

HOW TO TALK TO A GIRL WEARING HEADPHONES

by Adrienne Dawes

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by **Adrienne Dawes**

SYNOPSIS: How do you talk to a girl wearing headphones? Start a podcast. In this millennial twist on the classic romantic comedy, cute guy meets cute girl wearing headphones.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 2 males)

GIRL (f)and her headphones. *(24 lines)*

GUY (m) named Jon Kobdich. *(39 lines)*

ANOTHER GUY (m) and his huge iced coffee. *(35 lines)*

DURATION: 10 minutes

TIME: Present

SETTING: Coffeeshop.

PROPS

- cinnamon roll on a plate
- cellphone
- book
- 2 backpacks
- 2 sets of headphones
- notebook
- apron
- large iced coffee
- broom

AT START: *Coffeeshop. GIRL sits at a table, flipping through a book. A big, sugary cinnamon roll sits on a plate in front of her. She looks up after a beat and realizes she has an audience. She quickly rustles through her book bag and pulls out a huge pair of headphones, the kind a DJ or audio engineer might wear. She plugs the headphones into her phone, starts a podcast, and returns to her book.*

GUY: *(Voiceover. Podcast monotone.)* On today's podcast. Is it. Love. Lust. Or luck?! An examination. Of the gamble. We call dating. But before that, a word from our sponsors. HELLO I LOVE YOU WON'T YOU TELL ME YOUR NAME, is supported in part by MailShrimp. There are. Plenty of fish in the sea. But only one MailShrimp. MailShrimp. Make email delicious.

ANOTHER GUY enters, sipping a huge iced coffee. He stops in his tracks at the sight of the audience.

ANOTHER GUY: Hey.

ANOTHER GUY appears as if he is speaking to the audience.

ANOTHER GUY: Hey. What are you doing?

GUY appears from the audience, wearing headphones around his neck and a backpack with an embroidered patch: "HELLO I LOVE YOU." He steps onstage, sheepishly.

ANOTHER GUY: Are you hiding—?

GUY: I'm not *hiding*, I just... didn't want to be seen.

ANOTHER GUY: By who? Who's here?

ANOTHER GUY spins around – stops at the sight of GIRL, still wearing headphones. GIRL picks at her cinnamon roll with her fingers, eating as she flips between pages of her book.

ANOTHER GUY: Her?

GUY: *(Whispers loudly.)* Sssshh, don't—!

ANOTHER GUY: She can't hear you—

GUY: I know—!

ANOTHER GUY: Then why are you freaking out?

GUY and ANOTHER GUY sit at a nearby table. GUY tries to sit inconspicuously, stealing looks at GIRL when he can. ANOTHER GUY sits with his back to her.

ANOTHER GUY: You know her name?

GUY: No. We've never... I mean, we both work here but—

ANOTHER GUY: (*Snorts.*) "Work." You can't work outside the studio—

GUY: I'm launching an Etsy store—

ANOTHER GUY: You're launching an Etsy store—?

GUY: With my Mom, yes I am—

ANOTHER GUY: With Carol? What's it called—?

GUY: Ready to Ware, why do you... why do you call my Mom by her—?

ANOTHER GUY: Ready to Ware.

GUY: Her maiden name is Ware, W-A-R-E—

ANOTHER GUY: No, I know how to spell her maiden name.

GUY: You do—?

ANOTHER GUY: I'm just not sure what her wares could be.

GUY: (*Sighs.*) It's handmade apparel with a few select vintage pieces.

ANOTHER GUY: (*Nods, impressed.*) A few select vintage pieces. She and your dad still separating?

GUY: (*Wary.*) Yes??

ANOTHER GUY: Good for her. Kobdish is a terrible last name.

GUY: It's *still* my last name.

GUY steals another glance at GIRL.

ANOTHER GUY: So what is up with this girl?

GUY: I don't know... *this girl...* is always wearing headphones.

ANOTHER GUY: Yeah?

GUY: Yeah, so I can never talk to her. She's always busy or—

ANOTHER GUY: You don't know that.

GUY: Headphones are a pretty clear signal, she doesn't want to be bothered—

ANOTHER GUY: You don't know that.

ANOTHER GUY stands. GUY looks horrified.

GUY: Oh my God. What are you—?

ANOTHER GUY: I'm just talking to her—

GUY: Don't do this—!

ANOTHER GUY: Don't you want a name in the very least? Something you can Facebook?

ANOTHER GUY approaches GIRL'S table. Beat. She looks up and motions to her empty plate: Yes, you can take it away.

ANOTHER GUY: Hey. Excuse me. Yo ma'am? I'd like to speak to you now.

GUY squirms in his seat, uncomfortably. He can't watch this go down. GIRL looks back down at her book. ANOTHER GUY points to his ears. Then he waves to try to get her attention. She doesn't respond. He finally turns away, as if in defeat. GIRL looks up right as he quickly turns back.

ANOTHER GUY: Gotcha! Caught ya looking.

GIRL looks back down at her book. ANOTHER GUY sits at her table, manspreads. He picks at whatever is left of her cinnamon roll. GIRL looks up in disgust and finally removes her headphones.

GIRL: Oh please. Help yourself.

ANOTHER GUY offers a sugary hand.

ANOTHER GUY: Thanks, I'm Robin—

GIRL: I'm working—

ANOTHER GUY: Working. Funny name! What's your last name? 9 to 5?

GIRL: Murders.

ANOTHER GUY: Working Murders. In a coffee shop? One more question for you, Officer—

GIRL: Detective—

ANOTHER GUY: Detective Murders. Are you actually listening to anything on those headphones? Or are you just trying to psych guys out of talking to you because you happen to be beautiful while also smart?

GIRL: Oh wow... I uh don't want to talk to you *and also* I'm listening to a podcast.

ANOTHER GUY: Because you have a boyfriend?

GIRL: You said one question.

ANOTHER GUY: Because you have a girlfriend? What podcast?

GIRL puts her headphones back on. ANOTHER GUY stands up. He buses her table for her.

ANOTHER GUY: I do actually work here. So I'll take that for you.

ANOTHER GUY sits back down at GUY'S table. GUY hides underneath the table, completely mortified.

ANOTHER GUY: Yeah, I don't know how you're going to crack that. But if I was single, WHICH I'M NOT.

He turns so GIRL knows that was for her. GIRL ignores him.

ANOTHER GUY: If I was single, I wouldn't waste time trying to pick up some girl at a coffee shop. Estate sales. You pick up *women* at estate sales.

ANOTHER GUY puts on an apron and exits. GUY, still under the table, reaches a hand up to grab his backpack. GIRL looks up to see a hand flailing – grasping for a backpack just out of reach. GIRL looks back down at her book, frowning. She looks up again. GUY lifts his head up so he can look for his backpack. He makes eye contact with GIRL.

GUY: Oh no. (*Snaps back down under the table, hits his head.*) Ow!

GUY reaches a hand up again... GIRL stands next to his table holding his backpack.

GIRL: Is this yours?

GUY nods. GIRL hands it to him.

GUY: Thank you. I... I thought I lost a contact but then it just appeared again so I guess it was stuck to the back of my eyeball... or something else less gross. I don't usually wear contacts but I think I lost my glasses... or maybe they left me, which would be typical given my... that's a bad... I'm sorry—

GUY looks up. GIRL has returned to her table.

GUY: Yeah, that's about right.

GUY crawls out from under the table. GIRL stands there holding out her notebook. She has a "HELLO I LOVE YOU" sticker on the front.

GIRL: HELLO I LOVE YOU.

GIRL points to the matching patch on his backpack.

GUY: Hello – oh! Yeah.

GIRL: Where'd you get the patch? You must be like a super subscriber.

GUY: Oh no, I don't subscribe... I just made the one patch—

GIRL: You make your own podcast merch?

GUY: Oh no, I didn't make it, my Mom did... I mean I paid her, not like a lot but like a reasonable sum... I would never not pay... it's a lot of intensive labor and she's already busy with so much... plus I do really value what she does, artists should be paid for their work... I mean it's my design, I designed it but my Mom, or Carol. Her name's Carol Ware, she's uh... her own person, she made this for me. Because I asked her to.

GIRL: *(Nods.)* Okay. And this is for a podcast that you don't subscribe to—?

GUY: Oh no. It's my podcast so—

GIRL: It's my podcast too—

GUY: Eh, not really though.

GIRL: Uh yes really. I support them financially—

GUY: And I appreciate that. Because it's my podcast. That's me. My voice. My recording gear. My terrible stories of heartache and loss and missed connections made infinitely more tolerable thanks to famous people who will let me talk to them... sometimes.

GIRL: No.

GUY: Yes. (*Podcast drone.*) "On today's podcast. Are you who you really say you are? An exploration of person, place and—"

GIRL: Jon?!

GUY: Yeah.

GIRL: You're Jon Kobdich?!

GUY: Yes.

GIRL: Let me see your driver's license.

GUY: My... I don't drive—

GIRL: (*Excitedly.*) That's right! You lost your license! DUI on your 21st birthday, first episode—

GUY: (*Winces.*) Yeah.

GIRL: Yeah, that was so weird and sad.

GUY: Yeah, that's about right.

GIRL: You're Jon Kobdich.

GUY: Yes. And you're—?

GIRL: Oh my God, I'm Alice. Hi.

GIRL offers a hand, GUY shakes it excitedly.

GUY: Hi. Alice.

GIRL: Alice Murders. It sounds like a fake name but I'm clearly very real.

GUY: Yeah. I... I noticed.

GIRL: (*Smiles.*) Well, I'll let you get back to whatever you've got going on under the table there—

GUY: Yeah, I have gum stuck in my hair, so I'm gonna... but I come in here a lot. Like very often. Like usually every day.

GIRL: Cool. Me too. I'll see you around. I guess I... already hear you around. Jon Kobdich.

GUY: Alice... Murders.

GUY watches GIRL return to her table, put on her headphones and return to her book. ANOTHER GUY steps in, holding a broom.

ANOTHER GUY: Dude. How'd you get that girl to talk to you?

GUY: I started a podcast... four years ago.

ANOTHER GUY: *Nice.*

ANOTHER GUY tries and fails to high-five GUY. Blackout.

THE END

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