

SCRIPT: **The Caterer**

(Character fashioned after Danny DiVito, even though she'll probably be played as a woman.)

(Kitchen with disruptions going on. Bowls crashing, drawers mysteriously opening, light fixture swaying, bucket taking itself on a journey across the floor. Ghost enters)

I spent my life livin' by 3 rules:

1. **Life is a competition and every interaction is an opportunity to conquer somebody.**
2. **Always look for creative ways to use your resources.**

And

3. **Always let the guys working for you know who's boss.**

See, those guys are just the "little people." They only exist to make me money. I hadta pay 'em at least minimum wage, so that's what they got. That law was passed 20 years ago, but that's the only one. I didn't want 'em to come cryin' to me about poor health and safety conditons, or their long hours. 'Course they got pretty useless by the 5th day of a 60 hour work week. Still, with so many stiffs outta work, the ones who wanted to keep their jobs came in regularly before their official start time and worked a couple of hours off the books for free.

Hey, I'm a businesswoman, okay? I'm the one with the bread. If they really counted, I'd be working for them! It's not like I'm breaking the law or anything. They don't have no union telling me what to do. If Congress thought working conditions were so important, they'd pass more laws.

Look, as I said, I'm a businesswoman. I was a butcher for 14 years, but with the meat shortages and this, this rationing that was goin' on during the war, my business was falling off tremendously. I looked around and noticed these fancy caterers I'd been supplyin', they were makin' much more dough than I was. They raked in the cash even during those hard times. So I decided to go into the catering business, myself. Again, I stumbled over the rationing problem. But like I told ya, **Rule #2: Always look for creative ways to use your resources.** Ergo, I got in good with a great Black Market guy, Simon. For you youngsters, that is illegally buying hard-to-get stuff. In 1943 that was sugar, meat, cheese, fats, canned fish, canned milk and other processed foods. The country was havin' Meatless Tuesdays and Wheatless Wednesdays so they could send food to the troops overseas. But in the Black Market, I could buy anything, stolen goods, even stolen vouchers... for a price.

Yeah. You know how it was with everybody goin' overseas. Soldiers were gettin' married, right and left. There was suddenly a flood of last-minute weddings. Therefore I figured, yeah. I'm gonna specialize in catering' weddings. I did about 3 little ones a week for a couple of months. I got organized. Made connections, you know? Hired cooks, servers, dishwashers and the like and loaded the jobs on, making sure they knuckled under to my will. (Rule #3: **Always let the guys working for you know who's boss.**) I never took no lip, never gave in to half-baked sob stories, or listened to any of their stupid ideas. I was the boss. Right or wrong, I was *ALWAYS* right!