

Scene One

Mr. Stephen Matlock -- Father of Musician

Mrs. Grace Matlock -- Mother of Musician

Leslie Matlock -- Son or Daughter (preferably this person should be somewhat musical, HOWEVER, you could have your church pianist to do the "sound effects" – you would have to do a little bit of scene change for Scene 9. The name Leslie can be either a boy's name or girl's name. In the script I have used the word "he" but it can be easily changed if the musician is a girl)

(Curtain opens, Mother and Father are sitting in the room, Father is reading a newspaper, Mother can be reading or straightening pillows, anything comfortable for your setting.)

Leslie (excited): Do you remember that benefit concert where our church group sang last weekend? Well, a guy came up to me and asked if I'd like a job playing music for a living. He gave me his business card and said to give him a call. I just got off the phone with him. He's sure I'll have the job and he wants to me come to Indianapolis tomorrow to meet with him and the Night Club manager and then if I still want the job I'll need to get an apartment.

Mr. Matlock: Night Club!

Mrs. Matlock: Indianapolis! Apartment!

Leslie: This is my chance to do something with my music! They offered me a good salary and then extra for special occasions, like when they cater business meetings or company Christmas parties.

Mrs. Matlock: No, not a NIGHT CLUB! Do you realize what kind of environment a NIGHT CLUB is? If you're wanting to make a career out of music, why don't you give piano lessons, be a Music Director, or play for a gospel group or something?

Leslie: Give piano lessons? That's real rewarding, right, no way!

Mr. Matlock: You're already making good money working for that accounting firm. You're good at accounting! They've already given you two promotions since you started. I don't understand why you want to leave the accounting firm for a job playing music when they will replace you as soon as they decide they've heard another new talent at the next benefit concert. You already have a pretty secure job. You're not using your head!

Mrs. Matlock: Why don't you keep your accounting job and then play in the Community Orchestra, they just ran an ad in the paper for a pianist, trumpet player, saxophone player and I don't remember the others. They're just getting the players lined up for this season and it would be a good opportunity to get experience and still have a steady income.

Leslie: The Community Orchestra only pays about enough to cover the gas money. I'm talking about GOOD money. And who knows, with the people that come into the Night Club, I may get an offer from somebody else if they like my playing. It's too good an offer to turn down. It's what I want to do.

Mr. Matlock: Please, son, think about it a few days. Don't get in a hurry.

Leslie: I know what I'm doing, and you can't stop me. I'm moving out and you won't KNOW what I'm doing.

Mr. Matlock: I can see you are determined to go your way now, son, but we'll be praying that God will protect you and guide your path back to Him.

Mrs. Matlock: Leslie, remember the Guardian Angel picture you liked so well at Grandma's? Right now you are the little child walking across a shaky bridge and there are a lot of loose planks. Be careful, Leslie, be careful.

Leslie (angrily): I'm not a baby any more! I KNOW what I'm doing and I'm out of here!

(Curtain closes and Leslie storms out and parents look concerned and reach out to each other, either clasp hands or arms around shoulders, whatever is comfortable depending on relationship of caste characters.)

Scene Two

Leslie Matlock -- Musician
Krystle – Friend of Leslie's

(Curtain opens. Leslie and Krystle are sitting at a table, having just finished a meal. Table would only need glasses and napkins since meal is over.)

Krystle: Thank you for lunch, Leslie. Do you have to play at the club tonight?

Leslie: Yeah. Oh, did I tell you that I got another job offer?

Krystle: No! Where? What?

Leslie: This is better than I'd hoped for. I've only been playing at the Night Club for a little over a year now. I had hoped that when it was time to move on, someone would just walk up and offer me a job. Well, it happened!

Krystle: What happened? What are you talking about?