

STANDING ALONE WITH THE CHEESE

By Kelly Meadows

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STANDING ALONE WITH THE CHEESE

A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

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Synopsis: Is there such a thing as too much cheese, or does Chelsea have a controlling mother trying to deny her what she wants most out of life? Cholesterol notwithstanding, cheese is pretty yummy. Follow Chelsea's adventures through snotty cheese merchants, know-it-all cheesy customers, dodging her frustrated mom, and... do we see a Swiss romance?

Cast of Characters

(2 WOMEN.)

MOTHER(*f*)

CHELSEA(*f*).....her high-school aged daughter

(Both play other characters, as indicated in the script.)

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AT RISE:

Chelsea is making a sandwich

CHELSEA: *(Deliciously happy.)* Gouda... provolone... mozzarella...
(Sighs contentedly.) now *that's* a sandwich!

MOTHER: *(Judgmental.)* You need a wider variety of ingredients.

CHELSEA: That's a great idea, thanks mom! *(Dreamy.)* American, brie, feta...

MOTHER: Here's a great idea, Chelsea why don't you eat less cheese? In fact, why don't you eat a *lot* less cheese! *(To audience, almost a whisper, shaking her head.)* We can't go anywhere!

CHELSEA: *(Petulant.)* I like cheese and you can't stop me. Be it old, stale, crusty, moldy, cow, sheep, goat, water buffalo, on sale, on special or overpriced... stop demonizing my cheese! *(After a pause, defending the cheese.)* It stands alone, after all. *(After another pause, explaining.)* My mother was Swiss.

MOTHER: Your father was a cheddar.

CHELSEA: You mean cheater?

MOTHER: I caught him eating cheese with another woman.

CHELSEA: My parents are divorced and that's why I'm not supposed to have cheese.

MOTHER: I'm not Swiss. There are holes in her story.

CHELSEA: I'm not "gouda" nough for you! *(MOTHER is annoyed, CHELSEA explains to audience.)* One day I started making puns based on obscure Lithuanian cheeses I picked up at the Global Market, so mom put her foot down. *(MOTHER stomps on the floor, but she "steps on something" and makes a grossed-out face. CHELSEA shakes her head in condescending sympathy.)* Not there, mom.

MOTHER: Why is there cheese on the floor?

CHELSEA: I was hiding it, and you never mop. *(Pause as MOTHER gives CHELSEA a threatening look; CHELSEA addresses the audience.)* This conversation wasn't going well.

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MOTHER: *(To audience.)* It's not really about the cheese. It's about the other important issue of a mother-daughter conflict.

CHELSEA: Vacuuming?

MOTHER: Boys.

CHELSEA: Let's stick to vacuuming.

MOTHER: You're not old enough for boys!

CHELSEA: And you're *too* old! *(MOTHER is somewhat offended, CHELSEA says to audience.)* No one ever comes over.

MOTHER: That's because you always run the vacuum!

CHELSEA: *(To audience.)* We can't keep a dog here either. Vacuum's too loud.

MOTHER: *(To audience.)* Dogs love cheese. It wouldn't work.

CHELSEA: *(Still to audience.)* I went to a cheese shop in a section of town usually reserved for women who lived the conundrum of no jobs but lots of money. It was like I died and went to heaven, only *(Pauses to reflect.)* it was heaven with cheese. I'd never been to a store with ninety percent fat content.

MOTHER: *(Now as the owner at the cheese shop—knowledgeable, yet prone to arrogance.)* Welcome to Cheese and More.

CHELSEA: *(Offended.)* More? Who needs "more?" What a load of unnecessary inventory.

MOTHER: We sell a lot more of the "more" than the cheese.

CHELSEA: Than you shouldn't be "Cheese and More." You should be "*Whatever you sell more of* and Cheese."

MOTHER: *(Aggravated with CHELSEA, and says sweetly and sarcastically.)* So—you're a little businesswoman nobody needs to hear from.

CHELSEA: On the contrary. Cheese matters. Fondue, not so much.

MOTHER: *(Dismissive.)* Here comes a paying customer. Move it.

CHELSEA: Move it? I'm making my selection!

MOTHER: You should select the exit. Now move it! *(Rudely pushes CHELSEA out of the way.)*

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