

Blind Date - the aftermath

A 10-Minute Comedy and the Second part of a Trilogy of Blind Dating

By

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Cast of Characters

Dr. Stanley: A petite podiatrist who wears glasses

Alice Adler: An average-looking woman

SETTING

The stage is divided into two bedrooms--one feminine, one masculine. The rooms are separated by an imaginary wall which includes a full-length mirror (empty of glass) that both characters can use simultaneously. The lady's boudoir has a dressing table with a large mirror (empty of glass) that has its back to the audience so they can watch during her evening ritual. There is a smaller, freestanding make-up mirror on the tabletop. The man's room contains a dresser and a sink with similar mirrors. Both rooms are dark with light shining from the outer room when the bedroom door is opened.

AT RISE: Late evening.

(The door of the feminine bedroom swings open, ALICE ADLER, an average-looking woman dressed for a night out, falls to her knees and then spreads out flat on the floor as if hugging it.)

ALICE

Thank God! I never thought I'd see you again.

(The door of the male bedroom swings open, STANLEY KRAMER, a petite podiatrist who wears glasses, is also dressed for a night out. STANLEY flips on the light switch by the door.)

STANLEY

Well, that went well.

(ALICE drags herself over to the wall, crawls up the doorframe and switches on the light.)

ALICE

Interesting looking?

STANLEY

Not fancy. Boy, Fred had that right.

(STANLEY unties his tie, pulls it off and tosses it on his dresser. ALICE kicks off her shoes into the closet.)

ALICE

Distinguished? Graying temples?

STANLEY

Definitely not a raving beauty.

(STANLEY removes his jacket and hangs it on the back of a

chair. ALICE takes off her jewelry and carefully places it in the jewelry case.)

ALICE

Short.

STANLEY

Average.

ALICE

Balding.

STANLEY

Middle aged.

ALICE & STANLEY

Why did Helen/Fred think I would ever be interested in him/her?

(STANLEY sits on the bed and removes his shoes, dropping them by the side of the bed. ALICE takes off her dress, places it on a hanger and returns it to the closet.)

STANLEY

That's probably why she's in research.

ALICE

Ever smiling.

STANLEY

They hide her in the lab.

ALICE

Hand pumping.

STANLEY

She did have a grip. Probably from handling all those test tubes.

ALICE

At least he had enough sense not to do a comb-over.

STANLEY

She did have great teeth. I wonder if they're her own.

ALICE

But really! A podiatrist?

STANLEY

She did enjoy my jokes.

ALICE

And those god-awful foot jokes.

(ALICE puts on her bathrobe.
STANLEY removes his belt and drops
his pants. HE is wearing large
boxers, a long shirt and high
black socks held up by garters.)

STANLEY

Well, they don't call me the Milton Berle of podiatry for nothing.

(ALICE sits at her dressing table,
smears cream all over her face and
removes it with tissues. STANLEY
falls back on the bed and starts
rubbing his toes.)

STANLEY (Continued)

But I did score points with my charity.

ALICE

And that endless bragging about his charity.

STANLEY

Saving the World - One Foot at a Time.

ALICE

What was it? One Bunion at a Time?

STANLEY

I could tell she was impressed.

ALICE

When he asked me to volunteer, what could I say?

STANLEY

She did give me her phone number. I guess it would only be polite to make sure she got home okay.

ALICE & STANLEY

I hope he doesn't call./I should give her a call.

(STANLEY goes to the chair and fishes in his jacket pocket, pulling out a piece of paper.)

STANLEY

What should I say? Hi! This is doctor. No, not doctor. That sounds too snooty.

ALICE

Well,. . . at least he has a job.

STANLEY

Hi, this is Stanley. What if she doesn't remember me? Of course, she's going to remember me, we just met.

(STANLEY reaches for his phone.)

STANLEY (Continued)

Then again, I've met a lot of women who don't remember me.

(STANLEY dials. The phone on the night stand next to Alice's bed rings.)

ALICE

Oh, no! He's calling to ask me out.

(Alice's phone rings and rings.)

ALICE (Continued)

If I ignore it, maybe he'll go away.

STANLEY

That's strange. She should be home by now.

ALICE

Well, what can I expect?

(STANLEY hangs up.)

STANLEY

I should have followed her home.

ALICE

(Pulling stray hairs from her chin
with tweezers)

When you take care of yourself, men always think you're a
lot younger than you are.

STANLEY

I hope she didn't get mugged. Older woman make easy
targets.

(Finishing with her face, ALICE
now applies body and hand lotion.
STANLEY lies on the bed with his
feet in the air, performing his
foot calisthenics by stretching
his feet and toes.)

ALICE

I'm looking for a certain kind of mate.

STANLEY

I want my ideal spouse this time.

ALICE

Dashing.

STANLEY

Sophisticated.

ALICE

Man-about-town.

STANLEY

A real knock-out.

ALICE

Someone to sweep me off my feet.

STANLEY

Someone who'll curl my toes.

ALICE

Actually, that describes Phillip. I know how that turned
out.

(STANLEY stops exercising abruptly.)

STANLEY

Wait! That's Grace. I sure wouldn't want another one like her.

ALICE & STANLEY

You know, maybe Stanley/Alice wasn't that bad.

ALICE

His clothes were a little dated.

STANLEY

She did seem frugal. Her dress looked washable.

ALICE

I could always change his style.

STANLEY

That would save on dry cleaning.

ALICE

Maybe I should give him a chance.

STANLEY

Helen said she's a great cook.

ALICE

We could have a nice evening out.

STANLEY

If I ask her for a date . . .

ALICE

He'll take me to a nice restaurant.

STANLEY

Maybe she'll make me dinner.

ALICE

Even a concert or the theatre.

(STANLEY grabs the phone and redials.)

STANLEY

This could mean a free meal.