

YOU'RE IN MY THOUGHTS

By Scott Haan

Copyright © MMXVII by Scott Haan, All rights reserved.

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Heuer Publishing LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (Professional) performance rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Heuer Publishing LLC.

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

YOU'RE IN MY THOUGHTS**By Scott Haan***BASED ON A CONCEPT BY JULIE DOAN*

SYNOPSIS: It's their first date, and nerves are running high for two shy young people. They may not be saying much, but their thoughts speak volumes, as we learn by eavesdropping on their inner monologues. If you've ever had a first date, you'll laugh at the fear, excitement and insecurity we've all felt in these situations but rarely expressed out loud.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(2 females, 2 males)*

GIRL (f) A shy young woman. *(16 lines)*
 BOY (m) A shy young man. *(15 lines)*
 GIRL'S BRAIN (f) The private thoughts of the Girl.
(35 lines)
 BOY'S BRAIN (m) The private thoughts of the
 Boy. *(35 lines)*

SETTING: A couch (or two chairs representing a couch) in a young man's living room. Optional coffee table. The actors mime watching TV, but no actual TV is required.

TIME: Today.

PROPS

- A remote control
- A big bowl of popcorn
- Two drinks

PRODUCTION NOTES

BOY'S BRAIN and GIRL'S BRAIN are not real; they represent the thoughts of the BOY and GIRL. BOY and GIRL will never look at the BRAINS or acknowledge their presence in any way. However, the BRAINS can both look at BOY and GIRL as much as they want. Also, it's important for BOY and GIRL's expressions and body language to reflect what their BRAINS are saying at any given moment, although sometimes what they are doing or saying might be at odds with what they are thinking.

COSTUMES

Boy and Girl dress in clothes suitable for a date. The Brains should be dressed all in one color, preferably all-gray (as in "gray matter") or all-white, the two colors commonly associated with brains. If possible, matching gray t-shirts with a picture of a brain would be ideal.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

You're in My Thoughts had its world premiere at Civic Theatre of Greater Lafayette's 10-Minute Play Festival (IN) in June 2016 with the following cast:

GIRL.....	Helen Sorensen
BOY.....	Cyrus Hulen
GIRL'S BRAIN.....	Brittany Smith
BOY'S BRAIN.....	Zachary Gregory

Director: Dakota Walker
 Producer: Steven Koehler

DEDICATION

To Julie Doan, for her friendship and kindness over the years, and for graciously sharing this idea and allowing me to run with it.

SETTING: *A couch in the BOY'S home.*

AT RISE: *The GIRL sits on the stage left side of the couch, nervously straightening her clothes. A remote control is next to her. GIRL'S BRAIN paces behind the couch.*

GIRL'S BRAIN: *(While pacing.)* I can't believe I'm here. I am SO nervous. No, no... not nervous... crippled with terror. But I can DO this. He finally asked me if I wanted to hang out, didn't he? And he would only ask if he liked me... at least a little, right? Right.

Both GIRL and GIRL'S BRAIN look stage right.

GIRL'S BRAIN: Hey, where is he? It shouldn't take this long to microwave popcorn. Unless... he changed his mind and escaped out a window. Yeah, that's it. Took one look at me and ran for the hills. Probably going through airport security by now.

Both GIRL and GIRL'S BRAIN suddenly look concerned, detecting a strong odor.

GIRL'S BRAIN: Ugh, what is that smell? I think he burned the popcorn... and maybe the whole kitchen. Should I check on him?

GIRL starts to move, but before she can even stand, BOY enters from stage right, carrying a big bowl of popcorn and two drinks. BOY'S BRAIN follows close behind. They both stop and take deep breaths, composing themselves. As soon as they enter, GIRL quickly sits right back down.

BOY: I'm back. Sorry that took so long.

GIRL: Oh, no problem.

While BOY and BOY'S BRAIN are walking closer BOY'S BRAIN speaks.

BOY'S BRAIN: This is it. You've wanted to hang out with her for years, and this is your chance. Now be charming. No, not charming... Be COOOOOL.

BOY: *(Handing GIRL one of the drinks.)* Here you go, milady.

BOY'S BRAIN: *(Slapping his forehead.)* "Milady"? What is this, Camelot? What is WRONG with me?

GIRL: Thank you.

GIRL'S BRAIN: "Milady"? That's cute. Weird and ancient, but cute.

BOY'S BRAIN: Uh-oh. How close should I sit? TOO close and I seem desperate, not close enough and I seem disinterested. No, calm down, you're over-thinking. Just... sit.

BOY'S BRAIN closes his eyes, zen-like. BOY sits on the far stage-right side of the couch, leaving a big gap between them. BOY'S BRAIN opens his eyes again.

BOY'S BRAIN: *(Continues.)* Too far away. Aw, booger poop!

GIRL'S BRAIN: Why is he sitting over THERE, like I have Ebola?

BOY sets down the popcorn and his drink, and picks up the remote.

BOY: I think we're all set. So, should we pick a movie? *(He points the remote forward and clicks, turning on the imaginary TV.)*

GIRL: Sure.

BOY'S BRAIN: Except I have NO clue what she would like. Ooh, I'll just let HER pick! Problem solved!

BOY: *(Handing the remote to GIRL.)* Here, why don't you pick one?

GIRL: *(Taking the remote.)* Um, OK. Let's see. *(She begins clicking.)*

GIRL'S BRAIN: *(Watching the "screen" and dismissing the choices.)* No... Uh, no way... Psh, not even if my life depended on it...

BOY'S BRAIN: *(Admiring GIRL.)* This is awesome. I can't believe she's here. She could pick some crappy chick-flick with a name like "What the Heart Desires" or something, and I wouldn't even care.

GIRL: Hey, what about “Battle-Bots Five”? I haven’t seen that one yet. *[Insert recent action sequel movie title. Must be a macho action movie sequel; if you change it, adjust remaining dialogue accordingly.]*

BOY’S BRAIN’S jaw drops. Silence. BOY’S BRAIN drops to one knee and holds out his arms towards the GIRL.

BOY’S BRAIN: Will you marry me? *(Snapping out of it, he stands.)*
No, no, play it COOOOOL.

BOY: *(Acting indifferent.)* Sure. I mean, whatever. Guess I could sit through that one, if it’s what you want.

GIRL’S BRAIN: Wait, he doesn’t want to watch this? I thought we would BOTH like it.

BOY’S BRAIN: Wait, did she pick an action movie instead of a romance because she doesn’t think of me that way? Aw man, is this her way of saying she has NO romantic feelings for me at all?

GIRL: Are you sure this is all right?

BOY: *(Enthusiastic.)* Yeah! Seriously, I haven’t seen it yet either, and I really liked the last one. I’m good with it if you are.

GIRL: *(More convinced.)* Great. OK, here we go. *(She presses one more button on the remote, then sets it down on the table, or between them on the couch.)*

GIRL’S BRAIN: Good. Give me an action movie over some sappy chick-flick any day.

BOY: *(Looking down into the bowl.)* Uh-oh.

GIRL: What?

BOY’S BRAIN: *(Throwing his hands up.)* I’m such an idiot!

BOY: I may have ever-so-slightly burned the popcorn... into charcoal.

GIRL’S BRAIN: Duh. You couldn’t smell that?

GIRL: *(Looking into the bowl.)* Yeah, that’s pretty black.

BOY: *(Putting the bowl on the ground.)* Sorry. I am hopeless in the kitchen. I’ve been known to burn cereal just by pouring milk on it.

GIRL and GIRL’S BRAIN: *(In unison, a genuine laugh.)* Ha-ha-ha!

BOY smiles, acting as if he meant to make her laugh. BOY’S BRAIN does not.

BOY'S BRAIN: (*Straight-faced.*) Why is she laughing? True story! Whoosh! Cheerios in flames!

GIRL: Don't worry, I've burned my share of popcorn, too.

BOY'S BRAIN: Offer her something else. But what do I have? There's nothing good in there. Ooh, I still have that Halloween candy! [*Or Insert other recent holiday where you get candy.*]

BOY: Can I get you something else? Like some candy bars or something?

BOY'S BRAIN: Or cash? Do you want a bucket full of cash? Because I will get you anything you want. Just say the word.

GIRL: No, I'm fine, thanks.

GIRL'S BRAIN: And I don't want you to leave again!

BOY'S BRAIN: Look at her.

BOY sneaks a quick sideways glance.

BOY'S BRAIN: Just gorgeous... and so far out of my league. I feel like a deformed circus freak sitting next to a supermodel.

GIRL'S BRAIN: Look at him.

GIRL sneaks a quick sideways glance.

GIRL'S BRAIN: He is just so cute. Too cute for me. Makes me look like a hunchbacked troll.

BOY'S BRAIN: Uh-oh... It's too quiet in here.

GIRL'S BRAIN: Ooh, it just got REALLY quiet.

BOY'S BRAIN and GIRL'S BRAIN: (*In unison.*) Better turn up the volume.

BOY and GIRL both reach for the remote at the same time, and their hands touch. Optional SFX: The sound of an electric shock, and/or brief strobe lighting. The BRAINS react at the same time: BOY'S BRAIN'S whole body twitches and convulses as if he is being electrocuted, while GIRL'S BRAIN spins around several times until she stops and looks dazed and dizzy, trying to regain her balance. BOY and GIRL look down at their hands, then at each other's faces, then jerk their hands away like hot potatoes.

GIRL'S BRAIN: *(Confused.)* Whoa! WHAT was THAT?!

BOY'S BRAIN: *(Confused.)* Shazam! That felt like actual electricity!

Pause. The expression of both BRAINS changes from confusion to big grins.

BOY'S BRAIN and GIRL'S BRAIN: *(In unison.)* I LIKED it!

BOY and GIRL look over at each other at the same time, then turn away shyly. With their faces looking away, they both smile, then try to resume casual expressions.

GIRL'S BRAIN: Don't let it get awkward. Say something casual.

GIRL: This is a great movie.

GIRL'S BRAIN: That I haven't really been watching at all.

BOY: I know, right? It's awesome.

BOY'S BRAIN: *(Surprised.)* Oh yeah, there's a movie on. I totally forgot.

GIRL: So awesome.

BOY'S BRAIN: Just touching her hand was... Wow. Epic. I want that to happen again. But I'm sitting in a different time zone. Such an idiot. How can I get closer without LOOKING like I'm moving in? How can I... ooh, I got it!

The BOY squirms in his seat a little, as if he is uncomfortable.

BOY: Man, what is that? *(He stands and looks down at the couch, running his hand over where he was sitting.)*

GIRL: What?

GIRL'S BRAIN: *(Suspicious.)* What's he up to?

BOY: That's weird, I thought I felt something lumpy, but I guess not.

Sorry about that. *(He sits back down, much closer to the GIRL this time.)*

BOY'S BRAIN: *(Proud of himself.)* Nice! Man, I am SO subtle!

GIRL'S BRAIN: (*Sarcastic.*) Wow. Subtle. He must think I'm an idiot.

But now he's sitting where I WANTED him to sit, so yay!

BOY'S BRAIN: I need to impress her. Time to drop some knowledge.

BOY: Hey, did you know the guy who directed this movie also wrote the first four? This is his first time directing.* (**If you used an actual movie title earlier, adjust this dialogue to be a true fact about that movie.*)

GIRL: Huh. No, I didn't know that.

BOY'S BRAIN: And you also didn't care. Stupid! Stop boring her with boring crap, Mister Boring!

GIRL'S BRAIN: He is so interesting, and smart. It's like his brain is working all the time.

BOY'S BRAIN: (*His eyes, and the BOY'S eyes, go wide.*) Oh no. Oh no, this is bad.

GIRL'S BRAIN: I wonder what he's thinking about RIGHT NOW.

BOY'S BRAIN: There is a fart on deck that could blow holes in my shoes! Man, why now?!

BOY and BOY'S BRAIN both begin to squirm.

GIRL'S BRAIN: I'm sure it's something deep and fascinating.

BOY'S BRAIN: (*Through clenched teeth.*) Squeeze it shut... clench... don't let it out...

Both BOY and BOY'S BRAIN visibly relax.

BOY'S BRAIN: Whew. Crisis averted... for now.

GIRL'S BRAIN: How can he be so calm over there? I'm a nervous wreck. Why do I have to be so shy? Why is everybody else so comfortable around people, and I'm so... blaargh! (*Simulated puking noise.*) It's not fair.

BOY'S BRAIN: I don't think I've ever been this nervous in my life. Why does it come so easily for everybody else? Why am I the ONLY freak that has trouble talking to people? ANY people, let alone girls. Especially beautiful ones.

BOY glances over at GIRL.

GIRL'S BRAIN: He looked at me. Did he just look at me? I think he looked at me. Should I do something?

BOY'S BRAIN: Should I put my arm around her? No, that would require actual confidence, which I've only read about in books. But girls LIKE confidence, right? Right. Yes. So I'm doing it. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Here we go.

BOY lifts his arms as if he is stretching.

GIRL'S BRAIN: What's he doing? Is he putting his arm around me?

BOY'S BRAIN: *(Eyes wide again, he freezes.)* Wait. Did I use deodorant? I did, didn't I? I don't remember!

BOY drops his arms back down.

GIRL'S BRAIN: Maybe not.

BOY'S BRAIN: *(Struggling to recall.)* I know I showered, but I can't remember deodorant. I was so nervous, I might have forgotten. I don't know!

GIRL'S BRAIN: He smells really good. I wonder if he's using cologne.

BOY'S BRAIN: I stink. I probably stink. All right, check, but be COOOOOL.

BOY tries to discreetly smell his own armpit while scratching his nose with his shoulder.

GIRL'S BRAIN: I wish he WOULD put his arm around me. Then I would know for sure.

BOY'S BRAIN: Can't tell. I'd better not risk it.

BOY keeps his arms tight against his body.

GIRL'S BRAIN: I'm not just imagining it, right? Does he feel it, too?

BOY'S BRAIN: (*Sadly.*) Oh, who am I kidding? Why would SHE like ME? I'm delusional. I'm just going to watch the movie, say good night, and then try to find somebody on my own level, like a horribly mutated lab experiment.

GIRL'S BRAIN: He's so handsome, it makes my brain hurt.

BOY'S BRAIN: Clearly, she's too good for me.

GIRL'S BRAIN: Clearly, he's too good for me.

In unison, ALL four hang their heads in sadness. Pause. After a moment, the GIRL and GIRL'S BRAIN lift their heads back up at the same time.

GIRL'S BRAIN: (*Continues.*) But he DID ask.

BOY'S BRAIN: Let this be a lesson. From now on... don't aim too high.

GIRL'S BRAIN: Yep, he asked. He did his part. Would it be too forward if I made a move, or would I just be doing MY part? Something tells me he needs me to do my part. Fortune favors the bold, they say. (*Pause.*) Time to be bold.

GIRL'S BRAIN holds her breath and closes her eyes. While still looking forward at the TV, GIRL reaches over, takes BOY'S closest hand, and wraps his arm around her shoulder, moving a little closer in the process. BOY is taken completely by surprise. BOY'S BRAIN's jaw drops again, and he watches this in stunned silence; he has to grab onto the back of the couch for support, to keep from fainting. He tries to make a sound but can't. GIRL looks over at BOY hopefully, checking to see if this is OK. GIRL'S BRAIN opens one eye to watch his reaction tentatively.

GIRL: (*Quietly.*) Hi.

BOY: (*Quietly.*) Hi.

GIRL and BOY both smile at each other, then face forward again to watch the TV, still smiling. GIRL'S BRAIN, satisfied, relaxes, hugs herself tight and smiles.

BOY'S BRAIN: *(With an ecstatic fist pump.)* YYYESSS!!!

BOY'S BRAIN and GIRL'S BRAIN begin dancing wildly in celebration. BOY and GIRL settle into a little snuggle. ALL FOUR have huge smiles on their faces. The dancing continues by both BRAINS as the lights go out.

THE END

DO NOT COPY