

RED

By Kelly Meadows

Copyright © 2015 by Kelly Meadows, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 978-1-60003-819-8

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

PUBLISHED BY BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS
1-888-473-8521

RED*A Ten Minute Comedic Monologue***By Kelly Meadows**

SYNOPSIS: Happy Valentine's Day...or...is it? A young man finds himself intertwined in not only one serious relationship, but two. Can our bumbling romantic please his combative and competitive girlfriends? How can you go wrong with a stuffed red dog and a box of chocolates? Just wait and see, as this Valentine's Day has everyone seeing *Red*.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 male)*

MALE MONOLOGUE (m).....High school aged, or older
looking back.

MALE: Red. Rhymes with dread, dead, or “idiot, use your head!” Valentine’s Day was coming up and I was looking to get “the perfect gift.” There were two things I learned that year. One was “don’t lie to a girl about whether or not you’re seeing another,” and the other was... “don’t lie to a girl about whether or not you’re seeing another.” I also learned that *you* don’t get to decide what “seeing another” means. We’re talking high school here, so the words “serious relationship” have an entirely different meaning than they do in real life. In real life it means “we have a vested interest in each other and are building a future together.” In 9th through 12th grade, it means “we spoke in the hall when people were watching.” (*Smile, while also conveying a growing frustrated agony.*) And, “I posted it on social media so now it’s true...forever...and ever...”

In this case, I was in a coffee shop. Me and Leeanna. (*Wistful.*) Closing time. (*Imitating a barista, stern.*) Everybody get out! (*As himself, Upbeat.*) And don’t forget to recycle! I’d only had six cups of cappuccino, so we walked for two blocks to a coffee shop with later hours, by which time she was convinced we were going steady and had been for weeks. I went wrong by doing what every person says they want in a relationship until they get it—telling the truth. “I have a date with Louriana tomorrow.”

She wasn’t impressed. (*As Leeanna, a little eerie with spooky eyes.*) Cancel it! (*Looks at Leeanna with a sideways glance, then talk to the audience.*) It was for the same coffee house we had just left. Actually it wasn’t a date. It was coffee and homework. We were learning the digestive tract, and right now mine was being derailed. (*As Leeanna, a little more desperate.*) Cancel it, Jethro! Please. (*As himself.*) Then I got a text, although she was standing right next to me. (*Reading.*) “Cancel it.” (*Creeped out.*) So I canceled it. (*After a short pause, sheepish.*) But I didn’t. (*As Leeanna, now totally distraught.*) “You said you’d cancel it but you didn’t!”

So just before Valentine's Day, I was seeing red. Lots of red, lots of dread, lots of not using my idiot head. I met Louriana to study the stomach and both the large and small intestine—how romantic—but suspiciously, Leeanna came in about the same time. (*Emotional.*) "Jethro, why are you with her at *our spot*? (*Really stern, like a voice from another world.*) I told you to CANCEL IT!" (*Responding.*) You bullied me into it. (*Childish.*) You're not the boss of me! (*As Leeanna.*) "We need to have a talk." (*A little scared, assuming she's crazy and out of control, using hands to hold her off.*) No, I think we should probably never have a talk. Ever. Again. Ever.

Louriana was calm, and she told me later that Leeanna had done this several times before. She tended to believe she was going steady a lot more than her boyfriends did. Plus their names were so similar, I could barely remember who was who. And apparently they were best friends as long as I wasn't in the room. I went from "The guy who couldn't *get* a date" to "the guy who couldn't *get out* of one," practically overnight.

Valentine's Day was about to wreak its annual horror upon us all, and I could feel its sledgehammer of destruction swinging towards me like a pendulum in a Gothic novel. Not sure how I could afford those perfect gifts, but everyone was watching romantic TV shows, and the corresponding commercials equating love with money were very, very effective. (*As a commercial announcer.*) Nothing looks more striking on a young man's physique than a fat, fat wallet. At this special time of year, you need that special gift for that special someone at that special price. (*Ominous.*) Don't let what happened last year happen this year!" (*Scared.*) What happened last year? (*As the TV.*) You got her something cheap and worthless! Remember, love is not so elusive that it can't be bought. (*As himself.*) There are two things every girl likes, said the man on TV. (*We find out he bought one of these for each.*) So Leeanna got a big red stuffed dog, and Louriana got chocolate—and that's why I'm single.

Leeanna went first. (*With disdain and perhaps prefaced by a condescending sigh.*) “A red dog. How imaginative. What did you do, go to Walgreens and pull off the first thing you saw?” (*In response.*) No, that would have been toilet paper. Next it was Louriana. (*Angry and hurt.*) “Chocolate? You’re trying to fatten me up so you can feel better about going out with Leeanna. I won’t be fat-shamed by a feeder!”

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from RED by Kelly Meadows. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com