

# THE BLENDER

By Alan Haehnel

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## **CHARACTERS**

All characters are between the ages of 18 and 25

Stanley

The Announcer

Snatchers 1-4

Specimens 1-4

5 Males, 4 Females, 1 Male or Female

## **PROP LIST**

Signs for prompting audience reactions

Syringes for waking the Specimens

2 pieces of paper

    one, a college acceptance letter

    one, a college rejection letter

4 wheeled platforms or dollies for bringing in the Specimens

## THE BLENDER

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**(Bare stage, dark except for a single spotlight on ASSISTANT. A bright sign cues the live AUDIENCE to respond along with the prerecorded AUDIENCE coming over the P.A.)**

ASSISTANT: Do you want it live?

AUDIENCE: Yes!

ASSISTANT: Do you want it raw?

AUDIENCE: Yes!

ASSISTANT: Do you want it chock full of vein-popping, blood-boiling, over-the-top excitement?

AUDIENCE: Yes!

ASSISTANT: Then you must want... *The Blender!* **(AUDIENCE cheers uproariously, hooting, howling, whistling and clapping.)** And now, to bring you just what you want, America, the Blendmeister himself. He ain't Ricki, he ain't Oprah, he ain't Jerry! Heeeee's... Stanley!

**(STANLEY enters, the spotlight moving to him.)**

STANLEY: **(the crowd still roaring)** Thank you, thank you. You're too kind. Actually, you're not kind enough. I deserve more! **(The crowd roars louder.)** Come on, give it up! Yeah! That's right. That's the ticket. Oh, yeah. All right, enough of that. **(AUDIENCE quiets down.)** People, you want to know what happens to me when I watch reality shows like *Cops*, *Survivor*, *The Fifth Wheel*? You want to know what happens when I watch talk shows like *Jerry Springer*? Do you want to know? Do you? Do you? Let me hear you if you do!

AUDIENCE: What happens to you, Stanley?

STANLEY: I get bored! I fall asleep! I take a nap and drool all over the couch cushions! And if I'm not comatose from boredom, I'm yelling at the screen, "Give me more! Give me conflict! Give me some blood!" But what happens? Does the television listen? Do I get what I want? Do I?

AUDIENCE: No, Stanley!

STANLEY: "No" is right! What do I get when I'm begging these shows for more? I get a commercial for Frosty Fruity Pops. I get sixty seconds about a wondrous new drug for vaginal itch. Puh-lease! Do you know what I'm saying? Do you know what I am saying?

AUDIENCE: We hear you, Stanley!

STANLEY: But I've got the cure! I've got the rock 'n roll cure for the boob tube reality show blues. We're live, we're ready, we're bringing on *The Blender!*

AUDIENCE: Blend 'em! Blend 'em! Blend 'em!

STANLEY: (*dancing, enjoying the chanting of the crowd*) Oh, yeah, they love it; oh, yeah, I'm all that. (*quieting the crowd*) All right, all right, but before we can get down to what you came here for, we have to recognize that maybe, just maybe, there is somebody out there who doesn't know what we're all about. So for any of you rock-dwelling swamp-scum who may have been living in a secluded sewer lately so you haven't heard how our show works, a quick review—and I do mean quick.

ASSISTANT: (*very quickly, almost like a tape on fast-forward*) At the birth of their children, two million parents across the nation gave their permission to have their offspring's lives monitored and occasionally controlled by the creators of the fabulous, live, reality-based theatrical venture called *The Blender*. In accordance with this agreement, these individuals may be selected, frozen and transported to an officially-franchised Blender Theatre at any time for use and abuse for the purposes of entertainment. *The Blender*, its hosts and its audiences are not responsible for any injury or duress this may cause the participants including stress, mess, dismemberment, lobotomy or termination. For further information or our application, visit us at [www.blendmebaby.com](http://www.blendmebaby.com). Applicants must be at least twelve years of age and expecting a child or children within the next six months.

STANLEY: Yes! I love it when you talk dirty. Now, without further ado, let's give it up for today's snatchers and their specimen! (*Four SNATCHERS enter, pushing on the "SPECIMENS" frozen on moveable platforms. The SPECIMENS are people, posed like statues.*) Oh, I've got a good feeling about this crop. Looking good, looking good. All right, let's hear a bit about each one of today's participants. Just for the heck of it, for the sheer chaos of the choice, let's start with Snatcher 1. What have you got for us today, my lovely 1?

SNATCHER 1: Stanley, I am so excited by today's catch, I am just beside myself.

STANLEY: Well, then, that makes two of us beside yourself, and, personally, I think it's a magnificent place to be.

SNATCHER 1: Stanley, you are a naughty little animal.

STANLEY: Little, huh? That's not what most women say.

SNATCHER 1: Stanley!

STANLEY: But we'll straighten out that misunderstanding later. What has my perky Snatcher 1 brought us today?

SNATCHER 1: You are going to love it, Stanley.

STANLEY: That may be—I love everything you do—but (*indicating AUDIENCE*) are they going to love it?

SNATCHER 1: Oh, yes. Oh, yes they are.

STANLEY: Well, my precious cupcake with loads of creamy filling, why don't you convince them?

SNATCHER 1: Ladies and gentlemen, I don't have to tell you that the pressure students feel these days over college acceptance is huge. At a young age, even down to kindergarten, they begin to feel it. Get good

grades, do volunteer work, be class president, score high on those standardized tests, make... (**STANLEY clears his throat. #1 looks at him; HE points to his watch to get her to move things along. SHE turns back to the AUDIENCE.**) You get the point. This specimen I have brought you today has been in academic pressure cooker for years. Parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles, guidance counselors... all have been urging him to fill out those applications, send in those scores. And my specimen has done well. Very well. So well, in fact, that he was certain of acceptance at his top choice school, a very prestigious institution. Imagine his excitement at getting his letter back from that school at long last! All of his hopes and dreams riding on this one piece of paper. I snatched him just after he opened the letter, froze him in the split second before he learned the outcome.

**STANLEY: (reading the letter in "the SPECIMEN's" hand)** Uh-oh.

**SNATCHER 1:** That's right, Stanley. It's a rejection letter. You are here to witness, ladies and gents, my specimen undergoing the greatest disappointment of his life. I expect he will be completely devastated, completely entertaining, completely ripe for *The Blender!*

**AUDIENCE:** Blend him, blend him, blend him, blend him!

**STANLEY:** All right! Let's give it up for Snatcher 1. What do you say?

**AUDIENCE:** Nice catch, Snatcher 1!

**SNATCHER 1:** Thank-you! Thank-you!

**STANLEY: (to SNATCHER 1)** I just might have a little bonus prize for you, my dear.

**SNATCHER 1:** I look forward to that, Stanley.

**STANLEY:** Oh, yeah. (**back to AUDIENCE**) Okay, then, moving over to our Snatchero Numero Dos, who is also looking, if he doesn't mind my saying so, quite dashing today.

**SNATCHER 2:** Thank you, Stanley.

**STANLEY:** What did you find for us out there in the big old ugly world, my friend? #1 had a pretty good SPECIMEN for us. Can you top that?

**SNATCHER 1:** I'd like to see him try!

**STANLEY:** Ooh, a challenge! What do you say, #2?

**SNATCHER 2:** I... I have to say I'm sorry.

**STANLEY:** What?

**SNATCHER 2:** Stanley, the truth is... I failed. This specimen, I think you're going to find, is completely inadequate.

**STANLEY:** Snatcher 2, I think I'm having a hearing problem here. I mean, you could not have said what I thought I heard you say.

**SNATCHER 2:** I'm sorry, Stanley.

**STANLEY:** Because I thought I heard you say you were bringing us an inadequate specimen. I couldn't have heard that. We hire the best Snatchers in the world for *The Blender*. I simply could not have heard that.

**SNATCHER 2:** This specimen is no good, Stanley.

**STANLEY:** What?

SNATCHER 2: I know, I know.

STANLEY: I think you're just being hard on yourself. Tell us about it, #2; we'll be the judge of its worth. Come on, talk.

SNATCHER 2: Well, Stanley, frankly, I messed up right from the get-go. I followed this one, thinking she would give us something good, but, well, when the deadline came near... she just stayed very... average. Nothing much happened.

STANLEY: What did you catch her doing? Obviously, something's going on with her. Describe the snatch moment. (*half whispered*) What are you trying to do to me here?

SNATCHER 2: I'm ashamed to tell you about the snatch moment.

STANLEY: (*laughing nervously*) Shame is a good sign. Spill it, Baby. What do you say, audience, should #2 talk to us or what?

AUDIENCE: Talk! Talk! Talk! Talk!

STANLEY: The voice of the people has spoken, Snatcher 2. Let's have an answer.

SNATCHER 2: She... I snatched this specimen just when she... stubbed her toe.

**(After a short pause, all of the other SNATCHERS and AUDIENCE burst into laughter.)**

STANLEY: You're joking.

SNATCHER 2: I wish I were, Stanley.

STANLEY: Stubbed her... come on!

SNATCHER 2: I am totally humiliated.

STANLEY: Somebody's got a camera running, right? Who put you up to this, #2? Somebody obviously told you to come on here as a gag. I can take a joke—heck, we all can, can't we? (*to AUDIENCE*) Can't we?

AUDIENCE: Yes, Stanley!

STANLEY: (*to 2*) So, who was it? What did they pay you?

SNATCHER 2: Stanley, audience, I can only offer you my sincerest apology. This isn't a joke, unfortunately. I just really messed up. (*STANLEY stares at him in disbelief.*) I know. I know.

STANLEY: Well. This is a first. I must admit to being nearly speechless.

SNATCHER 2: I'm sorry.

STANLEY: (*turning on him, suddenly very angry*) You have said that already! Several times! It is a worthless statement to me and (*indicating AUDIENCE*) to them! You have wasted our time, squandered our money, and exhausted our patience! What am I supposed to do? Huh? Just what am I supposed to do?

SNATCHER 2: I... I know... I just....

STANLEY: (*to AUDIENCE*) I am just a tad miffed right now. The only thing that is bringing me any comfort is the memory of that very nice phrase I just turned—did you catch that? "Wasted our time, squandered our

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money, exhausted our patience.” “Squandered” was particularly nice.  
That was good. Was that good?

AUDIENCE: Good job, Stanley!

STANLEY: Thank-you. I know. But it's not enough! We have been brought a piece of trash! A stinking specimen! Oh, I am pissed!

SNATCHER 3: Stanley?

STANLEY: What?

SNATCHER 3: I brought a piece so hot, it'll make up for Snatcher 2 being such a slacker.

STANLEY: Really?

SNATCHER 3: Oh, yeah.

STANLEY: Do tell, #3, do tell.

SNATCHER 3: She's alone. She's scared. She's crying. She's deep in the Colorado high country, separated from the rest of her hiking group. That's all bad enough, right? But let me show you the big twist—the kicker of all kickers.

***(The SPECIMEN is wearing a heavy parka. SNATCHER 3 unzips it to reveal that the SPECIMEN is pregnant.)***

STANLEY: Whoa! Nice!

SNATCHER 3: Didn't I tell you? Six months pregnant, alone in the woods, lost... and having major labor pains.

STANLEY: About to give birth?

SNATCHER 3: Might just be, Stanley... early, too.

STANLEY: What do you mean. "might be?" You didn't check?

SNATCHER 3: Well, I... hey, this is an extremely cool snatch, Stanley—you've got to admit that.

STANLEY: Where are the tears, #3? You said she was crying. Where are the tears? Look at this. The face is dry. You expect me—you expect us—to believe this?

SNATCHER 3: They... they dried up on the trip here.

STANLEY: Dried up.

SNATCHER 3: Well, what do you expect, Stanley?

STANLEY: I expect a fresh product, #3, a genuine product. I thought you said you were going to take my mind off Snatcher 2's screw-up. But here you go and bring us this. These people don't come here to see stubbed toes, and they don't come here to look at stale goods.

SNATCHER 3: Hey, I do the best I can.

STANLEY: Was it crying when you got it? Was it?

SNATCHER 3: I don't know.

STANLEY: You don't know.

SNATCHER 3: I didn't notice, okay?

STANLEY: Before you said they were dried up. Now you're saying you didn't notice. Which is it, #3?

SNATCHER 3: I don't know. I didn't notice, that's all.

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STANLEY: **(to AUDIENCE)** How do you like that, huh? A Snatcher who doesn't even bother to notice if his specimen has tears or not. I'm about out of my mind, here. Oh, well—what can you do with inexperienced help?

SNATCHER 3: I'm not inexperienced.

STANLEY: What can you do with a rookie?

SNATCHER 3: Hey! I'm no rookie! I been doing this for three years. I've delivered hundreds of specimens, and I've never had a complaint.

STANLEY: Oh, so you claim to be experienced, huh?

SNATCHER 3: Yeah, I'm experienced.

STANLEY: So why did you bring me a dried-up product? Did it have tears or didn't it?

SNATCHER 3: You want tears?

STANLEY: Yes! Yes, I do.

SNATCHER 3: I'll give you your stupid tears. Wait here. I'll give you tears.

***(HE wheels the “product” offstage.)***

STANLEY: **(to AUDIENCE)** Nothing like a good argument to get the blood flowing. I do feel better. You like that? That was for your benefit, a little bonus segment, after the let-down that we experienced with #2 there. Never let anyone say old Stanley doesn't take care of his audience, huh? Truth is, I've never had one that fresh, tears still flowing. Even blood has time for a little coagulation en route. Let's see what he comes up with, though.

SNATCHER 3: **(entering)** There! There's your tears! Happy?

STANLEY: Very nice. What did you do, take it offstage and sprinkle some water on the face? That what you did?

SNATCHER 3: What difference does it make, Stanley? It's wet. You said it was dry; now it's wet.

STANLEY: So if I were to take a bit of this liquid and send it off for chemical evaluation, the report would come back saying that these are tears, not, say, filtered water from the drinking fountain? This liquid would have just the right amount of salinity, just the proper balance of other chemicals to prove, beyond a doubt, that these are tears.

SNATCHER 3: You wanted tears, I got you tears. That's all I'm saying.

STANLEY: You would stake your job on the fact that these are tears?

SNATCHER 3: You calling me a liar?

STANLEY: Well, as a matter of fact, I am. What are you going to do about it?

SNATCHER 3: I'll show you what I'm going to do.

***(HE swings at STANLEY. STANLEY ducks, counters with a vicious punch to the stomach that lays SNATCHER 3 flat, gagging and struggling for breath. STANLEY drags him downstage, closer to AUDIENCE.)***

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STANLEY: Isn't he something, folks? That was a nice little bit, wasn't it? Was that an extra bang for your buck or what? Let's give him a hand, huh? Come on, give it up for Snatcher #3! (**AUDIENCE cheers**) What a sport. What a guy. (**SNATCHER 3 smiles sickly. STANLEY crouches next to him.**) You've got a great career ahead of you, I'm sure. Never lose that fire. Now, go crawl offstage and get yourself together. We'll watch your specimen for you until you get back. (**SNATCHER 3 crawls off, coughing.**) That a boy. Nice work. (**to AUDIENCE**) Hey, did I tell you we had a show or what? Huh? Huh? (**pantomiming the punch HE delivered to SNATCHER 3**) How'd you like that shot? Nicely placed, right in the gut. Was that nice? Was it?

AUDIENCE: Nice shot, Stanley!

STANLEY: Thank you. All right, all right, all right-y; now I'm warmed up. Now I'm in the groove. Let's move on over to Snatcher 4, here, and see what we've got. Snatcher 4, what do you say?

SNATCHER 4: I say put the boxing gloves away, there, Stanley. I don't want you punching me, my man.

STANLEY: Simple formula: you no disappoint us, I no knock you flat.

SNATCHER 4: Well, actually...

STANLEY: "Well, actually?" I don't like the sound of that, #4.

SNATCHER 4: Don't worry, Stanley, I brought a good one, ripe and ready for *The Blender*. Only trouble is...

STANLEY: Trouble?

SNATCHER 4: Only trouble, Stan my man, is that you are going to call me a cheater.

STANLEY: *Mo?*

SNATCHER 4: Yup. When I tell you what I've got, you're going to claim that Snatcher 1 and I were in cahoots.

SNATCHER 1: Hey! I'm clean.

SNATCHER 4: And so am I. But you're not going believe this coincidence.

STANLEY: Spill it, #4. No more teasing. Let's hear it.

SNATCHER: Okay, here we go. Ladies and Gents, I drew the smiley face assignment this week. I have a dramatic moment for you—yes, indeed—but it's not a negative thing. As you know, we try to bring you at least one specimen in the thralls of great happiness or even ecstasy—you may remember the one I brought in a month and a half ago who just won the lottery? Anyway, that was my gig today, and it just so happens that—and here's the coincidence you're not going to believe, Stanley—I have been following a kid who has been involved in, yes, the college application process.

STANLEY: Get out of here.

SNATCHER 1: Stanley, I had nothing to do with this.

STANLEY: Sure you didn't.

SNATCHER 1: I didn't! I don't even know this bozo!

SNATCHER 4: Hey, Sister, no need to get derogatory, here. Chill.

SNATCHER 1: Go chill yourself. I work hard to bring in a good specimen, and you're trying to bust in on my territory!

STANLEY: **(to SNATCHER 1)** Sweetie, Sweetie, I love to see you getting hot and bothered, but save it.

SNATCHER 1: Stanley, I'm telling you, I didn't...

STANLEY: Shush. Go back to your place. #4, continue.

SNATCHER 4: Thank you, Stanley; I'm about done. The upshot, folks, is simply this—my specimen worked hard, did all the right things, but, unlike #1 over there, when I wake this one up, she's going to be screaming for joy because she is about to read that she has been accepted to her first choice college. With... a full scholarship. **(STANLEY looks at #4 incredulously.)** The truth, Stanley. Sheer coincidence.

**(STANLEY looks over at #1.)**

SNATCHER 1: This is the first I heard of this, Stanley, I swear.

STANLEY: **(STANLEY looks out at AUDIENCE for a long moment, then laughs lightly.)** Well, this one goes right into the record books, people. Straight into *The Blender* archives as one of the weirdest shows I have ever conducted. What are we going to do? What are our options? **(SNATCHER 3 comes back in, looking a bit sick.)** Ah, #3 has returned, looking extremely chipper.

SNATCHER 3: Sorry it took so long, Stanley. I was coughing up blood.

STANLEY: Ooh, nice. **(back to AUDIENCE)** All right, so maybe we should call this episode, *The Twilight Blender!* **(HE makes the "Twilight Zone" music for a moment.)** So, here are the options: 1. We line up all of today's Snatchers, along with their specimens, and shoot them dead.

SNATCHER 1: Stanley, I told you...

SNATCHER 3: **(simultaneous with above line)** Hey, this is not my fault.

STANLEY: **(holding up his hand for silence)** Ah-ah! **(back to AUDIENCE)** Option 2: We blend. Clearly, we've got an obvious set-up here—too obvious for my taste, but a set-up nonetheless. So, my good audience, you be the judge, the jury, the executioners. Do we shoot 'em all, put them out of our misery, or do we blend?

AUDIENCE: Blend 'em, blend 'em, blend 'em, blend 'em!

STANLEY: I think I'm hearing you! I think I'm getting the picture! I think, if I've got this right, you came here to see some blending! **(AUDIENCE cheers.)**

ASSISTANT: **(entering)** Oh, Stanley!

STANLEY: Hey, I was just about to get some action going here.

ASSISTANT: Oh, but I've got a note for you, Stanley. An interesting bit of information that you might like to know about.

STANLEY: **(taking the note from ASSISTANT)** This gets weirder and weirder. **(HE reads the note, then looks over at SNATCHER 2, who is brushing the hair back from the forehead of his SPECIMEN. When**

**HE sees STANLEY looking, HE quickly stops.)** Oh-ho! Curiouser and curiouser.

ASSISTANT: Interesting, no?

STANLEY: Oh, yes. Very. Thank you.

ASSISTANT: And Stanley... **(HE motions to his watch.)**

STANLEY: I know, I know.

ASSISTANT: Sorry for the interruption, ladies and gentlemen. I think when I came in you were saying something like **(getting AUDIENCE going)** “Blend ‘em, blend ‘em, blend ‘em, blend ‘em!”

AUDIENCE: **(along with ASSISTANT)** Blend ‘em, blend ‘em, blend ‘em!

STANLEY: And that’s just what we’re going to do! Snatcher 1, Snatcher 4, bring them on down! All right, how should we proceed? Do you have a strategy?

SNATCHER 1: **(referring to SNATCHER 4)** I’m not working with him!

STANLEY: **(grabbing her roughly)** Oh, yes, you are. You are, little bird, and you’re not making any more noise about it. Got me?

SNATCHER 1: Yes, Stanley.

STANLEY: Proceed.

SNATCHER 4: #1, I think you should thaw yours first. Let him howl, get him primed for mine waking up, and then... let ‘em go at it.

SNATCHER 1: **(still with a grudge)** You think so, do you?

SNATCHER 4: Hey, get over it, huh? We’ve got a job to do.

STANLEY: Good advice, #1.

SNATCHER 1: **(pulling herself together)** Fine. Help me get this thing up, will you? **(SHE and SNATCHER 4 set her SPECIMEN upright. SHE then takes out a prop that vaguely resembles a hypodermic needle: This is the tool for “thawing” the SPECIMENS.)** Get ready to rumble.

**(SHE sticks her SPECIMEN in the leg. HE immediately comes to life.)**

SPECIMEN 1: **(reading)** Oh, no. No! No! Oh, my... Nooooo! **(HE collapses, tearing up the paper and screaming in abject disappointment.)** There’s got to be some mistake! This is wrong! This is so wrong! I can’t believe this! This can’t be happening! Damn it, damn it, damn it!

SNATCHER 1: Hey, hey, what’s going on?

SPECIMEN 1: Who are you?

SNATCHER 1: I’m a friend. You’re on *The Blender*.

SPECIMEN 1: **(noticing AUDIENCE and his surroundings for the first time)** Oh. You picked me now? How could you do this? This is the worst... I can’t believe this is happening!

SNATCHER 1: What is it?

SPECIMEN 1: It’s... it’s a rejection letter. They rejected me!

SNATCHER 1: Well, that’s not a big deal, is it?

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SPECIMEN 1: Not a big... how can you say that? I've been working for this for my whole life! I've been planning on it, and not just me! My entire family... we just knew I'd get in! We knew it! This is so wrong!

SNATCHER 1: You know something?

SPECIMEN 1: What?

SNATCHER 1: I know how this happened.

SPECIMEN 1: What are you talking about?

SNATCHER 1: Well, I just happen to know that... you should have been accepted.

SPECIMEN 1: You're damned right I should have!

SNATCHER 1: But, well, somebody—how can I say this?—somebody stole your spot.

SPECIMEN 1: Stole it?

STANLEY: (*quietly, to #4*) Ooh, nice set-up. Good.

SNATCHER 4: Ouch.

SNATCHER 1: I happen to know that, well, a certain other applicant... cheated to get in. Falsified the scores, had someone else write the essays. It's sick, really. This other speci... person... got in through completely unethical means. That was your spot. If they had been rejected, as they should have been, you would be reading an acceptance letter right now.

SPECIMEN 1: How do you know this?

STANLEY: Pal, this is *The Blender*. If she could snatch you out of thin air and bring you here, don't you think finding out something like that would be pretty basic?

SNATCHER 1: Kind of makes you mad, doesn't it?

SPECIMEN 1: Mad? Mad? I'm furious! I'm out of my mind!

SNATCHER 1: And you should be! You should be!

SNATCHER 4: And now, ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness the thawing of a specimen in a moment of great triumph. She has clawed, she has bitten, she has stomped her way to the top of the college applicant pile. Using whatever means possible, she has worked like nobody's business to earn the right of reading this letter accepting her to one of the most prestigious institutions of higher learning in this country! Yeah!

SPECIMEN 1: Is that... ?

SNATCHER 1: I'm afraid so. (**SPECIMEN 1 tries to go for SPECIMEN 4. SNATCHERS 1 and 3 hold him back. ASSISTANT comes out to help as well.**) Wait! Wait!

**(SNATCHER 4 unthaws SPECIMEN 4.)**

SPECIMEN 4: (**reading the letter**) Yes! Oh, yes, yes, yes! I did it! I did it! Yahoo! I finally made it! I made it, I made it. I can't believe I made it!

SNATCHER 1: (*whispering to SPECIMEN 1*) Take it slow. Take it slow. (*They release SPECIMEN 1. HE is breathing heavily. HE crosses to SPECIMEN 4, who is screaming in delight.*)

SPECIMEN 1: What have you got there?

SPECIMEN 4: Hi! Hi, hi, hi! This, my friend, whoever you are, and I don't even care who you are because I'm so happy, this is my future! Do you want to read this?

SPECIMEN 1: No.

SPECIMEN 4: I am going to college. Yeah, yeah, yeah. College loves me; I love college.

SPECIMEN 1: You...

SPECIMEN 4: What? What's the matter?

SPECIMEN 1: I'm going to kill you!

*(HE attacks her, wildly punching, clawing, kicking her. AUDIENCE roars its approval.)*

STANLEY: Yeah! That's what we came for! Bring it on! (*SPECIMEN 4, screaming, runs offstage. SPECIMEN 1 follows.*) Hey, hey, out of bounds! Out of bounds! Get them back here, you idiots! Don't let them go at it out of sight! (*ASSISTANT and all of the SNATCHERS run off to pull SPECIMENS 1 and 4 back into view. SNATCHER 2 remains, however, kneeling next to his SPECIMEN. We hear shouting and fighting continuing offstage—SPECIMEN 1 yelling angrily; SPECIMEN 4 screaming; the SNATCHERS and the ASSISTANT yelling at them to get back on stage. Finally, they are brought back out. SPECIMEN 4's head is bloody, as are SPECIMEN 1's hands and clothing. The crowd roars at their return.*) All right, all right! We've got some blood flowing now!

SPECIMEN 4: What is the matter with you?! Stay away from me! Somebody help me! Help me!

SPECIMEN 1: I'll help you, all right! I'll help rip out your throat, you cheater! You stole it! You stole it! I'll kill you!

SPECIMEN 4: Let me go! Keep him away from me!

SPECIMEN 1: I'll kill her!

SNATCHER 1: What do you want to do, Stanley? I can't hold him much longer!

SPECIMEN 4: Somebody help me, please! Please!

SNATCHER 3: Let's let them go again!

AUDIENCE: Blend them! Blend them! Blend them!

STANLEY: Freeze them up! Freeze them! (*AUDIENCE boos and hisses as SNATCHERS 1 and 4 freeze their SPECIMENS.*) Now, now, people, it's all right; it's all right. You're in the hands of Stanley, here. Am I the master? Am I the Blendmeister? Huh? Where's the love? Let me hear the love!

AUDIENCE: We love you, Stanley.

STANLEY: Yeah, you do. I feel it. So if you love me, you've got to trust me. We're freezing them while they're hot, and they'll thaw out just as hot, and when we bring them back, ooh, baby, we'll put them in some new blend that'll blow your minds! But we don't want to wear them out just yet, do we? Of course not. But they were good, weren't they? Huh? Let me hear you say "Yeah!"

AUDIENCE: Yeah!

STANLEY: Let me hear you say "Wow!"

AUDIENCE: Wow!

STANLEY: Let me hear you say... *(snaps his fingers as if remembering something)*... hold the phone. That's right. Before we continue, we have a matter to deal with. *(HE pulls the note from ASSISTANT out of his pocket and reads it again.)* Yup, we have a situation here. We have, on this stage, right here--and I never thought I would have to say this--we have a liar.

AUDIENCE: A liar?

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