

Name of Play

A full-length play

By Your Name here

Contact:
Your Name
Address
Phone
Email

<< OR >>

Represented by:
Mary Agent
The Mary Agency
123 Main Street
Anytown, USA 11111

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BOB, an elderly doctor

SUE, a young professor

JOHN, a brilliant student

MARY, a successful attorney

SETTINGS

Bob's office

Sue's classroom

John's kitchen

Mary's back yard

PRODUCTION NOTES

Time and place information goes here, along with anything else that will help the reader understand the script.

Production notes go here.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author would like to thank various people for their support and encouragement.

DOORWAY

There's a knock on the door.
Followed by another.

HEATHER

Taylor? It's me. Could you open the door? Please?

The door opens. HEATHER stands outside apologetically. She's wearing her clothes from last night and carrying her shoes. Her surviving make up is smudged, and she's tried to make her hair look more presentable. She steps into the doorway but barely. (Note: we should never see Taylor, only HEATHER.)

HEATHER

Hey, hi. I know it's like four A.M. and I just left and you're tired but, could I wait here? My uber got lost and... I just don't want to wait down there by myself. The parking lot is just really weird at night and the lamp post is flickering which is pretty freaky. And I watched this documentary on Netflix about women who were kidnapped and forced into sex trafficking and a lot of them were abducted from parking lots, and I realize the probability of a murderer or something finding me here in the 6 minutes it takes my uber to get here is slim, but you never know and-- Ok, great! Thanks.

HEATHER remains in the doorway, not entering or exiting.

I'm sorry if I woke you up--I mean... I know you weren't sleeping but, well... ha ha this isn't awkward. Um... I'm not really sure what the protocol here is like, is it weird that I came back?

I mean, I didn't leave leave, so it's not really coming back, and if I left my wallet or something I could come back without it being weird. But like waiting out the possible murderers in a sketchy parking lot is not really what you signed up for-- not that this is a sketchy apartment!

It's a great apartment! It's just that the people here could be sketchy--not you! Of course. You're not a murderer, I mean at least you didn't kill me. I mean, I don't really know you at all, so--God! I did not mean to just accuse you of murder, so sorry.

I don't know why this has to be awkward. Sex is a normal, adult thing, and so are one night stands, or do you call it a hook up? Not to degrade you to a one night stand, but that's what this is, right? Or do you want..? No, no, of course not. Just a one time thing. Yep. So this conversation is kind of irrelevant, because I'll never see you again. And technically you're under no obligation to wait with me for this uber, although it is nice, so thank you. But technically our business is done. Affair complete.

NOT AFFAIR! I mean, affair in the general business sense. Oh my god. I am not good at this. I'm so sorry that I'm dumping all of this on you, but it's either this or discussing the post-sex high five you initiated so...

I'm kinda new to this. I know, what gave it away, right? So I think I'm just looking for some reassurance that this is right. Obviously not this part, the awkward after chit chat while I wait for my ride home where I'll wonder how long it will take me to regret this. But the like, hooking up part. This is all alot, probably, but I just got out of a long term relationship, and I don't remember how to do this anymore. Like at all. It's been like 5 years since I went on a first date, or had a first kiss, or first time, and I forgot how stressful it is. It was so much easier in a relationship. Like, I knew all of this already. I knew what it was going to be like when they kissed me, or what they smelled like in the morning, and that they would always wait with me in dark parking lots because they knew I stayed up too late the night before watching documentaries about serial killers. That they would always be there when I was scared or alone, but now I'm scared and alone, and I had to drag Taylor from Publix out of the mattress without a bedframe to wait with me after we finished sex with a high five.

And I don't mean to take it out on you, Taylor. You're very nice. And so is your bedframe-less mattress. I just miss consistency, and reliability, and knowing. The unknown is terrifying. Like empty parking lots. There's probably not a murderer waiting for me, but I don't know. I'll probably find "the one" one day, but I don't know.

What if they were the one? What if I never know someone like that again, and I'm just always stuck in this doorway limbo with one night stands waiting for the uber to my empty apartment and empty life.

Maybe I should just cave and go back to what I know.

But I can't. Because even though this is scary, and messy, and awkward, it won't always be.

I will find someone who waits with me in empty parking lots without question. And I'll know what side of the bed they sleep on, and they'll know me just as well! And it's probably not going to be you. Probably. But I'm gonna be fine. I'm gonna go wait for the uber. Thank you, for listening. You're really great. But I need to move on.

HEATHER leaves. The door closes.

Beat. There's another knock. The door opens. It's HEATHER.

HEATHER

Yeah, so I actually did leave my wallet, so--yeah. Thank you, sorry. I'm gonna go now.

HEATHER leaves. The door closes.