

Just One Date
By Hope McMahon
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KATY- Female, mid-twenties
JOSH- Male, mid-twenties

KATY's house. KATY is getting ready for an anniversary date with JOSH, who is anxiously waiting outside.

KATY. Okay Katy, pull yourself together.

JOSH. What time is it?

KATY. It's just Josh.

JOSH. How early can I afford to be? 10 minutes? 5?

KATY. Josh . . . And dinner.

JOSH. 4 minutes. That seems reasonable. Not too desperate. Just politely punctual.

KATY. "Dress nice." *Dress nice?* What does that mean?

JOSH. Yeah. You got this. You are so smooth.

KATY. Is it like Olive Garden nice or the expensive little French place downtown nice?

JOSH. Come on 7:26. Come on, buddy.

KATY. Semi-formal? Nice casual? Formal? Should I wear heels or are my good sandals okay?

KATY leaves the screen to get ready during the next lines.

JOSH. (*Checking his watch*) Hey, it's already . . . (*Losing excitement*) 7:19. How did I get here this early? Maybe this thing isn't working right. Ughhhh I wish I hadn't sped.

KATY. (*OFFSCREEN*) Okay this is ridiculous. I'll just wear this one.

JOSH. Checklist time! Tickets—check!

KATY. (*OFFSCREEN*) Shoes, shoes, shoes. Why can't the pretty ones be as comfortable as my Reeboks?

JOSH. Minty breath—check! Back up tiny fake tooth brush thing—check!

KATY. (*Returning to screen*) Clothing . . . Shoes . . . Make-up check.

JOSH. Tie in place—Hair in place—Winning smile in place

KATY. Well, that won't work. Where did I place my eyeshadow? (*She finds some and fixes her coloring*)

JOSH. What's left? Reservations! Where did that email go?

KATY's phone buzzes.

KATY. (*Typing*) Won't. Be. On. Insta. Call. Tonight. Big. Plans. With. Josh.

JOSH. That looks good. Guess that means I just have the speech. Here we go.

KATY. (*Tilting her head to check her makeup*) That looks pretty incredible if I do say so myself.

Katy, you are one stunning lady tonight!

JOSH. (*Exhales exaggeratedly, slightly shaking himself. The shaking prompts him to drop his speech cards. He panics.*) No. nonononono.

KATY. (*Checking her phone and typing again*) Lol. Sorry, Lu. He's. Abducting. Me. It's the. Big. Anniversary.

JOSH. Gotta get this right. What order were you in you little—?

KATY. (*Texting*) You're. Right. Anna. Our. Friend-i-ver-sary. Is much. More. Important. But. It's not. For three. Weeks. And. Tonight. Is extra. Important. For Josh. He's been. Acting kinda.

Weird. Lately. Hoping a good. Formal date. Will bring. My dork. Back to me. (*She sets the phone down*)

JOSH. Let's see. Well friendship obviously comes before the formal. Did I put the funny bit about the Caving incident first or was it the compliment about her eyes?

KATY. 7:23. I wonder what's got him so riled up. It's just an anniversary dinner . . .

JOSH. What does that even say?

KATY. Unless. . .

JOSH. Man, I need new handwriting.

KATY. Is he going to—?

JOSH. All in order. Okay. We got this.

KATY. Propose?

JOSH. Katy, do you remember being in Dr. Rivers class our second semester?

KATY. Could it actually be happening?

JOSH. I remember, it was like the second week of class, and we had this big test coming up over the Oedipus that we were all meeting up to study for, and I didn't really want to go because the guys were all doing this big marathon back at the apartment. But then you asked me.

KATY. Am I even ready for that? Is he?

JOSH. So I came. Sat right next to you on the big brown couch in that back corner of the library and studied for once in my life.

KATY. He's matured a lot in the last few years. Even if his humor is as hopeless as ever.

JOSH. When we got to the section on Oedipus, you asked me about the plot, and I said "I don't know. It's all Greek to me." And you *laughed*. Just about the worst joke I've told in my entire life—but you laughed. Your eyes just sparkled, and your nose—it does the cutest little wrinkle when you smile.

KATY. He has his moments.

JOSH. In that moment, I knew.

KATY. Then again, so do I.

JOSH. Of course, there were times when I started to question. Like when you accidentally pushed me down that rocky slope when we went caving Junior year. Or the great hot cocoa—raccoon—tent—camping fiasco on our group trip to Texas post-graduation.

KATY. Life would never be boring, that's for sure. (*She picks up a rock from her dresser and smiles, turning it over*)

JOSH. But I always had things that proved those little problem moments wrong. It broke my heart when you fell into my arms crying about your parents. You always seemed so strong. But you were broken. Right there, in my arms. The world stopped—just for a second. Just us.

KATY. He's been there for all of it. Seen me broken, helped me put myself back together. I wouldn't be me if I hadn't had him. He's always had such a big heart.

JOSH. I love those moments. The ones where it's just you and me. I don't care if we're sad, happy, lost, angry, whatever. My world feels right when you're right here in it.

KATY. I can't imagine my world without him.

JOSH. Katy, I don't ever want to imagine my world without you.

KATY. I love him.

JOSH. I know this may not seem very well planned out. This isn't the fanciest place for dinner, and I know I should've picked a more romantic setting. When I thought back to my favorite memories with you, I remembered that time you needed a date and you asked me. We came here after, which you might not even remember, but I do. We talked so late they kicked us out, and we had to sit out on a park bench to keep talking.

KATY. I love talking to him. Even from the beginning, that weird little restaurant after my formal—if I had known what one date would end up meaning . . . I still would've asked Josh.

JOSH. Now, I don't have a little black box to pull out—heck, I don't have a ring to put in the box even if I had one. But I have me. And that's what I'd like to give you. My heart. Everything. I love you. And now I need to ask: Katy, will you marry me?

KATY. (*Practicing, she experiments*) Yes!

I'd love to!

Yes! Yes! Yes!

JOSH. No more stalling. It's time.

KATY. Wait! Should I have redone my nails? No, no time. Where's my bag? (*She leaves screen*)

JOSH takes a deep breath and knocks three times on the door. KATY grabs her bag, checks the mirror one last time, and grins.

KATY. Here goes nothing!

JOSH. Here goes *everything*.

The door starts to crack open.

Scene.