

THE DATING GAME

A TEN MINUTE MONOLOGUE

By Kelly Meadows

Copyright © MMIII by Kelly Meadows

All Rights Reserved

Heuer Publishing LLC in association with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

ISBN: 978-1-92340-406-7

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC and Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **“Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC in association with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.”**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work’s “Production Notes.” The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW. One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

THE DATING GAME

by
Jerry Rabushka

CAST: one female

(thinking this over, and a bit seductive) Bachelor number one: if you were an animal, what would you be?

(as #1, slinky) I'd be a lion, baby, so I could be king of your jungle!

(Annoyed, and rejecting that response) I don't think so, **(mocking)** baby. The male just tans his butt all day while the female goes out to look for meat. **(to the next one)** Bachelor number two-

(to the audience, a bit sheepish) Oh, I guess I should tell you what's going on. I had a spot on *The Dating Game*. **(defending herself)** Okay, my mother talked me into it. **(correcting herself)** Well, she made me. So I'm supposed to ask three single guys a bunch of silly questions, and based on their answers, pick the one I want to date. Oh? You try it! You're not allowed to see them, so you can't pick the cutest, the tallest, or the one with the biggest pecs. Instead, have to go for personality and intelligence. In a man! **(starts to laugh)** A man! **(keeps laughing, then stops herself to ask the next question.)**

(posing a question) Bachelor number two: if *you* were an animal, what would *you* be? **(authoritatively)** Other than a big cat, a puppy, or a teddy bear, that is. **(to the audience)** I was making him think.

(as #2) I'd be a snail, baby, because when I'm with you, I'd want to take things real slow.

(in response to #2, disgusted) A snail is nothing but slime in a shell, **(mocking again)** baby.

(as #2, impressed) I'm not just any snail, **(mocking her mock)** baby. I'm escargot.

These two guys were such great catches! (**admitting SHE's not so great herself**) Well, ok, I'd usually spend Saturday nights in my room watching TV. *Cosby Show* reruns. *Family Matters*. Some sappy movie about milk-carton kids. I read Wuthering Heights once a month until they put me on anti-depressants. So, my mother wanted me to go out. I wasn't going to consent a date until I found a man that matched my intellect. Or a guy that was cute. But now! Now! I had three guys who wanted to date me but wouldn't let me see them until I made the date. That didn't really point to cute, so I decided I'd better go for the intellect.

(**in thought of a bit, then posing a question**) Bachelor number three: what's the square root of five hundred seventy nine?

(**explaining to the audience**) That stopped the show in its tracks. In fact, it stopped all of America in its tracks. Well, ok, the neglected housewives who needed romance were stopped at their ironing boards. But nobody had ever asked that of a bachelor before.

(**as #3**) Uh... I don't know. But if I was an animal, I'd be-

(**speaker interrupts**) "I don't care if you'd be a lion, a snail, a gazelle, or worse yet, a cheetah! I want to know the square root of five hundred seventy nine!"

He got kind of testy.

(**as #3**) Look baby, I'm here to go out on a date, not do your algebra homework!

(**to the audience**) He was trying to sashay past the question, but I wasn't going to give in. So I gave it right back to him. "I enjoy discussing mathematics, and I can't date a man who doesn't know a square root from a polynomial."

Bachelor number two came to the rescue. "Hey, I've got a calculator!"

(addressing him, seductive) Bachelor number two: **(pause, cranky)** who asked you? You're a snail, until I decide otherwise. Now, bachelor number three, **(snaps her fingers with the rhyme)** what's the square root, or you get the boot.

(short pause) Bachelor number three became very quiet. Then, bachelor number three began to cry.

(as #3, whiny) In school I never thought I'd need math. I'm a P.E. major!

I can't judge you on your looks, your physique, or your smile, so you've got to impress me mathematically. So far, you're a failure!

(as #3, begging) Give me a chance.

(gathers herself together and if SHE's just conquered #3 and left him for dead) Bachelor... number... **(a short evil laugh)** one.

(As #3) Noooooooooooooooooooo!

(tossing it off) Number one. The lion. The lazy element of the cat kingdom who expects me to do all the cooking. Your turn.

(as #1) Yes ma'am.

Don't call me ma'am. I'm not your waitress.

(as #1) I'd say you are, if I spend all day laying out on the African savanna waiting for you to bring me dinner... baby!

*Thank you for reading this free excerpt from THE DATING GAME by
Jerry Rabushka. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of
the script, please contact us at:*

Heuer Publishing LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011

HITPLAYS.COM

DO NOT COPY