

An excerpt from...  
"BOBBY'S BRAIN"  
A Comedy In One Act  
By Bruce Kane

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TIME: Now

SETTING: Two chairs on either side of a table holding a computer and a printer.

CHARACTERS:

BOBBY: mid to late twenties, nice looking

BRAIN: Bobby's Brain to be exact. Well dressed, thoughtful. You might even call him cerebral.

REP: The reptilian part of Bobby's Brain. Think the Incredible Hulk

AMYGDALA: Another part of Bobby's Brain. Think Hugh Hefner

CORT: The third part of Bobby's Brain. Think Bill Gates.

THE GIRL: Young and pretty.

CAROL: Girl in audience

ALICE: Bobby's love.

ALICE'S REP: The reptilian part of Alice's brain. Mini-skirted, tough, sexy, perhaps chewing gum.

ALICE'S AMYGDALA: The amygdala section of Alice's brain. Slinky and sophisticated.

COURTNEY: The cortex of Alice's brain. Business like. Dressed in pant suit, wearing glasses, hair pulled back.

LIGHTS UP:

*(Bobby and The Girl stand facing each other. Her arms are folded. She does not look pleased. After a very long wait...)*

BOBBY: What???

GIRL: *(angrily)* You wouldn't understand. *(turns and strides off)*

BOBBY: What? Understand what? I don't get it. What did I do?

*(Bobby's Brain enters)*

BRAIN: You didn't do anything.

BOBBY: You're right about that. It's definitely her, not me.

RAIN: No. It's not her.

BOBBY: Oh, it's my fault that I can't read minds.

BRAIN: It's nobody's fault.

BOBBY: It's got to be somebody's fault.

BRAIN: If you have to blame someone or something for your... too many to count... disastrous relationships you can try evolution.

BOBBY: Evolution? What's evolution go to do with it?

BRAIN: A great deal actually.

BOBBY: Wait a minute... Who are you?

BRAIN: Your brain.

BOBBY: My brain.

BRAIN: That's right. Your brain.

BOBBY: Hold on... I'm discussing my love life with my brain?

BRAIN: It's called thinking. I know it must be a new experience for you.

BOBBY: Never mind that. What's all this stuff about evolution?

BRAIN: It's this way. Evolution is lot like this Windows computer here. *(indicates the computer sitting on the table)*. Even though you got the latest upgrade, you still have to deal with all the crap from the previous versions. It's the same with evolution.

BOBBY: You're losing me.

BRAIN: Let me show you what I mean. Fellas, you want to come out?

*(Rep lumbers in. Amygdala struts in. Cort crosses the computer and sits.)*

BOBBY: Who are these guys?

BRAIN: These guys are three very important parts of your brain.

BOBBY: You're joking.

BRAIN: *(Puts arm around Rep)* This is Rep. He is your reptilian brain. The oldest portion of the male brain and the most primitive. He has no language... No filters... Only blind instinct. . He is all about survival, fear, hate, contentment and for our discussion today... lust. Basically all he wants to do... is survive... And reproduce. And he isn't particular with whom.

*(Rep suddenly spots the women in the audience. He starts grunting excitedly and pointing at them, making inappropriate gestures that indicate he is willing to reproduce with any and all of them. He even starts to go out into the audience. Bobby holds him back)*

BRAIN: *(sternly)* Rep... Rep... No... No... You can't. No...No... Not with her. No, not with any of them. *(Rep looks downtrodden for the moment)* At least, not yet. *(Rep perk ups at that thought as Brain turns to Amygdala)* This is Amygdala.

AMYGDALA: Hi, how ya doin'?

BRAIN: He is the next step up the evolutionary ladder from Rep here.

AMYGDALA: *(cocky)* You got that right. *(talks to the ladies in the audience)* Well, hello ladies... Glad you could make it. Glad I could make it. *(to one woman in audience)* Did anyone ever tell you, you have incredible... *(pause)*... well, everything.

BRAIN: And much like Rep, he is also what you might call "goal oriented." *(indicates Cort)* Now, this is Cort... our pre-frontal cortex.

BOBBY: Pre-frontal...

BRAIN: Cortex. Cort exists at the very top of the evolutionary chain. *(Cort nods proudly)* He provides, what you might call, the executive function in the brain.

AMYGDALA: Is he really necessary, man?

BRAIN: Yes... He differentiates among conflicting thoughts, determines good and bad... Basically, he provides social control.

AMYGDALA: Like I said. Is he really necessary?

BRAIN: Everything about every woman with whom you've ever had an encounter... is stored right up here (*points to his own head*). Or, rather right up there. (*points to Bobby's head*)

AMYGDALA: (*to Bobby*) No wonder you have nightmares.

BRAIN: And Cort, here, has access to all of it. (*to Cort*) Tell our friend here what you've come up with.

CORT: Basically, I have created an algorithm that cross references all of the data to produce a result that eliminates ninety nine per cent of the guess work when it comes to forming a new relationship.

BOBBY: We are talking about women here, aren't we? Isn't it all guess work?

CORT: My method provides for a process of elimination.

AMYGDALA: (*points at Bobby*) With this guy? It's nothing but a process of elimination.

BOBBY: (*to Cort*) Exactly, what is this AI Gore thing?

CORT: Algorithm.

BOBBY: Whatever.

CORT: My algorithm uses a rating system based on past relationships and then makes a prediction as to future compatibility, eliminating women with whom you have little or no chance.

AMYGDALA: That should really narrow the field.

CORT: Actually, it will narrow the field and help avoid any pain you might otherwise sustain including, but not limited to, psychological, physical and, especially, financial.

BRAIN: Are you ready to try it?

BOBBY: Now? Here?

BRAIN: There's no time like the present.

BOBBY: (*takes a deep breath*) What have I got to lose?

AMYGDALA: Nothing, but your dignity.

BRAIN: *(to Cort)* Why don't you run him up a copy of the check list.

*(Cort types on the computer. The printer spits out a page. Cort hands it to Bobby)*

BOBBY: This is the profile of the woman of my dreams?

CORT: No. This is the woman least likely to rip your throat out.

BRAIN: On your way. *(Indicates the audience)*

*(Bobby, Amygdala and Rep move out into the audience. Rep gets excited by the first woman he sees)*

AMYGDALA: I don't think so.

*(Rep is disappointed until he comes to the next woman and starts grunting excitedly indicating he'd very much like to reproduce with her.)*

AMYGDALA: A definite... maybe. *(Rep is disappointed until he comes to the next woman)* Oh..Yes... Definitely in the affirmative. *(Rep gets excited)*

BOBBY: *(to woman in the audience)* Hi... What's your name? *(she gives him name, he looks at print out)* Check... Occupation? *(she gives him occupation, he looks at print out)* Check. *(Rep is getting more excited)* Shoe size? *(she gives him shoe size, he looks at print out)* Oooooo. We were so close. *(Rep starts to attack the woman anyway. Bobby pulls him off.)* No... No... Bad Rep... Bad Rep...

*(They move on. Rep immediately gets excited about another woman)*

AMYGDALA: *(rejecting her)* Pass – a – deena.

*(Rep gets angry)*

BOBBY: *(to Amygdala)* You're kidding. Why?

AMYGDALA: No spark... No music of the spheres...No bells and whistles... No fireworks.

BOBBY: That's not a reason. That's a description of a lousy Fourth Of July.

AMYGDALA: It's just not happening, man.

*(They move on)*

BOBBY: Okay, how about this lovely creature?

*(Rep gets really excited)*

AMYGDALA: Ohhhhh yesssss!!!

BOBBY: Really? Well. Okay. *(Rep starts grunting with excitement)* Hi, I'm Bobby... What's your name? *(she gives him name, he looks at print out.)* Check. And what do you do?

AMYGDALA: And will you do it with me?

*(The woman tells Bobby what she does, he looks at print out)*

BOBBY: Check. *(Rep starts getting excited)* Color eyes?*(she gives him color of eyes)* Darn... *(to Cort)* What if she wore contacts?

CORT: The color has to be natural.

AMYGDALA: Does that apply to hair color, too?

CORT: Yes.

AMYGDALA: Man, we could be here all night.

*(Rep shows his frustration until he gets excited by another woman. Bobby points to her)*

BOBBY: Music? Bells? Whistles? Fireworks?

AMYGDALA: At this point? What the hell?

BOBBY: *(to Carol)* Hi... My name's Bobby. What's yours?

CAROL: Carol

BOBBY: *(looks at list)* Check. And what do you do, Carol?

CAROL: Physical trainer

AMYGDALA: Check and double check!!!

*(Rep starts grunting, excitedly)*

BOBBY: Shoe size?

CAROL: Six

AMYGDALA: And she's smart, too.

BOBBY: And those beautiful eyes... What color would you say they were?

*(Rep is getting very excited)*

CAROL: Green.

AMYGDALA: Green is my favorite color.

*(Rep is really getting excited)*

BOBBY: Favorite food?

CAROL: Pasta.

BOBBY: Pasta... Perfect.

*(Rep can hardly control himself.)*

BOBBY: *(reads from print out)* Could you love a man...? Wait a minute... *(To Cort)* You're kidding... You really want me to ask her this?

CORT: It could be a deal breaker.

AMYGDALA: Okay... *(to Carol)* Could you love a man who ate macaroni and cheese three times a day?

CAROL: Sure... Why not?

AMYGDALA: Jackpot!!! Ka-ching... Ka-ching... Ka-ching.

*(Rep is grunting with pure joy)*

BOBBY: It's you... At last I've found you. My perfect woman.

CORT: Or, at least, the one woman in the world who won't rip your throat out.

*(Rep goes nuts with excitement and anticipation)*

*(Bobby takes Carol's hand, leads her up on to the stage)*

AMYGDALA: *(sings)* Imagine me and you... I do... I think about you day and night... Happy Together...

BOBBY: *(to Rep, confidentially)*. I think there's a very good chance our genes could get passed on very soon.

*(Rep gets very excited)*

*(Bobby and Carol stand looking at each other. Along the way, she's folded her arms in front of her and stares at Bobby. After an uncomfortable wait...)*

BOBBY/REP/AMYGDALA: What???

CAROL: *(angrily)* You wouldn't understand.

*(Carol turns and strides off. Bobby and Amygdala looked stunned.)*

REP: *(speaking perfectly)* Total bitch.

*(Bobby and Amygdala give Rep a double take)*

BOBBY: What the hell just happened here?

BRAIN: Hold on a second.

*(Brain and Cort huddle up for a moment.)*

BRAIN: It seems we fell victim to "the point nine percent syndrome."

AMYGDALA: What the hell is "the point nine percent syndrome?"

CORT: According to the data, we had a ninety nine point one per cent chance of establishing a semi-permanent relationship with that woman.

BOBBY: Semi-permanent?

CORT: Like the rest of your relationships. One that lasts until she gets to know you.

*(The play continues...)*

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