



Proudly Presents

# PERFECT

**WRITTEN BY BRIDGET GRACE SHEAFF**

©2011



# PERFECT

**WRITTEN BY BRIDGET GRACE SHEAFF**

## IMPORTANT: PLEASE READ

This play is intended for educational classroom readings and performances. There are no royalties for performances, and directors may make photocopies for their students; however, it is strictly forbidden to share copies of this script with other individuals or schools within the same school district or otherwise. Also, this script is not to be stored in any form, or incorporated into any retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, which includes posting videotaped performances of this script on any social media site without the prior written permission of the publisher, Theatre Fresh. Violations of the above terms will result in legal action and will include punitive damages against the offender. Public performances in which a program is distributed must include the following statement: "Produced by special arrangement with THEATRE FRESH and TheatreFresh.com."

Inquiries should be addressed to the publisher.

ISBN 978-1-942109-40-2

**Characters:**

**Meg**, a 24 year-old sweet, slightly sarcastic, girl-next-door type of gal

**Alan**, a 25 year-old sweet, slightly sarcastic boy-next-door type of guy

**SCENE:** An apartment.

**AT RISE:** Meg walks back and forth between the kitchen area and the dining room, setting the table and preparing dinner. Alan walks in the door with flowers in his hand.

**Alan:** (*Entering the apartment*) Knock-knock. Hey! Smells good in here.

**Meg:** (*Continuing to set the table and prepare the meal*) Thank you! I have to take the lasagna out of the oven soon. And if I can find my pastry brush, there'll be garlic bread to go along with that.

**Alan:** You are a true chef.

**Meg:** What can I say? I graduated from the Stouffer's College of Frozen Food with a Master's in French Bread Pizza.

**Alan:** Do you want me to set the table?

**Meg:** Already done.

**Alan:** Okay, how about if I toss a quick salad? You should see what I can do with a head of lettuce.

**Meg:** I have one in the fridge already. I'll go grab it.

**Alan:** Well... is there anything that I can do to help?

**Meg:** You can stand there and look pretty.

**Alan:** Well, I have been compared to Jennifer Lopez, but I was thinking about something that required actual effort.

**Meg:** Believe me, you have your hands full with that. Where is my pastry brush?

**Alan:** I'm sure it's around here somewhere. Let me help you find it.

**Meg:** No, no it's okay. I know I had it around here somewhere—ah-ha! Found it.

**Alan:** In the microwave? You still keep your utensils in the microwave? You know they invented these nifty things called drawers, right? (*Pulling one out*) Wow, look at the convenience!

**Meg:** Well, I can't do everything right, now can I?

**Alan:** But you certainly can do no wrong.

**Meg:** I beg to differ. I'm dating you, right?

**Alan:** If this is wrong, then I don't want to be right. Am I right?

**Meg:** Mostly you're a moron.

**Alan:** Yeah, but you love this moron.

**Meg:** Shhhh! Keep it down! I don't want someone to find out!

**Alan:** Aw, great. What's the point in having an amazing girlfriend, if I have to keep it a secret?

**Meg:** She cooks you dinner?

**Alan:** Bingo. Circle gets the square.

**Meg:** Do you want cheese on your garlic bread?

**Alan:** Why do you even ask?

**Meg:** Because you're secretly a picky eater.

**Alan:** I am not.

**Meg:** You are, too! You pretend to like everything to spare everyone's feelings, but you only really like a very limited number of foods.

**Alan:** I love all food. I am not food prejudiced. I think all food should join hands and stand in a circle and sing *Kumbaya*, and there would be peace on earth.

**Meg:** All food?

**Alan:** All food.

**Meg:** Even chili?

**Alan:** Okay, chili's invitation to the love pow-wow will mysteriously get lost in the mail.

**Meg:** And I suppose that broccoli's invitation will also mysteriously disappear?

**Alan:** No, no, broccoli is not invited—period. Most people who have had broccoli hate it. Broccoli is the Justin Bieber of foods!

**Meg:** Well, I love broccoli.

**Alan:** And I love you.

**Meg:** Thank goodness. I was worried I wouldn't be invited to the food pow-wow.

**Alan:** Okay, now you're just making fun of me.

**Meg:** I'm not *just* making fun of you. I'm also looking for a spatula.