

FRENCH CAFE

By David Burton

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CAST: MANAGER and WAITRESS

MANAGER: (*In a snobby French accent*) Excuse me, Madam.
Are you looking for something?

WAITRESS: (*In a deep country accent*) Nope! Found it.

MANAGER: I don't understand. Madam, I don't believe you
belong here.

WAITRESS: I sure do. This is that French eatin' place, ain't it?

MANAGER: Indeed it is.

WAITRESS: Then I'm at the place I set out for.

MANAGER: Do you realize this is a very expensive place? This is
one of the finest eating establishments in the city.

WAITRESS: Good, then I'm really in the right place. The more
'spensive the better.

MANAGER: But Madam, you need a reservation to eat here.

WAITRESS: Don't neither!

MANAGER: I assure you, it is required. And you would need
proper attire. Look at the people coming in. See how
eloquently they're dressed.

WAITRESS: That's not for me. I don't intend to do no eatin'
here...at least not right away.

MANAGER: Thank goodness! Madam, this is a cafe. Why would
you be here for any other purpose?

WAITRESS: 'Cause I'm auditionin'!

MANAGER: Auditioning?

WAITRESS: Sure. When ya' try out for somethin' at a fancy
place, don't ya' call it that?

MANAGER: Uh... yes, sometimes. But this is a cafe. We serve
food. What could you possibly be auditioning for?

WAITRESS: A waitressin' job...that's what! (*loudly, to imaginary
customer*) Bye now, come again. (*to MANAGER*) See...I'm
friendlier than a puppy dog.

MANAGER: Madam, don't be funny. And *do not* speak to our
patrons.

WAITRESS: Who's tryin' to be funny? I been puttin' food on the
table before you ever started workin' here, sassy britches.

MANAGER: But Madam, this is the most exclusive place in town.

WAITRESS: Don't I know it. I heared how good ya'lls food was, and I thought, I just gotta get a job at that there high class joint.

MANAGER: I don't think we're taking any applications for a waitress today. But thank you for coming in. Now you can tell all your bumpkin friends that you were inside a fancy restaurant. As a treat, I'll personally escort you to the door. Good day.

WAITRESS: Hold it! Hold on just a cotton pickin' minute. What are ya' rushin' me out fer? (**loudly**) Ya' got rats or somethin'?

MANAGER: Shh! Keep your voice down! Hardly. This is an immaculate restaurant for the elite of society.

WAITRESS: I seen in the paper where there's a waitressin' job to be had at this here rest-e-rant.

MANAGER: Oh yes, about that. I don't know how to put this...

WAITRESS: Don't worry about puttin' it no certain way. Just slop it on the table like ya' do them French gourmet meals.

MANAGER: I don't exactly believe you would be the right person for the job.

WAITRESS: 'Course I would. Ya' don't have to worry about me lackin' no experience. And I did it the hard way. Started by sweepin' up and cleanin' bathrooms. Thought I was high class when they let me scrub the dishes. That beat cleanin' toilets all to pieces. Finally, I got so good they had to let me do some waitressin'. I done that ever since.

MANAGER: You aren't still employed with that company?

WAITRESS: I already worked three or four places, and I did good at every place, 'ceptin the one where some high fulutin woman made me mad. I told her a thing or two. She mighta' looked all fancy-like comin' in, but she was wearin' chicken fried steak and gravy goin' out.

MANAGER: This is certainly not the job for you. You would not like it. All day, women in fancy outfits would be looking down their noses at you, making fun of the way you talk and the way you look.

WAITRESS: What's the matter with the way I look? And as fer talkin', I speak real good. I can't say none a' that French talk, but the ad didn't say nothin' 'bout speakin' the language. I say

you should have 'sperience. I got lots a' 'sperience, so here I am.

MANAGER: Uh...uh... Have you ever worked in a nice restaurant before?

WAITRESS: You betcha'. I worked in more nice places than I got teeth in my mouth.

MANAGER: Not all that many, eh?

WAITRESS: Enough to learn my craft. I worked at a nice Italian place once.

MANAGER: Really?

WAITRESS: Yep. Over there at Pizza World. Ya' ever heard of it? **(to another customer)** Hey there! Ya'll enjoy the meal, ya' hear?

MANAGER: Madam, I do not have time for this. It is with great sorrow in my heart that I tell you we will not be able to hire you. You should go quickly before the other jobs disappear. There are many toilets just waiting to be cleaned.

WAITRESS: I ain't goin' nowhere. There's a job open here, and I'm plenty qualified.

MANAGER: I apologize, but we're looking for someone a bit different. You lack a certain "Je ne se quoi".

WAITRESS: Jenny says what? I'm confused here. Who's Jenny?

MANAGER: **(rolls eyes)** I meant *class*. We're looking for our staff to exude a certain level of culture.

WAITRESS: I've got plenty of class. I got some outfits that just scream culture. Truck drivers won't be able to stay out of this place. My friend Lucy made em' all herself. She stays home with her eight young-uns, so she's got plenty a' time to sew. Me, I always gotta work. Now are you gonna audition me or what? I can't wait to get into one of them skimpy little French uniforms. I wouldn't mind losin' a little fat if it don't fit right.

MANAGER: The proper word is interview...not audition. I know you would be a delight as a waitress. But maybe you should apply somewhere on the other side of town. I have heard of a restaurant that might perfectly fit your charming, country personality.

WAITRESS: Where's that?

MANAGER: I think the name is, "The Hungry Hog."

WAITRESS: Are you tryin' to be funny?

MANAGER: No, Madam, I detest humor.

WAITRESS: Well, you'd better not be poking fun at me. I'll knock that sissy little smirk off yer' face if you ever do.

MANAGER: There is truly a restaurant by that name. I was not trying to be capricious.

WAITRESS: Weren't tryin' to be what?

MANAGER: Capricious. It means humorous...funny.

WAITRESS: Oh. Well, I ain't had no food at that joint. Ya' say it's nice?

MANAGER: Nice enough to suit your elegant taste, I assure you.

WAITRESS: How's the food? Ya' been there?

MANAGER: Certainly not. I value my stomach.

WAITRESS: Well, what'cha recommendin' it for, then?!

MANAGER: I just thought it might suit your wide array of talents as a waitress.

WAITRESS: It sounds greasy. Christina don't work in no greasy joints. I have to be able to eat the food. I can't have too much grease. If I munch on greasy food, my belly gets awful queasy. Sometimes when I belch, you can hear it all the way down the street.

MANAGER: Please, Madam.

WAITRESS: And worms. Can you believe I had them big intestine worms once?

MANAGER: Madam, be quiet. You're making me most uncomfortable.

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