

CAFETERIA CHRONICLES

By Bethany Hamilton Sandvik

A production of Studio Theatre at CCPA
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CAFETERIA CHRONICLES takes place in the cafeteria of any middle school in America. Ages and Genders can be changed. Doubling is permitted.

CAST:

LINDA: Cafeteria lady any age
DORIS: Cafeteria lady any age but probably younger than LINDA
MRS. K. The only character that goes between scenes. She is the lunchroom monitor.
KIMMY: A fifth grader, smart. Likes to make slime.
ELLA: A fifth grader. Also likes to make slime.
ANNA: A seventh grader. Talkative. Wears a flannel shirt.
GEORGE: A seventh grader. Not ready for girls.
PATRICIA: A seventh grader. Popular. Not very nice.
STEPHANIE: A seventh grader. PATRICIA'S friend. Also, not very nice.
SARAH: A seventh grader. Has crush on George. Shy.
MATTHEW: An eighth grader. Activist. Not afraid to stand up for justice. (This role can be played by a female. Change name to MELISSA)
ARNOLD: A sixth grader. Leader of his lunch group.
BEN: A sixth grader. Loves to tell jokes.
KENNY: A sixth grader. Loves to eat.

Ha

SCENE BREAKDOWN:

Scene 1: **Lunch Lady Lament** (LINDA, DORIS, MRS. K)
Scene 2: **Slime Time** (KIMMY, ELLA, MRS. K)
Scene 3: **Are You Going to the Dance?** (ANNA, GEORGE)
Scene 4: **Milk for the Mean Girls** (PATRICIA, STEPHANIE, SARAH, MRS. K)
Scene 5: **Waste Not, Want Not** (MATTHEW, MRS. K.)
Scene 6: **I'll Trade Ya** (ARNOLD, BEN, KENNY, MRS. K)
Scene 7: **Epilogue** (LINDA, DORIS, MRS. K)

Scene 1: **Lunch Lady Lament**

Two women, LINDA and DORIS, stand behind the counter preparing school lunch for the day. As they stir and slop food onto trays they begin to have a discussion.

LINDA: Well Doris, we made it to Enchilada day.

DORIS: Wednesday.

LINDA: Hump Day!

DORIS: Mid-week Mexican day.

LINDA: *(sigh)* Two more days till Friday.

DORIS: You got big plans this weekend?

LINDA: You mean other-n watchin' Bob watch sports all weekend? Not really. I might try and tackle that new puzzle I got for Christmas. It's a thousand pieces...all gum balls. Should take me a coupl'a days.

DORIS: Oh Linda, that sounds awful. We gotta get you out of the house!

LINDA: Eh, I'm a home body. Too cold this weekend anyway. Spos'd to be only 20 degrees all weekend.

DORIS: Nonsense. Linda, we are gonna do something together this weekend.

LINDA; Well, we're not really friends. I think it would be a little weird.

DORIS; You don't think we're friends?

LINDA; Well, we're friendly, but no I wouldn't call us friends.

DORIS: That hurts Linda. We've worked side by side at this school for five years. Do you know how many enchiladas we've served together? Thousands! And you don't consider me your friend?

LINDA: We're work friends. It's not the same.

DORIS: Well then, my offer still stands. If we go do something this weekend, that will cement our friendship and finally make it official!

LINDA: I'd rather not.

DORIS: Aw, c'mon Linda. It'll be fun!

LINDA: It's just that...

DORIS: Yeah?

LINDA: It's just that....well...I don't really like you that much.

DORIS: Wha-

LINDA: No offense.

DORIS: No offense? I'm deeply offended! You don't like me?

LINDA: Not so much.

DORIS: May I ask why?

LINDA: I don't want to talk about it.

(SCENE CONTINUES)

Scene 3: Are you going to the Dance?

GEORGE enters with his lunch and pulls out a sandwich. As he begins to eat, ANNA passes behind him and drops something on the table. She tries to walk away unnoticed but is stopped by GEORGE.

GEORGE: What's this?

ANNA: I beg your pardon?

GEORGE: Did you just drop this note on the table?

ANNA: Um, did I?

GEORGE: That's what I asked.

ANNA: Um...Ok. Look, Sarah wanted me to give this note to you.

GEORGE: What does it say?

ANNA: Why don't you read it?

GEORGE: Why don't you just tell me what it says?

ANNA: *(Sits down next to George at the table)* I think you can guess what it says. She likes you, George. She wants to know if you are going to the dance on Friday.

GEORGE: I...um....*(Puts sandwich in his mouth so he can't answer her)*

ANNA: So are you?

GEORGE: I dunno, Anna. I haven't really thought about it.

ANNA: But it's in two days. How can you not know yet?

GEORGE: Because I might do something else. Tommy and I might go fishing or some-

thing. I don't know how to dance anyway.

ANNA: Well, you don't have to DANCE. You could just go and, ya know, hang out.

GEORGE: But I can hang out with Tommy or with any of my other friends wherever I want. Why would I pick this smelly cafeteria on a Friday night listening to Taylor Swift music trying to avoid getting asked to dance by some dumb girl?

ANNA: (*aghast*) Are you saying Sarah is dumb?

GEORGE: No, I'm saying that you are all kinda dumb, especially about dances and notes and who likes who. I mean who cares?

ANNA: Well, that's not very nice.

GEORGE: Can I go back to eating my lunch please?

ANNA: What am I supposed to tell Sarah?

GEORGE: I don't know. Tell her that I haven't decided if I'm going to the dance and not to plan on seeing me there. And that even if I do come, I won't actually dance. That's the truth.

ANNA: (Pause) But do you like Sarah?

GEORGE: Sure, she's ok I guess.

ANNA: You know what I mean. Do you LIKE her like her?

GEORGE: UGH. See this is what I'm talking about. Dumb!

ANNA: Rude! I'm going to tell Sarah that you are not worth her time.

GEORGE: Um...Ok (*He goes back to his sandwich*)

ANNA: You really don't care that I'm going to tell her that?

GEORGE: Why would I? I'm NOT worth her time. I don't want to go to the dance and I don't want to pass notes and I don't want a (*worst thing ever*) girlfriend.

ANNA: Hmm. You make no sense to me George. Tell, you what, I'll let her down easy for you, so you don't break her heart.

GEORGE: Break her heart?

ANNA: Yes George! She was counting on you going to the dance and if I tell her you'd rather go fishing with Tommy than dance with her, it will literally crush her.

GEORGE: I don't think it will crush—

ANNA: Squish her heart! Break it in two. She'll be devastated!

(Scene Continues)

Scene 5: Waste Not, Want Not

MATTHEW, a very passionate, environmentally conscious 7th grader has decided to address the lunch room about his newest pet project, food waste. He has done this before. In fact he eliminated the use of plastic straws in their cafeteria as a 6th grader. MATTHEW watches students empty their trays into the trash for a while, taking notes. Finally he has had enough. He turns his notebook into a megaphone and stands on top of the table

MATTHEW:

Can I have your attention please? I said can I have your attention! Look people, I have been sitting in this cafeteria every day this week and I have been taking notes. Do you know how much food you are throwing away!? Well I do! I have a list!

Amanda, yesterday you threw away your carrots and celery and one chicken nugget. You also didn't finish your milk.

George, you only ate your cookie on Monday.

Billy, I just saw you throw away your entire enchilada!

Sarah, you just wasted an entire container of milk...but good for you! That was awesome!

Anyway, people are starving all over the world and you are just throwing food away like it's nothing! You should be ashamed of yourselves. WE should all be ashamed!

I've done the research. Based on the rate that you all throw away food, it's like 40 pounds of food and 18 gallons of milk per DAY! That's 7,200 pounds of food in a year! And like 3,200 gallons of milk just wasted! We must do better! We are better than this!

(Monologue Continues)