

WAFFLE TRUTH

A comedy in one act
by
Bradley Hayward

PREVIEW ONLY!

For a complete script, or to apply for production rights:
haywardb@hotmail.com

Copyright 2026
by Bradley Hayward

SYNOPSIS

During spring break, classmates Chester and Beatrice bump into each other at a hotel continental breakfast. As they share an under-cooked waffle, they discover a sweet way to find hope when life gets sticky.

CHARACTERS

(1M + 1F)

BEATRICE.....Confident & pretty, female, 13.

CHESTER.....Smart & sensitive, male, 13.

SETTING

A hotel lobby.

RUNNING TIME

10 minutes.

(AT RISE: A continental breakfast in a hotel lobby. BEATRICE stands in front of an automated Belgian waffle maker, with an empty plate in her hand. CHESTER stands behind her, also holding a plate, tapping his foot as he waits.)

BEATRICE

I don't think the Belgians had this in mind when they invented waffles.

CHESTER

Actually, the modern grid pattern was introduced at the 1964 World's Fair. But yeah. I doubt Brussels envisioned a machine that sounds like a dying microwave.

(BEATRICE turns around and blinks twice.)

Sorry, I read a lot of books.

BEATRICE

Wait. Chester?

CHESTER

Beatrice? From homeroom?

BEATRICE

What are you doing here? This is the Comfort Inn.

CHESTER

Technically, it's the Quality Inn. There's a legal difference, mostly involving the freshness of the mini-muffins. What are you doing here? I thought you went to Aruba. Newton said you were going to Aruba.

BEATRICE

(Shifts uncomfortably)

Plans changed. The Caribbean is overcrowded this time of year. So we came to the city instead. For a change of pace. Cultured stuff. Museums.

CHESTER

Cool. We're here for Spring Break, too.

BEATRICE

In a hotel forty-five minutes from our school?

CHESTER

There's a waterslide!

BEATRICE

The sign at the front desk says the pool is closed.

CHESTER

(Sighs)

Yeah, it's a bummer. But my mom says a vacation is a state of mind. Yesterday we went to the big Walmart. The one with two floors.

BEATRICE

Wow. Thrilling.

CHESTER

Hey, don't knock the escalator for shopping carts until you've tried it. It's a mechanical marvel.

(The waffle maker lets out a high pitched beep. BEATRICE doesn't quite know what to do.)

BEATRICE

Okay, how do I open this without burning my skin off?

CHESTER

You have to flip it back first. Rotate the handle.

(BEATRICE rotates the handle.)

No, the other way. You're going to spill the --

BEATRICE

I got it, Chester! I'm not incompetent.

CHESTER

I didn't say you were. You just look different.

BEATRICE

(Defensive, touching her hair)

Different how?

CHESTER

I don't know. You're louder. And your hair is shiny. Newton says you don't talk to him anymore because you got a boyfriend who goes to high school.

BEATRICE

Newton is a child. And I don't have a high school boyfriend. I just have options. Everyone should have options.

CHESTER

My mom says options are an illusion designed to make us feel free.

BEATRICE

Your mom sounds like a lot of work. Peel that side off for me.

(CHESTER uses a plastic fork to pry the waffle from the iron. It's a misshapen blob. He plops it onto her plate.)

CHESTER

It's a bit of a mess.

BEATRICE

It's a waffle. It doesn't have to be perfect to do its job.

(She aggressively squirts maple syrup from a pump bottle onto her waffle. She drowns it.)

CHESTER

You want some waffle with that syrup?

BEATRICE

Syrup makes things bearable. It masks the taste of disappointment.

CHESTER

It's just breakfast.

BEATRICE

It's a metaphor. Come on, let's sit. The old guy by the yogurt fridge is chewing his cereal so loud it's grossing me out.

CHESTER

That's because he doesn't have his false teeth in. In fact, I think I've lost my appetite.

(He tosses his plate in the trash. BEATRICE grabs a handful of plastic cutlery and they walk over to a small table. They sit.)

CHESTER

So, if you're here for culture, what museum are you going to today?

BEATRICE

(Stiffens)

The... uh... medical history museum.

CHESTER

There's a medical history museum?

BEATRICE

It's very exclusive. You need an appointment.

CHESTER

Sounds boring.

BEATRICE

It's intense. Lots of big machines and people looking at you like you're a science project.

CHESTER

My mom took me to a basket weaving seminar over Christmas break. I spent four hours trying to turn dead weeds into a bowl. I think I'd prefer the machines.

BEATRICE

(Bluntly)

Don't be so sure.

CHESTER

Newton says you've been mean lately. To Evelyn, too. She sat alone at lunch last week. I thought she was your best friend.

(BEATRICE plays with her waffle.)

BEATRICE

Evelyn is obsessed with eighth grade drama. I don't have time for eighth grade drama anymore. I'm moving past it.

CHESTER

Moving past it to where? We're thirteen and live in the suburbs. There's nowhere to move to.

BEATRICE

You don't get it. Things change fast. One day you're worrying about who you're going to sit with at lunch, and the next day you realize none of that matters because the grid can just break.

CHESTER

The electrical grid?

BEATRICE

No, the *life* grid. Look at this waffle.

(She points at the waffle with her fork.)

Look at the little squares. That's what we think life is supposed to be. Perfect little boxes. You put your school in one box, your friends in another box, your spring vacation in a tropical box. You think if you stay in the lines, everything holds together.

CHESTER

But the batter overflowed.

BEATRICE

(Nods)

The batter overflowed, and now it's a big, ugly blob, and the middle is mushy, and you don't even know if it's cooked all the way through, or if it's going to make you sick. The boxes are a lie. That's the waffle truth.

(CHESTER speaks softly, totally earnest.)

CHESTER

I think the mushy part is the best part, though. It's where the syrup pools.

BEATRICE

What if the mushy part is just broken? What if it ruins the whole thing?

CHESTER

It's still a waffle. My mom says you can't ruin breakfast. Even if you burn the toast, you just scrape the black stuff off into the sink and eat the rest. You keep going because you're hungry.

BEATRICE

Your mom talks a lot.

CHESTER

She's an optimist. It's exhausting, honestly.

(A beat. BEATRICE wipes the corners of her mouth with a napkin.)

BEATRICE

I'm not going to Aruba.

CHESTER

I figured. The Quality Inn doesn't usually attract fancy resort people.

BEATRICE

I have to go to the hospital downtown. The big one with the glass tower. I have a disease. It has a fancy name but basically, it means my cells are being stupid.

(CHESTER turns his chair toward BEATRICE, to face her directly. He suddenly gets very serious.)

CHESTER

Is it bad?

BEATRICE

They say they can fix it. But I have to do all this stuff. Chemo. Medicine that makes your hair fall out. I'm supposed to start next week. That's why I was being mean to Newton. And Evelyn. Because if I'm going to be the "sick girl," I wanted to have some fun first. I wanted to be the pretty girl who has options before I get stuck in a new box.

(CHESTER doesn't look away, and he doesn't look pitying. He just looks at her.)

CHESTER

Your hair is really shiny today.

BEATRICE

(Laughs)

Thanks. It's the hotel shampoo.

CHESTER

Well. If you're going to be a science project next week, you should probably eat your mushy waffle today.

(BEATRICE looks down at her plate again.)

BEATRICE

Do you want half?

CHESTER

Only if I can use your syrup. I don't want to go back to the waffle iron and risk the social interaction.

BEATRICE

Deal.

(She cuts the waffle in half and slides the plate between them. She hands him a fork and they take a bite.)

CHESTER

It's definitely under-cooked. If I get salmonella, my mom is going to sue. She's been looking for a reason to fight a corporation.

(BEATRICE laughs. They take another bite.)

BEATRICE

Are you scared of me now?

CHESTER

Why would I be scared of you?

BEATRICE

Because I'm defective. People get weird when someone is sick. They look at you like you're already a ghost, or they talk to you in that high-pitched voice like you're a puppy that got hit by a car.

CHESTER

I don't do high-pitched voices. It hurts my throat. Besides, Newton is the one who should be scared. You broke his heart. He listened to his mom's Celine Dion playlist for two days straight. It was pathetic.

BEATRICE

(Defensive)

I just told him I wanted to see other people!

CHESTER

We're in middle school. There are no "other people." There are just the forty kids we've known since kindergarten.

BEATRICE

Exactly! That's why I wanted to see what else was out there. I didn't want my last normal memory to be holding hands with Newton behind the gym while he tried to explain the rules of fantasy football to me.

CHESTER

Fair point. He's terrible at drafting running backs anyway.

(A beat. BEATRICE picks at the edge of the plate.)

BEATRICE

Do you think Evelyn hates me?

CHESTER

Probably. But girls are complicated. My mom says you have to let people see when you're sad, or else you turn into a brick wall.

BEATRICE

If I let down the wall, I'll cry. And if I start crying, I might not stop.

CHESTER

You could just tell her.

BEATRICE

No. If I tell her, she'll be nice to me because she has to be. Because she feels sorry for me. I don't want pity friends. I want my old life back. I want to be mad that the waterslide is broken, not mad that my white blood cells are mutating.

CHESTER

The waterslide is a tragedy, though. It's a giant blue tube of disappointment.

BEATRICE

You're not very good at metaphors, are you?

CHESTER

I try to avoid them. They give me acid reflux.

(BEATRICE laughs. She takes another bite of the waffle.)

BEATRICE

You know, this is the first time in weeks I haven't thought about the hospital for more than five minutes.

END OF PREVIEW

For a complete script, or to apply for production rights:
haywardb@hotmail.com