

SPEED DATING AND LIGHT SABERS

by Kamron Klitgaard

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ISBN: 978-1-64479-049-6

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SPEED DATING AND LIGHT SABERS

A One Act Comedy

by **Kamron Klitgaard**

SYNOPSIS: Speed dating is a crazy concept. An evening of three minute dates with complete strangers... sounds like a good idea, right? It is, unless your speed dates happen to be an aluminum foil super hero, or a potion brewing witch, or an inanimate object psychic. *Speed Dating and Light Sabers* follows two strangers on their first speed dating experience. Will the evening end in total disaster or could they possibly meet the right one?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2-6 female, 2-6 male, 2 either; gender flexible, doubling possible)

FACILITATOR 1 (m/f)	Owner of the speed dating company. (23 lines)
FACILITATOR 2 (m/f)	Assistant. (14 lines)
MAN (m)	Normal male. (94 lines)
WOMAN (f)	Normal female. (103 lines)
HEATH (m)	Fast operator. (18 lines)
LETICIA (f)	Micro-organismphobe. (18 lines)
BRUCE (m)	Laundry guy. (22 lines)
HAZEL (f)	A witch. (19 lines)
TED (m)	Video chatter. (13 lines)
REY (f)	Star Wars fanatic. (20 lines)
PSY (m)	Inanimate Object Psychic. (20 lines)
TAL (f)	Super-talented. (16 lines)
JACK (m)	“Perfectly normal”. (24 lines)
JULIE (f)	Mixed-up senses. (17 lines)

CAST NOTE: The ten characters who are Man and Woman’s speed dates can easily be doubled, tripled, or more for a smaller cast. For example, one male and one female could play all ten speed date characters by quickly changing costumes offstage.

DURATION: 40 minutes.

TIME: Present day.

SETTING: A speed dating venue.

SET

The setting is a speed dating venue like a restaurant or conference room. Only two small tables and four chairs are required. Two tables with two chairs each are set on either side of the room. The scenes alternate between the two tables. If desired, a third table and chairs or a podium could be added for the Facilitators to sit or stand at between scenes.

COSTUME SUGGESTIONS

FACILITATOR 1 and FACILITATOR 2 – Hip, modern, flashy attire.

JULIE, MAN and WOMAN – Nice dating attire.

HEATH – Shirt and tie.

LETICIA – Rubber gloves, plastic garbage bags covering entire body, face pokes through a hole.

BRUCE – Glasses, suit, aluminum foil costume to change into.

HAZEL – Black dress and a purse.

TED – Modern attire.

REY – A robe.

PSY and TAL – Casual dating attire.

JACK – Active attire.

PROPS

- 12 Dating Score Cards
- 12 Writing Utensils
- 14 Name Tags
- Whistle
- Stopwatch
- 3 Phones
- Engagement Ring
- Color Swatches
- Rubber Gloves
- Several Plastic Garbage Bags
- Disinfectant Spray
- Napkin
- Laundry Basket
- Laundry (3 Shirts)
- Glasses
- Aluminum Foil Man Costume (Shirt, Shoes, Cape, Hat, And Mask)
- Large Hand Bag
- Old Looking Cup
- Bottle of Liquid (Vinegar)
- Container of Powder (Baking Soda)
- Small Wooden Spoon
- Eye of Newt
- Toe of Frog
- Poisoned Entrails
- Rags
- 3 Toy Light Sabers
- ChapStick
- Small Backpack
- Bag of Marshmallows
- Package of Reese's Pieces
- 2 Gunnysacks
- Package of Skittles

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

STAGING: Because the scenes alternate on either side of the stage, lighting could be used to alternate the scenes, or if lighting isn't available or desired, the Man or Woman at the table opposite of the active scene should remain still and quiet.

REHEARSING: This play is simple to direct. There are little technical requirements and because it is made up of separate vignettes, the actors can easily rehearse individually or all together. Also, all the "Woman scenes" could rehearse in one location and all the "Men scenes" could rehearse in another. The best way to pull off wacky comedy is to take it seriously. The more crazy the situation, the more serious the actors should take it.

WITCHES BREW: Hazel creates a foaming brew right at the table. For the brew to foam over the side of the cup, which is completely optional, but adds a nice effect, the liquid needs to be vinegar and the powder baking soda. As soon as she adds them together and stirs, the chemical reaction will be a foaming potion that will spill out onto the table. The Facilitators should be ready with rags to wipe it up.

SOUNDS: Only one sound is necessary for the production. It is the sound of a slap, which, in stage combat terms, is called the knap. It happens when Julie "slaps" Man with her nose. The knap could be made by Man clapping his hands together under the table or it could be made by one of the Facilitators.

AT RISE: *FACILITATOR 1 and FACILITATOR 2 enter and speak as if the room was filled with people.*

FACILITATOR 1: Can I have everyone's attention?! Hello?! Everyone look up here please. Thank you. I'd like to welcome you all to Hurry Up Dating, the speed dating company that helps you hurry up. We are your facilitators for tonight's event.

FACILITATOR 2: The reason you're all here is that you're tired of wasting an entire evening trying to impress someone on a date only to find, by the end of the evening, that you're not compatible. Here you will get a month's worth of incompatible dates out of the way in one evening, and hopefully find several compatible one's that are worth pursuing.

FACILITATOR 1: You have each been given a name tag with a number on it. At this time, we want you to write your name under your number and stick that name tag to your shirt, like this.

FACILITATOR 1 and FACILITATOR 2 stick name tags, which read Facilitator, to their shirts.

FACILITATOR 2: You have also been given a score card and a writing utensil. The score card has the numbers of all the people you will date tonight. It shows you who you will date in each round. It also has a slot for taking notes on each of your speed dates.

FACILITATOR 1: You will also find a box labeled "Interested" next to each number. If you are interested in your date, check the box. At the end of the night, we will compare all the cards and send out contact information to all compatible box checkers.

FACILITATOR 2: Each date is three minutes long. Some speed dating services use bells or gongs to signal the end of a date. But here at Hurry Up Dating, we feel that you're in a race.

FACILITATOR 1: A race to find the perfect match. So, we use a—

FACILITATOR 2 blows a whistle as hard as they can.

FACILITATOR 1: When you hear the—

FACILITATOR 2 blows a whistle as hard as they can.

FACILITATOR 1: That means it's time to end your date and move onto the next one.

FACILITATOR 2: Half of you have been assigned to stay at your table and the other half will be mobile.

FACILITATOR 1: It looks like you're all ready to go, so, enough with the talk! Let's hurry up and date!

FACILITATOR 2: Everyone to your places!

MAN and WOMAN enter from opposite sides, wearing nametags and carrying their score cards and writing utensils. They sit at separate tables. FACILITATOR 1 and FACILITATOR 2 back out of the way somewhere in the middle.

FACILITATOR 1: *(Holding up a stopwatch.)* Dating round number one will begin when you hear the—

FACILITATOR 2 blows a whistle as hard as they can. HEATH enters with dating card, runs to the open chair at WOMAN'S table and sits fast.

HEATH: *(Quickly.)* Hi, I'm Heath!

WOMAN: Oh, you're eager. *(Writing his name on her card.)* Heath.

HEATH: Well, it is speed dating. Ha, ha. No, I'm just... excited. I'm having a blast.

WOMAN: I've never done this before.

HEATH: Me either. But I love how it's all about speed. I don't mean to brag but back in high school I ran the 40-yard dash in 4.7 seconds.

WOMAN: Is that fast?

HEATH: It's pretty fast. But that was a long time ago. What about you?

WOMAN: Well, I just came out to see what this speed dating thing is all about. I had a bad break up about a year ago and thought that maybe—

HEATH: No, I mean how fast did you run the forty?

WOMAN: Uh... I don't think I ever ran the forty. I like walking.

HEATH: Hold on a second. (*Pulls out a phone and dials.*) Hi, Dad. Hey, put mom on too.

WOMAN: You're making a call? We only have three minutes.

HEATH: Hi, Mom! You'll never guess what I'm doing. Nope. I'm out on a date! No, I'm serious. She's sitting right in front of me. (*To WOMAN.*) They want to know if you're seeing a psychiatrist.

WOMAN: What?

HEATH: No, she's totally normal. What? Mom, that's embarrassing. Alright, hold on. (*Handing the phone to WOMAN.*) They want to talk to you.

WOMAN: (*Into phone.*) Uh... hello? Technically, yes. About two minutes. That's a record, huh? I see. It's called speed dating... No, I never ran the forty. Okay. Bye. (*Handing phone to HEATH.*) That was weird.

HEATH: I know, huh? So, how many kids do you want?

WOMAN: Kids? I'm not really ready for—

HEATH: I want a whole mess of 'em. Like, three or eight.

WOMAN: I don't think we're compatible.

HEATH: I have a very important question to ask you. (*Getting down on one knee and displaying a ring.*) Will you do me the honor of letting me become your husband?

WOMAN: Are you insane?

HEATH: I think we should set the date right now. (*Writing on the dating card.*) In the note taking section next to your number, I'm going to write a date. See if this works for you. (*Sliding the card so WOMAN can read it.*) What do you think of that?

WOMAN: That's yesterday's date.

HEATH: (*Pulling out color swatches.*) Honey, I have a surprise for you. Take a look at these swatches. For our anniversary, I'm going to redo the kitchen. Pick out any colors you want. Are you surprised?

WOMAN: Definitely.

HEATH: Oh, and Dear, can you pick up Kevin from soccer practice? I'm going to be running a little late.

WOMAN: Who's Kevin?

HEATH: Our son? Kevin? Who did you think I was talking about?

WOMAN: What were we supposed to be listening for? A bell or a whistle?

HEATH: I can't believe our baby is starting her first day of college today. We're gonna be empty nesters. Darling, it's gonna feel like something's missing around here.

WOMAN: Something's missing alright.

HEATH: When I retire next year, I think we should move down south; get outta this cold weather. But right now, I need to take a nap.

HEATH puts his head down on table. FACILITATOR 2 blows a whistle as hard as they can.

HEATH: What was that?!

WOMAN: Consider that a divorce.

FACILITATOR 1: Round 2! Move to your next table, please.

HEATH exits. MAN gets his dating card ready as LETICIA enters. She wears rubber gloves and plastic garbage bags that cover her entire body. Her face pokes through a hole. She carries her dating card and disinfectant spray. She approaches MAN and stands at the empty chair staring at him. MAN stares back.

MAN: Hi?

LETICIA: What's your number?

MAN: Two.

LETICIA: You're my next date.

MAN: Okay. And you're number seven.

LETICIA and MAN stare at each other for a couple more seconds.

LETICIA: Is someone sitting here?

MAN: No, go ahead. That seat is for you.

LETICIA: Was someone sitting here before?

MAN: Yes, my last date just left.

LETICIA sprays the seat with her disinfectant spray and then sits down.

LETICIA: I'm Leticia.

MAN: *(Writing her name on his card.)* Leticia. That's a nice name.
I'm—

LETICIA: No names! I'll just use your number. (*Writing.*) Two.

MAN: But you just told me your name.

LETICIA: Yeah... so?

MAN: (*Extending hand.*) Nice to meet you.

LETICIA quick on the draw, sprays his hand with disinfectant spray. MAN looks at it and then wipes it off with a napkin.

LETICIA: Watch your hands, buddy.

MAN: Well Leticia, I couldn't help but notice that you're covered head to toe in garbage bags.

LETICIA: Nope.

MAN: (*Stares at LETICIA.*) Then what are you wearing?

LETICIA: These are brand new, perfectly sanitary, cleaned and sterilized garbage bags.

MAN: My mistake. Let me guess; you're a germaphobe.

LETICIA: Wrong again. I am simply wearing what any normal person would wear when going out for a night of meeting total strangers.

MAN: Have you noticed any one else wearing sterilized trash bags?

LETICIA: Everyone else is insane.

MAN: Please, enlighten me.

LETICIA: The average office desk is the home to over 20,000 micro-organisms. How many do you think this table has? Or that chair.

MAN: Micro-organisms?

LETICIA: You look like a pretty clean person. But during the day, you touch, on average, 300 surfaces every 30 minutes. These are surfaces that other people have touched also, transferring their micro-organisms from their hands to yours.

MAN: Micro-organisms?

LETICIA: The hard truth is that, in your body, you only have 1,013 cells that are human. The rest, and I mean around 90 trillion, are bacteria. Face it, you're crawling with micro-organisms. And how many legs does a micro-organism have? I'll bet it's like eight or three, just scurrying all over your skin, searching for that perfect spot to sink their tiny little pincers in.

MAN: Micro-organisms?

LETICIA: Germs, man! Germs, germs, and more germs!

MAN: So, you are a germaphobe.

LETICIA: (*Ominously.*) No, a germaphobe is someone who has an unreasonable fear of germs. I am perfectly reasonable. Next time you get an itch on your back that you can't reach or you have to rub your eye or scratch your scalp, you'll know, it's those microorganisms digging in, scampering all over your body, invading your skin cells and spreading until you're completely covered like black mold in a wet dingy basement.

FACILITATOR 2 blows a whistle as hard as they can.

FACILITATOR 1: Round three! Move to the next table.

LETICIA: (*Getting up cheerful.*) Hey, it was nice to meet you!

LETICIA exits. MAN scratches his arm, then scalp, then frantically all over. BRUCE enters carrying a laundry basket, wearing glasses, and approaches WOMAN.

BRUCE: (*Sitting and placing laundry basket on floor.*) Hi, I'm number four, your date.

WOMAN: Hi, and you brought your laundry.

BRUCE: Oh, yeah. Sorry about this. I was at the laundry mat and lost track of time. I didn't have time to drop it off at home before this thing started.

WOMAN: Oh, good. I'm glad to hear you're not a weirdo.

BRUCE: (*Playful.*) Nope. I'm afraid I'm nothing as exciting as being a weirdo. Just a mild-mannered citizen who is occasionally fashionably late. (*Pulling a shirt out of the basket.*) In fact, you can help me fold.

WOMAN: (*Playful.*) Oh great. Just what I was hoping for tonight; a chance to do someone else's laundry.

BRUCE: (*Folding shirt and placing it on table.*) I'm totally kidding.

WOMAN: What's your name?

BRUCE: (*Folding another shirt.*) Most of the time, people call me Bruce.

WOMAN: (*Writing on the card.*) Most of the time?

BRUCE: Well, yeah. Let's just keep it at that.

WOMAN: (*Pulling a shirt out and folding.*) And what do you do for a living, Bruce?

BRUCE: I'm a reporter for the Daily Planet, I mean the Weekly Gazette.

WOMAN: You forgot the name of your newspaper?

BRUCE: It happens. It's just my day job.

WOMAN: *(Pulling out a big shirt with an aluminum foil "TFM" glued on the front.)* Uh... what's this?

BRUCE: *(Grabbing it.)* Oops. That shouldn't be in there. I'll take it.

WOMAN: It has a big shinny T-F-M on it. What does that stand for?

BRUCE: Nothing. The aluminum letters make it hard to fold. I'll just wear it.

BRUCE: puts the shirt on over his clothes.

WOMAN: T-F-M.

BRUCE: Yeah... this is so embarrassing. But this will keep the letters from getting all crumpled.

WOMAN: *(Pulling shoes from the basket; that are covered with aluminum foil.)* Uh... what are these?

BRUCE: *(Snatching them away.)* Nothing! They're nothing. I'll just put them... *(Looking around for someplace to put them.)* ...uh... on! *(Replacing his shoes with the foil shoes.)* There! Everything's cool. Nothing to be worried about. It's all mildly ordinary.

WOMAN: They match your shirt.

BRUCE: Do they? I hadn't noticed. Can we, uh, sort of keep this on the down low?

WOMAN: *(Pulling out a cape with aluminum foil designs on it.)* What's this?!!!

BRUCE: *(Snatching it away.)* Shhhh! Can you keep it down?! I don't want anybody to see this stuff! *(Putting on the cape.)* It's nothing anyway. It's, you know, normal laundry stuff.

WOMAN: *(Pulling out an aluminum foil mask and helmet.)* This is not normal laundry stuff.

BRUCE: *(Snatching it away.)* Give me that! Fine you caught me, okay. You weren't supposed to see any of this!

WOMAN: You asked me to help fold your laundry.

BRUCE: Alright, listen. I feel like I can trust you. Oh boy, here goes. Remember how I told you about being a reporter at the Daily Planet?

WOMAN: Weekly Gazette.

BRUCE: Weekly Gazette. And remember how I told you it was just my day job?

WOMAN: Oh yes, I remember.

BRUCE: Well, at night... I fight crime. I know, it's hard to believe. But watch this. *(Takes off glasses and puts on mask and helmet.)* Now do you recognize me?

WOMAN: Gasp! I can't believe I didn't see it before! You're Weirdo Guy!

BRUCE: No! It's me! I'm Tin Foil Man! I was in the newspaper?

WOMAN: T-F-M. That's actually aluminum foil.

FACILITATOR 2 blows a whistle as hard as they can.

FACILITATOR 1: Here we go with the next round!

FACILITATOR 2: Next round! Move to the next table!

BRUCE: Did you hear that whistle? I think someone's in trouble!

WOMAN: Yeah, it's me.

BRUCE: *(Posing heroically.)* This looks like a job for Tin Foil Man!

WOMAN: What are you gonna do, wrap up their left overs?

BRUCE grabs all his stuff and charges off. HAZEL enters with a large handbag and sits with MAN. They shake hands.

MAN: Hi, what's your name?

HAZEL: I was afraid you'd ask me that.

MAN: You were afraid I would ask you your name? Isn't that what everyone starts with? You know, so I know what to call you, and I can write it down on my score card?

HAZEL: Yes, you're right, of course. It's just that my name is so old-fashioned; I get made fun of.

MAN: I understand. I promise I won't make fun of you. What is it?

HAZEL: Alright. My name is Hazel.

MAN: Hazel. That's not so bad.

HAZEL: The last guy called me a witch.

MAN: A witch?! That's not very nice. Did you slap him?

HAZEL cackles like a witch and then covers her own mouth to silence her laugh.

HAZEL: No, I didn't slap him. I'm used to it. "Hazel" is a witch name. Whenever there's a witch in a story, her name is always Hazel. But I assure you, I'm not gonna turn you into a frog or anything.

MAN: Ha, ha! That's a relief.

HAZEL pulls a small old-looking cup from her handbag and sets it on the table.

HAZEL: So, do you have any hobbies?

MAN: I like to restore old cars. What's that?

HAZEL: Just a liquid receptacle. What kind of car are you working on now?

MAN: A 1966 GTO. Do you like cars?

HAZEL: *(Pulling out a bottle of liquid and setting it on the table.)* No, not really. I've never had a use for them.

MAN: You're a subway person?

HAZEL: *(Pulling out a container with powder in it.)* Nope. But since you like restoring things, you might be interested in knowing that I am in the process of restoring an antique broom.

MAN: Cool. What is this stuff?

HAZEL: I have something I want you to taste. It's my own special brew. *(Pouring the liquid into the old cup.)* So, why did you decide to try speed dating?

MAN: I thought it would be less painful to compress several months' worth of rejections into one night.

HAZEL cackles like a witch but this time doesn't suppress it. She pulls a wooden spoon and a pea-sized object from her bag.

HAZEL: *(Dropping the pea-sized object into the cup and stirring it with the spoon.)* Eye of newt!

MAN: You have a very interesting laugh. Wait, did you just say, "Eye of newt?"

HAZEL: No, I said, I like fruit. *(Pulling out another ingredient from bag and dropping it in the cup.)* Toe of frog!

MAN: Toe of frog?!

HAZEL: I think you need to get your hearing checked. I said, “Oh, the smog.” The smog is terrible today, isn’t it?

MAN: What?

HAZEL: *(Pulling out another ingredient from bag and dropping it in the cup.)* Poisoned entrails!

MAN: I heard that correctly! You definitely said—

HAZEL: Toys in snails.

MAN: What? That doesn’t make any sense.

HAZEL: Double, double toil and trouble. Fire burn and cauldron bubble!

HAZEL pours the powder into the cup and it foams over the top and sides.

MAN: You are a—

HAZEL cuts MAN off with a look.

MAN: Look, if you think I’m gonna drink that—

HAZEL: This is a love potion. Just nine drops and you’ll fall desperately in love with me. Drink the whole thing and I will forever captivate your immortal soul. *(Cackling and sliding the cup to MAN.)* Now drink! Drink, I say! *(Magically waving her hands.)* Now is not the time to think, from this cauldron you will drink!

MAN: *(Under her spell.)* I will drink.

HAZEL cackles bigger than ever. MAN picks up the cup and brings it to his lips and is about to drink when FACILITATOR 2 blows a whistle as hard as they can.

FACILITATOR 1: Next round!

HAZEL: Ah, cat crud!

MAN shakes his head and puts the glass down.

MAN: What? What happened?

HAZEL gathers her things and takes the cup from MAN.

HAZEL: Don't forget to check the "interested" box. Bye!

FACILITATOR 2: Move to the next table!

HAZEL exits. FACILITATOR 1 and 2 wipe off table with rags. TED enters and never stops looking at his phone as he approaches WOMAN.

WOMAN: Hello. *(Waiting for TED to answer.)* Hello? Would you like to sit down? Hello? How are you, uh, number... I can't see your name tag. *(Trying to see TED'S name tag.)* Number Five, Ted. Why don't you sit down, Ted?

TED swipes his phone.

WOMAN: Are you shy or something? Hello?

Without looking at WOMAN, TED shows her the face of his phone.

WOMAN: You want my phone number? Ted, I don't even know you. And how can I get to know you if you won't talk?

TED types on his phone and shows her. She reads it out loud.

WOMAN: "I promise I'll only use it right now."

WOMAN studies him and then brings her number up on her own phone and displays it for TED who types it into his phone. WOMAN hears her phone buzz.

WOMAN: There's my phone. Hey, while you're busy doing whatever you're doing, I'm just gonna answer this text. *(Looking at phone.)* Hmmm. I don't know that number. *(Reading text.)* "Let's video chat." Who could this be? *(Realizing and looking at TED.)* Really? Is this you? You wanna video chat?

TED sends a text. WOMAN reads her phone.

WOMAN: Thumbs up emoji? How are you going to video chat if you can't even talk?

TED texts. WOMAN reads.

WOMAN: Shrug emoji. Fine. Here's my info. (*Texting.*) Send. There.

TED reads his phone. Then starts typing frantically. He hits one final key and then waits. WOMAN feels her phone buzz.

WOMAN: (*Looking at phone.*) Oh, look at that. I'm getting a video call. (*Pushing a button and looking into phone.*) Hello?

TED: (*Looking into phone.*) Hey, gorgeous!

WOMAN: (*Looking at TED.*) What are you doing?

TED: (*Looking into phone.*) Hey, what are you looking at? Look at me. I wanna see those beautiful eyes of yours. Don't be shy.

WOMAN looks into phone.

TED: There we go. That's much better. Now, I have a million questions for you. First, what's your favorite thing to do on a rainy weekend?

WOMAN: (*Looking at TED.*) I like that question. Well—

TED: (*Looking into phone.*) Hey, hey, hey! Talk to me! Don't look off in some random direction. I'm right here.

WOMAN: (*Looking back into phone.*) Well, I like making hot chocolate. I have a special recipe I got from... This is really weird.

TED: What is?

WOMAN: Talking to you like this.

TED: Nonsense. I see people all the time, out to dinner, sitting across from each other just like we are and they both have their noses in their phones, texting different people. They're not interacting with each other at all. Now, we may have our noses in our phones, but we're interacting with each other!

WOMAN: That's true. But we could interact on a more personal level if we talked... (*Looking at TED.*) ...face to face.

TED: Stop that. Look at me! Tell me more about your special hot chocolate recipe.

WOMAN: (*Looking at her phone.*) Well, I got it from my grandmother. It's the best hot chocolate in the world. She has two secret ingredients. One, she uses... Why are we talking like this?! Can't I just look at you?

TED: You are looking at me! Alright, the truth is, I used to be one of those people who had their nose in their phone for 12 hours a day. I would text people that were sitting in the same room. Texting was practically an obsession. Someone would walk up to me and ask me a question and I would text them the answer. I admit, it was a serious problem. I didn't know how to interact with people in real life. It was like I lived only in the virtual world. It got so bad that I went to see a psychiatrist.

WOMAN: It didn't help, did it?

TED: No, he couldn't text very well. But then, one day, my eyes were opened and I made a complete change in my life. I discovered video chatting. Now, instead of having my nose in my phone for 12 hours a day, I have it there for 24 hours a day!

WOMAN: Even when you sleep?

TED: I have a headset that the phone sits in. The apparatus positions the phone right in front of my face. Of course, I have to sleep on my back but it's totally worth it. Now, what's that first secret ingredient? I really want to try this hot chocolate.

WOMAN: How will you drink it if you can't look away from your phone?

TED: You can send it to me in a video message.

FACILITATOR 2 blows a whistle as hard as they can.

WOMAN: Oh, look at that, time's up.

TED: Are you sending the hot chocolate? I'm waiting.

WOMAN looks over to FACILITATOR 1 and 2, waiving them over.

WOMAN: A little help here?

FACILITATOR 1: (*Yelling into WOMAN'S phone.*) Move to the next table!

FACILITATOR 2: (*Blowing whistle into WOMAN'S phone.*) Next round!

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