

Lunch Ladies at the L'Ambrosia Luncheria

Pamela Loyd





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LUNCH LADIES AT L'AMBROSIA LUNCHERIA

by

Pamela Loyd

CAST

MIRABELLE: A smart-thinking lady, usually calm and rational, she eventually becomes irrational and loses control. Wears a pretty dress, pearls, a brimless hat, and gloves.

BERNICE: Very proper, sweet but emotional, she becomes increasingly frantic and distraught. Wears a pretty dress, pearls, brimless hat with flowers.

WAITRESS: Wears a chic black uniform, has a red rose in her hair.
(This role could also be a WAITER: Wears tuxedo with red bow tie)

PATSY: Snob, air of superiority, an acquaintance of Mirabelle and Bernice.

HAZEL: A pleasant, innocent stranger.

SOOKIE: Patsy is a 'yes woman' with an annoying nasal vocal tone.

WOMAN 1: Waiting for a table.

WOMAN 2: Waiting for a table.

Place

A small exclusive restaurant.

Time

The present. Lunch time.

Production Notes

The characters, age 50 and above, are all very nicely dressed, with Mirabelle and Bernice being even more so. The restaurant décor might have pretentious touches such as gold cupids on the wall, large vases of peacock feathers, trellises with garlands of red roses, garden statuary, white tablecloths, and lace napkins.

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Setting: A fancy restaurant. A small table with two chairs is at Center. Another is upstage Right, and a third is Upstage Left. The main entrance is Upstage Right. A tall reception counter in front of the main entrance has a large red rose arrangement. The roses hide a sign on the back wall that says, "No checks or credit cards accepted. Cash only." There is an exit to the kitchen upstage center. A small table sits to the left of the kitchen exit. Behind the reception counter are two chairs that can't be seen. Women 1 and 2 sit here, and are hidden behind the tall reception counter when not standing.

At Rise: PATSY and SOOKIE sit at the table Up Left. HAZEL is at the table Up Right. WOMEN 1 and 2 sit behind the reception counter and are not seen. MIRABELLE and BERNICE sit at center table. The WAITRESS is writing their order.

WAITRESS: So, that's one order of Chicken Champagne with Mushroom Chantelle, and one of the Lamb L'Ambrosia with Berry Cream Sauce. Excellent choices, ladies. I'm sure you will enjoy your lunch at L'Ambrosia Luncheria.

(The Waitress walks towards kitchen, passing two Women who stand up behind the reception counter.)

WOMAN 1: Miss, is a table available for two?

WAITRESS: It's a long wait unless you made a reservation.

(Waitress exits to kitchen. The Women sit down.)

MIRABELLE: We are so lucky to have gotten reservations here. I've heard they won't let just anybody eat here.

BERNICE: I heard they turn people away if they aren't dressed properly.

MIRABELLE: I'm glad we met their standards. And it's kind of nice, isn't it, Bernice, to get all dressed up once in awhile?

BERNICE: I know, our pearls and fancy hats—

MIRABELLE: And gloves. I only wear gloves on Easter Sunday anymore.

BERNICE: Oooh, this is so fun, Mirabelle. I feel like we're dining with the queen.

MIRABELLE: Yes. We are countesses at a special ladies lunch.

BERNICE: Luncheon. When you're countesses it's luncheon, not lunch.

(Mirabelle and Bernice giggle. Waitress re-enters. As she passes reception counter, the Women stand again.)

WOMAN 2: Miss, how long is the wait for a table?

WAITRESS: A long time.

(Waiting Women sit down.)

(The Waitress picks up the flower arrangement from the counter. She sets it on the small table next to kitchen door, then exits to kitchen.)

(The sign is now visible on the back wall. The letters are large enough for the audience to easily read.)

MIRABELLE: *(Looks around. Her back is to Patsy and Sookie so she does not see them.)*
Look how nice everyone looks here.

BERNICE: And how lovely the table is. Lace napkins and crystal glasses, and—

MIRABELLE: *(stares at the sign)* Uh-oh!

BERNICE: Uh-oh? Is my ex-husband here?

MIRABELLE: No.

BERNICE: Is your ex-husband here?

MIRABELLE: No.

BERNICE: Then uh-oh what?

MIRABELLE: Bernice, how much did our orders come to?

BERNICE: I think mine was about \$45. But we knew this place was expensive.

MIRABELLE: And mine was a bit more than that. Then you add in tax and tip—

BERNICE: Don't worry about it, Mirabelle, I can pay for yours if it's too much for you. We deserve a nice splurge once in awhile.

MIRABELLE: It's not that, Bernice. Look at that sign.

BERNICE: *(Reads aloud)* "No checks or credit cards accepted. Cash only." What?! When did they put that up? I didn't see that before.

MIRABELLE: I know. How much cash do you have on you, Bernice?

(They look in their purses.)

BERNICE: I have just enough for another round at the parking meter.

MIRABELLE: I have a ten, but that's it. I think we're going to need...something like one hundred twenty three dollars.

BERNICE: Oh, my gosh, what are we going to do? We already ordered.

MIRABELLE: Yes...so-o-o...the only thing we can do now is cancel the order.
(The Waitress reenters carrying a tray heavy with dishes.) There's the waitress.

(Both raise a hand to catch the Waitress's attention. The Waitress comes over.)

WAITRESS: *(rushed, harried)* Yes?

MIRABELLE: We would like to cancel our order.

WAITRESS: Your order? You're having the Chicken Champagne and the Lamb L'Ambrosia?

MIRABELLE: Yes, but we'd like to cancel it.

WAITRESS: *(distracted, speaking to someone across room)* Yes, I'll be right with you.

BERNICE: We didn't want to wait until the order came to tell you.

WAITRESS: I'm sorry, you said you don't want to wait? I know we're busy and I apologize for the wait, but there's no need to cancel your order. I'll tell you what—I'll put a rush on it right now. *(exits)*

BERNICE: What? No. Mirabelle, did she just say she's going to put a rush on our order?

MIRABELLE: Yes. Now it's coming even sooner. Well this is very embarrassing. We have to think of a way out of this before she brings the food.

BERNICE: Oh, my gosh, what's going to happen to us now? We don't have any money. We can't pay for this. It will be stealing. We're thieves. They're going to throw us in jail!

MIRABELLE: Hush, Bernice, you're making a scene. People are looking at us.

BERNICE: O-o-oh! I've got to get control of myself. Ladies don't make scenes. Ladies don't want people looking at them when they do make scenes. But we won't be ladies anymore, we'll be jailbirds! Our crime will be splashed all over the front page of the newspaper! Everyone will know!

MIRABELLE: Let's just leave.

BERNICE: We can't do that, Mirabelle. It isn't honorable after we've ordered. *(prim and proper)* I may not be rich, but I was brought up to have good manners.

MIRABELLE: We'll leave quietly, discreetly, like ladies with good manners. If we leave before the food comes, they can just serve it to someone else.

BERNICE: They can?

MIRABELLE: I don't know, but why not? But if we stay and can't pay for the food—

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!