SCENE 1. *The S'moors.*

SHAKES

Bubble, bubble, rat hair and stubble
Cellulose churn, diglycerides bubble.

(Enter Macmuffin.)

SHAKE 1

All hail Macmuffin! We bring good tidings to thee
Who is morning taste treat now, Mayor of Arches soon.

MAC

Thy speakest vanilla falsehood, though 'tis true:
I am now morning taste treat; but Mayor of Arches?
I knowest not of what you speak.

SHAKE 2

By my froth, do not doubt:
In menu marquee
Macmuffin shall appear above all:
Above McNuggets, 'bove McCheese.

MAC

Above McCheese? But this cannot be! The Mayor lives.
Are you sure 'tis I who shall reign?

SHAKE 3

Fear not, Macmuffin. No burger born of beef
Shall e'er have power upon thee.

(Exeunt.)

MAC

This strange news hath poached double my yolk.
Could it be true the news from paper cups parted?
Just as milkshakes boast o' no dairy

And factory farm is a phrase contrary

A muffin testing destiny must be wary.

SCENE 2. *Macmuffin's Castle*.

(Enter Lady Filet-O-Fish and Mac.)

MAC

Lady Filet!

How fares my tender fish sandwich?

LADY FILET

Golden brown, my lord, with the news of late:

The forecast of those triple thick hath reached my ears. And hast thou heard? With Mayor McCheese have we for lunch together been order'd.

MAC

'Tis true then the prophecy!

But dar'st I yank

The sweating patty from its limp bun?

LADY FILET

Hear me now: for with my plan

Greasy arches we shall quickly span.

When McCheese comes, greet him with the smile of Ronald,

But with the heart of Hamburglar.

Mayor Macmuffin you shall be

And no burger born of beef

Shall have the power to stop thee.

This sauce offer, laced it is with drug.

Strike first and never worry

Your heart as cold as a McFlurry.

(Exit. Enter McCheese, Lords, Fries.)

MAYOR MCCHEESE

Hail noble Macmuffin of Egg

Fulfiller of that most important meal.

MAC

Hail Mayor McCheese!

Yet I see thy patty hath grown dry.

A special sauce will surely greasen thy extremities, making thee juicy anew.

MAYOR MCCHEESE

Spread on, then, McMuffin!

My beefy Cheddar awaits.

MAC

(aside) Special it is, in both intent and effect.

MAYOR MCCHEESE

Yet I feel a sudden fatigue. Go forth, and I will join thee of late.

To my chamber I'll retire for twenty winks to take. *(Exeunt.)*

MAC

More than twenty winks into this night he'll fit—

A sleep of no waking: I'm lovin' it.

SCENE 3. *The Mayor's Chamber.*

(Macmuffin and Lady Filet chew.)

MAC

Methought I heard a voice cry,

"Sleep no more! Macmuffin doth murder grease"—the innocent grease,

The ring that dots every placemat to show a burger once was there.

LADY FILET

The drippings from this meat hath stained my white bun

And no cleanser, nay Biz nor Fab, shall draw it out.

Out, damned sauce! Out, I say! *(Dies.)*

MAC

She hath perished, simmered in her own juices.

Tomato and tomato and tomato

Creeps in this petty place from bun to bun

To the last comestible of recorded time.

(Enter Guard.)

GUARD

My lord, a large order of burgers has been assembl'd

And are now led against us!

MAC

What burgers are these? Were they not born of beef? The shakes that know all mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:

"Fear not, Macmuffin. No burger born of beef

Shall e'er have power upon thee."

GUARD

Um . . .

(Alarum within. Enter McPlant.)

MCPLANT

Rise up, muffin, and fight!

MAC

May I have your order?

MCPLANT

Vengeance, false mayor!

MAC

We shall soon see what you are made of! *(They fight.)*

MCPLANT

Pea-protein isolate, pressed canola oil, bamboo cellulose . . .

MAC

Yet where lies the beef?

MCPLANT

Only that which comes from beyond.

MAC

’Tis impossible!

MCPLANT

No. He serves another king.

MAC

(dying) The future is yours with that sure poke:

My bacon is pierced straight through to my yolk.

MCPLANT

Then run yellow from this life, sickly sandwich.

MAC

I die uneaten an unethical egg;

Let all who hear my fate a more sustainable snack beg. *(Dies.)*

MCPLANT

Distasteful story, done at last:

Ne’er from life has food moved so fast. ♦