***TYREE AND THE AMAZING HAMBURGER***

By Saabir Dingle

TIME: 7:42 pm

PLACE: 23rd McKane

AT RISE:

Tyree by himself. Walking into McDonald’s. (South Philly).

TYREE

Yo can I get a cheeseburger?

BUTLER

Who do you think you’re talkin’ to?

TYREE

Whoever workin’ here, I just wanna cheeseburger.

BUTLER

Ok, what you want on the cheeseburger?

TYREE

Let me guess. A cheeseburger, like I said.

BUTLER

Ok.

*TYREE sits down.*

*The Butler comes out twelve minutes later.*

TYREE

Where’s my food at?

BUTLER

We all out of hamburgers.

TYREE

What!?

BUTLER

We’re all out of hamburgers.

TYREE

Well why didn’t you tell me ten minutes ago?

BUTLER

Because I think you have a nasty attitude, I just wanted you to wait and think about it.

TYREE

Sshhhhh, that’s why females get on my nerves.

BUTLER

You know what, you act like a little boy. You know what, I’m not gonna stoop down to your level and lose my job over you. You’re not worth it.

*Tyree leaves.*

*Tyree comes back a half hour later. He walks up to the counter, where the Butler is.*

TYREE

Do you have any more hamburgers left? I apologize for acting like a little boy, that was very childish of both of us, don’t you agree?

BUTLER

Yes, I do agree.

TYREE

May I please get a hamburger? Sesame seeds on the side, please?

BUTLER

Oh now somebody took some classes on manners.

*Butler puts in Tyree’s order.*

*Three hours later. Tyree is asleep on the table.*

BUTLER

Anybody order a hamburger, Sesame seeds on the side?

*Butler walks to Tyree and puts his food on table. Tyree wakes up.*

*Tyree picks up the food, walks out the store.*

*Tyree begins to walk home, about to eat the burger. He picks the burger up, about to take a huge bite out of it.*

HANNAH

Yo’ what’re you doin’ homie? Like, for real.

TYREE

I must be dreamin.

HANNAH

No, you’re not dreamin. But you about to be if you take a bite outta me.

TYREE

I can’t believe you can talk.

HANNAH

Why wouldn’t I be able to talk?

TYREE

I can’t talk to you right now, I look crazy talkin’ to a hamburger.

*Tyree and Hannah enter his house.*

TYREE *(whispers to Hannah)*

Be quiet, my son is asleep.

*They go into his room and Tyree turns on the heat.*

HANNAH

Mmmmm…this sure is comfy.

TYREE

Mmmmm…you sure do look delicious.

HANNAH

Don’t get the wrong idea.

TYREE

I won’t. I’m just sayin, you look very scrumptious.

HANNAH

Thank you. Should I take that as a compliment, or a threat?

TYREE

I don’t know.

HANNAH

Well, please don’t eat me.

TYREE

What you expect me to do, let you stay up here and rot?

HANNAH

No, let me stay up here and live.

TYREE

Oh sure, I’m a go downstairs and ask my Mom can the hamburger stay in our house.

HANNAH

Oh you would really do that for me? Oh thank you thank you so much I won’t bother you.

TYREE

Oh yeah I know you won’t bother me ‘cause you’ll be right in my stomach.

*HANNAH proceeds to roll under the bed. She stops when she sees something: one of her greatest enemies. She rolls back out screaming.*

TYREE

What did you see, a rat? A cockroach? A possum? Or a raccoon?

HANNA

N-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-NO! It’s it’s it’s it’s it’s a…SESAME SEED!

*Tyree falls down on his back, laughing.*

HANNAH

You fear the great Sesame Seed too?

TYREE

No. For some reason I just eat ‘em.

HANNAH

You eat them?

TYREE

Like they’re hamburgers.

HANNAH

How dare you.

*She rolls over his foot. She gets stuck on the floor. She can’t get up.*

*Tyree picks her up and sits her on his dresser. He examines her.*

TYREE

Oh, I see.

HANNAH

What, a Sesame seed?

TYREE

You’ll be dead by tomorrow, you’ll be eaten by two in the afternoon.

HANNAH

How dare you!

TYREE

What did you say, I’ll dare you?

HANNAH

No, how dare you.

TYREE

Um, are you a boy or a girl?

*Hannah begins to cry tears of grease.*

TYREE

What’s wrong?

HANNAH

You said you can’t tell the difference between me and a man hamburger.

TYREE

I couldn’t tell the difference.

HANNAH (*put her arms in the air and brings them down to her bottom bun, saying*):

You know you like all of this hamburger goodness. I’m Hannah the Hamburger.

TYREE

Are you flirtin’ with me?

HANNAH

No, I already have a mealfriend. His name is Chocolate Milk.

TYREE

Oooooh, I get it, you complete a Happy Meal.

HANNAH

Oh, you’re just tryin to be funny now.

TYREE

I am funny.

HANNAH

You won’t be laughin’ when I get my boyfriend, Chocolate Milk, to beat you up.

TYREE

What? I’ll eat you in one bite. And I’ll drink him in one gulp.

HANNAH

I gotcha bite right here.

TYREE *(sarcastically)*

Oooooh, I’m scared.

HANNAH

Why can’t we just be friends? We go our separate ways?

TYREE

Friends? Ha. What you mean by friends? Me throwin’ you out in the trash can so somebody can come by and eat you?

HANNAH

Mmmm. I know I shouldn’t never took that job at McDonald’s. I shoulda went to Burger King where every burger is cooked by professionals with love. I don’t have to worry about people like you.

TYREE

Well, this is what we’re gonna do. You don’t like Sesame Seeds. If you don’t let me eat you, I’m gonna throw you in a bag full of Sesame Seeds.

HANNAH

If you eat me, I’m gonna send my boyfriend Chocolate Milk to attack your son.

*TYREE grabs the burger and he is about to take a big bite out of the burger but then the burger whispers:*

HANNAH

I’m whole grain.

*Tyree stops and looks at the burger. He lifts the bun up and looks at it.*

TYREE

Oh. Ok.

HANNAH

Yeah, take that. You can’t eat me. No one likes whole grain.

*TYREE gets mad. He picks up the burger and throws it at the wall as hard as he can. He misses the wall and it flies out the room and hits his son. We hear his son say “OUCH”.*

*TYREE gets down on his knees and prays, silently, that Child Protective Services doesn’t take his kid.*

*Hannah rolls back into the room.*

TYREE

See this is all your fault, Hannah.

HANNAH

How is this my fault, you’re the one who picked me up and threw me?

TYREE

What do you want?

HANNAH

To live to be an hour old. I wanna be the oldest hamburger alive.

TYREE

Hannah, I’ve been very concerned about my son. One time I was ironing some clothes, and the iron fell on his leg and burned his legs. And child protective services came and they thought I burnt him on purpose. They said if I had one more incident he would go into foster care. That’s why I care about my son so much, because I’m afraid to lose him.

HANNAH

You know what, you seem like a good person. I wanna be eaten by a good person.

 *Tyree eats Hannah the Hamburger.*

 *Tyree is left alone.*

END OF PLAY.