

DEVIOUS DATING

By David Burton

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CAST: STACY and GREG

AT RISE: GREG and STACY are walking slowly to STACY'S front door as GREG prepares to say goodnight.

STACY: Thanks, Greg. I had a nice time tonight.

GREG: Did you really?

STACY: Sure... It was fun.

GREG: I know first dates can be awkward.

STACY: Yeah.

GREG: You can easily end up wasting your evening with a total loser.

STACY: I know. I've been there a few times.

GREG: You're different. You really seem to have your life together.

STACY: Thank you.

GREG: Sorry about that movie. I didn't know there were all those bad scenes.

STACY: It wasn't your fault, Greg. Besides, dinner was nice. I've never eaten at a Greek restaurant before. I wouldn't have thought the food on a menu could sound so strange, yet taste so good.

GREG: It's fun to try food that's not identifiable. It's an adventure of the taste buds.

STACY: I don't know how adventurous I felt. I couldn't finish the dish I ordered. Heck, I couldn't even pronounce it.

GREG: **(both laugh)** It takes practice. We can go back again sometime if you wish.

STACY: Yeah... ummm...maybe so.

GREG: Can I call you again?

STACY: Uh... sure. You can call me...sometime. I'll be really busy for the next couple of weeks, but we'll talk soon.

GREG: When?

STACY: Real soon.

GREG: Oh...okay.

STACY: Thank you again for dinner.

GREG: No problem. In the meantime, why end a good thing. Why don't I come in for a few minutes?

STACY: Well, considering it's the first date, I think we'd better leave it at the door for tonight.

GREG: Come on, I'm a nice guy. Ask anyone I know.

STACY: I don't know anyone you know.

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GREG: That's not my fault. Please, Stacy. I'm safe. Besides, it's cold out here.

STACY: Then I'd better go inside so you can get in your car and turn on the heater. You'll warm up quickly. Bye. Thanks again. **(mimes going inside. GREG shoves his way in as well)** Hey, what do you think you're doing? I didn't invite you into my apartment!

GREG: **(looking around, unconcerned)** Nice place, Stacy. Did you do the interior yourself?

STACY: WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!?!

GREG: Relax, honey. The most awkward part of the date is over. I know it's a precarious decision whether or not to invite a first date inside, but...

STACY: I didn't invite you in. You just burst in like a maniac!

GREG: Same difference - I'm inside now, so what does it matter.

STACY: I think it would matter to the cops!

GREG: Why are you threatening me, Stacy? So, I'm in-big deal. No one's hurt... And I'm not doing anything wrong. I'm just kicking back, enjoying what you've done with the place. Is that picture above the couch a Renoir?

STACY: If you don't leave, I'll...

GREG: You'll what? **(looking around again)** Yes, I'd say you have very good taste.

STACY: Well, you have pretty rotten judgment. Forcing your way into a girl's home is hardly the way to get a second date.

GREG: Whoever said I wanted a second date. The first one isn't over yet.

STACY: Greg, please. I'm tired and you're scaring me.

GREG: Am I? So I scare you, do I?

STACY: Yes. Now will you please...

GREG: I find it very interesting that this bright, overly confident career woman would suddenly lose all of that confidence and become a quivering bowl of jello. Earlier in the evening, you couldn't talk enough about what a big-shot professional woman you were. You were really going somewhere in life... not scared of anything or anyone. Where's that strong, fearless woman now, Stacy?

STACY: What do you expect? You break into my apartment, uninvited, and you...

GREG: I what? I haven't done anything. Aside from admiring your taste in art, I don't believe I've committed any objectionable act. **(looks around suddenly... both put hands over ears)** What's that loud noise?

STACY: **(Yelling, to overcome noise)** It's the security alarm going off. I left it set by accident. If I don't press in the code in a few seconds, the police will come.

GREG: Tell me the code...quickly. TELL ME!

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STACY: It's 0526. My birthday.

GREG: (*as HE mimes pressing the numbers of the code*) May 26th huh? Maybe you'll get a card.

STACY: You also have to press the little button below that.

GREG: The one with the big "I" on it?

STACY: Correct. (*pause, both take hands off ears*) I did what you asked. Now, would you be nice and leave?

GREG: You're the one who hasn't been very nice.

STACY: Me? What did I do?

GREG: You weren't a very good hostess. After I paid for dinner, the very least you could have done was to invite me in for a nightcap.

STACY: It was a first date! I don't believe I owe you anything! As for the nightcap, I don't drink alcohol. Sorry to disappoint you.

GREG: I'm not disappointed. I could go for a soda.

STACY: You can forget that. It's time to *really* say good-night. (*moves toward the door*) Here, I'll see you out. (*GREG moves to cut her off*).

GREG: I don't think so. I'm not ready to bid you adieu.

STACY: What do you want?

GREG: I don't really know - yet.

STACY: Listen, I've tried to be nice. I'm giving you five seconds.

GREG: You're giving me? (*moves toward STACY*) You're giving me! Wow! It's nice that you're so generous. One minute you refuse to let me in and the next you're giving me a whole five seconds. Thanks.

STACY: (*yelling*) Look, creep, five seconds is more than you deserve!

GREG: Ooh, she's getting angry.

STACY: SHUT UP!! You think you're cute with those ridiculous little witticisms. But they're not funny. They're sick! (*optionally, STACY can angrily mime slapping GREG on the cheek*)

GREG: (*sarcastically*) Oh Stacy, my feelings are hurt!

STACY: GET OUT!

GREG: Okay.

STACY: (*taken back with surprise*) What?

GREG: I'll leave.

STACY: You really mean it?

GREG: Sure. It's boring in here. Your apartment is nice, but it's too feminine for my taste.

STACY: I'm glad you're coming to your senses.

GREG: Don't be too mad at me...please.

STACY: I'm not happy, but I suppose I'll get over it. I'm sorry for getting so upset, but that wasn't a funny joke. I was really starting to worry.

GREG: As long as there are no hard feelings.

STACY: There aren't. Now I really need to get some rest, so I'll let you out. (*Starts to move past him to get to the door. HE stops her and pushes her back gently.*)

GREG: Stacy - I didn't mean now.

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