

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

# *For a Limited Time Only*

Written by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

ARLO: Any adult age. Any ethnicity. Male.

VAL: Any adult age. Any ethnicity. Female.

THE SERVER: Any age. Any ethnicity. Any gender.

SETTING:

The dining room of the Italian Garden Factory.

TIME:

This deal is, in fact, available for a limited time only.

CONTENT WARNING:

Sexual content, violence.

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 1.

*Canned, cheesy Italian parlor music fills the dining room of the Italian Garden Factory.*

*ARLO and VAL, actually the only couple in the dining room, sit at a table covered with one of those red and white plastic checkered tablecloths, finishing the last bites of a hearty meal.*

*Also on the table between them, a basket of bread with one last piece.*

Oh my god. VAL

I am stuffed. ARLO

Me too. VAL

I literally don't feel like I can get up. ARLO

Well, start making room. We're gonna have to eventually. VAL

You don't think they'll, like, just let us sit here indefinitely? ARLO

Nope. You can only do that at home. VAL

We can dream. ARLO

Can we? VAL

Oh, yes. I long for the day when we can just sleep right in the restaurant. ARLO

Pretty sure you have to own the place to do that. And even then, you sleep on a different floor. Like, above it. VAL

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 2.

ARLO

Can you not crush my dreams for just a minute?

VAL

Nope. Besides, you can dream better dreams than just being able to sleep wherever you want.

ARLO

Can I?

VAL

Shut up.

ARLO

Love you.

VAL

I love you, too.

(Beat, re: the last  
piece of bread)

Can you handle that? 'Cause I don't know if I can.

ARLO

Uhhhhh. Maybe.

*ARLO grabs the last piece and  
takes a bite.*

*Chews.*

ARLO

Ohhh. Maybe not.

VAL

(Holding out her hand)

Here.

*ARLO hands VAL the bread.*

*VAL brings the bread to her  
mouth, steels herself, then  
takes a bite.*

*But it's too much.*

VAL

(Returning the bread  
to the basket)

Close enough.

*Beat.*

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 3.

ARLO  
It's like its mocking us.

VAL  
No.

ARLO  
It's sneering.  
(Pause, affecting a  
ridiculous voice,  
speaking as the  
bread)

"Finish me."

"Finish meeeeeee."

"I'm unlimited! Get your money's wooooooorth."

VAL  
What are you doing?

ARLO  
I'm being the bread.

VAL  
Why?

ARLO  
...

VAL  
We're in public.

ARLO  
We're the only ones here.

VAL  
(Looking around)  
Oh.

Hey, what time do they close?

ARLO  
Uh, I don't know.

*THE SERVER enters with a fresh  
basket of bread.*

THE SERVER  
Hello, again, folks! More bread?

*ARLO and VAL groan.*

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 4.

THE SERVER

Haha. Bit stuffed?

ARLO

More than a bit.

VAL

You aren't about to close are you?

THE SERVER

Hmm? Oh, no. Not at all! Looks like you two lovebirds have the place to yourselves. Relax as long as you want.

ARLO

(To VAL)

You hear that?

VAL

Thanks, um. We can probably go ahead and take care of the check though.

THE SERVER

You sure? No dessert? Coffee?

VAL

Thanks, no, the check is good. Could not eat another bite.

THE SERVER

You want a doggie bag for the bread? Don't want to let it go to waste.

*Beat.*

ARLO

They've got a point.

VAL

Sure. That's fine.

THE SERVER

All right!

(Setting the basket  
down)

Well, I'll just leave this here while I go fetch that. Just in case you find a little more room in the meantime. Get your money's worth.

*THE SERVER exits.*

*Beat.*

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 5.

ARLO  
(Pointing after THE  
SERVER)

They get it.

\$5.99.

VAL  
Hell of a deal.

ARLO  
Hell of a deal.

*Beat.*

VAL  
We should not have eaten this much.

ARLO  
Probably not.

VAL  
The "get your money's worth," that's how they get you.

ARLO  
Hell of a deal.

VAL  
Hell of a deal.

But it's gonna ruin the whole night.

ARLO  
You're not having a good time?

VAL  
No, I am, but it's all downhill from here. We're both gonna feel bloated and sluggish the rest of the evening. We'll get home and plop down in front of the T.V. to watch the latest episode of something we'll only pay attention to halfway because the other half is on our phones. We're not gonna have any energy to do anything else because we just ate our weight in carbs. You're also gonna use that as an excuse around 11 o'clock to say you're too lazy to fuck me. I'll say, "well, you could just eat me out." You'll make a pun which I won't laugh at about how you're still too full from dinner, and we'll wind up masturbating next to other looking at our preferred style of porn, lesbian BDSM for me, and foot shit for you.

*Beat.*

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 6.

ARLO

Are you saying I don't eat you out enough?

VAL

Yes.

But I'm also saying I think that I think unlimited bread deals cause more trouble than they're worth.

I am digesting that idea now and forming that opinion.

ARLO

I can eat you out more.

I like it.

VAL

Do it right now.

ARLO

What?

VAL

There's nobody here. Get under the table.

ARLO

Um...

VAL

I'm kidding.

ARLO

Haha.

VAL

I mean, if you want to, I won't stop you.

ARLO

Well...

VAL

You're too full from dinner?

ARLO

Haha.

Look, if this is a serious conversation, I want to take it seriously.

VAL

I'm kidding.

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 7.

ARLO

It's okay if you're not. You always say, "every joke has a little bit of truth."

VAL

I do say that. It's true.

ARLO

Do you feel like I don't eat you out enough?

VAL

I said yes earlier. You haven't eaten me out since.

ARLO

Haha.

I mean, I can eat you out more.

VAL

Good.

*THE SERVER re-enters, holding  
a to-go box.*

ARLO

I can't tell if you're messing with me or not.

VAL

When in doubt, eat me out.

THE SERVER

Oh, that's a personal conversation.  
(Handing ARLO the to-go box)

Here you go, folks.

ARLO

Thanks.

THE SERVER

I hope I'm not overstepping my place, but I have to agree.  
If one partner's not pulling their weight downtown--

ARLO

Oh, okay.

VAL

Uh, where's the check?

THE SERVER

Hmm?

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 8.

VAL  
The check?

THE SERVER  
You want the check?

VAL  
We asked for the check.

THE SERVER  
You asked for the check?

VAL  
We did.

THE SERVER  
(Remembering)  
Oh my god. You did! I am so sorry. Forgive me. I'll go get that right now. Be back in a jiff!

*THE SERVER exits.*

*Beat.*

*ARLO begins putting the bread into the to-go box.*

ARLO  
If it's that big a problem, I want to work to fix it, you know?

VAL  
We definitely asked for the check.

ARLO  
What? Oh. Yeah.

VAL  
More than once.

ARLO  
Yes?

Oh. Cut them some slack, honey. It's a stressful job, they just forgot. It happens.

VAL  
We're the only ones here.

ARLO  
Yeah, but it's the end of a long day. They've been on their feet. Bunch of other people also probably took advantage of the bread deal. It happens.

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 9.

VAL

Yeah.

Still annoying.

ARLO

Fair enough.

(Beat, filling the  
silence)

So what do you want to do tonight?

(Beat, off of VAL'S  
stare)

I mean, I can eat you out.

VAL

(Overlapping)

I want you to fucking eat me out.

ARLO

Totally. I'm in. 100%.

VAL

Then maybe more *Bake Off*?

ARLO

Accents.

*VAL grabs the unfinished piece of bread from the first basket and begins an impersonation of Paul Hollywood from "The Great British Bake Off."*

VAL

See, there's a good bake on this. Golden brown. Looks a bit half eaten, though. Did you eat this before you brought it up here?

ARLO

(Joining in)

Uh, I did.

VAL

Why would you do that?

ARLO

It looked good. I'm sorry.

VAL

You should be.

*VAL eats the last bit of the piece.*

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 10.

*Chews it slowly.*

*Adjudicating it.*

VAL

I don't like it.

I love it.

ARLO

Oh, thank God.

VAL

You're star baker.

ARLO

Oh, thank God. I'm going to go call my mum.

*They laugh.*

*Beat.*

VAL

Oh my god, why did I eat that? Why did you let me do that?

ARLO

It was for the bit.

VAL

Ohhhh. Why do you let me do things for comedy that I wouldn't do otherwise?

ARLO

I don't know, I feel like I do a lot of things for comedy that I wouldn't do otherwise.

VAL

(Looking for THE  
SERVER)

What is taking so long?

ARLO

I'm having a good time.

VAL

I am too. I just don't like waiting.

ARLO

They said to relax.

VAL

Mmm.

(MORE)

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 11.

VAL (cont'd)

Is it just me or is this place more...creepy than romantic?  
With no one else here?

ARLO

It's lots of space for activities.

VAL

I'm just ready to go home.

*THE SERVER re-enters, holding  
another basket of bread.*

*And no check in sight.*

THE SERVER

Hey, folks. Little bit of bad news, I am so sorry.

VAL

What is--

THE SERVER

We are actually having a little bit of a problem with our  
computer right now.

ARLO

Oh, no.

THE SERVER

I am so sorry, but your check is going to take just a little  
bit longer. I am so sorry.

ARLO

Well, that's okay. It happens.

VAL

What's with the bread?

THE SERVER

Hmm? Oh!

(Setting the bread on  
the table)

For you. As an offer of apology.

VAL

Oh. That's--you really don't have to.

THE SERVER

It's already made. No trouble.

VAL

We really couldn't eat another bite.

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THE SERVER

If you don't, it's going to go to waste.

*Beat.*

ARLO

Well, we'll eat it later. If we don't now.

THE SERVER

Okay! Great!

Well. I'll go check on that check for you. Again, I am so sorry.

VAL

Uh-huh.

*THE SERVER exits.*

ARLO

Okay, that interaction was a little more strangely pointed.

VAL

Are they fucking with us?

ARLO

Nooooo.

VAL

I think they're fucking with us.

ARLO

If their computer's broken, they literally can't do anything, though.

VAL

Is their computer broken?

ARLO

Val.

VAL

I'm just asking. Is it? We don't know. There's no one else here. Maybe this is how they get their kicks.

ARLO

I highly doubt that's the actual case.

VAL

They could do the check by hand. Computer just makes things faster.

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ARLO

Well, when they come back we can ask them that.

VAL

You have any cash on you?

ARLO

Yeah. I have enough.

We can ask them when they come back.

VAL

Okay. Thank you.

*Beat.*

ARLO

I'm having a good night.

VAL

I am too.

I'm just--I'm ready to be out of here, you know?

ARLO

Yeah.

VAL

I'm ready to be home.

ARLO

Yeah. I understand.

VAL

Okay.

Thank you.

I love you.

ARLO

I love you too.

*Beat.*

ARLO

Want do you want to do with the bread?

VAL

Is there room in the box?

ARLO

Not really.

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 14.

VAL  
Then we'll just leave it.

ARLO  
Yeah.

VAL  
It's clearly not our fault if it doesn't get eaten. We've made it clear we're full.

ARLO  
Yeah.

VAL  
It's not on us.

ARLO  
Yeah. I know.

*THE SERVER enters, holding another basket of bread.*

VAL  
What the fuck?

ARLO  
What?

THE SERVER  
I am so sorry, folks. Computer's still on the fritz, but I have more bread!

*THE SERVER sets the bread on the table.*

VAL  
Why?

THE SERVER  
Hmm?

VAL  
Why do you keep bringing us bread?

THE SERVER  
You ordered the unlimited bread deal, silly. \$5.99.

VAL  
Yes, but we're done eating. We're clearly done eating. We're not going to eat more.

THE SERVER  
If you don't, it'll go to waste.

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 15.

VAL  
We don't care!

ARLO  
Val--

VAL  
Bring us our check, please.

THE SERVER  
I would if I could, I am so sorry.

VAL  
Then write it by hand. We'll pay with cash.

THE SERVER  
I can't do that either, I'm so sorry.

VAL  
Why not?

THE SERVER  
Because I can't bring you your check until you finish the bread.

*Beat.*

ARLO  
What?

THE SERVER  
If you want your check, eat the bread.

Looks like you two are still working, so, I'll give you some more time. Just holler if you need anything!

*THE SERVER exits.*

*Beat.*

ARLO  
Uh...

VAL  
(Getting up, grabbing her coat from the back of her chair)

Fuck this.

ARLO  
Woah, wait.

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 16.

VAL

Arlo, I don't know what's going on, but I am not staying here another minute. Come on.

ARLO

Okay. Yeah, this is weird.

*ARLO follows suit, standing up and grabbing his coat.*

*He grabs the to-go box.*

VAL

Fucking leave the bread! Just come on!

ARLO

It's gonna go to waste.

VAL

Arlo!

ARLO

Right. Yep. Sorry.

*VAL takes the lead and storms across the room towards the exit.*

*But she stops.*

*She looks around, confused.*

VAL

What the--

ARLO

What?

VAL

Where's the door?

ARLO

What?

VAL

Where is the fucking door?

ARLO

What the hell?

VAL

(Pointing offstage)

We came in from there.

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 17.

ARLO  
Yeah. We did.

VAL  
Where's the--

What the fuck is going on?

ARLO  
The door's gone.

VAL  
I can see that!

*VAL runs to the walls and starts feeling them, trying to find some way to get out.*

*ARLO just stands, watching, shell-shocked.*

VAL  
What the fuck what the hell what the fuck what the shit the fuck? What the fuck? There are no fucking windows in this place!!

ARLO  
Can we get out through the kitchen?

*Beat.*

*VAL crosses towards the kitchen but is stopped by the appearance of THE SERVER.*

THE SERVER  
I am so sorry, folks. Only employees are allowed into the kitchen.

VAL  
...

What the fuck is going on?

THE SERVER  
Ma'am? I'm sorry, but I have to ask, can you tone down your language? The other customers?

VAL  
LIKE FUCK!

ARLO  
There's nobody else here.

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 18.

THE SERVER

Is there?

(After a beat,  
letting that doubt  
creep in)

I'm just kidding. No, there isn't.

But what is it you say, Val? "Every joke has a bit of truth?"

VAL

Let us out of here. Right now.

THE SERVER

I'm afraid I can't do that. Not until you both eat your bread.

VAL

We are not eating any more fucking bread!

THE SERVER

Ma'am, again, please tone down your language. I don't want to have to ask you again.

VAL

Or what?

*THE SERVER beelines to VAL and puts their hand to her throat.*

*Maybe even lifts them off the ground a little.*

*VAL struggles to breathe.*

THE SERVER

Or I'll cut out your tongue.

*VAL struggles to breathe.*

*ARLO watches in horror.*

THE SERVER

And that would make it much more difficult to eat the bread.

*VAL struggles to breathe.*

*THE SERVER lets go, and VAL falls to the floor, coughing.*

*ARLO watches in horror.*

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 19.

*THE SERVER crosses to exit,  
but stops at the sound of  
ARLO:*

ARLO

Please.

We just want to go home.

*Beat.*

THE SERVER

You better start eating then.

*THE SERVER exits.*

*Lights fade.*

*In the darkness, a cheerful  
advertisement with  
underscoring:*

ADVERTISEMENT VOICE #1 (V.O.)

\$5.99?

ADVERTISEMENT VOICE #2 (V.O.)

\$5.99!

ADVERTISEMENT VOICE #1 (V.O.)

OH FUCK!

ADVERTISEMENT VOICE #3 (V.O.)

That's right. Unlimited bread. Un. Limited. Here at the Italian Garden Factory, we give you all you can eat. Think we'll stop giving you bread like all those other restaurants? Hell no! For just \$5.99, get unlimited bread with your meal. It's a hell of a deal.

ADVERTISEMENT VOICE #1 (V.O.)

That's a hell of a deal.

ADVERTISEMENT VOICE #2 (V.O.)

(With mouth full of  
bread)

Hell of a deal.

ADVERTISEMENT VOICE #3 (V.O.)

Hell.

I mean, The Italian Garden Factory. When you're here, you're eating bread. So come on down and join us. We'd love to put a smile on your face.

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 20.

*The advertisement ends.*

*Lights rise on ARLO and VAL.*

*Time has passed. They have been and are still currently trying to eat more bread.*

*It is a monumentally difficult task and they are not smiling.*

*In fact, it looks like they are both going to throw up.*

*They continue their attempts to eat in silence for a time.*

*VAL has a particularly bad vomit scare.*

VAL

Oh my god.

I'm okay.

I'm okay.

*THE SERVER enters with another basket of bread and sets it on the table.*

THE SERVER

You folks doing okay? You need any more Diet Coke?

*VAL gags again.*

THE SERVER

Oh. Be careful. You don't want to have to eat it again if it comes up. Tastes a lot worse the second time.

*VAL almost throws up at that.*

*But miraculously keeps it down.*

ARLO

Why are you doing this?

THE SERVER

You ordered the unlimited bread deal.

What do you think the word "unlimited" means?

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 21.

ARLO

...

THE SERVER

It means limitless, dear. Infinite.

ARLO

Then how are we ever supposed to eat all of it?

*THE SERVER chuckles.*

*Beat.*

THE SERVER

I'll be back with some more in a little bit. Enjoy!

*THE SERVER exits.*

*Silence.*

VAL

We can't keep doing this.

ARLO

...

VAL

We'll burst.

ARLO

Should we try and call someone again?

VAL

Did you suddenly get a signal?

ARLO

...

No.

VAL

Then no.

ARLO

What do we do?

VAL

...

When they come back...

You distract them.

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 22.

How?  
ARLO

VAL  
I don't know. It doesn't matter. Just get them facing back towards the kitchen.

Why?  
ARLO

VAL  
So I stab them from the back instead the front.

What?  
ARLO

VAL  
It's a bread knife, but it should do enough to give us time to run.

ARLO  
You're talking about killing them?

VAL  
Wounding. At best, probably.

ARLO  
Val.

VAL  
What other choice do we have?

ARLO  
But that's--...

VAL  
What?

ARLO  
That's...violence.

VAL  
Are you really debating ethics in this situation? Of all situations!

ARLO  
You know I don't believe in violence. I'm a pacifist!

VAL  
Then you should be fine since I'm the one doing the stabbing!

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 23.

Val! ARLO

*THE SERVER pops in from the kitchen.*

Everything okay out here? THE SERVER

ARLO AND VAL

...

Yep.

Okay! Should be back with some more in just a bit! THE SERVER

*THE SERVER exits.*

*Beat.*

VAL

Look, if you have any other suggestion I am all ears. But drastic and existentially surreal situations call for drastic measures.

Do you want to get home or not, Arlo?

*Beat.*

Okay. ARLO

Okay? VAL

Okay. ARLO

What do I say?

Whatever you have to. VAL

*THE SERVER enters, carrying another basket of bread.*

And here is some more! I do hope you two lovebirds are enjoying your evening. THE SERVER

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 24.

ARLO

(With somewhat way  
too much exuberance)

We are! So much!

THE SERVER

Well, that's just great to hear!

ARLO

That's great to hear that you think that's great to hear!

THE SERVER

Are you okay?

ARLO

(Realizing that was  
way too much  
exuberance)

Yeah! I'm fine. Uh...

Actually, I wanted to ask you a favor.

THE SERVER

Anything! I'm here to serve! What can I do for you?

ARLO

(Standing and guiding  
THE SERVER away from  
the table, facing  
the kitchen)

I was just wondering...we've had so much bread. You know?

THE SERVER

I do.

ARLO

And, it's--it's been great.

THE SERVER

Our bakers are the best.

*Over the following, VAL grabs  
the bread knife from the table  
and crosses to stab THE SERVER  
in the back.*

ARLO

But I kind of want to mix it up a bit. As a surprise for my partner.

*THE SERVER turns back to look  
at VAL, who freezes, hiding  
the knife.*

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 25.

THE SERVER

Oh! How sweet.

Everything okay?

VAL

Yep.

THE SERVER

Great.

(Beat, back to ARLO)

You were saying?

ARLO

Um, yeah. Could I order a dessert?

THE SERVER

Oh, that is so sweet. Unfortunately, our kitchen is closed.

*Beat.*

ARLO

What?

THE SERVER

Our kitchen is closed.

ARLO

But--...but--

But...

*VAL stabs THE SERVER in the back.*

*THE SERVER gasps in pain and falls to their knees.*

*ARLO stares in shock.*

VAL

Come on!

*VAL grabs ARLO'S hand and runs towards the kitchen.*

ARLO

(Confused, shocked,  
maybe in tears)

If the kitchen is closed, where's the bread coming from?

*VAL and ARLO exit into the kitchen.*

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*THE SERVER lies on the floor,  
unmoving.*

VAL (O.S.)

No.

No!

No!

No no no no no no no no no no! FUCK! NO!

*VAL slowly re-enters, breathy,  
in shocked terror.*

VAL

It's just a brick wall.

It's the size of a closet.

What the fuck is going on?

*ARLO re-enters, looking  
similar and sickened.*

VAL

I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming. This is just a bad dream. This  
is a bad fucking dream.

THE SERVER

(From the ground)

You're not dreaming.

*Beat.*

*THE SERVER slowly stands,  
knife in their back, blood now  
staining their uniform, but  
completely unfazed.*

*ARLO and VAL watch in horror.*

THE SERVER

If you were dreaming, you would've eaten all this bread by  
now.

*Beat.*

*ARLO throws up.*

*Vomit just up and explodes  
from his mouth.*

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For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 27.

*It gets everywhere.*

*VAL reacts.*

*THE SERVER doesn't.*

THE SERVER

Oh, no. I did warn you.

I'll go get you something to scoop it up.

And a mint.

*THE SERVER exits into the kitchen.*

*Beat.*

*ARLO and VAL look to one another as the lights slowly fade.*

*Time begins to pass at indeterminable lengths.*

*In the darkness, we hear snippets of ARLO and VAL'S infinite conversations and silences.*

*NOTE: Over the following sequence, underscore as desired.*

ARLO

Should we try and call someone again?

VAL

There's no signal.

ARLO

...

Can't you still call 911? Even though you don't have service?

VAL

You have to at least have a SIGNAL. No signal means nothing. You dumb fuck.

ARLO

Hey.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 28.

---

*Silence.*

*Uncomfortable sounds from  
ARLO.*

Are you okay? VAL

... ARLO

I have to poop.

Then poop. VAL

Where? ARLO

I don't know! VAL

Pick a corner. ARLO

... VAL

What? ARLO

What if they make eat me it?

*Silence.*

---

Do you think anyone's looking for us? VAL

Definitely. ARLO

People notice when people just...disappear.

Do they? VAL

Yeah. ARLO

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 29.

VAL

...

They're not going to find us.

ARLO

Don't say that.

VAL

It's true.

...

I'm sorry I called you a dumb fuck the other week. However long it was.

I'm...

...

*VAL breaks down.*

ARLO

It's okay. Hey.

It's gonna be okay.

VAL

How?

ARLO

I don't know.

But it is.

THE SERVER

Hey folks! Here's some more bread.

-----  
*Lights rise.*

*The vomit is cleaned up.*

*ARLO and VAL are back at the table.*

*There is significantly more bread than before.*

*Silence.*

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 30.

*VAL has a thought and starts to laugh.*

*She laughs and laughs and laughs.*

What? ARLO

*VAL just keeps laughing.*

What? ARLO

Val?

The cat's probably dead. VAL

*VAL keeps laughing.*

*The lights fade.*

-----

THE SERVER  
You're sure you don't want any more Diet Coke?

VAL  
I want to you die the most painful death mankind could ever conceive.

THE SERVER  
Okay, well, there's no need to be rude, Ma'am. I don't make enough to put up with your attitude.

*VAL rises from her chair, attempting to strangle THE SERVER.*

VAL  
YOU SON OF A BITCH! [Continued ad-libs]!

*THE SERVER stops this business with a single blow.*

*Depending upon the location of the blow, perhaps VAL chokes a little in reaction, but she ultimately and quickly goes quiet, falling to the floor.*

*Beat.*

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 31.

THE SERVER  
Arlo, did you want a refill?

ARLO  
Val?

THE SERVER  
Or ignore me. That's fine, too. "Fuck me," right?

*THE SERVER walks off.*

ARLO  
Is--?

Val?

*Silence.*

-----  
VAL  
Okay.  
Who got fired first? Me or you?

ARLO  
Ooh.  
Definitely me.

VAL  
Yeah.

ARLO  
Your job likes you more than my job likes me.  
Liked. Um, I--

*Silence.*

VAL  
We should start working out.

ARLO  
What?

VAL  
All these carbs. Try to slow the weight gain.

ARLO  
Right.

(MORE)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 32.

ARLO (cont'd)

Do you think we could order other food? As time goes by?  
Will they do that?

THE SERVER

When the kitchen is open, yes.

ARLO

(Overlapping)

AAHHHH!

THE SERVER

But it will added to your bill.

ARLO

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

-----  
*The lights rise.*

*THE SERVER is gone.*

*ARLO is at the table,  
sleeping.*

*VAL is doing some form of  
workout regimen in the open  
space.*

*There is significantly more  
bread than before.*

*Beat.*

*ARLO wakes from a bad dream,  
screaming.*

*VAL runs over to calm them.*

VAL

Hey! Hey! It's okay. It's okay. It was just a dream. It was  
just a bad dream.

ARLO

...

I dreamt we were in this restaurant and they wouldn't stop  
bringing us bread and--

(MORE)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 33.

ARLO (cont'd)  
(Looking around,  
without missing a  
beat)

Fuck.

Oh goddamn it.

VAL

Yeah.

ARLO

...

Okay!

Still want me to eat you out?

VAL

Right now?

ARLO

What else are we ever going to do?

VAL

I mean, fuck yeah.

*The lights fade.*

-----  
*In the darkness, the sounds of  
ARLO eating VAL out.*

*VAL ad-libs sexual pleasure.*

ARLO

Oh my god.

Oh my god.

(Perhaps in tears)

You don't taste like bread!

*VAL laughs and cries.*

*The eating continues.*

*After a not insignificant  
amount of time (seriously,  
they need this, give them the  
time they deserve), VAL  
climaxes.*

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 34.

Oh my god. VAL

Oh my god, I love you.

I love you too. ARLO

Gag me. VAL

With what? ARLO

Use the bread. VAL

...

(Spitting bread out  
of her mouth)

Okay, fuck that, that was a bad idea. Just keep going.

Okay. ARLO

-----

*Now, any underscoring or lack thereof suddenly brightens into some easy, nostalgic dance music. The kind you would dance with your partner to for all eternity, looking into their eyes and falling in love over and over again.*

*The lights rise.*

*ARLO and VAL dance with one another, content, feeling a joy for the first time in a hot minute.*

*THE SERVER, with some instrument, accompanies the music in the background.*

*ARLO and VAL dance.*

*They smile.*

*After a time:*

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 35.

I don't get it. ARLO

What? VAL

What is this? ARLO

Are we dead?

Is this purgatory? Hell?

It can't be. VAL

If this was hell, we wouldn't be together.

Sure you would. THE SERVER

*ARLO and VAL stop and turn to look at THE SERVER.*

*The lights fade.*

*The music continues.*

-----  
*Darkness.*

*The lights fade up.*

*ARLO is seated, and VAL is giving him a haircut with another bread knife.*

*They talk and laugh with one another.*

*The lights fade.*

*The music continues.*

-----  
*Darkness.*

*The lights fade up.*

*There is a birthday cake at the table.*

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 36.

*ARLO, VAL, and THE SERVER, all wearing party hats, blow out the candles.*

*The lights fade up.*

*The music continues.*

---

*Darkness.*

*The lights fade up.*

*ARLO is eating VAL out again.*

*NOTE: Show as little or as much as you desire, but it should be clear what is happening.*

*The lights fade.*

*The music continues.*

---

*Darkness.*

*The lights fade up.*

*ARLO, alone, paces back and forth across the room.*

*He is nervous, waiting on something, perhaps stealing glances towards the kitchen.*

*After some of this, THE SERVER enters from the kitchen, pushing a hospital-gowned VAL in a wheelchair.*

*She holds a wrapped and swaddled newborn baby in a bread basket.*

*ARLO goes to them, proud father in awe.*

*THE SERVER smiles.*

*The lights fade.*

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 37.

*The music slowly fades.*

-----  
*Silence.*

*The lights rise.*

*Bread is just absolutely  
everywhere now.*

*ARLO and VAL sit at the table.*

*VAL holds the baby.*

*ARLO stares at them both.*

VAL

Okay.

I think she's asleep.

(Off of ARLO's stares)

What?

ARLO

I had a dream last night.

VAL

Bad?

ARLO

No? I mean, it wasn't a nightmare. I guess.

VAL

You wanna tell me about it?

ARLO

Yeah.

We were here. Still. In this place. But we had gotten old.  
Like, really old. Ancient. Like, shouldn't still be alive  
kind of old.

We couldn't move by ourselves. The server was feeding us the  
bread like babies. With airplane noises.

VAL

That's a comforting thought.

ARLO

But we were happy, though. Content. I could tell.

We were at peace.

(MORE)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 38.

ARLO (cont'd)

I don't know how, but we were.

VAL

What about the baby?

ARLO

...

I didn't see her.

*Beat.*

*ARLO breaks down a little.*

ARLO

This is all my fault.

VAL

What?

ARLO

It's my fault.

VAL

No.

ARLO

No, it is! You wanted to go to Olive Garden.

VAL

Arlo.

ARLO

I said no, all their food is frozen. Let's go here.

VAL

Arlo.

ARLO

It's my fault.

VAL

Arlo.

...

Arlo.

This is not your fault.

Whatever this is, there is no possible way you did it.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 39.

ARLO

...

I don't know what's going to happen next.

VAL

Neither do I.

But we'll get through it together.

Okay?

Okay?

ARLO

...

I'm sorry.

VAL

Don't be sorry.

ARLO

But I am sorry.

VAL

Don't be! Don't say that.

We're trapped in some parallel bread world. Fuck being sorry. Fuck feeling bad. Fuck blame. Fuck--fuck bread!

I can't--you can't put words to--

If this is our life now, so goddamn be it!

If we're gonna grow old and ancient as fuck in this claustrophobic, tacky ass wallpapered excuse for a dining room, eating basket after basket of bread that isn't Texas Roadhouse, no matter how hard you wish it to be, if our arteries fucking turn black and carbonate because of all the Diet Coke, if we never see our families again or hold our loved ones, if this is our life now...I'm not going to live it any less than the fucking fullest I can.

We deserve that.

Don't be sorry.

Don't give them that.

*ARLO takes this in.*

*Beat.*

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 40.

*THE SERVER enters, holding  
another basket of bread.*

*And carrying a chair.*

THE SERVER  
(Setting the basket  
on the table)

Hey, there, folks! Here's some more for you.

VAL

Thank you.

THE SERVER  
How are we doing with everything?

ARLO

Good.

THE SERVER  
Well, that's great to hear!

VAL

What's with the chair?

THE SERVER

Well.

*THE SERVER sets the chair by  
the table and sits down with  
ARLO and VAL.*

THE SERVER  
To be perfectly honest, I've been on my feet for a while  
now. I just wanted to sit while we talked.

VAL

Talked about what?

THE SERVER

Something has come up.

ARLO

What?

THE SERVER

...

As you are both aware, you had a child.

Congratulations, again. Mazel tov.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 41.

ARLO AND VAL

Thanks.

THE SERVER

And therein lies the root of our talk.

If you recall, you both ordered two unlimited bread deals.

ARLO

Yes.

THE SERVER

Well. Now there are three of you.

*Everything shifts.*

*We can hear the air.*

*What does this mean?*

*Beat.*

VAL

Does that--?

What are you saying?

THE SERVER

It's time for one of you to go.

You can't have three people taking advantage of two unlimited bread deals. Do you know how much trouble I would get in if I let that happen?

*Beat.*

ARLO

You mean...like...

*ARLO makes a "getting executed" gesture.*

THE SERVER

Good Lord! No. Go.

VAL

You mean just..."go?"

THE SERVER

Yes.

ARLO

"Go?"

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 42.

THE SERVER

Go. Leave. Depart the establishment? "Go" is the simplest phrase. I thought it would be clear.

*VAL breathes quickly and laughs in disbelief, almost flipping her shit, but comes out with:*

VAL

Just "go?"

THE SERVER

(Have you...been listening?)

Yes! One of you needs to leave. This restaurant. Now.

Don't look at me with those faces on your faces. Nothing lasts forever, dears. This shouldn't be a shock to you.

Well, except for bread, of course. But everything else!

I'll give you a couple of minutes to decide.

*THE SERVER stands and exits, leaving the chair, possibly ad-libbing curses under their breath about the shit they have to deal with.*

*Beat.*

*ARLO and VAL are at a loss for words, struggling to compute the new information.*

*But then:*

ARLO AND VAL

(To each other)

You should go.

*Beat.*

ARLO

You don't deserve to be here.

VAL

Neither do you.

Look me in the eyes and tell me you would handle whatever the rest of this is better than I will.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 43.

ARLO

I take offense at that.

VAL

That's exactly why you should be the one to go.

ARLO

Oh, yeah? Well, I--don't know what to say in response to that.

But I'm not leaving. So...I guess you better get used to the idea.

VAL

Arlo.

ARLO

Because I'm not leaving. And if you're not leaving, then--

*ARLO stops, considering.*

*VAL looks to the baby, also suddenly considering.*

*Beat.*

VAL

We can't.

ARLO

What if she was taken care of?

VAL

She would never know us.

ARLO

But it would give her a life. Outside of whatever the rest of this is.

Is it the most ethical option to--

VAL

Are you really debating ethics in this situation?

ARLO

When else are you supposed to? I mean, it's either that or we--

*ARLO stops again, a new thought.*

*Beat.*

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 44.

VAL

What?

Arlo.

ARLO

We order a third.

VAL

What?

ARLO

We order a third bread deal. And we all stay together.

Ethically, I know, I guess it's just as...murky, I don't know.

What do you think?

VAL

...

Do you remember when we first moved in together?

ARLO

Of course.

VAL

I had gotten the job at the hardware store. And I was working all those hours while you were still at home every day looking for places to apply.

ARLO

A lot of good the English degree did me.

VAL

That was the first time we really spent a lot of time apart.

ARLO

Yeah.

I missed you.

VAL

I missed you.

ARLO

I remember thinking every morning you walked out the door, "Oh my god, what if that was the last time we ever speak to each other? What if some...horrible accident happens? What if I lose her?"

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

For a Limited Time Only, Daniel Prillaman, 45.

VAL  
That's a little dramatic.

ARLO  
I can't bear the thought of being without you.

VAL  
I love you, too.

*Long Beat.*

*VAL breathes in and out.*

VAL  
Hell of a deal.

ARLO  
Hell of a deal.

*They take each other in.*

*Smile.*

*THE SERVER returns.*

THE SERVER  
All right!

Have you two decided? Or do you need a few more minutes?

VAL  
No, I think we're ready.

THE SERVER  
Great! What'll it be?

END OF PLAY.