

guy meets girl

a monologue or stand up comedy routine

in one act

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GUY MEETS GIRL

This play was written to be performed by a single actor on the stage, going through the motions of everyday life. The play was originally produced using only the actor and a door on stage, and the rest was mimed and sound effects were added. However, it is up to the discretion of the director whether or not silent actors are used as well.

The play can just as easily be performed as a stand up comedy routine behind a mike. The main actor should be an ordinary guy anywhere from mid twenties up until mid forties.

[1] Do you know what the strangest thing about people is? *(Pause)* No??... Pity me neither. *(Gets into apartment elevator and presses bottom key on panel)*

I am not sure what it is. Could it be how we always leave things till the last minute, no matter how long we've known about the deadline... hah!

[2] How about the way we greet people, there are so many ways to say "hallo." Take the handshake for instance. There's the firm manly hand shake, the soft iffy hand shake, the 'I crush bones' handshake and the wet fish ... you know where its just flesh and no bones. And isn't it curious how no two people will stare at the same space once they have stepped into an elevator.

(gets out the elevator and moves to door of building realises its raining outside and unfurls his umbrella)

[3] And what's with the weather? No matter whom you're with and when you have nothing to say, somehow it's always the weather that springs to mind. As if discussing weather will create a whole new wealth of topics. I can't remember the last time I was able to convert talking about the weather into a full-blown coherent conversation. I know nothing about clouds and their short and long term effect on the ozone layer. I do know weather is everywhere, boring and pretty persistent.

(Wave down a bus. Go through the actions of climbing in and finding a safe place to dangle from while in transit. Continue with conversation)

[4] I will say this. One place where men excel as idiots is trying to impress the opposite sex. The more we try to impress, the more impressive is the rubbish we say and do leaving any bystander cringing with pity. Where guys show a tremendous aptitude for doing impressively stupid things is talking to a beautiful women. We don't do this on purpose, it's a genetic built-in short-circuit if you will.

[5] Please allow me to explain, what happens when I first see a woman I think is interesting and someone I should be impressing.

[6] This woman enters my awareness, and it may take a few seconds for me to register her presence but when I do... its usually at his point when things start to go wrong but as a guy I don't realize it. Before I get a chance to make eye contact she moves out of sight. But I don't care since someone else has moved into sight and boy, do I want to impress her.

[7] I think to myself "hello!" Right now words are not needed, with what's going on in my head there really isn't space for words. In fact words have been forcefully removed to make way for images flashing through my head. In every one of them she is naked or at least missing a significant section of clothing and I am a charming Greek god.

[8] I can no longer respond to questions. It's not by choice I merely have no allocated space to respond. I am currently a Greek god and she is looking wondering where all her clothing has gone. If I had the foresight I would raise a 'do not disturb' sign, but nobody reads signs anyway except to check what they are ignoring.

(Allow someone to pass down the isle)

[9] Back to reality and I am thinking, I should introduce myself to this love goddess. I am after all a Greek god, charming, eloquent and a person worth knowing. I have no doubts that I will be everything I imagined... the truth is something we don't have time for right now.

[10] However there is a part of our brain concerned with survival. I call it the killjoy department of our brain. A little voice lurking in the back of my mind. I'm trying to make charming conversation and then the voice chips in "You didn't just say that did you"? "Did you check yourself for body odour"? and "did you feed the dog?" ... True to its nature that little voice will sap all self-confidence one question at a time until I'm left wondering what the hell am I doing and did I feed the dog.

[11] Problem is that the voice has access to the turbo dumb button, otherwise known as the fight and flight mechanism. As the voice pops up random illogical questions, the button gets pressed. Suddenly my heart rate soars, hearing and eyesight improves and I am ready to run ... anywhere.

(Bus lurches guy forward and he starts making his way to the front exit door following the girl into a busy bar).

This is fine except for a few complications, the mouth is not considered an essential part of the fight or flight mechanism and thus I am left with a very dry uncooperative mouth and I hope at this stage I have a drink handy.

[12] She sees me and perhaps she smiles, and I think to myself "come on, you can do, she likes you." I work up the courage to move over to where she is, but always the little voice "does she like you?", "maybe she smiled at someone behind you", "are you sure you fed the dog" and "what if she has a boyfriend?" I don't know if she likes me, but I want to find out, so I check behind me and no one seems to be paying attention, yes I am sure I fed the dog and boyfriend.

<STOP>

[13] I can feel my heartbeat with its powered thump, boyfriend? Damn, I don't know, I didn't see her arrive with a guy, she isn't talking to anyone now ... maybe he is outside parking or smoking ... what a putz! Here is this really interesting girl I want to meet and he is outside smoking, the bastard.

(Go through door to check on boyfriend and return towards the bar)

[14] If I had a girlfriend like her I wouldn't leave alone with guys like me lurking around, thoughtless, and probably doesn't open doors for her and forgets her birthday ... what a putz. Oh well if she as a boyfriend he is probably not good enough for her anyways, so it's OK. I wouldn't be disturbing another guys girlfriend simply saving her from him, it's that least I could do, I am a nice guy and that's what nice guys do.

(Pause while taking swig from beer bottle. Walk a few paces forward and address the audience)

[15] Its true we as people rationalize anything, it's why diets never work. We get on the scale 3 days into the diet and wonder why we haven't lost any weight. We've been following the diet to the letter, well except for the odd chocolate and the midnight raid on the fridge. But that doesn't count since I'm on a new day' schedule, which only kicks in at breakfast. Thus midnight is a grey area to be exploited. They really should take this into consideration and adapt the diet accordingly, it's not my fault the diet is flawed and thus rendered useless. And if the diets useless I might as well console myself with another beer.

(Signal barman for another beer)

[16] Now I'm wondering how I should approach her. Should I wave, shake hands, leave my hands in my pockets or hug her. Is she a hugging person?... Let's leave the hug out for now. See that's it, I am ready to stop before I begin. But my legs have their own agenda and somehow I am moving in her direction. I am not entirely sure what I am doing so I put on what I think is a clever smile , what I think , is a clever smile on my face and follow my legs ... while my brain churns through a million different things to say. No matter what I think of, whatever clever lines I want to say it does not matter.

[17] We meet and are face to face, I smile my charming smile, which due to the adrenalin flying through my system means it's not a smile more overzealous leer. If I am paying attention I will probably try shaking her hand, hugs and keeping my hands in my pockets all at the same time. I notice my hands have gotten moist, when did that happen I didn't touch anything wet, Oh bugger, I hope I don't have a large wet spot down my leg or something, and I cannot check it would make it more obvious if there is a wet mark. So I say something clever. Something along the lines of "Gurking furking mobbing tonk". No I don't, but may as well since whatever I say will probably have just as much meaning.

[18] Remember the body has removed almost all blood from the mouth and in some cases the brain and redistributed it everywhere else in the body. Getting the brain and mouth to agree on what to say becomes a bit of a hit and miss affair with the mouth sometimes running on autopilot, which is not a good thing since the mouth has very little imagination. Eventually the brain will get through to the mouth and hopefully interrupt the mouth before something horrible is said.

[19] I try to steer the conversation to safe ground by talking about the weather or perhaps how careless people are leaving wet patches all over the place. Hopefully she smiles and says something back. I offer to get her a drink, or is her boyfriend getting her one. Oh really... she does not have a boyfriend, just as well he was a real jerk anyways.

