

HOW TO ACT IN A CAFETERIA

A script from DARKSOUP.COM

INT. CAFETERIA

It's a cafeteria. People in suits are getting their lunches. NEVERBOB walks in and stands in line at the buffet. Suddenly he spots NEVERKATE over by the salad bar.

NEVERBOB

Neverkate!

Neverkate looks around, confused at first, but then she spots Neverbob.

NEVERKATE

Neverbob!

Neverkate and Neverbob teleport their bodies over to a point halfway between Neverbob's buffet line and Neverkate's salad bar line. They each extend their hands in a ritual greeting to each other, and then stare into each others' eyes for one or two hours.

NEVERBOB

Did you get that thing I sent you last week?

NEVERKATE

The one with the ancient Latin engravings on the front?

NEVERBOB

No, the one that was suspended in a jellied gefilte fish broth.

NEVERKATE

Oh yeah, that one. I enjoyed that one quite a bit.

NEVERBOB

Great! I'm glad you liked it. I had it imported all the way from Pittsburgh in an alabaster handcar.

NEVERKATE

It was well worth any expense that you might have expended.

NEVERBOB

Great! Glad to hear it.

With their societal pleasantries out of the way, Neverkate and Neverbob proceed to rummage through each others' food trays, searching for illicit substances or stray duck eggs. Neither finds anything improper, of course.

NEVERBOB (CONT'D)
Your food is acceptable to me.

NEVERKATE
As is yours, to me.

NEVERBOB
Let us lighten our shoes by seating
ourselves upon a chair
(pointing towards a
distant planet)
Maybe a chair over there somewhere.

NEVERKATE
Unfortunately, I do not have the
time to consume these food items.
I merely came here to participate
in the ritual of cafeteria line-
standing. Please excuse my
inexcusable rudeness.

Neverbob kneals down on the ground, embarrassed beyond belief
at his immense faux paus.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - DAY

NEVERBOB is racing along the clear, blue water on a
speedboat. He appears to not have a care in the world. He
looks 20 years younger than he did under the harsh
fluorescent lights at work.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA

Still knealing on the ground, with his vision of speedboat
happiness still churning around in his brain, Neverbob
condenses his body to the size of a pea. Not only the size,
but also the shape and color. To an uneducated observer,
Neverbob might have actually turned into a pea.

NEVERBOB
(in pea form)
I hope you can find a portion of
your heart device that can forgive
my verbal trespass. I offer myself
up to be eaten by you for lunch as
penance.

NEVERKATE

Thank you for your hospitality. I will not eat your pea self at this juncture. I have a camel upstairs whose humps are filled with chocolate, and those will provide sustenance to me during my long journey through the paperwork of the soul.

Neverbob, thrilled to hear this, turns back into the size and shape of a normally shaped and sized Neverbob.

NEVERBOB

Please exhume my humiliation from my heart, and weld it to the disco ball in the sky, where it will refract light for centuries to come.

NEVERKATE

I can do this for you.

Neverkate proceeds to extract Neverbob's humiliation from his heart, and welds it to the disco ball in the sky. The light refracted through the newly humiliated disco ball is beautiful and inspiring.

NEVERBOB

I love you, Neverkate.

NEVERKATE

Don't make me turn you into a cloud.

The sun breaks through the walls of the cafeteria, just so that it can set over the happy couple.

FADE TO BLACK.