

Eleanor Rigby
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CAST:

Eleanor (female) awkward teen
Mackenzie (male) awkward teen

PLACE: School Cafeteria

TIME: Lunch

SYNOPSIS: Two teens not together are sitting near each other in the school cafeteria.

(LIGHTS up on ELEANOR. She has her lunch and looks around. Finally She takes a seat alone. She is always alone at lunch. She methodically takes out her food, all the while looking around to see if anyone will sit near her. Occasionally, she sees someone she recognizes. She waves. Maybe they wave back. Maybe they don't. But nobody sits by her. Finally, she takes out a book and starts to eat.)

MACKENZIE enters, looks around and sees that the only empty table is with ELEANOR. He walks over.)

MACKENZIE

Anybody sitting here?

ELEANOR

Uhh ... no. Doesn't look like it.

MACKENZIE

Do you mind? It's the only table left.

ELEANOR

It's a free country.

(MACKENZIE sit sand takes out his lunch. ELEANOR peeks at him over the book. Who is he? MACKENZIE catches her peeking and she immediately looks down. MACKENZIE looks at his lunch. He's not thrilled. He takes out a notebook And scribbles. MACKENZIE looks up. ELEANOR looks up. They both look down.)

MACKENZIE

I ... wasn't looking at you.

ELEANOR

What?

MACKENZIE

I wasn't looking at you. I mean it looked like I was. But I was looking off into the distance and your head got in the way.

ELEANOR

Oh, okay.

(They both make a face at themselves – like “why did I say that?” SHE reads. HE writes. SHE peeks. SHE reads. HE peeks. HE writes. HE crosses out what he wrote. HE sighs. SHE looks up. HE sighs again.)

ELEANOR (cont'd)

Are you all right?

MACKENZIE

Yes. Well, no. I'm fine. The word is wrong.

ELEANOR

Can I help?

MACKENZIE

It's something I have to do for myself. It's a poem.

ELEANOR

Oh.

(SHE reads. Maybe. HE writes. Maybe.)

MACKENZIE

I like your book.

ELEANOR

Thank-you.

(SHE makes a face at herself. Should she have said more?)

MACKENZIE

I read it last year. The ending – well, I won't say anything until you finish.

(HE makes a face at himself. “Why did I say that?” HE writes some more. HE sighs some more. HE crosses out some more.)

ELEANOR
I'd love to read it/

MACKENZIE
/it's not/

ELEANOR
/When you're ready.

(Beat.)

MACKENZIE
Thanks. (Beat.) I mean, really ... you'd read it?

ELEANOR
I love poetry.

MACKENZIE
So do I. It's probably not good... I mean not yet You'd really read it?

ELEANOR
Sure.

(Maybe he has to tear it out of the notebook. Or he just hands the paper to her. She goes to take it. They each have a hand on either side of the paper.)

ELEANOR (cont'd)
I'm Eleanor. But you can call me Ellie.

MACKENZIE
Hi, Ellie. I'm Mackenzie. But you can call me Mac.

(THEY smile at each other. ELEANOR takes the paper as the lights fade.)

END OF PLAY