

Driver: Ok, kids, come and get it—tuna salad in the bowl. I left the beer and potato chips in my car. Somebody go get them. Wait'll you taste the tuna fish—my wife makes *great* tuna fish.

Sam: Hey, anything's better than glazed donuts.

Mick: Yeah, or rancid coffee.

(The crowd settles down to eat. General goodwill and cheerfulness prevail. The TV announcer returns.)

TV: In the presidential primary, ladies and gentlemen, with 30% of the precincts now reporting, it is Brendan with 42%, Simons with 30% and Goodman with 28%, a fall of 3% for Goodman since we last reported. . . .

(Groans and muttering. Joe gets up to fix another sandwich and stands by the window eating it.)

Joe: Hey, you guys. You're not going to believe this.

Wendy: What now?

Joe: A big truck just pulled up in front of Brendan's headquarters across the street.

Mick: What is it—an armored car to collect their bumper sticker money?

Joe: Close. The sign says, "Buffets—Banquets for All Occasions—Continental Caterers."

(More groans and mutterings. Joe stands, eating his sandwich contemplatively.)

Joe: Hey, you know what else? This is *fantastic* tuna fish!

Fadeout.

TWO CHILDREN

by Jeff Devens

1st. child: Let's play a game.

2nd. child: O.K.—What'll we play?

1st. child: Let's play THE END.

2nd. child: How do you play?

1st. child: I'll be God.

2nd. child: What do I do?

1st. child: Pray.