

Liver For Dinner

By Tami Canaday

PRODUCTION NOTES

This ten-minute comedy should be directed with deliberate, punctuated pacing to demonstrate the impact of *how* something is said.

SCENE: FRANK enters the kitchen, where GABBY, wearing a red apron, is cooking dinner.

Honey, I'm home.

FRANK

He takes off coat.

You're home.

GABBY

I'm home. So, what are we having for dinner?

FRANK

Liver.

GABBY

FRANK makes a face.

Liver?

FRANK

Liver. GABBY

You haven't told--- FRANK

No, I haven't. GABBY

Well...well. You know what happens. FRANK

Cousin Samatha doesn't know. GABBY

FRANK hesitates before he gives
GABBY a prim kiss on the cheek.

Long. FRANK

What was long? GABBY

My day at work. FRANK

From his pocket, FRANK takes out a folded lunch sack and hands it to GABBY.

FRANK
But, I liked the lunch you packed.

GABBY
Why?

FRANK
Why? It was different. Why?

GABBY thinks.

GABBY
The Little Debbies?

FRANK
(excited)
Darling, yes that was---

COUSIN SAMATHA
(from offstage)
What are we having for dinner?

FRANK and GABBY freeze.

FRANK
Ah...

I didn't hear you.

GABBY
(in singsong voice)

THEY wait.

(continued . . .)