

Blind Date

by
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STORY OF THE PLAY

The two new Elders are coming to dinner but when they arrive they are mistaken for the two blind dates of the daughters of the household, and they can't seem to get anyone to listen to them. To make matters more interesting, Herbie, the precocious 12-year-old, has lost his latest science project -- a snake! Will the Elders take the girls to the dance? Who will be the lucky one to find Herbie's science project? Hilarious confusion for all audiences!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 m, 3 w, 1 boy)

EMILY SCHOFIELD: An involved LDS Mom.

HERBIE SCHOFIELD: Her typical, if somewhat smallish, 12-year-old son.

CHRIS SCHOFIELD: Eager and happy-go-lucky 19-year-old daughter.

KATHY SCHOFIELD: Somewhat jaded, and no-nonsense 17-year-old daughter.

DR. PAUL SCHOFIELD: A harried and easily distracted doctor.

ELDER ALBERT: An eager but puzzled missionary (a greenie).

ELDER RANDALL: Zealous but naive missionary (a greenie).

LES BARRATT: Recently returned missionary, excited to be in the world again.

PHIL TANNER: Recently returned missionary, still longing to be on his mission.

TIME: Current day, late afternoon.

PLACE: The living room of the Schofield home located in a valley in South Central Utah.

Performance Time: About 35 minutes.

BLIND DATE

(AT RISE: A coat, gloves, and purse are on the sofa center stage. EMILY enters back stage left wearing church clothes. She's in a hurry, crosses in front of sofa to telephone on table front stage right. She dials, taps fingers impatiently as she waits for answer.)

EMILY: Yes, Eileen, this is Emily. Is Paul with a patient?...Oh...An emergency call?...No, don't have him call. I'm just going out, but if you could get a message to him when he gets back...Yes. Thanks...Just tell him that the two new missionaries are coming for dinner before the first discussion for Marge and Hal...Yes, we finally got the nerve to ask and it was as Paul would say, "A piece of cake." They accepted right off...Hm?...Oh. I don't know, it's too soon to tell, but we're keeping our fingers crossed. *(Glances at watch.)* Listen, Eileen, tell Paul I'll probably be late getting home...No, dinner's all taken care of, thank goodness for my crock pot and the automatic timer on the oven...Hm? Oh yes, I just love it...Eileen, I'm going to be late if I don't get moving...Tell Paul that Marge and Hal won't be here until eight or so, but the Elders will be here early and I don't want him to go off with one of his medical journals and leave them to entertain themselves... *(Laughs.)* Oh, you'd be surprised. Sometimes he's in a different world from the rest of us...O.K., thanks, Eileen. Bye now.

(SHE hangs up, snatches up purse, gloves, and coat and nearly collides with HERBIE who is entering center back with something wrapped up in his coat.)

EMILY: *(Cont'd.)* Herbert! How many times must I tell you not to bolt into a room like...Why aren't you wearing your coat? It's freezing out there!

HERBIE: Gee, Mom, I got my science project in it! *(Excitedly.)* Just wait'll you see it!

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EMILY: Oh no, not gerbils again.

HERBIE: No, we're not studying mammals any more, we're-

EMILY: Oh, I'm late, son. (*Ruffles HIS hair, an action he obviously hates.*) I've got to rush. There's some root beer in the fridge, but don't touch anything else. We're having company for dinner. (*Herbie tries to interrupt with protests.*) Oh, and get your tennis shoes off the dining room table.

(EMILY exits center back as HERBIE, still protesting, gets the door shut in his face.)

HERBIE: But Mom, I...it's... (*To himself.*) Company! Rats! I bet they hang around until I miss *The Incredible Hulk*. (*Substitute current popular TV show.*) Come on, Hector, let's see how you like your new home. (*Puts a box which gets unwrapped on couch, removes lid, and removes a long snake. SFX: Phone rings.*) Hi fella ... hungry? (*Strokes snake, coils it around arm. Herbie takes snake and goes to answer phone.*) Hello?...Oh, Hi-ya, Jack. ... Yeah, I got him home OK. ... Sure I'm sure he's warm enough. He wore my coat for cryin' out loud. ... Did ya tell your folks about the gerbils?...Hey man, you better before...What?...Hey, that makes four gerbils. I thought you were only gonna keep, two...Well, of course he gave you a good deal...he's got a coupla dozen at least...I know, I sold him mine. Sure, you can keep 'em separate if ya know which is which, but I never did figure out how to tell, then it was too late...Well, you can try asking the gerbils, but believe me, they're not telling...Hey, Harry's gonna trade me four white mice for my old Whiffle ball, so Hector's gonna eat pretty good this week...Whattaya mean he don't eat mice? It says right here in my science book...Liver?...Raw, chopped fine...no salt...a little turtle food over the top?...Anything else...like does he like it on a silver platter or anything? I shoulda bought Tobias' lizard.

(Laughter and stamping feet heard backstage.)

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HERBIE: *(Cont'd.)* Uh-oh, trouble, Jack; my sisters are home and that gourmet snake is wrapped around my arm.... Yeah, catch ya later...

(HERBIE hangs up, rushes to box on couch, replaces snake, replaces lid, and sits beside box as CHRIS and KATHY enter exchanging adlibs about school.)

CHRIS: *(Offstage.)*...and he really does ask questions on the dumb footnotes. *(CHRIS enters center back, hangs coat on coat rack placed right side of center back door, sees Herb.)* Hi, Professor! Any calls for me?

HERBIE: Not unless Dad's answering service is handling 'em these days.

CHRIS: Hey, that's not a bad idea. *(Crosses to phone table ruffling HERBIE'S hair on her way past.)*

KATHY: *(Has hung up coat on rack, crosses to left end of couch just behind Herbie.)* What's in the box, Herb?

HERBIE: My new science project! Wanna see?

CHRIS: *(Alarmed.)* Not gerbils again!

HERBIE: Nah, I'm past that chapter. We're getting into...

KATHY: *(Has school book opened, absentmindedly ruffles HERBIE'S hair, crosses to easy chair stage left.)* That's great, Herb, but can you show me later? I've got a ton of homework. OK?

HERBIE: *(Irritated and dejected.)* Sure, I guess I'd better put this junk away anyhow. *(Exits back stage left up bedroom stairs.)*

CHRIS: *(Going from kitchen door stage right to center stage to bedroom stairs stage left.)* Mom? Hey, Mom! Motherrrrrr! Mom, where are you?

HERBIE: *(From offstage upstairs.)* Mom's gone out.

CHRIS: *(To herself.)* Oh rats! *(To HERB.)* Where to?

HERBIE: *(Offstage.)* She didn't say.

CHRIS: Well, when will she get back?

(HERBIE enters and stands on stairs.)

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HERBIE: If I don't know where she is, how do I know when she'll get back?

KATHY: *(Nose still in book.)* I think he's gotcha, Sis.

(PAUL enters center back, removes hat and coat, hangs them on coat rack.)

PAUL: Hello all! Wow, what weather! *(SFX: Phone rings.)*
The roads are slippery as the dickens and it's cold enough to...

(KATHY stands up and takes a step toward it, CHRIS and HERBIE rise in front of couch adlibbing "It's for me, I'll get it", etc. PAUL crosses behind couch and behind chair stage right, raises his hand for quiet, then answers phone.)

PAUL: *(Cont'd.)* Hello... *(To KIDS.)* Quick, Chris, get me my bag. *(SHE begins to rush to coat rack.)* There's a young man here who says he can't live without me!

(ALL three kids sag as they realize Paul is joking.)

KATHY: Daddy! I think that call is for me. *(Takes phone, covers mouthpiece and addresses PAUL, HERB, and CHRIS who are still hovering around her.)* May I please have some privacy?

PAUL: Never let it be said that a Schofield can't take a hint. Come on, you two.

(PAUL crosses to chair stage left, HERBIE gets a magazine from rack beside chair stage left, and goes over to sit on couch.)

CHRIS: Make it short, I'm expecting a call.

(CHRIS crosses to couch. KATHY makes a face at Chris and turns back to audience pantomiming conversation.)

End of Freeview

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