

Excerpt from...
“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 – Thirties going on forties, claiming to be twenties. 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

The Wolfman – What Jack turns into.

(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? 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. *(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)*

(The Play continues...)

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THE END