

“Interview at the Rumor Mill”

by
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What In this comedic skit, Mr. Smith is looking for a job at the Rumor Mill and meets Ms. Tattle. However, both soon realize that they do not want to work in a place filled with gossip.

Themes: Gossip, Rumors, Golden Rule, Comedy, Duet

Who Mr. Smith (Jobseeker)
Ms. Tattle (Receptionist)

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** Desk or Table
Chair
Phone
Office Supplies for Desk (i.e. lamp, stapler, pens, papers, etc.),
Business Attire (for Mr. Smith and Ms. Tattle)
Medium-Sized Box
Fingernail File
SFX- Ringing Phone
Sign with “Rumor Mill Reception Area”

Why Proverbs 16:28; Proverbs 21:23; Proverbs 20:19; Proverbs 26:22

How This skit contains humor, so lines should be spoken with attention to comedic timing. The desk sits center stage, catacorner to the audience with the chair seated behind it. Office supplies are organized neatly on the desk to create an office environment. The sign can be attached to the side of the desk or displayed within audience view. Directors can add other props to create a reception area effect as desired (i.e. plants, extra chairs, wastebasket, etc)

Time Approximately 5 to 7 minutes

Mr. Smith walks on stage and looks around as if unsure where to go. **Ms. Tattle** is seated behind the desk. She is filing her nails and chewing gum while on the phone. She looks up from her desk as **Mr. Smith** enters. She smiles at him, motioning him forward.

Ms. Tattle: Hey, Gabby, I'll call you back in a bit. I've got to go, but I can't WAIT to hear the rest of THAT story! It sounds absolutely scandalous. *(Hangs up the phone)* Hello, Mr. Smith. Thanks for coming in for an interview this morning. Please have a seat and Mr. Blabber will be right with you.

Mr. Smith: Oh, hello, Miss?

Ms. Tattle: Oh sorry! I'm Ms. Tattle. I'm surprised you haven't heard about me yet.

Mr. Smith: Ms. Tattle, nice to meet you. *(Pauses, unsure whether to ask)* But I'm curious, how did you know my name?

Ms. Tattle: Sir, this IS the Rumor Mill. *(Leaning forward confidentially and winking)* A little bird told me you would be coming in this morning looking for a job. *(She leans back in her chair again)*

Mr. Smith: Oh. Well, that's...disconcerting.

Ms. Tattle: You get used to it working around here. If you get the job, and by the way, I heard you were a shoe in for it, you'll know everything about everyone in no time...well...every snippet of gossip anyway. By the way *(looks around as if trying to see if anyone is listening before speaking conspiratorially)* Mr. Blabber just got a new haircut so you might want to compliment it when you see it. *(Leans over the desk to get closer and speak more quietly)* Actually, it's a wig, but no one is supposed to know. I hear he's bald as an onion.

Mr. Smith: *(uncertainly)* Sure. Yeah. Okay. *(Confused)* Excuse me, did you say I was going to get the job?

Ms. Tattle: Absolutely. There are only 3 other people applying and, frankly, we all looked up their social media posts. *(She shuddered)* Trust me. You are going to get the job. I'm shocked at what people share. It's just fodder for the mill!

Mr. Smith: Well, that's a relief—about the job I mean! *(Looking uncertain for a second)* At least I think it is... Anyway, thanks, Ms. Tattle. I was a little nervous and knowing that I'm a good candidate helps with the anxiety.

Ms. Tattle: *(gleeful, but appearing empathetic)* I was hoping it would, especially after that *(pointed pause)* little incident last year.

Mr. Smith: What do you mean?

Ms. Tattle: YOU know—when you got nervous about that presentation at work and passed out halfway through it in front of your WHOLE office.

Mr. Smith: *(embarrassed and confused)* How did you—? That happened last year and—

Ms. Tattle: Oh, honey, there are no secrets around here. Well, maybe a few, but I can tell you what they are as long as you promise not to tell anyone else.

Ms. Blabber *winks deliberately at Mr. Smith.*

Mr. Smith: I don't...that is, I don't think I want to know. You don't need to tell me anything.

Ms. Tattle: Oh, but I do! That's what we do around here, Mr. Smith. This is the Rumor Mill. Our business is to KNOW everyone else's business and make sure we produce some juicy gossip. It's what keeps the mill going.

Mr. Smith: But doesn't that just cause problems for people?

Ms. Tattle: *(smiling broadly)* You can't think of it like that, Mr. Smith. It's just entertainment. Haven't you ever heard something so shocking that you HAVE to tell someone or bust?!

Mr. Smith: It doesn't bother you that someone might get hurt?

Ms. Tattle: Listen, Mr. Smith. The Rumor Mill operates on a very simple model. Gossip sells. People love to feed on secrets, scuttlebutt, and tittle-tattle. Hearsay is at the center of everything we do.

Mr. Smith: But what if someone were spreading rumors about you?

Ms. Tattle: *(smile faltering)* What do you mean? What have you heard?

Mr. Smith: Nothing, at all. I'm just saying that gossip can be hurtful and if someone were to make-up a story about you—

Ms. Tattle: I...I...I'm speechless. I never thought...I mean no one here would—
(looks around as if paranoid) Would they?

Mr. Smith: I hope not, but the way you describe it, it seems like no one is safe from the Rumor Mill.

Ms. Tattle: *(considering)* I never thought of it like that. It just seems like a little harmless fun.

The phone rings and Ms. Tattle reaches for it.

Ms. Tattle: Excuse me for a second, Mr. Smith. *(Answers the phone)* Hello, Rumor Mill front desk! *(Pauses and smiles)* Oh hello, Mrs. Prattle. Yes. Yes. Mr. Smith is here. How did you know he— Oh yes, word travels fast around here, I guess. I told him that he was definitely getting the job. *(Smiling at Mr. Smith and pauses as if listening. Looking confused and concerned)* Everyone's talking? Me and Mr. Smith? What do you mean? *(Taken aback, shocked)* But I would never! Just because we've been having a conversation doesn't mean—MRS. PRATTLE! You are making me blush! I...I... Well, you can tell everyone that is just not true. GOOD DAY, Mrs. Prattle! *(Slams phone down)*

Mr. Smith: *(concerned)* Are you okay, Ms. Tattle?

Ms. Tattle: *(rattled, but thinking and then making a decision)* You know what, Mr. Smith? I think you might be right. Rumors are definitely NOT harmless. I'm leaving! *(Starting to pack-up her desk in the box)*

Mr. Smith: Leaving? Like, quitting?

Ms. Tattle: Yes! I don't think I want to work here anymore.

Mr. Smith: I'm with you, Ms. Tattle. I think I'm going, too. I need a job, but not here. Can I carry that for you? *(Gesturing to the box)*

Ms. Tattle passes the box to Mr. Smith as they start to walk out together

Ms. Tattle: Thanks! *(Huffing, annoyed)* Of course, it's just going to make more tongues wag around here.

Mr. Smith: *(smiling)* I'll risk it.

Ms. Tattle: *(smiling back)* Thanks, Mr. Smith. I'm glad you came in today, but sorry that you still haven't found a job. *(Remembering excitedly)* Hey! The word on the street is that the place down the road is hiring. Let's go there!

Mr. Smith: *(skeptically)* Word on the street, huh? What is it called?

Ms. Tattle: I heard it was The Grapevine.

Mr. Smith: *(shaking his head, amused but chiding)* Ms. Tattle! I think I'll pass.

Ms. Tattle: Okay, okay, Mr. Smith, I'll take YOUR word over the word on the street.
Let's keep looking.

Mr. Smith: Good idea!

Lights down.

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