

Buffet Flavor

A play in one act

By Alex Coulombe

Contact:
Alex Coulombe
462 Lexington Ave
Apt 2L
Brooklyn, NY 11221
(603) 348-8702
alex.coulombe@gmail.com

CHARACTERS

SAL, 14, a small boy in a work polo

VICKY, 16, a tall girl in a summer dress

JESSICA, 16, a friend of VICKY's

SCENE 1

SAL, refills a buffet. VICKY, wearing lots of make-up, enters.

VICKY

You're too young to work here.

SAL

Nuh uh.

VICKY

Come on... how old are you?

SAL

Sixteen.

VICKY

No you're not. I'm sixteen and I'm twice your size.

SAL

Want some pizza?

Pause.

VICKY

So you're like a child slave?

SAL

No, they pay me. I'm here volunteeringly, but I clock out at nine so child labor laws don't count.

VICKY

It's almost ten.

SAL

I'm clocked out.

VICKY

When will you *actually* be clocked out?

Blackout.

Now we're outside, the two of them walking together.

VICKY

I'm Vicky by the way.

SAL

Oh right. I'm Sal.

VICKY

You know, you can be a child slave and still get paid. Then you're just a well-paid child slave.

SAL

I'm not a child slave. My dad works here.

VICKY

Mine too. He's a waiter. What's yours?

SAL

The owner.

VICKY

Of the whole resort? You must be--

SAL

Which one's your dad?

VICKY

He's like three hundred pounds but also kind of muscly.

SAL

The one with the eyepatch?

VICKY

No. Someone works here who has an eyepatch?

SAL

No.

VICKY

Why'd you say that?

SAL

Making a joke. Does your dad have red hair and have missing hair on top?

VICKY

Yeah... he can be scary but sometimes he's pretty cool.

SAL

So you're not just on vacation?

VICKY

No, I'm here a lot starting now since I'm with my dad for the weekends and he doesn't like babysitters. I bet I could see you a lot if I wanted to.

SAL

Oh. Where're we going?

VICKY

Don't you want to know if I want to?

SAL

What I want to know do you want to? What?

VICKY

Hmmm... yep! Follow me!

She grabs his hand and runs with him into the forest.

SAL

Where are we going?

VICKY

(cheerily)

Shut up.

SAL

There's bears.

VICKY

No there's not shut up.

They stop walking. She looks around. He looks around. VICKY grabs both of SAL's wrists and pulls his hands to her chest.

VICKY

Hold these.

They both hold still.

How's that?

SAL

Uh huh.

VICKY

You're fine. For this part I don't really know what I'm doing but I'm going to do this.

She sticks out her tongue and puts it in his mouth. He recoils slightly but lets her.

Close your eyes.

SAL

What're you going to do?

VICKY

That's how you kiss, dumbo.

A beat. He kisses her, eyes closed, they bump noses. She giggles.

What do you think?

SAL

Do you have braces?

VICKY

No...

SAL

Your teeth are bumpy.

VICKY

Your tongue's too short. Go deeper.

She grabs his head and
forces it into hers.

SAL

Blech. Sorry. You taste like pizza and chicken wings.

VICKY

Thanks.

SAL

Sorry, the buffet flavor reminds me of work. And we're behind
someone's cabin...

VICKY

That's right.

SAL

And there are little kids over there.

VICKY

I know... pretty dangerous right?

SAL

And childhood-ruining.

VICKY

Let 'em look. They might learn something.

She kisses him even harder, longer,
deeper. He tries to pull away a
couple times but she holds him.
Finally, she pulls away.

I've done it before.

SAL

It?

She removes his hands from her
chest.

VICKY

Yeah. I mean... I've put it in my mouth.

SAL

Oh...

VICKY

You?

SAL

Uh huh. Me too.

VICKY

Wait, what do you mean?

SAL

I don't know but we should go back.

VICKY

Hold up! Let me touch it first. Fair's fair.

She reaches down his pants but he
pulls away and starts walking.

SAL

Okay nice to meet you I'm gonna go back.

VICKY

Wait. We shouldn't walk back together since my dad's car is
in the parking lot and he probably just got done work so he
might be waiting for me there. He's scary sometimes and I
don't think he'd like you. See you next week?

SAL

Uh huh.

VICKY

I'm going to tell people you're my boyfriend now.

SAL

Oh. Thanks.

VICKY

Bye dumbo.

She kisses him on the cheek and runs away. Blackout.

The next week, same buffet.

SAL

Hello young miss. Are you well-enjoying the buffet? We have nice rice krispies on special today!

VICKY

Shut up. Meet me after work by that tree again.

SAL

Kay.

VICKY

Don't look at me like that! (a beat) My dad's watching. Give me a rice krispy treat and act normal.

He tries to hand her one from the basket, but she takes the one in his hand. Blackout.

They're back outside. SAL brought her five rice krispies treats that he pulls from his pockets.

VICKY

Aww... that's kinda like flowers. Maybe next week you'll have whoopie pies.

SAL

Maybe. Do you like whoopie pies?

VICKY

I love whoopie pies.

SAL

Make sure no one catches you since I just took inventory and we should have that many more than we actually have.

SAL goes in for a kiss, she dodges.

VICKY

Like it matters. Anyway, my dad knows about us.

SAL

What! How?

VICKY

He was yelling at me, and I yelled back at him. I was yelling how my boyfriend would beat him up, but then he made me tell him who you were.

SAL

He made you? What did you say?

VICKY

Just that you're younger than me and really rich and small and have sniper guards and you probably couldn't beat him up and you work at the buffet.

SAL

Geezum crow! I saw him like three times tonight!

VICKY

We made a deal where if I stopped seeing you, he wouldn't kill you.

SAL

Oh. You're breaking up with me?

VICKY

What? Shut up, you think I'm that douche? No, this'll work. We'll keep seeing each other like this where he can't see us.

SAL

What if he finds out?

VICKY

He won't, but I already thought of that. What other jobs have you worked here?

SAL

Let's see... buffet boy, bus boy, kitchen boy, paddleboat cleaner, dead fish out of the lake cleaner, game room quarter emptier, pool boy--

VICKY

Pool boy- what's a pool boy?

SAL

Like pick up towels and put down salt in the winter and fill up new towels.

SAL goes in for a kiss, she dodges.

VICKY

Okay do that one.

SAL

Pool boy? But I'm a buffet boy now with tips sometimes.

VICKY

Not if you want to stay safe from my dad. You need a new job where he never runs into you.

SAL

I can't just change jobs like that, I--

VICKY

Your dad owns this place! You can do whatever you want!

SAL

Okay I'll try.

SAL goes in for a kiss, she dodges.

VICKY

You'll do.

She kisses him.

SAL

I really like kissing.

VICKY

Good for you. I'm bored. So now come on... let's add some excitement.

She pulls his hand down her pants.

SAL

No thank you.

VICKY

Don't be a pussy.

SAL

Ha ha.

VICKY

What? Fair's fair. You made me touch yours so now you have to touch mine.

SAL

I didn't make you. And if I knew that having you touch mine was going to mean I had to touch yours, I wouldn't have let you touch mine.

VICKY

That makes no sense. Whatever. You're scared. Let's be boring and kiss some more.

She kisses him again. He closes his eyes and she keeps hers determinedly open. She tries to put his hand down her pants again. He pulls away.

SAL

Hey, I decided I think I like you.

VICKY

Great.

SAL

And I want you to be my girlfriend.

VICKY

I already am. We decided last week.

SAL

...and I want to take things slow and enjoy our time together.

VICKY

(snorting with laughter)

Shut up.

SAL

Why do you say shut up so much? I mean, um... why are you aggressive?

For a moment she looks like she'll punch him. Then she punches him in the mouth. Then she holds his hand.

VICKY

I'm not aggressive!

Pause.

Sorry. It's my family. There's... problems and... I like being with someone who listens. It helps... I feel less...

SAL

I know what you mean.

He awkwardly hugs her.

VICKY

Whatever. Everyone's always so wishy-washy and you only live once and it makes me so mad to see how easily people could change their own lives but then they don't.

SAL

I like your confidence.

VICKY

Look kid, you don't have to touch me if you don't want to. I'm don't mean to...

SAL

No, I do, I just... slower. Let's leave something for the imagination.

Pause.

But really, I, your confidence is inspiring, so... don't be, not forward. I like it.

VICKY

Wouldn't kill you to try it. Come on, do something to me I wouldn't expect.

SAL

No!

VICKY

What do you want to be when you grow up?

SAL

All sorts of things-- a dessert designer, a rock band player, a puppeteer, maybe a rapper sorta dude...

VICKY

Great! So what can you do right now to start working on those skills?

SAL

I have no idea.

VICKY

Come on...

She strokes his face.

SAL

What do you want to be?

VICKY

A corporate publicist.

SAL

Wow. And you're like, already really good at public stuff.

VICKY

Right... so look. Creativity and confidence are important no matter what you want to do, so you should confidently do something with me.

Pause.

Come on... I promise I won't get mad. Whatever comes to your head.

SAL

I can't think of anything...

VICKY

Actions speak louder than words.

A beat. He spanks her really hard and grunts. She doesn't respond at first, then she takes a step back.

SAL

I'm sorry! You told me to...

VICKY

Maybe think about it and we could try next week-- I'm gonna go back now.

SAL

I've got it! What if next week when I'm working the pool-- see, I also have to close it and put the cover on-- what if we went skinny dipping first.. I could turn the security cameras off and everything!

VICKY

Cool beans. See you then.

SAL

See you when I see you.

She kisses him lightly on the cheek and leaves. Blackout.

The next week at the buffet.

SAL eagerly awaits VICKY but she doesn't come. Now he's down by the pool. He waits. He pulls a whoopie pie out of his pocket, considers it, eats it. A new girl comes by.

JESSICA

Are you Sal?

SAL

(a mouthful of whoopie pie)

Yep yep.

She hands him a napkin, which has writing on it.

SAL

Where is she? Tell her I'm sorry I was still working the buffet and I'll definitely be working the pool next week.

JESSICA

Bye.

SAL

Bye.

He looks at the napkin. He opens it and reads.

VICKY (V.O.)

Dear kid. You never told me your name so I don't know who to write this to. Anyway, I've met someone between talking to you last and now so now we're going out and I believe in monogonomy so I'm breaking up with you. Please don't fire my dad or try to talk to me if you see me. Vicky.

SAL spits out the rest of his whoopie pie into the napkin, throws it away.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF PLAY)