

THE LAST WALTZ  
By Alan O'Hashi  
For the Hitching Post Theater  
November 14, 2011

Writer's Notes: This play is written to rely totally on acting with NO dialogue. One of the actors has laryngitis and can't speak. I couldn't write this with one person carrying all the dialogue. I also couldn't put the audience through seven to 10 minutes of a monologue or a contrivance based on a game of charades. I hope you are up to the fun and challenge of telling a story only through visuals and action.

Actors: Erica Young  
Dawn Bower

Props: Bistro Table set with 2-chairs, 2-filled wine glasses, menu, flower in the center, candle and lighter; coat tree; checkbook, 1-cell phone and 1-smartphone; umbrella

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

OPTIONAL MUSIC FADES IN:

Select instrumental music that can be the "soundtrack" for the production. There is no dialogue and thus a need for some audio.

INT: QUAIN T BISTRO DURING A RAIN STORM — DAY

Lightning FLASHES, thunder CRACKS and rain FALLS.

ERICA, composed, professional, wearing a professional hat (whatever that is) and an umbrella enters the

BISTRO

Erica confidently removes her wrap, closes her umbrella and hangs them on the coat rack.

She looks around, waiting to be seated. She looks at her cell phone to check the time.

She waits a few more moments then impatiently checks her watch. She rolls her eyes as she waits.

She looks around decides to sit down at the bistro

#### TABLE

set for two, including two filled WINE GLASSES. There is a MENU, FLOWER and CANDLE on the table.

Erica leans down to sniff the flower. She muses and smiles and sits back in deep thought.

Her smile soon becomes more remorseful.

DAWN, drenched, wearing a baseball cap and a little more unkempt scurries in the door out of breath and a bit frazzled and enters the

#### BISTRO

Her coat is wet. She takes off her coat, shakes off the water and misses the hook, picks up her coat and eventually hangs it up.

After finally getting a bit composed, Dawn looks around and spies Erica sitting at the table. She takes a deep breath, waits a moment.

She turns to leave, grabbing for her coat, then composes herself and turns back and slowly meanders back towards the

#### TABLE

Dawn gives a nervous grin, but doesn't sit down, waiting for Erica to motion for her to sit.

ERICA pushes the chair out from the table with her foot inviting Dawn to join her.

Both women sit nervously and stare away from each other into the empty bistro.

The body language of the two women is cold, crossed arms, crossed legs, slightly facing away from each other.

Erica's facial expression changes. She slowly loses composure and begins to silently cry.

Dawn continues her stoic stare into the room. She pulls out her iPhone and checks email, texts, etc.

Erica composes herself. Dawn is still unmoved.

Erica picks up a menu and sets it by Dawn.

Dawn reacts. She puts her phone back into her pocket, stands up, takes a quick sip of wine, makes a motion to slam her glass down, but has second thoughts about that and gingerly places it back on the table.

She crosses in front of Erica and heads for the

DOOR

Erica sits at the table alone and forlorn. Erica gets out a pen and check book and starts to go through it.

Dawn grabs her coat and then turns towards Erica. She looks toward Erica and begins to cry. She heads toward the door and stops.

She turns back, composes herself and walks back to the

TABLE

Erica sits, still busy balancing her checkbook.

Dawn tries to get Erica's attention by emoting the soft shoe. Erica is not impressed.

Dawn dances her way in front of Erica, still no reaction.

Dawn gives up. She moves behind Erica. She makes a move to put her hand on her shoulder to comfort her, but backs off.

Dawn nervously decides to put her hand on Erica's shoulder and is rebuffed. Erica gives a shrug and Dawn turns away.

Erica rises, still with her back to Dawn.

Erica scratches her head and sighs as she takes a couple steps away. She turns to look at Dawn.

Dawn now stands with a disappointed look.

Erica moves behind Dawn and touches her shoulder.

Dawn turns and both look into each other's eyes lost in their ill feelings, then realize their differences are ridiculous.

They both smile and share a hug that transforms into the two WALTZING around the bistro and making their way back to the

TABLE

The two sit down.

Erica picks up a MENU and peruses it.

Dawn takes off her baseball cap and grabs Erica's professional hat and puts the ball cap on Erica and the pro hat on her own head.

The thunder CRACKS and the lights go down and the MUSIC STOPS.

Erica lights the CANDLE with the LIGHTER on the table.

Meanwhile, Dawn pulls her iPhone from her pocket and turns it on, punches some buttons on the screen and plays some other sort of MUSIC.

The two share a laugh, mime conversation. They pick up their wine glasses and "clink" them together.

FREEZE FRAME:

MUSIC FADES OUT:

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END