

NOTES

Paying tribute to the thousands of action films that have graced the silver screen, playwright William Barnes gives us a satire of epic proportions! *Three-Man Army* features a specialized team of misfits, hilarious caricatures of military and government personnel, cheesy one-liners, and of course, plenty of imaginary gunfire and explosives! The “Three-Man Army” consists of: Colt Mayflower, a Rambo-type who can’t seem to stop looking at himself; Richard Dixon, a veteran who suffers from PTSD; and Seguin, a loveable, yet dimwitted man, who isn’t quite sure how “pants” work. As we follow these three “secret weapons” on their most dangerous assignment yet—saving the President’s daughter from a Canadian terrorist named Moose—we must ask ourselves, “Will they succeed?” Probably not, but sometimes life’s really about the journey—not the destination. This farcical one-act play should be performed by a male and be entered in Humorous Interpretation; however, this selection may also be performed by two actors and be entered in Duo Interpretation or Duet Acting.

Characters:

President McCurry, President of the United States, a man who loves his daughter and isn’t the sharpest tool in the shed, but are presidents ever?

Mr. Collier, the Vice-President

Cindy, President’s personal secretary

Colt Mayflower, a self-absorbed Rambo-type guy, well groomed

Richard Dixon, a man with a dark past, addicted to fake cigarettes

Seguin, undeniably amicable and oblivious; he likes long walks on the beach

Shaquavian Davis, Rapper/gang leader

Tyrone Littl3 Feet the 3rd Jr., Shaquavian’s hype-man

Slim, White guy that tries too hard to stay in the gang

Moose, Over-the-top Canadian leader (okay, *Dictator*) willing to do whatever it takes to get American influence out of Canada

Audience Member, a Canadian soldier

Chief Grand Cherokee, an Indian tribe leader

Shannon McCurry, President’s daughter

Eugene, Colt's twin brother

News Reporter, an American news reporter

SETTING: Various locations in America and Canada during the fictitious Canadian War

President McCurry: (*Fixes his tie, then looks into the camera*) My fellow Americans, it has been four days since my daughter's kidnapping.

Mr. Collier: Um, Mr. President? We're not broadcasting this. The camera is just for aesthetics.

President McCurry: Oh, well in that case. (*Pulls out a flask, takes a swig, then turns away from the camera*) Look, everyone, my wife has been all over me about this whole kidnapping thing. Last night, she made me watch the entire *Taken* trilogy and told me that if I don't pull a 'Liam Neeson' immediately, she'll ground me from being president for a week.

Collier: But sir, she can't do that! She has no author-

McCurry: I appreciate the sentiment, Collier, but when you get married—you'll understand. If your wife tells you that you can't do something, she'd better not find you doing it. (*Beat*) If you don't believe me, ask Bill.

Cindy: Thank you, Mr. President. You truly are an advocate for women everywhere.

McCurry: Cindy, you're a wonderful secretary, but you make me want to revoke the 19th amendment every time you open that pretty little mouth of yours. So do us all a favor and don't. Remember, you're only here because you make a mean cappuccino. (*Beat*) And my coffee cup is empty, so—chop-chop! (*Beat*) Collier, let's get back to business, shall we? The sooner we get my idiot daughter back, the sooner we can all go back to—whatever it is that we do here in D.C.

Collier: Understood, sir. Oh, and Mr. President, we have just confirmed that the kidnapper is the leader of a group of Canadian Anti-American extremists. He goes by the alias, 'Moose'. Our intelligence is unable to pinpoint his exact location at this time, but we do know three men who can help.

McCurry: Who?

Collier: They're an elite, three-man task force created to do jobs quickly and easily.

Cindy: Oh, like an Easy-Bake oven?

McCurry: CINDY! I swear, if you say the word 'misogyny' in the next five seconds, I will personally—

Collier: Mr. President.

McCurry: Sorry, Collier. Please, continue.

Collier: They are called, *The Three-Man Army*. They are: (*Each character comes to life as Collier narrates*)

Colt: Colt Mayflower, a top weapons specialist, capable of breaking both arms—and hearts (*Blows a kiss to audience*)

Seguin: Seguin Mendoza, a master strategist: The brains of the operation. (*Realizing what he just said and not believing it himself*) Wait! Really?

Dixon: And Richard Dixon, the muscle. I can rip out a man's arthritis and still pose well enough to grace the cover of any Men's Health and Fitness magazine. *(Gives the audience a death stare)*

Collier: They were formed by the C.I.A. to stop Moose from rising to power back when he was first perceived as a threat. They failed.

McCurry: Then why would we want them now?

Collier: Because you've sent the Marines, Special Agent, Chief Grand Cherokee, John Cena and anyone else you thought might be capable of completing this mission. The Three-Man Army is our last hope.

McCurry: *(Berating himself)* Damn my incompetence and poor decision-making skills! *(Beat)* Can they get the job done in 9 minutes and 30 seconds?

Collier: I'm sure they can, if they hurry. Why?

McCurry: I just don't want to get disqualified for going overtime.

Collier: You're right. Here, I'll just *get (Insert YOUR name(s) here)* to kill time while I get—the Three-Man Army!



McCurry: Welcome to the White House, boys.

Seguin: Why did you kidnap us?

Colt: It's the cliché thing to do, Seguin. Jeez, watch a movie.

Richard: Colt's right, Seguin. Although the tranquilizer darts were a weak measure, Mr. President, it didn't faze me. I just happened to be taking a nap around the same time.

McCurry: My daughter's been kidnapped, and we have brought you three here to rescue her.

Seguin: *(Smiling)* It's ironic how you kidnapped *us* to help save your kidnapped *daughter*.

Colt: Yeah, I mean you could have just called us; Collier has our cell phone numbers.

Collier: We weren't sure if you would come; after all, the three of you might have had better things to do.

Richard: Are you serious? For the past year, we've all been working for minimum wage, but we're all trained in Special Ops. *(Laughs)* You thought we had better things to do?

Colt: Dude, you could have texted us.

McCurry: Gentlemen, I need your cooperation! Now, it is said that my daughter was taken while visiting the Great Lakes. Witnesses say she was thrown onto a boat that disappeared from radar and then crossed over the Canadian border. The suspected kidnapper behind all of this is Jerry Maple.

You probably know him by his alias, “MOOSE.” He’s the leader of an Anti-American group called Elite Health or E.H. for short.

Seguin: *(Not quite hearing or understanding)* Eh?

McCurry: *(Speaking louder)* I said, “He’s the leader of an Anti-American group called Elite Health or E.H. for short.”

Colt: *(As if he, too, can’t hear)* Eh?

McCurry: Richard, please remove the headphones from your two friends.

(Beat) As I was saying, we are able to get you past enemy lines to an American base, but after that—you’re on your own.

Colt: Do we have a choice?

(The three men are taken to the base and from there—they are given equipment and a vehicle. They drive until they reach a gas station.)

Richard: I have to go fire the cannon, boys. I’ll be right back.

Colt: I need to call my mom.

Richard: All righty then. Seguin, you’re in charge of gas duty, and please, take off the gas cap before putting gas in the tank this time. *Please.*

Seguin: Got it, Richard!

(Seguin is all alone until a car comes pulling up to the pumps blasting rap music, Shaq-uav-ian Davis, Tyrone Littl3 Feet the 3rd Jr. and Slim get out of the car and approach Seguin)

Shaq: Yo, my name's Shaquavian Davis, and that’s Tyrone Littl3 Feet the 3rd Jr.

Tyrone: *(Makes a rapper-type pose)*....

Slim: And I’m Sliiiiim. I may be white, but I’m alright!

Shaq: Shut up! *(Throws a shoe at Slim)* What’s yo name?

Seguin: Seguin. It’s nice to meet you!

Shaq: Rap me.

Tyrone: Yeah, rap him good!

Seguin: What? I don’t think I should do that. *(Beat)* Is that even legal?

Shaq: Legal? Sure it is! I got my rapping permit right here! *(Pulls out official looking rapping permit)* See? Now, Slim, drop da beat!

(Richard comes out and notices that Seguin looks to be in trouble. He rushes to the group, grabbing Colt along the way)

Richard: SEGUIN, ARE YOU OK? WHO ARE THESE GUYS?!?!?

Seguin: That’s Shaquavian Davis, Tyrone Littl3 Feet 3rd Jr. and Slim. Hey, guys, Shaq here wants to Rap me.

Richard: Can we help you?

Colt: *(Getting off the phone)* Hey, guys, guess what? I have a brother!

Richard: Not now, Colt!

Shaq: I wanna Rap your friend here.

Colt: Is that even sanitary?

Tyrone: *(Pulling out a bottle of hand sanitizer)* It could be.