

# Sunday Lunch

## Characters

DEVON (17) Very casual, easy going guy. Popular, but never concerned with being part of a certain crowd.

RAYDEN (15) Very nerdy and uptight with a hidden sense of humour. Wise beyond his years.

## Setting

A basement rec room. A couch or two cubes.

*DEVON is concentrating quite hard on a football game. RAYDEN enters and hovers on the edge of the room.*

DEVON: (*yelling at the TV*) Come on, come on, come on! That was right to you! You suck!

*DEVON groans loudly in disgust. RAYDEN clears his throat. DEVON looks around.*

DEVON: Hey.

RAYDEN: My mother sent me down. To 'hang' with you.

DEVON: Oh. You guys are here.

RAYDEN: Here we are again. We are here.

DEVON: Got it.

RAYDEN: My mom brought chocolate cake.

DEVON: Uh huh.

RAYDEN: Do you like chocolate cake?

DEVON: Who doesn't?

RAYDEN: Who doesn't. (*pause*) We're supposed to 'hang.'

DEVON: That's what I heard.

RAYDEN: That's my mom's word. (*he air quotes*) Hang. I don't use words like that. They don't fit me. I'm not the 'hang' type. As you may have guessed. Your dad is starting the barbecue.

DEVON: We're having hamburgers.

RAYDEN: My mom doesn't believe he made them from scratch. Your dad.

DEVON: He cooks a lot.

RAYDEN: Is he good on the barbecue? Your dad.

DEVON: He cooks a lot.

RAYDEN: That's what you just said. I do listen. My mom doesn't. Cook. She doesn't listen either. But she makes a mean chocolate cake.

*There is a pause.*

DEVON: Do you want to sit down? Or something?

RAYDEN: Or something what?

DEVON: I don't know.

RAYDEN: Why would you say 'or something' if there is no something?

DEVON: You got me.

RAYDEN: I should. Sit.

DEVON: Ok then.

*RAYDEN stiffly sits.*

DEVON: So... do you (*he winces*) watch football?

RAYDEN: I hate it.

DEVON: (*with a sigh*) No kidding.

RAYDEN: It's a bunch of oversized, underbrained sacks of potatoes running into each other over and over again. (*pause*) Over and over again. (*pause*) Your wallpaper's upside down.

DEVON: Huh?

RAYDEN: I noticed it last Sunday. (*pointing*) See? The flowers are upside down.

DEVON: I never noticed.

RAYDEN: Who put it up?

DEVON: I don't know. It's been like that forever. (*he tilts his head*) Huh. I never noticed.

RAYDEN: You don't want to talk to me, do you?

DEVON: I'm just watching the game.

RAYDEN: You don't get in trouble for that?

DEVON: Why would I?

RAYDEN: Cause there's company.

DEVON: My dad and I have an understanding. Besides, you're welcome  
(*he winces*) to stay. If you want.

RAYDEN: Your dad told you to say that.

DEVON: Your mom said we had to 'hang.'

RAYDEN: She thinks she's being hip. See this shirt? She thinks it's hip,  
but I'm not allowed to wear it during the week when it might be  
useful. It's a Sunday only shirt. I'd rather be hip at school than  
here. (*realizing what he said*) That was rude.

DEVON: It's all right.

RAYDEN: You're very laid back. Aren't you.

DEVON: I don't know. I guess.

RAYDEN: Do you think they'll get married?

DEVON: (*sitting straight up*) What? Who? Them? Your mom? My dad?

RAYDEN: (*referring to DEVON*) Not always laid back.

DEVON: You just, you kinda threw that out there. Wallpaper, cake,  
shirts, marriage. I just - (*he breathes*) You caught me off guard.  
That's all. (*something on the screen catches his eye*) Come on, come  
on! (*he throws up his arms in disgust and groans*)

RAYDEN: Does it help?

DEVON: What?

RAYDEN: To yell at the screen. Even though they can't hear you.

DEVON: It's fun. You gotta... do that sometimes.

RAYDEN: Yell?

DEVON: Yeah.

RAYDEN: It helps?

DEVON: Helps?

RAYDEN: With life.

DEVON: (*thinking*) Yeah. Don't you ever... you know, let loose? Let go?

RAYDEN: Cut a rug?

DEVON: What the hell is that?

RAYDEN: No, I never let loose. Isn't that obvious?

DEVON: Kinda.

RAYDEN: Does your dad date a lot?

DEVON: What? No.

RAYDEN: My mom does. Well, it's been twelve years, it's not like she's  
got a rotating door. She's not a floozy. Usually I only meet... (*he  
stops short and swallows his words*) hmm. So which team is better?  
The purple shirts or the white?

DEVON: (*reacting to the change in subject*) What was that?

RAYDEN: I like purple, so I'm going to guess the purple shirts are  
better.

DEVON: You're deflecting me.

RAYDEN: You know what deflect means?

DEVON: Screw you, I have a great average.

RAYDEN: Ok.

DEVON: I'm no smarty pants science fair winner but I do all right.

RAYDEN: You know about that?

DEVON: My dad told me. Something... (*remembering*) Surface Tension!

RAYDEN: (*blurting*) Yes! (*trying to hide his pleasure that DEVON knew*)  
Yes. Just the Regional Fair.

DEVON: Well, congratulations.

*DEVON sticks out his hand. RAYDEN does not take it.*

RAYDEN: You don't mean it.

DEVON: Rayden, I'm not going to shove your head in a toilet. If I say congratulations, I mean it.

RAYDEN: Guys who watch football tend to be the type who might like to shove my head in a toilet.

DEVON: I don't do that.

RAYDEN: No? Never?

DEVON: (*firmly*) No. My dad would kill me.

RAYDEN: (*smiling*) You like your dad.

DEVON: Yeah.

RAYDEN: You're not afraid to say something like that out loud?

DEVON: My dad's a great guy. He's been through a lot. We've been through a lot.

RAYDEN: (*scratching his head*) Oh boy.

DEVON: What?

RAYDEN: Nothing.

DEVON: There's something going on. It's written all over your face.

RAYDEN: I think, (*pause*) I think you are unaware of a certain situation. I'm trying to spare your feelings.

DEVON: You? Spare me? I think I can take it.

RAYDEN: Ok, I want you to remember that in about five seconds. I did warn you. Usually, I don't ... I don't meet the family till it's serious. That's why I asked if you think they'll get married.

DEVON: (*not liking what he's hearing*) Serious?

RAYDEN: That's the rule at our house. Serious guy. Sunday lunch. Chocolate cake. Sunday shirt.

DEVON: Oh. (*really not liking what he's hearing*) Oh.

RAYDEN: Your face just went grey. And tense.

DEVON: I'm thinking.

RAYDEN: Don't you like my mom?

DEVON: I don't – I don't know her. My dad said, he said –

RAYDEN: (*muttering*) I hate it when I'm right.

DEVON: (*in shock*) I'm just going to watch the game. Can I watch the game? I don't want to talk anymore. I'm going to sit in peace and quiet and watch football.

RAYDEN: You don't watch in quiet. You yell.

DEVON: I won't do that.

RAYDEN: Your dad didn't tell you.

DEVON: Are you calling him a liar?

RAYDEN: (*calm*) Of course not. I've been doing this for twelve years. That's all. I see it all the time. Houses have different rules. Your dad told you this was a casual Sunday lunch. Just getting together.

DEVON: (*that's exactly what happened*) No...

RAYDEN: (*he's done this before*) Nothing big. Some hamburgers. Shauna makes a great chocolate cake. The kid's a little weird but he's all right. See if you can talk to him, see if you like him. He stares weirdly some times. I'll bet he's better once you get to know him.

DEVON: (*almost in awe*) How did you know?

RAYDEN: I see it all the time.

DEVON: He wouldn't lie to me.

RAYDEN: He didn't. Really. Your mom died. It different than divorce. He's thinking of you. He didn't want you to freak out. Like you are now.

DEVON: (*very tense*) I'm not freaking out.

RAYDEN: I think being über-tense is your version of freaking out.

DEVON: (*blurting out*) He said it wasn't serious!

RAYDEN: Did he make you clean your room?

DEVON: (*realizing*) Yes.

RAYDEN: It's serious.

DEVON: How?

RAYDEN: Why would my mom want to see your bedroom?

DEVON: I can't believe it! This blows! He made me clean my room, he made me help make the hamburgers. It's too soon, way too soon, what the hell is he thinking? He can't be serious, this totally blows. I can't believe he'd do this to me! I actually swore I'd try to like you, I'd try to talk to the little weirdo. *(realizing what he said)* No offence.

RAYDEN: None taken.

DEVON: I don't know you. That's – you're not a weirdo.

RAYDEN: Yes I am.

DEVON: Ok, you are. I don't know you.

RAYDEN: My mom's favourite movie is Mortal Kombat. She has six copies in various forms at home. That's where my name comes from. Rayden. It's not a great name for a guy but Ray doesn't fit. Yet. I'm not old enough for Ray. I need a moustache to carry off Ray. I'll grow into it, hopefully. Now you know something.

DEVON: I don't want to get to know you.

RAYDEN: Well, that could be a problem. They're pretty serious.

DEVON: My dad would tell me if he was serious about someone. He wouldn't keep something so huge from me. I tell him stuff, it's supposed to be a two way street. That's the deal. *(he stands)*

RAYDEN: Where are you going?

DEVON: I have to talk to him.

RAYDEN: Now is not a good time.

DEVON: *(pacing)* I can't just -

RAYDEN: You'll cause a scene. You'll upset your dad. At least wait till after cake.

*DEVON at a loss, sits again. He puts his face in his hands.*

DEVON: *(quiet)* How long?

RAYDEN: A while.

DEVON: How long?

RAYDEN: Ten months.

DEVON: *(he did not know this)* They have not! He said it was casual.

RAYDEN: That's what they say when they're trying to ease you into things. Casual is less scary than serious. You weren't freaking out when it was casual. Casual is dating, dating is good, right? Dating means your dad isn't alone. Serious is...

DEVON: How many of these things do you do?

RAYDEN: It's been twelve years. That's a lot of Sundays.

DEVON: Where's your dad?

RAYDEN: Don't know.

DEVON: What do you mean?

RAYDEN: They divorced, he left. I don't see him.

DEVON: When was the last time you saw him?

RAYDEN: Twelve years ago.

DEVON: That's terrible.

RAYDEN: Don't pity me. I liked you better when you thought I was annoying.

DEVON: I still think you're annoying.

RAYDEN: Good. Sometimes I'm not so annoying. Sometimes I dial it up.

DEVON: You're annoying on purpose?

RAYDEN: *(smiling)* Sometimes.

*DEVON laughs.*

RAYDEN: *(pointing off to the side)* Is that your mom? In the picture.

DEVON: *(softly)* Yeah.

RAYDEN: How come it's in the basement? She's pretty.

DEVON: Leave it alone.

RAYDEN: I think it's nice. I've had to 'hang' with a lot of kids. Angry ones, mean ones, sad ones, you name the psychosis as a cause of parent trauma, I've seen it. The kids with dead parents usually have to hide the pictures. Put them away. Forget. Here comes someone new with chocolate cake. *(he looks at the picture)* She's not in hiding though. *(figuring it out)* You used to watch football with her.

DEVON: *(shaking his head)* If you learned a couple of card tricks you'd have quite the magic act.

RAYDEN: The freakish Rayden...

DEVON: Don't call yourself a freak. *(pause)* She loved football. Loved it. She yelled louder than me. She loved the impossible catch. When a guy's surrounded and the ball magically appears in his hands. It's magic. I can't believe I told you that.

*There is a pause.*

RAYDEN: So here's where we have the talk.

DEVON: Really, Rayden, I'm good.

RAYDEN: Not THE talk you moron. Don't be gross. I like your dad. I think he's one of the good ones. That's one of my mom's categories. Your dad is firmly in the 'one of the good guys' column. A keeper. I like you too. Your dad seems like the kind of guy who would take your opinion to heart. *(pause)* Tell your dad you hate me.

DEVON: What? Why?

RAYDEN: My mom is no good for your dad. She's making him happy now because that's what she does. She catches them and then she turns. She's got a short attention span.

DEVON: What, what are you –

RAYDEN: Convince him not to marry my mom. Do whatever it takes. Say I'm worse than weird. You think I'm deranged or something.

DEVON: It's early, there's lots of time, maybe she'll –

RAYDEN: Just do it, Devon. Don't make me get really annoying.

DEVON: Why?

RAYDEN: Your dad deserves better. So do you.

DEVON: What about you? Don't you want...

RAYDEN: Want what?

DEVON: I don't know.

RAYDEN: Don't worry. She'll find another keeper. Another good guy. There's a lot of Sundays in my future.

DEVON: Listen, it wouldn't be so bad, we could...

RAYDEN: Don't pity me! Don't.

*There is a pause.*

DEVON: You know, the game is not just guys running into each other. There's a lot of patterns, it's a game of strategy. I could tell you about it. If you promise not to talk about the wallpaper.

RAYDEN: I won't talk about the wallpaper if you call me Ray.

DEVON: You got it Ray.

— THE END —