

Hardway Sara

By Jack and Gretchen Hall

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CHARACTERS

Narrator- A power lunch kinda business man

Sara- A “foolish” woman

Mr. Manager- Manages a Pizza Hut

Mr. Landlord

Mr. Bill Collector

Mr. Computer Virus

The Narrator enters in a sharp suit. His Blackberry is in hand, and an ear bud runs from the Blackberry to his ear.

NARR: Who said that?... Who told you that?... I didn't tell you that!... If I told you that, I would be wrong!... I'm not arguing that with you... I'm not arguing that with you!... Look, I gotta go.

The Narrator ends the call. He holds up a finger for the audience to be patient while searching for the story on his Blackberry.

NARR: Hang on, I know it's in here. *(pause)* Ah, here it is. Okay, I'm only gonna do this one time, so listen. Once upon a fiscal year, there was this irresponsible woman named Sara.

Sara enters.

NARR: Sara was a nice lookin' lady, but she was completely dumb. Always thought she knew best; learned everything the hard way. Which is why we're gonna call her Hardway Sara.

SARA: Can we hurry this along? My daughter's due home from school any moment.

NARR: Boy, you never learn, do you?

SARA: Just tell your story.

NARR: Right. Sara had this job, right? Workin' at the local Pizza Hut, 'cause she couldn't keep a desk job, which is another story in and of itself. But she was good, and well on her way to a management position. Then one day, she goes up to her boss.

The Manager enters.

MANAGER- Hey! Sara! Am I payin' ya to stand around? The buffet's out of dessert pizza.

SARA: Mr. Manager, I need to take off next Saturday.

MANAGER- You can't do that! The parachuters convention and the Jehovah's Witnesses are in town. We'll be swamped!

SARA: I'm sorry. My daughter's dance recital is that day, and I can't miss it.

MANAGER- Your daughter's dance recital? I think you need to fix your priorities. You should be all about making money. And gaining wealth. Building credit. Getting a 401K. And an investment portfolio.

SARA: But she's my daughter. It means the world to her.

MANAGER- Aww, how old is she?

SARA: She's five.

MANAGER: She'll get over it. 'Bout time she learned life ain't fair!

Sara punches the Manager, throws her apron on him, and leaves.

NARR: And like that, Sara quit her job because her kid was more important to her. What a dope! Anyway, she went on home, and it started to dawn on her what a dumb thing she did.

SARA: Oh no! I quit my job! I have no income. *(pauses, thinks)* But my daughter comes first. And there's nothing more important than that.

NARR: See what I mean? Totally nuts, she is.

There's a knock on the door.

SARA: Gee, I wonder who that could be.

Sara answers the door. Mr. Landlord enters.

SARA: Hello, Mr. Landlord.

LANDLORD- Hello, Sara. You owe me rent!

SARA: Gee, Mr. Landlord, I don't have money now. I will be getting another job, but I quit my job because I recklessly put family ahead of money.

LANDLORD- In that case, say hello to my little eviction notice!

Mr. Landlord hands Sara a pink slip and leaves.

NARR: Oh, looky there! By putting family first, she's gonna end up homeless. But you think she caught on yet? Nooo!

SARA: Mr. Landlord is so greedy! Bet his kids never see him at their dance recitals.

A phone rings. Sara pulls out her cell phone.

SARA: Hello? *(looks at the phone)* There's nobody there.

NARR: Oh, wait. It's me. *(answers the call)* Go for Dalton... I can't... Because I'm busy... Hey, I gotta job here!... Well, what am I paying you for?... Fine, put him in a cab and send him home... Eh, he'll be fine. Just tell him to wait on the porch... Too young? He's four years old! 'Bout time he learns to fend for himself!

The Narrator clicks his phone off.

NARR: Now where were we?

Sara's phone rings.

NARR: Ah, that's the spot.

SARA: Hello, this is Sara.

COLLECTOR- Hello, Sara, this is Bill. Bill Collector. And I want your Visa bill paid.

SARA: I'm sorry. I can't pay you. I have to put gas in my car to go see my daughter's dance recital.

COLLECTOR- That's so sweet. Just for that, I'm going to ruin your credit rating. You won't be able to get a loan for anything for life!

SARA: Oh come on! Didn't you have a parent to come to your dance recitals?

COLLECTOR- No. My parents worked for a living 70 hours a week and both died of heart attacks. But they paid their bills, you criminal!

Bill hangs up.

SARA: This is so wrong!

NARR: Yeah? Maybe you oughta do something about it.

SARA: I will! I'm going to post a blog about how the world is wrong and I am right.

Sara pulls out a laptop and opens it up.

NARR: Well, I was thinking maybe ditch the kid's recital and go to work, but I guess I'm the crazy one!

SARA: Hey, what's wrong with my computer?

VIRUS: Hello, I'm Mr. Computer Virus, and I just crashed your computer, you bandwidth stealing, homeless, unemployed criminal!

NARR: And so it was that Sara ended up unemployed, homeless, and computerless, all because she thought her family was more important than her career. What a dope.

SARA: Oh go choke on a power lunch!

Sara storms off.

NARR: Yeah, at least I got my priorities straight.

The Narrator's phone rings.

NARR: Hello?... My Mom's on the line? At the hospital? Dying? Tell her I'm in a meeting!

The Narrator exits.