

## LUNCH AND DINNER

*(It's 7:30 on the same Friday night in the same alternate suburban reality. Lights up on KELLY in THE BEDROOM. She is just home from work. She has probably just changed her clothes and might be putting her work clothes away. She is preoccupied with her phone. We hear MARK enter the house.)*

MARK: *(From off.)* Heeey!

KELLY: Hey! I'm in here! *(Beat. MARK enters the bedroom, preoccupied with his phone.)* Hey.

MARK: Hey. *(A routine coming-home-from-work kiss. Kelly hands off some mail, still checking her phone. In what follows, Mark takes off his shoes, loosens his tie, unbuttons his shirt—all the while checking his phone. Neither Kelly nor Mark pays much attention to the other. Note: Absolutely nothing is wrong. It's Friday. All is well. Until it isn't.)*  
How was your day?

KELLY: Great. Crazy. But it's Friday!

MARK: Yay, Friday!

KELLY: How was yours?

MARK: Great. Crazy. But it's Friday!

KELLY: Yay, Friday! *(Beat. By now Kelly is buried in her phone. Mark is buried in his.)*

MARK: How was your deposition?

KELLY: Oh, super!

MARK: Glad to hear it. *(Beat. Mark is buried in his phone. Kelly is buried in hers.)*

KELLY: How was your presentation?

MARK: Went excellent.

KELLY: Awesome. *(Beat. Kelly and Mark are buried in their phones.)*

MARK: Oh, how was your luncheon?

KELLY: Huh?

MARK: You had a luncheon today, // didn't you?

KELLY: Oh, yeah, // yeah.

MARK: How was it?

KELLY: Really good.

MARK: Good. What'd you have?

KELLY: Hm?

MARK: For lunch, at the luncheon?

KELLY: *(Nonchalantly—buried in her phone. She says this as if she were saying she had a BLT.)* Oh, sex.

MARK: *(Finally really looking at Kelly and taking in what she just said.)* What?

KELLY: *(She thinks she's saying something like "BLT.")* Sex.

MARK: What?!?

KELLY: Sex, had sex for lunch, it was really good. *(Beat. Kelly slowly comes to realize what she just said she had for lunch—and she covers extremely well: She's not going to admit that she knows what she just said. Smiling:)* I mean...**salmon!** I had *salmon!* They had chicken, beef, salmon, and a vegetarian option, and I had the salmon!, It was really terrific salmon—had a nice little mango sauce!

MARK: *(Mark takes in this information, trying to figure out what just happened.)*  
Hone/y—

KELLY: *(Moving on, she grabs her work clothes, puts them on a hanger, and exits to hang them up in the closet.)* What'd you have? You didn't have a luncheon, did you?

MARK: ...No...

KELLY: *(From off.)* No, I didn't think so, so what'd you have?, // For lunch?

MARK: *(More to himself than to her.)* A meatball sub.

KELLY: Huh?

MARK: I had a meatball sub.

KELLY: *(Returning.)* Was it good?

MARK: It was okay...

KELLY: Great. (*Maybe she grabs some lotion and lotions.*)

MARK: Honey, can we just go back for a second?, Did you just say that you had *sex* for lunch?, Is that what you just said?

KELLY: No!

MARK: Um...I think you did.

KELLY: No, // I said—

MARK: No, I think you did. >

KELLY: No, // I said—

MARK: No—you did! >

KELLY: No! I said I had salmon!

MARK: No, you did—twice—three times—no four! Four times! After I asked you how your day was an how your deposition was, I asked you what you had for lunch at your luncheon, and you said, “Sex,” and I said, “What?,” and you said, “Sex,” and I said, “What?,” and you said, “Sex, had sex for lunch, it was really good.” (*Little beat.*) Why did you say that?!?

KELLY: (*Laughing it off—like he’s crazy.*) Well, Honey, I don’t know—I mean, I had *salmon*! I didn’t have sex for lunch at the luncheon!, I mean, who has that for lunch at a luncheon?! >

MARK: I don’t know, Kelly—

KELLY: What kind of a thing is that for a person to have for lunch at a luncheon?!

MARK: (*Uncorking a little.*) I don’t know, Kelly, what kind of a thing *is* that for a person to have for lunch, at a luncheon, huh?!? (*Beat. Kelly busies herself.*) Kelly!?: Why did you say that?

KELLY: Well—Honey—I don’t know.

MARK: You don’t *know*? What do you mean you don’t know?

KELLY: It just...it slipped, I guess.

MARK: It slipped?

KELLY: Yeah—

MARK: (*Getting worked up.*) It *slipped*, you guess?!?

KELLY: Yeah, and don't get all worked up, 'cause it was nothing.

MARK: What was // nothing?!?

KELLY: It was just what they had—for lunch at the luncheon— >

MARK: Just what w//ho had?

KELLY: ...and it was really good!

MARK: What do you mean it was really good?!?

KELLY: It was just different than the way you make it.

MARK: Make what?

KELLY: Love— >

MARK: Kelly!!

KELLY: Argh! *Lunch!*, I mean *lunch!*, *Lunch!*— >

MARK: What—?!?

KELLY: And besides, like I said, it was nothing!

MARK: Kelly!—

KELLY: It was nothing!, It was nothing!, It was nothing! It was just—...

MARK: WHAT?!?

KELLY: I was just—... I was *hungry!*

MARK: (*Receive and process.*) You were *hungry*?!?

KELLY: Ye//ah.

MARK: You were *hungry*?!?

KELLY: Yeah.

MARK: (*Explodes.*) Well, then...*have* a **SANDWICH!** (*Beat. Everything settles. Kelly busies herself—maybe grabs a magazine and leafs through it. She needs a distraction.*) Kelly, *WHO?* Who did you have sex for lunch with?

KELLY: Oh, Honey, I don't even know...

MARK: You don't even *know*?!?, >

KELLY: No—

MARK: You don't *know*?!?

KELLY: No—

MARK: What do you mean you don't *know*?

KELLY: Just that! And besides, it doesn't matter.

MARK: It doesn't *matter*?!?

KELLY: Yeah, 'cause it was just what they *had*, >

MARK: Why do you keep saying that?!?

KELLY: (*Mark pushes her to explosively blurt.*) and it looked really good and I hadn't had any for a long time, and **so I had some!!!** (*Beat. Everything settles for a second. The truth is out.*)

MARK: Kelly, you haven't had any for a long time because you don't let me near you anymore.

KELLY: (*And we rev up again.*) That's not right.

MARK: I know!

KELLY: No! I mean you've got it wrong.

MARK: What?

KELLY: You don't let *me* near *you*.

MARK: No!

KELLY: Yes! Every time I try to get near you, you shrink!

MARK: What?!?



KELLY: You shrink!

MARK: I // *shrink*?

KELLY: Yeah—away from me. And you make a face.

MARK: I do not!

KELLY: You *do*!

MARK: No, *you* shrink and *you* make a face when I try to get near *you*!

KELLY: No, *you* do that!, *You* do that!, Every time I try to seduce you!

MARK: Every time you try to *seduce* me?!?

KELLY: Yes.

MARK: Kelly: Honey: I can't remember the last time you tried to seduce me! (*Beat. Standoff. Discovery.*) Oh-my-God!, Are you having an affair?!? >

KELLY: No!

MARK: You're having an affair, aren't you?!? >

KELLY: I'm not!!

MARK: Are you having an affair?!?

KELLY: No!! >

MARK: Answer me!!!

KELLY: I'm not having an *affair*!!! (*Beat. A standoff. Mark puts his shoes back on and starts to go.*) What are you doing?

MARK: I'm—... (*He stops, turns to her, and what he says next is loaded. He's playing what he thinks is her game now.*) I'm...*hungry*. I want something for *dinner*. And I'm thinking of going out for it. For my *dinner*. (*He goes.*)

KELLY: (*Realizing what Mark means.*) No! Mark! Wait—please don't do that! Please don't go! Please!

MARK: Well, it's dinnertime, and I gotta eat, 'cause let me tell ya: I'm very hungry.

KELLY: Okay: I understand that. But—I'm hungry, too. So...*(This is an olive branch first and becomes a gentle, tentative seduction.)*...why don't you—right now—let me...apologize...and maybe make a little something. For you. For dinner. So that you...don't have to go out for it. *(Little beat.)*

MARK: I don't know, Kelly—

KELLY: Please. Mark. I made a mistake. It was a mistake. Let me try to make this up to you. *(Little beat.)*

MARK: All right. *(Little beat.)* And maybe...I could...make a little something for you, too.

KELLY: That'd be nice.

MARK: 'Cause I can make it better than whoever made it for you for lunch. At the luncheon. I know I can.

KELLY: Okay.

MARK: 'Cause dinner is a way better meal than lunch.

KELLY: Way better. *(Mark goes to kiss Kelly; Kelly shrinks away from him and makes a face. Note: These "shrinks" and "faces" are kind of like what you do when someone smells bad. Big enough to read; small enough to be real.)*

MARK: Hey! Honey?!...

KELLY: Huh?—

MARK: You just did it again.

KELLY: Huh?

MARK: You shrank.

KELLY: Oh—

MARK: Away from me. And you made a face.

KELLY: Oh, God. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Honey. *(Kelly goes in for a conciliatory touch or hug or kiss. Mark shrinks away from Kelly. And makes a face.)* Honey!

MARK: What?

KELLY: You just did it, too.

MARK: Huh?

KELLY: You shrank. // Away from me. >

MARK: Oh, God—

KELLY: And you made a face.

MARK: I did didn't I?

KELLY: Yeah, you did.

MARK: I've been doing that haven't I? >

KELLY: Yeah—why?

MARK: Oh, God—Kelly:

KELLY: What?

MARK: *(A confession—difficult to say.)* Remember a few weeks ago I told you I had a Cobb salad for lunch at that luncheon I had?

KELLY: Yeah.

MARK: I didn't have a Cobb salad.

KELLY: Didn't sound like you.

MARK: I had sex.

KELLY: *(Hurt.)* Oh.

MARK: And I swear to you: It was nothing. It was just what they had. And I was really hungry.

KELLY: Okay. *(Little beat.)* Um...Do I—... Who with?

MARK: Oh, Honey, I don't even know. *(Beat.)* I'm really sorry. *(Beat.)\**

KELLY: Me, too. *(Long beat.)* I knew, you know. I knew. *(Mark goes to Kelly. Kelly turns on him and pushes him. Hard—out of rage and pain. She does it again. Mark grabs her arms to stop her. Suddenly, Kelly kisses Mark hard and fast. She breaks away and stares at a stunned Mark. Suddenly Mark kisses Kelly, hard and fast. The lights start to*



*fade on Mark and Kelly making out like starving animals. This isn't happy. It's not the solution. But it's a stab at a solution. Existential space vacuum sound/Music/Transition.)*

**THE END** *(And we move on to...)*

\*Below is an alternate ending to "Lunch and Dinner." It begins at the asterisk.

KELLY: Me, too. *(Long beat.)* I knew, you know. I knew. *(Resigned.)* Well...I should make us some dinner. > *(She gets up, and starts to go into the kitchen.)*

MARK: No—

KELLY: I have a pork loin thawing, there was a special at the SuperCenter.

MARK: No—you really don't have to make anything.

KELLY: Yeah, I do, it's // dinnertime.

MARK: No, you don't, 'cause I'm not very hungry. // I've kinda >

KELLY: Well [we've gotta eat]—

MARK: lost my appetite.

KELLY: Me, too... *(Beat. They're stuck.)*

MARK: Of course, you know...if we don't eat...we'll starve.

KELLY: We will. *(Long beat. Utter uncertainty. Mark and Kelly are lost in how lost they are. Lights slowly fade. Existential space vacuum sound/Music.)*

**THE END** *(And we move on to...)*