

# HISTORICALLY BAD FIRST DATES

By Sean Abley

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## HISTORICALLY BAD FIRST DATES

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**SYNOPSIS:** On the edge of the Universe, Jenna and Achilles find themselves trapped in the offices of Millennium Relationship Services. Although they have never met, and have no idea of how they got there, this couple-to-be are taught how to avoid the pitfalls of relationships through crazily comic flashbacks to bad first dates throughout history, literature, and pop culture: Mark Antony and Cleopatra's disastrous first date right after the assassination of her husband Julius Caesar; Macbeth and the future Lady Macbeth, Latonya, meeting for the first time on the moors; the Blind Date of Frankenstein; George Washington revealing his paranoid delusions to Martha; and Uncle Sam and his mail-order bride, a very French Statue Of Liberty. With a flexible cast allowing for many actors (or easy doubling), this one-act comedy is perfect for drama festivals and competitions, or just a great evening of comedy theater.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(4- 12 MEN 4-10 WOMEN 2-9 EITHER)*

DONALD (m).....	All smiles, arrogant, like an infomercial host (can't be doubled) <i>(74 lines)</i>
DEBORAH (f).....	Donald's perfect match, she's just like him. (can't be doubled) <i>(75 lines.)</i>
JENNA (f).....	Smart and intellectual young woman. <i>(59 lines)</i>
ACHILLES (m).....	Not too smart, but tries hard. <i>(57 lines)</i>
CLEOPATRA (f).....	Queen of the Nile. <i>(25 lines)</i>

- MARK ANTONY (m).....Nervous, shy, in love with Cleopatra. (20 lines)
- LATONYA (LADY MACBETH) (f)..... Big city girl with an attitude. (24 lines)
- MACBETH (m) ..... Brooding, Shakespearean character. Speaks in Olde English. (22 lines)
- WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (m)..... The famous writer. (6 lines)
- GEORGE WASHINGTON (m)..... Father of our country, can't lie. (20 lines)
- MARTHA WASHINGTON (f) ..... Budding feminist with a sly wit. (16 lines)
- AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON (m)..... Washington's stern father. (4 lines)
- MARY WASHINGTON (f)..... Washington's hysterical mother. (3 lines)
- SCIENTIST FROM THE FUTURE (m/f).... Panicky because the world is ending. (1 line)
- ORPHAN (m/f)..... From a Dickens novel. (1line)
- FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER (m)..... Lovable monster looking for love. (19 lines)
- DR. FRANKENSTEIN (m)..... Arrogant, full of himself, a genius. (28 lines)
- IGOR (m/f)..... Not too smart, but eager. (11 lines)

## HISTORICALLY BAD FIRST DATES

FEMALE MONSTER (f)..... Five personalities in one.  
(12 lines)

UNCLE SAM (m)..... Southern gentleman. (34 lines)

STATUE OF LIBERTY (f) ..... Snooty French woman.  
(31 lines)

DOCK WORKER (m/f) (3 lines)

WAITER/WAITRESS (Egypt) (m/f) (6 lines)

WAITER/WAITRESS (USA) (m/f) (4 lines)

GENERIC ACTOR (m/f)

MOM ONE (f)

DAD ONE (m)

MOM TWO (f)

DAD TWO (m)

NURSE ONE (m/f)

NURSE TWO (m/f)

### PRODUCTION NOTES

#### SET

A unit set with levels and multiple entrances works perfectly for this play.

#### SCENE TRANSITIONS

Ideally, there should be no blackouts in the show except for the very end. This keeps the pace moving – there isn't anything more deadly for a comedy than having the audience sit in the dark while you change the set.

#### SLANG AND POP CULTURE REFERENCES

Feel free to change any outdated slang or pop culture references to something more current and funny.

**PROPERTIES**

NOTE: Many, if not all, props may be mimed.

- Sign with large asterisk symbol (\*) that can be read by audience (2)
- iPad or tablet (2)
- Dollar bill
- Menu (2)
- Tray
- Drinks (2)
- Food
- Nail file
- Nail file stuck in eye effect
- Wetnap
- Picnic basket
- Taco (2)
- Frozen drink (2)
- Cherry pie
- Tree branch
- Table
- Chair (2)
- Dinner for two setting – plates, silverware, napkins, glasses
- Rolling dolly
- Brain (5)
- Brain jar labeled “Cat”
- String
- “Mail Order Bride” catalogue
- Large box
- Receipt
- Price tag
- Index cards
- Wheelchair (2)
- Baby in blanket (2)

*Historically Bad First Dates* was developed in association with [www.PlaysToOrder.com](http://www.PlaysToOrder.com).

**PRODUCTION HISTORY**

*Historically Bad First Dates* was first performed at Kankakee High School, Kankakee IL, on November 8<sup>th</sup>, 2012, under the direction of Deena Badr Cassady. Angie Kanak was Assistant Director, and the cast was as follows:

Donald.....	Jason Burse
Deborah.....	Catherine Groth
Jenna .....	Saphire Tillmon
Achilles .....	Robert Melvin
Cleopatra.....	Delecia Norwood
Mark Antony.....	Ivy Anderson
Waiter (Egypt) .....	Taylor Winfield
Waiter (USA).....	Porsha Hartfield
Latonya (aka Lady Macbeth) .....	Danielle Gray
Macbeth .....	Drew Howard
Generic Actor.....	Julia Gaskin
William Shakespeare.....	Anthony Hahn
George Washington.....	Ivy Anderson
Martha Washington.....	Mystique Tillmon
Augustine Washington.....	Taylor Winfield
Mary Washington.....	Anneka Hoekstra
Scientist from the future.....	Julia Gaskin
Orphan .....	Drew Howard
Frankenstein’s Monster.....	Anthony Hahn
Dr. Frankenstein.....	Jacob Hopper
Igor.....	Brandon Merrill
Female Monster .....	Morrisa Alexander
Uncle Sam.....	Drew Howard
Statue of Liberty .....	Grace Bernard
Dock Worker.....	Jason Burse
Mom one.....	Julia Gaskin
Mom two.....	Anneka Hoekstra
Crew.....	Nancy Salazar, Jada Rogers, Bella Costanza, Katy Brown, Melanie Guzman, Kya Reed

**AT RISE:**

*DONALD, the owner and operator of Millennium Relationship Services, addresses the audience.*

**DONALD:** Hello, miserable, single people! How about a big hand for me! (*Leads the audience in clapping for him.*) Now, that may seem a bit premature, considering you don't even know who I am, but trust me – by the end of our time together, you'll be on your feet giving me another big, fat round of applause. Hello, everyone. My name is Donald. But enough about me. Let's talk about why you're here to listen to me. You're single, and miserable. Am I right? Of course I am. If I weren't, I wouldn't be the co-owner and operator of Millennium Relationship Services, the oldest dating service in the universe. Since the beginning of time, we've been bringing sad, lonely, (*Air quotes.*) "My life is over, I have nothing left to live for..." hopeless nobodies – you know, people like you – together in an effort to make their lives the tiniest bit less awful. Helping me do that is the co-owner of M.R.S., Deborah!

*DEBORAH rushes on, then realizes she's forgotten her blazer. She exits, then returns, frantically putting on the blazer. She moves over to DONALD gives him a peck on the cheek, then joins him in addressing the audience.*

**DEBORAH:** Hi, Donald! Hello sad people! Thanks for all that applause! And I mean that sincerely! I need your approval like I need food! (*To DONALD.*) I thought you were going to let me know when it was five minutes to places?

**DONALD:** Well Deborah, now that you're finally here, why don't you tell these soon-to-be happy people about what we do here at M.R.S.?

**DEBORAH:** Better yet, why don't I tell everyone about what we do here at M.R.S.? I'll answer my own question – I see no reason not to, so I will! Hooray for me! (*Suddenly serious.*) But seriously, let's talk about what's wrong with you. You're alone. You feel hopeless. You're floating around in the universe with a big ol' frowny face on your face. Which is where we come in. With over infinity years of matching people according to their likes, wants, needs, desires, plus those character traits buried way down in the subconscious, M.R.S. is the only service qualified to weed out the weeds, and plant the seeds of quality relationships.

**DONALD:** This is the reason we had everyone fill out the questionnaire before the seminar. Yes, a fifty page, single-spaced questionnaire may feel like overkill, but we can't do our jobs without all the information.

**DEBORAH:** We know you're eager to get started.

**DONALD:** We certainly are!

**DEBORAH:** So why don't we bring out our first prospective couple? I'll answer my own question – I see no reason not to, so we will!

**DONALD:** They don't know each other, and they don't know that we've paired them up. (*Holds up a sign with an asterisk [\*] on it near his mouth.*) But by the end of tonight, they'll be on the road to a life together, forever!

**DEBORAH:** (*Stoops down, holds a sign with an asterisk near her mouth as if she's now the disclaimer to DONALD's previous statement.*) M.R.S. makes no guarantee of results. These results not typical. For detailed Terms of Service details, visit our website at blah blah blah dot com or call the M.R.S. corporate office at one-eight-hundred-a million.

**DONALD:** Please welcome to the stage with a big round of applause – but not as big as the round you gave Deborah or me – Jenna and Achilles!

*JENNA and ACHILLES enter. They both hold iPads. They seem a little tentative and bewildered.*

**DONALD:** (*As the applause winds down.*) I'm awesome!

**DEBORAH:** That applause was for both of us.

**DONALD:** Was it? I it felt like it was sixty-percent for me, thirty-percent for you, and ten-percent “other.”

**JENNA:** Uh, what are we doing here?

**DEBORAH:** Hey lady, I ask the questions here – then answer them myself! What are you doing here? You are here to meet the man of your dreams, and live happily ever after.

**ACHILLES:** I don’t understand. Where are we? Who are you? Who is she?

**DONALD:** (*To audience.*) Get a load of Questionny Askerson over here! (*Laughs*)

**JENNA:** Who are you talking to?

**DONALD:** Who am I talking to? (*Gestures to the audience.*) Well, them of course.

**JENNA:** But there’s no one there.

**ACHILLES:** Yeah, it’s just...darkness. Are those stars?

**DONALD:** Of course there’s someone there. Many someones. Billions and trillions and gazillions of someones.

**DEBORAH:** Does that make you nervous?

**DONALD:** That’s the universe. Everyone is there. Hey everyone, give yourselves a round of applause!

*Audience applauds. JENNA and ACHILLES react as if the sound is coming from everywhere and nowhere.*

**JENNA:** Where is that coming from?!

**DONALD/DEBORAH:** Everywhere!

**JENNA:** I’m leaving.

**ACHILLES:** Ditto.

*JENNA and ACHILLES search the stage for an exit.*

**DEBORAH:** Not so much.

**JENNA:** Where is the exit?

**ACHILLES:** Just go back out the way we came in.

**JENNA:** Right. (*After a moment.*) Uh, I don’t remember how we came in. Do you?

**ACHILLES:** Absolutely. (*Looks around.*) Absolutely I have no idea how we got in here.

**JENNA:** (*Turns to DEBORAH and DONALD.*) Alright...

**DEBORAH:** Don't ask where you are again. You'll sound like a trained parrot. (*Laughs*) And that's a total turn-off.

**DONALD:** (*Gestures to a table and chairs.*) Why don't you two have a seat? (*Waits for them to move.*) You might as well sit. You're going to be here for awhile.

**ACHILLES:** Did you kidnap us?

**DONALD:** Absolutely not. This is just all part of the plan.

**ACHILLES:** What plan?

**DONALD:** It's not part of the plan to tell you what the plan is at this moment. Other than we're here to set you two kooky kids up as a couple. Too much knowledge of the endgame would cloud your minds and make you, possibly, less receptive to the plan.

**JENNA:** I think I figured it out!

**DONALD/DEBORAH/ACHILLES:** You did?

**JENNA:** Yes! I'm in a coma! I've been in a horrible accident, or I'm on an operating table or something, and now I'm in a coma, and this is all a dream. Or hallucination. Or mirage. Whatever it is, it isn't real, and at some point I'm going to wake up.

**DONALD:** Does it make you feel better to think that?

**DEBORAH:** More cooperative?

**JENNA:** Absolutely. (*Sits at the table.*)

**DONALD/DEBORAH:** Good.

**ACHILLES:** If this is all a dream, then how do you explain me being in your dream?

**JENNA:** There's always other people in your dreams. They'd be pretty boring if there weren't.

**ACHILLES:** But I'm real! I can feel things and... think for myself. We've never met, so how can I be in your dream?

**JENNA:** You're an amalgamation of different people I've met in my life, put together by my brain.

**ACHILLES:** Right. How about the fact that I control my own actions. I can do what I want, without your subconscious controlling me.

**JENNA:** Oh, silly brain –(*ACHILLES pinches her.*) Ow! Hey!

**ACHILLES:** Would your brain do that to you?

**JENNA:** Well, normally, no. But maybe I ate a burrito or something right before bed, and it's causing crazy dreams.

**ACHILLES:** I'm not a burrito-fueled dream! I can do whatever I want!

**JENNA:** Okay, then leave.

**ACHILLES:** *(A beat, then sits down, defeated.)* We're not done discussing this.

**DONALD:** We can talk all you want. Honestly, it really helps move things along as we unite you in couplehood.

**ACHILLES:** And how exactly are you going to do that? We don't even know each other.

**DEBORAH:** Oh, but you do!

**DONALD:** Everything you need to know about each other is on that device.

*JENNA and ACHILLES click on their iPads and start scrolling.*

**JENNA:** Wow, you like romantic comedies?

**ACHILLES:** What about it?

**JENNA:** Nothing. Just observing.

**ACHILLES:** You lost the tip of your finger playing soccer?

**JENNA:** Uh, that's awfully specific. But yes. Let me see that. *(She trades iPads with ACHILLES.)* Whoa.

**ACHILLES:** Hey, what is this?

**DEBORAH:** I'll ask the questions here. What is that? It's your metaphysical profile. Every single fact about you. Ever. Searchable.

**ACHILLES:** How could you possibly get every single fact about us? Does it have our blood type? Where we went to elementary school? What we had for breakfast? What we dreamed about last night?

**DEBORAH:** *(Takes ACHILLES iPad, types into the search engine.)* "What I dreamed about last night." *(Hands the iPad back to ACHILLES.)*

**ACHILLES:** *(Reads.)* "I was flying but my feet were still on the ground and my sister was there but she wasn't my sister then I was in a kitchen that I knew was really a bounce house then I was late for school and I was at the wrong school and I wasn't wearing pants then I woke up." *(Stunned.)* That's right.

**JENNA:** This scrolls on forever.

**DEBORAH:** It does, actually.

**ACHILLES:** And you have this because?

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**DEBORAH:** Why do we have this? Because we do our homework to make sure any two people we pair up are natural matches! We give you the best possible scenario to be a successful couple!

**DONALD:** But that's not all we do!

**JENNA/ACHILLES:** It's not?

**DONALD:** No way, José! (*Aside.*) And, for the record, I know neither of you is named "José". But I can't think of anything that rhymes with "Jenna" or "Achilles." (*Normal.*) We not only match you according to your personal history, we teach you to avoid the pitfalls of dating by example.

**DEBORAH:** Throughout history there have been bazillions of bad first dates. And yes, bazillion is a real number. Some couples overcame these awkward starts to forge successful, strong relationships. (*Takes DONALD's arm.*) Like us!

**ACHILLES:** You're a couple?

**DEBORAH/DONALD:** Sure are!

**DONALD:** And as perfect as we are, we have the same little foibles and problems that most couples do.

**DEBORAH:** Like, sometimes he leaves his underwear in the bathroom every single day.

**DONALD:** Or every once in awhile she makes that weird sound when she chews. You know, that clicking sound?

**DEBORAH:** Or that whistling sound your nose makes when we do cardio?

**DONALD:** Sometimes I just want to run as far away from her as I possibly can.

**DEBORAH:** Sometimes I want to stab him in the eye.

**DONALD/DEBORAH:** (*Unison.*) Just like normal couples!

**DEBORAH:** Let's bring out our first example couple. You know him as BFF to Julius Caesar, and she's the Queen of the Nile – Marc Antony and Cleopatra!

*SFX: Egyptian music. MARC ANTONY and CLEOPATRA enter.*

**ANTONY:** Here we are! I hope you like noodle houses.

**CLEOPATRA:** I love King Tutan-ramen! I've been coming here for years! Nice choice! (*She tries to drape herself across a chair, which is just awkward.*)

**ANTONY:** What are you doing?

**CLEOPATRA:** I'm trying to drape myself regally, but the chair is just not cooperating. Waiter! Take this chair out and have it whipped for its impertinence!

*WAITER enters with a new chair, then takes the old chair and exits.*

**WAITER:** Yes, Your Majesty.

**CLEOPATRA:** What are you doing here in Egypt, anyway? Shouldn't you be in Rome or something?

**ANTONY:** Um, yes, I guess. But I heard Egypt was awesome, and Caesar couldn't stop talking about you, so I thought I would, you know, drop by and say, "Hey." So...hey.

**CLEOPATRA:** Caesar! I'm totally missing him. Did you know he invented a salad? The Chicken Caesar Salad. He's gonna make a million from that. (*Conspiratorially.*) The croutons? I invented those. But I let him take credit for that.

**ANTONY:** Are people ready for chicken on a salad? Seems a little out there to me.

**CLEOPATRA:** He's very forward thinking. He'd be here, but he's at the Senate getting his government on. Did you see him before you left Rome? How is he? Did he talk about me?

**ANTONY:** Uh, he's...the same, I guess. He was sort of, you know, dead...(*Off CLEOPATRA's look.*) ...tired. He was taking it easy when I left.

**CLEOPATRA:** He is so fine. You know, without him I wouldn't be the pharaoh of Egypt. He totally made that happen.

**ANTONY:** You're the pharaoh? Can women be pharaohs? I thought you were the queen?

**CLEOPATRA:** Of course women can be pharaohs! Geez, pick up a book now and then. Women can totally be pharaohs. And you know the best part about being a pharaoh? (*Hands ANTONY a dollar bill.*) Having your face on money!

**ANTONY:** Sweet!

**CLEOPATRA:** I know, right? I love when I go to restaurants and hand the money to the waiter and I say, “Keep my face.” And the waiter is always like, “What?” And I’m like (*Points to her face, then to the money she’s given the waiter.*) And they’re like, “Ohhh....” And I’m like, “Yeah, keep up. Next time I’ll have you mummified.” Which, P.S. I’d never do. Probably.

**ANTONY:** So how did he make being pharaoh happen?

**CLEOPATRA:** Well, you know I was married to my brother, right?

**ANTONY:** That’s...weird.

**CLEOPATRA:** Look, it’s ancient Egypt, these things happen. Anyway, when my father died, Ptolemy and I were co-rulers of Egypt. And then Ptolemy decided he wanted to be the only ruler, and I was, like, “I don’t think so,” and started a teensy civil war. Which didn’t go as well as I’d planned. And by that I mean I lost. So in the meantime I met Julius Caesar, who was all jazzed to take over Egypt, and we went on a date and...I’m not going to say what happened on that date, specifically, but let’s just say that a certain Roman ruler decided that he didn’t want Egypt anymore, and a certain Egyptian ruler got sole custody of the country.

**ANTONY:** What happened to Ptolemy?

**CLEOPATRA:** He drowned in the Nile. Actually, he still thought he was sole ruler, so you could say he drowned in “denial.” (*Cracks herself up.*) Oh, my gosh, I’m so funny! I love me! (*Notices no one else is laughing. To the others in the restaurant.*) Hey! The pharaoh made a joke! Let’s hear some laughs out there!

**ANTONY:** (*Fakes laughing.*) Ha ha ha...hilarious...

**CLEOPATRA:** Man, the service in here is the worst! (*Calling out to waiter.*) Hey! Can we get some water here? And some menus? Pharaoh of Egypt here! Ruler of the country needs a menu!

*WAITER enters and gives them menus.*

**WAITER:** Sorry about the wait. The hostess got bitten by an asp, so nobody’s keeping track of who’s been seated.

**CLEOPATRA:** Uh huh. Look, why don’t you bring us two bowls of the goat ramen. (*To ANTONY.*) Hope you don’t mind if I order for you. And I’ll have a diet Sphinx spritzer to drink.

**ANTONY:** I’ll have an iced decaf pomegranate latte.

**WAITER:** I'll get those drinks right out.

**CLEOPATRA:** Now, a little 411. I've waited tables, I get it. I tip very well for good service. If you do a good job, I'll have you entombed with me when I die. Mummified and everything.

**WAITER:** Yes, ma'am! Er, Your Majesty! I'll be right back with those drinks and food! (*Exits then returns immediately with a tray of drinks and food.*) Here I am with those drinks and food! (*Sets the food and drink down in front of ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.*)

**CLEOPATRA:** Now that's what I call service. I'll leave orders that when you're mummified I insist you be dead before they yank your brains out thru your nose.

**WAITER:** Thank you, ma'am! That's very generous.

**CLEOPATRA:** I'm a really great person. Now get lost and let us eat before I change my mind and have you buried alive.

**WAITER:** Yes, ma'am. (*Exits.*)

**CLEOPATRA:** Man, I've been doing all the talking. So how are you? What's happening in Rome? Invade any fun countries lately?

**ANTONY:** Well, actually, I sort of fled from Rome. It's just a temporary thing. Uprisings, civil wars, you know, the usual. So I just thought I'd get out of town for awhile.

**CLEOPATRA:** No crime in that. I try to flee at least once a season. I have a lot of personal time accrued, and if you don't use it, ya lose it.

**ANTONY:** Exactly. And I was psyched you when you said you'd go on this date with me.

**CLEOPATRA:** This ramen looks really delish and what did you say?

**ANTONY:** When you said you'd go out with me on a date, I was psyched. I mean, you're awesome, and I'm sure there are a ton of guys trying to get with you.

**CLEOPATRA:** A date? This is a date?

**ANTONY:** Well, yeah. I asked you out to dinner, and you said yes. That's pretty much a date.

**CLEOPATRA:** And has it escaped your attention that I'm married?!

**ANTONY:** Oh, about that. I should have started with this. Caesar was sort of, kind of, just the teensiest bit assassinated.

**CLEOPATRA:** What?! By who?

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**ANTONY:** There were about sixty guys there. He was stabbed about twenty-three times. Everybody is taking credit, but it's hard to tell. So we're just saying he was assassinated by...everybody.

**CLEOPATRA:** Even Brutus?

**ANTONY:** Yes, Brutus too.

**CLEOPATRA:** So let me get this straight - You ask me out THEN tell me my husband has been assassinated?! Dude, you gotta work on your timing!

**ANTONY:** You're right. I sort of buried the lead on that one. (*A beat.*) So can I ask you out again?

**CLEOPATRA:** Well, I guess my schedule did just free up a bit....

*LIGHTS SHIFT from ANTONY and CLEOPATRA to DONALD, et al.*

**DONALD:** I think we can all agree that was a horrible first date!

**DEBORAH:** And how!

**DONALD:** That date was worse than your time management skills!

**DEBORAH:** I was thinking it was worse than your breath. Trust me – that's a bad date!

**ACHILLES:** What does that have to do with us?

**DEBORAH:** What does that have to do with you? I'll answer my own question! There are valuable lessons to be learned from that first date.

**JENNA:** I learned something from that date. One – don't ask someone out right after their husband has been assassinated. And two – my brain is really twisted to set all this up for me. Seriously, when am I going to wake up?

**ACHILLES:** My question exactly.

**JENNA:** Hey!

**DEBORAH:** (*Confidentially.*) You really should let us know what lesson you learned from that example. We can't move forward until you do. And our infinity viewers tend to get a little antsy if we don't keep things interesting.

**ACHILLES:** Okay, well, if you know anything about history, you know that Antony and Cleopatra ended up having a long-lasting love affair despite that bad first date. It was a romance for the ages.

**JENNA:** Wow, you do like romantic comedies!

**ACHILLES:** Shut it. At least I learned something.

**JENNA:** I learned something, too! Let's see – Cleopatra and Mark Antony had twins, she once threw a dinner party where she drank pearls dissolved in vinegar, and she died by holding an asp to her heart and making it bite her. See, I learned stuff, too! Wait, how did I learn that stuff?

**DONALD:** Well, we're really looking for a lesson, as opposed to a paper for history class.

**ACHILLES:** I have it!

**DONALD/DEBORAH:** (*Unison, excited.*) Yes?

**ACHILLES:** At the end of their lives, Mark Antony tried to kill himself because he thought Cleopatra dissed him, and she told people to tell him she was dead. And then she did the whole asp thing. So obviously, communication is key.

**DONALD/DEBORAH:** (*Unison.*) Very good!

**ACHILLES:** That was right? Nice! High five! (*He and JENNA high five.*)

**DEBORAH:** Congratulations! Now let's move on to our next spectacularly bad example!

**JENNA:** There's more?

**DEBORAH:** You know him as the most famous import from Scotland since McDonald's, and she's the Queen of Clean – Macbeth and the soon-to-be Lady Macbeth!

*LIGHTS SHIFT to the MOORS OF SCOTLAND. MACBETH and LATONYA (some day to be Lady Macbeth) enter. LATONYA absentmindedly files her nails.*

**LATONYA:** So these are the moors of Scotland, huh? Cheery place. All this fog, I thought it was Portland.

**MACBETH:** Tis true, the moors are a dank and dreary place.

**LATONYA:** So perfect for a blind date.

**MACBETH:** All the better for my dark mood, into which I spiral downward, downward, in ever shrinking circles into my consciousness, where I dwell in sorrow and despair. Spiraling, spiraling, spiraling, like the water in a toilet of misery.

**LATONYA:** This is going to be fun. I'm going to kill Lady McDuff for this set up....

**MACBETH:** But let not my murderous temperament extinguish the possibilities of this evening. Once again, tell me your name.

**LATONYA:** Latonya Boite, spelled with an “e” on the end, and I like to make the “o” a heart or a frowny face if I feel like cutting someone that day.

**MACBETH:** Latonya Boite, of the Moray Boites.

**LATONYA:** Something like that.

**MACBETH:** “Lady Latonya Macbeth.” A name with a ring so sweet, the peal of a church bell would be put to shame. Oh, my dark heart, pierce-ed with a sunbeam most beautiful! Cans’t thee fill thy ventricles with this ray? Or shall thee remain engorged with blackness like the wardrobe of the audience of an oversold Evanescence concert. (*NOTE: Can be changed to current goth band. He grabs LATONYA’s hands in his.*) Save mine heart, fair Latonya!

**LATONYA:** Okay the Flash, let’s slow this down.

**MACBETH:** Rejected by the fair-haired Latonya!

**LATONYA:** Not rejected! Geez Louise, is everything super high stakes with you?

**MACBETH:** Not everything. Just everything that matters to mine health, mine heart and mine soul!

**LATONYA:** Awesome. Okay, let’s start small. I’ll ask you a question, and then you can ask me a question. It’s called a conversation. We can get to know each other and go from there. Cool?

**MACBETH:** As thine cucumber.

**LATONYA:** Right. Okay, first question. Why don’t people use your name? Lady McDuff said she wanted to set me up with “that Scottish play.”

**MACBETH:** I am cursed!

**LATONYA:** Of course you are.

**MACBETH:** The mere mention of my name in a theatrical setting will bring about the end of the world! Or flubbed lines and prop mishaps.

**LATONYA:** Sounds horrible. But I don’t believe in superstitions. I’ll say your name all I want. (*Wildly gesturing with the nail file.*) Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! (*The nail file flies out of her hand. We hear an “Ow!” from offstage. An ACTOR staggers in, the nail file stuck in his eye.*)

**ACTOR:** My eye! (*Staggers off.*)

**LATONYA:** Now that's weird coincidence.

**MACBETH:** Am I now to question you...now?

**LATONYA:** Yes.

**MACBETH:** If one were to suggest killing the king, would you A.) encourage the killing of the king, B.) suggest methods of killing the king, or C.) assist in the killing of the king?

**LATONYA:** What?!

**MACBETH:** My apologies. I've been unclear. Imagine you were in the position to kill the king and take his throne...

**LATONYA:** I got that part! D.) None of the above! That's horrible! (*A beat.*) And messy! (*A beat.*) Is the king mean?

**MACBETH:** I beg pardon?

**LATONYA:** Would you get to be king if you killed him?

**MACBETH:** Yes.

**LATONYA:** Let me get back to you on that one. (*Notices dirt on her hands.*) Ugh, this place is filthy! I have moor...sludge all over my hands! (*Tries to wipe her hands on her clothes to no avail.*) I'm fine. I just need to get this stuff off my hands. I'm fine, really. Just need to clean off my hands. Man, this moor sludge is tough stuff, huh?

**MACBETH:** Dost the lady require a wetnap? (*Pulls a wetnap out of his tunic.*)

**LATONYA:** Yes! (*Snatches it out of his hands and rips it open.*) Why do you have a wetnap?

**MACBETH:** I have partaken of the chicken fried in the Kentucky manner most recent. 'Tis necessary post meal.

**LATONYA:** (*Intently wiping her hands.*) You can never be too clean. Never. *Never.* Some call it obsessive-compulsive. I call it thorough...And now I have a spot on my blouse. Perfect! Thanks, stupid spot, for ruining my outfit! I wish this was the future and someone had already invented Shout Wipes or something. Lame.

**MACBETH:** (*Throws himself on the ground.*) Oh, woe!

**LATONYA:** I know, it's a really nice blouse.

**MACBETH:** To be tormented by this task! King Duncan must die for me to live!

**LATONYA:** Oh, that. Yeah, sucks to be you.

*HISTORICALLY BAD FIRST DATES*

**MACBETH:** These moors grow tiresome! I must find another place to over act and sulk! Will the lady deign to sulk with me at the local tavern?

**LATONYA:** Will there be snacks?

**MACBETH:** The tavern provides cheese, tomah-toes and savory meats in peasant dough. Tis called a pizza roll.

**LATONYA:** I'm in!

**MACBETH:** (*Hurling himself offstage.*) Oh, woe to the high sodium and transfat content of thine pizza rolls! And this tunic which conspires to make me look fat! (*Exits.*)

**LATONYA:** Awkward.... (*Exits.*)

*LIGHTS SHIFT from MACBETH and LATONYA back to DONALD et al.*

**DEBORAH:** Painfully bad!

**DONALD:** If that date was a smell, it would be a porta-potty filled with clam chowder roasting in the desert sun after being used by the contestants in a chili-eating contest.

**JENNA/ACHILLES:** Alright! We get it!

*WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE enters.*

**SHAKESPEARE:** I take offense at that!

**DONALD/DEBORAH/ JENNA / ACHILLES:** William Shakespeare!

**SHAKESPEARE:** You've twisted my words!

**DONALD:** Welcome to Hollywood.

**SHAKESPEARE:** This is (*NAME OF TOWN.*)

**DONALD:** Close enough. (*Puts his arm around SHAKESPEARE's shoulders.*) Look, Shake N Bake, we had to change your dialogue because, let's face it, your plays are super snooze fests.

**DEBORAH:** Way too long!

**SHAKESPEARE:** And what would you propose I do?

**DONALD:** Two words – more robots. Totally what the kids are into these days. Even better if they fight. (*Does robot fighting moves and noises.*)

**SHAKESPEARE:** I see.

**DONALD:** (*Leading SHAKESPEARE off.*) Think it over. I've got a really good eye for these things.

**SHAKESPEARE:** I'll keep that in mind. I bid you adieu.

**DONALD:** I bid you get out.

*SHAKESPEARE exits.*

**DEBORAH:** (*Calls off.*) A few more zombies wouldn't hurt, either.

**DONALD:** Zombies? Really?

**DEBORAH:** Really. (*To ACHILLES and JENNA*) And what did we learn from that disaster? I'll let you answer my question this time.

**ACHILLES:** Okay, well, "Mac-" (*Covers his mouth, obscuring the rest of the name.*) was actually based on another piece of literature, "Holinshed's Chronicles," which is in turn based on the real King Mac- (*Covers his mouth, obscuring the rest of the name.*), who was the king of Scotland and not at all like the character in Shakespeare's play.

**JENNA:** How do you know that? And how do I know that Lady Mac-you-know-who is based on Gruoch Ingen Boite? Am I like some genius in a coma or something?

**DONALD:** You're just a sponge for facts, soaking them up out of thin air.

**JENNA:** You know more about this than you're telling us, right?

**DONALD:** Telling you that isn't part of the plan!

**DEBORAH:** So, what lesson did you learn?

**JENNA:** Well, their conversation was all about him pushing his agenda. If you're going to suggest killing the king as a second date, at least be ready to hear your date's suggestions about how to kill the king. Or maybe ask her what she wants to do. Maybe she doesn't want to kill the king. Maybe she wants to go to Olive Garden. Basically, a date should be a two-way street, or it will end up in a dead end.

**DEBORAH:** Very good! Nice use of analogy!

**JENNA:** I'm smart!

**DEBORAH:** Don't get cocky! Let's move on!

**DONALD:** Next up – before they were the first President and First Lady of the U.S. of A., they were just two crazy kids looking for love in the colonies! George Washington and Martha Custis!

*LIGHTS SHIFT to rural Virginia. GEORGE and MARTHA enter. She carries a picnic basket. He carries the picnic blanket, which he lays out for them to sit on.*

**GEORGE:** This looks like the perfect spot here in the Province of Virginia for a picnic. Don't you agree?

**MARTHA:** It's beautiful! It was so romantic for you to suggest a picnic as our first date, and to suggest I make all the food for us. *(Laughs.)*

**GEORGE:** Well, it is 1757. A woman's place is in the kitchen! *(Laughs.)* Prepare my own food? I wouldn't have time to do important things like orchestrating our freedom from British rule and powdering my wig! But I'm sure you'll agree I was very generous in letting you plan the menu without any help from me.

**MARTHA:** Careful, I might ask to vote! *(Laughs.)* Of course, that joke will be even funnier in the future when we have our own government!

**GEORGE:** You're a progressive woman, Martha. I like that. Now, what did you prepare for our lunch?

**MARTHA:** *(Pulls food out of the picnic basket.)* Well, we're in Virginia, so I decided to make a dish that I created with Virginia ham. *(Takes out two tacos.)* I chopped the ham up, added some cheese, lettuce, tomatoes, and sour cream. I serve them in these corn shells.

**GEORGE:** *(Takes a bite.)* These are delicious! What are they called?

**MARTHA:** I call them "tacos."

**GEORGE:** You are a culinary genius! One day history books will teach children the story of Martha Washington, inventor of the taco!

**MARTHA:** Here, you can wash them down with this drink I invented called the "Martharita." *(Pulls a frozen drink out of the basket.)*

**GEORGE:** What an ingenious concoction!

**MARTHA:** These will be much easier to make when electricity is invented.

**GEORGE:** And for dessert?

**MARTHA:** I'm a big fan of pastries, so I made a good ol', soon-to-be-American-once-we-decide-on-the-name-America-for-our-country cherry pie! (*Takes cherry pie out of basket.*)

**GEORGE:** (*Recoils in horror.*) Cherry pie?!

*FLASHBACK LIGHTS and MUSIC. AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON, aka GEORGE's father, appears holding a branch of a cherry tree.*

**AUGUSTINE:** Who chopped down our cherry tree?! Who could have perpetuated this heinous crime?! Our family counted on this tree for shade in the heat of the summer! With our rare skin disease, the sun is deadly to our family!

*MARY WASHINGTON, GEORGE's mother, enters, distraught.*

**MARY:** This tree was the only source of cherries I use for the pies I bake for the orphanage. Now the orphans will starve!!!

*ORPHAN enters, starving.*

**ORPHAN:** All I need is one cherry to save me from starving to death—  
(*Dies.*)

**MARY:** Noooo!

**AUGUSTINE:** Who is the culprit?! Who?!

*SCIENTIST FROM THE FUTURE enters, distraught.*

**SCIENTIST:** I'm a scientist from the future. I used this tree as my basis for eliminating every disease known to man, and inventing time travel! Now I don't exist! Enjoy diverticulitis!

**AUGUSTINE:** Who would have done this horrible deed?!

**GEORGE:** I did it! I cannot tell a lie!

**AUGUSTINE/MARY/SCIENTIST/ORPHAN:** (*Unison.*) You ruined everything!!

*LIGHTS and SOUND restore to rural Virginia.*

**GEORGE:** I did it! It was me! I cannot tell a lie.

HISTORICALLY BAD FIRST DATES

**MARTHA:** What are you talking about? Who are you talking to?

**GEORGE:** Oh, nothing. Let's have some pie.

**MARTHA:** (*Serves pie.*) Here. How does it taste.

**GEORGE:** (*Chewing bite, struggling to lie.*) It's...delicious in a...

*FLASHBACK LIGHTS and SOUND. AUGUSTINE enters.*

**AUGUSTINE:** Tell her the truth! Tell her the truth about the pie! The future of the entire soon-to-be-called United States of America depends on whether or not you tell the truth! Tell her!

*LIGHTS RESTORE to rural Virginia.*

**GEORGE:** I cannot tell a lie! It tastes horrible! It tastes like murder in a crust!

**MARTHA:** Why, I never!

**GEORGE:** That may have been too harsh. I meant more like...assault in a crust.

**MARTHA:** I'm leaving!

**GEORGE:** No, please, stay! I just have this thing about lying. It's impossible for me to lie. But isn't that the way it should be? Shouldn't we always be truthful?

**MARTHA:** I don't know...

**GEORGE:** I told you your pie was terrible for the greater good.

**MARTHA:** (*Considers this.*) Hmm, well, alright. I guess that makes sense in a weird way.

**GEORGE:** So let's just continue enjoying our picnic.

**MARTHA:** Yes, let's. Oh, how do you like my ensemble (*ahn-SAWM-bluh*)? That's French for (*Pronounced correctly.*) ensemble.

**GEORGE:** Well, um....

*FLASHBACK LIGHTS and SOUND. MARY enters.*

**MARY:** Tell her the truth! Don't lie, George! You cannot tell a lie! If you lie to her, you will be the most horrible, terrible, awful, wretched, despicable, detestable, loathsome, snake-in-the-grass, traitorous jerk that has ever lived!

*LIGHTS RESTORE to rural Virginia.*

**GEORGE:** I cannot tell a lie! Your clothes make you look like Mrs. Butterworth! She's an advertising character that sells syrup that hasn't been invented yet! But history will reflect upon this moment and say yes, you look like a fat bottle of syrup!

**MARTHA:** Well, I never! (*Exits.*)

**GEORGE:** You said that before! Was that a lie? (*Exits after her.*)

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