

DATING FOR DIETRICH



Kory Howard

Norman Maine Publishing

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*Thanks to the real Dietrich Nell
and MHS theatre!*

DATING FOR DIETRICH

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DATING FOR DIETRICH was first produced by Manti High School in Manti, Utah, on February 23-25, 2015: Kristalyn Cluff and Mikaella Dineley, directors.

DIETRICH: Jon Barton

CLAY: Dakota Davis

QUINN: Dallin Schiffman

AMELIA: Sydney Howell

DIETRICH'S DAD: Trystan Daniels

DIETRICH'S MOM: Sydney Eichelberger

SHARMAINE: Mary Allred

TANYA: Birkley Ross

NATALIE: Stephanie Kovac

SARAH: Maris Jones

LAUREN: Marissa Clark

KANDICE: Samie Cummings

KIMBERLY: Jamie Miller

ISABELLA: Jensen Tapp

COPS: Jakob Durtschi, Bryce Thayne

DATING FOR DIETRICH

COMEDY. “Committed man looking for a wife. Needs to be a little boring and willing to be engaged in one day.” Tired of his parents treating him like a loser because he isn’t married, Dietrich tells them he is engaged. Overjoyed, Dietrich’s parents make plans to visit him to meet his new fiancée on his birthday, which is just two days away. With just two days to find a potential wife for a nerdy guy who loves math, crossword puzzles, and solving the daily Jumble, Dietrich’s two best friends put an advertisement in the paper and agree to date some potential brides for him including a Goth cheerleader, an accident-prone klutz, and a woman on the run for murdering her last boyfriend!

Performance Time: Approximately 60 minutes.

CHARACTERS

(4 M, 10 F, 2 flexible)

- DIETRICH:** Nerdy bachelor who likes math, crossword puzzles, plain hamburgers, and Jumbles; parents think he's a failure because he isn't married; male.
- AMELIA:** Dietrich's younger sister who lets him live with her; owns a quaint café; female.
- DAD:** Dietrich's father who thinks Dietrich should be married and have a career; male.
- MOM:** Dietrich's mother who just wants a girl to marry her "little Quasimodo"; female.
- CLAY:** Dietrich's quirky, nerdy friend who suffers from "diarrhea of the mouth"; has a Lego collection bigger than Legoland, all the Star Wars movies on Blu-ray, and a bunker of supplies for a zombie apocalypse; male.
- SHARMAINE:** Cute, single waitress who works in Amelia's café; wears a Star Wars T-shirt and apron; female.
- QUINN:** Dietrich's friend who lets his girlfriend tell him what to do; male.
- TANYA:** Quinn's controlling girlfriend; female.
- KIMBERLY:** Tanya's friend who likes odd, nerdy, boring guys; female.
- NATALIE:** Gorgeous deaf girl who can read lips really well; female.
- SARAH:** Goth cheerleader; dressed all in black with black hair, dark makeup, and spiked bracelets; female.
- LAUREN:** Klutzy, accident-prone girl who loves math; female.
- KANDICE:** Stabbed her last boyfriend in the heart with a spoon; on the run from the cops; her hair is a mess and she has a wild look; female.
- JANELLE:** Answers Dietrich's newspaper ad for a fiancée; female.
- POLICE OFFICER 1, 2:** On the hunt to capture Kandice; flexible.

SETTING

Amelia's apartment and a café.

SETS

Amelia's apartment. Modestly furnished living room with a couch, two chairs, and a small table. Artwork is hung on the walls and scattered about the room. An easel with a large pad of paper sits in the corner.

Amelia's Café. A quaint café with paintings hung about. There is a small table with two chairs SR and SL. The tables are covered with floor-length tablecloths. A small bar is SR with a door leading to the kitchen USR. There is a bathroom door DSL with a fake tree in front of it and an entrance UCS.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene 1: Amelia's apartment.

Scene 2: Amelia's apartment.

Scene 3: Amelia's café.

Scene 4: Amelia's apartment.

PROPS

Telephone	Sandwich on a plate
Speaker phone	Apron, for Dietrich
Purse, for Amelia	Clipboard
Pizza boxes	Pen
Napkins	Menus
Cups	Purse, for Lauren
Soda bottles	2 sets of silverware wrapped in napkins
Tennis ball	2 Bread plates
Videogame	2 Butter knives
Paper	Bowl/plate of rolls
Pencil	Purse, for Kimberly
Magazine	Newspaper
Markers	Broom
Phonebook	Cup of coffee or soda
Identical/similar clothing, for Dietrich, Quinn, and Clay	Nerdy glasses, for Sharmaine
Watch, for Dietrich	Envelope
2 Questionnaires	2 Tickets
Binoculars	Popcorn
Glass of water	

SPECIAL EFFECTS

Telephone ringing
Police sirens
Fake blood
Knock at the door

**“COMMITTED MAN
LOOKING FOR WIFE.
NEEDS TO BE
A LITTLE BORING
AND WILLING
TO BE ENGAGED
IN ONE DAY.”**

Scene 1

(Spotlight up on Dietrich, who is standing CS.)

DIETRICH: *(To audience.)* Hello. My name is Dietrich. This is the story of how I got engaged and fell in love, and let me tell you, it's quite an unbelievable story. But, first, I need to tell you a little about my life, but since it's not all that exciting, I'll skip the most boring parts: the Star Wars movie marathons, the six months I spent trying to learn Klingon, the small stint of dreaming of becoming a butler, yada, yada, yada. My life was like a vacuum...it sucked! Especially my luck with the ladies. I tried to keep a girlfriend, but none of them stay around for more than a couple of weeks. Here are a few quick examples to illustrate how desperate girls were...to get rid of me, that is. Veronica. Took her shopping. Bad idea in the first place. Guys, here's a little tip: if you ever take a girl shopping, just be prepared. Enough said. Anyway, after seven grueling, torturous hours of waiting for her to try on clothes, it suddenly became very quiet in the dressing room. Somehow, Veronica had vanished into thin air. I found out later that she had crawled through the ceiling ducts, stole a car, changed her name, and moved to another country. All true! Then, there was one girl who faked her death. She had a funeral and everything! Another girl had the nerve to propose to me after one date! I impolitely declined. What was she thinking? Or my favorite...the girl who wanted to get rid of me so bad, she had a mafia boss named Guido follow me in a black car for a whole month! Enough of the bad memories. Here's the real deal. I will be turning [35] in a couple of days, and I still live with my younger, much-more-successful sister Amelia. She owns a quaint, little café and runs her own art gallery from her apartment. My parents absolutely adore her. Me? Not so much. They think I'm a useless waste of a human being who has never done

anything good with his life. They kicked me out of the house when I was 18. Actually, *they* moved about a thousand miles away just to get away from me. They've been pushing me for years to get married so they can consider me at least somewhat of a person. Sorry, Mom and Dad, but I've tried. Luckily, this not-so fairytale has a happy ending, thanks to my idiotic friends, Quinn and Clay. *(Telephone rings. Lights up, revealing the living room of Amelia's apartment. It is modestly furnished with artwork hung and slung around the room. An easel with a large pad of paper sits in the corner.)* Well, I guess that's my cue to show you my story of how I fell in love. *(Telephone rings a couple of more times before Dietrich answers it. Into phone.)* Hello, Amelia's Art Gallery, Dietrich speaking. *[Or insert age of actor playing Dietrich.]*

(Lights up on side or front of stage – somewhere off set. Dietrich's Mom and Dad are huddled around a telephone set on a dais. Dad looks stern.)

MOM: *(Into phone.)* Dietrich, is Amelia there?

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* No, Mom. She hasn't come home from work yet. She should be here any second.

MOM: *(Into phone.)* Oh, well, tell her to call us back, then.

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* Sure, Mom. *(Slight pause.)* Hey, Mom?

MOM: *(Into phone.)* Yes?

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* I was wondering... *(Pause.)* Never mind.

MOM: *(Into phone, getting irritated.)* What is it?

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* I was wondering...well, my birthday is in a couple of days, and I was wondering if I could visit you guys for the weekend. You know, it's been so long since I've seen you, and I really need a break from here.

(Dad takes over. He's been listening intently.)

DAD: *(Into phone.)* Dietrich, how old are you going to be?

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* [Thirty-five].

DAD: *(Into phone.)* And what have you done with your [35] years of life? *(Does not wait for an answer.)* That's right. Not much. A man...well, a person like you should be married and have a career underway.

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* Dad, I've tried. I really have. I just haven't met the right girl yet. All the girls around here...well, let's say they have commitment issues.

DAD: *(Into phone.)* That's no excuse. We can talk about you visiting as soon as you're married.

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* But, Dad!

DAD: *(Into phone.)* No buts, Son. It's past time that you started acting like an adult.

(Amelia enters the apartment.)

DIETRICH: Hey, Milly.

AMELIA: Don't talk to me right now, D. It's been a long day.
(Throws her purse on the table and sits in a chair, exhausted.)

MOM: *(Into phone.)* Is that Amelia? Let me talk to her.

DIETRICH: *(To Amelia.)* Mom wants to talk to you.

(Amelia excitedly rushes to the phone. Dietrich wanders off but overhears their conversation.)

AMELIA: *(Into phone.)* Hey, Mom!

MOM: *(Into phone.)* Oh, Amelia! How have you been?

AMELIA: *(Into phone.)* About the same as when you called yesterday.

MOM: *(Into phone.)* Look, do me a favor. D's birthday is coming up. Can you get him a present?

AMELIA: *(Into phone.)* Sure. Like what?

MOM: *(Into phone.)* Is there any way you can find him a wife?

AMELIA: *(Into phone.)* Mom, I can't find Dietrich a wife. He can't even find himself a wife.

(Dietrich shamefully shakes his head.)

MOM: *(Into phone.)* I know, but try to help him out, okay? He really needs help...a lot of help.

AMELIA: *(Into phone.)* You don't have to tell me that.

DIETRICH: Tell you what?

(Amelia shoos Dietrich away.)

DAD: *(To Amelia, into phone.)* At least tell him that you'll kick him out if he doesn't find someone soon.

AMELIA: *(Into phone.)* Dad, I can't just kick him out.

DAD: *(Into phone.)* Sure, you can. We did.

AMELIA: *(Into phone.)* I'll think about it.

DIETRICH: What? Milly, you can't do that.

(Amelia just gives him a look.)

DAD: *(To Amelia, into phone.)* All right, honey, we'll talk to you soon.

AMELIA: *(Into phone.)* Okay, Dad. Bye!

MOM: *(Into phone.)* Love you, dear.

DIETRICH: *(To Amelia.)* Wait! Let me talk to them!

AMELIA: *(Into phone.)* Hold on, Dad. Dietrich wants to say something.

DAD: *(Into phone.)* Ugh! Fine!

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* Hey, Dad?

DAD: *(Into phone.)* What is it?

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* Well, I have a surprise.

DAD: *(Into phone.)* What kind of surprise?

DIETRICH: *(Clearly making this up as he goes along. Into phone.)*
I was going to wait until my birthday to tell you and Mom, but I guess I'll just do it now.

DAD: *(Into phone, scared.)* Wait a second. You're not going to tell us—

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* No, nothing like that.

DAD: *(Into phone, relieved.)* Phew!

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* Well, um, I'm engaged!

(Long pause. Amelia's mouth is wide open. Dietrich's parents converse quietly like they didn't hear correctly.)

MOM: *(To Dad.)* What did he say?

DAD: I think he said that he's engaged.

MOM: That's impossible. Ask him again.

DAD: *(To Dietrich, into phone.)* What did you say?

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* I'm engaged.

AMELIA: Yeah, right. And I'm Amelia Bedelia.

MOM: *(Into phone.)* Is this true?

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* Yep. I'm finally getting married.

MOM: *(Into phone.)* Oh, that's so wonderful. I was getting so worried.

DAD: *(Into phone.)* Finally.

MOM: *(Into phone.)* Well, in that case, we'll fly out for your birthday and meet the lucky girl!

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* That would be great. *(Realizes. Pause.)* Wait. What?

DAD: *(Into phone.)* Sure, Son. We'll be out there in two days.

DIETRICH: *(Into phone.)* Oh, you don't have to do that. I mean, coming here would be expensive.

(Amelia hears this and starts laughing.)

MOM: *(Into phone.)* Hey, this is the most momentous occasion of your life.

DAD: His *only* momentous occasion.

MOM: Shhhhh. *(Into phone.)* We wouldn't miss it for the world. I want to see what kind of girl wants to marry my little Quasimodo.

DAD: Yeah, me too. She has got to be something.

MOM: *(Into phone.)* See you in a couple of days.

DIETRICH: Yeah. Can't wait. *(Hangs up.)*

AMELIA: D...D...D. You are in big trouble.

DIETRICH: Tell me about it.

AMELIA: What were you thinking?

DIETRICH: I don't know. I'm so sick and tired of Mom and Dad treating me like a little kid. No, worse...like I'm useless.

AMELIA: Well...

DIETRICH: Well, what?

AMELIA: Can you blame them?

DIETRICH: Oh, come on. There's nothing wrong with me. *(Pause.)* Is there?

AMELIA: No. You're a regular guy...kinda. Maybe it's time not to be so normal. Do something crazy.

DIETRICH: What? Propose to some random stranger on the street? What am I supposed to do, Milly?

AMELIA: Why don't you just tell Mom and Dad the truth?

DIETRICH: I guess you don't know how I feel. You've been the beloved child. Everything you do is great in the eyes of Mom and Dad.

AMELIA: Okay, I don't get how you feel. But why lie to them like that? Getting engaged is a huge thing, and you're not even close to it.

DIETRICH: I know. I haven't been on a date in months. I had to lie to get them off my back. How was I supposed to know that they'd want to come out here?

AMELIA: Definitely surprising. They don't even come out to see me. Boy, you're going to let them down big-time. I wouldn't be surprised if they disown you after this.

DIETRICH: Know any good places I could run and hide? Or orphanages?

AMELIA: Hey, you got yourself into this mess. You figure it out.

DIETRICH: Come on, Amelia. I know we haven't really gotten along, but we're kin. You've got to help me. I clearly need some coaching.

AMELIA: Well, one thing I know is that women are repulsed
by you. I've thought a little about why, but honestly –
DIETRICH: Yes...

[END OF FREEVIEW]