

Date Patrol

A One-Act Comedy

By

Stephen Bittrich

This version has been edited for high schools.

Date Patrol was first presented by Second Generation Theatre Company at The Producer's Club in New York City in September of 1989. It was originally titled *Inquisition* and directed by Allison White. The female characters of Kennedy and Sam were originally male, named Sheffield and Gene, respectively. The original cast was:

Julie Elina Löwensohn
Bob Jay Geddis
Sheffield David Wysocki
Gene Stephen Bittrich

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"DATE PATROL"

BY STEPHEN BITTRICH

SETTING:

A large, tastefully decorated apartment in the East Village on a Saturday evening just before 7:00 p.m.

AT RISE:

JULIE gets ready for her date while listening to and interacting with a bizarre language tape--English and some strange, unrecognizable tongue. [*The text of this tape is included at the end in Appendix A.] The doorbell rings, and she goes to answer. Standing at the door is BOB--her date.

JULIE

Oh, hey Bob.

BOB

Hey, Baby. It's Bob!

JULIE

Thus my trite, insipid greeting. Come on in.

(He attempts to hug and then
kiss her. She pulls away.)

BOB

Uh...you ready?

JULIE

Not quite. Why don't you just come in for a sec? I need to finish up.

BOB

You look great--as is.

JULIE

Thanks. But just you wait 'til the finishing touches. Make yourself comfortable on the couch there. I won't be a minute. May I offer you anything?

BOB

How 'bout some sugar, baby?

JULIE

Oh, Bob. What a kidder!

BOB

(To himself)

Who's kidding?

(Louder, directed toward the
bedroom)

Jeez, what a place here.

JULIE (O.S.)

What's that, Bob?

BOB (cont'd)

I was just commenting to myself about what a great place this was.

JULIE (O.S.)

Oh, thanks.

BOB

You live alone, right?

JULIE (O.S.)

Alone? Yes, I live alone.

BOB

You've had it for a while then, eh?

JULIE (O.S.)

What?

BOB

The apartment. How else could you afford a place like this? Must be rent controlled.

JULIE

(Sticking her head back into
the room)

Friends from above.

BOB

Uh huh. Right.

JULIE

I'm just going to be in the bathroom a minute, Bob. Will you be okay?

BOB

Sure.

(She exits)

BOB (cont'd)

(Muttering to himself)

Friends from above...

(A door slams from within the bedroom, and Bob hears voices conversing mutely from within the bathroom. He looks over in the direction of the bedroom and gets up and crosses to the door, listening. Suddenly, he hears a key fumbling at the front door, and he quickly

retreats, strolling
innocently around the room.
Into the apartment walks a
tall woman dressed all in
black--black turtleneck--
KENNEDY. She nods solemnly in
Bob's direction)

BOB (cont'd)
(Halfheartedly)

Hey.

(Kennedy crosses to the
kitchen, retrieving an apple
from the refrigerator. Bob
eyes her curiously the whole
time. Finally he can stand it
no longer--)

BOB (cont'd)
(Thrusting out his hand)

Bob!

KENNEDY
(Not taking his hand)

Julie's date?

BOB
Yeah... who are you?

KENNEDY
Kennedy. Brook.

BOB
Oh.

(Beat)
Brook is the last name?

KENNEDY
I said it last.

BOB
Okay, miss.

(She crosses to the couch and
sits, eyeing Bob--puts her
feet up on the coffee table)

BOB (cont'd)
You live here--Kennedy, is it?

KENNEDY
Yes.

BOB
Uh, yes--Kennedy? Or yes--live here?

KENNEDY
I don't live here.

BOB
Oh. Just wondering how you got in, I guess.

(She holds up keys and jingles
them)

BOB (cont'd)
Right.

(Beat)
Uh, er, I'm not moving in on your "territory" or anything?
Are you guys--ya know--

KENNEDY
Territory?

BOB
Julie.

KENNEDY
Julie's not a territory. She's a woman.

BOB
Okay, whatever.
(Beat)
So you just have keys and come in whenever, but you don't
live here, huh?

KENNEDY
(Biting into her apple)
Uh huh.
(Bob paces nervously around
the living room finally
lighting in a chair. He
doesn't quite know what to do
with his appendages. Then
Kennedy inquires very

deliberately without looking
at him)

KENNEDY (cont'd)

So... Bob... what do you do?

BOB

Insurance.

KENNEDY

Ah. Insurance.

BOB

Yeah, insurance!

(Beat)

What about it? We all need insurance!

KENNEDY

Nothing.

BOB

(Looking at his watch)

Jeez, come on.

KENNEDY

Something the matter?

BOB

Wish she'd get out here, or we're gonna be late.

KENNEDY

Not really a good way to start off the date, Bob. You can't rush someone getting ready. Then you're all flustered. She's all flustered. There's an underlying tension. Not a good foot to get off on.

BOB

Yeah, well, thanks for the advice.

KENNEDY

Where are you two going tonight?

BOB

We're going to a hockey game.

KENNEDY

Really?

BOB

Yeah, really. What?

KENNEDY

Nothing.

BOB

You too hoity-toity for a hockey game? Hmmm?

KENNEDY

I've never experienced one. Sounds fascinating.

BOB

Well, don't look down on it.

KENNEDY

You're just a bit paranoid, Bob. I wasn't...

BOB

I ain't paranoid!

KENNEDY

Ooops.

BOB

Ooops? What the hell do you mean by "ooops"?

KENNEDY

Your grammar slips when you're angry. Where did Julie get you anyway?

BOB

I'm not angry. Crossfit class.

KENNEDY

Really? Crossfit?

BOB

Yeah!

KENNEDY

Fascinating. She's full of surprises.

BOB

What are you so snooty about? Don't you ever exercise, Ms. Turtleneck?

KENNEDY

No, I exercise.

BOB

Well, then don't act like you're above it or somethin'.

KENNEDY

This is your first date with Julie?

BOB

What's with the third degree, here? What are you--the date patrol?

KENNEDY

Heh! Yes, that's right, Bob. I'm the "Date Patrol."

BOB

(Looking at his watch again)

Jeez, come on...

(The bedroom door opens, and Bob looks up with anticipation. He is completely taken aback to see another tall woman, SAM, also dressed totally in black, step through the door)

BOB (cont'd)

What the hell? Another one!

KENNEDY

("Tsking")

Bob, Bob, Bob!

SAM

(To KENNEDY)

This is the guy?

KENNEDY

(Drawing out his name)

Boooooooooob.

(Sam shakes her head as though she is thoroughly repulsed)

BOB

Hey, what the hell. What gives? Where's Julie?

SAM

(Striding menacingly up to him)

Excuse me, Bob! You want to cut out that language? You're not in an Irish pub. You're in someone's home.

BOB

(Backing down)

Okay. Where's Julie?

SAM

She's coming. Why don't you just simmer down a little?
Relax.

KENNEDY

He's been on edge this whole time.

SAM

Nervous, Bob?

BOB

Yeah, maybe I am nervous.

KENNEDY

They're going to a hockey game.

SAM

Really?

BOB

Hey, I know half a dozen broads would kill to get these
tickets!

SAM

Fascinating.

BOB

She likes hockey. She told me.

KENNEDY

She's a very refined girl.

SAM

Yes.

KENNEDY

Polite white lies are just a matter of course.

BOB

(Hotly)

Ahh, forget about you two...

(Bob rises and walks over
toward the bedroom door)

SAM

Hostile sort isn't he?

KENNEDY

Only to a point.

SAM

Yes...

(Bob has a determined look,
like he's about to go into
the bedroom)

SAM (cont'd)

Excuse me! Where do you think you're going, Mister?

BOB

I thought I'd get my date and get out of here.

SAM

That's very impolite. Sit down. She'll come out when
she's got her head screwed on.

BOB

(Calling through the door)

Julie!

SAM

SIT!

(Bob obeys with expedience)

KENNEDY

Only to a point.

(Sam nods in agreement. The
two start speaking in some
alien tongue. A translation
is provided merely for the
actor's benefit. It is not
necessary that the audience
know precisely what is being
said--only that Bob is
definitely the subject of
their wagging tongues. The
language can sometimes be
staccato and explosive)

SAM

Zoot tay ek wah nu. Heh!*

(*Note: "Heh" should be rapid and explosive)

Zet zay seppata.

(Looking to Bob)

Ek un sappu.

(Translation: "I see what you mean. Ha! He's spineless. What a sap.")

BOB

Oh great. They speak another language. Well, *hasta la vista* to you too!

SAM AND KENNEDY

BOB!

SAM

Ek u zot nee-rrrecontru-zet?

(Translation: "Where did she find him?")

KENNEDY

Cassu "crosh-FIngk." Heh!

(Translation: "A crossfit class. Ha!")

SAM

Heh! "Crosh-FIngk." Nishza!

(Translation: "Ha! Crossfit! Don't pull my long one!")

SAM AND KENNEDY

Heh! Heh! Heh!

(They laugh--high pitched, in rapid fire with a lot of nasality: "heh, heh, heh.")

SAM

Zulee neefrrrappu zet nee-rrrek kreeeeech.

(Translation: "Julie said he's a real lech.")

KENNEDY

(In disgust)

Rrrutka! Ekla zot neku vish zet?

(Translation: "Cretin! When
can we eat him?")

BOB

Hey, I'm here!

KENNEDY

Sorry?

BOB

I'm here in the room. And I don't speak whatever the hell--
-excuse me--you are speaking. So could you please, as a
common courtesy, speak English? This is America.

SAM

Certainly, Bob. You're absolutely right.

(Pause)

So...Bob...what do you do?

BOB

Oh, for the love of God!

KENNEDY

Insurance.

SAM

Insurance?

BOB

Blah, blah, blah, whatever.

SAM

(After a certain knowing look
to Kennedy)

So, Bob... what do you think of Julie?

BOB

I like her.

(Sam's attitude and voice
suddenly become a little more
"working class" as she gets
down to what she believes to
be Bob's level)

SAM

You like her? How do you like her?

BOB

I don't know. I just like her. What to you mean?

SAM

She's got it going on, right? Tight little body.

BOB

Uh, yeah. She's a hottie.

SAM

Yeah, hot. Maybe you'd like to slip her some date rape drugs later. That the plan?

BOB

What--?

SAM

Is that the plan, Bob?!

BOB

No--

SAM

Empty your pockets!

BOB

(Getting up)

Where's Julie?

SAM

Sit down, Bob!

(Bob sits immediately)

SAM (cont'd)

What's the hurry, huh? Just us guys, *mano a mano*...bonding.

BOB

That Rangers game is starting soon--

SAM

You bring a protection, Bob?

BOB

(Taken aback)

Huh?

SAM

Are you prepared? Did you bring protection?

KENNEDY

Condom.

BOB

Well, yeah. Just in case.

SAM

Yeah? You brought one? You're prepared?

BOB

Yeah, I got one. What's it to you?

SAM

Let's see it. Where is it? In your wallet?

BOB

Yeah, it's in my wallet. But I don't have to show it to you.

SAM

You putrid scum.

BOB

Hey!

SAM

(To Kennedy)

Can you believe this lab rat? He smells like desperation.

KENNEDY

Karrratu!

(Translation: "Incredible.")

BOB

What?

SAM

When were you going to use that rubber, Bob? At what point in the evening were you going to pull that out?

BOB

I wasn't going use it.

SAM

No? Then why do you have it?

BOB

Just in case. To be safe.

SAM

Just in case? Just in case during halftime at the hockey game she let you cop a feel?

BOB

No--

SAM

NOT VERY LIKELY, BOB!

BOB

I wouldn't do it during the Rangers game.

SAM

No? Well, when would you do it, Bob?

BOB

I don't know. After bringing her back home, I guess.

KENNEDY

Disgusting.

SAM

Oh, I see. You'd slip her your illegal drugs and force your way into the apartment AFTER THE GAME!

BOB

I wouldn't--I don't have any--I'd never force--

SAM

You unctuous sludge!

(Sam and Kennedy surround him)

BOB

I'm a good guy!

SAM

I can't tell you how much you disgust me.

BOB

Does Julie know what you guys are doing?

KENNEDY

We're ladies, Bob.

BOB

Excuse me... ladies. Does she know you're giving me a hard time?

SAM

We're not giving you a hard time, Bob.

BOB

No?

KENNEDY

Well, not relatively speaking anyway.

SAM

Yes, we could be giving you a much harder time.

BOB

Why are you hassling me?

KENNEDY

We're supposed to check you out. It's our job.

BOB

So you're just, uh, just checking me out for Julie, huh?

SAM

Maybe we're just checking you out, Bob. Maybe we're just checking you out.

BOB

Well, I don't appreciate it.

(Kennedy looks to Sam who gives a slight nod)

KENNEDY

Do you believe in the immortality of the brain, Bob?

BOB

The--huh? What? You mean like church and stuff?

KENNEDY

Are you a religious man?

BOB

Yeah, I go to church.

KENNEDY

I think you're lying.

BOB

Well, I haven't gone for a while. What difference does it make?

KENNEDY

Why did you say you went?

BOB

I thought maybe that's what you wanted to hear.

SAM

Can't we ever get a straight answer from you, Bob?

BOB

Look, I'm a good guy. I'm not gonna try anything with Julie. I just came over to go to a Rangers game, get a few beers and hot dogs...

KENNEDY

You ever wish you could have everything you ever wanted, Bob?

BOB

What?

KENNEDY

All you wildest dreams coming true. You ever wish that?

BOB

I--I guess.

KENNEDY

What do you dream of, Bob? What do you wish for from this spinning ball we're riding?

BOB

You guys like Moonies?

SAM

(Light heartedly, yet still
somehow ominous)

Like to travel, Bob?

BOB

Travel?

KENNEDY

Believe it or not, we like you, Bob.

BOB
This some kind of cult thing? Devil worshippers?

SAM
(To Kennedy--staccato)
Devil?

KENNEDY
(Answering crisply as well)
Satan. Lucifer. First reference, the serpent from the Garden of Eden. Old Testament.

SAM
Ah. Milton. Paradise Lost.

KENNEDY
Exactly.

SAM AND KENNEDY
Heh!
(Translation: "Ha!")

SAM
No, that doesn't quite scratch the surface, Bob.

BOB
Listen, just tell Julie--tell her--the Rangers--moved to Cleveland--

SAM
Julie wants you, Bob.

BOB
Huh?

SAM
She wants you. She told me so.

KENNEDY
She's waiting, Bob.

BOB
How do you know? What were you guys doing in there?

SAM
Are you dense, Bob? Is anybody home?

(Sam knocks on Bob's head)

BOB

Hey, cut that out!

THE PLAY CONTINUES FOR ONE MORE PAGE.

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