

*For a Limited Time Only*  
*(The Bread Play)*

Written by  
Daniel Prillaman

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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.

For a Limited Time Only (The Bread Play), Daniel Prillaman, 1.

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

*ARLO and VAL, 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

Can you not crush my dreams for just a minute? ARLO

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

Can I? ARLO

Shut up. VAL

Love you. ARLO

I love you, too. VAL

*Beat.*

VAL  
(Re: the last piece of bread)  
Can you handle that? 'Cause I don't know if I can.

Uhhhhhh. Maybe. ARLO

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

*Chews.*

Ohhh. Maybe not. ARLO

Here. VAL  
(Holding out her hand)

*ARLO hands VAL the bread.*

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

*But it's too much.*

Close enough. VAL  
(Returning the bread to the basket)

*Beat.*

It's like it's mocking us. ARLO

No. VAL

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.*  
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.*

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 each other looking at our preferred style of porn, lesbian BDSM for me, and foot shit for you.

*Beat.*

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.

Um... ARLO

I'm kidding. VAL

Haha. ARLO

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

Well... ARLO

You're too full from dinner? VAL

Haha. ARLO

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

I'm kidding. VAL

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

I do say that. It's true. VAL

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

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

Haha. ARLO

I mean, I can eat you out more.

Good. VAL

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

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

When in doubt, eat me out. VAL



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?

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.

What? Oh. Yeah. ARLO

More than once. VAL

Yes? ARLO

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

We're the only ones here. VAL

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. ARLO

Yeah. VAL

Still annoying.

Fair enough. ARLO

So what do you want to do tonight? (Filling the silence)

I mean, I can eat you out. (Off VAL'S stare)

I want you to fucking eat me out. VAL  
(Overlapping)

Totally. I'm in. 100%. ARLO

Then maybe more *Bake Off*? VAL

Accents. ARLO

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

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? VAL

Uh, I did.

ARLO  
(Joining in)

Why would you do that?

VAL

It looked good. I'm sorry.

ARLO

You should be.

VAL

VAL eats the last bit of the piece.  
Chews it slowly.  
Adjudicating it.

I don't like it.

VAL

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.*

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

VAL

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?

I'm having a good time. ARLO

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

They said to relax. ARLO

Mmm. VAL

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

It's lots of space for activities. ARLO

I'm just ready to go home. VAL

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

*And no check in sight.*

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

What is-- VAL

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

Oh, no. ARLO

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

Well, that's okay. It happens. ARLO

What's with the bread? VAL

Hmm? Oh! THE SERVER  
(Setting the bread on the table)

For you. As an offer of apology.

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

THE SERVER

It's already made. No trouble.

VAL

We really couldn't eat another bite.

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.

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.

Then we'll just leave it. VAL

Yeah. ARLO

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

Yeah. ARLO

It's not on us. VAL

Yeah. I know. ARLO

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

What the fuck? VAL

What? ARLO

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

*THE SERVER sets the bread on the table.*

Why? VAL

Hmm? THE SERVER

Why do you keep bringing us bread? VAL

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

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

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

We don't care! VAL

Val--

ARLO

Bring us our check, please.

VAL

I would if I could, I am so sorry.

THE SERVER

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

VAL

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

THE SERVER

Why not?

VAL

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

THE SERVER

*Beat.*

What?

ARLO

If you want your check, eat the bread.

THE SERVER

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.*

Uh...

ARLO

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

Fuck this.

ARLO

Woah, wait.

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.

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.

THE SERVER  
Is there?  
(Perhaps a knowing turn to the audience)

...

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.*

*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.*

*Via any means desired by the producing company, a cheerful advertisement with underscoring:*

For a Limited Time Only (The Bread Play), Daniel Prillaman, 18.

\$5.99? ADVERTISEMENT VOICE #1 (V.O.)

\$5.99! ADVERTISEMENT VOICE #2 (V.O.)

OH FUCK! ADVERTISEMENT VOICE #1 (V.O.)

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.

*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.

For a Limited Time Only (The Bread Play), Daniel Prillaman, 19.

*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?

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.

ARLO  
How?

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

ARLO  
Why?

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

ARLO  
What?

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!

ARLO  
Val!

*THE SERVER pops in from the kitchen.*

THE SERVER  
Everything okay out here?

ARLO AND VAL  
...

Yep.

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

*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.*

ARLO  
Okay.

VAL  
Okay?

ARLO  
Okay.

What do I say?

VAL

Whatever you have to.

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

THE SERVER

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

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.*

THE SERVER

Oh! How sweet.

Everything okay?

VAL

Yep.

THE SERVER

Great.

(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 right now.

*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

(Maybe in tears)

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

For a Limited Time Only (The Bread Play), Daniel Prillaman, 24.

*VAL and ARLO exit into the kitchen.*

*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.*

*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.

*TIME PASSES.*

*Silence.*

*Uncomfortable sounds from ARLO.*

VAL

Are you okay?

ARLO

...

I have to poop.

Then poop. VAL

Where? ARLO

I don't know! VAL

Pick a corner.

... ARLO

What? VAL

What if they make eat me it? ARLO

*Silence.*

*TIME PASSES.*

Do you think anyone's looking for us? VAL

Definitely. ARLO

People notice when people just...disappear.

Do they? VAL

Yeah. ARLO

... VAL

They're not going to find us.

Don't say that. ARLO

It's true. VAL

...

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.

*TIME PASSES.*

*Lights rise.*

*The vomit is cleaned up.*

*ARLO and VAL are back at the table.*

*There is significantly more bread than before.*

*Silence.*

*VAL has a thought and starts to laugh.*

*She laughs and laughs and laughs.*

ARLO

What?

*VAL just keeps laughing.*

ARLO

What?

Val?

VAL

The cat's probably dead.

*VAL keeps laughing.*

*The lights fade.*

For a Limited Time Only (The Bread Play), Daniel Prillaman, 28.

*TIME PASSES.*

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.*

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?

*TIME PASSES.*

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.

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?

*TIME PASSES.*

*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--  
(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.*

*TIME PASSES.*

*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.*

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:*

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.*

*TIME PASSES.*

*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.*

*TIME PASSES.*

*The lights fade up.*

*ARLO and VAL wear party hats.*

*THE SERVER enters, carrying a birthday cake with candles, except the birthday cake is more bread.*

*They all blow out the candles.*

*The lights fade.*

*The music continues.*

*TIME PASSES.*

*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.*

*TIME PASSES.*

*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.*

*The music slowly fades.*

*Time passes.*

*Silence.*

*The lights rise.*

*Bread is just absolutely everywhere by this point.*

*ARLO and VAL sit at the table.*

*VAL holds the baby.*

*ARLO stares at them both.*

VAL

Okay.

I think she's asleep.

(Off 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

(Not entirely comforted)

That's a comforting thought.

ARLO

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

We were at peace.

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.

What? VAL

It's my fault. ARLO

No. VAL

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

Arlo. VAL

I said no, all their food is frozen. Let's go to the Italian Garden Factory. ARLO

Arlo. VAL

It's my fault. ARLO

Arlo. VAL

...

Arlo.

This is not your fault.

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

ARLO

...

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

Neither do I. VAL

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 was, 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.*

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

*And 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!

What's with the chair?  
VAL

Well.  
THE SERVER

*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.

Talked about what?  
VAL

Something has come up.  
THE SERVER

What?  
ARLO

...  
THE SERVER

As you are both aware, you had a child.  
Congratulations, again. Mazel tov.

Thanks.  
ARLO AND VAL

And therein lies the root of our talk.  
THE SERVER

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

Yes.  
ARLO

Well. Now there are three of you.  
THE SERVER

*The air shifts.*  
*We can hear it.*  
*What does this mean?*  
*Beat.*

Does that--?  
VAL

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?"

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.*

You don't deserve to be here.

ARLO

Neither do you.

VAL

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

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.*

We can't.

VAL

What if she was taken care of?

ARLO

She would never know us.

VAL

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.*

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?"

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.