

# SWIPE

## By Greg Atkins

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**SYNOPSIS:** A humorous look at the modern world of dating. Ten couples play out their first date after meeting virtually, where a swipe can be the beginning or end of a relationship.

**DURATION:** 20 minutes.

**SETTING:** A café table.

**TIME:** Present.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(2-10 females, 2-10 males)*

MALE #1-10 (m) .....Dating age. *(107 lines)*

FEMALE #1-10 (f) .....Dating age. *(107 lines)*

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** This is written as a two-character play with the actors doing quick costume changes to differentiate characters. If so desired, it could be done with 2-20 actors: multi-generational, mix-up the genders, etc. Your choice. The music can be either a song, background music or ambient noise.

*SWIPE is part of the Full-Length work*

*NINE-TENTHS by Greg Atkins.*

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## SCENE 1

**AT START:** *Music. The lights come up on a café table with two chairs. In the SR chair is FEMALE #1. She has her hair in a ponytail, a pullover sweater, leggings, and Uggs. She wears glasses, carries an umbrella and holds a Starbucks cup. MALE #1 is wearing a hoodie with the hood up over his head, sweat pants, and sandals. He has his own Starbucks cup. He crosses to the table from SL.*

**MALE #1:** *(Sliding into the SL chair.)* Thanks for meeting me.

**FEMALE #1:** No problem.

**MALE #1:** The weather has been crazy lately. *(Throws back his hood.)*

**FEMALE #1:** Honestly, I almost didn't come.

**MALE #1:** I wouldn't have blamed you. It's a friggin' monsoon out there.

**FEMALE #1:** Yeah, but I really wanted a mocha.

**MALE #1:** Yeah.

**FEMALE #1:** *(Quickly.)* And to meet you.

**MALE #1:** *(A beat. He looks at his phone.)* You use this app much?

**FEMALE #1:** Not really. I just downloaded it. My roommate found her boyfriend on it, so I thought... what the heck?

**MALE #1:** Yeah, that makes sense.

**FEMALE #1:** You?

**MALE #1:** I saw a BuzzFeed article on it.

**FEMALE #1:** Oh, you like to read?

**MALE #1:** Yeah.

**FEMALE #1:** *(Finally a connection.)* Me too! I'm reading Anna Karenina again. What are you reading?

**MALE #1:** Um... BuzzFeed.

**FEMALE #1:** No, I mean books.

**MALE #1:** Um... I read one of the Harry Potters.

**FEMALE #1:** Those are great.

**MALE #1:** When I was, like eleven. But it wasn't the first one, so I was sorta lost. It was the goblet of something.

**FEMALE #1:** *The Goblet of Fire.*

**MALE #1:** Yeah, that's it.

**FEMALE #1:** That was the fourth book. No wonder you were lost.

**MALE #1:** Yeah, and when I saw the movies I missed the first couple, so they were out of order too. That was crazy confusing.

**FEMALE #1:** I love reading.

**MALE #1:** (*Putting his phone away.*) To be honest, I'm not really a big reader.

**FEMALE #1:** (*She tried. She stands.*) You know, thanks for the drink, but I'm missing a perfectly good rainy evening on the couch with a book and this mocha.

**MALE #1:** I could join...

**FEMALE #1:** (*Nipping it in the bud.*) As you are no doubt aware, reading is sort of a one person activity.

*MALE #1 stands and he moves off R as FEMALE #1 moves off L.*

**MALE #1:** Wanna see each other again?

**FEMALE #1:** (*Optimistically.*) Does Hermione end up with Harry?  
(*Exits L with her Starbucks cup.*)

**MALE #1:** (*A beat... then as he exits R with his Starbucks cup.*) I got no idea.

*Light change. Music.*

## SCENE 2

*FEMALE #2 and MALE #2 enter from either side of the stage and sit. She is in sandals, a long wrap skirt and a leotard-style top. He is in shorts, t-shirt and slip-on shoes without socks. FEMALE #2 reaches under the table and sets a half-eaten plate of nachos on the table. MALE #2 brings with him two glasses of wine... his red... hers white. He sits. Lights up. Picking up mid-conversation:*

**MALE #2:** (*Taken aback.*) I never thought of myself as damaged after my divorce.

**FEMALE #2:** I didn't mean damaged. I am so sorry. That was a bad choice of words.

**MALE #2:** Yeah, damaged was a bit harsh.

**FEMALE #2:** Like I said... bad word choice. I should have said "hurt."

**MALE #2:** Yeah, hurt's better.

**FEMALE #2:** Yes, it makes more sense.

**MALE #2:** I'll tell you what I wasn't going to do, I wasn't going to give Carly the satisfaction.

**FEMALE #2:** Carly? That's your ex?

**MALE #2:** Yes.

**FEMALE #2:** Right. No, I can see that.

**MALE #2:** I am a survivor.

**FEMALE #2:** *(Caught by surprise.)* Really? You see yourself as a survivor?

**MALE #2:** Yes. Like those people after Katrina or the Puerto Rican thing.

**FEMALE #2:** Those were people that survived natural disasters.

**MALE #2:** You're right. *(Laughs.)* What am I thinking? My divorce was more like an unnatural disaster. Like bee colony collapse or a zombie apocalypse. But I'm totally over it now. *(Looking over at FEMALE #2 a bit uncomfortably.)* Carly liked white wine too.

*MALE #2 gets up and crosses off SR with his wine glass. Light change. Music.*

### SCENE 3

*FEMALE #2 puts the nachos and her wine glass under the table and makes the costume change into FEMALE #3 by putting on a down jacket that she takes from under the table. She then takes out her iPhone and the glow of the phone illuminates her face as she texts. MALE #3 enters from SL. He is wearing a Boston Red Sox t-shirt and Red Sox ball cap. He is carrying two bottles of Samuel Smith beer. He sets them on the table. Lights up.*

**MALE #3:** You cold?

**FEMALE #3:** No. No, I'm okay. It's feels good. *(Putting her phone down.)* Thanks for the beer, Mark.

**MALE #3:** Wayne.

**FEMALE #3:** Right! Wayne. Sorry. It's just that you look so much like my ex, Mark. *(Pointing to MALE #3'S hat and shirt.)* He was a Red Sox fan too.

**MALE #3:** Hard not to be here in Boston.

**FEMALE #3:** So true.

**MALE #3:** You?

**FEMALE #3:** Me what?

**MALE #3:** You a Sox fan?

**FEMALE #3:** Not really. Well, I guess a bit. I saw a lot of games, especially when he had his friends over. I'd play hostess. Make sandwiches and wings and brownies and stuff.

**MALE #3:** Wow. He was a lucky guy.

**FEMALE #3:** Yeah, it was sort of fun. So what do you do?

**MALE #3:** I'm a professional gambler.

**FEMALE #3:** Really?

**MALE #3:** Yeah, I bet on sportsbook. Do pretty good. *(Proudly.)* Made more than my old man last year.

**FEMALE #3:** That's amazing.

**MALE #3:** And he's in the union.

**FEMALE #3:** Does your mom work?

**MALE #3:** She passed.

**FEMALE #3:** Oh, I'm so sorry.

**MALE #3:** It's no big deal.

**FEMALE #3:** It is. *(Touching MALE #3'S hand.)* It is a big deal, Mark.

**MALE #3:** Wayne.

**FEMALE #3:** Darn it. I do that all the time.

**MALE #3:** Yeah, I get it. My dad still calls my sister by my mom's name sometimes. They were together for 33 years. How long were you with this guy Mark?

**FEMALE #3:** *(Thinking back.)* Five... almost six... weeks. *(And she is up and crossing off SL.)*

*MALE #3 takes a swig of his beer and belches. He exits SR as the lights change. Music.*

**SCENE 4**

*FEMALE #4 enters wearing jeans, a woman's jacket and holding a chimney glass of cola with a straw. She stands DSL of the table. MALE #4 walks in SR with a fancy cocktail in his hand... tiki glass with a pineapple slice, cherry, paper umbrella. He's sipping from a straw and wearing jeans, Hawaiian shirt and a hat that has long hair coming out of it. Sunglasses complete the look. Halfway to the chair FEMALE #4 sees him and his obnoxious drink. He lowers the sunglasses and winks at her.*

**FEMALE #4:** Oh, no! No, no no! *(Shaking her head.)* Uh, uh. No.

*MALE #4, surprised, suddenly reverses direction and heads back offstage... all the while sipping his Mai Tai. Light change. Music.*

**SCENE 5**

*FEMALE #4 takes off her jacket and throws it offstage, takes her hair out of the ponytail, shakes it out and throws her head back. A shawl is tossed to her and she puts it over her shoulders becoming FEMALE #5. MALE #5 enters in jeans, slip on shoes and t-shirt. FEMALE #5 brings out a small tray from under the table with two shots of Tequila and four upside down empty shot glasses. They are getting along great... picking up mid-conversation:*

**FEMALE #5:** So, let's go with... favorite movie?

**MALE #5:** Come on, you have to narrow it down to a genre.

**FEMALE #5:** Okay. Comedy.

**MALE #5:** Easy. Animal House for old school. Anchorman for all time.

**FEMALE #5:** Solid picks. *(Takes her shot.)*

**MALE #5:** Okay. You go. Genre: Action/Adventure.

**FEMALE #5:** Straight action? Including super heroes?

**MALE #5:** No super heroes.

**FEMALE #5:** Damn. Okay. I'd have gone with Captain America.

**MALE #5:** *(Admonishing her.)* Ah, ah, ah. No freebies, stick with the genre.

**FEMALE #5:** Okay! *(Good naturedly.)* You are a bit bossy.

**MALE #5:** Answer the question.

**FEMALE #5:** Die Hard. No wait! Casino Royale!

**MALE #5:** There is no Bond other than Sean Connery.

**FEMALE #5:** You could not be more wrong. He was misogyny with a martini.

**MALE #5:** And let's go back to Die Hard. Action film or feel good Christmas movie?

**FEMALE #5:** You did not just say that Die Hard is a Christmas movie!

**MALE #5:** Yes I did and I have evidence to support that. *(Picks up his shot glass, but he is up and begins to move off SR. He suddenly realizes what's happening and sets his shot down on the table.)* Really? That's why you don't want to see me again?

**FEMALE #5:** A girl has to have standards!

**MALE #5:** Over Die Hard?! *(He is off.)*

**FEMALE #5:** It's a movie that happens at Christmas, not a Christmas movie.

**MALE #5:** *(Pops his head in from offstage.)* You're crazy!

**FEMALE #5:** *(Toasting him.)* Yippy-ki-yay. *(MALE #5 is yanked offstage.)*

*FEMALE #5 does his shot. Light change. Music.*

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