

THE DATING GAME

By Kelly Meadows

Copyright © 2003 by Kelly Meadows, All rights reserved.
ISBN 1-932404-06-6

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

THE DATING GAME

by
Kelly Meadows

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!

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from THE DATING GAME by Kelly Meadows. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**

Do Not Copy