"HITTING ON WOMEN 101"
A Short Play
By Bruce Kane

(A man who gets tongue tied around attractive women gets a lesson in “hitting on women” from an attractive woman he claims not to be interested in.)

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"HITTING ON WOMEN 101"
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PLACE: A COCKTAIL PARTY
TIME: NOW
CHARACTERS:
  TIM: early thirties, nice looking, lacking in confidence
  ANGIE: Late twenties, attractive, defensive, a little angry
  CAROL: Young, attractive.

LIGHTS UP:

(ANGIE is standing alone holding a drink. In the background we hear the sounds of a cocktail party in progress. After a few moments TIM ENTERS holding a drink. He slowly crosses to ANGIE and takes up a position next to her. He looks around the room for a few moments, then…)

TIM: Dull party.

ANGIE: (annoyed) Oh God… Not another one.

TIM: Excuse me?
ANGIE: What is it? Do I have sign on my chest that says “Single woman. Please hit on me?”
TIM: I’m sorry… Did you think I was coming on to you?
ANGIE: If you aren’t, you’re the only man here who hasn’t.
TIM: I’m sorry if you got the wrong impression… If I was hitting on you, you’d know it.
ANGIE: Really? Is your approach that memorable?
TIM: Let me ask you this…Have I spilled anything on you in the last five minutes?
ANGIE: No.
TIM: Have I gurgled forth a series of incomprehensible syllables?
ANGIE: No.
TIM: Have I spoken in run on sentences about the dangers of poor dental hygiene.
ANGIE: No.
TIM: Then I haven’t been hitting on you.
ANGIE: That makes absolutely no sense.
TIM: Actually it does. Y’see my approach to a woman I find attractive is to make a complete fool of myself.
ANGIE: So, if you found me attractive then you’d be…
TIM: Making a complete idiot of myself.
ANGIE: But you’re not… making… a complete idiot of yourself.
TIM: Thank God for that, wouldn’t you say? How embarrassing would that be?
ANGIE: (disappointed) Oh yeah… Very embarrassing.
TIM: For the both of us.
ANGIE: And neither of us would want that.
TIM: Absolutely.
(After an uncomfortable lull in the conversation)
ANGIE: Can I ask you something?
TIM: Sure
ANGIE: Just out of curiosity.
TIM: No problem.
ANGIE: Now that we’ve established that you don’t find me the least bit attractive.
TIM: Nothing personal.
ANGIE: Of course... If you have so much trouble talking to women...
TIM: Not women in general... Only women I find attractive.
ANGIE: Of course... So how do you...?
TIM: Score?
ANGIE: Meet them? Women.
TIM: I don’t.
ANGIE: Don’t you get..?
TIM: Horny?
ANGIE: Lonely.
TIM: Lonely? You adjust.
ANGIE: You mean, you get used to it?
TIM: Well, you never really get used to it. But, you adjust.
ANGIE: Has it always been a problem? Talking to women you find attractive.
TIM: Pretty much. Fear of rejection. Fumbling around for the right thing to say.
ANGIE: You don’t seem to be having any problem talking to me.
TIM: It’s different with you.
ANGIE: *(flattered)* Thank you.
TIM: I’m not attracted to you.
ANGIE: *(getting annoyed)* I think we established that,
TIM: But if I had to talk to... *(looks around the room)*... let’s say, that blonde over there...
ANGIE: The one with the big...
TIME: That one.
ANGIE: Talking to her would be a problem.
TIM: Big problem.
ANGIE: Because you find her attractive.
TIM: Very.
ANGIE: Have you ever tried to do anything about it?
TIM: You mean, like take a class?

ANGIE: They’ve got ‘em for everything else.

TIM: If you ever come across “Hitting On Women 101” let me know.

ANGIE: I could teach that class.

TIM: If you ever decide to, let me know. I’ll be your first student.

ANGIE: Mmmmmm.

TIM: Mmmmmmmmm?

ANGIE: I have an idea… Would you like to try something?

TIM: Like what?

ANGIE: A little role playing.

TIM: Sounds kinky.

ANGIE: Not that kind of role playing.

TIM: Oh.

ANGIE: Just for the sake of argument, let’s say you’ve just walked into a party.

TIM: This party?

ANGIE: Any party.

TIM: Where is this going?

ANGIE: Just go with me on this.

TIM: Okay.

ANGIE: You see a woman across a room.

TIM: A woman. What woman?

ANGIE: A woman… Say a woman like me.

TIM: Do I know you?

ANGIE: No.

TIM: We’re strangers, then?

ANGIE: Complete strangers.

TIM: What are you wearing?

ANGIE: I don’t know… A turtleneck.
TIM: Bra or no bra.
ANGIE: Bra.
TIM: Then why am I interested?
ANGIE: Because I'm blonde and have enormous boobs.
TIM: Okay. That's good.
ANGIE: Well?
TIM: Well?
ANGIE: Ask me something.
TIM: Like what?
ANGIE: Like... uh... Ask me what I do?
TIM: What do you do?
ANGIE: I'm an interior decorator. *Tim doesn't respond* Now you say something like “that sounds very interesting.”
TIM: *(flatly)* That sounds very interesting.
ANGIE: You have to say it like you mean it.
TIM: But I don't mean it. It doesn't sound interesting.
ANGIE: Well, it happens to be a very interesting profession.
TIM: Ohhhh... You really are an interior decorator, aren't you?
ANGIE: Yes, I am.
TIM: I'm sorry... I told you I wasn't good at this.
ANGIE: Let's just move on to the next step.
TIM: Which is?
ANGIE: Tell me something interesting about you.
TIM: I'm really not that interesting.
ANGIE: I'm getting that feeling. Okay... Forget that... Let's jump ahead. We've exchanged small talk. I know about you. You know about me. We seem to be getting along.
TIM: That was easy.
ANGIE: Theoretically. Anyway, right about now might be a good time to suggest that we go someplace else. Someplace a little more quiet where we can... talk.
TIM: Talk
ANGIE: Talk.
TIM: That sounds good. (hesitates)
ANGIE: Go ahead. Suggest we go someplace else
TED: Would you like to go someplace else?
ANGIE: (prompting) Where we could....
TIM: Where we could...
ANGIE: Talk.
TIM: Talk.
ANGIE: I’d like that. Thank you for asking. Now, this is where you ask me where I would like to go.
TIM: Where would you like to go?
ANGIE: I don’t live far from here. We could go to my place. (Tim hesitates) You say, “that’s a great idea.”
TIM: That’s a great idea.
ANGIE: I’ll just get my purse then. (Angie retrieves her purse) Shall we?
TIM: Shall we?
ANGIE: Go to my place?
TIM: Are we still role playing?
ANGIE: What do you think?
(She takes his arm.)
TIME: I guess not.
ANGIE: Good guess
(They start to exit)
TIM: Just one question?
ANGIE: What now?
(As they exit)
TIM: Are you still a blonde with enormous boobs?
(They exit)
(The LIGHTS DIM.)
SCENE 2
A FEW WEEKS LATER

LIGHTS UP:

(We’re still in the same room with the same cocktail noise going on in the background. Only this time, CAROL, a young, attractive woman is standing alone holding a drink. Tim enters carrying a drink. He slowly ambles in Carol’s direction, stands next to her for a moment and finally…)

TIM: Dull party.

CAROL: Buzz off.

TIM: Excuse me.

CAROL: God… Can’t a single woman go to a party without every creep in the place trying to get in her pants?

TIM: I’m sorry… Did you think I was hitting on you?

CAROL: That’s what you were doing, wasn’t it?

TIM: If I was hitting on you, you’d know it.

(As the process begins to repeat itself the LIGHTS DIM)

THE END