

## In the Café

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**List** (in the order of appearance)

MAN 1

MAN 2

WAITER

LADY

WAITRESS

**SCENE** A small blackboard is set on the edge of the down-left stage as an indication of the door, on which some chalk writing shows some names of coffee and the prices of the coffee. There are three round tables on the stage, one on the down-right stage, another on the central stage, and the other on the down-left stage. On the table in the center, there is an ashtray full of cigarettes. On the up-right stage there is also a counter, behind which a twenty-year-old waiter is busily washing glasses, making some water noises. Two middle-aged men sit at the table in the center of the stage, one in coveralls (MAN 1) and the other in black suit (MAN 2), but both of the other tables are not occupied.

The light is faint; sometimes even the faces of the men on the stage cannot be seen. Suddenly some thunders were heard, and then the noise of downpour begins. The footfalls hurry, and the car wheels make much uncomfortable noises.

The man in coveralls at the center takes a look at the audience as if he is looking outside the window. The man in black suit just lights a cigarette and smokes.

Silence.

A young lady now emerges behind the counter from the backstage.

WAITRESS (*Jumps lightly to the waiter.*) Where do we go after work?

WAITER I don't know. Up to you. But it's raining now. Besides, I have to finish all these chores first.

WAITRESS It's raining? (*Runs toward the blackboard, as if looking outside of a door.*)

WAITER Yeah. . . By the way, I can't draw the curtains at that window. (*Points toward the down-right stage.*) I can't see clearly what's happening outside from here. Did you call a repairman?

WAITRESS I called, but I don't think he will make it here in this rainy day.

WAITER Well. . .

WAITRESS Don't you worry about that, honey. (*Then turns herself around with great delight.*) Look, how's my new dress?

WAITER Beautiful. (*Takes a look at the waitress. Then lowers his head, keeping washing some utensils in the sink.*)

WAITRESS (*Looks down on her sandals.*) But I don't know what shoes can go with it. . .

WAITER (*Not looks at the waitress.*) Any shoes, babe. You are so pretty that any shoes can go perfectly with you.

WAITRESS Oh, honey, you're so sweet. (*Smiles at the waiter, trying to have eye contact with him, but in vain.*)

Now the man in coveralls sips his coffee and starts to talk.

MAN 1 It's raining... Do you have an umbrella?

MAN 2 Of course not. Why do you think I have any?! (*Inhales a puff of smoke.*)

MAN 1 Fine, just asking.

MAN 2 ...

MAN 1 Last night I dreamt about the past. . .

MAN 2 Un-uh.

MAN 1 You know, I did have a good life before. Because of my job, I'd been almost everywhere over the world. My boss praised me and girls all liked me especially.

MAN 2 ... *(Just finishes his cigarette, busily lighting another.)*

MAN 1 Hey, are you listening?

MAN 2 Yes? *(Not listens actually. Eyes focus on his cigarette.)*

MAN 1 In the dream, I saw my daughter's passionate eyes shining as the first time she heard of my story, and my wife, she...

MAN 2 *(Shouts suddenly.)* Wife, wife. . . I don't even have any. Could you stop talking . . . like a girl. Trying to drive me crazy. . . If I know you were here, I won't even open the door. Damn, now it's raining. . .

*The rain makes great noises. It is heard that the cars rush outside.*

*A woman in thirties in white suit now walks in. While she is wiping the water from her head, she walks toward the counter. The waitress then hurries into the backstage.*

LADY *(Toward the waiter.)* I want a latte, please.

WAITER Ok. . . *(Nervously grasps a menu, squeezing some smile on his face.)* Do you

want to try our kiwi-flavor latte? It's only sold in this season.

LADY No, thanks. *(Waves her head and nervously watches her watch on her left hand.)*

WAITER *(Eagerly.)* Or do you want some of our special chocolate cake?

LADY No. *(Without any expression on her face.)*

WAITER . . . Our handmade cookies are also gorgeous, do you want some?

LADY No. A latte's just fine. *(Again watches her watch.)*

WAITER Ok. . . La. . . te. . . *(Busily types into the cashier and then smiles again.)*  
Well. . . Good choice! Two dollars. *(Turns his head toward the back and yells.)*  
One latte! *(Turns back.)* Please wait for a moment.

*The woman then looks towards the audience as if she is observing the rain outside, and then she sighs.*

WAITER Ok, here you are. *(Hands the coffee to her.)* Thanks for coming!

LADY Thanks. *(Heads to the down-left table next to the two men.)*

*The white smoke from the man in black now is all around the tables, making the woman hardly seen on the stage.*

*The woman then takes a seat. Silence. After a while, the voice of the man in coveralls again appears.*

MAN 1 God. . . *(Sighs)* If it is still raining at four, my boss will definitely piss off thinking that I must be here drinking coffee. . . When will the rain stop?

MAN 2 *(Silent. Taps on the table. Pouts his lips trying to puff some smoke circles.)*

LADY Sir, would you mind stop smoking? It's a non-smoking area.

MAN 2 What? Did I bother you? You won't die now just inhaling some smoke, right?

LADY *(Not knowing how to reply. Silent.)*

*Some car trumpets emerges outside, with some men's words swearing at each other.*

*The man in black suit just goes on to smoke, while the lady worriedly takes a look at her watch and then browses around. The man in coveralls is still murmuring.*

*Silence.*

*Suddenly the lady now stands up, and then walks hastily toward the counter again in a strange way.*

LADY Sir, can I borrow the phone?

WAITER Sure. . . *(Hands her the phone from the interior of the counter.)* Here you are.

LADY Thanks. *(Takes the phone.)* Sir, do you know when the rain will stop?

WAITER I don't know, ma'am. It's been like this for a week, always a sudden downfall. . . I can't take it anymore, either. *(The waiter shrugs, and the lady just nods her head.)*

LADY *(Dials the phone.)* . . . Hello? Yes, speaking. Yes, yes. . . I'm afraid. . . Yes. . . But it's raining heavily here. I'm afraid that I. . . Yes, yes. . . Ok. . . Ok. . . I'll make it. Ok. . . See you later. . . *(Hangs up the phone and sighs.)* Thank you. *(Turns the phone back to the waiter.)*

WAITER It's my pleasure. *(Takes the phone back.)* Good luck. *(Without looking at the lady actually.)*

*Now the rainfall sounds louder than before. Some cars brake sharply outside. The lady is stumbling back to her seat, her right hand oddly touches her watch on her left hand, with her face straight ahead showing great*

*agony. Now the man in black suit again finishes the cigarette and soon begins another.*

*Silence.*

MAN 1 *(Turns his head back to the counter.)* Kid, could you play some music? Everything is dead inside. God. . . *(Turns back and drinks up his coffee.)*

WAITER Ok. . . Please wait a second. *(Busily looks for something.)* Ok, now!

*Some music flows out. Now everyone bends his or her head down. The light on the stage is getting darker and darker. The rain is still falling.*

SONG (MUSIC) *Somewhere over the rainbow. . . Skies are blue. . . And the dreams that you dare to dream. . . Really do come true. . .*

*Silence.*

*Suddenly, a long car's brake sound shouts near by.*

WOMAN'S VOICE *(Screams, unseen.)* Ah!!!! Oh!!!! Watch out!

WAITER What?! What's happening? *(Tries to see something through the window, but in vain.)*

*Bomb! All of a sudden, a dark-green truck crashes in from the left stage.*

LADY *(Shocked)* No?! *(The truck then runs over her)*

WAITER, MAN 1, and MAN 2 Ah!!!! *(Hit by the truck onto the ground, rolling.)*

*Soon, some blood immediately floods under the truck with the lady's left hand protruding out.*

*The rainfall outside now sounds quieter.*

WAITRESS *(Appears behind the counter.) . . . What happened?! (Runs out of the counter toward the waiter. Her high-heels on her feet make some clicks against the ground.)* Are you ok, are you ok, honey? . . . Honey? Are you. . . *(Sobs.)*

*The light becomes brighter on the stage.*

*Silence.*

WAITRESS *(Holds the waiter in her arms, and looks upward with some tears in her eyes .) . . . (Silent.) . . . Look. . .Look. . . Honey. . . It's rainbow over there. . .*

*(Curtain)*