

The Perfect Plan

Comedy · Monologue · 2 min · No gender marker · Young adult · Beginner

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Right. Let me explain, because told like that, in the paper, it sounds worse than it was.

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The plan was perfect to begin with. I said perfect. I had thought of everything: the ring in the dessert, the violinist paid for, her parents waiting in the next room. Everything. Thought of.

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What I had not thought of was the waiter (a charming lad, by the way) taking the dessert to the wrong table. So, technically, yes, I did propose to somebody. A lady of seventy-two celebrating her birthday with her grandchildren.

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And there, you see, an ordinary man would have panicked. Not me. I kept my nerve. I said: "Madam, this ring was not intended for you, but allow me to wish you a very happy birthday." With flair. A flair I did not know I had.

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The problem is that at that moment my girlfriend, the real one, the one the ring was for, saw the whole thing. And she... misread it.

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So, to sum up: I am single, a lady of seventy-two kissed me on both cheeks, and the violinist was paid for nothing.

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But the plan, I stand by this, was perfect. It is reality that executed it badly.

What you can do with it

Original text written for Acto. Read it, print it, work on it in class, perform it at an audition or on a self-tape: that is what

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