

"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.)

Copyright: Bruce Kane Productions 2014
All Rights Reserved
22448 Bessemer St.
Woodland Hills, CA 91367
PH: 818-999-5639
E-mail: bkane1@socal.rr.com

ISBN 978-0-557-88086-7

"Hitting On Women 101" is protected by copyright law and may not be performed without written permission from Bruce Kane Productions. To obtain permission go to www.kaneprod.com/contact.htm and complete the Contact Us Form.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS All producers of "Hitting On Women 101" must give credit to Bruce Kane as sole Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performance of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for any purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or production thereof, including posters, souvenir books, flyers, books and playbills. Bruce Kane must also appear immediately following the title of the Play and must appear in size of type not less than fifty percent of the size of type used for the title. The Author's name must be equal to or larger than the Director's, but never smaller than that of the Director. The above billing must appear as follows: "Hitting On Women 101" by Bruce Kane.

WARNING No one shall make any changes to this play for the purpose of production. Publication of this plays does not imply its availability for production.

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

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.

TIME: 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...

TIM: 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: Mmmmmmmm?

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.*)

TIM: 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