

NOTES

Love never has been, nor will ever be, synonymous with perfection; therefore, how is one expected to endure a long-term relationship? In her humorous, yet heartwarming play, *Perfect*, Bridget Grace Sheaff introduces us to Alan and Meg, a young couple, who strive for perfection in their day-to-day relationship. Perfection, however, is a slippery slope, and it is virtually impossible to maintain such high standards, especially when expectations are unusually high while preparing an anniversary dinner. This play should be performed by a male and female and may be entered in Duo Interpretation or Duet Acting. Timing is critical when playing comedy. Taking a beat before, after, or during a line's delivery can often be the difference between a big laugh and a missed opportunity. Work the dynamics of this young couple's relationship. The two have been dating for years. They know each other; therefore, they also know how to push each other's buttons. This is a tour-de-force for those performers adept at playing romantic comedy!

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