Pamela Loyd





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We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

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Double Date © 2017 by Pamela Loyd

DOUBLE DATE

By Pamela Loyd

CAST

THOMAS: A nice, well-intentioned single man, dressed nicely in slacks, dress shirt, sports coat. Wears a yellow rose pinned to his lapel.

ELLIE: A free-spirited single woman who came of age in the 1960s. Dressed for a first date, with a touch of flair, outspoken, take-charge sort of woman.

TILLY: A free-spirited single woman who came of age in the 1960s. Dressed for a first date, with a bit of colorful unconventionality, friendly and flirtations.

Place

Small restaurant with a bar.

Time

Present day, early evening.

Setting: Small restaurant with a bar. Table at center with three chairs, right, middle, and left. Bar is off-stage. Might add tablecloth, candle, or flowers to table.

At Rise: THOMAS sits in chair at left side of table. He has a drink in front of him, looks around, looks at his watch, looks around again. He appears to be waiting for someone. ELLIE enters, stops, looks around, spots THOMAS and heads towards his table.

ELLIE: Are you Thomas?

THOMAS: (stands) Yes I am.

ELLIE: I thought you were. You did say you would be wearing a yellow rose so I could recognize you.

THOMAS: I thought that might make it easier to find me.

ELLIE: Yes it did.

THOMAS: Good, good. And you are Tilly.

ELLIE: Ellie.

THOMAS: Oh. Sorry about that. Tilly, Ellie, they sound so much alike.

ELLIE: Not really.

THOMAS: Uh, well, would you like to sit down? (THOMAS goes to center chair, pulls it out for her, but ELLIE sits herself in chair at right.)

THOMAS: (confused) Oh...well...Can I get you something to drink?

ELLIE: A glass of chardonnay would be nice.

THOMAS: (*looks around*) They never seem to have any waiters here. I'll go to the bar and get it.

(THOMAS goes to bar off stage. ELLIE takes off coat or sweater, fluffs her hair, straightens her clothes. THOMAS returns with her drink.)

THOMAS: Here you are, a chardonnay. (THOMAS sits again at left side of table)

ELLIE: Thank you. (awkward pause, they both fiddle with their drinks) So, I suppose we are in the 'awkward' stage of our first date.

THOMAS: Yeah. I don't really know what to say.

ELLIE: How to begin.

THOMAS: I think it's because we don't know enough about each other yet to know what the other person might like to talk about.

ELLIE: Well, I did mention on my internet dating profile that I'm interested in collecting antique English teacups. Those translucent china cups, with the gold rim around the top. You have to wash them by hand, you know. They're very delicate.

THOMAS: Ah. I'm not sure if I recall that. (*lifts drink, sips*)

ELLIE: Well, it probably doesn't interest you anyway. I've found it doesn't interest most men. (*beat*) But I imagine sex interests you.

THOMAS: (chokes on drink) Oh...uh...(nervous laugh)

ELLIE: Now I've embarrassed you. I just thought we should get that topic out of the way right at the beginning.

THOMAS: Oh...well, I don't really know what you are trying to say about that topic, Tilly.

ELLIE: Ellie. My Name is Ellie.

THOMAS: Yes, of course. I'm sorry. It's just that, since I don't know what you are trying to say about sex, I don't want to make a wrong assumption and say something dumb and blundering to whatever you are trying to say. What exactly are you saying?

ELLIE: Well what is your intention, Thomas? In dating? Is sex your intention?

THOMAS: Wow. You are a rather blunt, forthcoming, sort of woman, aren't you?

ELLIE: Well, I just think it's a good idea for people to be clear about their intentions. So what is your intention?

(ELLIE begins to frown through THOMAS' next lines. THOMAS notices her frowning and becomes more nervous and defensive as he continues.)

THOMAS: Well I don't intend that this first date should end with, you know, intimacy. But if we get along, and we continue to date for a while, a *long* while, and discover that we like each other well enough, then my long-term intention is that we might, perhaps, if we both feel like it, we might have sex. Someday. A long time from now. Maybe.

ELLIE: (crosses her arms) I see.

THOMAS: (*nervous babbling*) I mean, I have no intention of rushing into anything. Certainly not sex. My intention is to get to know a woman first, really well, develop a real relationship. That's my intention, develop a relationship. Not sex. Definitely not sex.

ELLIE: Well thank you for clearing that up for me, Thomas. Now that you've made your intentions clear we can move on to other things. So, you said on the dating site that you are a bit of a handyman.

THOMAS: Yes, I have a garage full of tools. I've got a skill saw, a soldering iron, an arc welder, a volt meter, an electronic stud finder, an air compressor, a leaf blower, along with the usual assortment of hammers, wrenches, pliers, and screwdrivers.

ELLIE: (eyes glazed over) Mmm.

THOMAS: Do you want to hear more?

ELLIE: No, that's enough. I think I have the idea.

THOMAS: Well, uh, hmm. I guess we're back to the awkward stage, aren't we, Tilly?

ELLIE: My name is Ellie! Ellie, Ellie! How many times do I have to tell you? You are not scoring points with me if you can't even remember my name.

THOMAS: I'm sorry, I don't know why I can't get your name right. It's just that I thought your name was going to be Tilly, and I guess that name got stuck in my head.

ELLIE: And don't think I would want to have sex with a man who I now know would call me Tilly during our lovemaking.

THOMAS: Oh no, I would never do that. I wouldn't call you anything.

ELLIE: You wouldn't call me anything?

THOMAS: Oh, uh, I mean I wouldn't call you a specific name. I would call you dear or darling or honey pie.

ELLIE: Well that's romantic. What a way to make a woman feel special.

THOMAS: Really? Oh. You're being sarcastic. Women don't like to be called dear or darling or...?

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!