

FIRST FIVE

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Adapted by Lisa Cameron
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(On the stage is a table, six chairs (3 on one side of the stage, 3 on the other side of the stage), a box with a tablecloth, silverware for 6 settings, 6 placemats, 6 water glasses, and 6 small candles (optional). There is also a loaf of bread. Throughout the scene ACTORS set the table with these items and speak directly to the audience.)

ACTOR ONE

You've seen it on the back of magazines.
You've thought about it yourself.
Probably.

ACTOR TWO

That question.

ACTOR ONE

If you could have anyone to dinner, who would you invite?
What five people would you invite to dinner, if you could?
The list is always interesting.

ACTOR TWO

Spectacular people.
Life changing inspiring people.
Against all odds, full of wisdom, truth, and insight.

ACTOR ONE

Remarkable people.

ACTOR TWO

Oprah Winfrey. Malala. Martin Luther King Jr. Gandhi. Beyoncé. And her twins.

ACTOR ONE

Who would be your first five?
Who would make it to your list? To your table?

ACTOR TWO

People who could change your life by a mere conversation.
At least that is what we hope.

ACTOR ONE

An evening at dinner with one of these persons could open up your mind, teach your soul, and touch your heart.

ACTOR TWO

But what about that table being occupied by five very different guests?
What if we ask a different question?
What if we entertained a radical and unconventional approach to our dinner party?

ACTOR ONE

What five people do you NOT want to invite for dinner?
Who are the people you don't want to your table?
The last five people on the planet...

ACTOR TWO

Now the first five people to the table. Who would they be?
Who are the five people you never want to serve at your table?

ACTOR ONE

Is there a place for me?
At your table?
Both: Is there a bowl?
A spoon?
A knife?
A fork?

ACTOR ONE

Is there a place for me?
At your table?
Because I'm white.

ACTOR TWO

I'm black.
I'm sick.
I'm poor.

ACTOR ONE

I don't speak your language. I hate your politics.

ACTOR TWO

I love your table, though.

ACTOR ONE

I'm old.

ACTOR TWO

I'm young.

I'm fat. ACTOR ONE

I'm skinny. ACTOR TWO

I'm hungry and thirsty and tired and fine. ACTOR ONE

I'm fine. BOTH

I don't like your food. ACTOR TWO

I don't like what you're serving in your bowls and cups. ACTOR ONE

But I do like to eat. ACTOR TWO

What if I eat all the chocolate chip cookies? ACTOR ONE

What if I burp? BOTH

And laugh afterwards. ACTOR TWO

You say I can't do it.
You laugh when I try to talk.
I don't want to cook for you.
I don't want to serve you.
My best. ACTOR ONE

My best food, desserts, recipes.
Hot apple pie straight from the oven, mom's famous chicken-etti, grilled vegetables
right out of my garden. ACTOR TWO

I would rather see you go hungry. Than feed you. ACTOR ONE

ACTOR TWO

You say I'm not smart enough.
Never going to amount to anything.
Never going to be anything.

ACTOR ONE

Why would I invite you to my table?

ACTOR TWO

Is there a place for me?
At your table?

BOTH

Is there a bowl?
A spoon?
A knife?
A fork?

ACTOR ONE

Is there a place for me?
At your table?

ACTOR TWO

You lied to me.
You made promises to me that you broke.
Promises of love and commitment -

ACTOR ONE

Promises of trust and hope and futures.
Promises to be more than you were.

Both: In the name of love.
In the name of us.

ACTOR TWO

In the name of hope.

BOTH

You broke.

ACTOR ONE

You broke all those promises.
You cracked and smashed all my dreams.

BOTH

You broke me.

ACTOR TWO

I was broken.

(PAUSE)

ACTOR ONE

Not anymore.

ACTOR TWO

I glued those pieces back together. One by one.
Barely holding on.

ACTOR ONE

But I did.

ACTOR TWO

And now, how can I invite you to the table?
Why would I be so crazy?

ACTOR ONE

Why would I want to see you again?
Remind myself of what you did to me?

ACTOR TWO

No, no I'm going to give you a glass of water no matter how thirsty you are.

ACTOR ONE

I'm not going to give you a bowl of rice no matter how hungry you are.

ACTOR TWO

I'm not going to. I'm not.

BOTH

I'm not.

ACTOR ONE

I'm not like you.
I'm different.
I make you mad.

ACTOR TWO

I make you sad.
I make you cry.
I make you laugh.

At your table?
ACTOR ONE

You believe women can't do this.
You believe they can't do that.
ACTOR TWO

You believe in war
And capital punishment
And violence
ACTOR ONE

You believe in higher taxes
In all the things I can't tolerate.
ACTOR TWO

You have a closed mind.
BOTH

And mine has been opened and expanded.
ACTOR ONE

I can't listen to your talk.
BOTH

You tell sexist jokes and make fun of anyone who is not like you.
ACTOR TWO

I can't even talk to you.
ACTOR ONE

Or breathe the same air as you.
I can't feed you.
BOTH

You feed on my weaknesses and fight
Below the belt.
ACTOR TWO

And I can't keep up with you.
BOTH

Nor do I want to.
ACTOR ONE

BOTH

You're not invited.

ACTOR TWO

I don't want you here -
In my house, in my life, at my table.

ACTOR ONE

You're scared.
You're scared that I'll say it.
Talk about it.

ACTOR TWO

The thing you don't want to talk about at the dinner table.
The thing we can't say.

ACTOR ONE

The elephant
In the middle of the room

ACTOR TWO

In the middle of the table.

BOTH

You don't say anything.

(PAUSE)

ACTOR TWO

You don't do anything.

(PAUSE)

BOTH

You give me nothing.

ACTOR ONE

But looks of disapproval and annoyance and deadly silence.
If you came to dinner, there would be no words.

BOTH

No laughter.

ACTOR TWO

No tears.

BOTH

Nothing.

ACTOR ONE

I waste time at the stove
Dicing vegetables
Kneading bread
Grinding fresh coffee.

ACTOR TWO

Why won't you answer me?
Why are you so quiet?

ACTOR ONE

Why do you make me feel so guilty?

BOTH

I didn't mean to hurt you.

(PAUSE)

ACTOR TWO

You hurt me now
Much more by your silence.

BOTH

I can't invite you.

ACTOR TWO

Is there a place for me?
At your table?

ACTOR ONE

I don't want your food.

ACTOR TWO

Or your cookies.

ACTOR ONE

Your three bean salad or your seven layer dip.

BOTH

I don't want your pity.

ACTOR ONE

Your hospitality. Your kindness.

I want your friendship. ACTOR TWO

Your ears.
Your eyes.
Your heart. BOTH

Can I have that?
For dinner? ACTOR ONE

Can you sit? ACTOR TWO

Can you listen? ACTOR ONE

Can you forgive me? BOTH

Did you say something? ACTOR TWO

How can I make room at my table? ACTOR ONE

Is there a place for me? ACTOR TWO

How can I forgive you? ACTOR ONE

At your table? Is there a place for me? ACTOR TWO

How can I feed you?
My heart isn't big enough.
My love isn't wide, deep enough. ACTOR ONE

Is there a place for me? ACTOR TWO

To forgive you. ACTOR ONE

A spoon? ACTOR TWO

To love you. ACTOR ONE

A fork? ACTOR TWO

To feed you. ACTOR ONE

A bowl? ACTOR TWO

(PAUSE)

But you can come. ACTOR ONE

Is there a place for me? ACTOR TWO

I'll invite you. ACTOR ONE

RSVP please. (Thinks about it.)

At your table? ACTOR TWO

I hope you won't come ACTOR ONE

A place? ACTOR TWO

But in case you do... ACTOR ONE

For me. ACTOR TWO

There is a place for you. ACTOR ONE

BOTH

A bowl
A spoon
A fork.
A place.

ACTOR ONE

A place.

ACTOR TWO

Until we love as crazy as wildly and senselessly as Jesus loved, we will never know
or begin to understand what he told us.

About love.

About forgiveness

About invitations.

ACTOR ONE

Make your list. Tell the truth.

Let them be the first five.

The first five at your table.

ACTOR TWO

Make room.

Get ready.

The first five could change your life.

Your heart.

You.

END