

CUTE CARD

By Felicia Pfluger

CAST: Waiter
Ashley
Herman

PROPS: Index Cards

AT RISE: Ashley is sitting at a table texting. She is a little self absorbed. She has been burnt one too many times by guys. She has a tough, narcissistic shell.

Herman is socially awkward, innocent, and has a tenderness about him that makes us love him (think Gene Wilder meets Clark Kent). Herman comes over to the table- stuttering a tad with nervousness.

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(Ashley is sitting down playing with her nails – and being rude to the waiter. The waiter has her number from the start. He does what he can to make pacify her. She finally shoos him off like “the help”. She has made an enemy.)

HERMAN: Ha – Hello. Are-Are you Ashley?

ASHLEY: *(Barely making eye contact, texting)* Ya-ya.

HERMAN: I’m... Herman. You... You... are ... prettier than your picture.

ASHLEY: Yup. That’s me.

HERMAN: I... *(floundering for courage and confidence)* I... *(takes an cue card set out of his pocket, shaking a bit)* Um.

ASHLEY: Yeeeeesssss?

HERMAN: How are you doing this fine day?

ASHLEY: Huh?

(Herman flounders and looks for another card that might work better)

HERMAN: *(Sitting Down, flips the card a bit mechanically)* What is your favorite color?

(Shifting uncomfortably as Ashley looks at Herman like he is an Alien)

HERMAN: I get a little ner-nervous – and wa-want to make sure that we have good conversation.
Ss-so I made up these cue cards. They are g-g-good conversation s-s-s-starters.

ASHLEY: *(Rolling eyes)* Oh, Brother....

HERMAN: *(Hopefully)* Wh-what is your favorite c-c-color?

ASHLEY: *(Under her breath)* What rock did you crawl out from?

HERMAN: Ahhhh... *(Desperately flipping through flash cards)*

Wh – What is your favorite food?

ASHLEY: Seriously? *(Herman desperately goes to the next card)*

HERMAN: If you could be any animal –

ASHLEY: Um...

HERMAN: What would you be?

ASHLEY: This can't be happening to me. *(Herman flips another one)*

HERMAN: What was your favorite vacation spot?

ASHLEY: Listen, Herman – You seem - like a nice guy.

HERMAN: *(Taking the time to say the words deliberately and gently, so he doesn't stutter)*

Ashley – you are so... so very lovely – and I know that... that you are used to more polished men than me.

ASHLEY: ... Honestly – I normally date – A different type of guy. You... seem like a nice guy... Just not my type of guy. I like –you know - a bad boy. You know – someone that makes me weak in the knees.

HERMAN: *(Very Despondent)* Oh... What about... someone that treats - you – like a princess?

ASHLEY: *(As if she wishes she honestly was a better person.)* I am *not* a princess.

HERMAN: *(Earnestly and kindly)* Well – You look like one to me!

(Uncomfortable with being treated nicely, Ashley tries to distract herself by getting the waiter's attention, in a bit of a rude tone)

ASHLEY: Waiter..*(Waiter ignores her)*

ASHLEY: Waiter.... *(Waiter ignores her noticeably)*

ASHLEY: WAITER!

(The Waiter rolls his eyes, looks down on her, takes a hostile stance, and turns his back on her)

HERMAN: Excuse me, sir, but this lovely lady was trying to get your attention

(The Waiter reluctantly comes over – laden with attitude and negativity).

ASHLEY: *(Looking surprised at Herman is genuinely appreciative)* Thank you.

HERMAN: You're w-welcome, Ashley!

WAITER: Excuse me – what do you want to order now?

ASHLEY: Why don't we start with a menu?

WAITER: I didn't know girl's like you would stick around for a meal. I thought you would have left already.

ASHLEY: ...I... don't know what to say...

HERMAN Take. That. Back. Sir.

(The Waiter shrug ambivalently)

WAITER: Why? What's so special about her?

(Herman stands up in a strong and determined manner)

HERMAN: Because you are talking to a LADY! And Ladies deserve respect.

WAITER: You really think that – Don't you?

HERMAN: I not only think that – I KNOW that. And a REAL GENTLEMAN would see that, feel embarrassed and apologize.

WAITER: Sorry. I'll get those menus.

ASHLEY: Why did you do that? Defend me? I...

HERMAN: You are....a LADY. A Lady d.d.deserves to be treated *(Shrugs)* like a lady! With kindness.

ASHLEY: I don't deserve ANYthing like that – I just don't.

HERMAN: Maybe you don't know yourself - like I do.

ASHLEY: I was a complete... I wasn't acting like a lady.

(Herman smiles forgivingly. She smiles back. They both get a little uncomfortable, not sure where to go from here. Ashley has an "ah ha" moment. She reaches across the table and grabs his CUE CARDS and flips through them. Herman looks hopeful and expectant.)

ASHLEY: What is your idea of a perfect day?

HERMAN: One...th- that involves your smile! *(Herman shyly smiles at Ashley as her guards come tumbling down.)*

Ashley smiles ear to ear and their hands hesitantly reach across the table and touch for what is the first, but not the last time. She looks shy, nervous and hopeful. He looks like he just won the lottery.