**The Proposal(s)**

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**Synopsis:**

Tyler loves Megan. Megan loves Tyler. Marriage is in the cards and Tyler wants to do up the engagement right. With panache. Brio. Gusto. And foresight. He’s a man with a plan. And a few backup ones too, just in case.

But those many best-laid plans of Tyler are no match for bad luck and a suspicious girlfriend. And it turns out that Tyler’s most effective plan is the un-plan - a moment of blurted honesty.

**Cast:**

TYLER  
MEGAN

**Time:**

Now and five years ago.

**Style:**

There are times when Megan and Tyler direct-address the audience – as if relaying info to a friend. These are marked “Out”. If not expressly marked, they are in-scene with each other.

**The Proposal(s)**

MEGAN: *(Out.)* I was so tired when we went out to dinner I forgot to take pictures of the food.

*(Both MEGAN and TYLER begin “walking”.)*

TYLER: You hardly slept last night.

MEGAN: *(More tired than TYLER.)* Sure I did.

TYLER: Every time I woke up you were awake. Watching me.

MEGAN: I’m worried about you.

TYLER: Why?!

MEGAN: You’ve been acting weird. Up and down all night. *(Out.)* He’s up to something. *(to TYLER.)* Are we nearly there?

TYLER: Nearly.

MEGAN: Did you hear that guy who passed by us earlier? Did you hear what he was telling his friend? Some idiot hired a plane with a ‘Will You Marry Me’ banner and it’s been buzzing this place.

TYLER: I doubt he’s an idiot.

MEGAN: He’s an idiot.

TYLER: *(OUT.)* Plan A. *(Makes dying/flushing sound.)* Almost there, babe.

MEGAN: *(Last steps.)* 1574. 75. 76. DOOR!

*(If there’s a big show budget with lighting cues, bring up lights as they step out on to the observation deck. TYLER and MEGAN move towards audience. His face fills with joy at the view. Almost immediately MEGAN turns with her back to audience. Meanwhile, TYLER looks out and points.)*

TYLER: And there it is! New York! Gotham! The Big Apple! See!?

MEGAN: I can’t look.

TYLER: Six states. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Ohio.

MEGAN: *(Almost turns.)* Ohio?

TYLER: Through these special binoculars. Want to see?

MEGAN: No.

TYLER: Come and look.

MEGAN: No.

TYLER: Why not?!

MEGAN: Heights.

TYLER: What?

MEGAN: I’m afraid of heights.

TYLER: Since when - you never were before! It’s the Empire State -

MEGAN: Doesn’t matter.

TYLER: But you weren’t afraid of walking up.

MEGAN: NO! I was just dying for breath.

TYLER: But you refused the elevator -

MEGAN: Claustrophobia.

TYLER: Well just take a quick look through my binoculars and we’ll go. The view is amazing. It’s a clear day, too. Seriously, you can see Cleveland.

MEGAN: I’ll take your word for it.

TYLER: Honey. Have a look.

MEGAN: It’s OK.

TYLER: Please?

MEGAN: I can’t.

TYLER: OK, I’ll turn it to face the wall and you can look at it.

MEGAN: Why? No. It’s OK. No. You look for me.

TYLER: *(OUT.)* Plan B. Dead on Arrival. *(Pulls something taped off the front of the binoculars.)* I’d taped the ring to the end of the binoculars. She’d look at Cleveland and see a ring. How romantic is that? *(Puts the ring in his pocket. Puts binoculars down.)* We’ll go back down. Carry you?

MEGAN: Please.

TYLER: *(OUT.)* I know that sounds weird.

MEGAN: (OUT.) Like I’m a little - entitled.

TYLER: (OUT.) But it’s not.

MEGAN: (OUT.) I’m truly not. He carries me all the time. (To TYLER.) Are you sure?

TYLER: I love the feeling of you breathing on my neck.

MEGAN: I love breathing on it.

TYLER: *(OUT.)* I want to carry her the rest of my life. We went about 700 steps and then I remembered. *(To MEGAN.)* I forgot the binoculars in the observation room*! (Turns to go back up, with MEGAN piggybacking. Lets her down.)*

MEGAN: I can walk rest of the way.

TYLER: You want to wait for me here?

MEGAN: I’ll be fine. My legs do work. I’ll meet you at the bottom.

TYLER: (OUT.) By the time I went back up, got the binoculars, and came back down she’d made it to ground level. We were both pretty bagged. The good thing about all the extra steps was it gave me time to think up Backup Plans C and D. Both of which were better than the ring taped to the binoculars. And the plane. Though the new plans were not without their own risks. We went back to the hotel and she lay down and tried to nap. I made a few phone calls and then stole a tube of her lipstick – Tom Ford Velvet Cherry. (To MEGAN) Hungry?

MEGAN: Ravenous.

TYLER: While you were napping I researched. I’ve found a great place for dinner. It’s not known for its main courses – in fact most of the comments online are pretty scathing. But it does offer the most romantic dessert ever invented. And I know how you love your desserts. *(OUT.)* Plan D in case Plan C failed. Which was good because Plan C died almost the minute we got to the restaurant, which was basically pitch dark.

MEGAN: Why are you propping up your phone like that?

TYLER: Because.

MEGAN: Is it so we can see the food?

TYLER: I like the glow. Why don’t you look at it?

MEGAN: I have a strict policy. I never look at a man’s phone. In case there’s something on it I don’t want to see.

TYLER: *(OUT.)* Like a wedding dress with a question mark on the screen written in Tom Ford Velvet Cherry. *(Takes phone and puts it in his pocket.)* Plan D is better anyway.

MEGAN: Why are there no menus?

TYLER: I pre-ordered. When I made the reservation. Everything we’re eating is named after someone. The salad is named after a Roman dude. The meat course is named after a British General. And dessert –

MEGAN: I love dessert

TYLER: It’s named after a famous dead Russian dancer.

MEGAN: Oh Tyler. Is it the same famous dead Russian dancer I’m thinking of? The one who became the national dessert of New Zealand?

TYLER: Might be. *(OUT.)* Plan D is so going to score! Which is great because the Caesar salad was greasy. The Beef Wellington tasted like the dead duke’s horse. And I wasn’t enjoying any of it so much because I was thinking about my phone with the stupid question mark on the screen and I really, really wanted to go and clean the lipstick off. I’m a little OCD. In case you haven’t noticed. *(To MEGAN.)* I have to go powder my nose. *(OUT.)* She likes it when I talk like that.

MEGAN: That’s OK. I might catch a zee or two while you’re gone. No one will notice in the dark.

*(TYLER exits. MEGAN’s head has fallen forward.)*

TYLER: *(OUT.)* It took me longer than I thought to get the Tom Ford Velvet Cherry off. A good lipstick is chemically designed to stay on. But while I was in there I came up with Plans E and F in case D, which was currently in progress, didn’t work. I don’t know how men did this planning stuff before smart phones. I honestly don’t. I’m so grateful to my parents that I live in this exact moment of time. *(Returning, to MEGAN.)* Sorry, babe, my nose needed more powder than I anticipated oh. *(OUT.)* She’s asleep. Apparently just after the waiter had brought our Pavlovas. Light, fluffy desserts just like the famous dead Russian dancer. Ahh, she’s fallen forward and some of her hair is in the whipped cream. The part of the whipped cream that is hiding the ring! Which now is in her hair! So much for Plan D. *(Removes the ring from MEGAN’s hair, gently wakes her up.)* Honey, you’re tired. We can get the Pavlovas boxed and go back to the hotel.

MEGAN: I just conked out. Do you think I have narcolepsy?

TYLER: No. You have too many other things. There’s no room left for narcolepsy. In your enchanting bag of psychosomatics. I’ve just tired you out with all the sightseeing and stair climbing. We’ll get a good night’s sleep and then go to the ballgame tomorrow.

MEGAN: The what?

TYLER: Ball game.

MEGAN: *(Out.)* Suddenly I am very very awake. And very very scared. *(To TYLER)* I didn’t know we were going to a ballgame.

TYLER: I just ordered tickets. *(OUT.)* Plan F. Plan E is about to happen but I’m pretty sure it won’t work.

MEGAN: Is there a jumbotron at the stadium?

TYLER: There’s always a jumbotron.

MEGAN: *(Out.)* I love this man but can you imagine? *(To TYLER.)* Tyler. Honey. I think I hate baseball.

TYLER: You love baseball!

MEGAN: I’ve changed. Can we call someone to take the tickets?

TYLER: Your Dad says he’ll use them off me if we don’t go.

MEGAN: You just ordered them!

TYLER: I cc’d him. *(Out.)* Plan F had its very own Plan B. *(Starts doing motion for waiter).* Back to Plan E.

MEGAN: What are you doing?

TYLER: Calling over the waiter.

MEGAN: Well you’re calling too hard.

TYLER: Why.

MEGAN: Because seven of them are coming. In a vee formation. Why are seven waiters bringing one bill? Tyler. Are they singing waiters?

TYLER: Aren’t all waiters singing waiters?

MEGAN: Stop them. Now.

*(TYLER stands up, makes cutting motion to Waiters.)*

TYLER: I just thought you’d like it if they sang something special.

MEGAN: It’s not necessary.

*(MEGAN takes TYLER’s hand.)*

Tyler, don’t be sad.

TYLER: I just want you to know how much I love you.

MEGAN: I know you do. And I love you.

TYLER: But I want the whole world to know how much. And for how long I will.

MEGAN: I know.

TYLER: Do I over-plan?

MEGAN: A little.

TYLER: I’ve surrounded myself with backup plans all my life.

MEGAN: In everything you do.

TYLER: Except in one case.

MEGAN: What’s that?

TYLER: I have no backup plan for you.

*(Pause.)*

MEGAN: Tyler. Will you marry me?

*(Pause.)*

TYLER: Really?

MEGAN: Please.

TYLER: Yes.

MEGAN: See how easy it is?

TYLER: How many children will we have?

*(MEGAN grabs him and kisses him.)*

MEGAN: *(OUT.)* I kissed him before he could ask for “an heir and a spare”.

*(A little passage of time music or sound effect.)*

*(To TYLER.)* Five years later, you’re still exhausting me with plans. But. No regrets.

TYLER: Seriously?

MEGAN: Not about anything.

TYLER: None?!

MEGAN: Oh – except maybe that evening in that ridiculous restaurant you took me to after dragging me up and down the Empire State Building. I was so tired I forgot to take pictures of the food.

TYLER: That’s OK. I did. And I’ve saved them on a cloud. Forever.

MEGAN: Tyler?

TYLER: Yes?

MEGAN: I’m glad.

*(They kiss.)*

**The End.**