

# Sunday

Jonathan Larson

DINER PATRONS AND WORKERS:

Straight back and to the left

Pick up those f\*\*king eggs

B...ring! B...ring!

We're out of milk

Who took my rye bread?

Four waters to table seven

I'm sorry, we don't deliver on Sunday

I need table three for two, yesterday

Is there a list?

Harrington? Harrington?

Kaplan, K-a-p-l-a-n for seven

JONATHAN

Order

DINER PATRONS AND WORKERS:

No, I'm sorry, those people were here first

We don't have tables for seven

Are we in smoking?

JONATHAN

Tension

MAN

I'll have the salad Nicoise and some honey bread

JONATHAN

Balance

WOMAN

I said, I wanted an omelet with no yolks

That's why you're just a waiter

JONATHAN:

Brunch

Sunday

In the blue, silver chromium diner

On the green, purple, yellow, red stools

Sit the fools

Who should eat at home

Instead, they pay on

ALL

Sunday

JONATHAN:

For a cool orange juice or a bagel

On the soft, green cylindrical stools

Sit the fools

Drinking cinnamon coffee

Or decaffeinated tea

ALL

Forever

In the blue, silver chromium diner

JONATHAN:

Drips the green, orange, violet drool

ALL

From the fools

JONATHAN:

Who'd pay less at home

Drinking coffee

ALL

Light

And dark

MICHAEL:

And cholesterol

And bums

Bums, bums, bums, bums,

Bums, bums, bums, bums,

Bums,

MAN and WOMAN

People screaming for their toast

In a small, SoHo cafe

JONATHAN:

On an island in

JONATHAN, MICHAEL AND SUSAN:

Two Rivers

On an ordinary

Sunday

Sunday

Sunday

Sunday!

MICHAEL:

Brunch!