

EatingDancers

by Ben Hauck

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Characters:

SERVER *male*

DANCER #1 *female*

DANCER #2 *female*

DANCER #3 *female*

CHEF *male*

While the characters have designated genders, an actor cast in a given role might not share the same gender. For example, a production may want to toy with casting a male in the role of DANCER #3.

* * *

[Three dancers of any size, dressed in dance tights, dance shoes, tu-tus, etc., enter a diner and sit at its lunch counter.]

SERVER

Good mornin Ladies, what kin I git fer you today?

DANCER #1

[Looking at the menu:] Hmmmmm... Mmmm!, Look at this girls: Doesn't this look good?

[DANCER #1 shows the other dancers the item on the menu. DANCER #2 does not respond; DANCER #3 smiles politely. DANCER #1 turns back to the SERVER.]

Yes, I'll have thee, the "Fettucini Alfredo Lumberjack Special," only can I have that not with the alfredo sauce and have the noodles on the side, and you don't need to put any of that, (what are these?), this cheesy flaky stuff or that—. Actually, scratch the part about the noodles on the side, just *no noodles*, and in place of that Can you give me a bigger piece of parsley?

[Pause.]

SERVER

Alright. I gotcha. [Writing the order:] A plate of fettucini alfredo, no fettucini, no alfredo, but big parsley.

DANCER #1

Great, Thanks.

[The SERVER moves over to DANCER #2.]

SERVER

Aaand, What kin I git fer you?

DANCER #2

[Competitively:] I'll have the same.

SERVER

The same as her? You mean you want the Fettucini Alfredo Lumberjack Special, or do you want the Fettucini Alfredo Lumberjack Special no fettucini no alfredo but big parsley?

DANCER #2

[Competitively:] Small parsley.

SERVER

Small parsley.

DANCER #2

Yes, and no grease.

DANCER #1

Yeah and mine too, No grease.

SERVER

Uhhh. [Beat.] Okay. [Writing the orders:] And how bout you?

DANCER #3

[Closing her menu:] I'll just have a plate.

SERVER

A plate?

DANCER #3

Yeah, you know a plate. Clean plate, hot out the dishwasher.

DANCER #1

[Quickly after:] You don't need a plate for me, I'll have my parsley plain.

DANCER #2

And mine NO GREASE.

SERVER

Yeah I got that no grease, and, okay, no—

DANCER #1

NO PLATE.

[Short pause.]

SERVER

Kin I getcha somethin to drink? We got coffee, iced—

DANCER #2

I'll have water.

DANCER #1

Do you have bottled water?—

DANCER #2

—Yeah I'll have bottled water too.—

DANCER #1

—I'll have bottled water.

SERVER

We don't serve bottled water.

DANCER #1

[Aghast:] You don't serve bottled water?!

DANCER #2

No bottled water, well I guess I'm just gonna have to get *tap* water...

DANCER #1

I guess since, Well, I'll have a glass of tap water.

SERVER

And fer you?

DANCER #3

I'll just have a glass.

[Pause.]

SERVER

Yer orders'll be right up, I'll go git yer drinks.

[Silence as they watch him leave with the order.]

DANCER #2

[Breaking the Silence, To #1:] You can't jeté worth shit.—

DANCER #1

[Nearly simultaneously:] —Your pirouettes suck ass.—

DANCER #2

—You've got cowboy legs from hell.—

DANCER #1

—Your butt starts turning before you do.—

DANCER #2

—At least I can keep up with the music.—

DANCER #1

—At least I don't spot with the teacher's schlong.—

DANCER #2

—At least I don't have to— *“Teacher's Schlong”?!*

DANCER #1

—He's gay he's gay he's GAY. How many times do I—

DANCER #2

—He's not *gay*, he's just effem-, he's *nice*, There are nice—

DANCER #1

—No, Nice *is* Gay, “Nice-ness is Gay-ness,—

DANCER #2

—No, No, No,—

[The SERVER enters with drinks.]

DANCER #1

—and he likes it up the A- ness,” ...Oh hi.

[The SERVER gives them two waters and an empty glass and leaves. DANCER #1 and DANCER #2 just stare at their glasses of water while DANCER #3 continues in her own world. DANCER #1 and DANCER #2 have locked themselves into a competition for who will drink her water first without any self-consciousness. They try to fake each other out, but neither succeeds. They both give up.]

[The SERVER enters with their orders and serves.]

SERVER

Big parsley, No plate; Small parsley, there you go; and one plate hot outta the dishwasher.

DANCER #3

[Very politely:] Thank you.

[The SERVER leaves. DANCER #1 and DANCER #2 just stare at their plates, then both look spitefully over to DANCER #3 and her empty dishes. DANCER #3, who has sat satisfied with her empty plate and her empty glass, notices their critical gazes.]

DANCER #3

[Mildly defensive:] Glass is made from sand, and sand is made from a silica mixture, and silica mixture contains the element *silicon*, and silicon is found in silicone breast implants, which make women's bodies better-looking. I'm happy with my glass.

DANCER #2

What about your plate.

DANCER #3

[Quasi-viciously:] I like the taste of porcelain. [Beat. To #2:] Is that a glob of grease I see on your parsley?

DANCER #2

[Looking:] Wha—I said *NO GREASE*...

[She pours her glass of water on the parsley and hurriedly grabs napkins from the counter. She pats the napkins on the parsley to soak up the grease.]

DANCER #2

Those fuckers Can't even get an order straight I mean what if I had heart disease or it was doctor's orders not to eat fat I COULDA DIED or at least been severely poisoned Those fuckers. No ten percent tip *today*.

[DANCER #2 has cleaned off her parsley with the now soggy napkins.]

DANCER #2

And now I got this big mess. Scuse me, I'm gonna throw, I'm gonna talk to the manager.

[She gets up and leaves. Silence.]

DANCER #1

[Breaking the Silence:] You know she pukes it up.

DANCER #3

Hm?

DANCER #1

She pukes it up. She's gonna go over to the restrooms where there's the candy machine, *act* as if she's gonna talk to the manager, get six handfuls of candy, eat em then puke em up. And then she'll come back all exhausted saying she talked to the manager and "She set him straight."

DANCER #3

Really.

DANCER #1

She doesn't need that small little piece of parsley. No. She needs mine the bigger one. Put some meat on those bones, for chrissakes, A dancer has to keep in shape and puking up your food does *not* count toward exercise. *Heave 1, Heave 2,...*Nuh-unh. Here, she'll never know.

[DANCER #1 replaces her big parsley with DANCER #2's small parsley. DANCER #3 simply watches.]

DANCER #3

He's not gay.

DANCER #1

Who?

DANCER #3

The teacher. How else do you think I get my lessons for free?

[DANCER #1 glares at DANCER #3. The SERVER enters with a towel to wipe up the mess of liquid around DANCER #2's place. A CHEF enters the diner and sits two seats away from DANCER #3.]

CHEF

Hey, Ernie!, can I get some service over here.

SERVER

Yeah, Guillermo, Lemme get this, I'll be there in a minute.

[DANCER #1 and DANCER #3 both recognize the name "Guillermo."]

DANCER #1

[To #3:] Oh my God, is that thee Guillermo, as in ‘Chef Guillermo of the Chef Guillermo Cooking for Dancers Cooking Show’?!

[The SERVER nods some while he cleans up.]

DANCER #3

[Looking:] Oh my God It is!!!

[A moment of girlish excitement. The SERVER exits with the mess.]

DANCER #1

What should we do What should we do?!

DANCER #3

I dunno I dunno!!!

DANCER #1

I want his autograph, I gotta have his autograph.

DANCER #3

Oh no, Oh no...

DANCER #1

Where’s a clean napkin?, I need a clean napkin.

DANCER #3

[Searching:] Clean napkin, Clean napkin...

DANCER #1

I need a clean napkin! Gimme a clean napkin!

DANCER #3

Oh wait! I have a whole bunch of *feminine* napkins, Will that work? I don’t need em.

DANCER #1

Yeah!, that’ll work. You gotta pen?

[DANCER #2 re-enters, breathing noticeably.]

DANCER #2

[Exhausted, Sitting:] That should teach him, the bastard. Don’t give a dancer a glob of fat unless she *asks* for a glob of fat. End of Story.

DANCER #1

[To #2:] You gotta pen? Chef Guillermo of the Chef Guillermo Cooking for Dancers Cooking Show is sitting right over there, and I'm gonna get his autograph!

DANCER #2

Chef Guillermo? Of the Chef Guillermo Cooking for Dancers Cooking Show?

DANCER #3

Yes!

DANCER #1

I'm gonna get him to sign my maxi pad, I just need a pen.

[The SERVER enters to help the CHEF.]

SERVER

[To CHEF:] Sorry bout the wait, Guillermo, What kin I getcha?

CHEF

[Glossing over his menu:] Yeah, uh, I'd like thee, uh,...

[The SERVER and CHEF pantomime their conversation. The CHEF looks as if he makes a large order, and the SERVER writes it down with his pen.]

DANCER #2

I wonder what he'll get.

DANCER #3

[Suspiciously:] What's he doing here? You'd think he'd be at home making himself pirouette pasta—

DANCER #1

Or Twyla Tharp Thoup. I've always wanted to try that.

DANCER #2

Isn't that just 'Cook water to boil, let cool, and enjoy'?

DANCER #3

I've had it before . . .

SERVER

[To CHEF:] And to drink?

DANCER #3

. . . made me bloated.

CHEF

A Yoo-hoo.

SERVER

I'll be right back. [Turns to leave.]

DANCER #2

Hey waiter. Hey.

[The SERVER stops, on guard about what DANCER #2 will say.]

SERVER

[Overly politely:] Yes, Madame, kin I git anything fer you?

DANCER #2

My friend here needs your pen. Give her your pen.

SERVER

[Overly politely, Using the wrong word:] With much gratuity. [Hands over his pen.]

DANCER #1

[Receiving pen:] Gimme.

SERVER

[Not in 'Polite-Mode':] Yeah. [To #2, Overly politely:] Uhhh, Madame, kin I git anything else fer you? Is yer food fine?

DANCER #2

Yeah, fine, my food's— [Looks at her plate. Notices the bigger parsley.] WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?! YOU GAVE ME A BIGGER PARSLEY!

SERVER

No, Madame, I—

DANCER #2

YOU GAVE ME A BIGGER PARSLEY! YOU EXPECT ME TO EAT THAT??? That *green monster*???

SERVER

I'm so sorry, Madame, I'll replace it, I'll, I'll go get you a new one, "small parsley no grease"—

DANCER #2

Ya know what? Just forget it. Forget it. I'm just gonna have to talk to your manager again. [Gets up.] Big parsley, Ha!, real funny. [Leaves.]

[The SERVER leaves with the plate of big parsley.]

[Pause.]

DANCER #3

I thought you said she wasn't gonna talk to the manager she was gonna puke?

DANCER #1

She musta done both. [Noticing the CHEF:] Just look at him.

[DANCER #3 looks at the CHEF.]

DANCER #3

What?

DANCER #1

What a piece of lean cuisine.

[Pause.]

DANCER #3

Nn, I've had better.

DANCER #1

You've had better?!

DANCER #3

Merce Cunningham, Mikail Barishnikov, John Travolta, Gregory Hines—

DANCER #1

[Disbelieving:] Yeah, yeah, I bet you have. Well ya know what? I'm gonna git me an autograph of Chef Guillermo, AND I'm gonna git me his phone number, AND I'm gonna have him take me to his studio and we're gonna make love on his stove with that overhead stove-cam on, and I'm gonna git me a copy of that program for nineteen-ninety-five-plus-shipping-and-handling.

DANCER #3

Be my guest.

[DANCER #1 gets up and goes to the extreme end of the lunch counter, right next to the CHEF.]

DANCER #1

[To CHEF, Sexy voice:] Hello.

CHEF

[Rudely:] Hello.

DANCER #1

[Sexy voice:] So, Chef. Cheffy. Whatchoo doin here.

CHEF

[Rudely:] Waiting for a lunch meal at this fine diner preferably by myself.

[Pause.]

DANCER #1

[Sexy voice:] You may not know who I am, but I *definitely* know who you are.

CHEF

[Unexcitedly:] You do, do you.

DANCER #1

[Sexy voice:] Your ‘Cooking for Dancers Cooking Show.’ May I call you ‘Chef Willy’?

CHEF

[Offended:] *What?!*

DANCER #1

Between you and me. ‘Chef Willy.’

CHEF

[Rudely:] No! No! Leave me alone!

DANCER #1

[Desperately:] Well can I get you to sign my maxipad please—

CHEF

Your *maxipad?! NO!*

DANCER #1

Please—I watch all your cooking—

CHEF

Leave me alone! Leave me alone!

[DANCER #1 returns to her seat. DANCER #3 does not look surprised. The SERVER enters with a packet of weight-loss tablets and a 15.5 fl. oz. bottle of Yoo-hoo.]

SERVER

Where's yer friend.

DANCER #1

Gee, I don't know, if she's not chewing out yer ass right now, she's probably chewing her own cud in the bathroom.

SERVER

I got these here complimentary weight-loss tablets here as a, for her not liking her meal. I'll just set em here fer now.

[He sets the packets of weight-loss tablets at DANCER #2's space, then takes the CHEF his Yoo-hoo.]

SERVER

[Presenting to CHEF:] Yer Yoo-hoo.

CHEF

Yeah.

[The SERVER exits, and the CHEF promptly shakes his Yoo-hoo and opens it. His jerky actions catch DANCER #3's attention and she turns toward him.]

DANCER #3

[To CHEF, Gawking:] YOU'RE SHAKING YOUR YOO-HOO???

[This startles the CHEF. Pause.]

CHEF

[Rudely:] *Excuse* me?

DANCER #3

You grabbed your bottle of Yoo-hoo and your first instinct was to shake it??? OH MY GOD.

CHEF

[Rudely:] It says 'Shake It's Great.'

DANCER #3

Yeah that's right it says 'Shake It's Great.' And if it said 'Taste the Barrel It's Fun,' I bet you would. You ever *red* what's in a Yoo-hoo? I'll tell you: That bottle you have right there, that's the fifteen-point-five fluid ounce bottle or the four-fifty-eight milliliters if you prefer, It's got an eight ounce serving size and two servings per container, One gram of Fat per serving and two grams of fat *total*, half of which is saturated, half of

which'll *Kill You*, One-hundred-thirty calories fortunately only ten of which come from fat, but you take a look at the Total Carbohydrates and you'll see that nearly seventy percent of them, *sixty-eight-point-nine-six-five-five* percent of them is *Sugars*, which'll just end up turning to fat anyway, along with the two grams of protein that have four calories *a piece*, so they'll just turn to fat—And and *and*, Look at the vitamin information: Sure it's got ten percent of A, C, D, calcium, niacin, phosphorus, and riboflavin, and a six-percent in iron, but does that make it *healthy*??? If you take the ingredients, you hafta look at what's imbedded in the words: corn syrup, soybean oil, xanthan gum, guar gum, vanillin, natural flavor, All look like innocent ingredients, but if you rearrange the letters, you get the message 'Foul anthrax vagina Satan, luring gory mucus porno Libyan'—clearly a *satanic* message—*Satan*, luring in *you*, the Libyan, for drinking the shaken up Yoo-hoo. You shouldn't shake your Yoo-hoo. You'll keep that brown sludge at the bottom from mixing with the liquid and keep the satanic toxins from contaminating your bowels. Less calories, less fat, less of the Devil.

SERVER

[Off:] Order up!

[The SERVER promptly enters with a large tray of the CHEF's food.]

[Unloading food:] Alright, we got yer buttered rotisserie duckling with a side of guacamole, and we got yer fried cottage cheese cubes in peanut dipping oil, and here's yer turnips, coated in cotton candy, yer Fettucini Alfredo Lumberjack Special, extra alfredo sauce and a side of beer-battered bacon logs, a bowl of Samoan clam chowder over barbeque fritos, and, when you finish that up, I'll go get your dessert.

CHEF

I thought I ordered more than one.

SERVER

Yeah that's right, yer two Artery-Clogger pies: Chocolate Pork-Rine and Cheese-Steak Pie. Lemme know if you need anything else, Guillermo.

[The SERVER exits, hurriedly past the DANCERS. The CHEF digs into his meal, first with the fettucini alfredo. He forks up a big helping and stuffs it into his mouth. DANCER #1 and DANCER #3 look on with a sort of dismay—at what the CHEF has chosen to consume and how he consumes it. DANCER #2 enters breathing heavily again, but when she sees the focus of her friends' attention, she watches too. She slowly moves to sit down. All sit watching the CHEF.]

DANCER #2

And he talks of eating healthfully.

DANCER #1

And he says on his show, 'Less of the Pants, More of the Dance.'

DANCER #2

He calls butter “Sin inna tub.”

DANCER #1

He calls meat “Butchered carcass.”

DANCER #2

All his dishes use non-fat substitutes.

DANCER #1

All his recipes contain less than fifty calories.

DANCER #3

Richard Simmons.

[Pause.]

DANCER #2

What.

DANCER #3

When Richard and I were going out, I thought he ate a lot. But this, *This* . . .

DANCER #1

When he had his stove-cam on, on his toasted rice-cakes episode, I thought I saw a little bit of a tummy bumping against the stove knobs, but I just said, No, that’s his apron.

DANCER #2

[Of CHEF:] Oh my *God*.

[Silence. The DANCERS stare at the CHEF, who has gotten sloppier in his handling the fettucini. DANCER #2 notices the weight-loss tablets.]

DANCER #2

What’re *these* doing here?

DANCER #3

That waiter-guy brought them over since they got your meal wrong.

DANCER #2

He did, did he. Weight-loss tablets, huh? What’s that supposed to mean? What’s giving an irate customer dressed in a pink leotard weight-loss tablets supposed to mean? *Does he think I’m a COW???*

DANCER #1

Well—

DANCER #2

What kind of customer service is that? They field your complaint, you get told you're fat. Do I look fat??? [Beat.] I'm fat, aren't I. AREN'T I?! I look like a baboon butt, One flabby pastel gluteus maximus. One giant swelled bullfrog with elephatitis.

DANCER #1

Eighty-one pounds of whale-blubber . . .

DANCER #2

Look at YOU! You're not exactly the 'picture of health.'

DANCER #1

Well you're not exactly the 'picture of Twiggy.'

DANCER #2

When you dance you count beats on your thigh.—

DANCER #1

—When *you* dance you count beats on a seismograph.—

DANCER #2

—Flat feet.—

DANCER #1

—Bulimic olympian.—

DANCER #2

—Ano-saurus Rex.—

DANCER #1

—Slip-n-Slide colon.—

CHEF

[Rising:] SHUT *UP!*

[Silence as he stares them down.]

Can't a man eat his meal in peace, Jesus *Christ*. I come for a small sit-down meal away from it all and instead I hear the bantering of non-eating dancers who complain of cellulite pockets on their fatless bodies. I mean *Jesus*, don't you have more to care about in this world??? Yeah yeah yeah, You got concerns, that's for sure. You got concerns. You ever had leprosy?!

[Pause. Awkward. *What, does someone have leprosy???* The DANCERS and the CHEF resume their respective tasks.]

[It seems the SERVER has gotten into an argument with his manager, offstage. DANCER #1 and DANCER #2 listen, while DANCER #3 watches the CHEF eat his fettucini alfredo.]

SERVER

[Off:] YEAH. YEAH, BUT... But that's not it at all!!! Look look look, they, *They* come in here and make their orders: "I'll get this but without that and without that," but that makes the this *this* and now that is not this, but it's this... *NO!*, that-, Nuh-unh, *That is that* with that and that, and *That is not what they ordered*. They ordered, THEY ORDERED THIS. THIS! YEAH!, yeah, that is what they ordered. Not this, because they didn't have that and, Yeah, because they didn't have this. They had that. They had that. *Yeah*—and so I'm in the right. That's *this* over there on the left, what's left: leftovers, over there on the left, Right? I'm in the right, right? That's all they left, this one, this one, that, on the right. Er, Left—right.

DANCER #3

No.

[Pause.]

No.

DANCER #2

What.

DANCER #3

I have this strange feeling in my stomach.

SERVER

[Off:] Yeah, *they'd better tip me*.

[Beat.]

DANCER #1

[Of #3:] What?

DANCER #3

And that fettucini's starting to look REAL GOOD.

[Long pause.]

DANCER #1

Yeah, I'm gonna hafta agree—

DANCER #2

—Not me.—

DANCER #1

—Me neither.

[Pause.]

DANCER #2

No, Strike that comment, that Lumberjack Special looks EXTREMELY GOOD.

DANCER #1

I mean, Parsley's *alright*, but *Fettucini Alfredo*???—

DANCER #3

[Erotically:] —MmmmmMmmmmmm.—

DANCER #1

—Fettucini Alfredo's thirty-two perfect foueté's on pointe.

DANCER #2

Fettucini Alfredo's a thirty-foot grand jeté.

DANCER #3

[Rising, Screaming:] NOOOOOO!!!

[Alarmed, the CHEF falls onto the floor with a wad of fettucini in his mouth. Pause. He gets up as DANCER #3 continues.]

DANCER #3

I CANNOT give in because of one fractional hunger pang beckoning for a cheap thrill. Girls, (and I speak for you too): Put aside our competitiveness for a moment, and note that we can PERSEVERE in the face of this challenge, of a billion calories looking us in the face and saying [A voice:] 'Eat me. Eat me.' Think of the effects of our ingesting that mass of fat: our thighs will globulate, our asses will expand, We'll become a FAILURE, we won't be able to *dance*, we won't dance for money, we won't be able to do anything, we won't be able to walk to the mailbox to get our mail, then, our tax forms'll come and we won't be able to get them, and we'll miss the deadline to file and then we'll get locked away for income tax evasion, our gargantuan asses sitting in a prison cell, us let out only to eat prison food and shower our massive asses, our tu-tus would become *ankle bracelets*. No, No, we CANNOT give in to this call from the Lumberjacks—We Must Not Eat Thee Fettucini. Say it with me. Say it with me!!!

DANCER #1 & DANCER #2

We Must Not Eat Thee Fettucini.

DANCER #3

Again!

DANCER #1 & DANCER #2

We Must Not Eat Thee Fettucini.

DANCER #3

AGAIN!!!

DANCER #1 & DANCER #2

We Must Not Eat Thee Fettucini.

DANCER #3

There. We have overcome.

[All DANCERS sigh. The pace of the scenes slows considerably, as if coming out of orgasm.]

DANCER #2

There.

DANCER #1

There.

DANCER #3

There. Our bodies Our Shrines.

DANCER #2

They sure are.

DANCER #1

Hallelujah.

[Beat.]

DANCER #3

No fat goes into this soul.

DANCER #2

No ma'am.

DANCER #1

Not a drop.

[Beat.]

DANCER #3

We must keep our bodies Thin, and Strong.

DANCER #2

Yes.

DANCER #3

And Beautiful.

DANCER #1

Glory to God.

DANCER #3

Beautiful. We must keep our bodies Beautiful.

DANCER #2

I do.

DANCER #3

For if we're Beautiful.

DANCER #1

Yes?

DANCER #3

We Get Attention.

DANCER #1

Mmm-hn.

DANCER #2

You said it.

[Beat.]

DANCER #3

[Building pentecostally:] Beauty means Attention.

Attention means Look-At-Me.

Look-At-Me means Think-About-Me.

Think-About-Me means Want Me.

Want Me means Choose Me.

Choose Me means Use Me.

Use Me means Abuse Me, Work Me, Bend Me, Snap Me, Carve Me, Roll Me, Sauté Me,
Bread Me, Cream Me—

DANCER #2

Grill Me.

DANCER #3

—Baste Me, Toast Me, Fry Me, Cook Me, ..COOK ME.

DANCER #1

COOK ME.

[The CHEF stops eating and observes the bizarre ritual unfolding.]

DANCER #2

WAITER! WAITER!

DANCER #3

Cook Me. What does Cook Me mean? Cook Me means Eat Me.

DANCER #1

COOK ME MEANS EAT ME.

DANCER #2

WAITER! WHERE'S OUR SALT AND PEPPER?!

DANCER #3

I show you my Dancer's Calf, you look at it with envy, You want it as your own.

DANCER #1

I do I do.

DANCER #3

You want to devour it.

[The SERVER enters with salt and pepper shakers.]

SERVER

Madame, yer salt and pepper sh—

DANCER #2

[Grabbing:] Gimme those.

[DANCER #2 shakes salt and pepper all over her body.]

SERVER

Madame, I've got everythin covered, it's on the house. Kin I refill yer ...water...?

[Seeing the DANCERS in another state, the SERVER backs off toward the CHEF.]

DANCER #2

I make myself appetizing. Puking makes me—[Ecstatic:] *Ooooooooooooooooo...!*

DANCER #1

As my abs tighten in relevé, and as my port-de-bras extends to fifth . . .

DANCER #3

. . . the desire to tear you apart with my *Teeth*.

DANCER #2

The sweaty flesh made saltier, The pepper, hot and fiery and fierce . . .

SERVER

[To CHEF:] What's goin on.

CHEF

[To SERVER, Ironically:] Nothin much.

DANCER #2

[Extending arms:] EAT ME!!! EAT ME!!! *EAT ME!!!*

[A roar, and DANCER #1 and DANCER #3 ferociously clamp their jaws onto DANCER #2's outstretched arms. DANCER #2 clamps her jaws onto DANCER #1, and they all claw each other to the ground behind the lunch counter, out of view. Ferocious eating noises. The SERVER and the CHEF look on in shock as torn-off body parts fly up and down, some landing on the lunch counter.]

[The devouring lasts for a good strong minute, then the noises of eating suddenly cease. Silence while the SERVER and the CHEF hold their gazes.]

[The SERVER suddenly runs off, presumably for help. This jars the CHEF's floor-focus for a moment, but then he looks back at the unseen mass of mutilated DANCERS. He holds his gaze for ten seconds.]

[The SERVER re-enters, unfolding a large white tablecloth. He pauses, then he covers the mass of bodies with the tablecloth. The CHEF still holds his gaze. The SERVER backs away, then runs off again. For five more seconds, the CHEF holds his gaze.]

[The CHEF turns to his food, as if he hears his name from it. He looks at his food, taking in each course moment by moment. Then, breaking the imaginary fourth wall, he looks up into the AUDIENCE: A thousand eyes casting fault on him.]

[Pause.]

CHEF

[Defensively:] *What?! What're you looking at?! What?!*

[Blackout.]

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