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One Night Stand

A One-Act Comedy
by

Jason Haskins

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One Night Stand

by Jason Haskins

CHARACTERS

2F / 1M

JACKIE: *20-something*

ADAM: *Older twenties*

SHANNA: *A friend of Jackie's*

SETTING

A bar

One Night Stand

by Jason Haskins

SETTING: A bar.

AT RISE: The stage is dark at first, but the lights slowly come up as MUSIC begins to play. The song is "I Hope I don't Fall in Love with you" by Tom Waits. On the stage is a lone table with four bar stools placed around it. At the table is JACKIE, mid 20's. She wears glasses; not too fancy, but black and on the retro side. She is dressed in a nice summer dress which shows off her curves. A laptop sits on the table. The laptop is nothing special or outrageous, just a run-of-the-mill laptop. Also on the table are a cell phone and an empty ashtray. JACKIE types away furiously on the laptop, oblivious to anyone else in the bar. A half drunk beer and an empty shot glass sit next to the laptop. The LIGHTS RISE TO FULL: MUSIC FADES. For a short time, the only sound that is heard is the clicking away of the keyboard. ADAM, 28, enters. He is a fairly nondescript man. He's not ugly, but certainly not the most gorgeous of men in the bar. ADAM signals to his group of friends that sit OFF STAGE and are never seen. He has a full beer in his hand. ADAM approaches the table.

ADAM

Hi.

JACKIE

Hello.

ADAM

Slow night here, tonight, isn't it? Usually it's packed, but not tonight. What's that you're working on there?

JACKIE

I have a boyfriend.

ADAM

I was just... Uh... Okay.

ADAM smiles politely and turns around. ADAM begins to walk away, somewhat disappointed. He stops short and glances at his OFF STAGE friends. ADAM smiles and gives his friends a THUMBS UP. ADAM returns to JACKIE'S table.

Listen—
ADAM

No... I don't come here often.
JACKIE

Excuse me?
ADAM

Forget it.
JACKIE

ADAM
So, um, listen, I'm just gonna move past the bullshit and cut right to the chase. I'm going to try a little bit of honesty here, okay? Then I'll leave you alone.

Try me.
JACKIE

ADAM
See my buddies over there? No, not them. The other ones. They each bet me ten dollars that I couldn't get your number. It's a long shot, I know, but if there's any chance—

Sit down.
JACKIE

ADAM pulls out a barstool and sits down.

Thanks.
ADAM

JACKIE
So, there are three of them, right? Three friends at ten dollars apiece is fifteen each...

What?
ADAM

JACKIE
Follow me for a moment here, Einstein. I give you my number and we split the money. All's fair in love and war. I make fifteen dollars and you get some sort of invisible plaque for being macho. Deal?

ADAM

Um... Sure. I don't really know—

JACKIE

Does this routine work often?

ADAM

Routine? This isn't some sort of game.

JACKIE

Does this routine work often?

ADAM

Actually no.

JACKIE

Thank God. I'd like to see the woman it does work on. I'd say more of a girl, really, if that's the case. Although women can be stupid... Okay, so besides me getting fifteen dollars, tell me why you think this would have worked on me.

ADAM

I've lasted this long.

JACKIE

Confidence. A plus.

ADAM

...Big plus.

JACKIE

See, now that was too much... Good-bye.

JACKIE returns her attention back to her laptop. ADAM looks back to his friends. ADAM looks to JACKIE, who is typing. ADAM begins to stand.

JACKIE

It astounds me that one snide comment sends you back to your friends whimpering like a puppy.

ADAM

I just—

JACKIE

Like some sort of pussy faggot...

A what? I'm... I just thought.

ADAM

... You thought wrong.

JACKIE

ADAM sits.

Sorry.

ADAM

Don't apologize.

JACKIE

Sorry... I mean, okay.

ADAM

Stay. Enjoy it. You've earned that much.

JACKIE

ADAM nervously takes a drink from his beer.

Thank you.

ADAM

Why me?

JACKIE

Well...

ADAM

JACKIE
...Because I'm here alone? Is that really that much of an open invitation? A woman can drink alone just as well as a man can. Is it because I'm sitting in the bar with a laptop in front of me? I must be some sort of loser, right? An easy mark? Is that it? Do I look like an easy catch because I'm alone and therefore desperate for attention?

No.

ADAM

No?

JACKIE

ADAM
I mean, yeah, okay, maybe a little, but that's not the only reason.

JACKIE
Yeah?

ADAM
You're not bad on the eyes, either.

JACKIE
Smooth.

ADAM
Cute, okay?

JACKIE
Better.

ADAM
A knockout. The most beautiful girl in—

JACKIE
Easy slugger.

ADAM
Look, we just saw you alone and I thought I'd take a chance. You are attractive and alone and it's not often you see that. Plus, thirty dollars makes for a good incentive.

JACKIE
Maybe I'm waiting for someone.

ADAM
I can leave...

JACKIE
Stay.

ADAM
Nonetheless, you are very cute and I enjoy good conversation.

JACKIE
Fair enough.

ADAM collects himself

ADAM
That's a nice computer you've got there.

Laptop. JACKIE

Sorry? ADAM

It's a laptop. There is a difference. JACKIE

Yeah, I know, it's just... You know, you're right... Laptop. It's a laptop. Sorry. ADAM

Forgiven. And you can forget about it now. You're not getting her number either. JACKIE

Ouch. Shot down twice in one night. ADAM

That's something new for you? JACKIE

No, actually, it's a fairly common occurrence in my life. ADAM

Must hurt. JACKIE

After 28 years, I've learned to deal with it. ADAM

How's that working out for you? JACKIE

Oh, you know... Have you met my friend *Bud Light*? ADAM

Pleasure. JACKIE

A beat.

Care if I smoke? JACKIE

Mind if I die? ADAM

JACKIE

Excuse me?

ADAM

It's just this old billboard and it had... Never mind... Go ahead.

JACKIE takes a pack of cigarettes and lighter from her purse that is sits on the barstool next to her. She removes a cigarette and places the pack on the table.

ADAM

Look, if I'm bothering you...

JACKIE

Single? Silly me, of course you are. Why else would you be sitting here, talking to me?

ADAM

I could have a girlfriend.

JACKIE

Not a good move...

ADAM

...Which I don't. I'm just saying—

JACKIE

—No matter. You don't appear to be the type to cheat on his girlfriend. I can see it.

ADAM

Right.

JACKIE

It's written all over your face. If you did have a girlfriend, who's to say if you'd even be out with your friends tonight. And if you were, you wouldn't be accepting silly bets to come talk to a strange woman.

ADAM

Fair enough.

JACKIE

Though there is *some* mystery to you.

ADAM

Oh yeah?

JACKIE

Not *that* much. I said *mystery*; not *asshole*... A guy needs to be a bit of an asshole, yes, but you're too nice to hurt a girl like that.

ADAM

That's a bold assumption...

JACKIE

Truth hurts.

ADAM

Maybe this is all a game I'm playing. I lure you in with some kindness, you know, some real Don Juan shit. I sprinkle a little truth about myself here and there and wham! I end up in your bed tomorrow morning.

JACKIE

How cute! A storyteller...

ADAM

Oh, it's much more than that. I like to live on the edge.

JACKIE

How? By using the concept of *I'm here to make money* as the sole reason to talk to a pretty woman at the bar? Please!

ADAM

Maybe I'm only telling half of the story...

JACKIE

Look, we both know very well that you are a nice guy with good intentions. You probably lead a simple life with a steady job and a 401K.

ADAM

If only I was so lucky...

JACKIE

I see what you're doing... It's a nice life, I'm sure.

ADAM

Yes, but is it nice enough to be your knight in shining armor?

JACKIE

With the white horse and everything?

ADAM

Everything...

JACKIE

At this point, I'd say the whole thing is more like a peasant riding a burro.

ADAM

You'll settle?

JACKIE

No.

ADAM nods in agreement. He takes out his own pack of cigarettes. ADAM removes a cigarette and sets down the pack on the table. He does not light up just yet.

JACKIE

You smoke?

ADAM

Yes.

JACKIE

I should have bummed one from you...

ADAM lights up. A beat. The two lock gazes.

JACKIE

You have amazing eyes.

ADAM

Stop.

JACKIE

Very penetrating...

ADAM

Okay, seriously, you don't have to do this. You've played my little game long enough. I'll go back to my friends. I'll leave you alone, you know, and let you get back to what you were doing. It's been a pleasure.

JACKIE

Man, you *are* too nice. A woman throws a compliment your way and you start looking for the exit...

ADAM

...I just came for the number.

JACKIE

Let me get this straight. You take the chance and approach the girl. You do something that very few men have the balls to do anymore. You actually talk with the girl. You don't send cliché pick up lines to a girl on a dating website and consider that romance. You have a chance to get the phone number and you do nothing. Sound right?

ADAM

It's not that.

JACKIE

Am I boring you?

ADAM

No, no. Certainly not.

JACKIE

Have I let you down in some way?

ADAM

No... Wow... No...

JACKIE

Then I have let you down in some way. Go back to your friends, then, and have a good laugh...

ADAM

Listen—

JACKIE

Really? That's all you expected was a number? Have your expectations been set that low?

ADAM

No, it's just that—

JACKIE

—What then? You get my number and then you're out of my life without even a thought of me? All for the measly sum of thirty dollars? My days as a prostitute have truly begun.

ADAM

You have a boyfriend. Fake number, no number, fuck! At this point I don't care—

JACKIE

What if I didn't have a boyfriend?

ADAM

But you do! You said...

JACKIE

...Maybe I misspoke.

ADAM

You lied?

JACKIE

No. I'm just observant. I saw you and your friends looking at me. Giving me sideways glances while secretly talking in your guy code. I figured that A) not one of them will approach me and they are probably making fun of me, or B) if one does, he's probably a creep.

ADAM

And?

JACKIE

You're definitely putting out the creep vibe.

ADAM

At least I've got that going for me...

JACKIE

...A cute creep...

ADAM

...Which is nice. Isn't it a bit pretentious, though, to assume that any guy that hits on you is a creep?

JACKIE

Not pretentious. Safe.

ADAM

Safe, maybe. Unfair? Definitely.

JACKIE

Logically speaking, in my experience, the majority of men that use a bar as a meeting ground to meet women have some aspect of creepiness to them. It's only fair for me to assume you and your friends were no different.

ADAM

Aspect of insecurity, maybe, but not creepiness... The bar is the last true American place to meet someone. Man or woman. Grocery Stores? Out. Not with lines like, "You like meat, huh?" Or "I'm looking for a good pair of melons. Can you help me out?" Not going to happen. The Museum? Who goes there by themselves? It's come down to the internet or the bar. And at the bar, men use alcohol as their crutch and their tool to acquire women... Buy you a drink?

JACKIE

Acquire women? You make it sound so romantic.

ADAM

Some men see it that way.

JACKIE

Do you?

ADAM

No... Buy you a drink?

JACKIE

My point is that I don't need men to waste my time with cheesy pick up lines they got out of *Maxim* or *Playboy* or whatever men's magazine is the flavor of the month. There's more to life...

ADAM

Okay, okay. Fair enough. You win.

ADAM takes a few sips from his glass of beer. He places the glass back down. His fingers nervously tap the table.

JACKIE

Well...

ADAM

What?

JACKIE

What's the line?

ADAM

I haven't got one.

JACKIE

Come on. All men do. Don't tell me your pick up line was "Hi."

ADAM

It wasn't. I don't have a go to line that helps me meet women. Sure, I might have this thing of joking to make things awkward, but no real—I think you read too much *Cosmo*. I'm a straight shooter. From the heart, you know.

JACKIE

Oh well. Easy come, easy go...

ADAM
This is new to me.

JACKIE
What? Talking to a woman?

ADAM
Picking one up at the bar, yes.

JACKIE
It's no different than talking to a woman anywhere else.

ADAM
Yes, but I've already blown my cover by admitting to you my crutch. There's this complete randomness to it that I've never been comfortable with.

JACKIE
No kidding, but it's also so fun.

ADAM
So, this is technically my first time.

JACKIE
That is so precious. I've taken your virginity.

ADAM
I mean, I've done it before, but it's just not a usual occurrence in my life.

JACKIE
Sex?

ADAM
This... conversing... Forget it.

JACKIE
It's not so hard, is it?

ADAM
No. I guess not. Not really.

JACKIE
Facing your fear. That's my boy.

The two exchange smiles. Intimate smiles. JACKIE'S CELL PHONE RINGS. She grabs it, looks at it, and pushes a button to silence the call.

ADAM

I can let you take that. Don't silence it all on account of me.

JACKIE

Are you into threesomes?

ADAM

Um, yeah, but—

JACKIE

...Nevermind. It's not my bag. Unless a friend of yours is in?

ADAM

Not sure I'm following you.

JACKIE

Well?

ADAM

We're not *that* close.

JACKIE

Good. Because I'm kidding. Your friends are fat.

ADAM

Ouch. But they're very charming... On second thought, what are your plans for later?

JACKIE

Not a chance. That will never happen... Unless you know George Clooney, that is.

ADAM

Ah, into the older gentlemen... And no, he and I lost touch awhile back.

JACKIE

Too bad.

JACKIE and ADAM both reach for their pack of cigarettes. Their hands briefly touch. Each hand snaps quickly back away from the table. JACKIE reaches again for her pack and removes a cigarette. ADAM does not. JACKIE lights her cigarette.

ADAM

Can I tell you something?

JACKIE

Please.

ADAM

I like you.

JACKIE

Have you had the popcorn here? It's awful! Very stale. It tastes like yesterday's smoke.

ADAM

It's horrible... Are you afraid?

JACKIE

I have nothing to be afraid of. What do I have to be afraid of?

ADAM

Maybe you're afraid of love. Maybe you're afraid to meet a guy at the bar and fall in love. You don't want to have to tell your kids that story.

JACKIE

Love is, well, not always cut and dry like that. People change. Happens every day. And that's what you classify this as? Love...

ADAM

...Could be. If you gave me the time.

JACKIE

Not likely.

ADAM grabs a cigarette from his pack.

ADAM

Well, that didn't work.

JACKIE

What didn't work?

ADAM

That lame attempt at picking you up.

JACKIE

That?

ADAM

Yeah.

JACKIE

That's just creepy.

ADAM

Creepy?

JACKIE

Yeah! Who says that? You've just met me.

ADAM

It works in the movies...

JACKIE begins to laugh. ADAM talks over her laughter.

ADAM

Lame, I know... I figured I'd give it the old college try. You know, win one for the gipper and such... Oh, come on, it wasn't that bad, was it?

JACKIE

I'm sorry. It's just I've never heard anyone actually try that one before. I'm sorry, really I am. "I could love you."

JACKIE has trouble finishing the line before she starts laughing again. It only takes a few beats before she's done laughing. The stage falls silent as JACKIE collects herself.

JACKIE

I really am sorry... Someone needs to help you with your charm.

ADAM

I know. It's my eternal plague. Laugh away.

JACKIE

It's endearing, that's what it is. You seem pissed.

ADAM

Yeah, it's cool. Just having fun here, right?

The CELL PHONE RING interrupts the two again. JACKIE looks at the phone and once again silences it. ADAM stares at the phone.

ADAM

I can leave.

JACKIE

No. It's no one.

ADAM

No one? Or no one important? Jilted lover? Stalker? The least you owe me is that. I gave you my pick up line...

JACKIE

It's no one, really. Just a friend.

ADAM

Don't mind me. Answer it.

JACKIE

They can leave a message... So, tell me, what do you do for a living, kind sir?

ADAM

A living?

JACKIE

Yeah, you know, a job? A career?

ADAM

You tell me first.

JACKIE

It doesn't work that way.

ADAM

Come on.

JACKIE

Relentless, are we? Okay. I see what you're made of. I work in real estate. Just starting to get my feet wet at a new agency, if you will.

ADAM

I will.

JACKIE

Quick. I like that. You must have a college degree.

ADAM

Still going.

JACKIE

A little old, aren't we?

ADAM

I like to take things slow.

Good man. JACKIE

A beat.

I wasn't lying earlier. JACKIE

About what? ADAM

Your eyes. I can stare into them all night. JACKIE

Thank you. ADAM

You probably get that a lot, don't you? I'm sorry. I try to be original and I blow it. JACKIE

No, it's cool. I hear it all the time, but you know, whatever. ADAM

Sarcasm. You are the perfect man. JACKIE

My burro is outside. ADAM

JACKIE smiles. ADAM grabs JACKIE'S hand. She does not move his hand away.

I like you. ADAM

Don't. JACKIE

I can't help it. I don't want this night to end. Where do we go from here? ADAM

It's simple. JACKIE

Yeah? ADAM

JACKIE

Yeah. I go home to my queen-sized bed and cuddle up with my soft down comforter. You will go home to your air mattress that you keep in your mother's basement.

ADAM

The perfect end to a perfect night... And your number?

JACKIE

If luck has it... You good at cards? Betting?

ADAM

No. I'm a terrible gambler. That's why I stick to the slots.

JACKIE

Too bad. I like the tables. I was thinking the two of us going to Vegas sometime. You know, play some black jack, drink some whiskey, play your precious slots, and just live.

ADAM

I suddenly feel my luck changing. When do we leave?

JACKIE

What if I said tonight?

ADAM

Then I'd say Reno's closer.

JACKIE

Forget it. It wouldn't work anyhow. At least not anytime soon. I have a thing coming up... Don't look at me that way. It might change. I'll keep you posted.

ADAM

Thanks. You can shoot me an email from that fancy laptop.

JACKIE finishes her beer.

ADAM

Buy you another beer? Shot?

JACKIE

No thanks. One more and you will have won.

ADAM

It's a wonderful prize.

JACKIE

You're a dork.

ADAM

Proud of it.

JACKIE

...but a very flattering one. I'll take that any day of the week. Better than what I'm used to, that's for sure.

ADAM

No way. A nice girl like you must meet a lot of good guys.

JACKIE

Sure, there's maybe been one...

ADAM

But...

JACKIE

...but there's always something slightly off. Or they are completely wrong for me. The dating gods have wreaked their havoc on me in the past. You think for once they'd send somebody my way that understands me or doesn't treat me like shit. Why do you think there was such a cold front put out by me?

ADAM

To start with—

JACKIE

—Don't answer that... So, what's your major?

ADAM

In college?

JACKIE

No. In life... Of course college.

ADAM

You mean when I'm not wailing on the guitar with my band?

JACKIE

You're in a band?

ADAM

No, but I do play guitar. You know a band?

JACKIE

Answer the question.

ADAM
English.

JACKIE
Teacher or poet?

ADAM
I wouldn't say poet, necessarily... Well, yeah, I guess poet.

JACKIE
A man with no upward financial mobility. That's one strike.

ADAM
Ouch.

JACKIE
Women love men with a bit more than one zero in their bank account. At least that's what I've been told.

ADAM
How about two?

JACKIE
I might make an exception for you... What do you write then? Essays? Short stories?

ADAM
I'm leaning towards journalism.

JACKIE
Not bad, I suppose. Better than a philosopher.

ADAM
That's strike two.

JACKIE
Failed major?

ADAM
Attempted minor.

JACKIE
Two flaws seal the deal. I don't need more imperfect men in my life.

ADAM
And a perfect man is better?

Just saying...

JACKIE

I can change.

ADAM

The two are once again interrupted by JACKIE'S CELL PHONE RING. This time she answers it. ADAM reaches for a cigarette but his pack is empty. ADAM tosses the empty pack on the table in frustration.

JACKIE
(On the phone) Hello... Hi... Yeah, I know that I'm supposed... With a friend... Relaxing, okay... Yes, at the bar... I know it's important, but I'll get back to them... I just needed some time... No need for them to worry... I can do that... Okay bye.

JACKIE hangs up the phone.

Trouble?

ADAM

I am a nice girl.

JACKIE

What?

ADAM

JACKIE
You were saying that I was a nice girl and that guys shouldn't treat me like shit and constantly have to know where I'm at...

... Well, I—

ADAM

JACKIE
—That I don't need to deal with his bullshit all of the time. His damn psychological bullshit!

His?

ADAM

JACKIE
Yeah. You know, the universal *his*. You, your friends, that old gay guy behind the bar.

I'm sorry.

ADAM

JACKIE

That apology takes care of point one percent of the male population. Too little, too late, my friend.

ADAM

Okay, okay. Calm down.

JACKIE

I am calm!

A beat.

I'm calm. Do you ever wonder if life is too much? All of these things get thrown at you and all you want to do is say "Fuck it" and take a step back.

ADAM

Every day...

JACKIE

We have these life events that are supposed to be so easy. Things that we as a society believe are the right way to live. And some people just don't want that. I want to live *my* life. People change. Or get cheated on. Or just aren't right for you. You look at life and realize that you can't live for that guy, or for those friends. You have to live for you.

ADAM

I couldn't agree more. Friends bothering you?

JACKIE

Yeah. I'm supposed to be with them. I snuck away.

ADAM

I should go then. My friends are probably waiting to get out of here.

ADAM finishes his beer and places the empty glass on the table. He eyes his empty pack of cigarettes and then looks to JACKIE.

JACKIE

Don't go.

ADAM

Oh, the number? You know what, don't worry about it. It's really not a big deal.

JACKIE

No, uh, I actually saw your friends leave awhile ago. I wanted to say something but I was having a great time with you, and I just couldn't stand to have you leave.

ADAM looks OFF STAGE in the direction from which he entered. He finds that JACKIE is telling the truth.

JACKIE

Sorry about before. I was out of line.

ADAM

Hey, it's perfectly all right to vent.

JACKIE

I'll stop whining and buck up... I just get so wound up once in awhile. Once I start I find it hard to stop. All I want to do is slow down and enjoy my life.

ADAM

Understandable... Listen, do you want to get out of here? We could maybe go grab a bite somewhere.

JACKIE

Now?

ADAM

Yeah... I know this great late night diner. It has the greasiest food you'll ever eat in your life, which is perfect after a night of drinking.

JACKIE

I don't know.

ADAM

Come on. You're here, I'm here. Two kindred souls...

JACKIE

I really can't.

ADAM

Right. I'm a creep. You just met me and who knows what secret life I may lead.

JACKIE

You *are* new at this, aren't you?

ADAM

Fairly. I'm six months removed from a three year relationship. Getting back into the swing of things has, to put it mildly, been a little tough.

JACKIE

Someone let you slip through the cracks?

ADAM

I suppose that's what happens when money is the only thing on the woman's mind.

JACKIE

A money grubbing bitch... Bitch too harsh?

ADAM

No... I've finally accepted her as that. You can add judgmental, a drama queen, nosey...

JACKIE

Wow.

ADAM

She said we can be friends...

JACKIE

The entire *friends* thing never works post break-up anyhow. One half is always going to want something more.

ADAM

Experienced?

JACKIE

Many times... I'll tell you this much. If we were ever dating and I broke up with you, it'd be hard to be your friend. I'd hate myself because I'd realize how perfect you were to me. I would spend way too much time overanalyzing the fact of how stupid I was to let you go. Then you'd start dating someone else. I'd inevitably show up at three in the morning to your place and tell you how much I love you and how I want to run away with you and marry you... Unless, that is, I was a money grubbing bitch. Then I'd just find the first millionaire I met and marry him.

ADAM

Very comforting...

JACKIE

Don't worry, she'll come around. It might take a few years, but she will. Of course, by then you will be in the middle of your next heartbreak and she'll be busy on a beach somewhere; tanning and counting the cash of her rich husband.

ADAM

Thanks for that.

JACKIE

You've got me now. Everybody wins.

ADAM

Fair enough.

JACKIE

You really are a sweetheart.

A beat.

ADAM

Listen, I have to admit, I haven't been completely honest with you... You see...

JACKIE

...Yes...

ADAM

We've met before.

JACKIE

Is this another pickup line?

ADAM

No. Nothing like that... It was probably about, oh, I'd say four years ago at this point. We were at a party over at the university apartments. I knew someone who knew someone or something like that. I saw you across the room and you were wearing a black dress. You had this yellow button up cardigan that you wore over it. You immediately caught my eye. My friend had disappeared to smoke on the balcony and I knew absolutely no one else there. You were very cute, still are, and I remember seeing you smile. From across the room, I thought that you had the most beautiful smile I'd ever seen. You still do, by the way... Somehow, as the night passed, we ended up next to each other on the sofa. Maybe it was my subconscious telling me to get closer, I don't know, but there we were. I never once thought it was the random moving around at parties that sat us together. You introduced yourself and we were off. We talked for hours. I had never felt so at ease with a girl in my life; at least not at first meeting. You weren't drinking that night, and I had one too many Keystone Lights. You even gave me shit for most of the night about drinking such horrible beer. Something about—

JACKIE

—A guy like you bringing such a classy beer to a college party.

ADAM

Exactly. You remember?

JACKIE

Vaguely... I thought there was something familiar about you. Figured I'd just run into you or saw you here before.

ADAM

I recognized you immediately. That night was one of those nights I'd never forgotten about. I'd always wondered what had happened to you. Those few hours were probably some of the greatest hours of my life.

ADAM, *Continued*

And that night, I walked away without your number. That's one of those regrets I've always lived with. I kind of figured that the moment was so special that there had to be something behind it. I'd bet anything I'd run into you again, but there was no such luck.

JACKIE

Until tonight.

ADAM

Until tonight. You always jumped around in the back of my mind. It wasn't something I fixated on, but every once in awhile, your face would just be there. And part of me really wanted you to remember—

JACKIE

No, no, I do remember. You left that night and I seriously waited ten minutes for you to come back and ask for my number. Back then, I thought it was the man's job to do that.

ADAM

It is.

JACKIE

No. That's a stupid thing to think. I've learned now if you want something, you have to go after it. That night, though, I remember going home very disappointed.

ADAM

I saw you tonight and knew immediately that it was you... Then the bet was made and I had my way in. Again... And you're still very cute.

JACKIE

And you still drink classy beer.

ADAM

I figured I should let you know. You know, put it out there, so we can be honest with each other. It's been nice, but I can see you're busy. I'll just get goin—

JACKIE

—Shut up.

JACKIE reaches out her arm across the table and grabs ADAM by his shirt. JACKIE yanks him towards her and kisses him. ADAM doesn't resist. The kiss is brief yet passionate. JACKIE is the first to pull away.

ADAM

Wow.

Amazing.

JACKIE

Wow.

ADAM

Do you have a pen?

JACKIE

ADAM eagerly reaches for his pocket and produces a pen. He gives it to JACKIE. She grabs a napkin and writes on it.

JACKIE slides the napkin on the table to ADAM. She folds down her laptop and places her cigarettes in her purse. JACKIE is smiling at ADAM but is still in a decided hurry to suddenly leave. JACKIE notices a woman, SHANNA, stumbling towards the table. SHANNA is the same age as JACKIE and enters from the same side as ADAM did earlier. JACKIE grabs her stuff and abruptly stands up. ADAM has not yet noticed SHANNA.

I've really got to go. It's been fun. Good-bye.

JACKIE

JACKIE almost makes it past ADAM on the word BYE, but SHANNA has reached the table and stopped JACKIE.

Hey girl! There you are.

SHANNA

Here I am. You got here quick.

JACKIE

We're all outside. I can't believe that you'd just leave.

SHANNA

I needed some air...

JACKIE

SHANNA notices that JACKIE is holding her laptop.

And what is this? No laptops. I thought this was at home.

SHANNA

JACKIE

I just needed to get some work done.

SHANNA

Oh no, not tonight. Honey, this night is for you and you can't just leave anytime you want.

JACKIE

I know.

SHANNA attempts to drag JACKIE out as she looks at ADAM.

SHANNA

And who is this?

ADAM

(Reluctantly) I'm—

This is Not the End of the Play

Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes