

# *I, Mac(kers)*

A play by

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## Cast of Characters

3 GLITCHES (GLITCH 1, 2, & 3)\* - Narrators. Take on the persona of The Cloud, various social media outlets, blog posts, etc (can be M or F).

MARTYN - M, Senior. An up and coming actor at his school. Motivated and talented.

MAMA MARTYN - F, The ultimate stage mother. Driven by her desire to see her son succeed.

DEVIN - Senior. The star of the theatre department. Humble and hard-working (can be M or F).

THE HACK - Super senior. Lives in his basement at his computer. Tech savvy and good with information (can be M or F).

BAILEY - F, Sophomore. Friend to Martyn. Gets caught up in Martyn's ambitious plans.

MR ROSS - M, English teacher and head of high school theatre department. Director of the school's production of Macbeth.

PRINCIPAL WOOD - Extremely busy and flustered administrator (can be M or F).

SUE - F, Junior. Stage Manager.

LENNE - F, Junior. Costume designer/dresser/one-woman backstage crew

MALLORY - F, Freshman. Aspiring actor. (Actor who plays MALLORY also plays FLIGHT ATTENDANT, and the voice of LIZZIE).

\*Additional GLITCHES may be used. Unless otherwise noted, their dialogue can be divided up as needed or recited in unison, Greek chorus style.

### Time

The not so distant future

### Scene

Heath High School theatre department

## PROLOGUE

*In blackout, the sound of applause fills the stage. Lights up on the players (all except the 3 GLITCHES) taking a collective bow in slow motion.*

### GLITCHES

When shall we three meet again -  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?  
A cloud not made of shade and precipitation,  
But the social network we're all so disengaged in,  
A high school play the youth have all been staged in,  
And a world wide web that tangled up and raised them.  
It's closing night; this play of royal death.  
You know the one, goes by the name of Mac... (shh)

Life imitates art and we all play our part,  
So let's introduce you to the players right here at the start:

*The group bow finishes, and the players move to a new formation. As each character is introduced, they hold a cell phone up to light their face.*

Principal Burnham Wood, so busy administratin'  
Dude's so stressed, might need defibrillatin'.  
No time for a greeting, the next meeting is fleeting.  
There's not much promise that he ever leaves his office,  
'Cause defending Heath High is what brings his only solace.

Mr. Ross, the teacher directing this feature presentation.  
Deserving of his station, raisin fiscal allocation.  
His inspiration, like a contagion, provides his students motivation.  
His love of the humanities - comedic or calamity - borders on insanity.

Now here's the senior Devin,  
A lead that's sent from heaven,  
Risin to the occasion like bread that has been leavened.  
A leader who all the other actors try to emulate,  
And maybe even aspire to take his place when he goes to college -  
Maybe just remember that little bit of knowledge.

Bailey's the name, and playin wingman's her game.  
Always there for her friends whatever the aim.  
Loyal to the core and the first to take an oar,

If you had a boat sinking, she would get your crew to shore.

The Hack with his snack, in a basement, glowin' screen on his face. He  
flies through cyberspace, cracks every database.  
One misplaced file, he's in with a smile -  
In a blink of an eye he just made you go viral.

Now meet Mama Martyn, always gonna take part in  
The shows her son stars in, and does battle like a Spartan.  
She loves her boy Martyn like she cares for no other -  
To put it bluntly, she's kinda the ultimate stage mother.  
Just to be clear, not to cause any confusion,  
They call her Miss M. Catch the drift of my allusion?

Just one more person you might as well be knowing.  
His name is Martyn and lately his reviews have been glowing.  
He's a promising actor with raw talent to spare,  
And when he graces the stage people start to stare.  
He's humble and patient and works well with a team,  
People like him and trust him, yeah he's livin the dream.  
It's a matter of time before he gets a lead in a show  
Only question is: just how high can he go?

We're the three Glitches, and we hold the switches  
Of your online persona, which has undergone a  
change since dial up was all the rage.  
A tweet is the weapon, a post is the attack.  
A keyboard clack is the sound you'll hear before you feel it in your  
back.

Now sit back in your chair as we get ready to share  
A tale a little bit foul and a little bit fair,  
Full of some who've lost and some who've won.  
We'll meet you in the lobby when the Hurly Burly's done.

*GLITCHES echo "We'll meet you in the lobby when  
the Hurly Burly's done" as ALL exit. Blackout.*

## **SCENE 1**

*Lights up on the backstage of the Heath High  
School auditorium. Closing night party, post*

*performance. All students (except for the HACK) are present, as well as ROSS and MAMA MARTYN.*

ROSS

A toast to the cast, the crew, the team - for the best Scottish play the school's ever seen. You made a reality out of our dream with all of your efforts and much dedication. Please enjoy the punch and closing night celebration.

*Cheers from the crowd. Separate lights up on SUE and LENNE, in two different areas among the crowd. They are texting throughout the following conversation. The actors speak their lines while typing simultaneously, never looking at each other. This happens any time the characters are onstage.*

SUE

Well, Len we pulled it off -

LENNE

- with nary a hitch.

SUE

Did you see the fake blood make the audience twitch?

LENNE

Not to mention the tension, but the honorable mention should go to Martyn -

SUE

The Porter!

LENNE

His comic relief in a part that while brief is sure to get reviews from the school reporter.

SUE

I've been tweeting all night, no one's put up a fight. They all concur he's for sure next in line for the spotlight. No doubt about it, it's going on the blog -

LENNE

Gonna log onto the cloud tonight and then troll it.  
Devin check your pockets cuz the show, he just stole it.

*Focus shifts to another conversation, as MALLORY, excited and nervous, approaches DEVIN.*

MALLORY

Hey Devin.

DEVIN

Hey.

MALLORY

You're so great as Macbeth, I... *(she trails off)*

DEVIN

Are you ok?

MALLORY

I just ran out of breath. I know I seem eager but you've been a great leader, I hope when I'm a senior I can be half as good as you.

DEVIN

That's kind of you - but I'm feeling kinda blue. Bittersweet it's the last show here I'll do. I'm glad that I've inspired and been an example to follow, but...leavin? That's a bitter pill to swallow.

*A notification is heard. MAMA M pulls out her phone, reads. We see her type and send a message. Another sound cue, the same as before, this time ROSS pulls out his phone. He reads, looks at MAMA M and then excitedly draws the attention of the crowd.*

ROSS

Attention everyone, hate to interrupt the fun -

MAMA MARTYN

- but we've got an announcement, a prophetic pronouncement.

ROSS

Mama Martyn, who graciously assistant directed, tells me that our show was just selected - and this came as a surprise - to compete for the nation's top theatrical prize -

MAMA MARTYN

Now before you get bored, what he's working toward, is the National High School Theatre Award!

*Gasps from the crowd*

ROSS

You know what this means, a great honor to be sure, but a multitude of trials we must first endure: additional rehearsal is one I'll name, to impress top schools who'll be checking out your game.

MAMA MARTYN

There's scouts and there's scholars with scholarship dollars, just itching and twitching to get you on their rosters.

ROSS

Not to mention attention to our intention to fundraise. Let's be real, to beg borrow or steal for the chance to depart.

DEVIN

Cuz we all know how much money's allocated to the arts.

*ALL laugh*

ROSS

Here's my proposal, and if you're ready I'm down. We must act as a team - no one head bears the crown. There is no small part if we give it our heart. And together we've all got a course to chart.

Well done, you deserve it. And then on stage we'll start to engage with all the logistics that we must arrange. Cuz this time next week we're on to Augusta, Maine!

*Crowd cheers again and disperses. MARTYN and BAILEY approach DEVIN and MALLORY.*

MARTYN

I was so sad to see it end, but now it seems we go again.

DEVIN

It's not the end it's a beginning, and when it's the bottom of the inning let's leave no doubt which team it is that's winning.

MALLORY

With you at the helm, the King of our realm, this Macker is sure to overwhelm.

DEVIN

Thanks for the confidence, but the perception of dominance is of no real consequence. If I'm keeping it real I'm just a spoke on the wheel, and we all made a deal to roll toward the same ideal. Take Martyn for a minute, his role in it is to bring comic relief amidst the murder and grief. We've got props and lights, people calling the cues - it's a whole lot bigger than me or you. Goodnight all of you, I'm off to review plans with Ross for what funds to pursue.

*DEVIN exits*

BAILEY

He sure told you.

MALLORY

Devin is right. He fights the good fight. Humblest guy I've ever met...

BAILEY

But you gotta admit it, kind of a teacher's pet.

MALLORY

He just wants what's best for the show. Well, gotta go!

*MALLORY exits*

MARTYN

He's not wrong though, you know. While I agree with the tenet, it's nice to get some credit, even though I seek no glory in the telling of the story.

*BAILEY looks at her phone*

BAILEY

Well, that book's not written. Seems your fans are smitten. The fact is, you got a knack for lead actin'. Factor that in before you write your next chapter.

MARTYN

Man, you're mad as a hatter. All their praise doesn't matter.



BAILEY

At the very least you should be flattered. Take a look at all the chatter.

*BAILEY exits. MARTYN reaches for his phone. As he touches it, a notification sound is heard. Lights up on GLITCHES. The GLITCHES speak the posts as MARTYN reads them.*

*Ding*

GLITCH #1

"I give Martyn's Porter six stars out of five  
He's the kinda actor that makes theatre live"

*Ding*

GLITCH #2

"Devin was great but Martyn took the crown  
His comedic timing wasn't messin around"

*Ding*

GLITCH #3

"The best part about it was the Porter scene  
Miscast? No doubt. All hail the true king."

*They continue in this pattern, overlapping as in a round with the first GLITCH beginning and the others layering in their lines on top. After the 3rd GLITCH repeats their line once, the 3 GLITCHES will speak "All hail the true king" in unison.*

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### 3 GLITCHES

Bravo! Your days in the wings are ending,  
You'll be contending cuz you seem to be trending.  
Your profile's getting a few thousand views,  
And they're turnin' the screws and requesting you.  
They think you're the best, and the student body's askin  
How you were miscast, cuz the lead is a has been.  
They seem to think your acting can't be beat,  
That your skills are elite, and you deserve the seat  
At the table - cuz you're the only one who's able.  
They should be grateful to see your name on the playbill.  
You're the only one who can tell this story,  
Sweep every category, and bring the school glory.

Follow, like, share, tweet,  
Only Martyn can bring the crowd to its feet.  
Comment, snap, click, skype,  
Come on Martyn, come on swallow all the hype.

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Only Martyn can bring the crowd to its feet.  
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*As the GLITCHES begin this chant, we hear the rising sound of notifications. This sound builds, becomes more frantic, and then goes wild. As the GLITCHES finish the second repetition, all sound comes to a climax and then is cut off with a blackout.*

*Lights up on MARTYN, center. The others are frozen in place and remain frozen as he delivers the following to the audience.*

MARTYN

What was that? Is this real? No it cannot be.  
I think somebody might be messing with me.  
Let's take a break and remember what's at stake - this must be fake.

But if it's not...there's a lot we've got to consider:  
That I stole the show and set the audience a twitter...  
Am I not a team player - a true upstager? No, I'm proud of my hard-earned labor. Like my mom says, I practically did them a favor.

So what's with the hype? Is it fancy or flight? Like most trends it could vanish overnight. I can't lose sight over a couple of bytes. I gotta slow my roll and pump the brake lights.

On the other hand, my name so bright on this device  
Is enough to ignite a flame that's fueled by my vices.  
Despite what Devin said tonight  
It feels so right  
To be forthright  
In my appetite  
To expedite  
The heights of my fahrenheit.

Whoa.

I just got ahead of myself. Gotta let go, put my pride on the shelf.  
Mr. Ross says we all have our place and that the only way to act is do it with grace.

All I can do is to wait and see  
What tomorrow offers my destiny.

*Blackout*

**SCENE 2**

*The hallways of Heath High. MARTYN enters, preoccupied with the onslaught of notifications he's receiving. MALLORY enters, also on her phone. She notices MARTYN and crosses to him.*

MALLORY

Martyn - I've been reading the chatter on all Mackers matters. The likes they keep coming -

MARTYN

And believe me I'm flattered.

MALLORY

It's a lot of attention -

MARTYN

It's not my intention.

MALLORY

I get the impression that there's a suggestion that you deserve some kind of ascension.

MARTYN

The rumors that are brewing are not my doing, And the posts that you're viewing aren't worth pursuing. This'll blow over soon Mal, and I'm not gonna thrust a Wedge between us when we should be focused on Augusta!

*SUE and LENNE enter from different directions.*

SUE

You're invited to the facebook page I'm startin. Join "Martyn for Macbeth," hit like to take part in A group to honor the best. Hashtag heartin on Martyn.

MALLORY

See what I mean? It's not losing steam -

MARTYN

This is all a pipe-dream. Get your heads out of the cloud and let's focus on the team -

LENNE

Gonna stop you right there, it's got 100 shares, and team work's important - but the cloud, it don't care.

*Ross enters and interrupts, as MALLORY, LENNE, and SUE exit.*

ROSS

Martyn!

MARTYN

Mr. Ross, sir.

ROSS

Step into my office.

MARTYN

You're the boss, sir.

ROSS

It's good news, I promise.

MARTYN

I'm at a loss, sir. Is this about practice or financial backers?

ROSS

I'm making you the understudy for Macker.

*Beat*

MARTYN

I don't know what to say.

ROSS

Say yes OK. And lend your voice.

The audience rejoices when you make strong choices.

Don't look so shocked because you've more than earned it.

It's a big responsibility I'm entrusting you to learn it.

Don't think I haven't noticed what the bloggers say.

You've got the potential and the right cards to play.

So if we're agreed, I think you can exceed your own expectations -

MARTYN

But sir, I've never been the lead.

ROSS

Here's a chance for you to get your feet wet.  
Keep working hard and develop the skill set.

MARTYN

Thank you, on my honor I promise I will.

ROSS

Good.  
The promise is easy. To keep it takes skill.

*Ross exits*

MARTYN

Understudy?  
I thought it first a passing phase  
A craze to last a few short days -  
Since fate's affixed me with its gaze,  
Should I deny this viral praise?

*MARTYN pulls out his phone and we see him  
send a text and exit.*

### SCENE 3

*The MARTYN residence. MAMA MARTYN is there  
alone. A notification sound is heard. She  
pulls out her phone and reads.*

MAMA MARTYN

I just got Martyn's text - do I get the message?  
It seems that Ross finds my progeny impressive.  
The success of the show lies in his talent to be expressive,  
So an understudy role is how he decides to bless us.

But why stop there? Why let that deter us?  
Martyn's just barely learned to scratch the surface.  
If opportunity knocks for you to play an uncrowned king,  
Then you run to the door. It ain't knocking its pounding.  
The top schools will attend Augusta, college costs are mounting,  
A scholarship or two would sure help the accounting.  
I want what's best for my son, and if I pull the right strings,

I'll ensure he's not left waiting in the wings.

*MARTYN enters*

MARTYN

Hello, mother!

MAMA MARTYN

Hello, dear.

MARTYN

Did you hear the news?

MAMA MARTYN

Got your text and saw your post - with hundreds of views.  
Congrats. Are you excited?

MARTYN

Of course I am.

MAMA MARTYN

Good. Now listen up. Here's the plan:  
In regards to Augusta, here's a secret I omitted:  
I knew we'd get in because I'm the one who submitted.  
You know university's expensive. I've got some savings on the side,  
But the only way we can afford it is if you go full ride.  
The top schools will attend, like that one - something Tisch?  
And they'd be chomping on the line to catch you, a big fish.

MARTYN

I wish.

MAMA MARTYN

You know as assistant director, I'm not biased -  
But I do think you should set your sights on the highest,  
The finest part in the play, catch the drift ...your highness?

MARTYN

Do you mean - ?

MAMA MARTYN

I've seen all the buzz feed into your mind,  
And there's no reason that you can't begin to climb  
To the very role people say you should be in.  
Imagine what you could do if you sink your teeth in

To Mackers in Maine where they'd learn your name.  
"Oh my goodness, he's great!" they'd all proclaim.

MARTYN

But mom, that'd take a miracle from heaven.  
The only way I play Mac is if something happens to Devin.

MAMA MARTYN

Honey, it's simple. Your stock's never been higher,  
All you have to do is go stoke the fire.  
Go online and I doubt it would take much effort to  
Share a few things that might take Devin down a peg or two.  
Inflame the network through every post, share, and tweet,  
And see if he'll be able to withstand the heat.

MARTYN

But mom, he's my friend and leader of Drama.

MAMA MARTYN

Hush now baby, and listen to Mama.  
I only want what's best for you.  
Now when do you rehearse?

MARTYN

Tomorrow after school. We tech til ten.

MAMA MARTYN

That's perfect. We'll carry out the plan then.  
Don't worry about Devin. No need to empathize.  
Now upstairs, you've got lines to memorize.

*MARTYN exits*

Combine his ambition and a mother's intuition,  
And our dreams of the spotlight will come to fruition.

*MAMA MARTYN exits.*

#### **SCENE 4**

*The following afternoon. Auditorium of Heath High School, the students prepare for rehearsal. ROSS enters.*



ROSS

My friends, today a new chapter begins.  
Remember that dedication and teamwork win.  
Think how far we've come and for what we all strive.  
To your places, ensemble.

SUE

We start in five!

MALLORY

Thank you, five!

*MAMA MARTYN enters and crosses to ROSS.*

MAMA MARTYN

Mr. Ross! How exciting, just look what we've done.  
The air reeks of greatness. It's like we've already won!  
And Devin -

*She pulls Devin over to join them.*

- dare I say, the prodigal son, here -  
All this weight on your shoulders without a hint of fear.  
He's not even phased by the size of the crowd,  
the trust we've endowed in him to make us all proud.  
And the chance to get paid with financial aid.  
Devin you ok, you've turned a lighter shade?

DEVIN

I guess you're right. There's a lot on the line.

MAMA MARTYN

Big fish, small pond, but I know you'll be fine  
When we reach the time for your light to be lime.  
Your legacy is secure so embrace the endeavour.  
Don't fold under pressure, cuz this could change your life forever.

DEVIN

I never thought of that -

MAMA MARTYN

Devin, relax. Don't lose your composure.  
This is a lot of burden to shoulder.

*MARTYN enters. She sees him.*

You've got myself and Mr. Ross here to keep you on track.  
And if you slip or you crack, Martyn here has your back.

*DEVIN is overwhelmed. He and ROSS step aside as  
MARTYN takes MAMA aside.*

MARTYN

Mom, come here a minute. I'm starting to feel cornered.  
I don't think I can carry this plan forward.

MAMA MARTYN

Why, my son, what's the matter with you?  
Aren't your dreams enough to carry you through?  
Are you content to live in the shadow of your peer,  
Saying "I shouldn't" and giving into your fear?

MARTYN

Mom, please don't make me follow through with this plot.  
Devin is Macker's whether we like it or not.  
Being understudy is a big promotion,  
and I should be grateful and show devotion  
to the people who trust me to do what is needed:  
Put my pride aside, and not be conceited.

MAMA MARTYN

No! I refuse to see your ambition defeated.  
I didn't get us here to hear an excuse,  
So sit down, be quiet, I'm about to let loose  
With the truth. Don't be obtuse, we had a truce.  
We stick to the plan. Otherwise, what's the use?

MARTYN

I'm afraid to betray for a part I'm not earning,  
To wear a coat I'm turning - not to mention the bridges I'd be  
burning.

MAMA MARTYN

If we follow through with this trick it  
can't fail - that's why I picked it!  
If you turn the screw I promise you:  
Give me your courage, I'll show you where to stick it.

MARTYN

I'll do my best to make you proud.

*BAILEY approaches MARTYN*

BAILEY

Hey Martyn. Why look so morose?

MARTYN

- I'm in line for the crown, so to speak.

BAILEY

I saw your post. Who says the inheritance goes to the meek?  
That's great -

MARTYN

Yeah it's great... but it could be much greater.  
I need your help, and it could work in your favor.

BAILEY

What do you mean?

MARTYN

If I'm moving up, I want you by my side...  
So come close and listen while I confide  
A plot to acquire the roles we desire -  
We'll sacrifice Devin on a digital pyre.

BAILEY

We'd have to be sure the deed can't be tracked -  
I know just the guy to help launch the attack!  
A fourth-year senior, his name is the Hack.

MARTYN

And he can be sure that no one will trace it?

BAILEY

Dude, he runs a whole network out of his basement.  
But hey -  
If I may, for a moment, be candid:  
Once it's done, there's no undoing the rumors we've planted.

MARTYN

If we sow the right seeds and control what is leaked  
We'll soon be rewarded with all that we've reaped.  
So are you with me to the bitter end?

BAILEY  
I'm nothing if not a loyal friend.

SUE  
Places everyone!

MARTYN  
Then we're agreed.

*MARTYN reaches out to shake BAILEY's hand. BAILEY takes MARTYN's hand. They shake on it.*

BAILEY & MARTYN  
Thank you, places!

MARTYN  
Follow my lead...

*MARTYN exits to the stage, with BAILEY following behind.*

## SCENE 5

*The next day at school. SUE and LENNE enter from different directions. Again they are texting each other, and again they speak the conversation out loud.*

SUE  
What a disaster.

LENNE  
An utter disgrace.

SUE  
Did you see Devin basically fall on his face?  
He missed his cues -

LENNE  
Forgot his props -

SUE

And I think I counted 10 lines that he dropped.

LENNE

I honestly felt kinda bad for the guy.

SUE

When he broke down and started to cry.

LENNE

It's strange don't you think?

SUE

Today was just a refresher -  
I don't know why he'd buckle under the pressure.

LENNE

But he literally did buckle, when he fell down those stairs.  
It makes me wonder if he's really prepared.

SUE

Do you think Martyn's ready?

LENNE

Of course he is. You've seen the publicity.

*School bell rings*

SUE

Ugh, that's the bell. I've gotta go to history.

*They exit*

**SCENE 6**

*Later that afternoon. THE HACK's basement.*

THE HACK

Welcome friends you can call me the Hack.  
Speak your piece quickly while mom gets me a snack.

MARTYN

Ok. Here's the situation:

After much deliberation  
And a desire for higher station  
We want to force Devin's abdication.

BAILEY

Don't stop to ponder these  
Acts: We hid his properties,  
Instigated an improper scene  
To disrupt the monarchy.

THE HACK

And did this cause the appropriate meltdown?

MARTYN

Hack, he burst into tears, tried to flee, and fell down.  
He did us a service. His position is tenuous.

BAILEY

It looks like he can't handle a part so strenuous.

THE HACK

So get down to brass tacks, what do you need from the Hack?

BAILEY

We need you to execute a cyber attack.

MARTYN

We've got him cornered now, there's no way he can escape.  
Because you see we got the whole thing on tape.

*MARTYN shows THE HACK a video of the event on his device. We see the "video" upstage performed live by the actors involved as they watch on MARTYN's phone. The video ends after DEVIN takes an embarrassing fall.*

I want it online so Devin and failure are synonymous,  
But here's the catch: I wanna post it and remain anonymous.

THE HACK

Oh man, I love it give it here I'll upload it.  
By the time I finish, there'll be no trace of who showed it.  
Now before I do, I'll make a deal with you.  
I'll need six dozen liters of Mountain Dew.

MARTYN

You got a deal, but I must escape the repercussions.

THE HACK

Child please, I hack better than the Russians.

*He gets busy carrying out the plot*

A fake profile I'll create for you  
With limited range of what others can view.  
The video's uploading - every site, blog and outlet.  
When Devin sees he'll be breakin out in a cold sweat.  
I'm hacking the internet. You know it's a safe bet  
The virus keeps em staring and they all keep sharing.  
Gotta hand it to ya kid, I admire your daring.  
Here's a GIF of it I made, "hashtag epic fail."

*Upstage, we see a shorter version of the previous  
video, in GIF form, repeated over and over. A  
sign or gobo reads "#epicfail"*

This pathetic tale will spread at a viral scale.  
Multiple posts keeping to the themes,  
Cuz after all the ends justify the memes.

*He is finishing up. Impressed with himself...*

That's it. All ready now, keep your finger steady.  
(Man, I'm good! My hackin's sharp as a machete).  
I'll let you do the honors...

*MARTYN hesitates*

MARTYN

Is this a mouse I see before me?  
The button awaits account activation.  
If I click, I commit character assassination.

*A beat while MARTYN considers that this turning  
point.*

BAILEY

What's the matter Martyn? We're good - you heard the Hack.

MARTYN

Once it's done, I guess there's no turning back.

*GLITCHES appear before them*

GLITCHES

Double double click for trouble,  
Firewall burn and firewall crumble.  
Control alt delete will see the deed complete,  
And Devin's reputation's guaranteed defeat.

The cloud it gathers wifi like lightning.  
Shooting out, it's frightening how it ignores the right thing.  
The rumors are growing  
Not slowing.  
Email outgoing  
And information flowing.  
The gossips are crowing  
No signs of plateauing  
The coding is goading, joking.  
The network's smoking.  
The dark clouds of smoke  
Have got the truth choking.  
Devin's not coping.  
He's moaning, shoulders sloping.  
The quotes they're emoting  
Portend a demoting.  
Do you wish to impede,  
Despite the speed of your greed?

*Lights out on ALL except MARTYN, center who  
presses the button.*

MARTYN

I'll sleep no more. I have done the deed.

*Blackout*

## SCENE 7

*The next day. The office of principal BURNAM  
WOOD. He is busy at his desk. MAMA MARTYN and  
ROSS enter.*



WOOD

Come. Come in, quickly. A few minutes - not a bunch.  
Tell me what the issue is while I finish my lunch.

MAMA MARTYN

Thank you, Principal Wood. It's a small thing I'm asking.  
Please go on and continue multitasking,  
I know you're very busy.

WOOD

*Calling offstage*

Lizzie!

My next appointments not here, is he?

LIZZIE

*From offstage*

No sir!

WOOD

Ok, go ahead.

ROSS

Really, Mr. Wood at least put down your pen.

WOOD

Fine. Ok.

*WOOD sets the pen down, looks up*

Who are you again?

MAMA MARTYN

He teaches drama, and there's a problem he's intent on ignoring.  
The school body is roaring and adamantly imploring  
For Devin to be replaced as the lead, with justification  
That he can't hack it and will embarrass us all in front of the  
nation.

ROSS

It's not fair to the show to cause such upheaval,  
And bow to those bloggers spreading this evil.

WOOD

Are you willing to stake my school's fine reputation -  
Not to mention the potential of a sizable donation?  
Devin's been great and I'll admit he is unlucky,

But for the good of the school put in the ...underbuddy.

ROSS

Understudy, sir.

WOOD

Well, whatever it is, that's my decision. It's final.  
That's all the time I have, so good luck at the - what is it? Recital?

*WOOD goes back to his work*

ROSS

Don't think I don't know who's got a hand in this scheme.

MAMA MARTYN

Why, Mr. Ross, I'm appalled. Whatever do you mean?

*We hear the school bell ring. Lights shift to the hallway. As ROSS prepares to break the bad news to DEVIN, MAMA MARTYN crosses to MARTYN as he enters with BAILEY to tell him the good news. At the same time, we see SUE, LENNE, & MALLORY enter, looking at their phones, laughing. DEVIN enters from another direction. They see him, get suddenly quiet, and then burst out laughing again. DEVIN approaches them.*

DEVIN

Guess you saw the GIF of me tripping...

SUE

Your reputation's not the only thing that's slipping.

DEVIN

Those memes are pretty zany, huh?

LENNE

My feed is "hashtag epic fail" mania.

SUE

Later, loser. I guess we'll see you around.

LENNE

If we need you, we'll be sure to look on the ground.

*MALLORY laughs. SUE and LENNE exit.*

DEVIN

Mallory, this is awful. Who would do such a thing?

MALLORY

Yeah, I dunno... Oh, I just heard the bell ring.

*MALLORY starts to exit.*

DEVIN

I didn't hear a ring. Why the hesitation?

MALLORY

I'm sorry, Devin. Think of my reputation.  
If I'm seen with you it'll be damaged by association.

*MALLORY exits. ROSS exits into hallway, calls  
DEVIN aside.*

ROSS

Devin. Come here for a minute.

*DEVIN goes to ROSS*

This is going to be painful no matter how I try to spin it.  
I hate to admit but your stature is diminished.  
Your time as Macbeth, I'm sorry son, is finished.

DEVIN

But I did nothing wrong. I'm being bullied. You know the score.  
Don't do this Mr. Ross. I can't take anymore.

*MARTYN enters*

ROSS

I'm sorry Devin. There's nothing I can do.  
And know that I hate to have to do this to you.

*To MARTYN*

Martyn, in a few days you'll be on view.  
The part of Mackers, it seems, is yours to pursue.  
Be ready for rehearsal this afternoon.

*ROSS exits*

BAILEY

Well, Martyn, seems they gave it to you.  
And Mackers, from Devin, so untimely ripped -  
Look at him, man. He's devastated. Whipped.

*MARTYN turns to DEVIN, making an effort...*

MARTYN

Hey Devin. I'll do my best to fill your shoes.

DEVIN

Thanks for that. But in the end let's not pretend  
You're not the winner when I lose.

*They exit. Lights shift.*

## SCENE 8

*The same afternoon. Heath High auditorium, mid-rehearsal. MARTYN is onstage rehearsing. ROSS is in the audience. MARTYN is struggling. He holds his script, occasionally referring to it for his lines.*

MARTYN

"Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time"

ROSS

Again, but with emphasis at the start of the line.

MARTYN

"Ere human statute purged the gentle weal"

ROSS

So far your preparation is less than ideal.

MARTYN

"Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd"

ROSS

Once more, please. That line came out deformed.

MARTYN

"That, when the brains were out, the man would die"

ROSS

You skipped a line. Go back and give it a try.

MARTYN

"And there an end: but now they rise again"

ROSS

I said go back and try it again -

MARTYN

"With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,"

ROSS

Martyn, at some point you have to put the script down.

MARTYN

"And push us from our stools: this is more strange  
Than such a murder is."

*BAILEY enters and hears the following.*

ROSS

You don't have the tools, at least not for these purposes.  
Devin was a leader - that's it. I can't work like this!

*Collects himself*

Martyn, I'm sorry to be so hard on you,  
But our hours are few and you've got more work to do.

MARTYN

I'm sorry sir, I'll get it down I swear. I just need a little more  
time to prepare.

ROSS

You keep on working daily until you can do it ably.  
In the meantime, your new understudy will be Bailey.

MARTYN

That seems unnecessary. I just need some time and practices.  
I'll learn it faster if you're worried that disaster'll hit.  
Calm down, Mr. Ross. You know who the master is.

ROSS

Your pride is growing faster and I advise you to dismantle it.  
Spend more time working and less time on your statuses.  
Since this little scandal hit, I can't count on you to handle it.

MARTYN

But sir -

ROSS

In the end I'll go with who the stronger actor is!

*ROSS exits. MARTYN turns to BAILEY.*

MARTYN

Bailey, I need your assistance. I've gotta take down Ross if he continues his persistence.

*BAILEY hesitates*

What's that look for? What's the matter - why look so resistant?

BAILEY

I'm sorry Martyn, but I gotta keep my distance.  
Despite the fact that we're tight, I can't help you in this fight.  
What we did to Devin's keeping me awake at night.  
It's not right what we did out of greed and spite,  
And foresight tells me what we devour will return the bite.

MARTYN

Hey man, that's not cool. You're my partner in crime.

BAILEY

Not any more. For me it's the end of the line.

*BAILEY exits. SUE and LENNE enter and cross paths, texting as before.*

SUE

I just went live with the rehearsal. It's streaming.

LENNE

Looks like Martyn's 5 minutes were fleeting.

SUE

Plus, he's starting to act a little vainly.

LENNE

The understudy should go on - hashtag team Bailey!

*SUE and LENNE exit on opposite sides. A notification sound is heard. MARTYN pulls out his phone to reveal the cloud's allegiance switching from him to BAILEY.*

MARTYN

Friendship deleted. Bailey, to me you're dead.  
I'm gonna bury you tonight on the world wide web.

*Blackout*

## SCENE 9

*The HACK's basement. The same evening. HACK is drinking straight from a 2 liter bottle of Mountain Dew.*

HACK

Hackin' Ross's grade book is a risky stroke.  
You must be desperate. You're really goin' for broke.

MARTYN

What actor dare, I dare.  
I don't despair, because I got you to prepare digital warfare  
Under a nom de guerre with your software.  
Give me an update. What's the 411?

HACK

Once I hack the school's mainframe I'll be done, son.  
I gotta admit that once we're in business  
Their reputations will be diminished, and they'll both be finished.

MARTYN

You've got your soda, man, so don't question the plan.  
Just follow the command and fulfill the demand.  
Just make it look like Bailey's grades have been falling,  
And that Ross has been fixing them - it'll look appalling.  
If the trend is repeating it'll look like cheating,  
And Wood will call 'em to a meeting and give 'em some hot seating.

I don't have time for competing, so make Bailey's rise fleeting.  
I'm determined to defeat whoever needs defeating.

HACK

Once I bypass the firewall the Black Hat operations begin  
Just reroute the protocols and I'm in like Flynn.  
Alright. I just uploaded the algorithm to the system.  
The virus also has a complex encryption.  
It won't be long now before the story leaks,  
And they're up a creek, while Principal Wood begins seeking  
Mr. Ross's two weeks, and Bailey's hope is looking bleak.  
You need anything else? Another post or text?

MARTYN

Just keep your lips sealed, or you'll be next.

*GLITCHES enter and again surround them*

GLITCHES

The web is spun, the fiber optics grow tangled,  
They take the strand when the bait of fame is dangled.  
The network is pulsing like it's alive,  
Pumping data live where information thrives.

The lies are mounting.  
No accounting  
Of the amount that's been sent out.  
Deceit compounding,  
The trolls are spouting  
A fountain in which we're drowning.  
From behind keyboards they're shrouding,  
True identity we're doubting,  
The chatrooms are shouting,  
Ross and Bailey are slouching over their outing,  
And Burnham Wood is pouting.  
If the cloud is a storm, then right now the wind is howling!

GLITCH #3

Are you pleased with your action?

GLITCH #2

Does it bring satisfaction?

GLITCH #1

Or do you wish to issue a retraction?



*Lights out on ALL except MARTYN, center*

MARTYN

Strange things I have in head, this virus.  
But prestige and glory lead me to be desirous.

*Blackout*

**SCENE 10**

*Heath High. SUE and LENNE enter texting.*

SUE

Lenne, did you hear?

LENNE

It's blowing up online.

SUE

It seems what Ross has done is borderline crime.

LENNE

He's fixing Baileys grades in every class he's teachin'-

SUE

- To keep her eligible for drama. I literally can't even.

LENNE

The drama's been addictive, but I hate to burst your bubble.  
Our reputation lies in rubble and our prospects are in trouble.

SUE

We're all surprised by the deceit they disguise, but I spied it with  
my eyes. And what's online never lies.

LENNE

That's right. If seeing is believing, then I've got a feeling that  
what they're concealing isn't very appealing. Why's anyone squealing  
if the dirt isn't the real thing?

SUE

Facts are facts, can't argue with that.

*They exit. ROSS and BAILEY enter, as lights rise on PRINCIPAL WOOD in his office.*

WOOD

Mr. Ross, Bailey, come in quickly. There's a matter to discuss.

BAILEY

This is unjust. You gotta believe us.

WOOD

You don't inspire trust. And I'm afraid I must  
Take action, and simplify this like a fraction.  
It's called addition by subtraction.

ROSS

I didn't switch the scores, so spare me your metaphors.

WOOD

Watch your tone. You can ill afford to go before the school board.

ROSS

You can't be serious. I've been framed by some malevolence.

WOOD

Is that so? In that case, where's your evidence?

ROSS

Sir, I -

WOOD

It looks bad. You're removed from your station.  
I have to do what's best and protect our reputation.  
Ross, you're on leave while we conduct investigations.  
I expect your cooperation as we pursue litigation.

ROSS

This is an outrage, an abomination!

WOOD

The abomination is the gravity of these accusations.

ROSS

But the festival - we've worked so hard for this shot.

WOOD

Dismissed.

Get out now, or you can resign on the spot.

Mama Martyn takes over and will see the thing handled  
Until we get to the bottom of the depths of this scandal.

*ROSS and BAILEY begin to leave*

Oh, and one more thing.

Along with your tenure being ended,

I have to inform Bailey - you're being suspended.

That'll be all.

*BAILEY is dumbfounded. She and ROSS exit.*

## SCENE 11

*On the flight to Augusta. MAMA MARTYN,  
MARTYN, SUE and LENNE are aboard. There is  
one unoccupied seat.*

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Ladies and gentlemen, we've now reached 10,000 feet.

*Upon hearing this, ALL breathe a sigh of  
relief and pull out their various  
technological devices.*

And we'd like to repeat, please stay in your seat.

We remind you no gathering in front of the plane, because

To do so would violate federal aviation laws.

If we can do anything to accommodate you, just try

To hit the call button, and we'll be there in the blink of an eye.

Cuz after all, we know you have a choice when you fly.

MARTYN

Mama, I don't feel good. My nerves have got me quaking. This  
undertaking is shaking all the moves that I'm making.

MAMA MARTYN

Now there, relax. Take a deep breath or two. What's done is done.  
Nothing to undo, so see it through. What's the matter with you?

MARTYN

What I've done to Bailey, Ross, and Devin through the Hack - This attack on them is wrackin my thoughts. My heart is heavy like it's cardiac. The deck is stacked, and I lack the strength to set it back correct. I'm unchecked with power, and as I reflect I expect that I'm the number one suspect. I'm the architect of this disrespect - the cause of the effect. The plans infected and perfected for fear of being rejected. Am I expected to feel dejected from now on? If so this plot's ejected.

MAMA MARTYN

Hush now, don't let your thoughts go manic. Breathe into this bag and try not to panic.

*MAMA hands him a bag from the seat pocket. LIGHTS and SOUND indicating a storm brewing outside the plane.*

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:

Passengers, buckle up and please stow your stuff. We're expecting some turbulence. It's about to get rough.

*As FLIGHT ATTENDANT turns on the seat belt sign, MARTYN begins to breathe into the bag. He becomes more and more panicked, hyperventilating. The excess oxygen causes him to hallucinate. The lights flicker, accompanied by thunder. When lights restore, we see the figure of BAILEY sitting in the seat that was previously vacant. MARTYN can't believe his eyes. He is the only one who sees the figure.*

MARTYN

The flight is full.

MAMA MARTYN

No, there's a seat right there.

MARTYN

Very funny mom, look someone's occupied that chair.

*MARTYN stands, approaches the figure*

How did you get on board? Permission restored?

Or on your own accord? Am I going insane? With guilt I can't contain,  
Don't judge me with disdain. I'm getting off the plane.

*A FLIGHT ATTENDANT appears*

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Young man, please be seated.

MAMA MARTYN

He's overheated and nauseous. Some dramamine will treat it.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Are you ok? Do you need a bag for vomit?

MARTYN

*To MAMA*

It's not flight that's got me queasy, but who appears to be on it.

*Back to the figure, frantically*

Go away! I'm sorry. I'd take it back but I can't.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Young man. You're dizzy, I grant, but you must stop with this rant.

MARTYN

Get out, Bailey. Leave!

MAMA MARTYN

Take your leave, miss. He's afraid of flying,  
Not that hard to believe.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I perceive the truth, and the intense degree  
Of his ailing. But Ma'am, he's got to stop flailing.

MARTYN

Bailey, give me the detailing of the plot that you're veiling.

MAMA MARTYN

Martyn, look at me. Stop. Drop this act and remember you sit at the  
top of the mountain. Don't let there be any doubt in that head of  
yours. Don't let your ship come loose from the moors. Batten the  
hatches, strike the matches, and light up the dark. Cuz one little  
spark is all you need to make your mark.

*MAMA is finally able to snap MARTYN out of his trance. Lights flicker again, once more accompanied by thunder, and the figure is gone.*

MARTYN

I'm sorry, mother. You're right, I'll not make a peep.  
I'm just so tired, and the cost of plotting is steep.  
My strange and self abuse is fear that wants hard use.  
I am still young in deed...some sleep is all I need.

MAMA MARTYN

That excuses your behavior.  
Rest now. You lack the season of all natures. Sleep.

*Lights shift.*

## SCENE 12

*HACK's basement, moments later. HACK is at his computer, drinking Mountain Dew. We hear the sound of knocking.*

HACK

Knock, knock! Who's there, in the name of the Hack!  
Is it blogger or troll who seeks to enroll  
My talents for sharing the unfair and unbalanced?  
I can only imagine some web assassin who wants to send servers  
Crashin' just to stoke a reaction.

*More knocking*

Ah, here's a Redditor stalking users like a predator,  
With falsehoods and lies, revising facts like an editor.

*More knocking*

And the anonymous blogger, a real truth dodger. A squawker, a talker.  
Insults are his fodder.  
Splicing the words, sniping and griping. Slighting and striking from  
behind the keyboard from which he's typing.

*BAILEY lets herself in*

BAILEY

I've been knocking for ages.  
Time is urgent, a problem's emergin.'  
Martyn is purgin' anyone less than encouragin.'

HACK

So what's it to me? I've been up all night coding, uploading. So why with your goading should I have a sense of foreboding?

BAILEY

Hack, I know what you helped him do to me. But I can see the forest for the trees. He's slashing and burning and all he'll leave is debris in his wake - cuz right now he's got too much at stake.

HACK

I'm no threat to his role and he knows what I know. If he comes after me I've got dirt to show.

BAILEY

C'mon, use your head. Be careful how you tread. I'm his best friend and he left me for dead! The fact that you know is what makes you a threat. He holds all the cards and he's hedging his bets. The longer we stay quiet, the worse it'll be. So please, hear my plea! Listen to me!

HACK

Ok, ok! You've got my attention.

BAILEY

Just be aware it might mean suspension.

HACK

Been at this school four years, then an additional three  
One little suspension makes no difference to me.

BAILEY

Ok. We take what we know to Devin and Ross.  
It won't take much to align them to our cause.  
Martyn will be blind to what we plan, cuz after all,  
It's true what they say about pride and the fall.

Then we get Burnham Wood on a conference call.  
Once we're united in seeing the wrong righted,

Martyn will find himself quickly uninvited  
To Augusta, and imagine the trouble we avoid - not all, I admit -  
But if the ship's sinking, I won't go down with it.

HACK

I had no idea he was so unstable. To win the game you gotta flip the  
table if the deck is stacked, to fend off the attack. Bailey, I've got  
your back. Here's all my files so we can counterattack.  
We'll cut off all his exits, block him into a cul de sac. Get 'em all  
on the phone and we'll give them the playback. When this is over I  
pray you, remember the Hack.

*They get to work*

### SCENE 13

*The auditorium at the Nat'l High School  
Theatre Awards. Rehearsal has just ended.  
SUE and LENNE, who are supposed to be  
working late night tech notes, are busy on  
social media.*

SUE

Hey mind of the hive, I'm goin' live - cuz' it looks like Mama Martyn  
needs to take five.

LENNE

The pressure is mounting, and despite all her expounding, her reviews  
as a director are pretty resounding.

SUE

Frazzled -

LENNE

And rattled -

SUE

Her vision is tangled -

LENNE

And Mackers is mangled.



SUE

She's blowing the job that she has for so long angled.

LENNE

She's second rate, like something from Goodwill -

SUE

Sorry Miss M, but you have literally no chill.

*MAMA MARTYN enters, distressed. The pressure is too much for her. She speaks to thin air. LENNE and SUE watch, unbeknownst to MAMA.*

MAMA MARTYN

Places everyone. Places. Martyn find your light.  
Yes, here's the spot!  
There at center. Listen to me, your mentor.  
One beat, two beats, it's time. Don't be a dissenter!

LENNE

*A text to SUE*

OMG, there's like no one even there.

MAMA MARTYN

I can do this. Have faith. No need for despair.  
Martyn, in my care you climb higher than you'd dare.  
It's not fair to declare the affair wrong when I look out for your welfare. Curtain rise!

SUE

*A text to LENNE*

She's losing it. She's got a strange look in her eyes.

MAMA MARTYN

End scene, lights out...

*SUE is preoccupied with MAMA's madness. The lights remain on.*

Lights out!

*SUE scrambles to do as MAMA says. A single spotlight remains on MAMA.*

Out, damned spot! Out, I say!

*SUE turns off the spotlight*

I reject the notion that I'm devoid of emotion when I'm decried for staying true in my devotion to my son. He's my family and the only one I have on this earth since the day of his birth. He's the source of all my joy and all of my mirth. Oh, I've gone too far to raise his star to the skies! I despise the guise in which I've prompted his rise. All my bad advice, and I have to surmise that when all is said and done, I'll be burned for flying too close to my son.

*MAMA exits and LIGHTS shift*

LENNE  
*texting*

LOL. Mama Martyn is on one.

*Lights shift.*

#### **SCENE 14**

*The conference call, the same evening. This takes place from several locations, each representing the characters' respective homes or offices.*

BAILEY  
Devin are you there? Can you hear me now?

DEVIN  
Yeah I can hear you, what's the point of this pow-wow?

HACK  
Mr. Ross, you're connected.

ROSS  
Where'd you get this number? Tell me how, now!

HACK  
Relax Ross. Man, like don't have a cow.

ROSS

What's the meaning of this, kids? This had better be good.

HACK

Hold on, I'm patching through to Principal Wood.

WOOD

Heath High School, home of the Fighting Scots.

Principal Burnham Wood here.

You have one minute of my time, cuz I don't have lots.

BAILEY

Principal Wood, it's me Bailey from the play.

WOOD

*Calls offstage*

Lizzie, do I have an appointment with Bailey today?

LIZZIE

*From offstage*

No, Mr. Wood. You're booked solid til May!

WOOD

Aha! Hang up now, or you'll owe me an essay.

ROSS

Mr. Wood, it's Ross. I believe these students have something to say.

WOOD

Ross? What is this? Explain this disarray.

HACK

Sir, it's me the Hack.

WOOD

The Hack? Who the heck is that?

HACK

The 4th year senior, Fitzgerald Pasternak.

DEVIN

Enough now. Please you guys, cut to the chase.

BAILEY

I'm scared to admit this, but I'll put on a brave face:

Martyn and his mother are behind all the rumors  
Spreading like tumors, deceiving the viewers and digital consumers.

WOOD

Well, that can't be true. The evidence all points to you.

HACK

Bailey and I made Devin's downfall spread like fire  
So he'd be viewed as outdated as napster, my space, and limewire.  
It was Martyn's desire, and it's true we followed through with it. Any  
competition that he faced we empowered his removing it.

DEVIN

So the truth is out. The campaign was a smear  
Meant to turn those against me, and fill up their ears  
With deception, to manipulate everybody's perception of my ability.  
The lie's killing me! And all this you did willingly?

BAILEY

And that's not all. Ross, Martyn wanted me to frame you because you  
were pushing him hard and he started to blame you.  
I resisted but he persisted and that's when the Hack was re-enlisted.

ROSS

My gradebook? That explains it.  
Some kind of a breach, just to see me impeached.

WOOD

I'm distressed by this speech. Can it be, I beseech you?

HACK

Unfortunately sir, yes. The files I sent will confirm that it's all  
true.

WOOD

Outrageous -

ROSS

So shameless -

DEVIN

But why come forward when you're less than blameless?

BAILEY

There's still time to act. It's not too late

To set this thing right and avoid this fate.  
There's a red-eye flight and it's heading to Maine.  
Let's go stop them and unsully our names.

WOOD

Despite treachery the likes I've never seen in my halls,  
I thank you for your honesty.

*Calls Offstage*

Lizzie! Hold all my calls!

*Blackout*

### SCENE 15

*Outside the auditorium in Augusta, the same evening, moments after MAMA M's breakdown. MARTYN enters.*

MARTYN

I have almost forgot the taste of fears, I've waited years to embrace  
the crowds praise and cheers. The road I've taken has left all shaken,  
but tomorrow the theatre we all partake in.

*MALLORY enters, hastily*

MALLORY

Martyn! It's disconcerting, but your Mom is deserting -

MARTYN

Not now.

MALLORY

- the production. And her deduction guarantees our destruction.

MARTYN

I'll kill this role, no matter the obstruction.

MALLORY

But with no director - seeing as she got distressed and bailed -  
It seems that our school is destined to fail.

MARTYN

My mother would never hurt our chances as a finalist. She's not a nihilist.

MALLORY

Martyn, she went home to see her psychiatrist.

*MALLORY exits*

MARTYN

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow,  
The show must go on.  
Even if I stand alone and all others are gone,  
I'll step out from behind fortune's shadow  
And strut my hour upon the stage,  
Write my legacy now, and inscribe the page.  
With a performance unlike any other has been,  
Every prof, judge, and dean will cling to each scene.  
Unless I've missed some small detail  
That opens the gates and allows me to fail...  
Something unseen, something I'm overlooking?  
I need comfort. I'll resort to vaguebooking.

Status update: "Feeling down right about now.  
Wish I knew if it will all workout fine somehow."

*The GLITCHES appear*

GLITCH #1

"OMG Martyn, You'll be great don't even sweat it."

GLITCH #2

"I'm always here for you, Don't you ever forget it."

GLITCH #3

"Hope everything's fine, you're good enough I swear"

GLITCHES

"Don't know what's up, but just know that I care."

Martyn, you are lion-hearted and proud.  
Nothing can stop you from wearing the crown.  
Be bold and resolute and speak your lines loud.  
Your victory is promised as is the roar of the crowd.  
They'll elevate your name to fortune and fame

And proudly proclaim how you played the game.  
For the only thing that may impede your aim  
Is if Principal Burnham Wood comes to Augusta, Maine.

MARTYN

That will never be.  
Who can impress the principal, busy as a bee  
To unfix his office-bound schedule -  
Which is essential  
To his very being?  
We won't see Wood, it's worth guaranteeing.  
He's swamped with appointments and school board meetings,  
A slave to his secretary, bound to his seat.  
I'm assured victory by closing the jaws of defeat.  
I'm untouchable. And tomorrow will finally come of age,  
When roses and praise rain down on the stage.

*Lights shift.*

#### SCENE 16

*Backstage, mid-performance of the Nat'l High School Theatre Awards in Augusta. SUE and LENNE are present. SUE calls cues on headset, while LENNE waits to hand MARTYN his armour and scabbard for his upcoming fight scene. We hear MARTYN delivering lines offstage.*

MARTYN

"If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
I gin to be aweary of the sun,  
And wish to the estate o' the world were now undone.  
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! Come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back."

*The sound of applause is heard as MARTYN and MALLORY enter from the scene they've just finished. While LENNE adds the armour and scabbard to MARTYN's costume, MARTYN rehearses lines.*

MARTYN

"I bear a charmed life that must not yield."  
Ha! Truer words have never been spoken.  
No need for luck - my leg's already broken.

*Pleased with himself, turns to LENNE*

Pretty good, right?

LENNE

Whatever Martyn, here's the sword for your fight.

MALLORY

*To MARTYN*

Can you stop upstaging and your boastful showboating?  
I can hardly take anymore of your gloating.  
We're supposed to be a team -

MARTYN

You'll learn, as I have, that's just a pipe dream.  
The only way to glory is to take abundance from -

*BAILEY bursts in, followed by DEVIN, the HACK, ROSS, and PRINCIPAL WOOD. WOOD is unseen by MARTYN.*

BAILEY

Put your glory on hold, your uppance has come!

MARTYN

Bailey, I'm impressed by your gumption - but you're too late to stop the play's resumption.

ROSS

It's not just Bailey, we're united against you. Devin, the Hack, and I are here to prevent you from enacting the hijacking of Devin's acting.

*SUE, LENNE, & MALLORY gasp*

MARTYN

That wasn't me! You've got no proof. You did that on your own.  
Now excuse me, I'll go resume my place on the throne -

THE HACK

Martyn it's over. I gave them every code and file.



MALLORY

So Martyn's behind all that?

SUE

How disgusting -

LENNE

How vile!

MARTYN

It' doesn't matter now. This will do you no good.  
The only one who can stop me is Principal Wood!

*PRINCIPAL WOOD steps forward*

WOOD

I flew all this way to be the fly in your ointment,  
And you'll rue the day you made me miss an appointment.

MARTYN

Principal Wood, I didn't think you'd make it.

BAILEY

You took the part too far. Now Devin's come to take it.

MARTYN

I will not yield to kiss the ground before young Devin's feet.

*MARTYN starts for the stage, but is stopped  
by DEVIN.*

DEVIN

Turn, and face to face we meet! No phone to help you now. No facebook,  
facetime, just face to face rhyme.

MARTYN

Though Burnham Wood has come to Augusta, Maine,  
I'll toss technology's shield in defense of my name.  
Yes. I will try the last, I'll spit my curses.  
And down with him that first runs out of verses!

DEVIN

I have the words. My voice is my sword.

*They begin an epic spoken word or rap battle (this can be performed with or without an accompanying beat).*

MARTYN

Devin's got no heart. Can't even hear it thump.  
He's just a grump cuz he's a chump who fell and hit his rump and can't  
take the lumps.

DEVIN

I'm not surprised you can't hear my heart beating  
Will all the words that your mouth is busy excreting.  
Hey Martyn, don't mope. Get out your stethoscope  
And listen. I know it's shocking  
But you could hear if you didn't like the sound of yourself talking.

MARTYN

Smell that, could it be that your gas lighting  
To distract from the fact that your careers flat lining?  
You looked so sad with confessions of depressions.  
Call a doctor so he can start chest compressions.

DEVIN

You think you've won, that you've got it made.  
The tallest tree around but all you do is throw shade.  
A tree knotted and rotted falls, do we care  
When all that blows through it seems to be hot air?

MARTYN

I'm long-winded cuz you're part was rescinded.  
I'm the only one who can do it, there is no other -

DEVIN

I'll stop you right there, this pride I gotta smother.  
Cuz let's be honest, you're nothing without your mother.

MARTYN

Hey, there are certain etiquettes to preserve.

DEVIN

I'm sorry. Did it hit a nerve that you've just been served?  
A dish served cold, follow mommy with a blindfold.  
She told you there'd be riches but you're holdin fools gold.  
The nugget's slippin through your fingers  
Even though you try to cup it.

You climbed the summit now get ready for the plummet.  
You look lost, check your moral compass -  
Oh that's right it kicked the bucket.  
You're a covetous culprit who tried to bring the ruckus.  
Button that mouth. Your mommas flaky like a crumpet.  
You're crumblin like a muffin, your eyes are buggin like a muppet.  
Makes sense that mom pulls the strings, cuz you're a puppet.

MARTYN

You're a puppet.

DEVIN

That's it? The best you can muster?  
That hot air's subsiding, seems you've lost your bluster.  
I rest my case. Our King's a jester, and I think we've found  
That what rests on his head is a hollow crown.

MARTYN

Well -

DEVIN

What's that? What'd you say? All that you can do is croak.  
You're a liar, a cheater, and above all Martyn, you're a joke.

*MARTYN opens his mouth to speak, but can't  
do it. He has nothing.*

He's tappin out, c'mon ref let's stop it.  
Martyn clear the way for my mic so I can drop it.

*MARTYN is defeated*

ROSS

Point made Devin, he's suffered your arrows and slings.  
Let's give it up for our one true King!

WOOD

Ross, I'd like to announce - and I'm sure you'll be elated -  
The investigation's off and you're fully reinstated.  
Now, go out there and give it your all.  
Good luck and I wish you -

*PRINCIPAL WOOD's phone rings*

- I've got to take this call.

ROSS

*To DEVIN and the actors/crew*

You heard the man. To places. Snap to!

*Turns to MARTYN*

When we return to Heath, we will deal with you.  
But for the moment we've got some team work to do.  
Devin is Mac, but it's a fact  
To restore the order...we're gonna need a Porter.

*MARTYN is surprised, grateful*

Everyone gather round, let's focus our thoughts.  
Together we can do this, we still have a shot.  
What we achieve today has been earned, not bought.  
Raise your voices...

ALL

Hail the Heath Fighting Scots!!!

## **EPILOGUE**

GLITCHES

The tale of I, Mac(kers)ends in Martyn's defeat.  
A folly to take care, not to repeat.  
The consequences are dire for Mama Martyn and her sire.  
It doesn't pay to conspire no matter the desire.

GLITCH #2

A tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury

GLITCH #3

Signifying nothing if your ethics are blurry.

GLITCH #1

Our power is great, but it must be understood

GLITCHES

That we can be used for bad as much as used for good.

SUE & LENNE

So think twice before you post to bring somebody down,

BAILEY

Cuz verbal boomerangs have ways of comin' back round.

DEVIN

And if you find yourself in conflict in some digital space,

ROSS

Log out and get help to handle it face to face.

PRINCIPAL WOOD

Technology's a gift that allows for connection,

THE HACK

A format for unprecedented expression.

MALLORY

Question what you see and use critical thinking.

MAMA MARTYN

Take heed, and let the lesson start syncing.

MARTYN

Lookout for each other and stand up for what's right.

ALL

Bullying is wrong on every blog, tweet, or site.

GLITCHES

From the cloud the Three Glitches must bid you adieu.

But remember, we'll be monitorin' you.

Double double click for trouble,

Firewall burn and firewall crumble.

*They repeat "Double double...firewall crumble" until thunder clap and lightning strikes, ending in blackout.*

*THE END*