

Head Over Heels
By Dana Hall

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Synopsis: Monica and Kevin are walking to the door after their date. Monica's Brain joins them, and though they can't see her, she manifests Monica's inner world.
Will Monica follow her head or her heart?

Cast:

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Kevin: Average-decent guy; hard to find fault with him.

Monica: Doesn't always speak her mind and has been hurt before.

Monica's Brain: She is protective, sarcastic, and hard to convince. She can break the fourth wall.

Staging:

Monica's Brain moves freely around the stage, and her blocking can be as creative as you want to be with it.

At Rise: A couple is walking to the door after a first date.

Monica: You don't have to walk me all the way to the door.

Kevin: Of course I do.

Monica: Why's that?

Kevin: That's what a real gentleman does on a date with a lady.

Monica: Oh, I see. How fancy.

MONICA'S BRAIN cuts in between them and delivers her next line right in KEVIN's face.

Monica's Brain: (*Mocking*) A 'gentleman and a lady?' a bit archaic- but he seems to mean well. Whoa, Kevin, did you use the whole bottle of cologne?

Monica: Well, I did have a nice night.

Monica's Brain: Some '*nice night*' Monica, he was late picking us up.

Kevin: I had fun too.

Monica: And thanks for dinner.

MONICA'S BRAIN delivers this directly to MONICA.

Monica's Brain: He asked *us* out. What exactly are *we* thanking *him* for?

Kevin: You are more than welcome.

Monica: It's been so long since I've been downtown. I forgot how beautiful it is.

Kevin: Speaking of beautiful, if I didn't say it before, you look stunning.

Monica's Brain: We can't possibly be buying this dribble...my prefrontal cortex hurts.

Monica: Thanks, that's sweet. I'd love to do it again sometime.

Monica's Brain: We never learn, do we?

Kevin: Are you asking me out?

Monica's Brain: Maybe we should have our hippocampus looked at...

Monica: What would you say if I were...

KEVIN pulls out his phone.

Kevin: (*Joking*) I'd say, hmmm, I'd have to check my schedule.

MONICA hits KEVIN on the arm.

Monica (*Coy as she leans over his shoulder*) Oh really, what's on that schedule Mr. Popular?

MONICA'S BRAIN starts to crawl away while making vomiting noises.

Kevin: Nothing that can't be moved for the *right* person.

Monica: Oh, the 'right' person, huh... is that person here?

MONICA'S BRAIN is vomiting louder. KEVIN is pretending to look around for the 'right person.'

Kevin: Kidding, I'm kidding. I'm sure I could squeeze *you* in. (*He touches her chin*) Hey, that reminds me- I heard about this spot that claims to have the best steak in town. I've been dying to try it...

MONICA'S BRAIN comes in between them.

Monica's Brain (*To Monica*) Tell him. Go ahead. (*To Kevin*) We're vegan.

Monica: I'm sure they have good salads.

Kevin: Salads? My roommate said he ordered a steak the size of his head.

Monica's Brain: *(To Kevin)* We don't eat things with eyes. Got it. *(To Monica)* See. It's that easy.

Kevin: Oh, are you a vegetarian?

Monica: Vegan.

Kevin: Oh, I'm sorry I didn't know. That explains a lot about dinner tonight. We could've gone somewhere else- are you still hungry?

Monica: It's fine; maybe we could grab drinks by the riverwalk next time.

MONICA's phone goes off and she starts texting.

Sorry. Let me just answer this really fast.

Monica's Brain: It's my job to protect us, and I'm not going to let us get hurt again. Nope. Listening to our heart has gotten us nowhere. We trusted one guy, and he left us- he 'fell out of love' with us. We cried for weeks. That's why I'm here, Kevin, so guys like you don't weasel past. She may be all up in feels tonight, but don't you think for a moment I'm not watching you. My cerebellum is fully engaged.

MONICA'S BRAIN indicates storing him in the brain and checks him up and down like a suspect.

Kevin: I've never actually been ghosted while still on a date.

Monica: Sorry, it was my mom making sure I got home ok.

Kevin: So what did you say?

Monica: Uh- I told her I'm safe.

Kevin: And?

Monica: And what?

Kevin: What did you tell her about the date?

Monica: It went well...

Kevin: That's it?

Monica: Yah, what else is there?

Kevin: Well, for starters, you could tell her how handsome and charming you found me. Oh, and you can throw in how cute my butt is in these pants.

KEVIN is showing off his physique and MONICA is laughing. MONICA'S BRAIN is pretending to text mom while walking right past them.

Monica's Brain: Hey mom, you know I've been out with these types before- this guy's a real "Mr. Charming" he thinks he can flatter and schmooze us. Nice try, but I'm not just going to fall head over heels. Sent!

MONICA'S BRAIN looks up to see MONICA enjoying the show KEVIN puts on. She shakes her head.

Monica: Well, that was quite a demonstration. So all of this is what I should be texting my mother? (*confesses*) Fine. I guess you're kinda cute in an annoying way/

Kevin: Cute, huh? So you think I'm cute?

Monica's Brain: And she said annoying, don't forget ANNOYING.

Kevin: So you would tell her basically you *like me*. What? I'm serious; would that be a lie?

Monica: I guess not *entirely*.

Monica's Brain: This banter is brutal! What do we really know about this guy? (*Studying him*) Sure he's got a decent job, and he dresses sorta nice, but what are you

hiding, Kevin? I bet he doesn't even have a houseplant. You can't trust someone that doesn't have at least one plant.

Kevin: Look at you.

Monica: Hi.

Kevin Cont: Are you blushing? (*confidently*) Did **I** make **you** blush?

Monica's Brain & Monica in unison: No, it's just the rosé.

Kevin: Oh.

Monica: Well, you're not "*that* horrible."

Kevin: (*Celebrates*) There we go! I got it. Right there.

Monica: What?

Kevin: That's my review "Kevin is not *that* horrible" Hold on let me call my mom and tell her too.

Monica's Brain: It *was* pretty generous of us.

KEVIN pulls out his cellphone and immediately puts the phone to ear. KEVIN pretends he is on a call with his mother.

Kevin: Hey mom, it's me Kevin (*pause pretending his mom is on the line*) ...your son... yea, you should remember me from birth...(*louder if reception is bad*) KEV-IN...must be a bad connection/

Monica: (*laughing*) Stop it! You didn't even dial/

Kevin: (*pretending he's on a call*) So I was on this date with this amazing girl, she's smart and funny, **and** thinks my butt is cute...(*paues*) Yes, the date was with ME mom...anyway that's not why I called. She said something tonight, something incredible - -now prepare yourself Mom I know you're getting older and I don't want to give you the 'big one'-- she said... are you sitting down? I'll wait...ready? She said- I wasn't "*that* horrible"...(*pauses*) uh huh I should call more often... uh uh... yes, everyone knows

Steven is your favorite...

Monica: Ok Stooooopp! You made your point!

Kevin: Mom's tough on me even when she's imaginary. I should probably see someone about that...

Monica's Brain: (*Into imaginary microphone*): Tap tap... is this thing on...Paging Doctor Sigmund Freud...

Monica: I think it's cute. They say a man that treats his mother well will treat his wife the same.

Monica's Brain: Really? Sometimes it's like I don't even know us. (*As if she has something stuck on her tongue*) How does this stuff just come out?

Kevin: (*Two thumbs points to self*) Certified Momma's Boy.

Monica's Brain: (*Pretends to talk into a microphone*) Tap...Tap...Paging Oedipus Rex...

Kevin: (*Catches a glimpse of his watch*) Oh no, I can't believe how late it is; I'm sorry if I kept you out too long.

Monica: What time *is* it? (*He shows her his watch*) Oh wow- I lost track of time too.

They begin to walk towards the door.

Monica: (*Flirty*) What? You keep looking at me. Is there something on my face?

He brushes her cheek with his hand.

Kevin: You have pretty eyes. They say that the eyes are the window to the soul.

Monica's Brain: (*Mocks*) '*Window to the soul.*' Looks like we got a regular Willy Shakespeare over here.

Monica: Is that something you say to all your dates?

Kevin: I've not met anyone like you.

Monica's Brain: Seems sincere, but you never know.

Monica: So, I know it's late and all, so don't feel obligated or anything, but did you want to come in and have a drink?

Kevin: Sure, I'd like that. Let me just text my roommate really fast, so he knows to lock up.

Monica: Sure, take your time.

Monica's Brain: *(to self)* I know I tend to push people away. But I'm just protecting us. Maybe I could loosen up a bit, but I just don't want to get hurt like that again.

Kevin: Sorry about that/

Monica: No worries, is everything ok?

Kevin: Yeah. He asked about you, and I told him I had a great time, and I was still here-not to wait up/

Monica: Do you go out a lot?

Kevin: Not really. I was in a serious relationship a while ago, and well... she grew distant -- said she needed space.

Monica: Did you love her?

Kevin: Uh- what?

Monica: I'm sorry I know that's really personal I shouldn't have asked/

Kevin: No, it's ok. I did- actually. I loved her very much. Honestly, I wasn't sure I'd ever be ready to date again.

Monica's Brain: Stop making me like you Kev-

Monica: I get that.

Kevin: Sorry if that was too much info/

Monica: No, no, I asked. Sorry to bring it up.

Kevin: So - are you dating anyone else?

Monica: No. I don't really like the whole 'going out with multiple people thing'. It feels like a mini-reality show - so superficial.

Kevin: I know right!? I know what I like- why not focus on getting to know one person at a time/

Monica Brain: (*forced*) Fine! I'll admit it- he's a nice guy. But I'll still be paying close attention.

Monica: Still want to come up?- But promise not to judge me. (*confesses*) I have many dead houseplants.

Kevin: (Playful) Oh- yeah- uh this isn't going to work. You know that *that* is the sign of a sociopath, right?

Monica's Brain: I knew I liked this guy from the start.

Monica: Very funny, but unlike you, I try not to judge people on the first date.

Kevin: My apologies to you and many condolences to your vegetation.

Kevin kisses her hand. They share a long gaze and giggle.

Monica: So- uh- how about that drink?

Kevin: I'd love to...

*They hold hands as they walk towards the door.
Leaving MONICA'S BRAIN behind.*

Monica's Brain: (*breaks the fourth wall*) What? It's not like he can read our mind. (*beat*) Besides, we can't be all brain; we have to make room for what the heart wants too.

MONICA'S BRAIN exists.
- End-