

## The Dinner Table By Jeffrey Meinz

### *Setting:*

Center Stage is a standard dinner table surrounded by four chairs. Each actor should find clothes to match. For example, if the table and chairs are brown, simply have the actors wear brown clothes, shoulder to shoe. The actors playing the chairs should simply sit in those chairs while the actor playing the table should lie on the top of the table. The table is set, ready for dinner. When casting, each chair should represent the same sex of the person who traditionally occupies that chair. The table can be either male or female.

Table: Do you like the new paint color in this room?

Chair 1: Honestly? No! Besides, what do you care? You just spend all day, lying around looking at the ceiling.

Chair 2: This color reminds me peas.

Chair 3: I love the color! I think that she has such a talent for decorating.

Chair 4: Oh you're just saying that because you are her chair. If anyone else would have chosen the color you would have hated it.

Chair 3: That is not true!

Table: I doesn't matter who chose the color, it's too green.

Chair 1: So you can see the color?

Table: Of course I can. Listen here...I am sick and tired...

Chair 2: Quiet! Here they come.

Chair 4: They?!?! There isn't any "they" anymore.

Chair 2: Shhhhhh!

*Mom enters and sits on lap of Chair 3. She is holding a pot and a casserole dish. She sets them on the table and looks at her watch.*

Chair 3: Isn't this just the best part of the day? I love dinner time.

(Mother starts to serve herself and begins eating dinner)

Chair 1: Dinner time? When is dinner time anymore? 6:00? Please, dinner time for me is when he comes home from work.

Table: If he comes home from work.

Chair 1: “Not tonight, dear. I have another meeting at church. I’ll grab a burger. See you when I get home.”

Chair 2: At least he comes home. The boy hasn’t been here for days.

Table: And when he comes home, all they do is fight.

Chair 3: Doesn’t a mother have a right to know where her children are?

Chair 1: Of course she does, but she starts yelling the moment he walks in the door. If she wouldn’t yell so much, maybe he’d be around more often.

Chair 4: You know kids today. They are so busy. The girl, for example, is so talented. Why shouldn’t she use her God-given gifts?

Table: God? I haven’t heard that name in a long time.

Chair 1: He’s been busy, O.K.?

Table: Right. Meetings. I got it.

Chair 1: They are church meetings. Get off his back.

Table: But what about his family?!? I use to love it when he’d lead family devotions every night right after dinner, just before dessert.

Chair 3: Don’t forget the prayers.

Table: Those too.

Chair 4: Here she comes. Oh, she looks so cute in that uniform. I bet she’s the best cheerleader on the team.

Mother: Hi honey, do you want some dinner? It’s still hot.

Daughter: No mom. We’re going to grab a bite after practice.

Mother: Well let me just put a plate together. You can take it with you.

Daughter: Mom, seriously! I’m fine. Who eats green beans in the car anyway?

Mother: What time will you be home?

Daughter: Tonight. Bye.

Mother: I love you!

*Silence*

Chair 1: That went well.

Chair 4: Be quiet! She'll probably eat here tomorrow.

Chair 2: Of course she will. Just like the rest of them.

*Mother exits with her dishes and gets the plastic wrap to cover the leftovers.*

Table: Here's to another memorable dinner.

Chair 3: Maybe tomorrow.

Chair 1: That's what you always say... "maybe tomorrow."

Chair 3: It's possible that all four of them could be home together for dinner!

Table: Of course it's possible.

Chair 2: But not probable.

Table: But it is possible.

(Mother exits with leftovers)

Table: So does anyone else think this paint is too green?

Chair 2: It still reminds me of peas.