

## Officemates

**Note: all the roles in this play are gender neutral.**

***Scene 1: Morning. An office break room, which also serves as the home of the office copier. ALEX is at the copier, and MORGAN enters going directly to the coffee machine.***

ALEX (looking up): Morning!

*MORGAN prepares the coffee maker, adding a filter, then grounds, then water from the sink.*

MORGAN: Morning. Coffee?

ALEX (grateful): Coffee? Yes. (beat) Black.

MORGAN: Sugar?

ALEX: No.

MORGAN (surprised): No sugar?

ALEX (patting their middle and shaking their head): No sugar.

MORGAN (nodding their understanding): Health matters.

ALEX: Health matters a lot.

MORGAN pours coffee into two mugs and hands one to ALEX. They each take a sip, appreciating the warmth and the rush of caffeine.

MORGAN: Busy day?

ALEX: Busy? Yes. Deadlines, deadlines, deadlines.

MORGAN (sympathetic): Lunch later?

ALEX: Later, yes.

*MORGAN raises their mug in salute to ALEX and leaves the room. ALEX continues to make copies in between sips of coffee.*

***Scene 2: Later that day, outside a food truck, there is a picnic table with benches and an umbrella off to the side. COOK is seen through the truck's ordering window. ALEX and MORGAN arrive together.***

ALEX: Hungry?

MORGAN: Extremely.

ALEX: Same here.

COOK: Order?

ALEX (to MORGAN): Health matters.

MORGAN (to ALEX): *Flavor* matters. (to COOK): Specials?

COOK: Burger, Taco. Chili.

MORGAN: Burger.

COOK: Fries?

MORGAN: Burger, fries, Coke.

COOK: Yes. (to Alex) Order?

ALEX (to herself) Health, flavor, health, flavor. (A decision is made – the next line is to COOK): Chili.

COOK: Fries? Coke?

ALEX (sighing): Chili, fries. Coffee, black, no sugar.

*COOK nods. There is a long pause while food is made and then COOK rings a bell near the window ledge and places two trays on it.*

COOK: Ready! Here!

*ALEX and MORGAN take their trays to the picnic table where they sit, eat, and mime a conversation. Finally, MORGAN pushes their tray to the center of the table and stands up.*

MORGAN: Ready?

ALEX (also pushing away their tray and then rising): Ready? No... but... deadlines.

*MORGAN pats ALEX on the back.*

MORGAN (sympathetic): Deadlines, deadlines, deadlines.

***Scene 3: Evening, the same day, back in the break room. ALEX and MORGAN are retrieving their coats from their lockers.***

ALEX: Ready?

MORGAN: Yes.

ALEX: Coffee tomorrow?

MORGAN: Coffee? Yes. Tomorrow.

*They leave in opposite directions, and the lights fade to black.*