

# LUNCH

**A Comedy in One Act**

by Burton Bumgarner

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### **STORY OF THE PLAY**

For some, high school is the place where the war of popularity is waged. While the halls and classrooms are sites for small skirmishes, the lunchroom is the field upon which major battles are fought. At least, that is the way it feels to George and Dana. They had high hopes for their high school popularity and love life back when they were in junior high. But when they get to high school, they have their lunches ruined and are subjected to catty comments.

They figure their best revenge upon their tormentors will be to succeed when they graduate, but because commencement is so far off, they have to settle for daydreaming. They imagine themselves as successful business people, Nobel Prize winning scientists, famous actors and authors, and secret CIA operatives foiling hijacking attempts.

Meanwhile, their tormentors' biggest achievement is to memorize all the names of the waitresses at Dairy Queen. In the end, however, both George and Dana find that two dreamers can form their own clique, and even nerds have something to offer those on the A list.

**CAST (4 m, 5 w)**

DANA PASCARELLA: An intelligent, bashful teenager.

GEORGE ROSENBERG: An intelligent, awkward teenager.

BUFFY: A cheerleader.

TARRA: A cheerleader.

ALICIA: Buffy and Tarra's friend, not as stuck-up.

MIKE: A football player.

CORRY: A football player and a bully.

ROB: In love with Lisa.

LISA: In love with Rob.

**SET DESCRIPTION**

The setting is the lunchroom of a high school. Two tables are DSR and DSL. Other tables and chairs are UPS.

**PROPS**

SET PROPS: Lunch trays, silverware, lunch bags, packet of catsup, newspapers, magazines, coat rack holding two camouflage jackets and two pairs of sunglasses.

GEORGE: Lunch box with food, books.

CORRY: Camera, tray of champagne glasses.

ALICIA: Book, pen.

LISA: Cocktail napkin, pen.

BUFFY: Bread roll.

MIKE: *Time* and *Newsweek*.

DANA: Food.

**SOUND EFFECTS:** School bell, crowd sounds.

## LUNCH

(A SCHOOL BELL and CROWD SOUNDS are heard. AT RISE: BUFFY and TARRA enter and sit at an UPS table. DANA enters right, looks around, and crosses to UPS sitting nearby. She is completely ignored by the other two. She takes several bites of food, looks around, and finally throws down her fork in frustration.)

DANA: I really hate this. I always thought high school would be different. I thought maybe I would have some friends. People I could eat lunch with and hang out with after school. This is just like middle school...only worse.  
(BUFFY and TARRA finally acknowledge her.)

BUFFY: You don't want to sit there, dear.

DANA: (Startled.) What? Why not?

TARRA: Because YOU people sit over there. (Points DS. Frustrated, DANA crosses to the DS right table.) When are they ever going to learn?

BUFFY: Losers sit over there (Points to DANA.), athletes sit over here (Points.), punks way over there (Points.), rednecks back here (Points.)...

TARRA: Exchange students and marching band people way over there. (Points.)

BUFFY: Nerds, geeks and other irritating people are out in the food court.

TARRA: And attractive people right here! It's so simple.

(GEORGE enters SL, looks around, and crosses SR, carrying a child's lunch box and a stack of books. He sits at the DSR table and takes sandwich and drink from lunch box. He turns and smiles at BUFFY and TARRA, who smirk and roll their eyes. MIKE and CORRY enter SR. Mike has a tray, Corry doesn't. As they pass George, Corry takes George's lunch box.)

GEORGE: Hey! That's my lunch! (Stands to protest.)

*Lunch*

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CORRY: That WAS your lunch. It's now MY lunch, and you are more than happy for me to have it.

GEORGE: I'm sick of you picking on me! I'm telling the principal.

MIKE: (*To CORRY.*) Do you remember the last guy who "told the principal"?

CORRY: (*Shakes head.*) Poor little guy. All those broken bones.

MIKE: And the blood.

CORRY: The medical bills were too much for his parents. They went bankrupt.

MIKE: And the little guy never recovered. Still walks with crutches...on good days.

CORRY: (*Arm around GEORGE'S neck in a choke hold.*) Now, Georgie. What were you saying about the principal?

GEORGE: (*Gasping for air.*) Nothing, really. Enjoy your lunch, Corry. (*CORRY releases GEORGE who massages his neck. Corry and MIKE cross to UPS table.*)

CORRY: (*To MIKE.*) Georgie's mother makes the best chicken salad.

MIKE: I really like her turkey reubens. And her potato salad is fantastic. (*GEORGE sits, opens his notebook and books and begins to do schoolwork. ALICIA enters SL. George sees her and smiles. She forces a smile and crosses to BUFFY and TARRA.*)

BUFFY: That creepy George kid really likes you.

ALICIA: I don't think so.

TARRA: I do. I think he's in love with you.

BUFFY: I think he's in love with all three of us.

BUFFY and TARRA: GROSS!

ALICIA: He's not so bad.

BUFFY: You ARE kidding, aren't you?

ALICIA: George is very intelligent.

TARRA: I'll take a football player any day.

BUFFY: I just love football players.

TARRA: (*Indicating.*) Like Mike and Corry.

BUFFY: (*Calls to CORRY.*) Hey, Corry! What are you having for lunch?

CORRY: (*Mouth full.*) Chicken salad. It's really good.

*Lunch*

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TARRA: They are so adorable.

ALICIA: Speaking of adorable, here come the lovebirds.

*(ROB and LISA enter and cross to an UPS table and lovingly share their lunch. They are oblivious to everyone around them.)*

BUFFY: They are SO vulgar!

ALICIA: This morning in the parking lot, I swear she was flossing his teeth.

ALICIA, BUFFY and TARRA: NASTY!

BUFFY: If you're going to be in love at least have a little class about it.

*(ROB and LISA drop their forks and begin caressing each other's face.)*

TARRA: *(Standing.)* Hey, you two! Knock it off! We're trying to eat a meal here!

*(Startled, ROB and LISA look around embarrassed, then return to their lunches, but continue to gaze at each other.)*

BUFFY: It's bad enough to have to sit in this awful room with these awful people and look at this awful food. *(Looking at HER tray.)* What is this stuff? Vichyssoise?

ALICIA: Applesauce. And that thing is a chicken nugget.

TARRA: Exactly where on the chicken does one find the nugget?

BUFFY: It's processed. They grind all the little tissues up together and iron them out to make them look like chicken.

TARRA: But if it's, like, chicken to start with, why grind it up and start over?

BUFFY: It's so they won't have as much gunk to throw away when they finish with the chicken carcass.

TARRA: *(Sarcastic.)* You are so intelligent, Buffy.

BUFFY: I know. I can't help it.

TARRA: You're almost as intelligent as Alicia.

ALICIA: If I'm so smart, why can't I pass chemistry?

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