

THE DATING GAME

A Comedy Monologue

by
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CAST: one female

(thinking this over, and a bit seductive) Bachelor number one: if you were an animal, what would you be?

(as #1, slinky) I'd be a lion, baby, so I could be king of your jungle!

(Annoyed, and rejecting that response) I don't think so, **(mocking)** baby. The male just tans his butt all day while the female goes out to look for meat. **(to the next one)** Bachelor number two-

(to the audience, a bit sheepish) Oh, I guess I should tell you what's going on. I had a spot on *The Dating Game*. **(defending herself)** Okay, my mother talked me into it. **(correcting herself)** Well, she made me. So I'm supposed to ask three single guys a bunch of silly questions, and based on their answers, pick the one I want to date. Oh? You try it! You're not allowed to see them, so you can't pick the cutest, the tallest, or the one with the biggest pecs. Instead, have to go for personality and intelligence. In a man! **(starts to laugh)** A man! **(keeps laughing, then stops herself to ask the next question.)**

(posing a question) Bachelor number two: if *you* were an animal, what would *you* be? **(authoritatively)** Other than a big cat, a puppy, or a teddy bear, that is. **(to the audience)** I was making him think.

(as #2) I'd be a snail, baby, because when I'm with you, I'd want to take things real slow.

(in response to #2, disgusted) A snail is nothing but slime in a shell, **(mocking again)** baby.

(as #2, impressed) I'm not just any snail, **(mocking her mock)** baby. I'm *escargot*.

These two guys were such great catches! **(admitting SHE's not so great herself)** Well, ok, I'd usually spend Saturday nights in my room watching TV. *Cosby Show* reruns. *Family Matters*. Some sappy movie about milk-carton kids. I read Wuthering Heights once a month until they put me on anti-depressants. So, my mother wanted me to go out. I wasn't going to consent a date until I found a man that matched my intellect. Or a guy that was cute. But now! Now! I had three guys who wanted to date me but wouldn't let me see them until I made the date. That didn't really point to cute, so I decided I'd better go for the intellect.

(in thought of a bit, then posing a question) Bachelor number three: what's the square root of five hundred seventy nine?

(explaining to the audience) That stopped the show in its tracks. In fact, it stopped all of America in its tracks. Well, ok, the neglected housewives who needed romance were stopped at their ironing boards. But nobody had ever asked that of a bachelor before.

(as #3) Uh... I don't know. But if I was an animal, I'd be-

(speaker interrupts) "I don't care if you'd be a lion, a snail, a gazelle, or worse yet, a cheetah! I want to know the square root of five hundred seventy nine!"

He got kind of testy.

(as #3) Look baby, I'm here to go out on a date, not do your algebra homework!

(to the audience) He was trying to sashay past the question, but I wasn't going to give in. So I gave it right back to him. "I enjoy discussing mathematics, and I can't date a man who doesn't know a square root from a polynomial."

Bachelor number two came to the rescue. "Hey, I've got a calculator!"

(addressing him, seductive) Bachelor number two: **(pause, cranky)** who asked you? You're a snail, until I decide otherwise. Now, bachelor number three, **(snaps her fingers with the rhyme)** what's the square root, or you get the boot.

(short pause) Bachelor number three became very quiet. Then, bachelor number three began to cry.

(as #3, whiny) In school I never thought I'd need math. I'm a P.E. major!

I can't judge you on your looks, your physique, or your smile, so you've got to impress me mathematically. So far, you're a failure!

(as #3, begging) Give me a chance.

(gathers herself together and if SHE's just conquered #3 and left him for dead) Bachelor... number... **(a short evil laugh)** one.

(As #3) Noooooooooooooooooooo!

(tossing it off) Number one. The lion. The lazy element of the cat kingdom who expects me to do all the cooking. Your turn.

(as #1) Yes ma'am.

Don't call me ma'am. I'm not your waitress.

(as #1) I'd say you are, if I spend all day laying out on the African savanna waiting for you to bring me dinner... baby!

Look, bachelors number one, two and three, I don't know who told you my name was Baby, but my name ain't Baby! **(with rising animosity)** Do you understand? My name is not Baby! **(very proper)** It's Babette. Now, bachelor number two, since bachelor number one is a lazy chauvinist: In Roman History, who were the combatants of the battle of Carthage?

(to the audience) Well, for bachelor number two, Roman history meant he had a plate of turkey tetrazzini at a pasta carryout.

“Carthage!” he was shocked. “First you want bachelor number three to do your math homework, now you want me to crib your history final. This is *The Dating Game*, not *Help Me Do My Homework!*”

(snotty) Uh, I'm not even taking Roman History, okay?

(as #2) “Then let me ask you a question?”

What, number two?

(frustrated and loud, as #2) Who caaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrresssssssssssss?

And bachelor number three pipes up like some goose barging in on a family picnic. "Is it fourteen?"

I'm like, "is *what* fourteen?"

End of free preview