

Matt Davis Gets a Girlfriend

A one-man musical about one man's quest
to not DIE ALONE.

Book, Music, and Lyrics
by
Matthew Patrick Davis

Note to the reader:

To listen to the songs while reading along, go to:
www.matthewpatrickdavis.com/MPD/OneMan.html
(URL is case sensitive)

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"MATT DAVIS GETS A GIRLFRIEND"

1.

The show is a one-man musical,
performed and accompanied by the
same actor.

MATT (V.O.)

And now, "Matt Davis gets a Girlfriend!"

MATT DAVIS enters.

MATT (cont'd)

Hi, I'm Matt Davis.

"SUPERFICIAL BASTARD:"

MATT (cont'd)

I'M GONNA GET A GIRLFRIEND...

I'M GONNA GET A GIRLFRIEND...

I'M GONNA GET A GIRLFRIEND...

(sees a girl)

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!

--EHHHH...

SHE'S GOT A MOLE ON HER NECK.

(sees another girl)

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!

--EHHHH...

BUT FOR HER "SUMMER TEETH."

YOU KNOW: "SOME'RE" GOING THIS WAY, "SOME'RE" GOING THAT WAY.

(sees a third girl)

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!

--EHHHH...

BUT FOR HER "BUTTER FACE."

YOU KNOW: EVERYTHING'S GOOD, "BUT HER" FACE.

BYE-BYE.

BYE-BYE.

BYE-BYE.

SUPERFICIAL BASTARD

AM I

GONNA BE ALONE WHEN

I DIE?

ARE THE HIGH STANDARDS

TOO HIGH?

ALL WILL BE ANSWERED

WHEN I DIE ALONE!

I'M GOING TO DIE ALONE!

NO, NO, NO--

I'M GONNA GET A GIRLFRIEND...

(sees a girl)

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!

--EHHH...WHAT?

YOUR FAVORITE FILM IS SHREK?

THE THIRD??

BYE-BYE.

SUPERFICIAL BASTARD

AM I--
NO, NOT IN THAT CASE
THAT'S UNFORGIVABLE.

It's ogre between us.

(sees another girl)

SHE'S TALENTED!
SO TALENTED!
AND FUNNY!
AND SMART!
AND KIND!
BUT...
NOT...
BEAUTIFUL.
SO...
BYE-BYE.

THERE! NOW I'M A
SUPERFICIAL BASTARD!
AM I
GONNA BE ALONE WHEN
I DIE?
ARE THE HIGH STANDARDS
TOO HIGH?
ALL WILL BE ANSWERED
WHEN I DIE ALONE!
I'M GONNA DIE ALONE!
SEATED ON MY THRONE
WITH NO ONE LEFT TO PHONE
OR...

(for lack of anything better to say)

BONE...

(sees another girl)

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
KELSEY, KELSEY, KELSEY,
I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!
AW, KELSEY WROTE A NOTE
LET'S SEE WHAT SHE WROTE
AND I QUOTE:
"YOUR BEAUTIFUL. [SIC]"
--EHHHH...

YOU KNOW, IT'S SPELLED:
"YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL"
LIKE "YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL"
NOT: "YOUR BEAUTIFUL"
LIKE "YOU OWN BEAUTIFUL?"
THERE, YOU'VE GOT IT.
NO, THERE, YOU'VE GOT IT.
OH MY GOD.
STOP SPELLING "YOUR,"
WHEN YOU MEAN "YOU'RE"

STOP SPELLING "THERE,"
WHEN YOU MEAN "THEIR"
OR WHEN YOU MEAN "THEY'RE"
STOP SPELLING "IT'S,"
WHEN YOU MEAN "ITS"
STOP SPELLING "TO,"
WHEN YOU MEAN "TOO"
OR WHEN YOU MEAN TO MEAN "TWO?" REALLY??
IF YOU CAN'T DO "THEN" AND "THAN,"
I CAN'T BE YOUR MAN.

MAN, SHE SHOULD GIVE HERSELF A HAND SHE'S
PUSHED HERSELF SO FAR FROM HIM
DOESN'T SHE UNDERSTAND THE
CONCEPT OF A HOMONYM?

IF ONLY KELSEY'S GRAMMAR WERE
GRAMMATICALLY CORRECT
I WOULDN'T WANT TO BALL-PEIN HAMMER HER
NEGLECT OF SPELLING CHECKED
I'D SEE HER FOR HER GLAMOUR PER-
HAPS WE COULD CONNECT
PERHAPS SHE I'D RESPECT
WE'D SIT DISCUSSING BRECHT
BUT SHE'S YOUNG
AND SHE'S DUMB
AND SHE'S FULL OF...

(sees a new girl)

COME OVER HERE PRETTY LADY
COME OVER HERE NEW PRETTY LADY
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
CHELSEA.
FORGET KELSEY, WE'VE GOT CHELSEA!
COME OVER HERE PRETTY LADY
YOUR BEAUTY I COULD SERENADE-Y
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL
AND WITHOUT FLAW
I CAN'T FIND
ONE FLAW AT ALL
I MUST ADMIT
THIS MAY BE IT
THE PERFECT FIT
OH SHIT.
DOES THAT MEAN THAT I HAVE TO COMMIT?
WAIT, YOU'VE GOT A ZIT!
BYE-BYE.
I QUIT!

YES, AM I A SUPERFICIAL BASTARD
AND I
MUST WANT TO BE ALONE WHEN
I DIE
SO I KEEP THE HIGH STANDARDS
TOO, TOO, TOO IMPOSSIBLY HIGH
I'M GOING TO DIE ALONE!

*I'M GOING TO DIE ALONE!
SEATED ON MY THRONE
WITH NO ONE, JUST ALONE*

*WHO THE HELL DO I THINK I AM?
WHAT MAKES ME SO GODDAMN SPECIAL?*

Am I perfect? No, just look at me: I'm tall and skinny, I don't have any muscles... I'm an awkward conversationalist, especially on a first date, it's going to be a little bit awkward...

Matt demonstrates by stumbling over his words awkwardly which is just gibberish.

MATT (cont'd)
Plus, I'm super indecisive.
(talking to a girl)
What? Where are we going to eat?
(weakly)
I don't know, where do you wanna go? I'm just gonna text my friend. I'm going to ask Siri what she would recommend...

*AND I WISH THAT THE WISHY-WASHY
WOULD WASH A WAY
I WISH THE WISHY-WASHY'D WASH AWAY
I WISH THE WISHY'D WASH AWAY*

But that's not going to happen. Look, I don't know how to end this song. Because I feel like at this point the character should probably learn something.

("yeah, right")
The character? Yeah, how can the character learn if the writer hasn't learned it? Okay, they say that to love others, you have to love yourself more. Maybe that's my problem -- I care too much what other people think. Maybe I don't love me enough.

*'CAUSE THEN PERHAPS ME
I'D RESPECT
PERHAPS I COULD
CONNECT
CONNECT
CONNECT
INSTEAD OF BEING A
SUPERFICIAL BASTARD.*

Song ends.

MATT (cont'd)

So, I obviously have impossibly high standards where no one can reach them. I'm just going to have to lower my standards to where an actual human being could reach them. Lower my standards. Lower... Lower... Perfect. The next girl I meet, I'm going to commit to blindly. I'm in love!

"LOVE SONG:"

MATT (cont'd)

I'M IN LOVE WITH GIRL
THAT I HATE--
WAIT--
THAT DIDN'T COME OUT RIGHT
I MEANT TO SAY HOW
SHE'S GREAT. GREAT.
GREAT
WHEN SHE'S IRATE--
NO, THAT JUST RHYMES,
IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING
SHE'S HARMING WHEN SHE'S CHARMING--
I MEAN, SHE'S CHARMING WHEN SHE'S HARM--WAIT. NO.
SHE'S FUNNY!
YES, SHE'S FUNNY!
FUNNY
WHEN SHE MAKES FUN OF ME--
NO.
SHE'S NICE
TO ME
SHE'S GOT A KILLER SENSE OF HUMOR
KILLER LIKE A TUMOR--
NO--
HER LAUGHTER IS CONTAGIOUS
FOR AGES
LIKE AIDS IS--
NO!
SHE'S NICE!
AND BY "NICE" I MEAN:
..."MEAN!"
HER...BOOBS ARE NICE...
AND BY "NICE" I MEAN:
"BIG" AND "SOAPY" AND "BEAUTIFUL"
BEAUTIFUL...
AND SOMETIMES SHE'S IRRATIONAL.
OKAY, MOST TIMES SHE'S IRRATIONAL.
BUT IF I NEED COMPASSION I'LL
JUST WAIT A DAY
THEN IT'S OKAY
THEN IT'S OKAY
THEN IT'S OKAY
IT'S OKAY!!!

THAT SOMETIMES SHE'S IRRATIONAL
MOST TIMES SHE'S IRRATIONAL
NO RHYMES OR REASONS CAN
JUSTIFY
CAN EXPLAIN WHY SHE'S--
WHY SHE'S--
WHY IS SHE...
CRAZY?!?
SHE'S CRAZY!!!
DON'T GET ME WRONG,
SHE'S FUN TO HAVE AROUND,
BUT BEHIND CLOSED DOORS SHE'S
CRAZY!!!
SHE SCARES ME.
NO-- SHE HITS ME BECAUSE SHE LOVES.
NO!
THIS BRUISE ON MY EYE
IS JUST FROM WHEN I
FELL DOWN THE STAIRS.

ONE POINT IN HER FAVOR
AND I'M BEING SINCERE
I LOVE HER BECAUSE...
BECAUSE...
BECAUSE...
SHE'S HERE.

IT'S CLEAR NOW
I FEAR HER NOW
HOW CAN I GET OUT?
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT.
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT.

BUT YOU THINK WE FIGHT NOW
WHEN I OFFER HER FLOWERS
AND SHOWERS
OF PRAISE
WHAT IF I TRY TO GET OUT?
WATCH HER SCREAM AND SHOUT
FOR HOURS--
DAYS.

SO I THINK I'LL SETTLE.
SETTLE FOR BEING IN LIKE.
SETTLE FOR SOMEONE ALRIGHT.
ALRIGHT.
ALRIGHT.
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT:
I'M IN LOVE WITH A GIRL
THAT I HATE!
I WISH I COULD LEAVE
BUT IT'S TOO LATE!
TOO LATE!

Song ends.

MATT (cont'd)

I thought I was trapped forever.

(then)

But luckily she died. So, back to square one!

I'M GONNA GET A GIRLFRIEND...

And you'll never guess who I met at her funeral.

(talking to a girl)

Hey, how ya doing? Oh, you're here for a different funeral? Oh, your boyfriend died? Oh, and he sucked? We have so much in common! Oh, why am I repeating everything you're saying? Well, it's a one man show, it's kinda what you have to do.

(to audience)

Anyway, I could tell this girl was different than that last cuckoo-clock in the coffin over there. I was like:

"NORMAL GIRL:"

MATT (cont'd)

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA

WAIT, YOU'RE GONNA LET ME STAY UP PAST MY BEDTIME?

WAIT, YOU'RE NOT A RAVING CRAZY BITCH WHEN YOU DRINK?

WAIT, I CAN HANG OUT WITH MY FRIENDS AND YOU WON'T SCREAM AT ME?

IS THIS AS GOOD AND HAPPY AS IT SEEMS TO BE?

I FOUND A...

NORMAL GIRL!

TO GET ME OUTTA THIS DAZE SHE'S

A NORMAL GIRL!

IN A SEA OF CRAZIES

SHE'S MY SASQUATCH

MY LOCH NESS

THOUGHT TO BE A MYTH

BUT HERE SHE'S IN THE FLESH!

SHE'S MY NORMAL GIRL

THAT I ACTUALLY LIKE

ALL YOU CRAZIES AND PSYCHOS

CAN JUST TAKE A HIKE

I CAN TAKE HER TO A BAR

AND SHE DOESN'T FALL ASLEEP 'R

MAKE FUN OF ME IN FRONT OF MY FRIENDS,

I THINK WE GOT A KEEPER!

A KEEPER...

Segue into...

"WHEN DO I POOP:"

MATT (cont'd)

WE'RE SPENDING EVERY DAY TOGETHER
SPENDING EVERY NIGHT
SHE'S WITH ME THRU WIND AND WEATHER
EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT
BUT BEING TOGETHER EVERY DAY NOW
UPS AND DOWNS ARE ON DISPLAY NOW
EVERYTHING'S IN SIGHT
SO...

WHEN DO I POOP?

EVERY TIME I'M GONE SHE'LL KNOW
THE LENGTH OF TIME THAT'S PASSED
WISH I COULD SPARE HER THINKING OF HER BEAU
AND HIS DISGUSTING ASS
I'D LIKE TO KEEP SOME SMALL DEGREE
OF PRIVATE PRIVY PRIVACY
WHEN DO I POOP?

DON'T WANT HER TO HEAR ME
MAKING UNFORTUNATE NOISES
DON'T WANNA BE THAT GUY
WHO GOES IN HER DAINTY LADIES' WASHROOM
AND DESTROYS IT

WHEN DO I POOP?

WHEN I'M GONE SHE'LL ALWAYS NOTE IT
SO I'LL HOLD THIS LOAD
HOLD IT TILL I'M FAT AND BLOATED
OR TILL I EXPLODE

Song ends.

So that's what I did. I held it for 6 weeks. Like a camel. But for poop. Until one night I shit my pants all over her white Anthropologie bed-spread. But y'know what? She stayed. And that's how you know you got a good one. Two years later, we were still going strong:

"SHE DOESN'T LIKE RADIOHEAD:"

MATT (cont'd)

MY GIRL AND I
GOT A LOT IN COMMON
AND THAT'S WHY I
THINK SHE IS THE BOMB 'N
JUST THE BEST
SHE'S CALMIN'
WHEN I'M STRESSED
BUT--

ALTHOUGH I THINK THAT SHE IS A SAINT
IF I WERE TO MAKE ONE COMPLAINT...

SHE DOESN'T LIKE RADIOHEAD.
SHE DOESN'T LIKE RADIOHEAD.

NOW, SHE WOULD NEVER SAY THIS,
SHE'S TRYING TO BE POLITE,
BUT I CAN TELL SHE JUST PUTS UP WITH THEM
AND JUST DOESN'T QUITE
LIKE RADIOHEAD
OR SHE DOESN'T GET IT
AND IT KIND BOTHERS ME!
I'M TRYING NOT TO LET IT
BECAUSE I LOVE HER IN SPITE
RIGHT? YES.
ANYTHING ELSE WOULD BE TRITE
RIGHT? YES.
BUT HOW COULD SHE NOT LIKE RADIOHEAD??

I DON'T WANNA BE THAT PRETENTIOUS SNOB
WHO FEELS LIKE
IF YOU DON'T LIKE
THEM THEN YOU'RE AN
IDIOT, IDIOT, IDIOT
NO, I DON'T REALLY THINK THAT SHE'S AN IDIOT
BUT WHY CAN'T SHE SEE THAT IF SHE LIKED THEM
WE WOULD BE ONE IN EVERLASTING PEACE
AND BOTH GO TO HEAVEN IN A LITTLE ROW BOAT
WITH NOTHING TO FEAR AND NOTHING TO DOUBT
BUT I MIGHT BE WRONG
THIS MAY BE GETTING OUT OF HAND
I MIGHT BE WRONG
AFTER ALL, IT'S JUST A BAND
IT'S JUST A BAND
IT'S JUST A BAND, MATT! STOP IT!

MY GIRL AND I
HAVE GOT A LOT IN COMMON
MY GIRL AND I
HAVE REALLY GOT A LOT IN COMMON
COME ON,
THIS IS THE OPENING TRACK
OF OK COMPUTER
CALLED AIRBAG
IT'S AWESOME
HOW COULD YOU NOT LIKE THIS??

Or at least pretend. That's what I do! I
pretend to like "Love It or List It." I
pretend to like "Say Yes to the Dress." I
pretend to like Katy Perry. I bought us
tickets to her shows and wore a blue wig and
memorized all her lyrics AND choreography...
and named our cat Kitty Purry, all for you!

(MORE)

MATT (cont'd)

CAUSE BABY I'M A FIREWORK
I'M GONNA LET MY COLORS BURST
MAKE 'EM GO OH OH OH
AS THEY SHOOT ACROSS THE SKY-Y-Y
BUT YOU'RE A CREEP
YOU'RE A WEIRDO
CUZ I KISSED YOU GIRL AND I LIKED IT
BUT THIS IS WHAT YOU GET, WHEN YOU MESS WITH US...
AND IF YOU EVER THINK YOU'LL EVER SEE MY PEACOCK
I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU HIGH
GONNA LEAVE YOU DRY
AND IF YOU EVER EVER SAY AGAIN
THAT THEY SOUND JUST LIKE COLDPLAY AGAIN
I'M GONNA PUNCH YOU IN THE THROAT.
TIME TO SAY "BYE-BYE"
BYE-BYE.

Song ends.

MATT (cont'd)

Boy, I'm glad I don't have to deal with her
anymore: always buying me presents, and giving
me rides, and being great around my family.
Feels good to have that weight off my back...

(then)

What have I done!?

Matt takes out his phone.

MATT (cont'd)

Hey babe! Sorry about that whole "dumping you
'cause you didn't like Radiohead" thing. But
I've got good news. Congratulations: I'm
taking you back! Wait, what? You're engaged??
Hang on, I'm coming over.

Matt stands in place.

MATT (cont'd)

I'm here. You're engaged? We were together
for two years, and I was this close to
referring to you in public as my girlfriend.
Oh, sure, you'll never let that go: "I forgot
your birthday." Well, you forgot my dry-
cleaning!

"WELL WISHES:"

MATT (cont'd)

I'M REALLY AWESOME
YOU SHOULD BE SO LUCKY
BUT YOU'VE GONE AND CHOSEN
SOMEONE ELSE.

(MORE)

MATT (cont'd)

I see. Good luck with that. No, really:

GOOD LUCK
WITH YOUR STUPID LIFE
WITH YOUR STUPID KIDS
BEING A STUPID WIFE
AS YOU SURELY WILL BE
BECAUSE YOU WENT AND PICKED
NOT ME
WHAT A GREAT A IDEA
YOU IDIOT, YOU WENT AND PICKED
NOT ME

ALL OF MY WELL WISHES
REALLY AREN'T MALICIOUS
ENJOY WASHING HIS DISHES

FOR THE REST OF YOUR STUPID LIFE
WITH YOUR STUPID KIDS
BEING A STUPID WIFE
AS YOU SURELY WILL BE
BECAUSE YOU WENT AND PICKED
NOT ME
WHAT A GREAT A IDEA
YOU IDIOT YOU WENT AND PICKED
NOT ME...
IDIOT.

Song ends.

MATT (cont'd)

No, I know...I'm the idiot. I dumped my--

NORMAL GIRL
THAT I ACTUALLY LIKED

--Because what, she didn't like a band?
Y'know, maybe I should just be single for a
while. Get my priorities back into shape.
Just have a little me time... Just enjoy
myself... Enjoy... Myself.

"PORN SONG:"

MATT (cont'd)

HAVE YOU HEARD OF THIS THING
CALLED A COMPUTER?
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL THING,
IT'S A COMPUTER.
WE'RE IN THE FUTURE!

BUT WHO KNEW
THAT THE FUTURE COULD BRING...
SO MUCH...

FREAKING PORN.

I'D LIKE TO RESPECT WOMEN AGAIN
DELETE THESE IMAGES FROM MY BRAIN
PORN-ERS, BE WARNED FOR
AROUND EVERY CORNER'S
AN ABSOLUTE HORROR
TO MAKE YOU SICK
WATCH WHERE YOU CLICK

SCREW YOU, AL GORE, FOR
INVENTING THE INTERNETS
IF I SEE ONE MORE WHORE
CONSENTING TO DEVIANT SEX
I MIGHT LOSE MY LUNCH
NO MORE DONKEY PUNCH
SHUT UP, "TWO GIRLS ONE CUP"
GET IT OUT OF MY BRAIN
GET IT OUT OF MY BRAIN
GET IT OUT OF MY BRAIN

THAT'S IT
NO MORE BUTT SMUT
NO MORE LEWD NUDES
NO MORE MILF FILTH
WOMEN GAGGED, RIPPED IN TWO
WHO WANTS TO SEE THIS??
APPARENTLY ME.

I'M SORRY, MOM AND DAD
I'M SORRY, MOM AND DAD
I'M AFRAID I AM THE PERSON
THIS SMUT WAS MADE FOR
I'M NOT THE PURE SON
THAT YOU HAD PRAYED FOR

I'D LIKE TO RESPECT WOMEN AGAIN
DELETE THESE IMAGES-AGES-AGES-AGES-AJIZZ-JIZZ-JIZZ-JIZZ--
...FROM MY BRAIN

AND FROM THE CHILDREN'S BRAINS
THAT'S RIGHT,
CHILDREN ARE NOW BORN
INTO A WORLD OF PORN
BEFORE THEY HAVE GROWN
THEY'VE SEEN A HORSE BLOWN
AND THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO TEACH 'EM
ABOUT THE ANIMAL KINGDOM,
NO, NO...

AND I BLAME YOU, AL GORE, FOR
INVENTING THE INTERNETS
WE ALL NOW HAVE EMAILS:
THANK YOU.

*WE ALSO HAVE SHE-MALES.
GET IT OUT OF MY BRAIN!*

Song ends.

MATT (cont'd)

Wow, I am sad and gross.

I'M GOING TO DIE ALONE!

But no! Because that's when I saw her. There she was, on my screen, in a pop-up window. I started to close it, but I just couldn't. First, because the window kept reopening, but then, because I saw her smile as she knelt next to that glory-hole, and I knew that I had to find her and make her mine. And I did. And she's here tonight. Ladies and Gentlemen, my girlfriend: Paradise.

Matt brings up an unsuspecting audience member, and seats her on stage.

MATT (cont'd)

(to audience)

You guys probably recognize her.

(to audience member)

Now, I don't mean to embarrass you, but to close the show, I wrote you a love song, and I'd like play it for you right now.

"LIKE LIGHTNING:"

MATT (cont'd)

I LOVE YOU

LIKE LIGHTNING LOVES

A RAIN SHOWER

I LOVE YOU

LIKE LIGHTNING LOVES

THE HILL VALLEY CLOCK TOWER

I LOVE YOU

LIKE LIGHTNING LOVES

BEN FRANKLIN'S KITE

I LOVE YOU

LIKE LIGHTNING LOVES

FOLKS IN THEIR JACUZZI ON A RAINY NIGHT

AND GOLFERS TOO

I LOVE YOU

An epic orchestrated track accompanies the rest of the song.

Matt gets on his knees in front of the audience member, serenading her and awkwardly rubbing her face.

MATT (cont'd)

*I LOVE YOU
LIKE TWINKIES LOVES A FAT GUY
I LOVE YOU
LIKE HERPES LOVES
A FRAT GUY
I LOVE YOU
LIKE CHICKEN LOVES
A POT PIE
I LOVE YOU
LIKE LIGHTNING LOVES
FOLKS IN THEIR JACUZZI ON A RAINY NIGHT
AND FRANKLIN'S KITE
AND GOLFERS TOO
I LOVE YOU!
I FINALLY GOT A GIRLFRIEND!*

Matt and his girlfriend bow.
Black-out.

END OF PLAY