



Proudly Presents

**LES MUCHO  
MISÉRABLES AT  
VICTOR HUGO  
MIDDLE SCHOOL**

**WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS**

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**Characters:**

**Mr. Hugo**, the narrator

**Cafeteria Ladies**, slop preparers

**Croquette**, a student victim

**Nurse Retched**, a sorry excuse of a school nurse

**Miss Tacobella**, Johnny V.'s Spanish teacher

**Johnny V. John**, a young man with an intestinal problem

**Fantasia**, a once intelligent, now *special* student

**Coach Javelin**, an un-athletic coach

**Evelyn**, the school's only well-to-do student

**Mario**, a student in Isolated Detention

**Setting:** Various locations of the school

**Time:** Another dreary, dreadful school day

**Mr. Hugo:** It was the best of times—the worst of times. I know, what a little *‘Dickens’* I am. Here at Victor Hugo Middle School, it's usually the worst of times. Everyone is miserable. The school is filled with miserable students, miserable teachers, and a miserable administration. Really the only thing *not* miserable here at Victor Hugo Middle School is our mascot: a piece of broken furniture. But there is one group of employees, whose sole purpose is to provide nourishment to its inhabitants. They are the mysteriously hairy—and often *unsanitary* cafeteria ladies.

**Cafeteria Ladies:** (*To the tune of “Lovely Ladies”*)

Hungry ladies

Working in this school

Pouring slop on broken plates

It isn't very cool.

Hungry ladies

Do we get a break?

Absolutely never

But there is some food to take.

Pureed hot dogs, we serve them up on buns.

Pureed goes much further, and it gives the kids the runs.

Tuesday's oatmeal. They think there's oats, oh boy.

You think they'd figure out that most our food is full of soy.  
Hungry ladies  
Never finding joy.

**Mr. Hugo:** Sort of makes you hungry for a good old Sloppy Joe, doesn't it? It's a sad state, indeed, when the only *real* protein found in the cafeteria consists of the various insects and rodents that fall into or are *swatted*—into today's lunch special. What a bunch of bullies those women are! Speaking of bullies, all schools have them. Victor Hugo Middle School is no exception; however, at V.H.M.S., the various gangs are usually armed with weapons. Carrying weapons is, of course, against school policy, but that doesn't stop the juvenile delinquents from brokering them between classes. Of course, bullies can't be bullies without a victim or two, and no one plays the 'victim'—better than young Croquette.

**Croquette:** (*To the tune of "Castle on a Cloud"*)

There is a bully at this school.  
He waits for me to go and swing.  
He broke my arm. It's in a sling.  
There is a bully at this school.  
There is a gang that waits for me.  
There are a dozen boys and girls.  
Everyone fights and yells at me.  
They are not happy 'til I bleed.

**Croquette:** (*Entering the Nurse's office. She is holding her side with her non-broken hand and arm.*) Nurse Retcher, I'm bleeding. May I have a bandage, please?

**Nurse Retcher:** (*Sarcastically*) Oh, goody, it's Croquette, our school's little hypochondriac. What is it this time? Did someone stab you with a toothpick?

**Croquette:** No, it was a switchblade.

**Nurse Retcher:** What a little cry baby, you are. You know, there are places called hospitals.

**Croquette:** My family can't afford them. They tell me to come here.

**Nurse Retcher:** Well, aren't I the luckiest school nurse in the