

# The Tutor

By Kate Mulley

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## Cast list

Meredith- 27, an SAT tutor.

Josh- 30, Meredith's fiancé.

Greg- 16, a high school student.

Sandra- mid-40s, Greg's mother.

Jake- mid-40s, Greg's father.

## Notes:

Meredith as Meredith and Meredith on the vlog should look different. In her day to day life, Meredith is attractive, but on the vlog she should somehow exhibit a heightened sexuality. This effect could be achieved using a sepia tone or special lighting or acting. Or a combination of all three.

*Prologue:*

*MEREDITH is at her computer. A screenshot of her on a webcam is projected upstage.*

MEREDITH

Good morning friends, whoever you may be. It's a beautiful crisp day in New England and I'm starting a video diary. Call it boredom, call it narcissism, call it crazy. But here I am, inviting you to experience my life as I tell it. The ups, the downs, the strange and wonderful. I don't know what I'll talk about, but I can promise it'll be introspective and maybe a little risqué. Enjoy.

1.

*MEREDITH is walking around and skypeing with her fiancé Josh. His image is projected onto a screen upstage.*

MEREDITH

What time is it there?

JOSH

9 and a half hours ahead.

MEREDITH

And is it as crowded as they say?

JOSH

I've mostly been driven around, so far, but yeah, super crowded.

MEREDITH

I should come next time.

JOSH

If there's a next time.

MEREDITH

Or we can go back. Not a business trip. See the Taj Mahal. Or Goa.

JOSH

Yeah. Add it to the honeymoon spreadsheet.

MEREDITH

It is not a spreadsheet. It's a word document.

JOSH

Apologies.

MEREDITH

Are you exhausted? It's late there.

JOSH

It's a good tired.

*Pause.*

MEREDITH

Well, life here is continuing in your absence.

JOSH

Shocking.

MEREDITH

Right?

JOSH

What are you doing later?

MEREDITH

Tutoring session.

JOSH

Tonight?

MEREDITH

I don't know. Might go see a movie.

JOSH

Alone?

MEREDITH

Yeah.

JOSH

That sounds sad.

MEREDITH

It's not.

JOSH

Ok.

MEREDITH

You look exhausted.

You look hot. JOSH

Charmer. MEREDITH

I'm gonna crash. JOSH

Go sleep. MEREDITH

Yeah. I should. JOSH

Let me know if you want to skype later. MEREDITH

Yeah. JOSH

If not, I'll see you next week. MEREDITH

Love you. JOSH

Love you too. Sweet dreams. MEREDITH

*She signs out. Lights change.*

*2.*

*A well-appointed dining room in a Boston brownstone. MEREDITH is sitting across from GREG, a 16 year old boy, wearing a backwards baseball hat, hunched over an SAT test book.*

Time. MEREDITH

Man. GREG

Pencil down. MEREDITH

I suck. GREG

I bet you did just fine. MEREDITH

I forgot what pernicious means. GREG

Don't we all. MEREDITH

What does it mean? GREG

Look it up. MEREDITH

You don't know? GREG

I'm not perfect, Greg. MEREDITH

We're paying you \$150 an hour and you don't know what pernicious means? GREG

Your parents are paying \$30,000 a year to send you to prep school and you don't either. MEREDITH

Snap. GREG

Check your iPhone. MEREDITH

It's in the kitchen. You won't let me have it when we're working. GREG

I didn't think you listened to me. MEREDITH

You don't give me much credit, do you? GREG

MEREDITH

Let's check your scores.

*MEREDITH goes through GREG's answer sheet, methodically checking off correct answers without referring to the "official" answer sheet.*

*GREG fiddles with his pencil. He sways from side to side. Meredith continues to mark answers during this conversation.*

GREG

Do you want a drink?

MEREDITH

Sure, what do you have?

GREG

Everything.

MEREDITH

Beer?

GREG

Only if I can have one.

*MEREDITH checks her watch.*

MEREDITH

Let's split one.

GREG

Lame.

MEREDITH

Really? Splitting a beer is lame?

GREG

What kind do you want?

MEREDITH

I'll let you choose.

GREG

Cool.

*He exits. She continues to check his answers. Some rattling in the kitchen. Greg returns with two plastic cups full of beer and two coasters. He places the cups on the coasters.*

So, how'm I doing? GREG

Good. MEREDITH

Not great? GREG

Drink your beer. MEREDITH

*GREG takes a swig of his beer. And grimaces.*

Any big plans this weekend? GREG

Don't distract me. MEREDITH

We have a school dance. GREG

That sounds fun. MEREDITH

I guess. GREG

Are you bringing anyone? MEREDITH

Nah. GREG

Do most people go stag nowadays? MEREDITH

I don't know. GREG

MEREDITH

Any after party plans?

GREG

My buddy's parents are out of town, so, we're going over there. His brother said he'd get us a keg.

MEREDITH

That sounds more exciting than my weekend.

GREG

I'm sure that's not true.

MEREDITH

Ok, you got 10 verbal questions wrong and 2 math questions wrong.

GREG

I knew it.

MEREDITH

That's still really good. Don't forget where you were 2 months ago.

GREG

I know.

MEREDITH

You're a smart kid. You just need to pay a little more attention to the sentence construction.

GREG

It just doesn't come naturally to me.

MEREDITH

All you have to do is learn the rules.

GREG

Yeah.

MEREDITH

So we've got 15 more minutes. Anything you want to work on?

*Pause.*

GREG

Can I ask you a question?

Ok. MEREDITH

You're a girl. GREG

I am. MEREDITH

Am I good-looking? GREG

Sure. MEREDITH

Sure? GREG

Why? MEREDITH

GREG  
There's this list at school. I guess the girls at Pemberley made a Top Ten hottest Wake juniors.

Uh huh. MEREDITH

And I'm, like, number 3. GREG

Congratulations. MEREDITH

Uh, thanks. GREG

MEREDITH  
So, you don't need me to tell you you're good-looking.

GREG  
But if I'm so hot, why don't I have a girlfriend?

MEREDITH  
Have you tried?

Huh? GREG

Have you asked girls out? MEREDITH

No, I go to an all-boys school. GREG

Right. So there's your answer. MEREDITH

But I don't know any girls. GREG

You're not going to want to hear this, but you have your whole life to meet girls. MEREDITH

Oh, please. GREG

I'm serious. MEREDITH

*They hear a key jingling.*

Fuck. GREG

Ok, chug. MEREDITH

*They both chug their beers. JAKE enters as MEREDITH slams her cup down.*

Hi. MEREDITH

*GREG gingerly places his cup down.*

Hey Dad. GREG

How's it going? JAKE

MEREDITH

Great. We're just working on sentence construction. It's the only thing tripping him up.

JAKE

Uh huh.

MEREDITH

I think he's going to do really well on the test next month.

JAKE

Good.

*JAKE gives GREG a quick shoulder rub and exits.*

*Pause.*

GREG

Fuck.

MEREDITH

It's cool.

GREG

Fuck.

*Lights change.*

*3.  
MEREDITH is in front of a computer, unbuttoning her dress. Her computer is "talking" to her. Her email is projected onto a screen upstage.*

COMPUTER VOICE

6 New Messages.

MEREDITH

Read.

COMPUTER VOICE

First new message:

Cassandra,

I came (hah) across your website and couldn't help but write to you. Your pictures are gorgeous. I wish I could see your face. Please send me everything you care to part with. I want it all. Write back with instructions. I will obey.

Tomcat23

MEREDITH

Save.

COMPUTER VOICE

Next new message:

I want your pussy.

MEREDITH

Delete.

COMPUTER VOICE

Message deleted.

Next new message:

Cassandra,

Your request for proper inquiries for your merchandise is very naughty. I hope this makes the cut. I want the red thong and the knee-highs. Worn 48 hours. And pictures.

Please quote a price at your earliest convenience.

MEREDITH

Save.

COMPUTER VOICE

Next new message:

You are a slut. Get some self-respect.

MEREDITH

Delete.

COMPUTER VOICE

Message deleted.

*At this point Meredith is wearing a fairly extravagant corset and knee-high get-up. She picks up a bag that says 'Heart's Desire.'*

COMPUTER VOICE

Next new message:

Meredith,

We've received payment for your last 4 sessions with Greg Jameson. 453 Marlborough Street. You should receive your check within the next couple days.

Laura

800 Prep  
15 Water Street  
Boston MA 02109

*MEREDITH takes off the knee highs and folding them, puts them very carefully into the bag.*

MEREDITH

Save.

COMPUTER VOICE

Next new message:

Mer,

Dinner tonight? I'm working until 7, give me a shout.

MEREDITH

Save.

*She is about to take off the underwear and she stops.*

MEREDITH

Repeat.

COMPUTER VOICE

Mer,

Dinner tonight? I'm working until 7, give me a shout.

*MEREDITH grabs her phone out of her bag and dials.*

MEREDITH

Hi Sarah, it's Meredith, can you put me through to Josh?

*She stands, looking at her legs.*

MEREDITH

Hey Josh, it's me. Just got your email.

*Pause.*

Oh.

*Pause.*

It's ok. I can heat something up.

*Pause.*

Love you too.

*She hangs up her phone. Lights fade. Switches to vlog.*

MEREDITH

My boyfriend and I are getting married next year. So, like the Type A minus person I am, I made this. My wedding binder. Right now it's mostly a collage of images I like, landscapes that would make for pretty engagement photo backgrounds. There's the section of weddings that I do not want to emulate. Actually, that takes up most of it. I've noticed that the more weddings I attend and the more pictures of weddings I see on facebook, the less thrilled I am with the idea of a grand party. Like every girl of a certain age, I too woke up at 5am to watch the Royal Wedding and sang along with the Anglican hymns, but I wouldn't want that for myself. And now the plan for Kim Kardashian's wedding is the hot story. And that just sounds like a nightmare on all levels. I'm aiming for something simple. Something that will be fun for us and our friends and family, something that doesn't make me go crazy and something that won't look over the top in facebook albums. I'm serious about the last one. I know everyone judges these things. So, yeah, technically I'm planning my wedding, but so far there's no plan.

*4.  
The dining room at the Jameson house. Sandra is folding laundry. Greg enters.*

SANDRA

Hi honey.

GREG

Is there any food?

SANDRA

Yeah, what do you want?

I don't know. I'm starving. GREG

Let me finish this up and I'll make you something. SANDRA

I can do it. GREG

I don't mind. SANDRA

No, I'll do it. GREG

How was practice? SANDRA

Yeah, ok. GREG

Did you talk to Brad? SANDRA

... GREG

Greg. SANDRA

What? GREG

Didn't we say this morning that you were going to talk to him about the lineup for the next game? SANDRA

Yeah. GREG

So what happened? SANDRA

There wasn't a good time. GREG

SANDRA

It'll just take a minute.

GREG

I know.

SANDRA

*(she looks at her watch)*

“Coach, can I talk to you for a minute?”

GREG

Mom, I know.

SANDRA

“I was wondering if I'd be starting in the game against Belmont Hill.”

GREG

Yeah.

SANDRA

“Because I was disappointed to be on the bench for the game against Nobles last week.”

GREG

Got it.

SANDRA

*(looking back at her watch)*

That was, like, 30 seconds.

GREG

I'll do it tomorrow.

SANDRA

You're a junior, it's your most important year.

GREG

I know.

SANDRA

Ok, I'm done. Do you want a turkey sandwich?

GREG

Yes.

SANDRA

And I bought those shakes you like.

Cool. GREG

Go take a shower and I'll bring it up. SANDRA

Thanks. GREG

Oh, can you take this up with you? SANDRA

Yeah. GREG

*He takes the laundry up. Sandra watches him go, then exits to the kitchen. Jake enters, makes himself a drink, and goes upstairs.*

Jake? Are you home? SANDRA  
(from offstage)

*No answer. She pokes her head out. Lights change.*