



Student Script (Lyrics Only)

Book and Music by Diane Beckstead

To Benefit



PREVIEW COPY



Book and Music by Diane Beckstead

Unison/Two Part

Approximate Running Time: 60 minutes

Arranged by Joe Milton and Diane Beckstead

Produced by Joe Milton, JOMUSIK Studios

Score and Script prepared by

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Graphic Design by Melissa McVaugh

SOUPER HERO RESCUE IN HOT SPRINGS - STUDENT SCRIPT (LYRICS ONLY) - 4

CAST

<u>Character</u>	<u>Description</u>	<u>Songs</u>
Tate	Young teen dishwasher who aspires to be a chef, has tough life	1 solo song, 2 small ensemble songs
Bobbie	Teen server with some experience, befriends Tate, summer employee	1 short rap solo, 2 small ensemble songs
Chef Jacques	French chef, very ambitious and exaggerated	1 solo song
Mrs. Monahan	Strict resort manager	N/A
Sue	Kind sous chef	N/A
Max	Very proper Maître D', a bit devious	N/A
Food Critic	Awards Michelin Stars	1 solo song
Cherry Pop	Very hip, suddenly successful musician	N/A
Reggie Hop	Cherry Pop's sidekick	N/A
Servers 1, 2, 3	Wait staff	N/A
Desk Clerk 1	Welcomes guests	N/A
Desk Clerk 2	Welcomes guests	N/A
Emily	Tate's older sister	1 small ensemble song
Kitchen Help 1, 2	Stressed cooks	N/A
Mrs. Walker	Head of Housekeeping	N/A
Carl	Bell Hop	N/A
Timothy	Golf caddie	N/A
Maids 1, 2, 3		N/A
Grill Master	Works in kitchen	N/A
Mr. Horace Rockafell	Wealthy guest	N/A
Mrs. Rockafell	Wealthy guest	N/A
Mrs. DeLovely	Silly diner	N/A
Mr. Palmer	Golfer diner	N/A
Spy	Strange diner	N/A
Mr. Fancy Pants	Demanding diner	N/A
Guests 1, 2, 3	Demanding guests	N/A
Customers 1, 2, 3	Food truck customers	N/A

SCENES, SONGS AND TRACKS

<u>Title</u>	<u>Performer(s)</u>	<u>Page #</u>			<u>Audio Track</u>	
		<u>Lyric /</u>	<u>Stu /</u>	<u>Dir</u>	<u>Reh /</u>	<u>Perf</u>
SCENE ONE – MOUNTAIN SCENE/RESORT LOBBY		6	6	6		
1. On the Mountain	Ensemble, 3 Guests, Mr. and Mrs. Rockafell, Carl, Mrs. Monahan	6	6	6	1	1
SCENE TWO – RESORT KITCHEN		13	14	16		
2. Keep Workin’	Bobbie, Ensemble	14	15	17	2	2
SCENE THREE – OUTSIDE		18	20	26		
3. I Wonder	Tate, Bobbie	20	22	28	3	3
SCENE FOUR – RESORT LOBBY		22	26	34		
4. Phone Ringing	Sound effect	22	26	34		4
5. Bon Appetit	Chief Jacques, Ensemble	23	28	36	4	5
SCENE FIVE – TATE’S HOUSE		28	33	43		
6. Our Daily Bread	Tate, Bobbie, Emily, Ensemble, Customers 1, 2, 3	29	35	45	5	6
SCENE SIX – RESORT DINING ROOM		30	38	52		
7. Dining Room Piano	Underscore	30	38	52 (82)		7
8. Flambé Whoosh	Sound Effect	35	43	57		8
SCENE SEVEN – BREAK TIME OUTSIDE		37	45	59		
9. No Money	Ensemble	38	46	60	6	9
SCENE EIGHT – OUTDOORS ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD		41	50	67		
10. The Taste of Together	Food Critic, Tate, Bobbie, Emily	42	51	68	7	10
11. Truck Backing Up	Sound Effect	43	54	73		11
SCENE NINE – RESORT LOBBY		44	55	74		
12. Phone Ringing	Sound Effect	44	55	74		12
13. On the Mountain Reprise	Ensemble	49	60	79	8	13

SCENE ONE – MOUNTAIN SCENE/RESORT LOBBY

(A beautiful mountain scene is revealed. During the song, the mountain scene evolves into the lobby of the Hot Springs Heaven Resort and Spa.)



Cue Track 1. On The Mountain

Ensemble: Up here on the mountain, it's heaven
Relax, golf, bike or swim
Indulge your every whim
Up here on the mountain
It's heaven!

Up here on the mountain, we'll serve you
Up here on the mountain, you reign
Your wish is our command
Every hand's a helping hand
Up here on the mountain
It's heaven!



(DESK CLERKS take up posts at front desk)

Ensemble: You won't find another place like Hot Springs
Everyone who's anyone has been our guest
The rich and famous mingle here



(Wealthy GUESTS 1, 2, 3, posing and preening)

Ensemble: Enchanted by the atmosphere
Breathing in the smell of sweet success



(GUESTS inhale, then exhale with exaggeration)

Ensemble: Up here on the mountain, it's easy
Up here on the mountain, cares melt away
Inhale the fresh clean air
As we scurry here and there
Up here on the mountain,
It's heaven.



(Wealthy GUESTS approach the front desk)

GUEST 1: Excuse me, but the portrait in my room is staring at me.

GUEST 2: I specifically asked for a mountain view. All I see are valleys!

GUEST 3: The air conditioning in my room isn't working. It must be 70 degrees in there!

(GUESTS 1, 2, 3, gather to complain amongst themselves. MR. and MRS. ROCKAFELL enter. The bell hop, CARL, follows carrying an armload of suitcases and drops them with a bang. MRS. ROCKAFELL is clearly dissatisfied.)

MRS. MONAHAN: *(to staff)* More guests! *(clapping her hands)* Happy faces, people!

(All look at each other with exaggerated smiles)

Ensemble: Up here on the mountain, we're smiling
Up here on the mountain, we're nice.
And though we'd like to scream
Go ahead and live your dream
'Cuz up here on the mountain, this beautiful old mountain,
We all must pay a price
To live in heaven!



(All exit except for desk clerks, the ROCKAFELLS, and CARL)

SOUPER HERO RESCUE IN HOT SPRINGS - STUDENT SCRIPT (LYRICS ONLY) - 8

(MR. ROCKAFELL approaches the desk where desk clerks are working at computers.)

- DESK CLERK 2: Welcome to Hot Springs Heaven Resort and Spa. You'll think you've died and gone to heaven! How may I help you?
- MR. ROCKAFELL: I have a reservation for Mr. and Mrs. Horace Rockafell.
- DESK CLERK 1: *(looking up from computer)* Mr. Rockafell! So good to see you!
(to CLERK 2) Mr. and Mrs. Rockafell have been visiting the mountain for years!
- MR. ROCKAFELL: At least forty, I'd say. It's a fine tradition.
- DESK CLERK 1: And we are grateful for your loyalty, sir. We've reserved the King's Suite with a beautiful view of Cedar Mountain.
- MRS. ROCKAFELL: *(pushing in front of MR. ROCKAFELL)* But does it have an espresso machine?
- DESK CLERK 1: Of course. Nothing but the best!
- MRS. ROCKAFELL: And a whirlpool bath?
- DESK CLERK 1: Certainly.
- MRS. ROCKAFELL: Complimentary bottle of wine?
- DESK CLERK 1: Always.
- MRS. ROCKAFELL: *(revealing a teacup poodle in her bag)* Doggie Day Care?
- DESK CLERK 1: Our staff are certified by the American Kennel Club. Here is your key. Carl will see to your luggage.
- DESK CLERK 2: Enjoy your stay!
- MR. ROCKAFELL: Come along, Miriam.
- MRS. ROCKAFELL: Horace, I do hope they've left a mint on my pillow. The last time they forgot, and I will never forgive them.

(MR. and MRS. ROCKAFELL exit, followed by CARL, who is struggling to keep up under the weight of suitcases. A trendy-looking woman chewing gum and wearing sunglasses appears and approaches DESK CLERK 2.)

DESK CLERK 2: Welcome to Hot Springs Heaven Re...

(She is cut off by the young woman.)

CHERRY POP: Do you know who I am?!

DESK CLERK 2: Oh, um...I'm sorry miss. I don't.

REGGIE HOP: *(entering quickly)* Hey, Cherry, they have an arcade, a movie theater, and you can even book a sky diving tour!

CHERRY POP: Shh, Reggie! They'll think we're hicks. Act like you deserve to be here!

DESK CLERK 2: Do you have a reservation?

CHERRY POP: Why would I be standing here if I didn't have a reservation?

DESK CLERK 2: *(flustered)* Um... I...don't, uh... your name please?

CHERRY POP: Since you haven't figured it out, I'm Cherry Pop, Best New Artist of the Year at the Spammy Awards, and this is my producer, Reggie Hop.

(REGGIE HOP sticks out his hand to fist bump DESK CLERK 2, who was expecting a handshake. The clerk gives a hesitant bump.)

REGGIE HOP: Ayyyyy, this is place has got rizz! A little stuck up, but woh...

(CHERRY POP rolls her eyes.)

DESK CLERK 2: Nice to meet you. Your rooms are on the 4th floor. Breakfast is served from 6:00 until 10:00.

CHERRY POP: 10? Only 10? I don't get up till 1:00!

DESK CLERK 2: I'm sorry, Miss. Perhaps you could call room service.

SOUPER HERO RESCUE IN HOT SPRINGS - STUDENT SCRIPT (LYRICS ONLY) - 10

CHERRY POP: What? And pay \$50 for scrambled eggs? I don't think so. I mean, I *have* \$50. I have a LOT more than \$50, but still. Are you kidding me?!

(CHERRY POP, still grumbling, takes her key and exits while REGGIE HOP follows her, still gawking.)

DESK CLERK 1: Wow. What a pair!

DESK CLERK 2: I've seen their type before. New money. They have to flaunt it.

DESK CLERK 1: And old money is just as bad. The Rockafells don't have a clue how the rest of us live.

MRS. WALKER: *(overhearing)* Old money, new money. And us? No money.

CARL: *(reentering)* Why is it these tourists can afford to visit our mountain, but the air is too rich for the rest of us?

MRS. MONAHAN: *(entering boldly)* Everyone! Your attention, please!

(SUE, MAX, TIMOTHY, MAIDS, and SERVERS enter quickly)

MRS. MONAHAN: *(taking charge)* Let's pick up the pace, people! It's the start of a very busy season and we must whip the new staff into shape! Mrs. Walker, one of our most esteemed guests complained that a fingerprint was found on her bathroom mirror.

(Housekeeping staff look at each other nervously.)

MRS. MONAHAN: I have friends in law enforcement. The fingerprint will be dusted to determine which of your staff could be so careless.

MRS. WALKER: Yes, Mrs. Monahan. *(sternly)* Girls, come with me.

(Maids look panicked. They follow her offstage.)

MRS. MONAHAN: Mr. Shaw, I understand that yesterday at the 16th hole you handed our guest a mallet putter instead of a blade putter. Explain yourself!

SOUPER HERO RESCUE IN HOT SPRINGS - STUDENT SCRIPT (LYRICS ONLY) - 11

TIMOTHY SHAW: (nervously) I, I, I, um...I'm really sorry, I thought, I thought a blade p-p-putter was a m-m-mallet putter and, and...I, um...I...

MRS. MONAHAN: Enough with the stutter! Just get the right putter!

TIMOTHY: Y-y-yes, sir! Ma'am!

(TIMOTHY exits quickly, terrified.)

MRS. MONAHAN: Where is my sous chef?

SUE: *(stepping forward)* Here, Ma'am!

MRS. MONAHAN: How are the new kitchen staff faring?

SUE: For the first week of summer, they are doing well.

(MAX snorts sarcastically.)

MRS. MONAHAN: Have you seen a problem, Max?

MAX: Sue failed to mention yesterday's guest who refused to pay for her soup because it was cold.

SUE: *(indignantly)* It was gazpacho! It's *supposed* to be cold!

MAX: Your staff is simply too slow. A sous chef must manage her staff and time the servings properly.

(SUE glares at him.)

MRS. MONAHAN: He is correct. Sue, that *is* the job of the sous chef. Chef Jacques cannot be expected to work his culinary magic *and* manage the kitchen staff. *(to the entire room)* To your posts! Guests at Hot Springs Heaven deserve excellence!

(STAFF exits. DESK CLERKS return to their counter.)

SUE: *(to Max)* I can't believe you threw me under the bus!

MAX: I can't afford to lose my job over a bowl of cold soup.

SUE: So you blame the kitchen staff?!

MAX: It's either my wait staff or the kitchen.

SUE: I can't afford to lose my job either! And gazpacho is served
COLD!

(SUE storms off. MAX shrugs and follows her.)

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SCENE TWO – RESORT KITCHEN

(Everyone in the kitchen is stirring, plating, moving about quickly.)

CHEF JACQUES: *(to a cook in front of a large pot)* Whisk faster! Lumps! You're making lumps!

KITCHEN HELP 1: I need carrots! Who is chopping the carrots?

KITCHEN HELP 2: They're in the fridge. I chopped them earlier.

BOBBIE: *(entering)* Cancel the Beef Bourguignon! I need another Chicken Cordon Bleu. The guest *(air quotes)* "changed his mind."

(The STAFF groans.)

CHEF JACQUES: Throw out the boeuf. *(To BOBBIE)* Why are you just standing there?

BOBBIE: The ratatouille hasn't been plated.

CHEF JACQUES: Where is it? Where is the ratatouille?

KITCHEN HELP 1: It's ready but we're out of clean plates.

CHEF JACQUES: Dishwasher! Where are the plates? Why are there no plates?!

TATE: I'm washing as fast as I can!

CHEF JACQUES: I need dishes! The entree must be plated now! My ratatouille will be ruined! And my reputation! *(turning threateningly towards TATE)* And it's all because of YOU! Get those plates washed NOW!

(TATE suddenly drops a plate. Everyone freezes. CHEF JACQUES roars with frustration.)

SUE: *(feeling sorry for him)* Here, I'll help.

(SUE picks up the plate fragments, then points to the server.)

SUE: Bobbie, make yourself useful! Come dry these dishes.

(BOBBIE picks up a towel.)

BOBBIE: (to TATE) It's OK. That's just how he is.

TATE: What if he fires me?

BOBBIE: He won't. What's your name?

TATE: Tate.

BOBBIE: Tate, I've been yelled at plenty of times. Just keep working!



Cue Track 2. Keep Workin'

Bobbie:

We're cooking and we're sweating
It's a typical day
The temperature is rising
Like a chocolate souffle
We're running, we're racing but we can't get away
Keep workin'
Hey, hey
Keep workin'



Ensemble:

Like a pressure cooker
Can't escape the steam
Try to keep your cool
When the heat is extreme
We're swimming so fast
But we're swimming upstream
Keep working
Hey, hey
Keep workin'



Ensemble: Hey, hey, hey
Keep on workin'
Hey, hey, hey
Keep on workin'

Part 2:
Keep workin', keep workin'.
Keep workin', keep workin'
Keep workin', keep workin'
Keep workin'!

Part 1:
Wash those pots and pans,
I've only got two hands!
That's what the boss demands
Keep workin'!

Ensemble: Wanna take a break
But we've just begun,
Like a bad steak,
I'm overdone.

Solo: And I've gotta ask,
"Are we havin' any *fun*?!"

Ensemble: Keep working
Hey, hey
Keep workin'.
Hey, hey, hey
Keep on workin'
Hey, hey, hey
Keep on workin'

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Part 2:

Keep workin', keep workin'.
Keep workin', keep workin'.
Keep workin', keep workin'.
Keep workin'!

Part 1:

Wash those pots and pans,
I've only got two hands!
That's what the boss demands
Keep workin'!

Ensemble: Cooking, stirring, dishing, churning, chopping,
mopping, serving.
Keep workin,' keep workin'
Keep workin,' keep workin'
Cooking, stirring, dishing, churning, chopping,
mopping, serving.
Keep workin,' keep workin'
Keep workin,' keep workin'
Cooking, stirring, dishing, churning, chopping,
mopping, serving.
Keep workin,' keep workin'
Keep workin,' keep workin'
Cooking, stirring, dishing, churning, chopping,
mopping, serving,
It's burning!!!

Part 2:

Keep workin', keep workin'.
Keep workin', keep workin'.
Keep workin', keep workin'.
Keep workin'.
Keep workin'!

Part 1:

Wash those pots and pans,
I've only got two hands!
That's what the boss demands
Keep workin'.
Keep workin'!

SUE: (to TATE) The lunch rush is over. You can take your break now.

(TATE sighs, relieved, and picks up a lunch bag.)

SUE: You're doing fine. Jacques has a temper, but you'll get used to it.

BOBBIE: *(interrupting)* How about me? Don't I get a break?

SUE: Yes, you too. Don't be long.

(BOBBIE reaches for the extra plate of Beef Bourguignon but SUE playfully smacks her hand.)

SUE: *(shaking her head, imitating Chef's accent)* Sorry, no Boeuf for you.

BOBBIE: But it's just going to get thrown out!

SUE: You know the Chef. If you don't pay, you can't taste. It goes in the garbage.

(BOBBIE sighs and puts it back. She and TATE step outside to a separate area.)

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SCENE THREE – OUTSIDE

(TATE sits on a bench and BOBBIE sits nearby. BOBBIE opens her lunch bag, but TATE puts his head in his hands).

BOBBIE: You ok?

TATE: Not really. (*looking intently at BOBBIE*) How come I've never seen you before? I know everyone on the mountain.

BOBBIE: I'm just here in the summer. I live with my mom but spend the summers here with my dad. It's great! When I'm not working, I fish, and kayak, and hike the trails. I started working as a dishwasher, like you, then worked my way up. Now I'm a server.

TATE: Is it better in the dining room?

BOBBIE: Sometimes it's tough there too. You wouldn't believe the things people get upset about. (*mimicking*) "My asparagus is too stringy." "If this is mushroom soup, where are the mushrooms?" Then they make me take it back to the kitchen and I'm the one in trouble.

TATE: At least you get tips.

BOBBIE: Not always. (*she opens her lunch bag*) Here's a tip for you—don't touch the extra Beef Bourguignon.

TATE: It smelled good.

BOBBIE: Yeah. What a waste. So I'm stuck with PB and J and a pudding cup. (*takes a bite of her sandwich*) What are you having?

(TATE opens his lunch bag and pulls out a bowl with a lid.)

TATE: I made vichyssoise last night. This is leftover.

BOBBIE: You made what?!

TATE: Vichyssoise. Cold potato soup. But I used ramps instead of onions.

BOBBIE: What are ramps?

TATE: They're like wild onions that grow in the woods. Wanna taste?

(He holds the bowl out to BOBBIE.)

BOBBIE: Are ramps poisonous?

TATE: No! I find all kinds of ingredients in the woods.

BOBBIE: Well, if you're sure...

(BOBBIE pulls out a spoon, dips it in TATE's dish, and takes a taste.)

BOBBIE: Wow! That's really good.

(TATE looks pleased.)

BOBBIE: Most of the kids I know couldn't even say "vichyssoise," much less make it.

TATE: I want to be a chef like Chef Jacques, but it's probably not going to happen.

BOBBIE: *(shrugs)* You never know.

TATE: You have to go to culinary school.

BOBBIE: So? Go to culinary school.

TATE: Hah. You make it sound easy. I don't even know where I'd start.

BOBBIE: Right here. Working in a kitchen.

TATE: *(sardonically)* As a dishwasher.

BOBBIE: You'll work your way up. I did.

TATE: But to be a chef like Chef Jacques, I'd still have to go to culinary school. That costs money. Hardly anyone here can afford to leave the mountain.

BOBBIE: But you've got talent!

TATE: Talent isn't enough. Believe me. I know. My mom was the most amazing cook, but the best she could do was run a food truck. So much for dreams.

BOBBIE: Maybe your life will be different. And it's heaven here, right? Isn't that why they call it Hot Springs Heaven? It's beautiful. Would you really want to leave?



Cue Track 3. I Wonder

TATE: Yeah, it's beautiful, but you could starve while you're looking at the scenery.

Tate:

People come, they ooh and ah
And wish that they could stay
But soon they're gone, we carry on
It's always been that way.

Here I sit, on the top
The world stretched out below
I've got the breeze, but others leave
I wonder where they go?

On the other side of the mountain
Is it better?

Down the valley, cross the river
Would I change

From cocoon to butterfly?

Or regret I'd said goodbye?

I wonder. I wonder.



BOBBIE: You won't know what's out there unless you leave.

TATE: Yeah, maybe it's better there.

BOBBIE: So go.

TATE: I can't afford to.

BOBBIE: *(frustrated)* Ugh. Make up your mind!

Tate: It's possible I'll never know
The possibilities
Up so high, maybe I
Can't see the forest for the trees.

On the other side of the mountain
Is it better?
Down the valley, cross the river
Would I change
From cocoon to butterfly?
Or regret I'd said goodbye?
I wonder. I wonder.
Would I change?



(SUE emerges from the direction of the restaurant.)

SUE: Hey, what are you two still doing out here? Back to work!
(pauses to look up longingly) But it sure is a beautiful day...

(In the background, we hear CHEF JACQUES: "Ahhhhh!!!! My soufflé has fallen!!!!" TATE and BOBBIE look at each other, sigh, then exit in SUE's direction.)

SCENE FOUR – RESORT LOBBY

(DESK CLERKS are working on their computers at the front desk.)



Cue Track 4. Phone Ringing

(Phone rings and DESK CLERK 1 answers)

- DESK CLERK 1: Hot Springs Heaven Resort and Spa. You'll think you've died and gone to heaven! How may I help you? *(pause)* What? A FOOD CRITIC? Did you say a Richelin star?!!
- DESK CLERK 2: *(confused)* A Richelin star?!
- DESK CLERK 1: *(to DESK CLERK 2)* Shhh! *(on phone)* When? Soon? But when? Okay. Thank you!!!
- DESK CLERK 2: *(anxiously awaiting the news)* What? What is it? What's a Richelin star?
- DESK CLERK 1: Don't you know anything?! Only the most exclusive restaurants receive a Richelin star. It's the epitome of culinary success!
- DESK CLERK 2: Did we get a star?
- DESK CLERK 1: The best restaurants get 5 stars, but even if we only get 1 star, everyone will want to eat here!
- DESK CLERK 2: But did we get a star? How many stars?
- DESK CLERK 1: *(exasperated)* They don't just hand them out. A food critic comes in disguise and, after their dinner, decides whether the restaurant deserves a star. Or two. Or three! *(hopefully)* Four! Five!
- DESK CLERK 2: And a food critic is coming here? To Hot Springs?
- DESK CLERK 1: Yes! Maybe this week!
- (Both CLERKS are giddy with excitement.)*
- CARL: *(entering)* What's all the excitement? *(DESK CLERK whispers in his ear)* A Richelin star?

MRS. WALKER: *(entering with maids behind her)* What's going on? (CARL whispers in her ear.) A Richelin star critic? Coming here?!

MAX: *(hearing MRS. WALKER as he enters)* What's that you say? A Richelin star? *(yells)* We could earn a Richelin star?!

(Everyone, excited: "Yes, a Richelin star!", "I don't believe it!" "Finally!")

SUE: *(entering the lobby with kitchen staff behind her)* What's all the shouting?

MAX: A Richelin star critic is coming to the resort!

(SUE and STAFF continue to talk, excited)

MRS. MONAHAN: *(entering quickly)* What is all the commotion? This is highly improper!

SUE: Mrs. Monahan, we have to get ready! A Richelin food critic is coming to the restaurant!

MRS. MONAHAN: Oh my! Oh my, oh my, oh my! Finally! After all these years! A Richelin critic!

(CHEF JACQUES storms in.)

CHEF JACQUES: Where has my kitchen staff gone? Why have you left your posts?

ALL: A Richelin food critic is coming to Hot Springs!

CHEF JACQUES: *(looking stunned)* Ooh, la, la! This is my chance! I will be a Richelin star chef! I will earn 3 stars! Or 4! Even 5 stars! I will be famous!



Cue Track 5. Bon Appetit

Chef Jacques: This is my moment
I've earned my due
The dreams I have worked for
Will all come true
This is my triumph
My victory
Those who have doubted
Will soon honor me!



Chef Jacques!
They will honor me!
Chef Jacques!
Extraordinary!
Chef Jacques!
All must bend the knee,
For with Jacques, bon appetit!

I've slaved in the kitchen
Long hours by the stove
Stirring and tasting
Refining this nose
Now the whole world
Is destined to see
The chef with the star,
Chef Jacques, that is me!

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Ensemble: Chef Jacques!

Chef Jacques: They will honor me!

Ensemble: Chef Jacques!

Chef Jacques: Extraordinary!

Ensemble: Chef Jacques!

(CHEF JACQUES pushes one staff member to his knee)

Chef Jacques: All must bend the knee,
For with Jacques, bon appetit!

(ALL STAFF quickly get down on one knee)

Chef Jacques: Napoleon couldn't have been greater
Marie Antoinette? *(brushes one flat palm across neck)* Passé!
Debussy made no impression.
Who will remember Monet?

Ensemble: Chef Jacques!

Chef Jacques: They will honor me!

Ensemble: Chef Jacques!

Chef Jacques: Extraordinary!

Ensemble: Chef Jacques!

Chef Jacques: All must bend the knee,
For with Jacques...

Ensemble: Jacques! Jacques!
Bon appetit!

(CHEF JACQUES kisses his fingers dramatically and bows.)

CHEF JACQUES: We must work harder! Only the best will do! We must be... "La perfection"!

BOBBIE: When is the critic coming?

(All turn to DESK CLERK 1 expectantly)

DESK CLERK 1: This week!

DESK CLERK 2: But if the critic is in disguise, how will we know who it is?

MRS. MONAHAN: Look for someone outlandish. Critics go to great lengths to alter their appearance. You'll know. *(she nods confidently)*

CHEF JACQUES: Enough talk! Back to the kitchen. We must change course. Throw out everything! We must create a new menu! A winning menu! We will earn this Richelin Star!

TATE: We have to throw all that food away?

CHEF JACQUES: *(angrily)* You question me? You are just a dishwasher! What do you know?

MRS. MONAHAN: You heard the Chef. Everyone! Back to work!

(DESK CLERKS return to desk. ALL others exit quickly, except for BOBBIE and TATE.)

TATE: *(To BOBBIE)* We can't let them throw out all that food!

BOBBIE: You heard him. That's the rule.

TATE: But you don't get it. Why do you think I collect ramps? And mushrooms? And other things? Because I *have* to! So do my neighbors. We can't afford to buy food.

BOBBIE: That can't be true.

TATE: It is!

BOBBIE: But you said your mom has a business. She runs a food truck.

- TATE: She did, but now...well... *(pause)* she was sick. Now it's only my sister Emily and me. My mom showed us how to cook. We take care of each other.
- BOBBIE: No dad?
- TATE: No dad. *(pauses, changes the subject)* We can't let that food go to waste. Can you help me sneak it out?
- BOBBIE: We could lose our jobs.
- TATE: I really need your help. I know a lot of people who could use that food!
- BOBBIE: *(reluctantly)* Ok. But if we get caught, we're sunk!
- TATE: Thanks, Bobbie! I'll be careful!

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SCENE FIVE –TATE’S HOUSE

(TATE and BOBBIE, wearing aprons, stand behind a counter with cooktop stove. TATE stirs the contents of a big pot while BOBBIE chops vegetables.)

BOBBIE: Why do we need to add anything to this? It’s straight from the restaurant.

TATE: It’s good, but I can make it even better. My sister’s collecting greens and more ramps. Wait till you taste it then!

(EMILY enters.)

EMILY: *(unloading a bag)* Here you go! *(she exits)*

TATE: Thanks! You’ll see. I think you’ll like it.

(BOBBIE and TATE chop, then add what’s been gathered.)

BOBBIE: This is a lot of soup for just us.

TATE: It’s not for us.

BOBBIE: It’s not?

TATE: It’s for everyone who needs it. *(he takes a taste)* Perfect! Ready to go?

BOBBIE: Where are we going?

TATE: To deliver soup to the neighborhood. And buttermilk biscuits.

(TATE throws a biscuit to BOBBIE who takes a bite.)

BOBBIE: *(with a full mouth)* Wow! That’s really good! *(continuing to chew)* But we took this soup from the resort! What if someone finds out? Chef Jacques will fire us!

TATE: *(thinking)* I guess you’re right. Maybe we should disguise ourselves.

BOBBIE: Like the food critic?

TATE: Sure! But why be boring? Since we're delivering soup, let's be Souper Heroes! Get it? SOUPER heroes?

BOBBIE: With masks and capes?

TATE: Why not?

(BOBBIE and TATE duck down behind the counter to put on masks and capes, then stand in unison to reveal their new personas.)

BOBBIE: *(to TATE)* You look great!

TATE: You, too! No one will ever guess.

BOBBIE: So how are we going to carry it all?

TATE: Remember that food truck?

(EMILY "drives" in the food truck.)

BOBBIE: Red? Looks like a fire truck!

EMILY: Do you like the sign? *(referring to "Souper Heroes to the Rescue" on the side in amateur print)*

TATE: *(laughing)* Maybe we need a siren or flashing lights!

BOBBIE: *(smiling)* You don't think that's too much?

(BOBBIE and TATE take the pot and basket of biscuits and climb into the truck.)



Cue Track 6. Our Daily Bread

Bobbie, Tate, & Emily: We've got the wheels, we've got the stew
So hit the road, we're coming through.
Some folks are hungry. They must be fed!
This truck delivers our daily bread.



Bobbie, Tate, & Emily: Like loves and fish that multiply
We'll spread the love and satisfy
Our neighbor's hunger with healthy food
Fresh from the mountain and straight to you.



(CUSTOMERS begin to arrive, confused but happy to receive food from the "souper" heroes. TATE and BOBBIE pass out food from the truck window.)

Bobbie, Tate, & Emily: Our daily bread, our daily bread.
Together we could all be fed.
Doesn't matter where you've come from
Or the life you've led.
We all need our daily bread.



TATE: Our special today is green tomato bisque and dandelion salad with ramp vinaigrette. Cornmeal biscuits on the side.

CUSTOMER 1: *(taking a bowl)* Wow!

CUSTOMER 2: This is really high-class!

CUSTOMER 3: How much is it?

TATE: No charge. Enjoy!

CUSTOMER 1: *(as food truck moves on)* Who were those guys?

Ensemble: A little soup can mean a lot
When life has given an empty pot
A taste of heaven, hope by the spoon.
Soon you'll be singing a different tune



Ensemble:

Our daily bread, our daily bread.
Together we could all be fed.
Doesn't matter where you've come from
Or the life you've led.
We all need our daily bread.
Our daily bread, our daily bread.
Together we could all be fed.
Doesn't matter where you've come from
Or the life you've led.
We all need,
We all need,
We all need daily bread.

Opt. Descant:

Daily bread, daily bread.
We all need our daily bread.
Where you're from,
Life you've led.
Need our daily bread.
Daily bread, daily bread.
We all need our daily bread.
Where you're from,
Life you've led.
We need,
We need,
We all need daily bread.



(End of Scene)

PREVIEW ONLY

SCENE SIX – RESORT DINING ROOM

(GUESTS, dressed colorfully, are seated at tables, eating, reading menus, etc. The FOOD CRITIC is dressed neatly, but not elaborately, and sits quietly near the back. No one notices him. MAX is standing at the maître d's desk along with MRS. MONAHAN. SERVERS are moving quickly in and out, filling water glasses, bringing coffee cups, etc.)



Cue Track 7. Dining Room Piano Underscore

SERVER 1: (to MRS. DELOVELY, woman wearing a huge, flowered hat and dress) I hope you are enjoying your meal. May I offer you a complimentary dessert? We have...

MRS. DELOVELY: (excited, she cuts him off) I love freebies! By all means! Yes! (she continues eating)

(SERVER 1 exits.)

MRS. MONAHAN: (to MAX) Is she the food critic?

MAX: Food critics only taste; they don't finish their meals. She's had six courses and cleaned every plate. She's not the one.

(The FOOD CRITIC gestures for a server but no one notices.)

SERVER 3: (to MR. PALMER) May I take your order?

MR. PALMER: (a golfer dressed in very bright colors) Just the steak. I don't need a fancy salad. And bring me a big bottle of ketchup.

(SERVER 3 exits. MRS. MONAHAN shoots a questioning look at MAX.)

MAX: Ketchup? Certainly not!

(The FOOD CRITIC again gestures for a server without success.)

SERVER 1: (to a very proper looking gentleman dressed in business attire) Did you enjoy your entree?

MR. FANCY PANTS: I'm sorry to say the veal was tough and the vegetables were limp. I also found the salad to be subpar and the bread a bit stale.

SERVER 1: I'm very sorry. I will let the chef know you were dissatisfied.

(SERVER 1 exits.)

MRS. MONAHAN: *(to MAX)* Him?

MAX: Absolutely not. Critics don't give their review on the spot. He would be a dead giveaway.

(Piano music fades.)

(The FOOD CRITIC gestures again for a server, but no one notices. A woman enters in a trench coat with an earpiece and sunglasses.)

MAX: *(snaps his fingers)* Servers! *(he points to the woman)*

(SERVERS descend on the woman, falling all over themselves to pull out her chair, hand her a menu, fill her water glass, list the specials, etc. "Please, have a seat," "We have some wonderful specials," "May I offer you something to drink?")

SPY: *(flustered)* Thank you, but I've changed my mind. I'm not hungry!

(SPY hastily exits, stopping briefly to speak into her watch.)

SPY: I think my cover's been blown. Exiting the building!

(SERVERS turn to MAX, waiting for his reaction.)

MAX: *(shrugs)* Too obvious.

(CHERRY POP and REGGIE HOP enter.)

MAX: Table for two?

CHERRY POP: Yes. With a view.

(MAX leads them to their table and they sit.)

CHERRY POP: *(looking around)* Where is the view?

(MAX gestures to the window and the mountain scene beyond.)

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MAX: Isn't it beautiful?

CHERRY POP: *(dissatisfied)* I was hoping for a view of the pool, but whatever.

MAX: Sandra will be your server. Bon appetit. *(he leaves them)*

REGGIE HOP: *(to CHERRY)* What does that mean?

CHERRY POP: I don't know. Just be cool.

(Looking confident, REGGIE HOP leans back and throws one arm across the back of his chair.)

REGGIE HOP: Yeah, cool.

SERVER 2: *(approaching their table)* Hello. I'm Sandra. I'll be your server. May I take your drink order?

CHERRY POP: Diet Coke.

SERVER 2: I'm sorry, we only have Pepsi products.

CHERRY POP: Are you kidding me?!

MRS. MONAHAN: *(to MAX)* Some people are never happy.

MAX: Very disagreeable.

(They continue to order. SERVER 2 exits. CHERRY POP and REGGIE HOP pick up their menus and begin reading.)

MRS. DELOVELY: *(waving to SERVER 3)* Excuse me! Do you think I could have one more cream puff? The cream in that last puff was rather thin.

SERVER 1: Another? Are you sure?

MRS. DELOVELY: Very sure.

SERVER 1: *(doubtfully)* Yes, Ma'am.

MR. PALMER: *(to SERVER 3)* Excuse me? Waiter? This steak is overdone.

SERVER 3: I'm sorry, sir. *(sarcastically)* Perhaps more ketchup will help?

(SERVER 3 quickly exits without waiting for a reply)

MRS. MONAHAN: (to MAX) These food critics are sly, but I never thought it would be this difficult to spot one.

MAX: They certainly are crafty.

(SERVER 2 sets drinks down on CHERRY POP and REGGIE HOP's table)

SERVER 2: May I take to your order?

REGGIE HOP: Don't you have burgers and fries?

SERVER 2: *(looks disgusted)* No, sir. No burgers.

CHERRY POP: *(reading the menu)* From the HORSE DESERVES, I'd like an order of ES CAR GOTS.

SERVER 2: *(translating)* Escargot? From the Hors d'oeuvres?

CHERRY POP: Yeah, that. And CREEPS FLAMBEE.

SERVER 2: Excuse me?

CHERRY POP: CREEPS FLAMBEE. It says it right here! *(she points to the menu)*

SERVER 2: *(pronouncing it correctly)* Crêpes flambé?

CHERRY POP: *(shrugs)* Sure.

SERVER 2: *(to REGGIE HOP)* And you, sir?

REGGIE HOP: *(slowly)* FILL IT MIG NON.

(SERVER 2 rolls her eyes.)

REGGIE HOP: What's it filled with?

SERVER 2: *(pronouncing it correctly)* Filet mignon. It's steak. How would you like it done?

REGGIE HOP: *(confused)* Cooked?

SERVER 2: Well done?

REGGIE HOP: *(smiles, proud of himself)* Thanks!

(SERVER 2 sighs and exits.)

MAX: *(who has been watching)* What a pair!

MRS. MONAHAN: Could anyone be that clueless?

MAX: *(skeptically)* No. I don't think so.

MRS. MONAHAN: What do you mean?

MAX: What if Cherry Pop is the Richelin food critic?

MRS. MONAHAN: Are you serious?

(SERVER 2 delivers escargot to CHERRY POP and REGGIE HOP.)

MAX: Think about it. Who would ever guess those two?

(The FOOD CRITIC gives up trying to get the attention of a server and exits with no one noticing.)

MRS. MONAHAN: You could be right....

MAX: It's genius! But no one fools MAX! *(he rubs his hands together)*
Look at her! She's texting. I bet she's taking notes. Watch this.

MAX: *(approaching CHERRY POP)* Good evening! *(he tries to look at her phone)* Are you enjoying your ES CAR GOT?

CHERRY POP: It's ok. A little slimy.

(MAX nods, then returns to his post next to MRS. MONAHAN.)

MRS. MONAHAN: Was she taking notes?

MAX: She took a picture of her escargot. Probably for her Richelin review.

MRS. MONAHAN: Oh, Max, you are so clever!

(MAX smiles, proud of himself. SERVER 2 approaches CHERRY POP and REGGIE HOP's table holding a bottle and sauté pan)

SERVER 2: Your crêpes flambé, Miss.

(SERVER 2 holds the pan out, pours liquid into it, and pretends to strike a match to light the contents of the pan.)



Cue Track 8. Flambé Whoosh

(A "flame" shoots up. CHERRY POP and REGGIE HOP jump out of their chairs.)

REGGIE HOP: Fire! Fire! Everybody out!

(All guests exit, screaming. The servers are frozen in their tracks, confused by what just happened. SERVER 2 sighs and exits with the pan.)

MRS. MONAHAN: (to MAX) So do you still think Cherry Pop is the Richelin critic?

MAX: (disappointed) A FOOD CRITIC would know that "flambé" means "flame." She never even tried the crepes. How sad.

(SERVERS 1 and 3 clear tables. CHEF JACQUES enters quickly but stops abruptly when he sees there are no diners. He approaches MAX and MRS. MONAHAN.)

CHEF JACQUES: (looking anxious) Why is the dining room empty? Where are the guests?

MRS. MONAHAN: We had a bit of a mishap. Or rather, a *firestorm*.

CHEF JACQUES: Has the Richelin critic appeared?

MAX: (defeated) Not that I can tell.

CHEF JACQUES: (upset) What if he's come and gone already? What if I've failed? I'll be known as the Chef who *didn't* earn the Richelin star! I'm ruined!

(CHEF JACQUES exits the stage, but we hear him offstage.)

CHEF JACQUES: *(loudly)* Throw it all out. We'll start again! A new menu!

(You hear the staff groan. MAX throws up his hands in frustration.)

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SCENE SEVEN – BREAK TIME OUTSIDE

(BOBBIE, TATE, and OTHER STAFF enter gradually, exhausted, loosening ties, wiping their foreheads, etc.)

- GRILL MASTER: I've been standing in front of that grill since early this morning. I'm burning up!
- SERVER 1: It's about time we got a break! My feet are killing me!
- SERVER 2: *(with a big fake smile)* My cheeks are killing me! This smile is frozen on my face.
- SERVER 3: Did you see the guy in the French beret? I thought for sure it was the Richelin critic! I recited the entire menu to him from memory, including the wine list. Then all he ordered was a glass of water with lemon and left.
- SERVER 2: He's one of those "old money" people.
- SERVER 3: They don't have a clue what it's like to get up at the crack of dawn and work 10 to 12 hours.
- SERVER 1: For minimum wage.
- (MAIDS enter and join them.)*
- MAID 1: Now what are you complaining about?
- SERVER 3: Old money people.
- MAID 2: Old people with money?
- SERVER 3: No! People who were born into money. They have money, their *parents* had money, and their *grandparents* had money.
- SERVER 1: They don't know any different.
- MAID 3: I think "new money" people are worse. All of a sudden, they're rich, so they lord it over us.

(TIMOTHY and other caddies enter.)

MAID 2: Like that Cherry Pop.

MAID 1: Yeah, she thinks she has to prove she's better than the rest of us.

 **Cue Track 9. No Money**

TIMOTHY: She just got a lucky break.

(They all nod in agreement.)

Solo 1: Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Carnegie, Frick

They got...

Ensemble: Old money

Solo 2: Gates and Bezos, Elon Musk, Taylor Swift

They got...

Ensemble: New money

You and me? We work and we sweat

Can't get ahead, only deeper in debt

Hoping for a windfall or a lucky bet,

Till then, no money!

No, no, no, no money.

No, no, no, no money.

I ain't got no money, honey.

No, no, no, no money.

You and me? We work and we sweat

Can't get ahead, only deeper in debt

Hoping for a windfall or a lucky bet,

Till then, no money!



(Dance Break)

Ensemble: Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Carnegie, Frick
They got...
Old money
Gates and Bezos, Elon Musk, Taylor Swift
They got...
New money
You and me? We work and we sweat
Can't get ahead, only deeper in debt
Hoping for a windfall or a lucky bet,
Till then, no money!
Money.
No money.



BOBBIE: And the work's not over. Now CHEF JACQUES wants to make a whole new menu.

SERVER 2: *(mimicking CHEF JACQUES)* "Throw it all out and start again!"
What a waste. And I'm hungry.

SERVER 3: Hey, did anyone get soup delivered straight to their door last night? I did!

GRILL MASTER: Me too! That was so weird! But the soup was delicious. I was getting ready to open a can of beans for dinner. *(pause)* Again.

SERVER 1: Who delivered it?

SERVER 3: I don't know! A red truck pulled up and someone in a cape and mask left it on my doorstep.

(Other servers/staff, "That is so strange!" "Who would do that?!", etc.)

MAID 1: I heard Martha from Housekeeping got a delivery too! She said there were home baked biscuits with the soup. The soup was a

little like Chef Jacques' bisque but... *(she looks around to be sure she is not overheard)* ...better!

(BOBBIE and TATE listen quietly, interested. They smile at the compliment and give each other a thumb's up.)

SUE: *(entering quickly)* Break's over! Back to work!

(ALL but BOBBIE and TATE groan and exit.)

SUE: Bobbie, toss out the entrees. Chef Jacques has a new plan. Tate, you'll have to wash those pots quickly!

(SUE exits.)

TATE: *(to BOBBIE)* Did you hear that? They liked my soup!

BOBBIE: That's great, but I'm exhausted!

TATE: So is everyone else. But I've got an even better idea for tonight's meal. Save those entrees! Make sure no one sees you!

BOBBIE: You know we're going to lose our jobs if we get caught, right? I like coming here in the summer!

TATE: And I need the money. But we can't let our friends down, and we can't waste that food!

BOBBIE: *(heavy sigh)* They really need it, don't they?

(TATE nods.)

BOBBIE: Alright. But only if I can have some of those biscuits!

TATE: Yep!

BOBBIE: With your spiced paw paw jam?

TATE: Sure!

BOBBIE: Then it's worth it!

(TATE laughs and they exit.)

SCENE EIGHT – OUTDOORS ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD

(FOOD CRITIC walks onstage slowly looking hot and disheveled and carrying a gas can. He stops center stage and looks around. He wipes the sweat off his forehead.)

FOOD CRITIC: *(to himself)* What a place to run out of gas! There is nothing up here!

(The food truck appears with TATE and BOBBIE, in costume, at the window and EMILY driving. She sees the food critic and stops the truck. The FOOD CRITIC looks at them, astonished)

TATE: *(to FOOD CRITIC)* Can we help you?

FOOD CRITIC: *(seeing their costumes, he rubs his eyes)* Am I having heatstroke?

TATE: Uh, sorry. We're not EMT's.

(FOOD CRITIC still looks confused.)

BOBBIE: *(to FOOD CRITIC)* What's wrong?

FOOD CRITIC: I'm out of gas, I don't know where to find a gas station, there's no cell service, and I'm starving. *(sighs)* What a day!

TATE: We're Souper Heroes! We can feed you and take you to a gas station.

FOOD CRITIC: Really? Food and a ride? Well, hallelujah!

(FOOD CRITIC climbs onto the truck between TATE and BOBBIE)

FOOD CRITIC: I was just at the Hot Springs Heaven Resort and Spa for dinner, but I didn't have much to eat. The servers were so busy, they barely noticed me.

TATE: Are you from around here? You don't look familiar.

(TATE hands the FOOD CRITIC a bowl and a spoon.)

FOOD CRITIC: Yeah, but I left years ago. I miss it.

(FOOD CRITIC takes a taste.)

FOOD CRITIC: Wow, this soup takes me right back.

TATE: It's my mom's recipe. And my grandmother's. (*shrugs*) It's what we make on the mountain.

FOOD CRITIC: It tastes just like my grandma's soup!



Cue Track 10. The Taste of Together

FOOD CRITIC: (*sighs with contentment*) I haven't had this in ages!

Food Critic:

When I was young, we'd wander for hours
Scavenging out in the woods
Blackberries, walnuts, paw paws and such
Nothing has tasted so good, since
Nothing has tasted so good.

In a hot kitchen we'd cook and we'd laugh,
With neighbors, family and friends
Stirring and baking, then stuffing ourselves
The love that we shared never ends, no
The love we that we shared never ends.

All:

Oh... The taste of together
Mmm... Life is sweet
Oh.... A spoonful of pleasure
And quick as a wink,
I'm back home.



TATE: (*handing him another dish*) Try the poke salad.

FOOD CRITIC: Poke salad! My favorite!

(FOOD CRITIC tastes.)

FOOD CRITIC: Mmmm...so good. What else do you have?

TATE: Sweet potato pudding with wild hazelnuts. My sister collected them.

FOOD CRITIC: Local is always best. Good for the people, good for the environment. *(tastes)* Amazing!

All:
Oh... The taste of together
Mmm... Life is sweet
Oh.... A spoonful of pleasure
And quick as a wink,
Don't have to think!
I'm back home



FOOD CRITIC: Thanks for the ride! And the food. Mountain people are the best!

(TATE and BOBBIE wave goodbye as he exits with gas can.)

BOBBIE: *(turning to TATE)* Do you think that was the food critic?

TATE: Nah, couldn't be. He looked like one of us.

(They take a long look at each other.)

TATE: Without the mask and cape.

(The food truck exits. If the truck backs up, the 'beep' sound effect may be used.)



Cue Track 11. Truck Backing Up (optional)

SCENE NINE – RESORT LOBBY

(DESK CLERKS stand behind counter, working at computers.)



Cue Track 12. Phone Ringing

DESK CLERK 1: Hot Springs Heaven Resort and Spa. You'll think you've died and gone to heaven! How may I help you?

(DESK CLERK pauses, then looks horrified.)

DESK CLERK 1: Oh, he'll be crushed!

DESK CLERK 2: Who? What's happened?

DESK CLERK 1: *(waving CLERK 2 away)* Thank you for calling.

DESK CLERK 2: Who will be crushed?

DESK CLERK 1: Chef Jacques. He didn't win the Richelin star!

DESK CLERK 2: Oh no! How disappointing!

CARL: *(entering with armloads of suitcases)* What? What's disappointing?

DESK CLERK 2: Chef Jacques didn't win the Richelin star.

CARL: *(he drops the suitcases)* He won't be disappointed. He'll be mad!

MAX: *(entering)* Who will be mad?

CARL: Chef Jacques. He didn't win the Richelin star.

MAX: But he worked so hard. We all did! He's not going to take it well.

SUE: *(entering, followed by kitchen staff)* Take what well? What's happened?

MAX: Chef Jacques didn't win the Richelin star.

SUE: Oh no! That's all he wanted! Chef Jacques is *not* going to happy.

MRS. MONAHAN: Not happy? I know why *I'm* not happy! You are all just standing about. Get to work!

SUE: (to MRS. MONAHAN) Chef Jacques didn't win the Richelin star.

MRS. MONAHAN: (*horrified*) Oh no! He'll be devastated! Who's going to tell him?

(CHEF JACQUES enters, agitated.)

CHEF JACQUES: Tell him what? Where is my kitchen staff? They've deserted their posts again! What is the meaning of this?!

(ALL STAFF stand awkwardly looking at each other and waiting for someone to speak.)

MRS. MONAHAN: I'm sorry, Jacques. You didn't win the Richelin star.

CHEF JACQUES: What? I've lost? After hours and hours of work, creating the most delicious delectables, the finest cuisine? How is this possible? Who has stolen my star? Who is the thief?

MRS. MONAHAN: I don't know. Who *did* win the Richelin star?

(Characters are standing in the order they've entered. Each turn to the person in line until all are looking at DESK CLERK 1.)

DESK CLERK 1: (timidly) It...it was the owner of a food truck.

ALL: A food truck?!

DESK CLERK 1: Yes, a food truck called Souper Heroes to the Rescue.

CHEF JACQUES: (*outraged, and without a French accent*) A food truck?!

(The rest of the staff come running to see what the commotion is about.)

CHEF JACQUES: (*angrily*) How could a food truck beat me? What did he serve? Hot dogs and fries? Nachos and cheese? This is ridiculous! What a rip off!

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(In shock, all stare at Jacques. BOBBIE and TATE, astonished to hear they've won, share excited smiles.)

MRS. MONAHAN: Jacques? Your French accent! Where did it go?!

CHEF JACQUES: *(continuing to rant)* French accent? Who cares? What good did it do me anyway? I'm the greatest chef in the world, but does anyone care? I taught myself. I spent years, years, watching The French Chef, copying every recipe over and over. I perfected my French accent listening to Pepé Le Pew. But what did it get me? I should have stayed in my little backwater mountain village and flipped burgers for a living!

(Suddenly CHEF JACQUES breaks down and falls to his knees. The staff continues to gape.)

SUE: *(recovering her composure)* But Jacques...

CHEF JACQUES: *(emotionally)* It's Jack. Just... Jack.

SUE: Jack, you're a great cook. I mean chef. Who cares if you're not French? Or if you didn't earn a Richelin star? The guests love your food!

CHEF JACQUES: *(standing angrily)* Apparently not as much as they love hot dogs from a food truck.

BOBBIE: That food truck doesn't serve hot dogs!

CHEF JACQUES: *(approaching BOBBIE menacingly)* How do you know? What do you know about this food truck? *(mocking)* These "souper heroes"?

BOBBIE: *(stammering)* Um, well, I know they make great soup. Like vichyssoise.

CARL: Vichy what? Is that the potato soup?

GRILL MASTER: Oh, that was good!

MRS. WALKER: And the biscuits were to die for!

- TATE: *(forgetting himself)* You didn't think they were too crumbly? I added a little less butter this time.
- BOBBIE: *(elbowing him)* Shhh!
- CHEF JACQUES: *(to TATE)* You! It was you?! But you're just a dishwasher!
- BOBBIE: *(indignantly)* No he's not! He's a great cook!
- SUE: It seems that we have more than one person who isn't who they appear to be.
- (With hands on hips, SUE looks intently at CHEF JACQUES. He looks ashamed).*
- CHEF JACQUES: *(apologetically)* But I've always wanted to be a chef. A real chef.
- TATE: Me, too!
- SUE: Then why do either of you have to pretend to be someone else?
- (TATE and CHEF JACQUES are silent.)*
- SUE: *(turning to BOBBIE)* And what do you know about this food truck?
- BOBBIE: All I know is that Tate is a great cook and wants to feed hungry people who can't afford good food.
- TATE: And there are a lot of hungry people around here. Why do we waste so much food? Why does it have to be thrown away?
- MRS. MONAHAN: Good question. Chef Jacques – I mean, Jack – why does it need to be thrown away?
- (CHEF JACQUES shrugs, sighs.)*
- TATE: *(to CHEF JACQUES)* Actually, you deserve some of the credit for the Richelin star too.
- CHEF JACQUES: *(hopefully)* I do?!

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BOBBIE: *(confessing)* We didn't throw that food out like you told us to. Tate just added some stuff to make it even better. Then we delivered it to people who needed it. For free.

TATE: *(to CHEF JACQUES)* We both earned that star!

CHEF JACQUES: So, I'm not a failure?

SUE: Of course not! Maybe the two of you should team up. Jack, make Tate your assistant in the kitchen. The two of you could create amazing food and then deliver the extras to the community. *(to Jacques)* You could also be a Souper Hero!

CHEF JACQUES: *(to TATE)* So you don't make hot dogs? Or nachos?

TATE: I make the recipes my mother taught me. Nothing fancy. Just good mountain food.

CHEF JACQUES: I probably know those same recipes.

SUE: See? You'd make a good team!

BOBBIE: *(to TATE)* Like I said – just work your way up. You can do it!

MRS. MONAHAN: *(excited)* Just wait till our guests find out we have a Richelin star chef in our kitchen! They'll be flocking to Hot Springs!

TATE: I can't accept.

MRS. MONAHAN: What?! Why not?

TATE: Will I get a raise?

MRS. MONAHAN: Of course!

TATE: If I get a raise, then the rest of the staff should too. The reason they're hungry is because their wages are so low!

(Staff all murmurs in agreement. "That's right," "I haven't had a raise in 5 years," etc.)

MRS. MONAHAN: I don't know. Raises for everyone?!

(The STAFF leans in, waiting.)

SUE: Think of how many new guests we'll have! Everyone will want to dine here! And spend...

(SUE rubs her thumb and forefinger together to indicate increased income.)

MRS. MONAHAN: *(considering)* I suppose you're right. After all, no one does this alone. We all work together.

(The STAFF cheers.)

SUE: And that's exactly how heaven *should* be!



Cue Track 13. On the Mountain Reprise

Ensemble:

Up here on the mountain, it's heaven

Up here on the mountain, life is sweet

We'll share our daily bread till our neighbors have been fed

Cuz' up here on the mountain

This beautiful old mountain

Everyone deserves a taste of heaven.

