

My Thoughts, Not Exactly!

By Kory Howard

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DEDICATION

For all those on their first date!

STORY OF THE PLAY

Have you ever asked yourself, “What was I thinking?” Well Spencer and Olivia are doing just that – while on their first date! Their conscious minds (played by two separate actors) are present on stage, sharing their thoughts (often contradictory thoughts!) on the conversation. Things get off to a rocky start, the usual awkward silences ensue, but the complications really begin when both their exes show up. Furthermore, Olivia produces her checklist of grueling questions for Spencer to test whether he is “boyfriend material.” The date concludes with Olivia meeting Spencer’s parents, even though it is just a first date! This show offers a lot of laughs and opportunities for physical humor.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 m, 4 w)

WAITER: (m) Basic waiter. French.

SPENCER: (m) Average guy, slightly nerdy.

OLIVIA: (w) Average woman.

SPENCER’S CONSCIENCE (SC): (m) Dressed in black or dressed very cool.

OLIVIA’S CONSCIENCE (OC): (w) Dressed in black or classy outfit.

NATHAN: (m) Olivia’s brother who poses as her friendly ex-boyfriend.

KATIE: (w) Spencer’s ex-girlfriend.

LLOYD: (m) Spencer’s dad.

HELEN: (w) Spencer’s mom.

SETTING

A single restaurant table with two chairs sit center stage. Two boxes - Stage Right and Stage Left of chairs.

My Thoughts, Not Exactly!

- 3 -

My Thoughts, Not Exactly!

(AT RISE: A single LIGHT shines on the table, romantic MUSIC plays. WAITER enters and puts candles on the table. LIGHTS up.)

WAITER: *(To audience.)* Bonjour. Thank you for joining us. I will be your maître d' for this evening. Let me begin by offering you some food ... for thought. Oh, I'm sorry. Did you think I was actually going to serve you something to eat? Ha-ha. Silly you. Our budget is way too small for that. No, but I do have a question for you to chew on. How many of you have ever wanted to know what another person was thinking, especially when on a date? *(Ad lib response as desired: i.e. "Some of you really need to go out more!")* What you are about to witness is a couple on their very first date. However, you will also experience the thoughts of this couple, represented by their consciences on these boxes here. Thank you for choosing us for your entertainment this evening. Please enjoy "My Thoughts, Not Exactly!"

(SPENCER enters with his CONSCIENCE.)

WAITER: *(Cont'd.)* Good evening, sir.

SPENCER: Hello.

WAITER: Will this table do?

SPENCER: Yes, this will be fine.

SC: A little simple.

WAITER: Will anyone be joining you this evening?

SPENCER: Yes, a woman named Olivia. I guess I'm early.

SC: Great. Another date that's stood me up.

SPENCER: That's five in the last month.

WAITER: Excuse me? Five in the last month?

SPENCER: Oh sorry. I didn't mean to say that out loud.

WAITER: I do that all the time. I once accidentally called a woman a pig to her face. I didn't realize I had said anything until her husband socked me in the eye.

SPENCER: That's some story.

SC: Idiot!

My Thoughts, Not Exactly!

- 4 -

WAITER: Would you like to start off with something to drink?

SPENCER: Water would be fine.

WAITER: Would you like something for your girlfriend?

SPENCER: Not my girlfriend. Just a date.

WAITER: I see. My mistake.

SPENCER: It's okay. Just water for her as well.

WAITER: Parfait (perfect). I'll be out with those in a minute.

Please enjoy some of our complimentary bread.

SPENCER: Thanks.

(Beat.)

SC: I give it three more minutes. Might as well take advantage of this bread until then.

SPENCER: Eh, why not.

(SPENCER shoves a whole roll into his mouth. OLIVIA and her CONSCIENCE enter.)

OLIVIA: Excuse me? Are you Spencer?

SPENCER: *(Mouth full of food)* Owwivvaa?

OC: Gross.

SC: Get rid of that cud!

(SPENCER looks wildly around.)

SC: *(Cont'd.)* Spit it out!

(SPENCER goes to spit it into a napkin.)

SC: *(Cont'd.)* Never mind! Don't do that. Just swallow it.

SPENCER: *(Painfully swallows it.)* Ow.

OC: Oh gross! What have I gotten myself into here? Any way I can escape?

SPENCER: Olivia, you look exactly like your profile picture.

OLIVIA: You look like your profile picture as well.

SPENCER: Well, it has been a few...

SC: Years!

My Thoughts, Not Exactly!

- 5 -

SPENCER: Months since I took that picture.

OC: Not!

OLIVIA: It's nice to meet you face to face.

SPENCER: Same.

OLIVIA: Sorry I was late. I was...uh...

OC: Say "texting my bestie" ... or maybe "my ex-boyfriend"
... or—

OLIVIA: Stuck in traffic. You know how it is.

SPENCER: Of course. Not a problem.

OLIVIA: Have you ordered yet?

SPENCER: Nope. The waiter just left to get drinks. I hope
you like water.

(OC reacts with an eye roll.)

OLIVIA: Sounds good.

SPENCER: Please sit.

SC: Get the chair for her!

SPENCER: Oh, here. Allow me.

(SPENCER gets up and pulls the chair out for OLIVIA.)

OLIVIA: Thank you.

OC: No escaping now!

SC: All right, bub. Better put on a good show.

*(Beat as they get situated. Both SPENCER and OLIVIA look
awkwardly around.)*

OC: And let the awkward silence start!

SPENCER: So...

OLIVIA: So...

(WAITER enters.)

SC / OC: Thank goodness!

WAITER: Ah, I see that the woman has arrived. Olive is it?

OLIVIA: Olivia.

My Thoughts, Not Exactly!

- 6 -

WAITER: Pardon. Here are your drinks. *(Sets glasses on table and pours drinks during conversation.)*

OC: Oh my. He is cute!

(OLIVIA stares at the WAITER.)

SC: What is she staring at?

WAITER: And how you are this evening?

OLIVIA: Much better now.

SC: Maybe he has two different colored eyes. Recon mission!

SPENCER: Can I have a straw please?

WAITER: Oui, oui.

(SPENCER grabs the WAITER by the collar as he leans over to set the straw on the table and looks into his eyes.)

SPENCER: Not the eyes.

WAITER: Pardon?

SPENCER: Oh, nothing. So sorry.

(OLIVIA continues to stare.)

OC: More than cute.

SC: Maybe he has a booger hanging out his nose.

SPENCER: Excuse me, but I think you have something...
(SPENCER rubs his nose, hinting to the WAITER to do the same.)

WAITER: Excusez-moi. *(Rubs his nose.)* Madame, straw?

OC: That's enough staring.

(OLIVIA doesn't break.)

OC: *(Cont'd.)* Livie! Stop it! Break contact!

WAITER: Straw?

OLIVIA: *(Finally breaking her trance.)* Oh, yes, please. You know that you're really good at your job, I mean the way you hold the straw. So suave.

SC: Really? I'm right here! He's not even that good looking!

WAITER: I'll be back in a minute to take your orders.

My Thoughts, Not Exactly!

- 7 -

SPENCER: Thank you.

OLIVIA: Yes, thank you

WAITER: Pierre.

OLIVIA: Thank you, Pierre.

(WAITER exits.)

OC: Nice derriere, Pierre.

SPENCER: That waiter really

OLIVIA: *(Tapping her head.)* Stop it!

SPENCER: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't...

OLIVIA: No, no. Not you.

SPENCER: Oh.

OLIVIA: Sometimes it's like my mind has a mind of its own ...
forget it. You wouldn't understand.

SPENCER: No, I think I do. It's like you can't control your
thoughts sometimes.

SC: So true. How'd that spot get on my shoe?

(SPENCER looks down at his shoe and cleans it.)

OLIVIA: Yes, exactly!

SPENCER: I worry that one day I won't be able to control
what I think and say and suddenly it will just come blurting
out all at once.

OC: Perhaps he has potential. And he's kinda cute.

OLIVIA: I sometimes think that my mind will get tired of me
and up and leave.

OC: Tempting!

SPENCER: That would be awful. You know, I feel like we
should start over.

OLIVIA: Huh?

SPENCER: Start this whole date over. I didn't really give a
great first impression. I mean that bread thing.

SC: Don't bring that up again!

OLIVIA: I'm not even sure we officially met anyway.

OC: You were stuffing your face, and I was like eww get me
outta here.

OLIVIA: But sounds like a great idea.

End of Freeview

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