

*First Date*

Written by: Trent Carruth

Directed by: Abigail Williams

Performed by: Donald Sandley

*The setting is in a restaurant, JAMES, a recent divorcee, is about to have a first date, a blind date, with a woman. This will be the first time he has dated since the divorce.*

*JAMES enters and promptly sits at the table, obviously nervous about how the dinner will go.*

JAMES: Hi, how're you doing? You, uh, you look lovely tonight. (choked expression) Oh, no, no, no, no, no! I'm not some creep! I, uh, I'm the blind date. (chuckles nervously) So how about we just put the mace away and get to know each other! Tell each other about ourselves! Um... I'm James. I'm the blind date. I... I already said that. (trying to figure out things to say about himself) I... teach at the elementary school nearby. And a buddy of mine said he knew a nice lady to set me up with and had this idea to set us up on a blind date, and I was stuck grading assignments for a while which is why I'm late and not dressed appropriately. Sorry about that. Didn't expect this place to be so nice. And I guess I did just sorta barge in here and take my seat pretty suddenly so, I don't blame you for getting a little freaked out. It's a first date! Everyone's nervous on the first date! (beat) Especially when you haven't dated in... oh, seventeen years. Yeah, divorce is no fun. Don't recommend it. (chuckles) It was... not the best pairing, me and her. Just the classic "irreconcilable differences" stuff. We both just ... (stops and stares at the table, points) I, uh, noticed that little salt shaker's kinda... tipped over. Must've knocked it over

when you made a beeline for your purse of moment ago. Now there's salt all over the table.

Yeah, uh, could you just (stammers) just throw some of that over your shoulder? I know it's silly I'm just... a little superstitious. And I get nervous real easily, and I hate to show you this part of myself, cause I know it makes me look weird, but it would really do wonders for my nerves tonight if you would just toss some of that salt over your shoulder. Yeah, just... (exasperated sigh). Sorry I've just always felt a little antsy about matters like that. I've just had a little too much bad luck lately to really take any chances at this point. First there was the divorce, and then I was rejected from that job I'd put my hopes on, and now I'm stuck trying to keep five-year-olds from eating glue all day, and... yeah you're right I should calm myself. It's just that... bad luck is real I think. It's real to me at least. And bad omens seem commonplace. I remember I accidentally cracked the mirror in my apartment and then later that day I got rear-ended on the way home from work. Or one time I was jogging by some construction and I ran under a ladder and next thing I know my house has been broken into. Or that first date with... her ... all those years ago. She spilled the salt. I remember not thinking anything of it. We actually joked about it. She said, "Let's test fate and just leave the salt there." And I just laughed along with her and just ate dinner like normal. (beat) That should have been the first sign. Her not being careful.

Who knows? Maybe if she had just tossed some salt over her shoulder we'd still be married! Or better yet we never got married at all! It's a win for everyone involved (laughs). But she didn't. She just let it sit there and I just let it happen. No turning back from that. (Gentler tone) So yeah, that's why I'm a little superstitious, so could you please just toss some salt over your shoulder? (beat, then a relieved sigh) Thank you. Y'know, now that you've done that, I think this may be the start of something good. (beat) Anyway, what's *your* name?