

THE PROPOSAL

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
David Burton



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CAST: MELANIE and EDDIE

MELANIE: Magic! Absolute magic! The entire evening was glorious.

EDDIE: Was it really? You're not just saying that?

MELANIE: Of course not.

EDDIE: Was it special? I mean, really special?

MELANIE: How could it be anything but special? I was with you, Eddie. You're the sweetest guy I've ever known.

EDDIE: The entire evening was wonderful. I'm just glad it was a special evening for you, darling.

MELANIE: I'll never forget it.

EDDIE: Are you just saying that?

MELANIE: No way. I'm sure there's royalty that longs for this kind of treatment.

EDDIE: So you loved it?

MELANIE: I should say so! I thought we were just going out tonight – you know, a typical date. Then, as I'm curling my hair, I look out the window, and what do I see? A long, black limousine, and you stepping out, holding a dozen roses. You're so romantic.

EDDIE: I try my best.

MELANIE: I mean, what girl gets picked up in a real limo? Certainly not anyone I know.

EDDIE: Movie stars get that treatment constantly. But it probably gets old for them.

MELANIE: It wouldn't for me – not if you were in the limo.

EDDIE: **(embarrassed)** Yeah, well... It's weird riding in something that fancy. My uncle rode in one of those once.

MELANIE: He did? What was the occasion?

EDDIE: He had just died.

MELANIE: Uh, Eddie, you're killing the romance here.

EDDIE: No...No! You have to stay in the mood. It's very important. It's why I went to all this trouble.

MELANIE: You've been doing nice things all week. Last night you took me to that fancy dinner theatre. The night before, we ate at the most expensive restaurant in town. Did you suddenly come into some money?

EDDIE: No. I'm still trying to pay off my student loan...

MELANIE: Well...

EDDIE: And three credit cards...

MELANIE: Eddie, you shouldn't...

EDDIE: And my broken down truck.

MELANIE: Eddie!

EDDIE: Oh, and that \$200.00 I borrowed from your dad. I haven't forgotten that twenty bucks you slipped me, either. I'll pay you back as soon as I can.

MELANIE: I don't want it back. But I am concerned. You could have paid off some of your debts instead of wining and dining me. When you told my father you needed some cash for transportation, he thought you were fixing your car, not renting limos. I wish you hadn't done those things. They're expensive.

EDDIE: I've been saving...waiting.

MELANIE: For what? To blow your hard earned money.

EDDIE: No! I've been saving for a special evening like this.

MELANIE: Oh, Eddie.

EDDIE: I love you so much, Mel. Every moment with you has been so special...so fulfilling.

MELANIE: I feel the same way, sweetheart. All the hours we've spent together.

EDDIE: And on the phone.

MELANIE: Guess it's never been too difficult for us to communicate.

EDDIE: That's one problem we've never had.

MELANIE: Nor are likely to ever have. It seems like the more we're together, the more we have to say to each other.

EDDIE: My life has never been more perfect. It's you, Mel. You're the one that keeps me up nights, dreaming of ways to make you happy. I know you love me...for who I am...nothing else.

MELANIE: What else would there be? A few thousand in credit card debts?

EDDIE: **(ignoring the comment)** Remember how we met...at that boring play?

MELANIE: William Shakespeare would have rolled over in his grave.

EDDIE: Yeah. That play put the tragic in tragedy.

MELANIE: It's funny how that theater holds so many memories for us. We also went there the first night you kissed me.

EDDIE: I remember. I kissed you through the bars in that big iron gate.

MELANIE: You've always been so crazy...so fun. We've had some great dates, but tonight tops them all.

EDDIE: Maybe it will, Mel. **(pause)** Uh...Uh...

MELANIE: Are you nervous, Eddie?

EDDIE: N-n-no I'm not. W-w-why do you ask?

MELANIE: Because you're chewing on your car keys, and you don't even have to drive tonight. We have a limo.

EDDIE: Oh – sorry, I forgot.

MELANIE: What's wrong, honey? You can certainly tell me...the woman of your dreams.

EDDIE: No, I can't.

MELANIE: Oh, so you don't trust me?

EDDIE: That's not it. I'd trust you with my life.

MELANIE: But you can't tell me what's wrong. That makes a lot of sense.

EDDIE: Sorry. This whole thing doesn't make sense. I can't seem to do what I need to do.

MELANIE: Are you okay? Did you get fired or something?

EDDIE: No...no...It's nothing like that.

MELANIE: Are you sure?

EDDIE: It's about us, Mel.

MELANIE: **(long pause)** Oh.

EDDIE: What do you mean, oh?

MELANIE: I've obviously done something that doesn't set right with you. You're mad at me. I've displeased you somehow and you went to all this trouble just to dump me!

EDDIE: What?

MELANIE: You had to find the perfect place, the exact words...to dump me!

EDDIE: Honey! I'm not mad at you. You haven't done a thing.

MELANIE: **(loudly)** Then why are you ending it? **(pauses, speaking softly...seriously)** Is it my Aunt Betty?

EDDIE: Huh?

MELANIE: Oh, don't play games. I've seen you looking at her...giving her the once over!

EDDIE: Are you kidding? She's 50 years old! That's practically dead!

MELANIE: Well, my "Cosmo" had an article about younger men and older women.

EDDIE: Oh, for crying out loud... Why would I hit on your aunt?

MELANIE: You're the one who told me my Aunt Betty was pretty.

EDDIE: For her age! And, I think the comment was more like "well-preserved."

MELANIE: I distinctly remember "hot mama"!

EDDIE: It was a phase I was going through. I'm over her. I'm not breaking up. You're everything to me. You're perfect, Mel.

MELANIE: But not perfect enough to hear what you have to say...and it even involves me!

EDDIE: It's not that easy.

MELANIE: It should be. I'm your girlfriend. You can tell me anything.

EDDIE: Not this. This is different.

MELANIE: Why are your hands shaking? Sweetie, are you all right?

EDDIE: I'm fine. I just need to breathe a few times. **(Takes deep breaths).**

MELANIE: We need to go home. I think you're getting sick.

EDDIE: No. We can't go home – not yet, anyway. Tonight has to be it.

MELANIE: What?

EDDIE: It!

MELANIE: What's "It"?

EDDIE: I can't tell you.

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