

Table for 2, Party of 4

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Table for Two, Party of Four

John: ARGH! Will you please just stop?! I'm nervous enough as it is, and I don't need you screwing this up for me!

ID: (*raspy, smoking*) Screwing it up for you? When have we ever screwed anything up for you?

S.EGO: (*sophisticated, elitist*) Yes, we've been with you on every first date you've ever been on!

John: Yes, that's right! And have either of you noticed that I've never had a SECOND date?!

ID: That's probably you're constantly ignoring our advice.

S.EGO: Or, at least my advice.

John: Look, will you both knock it off? I can handle tonight on my own. Now when she gets to the table, I think you both should...

Cheryl: Um, hi. John?

John: Oh, you must be Cheryl! It's a pleasure to meet you, would you like an hors d'oeuvre or a cocktail, or something?

Cheryl: Actually, John, I'm going sneak off to the ladies room for just a minute...I'll be right back.

John: Oh, okay. I'll just be here examining the menu! (*sighs, starts looking over menu*)

ID: Whoa, she's hot!

John: Yeah, I know.

S.EGO: Yes, you'll definitely want to impress this one...

John: Yes, I DO want to impress her, ALONE. Now, she's coming back, stop!

Cheryl: Stop what?

John: Nothing, nothing at all. Cheryl, would you like to take a look at the wine list?

ID: Wine? Good idea! Ask her if she wants to do shots later!

S.EGO: Oh, we're off to bad start. Do you want to get her intoxicated? I'll bet she thinks so.

John: Um, they have some nice red wines. I'll just um, peruse the entrées, while you look. (*looks down shyly*)

S.EGO: Yes, good! Choose as though price means nothing! Tell her you'll pay for dinner, no matter what it costs!

ID: Yeah, that's a good way to get her into bed!

John: Oh, and Cheryl, price means nothing...I'll pay to get you into bed, no matter what it costs.

Cheryl: What?!

John: NOTHING! Nothing. Um, did you happen to notice what the specials were tonight?

Cheryl: Oysters, I think.

ID: Oysters? Forget oysters. Seafood allergies can strike at any time. And ah, swollen lips are DEFINITELY not a plus during make out sessions.

John: Oh, well...maybe a steak?

S.EGO: Red meat could kill you!

John: On second thought, I'll...just have pasta. (*closes menu*) So, Cheryl, what do you do, you know, to pay the rent?

Cheryl: I'm a physical therapist.

ID: I could use some physical therapy!

S.EGO: Oh, good lord.

Cheryl: And what do you do?

ID: Come up with something impressive!

S.EGO: No, no, don't lie to her! Tell her the truth, you're a teacher!

ID: Oh, that's wonderful! Tell her you only make twenty grand a year, I'm sure that'll impress her...

John: I make thirty grand a year!

Cheryl: Okay, doing what?

ID: You're a cardiologist!

S.EGO: Teacher!

ID: Lawyer!

S.EGO: Teacher!

ID: Architect!

S.EGO: Teacher!

ID: You're a GIGOLO!

John: A gigolo?!

Cheryl: A GIGOLO?

John: No, no. I'm a math teacher. A high school math teacher.

Cheryl: Oh, that's great! Well, when you aren't teaching, what do you like to do? You know, hobbies, favorite movies...I'm a big music fan, myself...I mean, who's your favorite singer?

ID: Barry White! Just say it, Barry White!

S.EGO: Oh, Barry White is SO passé! Think of something more sophisticated! Such as...oh, London opera star Jane Marie Manilow!

ID: Barry White! Just trust me on this one!

S.EGO: Jane Manilow!

John: I like Barry Manilow...a lot.

Cheryl: Oh, well that's interesting.

John: How about you?

Cheryl: Oh, I'm a BIG U2 fan! I just love their smooth sound, and...

ID: U2? I don't know anything about 'em!

S.EGO: Me either. Oh, weren't they big in the nineteen eighties?

Cheryl: ...and Bono is a wonderful humanitarian. What's your favorite U2 song?

ID: Oh, crap.

S.EGO: Oh, blast...tell her....after all these years, you still haven't found only one favorite!

John: You know, after all these years...I still haven't found—

Cheryl: WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR?! Mine too!

S.EGO: Advantage, John!

John: Wow, that's um...ironic.

Cheryl: So, which of their concerts have you been to? I mean, which tour was your favorite?

S.EGO: Oh, this isn't good! You need to change the subject!

ID: Yeah, you're way out of your league on this one. You need something drastic to turn the conversation around...ah...tell her your mother just died.

John: My mother died?

Cheryl: Oh, your mother died?

John: Yes! No. Well, more in spirit, really...when she found out that I...

Cheryl: That you what?

John: That I, uh...

Waiter: Are you ready to order, sir?

John: YES! Yes. I'd like the pasta primavera, please.

Waiter: Excellent, and for your wife?

ID: You mean one night stand!

S.EGO: Oh, good! This is the perfect opportunity to show her you're the man! Order for her!

John: (*sighs*) She's not my wife, and she's very capable of ordering for herself.

ID: I like your style...putting her in control!

Cheryl: I'd like the chicken caesar salad, please...Thank you. Where were we, John?

ID: You were just about to tell her what a great partner you'll make in the bedroom!

S.EGO: Oh, that's disgusting! Why don't you tell her about all your personal achievements!

Cheryl: John?

John: Oh, um, we were just talking about all the personal partners I've had! I MEAN, about my achievements in the bedroom! I mean...uh...

ID: Oh, that was smooth.

S.EGO: Way to go, Romeo.

Cheryl: John, you seem really nervous...are you alright?

John: No, Cheryl, I'm not alright! I AM kind of nervous, because—

ID: You haven't had anyone up to your apartment in six months!

S.EGO: You really need to have a successful love life...so you can go back to your twentieth high school reunion and brag to all the chaps!

ID: You haven't been on a date in so long, you're afraid you're losing your touch...

S.EGO: You desperately crave the companionship that can only be found in the lifelong institution of MARRIAGE!

ID: NO! Under no circumstances are you to ever utter that word! You just got dumped. By your last girlfriend...For another woman!

S.EGO: Oh, that's good. Play the pity card!

John: Ugh, shut UP already!

Cheryl: Oh...okay...

John: No, not you, Cheryl. I love talking to you. I would like to talk to you for the rest of the night...It's just that, I am nervous, because I'm afraid you're not seeing the real me, you know? And I want you to like me. The real me.

Cheryl: Oh, that's...sweet. I'd like to get to know the real you.

John: Whew, thank you. I promise you'll have my full attention for the rest of the night. Without ANY distractions.

Cheryl: Okay. I tell you what...when the entrées arrive, we can start over...with a clean plate?