

School Lunch

By

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ACT I

Scene 1

BRAD:

Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh.

TIFFANI:

What are you going on about? Calm down.

BRAD:

My lunch. it- my lunch.

TIFFANI:

Yes, it is your lunch. You bought it, so that makes it yours.

BRAD:

No, you don't understand. It - my lunch - it. . .

TIFFANI:

Communication isn't one of your strong points is it?

DEBORAH:

His lunch - it, well it -

TIFFANI:

Yes you've made things a lot clearer.

DEBORAH:

It moved. His lunch moved.

ALL:

Ewwwwwwwwwwwwww

MEGAN:

Everybody move away from the table slowly. Brad what are you doing?

BRAD:

I want to see if it's alive.

MEGAN:

You're going to antagonize it. Somebody get a teacher or administrator.

DEBORAH:

Why? They won't eat it either.

MEGAN:

What did you order?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD:

A hamburger. Why?

MEGAN:

I want to be sure to order something else.

BETSY:

Are you sure it moved? It looks normal to me.

MEGAN:

Normal is relative.

BETSY:

I don't have any normal relatives.

DEBORAH:

(starts to cry) I'm scared. Lunches shouldn't move. this is not the natural order of things. The sky is falling.

MEGAN:

Listen up. Pull yourselves together. Everyone protect yourselves while I go get the cafeteria lady to look at this. Be right back.

TIFFANI:

Ummm why are we still here?

BRAD:

What do you mean?

TIFFANI:

Well. Why are we so close to a moving lunch. Shouldn't we like - get out of here. This is scary. Maybe we should go home or the mall or something?

BRAD:

Anybody have a stick? I want to whack it and see if it does anything.

BETSY:

Sure Brad. We all carry sticks in our book bags just in case our lunches try to get away. Only this morning when I was beating my breakfast to a pulp, I thought to myself: boy it sure is luck I carry this stick just for this sort of thing.

BRAD:

Really?

BETSY:

Of course, Brad. We all carry sticks in our back packs. Don't tell me you don't have yours?

BRAD:

Oh you're joking. Very funny. Ha ha. That is so funny I forgot to laugh.

TIFFANI:

I hate it when people say that. You did laugh. You said Ha, Ha. Then you said you forgot to laugh.

CAFETERIA LADY:

What's going on. Where is this so called moving hamburger.

MEGAN:

There it is. That one. Everyone move away. Give the lady some room.

CAFETERIA LADY:

You're all absolutely sure it moved? Hmmmm. Anybody got a stick?

BRAD:

We've already been through that.

CAFETERIA LADY:

Here burger, burger? Nice burger. Come to Mommy. (Jumps toward the hamburger) Boo! Nothing. I hereby declare this burger normal and not moving. Are the fries OK? They been crawling around or anything?

BETSY:

ewwwww.No! just the burger. It really did move. Oh my gosh,I think I saw it move again. It's moving again.

TIFFANI:

I want my Mommy.

CAFETERIA LADY:

Take it easy girls. I didn't see it move. It didn't move.

MEGAN:

I believe we have established the mobility of the meat. We have several good witnesses. It moved.

DEBORAH:

Well you can't actually call Brad reliable. Once he told me that he was from Mars.

BRAD:

I was in kindergarten!

BETSY:

So, what are you saying? You used to be from mars, but now you're not? See that isn't very reliable.

BRAD:

My lunch moved. It moved on this plate on this table and I demand that something be done about it. This is wrong, wrong, wrong. When we come to school the last thing we expect to encounter is a lunch that goes from point a to point b without any help from a person.

CAFETERIA LADY:

Well, my first thought is: Order your food well done from on if it bothers you. Isn't this the Fast food generation? But I feel your pain. I'll get you something else. You want another burger?

ALL:

Noooooooooo