

TABLE FOR THREE

By Carl L. Williams

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A Ten Minute Skit

By Carl L. Williams

SYNOPSIS: A timid man dining alone at a restaurant becomes alarmed when a frightened woman joins him, seeking protection from her jealous husband, who suspects her of being unfaithful. How can he protect his dignity, his health, and possession of his table from these intruders, when all he wants is to have a peaceful dinner?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 2 males)

BEEKER (m)A meek single man (*37 lines*)
JENNIFER (f)An attractive stranger (*48 lines*)
ROY (m)Her tough-acting husband (*38 lines*)

SETTING: Restaurant patio. One table and chairs.

TIME: Evening

PROPS

- Menu
- Optional table settings

PRODUCTION NOTES

This play can be produced on a simple set on any kind of stage.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

Table for Three was first performed by Over Our Head Players in Racine, WI in 2005 at the Sixth Street Theatres Snowdance 10-Minute Play Festival where it won second place!

AT RISE: *BEEKER is seated by himself, looking at a menu. JENNIFER enters, glances behind her nervously, looks around, sees BEEKER and comes over.*

JENNIFER: *(Agitated.)* Excuse me...would you mind if I join you?
(Sits down.)

BEEKER: What? Wait...I don't know.

JENNIFER: Just for a moment. Please.

BEEKER: Who are you?

JENNIFER: My name is Jennifer, and I'm in terrible trouble. *(Looks around fearfully.)*

BEEKER: What kind of trouble?

JENNIFER: I was supposed to meet someone here tonight...a man.
But my husband found out about it.

BEEKER: Your husband?

JENNIFER: He followed me here. Luckily, I was able to reach my friend on his cell phone and warn him away.

BEEKER: Look, I really don't understand—

JENNIFER: My husband is horribly jealous. There's no telling what he might do if he caught me with another man.

BEEKER: *(Alarmed.)* So you sat here?

JENNIFER: Roy has a furious temper, and I'm really afraid of him.
You'll protect me, won't you?

BEEKER: Me?

JENNIFER: Maybe he won't see us out here on the patio. The restaurant is so crowded inside.

BEEKER: Now listen here, you better get up and leave before he--

JENNIFER: Too late.

ROY enters, looks around angrily. JENNIFER tries to hide her face, but ROY spots her and strides over.

Oh, no--here he comes.

ROY: There you are!

JENNIFER: Roy!

ROY: I knew you were cheating on me.

JENNIFER: It's not what you think.

BEEKER: No, it's not what you think.

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ROY: Shut up, you little creep.

BEEKER: Creep! See here!

ROY: I can't believe you're two-timing me with him.

JENNIFER: If you'd let me explain--

ROY: All the years we've been together, and it comes to this. How could you do this to me?

JENNIFER: I didn't want to, Roy. But you haven't been giving me what I need the most. Affection.

ROY: And he has?

BEEKER: No, I haven't! I don't even know her.

ROY: What a weasel. I wondered who it was I'd find you with. What's your name, weasel?

BEEKER: My name is Beeker, and I've never seen this woman before in my life.

JENNIFER: Oh, Beeker darling, how can you say that? After all we've meant to each other?

BEEKER: What?! You don't mean anything to me.

ROY: You're not just a weasel, you're a rat.

BEEKER: I won't sit here and be talked to like that.

ROY: Then why don't you get out of here? While you still can.

JENNIFER: Maybe it would be better.

BEEKER: I'm not leaving! I haven't even ordered yet. You're the ones who are leaving!

JENNIFER: Now, Beeker, don't make a scene.

BEEKER: (*Looks around.*) Waiter! Where's that waiter?

JENNIFER: Service here was always slow.

ROY: So you've been here before! With him, or somebody else?

JENNIFER: Beeker's the first. Honest.

BEEKER: I'm the--? Waiter!

ROY: Calling the waiter won't do you any good. Not when I get through with you.

JENNIFER: Please, Roy--don't. Not his fingers.

BEEKER: My fingers?

JENNIFER: Roy does fingers for the people he works for.

ROY: When somebody doesn't pay up. (*Squeezes one hand with the other.*)

BEEKER: You mean you're a--you're a--

ROY: I'm a what?

BEEKER: I don't know!

JENNIFER: He hurts people for a living.

ROY: And those guys weren't messing with my wife.

BEEKER: I'm not messing with anybody!

ROY: It's always the quiet ones. But you won't be quiet much longer. *(Steps closer.)*

BEEKER: Don't you come near me!

JENNIFER: *(Jumps between them.)* I won't let you hurt him.

ROY: Move away, Jennifer.

JENNIFER: Not while you're this angry.

ROY: You don't think I have a right to be angry?

JENNIFER: It's not about rights. It's about the way we feel.

ROY: I feel angry!

JENNIFER: You can't blame us for falling in love.

BEEKER: We're not in love!

ROY: You'll get over him when he's gone.

BEEKER: There are laws, you know! What you're doing is wrong.

ROY: I never let that stop me. Just like it didn't stop the two of you.

JENNIFER: You're right. We shouldn't have given in to our emotions.

BEEKER: I never gave in!

ROY: You're my wife, Jennifer. Doesn't that mean anything?

JENNIFER: Of course it does. But I didn't know if it still meant anything to you.

ROY: I wouldn't be here if it didn't.

JENNIFER: Beeker, dear...perhaps we've been acting foolishly. We were too rash, too impetuous in our passion.

BEEKER: What passion? There's no passion!

JENNIFER: All those mad nights of love-making...lying in each other's arms...giving our bodies to each other...hour, after hour, after hour.

ROY: I can't take this. I just gotta break something.

ROY moves forward. BEEKER sticks his hands deep in his armpits.

BEEKER: No!

JENNIFER: Wait. Breaking things isn't the answer.

ROY: Oh, no? Then why did you break my heart?

TABLE FOR THREE

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