

DOOFUS AND GOOFUS

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By R. Eugene Jackson

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7 M, 12 W, Flexible, 3 Offstage Voices)

***MANAGER:** Of the restaurant.
***GRETA GRUBBS:** A teenage girl.
***BILL PICKLE:** A teenage boy.
DOOFUS: A teenage girl.
GOOFUS: Another teenage girl.
***BESS GOLDFISH:** Another.
***MOODY:** A robber.
***MAY BEE:** A robber-ette.
1ST GOON: A goon.
2ND GOON: Another goon.
***MILDRED:** A bag lady.
***DOUGH:** Another bag lady.
BIBB: A scraggly, unkempt, slouchy teenage boy.
JONES: Another.
***LALA MAN:** A male kidnapper.
***LULU:** A female kidnapper.
***PEEPO:** A young girl kidnap-ee.
***MAYOR:** A coin collector.
***NUN OR PRIEST:** From the orphanage.
***F.B.I. VOICE**
***NATIONAL GUARD VOICE**
***POLICE VOICE**

*These roles may be played by males or females. It is acceptable to alter their names and/or pronouns to accommodate any changes.

TIME: The present.

PLACE: The Pig Sty, a fast-food restaurant.

SETTING

A dirty, cruddy restaurant. The entrance is SL, while the door to the kitchen is USR, and a door to another part of the building is DSR. There are several sets of tables and chairs haphazardly scattered about. Graffiti is on the walls and furniture, and garbage is strewn everywhere.

COSTUMES

MANAGER: A trashy restaurant uniform with the shirt-tail hanging out; a distinctive uniform cap or apron.

GRETA: Filthy jeans, T-shirt, sneakers with the toes out, teased hair.

BILL PICKLE: Jeans, white shirt with ugly tie, glasses.

DOOFUS and GOOFUS: Outrageous teenage chic; match unmatchable colors, layer after layer. Later, the restaurant uniform caps or aprons.

BESS GOLDFISH: She should look as much like a goldfish as possible.

MOODY and MAY BEE: Stereotypical thieves: dark clothing, Lone Ranger style masks.

FIRST and SECOND GOONS: Suits and ties too small for them; perhaps dark hats.

MILDRED and DOUGH: Bag lady dresses and hats and possibly gloves with no fingers.

BIBB and JONES: Typical male teenage ugliness, uncombed hair. BIBB adds a filthy apron, while JONES adds a chef's hat.

LALA MAN and LULU: Trench coats lined with sticks of wired dynamite.

PEEPO: Typical young girl's frilly dress, bow in her hair.

MAYOR: Suit with a sash across her chest that reads "Mayor."

NUN: A traditional habit but it is ripped and sooty.

PROPS

MANAGER: Stack of applications and pen.

GOOFUS: A purse that is so large it drags the floor; inside is bright colored lipstick, two hair pins, half a piece of chewed gum, a comb with no teeth, two additional lipstick tubes, two empty powder cases, a mouse, three pennies.

DOOFUS: Regular size purse; bright colored lipstick inside it.

MOODY: A huge duffle-like bag or black plastic trash bag presumably filled with unseen cash.

MAY BEE: A pistol.

1ST GOON: A baseball bat.

2ND GOON: A regular desk telephone with a long cord.

GRETA: A big knife.

ACT I

(AT RISE: The MANAGER sits at one of the tables with a stack of applications in front of her. She is a short-tempered tyrant. BILL PICKLE, GRETA GRUBBS, and BESS GOLDFISH, all teens, sit at the other tables or stand about waiting.)

MANAGER: *(Calls out.)* Bill Pickle? *(There is no response.)* Bill Pickle? Is there a Bill Pickle here? *(No response. SHE looks at another application.)* Greta Grubbs.

GRETA: *(A filthy girl from her stringy hair to her crusty jeans to her toeless tennis shoes, SHE tentatively raises her hand.)* What... what did I do?

MANAGER: What did you do? You filled out an application form to work here at the Pig Sty Family Style Restaurant.

GRETA: *(SHE is a little dense.)* Oh, sorry. I won't do it again.

MANAGER: What do you mean, you won't do it again? Do you want a job or not?

GRETA: *(Tentatively.)* Well, on the one hand, it would be nice to have the money. On the other hand, physical labor is hard on my...on my clothes.

MANAGER: Well, SOMETHING was hard on your clothes. You're filthy. Do you ever take a bath?

GRETA: *(Tentatively.)* Well, on the one hand, I would be cleaner if I did. On the other hand, who wants to be cleaner?

MANAGER: I like your answers. You're a Pig Sty kind of girl. So, you're hired.

GRETA: I am? Will I have to actually, well, work?

MANAGER: You'll be the cook.

GRETA: Cook? I don't know how to cook.

MANAGER: That's all right. We don't have anything worth cooking.

GRETA: I burn everything I touch.

MANAGER: Our food's better that way.

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GRETA: *(Unenthusiastically.)* Oh, good. I can't wait to tell my mother about my new job.

MANAGER: I wouldn't do that if I were you.

GRETA: You wouldn't?

MANAGER: No. Parents don't like to hear their kids are working at the Pig Sty. It makes them, well, sorta sick at their stomachs.

GRETA: *(Looks around at the filthy place.)* Gee, I wonder why? *(SHE wanders toward the front door.)*

MANAGER: The kitchen's THAT way. *(SHE points SR.)*

GRETA: Kitchen? What's a kitchen?

MANAGER: That's where you cook.

GRETA: Ohhh. *(SHE wanders wide-eyed off USR.)*

(DOOFUS and GOOFUS enter SL and look around. Their names describe them very well: they look as silly - and they are as stupid - as possible. Both carry purses but Goofus carries the largest purse on earth; it's the size of a duffle bag. They look at each other.)

DOOFUS: *(Excitedly.)* Hey, Goofus, this must be the place!

GOOFUS: *(Smiles broadly.)* Yeah, Doofus. This must be the place! *(THEY do a goofy laugh. Then they sing dissonantly as they simultaneously dig into their purses and pull out lipsticks, uncap them, and quickly paint each other's lips with the most outrageous colors one can find. Afterward they laugh again and replace the lipsticks.)*

DOOFUS: Rude, dude!

GOOFUS: Slick, chick!

DOOFUS/GOOFUS: Yeah! *(THEY slap hands or do some other silly gesture of exclamation.)*

GOOFUS: *(SHE suddenly un-smiles.)* It must be WHAT place?

DOOFUS: You know. THE place.

GOOFUS: *(Pause.)* I don't know. WHAT place?

DOOFUS: *(Tries again in a different way.)* Hey - the PLACE.

GOOFUS: Ohhhhh, the PLACE.

End of Freeview

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