

Characters

- Westley (M)** - Protagonist. A normal guy in absurd circumstances.
- Sir (M)** - Absolutely serious. Deadpan.
- Carla (F)** - Smart, capable.
- Mr. Manigold (M)** - Relatively old. Kind.
- Dr. X (M)** - Brash, irritating. Very suspicious.

Act 1

Scene 1 – Patty Plaza Interior

(Lights up on the interior of a fast food restaurant. It is about 10:30 PM, and there are no customers around. There is one dirty table, but the others are neat and clean. Near the back of the room is the cash register, and behind that is a counter where the food is prepared. The kitchen area is accessed via a door that is stage-right of the register. Westley is milling around, cleaning up. After a moment, he notices the audience and addresses them.)

Westley: So. You want to hear about the night shift, right? Well, I'll explain it clearly and honestly, but you might not believe me. That night was a little... well. You'll see. **(Pause.)** I guess I should tell you about this place - Patty Plaza. It's a tiny little restaurant just a few minutes off the highway. It's not at one of those big rest areas or anything. It just kind of sits somewhere off of Exit 47, luring in the occasional weary driver every now and then. I don't mean to put it down, though. It's a fine place to work and a fine place to eat. As far as cheap burgers go, you could do worse.

(SFX. Mr. Manigold shutting cupboards in the kitchen draws Westley's attention.)

Westley: Well, this is how it all started. I guess the first domino fell when Mr. Manigold said...

(Mr. Manigold enters through the kitchen door.)

Manigold: Everything's all set in the back. You're *sure* you're alright to hold down the fort until Carla gets here?

Westley: I'll get it all taken care of, Mr. Manigold. Don't you worry.

Manigold: I *do* worry, Westley. I can't help it. Carla is never late for her shift, and the weather's looking pretty ugly out there... it's almost enough to make me want to close until things are looking a bit better.

Westley: I don't think it's supposed to come down much longer. Anyway, we stayed open during the snowstorm last year - you remember? This is nothing compared to that.

Manigold: I suppose so, but...

Westley: And we stayed open during that crazy thunderstorm, with the rain flying sideways and everything... and during that minor earthquake...

Manigold: Yes, we stick to our twenty four hour policy, don't we? I suppose it wouldn't make any sense to close tonight.

Westley: Well, I mean, if you wanted to let me go early, I wouldn't -

Manigold: No, no. You've helped me see that it would be completely unreasonable to close on a fine night like tonight.

Westley: Yeah. Yeah, no, totally.

Manigold: Just be safe driving home once Carla does get here, alright?

Westley: I'll be careful.

Manigold: Excellent. And I apologise again for this - Carla is usually right on time.

Westley: It's really no big deal, Mr. Manigold. I would hope she's driving slow in this weather.

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Manigold: I suppose you're right. Well, enjoy your little taste of the night shift!

Westley: I'm sure I will.

(Mr. Manigold exits, and SFX. Bell Chime indicates that he has left the building. Westley thinks for a moment, then frowns.)

Westley: I kinda backed myself into that one, didn't I? **(He shrugs and inspects the restaurant around him for a moment before turning to the audience.)** No one envied the poor sap who had to work the night shift at Patty Plaza. The place wasn't very busy during the day, and it was a ghost town at night. You'd think we'd adjust our hours accordingly, but old Mr. Manigold had a firm belief that someday, *someone* would come racing down the highway at midnight and veer into Exit 47 with an unquenchable desire for cheap burgers. Needless to say, that never happened. The night shift was a snooze-fest - which is great in theory, but not when Mr. M watches the security tapes and you legitimately need to snooze. There are Patty Plaza legends about employees who went insane during the night shift... people who memorised the entire menu out of boredom, or started counting their own hairs, or made up their own language in a desperate attempt to stay awake. Obviously, I stayed away from that miserable shift... or, I tried to, anyway. See, I learned that you can run from the night shift... but you can't hide.

(Westley busies himself by cleaning up the dirty table. He moves back and forth from the counter in the back of the restaurant. As he cleans the table off, the lights flicker and fall. Westley looks around, annoyed.)

Westley: Ah, of *course* this would happen to me. Things must really be getting bad out there... **(As Westley busies himself, SFX. Bell Chime sounds, and he glances up.)** Oh, Carla! Perfect timing! We just lost power. Do you think the...?

(He trails off as a strange man enters. He is Sir. Though he is hard to make out in the dark, he wears a bulky black coat and carries a black suitcase. He also wears sunglasses.)

Westley: **(Startled)** I'm sorry, I wasn't expecting you - or rather, I *was* expecting someone else. **(Sir does not move or reply. A moment passes.)** Hey, look, I'm really sorry, but as you can see, our power is out, so we can't actually -

(The lights rise. Sir glances up, his face revealing nothing.)

Sir: There.

Westley: Huh. Our backup generator must have kicked in. That's good. **(Pause. Sir is still standing awkwardly at the entrance.)** Can I, uh, get you something?

Sir: No.

Westley: Uh... okay. **(Pause.)** Do you... uh... want to sit down? Or something?

(Sir considers with great intensity, as if the fate of the world hangs in the balance.)

Sir: **(Musing)** Yes... yes, I would like that very much.

(Sir sits at a table. Westley is still totally perplexed, and slowly returns behind the register. Uncomfortable and awkward, he looks anywhere but at Sir. Finally, the silence is too much for him to bear.)

Westley: Some storm out there, huh?

Sir: **(Abruptly)** Has anyone else been in this establishment tonight?

Westley: Uh... no...?

Sir: You sound unsure. You must be sure. Has anyone else been in this establishment tonight?

Westley: No. My manager left a few minutes ago, and before him, the last people in here were two older gentlemen finishing their meals. It's... just... us.

(Too late, it occurs to Westley that he should not have given out this information. Sir nods, satisfied.)

Westley: Look, I don't mean to be rude, sir, but if you're not going to order anything, then I'm going to have to ask you to leave. It's considered loitering, you know.

Sir: I will not leave. And I will not loiter. I would like to order something.

Westley: Uh, yeah, okay. What can I get for you?

(Sir once again considers with great intensity.)

Sir: I would like... a double cheeseburger. Yes. That would please me.

Westley: Sure thing. What would you like on -

Sir: And on this double cheeseburger, there will be no mustard. It is imperative. And I require additional onions. This, too, is imperative.

Westley: Y-yeah... I'll ring that up for you.

Sir: **(Nods.)** Excellent.

(Westley punches something into the cash register.)

Westley: That will be four ninety-seven.

Sir: **(Turns to Westley. Slowly)** Four. Ninety. Seven.

(Pause. Westley is petrified.)

Sir: This is an acceptable price.

(Westley breathes a sigh of relief. Sir stands, looks around suspiciously, and pulls a wallet from his pocket. He pulls a five-dollar bill and offers it to Westley.)

Sir: This is more than sufficient. Although I am owed three cents in return, you must not repay me in this way.

Westley: **(Reaches for the bill, unsure.)** So... keep the change?

(Sir once again considers with great intensity.)

Sir: Indeed. The change must be kept. It is imperative.

Westley: Ah... thanks. Like I said, it's just me here for right now, so this will take just a minute. **(He goes through the door to the kitchen, and can be seen behind the kitchen counter, preparing Sir's burger. After a moment, Westley pauses his work to address the audience.)** So there I was, five minutes into the night shift and stuck with some dude from the secret service or something. Now, I'm no dummy. I knew something really strange was afoot. But what was I supposed to do about it? The dude wasn't causing any trouble, and I couldn't leave the Plaza unstaffed. So I did what I knew best: I kept my cool, and prepared a double cheeseburger with no mustard and extra onion.

(The lights rise again, and Westley finishes preparing the burger. He brings it out to Sir.)

Westley: Here you are, sir.

Sir: Hm. Yes.

(After a moment, Westley turns to return to the counter.)

Sir: It is not a good thing to keep secrets. I hope you would agree.

Westley: **(Rambling rapidly)** Well, I mean, yeah, I guess I would say that, but if you want to keep your secrets then that's totally fine, I get it, it's cool, I'm really open to whatever -

Sir: I am glad you agree. Your name, then, must remain a secret no longer.

Westley: It... uh... wasn't really a secret. I have a name tag on. My name's Westley.

Sir: **(Deep in thought)** Hm. So it is.

Westley: Does that... mean something to you?

Sir: That remains to be seen.

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(There is a long, awkward silence as Westley and Sir stare at each other.)

Westley: So, this name-sharing thing doesn't go both ways?

Sir: No.

Westley: Okay. That's cool.

Sir: Though my name is irrelevant, you may call me as others do.

(There is silence as Westley waits for Sir to complete this thought. He doesn't.)

Westley: What do others call you?

Sir: Sir.

Westley: Oh. Yeah, that... that makes sense. People call me that sometimes too.

Sir: I will not call you "sir".

Westley: **(Quickly)** That's okay.

Sir: Now then, Westley of Patty Plaza. I have an urgent issue to attend to. I

will return shortly.

(Sir stands and exits through a stage-left door. Westley watches him go.)

Westley: **(Muttering)** He really could have just gone to the bathroom without saying anything. **(Pause. He frowns.)** And he took his case with him... **(To the audience)** At this point, I'd had it. I was working overtime by myself in a shabby restaurant in the middle of a snowstorm, and some dude was about to plant a bomb in a urinal or something. I carefully weighed my options: risk my inimum wage position, or risk my life. Needless to say, it was time to get out of there.

(Westley starts toward the exit, but at that moment, Carla bursts in.)

Westley: Carla?

Carla: Hey! Sorry I'm late. I was having some trouble with my truck, and then the weather, and -

Westley: Keep it down! You've got to get out of here.

Carla: What do you mean?

Westley: I *mean* that there's some creep in the bathroom dressed in all black who won't give his name!

Carla: Do customers *usually* give their names?

Westley: No, but they also don't usually demand to know mine! I'm telling you, he's huge and cryptic and suspicious and... and he's standing right behind me, isn't he.

(Carla nods. Westley turns to see Sir, who has been standing behind him.)

Sir: I have returned.

Westley: Yeah... yeah, I got that.

Carla: **(Taking charge)** My apologies, sir. I don't know what's gotten into my co-worker here. I assure you, he's usually very hospitable. Is there anything I can get for you?

Sir: Prior to our meeting, Westley of Patty Plaza prepared a double cheeseburger with no mustard and extra onions. Upon completion of this task, I consumed the item, and am temporarily satisfied.

Carla: That's good to hear. **(To Westley)** Thanks for covering for me, Westley, but I've got it from here. You should go home - you could use a good rest.

Westley: But... actually, you've got a point. I guess I'm really just out of it right now. **(To Sir)** Sorry for being so weird. I don't know what I was... **(Realising something)** ... thinking. Did you leave your briefcase in the restroom?

Sir: I also do not know what you were thinking. Farewell, Westley of Patty Plaza.

(As Carla goes behind the counter and Sir takes a seat, Westley addresses the audience.)

Westley: Abandoning a shift that I wasn't even supposed to work was one thing, but leaving my unsuspecting co-worker with this dangerous man was another thing entirely. Everything up to that point had just seemed off, but that briefcase... whatever was in there, it couldn't be good. Why else would he just ignore me when I mentioned it? Looking back, that was just even more reason to leave. I guess I must have been tired or something... because I stayed. **(Calling to Carla)** Actually, could I get something for the road?

Carla: Sure. You want the usual?

Westley: Please. **(To himself)** And in the meantime...

(Westley approaches the bathroom door, but Sir stands suddenly.)

Sir: I would like to know your intended destination.

Westley: Uh... **(He gestures to the restroom sign. A moment passes.)**

Sir: Your silence is futile. Given my previous analysis of your movements, I have already determined within a small margin of error that your course leads to the restroom. I will accompany you.

Carla: You will *what*?

Westley: I'm really fine to go by myself.

Sir: I... require the use of your facilities. It is imperative.

Westley: You literally just went.

(Sir strides toward Westley.)

Sir: Come. Let us dispose of our bodily wastes.

Westley: **(Panicked)** Actually, now that I think about it, I should probably eat first, right? That makes more sense. Get it all out after, you know?

(Sir slowly returns to his seat.)

Sir: Yes... utilising the waste disposal facilities of this restaurant after you digest your meal is a far more logical plan. I will also delay.

(Carla, while concerned, turns her attention away from Westley, as does Sir. When he is sure neither of them are looking, Westley hits a light switch and the lights fall.)

Westley: Ah, nuts. There goes the power again. Carla, would you mind checking the generator?

Carla: It usually comes back on by itself...

Westley: Yeah, but it never hurts to make sure. We'll be right here waiting for you.

(Carla, still skeptical, goes outside. Westley holds the door for her, and when she is gone, he closes and locks it.)

Sir: You have locked the door.

Westley: Uh, no, I -

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Sir: Your co-worker will be unable to enter.

Westley: I didn't lock the -

Sir: The man outside will also be unable to enter.

Westley: The man outside? Is that a metaphor or something? What are you...?

(There is a knock on the door. Westley turns, confused, and Sir silently goes into the restroom again. On his way there, he flips the lights back on. Westley turns to look for him and is puzzled. He quickly unlocks the door and throws it open.)

Westley: I'm buying you time! Get out of here!

Dr. X: That hardly seems like a way to greet a hungry customer. Mind if I come in?

(Dr. X pushes past Westley and looks around the restaurant. He seems a little too intent on snooping around.)

Westley: Who are you?

Dr. X: Customer service really has taken a turn, hasn't it? Does a man need an ID to buy a cheeseburger nowadays?

Westley: I... I'm sorry. It's just been a really, really strange night. But anyway, we're actually closed right now, so...

Dr. X: Closed? Preposterous! The sign outside clearly states that you are open

twenty-four seven!

Westley: That's, uh, military time. Open at twenty-four, close at seven.
Dr. X: You... open at midnight.

(Westley nods.)

Dr. X: And close at seven in the morning.

(Westley nods. Dr. X leans in slowly.)

Dr. X: **(Sinisterly)** Do you know what I think about all this, my little friend?
(Pause. The tension breaks.) I think that you would attract far more customers with more logical hours. Your business practices are highly questionable.

Westley: Oh, geez. I guess you're probably right. I'll have to talk to my boss about that. I guess you can come in, seeing as you... already did. **(He glances out the door and searches briefly.)** Carla?

Dr. X: Carla... slim girl, in her twenties, blonde, curly hair, co-worker of yours?

(Westley glances at Dr. X questioningly.)

Dr. X: Never met her in my life. I'm afraid I haven't the slightest clue where she might be.

Westley: Then how did you just...? You know, never mind. What can I get for you, sir?

Dr. X: Sir? Please do not call me sir.

Westley: Okay. **(Awkward silence.)** What *should* I call you?

Dr. X: You may call me... Mr. X.

Westley: Alright, Mr. X. Can I take your order?

Dr. X: Certainly. I love dishing out orders. I order you to inform me of the recent goings-on of this establishment. Have you seen any odd characters? Anyone carrying something unusual? Like, as an entirely random example, a black briefcase that is exactly this wide and this tall?

(Dr. X shows the measurements with his hands.)

Westley: Uh... no. Nothing like that.

Dr. X: I see. In that case, I wonder if you would mind describing the last individual to dine here. What was he like? Was he wearing anything unusual - say, a black suit and sunglasses?

Westley: Well... **(To the audience)** I've heard the best lies have nuggets of truth in them. **(To Dr. X)** Yeah, someone like that came through here a while ago.

Dr. X: He did! Just as I suspected - but I'll not jump to conclusions. Do you happen to remember what this gentleman ordered?

Westley: Uh... yeah. He ordered... a double cheeseburger... with *extra* mustard and *no* onions.

(There is a moment of silence as Dr. X stares intently at Westley.)

Dr. X: Excuse me for a moment. I have urgent business to attend to.

(Dr. X rushes to the bathroom door and enters.)

Westley: Why does everybody have to announce when they need to pee? **(Sudden realisation)** Wait a minute! The other guy is still in there! Oh, this is bad, this is -

(Sir enters from the usual customer entrance, holding his briefcase. Westley stares in bewilderment.)

Sir: I have overlooked an imperative action. **(He approaches Westley.)** Here is an additional five dollars, to be kept as a tip.

Westley: Uh... thanks, sir. How did you...?

Sir: Before I entered this facility, I analysed your ventilation system in case of an emergency.

Westley: You crawled through the vents. Right. Of course you did.

Sir: An understanding of the identity of this new intruder is imperative. Did he provide you with his name?

Westley: Uh... kind of. He said, "You may call me Mr. X."

Sir: Then it is just as I feared. Westley of Patty Plaza, I have reason to believe that Mr. X may simply be a guise for a dangerous villain named... Dr. X.

Westley: That's... not really a guise...

Sir: Using a false name was clever, but nothing slips past me. It is imperative that he is unaware of my presence. Did you compromise my location? Or perhaps... my order?

Westley: **(Excited, proud)** No, I actually didn't! He asked about you, but I knew something was up, so I told him the last guy in here ordered a double cheeseburger with *no* onion and *extra* mustard!

(Sir is silent for a moment. Westley's confidence wavers.)

Sir: That... is my usual order. I placed a new order tonight in hopes of throwing him off my trail, in case something like this were to happen.

Westley: Oh, geez. I really messed this one up.

Sir: Indeed. Your failure is both humiliating and inexcusable.

Westley: Well, I don't know that I would say *that*...

Sir: You do not have to. I already did. Now, we must proceed with extreme caution. He will not rest until he obtains the contents of this case. **(He pats his briefcase.)**

Westley: Well, you should get out of here, then!

Sir: It is impossible. Even now, I suspect that his eleven legions of sharpshooters are trained on the exits.

Westley: Sharpshooters?! You didn't mention sharpshooters!

Sir: Yes, I did - only a moment ago. Otherwise, you would not have known about them. You will hold this.

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(Sir shoves the briefcase into Westley's arms.)

Westley: You want *me* to hold *this*? The thing that the mystery man with sharpshooters is after?

Sir: That is correct.

(Without further explanation, Sir starts to move behind the counter.)

Westley: Woah, woah! First of all, that's an employee-only space. Secondly, I *demand* that you tell me what's going on right now! Or I'll call the cops!

Sir: **(Pause.)** Very well. I am an agent of the federal government.

Westley: FBI? CIA?

Sir: No. As I've previously mentioned, the man who calls himself Mr. X is a ruthless and dangerous individual, and a threat to national and global security. He desperately wants the contents of that briefcase. You have a customer.

Westley: Wait, I have a -?

(SFX. Bell Chime as Carla enters through the front door. Sir ducks behind the counter.)

Westley: Carla! You're alive!

Carla: Yeah, I know I'm late. Sorry. I was having some trouble with my truck, and then the weather, and -

Westley: I know, I know! None of that matters! We've gotta get out of here!

Carla: Slow down there, buddy. What are you talking about? And what's with the case?

Westley: There's no time for this! Okay, look: bad government people are doing some shady stuff, and we've gotta get out of here before it's too late.

Carla: Westley, I think you should sit down...

Westley: You don't believe me. Fine. That's fine! Because I can prove it!
(Triumphantly, he opens the briefcase.) Just feast your eyes on...

(The case is open. It is also empty.)

Carla: Uh-huh. Is this what you're looking for? **(She draws the Brain FART, a device closely resembling a cheap plastic toy gun, from her coat.)** I found it outside.

Westley: You just... found it? No, no, no - things just keep getting weirder, and I am *not* going down this rabbit hole!

Carla: You need help, Westley.

(Carla goes behind the counter. Westley waits for a reaction and doesn't get one.)

Westley: There's not a hulking CIA agent over there, is there?

Carla: Seriously, Westley. Go home.

Westley: You know, maybe I will. **(He turns to the door and pauses.)** Nope. Forgot about the sharpshooters.

(Mr. X exits the restroom. Westley glances at him, hastily hides the suitcase behind the counter, and attempts to play it cool.)

Westley: Oh, you're back. You were in there for a while...

Mr. X: I told you, I had *business* to attend to.

Westley: **(Pause.)** Oh. Oh, you actually... huh.

(Mr. X notices the Brain FART in Carla's hands and freezes.)

Mr. X: Where did you find that?

Carla: This? Outside. Is it yours?

Mr. X: Yes. Yes, that is mine. Give it to me, quickly. Now!

(He rushes at Carla and tries to grab the device, but she pulls it away. Westley pushes between them.)

Carla: Woah, hold on!

Westley: Back off, man!

Mr. X: That device is mine! I created it, and it's mine to use as I will!

Westley: That's it. I'm calling the cops.

(Westley pulls out his phone. When he is distracted, Mr. X charges at Carla and yanks the device away from her. He points it at her, and there is a flash of light. She stumbles and falls over. Westley abandons his attempt to call the police and tears the device away from Mr. X. He aims it at him. Sir, unseen by the others but visible to the audience, enters from the customer door.)

Westley: What did you do to her?

(Before Mr. X can respond, Sir places a hand on Westley's shoulder. Westley spins around and aims the device at him. There is another flash of light. Sir immediately slumps over and falls to the floor. While Westley is distracted, Mr. X flees into the restroom. Westley looks around for him, frantically aiming the device.)

Westley: Where...? What...? Oh, boy. Oh, boy. **(He places the device on the counter.)** What *is* that thing?

(Carla groans and stirs.)

Westley: Oh! Right, right... are you okay, Carla?

Carla: **(Sits up, dazed.)** Yeah, I'm good.

Westley: Oh, thank goodness! Look, we've really got to get out of here!

Carla: Oh, is the shift over already? It honestly feels like I just walked in.

Westley: Huh? Carla, what are you talking about?

(Meanwhile, Sir climbs uneasily to his feet.)

Sir: Civilians. A word.

(Westley turns and aims the device at him.)

Westley: Stay right there, you! I want the truth - the whole truth, this time! I want to know exactly who you are, who that *other* guy is, why you're here, and what *this* is!

(Sir frowns, confused, but grim realisation quickly dawns on him.)

Sir: You have the Brain Function Altering and Remodeling Technology. The situation is more dire than I realised... or, more dire than I *remember*.

Westley: Wait, so this... you're saying this thing alters brains somehow?

Sir: Memories, more specifically, including my own. Pardon me a moment.

(Sir grabs Westley, knees him in the gut, and pries the device away. He continues as if nothing happened.)

Sir: As I was saying, this is, in layman's terms, -

Carla: A memory gun!

Sir: Precisely. But it is more complex than that, and technically not a gun, which is why we have classified it as Brain Function Altering and Remodeling Technology. That's Brain F-A-R-T for short - or just B-F-A-R-T, but that somehow doesn't roll off the tongue quite the same.

Westley: Right. Yeah, of course you have a *memory gun*. Why not, right? Now, if you don't mind, could you take that thing and get as far from here as possible? And maybe blast me on your way out. I don't want any part in this.

Sir: It is imperative that I deny your request. You see, your co-worker appears to have been blasted already, as have I. You alone possess crucial memories that will serve to determine the fate of this country and all others.

Westley: What about that other guy? He's still got his memories.

Sir: Describe him.

Westley: Uh, short, balding dude, annoying voice, goes by Mr. X...

Sir: **(In deep thought)** Hm... using a false name was clever, but nothing slips past me. This could only be the handiwork of one man, which is why I have reason to believe that Mr. X may simply be a guise for a dangerous villain named... Dr. X.

Carla: And where is this guy now?

Westley: Hiding in the bathroom, I think. Except you can apparently crawl through

the vents and get outside, so he could really be anywhere now.

Sir: You've studied the ventilation systems?

Westley: No, you did.

Sir: I see. In any case, we find ourselves in an advantageous position. Dr. X cannot leave without the Brain F-A-R-T. He will be forced to engage at some point.

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Carla: So there's absolutely no chance that the lunatic is going to leave us alone. That's a relief.

Sir: Precisely. All odds are in our favor. Dr. X will inevitably return, and when he does, we will incapacitate and capture him. For an ideal execution of the plan, it is imperative that you create a distraction while I strike from behind.

Westley: Alright, we can do that. So now we just sit and -

(SFX. Bell Chime as Manigold enters through the main door. Sir whirls around and fires the Brain FART without hesitation. Mr. Manigold is struck by the blast and falls to the floor.)

Carla: Mr. Manigold?

Westley: How did things get somehow *worse*?

(Carla and Westley run to Manigold. Sir considers for a moment, then places the Brain FART on the counter and disappears into the kitchen area.)

Manigold: Oh, dear... I suppose I'm not quite as spry as I used to be. Ha...

Carla: What are you doing here, sir?

Manigold: Well... that's an excellent question. I... I don't quite know. I'm sure there was a reason... I really am getting old, aren't I?

Westley: Look, Mr. M, we... we've got things locked down here, alright? You should go home.

Manigold: Hm... Westley, your shift ended a while ago, didn't it? What are you still doing here?

Westley: Never mind that. **(Over his shoulder)** Hey, Sir? I think - **(He glances at**

the counter and sees the Brain FART there. He immediately scrambles toward it and grabs it.) Ah! Did he *seriously* just leave this sitting here?

Manigold: Carla, would you be a dear and get me a glass of water? I fear I'm not in a good state.

Carla: Yes, of course, sir. You just wait there.

(Manigold settles at a table, still distressed. Westley paces in front of the counter.)

Manigold: Westley, is that... is that a firearm?

Westley: Oh, this? Uh, no, of course not, sir! I assure you it is technically not a gun! **(He hides it behind his back.)** Uh, actually, yes, it is. It's a gun. A very normal gun. You know, with bullets and stuff.

Manigold: **(Alarmed)** Westley, this is unbelievable! There's something going on here that you're not telling me, and I won't stand for it.

Westley: Okay, okay. You're right, sir. But it's one of those things where if I told you, you wouldn't believe me. And it's also one of those things where you're really better off not knowing. You can go ahead and fire me, of course, but you really have to trust me on this one.

Manigold: **(Stands.)** Westley, I'm willing to hear you out. I really am. But we're not discussing anything until you put that gun, or whatever it is, away.

(Westley considers, sighs, and places the Brain FART on the counter. Dr. X peers in from the kitchen door and begins creeping toward the device.)

Manigold: Very good. Now, are you in danger, Westley? I can call the cops.

Westley: No. Dragging more people into this is the worst thing that could happen. Mr. M, I'm really not sure how to lie about this, so I'm just going to tell it to you straight. That gun thing is actually a memory ray, and there's this crazy scientist guy who's after it, and it's being protected by -

Manigold: That fellow?

(Westley turns to see Dr. X, who grabs the Brain FART and aims it at Westley. Westley ducks as Dr. X fires, and Manigold collapses.)

Westley: Not again!

(Sir enters from the restroom door and slowly sneaks toward Dr. X. At the same time, Carla enters from the kitchen door with a glass of water and sees Dr. X aiming at Westley.)

Dr. X: That's enough meddling from you, I think!

Carla: Well, think again!

(Carla splashes the water on Dr. X, and being caught off-guard, he staggers, sending the blast meant for Westley at Sir instead, who also crumples to the ground. Carla rushes at Dr. X and wrenches away the Brain FART.)

Carla: Westley! I've got it!

Westley: Blast him! Quick!

(Carla fires, but Dr. X picks up the cash register and shields himself. He then throws the register at Carla. As she dives out of the way, he runs into the restroom.)

Westley: Are you kidding? That's, like, the fourth time today!

(Mr. Manigold and Sir groan.)

Carla: Oh, geez... we should probably make sure they're okay.

Westley: Alright. And don't you dare let go of that memory gun.

Carla: Oh, no - I'm not about to be responsible for this thing. You take it.

(She shoves it at Westley and kneels next to Manigold.)

Westley: Me? But I - oh, fine. **(He kneels next to Manigold.)** Sir, I know that you have no idea what's going on, but we're going to need you to leave.

Carla: Didn't you say something about sharpshooters?

Westley: Well, he got in, didn't he? They must not consider him a threat or something.

Carla: Well, he's a threat *now*. He's seen the Brain F-A-R-T thing!

Manigold: Oh... Westley, is that you? I... I can't seem to recall...

Westley: Look, sir, I -

Sir: Yes?

Westley: No, not you Sir! Him sir! I'm betting my head hurts worse than yours right about now...

Carla: Sir - I mean, Mr. Manigold - let me fill you in. You and Westley were just about to leave for the night when you took a nasty slip. **(She gestures to the wet floor where she flung water at Dr. X previously.)** So we called this doctor to come take a look at you.

Manigold: I see... but why is he also laying on the floor?

Carla: He, uh... also slipped in the water on his way to check on you.

Sir: My balance is immaculate. I am able to cross a tightrope with any two of my senses disabled.

Westley: Shut up, doc. We'll sort you out in a minute. For now, why don't you take a seat, Mr. M? We need to discuss... uh... medical insurance with the doctor.

Manigold: Yes... yes, you do that...

(Manigold sits in a seat, still dazed. Sir has climbed back to his feet, and Westley and Carla guide him behind the counter and discuss in fierce whispers.)

Westley: What all do you remember, Sir?

Sir: My memory is immaculate. I am able to describe in intense detail any moment of my life beginning at the age of two, with any two of my senses -

Westley: Describe the last fifteen minutes.

(Sir considers, then shrugs.)

Westley: Great. So, you're a government agent or something, right? And the evil Dr. X has a memory gun - or actually, I have it now, and -

Sir: Pardon me a moment.

(Sir swiftly knees Westley in the gut and takes the Brain FART from him. He tucks it inside his jacket.)

Westley: **(Pained)** Come on, man...

Sir: Continue.

Westley: Yeah, so, we've basically been stuck playing hide-and-seek with Dr. X, and we've all been taking turns getting blasted by the stupid gun.

Sir: This is most troubling. How can we be sure that we are not lacking critical information?

Westley: Well... I haven't actually gotten blasted yet...

Carla: Neither have I!

Westley: No, you definitely have.

Carla: Really? I don't remember getting hit.

Westley: Exactly.

Sir: But I gather that the nefarious Dr. X is still within the premises?

(Westley and Carla nod.)

Sir: Then we find ourselves in an advantageous position. Dr. X cannot leave without the Brain F-A-R-T. He will be forced to –

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Westley: Yeah, yeah, I've heard that one before. We need a real plan this time - something that will put an end to this craziness for good.

Sir: I have just the tool for such an occasion. Behold.

(Sir draws the Brain FART from out of his jacket - then draws an identical device. Westley and Carla gape at both devices.)

Carla: Another one?

Sir: No. The device in my left hand is fully functioning and dangerous. The device in my right hand is made of plastic and costs five ninety-nine at most online retailers. It's a very popular model. By leaving the decoy device exposed, we can lure Dr. X into approaching, and then catch him off guard with the true one.

Westley: Perfect! But why didn't you bring this out earlier?

Sir: To be truthful... I forgot I had it.

Westley: That's painfully ironic.

Carla: Let's get this plan in motion! I don't think we can just put the decoy device out in the open - that would be an obvious trap. I think one of us still needs to be holding it...

Sir: A wise conclusion. The obvious choice is Westley of Patty Plaza.

Westley: What? Why Westley of Patty Plaza?

Sir: You are the only one with all your memories still intact. This makes you the best candidate to wield the true Brain F-A-R-T, so Dr. X will never suspect that you are actually wielding the decoy.

Westley: Alright, fine. **(He accepts the decoy from Sir.)** You'll have the real one, then?

Sir: No, I will be working on a backup plan.

Carla: Which is...?

Sir: Punch the nefarious Dr. X in the face really, really hard. Besides, he may expect such stunts from myself. It is imperative that we place the true Brain F-A-R-T in the hands where he least expects it to be...

(All three turn in unison to Manigold, who is scratching his head and looking around aimlessly.)

Westley: Piece of cake. We give the gun to the old confused man and say, "Hey, boss. Somebody walks in here, you shoot, no questions asked, okay?"

(Sir abruptly approaches Manigold.)

Sir: Hello, citizen. If an unfamiliar man enters this room, you are to fire without question or hesitation. Understood?

(Manigold, bewildered, looks to Westley and Carla for some explanation. They glance at each other.)

Westley: I got nothing.

Carla: The doctor is... uh... doing some tests, to make sure you're feeling better after your fall. Specifically, he's testing your... um... reflexes! When you see his... uh... assistant, you pull the trigger right away! But you can't let the assistant see you first, alright? Because then his reflexes would be better than yours, which would mean... uh... you have a concussion. Isn't technology incredible?

Manigold: I suppose so... but this is all a bit over my head. Couldn't you just perform standard concussion protocol?

Carla: Uh... no.

Manigold: Fair enough.

(He slips underneath the table, mostly hidden from sight. Sir turns to Carla and Westley.)

Sir: Dr. X will not strike while we outnumber him so drastically. I must retreat for now - but as soon as he appears, I will be at your side once again. **(He starts toward the kitchen door, but pauses.)** Westley and Carla of Patty Plaza. You have shown exceptional bravery tonight. The United States of America, and indeed the world, are in your debt. **(He exits into the kitchen.)**

Westley: Well, how about that.

Carla: Bet you didn't think you'd be saving the world tonight.

Westley: To be perfectly honest, I still don't think I'll be saving the world tonight. I

mean, how much of a threat can one dude with a memory gun possibly be?

Manigold: I thought you said this was a reflex tester.

Carla: Oh! Yes, it is! But they sometimes call it a memory gun, because... um... I dunno. It's Latin or something.

Dr. X: It is *English!* **(He suddenly bursts through the bathroom door.)** And it's not a memory gun, it is Brain Function Altering and Remodeling Technology, and it doesn't belong in the hands of such *simpletons!*

Carla: That's your cue, Mr. M!

Manigold: Indeed it is...

(Manigold slowly rises from his hiding spot under the table, inspecting the Brain FART in his hands.)

Carla: Uh, Mr. M? You were supposed to fire at that guy. Just point and shoot!

Manigold: Did I go and mess something up? Oh, dear me. How embarrassing. In fact, I'm so embarrassed that I wish neither of you had seen me like this. I wish you could just... *forget* this ever happened.

(Manigold points the Brain FART at Westley and Carla, who are stunned.)

Westley: Mr. Manigold, what are you doing?

Manigold: Hold all questions until the end, please. You won't remember my answer in a moment anyway. **(He pulls the trigger, but nothing happens. He scowls.)** Blast. I was hoping I could get off one more shot before I had to recharge. **(He tosses the device to Dr. X.)**

Dr. X: Where do you keep your double A's, my liege?

Manigold: There's a drawer in the kitchen, just to the right of the sink. And don't call me "liege". I'm not anyone's liege.

Dr. X: Understood, sire. My apologies.

(Dr. X exits into the kitchen.)

Manigold: **(Muttering)** Numbskull.

Westley: But, I... I don't understand.

Manigold: **(Approaching Westley)** Yes, I didn't think you would. Otherwise I would have let you in on my little secret. But doing business with psychotic scientists and smuggling an illegal weapon through the country... I suspected

you might not go along with it all. Still, I was hoping to avoid all this headache, get it done under the radar. Tonight presented the perfect opportunity. I would simply close on account of the weather, ensuring privacy through the night. I tried calling Carla to inform her, but the storm evidently knocked her power out, and she didn't receive my call... at the very least, I thought I could get you out of the way, but you knew how much I hate closing, and it was clear I couldn't pull it off without arousing your suspicion. And of course, that pesky agent had to go and interfere on top of it all.

Carla: I'm still not following. What could you possibly want with a memory gun?

Manigold: Ah, my dear girl... you never had much of a mind for business, did you? Allow me to elaborate. You see, the typical company tries to attract as many customers as possible, and take a small margin of that customer's currency in exchange for their product. But they've been playing the game all wrong. They are bound by convention, by standards set by ancient fools. All *I* will need is one customer to make my fortune! Picture this: a customer comes in. They buy a burger, they have some fries. And then! And *then!* (**He leans forward, ecstatic.**) I wipe their memories, and a minute later, they order again! And again, and again! Business will be booming! I can multiply my earnings tenfold!

Westley: You're going to wipe people's memories... so you can sell more burgers?

Manigold: Well, it sounds kind of stupid when you say it like *that*, but yes, that is the plan.

Carla: But won't they get full after two or three rounds?

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Manigold: Fool! We sell fast food! They will *never* be full!

Westley: Still, this seems a little extreme... you probably could have taken the money you spent on this plan and put it into... like, a bigger sign or something.

Manigold: Nonsense! I'll hear no more from you worthless maggots!

Carla: (**Aside to Westley**) He's really stepped into the whole supervillain thing.

Manigold: Once the Brain F-A-R-T is recharged, I -

Westley: (**With a sigh**) It's the Brain Fart. Just call it the Brain Fart.

Manigold: Silence, you childish buffoon! Once the... device... is recharged, I'll wipe your memories, and your meddlesome government friend won't be far behind, wherever he's hiding. And then - the irony of it all! - you will be the first

customers of the new age of Patty Plaza! **(He laughs maniacally. His laughter continues for an uncomfortable amount of time before slowly dying out.)**
Now, what's taking so long for that bumbling inventor? Are we out of double A's?

Westley: **(Automatically)** No, sir. I opened a fresh pack yesterday -

(Too late, Carla smacks Westley and he catches himself.)

Manigold: Hm...

(Manigold approaches the kitchen entrance. Just as he reaches for the doorknob, the door flies open, and Dr. X rushes out, closely followed by Sir.)

Dr. X: As promised, my lord! Be swift!

(Dr. X tosses the Brain FART to Manigold just as Sir reaches out and snags his collar. Sir pulls Dr. X in roughly and flicks him in the back of the head. Dr. X instantly falls unconscious, and Sir allows him to crumple to the floor.)

Manigold: Spineless rat! Must I do everything myself?

(Manigold points the Brain FART at Sir as he steps forward.)

Manigold: Not another step! Not one more inch, or it's back to square one! And since we're all powered up... **(He quickly adjusts a few settings on the device.)**
There we are! I was hoping it wouldn't come to this, but you've forced my hand. A blast from *this* beauty will eat away all your memories within the last *year*! No more games, I'm afraid.

Westley: Give it up, Mr. Manigold. You're outnumbered and outmatched.

Manigold: Outmatched? My dear boy, I wield the most powerful weapon in all of commercial dining, and *you* hold a piece of plastic! All of your temporary victories, your momentary annoyances, will soon mean nothing! Indeed, there will be no trace of your efforts... not even in your own mind!
(Manigold pulls the trigger, and Westley and Carla flinch... but nothing happens.)

Manigold: Not even in your own mind! **(He tries again, to no avail. He lowers the Brain FART with a sigh.)** Did that slug grab triple A's?

Sir: I'm afraid it does not make any difference how many A's he grabbed. You see, Mr. Manigold, you wield a simple piece of plastic, worth five ninety-nine at most online retailers.

(Manigold sighs and lets the device clatter to the ground.)

Manigold: Blast... I knew I should have invested in goons. But quality goons are so pricey these days...

(Sir indicates for Manigold to turn around, and he does. Sir draws a pair of handcuffs from his jacket and cuffs Manigold. Meanwhile, Westley and Carla celebrate their victory. After a moment, a thought occurs to Westley, and he holds up the “decoy” Brain FART.)

Westley: Wait a minute... but if Manigold had the decoy, then that means...

(Sir finishes cuffing Manigold and turns to Westley, who is genuinely touched.)

Westley: ... I had the real Brain FART all along. You trusted me to hold it during the final confrontation. That's a real honor, and I don't take it for granted. And you know what else? When you told me I'd be taking the decoy, I somehow knew... just, something inside me knew that this was the real one. I guess, by teaming up against some crazy villains and saving the world together, we formed a kind of bond...

Sir: Westley of Patty Plaza.

(Westley is eager to hear what he has to say.)

Sir: When I began crafting our final plan, I knew there was only one path forward. With the stakes as high as they were, there was only one man I could trust, even with the fate of the world. **(There is a long moment of anticipation.)** And it was me. **(He pulls the Brain FART from his jacket and displays it.)** That is why I distributed two decoys and kept the true Brain F-A-R-T for myself.

Westley: **(Dejected)** Oh. Yeah, I... I guess that makes sense.

Sir: However, if for any reason it became imperative to place the Brain F-A-R-T in the hands of another... I would have no hesitation in entrusting it to Patty Plaza's very own... Carla.

Westley: Wha - ?

Carla: Hey, thanks... what's your name again?

Sir: Paul.

Westley: Woah, woah, wait a minute! What about me? I thought we were having a moment! Don't you remember everything we've been through together?

Sir: No. No I do not. **(He turns to Manigold.)** Now then. Let us wrap things up here.

Manigold: **(Defeated)** This is it, then? You wipe my memories in a cruel reversal of fate, leaving me entirely clueless as I'm hauled off to some far-away maximum security prison?

Sir: Actually, my superiors will want to know exactly how you pulled this off, so I will not be taking your memories... not any more than we already have, anyway.

Manigold: So then, what are you going to - ?

(Manigold is cut off as Sir flicks him in the back of the head. Manigold slumps forward, face-planting on the table. Sir collects his suitcase, then turns to address Westley and Carla one last time.)

Sir: Westley and Carla of Patty Plaza. You have both proved imperative to tonight's success. Though I suspect you will receive no fame or fortune, the United States of America is in your debt.

Carla: Just doing our job, sir.

Westley: No, that was definitely not our job. Our job is to make burgers. That was... not making burgers.

Sir: Of course, tonight's events are a matter of national secrecy, and as such, I cannot allow you to discuss this with anyone, even one another. You must *forget* that this ever happened.

(Sir holds up the Brain FART, and Westley and Carla freeze. A long moment passes.)

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Sir: So, if anyone happens to ask, I pulled the trigger just now. Understood?

Westley: **(Relieved)** Yes sir, Sir. You know, you're not half bad.

Sir: Correct. A crew will be along shortly to collect these villains. I don't recommend your presence when they arrive.

Westley: But what are we going to do about the sharpshooters?

Sir: The... sharpshooters?

Westley: Yeah - you must have forgotten after getting blasted. You told me earlier that Dr. X has eleven legions of sharpshooters stationed outside.

Sir: Ah, yes. I was lying. Your cooperation in tonight's struggles was imperative, so I devised a fictional scenario to prevent you from leaving. Your immediate and entirely unfounded belief in me was commendable.

Westley: Uh... thanks.

(Sir settles at a table, right next to Manigold. Carla and Westley move closer to the exit.)

Carla: So, that's it, then.

Westley: That's it.

Carla: I know Sir said not to talk about it, but you're totally gonna have to tell me the whole story. Because I only remember, like, the past ten minutes or so.

Westley: Oh yeah... I guess I kinda forgot that I'm the only one who actually knows the whole story. **(Calling to Sir)** You sure you don't need me to stick around and give the full account?

Sir: You do not have the full account. I have wiped your memories.

Westley: Ah, right. Forgot about that. **(To Carla)** So... what do we do now? This place is a crime scene, our manager's going to jail... I have no idea where to go from here.

Carla: I'm at a loss, too... this certainly wasn't my dream job, but it paid the bills. And I really did like Mr. Manigold - you know, before he tried to brainwash us. **(To Sir)** What about you, Paul?

Westley: **(Muttering)** His name is Sir.

Carla: What's next for you?

Sir: That information is classified. All I will say is this: my next mission will not be easy. Two of my associates have been delayed in their current mission, and will be unable to accompany me as we'd previously planned.

(Westley and Carla glance at each other.)

Westley: My schedule recently became very free, so...

(Sir slowly breaks into a smile.)

Sir: It is not easy work. Our struggles tonight were a mere fraction of the danger that is regularly faced in my line of work. You will experience mental and physical challenges like never before.

Westley: Oh, please.

(Westley and Carla sit across from Sir.)

Westley: We worked the night shift. How bad could it be?

(Curtain.)