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*Dramatic Publishing*



# May The Farce Be With You

A Comedy by  
DAVID ROGERS



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MAY THE FARCE BE WITH YOU

*A Play in Two Acts*

For Nine Men and Fifteen Women

C H A R A C T E R S

BRILLA

SPARKLE

GLEAMA

Maid at O. MacDonald's Farm

BYRON CEPS

The Men's Athletic Director

TERRY SECRA

Miss MacDonald's Secretary

VERA STRONG

Ladies' Athletic Director

MISS MACDONALD

MISS BROOM

The Housekeeper

STAR RAIDER

NERD

YUKD

KP 3

WIZARD WOMAN

ACROBAT MAN

ALBATROSS

H2O GIRL

ASTARTE

**TAPEMAN**

**MISS INVISOWRAP**

**ELECTROMAN**

**KEEXIE LISP**

**GADZOOKS**

**Super Hero**

**LT. BULLHORN**

**A Police Lieutenant**

**FRENCHIE CUISINE**

**MRS. ONAZE**

**and Two Men and Two Women in non-speaking parts**

**PLACE: O. MacDonald's Farm,  
an Elegant Health Spa in New Mexico**

**TIME: The Present**

## SETTING OF THE PLAY

The lobby of O. MacDonald's Farm, an elegant health spa in a remote area of the desert in New Mexico.

The wall that faces the audience should be, if possible, semi-circular, suggesting that the entire room is round.

UC there is an archway with the hallway behind it visible. Practical curtains hang at the sides. At either side of the archway, pedestals hold tall vases that are filled with flowers. Offstage L along the corridor behind the archway is the main entrance to the Spa, and offstage R are the Dining Room, Exercise Room and Pool.

DR another, smaller archway, or door, leads to the Guest Rooms and Offices. Opposite this, DL a large french window opens on a view of the desert and perhaps distant mountains. This window has drapes, too. Beneath the window, there is a window seat, the top hinged to open like a chest. There is a hasp to close it. When the window is open, someone may step from the top of the chest, out through the window.

On either side of the center archway, there are four small dressing rooms. They resemble the changing rooms in dress shops and need have no furniture. One long curtain can serve as the backing for each group of four. They are essentially openings covered by small matching curtains that hang on loops from a rod.

RC there is a small, light looking, elegant desk that serves

as the Spa's Registration Desk. There is a chair behind it and one to its left for visitors. Both chairs are on casters. There is a phone on the desk, a vase of flowers, and other desk furniture. LC there is a small sofa, perhaps surrounded by end tables.

This is an expensive, elegant resort and the room should reflect that. If possible, there should be a large, dramatic chandelier hanging center. There can be other furniture or objets d'art and pictures at the discretion of the director.

## ACT ONE

SCENE: An early morning in June. After the houselights go out but before the curtain rises, we hear the sounds of loud rockets, whining, blasting, explosive. These noises continue as the curtain rises. The room is empty. The curtains over the dressing rooms and the window are closed; the room is in half light. To complement the sounds, there are lights flashing about the room — red, green, glaring white. These can be accomplished with a follow spot or simple flashlights from the sides covered in gels.

We hear a woman's scream and SPARKLE, a maid, runs into the archway C from R pushing a vacuum cleaner. She wears a plain skirt and a t-shirt with the words "O. MacDonald's Farm" written on it. [All the maids are similarly dressed.] She stands in the archway screaming. BRILLA, another maid, runs on DR carrying a pile of clean towels. The sound continues but diminishes so we can hear the dialogue.

BRILLA (frightened). What is it? What is it?

SPARKLE (running to meet her C). It isn't my fault! That old vacuum cleaner has a short in it!

GLEAMA (a third maid, carrying a bottle of furniture polish and a rag, runs on from L of archway, yelling). Help! Help! (Seeing the others, she runs to them.) Brilla! Sparkle! What's happening?

BYRON CEPS (runs on from R of archway. He is a handsome,



muscular man, dressed in gym shorts, a t-shirt or tank top, also with the words, "O. MacDonald's Farm" on it, sneakers and gym socks. He is the athletic director and not too bright). Is something wrong?

SPARKLE (who likes him). Oh, Mr. Ceps! Save us! Save us!  
(She leaps into his arms.)

BYRON. Of course, I'll save you. From what?

GLEAMA. Didn't you hear? Can't you see?

BYRON. Well, I was in the gym, doing my push-ups. I was up to one hundred and seventy six and I hate to stop before two-fifty. Then I heard a scream.

SPARKLE. I screamed! I'm not frightened of the scream!

(TERRY SECRA, Miss MacDonald's secretary enters from DR. She is an attractive girl, upset at the moment. She wears a dressing gown.)

TERRY. This terrible noise . . . I woke up . . . Byron! Put down that girl and open the window. See if you can see anything. (BYRON drops SPARKLE, goes to window, opens drapes. Sunlight streams in and the room becomes bright. Kneeling on the window seat, BYRON pushes open the window and looks out. Meanwhile:) Where's Miss MacDonald?

GLEAMA. I don't think she's up yet.

TERRY. She couldn't have slept through this. Go and see.

(GLEAMA runs off DR. VERA STRONG enters from L. of archway. She is a very pretty girl with a terrific figure dressed in the female equivalent of Byron's costume.

She is the ladies' athletic director.)

VERA. I was out for my morning jog when all this . . . (She gestures.) What is it?

BYRON (turning back). Well, Miss Strong, it seems to me, it's a lot of loud sounds and flashing lights.

BRILLA (shouts). I know! We're being invaded by a discoteque.

VERA (dismissing them as hopeless, goes to TERRY). Maybe we should call the police.

TERRY (hesitant). I don't really want to do that . . . (There is a particularly loud noise.) I'll call the police. (She picks up the phone.) Oh!

VERA. What's the matter?

TERRY. I'm getting very funny noises. It's going. (Listening and repeating.) Globbidyop . . . globbidyop . . . globbidyop . . .

BYRON. It's probably some kind of interference.

SPARKLE. It's the end of the world!

VERA. Don't be silly!

SPARKLE (offering an alternative suggestion). The end of New Mexico?

TERRY (startled). Oh! Now it's gone dead.

(Suddenly, the noise and lights all stop. ALL look around, frightened.)

SPARKLE. Oh, Mr. Ceps! Save me! (Again she jumps into his arms.)

VERA. What are you frightened of Sparkle? There's nothing happening now.

SPARKLE (who likes being held by BYRON). Well . . . yes . . .  
but you never know when it could start again.

(MISS MACDONALD enters DR. She is smartly dressed, somewhat older, the efficient manager of the spa. She is followed by GLEAMA.)

MISS MACDONALD. Drop that girl, Byron! I won't have you lifting weights on company time! (BYRON sets SPARKLE down.)

TERRY. Miss MacDonald! We don't know what's happening. I tried to get the police but the phone's gone dead. (She gestures with the instrument which is still in her hand.)

MISS MACDONALD. I don't want the police, Terry. *They* will be here any minute.

GLEAMA. And *they* are better than the police.

VERA. They? Who are they?

MISS MACDONALD (ignores her question. To the maids). Get on with your work, girls. I don't know when *they* may arrive and I want the place in perfect condition.

THE MAIDS. Yes, Miss MacDonald (GLEAMA goes off archway R, BRILLA exits DR, SPARKLE returns to vacuum cleaner in archway and pushes it off L.)

TERRY (who still has the phone in her hand). Miss MacDonald, do you think all that noise and lights could have anything to do with the fact that *they* are coming?

MISS MACDONALD. It's never happened before.

TERRY. It's very odd. (Still thinking about it, she drops the phone on its cradle. It rings immediately.) But . . . but it was dead a second ago.

MISS MACDONALD. Well, it's been resurrected. Answer it.

TERRY (picking up the phone). O. MacDonald's Farm, good morning . . . Yes, yes . . . the health spa . . . No, I'm sorry, we can't accommodate you this weekend, Madame. . . No, even if your daughter's getting married and you must lose twenty pounds. We are always closed the first two weeks in June . . . Sorry, no exceptions. Try us in July. . . Well, you could postpone the wedding. (She hangs up.)

VERA. Miss MacDonald, Terry said we were closed, but you said *they* were coming.

MISS MACDONALD. *They* are.

VERA. But who are *they*?

MISS MACDONALD. Vera, how long have you been our ladies' athletic director?

VERA. Five weeks now, Miss MacDonald.

MISS MACDONALD. Yes. Well, you should have been told all this before . . . but it's been so hectic, what with the Fatty's Anonymous Convention and all.

VERA. Told what?

MISS MACDONALD. What I am about to tell you . . . (The phone rings.) Oh, bother!

TERRY (answering). O. MacDonald's Farm, good morning . . . Yes, but . . . No, but . . . One moment. (To MISS MACDONALD.) It's Chef Cuisine's wife, Frenchie. She's trying to reach the chef.

MISS MACDONALD. Tell her to use the private line to the kitchen.

TERRY. She did. They haven't answered all morning. And . . . and Chef Cuisine didn't come home last night. She's frantic.

MISS MACDONALD. Well, tell her there's probably something the matter with that phone, too. We'll have him call her.

(She moves to the archway and calls:) Sparkle!

TERRY (to phone). We've been having some trouble with the phones. We'll have him call you . . . Yes, right away.

(She hangs up.)

BYRON (to VERA, musing). Why would the chef not go home?

VERA. Maybe he had something cooking on another stove.

(SPARKLE appears in archway.)

MISS MACDONALD. Would you go down to the kitchen, please, and ask Chef Cuisine to call his wife? (SPARKLE nods and exits L. MISS MACDONALD turns to VERA.) Now, Vera, what I am about to tell you, you must never reveal. It would mean instant dismissal, perhaps worse.

VERA. You can trust me.

MISS MACDONALD. Vera, I do not own this health spa. I merely manage O. MacDonald's Farm.

VERA. Who owns it?

MISS MACDONALD. The E. I. E. I. O.

VERA (trying to understand). Here a chick, there a chick?

BYRON (nodding agreement, seriously). Everywhere a chick-chick.

TERRY (equally serious). E.I.E.I.O.

VERA (impressed). They're our bosses?

MISS MACDONALD (nods). Yes. The Elite Idealistice Earth Individuals Organization. The E.I.E.I.O.

BYRON (with awe). The good guys! Those incredible, fantastic, super heroes who keep our planet safe.

TERRY (backing him up). From the bad guys.

MISS MACDONALD. You've heard of them, of course.

VERA. Of course. Acrobat Man and Albatross. H2O Girl.

Astarte and Gadzooks, isn't he one of them?

TERRY (nodding). And don't forget the Terrific Trio!

VERA. I couldn't. Everyone on earth knows all those names.

Why, whenever there's a disaster or a catastrophe or a tiger gets loose at the zoo, they come running.

BYRON. In the case of H2O Girl, swimming.

MISS MACDONALD. And they hold up buildings that fall over so people can get out from under . . .

TERRY. And they protect us from evil forces who blow up cities and things.

BYRON. H2O Girl protects us from people who put bad things in the reservoirs.

VERA. You like her, don't you?

BYRON (nodding). She's got some pair of lungs.

VERA. And what about the other two? Superbrain? And Wizard Woman? Are they part of the E.I.E.I.O.?

MISS MACDONALD. No. I mean, they're on our side, of course, in the everlasting fight against evil, but they aren't . . . well . . . you know, top drawer. Physically.

TERRY. He's fat and she's an old lady.

MISS MACDONALD (sharply). Their hearts are in the right place, Terry.

TERRY (disdainfully). But Superbrain! He wears that dopey raincoat and galoshes and that umbrella! I mean, he doesn't even have an initial on his chest. Just a teeny, weeny Phi Beta Kappa key.

MISS MACDONALD. We mustn't make fun of their clothes. Or their physical infirmities. They are quite bright in their amateur way. Perfectly fine for fighting corruption on a small-town level.

TERRY. But they don't have the muscle for the Inter-Galactic stuff.

MISS MACDONALD. Let us say that they are not quite up to the super super standards of the E.I.E.I.O.

VERA (nodding). Okay. Let's say that.

MISS MACDONALD. Each year, for the first two weeks in June, all the super heroes disappear. You may have noticed.

VERA (suddenly realizing). That's right! You don't see their names in the paper or anything.

MISS MACDONALD. They are here for their annual conference, seeking better and quicker methods of protecting civilization.

BYRON. And sometimes they want to take off a couple of pounds, too.

VERA (impressed). Imagine! Me giving H2O Girl or Astarte exercises.

MISS MACDONALD. My child, when the E.I.E.I.O is in summit conference, you just open the door to the gym and get out of the way.

(SPARKLE rushes in through the archway, upset and afraid.)

SPARKLE. Miss MacDonald! Miss MacDonald! There's no one in the kitchen! The whole staff is gone!

TERRY. Gone?

SPARKLE. Like they were just spirited away! Chef Cuisine . . . May, Pat. All of them. Half of last night's dinner still on the table. Just like they put down their knives and forks and disappeared.

BYRON. At least they didn't take the silverware.

SPARKLE. Oh, it's something weird out there! I'm frightened.  
MISS MACDONALD. Get Miss Broom.

(MISS BROOM enters from DR. She is older, with a dumpy figure. She wears a plain dress, a chain of keys hangs from her belt. Her grey hair is pulled back from her face severely into a bun. She speaks in a vaguely foreign accent.)

MISS BROOM. Yes?

MISS MACDONALD. Miss Broom! What took you so long?

MISS BROOM. You are concerned about ze dizzappearance of ze kitchen ztaff?

MISS MACDONALD. You may go, Sparkle. (SPARKLE exits to L of archway.) You knew about their dissappearance?

MISS BROOM. Any exzellent houzekeeper in an eztablishment zuch as zis is well aware when her kitchen ztaff dizappears.

MISS MACDONALD. But why would they leave right in the middle of dinner?

BYRON. Maybe they didn't like the food?

TERRY. Was anything stolen?

MISS BROOM. Nozzing important. A few cazes of tuna fish and all the corn flakes in ze ztorage room.

VERA. Could this have anything to do with those sounds this morning? And those lights? And the telephone going out? (The phone rings.)

TERRY (a startled cry at the sound). Oh! (She picks it up.) Yes? (To MISS MACDONALD, hand over mouthpiece.) It's Frenchie Cuisine again. What shall I tell her?

BYRON. The truth.

MISS MACDONALD. Oh, shut up, Byron! She'll go running to the police and they'll come out here and see the



E.I.E.I.O. and then their cover will be blown and we'll all be out of jobs. (She takes the phone from TERRY.)

Frenchie, darling . . . Art can't come to the phone just now. He's separating eggs for a spinach souffle and you know how tense that makes him . . . Well, I think he just stayed here going over recipes all night, dear . . . The police? Whatever for? . . . Oh don't be silly, Frenchie, dear. He'll call you as soon as he cleans his spinach. (She hangs up.)

BYRON. But if the staff is missing, she should be told. And the police, too.

MISS BROOM. Zey don't want ze police.

VERA (to MISS MACDONALD). But you could call Superbrain or Wizard Woman. They're probably in the phone book in the yellow pages. Look under Geniuses.

MISS BROOM. If zere is any zuzpizicious zircumztanzes zurrounding zeir dizappearance, ze E.I.E.I.O. will clear it up more better zan zose two and ze police togezzer. And meanwhile, what have we lost? Zome tuna fish and a chef whose meat-loaf falls apart!

MISS MACDONALD. I'm sure there's some simple explanation. But what shall we do for a kitchen staff? I wanted everything to be perfect for the E.I.E.I.O. My contract is up for renewal.

MISS BROOM. Don't worry about a zing. Last night, when I dizcovered ze ztaff was gone, I called ze best employment agency in Alberqueque and engaged a new ztaff.

TERRY. An employment agency that's open in the middle of the night?

MISS BROOM. Zat is why zey are ze best! Ze Twenty-Four Hour Kitchen Help, zey are called. Ze new ztaff will be

here any minute.

MISS MACDONALD. That was very efficient, Miss Broom.

MISS BROOM (nods). Peggy Broom zweeps clean.

MISS MACDONALD. Yes. Well, I think I should take a look at the kitchen myself. Terry, you better get dressed. We don't know when the E.I.E.I.O. will get here. (She starts for the archway.)

TERRY. Yes, Miss MacDonald. (She exits DR.)

MISS BROOM (to MISS MACDONALD). I'll come with you. (She follows MISS MACDONALD through archway and off L.)

VERA. I think they're wrong. Even if the E.I.E.I.O is coming, they could still use Wizard Woman or Superbrain. They've got brain power!

BYRON. Oh, they're okay for crossword puzzles and like that. But when you've got a serious problem, you need muscle power.

VERA. Oh, you iron pumpers! That's all you care about. Muscle power! You never think about thinking.

BYRON. That's not true. I think. Every day. I set aside ten minutes every day and think.

VERA. About what?

BYRON. New exercises.

VERA. Byron, there is more to life than exercises.

BYRON (angry). That's a very funny thing for an athletic instructor to say. If I were you, I'd be ashamed to show my muscles in the locker room.

VERA (stung). There is nothing the matter with my muscles!

BYRON. Oh yeah?

VERA (bending her arm into a muscle). Feel that!