

# Days of our Roadsboro



**Forrest Musselman**

Norman Maine Publishing

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## Days of our Roadsboro

**FARCE.** The townspeople of Roadsboro have always treated Dracula, a 17-year resident and local bed-and-breakfast owner, as an outcast because he's evil, only comes out at night, and happens to be...a vampire. To improve relations, Dracula hosts a gourmet dinner for the Roadsboro residents that features the cuisine of a kilt-wearing chef and entertainment by a "famous" Norwegian folk singer. Guests include a pretentious artist who lives under a bridge, a couple of snobby tourists, and a guy named Art (who may be dead). Audiences will eat up this wildly wacky play. Perfect for dinner theatre!

**Performance Time:** Approximately 75-90 minutes.

**NOTE:** For a family-friendly version of this play, please see our Big Dog version at [www.BigDogPlays.com](http://www.BigDogPlays.com).

## Characters

(6 M, 6 F, 3 flexible)

(With doubling: 4 M, 4 F, 3 flexible)

- DRACOOOLA:** Deviant, scheming vampire who runs the Depths of Hell Bed-and-Breakfast in Roadsboro; dressed like a vampire; male.
- SHACKLE:** Dracoola's ex-girlfriend who is tired of his evil-doing; female.
- OLE PETERSON:** Norwegian folk singer who is heartbroken that his wife has left him; speaks/sings with a thick Norwegian accent; male.
- EDNA PETERSON:** Ole's wife; doesn't speak with a Norwegian accent; female.
- CHEF:** Renown chef who is in love with Lollie; wears a chef's coat, along apron over a kilt, a blaze-orange hunting hat with flaps, and a pair of Crocs; male.
- LOLLIE LOCAL:** Waitress who is in love with Chef; Hibiscus's mother; female.
- DISHDOG:** Dishwasher who is in love with Lollie; Hibiscus's father; has a whiny voice that sounds like he's still going through puberty; wears a long white apron; male.
- HIBISCUS:** Lollie and Dishdog's creepy 11-year-old "love child" who refers to herself as an "it"; likes digging pits in the basement and fantasizes about kidnapping Ole Peterson; looks female but has a slightly hairy face; has a husky, creepy voice that sounds like the serial killer from *Silence of the Lambs*; played by an adult dressed as a child; flexible.
- MUFFY:** Snobby, pampered tourist; female.
- DUFFY:** Snobby, pampered tourist; male.
- DR. BONE:** Roadsboro's town doctor; flexible.
- HOLE:** Pretentious artist who lives under a bridge; wears ragged clothes and is covered in dirt and paint; flexible.
- ART:** Old man who doesn't like the park; male.
- NURSE:** Tired of looking for Art; female.

**LEANN GUNN:** Roadsboro's sheriff; wears a sheriff's uniform; female.

## **Doubling Options**

**ART/DR. BONE (male)**

**HOLE/DUFFY (male)**

**SHACKLE/LEANN GUNN (female)**

**EDNA/NURSE (female)**

## Setting

Old Village Harlot Restaurant and Pub, an upscale restaurant in the small tourist town of Roadsboro.

## Set

**Dining room of the Old Village Harlot Restaurant and Pub.** There are three small dining tables with chairs. There is a swinging door USR that serves as the “out” door for the wait staff. The “in” door is USL. Between the swinging doors USC is a small elevated stage for a band with a keyboard, a guitar, several microphones, and a couple of stools. There are imaginary exits SR and SL. One exit leads to the restroom and the other exit leads to outside. Note: The overall look and feel of the set is up to the designer, but it can be fun to play off of the “harlot” theme.

## Synopsis of Scenes

**ACT I:** Main dining room of the Old Village Harlot Restaurant and Pub.

**Intermission, opt.**

**ACT II:** Main dining room of the Old Village Harlot Restaurant and Pub, continuous action.

## Props

Napkins	Salt shaker
Pieces of paper	Several wineglasses
Large sauté pan	Several bottles of "beer"
Drink glass	2 Plastic bags filled with
2 Kilts, for Chef	powder
Glass of water with lemon	Giant butcher knife (plastic)
Salad on a plate	Several carryout boxes
Salad on a plate with a side	2 Entrees
container of dressing	Guitar
Water pitcher	Keyboard
2 Serving trays	Several microphones

## Special Effects

Cheesy, dramatic organ music

Karaoke version of "Yesterday" by the Beatles, or another suitable song

Cow mooing

Hacking sound

Karaoke version of "You've Got a Friend" by Carol King, or another suitable song

Fake blood

Sad music, for Ole to play

Karaoke version of "Fire and Rain" by James Taylor, or another suitable song

Karaoke version of "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" by Bob Dylan, or another suitable song

Karaoke version of "The Weight" by The Band

Instrumental song, for Ole to play

Karaoke version of "Hey Jude" by the Beatles, or another suitable song

**NOTE:** Royalties paid to perform this play do not include other copyrighted material such as songs that aren't in the public domain. Permission to perform copyrighted material must be obtained from the publisher of that work. Songs and music listed below are merely suggestions.

**“When they feel  
you’re a relatively decent human being  
and you’ve gotten rid  
of the big city attitude,  
then you can be considered  
a ‘new local’.”**

**—Lollie**

## Act 1

(AT RISE: Main dining room of the Old Village Harlot Restaurant and Pub, early evening. Ole and Edna Peterson are onstage 15 to 20 minutes before the play starts and have been singing various songs during this time. After their last song, the lights fade to black for a moment. Ole and Edna exit during the blackout. Lights up. Dracoola and Shackle enter. Dracoola is dressed nicely, but Shackle is not.)

SHACKLE: Is everything set, my honey demon?

DRACOOOLA: Almost, my pet. This is going to be the greatest dinner party in Roadsboro history!

SHACKLE: And you're positive that this plan will work?

DRACOOOLA: Of course. *(Pause.)* I realize I've had a lot of plans that have failed in the past...

SHACKLE: Like the river monster?

DRACOOOLA: *(Sheepishly.)* Yes.

SHACKLE: And the tourists that you tortured at the Depths of Hell Bed-and-Breakfast?

DRACOOOLA: *(Sheepishly.)* Yes.

SHACKLE: And the fixed presidential election?

DRACOOOLA: *(Sheepishly.)* Yes.

SHACKLE: And the nuclear bomb that you stole?

DRACOOOLA: *(Sheepishly.)* Yes... *(Annoyed.)* By my tail, Shackle! Must you go through all of them?

SHACKLE: Sorry, Dracoola.

DRACOOOLA: Yes, there have been some failures, but this one is bound to work. By inviting all the important people of Roadsboro to this special dinner, I can kill all of them with this lethal poison I got from Mexico. I'll tell them that it's a special salt and insist they all try it. Then...they'll all die, therefore destroying Roadsboro as we know it.

SHACKLE: *(Realizing the severity of his statement.)* Destroying Roadsboro as we know it?

DRACOOOLA: Yes, yes, yes! Now, go get ready, will you? Why aren't you dressed yet?

SHACKLE: I was talking to some of the locals down at Saliva Park.

DRACOOOLA: I really wish you'd stop doing that. They're the enemy, remember?

SHACKLE: Why are they the enemy?

DRACOOOLA: You know why...

SHACKLE: No, I don't. We've been evil for so long, I don't even remember why we started.

DRACOOOLA: Must we rehash the past? What's done is done. Now Roadsboro is going to pay for it...one local at a time. Heck, throw all the tourists in, too. This town is going down, Shackle, and it's going to start happening tonight. I can feel it.

SHACKLE: I just wish that you'd get to know the town better. The people aren't that bad.

DRACOOOLA: Please...no one bothers to even talk to me.

SHACKLE: It's because you don't talk to them. Plus, it would help if you went outside every once in awhile.

DRACOOOLA: You know how I feel about the sun.

SHACKLE: Yes, but you could go out at night. There're a lot of things going on in this town.

DRACOOOLA: And it's all sickening. C'mon, go get ready.

SHACKLE: You're not going to like this, but I...I think we should stop.

DRACOOOLA: Stop? Have you lost your mind?! We're evil, Shackle! We're going to destroy Roadsboro!

SHACKLE: I'm not so sure anymore. Even if we kill the powers that be at the dinner party, it's not going to end. Someone else will step up and take over, and we'll have accomplished nothing.

DRACOOOLA: You're not seeing the big picture. The people who will step up and take over will be us. Once we have control, we can continue to destroy Roadsboro until it's all gone. All of it!

SHACKLE: Sixteen years is a long time to hate, Dracoola. I'm afraid I can't continue with this plan.

DRACOOOLA: You've got to be kidding me.

SHACKLE: I'm not. And I'm asking you to look into your heart and stop this madness.

DRACOOOLA: I don't have a heart. I'm dead!

SHACKLE: You do have a heart. You just have to find it again.

DRACOOOLA: And how am I supposed to find something that doesn't exist?

SHACKLE: You find it like I found mine.

DRACOOOLA: How?

SHACKLE: You have to figure it out yourself. Otherwise, it won't work. I'm begging you, Dracoola...please try. I want to be with you forever, but I don't want forever to be so cruel and mean-spirited.

DRACOOOLA: That's impossible. I'm evil and I'll continue to be evil forever!

SHACKLE: Then I think this is a good time that we part ways.

DRACOOOLA: What? You're leaving me? After all that we've gone through?

SHACKLE: I can't keep doing this. I'm sorry. Goodbye.  
(Exits.)

DRACOOOLA: Shackle, come back here right now! (Pause.)  
Shackle? Fine, be that way. I can do this by myself. I don't need anybody. I don't need you.

*(Dracoola winces as he feels a brief burst of pain. Cheesy, dramatic organ music is heard. Dracoola runs off after Shackle. Lollie enters from the kitchen. She begins setting silverware and napkins on the tables. Chef enters from the kitchen carrying a mixed drink. He is wearing a chef's coat with a kilt and a blaze-orange hunting hat with flaps.)*

CHEF: Good morning, Lollie.

LOLLIE: It's six o'clock in the evening.

CHEF: It's all a matter of perspective. Wanna drink?

LOLLIE: No. And you shouldn't be having one, either. You know we've got a big dinner party tonight.

CHEF: All the more reason to get a buzz on. C'mon, have a drink with me.

LOLLIE: Do you have everything ready? We're going to start at seven.

CHEF: I'll have things done when I'm good and ready. You can't rush perfection.

LOLLIE: I see you took your shot of ego-trip today.

CHEF: More like gin. Listen, I've been doing a lot of thinking about what you said the other day about me being more nice.

LOLLIE: Yeah?

CHEF: Well, I decided that it's just not in my nature.

LOLLIE: Then you can forget about trying to win my heart back. I'm not interested in having a relationship with a dick.

CHEF: What? You turning lesbian?

LOLLIE: Thank you for proving my point.

CHEF: Look, I won your heart when I was being a rude...  
(Pause.) ...dick. Why should I change now?

LOLLIE: Because relationships grow, that's why. Sure, I was attracted to your bad-boy persona when I first met you. It was exciting. But the more I was with you, the more I wanted to know about you. But you never let me in. Who are you?

CHEF: I'm Chef, a culinary genius. And everybody better know it or they can kiss my —

LOLLIE: But what's behind that? You're too one-dimensional. Why do you feel like you have to abuse everyone that you come into contact with?

CHEF: Because they deserve it.

LOLLIE: What about me? Do I deserve it?

CHEF: No...I...I never treated you bad. (Pause.) Did I?

LOLLIE: No, you've always treated me okay, but I never got to know the real you. Do you realize our entire relationship

existed in this restaurant? We worked here until late, and then it was drinks in the bar, and then...other things. You never even took me to your house.

CHEF: I don't have one. I sleep in the kitchen. The make-table turns into a cot. You know that.

LOLLIE: You met my family. Did I ever meet yours? Do you even have parents?

CHEF: That's something that happened a long time ago. I don't like to think back on that.

LOLLIE: But if you loved me, you'd tell me things like that. That's what I meant by how relationships grow. We get to know each other better. We learn what makes each other tick. We tell each other our secrets and desires. It's a love that thickens and strengthens and makes a bond that no one can break. That's what I want, Chef.

CHEF: You've been watching too many soap operas. Relationships don't work that way. Don't think that just because we went out for a while that all of a sudden I'm gonna change and become this fantasy boyfriend that you have made up in your head. What you see is what you get.

LOLLIE: All I'm asking is that you reveal to me what's behind your thick, mean-spirited, gin-soaked exterior.

CHEF: It's right here under my kilt. Wanna see?

LOLLIE: Forget it. You're obviously not in the mood to have a serious conversation. Let's just get back to work.

CHEF: Fine. I need another drink anyway.

LOLLIE: Great.

*(Chef is about to exit.)*

CHEF: Oh, I almost forgot. Check out what I just got today. It was so expensive I had to buy it by the half-gram. *(Pulls out a little baggie that looks like it's filled with some sort of drug.)*

LOLLIE: Geez, what kind of crap are you into now?

CHEF: This ain't a drug...although it can certainly affect your body.

LOLLIE: What is it?

CHEF: This is a powdered form of an incredibly rare chili pepper from India. It was grown by a blind old man who watered the plant with his own blood and tears. Those who taste this powder in high doses have been known to turn red, sweat profusely, and cry uncontrollably, and see God.

LOLLIE: Good grief. What are you going to do with it?

CHEF: I'm going to serve it tonight in a special reduction that will go with the veal.

LOLLIE: You can't do that! No one wants to endure that much pain at a dinner party!

CHEF: I'm not that brutal. I'll be using a very, very small dose. Besides, people from India believe chili peppers ward off evil spirits. We're gonna need it to protect us from our creepy host, Dracoola.

LOLLIE: Stop that. He's not that bad.

CHEF: Whatever. *(About to exit.)* Oh, and Lollie?

LOLLIE: What?

CHEF: I *am* going to win your heart back.

*(Chef exits. Lollie finishes with the tables.)*

LOLLIE: *(Looking at audience.)* Like hell he will.

*(Blackout. We hear the Roadsboro theme music.)*

RECORDED VOICE: Like exposition through an hourglass, so are the Days of our Roadsboro. Will Chef win the heart of Lollie Local? Who is this Dracoola guy? How long will this blackout last? What's going on exactly? Hello? Please...join us now, for these are the Days of Our Roadsboro.

*(Lights fade up. Ole and Edna are onstage. Dracoola enters. Lollie Local follows.)*

DRACOOOLA: How are we doing for time, Lollie?

LOLLIE: We have about 30 minutes before the first guests arrive.

DRACOOOLA: Is everything set?

LOLLIE: Almost, but don't worry. It's just a couple minor things. Don't worry, Dracoola, we've done this plenty of times.

DRACOOOLA: I'm sure you and the rest of the staff here at the Old Village Harlot are quite capable of doing the job. I'm just a little nervous. I want things to go well.

LOLLIE: They always do. The Chef always serves up an amazing meal, and everyone will be pleasantly surprised and impressed to see that you hired the great Ole Peterson to play for the party.

DRACOOOLA: Yes, everyone loves Ole.

LOLLIE: I can't even imagine the price you had to pay to get a nationally known folksinger.

DRACOOOLA: The price is irrelevant. I just want to show my appreciation to the rest of Roadsboro for everything they do to make this town the magical hamlet that it is.

LOLLIE: We'll do the best we can to make that happen. Um...is Shackle coming?

DRACOOOLA: Who?

LOLLIE: Shackle...your wife?

DRACOOOLA: She isn't my wife. She was merely an acquaintance of mine who worked with me.

LOLLIE: Was?

DRACOOOLA: Yes, it seems that things weren't working out with her...position, so she had to be let go.

LOLLIE: Oh...I'm sorry to hear that.

DRACOOOLA: Don't be. Employees come and go. I'm sure I'll find a replacement.

LOLLIE: I'm sure. *(Dracoola winces briefly in pain. Awkward pause.)* Excuse me for a moment.

DRACOOOLA: But of course. (*Lollie exits to the kitchen. Dracoola moves to the stage area.*) Good evening, Ole. I see you're all set and ready to go.

OLE: (*Speaks with a thick Norwegian accent.*) Oh, yah, we're set ta go, den.

DRACOOOLA: (*Indicating Edna.*) And who might your lovely accompanist be?

OLE: Yah, dis is my wife, Edna, den.

DRACOOOLA: Edna-Den. What an unusual name.

EDNA: It's just Edna. Ole just likes to say "den" at the end of each sentence.

OLE: I shoor do, den.

EDNA: (*To Dracoola.*) It's just one of those lovely Norwegian habits we all get to endure.

OLE: (*Insulted.*) Hey, dere. You used to have one of those accents, too.

EDNA: And now I don't.

DRACOOOLA: Well, it's a pleasure to finally meet you. I've heard about you in Ole's songs, of course.

OLE: Yah, I wrote a lot about her leavin' me, but she's back, den. And I love her so.

[END OF FREEVIEW]