

An excerpt from...

“BOBBY’S BRAIN”
A Comedy In One Act
By Bruce Kane

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22448 Bessemer St.
Woodland Hills, CA 91367
PH: 818-999-5639
E-mail: bkane1@socal.rr.com

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“BOBBY’S BRAIN”
A Comedy In One Act
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TIME: Now

SETTING: A chair and table are stage right. Stage left is another chair and table.

CHARACTERS:

BOBBY – mid to late twenties, nice looking

REP: The reptilian part of Bobby's Brain. Think the Incredible Hulk

AMYGDALA: Another part of Bobby's Brain. Think Hugh Hefner

CORT: The third part of Bobby's Brain. Think Bill Gates.

THE GIRL: Young and pretty. She plays all of Bobby's love interests.

ALICE'S REP: The reptilian part of Alice's brain. Mini-skirted, tough, sexy, perhaps chewing gum.

ALICE'S AMYGDALA: The amygdala section of Alice's brain. Slinky and sophisticated.

COURTNEY: The cortex of Alice's brain. Business like. Dressed in pant suit, wearing glasses, hair pulled back.

LIGHTS UP:

(Bobby and the Girl enters from opposite sides)

GIRL: *(flirtatious)* Hi.

BOBBY: Hi.

GIRL: You're cute.

BOBBY: You're hot.

(They pause for a moment then kiss passionately. After the kiss she just gives him a disapproving look)

BOBBY: What?

GIRL: You know.

BOBBY: No, I don't. Tell me.

GIRL: Well, if you don't know, then there's no point in me telling you. What a jerk.

(The Girl turns and exits)

BOBBY: *(to audience)* That, in a nutshell, is all of my relationships condensed down to thirty seconds. I have been shot down in flames so often, I thought about buying fire insurance. In the beginning I, naturally, blamed myself even though, deep down, I knew it was really her fault. But a little research... mostly Googling... revealed the real culprit and just as I suspected, it wasn't me... *(almost mumbles the next line)* It wasn't "her," either. It was Darwin. That's right Charles Darwin... The Origin Of The Species? That Darwin. Well, not Darwin himself. He's been dead for over a hundred years. But, evolution. Every disastrous relationship I ever had was the fault of evolution. It seems that while we were moving up the evolutionary ladder to become more rational beings, we somehow never got rid of all the survival mechanisms that got us through the early years when we were still crawling up out of the muck. It's sort of like Windows. Even though you got the latest upgrade, you still have to deal with all the crap from the previous versions. I'll show you what I mean. Fellas, you want to come out.

(Rep, Amygdala and Cort enter. Rep enters fearfully. Amygdala struts in. Cort carries a lap top computer. He's very businesslike)

BOBBY: These are the three parts of my brain that represent its development from the beginning of time to today. All three are still present, still exert influence and still don't exactly get along with each other. We'll start with Rep here. *(Puts arm around Rep)* He is my reptilian brain. The oldest portion of the male brain and the most primitive. He has no language... No filters... Only blind instinct. . He is all about survival, fear, hate, contentment and for our discussion today... lust. Basically all Rep here wants to do... is survive... and reproduce and he isn't particular with who. So, watch out ladies.

(Rep suddenly spots the women in the audience. He starts grunting excitedly and pointing at the

women, moving back and forth across the stage, making inappropriate gestures that indicate he is willing to reproduce with all of them. He even starts to go out into the audience. Bobby holds him back)

BOBBY: Rep... Rep... No... No... You can't. No...No... Not with her. No, not with any of them. At least, not yet. (*Bobby crosses to Amygdala*) This is the area of my brain known as the amygdala. He is a step up the evolutionary ladder from Rep here. (*Amygdala nods, preens and points at a woman in the audience and mimes for her to call him*) And much like Rep, he is also what you might call "goal oriented."

AMYGDALA: You got that right. (*talks to the ladies in the audience*) Hey... How ya doin'? Glad you could make it. Did anyone ever tell you, you have incredible eyes?

BOBBY: But, unlike Rep, Amygdala does make choices.

AMYGDALA: (*pointing out toward the audience*) I wasn't talking to you.

BOBBY: Now, what he bases those choices on, is anybody's guess. (*crosses to Cort*) This is Cort... my pre-frontal cortex. Cort exists at the very top of the evolutionary chain. He provides what you might call the executive function in my brain.

AMYGDALA: Is he really necessary, man?

BOBBY: He differentiates among conflicting thoughts, determines good and bad... Excercises social control.

AMYGDALA: Like I said. Is he really necessary?

(*Corts sits*)

CORT: Everything about every woman with whom we've ever had an encounter is stored right here in your brain. (*Opens his laptop*) And I have access to all of it. And so, I have created an algorithm that cross references all of this data to produce a result that eliminates ninety nine per cent of the guess work.

BOBBY: We are talking about women here. It's all guess work.

CORT: My method provides for a process of elimination.

AMYGDALA: With this guy? Have you seen his record with women? It's all a process of elimination.

BOBBY: (*to Cort*) Keep going... I like this AI Gore thing.

CORT: Algorithm. It uses a rating system based on past relationships and then makes a prediction as to future compatibility, eliminating women with whom you have little or no chance.

AMYGDALA: That should really narrow the field.

CORT: Actually, it will narrow the field and help avoid any pain you might otherwise sustain including,

but not limited to, psychological, physical and, especially, financial.

BOBBY: Okay, then... Let's take this baby out for a spin and show the folks how it works.

(Cort types on the computer)

(Rep is getting antsy)

BOBBY: *(to Rep)* Easy... I know it's been a long time. You don't have to tell me.

(The printer spits out a page. Cort hands it to Bobby)

BOBBY: This is the profile of the woman of my dreams?

CORT: No. The woman of your dreams is living with Brad Pitt... This is the woman who is least likely to rip your throat out.

BOBBY: That's a start. Let's see what we have here.

(Bobby, Amygdala and Rep move out into the audience. Rep gets excited by the first woman he sees)

AMYGDALA: I don't think so.

(Rep is disappointed until he comes to the next woman and starts grunting excitedly indicating he'd very much like to reproduce with her.)

AMYGDALA: A definite maybe. *(Rep is disappointed until he comes to the next woman)* Yes... Definitely in the affirmative. *(Rep gets excited)*

BOBBY: *(to woman in the audience)* Hi... What's your name? *(she gives him name)* Check... Occupation? *(she gives him occupation)* Check. *(Rep is getting more excited)* Shoe size? *(she gives him shoe size)* Oooooo. We were so close. *(Rep starts to attack the woman anyway. Bobby pulls him off.)* No... No... Bad Rep... Bad Rep...

(They move on. Rep immediately gets excited about another woman)

AMYGDALA: *(rejecting her)* Pass – a – deena.

(Rep gets angry)

BOBBY: You're kidding. Why?

AMYGDALA: No spark... No music of the spheres... No bells and whistles... No fireworks.

BOBBY: That's not a reason. That's a description of a lousy Fourth Of July.

AMYGDALA: It's just not happening, man.

(They move on)

BOBBY: Okay, how about this lovely creature.

(Rep gets really excited)

AMYGDALA: Ohhhhh yesssss!!!

BOBBY: Really? You think she could be the girl of our dreams?

AMYGDALA: Or, at least the girl we're going to dream about tonight.

(Rep starts grunting with excitement)

BOBBY: *(moves to the woman)* Hi, I'm Bobby... What's your name? *(she gives him name)* Check. And what do you do?

AMYGDALA: And will you do it with me?

(The Play Continues...)

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