A Play in One Act by Reid Conrad

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DEDICATION

For Lynn - my Girl

STORY OF THE PLAY

Boy Meets Girl! Boy Loses Girl! But will Boy get Girl back again? Nothing is that easy. Through Barbara and Walter, co-narrators, a boy and girl demonstrate love – from the basic Neanderthal beginnings, to the use of Shakespeare to describe it, then to the Dark Ages, World War II, and into the future – all while an ensemble cast brings humor and action onto the stage. This fast-paced one-act play provides flexibility as any number of actors can be a part of the chorus or perform one of the many smaller roles.

Premiere Performance

October 9th, 2014

University High School, Orange City, Florida Cast: Alex Marchione, Rachel Otero, Jared Hoozky, Francesca Toledo, Anne' Revlett, Brenden Adams, Taylor Schuler, Reilly Pierson, Dylan Radcliff, Jillian Goldman, Lauren Sevcech, Brandon Vollaro, Sean Kurtz, Isaac Ramos-Zayas Stage Manager: Hailee Ballou, Rehearsal Assistant: Haleigh Patterson, Technician: Jeannie Tilley

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 m, 2 f, ensemble cast of 4-15 flex.)

WALTER (m): Narrator, in a relationship with Barbara.

BARBARA (f): Co-narrator, upset with Walter.

BOY (m): Acts out the stories given by the narrators.

GIRL (f): Logical girl who helps the play continue, also acts

out the stories.

ENSEMBLE CAST

NEANDERTHAL MOTHER (f): Births a baby.

NEANDERTHAL DOCTOR (flex): Assists in the birth. No

lines.

SEXY NEANDERTHAL NURSE (f): One line.

LEGS (flex): No lines.

SHAKESPEARE HISTORIAN (m): References book.

LEPERS (flex): Only moan.

BOY SHADOW: Nonspeaking, acts out dialogue. **GIRL SHADOW:** Nonspeaking, acts out dialogue.

WITCH-HUNTER: Three lines. **FRANKENSTEIN:** One line.

NAZI SOLDIERS: No lines, march on stage. **SOUND BOOTH:** One line. May be offstage.

VOICE: May be offstage. ENSEMBLE BOY: Two lines. ENSEMBLE GIRL: One line.

(AT RISE: Blue warmers across cyclorama upstage. ENSEMBLE enters, position set pieces and prop box, and then stand at attention. A moment passes. BOY separates himself from group and runs off stage. A moment of uneasiness passes between members of ensemble. Boy returns with script in hand. He moves down right. LIGHTS up down right. Boy reads nervously and without proper inflection.)

BOY: Good day and or evening ladies and...gentlemen welcome to *A Short History of Boy...Meets Girl.* I am your host Walter and this is...my co-host the lovely Barbara. Barbara thank you Walter and hello. ...We are happy to present our short play about a...very familiar theme Boy Meets...Girl. Walter that's right Barbara—

(WALTER enters stage right toward end of previous speech and takes his position in light beside BOY. He places hand on Boy's shoulder. Startled, Boy jumps.)

BOY: (Cont'd.) You're here.

WALTER: Yes. (Smiles at audience.)

BOY: Where's Barbara?

WALTER: In the dressing room, I think. (Smiles and nods at audience.)

BOY: What did you do this time? Is she coming? Want me to read her part until she gets here?

WALTER: (Still smiling and nodding.) No, no, that's all right. You return to your spot and we'll get this show started.

BOY: I already started—

WALTER: Go on. I'll take it from here.

BOY: Okay, if you think we can do this (*Returning upstage.*) without her.

(HE whispers to ENSEMBLE, who react then grow still.)

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WALTER: Good day/evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to *A Short History of Boy Meet Girl.* I am your host Walter, and this is...sorry, I'm at a bit of a loss. (*Pause. Uncomfortable reaction. Glance behind into wing.*) There are two of us, you see. Barbara is my co-host and...however, due to some, personal difficulty—

BARBARA: (Entering.) Keep your shirt on, Walter. I'm here.

WALTER: Barbara!

BARBARA: Yes, Walter? Is there something you wanted to say to me?

WALTER: Um...

BARBARA: Um? Um...what?

WALTER: (Caught off guard, hushed.) Barbara, this is not the time or place to be discussing matters of a personal

nature—

BARBARA: Fine! I'll be over here.

WALTER: Barbara, wait!

BARBARA: What do you think I've been doing? (Pause.)

Walter? Haven't we got a show to do?

WALTER: Yes.

BARBARA: Then do it. I'll just go stand over here. (Crosses opposite to DSL.) Can I get a little light over here, please? (LIGHTS up.) Thank you.

WALTER: You ready now?

BARBARA: (Innocently cheery.) Mm-hmm. **WALTER:** Let's start at the beginning, shall we? **BARBARA:** (Dropping pretense.) Go right ahead.

WALTER: (*To audience.*) Since the beginning of time, or the beginning of Man to be more precise, the design of nature was firmly in place, and I'm referring to back to when man was a Neanderthal—

BARBARA: Was?

WALTER: The laws of attraction were firmly ingrained. Observe.

(LIGHTS up CS. A large rock cut-out is placed center. NEANDERTHAL MOTHER, in animal-print dress, crosses downstage to rock, obviously in labor. She is accompanied by NEANDERTHAL DOCTOR, who helps her into position.

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She groans and pants and lies down, partially obscured by rock, so that only the top third of her is visible. LEGS then extend on opposite side of rock, with same footwear to indicate it is Neanderthal Mother's legs. Of course this is impossible, as the rock is far too wide. NOTE: It is essential for actors playing Legs and Boy to position themselves behind rock without fanfare in order to help create illusion. Neanderthal Mother continues groaning as Neanderthal Doctor gives encouragement using Neanderthal gibberish. Legs kick and struggle on one end as does Neanderthal Mother's arms and head on other end. Finally, Neanderthal Doctor stands, moves above Neanderthal Mother, takes his club and, with a perfect golf swing, "hits" Neanderthal Mother on top of head. At this exact moment, BOY, in animal print diaper, somersaults out from leg-end of rock. He tumbles and then sits straight up facing audience. He puts thumb in mouth then takes it out.)

BOY: Goo goo.

WALTER: Even in infancy we find the attraction between the male and the female. In this case, mother and son.

(NEANDERTHAL MOTHER approaches BOY.)

BOY: (To WALTER.) Hey, I'm not doing Oedipus here!

(NEANDERTHAL MOTHER sits and takes BOY in arms.)

WALTER: Just as a baby duck will imprint with its loving

mother, so too does the infant child. **NEANDERTHAL MOTHER:** Bay-Bay!!

BOY: Mom-Mom!

(BOY places head on NEANDERTHAL MOTHER's chest and smiles.)

BOY: (Cont'd. Looking up for a second.) You know I have only the deepest respect for you, don't you...Mother?

End of Freeview

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