

SETTING

The set is single and simple. The play takes place 15 years ago in the sink and storage section of a fast food restaurant's kitchen.

CHARACTERS (3m, 3f)

<u>POLLY</u>	45-80; witch with multiple personality disorder
<u>PAPERHAT LENNY</u>	17 or older; paperhat and hairnet wearing mass murdering hunchback
<u>DONNIE DUFF</u>	20's or older; just another burger flipping dog
<u>BIANCA MCDONALD</u>	20's or older; assistant manager
<u>MICKEY MACCOWN</u>	20's or older; madman manager
<u>MISSY MACCOWN</u>	20's or older; Mrs. madman manager

TAG

This is a dark comic adaptation of Shakespeare's Macbeth set as a horror show in a fast food restaurant.

SYNOPSIS

The fast food restaurant that Mickey MacCown manages has just been robbed. As the show starts the thieves have cold-cocked his fry cook, Mickey has jumped one, took his gun, and is off after the both of them. In his absence, a new team member arrives. When Mickey returns, she uses some of her prankster witchcraft to knock out the crew and immobilize him and his assistant manager, Bianca. Then she tells Mickey that he is going to be promoted, and promoted again to CEO of the entire company. She tells Bianca that her kid will someday be a CEO just like her kids and on and on... Immediately after they are unfrozen and the crew awoken, Mr. Dunkin, the current CEO, calls the restaurant to promote Mickey.

That evening while closing the restaurant with his wife, Missy, Mickey reveals that, when Dunkin comes to inspect the store over Thanksgiving, he plans to kill him.

Next month, with the help of a design flaw within the restaurant, Mickey does kill Dunkin and he does so in a way that gets him promoted again; this time to CEO. A few weeks later and Mickey has remolded the old store to be the flagship

for a new 24-hour full-service burger joint concept. This coincides with his lifestyle choice of becoming a vampire. Although having his paperhat wearing fry cook kill Bianca to stop the flow of his impending rivals is only partially successful (she has become a ghost haunting their drive-thru and Paperhat forgot to kill her kids), Mickey's moves all seem to be working for him.

The beginning of the end comes in the second act. It's a year later and Mickey is turning to the witch prankster again for information on his destiny. She tells him that no one raised by a woman can defeat him and that he can't lose unless environmental activists win. Feeling invincible, Mickey instructs Paperhat to kill a rebellious former employee and his entire family. He's been adding murder victims to his secret sauce for a while now so this should be more of the same. Unfortunately, once again Paperhat only commits himself to half the assigned slaughter and the rebellious employee is overlooked during the massacre. When he comes in to eat and winds up recognizing his wife's finger in his fries all hell breaks loose.

In the end, while fighting the rebel who turns out to be a werewolf, Mickey's notion of invincibility is shattered. The werewolf was raised by wolves not by a woman. Further destined to end up as dogfood, Mickey is decapitated and his head left as a toy for Bianca's celebrating ghost. It is all so much like *Macbeth* that you'll wind up thinking it is bad luck to say *MacClown* in a fast food restaurant.

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ACT I
SCENE 1

(Lights come up on the backroom of a fast food restaurant's kitchen. Along with the sound of thunder, wind, and rain the Jack-o-lantern style décor on the walls shows us it is Halloween. Among the many boxes of cups, napkins, etc. are mops and buckets, a three compartment sink with a stack of dishes, a door marked EXIT, and a swinging door leading to the front. In between are other doors and supplies. POLLY, with her pet frog, wheeled suitcase, and Bride of Frankenstein hairdo enters thru the EXIT and gazes about the room. Suddenly she points at the audience and a lightning bolt flashes. Then again, and again and again she laughs and points as the lightening responds).

POLLY

I'll get you, my pretty, and your little dog too! You know, I think we're going to have a good time on this job.

(After a while she and the weather clam down and she starts shaking off her rain-gear).

POLLY

So where are we this time? I know we're still wallowing away on earth, but where exactly? Hey, isn't earth where you were turned into a frog? Yea, I love that frog story!

(While still carrying the case, she crosses and puts the frog under the sink).

POLLY

So, I know you're wondering what's going on; you're wondering why I'm stuffing you down here under the sink. Well, I'm separating you and the broad in the box. That's right; even tho' you two haven't done anything yet; I'm not giving you the chance... yet. That's the point. We've got work to do and we've got to do it right. You two are just going to have to shut up and start getting along. We really don't have time for any of your squabbling this time. What we do have time for is living and working with these monkeys. That's right, we're living with the monkeys... just like we always do. You hear me? And, if all the monkeys we have to deal with isn't enough, it's raining!

POLLY (**POLLY speaks for the box and the frog** as well as herself or the additional voices are provided by recorded voice overs).

Do you really expect me to get along with the frog?

Yes, I expect you to get along with... I expect you to behave like a professional.

Professional what?

That's a good point. How about just behaving? We really need you this time. We need you to ...do what you do for this one particular monkey. That's the gig OK? Help deal with the main monkey and otherwise keep your comments short and to the point.

Like I need to hear commentary from some idiot who got herself stuck in a box!

I was cursed!

So was I, but you don't hear me griping about it?

Yes, we do! It's all we ever hear from you, I got turned into a frog! Woa is me! Blah blah blah!

Liar! You weren't cursed into a box.

I was cursed into the thing that's kept in the box... same deal, Swamp dweller!

Shipment shrew!

Flipper fiend!!

Carton creep!!!

(POLLY slams the box against the mop bucket and throws it down on the floor).

POLLY

Enough! This place and this rain is bad enough without having to listen to you two going at it all the time.

She started it. And just what do you have against rain.

Frogs come with rain... just like monkeys.

You threw me on the floor!

And I'll do it again if you can't control your mouth.

You control my mouth!

Actually, we both know it's the other way around.

So, when we finally find this main monkey we're after, he's going to be all wet.

Wet monkey? Isn't that a sign of the "hurly-burly"?

Aw man! Did we hit this joint during "hurly-burly" season?

Woa! I don't want to catch the "hurly-burly".

(POLLY violently picks up the frog's cage, but stops before she slams it against the floor).

POLLY

This is not what I meant when I said to get along! Woa!
What's that smell?

I think your toad took a squat.

She's a frog, and that's not it. Is it coming from over
there?

Now I'm smelling it... and I am gonna take a squat.

(POLLY walks around sniffing).

Hey, did anyone check the place out we before took this
job?

*I did and we need to be ready to deal with a lot of ground
beef. I did not, however, know about the smell.*

Ground beef? I don't like the sound of that.

I do! Grindin' the beef... Grindin' the beef.

Behave yourself! We work here now.

The box is right. Keep it together.

(LENNY, a hunchback with a hairnet, a paper
hat, and a head wound enters with sharp-
looking assistant managers DON, and BIANCA).

LENNY

...because they both had guns and he was all like BLAH UNG Ahh!
...and they were all like... "we're outta here" ... and Bianca just
kept on running that drive-thru...

BIANCA

Someone should call corporate. There was a robbery, injuries,
law enforcement...

LENNY

Hey, I think that I'm going to call corporate about this. Mac
went BLAM! ...Bianca just kept running that drive-thru.

POLLY

OK, Ladies, here come the monkeys.

DON

Hey, are you the new guy?

POLLY

Guy? Uh... yea... sure; we're new.

LENNY (*On the phone*).

Hello? I need to report the heroism of Mr. MacCown!

DON

How do you keep from calling him MACCLOWN?

LENNY (*Into the phone*).

He's my manager! Well, could you connect me to someone who might care? This really is a good little story.

BIANCA

Lenny, whatever you tell them, don't start in on that stupid *table tipping* issue.

LENNY

Thanks, Bianca! I almost forgot all about Mr. MacCown's crusade against work tables tipping over! Antitable tipping policy #1: don't tip tables #2: remind your coworkers to don't tip tables, #3... Hello? Is this corporate management? It is? Well, they both had gun and Mr MacCown, my manager... What do you mean you saw it on the NEWS? It just happened! ...OK, I guess he'll call you when he gets back to the store... Did the NEWS say when he would get back to the store?

DON (*Hanging up the phone for LENNY*).

Lenny, I can take things from here. Why don't you go have yourself a little break? OK, first day orientation. This will only take about an hour if we're not interrupted or robbed.

POLLY (*Imitating LENNY*).

Because they both had guns...

DON

Yea. For starters, not to alarm anyone, but we did just get robbed. It's something that happens from time to time considering our horrible location. The thing is this time, after one of the robbers cold-cocked Lenny over there, our general manager, Mickey MacClown grabbed one of the robbers' guns. Then he ran out of here chasing them.

POLLY

That sounds like *some* clown.

DON

Sure he is. You know, we haven't introduced ourselves... I'm Don, one of the managers along with Bianca over there. Bianca works that drive-thru; she isn't just hanging-out...

LENNY

#3: Hanging out on or near tables is a leading cause of tables getting tipped... Woa! Is that a lizard?

POLLY

No. She's a frog.

BIANCA

She's an appetizer if Mickey gets back and sees her.

POLLY

Appetizer? At a fast food restaurant?

BIANCA

Well, Mickey has vision. Dunkin Brother's Burgers is going to be the wave of the future.

POLLY

Doesn't this crime fighting manager/clown have to deal with the police a while after he's finished with the thieves... and since they've all been hexed to slow him down at every turn...

DON

Hexed? What the hell are you talking about? And why did you bring a toad to work?

POLLY

I did not bring a toad to work... I brought a frog to work and she wanted to come. Look, I'm wearing the monkey suit. Isn't that enough monkey rule following for one day?

DON

Enough rules? Honey, the first day is all about hearing what the rules are... all the other days are about following them.

POLLY

Honey?

LENNY

Rule #1 do not tip tables...

(MICKEY enters).

ALL

MICKEY!!!

POLLY

Woa! Is that our guy? Hey, Froggy is that our guy
*I sure hope so; he's perfect. We're looking for a Mickey
MacCown. See if his name is MacCown?*
I don't know. Let me give it a check.

(POLLY gives an obvious glance at MICKEY'S
nametag).

POLLY

BINGO! Mr. MacCown, Sir, we're very glad to meet you... at
least I think we might be... if you're the guy. If you're the
guy, then, yea. We couldn't be happier to meet you.

MIC

Woa! You're the new guy! Well, nice to meet you. My name's
Mickey MacCown! I'm the general manager here at Dunkin
Brother's Burgers. Look, I'm still a little jazzed by all the
excitement... I just ran down a couple of would-be thieves...
Just so you know, while working here... you will not have to do
that... You may have to work some double shifts, but crime
fighting is not in your job description... It's not even in
mine and I just did it...

POLLY

Anybody understand any of that?

A couple of words, yea.

Speak for yourself.

I can't speak for myself. That's part of the curse.

Well, then shut up!

MIC

Are you feeling OK?

BIANC

Mic, I can't believe you ran after both of them... WOW! So,
did you catch up to them?

MIC

Hell yea, I caught up to them; just down the street. I used
the fat slow one to ram the mouthy little one. Knocked him
right into a cop car. The cops just got done with us. Man,
that took a long time. That felt like it took a long time.

BIANCA

Well, doesn't rain slow cops down?

MIC

Yea it does, especially these slicker swaddled donut hounds. It was like they were trying to go slow.

LENNY

Because they both had guns and...

MIC

Lenny! Let me take a look at that head, Buddy. You're going to need to go to the ER, OK?

LENNY

I stopped his gun with my head!

MIC

Don, hand me that first aid kit will ya? I think I can clean this thing up a little and make Lenny here a little more comfortable.

DON (Retrieving the kit).

What's the point if he's just going to the ER?

MIC (Bandaging Lenny's head).

What's the point in making a team mate comfortable? Common Don... Woa?! Is that a prep table shoved up into the tipping zone? Rule #4, people, what is it? Anybody? Rule #4?

DON

Isn't rule 4 the one about not converting tables into rocking chairs?

MIC (*After smacking DON with a rolled-up newspaper*).

Rule #4 clearly states that no table leg is ever to be closer than 8 inches from a floor drain. I don't mean to keep harping on this, but it really is a major safety issue. Drains are holes in the floor... by definition. That's how you get tipped tables and injured teammates!

POLLY

You know what? I'm doin it now.

What? What are you doing?

Yea, baby, yea, she's getting it done.

Oh! She's doing THAT!

BIANCA

What is who doing when?

MIC

Look at the prep table. Now look at the drain. That thing is gonna fall right down in there. Then what do you think is going to happen to all that heavy equipment sitting on top of it? It's all going to come tumbling down on... who knows. It could be you!

POLLY

What is this idiot talking about?

I thought that the coven said that this guy was going to be a corporate CEO?

Oh! This is THAT guy!

This guy? CEO? No way; I'm not buying it!

BIANCA

Mickey a CEO? What makes you say that?

POLLY

I didn't; the coven did.

BIANCA

The what?

POLLY

I'm a witch that can see into the future.

BIANCA

You don't say... So why can't I be CEO? What am I, chopped liver?

POLLY

Now, there's something for the menu: chopped liver!

BIANCA

Well, you guys should try running the drive-thru during a rush and... a robbery.

POLLY

Maybe you're not CEO material, but your kids...

KIDS! That's an even better menu item!

You know, you guys are coming in way too early with all this.

BIANCA

Early? I don't even know what you're talking about... or who you're talking to...

MIC

Does any of this have to do with tipping tables or my heroics during the robbery?

POLLY (*Aiming her spell casting fingers at anyone but BIANCA and MIC*).

What are you doing? You don't even have a wand.
Wand? I don't need no stinking wand!

MIC

What is it that you think you're doing over there? Whatever it is just don't do it anymore.

POLLY

Do you need me to do this?

You can't do anything.

Well, you keep aiming at the wrong guys.

Aiming? What aiming? Has she been aiming?

Shut up the both of you. Now, tell me who are the right guys?

You know who the right guys are!

MIC

Right guys? Look no further. Right guys for what?

POLLY (*Aiming at MIC and*

Oh!

BIANCA).

Oh! I get it now. Blazingha!!!

(MIC and BIANCA freeze as LENNY and DON curl up on the ground and go to sleep under the flashing colored lights and thunder).

POLLY

Now, remember to erase their little monkey brains when you're done.

MIC

What the hell just happened?

POLLY

We just showed you that we have traveled through time and space for this job and we brought with us awesome technology the power of such you cannot comprehend. We just showed you that we know what we're talking about.

MIC

What we?

POLLY

We is me, asshole!

MIC

Who is me?

BIANCA

Mickey, is that you?

MIC

I think so. I can't see!

BIANCA

Neither can I!

POLLY

The sooner you shut up, the sooner this will all be finished.

MIC

Who is that? I don't even recognize the voice.

BIANCA

Me neither! Are we supposed to recognize your voice?

POLLY

They don't even recognize my voice!

Which one?

Forget about it. They aren't supposed to recognize anything.

Shut up! You aren't supposed to recognize anything!

MIC

What are you talking about?

POLLY

Your future, Mickey Mac, we're talking about your future!

(To BIANCA). **And your future... but mostly his.**

You, MacClown, you shall first become regional manager and then be made CEO of this entire company.

(To BIANCA). And you will be the mother to a whole hoard of CEOs who'll be running this place on into perpetuity!

MICKEY and BIANCA: The Future of MACCLOWN'S ETERNITY BURGER!

BIANCA

Of what?

MIC

The name is MacCown!

BIANCA

How are we going to do any of that when we can't see?

POLLY (*Aims her spell-casting hands
at MIC and BIANCA*).

Again with the seeing! I think we're through here.

You really do need your wand to wrap this up.

How do you know; did you take some kind of class?

**Absolutely not! My class attending days ended when I got
trapped in the box.**

MIC

Don't get me wrong here, this all sounds just great, but I
don't think what you're predicting makes a whole lot of sense.

BIANCA

And I already have a kid... I think he's possessed. Is that
going to make a difference?

POLLY (*Aiming at BIANCA and MIC*).

What are you trying to do?

I'm trying to put an end to this.

Already?

Why not? We told them the story. We're good to go. You guys
understood everything, right?

MIC

Understood you: yes...

BIANCA

Believe you: no.

POLLY

See, they got it. CEO & super mom. Done!

Are you're sure? The whole deal hinges on them understanding.

I'm sure. How about you, Froggy?

Yea, I'm good. Move it along.

Then you're going to want to do it right. Use your wand.

You don't need a wand. It's all in the feet.

You mean like this?

*(She does a little tap dance flourish
resulting in more colored lights and thunder
as EVERYONE awakens and unfreezes. The phone
rings).*

LENNY

...anti table tipping rule #1 is...