

The First Supper

a play in two acts

by Karen Schiff

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CHARACTERS

CHUCK WORTHINGTON III, 53 – CEO of Worthy News Corporation

LIBBY WORTHINGTON, 48 – Chuck’s wife, a homemaker extraordinaire

AMANDA WORTHINGTON, 18 – Chuck and Libby’s daughter, a college freshman

BRIAN GRACE, 19 – Amanda’s boyfriend, a college sophomore

JIM GRACE, 41 – Brian’s father, a part-time handyman

BETTY GRACE, 39 – Brian’s mother, a shift supervisor at a discount megastore

EDDIE KAMARA, 33 – a chef, originally from Western Africa

TIME

The present. A Saturday afternoon on a glorious May day.

PLACE

The living room of the Worthington’s sumptuous lake-side home in a leafy, old-moneyed suburb of a large Midwestern City. French doors upstage lead to an outdoor patio.

Note

When one character starts speaking before the other has finished, the point of interruption is marked /

ACT I

(The lights come up on the Worthington's living room. A doorbell rings. Giggling and general silliness can be heard offstage. The bell rings again. EDDIE enters)

EDDIE

Alright, alright, man, I'm coming, I'm coming. God help me. I gotta do everything in this place.

(he goes offstage. A loud shriek)

AMANDA

(offstage)

Eddie! Eddie, Eddie, Eddie, Eddie, Eddie, Eddie!

EDDIE

Hello there little one.

AMANDA

Oh my God, oh my God. Is it done?

(AMANDA comes bounding on stage, with EDDIE behind her. She looks around the room)

AMANDA (Cont'd)

Oh my God. It's like ... it's like seventeen shades of white.

EDDIE

Eighteen. I counted.

AMANDA

It's kinda scary. I mean, like, what if you spill something?

EDDIE

Oh, don't worry. I'm sure she ordered two of everything just in case. So, what about your guest back there? He looks a little lonely.

(AMANDA looks back)

AMANDA

Brian, what are you doing? Come in, come in.

(BRIAN enters with two small suitcases)

AMANDA (Cont'd)

Brian, this is Eddie Kamara. Eddie, Brian Grace.

(EDDIE and BRIAN shake hands)

BRIAN

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Kamara.

EDDIE

The pleasure's mine. But please, call me Eddie.

BRIAN

Yes, sir, Eddie.

AMANDA

Eddie's our chef. Well, I mean, like, he's not our chef. He works for the company. Dad stole him away from some fancy restaurant downtown. What are you doing here?

EDDIE

Your mother wanted to treat you to a home-cooked meal. You know what that means.

AMANDA

Her home. Your cooking.

EDDIE

Exactly.

AMANDA

(to Brian)

Mom's not that great a cook. Just not in her genes.

EDDIE

No, that's not true. She's just a little rusty, that's all.

AMANDA

What are you making?

EDDIE

Something very special.

AMANDA

Good. Cause it's a very special occasion.

EDDIE

Why's that? I heard you bring home a new boyfriend every weekend.

AMANDA

Shut up.

(to BRIAN)

He's totally kidding.

BRIAN

I know.

AMANDA

Brian's not much of a kidder. He's very serious. But very cute, don't you think?

(she sidles up to BRIAN)

BRIAN

Amanda.

EDDIE

I'll let you decide that. I got to get back to work.

(EDDIE starts to leave but turns back to BRIAN)

EDDIE (Cont'd)

Hey, Brian man, I forgot to ask. You're not a vegetarian are you?

BRIAN

Oh gosh no, sir.

EDDIE

Vegan, fruitarian, fruitcake, nothing like that?

BRIAN

No.

EDDIE

Good.

AMANDA

Why, what are you making?

EDDIE

Venison loin with vidalia onion confiture and truffle emulsion.

AMANDA

Ooh, la, la.

EDDIE

That ok with you?

BRIAN

Gosh ... sure. Sounds great.

AMANDA

Eddie, you should have told us. Brian could have brought the meat fresh for you. He's been hunting since he was a kid.

EDDIE

Really?

BRIAN

Yes, sir.

AMANDA

He's one hundred percent meat and potatoes. His whole family is. It's really cool. We have supper there every Sunday. His mom made the best meatloaf last week. It was awesome.

EDDIE

You don't say. Meatloaf.

AMANDA

Yeah. It was incredible. It had this egg, like, right in the middle.

EDDIE

Well, my dear, don't forget to eat your vegetables, too. They're good for you. And delicious. At least the way I make them.

(he starts to exit again. BRIAN wanders up to the French doors)

AMANDA

Hey, Eddie. Where is everyone?

EDDIE

Your dad went to play golf at the club. And your mom is out shopping I think. So make yourself comfortable. Just don't spill anything, you know they'll blame it on me—never, ever on their Amazing.

(EDDIE exits)

	BRIAN
Is that the lake down there?	
	AMANDA
Yeah.	
	BRIAN
Wow.	
	AMANDA
Isn't Eddie the best? He's super talented. He's a painter, too, you know.	
	BRIAN
Wow. Yeah, he seems really cool. But what was he talking about. Who's Amazing?	
	AMANDA
Oh, that's what my Dad calls me sometimes. Instead of Amanda. It's dumb.	
	BRIAN
No it's not. It's the truth.	
	AMANDA
You think?	
	BRIAN
Yeah.	
	AMANDA
How would you know?	
	BRIAN
I've had experience.	
	AMANDA
That's not what I've heard.	
	BRIAN
Yes I have. Enough to know.	
	AMANDA
Enough to know what?	

BRIAN

Enough to know that tomorrow morning, you will be Amazing Grace. You'll be my Amazing Grace.

(he kisses her and she tries to pull him down to the couch)

BRIAN (Cont'd)

Amanda, we just got here.

AMANDA

I know. But it was such a long car ride. I missed you.

BRIAN

I was right next to you.

AMANDA

That's way too far.

(she tries to pull BRIAN down again)

BRIAN

Don't.

AMANDA

Relax. It'll be fine. Just don't spill again.

BRIAN

Amanda c'mon, they'll be home soon.

AMANDA

We'll hear them come up the driveway. Come here. Just for a teeny-tiny little bit.

(BRIAN tries to resist, but AMANDA is too enticing. Things quickly get hot and heavy, though they manage to keep their feet off the new couch. CHUCK enters and sees the suitcases before noticing the couple on the couch. Not sure exactly what to do, he decides on a small cough. This doesn't work, so he tries a full phlegm clearing. BRIAN and AMANDA jump up)

AMANDA

Oh my God, Dad. ... Dad, I didn't hear you come up the driveway.

CHUCK

I got a lift from Jerry. He dropped me off down at the gate. I walked.

AMANDA

You walked?

CHUCK

Yes sweetheart. I still have two good legs, you know. And two good eyes. You're the new boyfriend, I assume.

BRIAN

Yes, sir.

AMANDA

Dad, this is Brian Grace. Brian, this is my dad.

BRIAN

How do you do, Mr. Worthington? It's a pleasure to meet you, sir.

(he and CHUCK shake hands)

CHUCK

Please, call me Chuck.

BRIAN

Yes, sir, Chuck.

CHUCK

Just get here, did you?

AMANDA

A few minutes ago.

CHUCK

You work fast, don't you?

AMANDA

Dad.

CHUCK

(he looks BRIAN over)

Well, well, well ... We haven't heard much about you, Brian. Why don't you sit down on the love couch over there and tell me about yourself.

BRIAN

Sir, I'm so sorry about that, really, I am.

AMANDA

Dad, it was my fault. Really. I'm just so crazy about him. I can't leave him alone.

(she gives BRIAN a hug)

CHUCK

Yes, I can see that, sweetheart. Well, don't worry about it. It's just a good thing it was me who caught you and not your mother. She'd have a cow. Brian, what can I get you to drink? Looks like you could use one.

BRIAN

Oh, nothing, sir, Chuck. Thank you.

CHUCK

You sure?

BRIAN

Yes, I don't—

CHUCK

Oh, right. Underage and all. Well, I don't think big brother's snooping around here today. How about a scotch or a beer? That's it, I'll get you a beer—I bet that's your drink. Amanda, what do you want, a glass of wine?

AMANDA

No, Dad, I—

CHUCK

I've got a terrific Pinot Noir. We got it in Christchurch.

(BRIAN, confused, looks at Amanda)

AMANDA

New Zealand.

CHUCK

2000 reserve—only fifty cases of the stuff released. You'll love it. Mom and I had some when we were over there last month. Forty two a pop. Ridiculous! I'm not really a big wine fan myself, but Libby went crazy over it, so I bought her a few.

AMANDA

What, bottles?

CHUCK

No, of course not. Cases.

(he exits toward the kitchen)

AMANDA

(calling out)

Dad really—don't open it just for me.

BRIAN

How many bottles in a case?

AMANDA

I don't know. Like twelve or something. He's always treating her to stuff like that. It's really sweet. I know you're going to like them. They're the best.

BRIAN

You think everyone's the best.

AMANDA

No, I don't. Just everyone I like. Like you.

(she takes his hand)

BRIAN

Amanda ...

AMANDA

Everything's going to be okay. I promise.

BRIAN

Just, you know, ease into it. Don't freak them out.

AMANDA

I will, I will. Don't worry. I love you.

BRIAN

I love you, too.

(they try to sneak in another quick kiss but CHUCK enters with drinks on a tray)

CHUCK

Here we go. One German beer for Brian, one New Zealand wine for his pretty lady, and one Scottish scotch for her poor old dad.

AMANDA

Oh yeah, Dad. Real poor and real old.

(to BRIAN)

AMANDA (Cont'd)

He's turning fifty-four next week. He's having a little trouble dealing.

CHUCK

No, that's not it. Not at all. What I'm having trouble dealing with is that my baby girl is already finishing her first year of college. That's what makes you feel old. Just wait till you're a parent. You'll see what I mean.

(he lifts his drink)

Well, cheers. To my Amazing and her amazing new friend ... Come on now. Let's have a toast.

(AMANDA nudges BRIAN. They pick up their drinks and raise them in a toast. CHUCK drinks)

CHUCK (Cont'd)

What's the matter with you two? You have my permission. Have a drink. Just whatever you do, don't spill it.

BRIAN

Thank you, sir, but I don't drink.

CHUCK

You don't what?

BRIAN

I don't drink alcohol.

CHUCK

But you're in college for God's sake. What's the point of the whole thing if you don't drink yourself silly every now and then?

BRIAN

I understand what you're saying sir, but you see, I'm a-

AMANDA

Football player.

(BRIAN looks at her)

AMANDA (Cont'd)

He's the quarterback.

CHUCK

Oh really? Funny, I followed the team a bit. I don't remember hearing about you.

BRIAN

I'm just the back-up.

AMANDA

Yeah, he didn't get to play much. The regular guy was super healthy. It was so annoying.

CHUCK

Well, I'm sure we can fix that. Right Amanda?

AMANDA

Dad!

(BRIAN looks horrified)

CHUCK

Don't worry, Brian, I was just kidding.

AMANDA

He's not much of a kidder.

CHUCK

Yes, I can see that.

AMANDA

Dad's always making jokes like that. When I was little, he would say, "Amanda let's go down to the lake and watch the sunset." And I'd say, "But Daddy, God makes the sun go down the other way, we can't see it." And he'd say, "Oh don't you worry, Amazing. One day God will make the sun set in the East, we just haven't found his price yet."

CHUCK

You remember that?

AMANDA

Of course. Every time I see a sunset, I think, uh-oh, Dad still hasn't made that deal. God's holding out for more.

(she and CHUCK laugh. BRIAN is not amused. Awkward silence)

AMANDA

Brian's a big Grizzly fan, dad.

CHUCK

Oh that team, that team! They're going to send me to an early grave, I tell you.

BRIAN

Oh yeah. They kill me, too. I've been a fan ever since I was like three.

CHUCK

Well, that was a good time to be one. It's all been downhill since Litkin retired. Haven't had a coach like that since. Plus MacPherson—going to the Orcas right after the Super Bowl. What a traitor, huh?

BRIAN

That's what my Dad says too.

CHUCK

He's a fan?

BRIAN

More like a fanatic. When I was like ten, I couldn't take it anymore. I was gonna switch teams and start rooting for the Orcas. He made me sit in front of the TV for two straight days and watch the video of the '87 Super Bowl over and over and over again. I had to get his permission just to go to the bathroom. I must have watched that game like nine times.

CHUCK

That was a hell of a comeback.

BRIAN

Yes, sir.

CHUCK

Sounds like dad knew what he was doing. You're still rooting for the home team.

BRIAN

Oh yes sir. I'll never switch teams again.

CHUCK

Good for you.

BRIAN

I learned my lesson. Through love and faith sin is atoned for.

CHUCK

Here, here.

(he takes a swig)

BRIAN

Through the fear of the Lord a man avoids evil.

CHUCK

What's that?

BRIAN

Through the fear of the Lord / a man avoids

AMANDA

Dad, dad. Brian's got a 3.9 GPA.

CHUCK

Oh. An athlete and a scholar. Looks like you've caught yourself a good one. What are you majoring in, Brian?

BRIAN

Business Administration.

CHUCK

Terrific, terrific.

BRIAN

With a minor in theology.

CHUCK

Oh. Interesting combination. Maybe you can say a prayer for my portfolio. The Dow could use a little divine inspiration these days.

BRIAN

I don't know of a prayer offhand, sir, for the stock market but I'm sure I can find one.

CHUCK

Good, you do that. And what's your excuse, Amanda? Why are you making me drink alone?

AMANDA

I can't.

CHUCK

Why? Are you on the football team too?

AMANDA

No, I—

CHUCK
What are you the running back?

AMANDA
Dad.

CHUCK
Tight end?

(he winks at BRIAN)

AMANDA
Dad, I can't drink. Really, I can't. I mean, like ... I mean, like, I'm pregnant.

CHUCK
Oh boy, she's such a

(he looks at AMANDA)

CHUCK (Cont'd)
Tell me you're kidding.

AMANDA
Brian and I are getting married.

CHUCK
What?

AMANDA
Tomorrow morning. At ten. Reverend Gray is going to do the ceremony. Can you make it?

CHUCK
I have a tennis game.

AMANDA
Can you cancel?

CHUCK
What do you mean you're getting married?

AMANDA
I mean, we're getting married.

(CHUCK rises)

CHUCK

Who the hell do you think you are, you little twerp?

BRIAN

I'm a man who loves your daughter, sir, very much.

CHUCK

What a load of crap.

BRIAN

No, sir, I do. Truly.

AMANDA

Dad / calm down.

CHUCK

You could have knocked up half the campus. Why did you go after my daughter? It wouldn't be because her daddy's got a lot of money, now would it?

BRIAN

No, sir, no.

AMANDA

Dad stop it. We're in love. And I'm pregnant. So we're getting married.

BRIAN

There's no other choice, sir. It's the right thing to do, the responsible thing.

CHUCK

Yeah, I see how responsible you are. Ever hear of a cold shower?

AMANDA

Leave him alone. We didn't have sex.

BRIAN

That's right, sir, I'm a virgin. We both are.

CHUCK

Oh yeah, a regular Mary and Joseph you two. Sorry for interrupting before—didn't know you were working on the Second Coming.

AMANDA

Dad!