

"MONSTER DATING"

A Desperate Monologue

Written by

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SETTING: A computer table and swivel chair and a restaurant table for two.

(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? Child Psychology. 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*) On 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. (*turns to speak 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 haven't exactly been gold medal winners. I'll give you an example. 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, ladies. My girlfriends referred to him as The Invisible Man. Then there was the doctor. 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." Yeah, right. The surgical scars and the bolts in the neck should have have been a dead giveaway.

(Marjorie spins in her chair, rises and takes a seat at the restaurant table across from an empty seat in which sits her date, whom we can only imagine looks something like Boris Karloff in Frankenstein.)

Hello. I'm Marjorie... So nice to meet you. Frankenstein? What an unusual name. Is that.. uh...? Oh, German. Yes, of course. Dottie tells me you're a gynecologist... At least that gives us one thing in common. *(to audience)* That was my little joke. Thought it might break the ice. He just grunted. The first of many. It seems it was his way of communicating. At least he responded. *(to Frankenstein)* I'm divorced. I'm sure Dottie told you. 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 law 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 been married? Is that a yes grunt or a no grunt? 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. Harry said that should have been a sign. He told me never to marry a lawyer. I should have listened to him. 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 and week ago I was celebrating 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. 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. She and I used to do everything together including, it turns out, my husband Harry. I'm going on, aren't I? Let's talk about you. As a sophisticated and intelligent male, do you think it's right for a woman to sleep with her best friend's husband? I couldn't agree with you more. *(to audience)* I assumed he was grunting in agreement. After a while one grunt sounds pretty much like every other grunt. *(to Frankenstein)* God knows, I would never do it. Sleep with someone else's husband. But, then again, I have standards. Unlike some people. It isn't that I wasn't tempted once or twice. There were several husbands who found me quite attractive. Catnip, you might say. But I never. Whereas, it turns out that Carol, my so called best friend, was an equal opportunity... Where are you going? We

haven't even ordered. *(to audience)* Some great listener. Yeah. Right... Men! If you're not hanging on their every word they're out the door. *(Her computer dings. She crosses back to it.)* Mmmmm... This is interesting. An advertising executive. The creative type... Likes the theater. 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, anyway, the next guy. In the beginning he was the perfect gentleman... Sweet, kind and very attentive. Opened the door for me. Held my chair. Chivalrous. That's how I began to think of him, as chivalrous. And maybe a little gay. I don't know, is it possible to be a "little gay?" *(She crosses back to the restaurant table, sits and speaks to her second date.)* Isn't this lovely. I've never been here before. *(to audience)* Actually I had been there before but I didn't want him to think, well, you know. Anyway, he kept telling me how nice I looked. How my eyes seemed to sparkle in the light. *(to her second date)* Wolfman, what an unusual name. Is that...uh.. A mixture. I see. Will you look at that view. Isn't that the most beautiful full moon you have ever seen. *(alarmed)* Are you alright? I mean you're twitching. You're sure you're alright? *(to audience)* He said he was fine but when the twitching became really noticeable I began to worry. *(to Wolfman)* Do you want some water? You look like you could use some water. I don't mean to sound critical or judgemental but are you aware that you are growing hair at an alarming rate? Perhaps you should see a doctor. I mean it's not normal to grow hair on your forehead. *(to audience)* That's when he started baying at the moon. I know. Right there in the middle of the restaurant and your date starts baying at the moon. And that wasn't the worst part. This guy, who was the perfect gentleman, is suddenly all over me. Under normal circumstances I might have appreciated the attention but not between the the caesar salad and the spaghetti marinara. *(to Wolfman, fighting him off)* Please... Stop that... Not here. There is a time and place. *(to audience as she returns to her computer, pulling herself together)* Some men. If you're not ready to hop right into the sack, you're history. Well anyway... The next guy I dated said he w royalty. Whatever floats your boat. Said he was from Pennsylvania or some vania. I was never sur which. Geography wasn't my best subject. He was always beautifully dressed in a tuxedo and full cape with a red lining, no less. He told me to call him Count. Spoke with this funny European accent. Kept asking me if I was a "wirgin." I had to tell him that ship had sailed a long time ago. That seemed to be it. Before the sun had even come up he 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 a one out there that isn't completely self-absorbed? Who isn't age obsessed? Who can't stop talking about himself? I can't go on like this. Getting my

hopes up that maybe he's the one, only to have my heart stomped on over and over again. That's it. I'm through. I deserve better. After all, I am, if I may say so myself, an 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... Hello... Let's see what this one has to say.. *(reads)* I've never done this before, sending an email to a woman I've never met. *(to audience)* Yeah, right. *(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. 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 top of the Empire State Building. Yours, K. Kong. The top of the Empire State Building. That is so romantic. *(looks at her watch)* Ohmygod! 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.

CURTAIN