

# YA WANT FRIES WITH THAT?

By Mike Willis

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**SYNOPSIS:** A customer walks into an innovative new restaurant expecting a first class dining experience only to be greeted by a bizarre wait staff, and a restaurant that changes its entire concept every few moments. When the customer finally thinks that food is on the way, a manager enters along with the wait staff and reveals that the customer is on stage participating in a workshop for starving actors. A workshop designed for out-of-work actors to find jobs in the food industry. Score one for starving actors everywhere! Now, could someone please get this customer a side of fries?

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 female, 3 either, 4 extras; gender flexible)*

MANAGER (f/m) ..... 25-70 years old. *(10 lines)*  
 WAITRESS (f)..... A young woman. *(73 lines)*  
 CUSTOMER (f/m)..... 25-70 years old. *(136 lines)*  
 WAITER (f/m)..... A young man. *(56 lines)*

### **EXTRAS:** *(Optional. Non-Speaking)*

WAITRESS #2 (f) ..... A young woman.  
 WAITRESS #3 (f) ..... A young woman.  
 WAITER #2 (m) ..... A young man.  
 WAITER #3 (m) ..... A young man.

**TIME:** The present.

**SETTING:** Assorted restaurants... somewhere.

**DIRECTOR'S NOTE**

*Ya Want Fries With That?* is easily staged and very flexible. The play can be performed by as few as four or as many as eight actors. If utilizing eight actors, a different WAITER and WAITRESS are used for each restaurant situation. All parts are gender flexible with the exception of WAITRESS. In regards to staging, the play is best performed on a bare stage with a single small café table and two chairs and the use of different table settings and props to set individual scenes.

**PROPS**

- Linen tablecloth
- Napkins
- Flower arrangement
- Candle
- Fine china and silverware
- Menu
- Sign that reads: LE INTERNATIONAL CHIC CAFÉ
- Notepad
- Sign that reads: SAL'S DINER
- Red and white vinyl check tablecloth
- Ball cap
- Paper napkins
- Greasy menu
- Plastic flowers
- Dirty apron
- Pencil
- Bag of garbage
- Sign that reads: BURGER HEAVEN
- Box-like frame that resembles a fast food drive-thru window
- Headset
- White garrison-style hat
- Steering wheel
- Sign that reads: STARVING ACTOR'S WORKSHOP
- Brown paper bag

## PERFORMANCE HISTORY

*Ya Want Fries With That?* was first performed by the advanced drama class of Mesa High School, Mesa, AZ. The play was directed by Sandra Stones and entered in The Arizona High School State Thespian Festival. The play advanced from Regionals to the State Competition held in Tucson, AZ where it placed first among all of the state qualifiers. The cast consisted of the following students:

MANAGER .....	Jillien Whitmer
CUSTOMER .....	Spencer Beckwith
WAITRESS #1 .....	Emily Barr
WAITER #1.....	Danni Pace
WAITRESS #2.....	Jamie Graves
WAITER #2.....	Noah King
WAITRESS #3 .....	Holly Payne
WAITER #3.....	David Chandler
LIGHTS.....	TJ Davis
SOUND .....	Jason Serenka

## DEDICATION

*To Miss Diane Clark, my high school English teacher and life-long friend and mentor, who passed away in 2015.*

**SCENE 1**

**SETTING:** *The stage is bare, with the exception of a small table with two chairs center-stage. There is a tripod upstage right-center. The table is set with a linen tablecloth and napkins along with fine china and silverware. There is a real flower arrangement and a candle in the center. Everything about the table speaks elegance. Soft classical music is playing in the background. Exits and entrances are made from the wings.*

**AT RISE:** *MANAGER enters from stage right with a sign that reads "Le International Chic Café" and places it on the tripod. MANAGER is dressed as a maître de with a dark jacket that buttons to the neck. MANAGER surveys the room and crosses to the table and makes sure the place settings are placed perfectly. He then crosses stage right and calls off-stage.*

**MANAGER:** *(Calling off-stage.)* I believe we are all set. Are you ready back there?

**WAITRESS:** *(From off-stage.)* Ready here.

*MANAGER crosses stage left and exits. He re-enters with CUSTOMER whom he seats at the table center stage. MANAGER hands CUSTOMER a menu.*

**MANAGER:** *(Now speaking with an affected accent.)* Youz servair veal be vight with you.

*CUSTOMER smiles at MANAGER.*

**CUSTOMER:** Uh... sure, thanks.

*CUSTOMER scans the menu as WAITRESS enters from stage right and crosses to the table. She is dressed very severe in a black pants suit and white blouse. She is all business and also speaks with a variety of bad accents. The music fades.*

**WAITRESS:** Iz youz readyee twos odor?

**CUSTOMER:** What? Odor?

**WAITRESS:** *(Pointing to the menu.)* Zee food.

**CUSTOMER:** Yes, I can see... *(Pointing to the menu.)* food.

**WAITRESS:** Vasyouvant, eat?

**CUSTOMER:** Well, I haven't quite made up my mind yet. Do you have any specials?

**WAITRESS:** Oh, no. Nutting spezial. All zee foods eaze good.

**CUSTOMER:** That's good to know... but, do you have any deals that aren't listed on the menu?

**WAITRESS:** *(Pointing to the menu.)* Oh, ya... manys meals ons de mensyou. Youz peek.

**CUSTOMER:** What!?

**WAITRESS:** *(Pointing to the menu.)* Peek. Peek vhat's youz vants.

**CUSTOMER:** No, I don't think you understand. What I'm asking is, do you have any special pricing, any deals, see?

**WAITRESS:** *(Excited.)* Oh, Si? Si? Oui, oui, parley vous... all deals eaze spezial. Alls deals good. You peek.

**CUSTOMER:** What would you recommend?

**WAITRESS:** Moi? No, nix, nix. I nuts hungry, youz eat.

**CUSTOMER:** I'm sorry, but I didn't mean what would *you* order. I wanted to know what you thought I should order.... uh, order.

**WAITRESS:** Ze food.

**CUSTOMER:** The food? You think I should order the food?

**WAITRESS:** Yah, da food. Zee food eaze goot.

**CUSTOMER:** Goot? As in the German word gut for good?

**WAITRESS:** Oui. Goot.

**CUSTOMER:** *(Pointing to an item on the menu.)* How about this, the Le Beef Wellington?

*WAITRESS frowns and shakes her head no.*

**CUSTOMER:** No? Not goot?

**WAITRESS:** *(Smiling.)* All eaze goot.

**CUSTOMER:** But, you just frowned and shook your head when I asked about it.

**WAITRESS:** Oui.

**CUSTOMER:** Oui, that's it?

**WAITRESS:** Si.

**CUSTOMER:** So... should I order the Le Beef Wellington or not?

*WAITRESS shakes her head no.*

**CUSTOMER:** Because, it is not really good.

**WAITRESS:** *(Smiling.)* Eaze goot.

**CUSTOMER:** But, don't order it.

*WAITRESS nods yes.*

*(Pointing in the menu.)* How about the Le Chicken Gordon Blu?  
That sounds like it would be....

*WAITRESS shakes her head no.*

Not goot?

**WAITRESS:** Nein. Eaze berry goot.

**CUSTOMER:** But, let me guess, you don't want me to order it?

*WAITRESS nods yes.*

*(Pointing at an item in the menu.)* Then I think I'll try...

*WAITRESS shakes her head no.*

*(Pointing again.)* Ok...

*WAITRESS shakes her head no, so CUSTOMER points to the last thing on the menu.*

**WAITRESS:** *(Smiling.)* Oui! Da Le Hambooger!

**CUSTOMER:** The hamburger.

**WAITRESS:** Eaze berry, berry goot.

**CUSTOMER:** I certainly hope so. Then for my potato, I'd like twice baked....

*WAITRESS shakes her head no.*

**CUSTOMER:** *(Continued.)* Mashed?

*WAITRESS* shakes her head no again.

Fries?

**WAITRESS:** *(Excited.)* Ya! Youz vant fries wit dat! Eaze berry....

**CUSTOMER:** Berry goot! I know.

*WAITRESS* grabs the menu and starts to exit stage right.

**WAITRESS:** Merci bow to youz.

*WAITRESS* exits stage right and *CUSTOMER* settles in to wait for his food. *WAITER* enters from stage right. He is wearing dark slacks with a white shirt and is carrying a notepad. He is ramrod straight and very snobbish as he crosses to the table and addresses *CUSTOMER*.

**WAITER:** I beg your pardon sir, but are you ready to order?

**CUSTOMER:** What?

**WAITER:** Food, sir. You happen to be sitting in one of the finest restaurants in the city. We serve food here. That is the sole purpose of our existence, so if you do not wish to order something to eat, I will have to ask you to leave. We are very busy.

**CUSTOMER:** Busy? I'm the only customer in here.

**WAITER:** At present sir, but I assure you that after you vacate the premises, we will be over-run with more presentable patrons seeking to avail themselves of our cuisine. Now, do you wish to order or will you be on your merry way?

**CUSTOMER:** I have already ordered.

**WAITER:** Doubtful, sir.

**CUSTOMER:** What do you mean doubtful? It's true. I ordered from the waitress just a few moments ago.

**WAITER:** The waitress?

**CUSTOMER:** Yes, the one with all of the different accents and language issues.

**WAITER:** *(Disgusted.)* Oh... her.

**CUSTOMER:** Do you know the one I'm talking about?

**WAITER:** Yes, unfortunately.

**CUSTOMER:** So, as you are now aware, I have in fact ordered food and I will just sit here patiently until she brings my order.

**WAITER:** I am afraid sir, that I cannot allow that. You will need to leave immediately or place an order with me.

**CUSTOMER:** But, I told you, that crazy waitress already took my order.

**WAITER:** Yes sir, and I believe you... but, the problem herein lies that the "crazy waitress" as you so aptly put it, was not authorized to take your order.

**CUSTOMER:** But, she works here, right?

**WAITER:** Yes, but this is not her table. This is my table and the only one this side of the Atlantic Ocean authorized to take orders at this table is... moi.

**CUSTOMER:** Wait, you're not going to start with that different language thing now are you?

**WAITER:** Not likely. Now, are you prepared to place an order with me or will you be traipsing off to find someplace more suitable for someone like yourself?

**CUSTOMER:** All right, I'll place my order with you. Just bring me the same thing that I ordered from the waitress.

**WAITER:** I do not have access to that order sir. Please, just point to your selection in your menu and I will... Sir, where is your menu?

**CUSTOMER:** The waitress took it.

**WAITER:** Very well. I will get you another.

**CUSTOMER:** No need, unless the menu has changed since the waitress took my order. Is your menu the same as hers?

**WAITER:** Why, of course, sir. Changing menus in the middle of the dinner hour would be extremely inefficient. The only items that change in our menus are our daily specials.

**CUSTOMER:** I thought you didn't have any specials.

**WAITER:** Who, pray tell, told you that? No, let me guess... *the crazy waitress.*

**CUSTOMER:** As a matter of fact...

**WAITER:** Sir, in deference to the uh, crazy waitress... all of the finer eating establishments offer daily specials. Would you care to hear today's special?

**CUSTOMER:** Sure, why not.

**WAITER:** Today's special here at Le International Chic Café is... (*With heavy French accent.*) Le Hamburger.

**CUSTOMER:** The hamburger.

**WAITER:** Not just any hamburger, sir. This is... *Le Hamburger*.

**CUSTOMER:** Then I guess I had better have one.

**WAITER:** An excellent choice, sir. Now, for your potato...would you want fries with that?

**CUSTOMER:** Of course, who wouldn't?

*WAITER quickly removes the place settings from the table and exits stage right. MANAGER enters from stage right and crosses to the tripod and turns the Le International Café sign around. The new sign reads "Sal's Diner." MANAGER no longer wears the black jacket, but wears a grimy, sleeveless T-shirt. He covers the table with a red and white vinyl check tablecloth. CUSTOMER watches in disbelief.*

**CUSTOMER:** Uh, excuse me.

*MANAGER ignores CUSTOMER and removes some silverware wrapped in paper napkins from his pants pocket and tosses them on the table. He then takes a dirty ball cap from another pocket, places it on his head backwards and exits stage right.*

*(Calling.)* Hey! Come back here.

*WAITRESS enters from stage right carrying a greasy menu and some plastic flowers. She has changed tops and now wears a short sleeved blouse showing a lot of cleavage. She has a dirty apron tied around her waist and a pencil behind her ear. WAITRESS crosses to the table, places the plastic flowers and tosses the dirty menu in front of CUSTOMER. She is chewing gum.*

**WAITRESS:** *(With pencil and pad.)* Whatcha want?

**CUSTOMER:** Excuse me?

**WAITRESS:** To eat. This here's a restaurant hon, not the lieberry.

**CUSTOMER:** Yes, I can see that... no books. Thank you, but I've already ordered.

**WAITRESS:** Not from me you ain't sweet cheeks. So, what is it you'll be havin'?

**CUSTOMER:** Well, I guess I'll have what I ordered from the other waiter. The Le Hamburger.

**WAITRESS:** The *Lay Hamburger*? What the heck kind of burger is that, one that stopped somewhere to take a rest? Sounds like somethin' ya order when ya go to a place like the Chick Café.

**CUSTOMER:** Exactly, which is where I'm at... this restaurant right here.

**WAITRESS:** Not any more... new ownership.

**CUSTOMER:** Since when?

**WAITRESS:** Since about 90 seconds ago.

**CUSTOMER:** I don't believe this.

**WAITRESS:** I ain't here ta make a believer out of ya hon, I'm jest her ta take yer order. Yer in Sal's Diner now an yer sittin' in my section, now whatalaya have?

**CUSTOMER:** I don't know, I haven't had a chance to look at the menu yet.

**WAITRESS:** (*Pointing.*) Well, there it is, knock yerself out.

**CUSTOMER:** (*Picking up menu.*) This menu is all greasy.

**WAITRESS:** Of course it is.

**CUSTOMER:** But, how can it be greasy when you just opened two minutes ago?

**WAITRESS:** We ordered 'em that way to create the right ambeeance.

**CUSTOMER:** Interesting.

**WAITRESS:** You take yer time lookin' at the menu there Hon and I'll be back in a sec ta take yer order. Gotta finish cleanin' out the grease trap.

*WAITRESS exits stage right and CUSTOMER begins looking at the greasy menu. MANAGER enters from stage right as Sal carrying a bag of garbage and exits stage left. CUSTOMER watches MANAGER with some concern then returns to the menu. WAITRESS enters from stage right wiping her hands on her apron.*

**WAITRESS:** So, whatalibe?

**CUSTOMER:** I'm not sure. I'm having trouble making a decision.

**WAITRESS:** No sweat, hon. That happens to me all the time.

**CUSTOMER:** It does?

**WAITRESS:** Why sure. Like just the other night, Leroy calls me up an wants ta take me out fer supper... over to the McDonalds for a Big Mac. And like, I can't decide if I wanna go or not on accounta Leroy has this bad breath thing goin' on, ya know. But then I really do like those Big Macs... and what the heck he's buyin', but then I get ta thinkin' what if he breathes on me while I'm eatin' my Big Mac... why that would jest spoil it ya know. The Big Mac I mean. So, I did what I always do when I can't decide.

**CUSTOMER:** And what's that?

**WAITRESS:** I flip a coin. Heads, I go with Leroy for a Big Mac and tails, I stay home.

**CUSTOMER:** And how did that work out for you?

**WAITRESS:** Jest fine. It came up heads an me an Leroy went off ta McDonalds... only I made sure I kept my head turned away while he was a talkin' so as not to ruin my Big Mac.

**CUSTOMER:** I see. But what if I am having trouble deciding between *three* different things?

**WAITRESS:** Then ya can't use the coin, silly.

**CUSTOMER:** Aaaah.

*WAITRESS bends down close to CUSTOMER with her bosom close to the menu. CUSTOMER can't avoid looking.*

**WAITRESS:** Maybe I kin help ya out. What are ya thinkin' of hon?

**CUSTOMER:** (*Uncomfortable.*) I think I have it narrowed down to either the meatloaf or the hamburger, unless you have a special that isn't listed.

*WAITRESS gets even closer.*

**WAITRESS:** (*Seductively.*) Everthin' here is special, honey.

**CUSTOMER:** Yes, I can see that.

**WAITRESS:** (*Stepping back.*) So, it's between the meatloaf an the burger then. Get out yer coin.

*CUSTOMER takes out a coin.*

**WAITRESS:** *(Continued.)* Okay, so heads it's the meatloaf and tails it's the burger. Give 'er a flip.

*CUSTOMER flips the coin.*

What is it?

**CUSTOMER:** Heads. I guess it's the meatloaf.

**WAITRESS:** Best go two out of three.

**CUSTOMER:** Why?

**WAITRESS:** Trust me.

**CUSTOMER:** Something wrong with the meatloaf?

**WAITRESS:** Naw, it's good.

**CUSTOMER:** Then why should I...

**WAITRESS:** Trust me, just flip.

*CUSTOMER flips the coin.*

**CUSTOMER:** Tails.

**WAITRESS:** *(Excited.)* Yes! One more time, hon.

*CUSTOMER flips the coin again.*

Well, what is it?

**CUSTOMER:** Tails.

**WAITRESS:** Tails! Hot Dog! Then it's the burger then.

**CUSTOMER:** But I was kind of leaning towards the meatloaf.

**WAITRESS:** No can do. Never go against the coin sweetheart. It's bad luck. So, I'll jest rustle up that burger for ya.

**CUSTOMER:** I guess so.

*WAITRESS starts to leave and then stops.*

**WAITRESS:** Oh, I almost fergot... ya want fries with that, hon?

**CUSTOMER:** You betcha, sweetheart.

*WAITRESS smiles and exits stage right. CUSTOMER sits back to wait for his order.*

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