“MONSTER DATING”
A Ten Minute Comedy Play
by Bruce Kane

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22448 Bessemer St.
Woodland Hills, CA 91367
PH: 818-999-5639
E-mail: bkane1@socal.rr.com

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The above billing must appear as follows: "Monster Dating" by Bruce Kane.

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

“MONSTER DATING”

TIME: Now
SETTING: A computer table and swivel chair. A restaurant table for two.
CHARACTERS: Marjorie – Thirtiesh going on fortiesh, claiming to be twentiesh. Talkative, vain, self-involved.
Frank – The Frankenstein Monster complete with high forehead and bolts in his neck. Talks in grunts.
Jack – A true gentleman – Non speaking role

(At Rise Marjorie sits at her computer filling out a form. She speaks as she types.)

MARJORIE: Name? Marjorie Ledbetter… Place of birth? Portland, Oregon.Education? High School? Yes… College? Yes… Degrees? B.A. … Major? Pyschology. Age? (ponders for a good long while then types) Thirty nine… (backspaces then types) Thirty seven… (stops, ponder, backspaces and types) Thirty six… (stops, ponders, backspaces and types) Thirty five. Height…? Five feet six… Weight…? (ponders then types) One hundred twenty… (stops, backspaces, types) One hundred fourteen pounds. Color eyes? Brown… Color hair. Blonde..? (types) Occasionally (reads) Brunette…? (types) From time to time. (reads) Redhead..? (types) Only when bored. (speaks to audience) This is so humiliating. Here I am, an attractive thirty two year old woman… filling out a form for an on-line dating service. Well, it can’t be any worse than the Russian Roulette of phone ups, hook-ups, fix-ups and pick ups I’ve been playing lately. I really don’t know much about this computer dating stuff. But, people say it works. I figure, what have I got to lose? In the Olympics of love, the men I’ve been going out with lately aren’t exactly gold medal winners. For instance, there was Ed. Just sat there. Watched TV. Emptied my fridge. I called him The Blob. Then there was Mickey. Even when he was there, he wasn’t there. You know the type… My girlfriends referred to him as The Invisible Man. Then there was Frank. The strong, silent type. Or that’s what the woman in the next office who fixed me up with him said. “You’ll like him,” she said. “He’s a good listener.”

(Marjorie crosses to a small restaurant table set for two and sits down. Her date enters and sits down. It’s FRANKENSTEIN complete with the high forehead and bolts in his neck. He grunts “Hello.”)

MARJORIE: That’s okay, I just got here myself. I ordered a bottle of Merlot, if that’s alright… (Frankenstein nods and grunts. She pours him a glass) So… Dottie tells me you’re a gynecologist… (He grunts) At least that gives us one thing in common. (He grunts) My little joke. Sorry… I’m divorced. I’m sure Dottie told you. (He grunts) Of course, she did… the big mouth. I was married to a lawyer… Estates, trusts, wills… That sort of thing. Mostly depressing stuff. I didn’t understand a word of it. He already had his own firm when we met. He used to tell people that I’d stuck with him through thick and thick. He’d tell that to
everybody we met. I hated that joke. I think that’s why he always told it. Have you ever been married? *(Frankenstein shakes his head and sips his wine)* Never met the right woman? *(He grunts and shrugs)* Harry was my first… husband that is. I was his second… wife. He’d been married before. To another lawyer… She specialized in divorce cases… He said that should have been a sign. He told me never to marry a lawyer… I should have listened to him. *(Frank starts drumming his fingers)* Harry, the bastard. That’s what I call him now… Harry, the bastard… I know it doesn’t sound very nice, but it makes me feel better. It’s hard to believe that eighteen months ago I was celebrating my eighth wedding anniversary. *(Frank rolls his eyes in “what have I get myself into?” gesture)* A week ago I celebrated the first anniversary of my divorce. Nobody threw me a party. Although I did receive a note from my ex telling me he was getting married… to a twenty year old hooker he met in Vegas. I made that up… Actually, he’s marrying a very nice woman… the bitch. She used to be my best friend… *(Frank chugs a glass of wine and refills it)* She was always telling me I was too good for Harry. But apparently she wasn’t. I don’t know which makes me angrier… losing him or losing her. *(thinks)* Losing her… She was a wonderful lunch companion and she never woke me up in the middle of the night for sex. There is one consolation out of all this. Now she’s the one going without sleep. We used to do everything together including, it turns out… my husband Harry. *(Frank grunts loudly, chugs his wine and refills his glass)* I’m going on, aren’t I? Let’s talk about you *(He grunts)* As a sophisticated and obviously intelligent male, do you think it’s right for a woman to sleep with her best friend’s husband? *(Frank grunts and shakes his head in a gesture of “I don’t believe this”)* I couldn’t agree with you more. God knows, I would never do it. But, then again, I have standards… Unlike some people. *(Frank chugs another glass of wine)* I don’t care how attractive a man is, I don’t believe… *(Frank grunts trying to tell her to shut up)* Exactly… It isn’t that I wasn’t tempted once or twice. There were several husbands who found me quite attractive. Catnip, you might say *(unable to stand the chatter anymore Frank puts his hands on either side of his head as though in pain)* But I never. Whereas, it turns out that Carol, my so called best friend… was an equal opportunity… *(Frank grunts loudly and continually as he stands and looks around. With Arms outstretched, Frank stiff leggedly starts to exit in one direction, then turns and exits the other way. Marjorie turns to the audience)* A great listener. Yeah… Right… Men! If you’re not hanging on their every word they’re out the door. *(Her computer dings. She crosses s back to it.)* Mmmmmmm… This is interesting. An advertising executive. The creative type… Likes the theatre. Good. Rock climbing. Oh yeah, right. I’m gonna climb a rock. Forty two years old. Give me a break. If this guy is forty two, I’m… *(turns back to audience)* Well, the next guy I met in the super market… between the Alka Seltzer and the aspirin. An omen if there ever was one. In the beginning he was the perfect gentleman… Sweet, kind and very attentive…. Opened every
door for me. Held my chair... Chivalrous... That’s how I thought of him... as chivalrous. And maybe a little gay. I don’t know... Is it possible to be a “little gay?” We must have gone out six or seven times and he never once tried to kiss me or, at least, cop a feel. I was beginning to worry.

(She crosses back to the restaurant table. JACK enters and holds out the chair for Marjorie. She’s impressed.)

MARJORIE: I've never been here before. The view is spectacular. (to audience) Actually I had been here before but I needed to say something after he told me I nice I looked. How my eyes seemed to sparkle in the light. That’s when everything changed for some stranger reason. (to Jack) It must be the full moon. (Jack starts to twitch) It is beautiful isn’t it. (Jack’s twitching becomes more pronounced) And so romantic, don’t you think? (Jack’s twitching continues to get worse during the following) Can I ask you a question? We’ve been out on six dates since we met. You’re right... Seven dates, including tonight. And you’ve been a perfect gentleman. (His body start to contort) And don’t think I don’t appreciate it. (His body contorts even more) Do you want some water? (Jack growls and shakes his head) But there comes a time in every relationship when a woman wants something more than just dinner and conversation. (Jack bays at the moon) Not that the dinners and conversation haven’t been... (Jack tries to stand as his body contorts even more): Are you alright? (Jack collapses behind the table, disappearing from sight) Jack... Jack... (Jack reappears from behind the table. He is dressed the same except he has now turned into a very hairy Wolfman and he is all over Marjorie.) Jack... Jack... Please... Jack... Not here. Maybe later. No... Stop this... Stop, right now. (She pushes him away. He lumbers off. Marjorie stands and straightens he dress and her hair. Speaks to audience) Some men. If you’re not ready to hop right into the sack, you’re history. Well anyway... The next guy I dated claimed to be European royalty. Said he was from Pennsylvania or some such country.. Always wore a tuxedo. With a cape no less. Told me to call him Count. Kept asking if I was a “virgin.” Anyway, before the sun had even come up... he was gone. . Said he had to fly. What can I say? Another middle aged guy looking for a twenty year old body to reassure him he’s going to live forever. I’ve had it with these men. Is there one that isn’t completely self-absorbed? Who isn’t age obsessed? I can’t go on like this. Getting my hopes up that maybe he’s the one... just to have my heart stomped on over and over again. That’s it... I’m through... I deserve better. After all, I am a very attractive twenty nine year old woman who has gone through a difficult divorce and came out of it better and stronger than ever. I don’t need a man to fulfill me. To make me complete... To... (her computer dings) Oh... (anxiously rushes over to her computer and reads.) Hello...I’ve never done this before, sending an email to a woman I’ve never met. (to
audience) Yeah, right, that’s what they all say. *(reads from computer)* But the dating service to which we both subscribe seems to have matched us up. I'm new in New York having recently moved here from my long time home on Skull Island…: *(to audience)* Mmmmm. Skull Island. That’s near Martha’s Vineyard, isn’t it? *(reads)* To be honest I came here in the company of a beautiful young woman with whom I had fallen deeply in love. I foolishly believed she felt the same. But, upon arriving in New York, I was, I’m embarrassed to admit, shot down. *(to audience)* Welcome to New York. *(reads)* After reading your profile, I felt we might have a great deal in common. If you’d care to pursue this further, please meet me tonight at eight on the top of the Empire State Building. Yours, K. Kong. The top of the Empire State Building…That is so romantic. *(looks at her watch)* Oh my god… I only have an hour and I don’t have a thing to wear. *(very upbeat)* That first impression… A whole relationship can depend on it. I’ll wear the green pleated skirt. Short but not too short. Sexy but not slutty. Alluring but not… *(downbeat)* But, what if he’s just another in a long line of losers? There’s always the blue dress… Simple, conservative. Says this a just test run pal, don’t get your hopes, or anything else up. *(upbeat)* But, what if he’s “the one”? The red dress… What did the sales girl call it? Flirtatious… That’s it flirtatious… *(downbeat)* Wait… It’s just a date. A chance to say hello. Have a drink. Get acquainted. Don’t get ahead of yourself Marjorie. The black pant suit. Business like… Direct. *(upbeat)* But he did pick the top of the Empire State Building. “An Affair To Remember”… *(dreamily)* Cary Grant waiting for Deborah Kerr. The purple… Of course. The purple is perfect. Low cut… Slit skirt… Knocks them on their ass every time. No… Don’t be ridiculous. Not the purple… Not on a first date. You know how men are. He sees you in the purple, he’ll think you’re desperate. *(Exiting)* No, I’ll save the purple for the third date. Oh God, I hope he’s not another knuckle dragger.

*(Exits)*

THE END