

Match (Dot) Comedy



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COMEDY. Trevor has finally decided to tie the knot with his girlfriend, so he invites her to a swanky restaurant to propose. But just ten minutes after she accepts, Trevor gets cold feet and decides he wants to date other women. In the restroom, Trevor secretly posts a personal ad on Match-dot-com and soon an odd assortment of women arrive at the restaurant including a church lady who has never been on a date, a bossy single mother, a woman seeking revenge, a high-strung therapist, and an elderly cat lady. With six women on his hands, Trevor may have finally found his match!

Performance Time: Approximately 20-25 minutes.

NOTE: For a family friendly version of this play in which profanity and adult content have been edited out, please see the Big Dog Publishing version at www.BigDogPlays.com.

Characters

(1 M, 6 F)

TREVOR: Wears a dress shirt and tie with no suit coat.

AUDREY: Trevor's date; wears a fun and flirty dress.

NATALIE: High-strung therapist; wears a little black dress that is too short and too tight.

REBECCA: Bossy single mother who barks each word like a dog trainer giving commands; wears a baggy sweater with bra strap showing and stretch pants.

SYLVIA: Elderly cat lady; has grey hair and wears an ill-fitting track suit in a loud print and granny shoes.

VIVIAN: Paranoid, acts as if she were on a covert mission; wears a stylish trench coat, leather boots, and enormous sunglasses.

BETH: Timid and overly cautious church-goer who has never been on a date; wears a conservative blouse with a lacy collar, a long skirt, and sensible shoes.

Setting

A swanky restaurant.

Set

There is a large curved booth surrounding a table. If a curved booth and table aren't possible, a table and chairs may be used instead. There is a light or candle on the table. The ambient lighting should be warm and romantic but not too dim as to obscure the actors' faces. There is no background music.

Props

Hot fudge sundae

Spoon

Engagement ring

Cell phone

Business card

Glass of water

Menu

“Somewhere between
this hot fudge sundae
and the check,
you decided
to dump me?”

—Audrey

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(AT RISE: A swanky restaurant. Trevor and Audrey, an attractive young couple, are seated at a curved booth. They have just finished dinner and she's polishing off dessert.)

AUDREY: *(Licking her spoon, giddily.)* Even the hot fudge is incredible! Normally hot fudge is just hot fudge, but there's something special about this hot fudge. It's hotter. And fudgier. I don't think this moment could get any better!

TREVOR: Audrey, listen. I've been going over and over this in my head, and I think it's best if we start seeing other people.

AUDREY: *(Chokes on her spoon.)* What?

TREVOR: I'd like to date other people...if that's all right with you.

AUDREY: You can't be serious. I'm still licking the spoon.

TREVOR: That's how I feel.

AUDREY: The same spoon that came along with this sundae that came along with this ring. *(Holds out her left hand and waves an engagement ring in his face.)* Or did you forget?

TREVOR: That's why I'm bringing it up now. You know I can't sleep when I'm having second thoughts.

AUDREY: *(Dazed.)* And I accepted. Not ten minutes ago.

TREVOR: I know.

AUDREY: At this very table.

TREVOR: I know. And the commitment has weighed on me ever since.

AUDREY: You've already had second thoughts? Somewhere between this hot fudge sundae and the check, you decided to dump me?

TREVOR: No.

AUDREY: You don't want to dump me?

TREVOR: It was between the artichoke dip and fajitas.

AUDREY: But you still went ahead with the proposal.

TREVOR: I know, it's terrible. But, tonight, at this very table, I realized that we're just not meant to be together. It sounds crazy, but when the fajitas came out, I saw what my life would be like in ten years...and it wasn't pretty.

AUDREY: Were we still together?

TREVOR: (*Nods.*) That's why I started to shake and spilled water all over the table.

AUDREY: You said you were nervous with excitement.

TREVOR: I wanted to puke.

AUDREY: But why?

TREVOR: You and I were very unhappy. I was yelling at you. You were yelling at me. And we had dozens of screaming children at our feet. One of them had a limp. I don't even want to know why. Suddenly, it hit me. I don't love you anymore.

AUDREY: You're joking.

TREVOR: I don't even know if I like you that much. And the thought of having children with you makes me sick to my stomach.

AUDREY: It does?

TREVOR: When the waiter brought the check, I crossed my fingers that you were barren. That's not something you deserve.

AUDREY: And you want to see other people?

TREVOR: I do.

AUDREY: Starting when?

TREVOR: Uh...

(*Natalie enters.*)

NATALIE: Hi, are you Trevor?

TREVOR: Yep. I'm Trevor.

NATALIE: (*Relieved.*) Phew! You're good looking. Blind dates make me nervous. I usually get matched with total rejects, ya know? Guys who carry [D&D dice] in their pockets. Just in case. [*Dungeons and Dragons dice.*]

AUDREY: *(To Trevor.)* Who's this?

(Natalie vigorously shakes hands with Audrey.)

NATALIE: Hi, I'm Natalie. Are you two an item? I just want to let you know that I've got a really open mind, and I'm willing to do pretty much anything for love.

AUDREY: Wait a bloody minute! You have a date with Trevor?!

NATALIE: Or you. Like I said, open mind.

AUDREY: *(To Trevor.)* When did you set this up?

TREVOR: *(Hesitant.)* A half hour ago. From the bathroom.

AUDREY: Do they have a dating service in one of the stalls?

NATALIE: I'd wager my number is posted in there.

(Trevor takes out his cell phone.)

TREVOR: I updated my Match-dot-com profile and said I'd be here if anyone was interested.

AUDREY: How could you? I pay for that cell phone.

TREVOR: And I appreciate it.

AUDREY: Yet you still have a Match-dot-com profile?

NATALIE: Doesn't everyone?

AUDREY: I don't! I thought I was going to get married.

NATALIE: So do most of the people on there.

AUDREY: Excuse me, but I hardly think this concerns you.

TREVOR: Now, baby, don't be rude.

AUDREY: Rude? You posted a personal ad 30 seconds after you proposed to me.

TREVOR: Before, actually.

AUDREY: I can't believe this! And don't call me "baby"!

(Natalie puts her arm around Audrey.)

NATALIE: Trust me, things will get better. I've been in your shoes. *(Slowly has a total meltdown.)* Shoes that pinch and

pinch until you've got a blister the size of Ohio that makes every step toward a guy an agonizing and humiliating experience. Shoes that break apart until you've got one heel in your hand and the other turning into a bloody stump as you limp toward the man of your dreams...but he's never the man of your dreams. Even so, you do whatever it takes to get his attention, including buying a new pair of shoes that are twice as tight and twice as high, so that when you inevitably fall down and land face first into a pile of Doritos and beer, you can feel good about yourself because even though the guy you're with has bad breath and a Van Halen poster on his wall, at least you can look down and smile because you have a pair of sling-back designer pumps.
(Crumbles to the floor, in tears.)

AUDREY: *(To Trevor.)* You're leaving me for *this*?

TREVOR: At least she's not boring.

(Rebecca enters.)

REBECCA: Hi, are you Trevor?

TREVOR: Yep. I'm Trevor.

REBECCA: I'm Rebecca. And don't call me "Becky," 'cause that ticks me off. Or "Becca." Or "Becks." And certainly not "Beck-Beck."

AUDREY: Let me guess, Match-dot-com?

REBECCA: Who are you?

AUDREY: Trevor's fiancée.

REBECCA: *(Angry, slaps Trevor.)* You bastard!

TREVOR: Sorry, I—

REBECCA: *(Flirty.)* Now, where ya takin' me?

TREVOR: *(Shocked.)* Wait, you still want to go out?

REBECCA: Listen up. I paid the babysitter, and I don't feel like goin' home. My kid ran out of Ritalin and I ain't in the mood.

AUDREY: Good luck with this one, Trev.

(Sylvia enters.)

SYLVIA: Hi, are you Trevor?

TREVOR: Yep. I'm Trevor. *(Sizes her up.)*

SYLVIA: I know, I know. I'm older than you expected. But don't let that fool you. I know how to take care of a man.

REBECCA: So do I. Sure, he climbs the walls and finger paints the floor with pudding, but at least I've got him trained to put the toilet seat down.

NATALIE: How old is he?

REBECCA: Eight. What's it to you?

(Natalie hands Rebecca a business card.)

NATALIE: Have him call me in ten years.

TREVOR: *(To Sylvia.)* Sorry, I didn't get your name.

SYLVIA: Sylvia. I know these women don't have varicose veins on their legs that look like a New York City subway map, but if you come home with me, I'll show you a good time. You can meet my cats.

REBECCA: I was here first. So go home to your calicos, Grandma.

NATALIE: If it matters, I was the first one here. But like I said before, my mind is -

AUDREY: Wide open. We remember. So, Trevor, who's it gonna be?

(Vivian enters.)

VIVIAN: *(Stage whisper.)* Hi, are you Trevor?

TREVOR: Yep. I'm Trevor.

VIVIAN: Let's do this in an orderly fashion. I've got my Toyota parked in the alley. I'll leave first. Then in two minutes, you can follow my scent and hop in.

AUDREY: Let me guess...you're married?

(Vivian looks both ways.)

VIVIAN: *(Stage whisper.)* No comment. *(Slinks out of the room.)*

AUDREY: *(To Trevor, sarcastically.)* My, my...just look at these women. You've got the pick of the litter.

SYLVIA: That reminds me...I need to get some Fresh Step. Think we can swing by Wal-mart?

TREVOR: I suppose.

SYLVIA: The cats go through a bag a day. I probably shouldn't feed them my bran flakes.

(Beth enters.)

BETH: Hi, are you Trevor?

AUDREY: Yep. He's Trevor.

TREVOR: *(To Beth.)* What's your name?

BETH: *(Embarrassed.)* Am I supposed to give you my real name...or my screen name...or make something up? Sorry, I've never done this before.

TREVOR: This is your first blind date?

BETH: My first date. Daddy always said the Lord would smite me with the back of his wicked hand if ever I went on a date. But now that I'm older, I see that...well, it's probably not true. My friend Claire goes out on lots of dates...sometimes two or three a night. But she comes with me to church, and so far the Lord has never struck her down. Sure, she comes mostly for the free wine, but still. So I think it's okay for me to go on a date. Just keep your hands to yourself. *(Looks up to heaven, biting her bottom lip in terror.)* Then I think we'll be fine. I hope.

TREVOR: I'm sure we will. So can I get your name?

BETH: Beth. *(Quickly changes her mind.)* No, Claire! Wait, you already know that's my friend's name. *(Thinks.)* Uh...Madison. Winnifred. Winnie. Whatever you want it to be. No, that's trumpy. Okay, I can't lie. It's Beth. That's right. My name is Beth. Maybe.

TREVOR: Beth is good. Just let me know if you want to change it.

BETH: Okay. And who are all these ladies? *(Hopeful.)* Chaperones?

AUDREY: That's right. Squeeze in and join us, honey. *(Beth slides into the booth. By now, all the Women are tightly crammed around the table. Audrey is in the middle, arms crossed and none too happy. To Trevor, teeth clenched.)* Having fun, dearest?

TREVOR: Starting to.

[END OF FREEVIEW]