Christ' sake!

Brett: You be quiet, I didn't hear the question.

Jeff: It was about names. Usually children already have names when they're adopted, but—

Brett: I don't know if this is very good...But I put CHINA. I have to say, I didn't really understand the question. Can you read it again?

Jeff: (sighs, a bit frustrated) Just...here's an easy question: Why do you two think you would be good parents? (BRETT laughs, CHARLES does something weird)

Brett: James, James, James, let me tell you a story.

Jeff: It's Jeff, actually.

Brett: I grew up going to Church every Sunday, I went to a Catholic school, and I tell you what, darling, I never learned how to pray the rosary. (Drinks)

CHARLES: You never learned how to do anything.

Brett: And because of that, my match is....CHINA.

Jeff: (kind of frustrated) China? Really? I asked if you would be a good parent.

CHARLES: (FLIPS CARD) I said Shakespeare.

Brett: Shakespeare?

CHARLES: It's a good answer.

Brett: What was the question?

CHARLES: He already asked it!

Brett: I couldn't hear him.

CHARLES: Are you wearing a brazier today?

Brett: Why?

CHARLES: Because your bosoms are so saggy,

Jeff: How Saggy are they?

CHARLES: Your bosoms are so saggy, they look like Starr Jones' arm fat.

Jeff: Let's just move on, shall we? (Brett takes out an ashtray from her purse and lights up again) Brett, you can't smoke in here. Please, either put it out or I'll have to ask you to leave. (reaches over to get cigarette and puts it out in ashtray)

CHARLES: That won't work. I've been asking her to leave for years! (Brett ignores him and pulls gin out of her purse)

Brett: Will you be a dear and get me some ice? I've got plenty of scotch, but no rocks to put it on.

CHARLES: Well, call 911.

Jeff: You carry liquor around in your purse?

Brett: Well it won't fit in my pocket, darling, now will it? Charles, I need my ice.

CHARLES: Jeff, have you ever seen "All Dogs Go to Heaven?"

Jeff: Well—

CHARLES: I was the gay dog. You know, the *weiner* dog. Not the alligator, that was Dom DeLouise....what a fatty.

Jeff: Why do you two even want a child? (they start to write) Just say it, don't write it down!

CHARLES: Let's see if we can get a match here, Jeff. I put...PAYPHONE.

Jeff: So are you saying you don't have a reason behind adoption?

Brett: What was the question?

Jeff: Why are you adopting?!

Brett: And what did he say?

Jeff: He said...oh never mind.

Jeff: Okay. Fine. Before I decide to reject your adoption request, let me ask you one last question.

CHARLES: BIG MONEY SUPER MATCH!

Jeff: This isn't the match game!

Brett: What was the question? (Jeff gets up and begins to usher them out)

Jeff: Thank you for your time, but I'm sorry, this just isn't going to work out.

CHARLES: Oh, that's fine. I have to be at the Masons Club to play (flips card) pinochle. (they start toward door)

Jeff: Are you allowed to be in the Free Masons?

CHARLES: Honey, I'm as free as they come! (CHARLES starts singing "76 trombones", Brett is protesting or something, Jeff is trying to talk over them and finally they leave)

CHARLES: (offstage) HEEELLLLOOOO!



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