

# MIND OVER MATT

A ONE ACT COMEDY

By **Scott Haan**

Copyright © MMXII by Scott Haan

All Rights Reserved

Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **“Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.”**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work’s “Production Notes.” The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

**COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW.** One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

***PUBLISHED BY***

**HEUER PUBLISHING LLC**

**P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406**

**TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

## MIND OVER MATT

By Scott Haan

**SYNOPSIS:** Ever argue with yourself? Ever said, “I don’t know what got into me?” This is the story of Matthew Lane. Matt is a successful illustrator with a couple of deadlines and several squabbling inner personalities who do weird and wonderful things. As Matt tries to gather up enough nerve to ask out the girl of his dreams, Matt’s egos, who all have their own hang-ups, lead him in one too many directions. When Matt’s overworked boss comes to believe that Matt has a crush on her, the conflicted egos manage to make a bad situation much, much worse.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 MEN, 3 WOMEN)

MATT (m) .....Matthew Lane is a young commercial artist who, like all of us, has different sides to his personality. In Matt’s case, those sides seem to have a life of their own. They are personified in the story by the following comically stereotypical characters, collectively known as the EGOS.

PENNY (f) .....The young woman Matt has been admiring from afar. And it’s easy to see why: she is sweet, funny, strong and independent.

MRS. KILLIAN (f) .....Matt’s boss, who has gained a reputation for being a cruel and difficult task-master. She is all-business, no-nonsense, and more than a little frightening.

### THE EGOS

BUTCH (m) .....The bad boy ego. He is scruffy and crass, and says exactly what’s on his mind.

DYLAN (m) .....The charming ego. He is handsome, suave, sophisticated, and quite the ladies’ man—and he knows it.

- FLOYD (m) .....The nerdy ego. Comfortable with calculus but terrified of women, he is a socially awkward know-it-all hypochondriac with a nasal condition.
- ROSIE (f).....The female ego. She is Matt’s feminine side and is rational, caring, and nurturing. The others respect her, even if they’re not sure why she’s there in the first place.
- ZEKE (m).....The grumpy ego. He is the bitter, angry old man that becomes harder to suppress as we get older. He is also perpetually sleepy and has no patience for young people.

### A NOTE ABOUT THE EGOS

The Egos—Butch, Dylan, Floyd, Rose and Zeke—are not real. They are merely aspects of Matt’s personality, the components of his mind. Although their actions sometimes directly influence him, Matt will never acknowledge their presence in any way. They are invisible to everybody but each other. Also, Matt should never physically touch any Egos or any Ego props (such as Zeke’s rocking chair) because they don’t exist, either.

### SETTING

Our story takes place in the apartment of Matthew Lane, a graphic artist for an advertising firm. He lives modestly, so the only noteworthy furniture in his living room is a couch (CS), a rocking chair (USR), and a desk or drafting table (DSL). There are three doors. The SL door (a swinging door) leads into the kitchen; the CS door (an open doorway) leads to his bedroom and bathroom; and the SR door leads outside to the hallway. (If you only have access to two exits instead of three, use the SL door for both the SL and CS exits, and modify the blocking accordingly.)

**TIME:** A Tuesday morning. Then, the following Friday night and Saturday morning.

**OPTIONS FOR SHORTENING**

[< bracketed passages can be cut, if needed >]

The running time of this play will vary greatly with each production, but may run around 50-55 minutes. If you are performing at a timed event and need to reduce the length, some passages have been noted that could be eliminated without disrupting the overall narrative. They are marked within [< brackets >]. You can pick and choose as many of the bracketed passages to cut as you need in order to stay within the designated time limit. However, these passages do provide a lot of crowd-pleasing humor and character in the play and should not be cut unless necessary. If you have no time limit, you'll get better results from performing the play in its entirety.

Perusal Only  
Do Not Copy

**PRODUCTION HISTORY**

*MIND OVER MATT* (full-length) was first presented on June 18, 2008 by the Red Barn Summer Theatre in Frankfort, IN. The roles were originally performed by the following cast:

MATT .....	Zach Murray
FLOYD .....	Jonathan Kenworthy
BUTCH.....	Derek Elstro
DYLAN .....	Chris Daley
ROSE .....	Tara Dorsey
ZEKE .....	J. Lewis Fox
MRS. SNYDER* .....	Cathlyn Melvin
PENNY .....	Rachael Lau
DEVIL* .....	David Berghoef
ANGEL* .....	Cassandra Quinn
MRS. KILLIAN .....	Linda Benge
Director .....	Stephen Henderson
Assistant Director.....	Cathlyn Melvin
Properties Master .....	Doug Davis
Lighting Operator.....	Tim Fox
Producer .....	Martin Henderson

\* Characters omitted from the one-act version.

SCENE ONE

**AT RISE:**

*Tuesday morning. The modest apartment of MATTHEW LANE. Young MATT is hard at work at his desk, drawing on a piece of artwork. Standing behind him are FLOYD, BUTCH, ROSE, DYLAN and ZEKE, collectively known as the EGOS. As our story begins, they speak directly to the audience.*

**ROSE:** *(To the audience.)* This...is Matt. Isn't he cute? Matt is a really nice guy... At least, that's our goal. See, we're the people in Matt's head. We control his thoughts, emotions, that kind of thing. Sometimes we're pretty good at it; other times, not so much. But we mean well! *(To the other EGOS.)* Right, guys? Why don't we introduce ourselves?

**FLOYD:** *(Proudly, in a nasally voice.)* All right. I'm Floyd. I am Matt's intelligence.

**BUTCH:** *(Clearly not a FLOYD fan.)* And the reason he's single.

**FLOYD:** *(Ignoring this.)* I guide Matt during intellectual pursuits AND whenever he talks about movies or comics, which are my passion.

**BUTCH:** *(To FLOYD.)* That reminds me. Stop giving Matt those nerd dreams. Last night, his dream was about flying in a spaceship with some old dude.

**FLOYD:** That "spaceship" is the U.S.S. Enterprise, and that "old dude" is sci-fi legend William Shatner!!!

**BUTCH:** Man. It's a miracle you even know what girls LOOK like. *(To the audience.)* Hopeless. Name's Butch. I'm in charge when Matt's hanging out with his buddies, watching football, scouting chicks...you know, guy stuff. D.?

**DYLAN:** Dylan, at your service. I represent Matt's charm and charisma; I take over when social skills are required, especially around the ladies.

**ROSE:** My name is Rose. I am Matt's feminine side...his compassion and sympathy. I'm also his artistic side, which is how he makes a living. Right now, he's finishing up a piece of artwork for his job.

**ZEKE:** *(Grumpy.)* "Job." Hmph. When I was that age, I held down EIGHT jobs at the same time! And each one was a hundred hours a week!

**DYLAN:** *(To the audience.)* That's Zeke. He's insane. He's also Matt's C.O.D. "Cranky Old Dude." Every guy has one inside, and the older he gets, the more his C.O.D. shows up.

[< **ROSE:** Zeke sleeps a lot, but we see him more and more these days. We're afraid he'll take over completely someday.

**DYLAN:** We try not to let him be the dominant personality too often.  
>]

**ZEKE:** Aw, ya booger-eaters!

**DYLAN:** See what I mean?

**FLOYD:** *(To the other EGOS.)* Come on, guys. We need to get back to the drawing board.

**DYLAN:** Literally.

*From now on, with introductions out of the way, the EGOS never address the audience again. FLOYD walks to the desk and looks over MATT's shoulder.*

**ROSE:** How does it look?

**FLOYD:** Nice. We're pretty good at this.

**BUTCH:** When's it due?

**FLOYD:** Today, Butch! Mrs. Killian wanted us to turn it in first thing this morning!

**DYLAN:** Yeah, and I don't want her mad at us again.

**BUTCH:** Aw, you wussies. You're afraid of a chick?

**DYLAN:** *(Firmly, and dead serious.)* YES. Yes, I am.

**ROSE:** She's frightening.

**BUTCH:** Oh, come on. You don't believe those stories, do you?

**FLOYD:** I believe in quantifiable statistics. Fact: every husband Mrs. Killian has ever had has died under mysterious circumstances. Fact: her last assistant disappeared without a warning, and was never seen again. Coincidence? I don't think so!

[< **DYLAN:** I heard she's killed five husbands so far.

**ROSE:** I heard eleven.

**ZEKE:** Well, I heard that you're all a bunch of lily-livered pansies. When I was in the Corps, we had a commanding officer who was so mean, he'd shoot one of us in the leg every morning, just to wake us up! And YOU guys are scared of a broad!

**BUTCH:** Zeke's right. >] She ain't so bad. She just needs someone to stand up to her. Boss or no boss, she gives us any lip, you put ME up front. I'll give her a piece of his mind!

*The phone rings. MATT looks at the caller ID and gulps.*

**MATT:** Uh-oh.

**FLOYD:** It's HER.

**BUTCH:** *(Suddenly changing his tune.)* Uh... On second thought, the rest of you will never change until you learn to stand up for yourselves. Here, Dylan. Now's your chance.

*BUTCH forces DYLAN to the front and stands/hides behind him. DYLAN looks petrified but instantly puts on his game face smile the moment MATT answers the phone.*

**MATT:** *(Into the phone, he tries to sound confident, but the more she interrupts, the more flustered he becomes.)* Matthew Lane. Oh, hi, Mrs. Killian. How are— *(After a beat, he cringes and looks at his watch.)* Yes. I know, I'm sorry. I've been up all night, working. I've got the Nolans' campaign right here, and I'm almost— *(Pause.)* No. I know money doesn't grow on trees. *(Both MATT and DYLAN smile, seeing a chance to lighten the mood with wit. They both make a simultaneous arm gesture that indicates a wide field.)* I wish it did! I'd plant a whole— *(Both MATT and DYLAN grimace as their humor bombs.)* No, ma'am. You're right, tardiness is NOT a laughing matter.

**ROSE:** *(Slapping DYLAN on the arm.)* No humor! She's immune!

**DYLAN:** Sorry.

**MATT:** Well, just a few more hours. I could have it to you by noon? ...Great. I'll see you then. Thank— *(Clearly, his party hung up in mid-sentence.)* —you.

*MATT hangs up the phone, and to emphasize how spectacularly poorly that phone call went, he slams his forehead twice on the desk. Each time, the EGOS all grunt in pain and rub their aching foreheads.*

**BUTCH:** Ow! That's the kinda stuff that leads to brain damage!

**ROSE:** Well. That was pleasant. Who's in favor of buckling down and working?

*DYLAN, ROSE and FLOYD all raise their hands, rattled by the phone call. MATT concentrates intently on his artwork, feverishly drawing all over it.*

**ZEKE:** Bah. Ya hairy-backed Marys.

**DYLAN:** That woman has issues.

**ZEKE:** I like her. She's got fire.

**ROSE:** Just think, guys. We're only a few hours away from finishing the Nolans' campaign. The biggest client we've had since we joined the firm.

**DYLAN:** I think a celebration is in order. What can we do to mark the occasion?

**FLOYD:** *(Raising his hand vigorously.)* Oh, oh, I know! There's a marathon of all six *Star Wars* movies on the Sci-Fi Channel this Saturday. Huh? Huh?

**ROSE:** Nooooooo. Veto.

**BUTCH:** I got it. I know how we can celebrate. *(Dramatic pause.)* We finally grow a spine and ask out that CHICK from the cafeteria.

**ROSE:** *(Offended.)* Oh, THAT'S charming. We love it when you call us "chicks." Her name's Penny.

**DYLAN:** I can't believe I'm saying this, but I agree with Butch.

**BUTCH:** All right! Dylan's on board! Who else is with me?

**ROSE:** *(Grudgingly admitting.)* Not a bad idea, Butch. She seems nice.

**ZEKE:** Yeah! Maybe we can get us some smoochies for a change!

**FLOYD:** Did I mention it's the theatrical version of the original trilogy? Before George Lucas used CGI to butcher his own masterpiece?

**BUTCH:** Oh, no. You're not ruining this for me, Poindexter.

**FLOYD:** But—

**BUTCH:** Forget it. You're outnumbered. I'm done avoiding her because YOU'RE afraid of girls. We're asking her out, and that's final.

**ROSE:** Floyd, I know you're scared, but it's okay. We'll all do this together.

*FLOYD looks around at the others, who have clearly made up their minds, and starts to get nervous. Involuntarily, he makes the strangest sound.*

**FLOYD:** HONK!

*FLOYD's "HONK" is a hideous, ridiculous noise; it sounds like he's trying to clear his sinuses and imitate a bus horn at the same time. Every time FLOYD makes this noise, MATT involuntarily crinkles his nose, as if suppressing a sneeze.*

**ROSE:** *(With a comforting hand on FLOYD's shoulder.)* Just calm down, Floyd. Relax.

**FLOYD:** I'm sorry! HONK! When I get agitated, I have trouble breathing, and it sounds—

**DYLAN:** It sounds like the mating call of a deranged goose.

**FLOYD:** HONK!

**BUTCH:** Let's just do this before the wimp blows it for us.

**FLOYD:** HONK!

*BUTCH steps forward. MATT picks up the phone, finds a piece of paper with a number on it, and dials, then takes a deep breath. He picks up the coffee mug from the desk and begins to pace.*

**FLOYD:** I can't watch.

*FLOYD rushes to the other side of the room to get some distance from the phone, but in his haste, he trips and falls. When he does, MATT stumbles and spills the mug, splashing coffee onto his artwork. MATT and the EGOS all gasp.*

**MATT:** *(Picking up his now-soggy artwork.)* Oh no! CRAP!!! *(Pause as he hears a voice on the other end.)* Uh, no, I wasn't talking to you! I mean, hi Matt, this is Penny! I mean...

**DYLAN:** Oh, THIS is going well.

*Lights fade out.*

SCENE TWO

**AT RISE:**

*Friday night. MATT and PENNY are standing DSR. They have just walked in. The SR door has been left wide open.*

**MATT:** Well, this is me.

**PENNY:** *(Standing in place, looking around.)* It's nice.

*MATT realizes the place is a bit of a mess and starts to tidy up a bit. He didn't expect to bring PENNY here, so he throws stuff under the couch to superficially "clean."*

**MATT:** *(While "cleaning.")* Yeah...um, weird. This place was totally clean when I left. Clearly some SLOB broke in here and trashed it while we were at dinner.

**PENNY:** *(Playing along.)* Clearly. No worries. The same guy does that to MY apartment, too.

*While MATT picks up a bit, BUTCH, ROSE, DYLAN, ZEKE and FLOYD enter from the open SR door, dancing in a conga line. Singing and laughing, they stop US, behind the couch. They're not half-bad, except FLOYD, who always kicks in the opposite direction from everybody else.*

**DYLAN:** Hey, look at us! We're a "train of thought"! *(Pulls an imaginary train whistle.)* Woo-woo!

**FLOYD:** All aboard!

**ROSE:** And we're a "one-track mind"! Ha! *(The EGOS all laugh, amused with themselves.)*

[< **DYLAN:** I think it's going well!

**FLOYD:** You know, it's not as bad as I thought. I have to admit, I was pretty nervous about this.

**BUTCH:** We know. We've been listening to your stupid NOSE thing all night. "HONK! HONK!"

**FLOYD:** I can't help it if I have inadequate sinus drainage! >]

*ZEKE lowers himself into the rocking chair.*

**PENNY:** This is a nice place, Matt. Ha. Get it? “Place mat”?

**MATT:** Ha. Yeah, I get it.

**PENNY:** Well, thanks again for dinner. I had a nice time.

**BUTCH:** *(Rushing to block the SR door.)* She’s leavin’! We gotta stop her!

**MATT:** My pleasure. You know, you don’t have to run. I mean, can I offer you something to eat or drink, or . . .

**PENNY:** *(Looking at the door, then back at MATT.)* Well...I guess I could stay for a minute. Do you have any soda?

**MATT:** I’ve got Sprite.

**PENNY:** Great.

**MATT:** Be right back.

*MATT exits into the kitchen. PENNY sits down on the couch. BUTCH and DYLAN high-five each other from across the room. ROSE goes behind the couch, looking down at PENNY.*

**ROSE:** *(Jokingly, like an overprotective mother.)* So. What are your intentions with our Matt?

**BUTCH:** *(Smirking and leering at PENNY.)* Hmm. Better ask what OUR intentions are with HER.

**ROSE:** *(Slapping his arm.)* Oh, you’re such a pig.

**BUTCH:** Man, why are you even here? Matt’s a guy. Shouldn’t all parts of his personality be guys?

**ROSE:** I’m his feminine side. Every male has one. Some more dominant than others.

**BUTCH:** *(He gathers DYLAN and FLOYD and the male EGOS stand together behind ZEKE’s chair.)* Whatever. We could run Matt ourselves, just us dudes.

**ROSE:** I am so full of self-loathing right now.

*MATT returns from the kitchen with two Sprites, hands one to PENNY, and sits next to her.*

**MATT:** Here you go.

**PENNY:** Thanks. So, you live alone here, I take it?

**MATT:** Yep. You?

*ZEKE begins snoring loudly.*

**PENNY:** *(Nodding.)* Finally got my own place a few months ago. It's nice, but I miss having— *(Against his will, MATT yawns, and PENNY stops and raises her eyebrows.)* I'm sorry, am I boring you here?

**ROSE:** *(Looking over at ZEKE.)* Oh, Zeke!

**MATT:** *(Sincerely apologetic.)* No! No, I'm sorry. Just been working crazy hours this week.

**PENNY:** *(Smiling.)* I understand.

**ROSE:** *(Helping ZEKE to his feet.)* Come on. Let's get you tucked in.

**ZEKE:** *(Half-asleep.)* Darn kids, stay off the lawn!

*ROSE puts her arm around ZEKE, and they exit through the CS door. Pause.*

**FLOYD:** *(Stepping to the front.)* Awkward silence! HONK! Say something! ANY-thing!

**MATT:** Uh... The other night, I had a dream about William Shatner.

**BUTCH:** What?!? *(BUTCH slaps his own forehead.)*

**DYLAN:** Not that!

**PENNY:** *(Simultaneously amused and disturbed.)* Huh. Can't say that I ever have.

**BUTCH:** *(To PENNY, but aimed at FLOYD.)* Of course not, because you're NORMAL.

**PENNY:** Big "tar Trek fan, are you?

**MATT:** Oh, yeah. *Star Trek* and James Bond, my two faves. *(Beat.)* Wait. Who do YOU think is the best Bond?

**PENNY:** I...really don't have an opinion.

**MATT:** Really? For my money, it's Sean Connery. No contest.

**PENNY:** Actually, I've never seen any of the movies.

*FLOYD gasps deeply, shocked to his very core. He looks at her with horror.*

**MATT:** Never?

**FLOYD:** *(Pointing sternly at the SR door.)* I want her out!

**MATT:** Trust me, Connery is the BEST. Brosnan and Craig are good, and Moore is tolerable, I guess, but none of them hold a candle to the original.

**PENNY:** (*Indifferent.*) Ah.

**FLOYD:** I once met a guy whose favorite Bond is Timothy Dalton. Can you believe it? Dalton! They should put that question on the SAT's, to weed out the hopelessly stupid!

*DYLAN hurries over to FLOYD, pushing him to the back and taking charge. Meanwhile, ROSE returns from CS.*

**DYLAN:** (*To FLOYD.*) That's enough out of you. I'll handle this.

**MATT:** (*Jokingly expressing his shame aloud.*) Realizing he sounds like a total nerd, he desperately changes the subject. Um... Would you like to look at my portfolio?

**PENNY:** Sure.

*With drinks in hand, MATT leads PENNY to his desk, sits her down, and hands her his portfolio. As she begins leafing through it, MATT grabs a second chair for himself.*

**DYLAN:** Okay. This will buy us a moment to figure out what to say next.

**BUTCH:** Nah, we've done enough yakkin'. Let's kiss her already!

**ROSE:** What? She's practically a stranger!

[< **FLOYD:** Yeah! For all we know, she could be, like, a serial killer!

**DYLAN:** Floyd. She doesn't look like a serial killer.

**FLOYD:** Exactly! If you could TELL who the serial killers are just by looking at them, everybody would avoid them, and nobody would die.

**DYLAN:** The scary thing is, that kind of made sense... >]

**BUTCH:** Oh, blah blah blah. It's kissy-face time. I'm going in.

*BUTCH lifts his arm as if wrapping it around an invisible person's shoulder. Unseen by PENNY, who has resumed flipping through the portfolio, MATT lifts his arm in the same way to try putting it around her.*

**ROSE:** Cut that out! *(ROSE yanks her arm backwards, causing MATT to suddenly pull his arm away again.)*

**BUTCH:** Stop interfering, Rose. This is our chance! *(BUTCH nods, and MATT begins to lean in a bit closer.)*

**ROSE:** Our chance to get slapped in the face, maybe!

*ROSE waves her hand, and MATT leans back out again. The frustration of this inner conflict plays on MATT's face. PENNY doesn't notice any of this. Finally, she finishes the portfolio, closes it, and looks up at MATT. He tries to look innocent and casual.*

**PENNY:** These are excellent. You're very talented.

**MATT:** *(Modestly.)* Nah, but thank you. Want to see my newest project? *(MATT grabs both copies of the artwork and lays them on the desk.)*

**PENNY:** Very nice.

**MATT:** Thanks. It's an ad campaign for the Nolans' franchise.

**PENNY:** Why are there two?

**MATT:** Oh, some clumsy idiot, who shall remain nameless because he is me, spilled coffee on the first one. My boss gave me a few days to redo it, but she's not very happy with me. If I don't turn it in by tomorrow, I am getting the axe. And I mean that literally.

**PENNY:** You have a strict boss?

**MATT:** Attila the Hun would wet himself in fear.

**PENNY:** *(Laughing.)* I didn't realize Attila was in advertising.

*MATT laughs, smitten. He and PENNY share a look and a moment.*

**FLOYD:** Ha! *(Snort.)* Funny. She's funny!

**BUTCH:** Shut up! This is it!

*MATT starts to lean in for a kiss. BUTCH pushes FLOYD aside to get closer to the action. But instead of moving, FLOYD falls, taking DYLAN down with him. MATT's arm bumps into his cup, spilling his drink on PENNY. They both gasp.*

**MATT:** Oh, no. I can't BELIEVE I—

**PENNY:** You didn't ruin your drawing again, did you?

**MATT:** *(Furious with himself.)* No... Luckily, it all went on you.

**PENNY:** *(With a sense of humor about it.)* Brr! Kinda cold!

**MATT:** *(Stammering.)* I am SO...SORRY. Can I...A towel, or...

**PENNY:** No, it's not that bad. Really. I'm just gonna head home and change.

*A sly smile creeps across BUTCH's face. DYLAN is dusting himself off, his attention elsewhere, giving BUTCH the chance to "drive."*

**MATT:** *(Innocently.)* You sure? If you want to take those off here, I don't mind.

*ROSE, DYLAN, FLOYD, and even MATT himself freeze, wide-eyed, realizing what they just said. PENNY looks at MATT with alarm. BUTCH continues to grin and nod, pleased with himself. ROSE clasps her hand over BUTCH'S mouth to silence him.*

**ROSE:** You creep!

**DYLAN:** *(Livid, to BUTCH.)* What did you do, you brainless moron?

**PENNY:** *(Now slightly uncomfortable.)* No, I'm just gonna go.

**MATT:** Wait. I didn't mean it like... Wait. *(He looks around, quickly finds a towel, then hands it to PENNY.)* Here.

**PENNY:** *(Using the towel to dry off.)* Thanks.

**MATT:** *(Sincerely.)* Penny, I'm sorry. This date didn't turn out very well, and I...should...probably just let you go before there's grounds for a lawsuit. I'm gonna go hit myself in the skull with a hammer.

**PENNY:** Don't be so hard on yourself. Relax. Maybe watch one of your Bond movies. I assume you have them on DVD?

**MATT:** *(Busted, spoken with shame.)* The Blu-Ray Special Editions.

**FLOYD:** *(Boastful, spoken with pride.)* WITH audio commentary and never-before-seen—

**BUTCH:** Shut up.

**MATT:** *(Opening the door for her.)* Again, I'm sorry, I... *(Sadly, quitting while he's behind.)* Good night.

**PENNY:** *(A little sad herself that she couldn't cheer him up, she hands the towel back.)* 'Night. Thanks for dinner.

*PENNY exits, and MATT watches her go. BUTCH rushes up to MATT, who then calls out into the hallway after her.*

**MATT:** Tell all your friends about me!

*He shuts the door, leans against it, and squeezes his eyes shut tight, in an attempt to wish away the last few minutes.*

**MATT:** *(In disbelief over his own words, he throws the towel across the room.)* "If you want to take them off here, I don't mind"?  
STUPID!!!

*MATT smacks himself hard on the right side of his head, which tilts toward SL. As a result, the EGOS all stumble/fall in the same direction (toward SL) as if they've been physically shoved.*

**BUTCH:** Ow! What did WE do?

*The other EGOS roll their eyes as MATT collapses on the couch. Lights fade out.*

Perusal Only  
Do Not Copy

SCENE 3

**AT RISE:**

*The next morning, Saturday. MATT is working at his desk. DYLAN, BUTCH and ROSE are all sitting on the couch. ZEKE is in his usual chair. FLOYD is pacing.*

[< **DYLAN:** Mental note. Two things we are never allowed to do again: carry liquids and talk to people.]

**FLOYD:** I hope you all learned a valuable lesson last night. That was a bigger disaster than Jar Jar Binks in *The Phantom Menace*. Maybe from now on, you'll listen to me!

**BUTCH:** *(To the other EGOS.)* You guys hear somethin'? Like an annoying little squeak? >]

**ROSE:** I feel awful. We really embarrassed that poor girl. I think we should call and apologize.

**FLOYD:** You mean talk to her again? After last night?

**BUTCH:** Yeah! YEAH! We apologize, and maybe she'll find that so classy, she'll be all over us!

**ZEKE:** Heh heh. Smoochies.

**ROSE:** Butch, that's not what this is about.

**DYLAN:** No, but we DO owe her an apology. If we handle it well, maybe we COULD see her again.

**FLOYD:** I don't believe this! Did we learn NOTHING?

**DYLAN:** Floyd, we have to do something about our sad excuse for a social life.

**FLOYD:** But we don't NEED a social life. There is an entire season of *Battlestar Galactica* on DVD that we haven't even seen yet.

**BUTCH:** *(To FLOYD.)* Man, I don't give you enough wedgies.

**ZEKE:** Bah. Don't listen to them, Floyd. You're right to be cautious. I'm with YOU, buddy.

**FLOYD:** *(Suspiciously.)* You are?

**ZEKE:** *(Putting his arm around FLOYD.)* Sure. Let's go talk strategy, and I'm sure we can convince THEM, too.

**FLOYD:** *(Excited.)* Okay!

*ZEKE leads FLOYD out through the CS door, staying behind him. Unseen by FLOYD, ZEKE signals BUTCH by miming a phone receiver and lip-synching the words "Call her" as he exits.*

**BUTCH:** *(Bursting with excitement.)* Way to go, old man! He just got rid of our inhibitions!

**ROSE:** *(Grudgingly admitting.)* Smooth.

**BUTCH:** *(Jumping to the front.)* We're callin' her!

**DYLAN:** Good. But Rose and I will do the talking. YOU just keep your mouth shut.

*BUTCH does a "zipping-my-lips-and-throwing-away-the-key" gesture and stands right next to MATT. MATT picks up the phone and presses a single button, which BUTCH grandly and simultaneously pantomimes. MATT takes a deep breath.*

**BUTCH:** It's ringing. All yours!

*DYLAN and ROSE step up behind MATT, and BUTCH crosses away. They all lean in and listen intently for a beat before their faces register disappointment.*

**MATT/DYLAN/ROSE:** *(All together, in perfect harmony but with dismay.)* Aw, man! Voicemail.

**MATT:** *(Into the phone.)* Hey. It's Matt. Sorry I missed you. And I'm sorry if things were awkward yesterday. I was a little nervous, but it's only because...um... *(He stands and begins to pace.)* Listen. I don't want to play games. I like you. Okay? I think you're sweet, and funny, and beautiful, and I'd really like to get to know you better. I just thought you should know. *(Sigh.)* So, I guess the ball's in your court. If you feel the same way, then call me back. If not, hey...bummer, you know, but I understand. Okay. Bye.

*MATT hangs up the phone, sits back down at his desk, and exhales deeply. BUTCH stands between DYLAN and ROSE, with an arm around each of them.*

**BUTCH:** Nice goin'. We might turn this thing around yet.

**ROSE:** And if not, at least we apologized.

*ZEKE returns from the bedroom.*

**BUTCH:** Hey, there's Zeke! Where's the geek?

**ZEKE:** Oh, he's right behind me.

*FLOYD hops back into the room. His legs, hands and mouth have been bound with duct tape.*

**ROSE:** *(Accusatory.)* Zeke! *(ROSE rushes to FLOYD, pulling the tape from his mouth as gingerly as possible.)*

**FLOYD:** Oww!

**ZEKE:** Haw haw haw!

**ROSE:** *(To ZEKE, while removing the rest of FLOYD's tape.)* Was this really necessary?

**ZEKE:** Naw, but it was fun!

**FLOYD:** I suppose you already called her.

**BUTCH:** Yep. Done deal. Left a message.

**FLOYD:** I'm surprised you troglodytes could even use a phone without me.

**BUTCH:** Oooh, yeah, 'cause it's SO hard to push "Redial" and talk!

**FLOYD:** Well, with the limited mental capacity YOUR pathetic cranium is— *(He stops cold.)* Hold on. "RE-dial"? You DO remember that we called Mrs. Killian last night about the Nolans' artwork, right?

*MATT suddenly sits bolt upright, eyes wide.*

**MATT:** Wait a minute...

**FLOYD:** RIGHT?!?

**MATT:** *(With slowly dawning panic.)* Oh no...

**BUTCH:** I do NOW.

*MATT frantically pushes buttons on his phone to check the last number dialed. The answer chills him to the bone, and he jumps to his feet.*

**MATT:** NO.

**DYLAN:** You mean, we just said all that...to our BOSS?

**BUTCH:** (*Nervous chuckling.*) You guys really blew it this time.

*ROSE stands motionless, dumbfounded. DYLAN and FLOYD exchange a glance, then attack BUTCH from either side and drag him to the ground, out of sight behind the couch. DYLAN and FLOYD stand back up and begin kicking him. ROSE snaps out of her shock, grabs ZEKE's cane, goes behind the couch, and helps with beating up BUTCH. MATT staggers backwards a few steps and drops onto the couch.*

**MATT:** (*Bellowing his anguish to the sky.*) Noooooooooo!

*Lights fade out.*

Perusal Only  
Do Not Copy

SCENE 4

**AT RISE:**

*A few minutes later. MATT and BUTCH are sitting side-by-side on the couch, both in pain, rubbing their aching foreheads with identical, simultaneous movements. FLOYD, DYLAN and ROSE are standing, looking nervous. ZEKE is sitting in his chair again, holding his cane.*

**BUTCH:** *(To ROSE and FLOYD, while massaging his temple.)* Ow.

For a chick and a nerd, you guys are surprisingly violent.

**ROSE:** *(To BUTCH.)* I owe you an apology. It was the heat of the moment, and I shouldn't have overreacted like that. Sorry, Butch.

**BUTCH:** Aw, don't beat yourself up over it. Oh, wait! You already did!

**MATT:** *(Massaging his temple the same way as BUTCH.)* Oh, man. My head is KILLING me.

**ZEKE:** *(Mock crying like a baby.)* "Waah, my head hurts! Waah!" [**<** You diaper-soilers don't know pain. When I was your age, we'd bash ourselves in the head with bricks, just for fun! Kids today got no threshold for pain.

**BUTCH:** I wish we had some bricks now. I'd LOVE to see you demonstrate. **>]**

**ZEKE:** Wake me up when you got REAL problems. *(And with that, ZEKE falls asleep again.)*

**FLOYD:** *(To ROSE.)* So how bad is it?

**ROSE:** What? You mean the declaration of LOVE we just left on our boss' answering machine?

**FLOYD:** What EXACTLY did we say?

**DYLAN:** Relax. You'll hear it again when her attorney presents it as evidence in court.

**ROSE:** *(Repeating the phone call verbatim, very quickly, in as few breaths as possible.)* We said: "Hey. It's Matt. Sorry I missed you. And I'm sorry if things were awkward yesterday. I was a little nervous, but it's only because, um, listen. I don't want to play games. I like you, okay? I think you're sweet, and funny, and beautiful, and I'd really like to get to know you better. I just thought you should know. So, I guess the ball's in your court. If you feel the same way, then call me back. If not, hey, bummer, you know, but I understand. Okay. Bye."

**DYLAN:** *(In awe.)* How did you do that?

**ROSE:** I'm a woman. We always remember every idiotic thing men say, to use against them in the future. It's part of our charm.

**FLOYD:** That's it. We are soooooo fired.

**DYLAN:** Or murdered!

**ROSE:** Not helping!

**FLOYD:** So what do we do?

[< **ROSE:** We should tell the truth. I mean, it's kind of funny when you think about it. So we dialed the wrong number. It was an honest mistake.

*MATT rises, settling on this course of action.*

**BUTCH:** *(Mimicking a phone call.)* "Hello? Hey, boss! Remember how I just told you you're funny and beautiful? Well, I lied. I was thinking about somebody ELSE. Clearly, YOU'RE ugly and stupid. Well, see ya at work!" Click.

*MATT sits back down again, changing his mind.*

**FLOYD:** I think we should deny it. His voice isn't that distinct. If she even mentions it, we'll pretend it wasn't us.

*MATT rises again.*

**BUTCH:** She's probably got caller ID, genius.

*MATT sits again.*

**ROSE:** Fine. Then what's YOUR idea, smart guy?

**BUTCH:** *(With a throat-slashing gesture.)* Easy. We whack her. *(The other EGOS all groan in disgust.)* Hey, SHE'S done it! Killin' all those hubbies? We'd be doin' the world a favor.

*MATT rises, seriously contemplating this course of action.*

**DYLAN:** Whoa! Easy there, Tony Soprano! >]

*MIND OVER MATT*

*Thank you for reading this free excerpt from MIND OVER MATT by  
Scott Haan. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the  
script, please contact us at:*

**Heuer Publishing LLC**

**P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406**

**Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011**

**HITPLAYS.COM**

*Perusal Only  
Do Not Copy*