

Firsts
(Romance)
by
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CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
JACK NEWHART		20	MALE

SETTING: An apartment.

AT RISE: JACK NEWHART sits in a chair with a pad of paper in front of him. He is busy writing and stops after about thirty seconds.

JACK

THE FIRST FEW

They always say
Online dating is the worst.
Hardest.
Evil.
Stupid.
That no one
Will ever find true love. I think they're wrong.
I found
Christian, 21, Italian, a make up artist in training
Who called me boring.
Chris, 18, a newbie and almost
Too meta for my taste.
Aaron, 30, who was
The perfect man
For me who never answered me back.
Paul, 28, who had a really good shot until he sent me a dick pic.
Described as "The perfect
Circumference and girth to rival the painted sun."
And I said no way, I said,
"Your dick is not a museum piece."
He never answered me back.
And finally,
Ricky. Ricky the other
18 year old newbie
Who lived .5 miles
Away from where I write this. He's funny, caring,
Smart, and

(laughs)

Even asked me out
On a date!

THE FIRST DATE

His message read like
 This,
 "What are you doing on sat night?"
 And I answered back,
 "Nothing."
 And he sent back,
 "Cool."
 How do I progress from this? Should I ask him
 Or wait for HIM to give
 a more
 Detailed question.
 Saturday night.
 He calls me,
 Really calls me,
 And asks to see a movie with him and grab some dinner,
 "Cheap. Somewhere like McDonald's."
 Romantic enough,
 Even for a hopeless romantic like me.
 We agreed to meet at
 The mall which was a twenty or so minute drive
 Away from me.

(looks out to the crowd)

Now that I think about I never asked him where
 He lived.
 We laughed at the movie,
 We laughed during dinner
 And we laughed at each other in the parking lot
 At our stained collar shirts.
 We agreed to our second date just then right there.

THE FIRST KISS

A formal date
 At a sit down restaurant. Three course meal.
 Salad. Breadsticks, the good kind, the warm kind
 Then the meal. He ordered a steak, medium rare, and I ordered
 A cheeseburger.
 The dessert was a simple tirmisu.
 He paid then lead me, by the hand, outside.
 To his car.
 And then we kissed.
 A soft, lip to lip, brushing.

A soft, Nicholas Spark's kiss. A kiss that closed both our eyes.
 He said,
 "I'll call you later?" And I nodded.
 It was breathtaking
 I know, cliché, but
 It was. We both got into our cars, him
 a compact and
 Me my baby SUV.
 We stayed together, looking at each other through our windshields.
 And then he drove off only to resume our date by call.
 He asked,
 "Did you get home safely?"
 "Yes. I had a great time tonight," I told him. "I can't wait till Next week."
 He laughed.
 "I love you I think." I'm not sure who
 Said it first.

THE FIRST TIME

About a week after
 Our second date
 "Our formal date" with
 Him dressed in suit and tie and me
 Coming fresh from the Walmart mens section
 We did it.
 The deed.
 The dirty.
 The birds and bees
 The "talk" that you swore you had with your parents but don't remember.
 Or try to forget.
 He took my clothes off.
 He laid me down on the bed.
 He asked how was I doing.
 He asked if I was scared.
 He asked if I was ready.
 I'm good.
 I'm not.
 I'm ready.
 Slow and steady
 Won the race was
 Something my mother always said. Funny how fitting
 It was.
 We looked into each other's eyes hope,

Clarity,
 And charm illuminating
 From his brown eyes.
 And just like that it was over and done with.
 We laid next to each other cuddling
 Just like I used to do
 With my pillows.
 He snored.
 And I never once
 Closed my eyes
 Afraid he would
 Disappear into the night.

THE FIRST FIGHT

He didn't leave that night or any night after
 That. We stayed together two in two,
 Hand in hand for
 Weeks until one
 Day about 6 months in.
 The mechanical roar
 Of the vacuum cleaner woke him up. He walked out of the bedroom,

(points offstage)

That bedroom over there, with
 His hair tussled.
 "What are you doing?" He asked.
 "Vacuuming?"
 "Why? I was sleeping couldn't it wait?"
 "It's eleven," I say pointing over to the wall clock his mother gave us
 On our 3 month
 Anniversary.
 "And? I'm tired and would
 Like one day to sleep in. One day," he asks, holding up
 His index finger.
 "Okay then it'll just get dirty."
 "That's not what I'm asking-"
 "Why are we fighting?" I asked.
 We had been living together for the last two months.
 Maybe it was the apartment that got to him.
 The small cramped apartment.
 One bed.
 One bath.

"You know I'm trying to find work. There is nothing here in this city for writers. You know
 That," I tell him.
 "I wish I didn't," he says, walking back into the bedroom.
 The apartment stays quiet.
 I don't think any of us knew what to do.

THE FIRST THOUGHTS THAT RAN THROUGH MY MIND

It was my fault.
 I wasn't doing enough for him.
 I wasn't his type.
 I wasn't young anymore.
 I took his childhood away from him.
 I used him.
 "It's not you it's me,"
 He told me but all I could hear was
 "It's not me, it's you."
 "It's you."
 "It's you."

THE FIRST BREAKUP

It wasn't like anything in the movies.
 We weren't outside
 We weren't at the Brooklyn Bridge
 We weren't at the Mcdonald's were we had our first date.
 No. We we're at home.
 Well he was at home and I was just walking in
 And he was sitting at the table with his hands clasped in
 Front of him like this

(clasps his hands together)

And we both knew what was coming
 We both knew the words that flowed out
 Of his mouth that I loved so much,
 "We need to talk."
 Four words that can sink
 Or mend
 A heart.
 Then he said,
 He looked at me and
 What did he say?

Jack walks offstage for a few seconds. He comes back onstage with a glass of water.

JACK

I can't remember.
But it went something like this,
"I can't do this anymore."

THE FIRST NIGHT I SLEPT ALONE

I cradled my body pillow
Wishing upon every star
That he would come back, that he
Would open the door and crawl into bed next to me and I would whisper,
"Don't ever leave me again."
But each morning was the same.
And more days passed.
And months.
And more months passed.

THE FIRST FEW WEEKS WITHOUT HIM

Went by slowly
Like watching paint dry on our apartment
Walls even though we weren't allowed to paint.

(he laughs)

The walls themselves looked plain and boring
The polar opposite of what our relationship was like.
I was alone and for the first time
I was scared.
It was like coming to your office only to find
Your nameplate removed.
I was bored. I've heard of people getting
That post break-up depression.

(looks out to the crowd)

You ever got that? I even heard they
Get so low that even think of harming themselves.
I'm not gonna lie and say that I thought of it
I even looked at sheets and tested how strong
They would -
Could -

Be. I never did it though.
I was a coward.

THE FIRST TIME I LOOKED THROUGH THE THINGS HE LEFT BEHIND

What few things he left like a red shirt
A belt, left shoe - dress for work - I wonder if he ever asked,
Or wondered, where the other one was.
A pair of earrings.
And a photo of us buried beneath the items
In the bathroom drawer
Of us at one of those mall
Picture things
That cost two dollars for a shitty
Quality photo.

(holds up small picture)

I threw all his shit
In a box and left it by the front door.
I reached for my phone
Already knowing that his name wouldn't be stored in it
But his number is forever in my head
And I guess heart.
I dialed his number I so knew
And waited for an answer that was sure
Not to come.
I took a deep breath.
"Hello?"

THE FIRST TIME I HEARD HIS VOICE AGAIN

His voice took my breath away
It really did.
I told him that I have some stuff of his
And he said,
"I have some of yours."
And I told him that we should meet.
And he said,
"Sure."
And we hung up
After his own suggestion to meet back
At the apartment.

THE FIRST TIME WE MET FACE TO FACE AGAIN

I waited for him, phone in my hand
 Knees close together and biting my lip.
 I was nervous.
 Scared.
 Shocked.
 Ready to see him even for just a minute.
 I heard footsteps echoing out in the hallway,
 I felt a hand posed for knocking but I was already at the door
 And I grabbed him by the shirt and kissed him, on the mouth,
 Full everything.
 Set the blasters to go
 I missed him, his smell
 The way his hair looked.
 I needed his touch.
 I pushed him back against the wall.
 And he whispered in my ear,
 He whispered,
 “Jack? I’m tired of sleeping alone.”
 And I whispered back,
 “Me too.”

THE FIRST FEW WEEKS BACK TOGETHER

We took it slowly. We spent a few days together
 A few days apart. He moved his stuff back in.
 I found myself a job and sooner or later
 Everything was back to normal as if
 The breakup never happened.

(a short musical ringing erupts)

Oh, hold on.

(answers his phone)

“Baby? You’re outside? Okay hold on. I’m almost ready. I love you too.”

(stands, bends over his desk for one more
 line)

And I told him,

I told him,
“Don’t ever leave me again.”

He puts on a jacket, folds the sheets of paper up and
throws them in a wastebasket. He then walks offstage.

Curtain.