

TAKE A NUMBER

By Eugene Fertelmeyster

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CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

All Roles are Men With the Exception of the Voice, which can be either a man or a woman.

Note: This script is perfect for a one male show, with the one actor performing all monologues as different characters. However, it can also be played with individual actors for each monologue.

VOICE
PAUL
MATTHEW
LUKE
JOHN
JAMES
MARK
MIKE
CHRIS
JEREMY

(One person will be playing many characters.)

TIME & PLACE

The Recreational Room at a Church or YMCA. 7:30 P.M. Thursday, November 20, 2003.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

The casting of this play is very loose. It can be done as a one-man show, with slight variations in costume each time, or with a few men who are double cast.

The only stage setup needed is a small, simple (preferably plastic) table DSC, with a chair behind it. There should be a pitcher with water and ice on it, and some cups.

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You might notice that there is not much blocking. I feel that the director should interpret each monologue as he/she sees fit.

Costumes are also the decision of the director, however each guy should have a “Hello my name is...” nametag with their name and number (Any two digit number) written on it.

At Rise: Before the lights come up, the organizer's VOICE comes over the P.A. system.

VOICE: Hello everyone, and welcome to speed dating. For the newbies out there, here's what's going to happen. You each have a nametag with a number on it. You will sit down at a table and tell the other person about yourself for a few minutes, and then a bell will ring. Once the bell rings, please give the other person a second to write down your number, if they so desire, and then move on to another table. I hope you all have a wonderful evening. And remember, Speed Dating is brought to you by the Classified Ads in you local newspaper: “If it's printed for everyone to see, you know it's classified”

(Lights up on the stage. There is a table DSC with a chair behind it. There is a small stack up paper cups sitting next to a pitcher with water. PAUL enters.)

PAUL: Hi, I'm Paul. That's the thing we say, isn't it? Hi, I'm Paul... or Jean, or Brenda... makes you think. Well, it makes me think. Our names are one of the most important things that we have. Its one of those things that you just have to live with; sure, you can change your name, but, on the street if someone yells “Hey, Paul”, if your name was Paul, boy, it'd be hard not to turn around. What's great about names is that they show the kind of person you are, even though your parents don't know how you'll turn out. I guess it's their way of guiding us, their first hopes for you. That's why, for instance, there are a lot of successful women named Brittany, while the Berthas of the world are still not getting the attention they deserve. But, I'm Paul. Paul is a great name. It's like my father used to say: “Paul, you should be proud of your name. I fought with your mother for 9 months about what we were going to name you. Thank the lord that I handed you to the Preacher at your baptismal, or else your mother would've whispered her idea in his ear. Thank the lord every night that you're not named Nigel.” He was a great man... great

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man... he died last year. But, hey, I just met you; this isn't the time to be talking about these kinds of things. You ever read Romeo and Juliet? Yeah, Shakespeare, he's pretty good... my favorite line from that play is the one about the rose... you know, like, wouldn't a rose smell as good if it wasn't called a rose? That's not the exact phrase, but you know what I'm talking about. Thing is, though, I read somewhere that William Shakespeare was just a pen name. It's okay. I understand why he would do that. He must have been named Nigel. **(bell rings)** Parting is such sweet sorrow...

(PAUL exits. MATTHEW enters.)

MATTHEW: Have you ever noticed that the first things people say to you are questions? I hate people who ask too many questions; don't you? By the way, I'm Matthew. You might say I'm antisocial, but I'm talking to you, aren't I? Even though I know that, already, you don't like me. You're probably going to talk about me behind my back. **(takes a few breaths; to himself)** It's okay Matt. Just breathe. **(slowly)** Aquafina... Aquafina... Aquafina... it's okay. **(looks back at audience)** That's my comfort word. Aquafina. My therapist **(makes finger quotes)** "Dr. Joe" says that having a comfort word will help me relax when I get stressed out. He suggested I use Ubu-Dubu as my comfort word, but that didn't fly too well with me. If someone overhears me saying Aquafina, Aquafina, Aquafina, in public they would probably just think I was thirsty... yeah, people would think I was some rich guy who couldn't bear drinking from the drinking fountain and the pop machine was sold out. If I started saying Ubu-Dubu, Ubu-Dubu, Ubu-Dubu, in public, people would think I got lost on my way to the little bus. I would rather be thought of as spoiled than crazy. Because I'm not crazy. **(once again, with the breaths)** Aquafina... sorry. So, what were we talking about? When I say we... I mean I. What was I talking about? **(pause)** Questions. I hate people who ask too many questions; don't you? I think I said that already. I do that sometimes... I have... oh jeez... I know how to spell it... A-D-D. **(pronounced like the word "add")** Add. I have Add. **(waits for laughs)** It's an inside joke. No, I have A-D-D, attention deficit disorder, I think. I don't really know how it works; I remember when my therapist was telling me about it. He said, "A-D-D is a complicated disorder, blah, blah, blah, Something, Something" I wasn't really paying attention. **(pause)** I guess the real reason why I hate questions is that TV show, Jeopardy. Have you seen that? That show is confusing. I always miss the answer, I'll just hear someone buzz in and ask a question, "Who is... Alexander the Great?" The first time I saw it, I was so confused, I thought it was a phone-in

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show; one where the contestants ask questions, and viewers call in and answer them. I kept waiting for a number to pop up, so I could call in. Not because I knew the answers, but... just to have someone to talk to. But I didn't call in – I hate people who ask too many questions. **(bell rings)** What do I do now?

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