

# First & Last

A ten-minute play by Jake Lewis

Jake Lewis  
Marlborough, MA 01752  
[JDustinL@gmail.com](mailto:JDustinL@gmail.com)  
(857) 753-0707

FIRST & LAST

Characters

SCOTT (M) - 30s/40s  
HEATHER (F) - 30s/40s  
MITCH (M) - 30s/40s

Setting

Simultaneously Scott and Heather's first and last date.  
Present

FIRST & LAST

*Lights rise on:*

*Far SL, to reveal SCOTT. He addresses the audience.*

SCOTT: Another first date. You'd think by now I'd be a pro at this, having been on more of them than I can count. But I still get nervous for them. Jesus, look at me, a grown-man resorting to online dating. What happened to me?

*Lights up far SR on HEATHER.*

HEATHER: I met Scott online. Of course. Is there any other way these days that people meet?

SCOTT: It's not like this is the first dating website I've joined either. I did a few months on Yenta, a couple on eCupid...SmashTonight was...interesting...but let's face it, I felt like a senior citizen there. And I can't believe I'm saying this, but I think I might be ready to find *her*. You know, *the one*. Someone to *settle down with*.

HEATHER: I tried to meet guys in those rom-com, meet-cute sort of ways -- a bookstore, a coffee shop, I even did speed dating, but that was only on a dare. God forbid I met him in a bar! My sister met her now-fiancee in a bar, and all she heard for the first six months was, "Well, that never works out," like they thought less of her for it. But somehow online dating is more accepted.

SCOTT: I almost gave up on the whole online dating scene, too, after some of the women I went out with. One woman kept asking me, "Do you smell that?" and sniffing in and around the restaurant like a bloodhound. Another told me I resembled a young Bill Paxton, which confused me, because I didn't know if she meant the guy from "Twister" or the one from "Independence Day." I always get them mixed up. Didn't one of them die? Was I reading into this too much?

HEATHER: My past was sending me a message, loud and clear -- *YOU SHOULD NOT DATE ANYMORE!*

SCOTT: I said I'll give it one more go, so I joined this flashy new site called...

HEATHER: Then a notification popped up on a site I was about to cancel called...

SCOTT & HEATHER: EndlessLove.com.

## FIRST & LAST

HEATHER: I know, groaner.

SCOTT: Lionel Richie be praised!

HEATHER: The only reason why I was there was because it was free to women, but the men had to pay. Mistake number one.

SCOTT: It was \$25 a month, but that's a small price to pay to meet the woman of your dreams, right?

HEATHER: At the time, I had thought, "Maybe that would mean they're more invested, root out the weirdos."

SCOTT: A lot of guys won't pay for a dating service, because it makes them look desperate. So that gave me better odds, I figured.

HEATHER: Then I reminded myself that men will pay for anything if it means there may be sex afterwards. *Legal* sex, that is. Like, they paid, so they're entitled. Not that I was going to sleep with anyone after just one date. Well, maybe Bradley Cooper. But I doubt he was looking for women on the Internet.

SCOTT: It's been awhile since I've been with someone, and hey, don't get me wrong, I'm a guy, so I'm not exactly opposed to that happening, but only if the personal connection is there first. I've found that usually when things end up in the bedroom on the first date, there is no second date.

HEATHER: The fact that I didn't have to fork over any money was probably so the website could cover their ass in case I met a psycho who asked if he could keep my fingernail trimmings or something. They'd say, "Not like you paid anything!" On the other hand, I'd never pay to join a dating website, anyway. That just felt like the ultimate desperation move. So, in a way, it was a lose-lose from the beginning.

SCOTT: Heather and I have been talking for about 6 months now, and already it's like the beginning of "The Wizard of Oz." My life went from black-and-white to color. She is the tornado that has made me see life in a vibrant, new way.

HEATHER: My five years with Scott were like "The Wizard of Oz," where it goes from color to black-and-white at the end, the excitement and energy drained from it.

FIRST & LAST

SCOTT: I'm meeting her at this fancy new French restaurant that's all the talk of the town now.

HEATHER: I haven't seen Scott since the night we broke up at that overrated French dive.

*Lights down on both of them, and then rise on CS, on a restaurant table with two chairs.*

*The audience will come to learn that SCOTT is on the first date he and HEATHER had, while she is on the break-up date they had more recently. Their attitudes should reflect the date they're on -- his, eager and happy, perhaps, hers, frustrated and angry, etc.*

*SCOTT enters from his side of the stage as HEATHER enters from hers.*

SCOTT: Heather?

HEATHER: Scott...

SCOTT: So nice to finally meet you! I mean, I feel like I "met" you on the website, but it's nice to finally do it in person!

HEATHER: Scott, you wanted me here, and you got me. I tried to tell you on the phone--

SCOTT: You sure made me work for this meetup, though. Six weeks of talking online! Kidding! That's ok, I'm a patient guy.

HEATHER: Might as well get right to the point. We're over, Scott. I'm sorry.

SCOTT: I've heard good things about this place. Never been here before, but my buddy, Mitch, recommends it.

HEATHER: The only reason I came was because Mitch begged me to.

SCOTT: Mitch! I'm glad you met me first, and not him. Mitch is quite the ladies man.

HEATHER: He's worried about you.

## FIRST & LAST

SCOTT: We've watched out for each other ever since we grew up together. Friends to the end was our motto as kids and it still holds true.

HEATHER: I never meant to put a wedge between you two. I--

SCOTT: Mitch and his girlfriend recently split. He cheated on her, and I don't blame him; she was a total....but he took it pretty hard.

HEATHER: I don't want to talk about him.

SCOTT: Enough about him. You look amazing.

HEATHER: Please don't--

SCOTT: Sorry, is that weird? I never know what is or isn't OK to say anymore, which is weird coming from a guy in sales. Sorry, I'm rambling. I ramble when I get nervous. Sorry, I'm apologizing too much, aren't I?

HEATHER: What's done is done. Stop apologizing. It won't do any good.

SCOTT: Noted. I will never apologize again! Sorry? What's that word?

HEATHER: You never seemed to care that your work took precedence over me. Sometimes a simple "I'm sorry" would have sufficed. But no. It was always somehow my fault for not buying your slick talk.

SCOTT: Look at this, I haven't even pulled out your chair yet for you. That's the first thing you learn in sales -- put the butts in the seats. People make much smarter decisions sitting down.

*He pulls the chair out for her. She reluctantly sits.*

HEATHER: You're charming, I'll give you that. No wonder I fell for you. Not to mention all the other women you work with.

SCOTT: In my job, cosmetics, I'm surrounded by women. It's a blessing and a curse.

HEATHER: Do you remember our first date? After we got past the awkward part about Mitch, it was like there was nothing else in your world except for me.

## FIRST & LAST

SCOTT: You're an English teacher, right? That was my favorite subject. You must be a very patient person.

HEATHER: I was very patient with you. I tried to be understanding. I knew you were going through a lot of added pressure with your promotion and all the traveling you had to do. But I didn't want to be the kind of woman who just sits at home by herself every night while her boyfriend is off in Ohio or Idaho, drinking with his clients. Or who knows what else.

SCOTT: What really grabbed me about your profile was your desire to settle down. I think I want that too. I mean, I do want that. But no rush!

HEATHER: Ever since I was a little girl, I always wanted a simple life; a husband, house, two kids.

SCOTT: Where do you see yourself in five years?

HEATHER: But after our five years together, and nothing changing, well...I guess I began to reevaluate.

SCOTT: I love traveling for work, honestly. A lot of women I've gone on dates with think that's a deal-breaker. They want a guy who will settle down. Who knows? Maybe I just need the right woman to keep me in one place.

HEATHER: *(Getting up.)* This was a bad idea.

SCOTT: How about some drinks?

HEATHER: Scott, I told you, I can't stay. Mitch is waiting in the car.

*WAITER/MITCH enters. The audience will come to learn that MITCH is the only one who is acting in both SCOTT'S and HEATHER'S timelines, meaning the delivery and interpretation of his lines depend upon who he's addressing, which for many lines is at the discretion of the director.*

SCOTT: I even know some French. *(Addressing MITCH.)* Garçon!

*MITCH approaches.*

FIRST & LAST

MITCH: *(to SCOTT)* Hey, putz!

SCOTT: Heather, this is my friend, Mitch, that I was telling you about.

HEATHER: Mitch, what are you doing here?

MITCH: My job. This guy giving you a hard time?

HEATHER: You don't work here anymore, Mitch. You don't need to protect me.

SCOTT: I got connections at all the hot spots in town.

MITCH: What do you want, Scott?

SCOTT: Well, so much for tableside manner! I think we'd like to order a drink.

MITCH: *(To SCOTT.)* Screw you!

HEATHER: Mitch!

SCOTT: That's my regular drink -- a screwdriver. *(To HEATHER.)* You want anything?

HEATHER: I'll take a water.

SCOTT: Your finest glass of water, please.

HEATHER: Mitch, please go back to the car

MITCH: That it?

SCOTT & HEATHER: Yes.

MITCH: *(To HEATHER.)* Watch out for this guy. Yell if you need me. I'll just be over there. Watching.

SCOTT: Thanks, friend. Now get out of here and do your job.

MITCH: Some things never change. *(As he exits, he looks over his shoulder and shoots SCOTT a look.)*



FIRST & LAST

SCOTT & HEATHER: Sorry about that. (*Beat.*) I told him--

*Both chuckle, but in two different ways for two different reasons.*

HEATHER: So I'm here. What did you want to tell me, Scott?

*SCOTT just looks at her in a sweet way.*

SCOTT: I want to thank you.

HEATHER: For what? Breaking up with you.

SCOTT: For this new start.

HEATHER: What?

SCOTT: Mitch told me I'm always thinking of the next thing; How can I sell the new product line? Where will I be traveling two weeks from next Thursday, and will the hotel have a pool? What's my next step up the business ladder? I guess he's right. It's a problem. I just need to stop worrying so much about the future. So...this is the start of that. Living in the moment. Here with you, tonight.

HEATHER: Before I dated you, Scott, I used to always get stuck in the past. I would scrutinize every moment, trying to find some reason for everything that's happened to me, from the smallest thing like why my cat was ignoring me on a particular day to why my most recent boyfriend didn't kiss me for the last two months of our relationship. I could never appreciate the moment in front of me. It's like I was constantly playing catch-up, but never quite getting there.

SCOTT: I'll be honest, one thing I liked about your profile was that you were the complete opposite of me. You don't worry about the future. I figure maybe you could help slow me down.

HEATHER: I do have to thank you for teaching me to not focus on the past so much. What's done and there's nothing I can do about it, and the future is unknown, so just take each day at a time.

SCOTT: In a way, that's why we work.  
worked.

HEATHER: In a way, that's why we

FIRST & LAST

*MITCH re-enters.*

SCOTT: Our waiter has returned. Sans drinks.

HEATHER: That's ok. I need to go anyway.

*HEATHER stands as MITCH approaches the table again. He puts his hand on her back.*

SCOTT: *(Pointing towards entrance)* I think the ladies room is out that way.

*HEATHER slowly walks away. Before she is fully off, she looks back over her shoulder at SCOTT who is smiling. She gives a small smile and wave, and then exits.*

MITCH: You did well, my friend. I hope everything works out for you.

SCOTT: This time it will.

*MITCH leaves, as SCOTT sits at the table, alone, looking off for her return, perhaps with a mix of excitement and sadness.*

THE END