

**BLIND DATE**

**SUSI:** Attractive teen, sure of herself, confident, thoughtful of other's feelings.

**SUSAN:** Susi's alter ego. Says what Susi wishes she could say, is apparent only to audience.

**HANK:** Arrogant, sure of himself, but for no apparent reason. He is every girl's nightmare of a blind date.

**HENRY:** Hank's alter ego. Even worse than Hank.

**SETTING:** The script has several minor scene changes which will involve the use of a table and two chairs. The Alter Egos make the scene changes while Susi and Hank move into them.

**SCENE 1  
AT THE MIRROR**

*(SUSI and HANK are off Center-stage a little bit facing to the wings. SUSAN and HENRY face them, mirroring their movements.)*

**HANK:** *(Putting on garish shirt, tucking it into too short slacks.)* **Perfect. Yes indeed. That Susi girl is going to love this Ensemble.** *(Pronounce On Sowm)*

**SUSI:** *(Putting on finishing touches of make-up)* **Oh Lordy, Oh Lordy, please don't make this guy a geek.**

**HANK:** *(Slicking back hair)* **Hair looks good. Can almost see yourself in the reflection. Too cool.**

**SUSI:** **It's going to be a disaster. All blind dates are a disaster. Why did I agree to this?**

**HANK:** **Oh, you lucky girl. I hope you appreciate the prize that is about to arrive at your front door.**

**SUSI:** *(One last look in the mirror)* **I guess I look OK. This dress isn't as dressy as I'd like.**

**HANK:** **Hold on, baby, because here comes Hanky. OOOWWW!!!**

**SCENE 2  
AT THE DOOR**

*(Heads are down to indicate new scene. Actors turn, HANK and HENRY cross to SUSI and SUSAN's playing area. HANK pantomimes knocking at door. When the alter egos talk, the characters of SUSI and HANK should not look at them. They should only register a small facial reaction, as when you normally do when thinking of things. This should NOT be overdone!)*

**HENRY:** **OK, baby, just be cool. You are the best. Hair looks good, clothes are stylin'. Personality to spare.**

**SUSAN:** **Take a deep breath. Just go out there. Answer the door and make yourself have a good time. How bad can it be? Sheila is a good friend and she wouldn't fix you up with a complete geek.** *(SUSI goes to door, answers it. HENRY and SUSAN crane around to get a look at SUSI and HANK.)*

**SUSAN:** *(In horror)* **Omigod!**

**HENRY:** *(Said at the same time and in admiration.)* **Omigod!**

**SUSI:** *(Covering shock nicely)* **Well, I assume you are Hank?**

**SUSAN:** **Please say no.** *(Quietly)* **pleasepleasepleaseplease.**

**HANK:** **You got it baby.**

**HENRY:** **The big score, Hanky baby.**

**SUSAN:** **Oh God, no. I can't believe it. Sheila is a dead woman.**

**HENRY:** **Mental note to send cousin Sheila bon bons tomorrow.**

**SUSI:** **It's so nice to meet you. You know, Sheila didn't really tell me that much about you.**

**HANK:** **Savin' it for a surprise, I guess. My cousin loves to give people a shock.**

**HENRY:** **And I'm having cardiac arrest. What a babe.**

**SUSAN:** **Shock, heck, I'm having a heart attack. Before I die, she goes. Torture, maiming, fixing her up with**

my geek cousin. The works.  
 SUSI: Shall we go?  
 HENRY: She's hot for you Hanky. She can't wait to get you alone.  
 SUSAN: Let's get this evening over with as quickly as possible. One quick meal, preferably someplace dark, and then home.  
 HANK: I know a great little club. Do you have a fake ID?  
 SUSAN: Not to waste on you. Besides, my friends might see me with this jerk.  
 SUSI: Oh, no, I don't.  
 HENRY: Just as well. That club costs bucks. One quick meal, and then, zip, backseat time.  
 HANK: Hey, baby, no problem. We'll go someplace fine, to suit your fine looks.  
 SUSI: *(Smiles uneasily)*  
 SUSAN: I'm going to be sick.  
 HENRY: I am just too cool tonight.  
 HANK: Let me walk behind you for a minute, so I can see a dream walking.  
 HENRY: Oh, too cool.  
 SUSAN: Definitely going to be sick.

SCENE 3  
 THE PUB

*(SUSAN and HENRY have set up a small table and two chairs. They can also sit in chairs or stand, depending on director's blocking.)*

HANK: Nice place, huh? Cozy. *(Scoots chair closer to her)*  
 SUSI: *(Moving away slightly, but not so much as to offend)* A little dark. *(She squints, looking around.)*  
 SUSAN: *(Also squinting and looking around)* Dark enough to not be seen with you, but still light enough to see you.

HENRY: Put your arm around her. Do the old yawn and stretch.  
 HANK: Whew, long day, huh?  
 SUSI: Yes, it was.  
 SUSAN: Why does each minute seem to drag?  
 HANK: *(Signaling to a waiter)* Some potato chips and two beers over here.  
 SUSAN: Last of the Big Time Spenders.  
 SUSI: *(Whispering)* I told you I didn't have an I.D.  
 HANK: No problem, they know me here. *(Looking off)* What? Oh, that's OK. Make it two cokes.  
 HENRY: *(Indicating waiter)* What a jerk.  
 SUSAN: *(Indicating HANK)* What a jerk.  
 HENRY: So, let's make with some sweet talk.  
 HANK: So, babe, after we're finished here, let's do some backseat talkin'.  
 HENRY: Yes, yes, yes.  
 SUSI and SUSAN: Omigod!  
 HANK: Sounds good to you, too, huh?  
 SUSI: Could you please move over?  
 SUSAN: Preferably into the next county.  
 HENRY: Closer and closer.  
 HANK: Anything you say.  
 SUSI: I meant the other way.  
 HANK: Is there a problem?  
 SUSI: I think we should go.  
 HENRY: I told you, she can't wait.  
 HANK: Great idea.

SCENE 4  
 IN THE CAR ON THE WAY HOME

*(The two dining chairs now serve as the front seat of a car. SUSAN and HENRY sit above or stand above SUSI and HANK.)*

HENRY: Make your move, boy. Pull the car over. Park!

SUSAN: Just let me get home. Just let me get home.  
Just let me get home.  
HANK: Oh. Hey. What's the matter with this car? I just better pull on over.  
SUSAN: Oh no. Please, not this. Sheila, I swear, you are a dead woman.  
HENRY: Ooohh. Back seat lovin', here I come.  
HANK: I think it's just overheating. We'll just sit here for a while and let it cool off.  
SUSI: Are you sure?  
HENRY: Listen to how eager she is.  
HANK: No choice, babe.  
SUSAN: That's it, brother. We're walking home. I've had about all I can take for one evening.  
SUSI: You know what, Hank, it's been a long day, and I think that I'll just walk home from here. It's not that far and I'll be fine.  
SUSAN: Even a mugger would be a step up from this guy.  
HENRY: Oh, she wants to walk in the moonlight.  
HANK: Why don't we just wait here for the car to cool off?  
HENRY: Quick thinking!  
HANK: It's nice and cozy and we can get to know each other real good.  
SUSAN: I'm going to gag. That's it. I've reached my gag level.  
SUSI: No, really, it's OK.  
HANK: *(Trying to make his move)* Now, babe, I know you want me real bad.  
SUSAN and SUSI: What did you say?  
HENRY and HANK: No use fighting it.  
HANK: Give in to the feeling.  
SUSAN: You sickening turd.  
SUSI: Listen, Hank, for the sake of Sheila's friendship,

let's not go too far. We both might regret what will happen.  
HENRY: She wants you. She wants you bad.  
HANK: Go with it babe, just go with it.  
SUSAN: OMIGOD! Sheila is history. Call Rose Hills, 'cause a body is on its way. This guy is the biggest jerk on earth.  
SUSI: Listen, Hank. I've tried to be as nice as I could be. I'm really a very nice person . .  
SUSAN: Which is why these things happen to me . . .  
SUSI: But I can't take this anymore, so I'm going to leave you now. Do you understand?  
HENRY: She can hardly control herself.  
HANK: *(Totally cool)* I can dig it, babe. Hey . . . I'll call you.  
SUSAN and SUSI: What?  
HANK: I'll give you a call . . . maybe tomorrow . . . maybe the next day.  
HENRY: Yeah, keep her hanging.  
SUSI: No, wait. I'll call you.  
SUSAN: That number gets burned the second I get home. Along with Sheila's.  
HENRY: She can't stand the thought of waiting. She wants to be the one to call. This is great.  
HANK: Sure. Whatever, babe.  
SUSAN: The name is NOT babe, you creep.  
SUSI: Fine. Well, good luck with the car, and you'll hear from me . . .  
SUSAN: As soon as hell freezes over.  
HANK: Great, babe. Talk to ya. *(As SUSAN and SUSI walk away, all four say:)*  
SUSAN and SUSI: *(In complete disgust)* What a night!  
HENRY and HANK: *(In absolute heaven)* What a night!