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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 drank 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—

JACKIE

No… I don’t come here often.

ADAM

Excuse me?

JACKIE

Forget it.

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.

JACKIE

Try me.

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—

JACKIE

Sit down.

ADAM pulls out a barstool and sits down.

ADAM

Thanks.

JACKIE

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

ADAM

What?

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?
Um… Sure. I don’t really know—

Does this routine work often?

Routine? This isn’t some sort of game.

Does this routine work often?

Actually no.

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.

I’ve lasted this long.

Confidence. A plus.

…Big plus.

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.

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

I just—

Like some sort of pussy faggot…
A what? I’m… I just thought.

JACKIE

…You thought wrong.

ADAM sits.

ADAM

Sorry.

JACKIE

Don’t apologize.

ADAM

Sorry… I mean, okay.

JACKIE

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

ADAM nervously takes a drink from his beer.

ADAM

Thank you.

JACKIE

Why me?

ADAM

Well…

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?

ADAM

No.

JACKIE

No?

ADAM

I mean, yeah, okay, maybe a little, but that’s not the only reason.
Yeah?

You’re not bad on the eyes, either.

Smooth.

Cute, okay?

Better.

A knockout. The most beautiful girl in—

Easy slugger.

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.

Maybe I’m waiting for someone.

I can leave…

Stay.

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

Fair enough.

That’s a nice computer you’ve got there.
Laptop.

Sorry?

It’s a laptop. There is a difference.

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

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

Ouch. Shot down twice in one night.

That’s something new for you?

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

Must hurt.

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

How’s that working out for you?

Oh, you know… Have you met my friend Bud Light?

Pleasure.

A beat.

Care if I smoke?

Mind if I die?
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?

I could have a girlfriend.

ADAM

Not a good move…

JACKIE

…Which I don’t. I’m just saying—

ADAM

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

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…
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.

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.
I like you.

ADAM

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.
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.
JACKIE
Good man.

A beat.

JACKIE
I wasn’t lying earlier.

ADAM
About what?

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

ADAM
Thank you.

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

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

JACKIE
Sarcasm. You are the perfect man.

ADAM
My burro is outside.

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

ADAM
I like you.

JACKIE
Don’t.

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

JACKIE
It’s simple.

ADAM
Yeah?
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.
Proud of it.

...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.

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

Sure, there’s maybe been one…

But…

...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?

To start with—

—Don’t answer that… So, what’s your major?

In college?

No. In life… Of course college.

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

You’re in a band?

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

Answer the question.
English.

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…

I can change.

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.

(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?

I am a nice girl.

What?

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—

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

His?

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

I’m sorry.
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…

…Yes…

JACKIE

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.

Wow.

Do you have a pen?

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

Hey girl! There you are.

JACKIE

Here I am. You got here quick.

SHANNA

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

JACKIE

I needed some air…

SHANNA notices that JACKIE is holding her laptop.

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