

# **MARCY AND THE SANDWICH: A CAFETERIA DRAMA**

**By Alan Haehnel**

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## CHARACTERS

MARCY	Central character, the potential sandwich biter
RIGEL	Marcy's friend
CHRIS	Marcy's friend
BONNIE	Marcy's friend
SONYA	Marcy's friend
TRACY	Marcy's friend
JACKIE	Marcy's friend
MARCUS	Student nihilist
MARY	Friend to Marcus
BOBBY	Running for class president
JEREMY	Marcy's boyfriend
JUSTIN	Betting on Marcy
KATE	An experienced sandwich-biter
ERIN	Local reporter
TINA	The girl with an important announcement
CROWD MEMBERS 1-7	
CAMERA	Camera operator

**SETTING**

A school cafeteria

**PROPS LIST**

Lunches

Book Bags

Any Other Accessories Needed to Create the Scene of Students in a Lunch Room

Do Not Copy

## **MARCY AND THE SANDWICH: A CAFETERIA DRAMA**

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*(Open to a school cafeteria, the usual pandemonium. MARCY sits down with a bag lunch next to her FRIENDS.)*

RIGEL: Hey, Marcy.

CHRIS: Hey, girl.

MARCY: Hi.

BONNIE: How do you think you did on that chemistry test?

MARCY: Not very good.

BONNIE: Same here.

SONYA: I couldn't even finish the thing.

TRACY: Marcy, hi, are you going to track?

MARCY: Probably.

*(As MARCY talks, SHE takes various items out her lunch bag and sets them on the table; an apple, some chips, some cookies, a yogurt, a sandwich. This last item SHE unwraps and sets on a napkin in front of her.)*

TRACY: I was wondering if I could get a ride.

MARCY: Um... I don't know. You might not want to count on me for this afternoon.

TRACY: Why not?

RIGEL: Yeah, Marcy, what's up?

MARCY: Well, I was just thinking that I might...

BONNIE: You might what?

MARCY: I might just take a bite out of this sandwich.

*(SOMEONE screams. The whole CAFETERIA's attention focuses on MARCY.)*

CROWD 1: What did she say?

CROWD 2: What's going on?

CROWD 3: Get down, get down, I can't see!

CHRIS: Marcy!

JACKIE: What are you thinking?

MARCY: I haven't decided yet, okay?

JACKIE: Well, I'll decide for you! You can't do it! Give me that sandwich!

MARCY: No! This is my decision!

RIGEL: That's right, you just can't take it away from her!

SONYA: It's up to Marcy to decide!

JACKIE: Weren't you going to tell anybody? Or were just going to go right ahead and... and... I can't even say it!

RIGEL: Why not? Why can't you say it? I'll say it. Marcy is thinking of biting her sandwich. There, I said it, did everybody hear me? I said Marcy might bite her sandwich!

*(The KIDS in the cafeteria react, murmuring and exclaiming excitedly.)*

CROWD 3: Down in front! Let me see!

SONYA: Look, look, give her room, okay? This is her choice and her business. She doesn't need everybody breathing down her neck while she's trying to decide.

MARCY: Thanks.

BONNIE: Hey, I, for one, don't think this is just Marcy's choice.

RIGEL: What are you talking about?

BONNIE: Marcy, I respect you, and I respect your right to decide whether or not to bite that sandwich, but if you think for one second that this choice only affects you, you need to think again.

TRACY: That's true. One person bites a sandwich and... well, I sort of think it's like the whole universe has bitten a sandwich. Every choice, especially one as significant as this one, causes ripples that eventually touch everyone.

MARCY: No pressure. Thanks a lot.

BONNIE: I'm just saying you should consider all the implications before you... you know... do it.

MARCUS: Oh, for crying out loud, what difference does it make? Marcy bites her sandwich, Marcy doesn't bite her sandwich, Marcy throws her apple through the window...

JACKIE: Hey, that's enough.

MARCUS: Marcy shaves her head, Marcy acts like Sasquatch, Marcy gets a machine gun and...

JACKIE: I said that's enough!

MARCUS: I can speak if I want.

RIGEL: Nobody wants to hear your nihilistic drivel. Things do matter. Sandwiches matter. People deciding to bite their sandwiches... that matters!

MARCUS: Who says?

SONYA: I say. We say. And I'm willing to bet just about everybody in this cafeteria says. Am I right? Does Marcy biting her sandwich matter?

*(The MAJORITY of the KIDS ad lib their assent.)*

CROWD 4: Absolutely!

CROWD 5: Yes, it matters!

CROWD 6: Yeah!

MARY: I don't think it does.

MARCUS: There. You see?

RIGEL: Great. Why don't you go form a club, but we don't need your negativity here. Marcy doesn't need it.

MARCUS: Fine. Marcy, tell you what...

RIGEL: You leave her alone.

TRACY: Get lost.

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MARCY: No, it's all right. Let him speak.

MARCUS: That's right, let me speak. Think about this, Marcy, do you think whether or not you bite that sandwich is going to make one bit of difference to anybody, say, a hundred years from now? 50? 25?

SONYA: That's enough!

MARCUS: Ten? Five? A year? Bite the sandwich, Marcy. Or don't. And then come back here in a week, see if it's made one bit of difference.

CHRIS: All right, that's it. Clear out. Now.

MARCUS: One bit of difference.

CHRIS: If you don't get out of here...

MARCUS: Relax. I was just leaving. Happy sandwich biting, Marcy!

MARY: Yeah, enjoy!

MARCUS: Or not! Who cares?

*(MARCUS and MARY exit.)*

SONYA: Don't pay any attention to them.

CHRIS: We're with you.

RIGEL: We care, Marcy.

MARCY: I know. I just... maybe I shouldn't have made this so public.

JACKIE: What, dealt with a decision like this alone? Marcy, we're your friends!

CHRIS: Yeah, what are we here for if not for times like this?

CROWD 7: Hey, Marcy, are you going to do it? Lunch is going to be over soon!

CHRIS: This isn't some kind of circus side show, buddy! Move along!

CROWD 7: I'm just asking!

CROWD 3: Down in front! Can't everybody just sit down?

RIGEL: How're you doing, Marcy? Don't let all this craziness get to you.

MARCY: I'm trying not to.

SONYA: Have you been thinking about this for long?

MARCY: Yeah, quite a while.

CHRIS: Why today?

BONNIE: Why now?

MARCY: I don't know. I was packing my lunch this morning, and I just... got this feeling. It was a beautiful morning outside, and this bird, I don't know. It's silly.

JACKIE: What about the bird?

MARCY: My mother has a bunch of bird feeders out front, you know, and when I'm working at the counter, I can see them all gathered in the morning, getting the food. And I saw this bird. I'd never seen one like it before. It was... beautiful. It was this really great blue, and I thought... I guess I took it as sort of a sign.

JACKIE: The bird told you to bite your sandwich today?

MARCY: No, it didn't talk to me. It was new! It was surprising. I thought, maybe, today, it's time, at lunch, it would be time for me to... to bite my sandwich.

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BONNIE: I don't know, Marcy are you sure you want to be making a choice like that based on a new bird showing up at the feeder?

CHRIS: Hey, how we get our inspiration is a personal thing. Heck, the time I decided to bounce a ball in my driveway, do you know what inspired me to do that? Do you?

SONYA: Your mother telling you to hurry up and do it or she'd ground you forever?

CHRIS: No. She'd never talk to me like that. No. The final launch of the space shuttle. I watched that on t.v. and then I said, "Damn it, I'm going to go bounce a ball in the driveway." And I did.

JACKIE: I'm sure that was very touching for you, but this is a sandwich here. This is Marcy thinking of biting a sandwich!

CHRIS: I realize that. I'm just saying, the space shuttle, a little bird, it doesn't matter. Inspiration is inspiration.

BOBBY: I couldn't agree with you more, my friend.

TRACY: Oh, no.

CHRIS: Get away from here.

BOBBY: This is a free cafeteria, my friends, and this is an auspicious gathering, so I would be remiss if I did not take this opportunity to remind people that I am running...

CHRIS, RIGEL, BONNIE, SONYA, TRACY, JACKIE: For class president.

JACKIE: We know, we know.

CHRIS: And keep your posters off my locker, will you?

BOBBY: Friends, what Marcy is doing here speaks directly to the central tenets of my platform as your next class president.

RIGEL: Thank-you very much. Now shut up and leave.

BOBBY: Marcy is making a choice! And whether or not you believe she should bite her sandwich, whether you would love to take a photograph of Marcy biting her sandwich and blow it up and hang it from your bedroom ceiling...

TRACY: You're going to blow up from all the hot air!

BOBBY: Or whether you would rather take eighteen consecutive tests on Mrs. Calderan's opinion of the best works of English literature than have Marcy bite her sandwich... regardless of your opinion of what she should do...

SONYA: Have you got a point besides just hearing yourself talk?

BOBBY: Marcy has a choice! To bite or not to bite! That is the essence of education and should be the guiding principle of this school! So if you, like Marcy considering her future relationship with her sandwich, believe in choice, vote for me! Furthermore...

CHRIS: All right, all right, enough!

TRACY: Dude, this is Marcy here, I resent you turning her personal situation into an opportunity to further your political ambitions.

BOBBY: Everything's an opportunity to further political ambitions, my friend. That's politics!

JACKIE: Yeah, well, take it somewhere else!

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BOBBY: I have every right to...

CROWD 1: Here comes Jeremy!

JEREMY: Where is she?

CROWD 2: Over here, over here!

JEREMY: Marcy? Marcy, what's going on?

MARCY: Hi, Jeremy.

SONYA: Give them some space, will you?

RIGEL: Why don't you guys go over there. We'll keep everybody away for a while.

JEREMY: Thanks.

CHRIS: Everybody, go back to your lunches.

RIGEL: Nothing to see here.

CROWD 5: When's she going to do it?

CROWD 6: Is she going to?

RIGEL: We don't know! Let her talk to her boyfriend.

JACKIE: Back off.

*(JEREMY and MARCY have moved away from the GROUP.)*

JEREMY: Marcy, is it true, what I heard?

MARCY: I guess that depends what you heard.

JEREMY: That you were... that you were thinking of biting your sandwich.

MARCY: Oh, Jeremy.

JEREMY: Why didn't you tell me?

MARCY: I wanted to. I planned to.

JEREMY: I thought we shared everything, Marcy.

MARCY: I'm not sure everything can be shared, Jeremy.

JEREMY: Ow.

MARCY: I don't mean to hurt you. It's the last thing I want to do.

JEREMY: You told me you loved me.

MARCY: I do love you.

JEREMY: I believed that; I really did. I know I love you, but if you can take out a sandwich and plan on biting it...

MARCY: I don't know if I'm going to!

JEREMY: If you can even think about it, never mind take the sandwich out in front of everybody else, and not even tell me, not even let on... is that love?

MARCY: I was afraid of what you might think. I mean, what would you have said if I'd just texted you last night, wrote, "Hey, I'm thinking of biting a sandwich tomorrow."

JEREMY: I don't know what I would have said. But I know I would've wanted to know. I know I would've wanted to be part of the decision.

MARCY: Jeremy, I love you, but you can't own every decision I make. Sometimes... sometimes I just may have to... to bite my sandwich. Without you.

JEREMY: Wow. I guess that's it, then.

MARCY: What do you mean?

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JEREMY: I mean, I'm not sure I can be with someone who can't even open up enough to have me part of her life.

MARCY: You are part of my life!

JEREMY: No, I'm not! If you think you can come here without saying a word to me and pull out your sandwich and tell other people, other people!, that you're thinking of biting it, then I'm not a part of your life in the way I need you to be.

MARCY: Jeremy!

JEREMY: Let me just ask you something.

MARCY: What?

JEREMY: Do you really think you're going to go through with this?

MARCY: I don't know. Do you think you could love a girl who's bitten a sandwich?

JEREMY: The question is, Marcy, do you think you could love a boy who could love a girl who's bitten a sandwich?

MARCY: This is so hard. I don't want to lose you over this.

JEREMY: You should have thought about that a long time before now, Marcy. Kiss me.

MARCY: Why?

JEREMY: Because I'm going to leave, and I have a feeling that when I see you again, you're not going to be the same Marcy I knew. Kiss me good-bye.

*(THEY kiss.)*

MARCY: Good-bye, Jeremy.

JEREMY: Good-bye, Marcy. I hope the sandwich is worth it.

*(HE exits. MARCY walks back to her FRIENDS, considers the sandwich again.)*

BONNIE: Well, what happened?

MARCY: I can't talk about it.

CHRIS: Did you break up?

MARCY: I think so. I think so.

SONYA: Oh, Marcy!

RIGEL: Listen, I want you to know, Marcy, whatever you decide, we are your friends.

TRACY: That's right.

JACKIE: We're here for you.

SONYA: Totally, Marcy!

MARCY: Thanks, guys.

JUSTIN: Hey, guys. Marcy, um, do you, at this point, have any idea which way you're leaning?

MARCY: Leaning?

JUSTIN: Yeah, you know, not that it matters, because I'm behind you all the way, no matter what you decide, I was just wondering if you were,

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you know, leaning one way or the other, as far as biting the sandwich goes.

MARCY: I... I mean, at first, when I took it out, I had just planned to do it, but now...

JUSTIN: Well, do you think you might be able to put the probability you're going to do it into, like... odds?

MARCY: Odds?

JUSTIN: Yeah, you know, could you say, like, there's a three to one chance that...

RIGEL: Are you betting on this? Is that what this is about?

JUSTIN: No! I mean... we're putting together a sort of collection...

CROWD 2: Are you taking the money for the Marcy sandwich pool?

JUSTIN: Get out of here.

CROWD 2: What? I heard you were taking the bets. I want to put down ten bucks on her not doing it.

SONYA: I can't believe this!

JUSTIN: Hey, I'm not taking the money! I'm not running it!

CHRIS: Yeah, but you're hoping to make money off of Marcy's decision! That's sick, monetizing a personal choice like that!

CROWD 2: Sick? Sounds pretty American to me.

JACKIE: Get out of here.

JUSTIN: All right, all right! Marcy, four to one chance that you'll do it?

JACKIE: Get lost, I said!

JUSTIN: Okay! Twenty bucks says she doesn't do it.

CROWD 3: I'll take that action, right over here.

KATE: All right, everybody, move aside, move aside. Where's Marcy?

SONYA: Oh, good, it's Kate. She's over here, Kate.

KATE: Marcy, Marcy, Marcy, how're you doing, kid?

MARCY: Not so good.

KATE: Feeling all kinds of pressure, I imagine.

MARCY: You can say that again.

CROWD 4: Marcy, are you going to do this or what? Lunch is going to be over soon!

KATE: Hey, all of you, take a hike! This ain't a freak show, this ain't the Superbowl, this is Marcy with her sandwich, her sandwich, not anyone else's. So back off, will ya!

MARCY: Thanks.

KATE: No problem.

MARCY: I... I've heard you've bitten a lot of sandwiches.

KATE: You've heard right, kid. It hasn't always been easy, I'll tell you that, but, yep, I've bitten more than my fair share, I'd say.

MARCY: Do you remember what it was like, the first time?

KATE: I sure do, remember it like it was only yesterday.

MARCY: Where were you?

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KATE: A long ways from here. I was on a remote trail in the high mountains of Utah. I'd been out there for over a week, on my own. I was eight years old.

MARCY: Eight?

KATE: Yeah. Thing is, Marcy, I knew from a very young age I was destined to be a sandwich biter. My parents, of course, didn't want me to do it, or at least they wanted me to wait for about 30 years until I knew my mind better, as they said.

MARCY: I hear you there.

KATE: So I did the only thing I could. Packed up a few provisions, peanut butter, jelly, a loaf of bread, my stuffed zebra Herbert, and I hit the road, headed for the wilderness.

MARCY: I'm beginning to think maybe I should have done something like that.

KATE: You did do something like that.

MARCY: What do you mean?

KATE: You packed your sandwich. You came out into the wilderness of the cafeteria. You think this isn't a wild place? Take a look around you. Rattlesnakes, switchback trails and sheer rock cliffs, ain't none of those, it's true, but this place has plenty of hazards of its own. Look at that hair, that's scary.

MARCY: I guess.

KATE: The point is, Marcy, the first time's frightening, no matter where you are. And heck, maybe you're just not cut out to be a sandwich biter. But now's the time to find out. And there ain't nobody else going to make the decision for you.

MARCY: Thanks.

KATE: I want you to keep one thing in mind, though, a saying that goes around amongst us old timers: "Once you've bitten a sandwich, you can't unbite it." So long, kid. Good luck. *(KATE exits.)*

CROWD 5: Marcy, Marcy, have you decided?

CROWD 6: Is she going to do it?

CROWD 3: Down in front! Why doesn't anybody let me see?

JACKIE: Marcy, I know Kate probably made biting that sandwich seem all romantic and adventurous and everything, but I want you to consider a very important question before you do it, all right?

MARCY: Okay.

JACKIE: What's next?

MARCY: What?

JACKIE: What's next? Say you go ahead and bite the sandwich, where do you go from there? Have you thought about that?

MARCY: I...

JACKIE: Have you thought about what course your life might take after you've done it?

CHRIS: Hey, cool it a little, Jackie, nobody thinks that far ahead.

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JACKIE: Somebody about to bite a sandwich ought to be thinking that far ahead!

CHRIS: Whoa.

JACKIE: Once you've bitten that sandwich and it's behind you, what more do you have to look forward to? What's going to be the next thrill? Are you going to... open a box a cereal, hm?

TRACY: Jackie, come on!

JACKIE: Or maybe you're going to start doodling in the margins of your notebooks, is that where you're headed?

RIGEL: Stop exaggerating!

MARCY: I would never...

JACKIE: Are you sure? How long ago was it, when somebody mentioned biting a sandwich, how long ago was it that you said, "Oh, I would never do that." Yet, here you are.

MARCY: It's not the same.

JACKIE: Isn't it? Isn't it, Marcy? I'm sorry, you do what you want, but I can't help wonder if today I'll watch you bite that sandwich and if a year from now I'll find you in the hallway... sticking a mirror up in your locker!

BONNIE: Jackie!

SONYA: All right, now you've gone too far!

MARCY: Who do you think I am, Jackie?

JACKIE: I thought I knew, until today. But I wouldn't be your friend if I didn't warn you. Think about it, okay: What's next?

CAMERA: Let us through!

CROWD 7: Hey, quit pushing!

ERIN: Let us through! We're with the press.

SONYA: Uh-oh!

RIGEL: No press! Stay back!

ERIN: What do you mean, no press? What are you trying to run here, a totalitarian regime? You can't keep the press out. Where's Marcy?

CHRIS: You stay away from her.

ERIN: Hey, the people have the right to know! There she is. *(to the CAMERA)* Set up right over there. Get a good establishing shot. Marcy, hi, I'm Erin from the school news agency. Could I ask you a few questions?

MARCY: I... I'm kind of busy.

TRACY: Get that camera away from here. How about some privacy?

ERIN: How about some freedom of the press? Marcy, stay right there. I'll be back after the intro. I've got just a few questions. *(turning to the CAMERA)* This is Erin Philbert, reporting live from the cafeteria, where there's been a major disturbance.

CROWD 7: Hi, Mom! I'm on t.v.!

ERIN: Get away from here. We'll edit that out.

JACKIE: I thought you said you were live.

ERIN: Kind of live. Live-ish. Whatever. Where was I? Oh, yes, are we rolling?

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CAMERA: Rolling.

ERIN: Three, two, one, reporting live from the cafeteria, where there's been a major disturbance. Sophomore Marcy Phillips has shocked the lunchroom by deciding to bite her sandwich. Now, she...

BONNIE: Hey, she hasn't decided yet.

MARCY: I'm thinking about it, actually.

ERIN: Look, would you people let me finish my introduction, please? I'm not really concerned with any facts at this point, this is about achieving an effect right now.

MARCY: I don't want people to think...

ERIN: Hold that thought, Marcy, you'll be able to tell your story in just a couple minutes. If I get my intro done, thank-you very much. Still rolling?

CAMERA: Rolling, rolling, rolling.

ERIN: Don't get cute. In three, two, one... sophomore Marcy Phillips will shortly be biting her sandwich. That's right, I did say she will be taking a bite out of her sandwich, and you'll be seeing it right here, live, with me, Erin Philbert. Now, Marcy, I have to ask the question that's on everyone's mind at this point: Why have you decided to do this?

MARCY: Actually, I haven't decided to. I'm thinking about it.

CROWD 5: Do it, Marcy! I have to go to math!

CROWD 4: No, don't!

ERIN: I see you've got quite a few people interested, Marcy. Was that your intent, to call attention to yourself?

MARCY: No!

SONYA: Hey, don't be insulting!

ERIN: Hey, don't be in my face. We'll edit that out. Marcy, some rumors have begun to circulate that you're trying to further a political agenda by biting the sandwich. What can you say about that?

MARCY: I...

ERIN: Who put you up to this?

MARCY: I...

ERIN: And are you being paid?

MARCY: I...

ERIN: How much?

RIGEL: Let her talk!

ERIN: (to RIGEL) Do you want to say something?

RIGEL: I sure do! I want to say that your method of questioning...

ERIN: Oh, wait a second, this just in: Nobody cares. Back off. Now, Marcy, what do you have to say to all of those who may decide to follow in your footsteps as a sandwich biter?

MARCY: I haven't even decided to do it yet!

ERIN: Okay, quit rolling.

CAMERA: 10-4.

ERIN: Marcy, I want to try that again. You did really well. You were excellent. The only trouble is, though, you were, what's the word?,

really, really boring. So, this time, I want you to go ahead and get more passionate, more angry, more willing to, you know, tell people just what you're trying to do by biting the sandwich.

MARCY: But I'm not passionate. I'm not angry. And I don't even know if I'm going to bite the sandwich.

ERIN: That's really beside the point.

MARCY: What? It's the truth!

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