

*(music begins to “Falafel House”)*

*(Flo begins in the dark, yelling.)*

FLO: **THREE JAVAS! UNLEADED! WHISPER IN THEIR EARS  
AND KEEP THE COWS IN THE BARN!**

*(lights up)*

*(Flo, a bold, brassy, but very kind waitress, who is dressed as a central-casting diner waitress, walks briskly across the stage, writing the order on her note pad. She is followed by Lydia, a new waitress on her first night, who is frantically trying to keep up.)*

LYDIA: **I’m sorry Flo, what did you just say?**

FLO: *(with only slight impatience)* **“Javas” are coffees, “unleaded” means decaf, “whisper in their ears” is sweet talk ... you know, “with sugar.”**

LYDIA: **Oh, there’s so much to remember! And what is “keep the cows in the barn”?**

FLO: **It means “no cream.”**

LYDIA: **How will I ever remember everything?!**

FLO: **Stick with me, honey, and you’ll pick it up in no time. *(with a flourish)* It’s another great night shift at the Falafel House!**

*(A customer walks in to the restaurant. Flo sees them and walks briskly over to seat them with Lydia trying to keep up.)*

BEN: **Is this *the* Falafel House? I just heard your jingle.**

SONG: “Falafel House”

## **FALAFEL HOUSE**

### **verse 1**

It doesn't matter if it's day or night  
Whenever your hunger strikes  
Fa la la la la, Falafel House  
Our doors are never locked  
We're open around the clock  
Fa la la la la, Falafel House  
Check out the night shift, you won't be lonely  
Restrooms are for customers only  
Fa la la la la, Falafel House

### **verse 2**

Our prices can't be beat  
On Tuesday's kids eat free  
Fa la la la la, Falafel House  
Our menu has everything  
Even our manna is gluten free  
Fa la la la la, Falafel House  
We're all organic, don't be nervous  
But no tunic, no service  
Fa la la la la, Falafel House

### **bridge**

Who would have thought  
Who could have dreamed  
We provide the sustenance  
That Bethlehem needs  
Without trans fats, preservatives, or MSG

### **tag**

Four hundred years in one location  
Just one health code violation  
Fa la la la la, Falafel House  
Fa la la la la, Falafel House  
Fa la la la la, Falafel House

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## **Scene 1**

*(Customer is still waiting to be seated at the end of the song.)*

LYDIA: **That's such a great jingle!**

FLO: **I know! Right?**

LYDIA: **Except, what's a jingle?**

FLO: **We send the dishwasher guys out to walk around town with aprons full of spoons and they jingle up a storm. When people come to see where the noise is coming from, they sing that song. It's a new thing they call "advertising."**

*(to Ben)* **So, fella, what'll it be? Booth or counter?**

BEN: **Booth would be fine, but I have a question.**

FLO: **Shoot.**

BEN: **Okay, what's a falafel?**

*(Everyone in the restaurant turns with great shock and in unison yells ...)*

ALL: **WHAT'S A FALAFEL?**

*(The customer jumps a foot in fright.)*

BEN: **I'm from out of town ... waaay out of town ... just asking.**

FLO: **A falafel is a little taste of heaven fried up in a ball about *(making an "o.k." sign with her thumb and finger)* this big. Around these parts, it's everybody's favorite food!**

BEN: **How is that different from a hushpuppy?**

LYDIA: **A what?! That's a weird name for a food!**

MO: **Sure is. Better lock up your pets where this fella comes from. *(to Lydia)* Hey, who are you?**

FLO: **She's the new waitress, Mo! Her name's Lydia. I told you I was gonna hire a new girl. Thought I'd train her on the night shift so she can just slide right over to day shift.**

*(to Lydia)* **Okay, Lydia, try to follow me on this! Most of the people who eat at Falafel House are regulars ... in here all the time. Make sure you take care of them.**