

BUTTERFINGER

By Adam Pasen

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ISBN 1-60003-191-9

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CHARACTERS

JAMES BON BON (M)	Typical spy hero: smooth, suave, sophisticated; wears a tuxedo (if possible) regardless of the occasion.
MR. WALLA WALLA (M)	Enigmatic owner of the Walla Walla Candy Corporation.
MAN (M)	Mr. Middle America.
WOMAN (F)	Mr. Middle America's wife.
MARSHA MELLOW (F)	Sultry sex kitten in white; mysterious, but with a sweet center.
CARA MELLOW (F)	Her dim-witted sister; constantly carries her pet cat, Kit-Kat. Wears a knockoff of Marsha's outfit but brown and, somehow, not as flattering.
POP TART (M)	Patriarch of the group; the oldest and wisest candy.
MRS. KEYS (F)	Kindly woman with two babies: the Twin-Keys (pronounced "Twinkies")
HER SHE KISSES (F)	An ardent feminist seemingly aloof to Bon Bon's charm; down-to-business attitude and attire mask a killer bod and moves to match.
SNICKERS (M)	Quirky and compulsive candy as well as the jokester of the group.
NERD (M or F)	Geeky candy easily manipulated by the bad guys to do their will.

DWEEB (M or F)

Nerd's accomplice, equally geeky.

K. ANDY BARS/
WATCHMAN (M)
(same actor)

Dastardly villain, out to gain the secret formula for himself.

SUE (F)

Factory worker.

GINA (F)

Factory worker.

PLEASURE (F)

A beautiful islander.

GIRLS

Extras (optional number)

***Man, Woman, Bill, and Tom may all be doubled by another character or characters.

SCENES

SCENE 1: Living room and kitchen of a typical, middle-class suburban home *evening*

SCENE 2: Split between an office and an island paradise *the next day*

SCENE 3: The factory *that afternoon*

SCENE 4: The factory *the next morning*

SCENE 5: Island paradise *one week later*

PROP LIST

SCENE 1:

Bucket of popcorn (man)

SCENE 2:

Coconut drink (James Bon Bon)

2 telephones (James Bon Bon and Mr. Walla Walla)

Food (girls)

2 bells (island girl)

SCENE 3:

Radio

Coats and lunch boxes (factory workers)

Stroller with two baby dolls (Mrs. Keys)

Cane (Pop Tart)

2 calculators (Nerd and Dweeb)

Flashlight (Watchman/ K. Andy Bars)

2 suitcases (Marsha)

Prison jumpsuit (Watchman)

Letter (Watchman/ K. Andy Bars)

Butterfinger b.b.gun (K. Andy Bars)

Gag (Cara)

Cell phone (James Bon Bon)

2 flashlights (Her She Kisses)

2 chairs

Licorice rope (Pop Tart)

SCENE 4:

Detonator (Mr. Walla Walla)

Bomb (Cara)

SCENE 5:

2 tropical drinks (James Bon Bon and Marsha)

Butterfinger was originally produced as a sixth grade play and directed by Ms. Smith at Deer Path Junior High School in Lake Forest, IL where it won an honors playwriting competition in the eighth grade class.

BUTTERFINGER

by
Adam Pasen

SCENE 1

AT RISE: A typical, middle-class suburban home. There is a living room with a television against the wall and furniture facing towards it, away from the kitchen at the other side. Between the kitchen and the living room is a window along the back wall. The MAN is sitting in an easy chair and the WOMAN on the couch, both watching the television. Lights flicker on the stage to suggest the television is on.

TELEVISION: ***(in a high, child-like tone)*** Sugar Bits, ya gotta have ‘em, Sugar Bits, ya know ya want ‘em. Boys love ‘em, girls love ‘em, dogs love ‘em too, Sugar Bits the world’s greatest sugary chew! ***(A happy “ding” sound is heard. An announcer comes on.)*** Made by the Walla Walla Candy Corporation. ***(There is a short pause before some serious, dramatic music comes on and a low voice speaks:)*** Tonight, on Tough Copy, more shots of homies in the ghetto getting arrested to make you feel better about your boring, suburban existence.

MAN: All right! ***(shoves his hand into a popcorn bucket and throws some towards his face)***

TELEVISION: But first, we investigate the case of K. Andy Bars, a.k.a. “The Sweet Tooth Candy Snatcher”!

(Another dramatic musical cue. In the background K. ANDY BARS is crawling in through the window unnoticed, dressed all in black. As the television announces, HE acts out everything that is being said on the screen.)

TELEVISION: This criminal mastermind recently escaped from the Jenny Craig Penitentiary for the Criminally Hungry. His M.O. is to break into houses through some unguarded entrance like an open window, often right under the noses of the house’s occupants.

MAN: Idiots.

TELEVISION: Bars then scours the kitchen, looking for any sweets, cakes, candies, or other tempting treats before filling up his bag and exiting the way he came. Police officials have no comment, but an insider at the penitentiary speculates Bar’s escape may have something to do with the Walla Walla Candy Corporation’s unveiling of the prototype for a new super-candy rumored to hit stores next

spring. Here is a video made by a security camera at Jerry's Stop-N-Shop Convenience Store that shows Bars in action.

(BARS finishes up and is about to duck out the window but pauses just long enough to give one look at the couple and shake his head sadly. As the television slowly begins a dramatic crescendo, WOMAN gets up to change the channel.)

MAN: ***(jerking awake)*** Hey I was watching that! ***(WOMAN turns from the television and moves towards the kitchen.)*** Hey, can you get me some more popcorn while you're up?

(WOMAN scowls and heads for the pantry, opening it just as the music from the television reaches a stinging climax. SHE sees it is empty and screams, her husband whipping around in surprise. Blackout. Suddenly fog rolls in from offstage and a brassy fanfare starts. The lights change to give a surreal quality to the scene and shapes in the forms of beautiful women cut through the mist in a suggestive dance like the opening to a spy movie. A voice sings:)

*Butterfinger
Sweet on the outside
Pure poison inside*

*Butterfinger
He'll be at your side
Then laugh as you cry*

*He's not a man
He's just a ball
Of caramel-coated death
There's no rhyme or ree-zan
To the evil words
That he spouts with every breath*

*Butterfinger
Sweet on the Outside
Pure poison inside*

*Butterfinger
He'll be at your side
Then laugh as you die.*

SCENE 2

AT RISE: The lights come up on two separate scenes. On one side of the stage is the office of MR. WALLA WALLA, on the other is a tropical tableau, where JAMES BON BON is being doted upon by a hoard of lovely ladies. A phone rings. BON BON puts the coconut, HE's been drinking out of, to his ear. It is a phone.)

BON BON: Bon Bon here.

WALLA WALLA: Ah, Agent Double-0-Twix. This is Robert Walla Walla of the Walla Walla Candy Corporation. I have a proposition for you.

BON BON: You mean a case, I suspect. Does this have anything to do with that Candy Snatcher everyone's been buzzing about?

WALLA WALLA: Quite. I'm sure that such a sick individual could never compromise the precautions I've taken to ensure the safety of the Butterfinger prototype, but just in case. I'm convinced you would be the perfect man for the job. You came very highly recommended by M&M.

BON BON: Well, sorry to disappoint, but I'm a little preoccupied at the moment. Try me a bit later (***looking at the girls around him.***) – next month perhaps?

(Giggles from GIRLS.)

WALLA WALLA: Mr. Bon Bon, I'm afraid you don't understand. The Butterfinger is no ordinary candy. It is actually the code-name for a secret government defense project. If it fell into the wrong hands, it could prove more fatal than the atomic bomb!

BON BON: So it's a matter of security, eh? Oh well, business must come before pleasure, I suppose. (***aside to PLEASURE, one of the girls***) Sorry, Pleasure. . .

PLEASURE: Pleasure is sad. . .

WALLA WALLA: Excellent, agent. But are you sure you don't mind me interrupting your vacation?

BON BON: Not a problem. If I'd have wanted beautiful scenery I would have packed a mirror. I'll call Penny Candy and have her send a jet down. I should be back on the mainland within the hour.

WALLA WALLA: Oh, and Mr. Bon Bon, there's one more thing. It's rather. . . odd. In the process of creating the Butterfinger, many pieces of candy were blasted with high doses of radiation, which proved to have rather. . . surprising results.

BON BON: I'm sure it's nothing I haven't dealt with bef—

WALLA WALLA: Please, allow me to finish. As I was saying, the results of these experiments were rather unpredictable. For while we were

creating the Butterfinger, we also stumbled upon the process to make inanimate objects think and even act on their own.

BON BON: You don't mean. . .

WALLA WALLA: Precisely! We have brought several candies to life!

BON BON: Living candy? That's impossible.

WALLA WALLA: No need to take my word for it, agent. Meet me at my main factory tonight and see for yourself.

(GIRLS appear with food for BON BON, and one dings two large bells indicating the food is served.)

PLEASURE: It's your favorite for dinner . . . lobster and tea . . . or little ole' me.

BON BON: I'll be there with bells on.

WALLA WALLA: Somehow, agent, I don't doubt that you will.

(They hang up. Blackout.)

SCENE 3

AT RISE: A candy factory filled with boxes, conveyor belts (which could simply be a table), etc. Two factory workers, BILL and TOM, are finishing up a day's labor and listening to a radio placed on some boxes.

RADIO: There is still no word on the capture of the Candy Snatcher, K. Andy Bars. Though police continue to deny the existence of the criminal, several homes tonight have already been ransacked of Ho-Hos, oatmeal cookies, and other sweets totaling in the millions of dollars. We urge you to lock your doors and your refrigerators. In other news today a snowman ran amok on the south block of. . .

BILL: ***(turns off radio)*** Boy, that guy could be bad for business, eh?

TOM: You don't really think that nut'll try to break in here tonight, do ya?

BILL: Are you kiddin'? Break into the Walla Walla Candy Corporation?

You got a better chance of getting all the nougat off your face. You know what a security freak Walla Walla is. He hired that new night watchman just this morning, remember? There ain't one Goober in this factory that's not under constant surveillance by cameras or guards or something. Ain't nobody dumb enough to break in here.

TOM: Yeah, I guess you're right. I'm just a little jumpy with the candy prototype under a glass case until the press conference tomorrow.

Cut the lights on your way out. 'Night, Bill. ***(grabs his coat and exits)***

BILL: 'Night, Tom. Give my regards to Midge.

(HE goes to the lights and turns them off, then exits. In the dimness, lights slowly come up to reveal the CANDIES coming out of their hiding places in boxes, under conveyors, etc.)

POP TART: These old bones don't move like they used to. It's getting harder to stay in those little boxes all day, waiting to come out.

CARA: Wow, hiding is *hard*. I don't see why we have to be, like, cramped up all day. Do you think he might actually come here tonight? The Snandy Catcher? I mean the Candy Snatcher? That would be *really* scary.

SNICKERS: Scary? Ha!

HER SHE: Stop snickering, Snickers. You'd think a mass murder was a laugh riot.

SNICKERS: Mass murder? ***(giggles, then laughs hysterically)***

HER SHE: You know, it's just like a man to find that amusing.

MRS. KEYS: Wait, everybody listen. . . what is that?

(Everyone listens. The sound of someone approaching is heard.)

CARA: No! It's him! Don't let him get me! Don't let him get m—

(HER SHE covers her mouth. The voices are much closer now. Suddenly, the lights come on, revealing JAMES and MR. WALLA WALLA. The CANDIES are all quite relieved.)

NERD: Oh, it's just you Mr. Walla Walla.

WALLA WALLA: You see, agent? These are the candies I told you about. And as you can see, they are quite alive.

JAMES BON BON: Remarkable. . .

WALLA WALLA: Yes, if only the process that created them could ever be duplicated. Now if you'll excuse me, my plane leaves in one hour so I really must get going. I'll leave you all to get acquainted. ***(exits)***

POP TART: Well, I suppose introductions are in order. Benjamin Tart at your service. Most folks 'round here just call me Pop Tart, though. And you are. . . ?

BON BON: Bon Bon. *James* Bon Bon.

HER SHE: I don't see why they had to send some man to protect us. It's not as though we're incapable of looking after ourselves.

BON BON: And who might this delightful creature be?

HER SHE: I *might* be some brain dead bimbo who would fall for a line like that, but I *am* Her She Kisses.

BON BON: Emphasis on the "Kisses," I hope.

HER SHE KISSES: Emphasis on her "Her She." And don't get any funny ideas. I know six forms of martial arts, and it's going to take a lot more

than a corny pick-up line to block a judo chop to the Adam's apple.
(strikes a judo pose)

BON BON: Charming. And you are? **(HE turns to SNICKERS who laughs in his face.)** O-kay. . .

MRS. KEYS: That's Snickers. He has a slight compulsion disorder. He can't stop snickering.

BON BON: Of course.

MRS. KEYS: I'm Mrs. Keys, by the way.

BON BON: What? No clever pun? No witty double-entendre?

MRS. KEYS: Nope, just plain old Mrs. Keys, I'm afraid. And these are my two children, the Twin-Keys. **(has either twin baby strollers or two baby dolls, one in each arm)**

BON BON: Ah. **(moves over to where MARSHA and CARA are standing)** Hello. . .

CARA: Hi! I'm Cara. Cara Mellow. But you can call me Car because it's short for Cara and Cara is my first name. It can't be my last name because Mellow is my last name. So you can call me Mel if you want. Or, if you want, you can just call me Cara. **(giggles)** And *this* is my precious little kitty, Kit-Kat. **(motions to the cat in her arms)**

BON BON: Fascinating. **(sidesteps CARA and moves to MARSHA)**

MARSHA: I'm Marsha Mellow. But don't be fooled, I'm anything *but*. So, you're a secret agent, huh?

BON BON: Yes, I. . .

CARA: **(butting in)** Or you can call me by my last name, which is Mellow, but you can't call me Marsha, cuz that's my sister's name. So you can just call me. . .

BON BON: Why don't I just call you some other time? **(nudges her out of the way)**

CARA: Why does Marsha get all the cute guys? Marsha, Marsha, Marsha!

(On each "Marsha" SHE swings KIT-KAT up and down without realizing it. Then SHE flips her hair and storms off.)

MARSHA: Don't mind Cara, she's tripped over her cordless phone a few too many times.

NERD: Yeah, she's so dumb, her teacher asked her to solve a math problem using pi and she asked her "cherry or lemon meringue?"

(The NERD and the DWEEB snort derisively.)

BON BON: **(clears his throat)** So, Marsha, enlighten me, who are those two in the corner?

MARSHA: Oh, that's just a Nerd, and the other one's a Dweeb. They don't associate with us much. They consider us intellectual inferiors not worth a pocket protector.

BON BON: They don't know what they're missing. (*hears footsteps*) What's that?

MARSHA: What? Those footsteps? That's just the new night watchman roaming the halls. He's harmless, but Mr. Walla Walla hasn't told him about. . . well, us, so we have to stay out of sight. Every now and then he'll peek his head in the doorway and we'll have to hide until he leaves, but that's all. Mr. Walla Walla must not have told you much about the factory. Come on, I'll give you a quick tour.

BON BON: Sounds splendid. I'm starting to see a silver lining in cutting my vacation short.

POP TART: Wait, we'll come too. I may need a candy cane to get around, but I'm always up for a stroll.

HER SHE: I guess I'd better come along too and chaperone; to make sure you don't put the moves on my fellow woman Marsha.

BON BON: (*sighs, then addresses NERD and DWEEB*) Well, what about you two? Are you coming?

NERD: And miss (or Mr.) modern night at the Internet fan club? In your dreams, fella! Besides, I need to take my calculator in for a tune-up.

DWEEB: Indefinitely exclude myself as well from the petty recesses of prosaic proportions inherent in the tedious exhibit of this establishment that you propose, for I and a hitherto enigmatic acquaintance have most painstakingly strategized an exquisite evening of caviar, champagne, and other outstanding examples of life's grander material possessions.

MARSHA: That means "count me out, I met a hot date online" in Nerdenese.

DWEEB: In more truncated terms, yes.

MARSHA: I don't understand how a Dweeb like you can get a date, even on a computer.

DWEEB: It's actually quite simple; she (he) thinks I'm Mr. (Mrs.) Goodbar (*begins to laugh, then slaps NERD a high-five. They both pull their hands away in pain.*) Owww. . .

MARSHA: Kind of puts you off technology, huh? Anyway, this is the main floor, where all the candy is packaged and prepared for shipping. If you move down this hallway. . .

(All follow MARSHA off except NERD and DWEEB, who wait until everyone has left and then let out a heavy sigh of relief.)

NERD: Well, once again, our quick wits and intellects have saved our hides.

DWEEB: Those plebeians will never deduce the real reason we stayed behind.

NERD: (**looks at watch**) Great Gandalf! We were supposed to meet the boss two minutes ago! According to data accumulated from previous encounters, the odds that he will dispatch us using some horrifying yet intriguingly elaborate means are. . . (**whips out his calculators and calculates**) One in three!

DWEEB: (**as they run off**) What if it's the hamsters? Oh, anything but the hamsters!

CARA: (**enters from the other side after a short pause**) Here, kittykittykitty. Here, kittykittykitty. Kit-Kat, like, where are you? Why don't you come when I call? Kit-Kat is your name, right? I mean it can't be my name, because Cara's my name. Right? Hey, has anybody, like, seen my cat? I totally can't find her and I've been looking for her for like. . . this many minutes (**holds up six fingers after some deducing**) Wait, where did everybody go? Is it my birthday? I'll bet everyone's going to jump out and yell surprise and give me presents and stuff. Yay, how fun! And I thought my birthday was last month. Oh no, what will I wear?

BARS: (**raspy whisper, offstage**) Caraaaaa. . .

CARA: Who's there? Marsha? Her She? You can come out now. Like, I know about your surprise party. You even surprised me; I didn't even know it was my birthday!

BARS: I'm coming, Cara. . .

CARA: Well if you're coming, then I hope you brought presents because I hate those geeks that come to my parties empty-handed and expect to get a fair share of the Doritos.

BARS: No Cara. . . I meant that I'm going to get you. . .

CARA: A pair of hoop earrings? Or are you getting me expensive perfume? Wait, don't tell me, it'll, like, spoil the surprise.

BARS: No, you prattling Neanderthal! I'm not going to get you any presents. I'm just going to get *you*. . . and your little cat, too.

CARA: Okay, like, first of all, I'm not a ne-un-der-fal. . . like I just ate ten minutes ago. Third, you don't have to rate a ten on the spaz-o-meter. And D) if you don't have anything to give me, then I'm gonna haveta ask you to, like, skedaddle. . . unless you're cute or something.

BARS: Grrr. . . listen you sorry excuse for an evolved life form. . . I mean. . . Cara, dear Cara, of course I have a present for you.

CARA: I knew it! You can't fool me. . . I knew you weren't really some psychopath like that escaped criminal, K. Andy Bars, lurking in the shadows just waiting for a helpless yet stunning victim like me to stumble into your grasp.

BARS: Why, of course not. . . I just wanted to give you this shiny present with a pretty pink bow. . . just come over here into the shadows where I can give it to you.

CARA: You mean into that scary, dark little corridor where anything could and probably is waiting to attack me? *(pause)* Okay. *(The lights dim to darkness. CARA screams. The lights quickly come back on to reveal CARA holding a piece of her hair.)* I have a split end! I noticed it while I was walking just now. I can't accept a present with my hair looking like this. . . I have to go find some Vaseline. . . *(starts to hurry away)*

BARS: Uh. . . wait! That's what my present does. . . it fixes split ends. . . without Vaseline.

CARA: Really? Wow, like, groovy. Hey wait, you're not just trying to get me to come over because you really *are* K. Andy Bars and you want to steal the Butterfinger prototype, are you?

BARS: Cara, please. Would I lie to you?

CARA: Well, I guess it doesn't make sense for a complete stranger I've never even met before to want to lie to me.

(SHE starts to walk offstage, and the lights dim. SHE screams. The other CANDIES are heard returning from their tour as the lights come back on.)

MARSHA: And this narrow utility hall leads from the trampoline room back to the warehouse that we started in. *(The other CANDIES start to disperse offstage, but MARSHA stays with BON BON.)* Mr. Bon Bon. What's the matter? You've seemed preoccupied since the flying hippo room. Is anything wrong?

BON BON: It's nothing. Just nerves I guess. I kept imagining while we were walking in those dark halls that every mop we passed was a dangerous assassin or something. I kept thinking I saw something. . . or someone. . . darting toward us out of the corner of my eye, but I would turn to see nothing there. I guess all these years of being a secret agent are finally catching up with me.

MARSHA: Hey, it's your job to be suspicious; don't be so hard on yourself. Look, the plans for the Butterfinger are very important. Mr. Walla Walla wouldn't have entrusted you with them if he thought you'd blow it.

BON BON: That's right, the Butterfinger! I had completely forgotten why I was here. At the rate I'm going, K. Andy Bars has probably broken in, stolen the plans, and is on a plane halfway to Tahiti by now.

MARSHA: Or Prague.

BON BON: What?

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