

***INSTANT COFFEE***

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**Wright Now Play Later: October**

**PROMPT: being asked to make your own instant coffee while stopped at a rural diner.**

*An empty diner. A WAITRESS stands behind the counter. A CUSTOMER walks in. The CUSTOMER sits at the counter. The WAITRESS stares at the CUSTOMER*

WAITRESS

What the fuck are you?

CUSTOMER

I'm sorry?

WAITRESS

Can I take your order?

CUSTOMER

May I see a menu?

WAITRESS

Placemat.

CUSTOMER

I'm sorry?

*Waitress points to the placemat in front of CUSTOMER.*

CUSTOMER

Oh.

That's the...

WAITRESS

Uh-huh.

CUSTOMER

That's the whole menu?

WAITRESS

What do I look like? The menu store?

CUSTOMER

It just doesn't seem like this is the full menu.

WAITRESS

Oh, I see. You like *options*. You like *choices*.

CUSTOMER

Not really.

WAITRESS

Ugh. Just order or leave.

CUSTOMER

You're a very unhappy person, aren't you?

WAITRESS

Nobody asked you about my life.

CUSTOMER

I'll have a coffee.

WAITRESS

Fine.

CUSTOMER

That's all. For now.

WAITRESS

Coffee's instant. Hope that's okay.

CUSTOMER

Then where is it?

*Waitress puts a can of instant coffee on the counter.*

WAITRESS

Make it.

CUSTOMER

I will.

WAITRESS

Good.

CUSTOMER

I need hot water.

*Waitress very begrudgingly gets a mug of hot water and places it on the counter.*

CUSTOMER

You are really bad at being a server. You should probably quit your job.

WAITRESS

Server? I'm a waitress. Server is like, I don't even know what that is. That's not me. That's not here.

CUSTOMER

You are really bad at being a waitress.

WAITRESS

Yeah, well, maybe I got dreams that are being deferred and shit.

CUSTOMER

Yeah, well, maybe that's not a good excuse for being a terrible person who is also bad her job.

WAITRESS

Yeah, well, maybe I've been an orphan ever since I was 13 and I've been forced to live with my sexually abusive uncle ever since then and maybe I'm a little bitter about that and maybe I'm just projecting some of my anger and rage onto you because you're the only person I've seen all day because nobody ever comes into this diner because this whole town is dead because this whole county is dead and rotting and nobody ever gets off the highway here because it looks like a fucking ghost town because that's what it is because the American Dream is over and I'm basically just the vapor of something sweet that you wish you could remember after you woke up but it's too late, it's pointless and so am I and so is my life.

CUSTOMER

Maybe I got off the highway because I never get off the highway at places like this because everyone has always taught me to be scared of places like this because places like this are supposed to hate people like me and spit on people like me and kill people like me—and maybe historically and presently they have and maybe I'm looking at history and the motherfucking present with wide eyes and sticking out my pierced tongue and one of my hands is saying peace and the other is saying fuck you and maybe I decided that no matter what I'm supposed to think and do maybe I decided that I was going to sit down here at this piece of shit diner and whatever worthless piece of shit was behind the counter I was going to talk to them and listen to them and understand them because I know what it's like to be misunderstood and the only cure for misunderstanding is understanding and maybe I decided today that I would die for understanding if I had to because we can't go on like we've been going on. We can't.

*By now, the customer has made the instant coffee and takes a sip.*

WAITRESS

Is the coffee really really bad?

CUSTOMER

Yes.

WAITRESS

You don't have to pay for it. Just get the fuck out.

CUSTOMER *(paying)*

Here, keep the change.

WAITRESS

This is a 20.

CUSTOMER

Take it.

WAITRESS

I don't want it.

CUSTOMER

Then rip it up.

WAITRESS

Rip up money?

*Customer takes the \$20 bill back and rips it.*

*Customer exits.*

*Waitress opens the register. Takes the money out. Rips all the money to shreds.*

END OF PLAY