

**Fruitless**

a one-act play  
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Dramatists Guild Member

*Character Breakdown (1F, 1 Watermelon):*

*Woman (F, 40+)*

*Watermelon (M, indeterminate age, but definitely ripe)*

*Setting is a table at an upscale restaurant with two chairs, present. In front of one chair is an unadorned watermelon.*

*Synopsis: A woman shows up to a dating app date to find her prospective partner is a rather quiet watermelon.*

*A table at an upscale restaurant with two chairs. In front of one of the chairs is an unadorned WATERMELON. A WOMAN enters, sees the watermelon with a look of relief, and takes the seat across from it.*

WOMAN

You must be Trevor. Hi. I'm Milley, it's so nice to meet you in person. I have to say I'm relieved, so many guys look nothing like their profile pics and you look exactly like yours. Thank you for being honest, I appreciate it. You don't see much of that anymore.

Oh look, you ordered drinks! Aw, strawberry daiquiri, you listened! I was married for six years and my ex never once remembered my drink. Not once. And how hard is it to remember a strawberry daiquiri? You're starting off on the right foot, buddy boy!

*She takes a sip.*

You're clean-shaven, I like that. My ex had this scraggly beard that itched whenever he came near me. I begged him to shave it. Literally begged him. He said he felt "naked" without it, but I found out later the bitch he was cheating on me with wanted him to keep it. When I think of all the rashes I got on my neck because of that mook, when all the time...I know, I know, TMI! No one wants to hear about someone else's ex! Thank you for your patience. That's it, no more ex talk. I'm done with him and I'm done talking about him. I just appreciate a well-shaven face. Nothing to hide.

So, I saw you're an OBGYN! I promise not to get jealous. Not that I plan on...not that we'll...I mean, I'm not saying we won't...oh my God, let me start over. Hi, I'm Milley, nice to meet you, I prattle along and get myself in too deep. Which as an OBGYN, I'm sure you understand! Sorry. Bad joke. I'm just a little nervous. No matter how many dates you go on, meeting a new person is still...(she makes a mind-blowing gesture) I'm in banking myself.

WOMAN (con't)

That sounds so self important, "I'm in banking!" I'm a Private Client Banker, so I help people one-on-one with their portfolios, retirement planning, wealth management. I know, exciting stuff, right? But it's a good living. I don't want for anything. Which is a far cry from how I grew up, you know, living hand-to-mouth, moving all the time, wearing someone else's worn out clothes. Not having enough for food. It gives you a really messed up relationship with money, and security...I know, I know, save it for your therapist! What I'm saying is, it's good for you that you're a doctor. It's a very noble and lucrative profession. I have serviced *plenty* of doctors in my time. Oh my God! *(she buries her face in her hands)* What I mean to say is...many of my clients...banking clients...happen to be medical professionals. There, that wasn't so hard, was it? I managed not to sound like a prostitute! *(to waiter)* Can I get another daiquiri over here!

*She takes another drink.*

So, as the saying goes..."Enough about me, what's your story?" Trevor. I saw in your profile that you're divorced too. That must have been tough with kids in the picture. I can only imagine. I understand if you don't want to talk about it. My divorce was a nightmare, and we didn't even have kids. Not that I didn't want them, it just...never seemed like the right time, you know? We were never "grounded" enough, it seemed. And in the end, thank goodness we didn't because what a mess that would have been. But divorce, it's...it's shattering, isn't it? No matter who's at fault, it still seems like a big old failure. Like you couldn't pass some test for being a grown up. *(beat)* That is too sad! This is supposed to be a fun night out, meeting someone new, sharing likes and dislikes. Seeing if there's any spark there.

You know, I was on a date recently and I just thought, "Let me reach out and hold his hand, just to see what it feels like." So I did. And the guys says, "Okay, we're doing that?" I mean, can you imagine. I felt so...foolish. But I kept holding his hand, because even though he was being...whatever he was being...I was trying to be me. And he just kept his hand there like a cold

WOMAN (con't)

fish and let me keep holding it, until I excused myself so I could go in the bathroom and cry. And P.S., at the end of the date he still wanted me to sleep with him. Holding hands is too intimate for him, but having sex is hunky dory! I'm sure you have your horror stories too. This whole online scene is just brutal, we're making decisions based on a three-line biographical sketch and a few filtered photos. But what else can you do? The bar scene is abysmal, and the clubs are for kids. I don't have the time or inclination to...I don't know...join a bowling league, or take a painting class. I mean I would if I was doing it with a partner, but to just sign up...I might as well be wearing a flashing neon sign saying, "Single! Single! Please date me!" Is there anything less attractive than desperation? I think that's why I liked your profile. It's understated. Just one picture, like, "Here I am, take it or leave it!" It's refreshing. *(leaning forward)* You're refreshing.

*She begins to reach out her hand  
but thinks better of it.*

I know I'm supposed to be coy, and whatever...mysterious. But you know what? I lived too friggin' long to play that game anymore. Life is too short. So let's dispense with the awkward back and forth and just put it all out there. I don't know you and I don't pretend to know you, but I find you attractive and a *fantastic* listener, and I just...I just feel like...I want to reach out my hand to you. And if you take it, there's no promise implied, no commitment, no expectation, no manipulation, just one human hand reaching out to grasp another human hand. Because it feels better than being alone. So I'm going to do it, I'm going to reach out to you. *(beat)* As soon as I can summon the courage. *(beat)* Any minute now.

*Woman takes another drink and  
resolves to hold out her hand.  
There is a long pause before...*

BLACKOUT  
END OF PLAY