

# BRUNCH CLUB

## By Katelyn Beyke

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# BRUNCH CLUB

*A Full Length Comedy*

By **Katelyn Beyke**

**SYNOPSIS:** What will happen when you leave six high school seniors alone in detention? Will they kill each other? Will they turn into flesh-hungry zombies? Will they unleash plagues upon the world? Will they do all of the above and more? Four hilarious scenes show the many possible outcomes for six unsupervised students.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(3-12 female, 3-12 male, 1 either; gender flexible)*

TYNER (m/f) .....	The teacher in charge of detention <i>(19 lines)</i>
JENNIFER (f) .....	A self-obsessed drama queen <i>(212 lines)</i>
MIKE (m).....	Jennifer's boyfriend, a star athlete and bully <i>(232 lines)</i>
JORDAN (m) .....	A nondescript student who loves sandwiches <i>(262 lines)</i>
SAUL (m) .....	A brainless hippie with a passion for science-fiction movies <i>(186 lines)</i>
ADA (f).....	A budding journalist with a habit of sticking her nose in other people's business <i>(146 lines)</i>
CHLOE (f) .....	A high-strung academic <i>(196 lines)</i>

## OPTIONAL CASTING

To increase the size of the cast, multiple actors can be cast for each student part. Each will play the same character in the different scenes. They should wear the same costume to enhance continuity between scenes.

**DURATION:** 75 minutes

## LIGHTS

A spotlight is necessary in the last scene. Stage lights should be lowered between scenes to allow stage to be redressed.

## SPECIAL EFFECTS

Scene 3 requires a gunshot. This can be accomplished most simply by forcefully clapping two pieces of wood together backstage.

## SETTING

The stage is set as a small, modern classroom. A large desk and chair sit downstage left angled toward the back of the stage. Six student desks and chairs are arranged across the rest of the stage facing the audience. A door leads off stage left. Various academic posters can hang on the walls. The set should be reset to the starting configuration between each scene.

## COSTUMES

Tyner should be dressed professionally. The students should dress in comfortable, modern clothing. Jennifer's clothing should be more stylish than the others. Mike can wear a letterman jacket.

## OPTIONAL DIRECTING

A different student director can be assigned to each scene for greater variation of tone and style.

## OPTIONAL LIGHTING CUES

If desired, each scene can be lit differently to reflect the mood of the scene.

FIRST and LAST: Normal stage lights

ZOMBIE: Low and red

SOAP: Bright white

NOIR: Dark blue

**PROPERTY LIST**

- TYNER- Lunch box
- JENNIFER- 2 carryout boxes, 2 sets of chopsticks, a bottle of water
- MIKE- Backpack
- JORDAN- Brown paper lunch bag with a sandwich, remote control, backpack with 5 pairs of handcuffs
- CHLOE- Lunch box, cell phone
- ADA- lunch box, notebook, pen, cellphone, backpack with a gun
- SAUL- Lunch box with a sandwich, stick of gum, backpack with rope and a pair of handcuffs
- DESK- Chalk, rope

**STAGE DIRECTIONS EXPLAINED**

DOWNSTAGE: Front of stage

UPSTAGE: Back of stage

STAGE LEFT: The left side of the stage from the audience's perspective

STAGE RIGHT: The right side of the stage from the audience's perspective

**SCENE ONE - BRUNCH CLUB**

**TYNER:** Okay, kids. I left my lunch at home. Do you think you can keep out of trouble for ten minutes while I go get it?

**JENNIFER:** Of course, Mr. Tyner.

**TYNER:** I'm leaving you in charge, Mike. Make sure nobody leaves the room.

**MIKE:** Sure thing, Coach.

*TYNER exits right. The STUDENTS pull out their lunches. MIKE crosses to the empty seat beside JENNIFER, slapping the back of JORDAN'S head as he passes.*

**MIKE:** What's for lunch, Yancy?

**JORDAN:** My last name is Yates.

**MIKE:** Sure it is, Yancy.

**JENNIFER:** *(Handing MIKE a carryout box and a pair of chopsticks.)*  
Leave him alone, Mike. My mom made us Pad Thai.

**MIKE:** Little twerp's not worth my time, anyway. *(Grabbing the box from HER.)* There better be a lime in here.

*JORDAN pulls a sandwich from his brown paper lunch bag.*

**JORDAN:** *(Disappointed.)* Peanut butter. Again.

**SAUL:** Me, too! Does yours have maple syrup?

**JORDAN:** No.

**SAUL:** Mine either. Does anyone have any syrup?

*ADA, notebook and pen in hand, sits on the table beside CHLOE.*

**ADA:** So, what are you in for?

**CHLOE:** Why do you care? This isn't a movie. We aren't going to talk about our feelings and darkest family secrets and leave here as best friends forever.

**ADA:** No...I just...

**CHLOE:** *(Cutting her off.)* I'm not going to end up with Mike.

**MIKE:** In your dreams, nerd.

**CHLOE:** Yancy isn't going to write an inspirational essay.

**JORDAN:** Actually, it's Yates.

**CHLOE:** And I'm pretty sure you can't put on lipstick without using your hands.

**JENNIFER:** If anyone here is Molly Ringwald in this little fantasy, it's me.

**CHLOE:** Can you put on lipstick with your chest?

**JENNIFER:** No.

**CHLOE:** See? Not a movie, so you can quit trying to bond and eat your lunch.

**ADA:** I'm not trying to be your friend. I'm writing an article for the school newspaper about the rise of delinquent behavior in the last weeks of senior year.

**CHLOE:** Oh. Chloe is spelled c-h-l-o-e.

**JENNIFER:** What if we don't want to be part of your little article?

**ADA:** It'll be completely anonymous.

**SAUL:** Anonymous? Anonymous...

**JORDAN:** It means she's not going to use your name.

**SAUL:** I know what it means. I just like the way it feels when I say it. Anonymous. A...non...y...mous. It kind of tickles.

**MIKE:** Put the notebook away. We aren't going to say anything to you.

**ADA:** I think everyone here can make up their own minds about that. (To CHLOE.) Do you feel that your misconduct is directly related to your impending graduation?

*MIKE grabs the notebook from her hands.*

**MIKE:** You aren't writing the article.

**ADA:** Why do you care?

**MIKE:** Your article on athletes cheating almost got me suspended last year. I'm not about to let you write anything else about me.

**ADA:** It's not my fault you had a crib sheet.

**MIKE:** It's your fault they found out.

**ADA:** I'm not going to mention your name. Just give me back my notebook.

**MIKE:** I'm not taking any chances. Sit down and eat your lunch.

**ADA:** Ever heard of free speech? You can't keep me from writing what I want to.

**MIKE:** You wanna bet?

**JENNIFER:** Just give her back the notebook, Mikey.

**ADA:** Yeah, Mikey. Give me back the notebook.

**SAUL:** (*Giggling.*) Mikey...

**MIKE:** Don't call me that.

**ADA:** What should I call you, Michelangelo?

**MIKE:** How'd you know that?

**JORDAN:** Your name's Michelangelo?

**JENNIFER:** I'm dating a guy named Michelangelo? How embarrassing.

**SAUL:** Are you a Ninja Turtle?

**MIKE:** Shut up. No one was supposed to know that. How'd you find out?

**ADA:** I work in the principal's office during my free period. I've seen your transcript.

**MIKE:** If anyone of you dorks say a single word about this, I will kill you.

**ADA:** I think it's going on the front page.

**CHLOE:** (*Pulling out HER phone.*) I've got to tweet this.

**MIKE:** Put the phone down.

**JORDAN:** What are you going to do if she doesn't—paint her portrait?

**MIKE:** I told you to shut up.

*MIKE grabs JORDAN'S sandwich and throws it at Jordan. JORDAN ducks, and the sandwich hits ADA in the face.*

**ADA:** Hey—watch out. You hit me in the... (*SHE coughs.*) My face. (*SHE wheezes.*) Throat. My... Peanuts?

*ADA collapses to the floor in a fit of coughing. JORDAN and CHLOE rush to her.*

**MIKE:** What's wrong with you?

**JORDAN:** She's allergic to peanuts.

**CHLOE:** Where's her epi-pen? Shouldn't she have an epi-pen?

**JORDAN:** Check her backpack.

**MIKE:** How was I supposed to know she was allergic?

**SAUL:** Whoa. She's turning purple.

**JORDAN:** Should we sit her up?

**CHLOE:** Somebody get her some water.

**JENNIFER:** Distilled or spring?

**CHLOE:** I don't know.

**JENNIFER:** Aren't you supposed to be some sort of genius?

**CHLOE:** This has nothing to do with Chemistry.

**JORDAN:** Spring. Give her spring water.

**JENNIFER:** I only have distilled.

**CHLOE:** Then give me that.

*JENNIFER hands CHLOE a bottle of water. CHLOE tries to give it to ADA, who is now only weakly gasping.*

**MIKE:** I wasn't even trying to hit her. I was trying to hit Yancy.

**JENNIFER:** Doesn't anyone know CPR?

**CHLOE:** I never took the class.

**SAUL:** I missed that day of Boy Scouts.

**JORDAN:** Should we call the police? Someone dial 911.

**CHLOE:** It's too late. She's dead.

**MIKE:** No. She can't be.

**JENNIFER:** Maybe she just passed out or something.

**CHLOE:** She doesn't have a pulse.

**SAUL:** I've never seen a dead person before.

**JORDAN:** You killed her.

**MIKE:** No. It was an accident.

**JORDAN:** That doesn't make her less dead.

**MIKE:** This isn't happening.

**SAUL:** You weren't lying when you said this wasn't like a movie.

**MIKE:** We've got to make it like the movie. Everything works out in the movie. No one dies in that movie. Yancy, start writing. Jen, get your lipstick. Chloe...

*MIKE grabs CHLOE and kisses her.*

**CHLOE:** Hey!

*JENNIFER slaps MIKE.*

**JENNIFER:** What are you doing?

**MIKE:** I'm freaking out. What does it look like I'm doing?

**JORDAN:** This isn't the time to panic.

**SAUL:** I think this is exactly the time to panic.

**JORDAN:** Sit down and take a deep breath. I'm going to call the cops.

**MIKE:** No! You can't. I don't want to go to jail.

**JENNIFER:** I'm dating a criminal. How embarrassing.

**JORDAN:** They aren't going to arrest you. It was an accident. You didn't know she was allergic to peanuts.

**MIKE:** They won't know that.

**CHLOE:** Then tell them.

**MIKE:** How do we know they'll believe me? We were arguing just before I threw the sandwich. Maybe someone heard us. They'll think I did it on purpose. They'll think I planned it.

**JORDAN:** I don't think you're being rational.

**MIKE:** They're going to arrest you, too. It was your sandwich. They'll think it's a conspiracy.

**JENNIFER:** They better not take me in for questioning. I have rehearsals tonight.

**CHLOE:** This is a little more important than drama practice, don't you think?

**MIKE:** Maybe we should leave. If we aren't here, they won't know who to question.

**SAUL:** They'll think she threw the sandwich at her own face.

**JORDAN:** No one's going anywhere. We need to sit down and wait for Mr. Tyner. He'll know what to do.

**MIKE:** I'm going to get kicked off the team. I'm going to lose my scholarship. How will I pay for college?

**CHLOE:** Life's not worth living if you can't go to college.

**JORDAN:** Ada is never going to get a chance to go to all.

**JENNIFER:** She's never going to write another article or attend another class.

**SAUL:** Or eat another sandwich.

**CHLOE:** Should we call her family?

**JORDAN:** I think she lives with her mom. Lived. She lived with her mom.

**JENNIFER:** We should look for her phone. Her mom's number would be in that, right?

**CHLOE:** Where's her phone?

**MIKE:** Is it in her bag?

**JENNIFER:** I didn't see it in there when I was looking for her epi-pen.

**JORDAN:** She has a phone, doesn't she?

**CHLOE:** I've seen her use it to take pictures for the paper.

**JENNIFER:** If it's not in her backpack it must be in her...

**ALL:** Pocket.

**JENNIFER:** I'm not touching it. You can't expect me to touch a... a corpse.

**JORDAN:** She's not a corpse. She's Ada.

**SAUL:** Ada's corpse. Gross.

**JENNIFER:** I'm not touching her.

**CHLOE:** Mike's the one who killed her. He should have to get it.

**MIKE:** I didn't kill her. The sandwich killed her.

**JORDAN:** Well, you're fine then. They'll arrest the sandwich.

**SAUL:** Do they make sandwich handcuffs?

**JENNIFER:** Someone is going to have to get her phone.

**CHLOE:** I'm not sure we should touch her. We'll leave fingerprints.

**JORDAN:** We've already left fingerprints.

**MIKE:** What if they think we killed her to steal her phone?

**JENNIFER:** Like I would steal that piece of garbage.

**JORDAN:** There are easier ways to steal a phone.

**SAUL:** I stole Principal Mathews' phone off his desk. He was wicked mad.

**MIKE:** Maybe we could use the chopsticks and kind of pinch it out of her pocket.

**JENNIFER:** That's a good idea.

**CHLOE:** What if you poke her?

**MIKE:** She isn't going to care. She's dead.

**JENNIFER:** Who's going to do it?

**SAUL:** I've never used chopsticks. Unless you count putting them in your mouth so you look like a walrus.

**MIKE:** You should do it, Jen. You're the best with chopsticks.

**JENNIFER:** No way.

**CHLOE:** I'll do it. Just give them to me.

*CHLOE takes the chopsticks and uses them to pull a cell phone from ADA'S pocket as the others watch.*

**JORDAN:** Be careful.

**JENNIFER:** Don't use too much pressure or they'll snap.

**MIKE:** She's got to use pressure or she'll never get a grip on it.

**JENNIFER:** It won't matter if she grips it if the sticks break.

**CHLOE:** Would you guys shut up for a minute so I can do this?

*CHLOE holds up a phone.*

**CHLOE:** Got it.

**JENNIFER:** Now what?

**SAUL:** We could use it to order a pizza.

**JORDAN:** We aren't ordering food. We're calling her mom.

**CHLOE:** There's no one labeled Mom in her contacts.

**JENNIFER:** What about mother?

**SAUL:** Or mommy?

**CHLOE:** No and no.

**MIKE:** She was in Spanish class, right?

**JORDAN:** What does that have to do with anything?

**MIKE:** Look under Madre.

**CHLOE:** There it is!

**JENNIFER:** I love a man who can speak a foreign language.

**JORDAN:** Who's going to call her?

**SAUL:** Let me call. I've been working on my British accent.

**CHLOE:** I think we can all agree that Saul will not be the one calling.

**JORDAN, JENNIFER and MIKE:** Agreed.

**SAUL:** But I've been getting really good. My dad says I sound just like Harry Potter.

**JORDAN:** Who knows her the best?

**CHLOE:** I had a math class with her sophomore year, but we never talked.

**MIKE:** I shoved her into a locker last year.

**JENNIFER:** I think I saw her in the hallway once.

**JORDAN:** Okay. I'll call her.

**JENNIFER:** What are you going to tell her?

**MIKE:** You aren't going to tell her it's my fault.

**SAUL:** You could tell her aliens abducted her daughter.

**JORDAN:** I could tell her the truth.

**MIKE:** If you tell her the truth, she's going to call the cops.

**JORDAN:** I still think that's what we should be doing.

**MIKE:** We're not calling the cops.

**CHLOE:** The longer we wait, the more suspicious it looks.

**MIKE:** We're not calling the cops. How many times do I have to tell you?

**CHLOE:** Fine, but we've got to call her mom. Just think of the poor woman waiting at home, thinking that any minute her daughter's going to come home safe and sound.

**JENNIFER:** But she's really here. Dead.

**SAUL:** And kind of purple.

**MIKE:** Fine. Call her, but don't say anything about how it happened.

**CHLOE:** She's going to ask.

**MIKE:** You don't have to answer.

**JORDAN:** Eventually, we're going to have to tell someone. Mr. Tyner's going to be back in five minutes.

**MIKE:** We need those five minutes to figure this all out.

**CHLOE:** Just call her.

*JORDAN enters the number and holds the phone to his ear.*

**JORDAN:** It's ringing.

**CHLOE:** Maybe she won't answer and you can leave a voicemail.

**SAUL:** Ask if her refrigerator's running.

**JORDAN:** Hi. Hello Mrs...?

**JENNIFER:** Brown.

**JORDAN:** Mrs. Brown. My name is Jordan. I'm a friend of your daughter... I'm not sure why she's never mentioned me... No. She can't come to the phone right now. That's why I'm calling, actually. Ada. Well. Ada. She... She's... Um...

**CHLOE:** Just say it!

**JORDAN:** She's in the bathroom.

*JORDAN hangs up the phone and throws it across the room.*

**MIKE:** What was that?

**JORDAN:** I don't know. I panicked.

**JENNIFER:** All you had to do was say the word dead.

**JORDAN:** You try telling someone their only child is dead. It's not as easy as it sounds.

**MIKE:** I always knew you were a wimp, Yancy.

**JORDAN:** I didn't see you volunteering.

**MIKE:** I couldn't tell her. I didn't even know her.

**SAUL:** You knew her well enough to murder her.

**MIKE:** I didn't murder her!

**SAUL:** I was joking. Jeez, where's your sense of humor?

**CHLOE:** Maybe we should call her back.

**JORDAN:** I'm not talking to her again. No way.

**JENNIFER:** You have to. She's already heard your voice.

**JORDAN:** Why does that matter?

**JENNIFER:** We don't want her to figure out who's here.

**JORDAN:** Why don't you just disguise your voice? You're the actress. You can make yourself sound like someone else.

**JENNIFER:** I have phone anxiety. It's a real thing.

*The phone rings.*

**MIKE:** Someone has to answer it.

**SAUL:** No. Nobody touch it. It might be Ada.

**CHLOE:** She's dead, Saul.

**SAUL:** I've seen this in movies. Vengeful spirits call their murderers and then they stab them to death.

*JENNIFER picks up the phone.*

**JENNIFER:** It's just her mom.

**MIKE:** Answer it.

**JENNIFER:** You!

**MIKE:** You're holding it.

*JENNIFER tosses the phone to MIKE.*

**JENNIFER:** Now you are.

**MIKE:** That's not fair.

**JORDAN:** Just answer it!

*The phone stops ringing.*

**CHLOE:** Too late.

**SAUL:** It's cool. She'll probably call back.

**MIKE:** I'm turning it off.

**JORDAN:** I actually agree with you on that.

**CHLOE:** We probably need to get our story straight before we talk to anyone.

**SAUL:** I still think we should tell the cops that she threw the sandwich at herself. That way, no one gets in trouble...except Ada. But I don't think she'll care.

**JENNIFER:** What is wrong with your brain?

**SAUL:** I got dropped on my head as a baby.

**CHLOE:** That explains a lot.

**JORDAN:** All we need to do is tell the cops the truth. Mike threw the sandwich, but we can all agree it was an accident.

**MIKE:** It was an accident.

**JORDAN:** That's what I said.

**MIKE:** Okay. Good.

**CHLOE:** So when Mr. Tyner gets back, we'll call the cops.

**JORDAN:** And they'll call Ada's mom.

**JENNIFER:** And I'll go to my rehearsal.

**SAUL:** And I'll go get some maple syrup.

**MIKE:** I guess that seems like an okay plan.

**JORDAN:** Now we just have to wait for Mr. Tyner.

**CHLOE:** He said he'd be back soon, right?

**JENNIFER:** He better be. It's creeping me out to stay in the same room as a dead body.

**CHLOE:** It's chemically just the same as a live body. She hasn't started to rot yet.

**JENNIFER:** That's disgusting.

**MIKE:** Coach Tyner lives three blocks down. He'll be back in a few minutes.

**JORDAN:** Good. The sooner he gets back, the sooner we can get this over with.

**JENNIFER:** Do you think he'll be mad?

**MIKE:** He's not going to be happy.

**SAUL:** Unless he hated her. Then he might be okay with it.

**JORDAN:** He's going to be shocked. He can't be too mad at us. We didn't do anything.

**JENNIFER:** Other than you, Mike. But he likes you.

**CHLOE:** Do you think we should move her?

**SAUL:** Like, make her dance?

**CHLOE:** No. Away from the door.

**JENNIFER:** Why?

**CHLOE:** I wouldn't want a body to be the first thing I see when I enter a room. If we move her, we can tell Mr. Tyner before he sees her. It might lessen the blow.

**MIKE:** Yeah. Ease him into it.

**JORDAN:** You can't ease someone into the idea that one of their students is dead. It's going to be a terrible shock no matter what.

**CHLOE:** But at least this way, we can have him sit down before he finds out.

**SAUL:** I always like to be comfortable when I find out someone is dead.

**CHLOE:** There's not really anywhere we can put her that's not immediately visible.

**JENNIFER:** Put her in a chair.

**MIKE:** That won't hide her.

**JENNIFER:** If we prop her up, we can make it look like she's sleeping.

**SAUL:** Very deeply sleeping.

**MIKE:** We can lay her head on her arms.

**CHLOE:** We'll have to make sure her eyes are closed.

**SAUL:** We should add some drool for realism.

**JENNIFER:** Gross.

**JORDAN:** I'm still not sure this is a good plan. The cops usually like to mark out where the body was found. You know, with chalk.

**CHLOE:** Yeah. I've seen that on TV.

**SAUL:** There's plenty of chalk in here. We're in a classroom.

**JENNIFER:** Someone else will have to do it. I can't get chalk on these pants. They're Italian.

**SAUL:** I'll do it. It's just like art class, right?

**MIKE:** What kind of art class did you take?

*SAUL takes a piece of chalk from the desk and marks a line around ADA.*

**JORDAN:** Make sure you don't move her.

**SAUL:** I'm not. Should I mark around her hair, or move it to the side?

**JENNIFER:** Around.

**MIKE:** Move it.

**JORDAN:** I don't think it matters.

**SAUL:** Can I draw an extra arm to freak them out? They'll be all, "Where's her other arm?"

**JORDAN:** Don't do that.

**SAUL:** You're no fun.

**JENNIFER:** You should draw around the sandwich, too.

**MIKE:** We aren't going to move the sandwich.

**SAUL:** There. I think that's my best work yet.

**JORDAN:** Now we just have to move her.

*THEY stare at the body for a moment in horror.*

**JENNIFER:** I can't help you. I have a weak back.

**CHLOE:** Yeah, right.

**JENNIFER:** I can show you my doctor's note.

**JORDAN:** If you aren't going to help, stay out of the way.

**MIKE:** Saul and I will grab the legs, you two get her arms.

**CHLOE:** Careful. We don't want to erase the chalk.

**JORDAN:** So, we just grab her.

**SAUL:** I've never touched a dead chick before.

**MIKE:** None of us has.

**CHLOE:** I have.

**JENNIFER:** I'm not surprised. I've always thought you were disgusting.

**CHLOE:** I'm going to be a doctor. They have to touch dead people all the time. I'm going to have to cut them open, too.

**JORDAN:** You don't have to dissect Ada. You have to grab her arm.

**CHLOE:** Fine.

**MIKE:** On the count of three?

**JORDAN:** One.

**CHLOE:** Two.

**SAUL:** Red.

**MIKE:** Three.

*THEY each grab one of ADA's limbs and start to lift. Suddenly, she wakes up and yells at them.*

**ADA:** Hey! What are you doing? That hurts.

*THEY drop HER.*

**SAUL:** She's a zombie!

**CHLOE:** She's alive.

**MIKE:** She's alive! I didn't kill her!

**ADA:** Of course you didn't kill me. You hit me with a sandwich, not a baseball bat.

**JORDAN:** But you're allergic to peanuts.

**ADA:** No I'm not.

**JORDAN:** But last week you told Abi Wright you were.

**ADA:** No. I told her I'm narcoleptic. She's allergic to peanuts.

**SAUL:** But you were all gasping and wheezing.

**ADA:** I was probably just snoring. My mom tells me I do that.

**JORDAN:** Chloe said you didn't have a pulse.

**CHLOE:** I didn't think she did. I'm not a doctor yet. How should I know?

**JENNIFER:** I guess it's a good thing we didn't call the cops.

**ADA:** You didn't call the cops? But I was dead.

**SAUL:** No. You were sleeping.

**ADA:** You thought I was dead, and you weren't going to tell anyone.

**CHLOE:** We tried to call your mom.

**MIKE:** Don't worry. Yancy was too chicken to actually tell her.

**ADA:** How long were you going to leave me lying there?

**SAUL:** Actually, we were going to leave you sitting in that chair.

**JENNIFER:** But just until Mr. Tyner came back.

**ADA:** You guys are lucky I didn't die for real, because I have a feeling you would have ended up in jail for tampering with my body. Seriously, you never touch a dead person. Don't you watch *Law and Order*? And what were you doing throwing that sandwich at me anyway? If I had been allergic, you'd be in real trouble. You ought to be more careful what kind of sandwich you throw at people.

**MIKE:** I'm starting to wish she was allergic to peanuts. At least we wouldn't have to listen to her.

**ADA:** What kind of thing is that to say to someone? That's incredibly rude.

**JENNIFER:** I think it's rude to let people think you're dead when you're really taking a nap.

**ADA:** I wasn't napping. I couldn't help it that Mike knocked me out.

**MIKE:** It was a sandwich!

**SAUL:** That must have been one hard sandwich.

**JORDAN:** Maybe we should all calm down and finish our lunches... or what's left of them.

**ALL:** Shut up, Yancy.

*TYNER enters carrying a lunch box.*

**TYNER:** Sorry that took so long. Did I miss anything exciting?

**JENNIFER:** No, Mr. Tyner.

**SAUL:** Except for the...

*MIKE quickly covers SAUL'S mouth with his hand, interrupting him before he can finish his sentence.*

**MIKE:** Nothing exciting at all, Coach.

**CHLOE:** We were just finishing our lunches.

**TYNER:** That's good. But, somebody should pick up that sandwich. Someone could slip on that and really hurt themselves.

**SCENE TWO - ZOMBIE BRUNCH**

**TYNER:** Okay, kids. I left my lunch at home. Do you think you can keep out of trouble for ten minutes while I go get it?

**JENNIFER:** Of course, Mr. Tyner.

**TYNER:** I'm leaving you in charge, Mike. Make sure nobody leaves the room.

**MIKE:** Sure thing, Coach.

*TYNER exits right. The STUDENTS pull out their lunches. MIKE crosses to the empty seat beside JENNIFER, slapping the back of JORDAN'S head as he passes.*

**MIKE:** What's for lunch, Yancy?

**JORDAN:** My last name is Yates.

**MIKE:** Sure it is, Yancy.

**JENNIFER:** *(Handing MIKE a carryout box and a pair of chopsticks.)*  
Leave him alone, Mike. My mom made us Pad Thai.

**MIKE:** Little twerp's not worth my time, anyway. *(Grabbing the box from HER.)* There better be a lime in here.

*JORDAN pulls a sandwich from his brown paper lunch bag.*

**JORDAN:** *(Disappointed.)* Bologna and cheese.

*MIKE grabs the sandwich from JORDAN.*

**MIKE:** I'll take that. Bologna's my favorite.

**JORDAN:** Give that back.

**MIKE:** I don't think so. I think I'm hungry enough to eat my lunch and yours.

**JORDAN:** You can't just take my food.

**MIKE:** Why not? Coach Tyner put me in charge of you. That means I can take whatever I want from whoever I want.

**CHLOE:** Whomever.

**MIKE:** Shut up, nerd. This is none of your business.

**JORDAN:** I want my sandwich back.

**MIKE:** Are you sure?

**JORDAN:** Yes.

*MIKE licks the sandwich.*

**MIKE:** Do you want it back now?

**JENNIFER:** Really, Mike?

**CHLOE:** How immature.

**JORDAN:** No. You can have it.

**MIKE:** That's what I thought.

*MIKE takes the sandwich and sits by JENNIFER. SAUL brings his lunch box and sits by MIKE.*

**SAUL:** You can have half my sandwich if you want. It's peanut butter, but I forgot to put on the maple syrup. Does anyone have any maple syrup?

**JORDAN:** It's okay. I wasn't that hungry anyway.

**CHLOE:** You shouldn't let him pick on you like that, Jordan. You've let him push you around for four years now. Don't you think it's time to stand up for yourself? Don't you think it's time to be a man, and show him he doesn't have the right to treat you like a punching bag? Don't you think it's time...

**ADA:** I think it's time for you to keep your nose out of other people's business. If Yancy wants to be a wimp, Yancy can be a wimp.

**JORDAN:** It's Yates. My name is Yates.

**CHLOE:** We were having a private conversation, Ada.

**ADA:** Maybe you shouldn't have been having it so loudly. (To JORDAN.) I'm sure you read my article last month on the importance of the underdog in the high school hierarchy. I think your situation is a prime example of the necessity of the pathetic and puny in shaping the character of a more dominant student, like Mike.

**JORDAN:** Sorry, Ada. I don't really read the paper.

**SAUL:** I like to draw mustaches on all the pictures. Principal Mathews looks awesome with a fu man chu.

*MIKE takes a big bite of the sandwich.*

**MIKE:** What kind of bologna is this, Yancy? It's disgusting.

**JORDAN:** I don't know. I found it in my fridge this morning.

*MIKE tosses the sandwich back to JORDAN.*

**MIKE:** You can have it back.

**JORDAN:** Thanks.

**JENNIFER:** I told you to stick with the Pad Thai. Bologna has too many artificial ingredients.

**MIKE:** So?

**JENNIFER:** So, they'll make you break out, and I'm not going to date a pimple-faced moron.

**CHLOE:** But you'll date a normal moron.

**JENNIFER:** Sure. As long as he's cute.

**CHLOE:** Good to know.

**MIKE:** I'm not feeling so hot, Jen.

**JENNIFER:** You're actually having a pretty good hair day.

**MIKE:** No. I'm feeling sick.

**JENNIFER:** Than get away from me. I can't get sick. I have my rehearsal tonight.

*ADA pulls out a notebook and goes to MIKE.*

**ADA:** Can I ask you a few questions? I've been planning an article on the adverse effects of lunch meat on your health.

**MIKE:** I think I might barf.

**ADA:** Excellent. Are you feeling dizzy or lightheaded? Do you feel like your liver function is at all impaired?

**CHLOE:** Shut up, Ada. He looks like he's really ill.

**JORDAN:** Maybe we should call Mr. Tyner.

**MIKE:** My stomach is on fire.

**SAUL:** Serves you right for stealing other people's food.

**CHLOE:** I don't think we have time to call Mr. Tyner. We need to get him to the hospital. Whose car is closest?

**JENNIFER:** No way are you putting him in my car. I just had it cleaned.

**JORDAN:** My mom dropped me off.

**SAUL:** My hearse is parked in the East lot.

**JORDAN:** He's not dead yet.

**CHLOE:** Why do you have a hearse?

**SAUL:** My uncle's a mortician. He gave me a good deal on it.

**JENNIFER:** Morbid much?

**SAUL:** What? It's got great gas mileage.

**ADA:** Aren't you afraid it's haunted?

**CHLOE:** There's no such thing as ghosts.

**ADA:** If you had read my article last year on the increasing popularity in the scientific community of the belief of the reality of a spectral presence in this plane of existence, you'd know that ghosts are completely plausible.

*MIKE groans and falls to the floor.*

**JORDAN:** This isn't the best time for that argument, guys. I think he's really in trouble.

**SAUL:** Whoa. He's turning purple.

**JENNIFER:** That is not an attractive color on him.

**ADA:** We need to get him into the hearse. Saul, Jordan help him up.

**JORDAN:** Why us?

**ADA:** You're big, strong men. Well...you're men.

**CHLOE:** Not exactly an enlightened point of view.

**ADA:** Are you implying there's no physiological difference between men and women?

**CHLOE:** I think I'd be just as capable of helping Mike to the car as Jordan. He doesn't look like he could help a small, underfed child let alone a muscular hulk of a man like Mike.

**JORDAN:** Than help him.

**CHLOE:** Fine. I will. Come on, Saul.

*CHLOE and SAUL approach MIKE to help him stand, but MIKE angrily lashes out at them and grabs CHLOE.*

**CHLOE:** What are you doing?

**MIKE:** *(Like a zombie.)* Hungry.

**CHLOE:** Get off of me. You're hurting me.

**MIKE:** Hungry.

**SAUL:** I've still got a peanut butter sandwich.

**MIKE:** Hungry. Flesh.

**CHLOE:** Someone help me. He's gone insane.

**JENNIFER:** Get off her, Mike. You know I don't want you touching other women. I get jealous.

**JORDAN:** I think there's something wrong with him.

**ADA:** It's because of the bologna. I can't reveal my source, but someone very high up in the world of processed meats told me that bologna can greatly increase the production of testosterone in adolescent males.

**CHLOE:** I don't care why he's crazy. Just pull him off me.

**MIKE:** Hungry. Now.

*MIKE bites CHLOE on the neck. She pulls away from him and runs to join the others.*

**CHLOE:** He bit me. That lunatic bit me.

**JENNIFER:** Mike is not a lunatic. Crazy people are so not cool this year. I wouldn't date anyone who isn't cool.

**CHLOE:** I think I'm bleeding.

**JORDAN:** It doesn't look too bad. He barely took a chunk out of you.

*As THEY argue, MIKE takes a shambling step toward them.*

**CHLOE:** A chunk? Does the skin around the wound look ragged? Are there any radiating line of infection?

**SAUL:** Guys?

**ADA:** You're probably going to get salmonella from that. You should see a doctor.

**CHLOE:** Salmonella isn't transferred by bites. I'm more concerned about rabies.

**JORDAN:** I thought you only got rabies from dogs or bats or raccoons.

*MIKE takes another step toward them, unnoticed by anyone but SAUL.*

**CHLOE:** I need to clean the wound. Does anyone have any alcohol?

**JORDAN:** Like vodka?

**SAUL:** Guys?

**JENNIFER:** What?

**SAUL:** I think he's coming toward us.

**JENNIFER:** So?

**SAUL:** He still looks hungry.

**MIKE:** Braaaaaiiiiiinnnnssss.

*MIKE lunges toward them, and THEY duck behind Tyner's desk.*

**JORDAN:** He's a zombie!

**CHLOE:** That's not possible. Zombies aren't real. They aren't medically possible.

**ADA:** He looks pretty real to me.

**JENNIFER:** I am so breaking up with him. I can't bring a zombie to my senior prom. How embarrassing.

**SAUL:** I think he can still see us.

**MIKE:** Hungry. Brains.

**ADA:** Is he saying brains?

**CHLOE:** I don't want him to eat my brain. I need my brain.

**SAUL:** He's not moving very fast, so at least he's not a frenzied rage zombie.

**JENNIFER:** What?

**SAUL:** And he never died, at least not that I saw. So, he's probably not undead. That leaves toxic contagion or voodoo curse. I'm betting contagion.

**JORDAN:** The bologna?

**SAUL:** That seems the most logical source of contamination.

**JENNIFER:** What are you dorks talking about?

**JORDAN:** We're trying to figure out what kind of zombie he is.

**ADA:** Does it matter?

**SAUL:** If we figure out what kind of zombie he is, we can figure out how to stop him. If he's undead, you have to sever the spinal cord.

**JORDAN:** With voodoo zombies, you have to figure out who put the curse on them and force them to reverse it.

**SAUL:** But if it's toxic, you need to burn them and bury the ashes in lead.

**JENNIFER:** You are not burning my boyfriend.

**CHLOE:** We're going to have to do something. He's almost here!

*MIKE has shuffled his way to the desk, and is now blindly groping for the others, only kept from them by the length of the desk.*

**JENNIFER:** What's he doing?

**JORDAN:** I think he's trying to grab us.

**ADA:** Why doesn't he go around?

**SAUL:** This is classic zombie behavior.

**JORDAN:** Most zombies have severely lowered intelligence. Mike is too stupid now to walk around the table.

**SAUL:** He'll probably keep trying 'til his legs fall off.

**JENNIFER:** Don't say that. Bloody stumps are so unattractive.

**JORDAN:** I think we're safe here for now.

**SAUL:** As long as none of the rest of us is infected. *(To JORDAN.)*

You didn't eat any of that sandwich, did you?

**JORDAN:** No. Mike took it from me before I had the chance.

**CHLOE:** Lucky you.

**JORDAN:** And none of the rest of us ate it.

**SAUL:** I prefer peanut butter and maple syrup.

**ADA:** But you touched it.

**JORDAN:** I don't think that matters.

**SAUL:** What about Chloe?

**CHLOE:** What about me?

**JORDAN:** You're right. She was bitten.

**CHLOE:** Hardly. He barely got a chunk out of me. You said so yourself.

**JORDAN:** But he did break the skin.

**SAUL:** I'd say there's at least a fifty percent chance of her turning.

**CHLOE:** What makes you the expert all of the sudden, huh?

**SAUL:** Video games. And movies. And manga.

**JENNIFER:** Get her away from me.

**ADA:** Throw her to Mike so we can make a run for it.

**JORDAN:** They're right, Chloe. You need to leave. We're not safe with you back here.

**CHLOE:** I can't leave. He's right there.

**SAUL:** You need to sacrifice yourself for us.

**CHLOE:** I'm not sacrificing anything. I have a promising career as a doctor ahead of me. I haven't even gone to college yet!

**JORDAN:** If you're quick enough, you can probably make it to the door.

**SAUL:** Could you throw me my lunch box on the way out? I'm getting kind of hungry.

**CHLOE:** Why don't the rest of you run to the door, and I'll stay here?

**JORDAN:** It makes more sense for you to risk it since there's a good chance you're doomed anyway.

**ADA:** He's right, Chloe. It's selfish of you to put your life ahead of ours.

**JENNIFER:** Yeah. I was voted homecoming queen. I deserve to live.

**CHLOE:** I'm not going anywhere.

**JORDAN:** We can always sit it out and wait to see if anything happens.

**CHLOE:** I like that plan.

**SAUL:** I don't think that's a good idea, man. She's already looking a little pale.

**CHLOE:** Maybe that's because you guys are discussing the probability of my death.

**SAUL:** Or the process has begun. Do we look delicious? Don't even think about eating my feet. I need those to play hacky sack.

**CHLOE:** I'm not going to eat you. I'm not turning into a zombie.

**ADA:** That's how it happens in the movies. You get bit. You become a zombie.

**CHLOE:** Movies aren't real. Zombies aren't real.

**SAUL:** Tell that to Mike.

**JENNIFER:** Wait a minute. What's going to happen when Mr. Tyner comes back?

**ADA:** He won't know Mike is a zombie. We need to warn him.

**CHLOE:** Does anyone have their phone?

*THEY search their pockets.*

**JENNIFER:** No.

**JORDAN:** Nope.

**SAUL:** Cool. Gum!

**ADA:** I left it in my purse.

**JORDAN:** We could slip a note under the door.

**ADA:** Chloe could just wait for him on the other side of the door after she leaves.

**CHLOE:** I'm staying here.

**SAUL:** I guess we're just going to have to kill him.

**JENNIFER:** We can't kill Mr. Tyner.

**SAUL:** Not Mr. Tyner. Mike.

**JENNIFER:** Oh. Okay.

**ADA:** Won't that be murder?

**CHLOE:** I think it's self-defense.

**JORDAN:** We can't kill him. There's a small chance that this is only temporary. He could be the same old Mike after the chemical wears off.

**ADA:** I say kill him anyway. We can't take any chances.

**SAUL:** Yeah. In the movies, compassion always leads to bloody death and destruction.

**ADA:** Besides, the same old Mike isn't that great anyway.

**JENNIFER:** Hey!

**JORDAN:** We aren't going to kill him. But maybe we can tie him up or something.

**CHLOE:** Great idea. Do we have any rope?

**JENNIFER:** I have shoelaces.

**ADA:** Or we can use the cords from the blinds.

*SAUL rummages through a desk drawer and pulls out ten feet of rope.*

**SAUL:** We could use this.

**JORDAN:** How'd you know that was in there?

**ADA:** Why was it in there?

**SAUL:** Tyner confiscated it from me last week. Con...fis...ca...ted.  
That's a funny word.

**CHLOE:** What were you doing with rope in History class?

**SAUL:** I was practicing my knots. Duh.

**CHLOE:** What... Why...

**JORDAN:** No time, Chloe. We need to find a way to tie Mike up until we can get someone from the CDC here to pick him up.

*BRUNCH CLUB*

**JENNIFER:** You better tie him to something heavy. He's the quarterback, and he's like...really strong.

**SAUL:** She's right.

**JORDAN:** I think if we can get him to one of the chairs, it should keep him one place.

**ADA:** What's the plan?

**JORDAN:** Chloe and Saul will take either end of the rope and clothesline him.

**CHLOE:** Why me? Why not you?

**JORDAN:** You were the one who said I was too weak.

**CHLOE:** That was before Mike bit me.

**JORDAN:** Fine. Saul and I will wrap the rope around him and drag him to the chair. Then you'll push him in, and Saul will tie him to it.

**SAUL:** Awesome. I'm getting really good at making a clove hitch.

**ADA:** Great plan. Excellent. But he's going to grab you and bite you and eat you.

**JENNIFER:** Gross.

**JORDAN:** It'll be okay. We're faster than he is.

**ADA:** What if he's just pretending to be slow until we do something stupid like try to tie him up.

**CHLOE:** If he was that smart, he'd walk around the desk instead of through it.

**SAUL:** Shhh. He'll hear you.

**JORDAN:** The plan's going to work. It has to. It's our only chance.

**CHLOE:** Uh-huh.

**JORDAN:** I'm eighty-nine percent sure.

**SAUL:** If he bites anyone, it better be you.

**JENNIFER:** Ready?

**SAUL:** I guess.

**JORDAN:** On three?

**SAUL:** Make it eight.

**ADA:** Why?

**SAUL:** It's my favorite number.

**JORDAN:** On eight.

**SAUL and JORDAN:** One..two..three..four..five..six..seven..eight.

**JENNIFER:** Go!

*SAUL and JORDAN run at MIKE with the rope and then run around him several times to trap his arms at his sides. They drag him to a chair, and CHLOE pushes him in. SAUL ties him to the chair.*

**ADA:** Do you think it will hold him?

*MIKE struggles, but fails to free himself.*

**MIKE:** *(Angrily)* Brains.

**JORDAN:** It'll hold him for now.

**SAUL:** While we're at it, we should tie her up, too.

**CHLOE:** No way.

**ADA:** We have to keep ourselves safe.

**CHLOE:** If I was going to turn, don't you think I would have by now?

**JORDAN:** I don't know.

**CHLOE:** Mike was a zombie after only five minutes. It's been much longer than that since he bit me.

**SAUL:** It may take longer to spread from person to person than from sandwich to person or person to sandwich. Or person to lobster.

**JORDAN:** It'll just be until the CDC gets here.

**JENNIFER:** *(To SAUL.)* Do you have any more rope?

*SAUL pulls another rope from his backpack.*

**SAUL:** Will this be enough?

**JORDAN:** Should be.

**CHLOE:** I don't want to be tied up!

**ADA:** Just sit down and try not to struggle.

*CHLOE stubbornly sits in the chair next to Mike.*

**CHLOE:** Not too tight. If I lose circulation to my hands, it could cause permanent damage.

**JORDAN:** Saul?

**SAUL:** My pleasure.

*SAUL ties CHLOE to the chair.*

**CHLOE:** Not so tight.

**SAUL:** If you'd stop wiggling, this would be easier.

**JORDAN:** It shouldn't take too long to get the CDC here.

**CHLOE:** Do you know this from experience?

**JORDAN:** It's how it works in the movies.

**CHLOE:** You and your stupid movies. Movies aren't the same as reality. I could be tied to this chair for days for all you know.

**SAUL:** Better not drink anything, then. Zombies don't get bathroom breaks.

**JENNIFER:** We don't have to stay here with them, do we? I have better things to do than watch them groaning and drooling.

**ADA:** Do zombies need baby sitters?

**CHLOE:** I'm not a zombie.

**MIKE:** Brains.

**JORDAN:** We can't just leave them here. They might escape.

**JENNIFER:** Shouldn't the cops do that? They could put them in handcuffs or cells or something.

**SAUL:** I don't think we should get the cops involved. They won't believe they're zombies, and they'll probably set them free. It happens all the time in the movies.

**CHLOE:** I'm not a zombie.

**MIKE:** Brains.

**ADA:** So we sit here and do what?

**JORDAN:** How am I supposed to know?

**ADA:** You're the ones who've watched all the movies.

**SAUL:** It never happened like this in any of the movies I saw. I should watch more movies.

**CHLOE:** I think you should untie me.

**JENNIFER:** Shut up, zombie.

**CHLOE:** I'm not a...

**JENNIFER:** (*Cutting her off.*) We know. Jeez. You'd be a lot less annoying if you were.

**ADA:** We're going to have to feed them eventually, right? I mean, Chloe won't be too bad. She's still normal, but Mike? What do you feed the undead?

**SAUL:** Pepperoni and human brain pizza.

**JORDAN:** Raw meat?

**JENNIFER:** Gross. He'll get germs.

**CHLOE:** What about sushi. It's raw, but it's safe.

**ADA:** Actually, I wrote an article my Freshman year about the hidden dangers of sushi consumption. It was considered the best exposé of the year.

**JENNIFER:** (*Sarcastically.*) Good for you.

**ADA:** Are we even sure that he's hungry?

**MIKE:** Hungry...Brains...

**JENNIFER:** Feed him the Pad Thai. He likes my mom's Pad Thai.

**JORDAN:** And we can use the chopsticks so we don't have to get close to his mouth.

**CHLOE:** Don't worry. I'm not hungry.

**JENNIFER:** It's Ada's turn. She hasn't done anything useful yet.

**CHLOE:** Because you've been so helpful.

**ADA:** No. She's right. It's my turn. Give me the food.

**JORDAN:** Be careful.

*ADA grabs the food. She offers MIKE a piece with the chopsticks, but he lunges and manages to bite her hand.*

**ADA:** Ouch!

**JORDAN:** Did he bite you?

**ADA:** No.

**CHLOE:** I can see the blood from here.

**JENNIFER:** Gross. Stay away from me. These pants are Italian.

**JORDAN:** I told you to be careful.

**ADA:** Don't you think I was trying? You didn't tie him tight enough.

**CHLOE:** Speaking of tying, it looks like it's your turn, Ada.

**ADA:** Fine. I'm a big girl. I'm not going to argue.

**JORDAN:** (*To SAUL.*) Do you have any more rope?

**SAUL:** I don't think so.

**ADA:** Great. I don't think we need it anyway. I'm fine.

*SAUL digs around in his backpack and pulls out a pair of handcuffs.*

**SAUL:** But I do have these handcuffs.

**JORDAN:** Why do you...?

**ADA:** (*Cutting him off.*) I'd rather not know. Go ahead. Get it over with.

*ADA sits in another chair. JORDAN takes the cuffs and secures her to it.*

**JORDAN:** Is that too tight?

**ADA:** I can still feel my fingers.

**SAUL:** Me too!

*TYNER enters carrying a lunch box.*

**TYNER:** Sorry that took so long. Did I miss anything exciting?

**JENNIFER:** No, Mr. Tyner.

**SAUL:** Except for the...

*JORDAN quickly covers SAUL'S mouth with his hand, interrupting him before he can finish his sentence.*

**JORDAN:** Nothing exciting at all, Sir.

**CHLOE:** We were just finishing our lunches.

**TYNER:** That's good. But you three better get back to your seats like Mike, Chloe, and Ada. They're being model students right now.

**CHLOE and ADA:** Thanks, Mr. Tyner.

**MIKE:** Brains.

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