

the beginning of

FIND ME A PRIMITIVE MAN (from **ROMANTIC FOOLS**)

a short comedy by Rich Orloff

(**ROMANTIC FOOLS**, a comic revue for one man and one woman, is published and licensed by Playscripts, Inc. www.playscripts.com)

An apartment living room. A knock on the door. The woman opens it, to reveal a large, hulking Neanderthal man, dressed in a leopard skin. She moves back, startled. He enters and grunts. From behind his back, he presents her with a bouquet of wildflowers. He smiles sweetly.

WOMAN

(touched)

Flowers – how thoughtful.

He reaches inside his leopard skin and pulls out a large piece of meat. He gives it to her. (*Note: The man often makes sounds, just not words.*)

WOMAN

(less enthused)

Meat – what a nice cut... You must be Yun.

MAN

(pounding his chest)

Thun!

WOMAN

Hi, Thun, I'm Lori.

He sniffs her.

WOMAN

Look, I, I tried calling you. I've got an awful headache, and a stomach ache, and several incurable diseases. I'm afraid tonight won't work out.

Thun, a very sensitive guy, shows deep disappointment.

WOMAN

I'm sorry.

Thun points to the flowers.

WOMAN

Well, yes, the flowers *are* nice.

Thun points to the meat.

WOMAN

And the meat... it looks very tender.

Thun mimes killing the animal.

WOMAN

You killed it yourself, huh?

Thun points to her.

WOMAN

Just for me?

Thun nods.

WOMAN

How thoughtful. But, well, I'm *really* not feeling well...

Thun starts to cry.

WOMAN

Gee, I hardly ever meet a guy who's willing to show his feelings... Oh, well. Just a short visit.

Thun grunts happily. The woman puts the flowers in a vase, and she puts the meat, well, maybe in another vase or a fruit bowl.

WOMAN

So Sally didn't tell me much about you. What do you do?

Thun mimes attacking an animal, clubbing it to death, ripping its flesh apart, pulling out some muscle, and presenting it to her.

WOMAN

You kill meat.

Thun begins prancing around, picking off food from imaginary trees and bushes.

WOMAN

You also forage for nuts and berries.

Thun nods.

WOMAN
(genuine)
How fascinating.

Thun shrugs.

WOMAN
It's a living, huh?

Thun nods, points to her.

WOMAN
You want to know about me? How nice of
you to ask. I'm a sales representative for a
leading pharmaceutical firm, specializing in –

Thun yawns, bored. Seeking to keep the conversation going,
he points to her and mimes killing an animal.

WOMAN
Do I kill meat?... No, I shop for it.

Thun gives a disdainful grunt and look, as an aside.

WOMAN
So... What did you have in mind for this evening?

Thun mimes eating.

WOMAN
Dinner.

Thun mimes dancing.

WOMAN
Dancing. I love to dance.

Thun mimes sex.

WOMAN
Uh, let me tell you where I'm coming from,
Thumb.

MAN
Thun!

WOMAN

Thun. It's just, well, you seem very nice, and your outfit is very – retro, but I'm just not into dating for dating's sake anymore. I finally think I'm ready to develop something... substantial.

Thun grunts that *he's* substantial.

WOMAN

Oh, I'm sure you're very substantial, but, well, I may want to start a family soon, and I want someone who could be a provider.

Thun points to the meat.

WOMAN

But who's still sensitive.

Thun points to the flowers.

WOMAN

And who isn't afraid of intimacy.

Thun mimes sex.

WOMAN

I meant *emotional* intimacy.