

THE CHAMP

by Brianna Dehn

Copyright © 2022 by Brianna Dehn, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 978-1-64479-159-2

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

THE CHAMP

A Full Length Comedy

by **Brianna Dehn**

SYNOPSIS: Welcome to the 56th Semiannual Donut Eating Competition, where Jaws is the top competitor and has always emerged victorious. Her nemesis, Glazed, forms a plan to throw her focus by asking her out on a date so he can charm Jaws and then crush her heart right before the competition. Some other competitors, Cheeks, Tia, and Sprinkles help Glazed in his scheme, all vying to overthrow Jaws. As the hilarious events unfold, some competitors start to enjoy making friends, while others stay laser-focused on the prize. What will come of Glazed and Jaws? Whose feelings will be crushed in the hard-core donut eating world, and who will be crowned the champ?

DURATION: 90 minutes.

TIME: Present day.

SETTING: Small town in Tumbleweed, Iowa, at the 56th semiannual donut eating competition and a small gas station up the road.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 females, 3 males and 7-17 either)

- JAWS (f) Nicknamed Jaws because it is said she can unhinge her jaw like a snake to eat the optimal amount of donuts; Top prospect to win the competition; serious, arrogant, self-centered. *(140 lines)*
- GLAZED (m) The second biggest competitor in the competition; crazy jealous of Jaws; will do anything to see her fall; bitter, loathing. *(240 lines)*
- SPRINKLES (f) Not the brightest; wants everyone to be friends; doesn't understand why everyone's so tense; happy, ditzy, good-natured. *(144 lines)*

- TIA (f).....New to the donut eating world; initially attends for the free donuts, but quickly gets wrapped up in competitive spirit; sarcastic, sassy. *(187 lines)*
- CHEEKS (m)Always has his mouth full; everything he says is garbled and muffled; Acts as Glazed’s sidekick; while the audience can’t understand most of what he says, he’s very physically expressive and dramatic with tone and volume of his voice. *(1 line, 75 lines as muffled improv speech)*
- STUFFED (m)The underdog who has come in last place in all of the previous competitions, but is willing to cheat his way to the top; complete mama’s boy. *(105 lines)*
- MOM (f).....Stuffed’s mother, who smothers him with love and is his number one supporter and partner in crime. *(58 lines)*
- COACH (f).....Jaws’ donut eating coach; constantly pushing and training her. *(43 lines)*
- SUSAN (m/f)Cheesy commentary announcer; always peppy and energetic; hates her job. *(106 lines)*
- BILL (m/f)Cheesy commentary announcer; always peppy and energetic; hates his job. *(107 lines)*
- FANS 1-5: Thought this was an Iowa State football game and can’t figure out how to get to the stadium.
- FAN 1 (m/f)..... *(5 lines)*
- FAN 2 (m/f)..... *(4 lines)*
- FAN 3 (m/f)..... *(4 lines)*
- FAN 4 (m/f)..... *(4 lines)*
- FAN 5 (m/f)..... *(4 lines)*
- FANS 6-10: Are “nutritionist” appalled by the contest.
- FAN 6 (m/f)..... *(5 lines)*
- FAN 7 (m/f)..... *(5 lines)*

FAN 8 (m/f)..... (5 lines)
 FAN 9 (m/f)..... (5 lines)
 FAN 10 (m/f)..... (5 lines)

FANS 11-15: Attend the competition to make bets on the competitors passing out from eating too many donuts.

FAN 11 (m/f)..... (4 lines)
 FAN 12 (m/f)..... (5 lines)
 FAN 13 (m/f)..... (4 lines)
 FAN 14 (m/f)..... (4 lines)
 FAN 15 (m/f)..... (2 lines)

CASTING NOTE: All FANS can be double or triple cast.

SET

The main set is simple, consisting of a giant sign that reads “56th Semiannual Donut Eating Competition” and some tables and chairs (the number depends on your stage area and what works). There is only one mandatory table, and it should be long enough to fit six people on one side. The main set is supposed to look run-down and dingy with a cornfield for a backdrop.

The only scene that takes place outside of the main set is a bench outside of a gas station. It should be a well-worn, rickety bench with litter surrounding it. Optional props could include a trash can and/or a wall behind the bench displaying ads or graffiti that might be seen outside a gas station.

COSTUMES

Almost everyone will be wearing everyday clothes, except:

BILL and SUSAN – should wear business professional reporter clothes.

SPRINKLES – clothes should be bright and vibrant.

MOM – should be wearing something out-of-date or an apron, something to give her a motherly vibe.

STUFFED – should wear shoes that need to be tied.

JAWS and GLAZED – everyday attire except for their date in Act Two, Scene 2. Jaws should wear a sundress and Glazed a button-down shirt and tie that’s tied wrong for their date.

PROPS

- 2 microphones (SUSAN, BILL)
- donut medal (1 Donut tied on a string like a necklace)
- 2 donuts (JAWS)
- 8 cell phones
- box of a dozen donuts (CHEEKS)
- small bag containing 2 opened lip balms and 1 fake mustache (STUFFED)
- lip balm (SPRINKLES)
- 19 string like necklaces (JAWS)
- 3 fake mustache of different shape and color than before (STUFFED, MOM)
- small container of slime (GLAZED)
- 2 hotdogs in buns (JAWS, GLAZED)
- 6 large plates of donuts
- sign that reads “Go Stuffed!” with hearts all over it (MOM)

DIRECTOR’S NOTES

All the characters in this play are goofy and exaggerated, so make sure the actors go big. There is nothing subtle about competitive donut eating. Make sure Cheeks paces himself while eating on stage, eating small bites but just talking like his mouth is full. As always, make sure the actors pause for laughter because lines that are also funny could get laughed over and not heard. Above all: just have fun with it! You’re doing a play about a ridiculous, made up “sport”, nothing about this play was made to be taken seriously. I hope you have as much fun putting it on as I did writing it!

DEDICATION

Dedicated to my favorite brother. I’m not going to say a name. You know who you are. Or do you?

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

AT START: *Lights up. The stage is set for the donut eating competition. JAWS is curling two donuts like weights with COACH encouraging her, GLAZED is pouting, CHEEKS holds a box of donuts, eating, TIA is texting and STUFFED is pushing away MOM, who is fixing his appearance in a finicky way. BILL and SUSAN are smiling, standing downstage left, and facing the audience, speaking into microphones. SUSAN is holding the donut “medal.”*

BILL: *(Peppy with a wide smile.)* Goooooooooooo morning America! I'm Bill Lesterson.

SUSAN: *(Peppy with a wide smile.)* And I'm Susan Burch.

BILL: And welcome to the 56th semiannual donut eating competition. We are here in Tumbleweed, Iowa, where TENS of people have gathered to see WHO will be crowned the semiannual donut eating champ.

SUSAN: That's right, Bill. In just two days, one of these six grubby-fingered little heart-attacks-waiting-to-happen will win. They all have their eyes on the prize, and the prize is *this*—*(Holds up a donut on a string.)* the donut eating champion medal.

BILL: Why, Susan, that looks an awful lot like a donut with a string tied around it.

SUSAN: *(Fake laughs.)* Oh, that's because it is.

BILL: *(Fake laughs.)* Why that is some prize to be won!

SUSAN: Indeed, it is!

BILL and SUSAN let out fake, forced laughs.

BILL: *(Still with a cheesy smile.)* They are not paying us enough to be covering this event, are they, Susan?

SUSAN: *(Still smiling as well.)* No, no they're not, Bill!

SUSAN and BILL let out forced laughs again, their faces drop, they sigh deeply. Go back to smiles.

SUSAN: Anyway, let's check out the competition, shall we, Bill?

BILL: Why, nothing would bring me more joy, Susan.

SUSAN: The number one donut eater in the country, and possibly the world, is Jaws.

BILL: Jaws? Now Susan, how do you suppose you get a nickname like that?

SUSAN: Well, you see Bill, she is such a fierce, highly trained competitor who is said to be able to unhinge her jaw like a snake while competing to consume the optimal number of donuts.

BILL: Wow, that's impressive. Let's interview her now.

BILL and SUSAN walk over to JAWS, who is being intensely trained by COACH.

BILL: Excuse me, Jaws, may we—

COACH: *(Gets between JAWS and BILL and SUSAN.)* No talking to the champion before the competition. I don't want you throwing off her focus.

JAWS: *(Arrogant.)* It's okay, Coach, I can make time for the little people.

SUSAN: *(Still peppy but clearly a little agitated.)* Well, thanks so much for making time for us "little people."

BILL: So, Jaws, what makes you the best of the best?

JAWS: *(Laughs.)* Everyone else is a loser just waiting to be crushed. Donut eating is a serious, extreme sport, and no one else has the guts to do what it takes to be a winner. This isn't kindergarten. There are no participation ribbons or "you tried" trophies, just me with my donut medal and everyone else left in the dust, crying.

SUSAN: Wow, that's pretty harsh. You certainly are the "no mercy" type, aren't you?

JAWS: I am the best of the best, and literally no one can compare to me or even start to reach up to my level. I sit on a throne of powdered sugar and icing, and everyone needs to bow before it.

BILL: *(Still peppy but sarcastic.)* Wow, how incredibly humble of you to say!

JAWS: Humble doesn't win medals, kid.

SUSAN: What do you say to the naysayers out there complaining that competitive donut eating is dangerous and making us lose control of the health of the American people?

JAWS: Look. I am not “losing control” by eating all these donuts. Rather, I’m raising my cholesterol at will. How controlling is that? Eating a dozen donuts for dinner every night is not “dangerous.” It’s routine, and I’ve been told having a routine is actually quite healthy.

BILL: What *does* your health look like, by chance, Jaws?

JAWS: Every time I get my blood pressure taken, I get a new high score, so even *there*, I’m a winner.

SUSAN: Well, best of luck to you, Jaws.

JAWS: I don’t need your “luck.” I’m going to win.

JAWS goes back to training with COACH.

BILL: (To SUSAN.) My, she is something, isn’t she, Susan?

SUSAN: She sure is, Bill, she sure is.

BILL: Our next competitor is Glazed, who has consistently come in second place to Jaws in every donut eating competition. Let’s go talk to him.

SUSAN and BILL go over to GLAZED, who is glaring at JAWS.

SUSAN: Excuse me, Glazed, do you have time for an interview?

GLAZED: (Bitterly.) Why? So you can ask me about how “great” Jaws is? So you can ask me what it’s like to lose to her *over and over* again?

BILL: Well, no. We were going to ask—

GLAZED: (Upset.) I am NOT a loser!

SUSAN: ...No one said you were, we just wanted to ask you some questions about the competition.

GLAZED: (Very angry.) And I am NOT losing to her again! I’m just NOT!!!

SUSAN: (Awkward.) Um, I’m... sure you won’t.

BILL: (Quickly.) Well, thank you Glazed for your time.

BILL and SUSAN hurry away from GLAZED.

SUSAN: Well, he seems like quite the competitor.

BILL: You can say that again, Susan.

SUSAN: You know, Bill, they say anger and jealousy are the best motivators for maximizing donut eating abilities, so Glazed's outbursts may give him a competitive edge.

BILL: Really, I've never heard that before. Who says that, Susan?

SUSAN: They.

BILL and SUSAN let out a forced fake laugh.

BILL: Say, Susan, you want to see what the fans here have to say about the competition?

SUSAN: *(Still peppy but slightly bitter.)* But of course! What else would I be doing after fifteen years of broadcasting experience at a top news station in the country but then asking questions to some grubby little fans for a donut eating competition?

BILL: Oh, oh, oh! Ouch! Looks like someone is still bitter about not being picked as a reporter for the upcoming Olympics.

SUSAN: *(Bitter but still smiling.)* Oh, you betcha, Bill.

FAN 1, FAN 2, FAN 3, FAN 4, and FAN 5 enter from stage right.

SUSAN: Let's ask this group of fans right here. *(Calls over to FANS.)*
You there, donut enthusiasts!

FAN 1: What?

BILL: May we have a few minutes for a brief interview?

FAN 2: I guess.

FAN 1, FAN 2, FAN 3, FAN 4, and FAN 5 all walk over to BILL and SUSAN.

SUSAN: So, how excited are all of you about the 56th semiannual donut eating competition that takes place in just two days!?

FAN 3: The what?

FAN 5: What are you talking about?

BILL: The donut eating competition. That is why you're here, isn't it?

FAN 5: Is that what all of this is?

FAN 4: That sounds lame!

FAN 3: We thought this was the Iowa Cyclones football game.

FAN 2: *(To FAN 1, angry.)* I told you to ask for directions half an hour ago at that one gas station! Now, look at the mess we're in!

FAN 1: *(With sass.)* Um, did you see how sketchy that gas station was? Nuh-uh. No way. Not stopping there.

SUSAN: ...So you're not here for the donut eating competition?

FAN 4: *(Scoffs.)* Donut eating competition? Sounds like something for giant losers with no lives.

FAN 5: We're outta here.

FAN 1: If we can figure out how to get out. *(Looks at phone.)* Okay, GPS is saying to go *(Points stage right.)* This way.

FAN 2: That's the direction we came from!

FAN 3: Let's just sit in our car and figure this out.

FAN 4: Okay, but I don't want to stay here for too long. I can feel our standing with society just dropping by the second by being associated with a waffle eating competition.

BILL: It's donut eating.

FAN 1: Yeah, whatever.

FAN 5: Who cares.

FAN 2: Let's get out of here.

FAN 1 starts to lead them off stage left until FAN 3 pulls them away and redirects them to stage right.

FAN 3: Our car is that way. *(Points off stage right.)*

FAN 4: You are so directionally challenged. I can't believe we let you drive.

FAN 1: Hey! My car, I'M driving!

FAN 1, FAN 2, FAN 3, FAN 4 and FAN 5 exit stage right.

SUSAN: *(Back to the audience.)* Yes, the fan support is booming down here in Tumbleweed, Iowa.

BILL: Our next competitor is Cheeks, who got his nickname for always having cheeks full of food and talking with his mouth full. Let's interview him now.

BILL and SUSAN go over to CHEEKS, who is holding a full donut box in one hand, and a half-eaten donut in the other.

BILL: Hello there, Cheeks.

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, muffled sounds.)*

BILL: *(Fake laughs.)* Sounds like someone needs to learn to chew and swallow!

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, muffled sounds.)*

SUSAN: Any words you want to share with the tens of people watching this back home?

CHEEKS: *(Muffled sounds for a while, gestures around like he's saying something important or inspirational.)*

SUSAN: Wow, well said, Cheeks.

BILL: *(To SUSAN.)* Did you understand any of that, Susan?

SUSAN: Not a word, Bill. Now let's move onto our next—

SPRINKLES: *(Enters stage right and runs up to BILL and SUSAN excited.)* Ohhhhhh! A camera crew! We haven't had a camera crew at one of these in, like, seven years! The sport must be getting popular, yes? *(Starts waving at the audience, excited, and mouthing "Hi Mom!".)*

BILL: Actually, competitive cup stacking got canceled, so they sent us here.

SPRINKLES: *(Upbeat.)* Well, it's still good to spread some light on the sport!

SUSAN: *(Smiling but sarcastic.)* Yes. The "sport."

BILL: Wait, are you Sprinkles?

SPRINKLES: The one and only! I'm just ready to go out there and have some fun and eat as many donuts as I can before I hurl or blackout, you know?

BILL: *(Smiling but sarcastic.)* Ah, yes, living the dream!

SPRINKLES: It's all about the community of donut eaters we've made here. We're competitors, but deep down, we're really all friends.

SUSAN: Glazed doesn't seem to like Jaws.

BILL: And Jaws doesn't seem to like anyone.

SPRINKLES: Sure, we don't talk to each other... or hang out... or act like friends... or like each other... but that's what makes this community so unique.

SUSAN: Well, best of luck to you, Sprinkles.

SPRINKLES: Oh, why thank you! *(Exits skipping off stage left.)*

BILL: *(To SUSAN.)* You can say what you want about her, but she is most definitely our most positive player.

SUSAN: Well, I am absolutely positive you've never heard of this next competitor.

BILL: Nice segway, Susan.

SUSAN: Thank you, Bill. Tia is new to the game of donut eating, so new, she doesn't even have a donut eating name. Let's interview her now.

BILL and SUSAN go over to TIA, who is texting on her phone. To TIA.

SUSAN: Excuse me, may we ask you a few questions?

TIA: *(Looks at the audience.)* Is this a camera crew? I didn't know this would be public. I mean, it's in Tumbleweed, Iowa. No one would find me here. The only things people look for in Iowa are corn and the field of dreams.

SUSAN: Hiding from something, Tia?

TIA: Not so much "hiding," but this just isn't my usual type of thing, the whole competitive donut eating, you know?

BILL: Then why do it?

TIA: Well between us, *(Looks out at the audience.)* And the, like, seven losers who are probably watching this at home—

BILL: *(Cuts her off.)* Actually, it's more like thirteen, but keep going...

TIA: I'm just in this for the free donuts. I mean you just sign up, and then you get to pig out on donuts. How great is that? And they're nice, high-quality donuts too. Like who wouldn't do it?

SUSAN: Well, that sure is one way to live life!

TIA: Hey, if something's free, then I have no shame.

BILL: Well, then, good luck.

TIA: Yeah, whatever.

BILL: *(To SUSAN, peppy.)* Wow! What a great crew of competitors!

SUSAN: Not so fast, Bill.

BILL: Not so fast?

SUSAN: Last, but certainly least is Stuffed.

BILL: Don't you mean certainly not least, Susan?

SUSAN: No, I do not. See, Stuffed gets his donut eating name by coming dead last in every competition from getting too full too fast. Let's check this loser out, shall we?

BILL and SUSAN go over to STUFFED, who is with MOM. MOM is being finicky with STUFFED—straightening his clothes, combing through his hair, etc. while STUFFED keeps pushing her away.

BILL: Hello there, Stuffed!

MOM: *(Looks out at the audience.)* Oh! Cameras! *(To STUFFED.)* Come here, sugar, let me fix your hair before they interview you. *(Reaches over and grabs at STUFFED'S hair.)*

STUFFED: *(Pushing MOM away, whining.)* Mooooooooooooom! You're embarrassing me! Just—*(Points upstage right.)* go stand in the corner!

MOM: *(Still excited.)* You got it, honey! *(To audience.)* Woohoo! Vote for Stuffed!

STUFFED: *(Whining.)* Mooooooooooooom! How many times have I told you, there's no voting in competitive eating. Just go!

MOM smiles and gives the "OK" sign then goes upstage right. To BILL and SUSAN.

STUFFED: Sorry about her. You know how hard it is to find good help these days.

SUSAN: Help? Isn't that your mom?

STUFFED: I mean she helps me, so she qualifies as "the help."

BILL: What does she help you with?

STUFFED: Mostly training. And making all my doctors' appointments. And packing my lunch. And tucking me in at night. And holding my hand when I cross the street. And—

SUSAN: Whoa! Slow down there! Sounds like you are pretty dependent on your mother.

BILL: You seem like a fully grown adult. Do you really need help with things like crossing the street?

STUFFED: Hey, when you got your mind on the competition like I do, it's hard to remember to look both ways when going across a busy road. Just a precaution. She's just a bit overbearing. *(Looks back at MOM.)*

MOM: *(Waves from where she is, excited.)* Woohoo! Goooooooooooo Stuffed!

BILL: *(To STUFFED.)* Speaking of your game, Stuffed, yours hasn't been too hot. What do you plan to do to change that during this competition?

STUFFED: *(Crossing arms.)* Let's just say I'll take them out one by one.

SUSAN: Wow, that wasn't at all creepy or ominous!

BILL: Let's pretend we didn't hear that one!

SUSAN: *(To STUFFED.)* Thank you for speaking to us.

STUFFED: *(Smugly.)* Thank you. And may the most fortunate of us all, win.

STUFFED exits stage right with MOM. SUSAN faces the audience with BILL, both smiling.

SUSAN: Well, it looks like it will be a pretty heated competition!

BILL: It sure does, Susan. We will be covering the entire event for you for the next forty-eight hours leading up to the big eat off. Soon, we will see who has what it takes in this competitive donut eating world, and who will be left in a sugar-induced coma.

SUSAN: That's right, Bill. Just think, two days from now, we will be able to award this—*(Lifts up the donut medal.)* and crown someone the donut eating champ. Stay tuned.

Blackout.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

AT START: *Lights up. COACH stands downstage right with JAWS, who is curling donuts like weights while GLAZED and CHEEKS hide behind a table stage left, watching them. CHEEKS has his full donut box with him.*

COACH: *(Hyping JAWS up.)* Alright, Jaws. This is your moment to shine again. You've won this semiannual competition nineteen times now, soon to be TWENTY. There's no room for error. You've trained so hard. You've worked YEARS for this.

JAWS: *(Focused.)* I know, coach.

COACH: There are six competitors. One winner. Five losers. (*Yells.*)
Who are you going to be, Jaws!?

JAWS: (*Yelling, pumped.*) I'm going to be a winner!

COACH: Come on, let's get you in shape.

JAWS silently lifts donuts like they're weights as COACH encourages her.

GLAZED: (*To CHEEKS.*) Can you believe this, Cheeks? She thinks she's such hot stuff.

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite of donut, muffled sounds.*)

GLAZED: (*Annoyed.*) I know she keeps beating me, but that's beside the point. The point is that she is going down, down, down!

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, muffled sounds.*)

GLAZED: (*Offended.*) I have a plan! And it's a good plan too!

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, sassy muffled sounds, giving GLAZED a look.*)

GLAZED: ...Okay, so I don't have a plan. That's why we're here. To find her weakness.

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, muffled sounds.*)

GLAZED: (*Angry.*) It is not spying, and it is not cheating. It's just...

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, muffled sounds.*)

GLAZED: No, it's not exploiting, either! Just hush up, I'm trying to listen.

COACH: (*To JAWS.*) That's it, you're doing great. Just remember: You have to stay perfect, all the time, always, forever.

JAWS: (*Arrogantly.*) I'm always perfect. I'm a flawless donut eating machine that crushes my enemies beneath my feet.

COACH: Just keep that focus, Jaws. You got this.

JAWS continues to curl donuts.

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, muffled sounds.*)

GLAZED: Well, she has to have some sort of weakness! She's human, isn't she?! (*More serious.*) I mean, isn't she? You don't think she's some kind of donut eating robot, and—

CHEEKS gives GLAZED a look.

GLAZED: You're right, you're right. Definitely human. Not a robot. (*Realizing.*) But then she has to have some kind of weakness, then!

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, muffled noise.*)

GLAZED: (*Looks at CHEEKS.*) Do you ever chew and swallow?

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, shakes head, muffled sounds.*)

GLAZED: (*Points to donut box.*) How many of those have you eaten? Just in the past hour?

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, muffled sounds.*)

GLAZED: (*Scoffs.*) Seven? The number of amateurs. If you just eat and eat all the time, you'll end up like Stuffed and never be able to finish anything. You know that?

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, annoyed muffled sounds, rolling eyes.*)

GLAZED: It's all about consumption timing, Cheeks. Something you need to learn.

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, sassy muffled sounds.*)

GLAZED: (*Angry, yelling loud.*) Oh, yeah? Well, I know I need to learn how to win, but what you—

JAWS: (*Turns around, CHEEKS and GLAZED duck.*) What was that?

COACH: Don't worry about it. Just focus, Jaws.

JAWS continues to curl donuts.

GLAZED: (*Popping his head back up with CHEEKS.*) That was close. You almost gave us away!

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, glares, muffled sounds.*)

GLAZED: Well, next time, don't make me angry, and we won't have this problem, will we?

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, muffled sounds, rolls his eyes.*)

GLAZED: Oh, don't be such a pain in the cinnamon twist. Just keep watching with me. We gotta find something on her!

COACH: You are going to annihilate the competition, Jaws. You need to stay hyper-focused. You can't let anything distract you. Anything or anyone. No family. No friends. No boys.

JAWS: (*Focused.*) Right. No distractions. (*To COACH, less focused.*) But not even one friend? Or one date? Or what about—

COACH: (*Holds JAWS by both shoulders, looking her in the eyes.*)
Jaws. You. Are. A. Champion. Anyone can go out and have friends.
Anyone can go out on dates. But not anyone can stuff their face with
donuts on a national level twenty times and be the champ. It's a
sacrifice you'll have to be willing to make to be the best of the best.

JAWS: (*Refocusing.*) You're right. This is all about me and my time.

COACH: Absolutely, Jaws. Now, let's get you to the nearest donut
shop where you can practice.

COACH ushers JAWS off stage left.

GLAZED: That's it!

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, confused muffled sounds.*)

GLAZED: Don't you see? She can't let anyone in or she'll lose her
focus!

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, confused muffled sounds.*)

GLAZED: (*Annoyed.*) Yes, I would be the one to have her lose her
focus. I'll just ask her on a date, and make her fall in love with me,
and before the competition, I'll break her heart! It's that simple!

CHEEKS: (*Stares with attitude, arms crossed.*)

GLAZED: Don't give me that look. It is that simple! I'll just ask her out
and make her fall in love with me! Just watch. This plan is foolproof!

Blackout.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

AT START: *Lights up. TIA is on stage, alone, talking on her cellphone.*

TIA: Uh-huh... Uh-huh.... Yeah, they just give you the donuts. And
they're free! You just have to eat a lot of them.... Nah, I don't really
care if I win, I'm just here for the free, you know? (*Laughs.*) Hey, the
cheap life is the only life as far as I'm concerned.

SPRINKLES enters stage left, watches TIA and listens from a distance.

TIA: This place is just full of such weirdos, you know? Like they eat donuts hard core. For real. I wouldn't be caught dead with any of these losers outside of this competition. *(Pauses.)* Yeah, I won't get sucked in or anything, I promise. I'm just here for the donuts, man. Anyway, I'll see you when I get home. Love you. Bye. *(Hangs up and turns around, seeing SPRINKLES.)* How long have you been standing there?

SPRINKLES: Me? I just got here. Why?

TIA: No reason... *(Quickly.)* Welp, I should probably go back to my motel room and do, like, jaw exercises or whatever you guys—I mean us donut eaters—do. *(Starts to exit stage right.)*

SPRINKLES: *(Going after TIA.)* What's your name?

TIA: *(Looks back a moment.)* Tia. *(Starts to exit again.)*

SPRINKLES: Ohhhh, a newbie! I remember my first donut eating competition!

TIA: *(Spins around.)* How do you know I'm new?

SPRINKLES: Well, you're using your real name at a competition for one. Rookie mistake. *(Extends hand, cheery.)* I'm Sprinkles!

TIA: *(Grabs hand lightly and slightly shakes it.)* I'm sure you are. Look, I really don't want people to see me here going by like Donut Head or something—

SPRINKLES: Oh, Donut Head hasn't competed in years.

TIA: Uh-huh. Look, I need to go—*(Starts to exit stage right again.)*

SPRINKLES: *(Grabs TIA'S hand, drags her back to center stage.)* What you need is a donut eating mentor. I would love to assist you in the in's and out's of the world that is donut eating—

TIA: *(Frees her hand.)* Okay, no offense, Sugar—

SPRINKLES: *(Still peppy.)* Actually, it's Sprinkles! Like you know, how sometimes you put sprinkles on a donut—

TIA: No, yes, I caught on. Look, I just really, truly, don't care enough about the donut eating world to get into the spirit of it all. To be honest with you, it's lame. For losers. Geeks.

SPRINKLES: Then why are you here?

TIA:...I like free things?

SPRINKLES: That can't be the only reason you're here.

TIA: *(Thinks for a moment.)* No.... Yeah, that's it. Free donuts.

SPRINKLES: Where are you from?

TIA: St. Louis.

SPRINKLES: What is that, a four hour drive?

TIA: Five and a half.

SPRINKLES: So, you drove five and a half hours, wasted all the gas money, money on a motel, plus the meals that aren't in the competition... just for some free donuts?

TIA: (*Bashful.*) Well, when you say it like that it makes it sound like I'm wasting money.

SPRINKLES: I think you need to reevaluate your purpose and why you're here, Tia. I mean you already put all this money out for some "free" donuts. Isn't there anything else you want to get out of this experience? I think, deep down, we both know what it is that you want.

TIA: Yeah... we do.

SPRINKLES: (*Simultaneously with TIA.*) Friendship.

TIA: (*Simultaneously with SPRINKLES.*) To win.

SPRINKLES: Wait what did you say?

TIA: I said to win.

SPRINKLES: (*Upset.*) To win!?

TIA: Yeah, it's a competition, and I've never really won anything before, and I want to win. What did you say?

SPRINKLES: Well, I said friendship, because that's the best donut of them all!

TIA: Dude, that is so cheesy.

SPRINKLES: But it's so true!

TIA: I don't know if you noticed or not, but everyone here hates each other. We're the only competitors talking to one another.

SPRINKLES: (*Optimistic.*) But it doesn't have to be that way! We could all be friends!

TIA: Fat chance. Like clearly you're not out to get me, Sprinkles, but everyone else is a threat. I didn't come here to make friends; I came here to eat free donuts, and now I want to win.

SPRINKLES: (*Hands on head.*) This isn't how I thought this talk would go at all.

TIA: This isn't your first rodeo. Do you want to show me some donut eating tips?

SPRINKLES: (*Sighs.*) Sure, come on.

TIA and SPRINKLES go downstage left and pretend to have a conversation. STUFFED sneaks on stage right with a small bag with MOM.

STUFFED: *(Maliciously.)* Aha! Look! We have two of the competitors together!

MOM: Woohoo! That's super-duper puddin' cakes! What's our next plan?

STUFFED: *(Pulls out two lip balms from his bag.)* We will offer them these two lip balms.

MOM: *(Nodding.)* Uh-huh... okay.... I see where you're going with this...

STUFFED: Really?

MOM: *(Head down, defeated.)* No, I just wanted to be supportive. Why lip balm?

STUFFED: This is no ordinary lip balm. You see, I have infused it with superglue, so when they use it, it will glue their mouths shut, making it impossible for them to open their mouths to eat donuts! *(Laughs evilly.)*

MOM: Rock on, pumpkin pants. This scheme will work for sure. How will they get them though?

STUFFED: *(Pulls out a fake mustache from his bag and applies it to his face.)* I'll give it to them as a "gift," and they'll have no idea it's me while I'm wearing this!

MOM: Wow! You look like a totally different person, boogie bear!

STUFFED: *(Petting mustache.)* I know. Now, watch as I knock out the competition, all cheater-like.

MOM: *(Gives a thumbs up.)* Super proud of you, honey. Gooooooo Stuffed!

STUFFED: Yes, yes, now step aside. It's time to set the stage to win.

MOM hides behind a table while STUFFED approaches SPRINKLES and TIA.

STUFFED: Hello there, ladies.

SPRINKLES and TIA turn around.

SPRINKLES: *(Peppy.)* Hi, there! My name is Sprinkles! And this is my new best friend, Tia!

TIA: *(Interjecting quickly.)* We're not best friends—

SPRINKLES: What's your name?

STUFFED: My name... is not important.

TIA: *(Flatly.)* Really.

STUFFED: Really. Names are overrated anyway. But what is important is that I have something for both of you.

SPRINKLES: *(Excited.)* Like a gift! *(Clapping hands together.)* Oh, I just love gifts!

STUFFED: *(Evil grin.)* Yes... a gift.... *(Let's out a small evil heckle.)*

TIA: *(To STUFFED, grabbing SPRINKLES.)* Will you excuse us one moment? *(Drags SPRINKLES downstage.)* This guy is super shady. Do you recognize him?

SPRINKLES: *(Shakes head.)* I don't know anyone with a mustache like that.

TIA: Sprinkles, that is an obviously fake mustache in a lame attempt to disguise himself.

SPRINKLES: Well, it sure is working, because if I knew him before, I don't know him now!

TIA: Do you know all the donut eaters in this competition?

SPRINKLES: Do I ever! I know all the competitors, the officials, everyone in the circuit!

TIA: And you have no clue who that guy is?

SPRINKLES: *(Looks back at him.)* That mustache is really throwing me off.

TIA: *(Angry.)* Just try to picture him without the mustache!

SPRINKLES: *(Looks at him again.)* Mmmmm, nope. Can't do it. It's a mystery for sure.

TIA: *(Frustrated.)* Agh! Just let me do the talking to him. *(Walks back to STUFFED.)* Hi there... sir. What do you want exactly?

STUFFED: I just wanted to offer you some free lip balms. *(Holds up the two lip balms.)*

SPRINKLES: Oh, boy free things!

SPRINKLES leans forward to grab them; TIA stops her.

TIA: *(Looks closely at them.)* It looks like they were already opened.

STUFFED: (*Nervous.*) Well, you know what they say... getting offered already opened lip balms from a handsome stranger with a dashing mustache is... good luck.

TIA: (*Flatly.*) No one says that.

SPRINKLES: No, no! He's onto something! I think that was in my horoscope yesterday. Isn't that freaky?

STUFFED: See? Good luck. (*Tries again to hand over the lip balms.*)

SPRINKLES: Oh, boy! What kind are they?

STUFFED: Kind?

SPRINKLES: Yeah, what flavors?

STUFFED: I don't know. None. Generic.

SPRINKLES: That's too bad. I really like the vanilla mint kind. That's my favorite.

TIA: Hey, let's go to the nearest convenience store, and I'll buy you one. You know what they say... getting some girl you decided is your best friend to buy you vanilla mint lip balm brings you the best luck.

SPRINKLES: That's so true! They do say that! (*To STUFFED.*) Thanks anyway, mister. (*To TIA.*) Hey, let's take my car. You can ride shotgun! (*Exits skipping off stage right.*)

TIA: Sure! (*Exits stage right, glaring aggressively at STUFFED on the way out.*)

STUFFED: (*Ripping off mustache, pouting.*) Aw, for the love of long johns! My plans always fail!

MOM: (*Runs over to STUFFED, putting her arms around his shoulders.*) I'm sorry, shnookums.

STUFFED brushes off MOM.

MOM: Maybe next time you'll get 'em, tiger.

STUFFED: Oh, I will. And when I do, I WILL be the winner! (*Laughs evilly.*)

MOM: That's my special boy!

STUFFED: Come, now, Mother, (*Dramatically gestures to stages right.*) to my plotting lair!

MOM: You mean my minivan?

STUFFED: (*Sighs deeply, disappointed.*) Yes, Mom, your minivan. Let's go. (*Starts to head off stage right.*)

MOM: *(Following him.)* Alright, but no putting your feet up on the dashboard.

STUFFED: *(Whining.)* Moooooooooom!

MOM and STUFFED exit. Blackout.

ACT ONE, SCENE 4

AT START: *Lights up. GLAZED and CHEEKS enter stage left. CHEEKS has his donut box with him.*

GLAZED: *(To CHEEKS.)* Alright, alright, time to find Jaws so I can sweep her off her feet to ultimately crush her!

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite of donut, muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: Of course, I know what I'm doing! I mean, she's a girl! How hard can it be!

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, sassy muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: *(Bashful.)* Well, you know, I've never actually talked to a girl in that way... but it can't be that hard!

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: Practice? What on earth would I need to practice for?

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: Fair point. Alright, you be Jaws, and I'll be me.

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, high pitch muffled sounds, tilting his head and batting his eyelashes, trying to act very feminine.)*

GLAZED: *(Pushing CHEEKS.)* Cut it out! I'm being serious!

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, defensive muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: You are not! Come on, for real this time. Be Jaws. Be mean, ruthless, heartless, you know.

CHEEKS: *(Makes a mean face and takes a fighter's stance.)*

GLAZED: Now that looks more like Jaws. Okay, here we go. *(Looks down, takes a deep breath, then looks back up at CHEEKS. Very nervous.)* Hi, there, um, Jaws. Go out with me, now, please?

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, sassy muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: *(Angry.)* Well, I was trying the direct approach! And I did say please, didn't I?

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, muffled sounds with a look of disapproval, shaking his head.)*

GLAZED: Alright, I know, I know. No need to make me feel bad. Come on, let's try again.

CHEEKS: *(Takes the fighter's stance again with the mean face.)*

GLAZED: Maybe something... less... ruthless. *(Quickly.)* But not as girly as what you were doing before. That gave me the heebie jeebies.

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, teasing muffled sounds, poking at GLAZED.)*

GLAZED: *(Offended.)* Are not!

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, teasing muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: *(Yelling.)* Are not!

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, loud teasing muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: *(Frustrated.)* Look, we have to keep practicing and practicing so I can ultimately break Jaws' heart and win, 'cause we both know a loser like you ain't gonna win.

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, extremely offended muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: Oh, you know it's true. Come on, let's keep practicing.

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: Ask advice from whom? I'm already asking you for help. Isn't that enough?

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, sassy muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: *(Looks down, defeated.)* No. It's really not enough. *(Looks back at CHEEKS)* Then who am I going to for advice then?

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: *(Horried.)* Another gir!? I don't want to do that!

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: Of course, I want to win! Ugh, fine! But where am I going to find another girl?

TIA and SPRINKLES enter stage right. GLAZED and CHEEKS try to hide.

SPRINKLES: *(To TIA.)* Thanks for the lip balm, Tia! I just looooooove this vanilla mint! *(Holds up the lip balm to TIA'S face.)* Here! Smell it!

TIA: *(Lowering it away from her face.)* No thanks. I'm good.

GLAZED: Aha! Them! It's perfect! I'll just ask them to help me win over Jaws, and we'll all have a better chance at that prize, but Ill be the only real contender!

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: *(Annoyed.)* Yes, because I kept coming in second to her. Yes, I know, Cheeks. Come on, let's go talk to them.

GLAZED Starts to head over to SPRINKLES and TIA, bringing CHEEKS with him. JAWS struts on stage left, wearing nineteen string loops around her neck.

GLAZED: *(Backs up and hides, dragging CHEEKS with him.)* Oh, no! There's Jaws!

GLAZED and CHEEKS hide again and watch.

SPRINKLES: *(Waving over to JAWS.)* Oh, look! It's Jaws! Hi Jaws!

JAWS: *(Dramatically looking in the opposite direction, disinterested.)*

Oh, Hi there, losers.

TIA: Look, Jaws. You don't know you're going to win. You don't—

JAWS: Oh yeah? *(Holds up all the 19 strings.)* See these?

TIA: ...Some string?

JAWS: No, these are donut eating competition medals. Nineteen of them.

TIA: Where's the medal?

JAWS: *(Snotty.)* They were donuts, so I ate them, rookie.

TIA: Hey, I won't be a rookie for long, I'll—

JAWS: *(Sharp and coldly.)* You all are a bunch of nothings. You'll never win at anything, and you'll never be good enough, while I am nothing but good enough. I'm the only one who's truly worthy to eat a donut. Soon you'll realize who you really are: failures. In the donut world and in life. That's all you'll ever be. Nothing. But. Losers!

JAWS struts off stage right before TIA can reply.

TIA: *(Infuriated.)* Oh! I can't believe her! I have to beat her! I just do!

SPRINKLES: Or we can all be best, donut eating friends!

TIA: Um, no. She needs to be beaten. Hard.

GLAZED and CHEEKS quickly run over to SPRINKLES and TIA.

GLAZED: *(To TIA and SPRINKLES.)* Hi there! I couldn't help but overhear—

TIA: Overhear or spying?

GLAZED: Overhear, spying, isn't that all the same today?

TIA: No.

SPRINKLES: Oh, don't mind Glazed here. He's a bit—

TIA: Glazed? So, you're also a donut eater?

GLAZED: Sure am! *(Gestures to CHEEKS.)* This here is my henchman, Cheeks!

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, angry muffled sounds.)*

GLAZED: Oh, you know that's basically what you do.

TIA: You can understand what he's saying?

GLAZED: You can't? He just said he's happy to hench for me any day.

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, muffled sounds, waving his arms around wildly, shaking his head.)*

SPRINKLES: Looks like he disagrees with you, Glazed.

GLAZED: Nah, that's just his sign for Glazed is the best and will totally win.

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, annoyed muffled sounds while rolling eyes and crossing arms.)*

GLAZED: Look here, ladies, I have a proposition for you two. It's to help get rid of Jaws.

TIA: I'm listening.

SPRINKLES: Oh no.

GLAZED: Just hush and listen. Me and Cheeks overheard that Jaws cannot let anyone in or it will make her lose her focus. So, I've devised this plan to ask out Jaws and take her on a date to have her fall in love with me, only to shatter her heart right before the competition. The only problem is... *(Embarrassed.)* I uh, heh, don't really know how to talk to a girl.

TIA: Oh, I can help with that. I'm in.

SPRINKLES: What! No! What about friendship, the best donut of them all?

TIA: Yeah, no. Don't care about that. I just care about winning. We can still be friends though, Sprinkles.

SPRINKLES: *(Touched.)* Really?

TIA: Yeah, 'cause you're not a threat. *(Turns back to GLAZED.)* I'm on board. *(To SPRINKLES.)* Are you going to help, too?

SPRINKLES: (*Sighs.*) I will emotionally support you through this process because that is what friends do.

ACT ONE, SCENE 5

AT START: *Continuing action from SCENE FOUR.*

TIA: (*Turning to GLAZED.*) Alright, so tell me what you do know about women.

GLAZED: (*Thinks for a moment.*) Well, they love the color pink, they all want to be a princess, they hate football, and are probably robots.

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, muffled sounds, smacking the side of GLAZED'S arm.*)

GLAZED: Okay, maybe not robots but definitely from another planet or a different species.

TIA: You know that girls are people just like you, right?

GLAZED: That has yet to be verified.

TIA: (*Rolls her eyes. To SPRINKLES.*) We got a lot of work to do.

GLAZED: Look, I am not that bad, okay? Sure, women are complicated, but they all want one thing. Well, two things, really.

TIA: Exactly—

SPRINKLES: Oh, I know this too!

GLAZED: (*Simultaneously with TIA and SPRINKLES.*) Medieval weaponry and slime.

TIA: (*Simultaneously with GLAZED and SPRINKLES.*) Love and respect.

SPRINKLES: (*Simultaneously with TIA and GLAZED.*) Friends and new shoes.

TIA: Whoa, whoa, wait. (*Turns to SPRINKLES.*) What did you say?

SPRINKLES: Friends and new shoes.

TIA: New shoes? Really?

SPRINKLES: ...Do you want new shoes?

TIA: (*Looks down at her shoes.*) ...Yeah... (*Shakes head and looks at GLAZED.*) What did you say?

GLAZED: Medieval weaponry and slime.

TIA: What! No!

GLAZED: What? If I gave you a medieval sword and shield you wouldn't think that's cool?

TIA: I mean, I would, but—

GLAZED: And when was the last time you played with slime?

TIA: I don't know, when I was ten?

GLAZED: *(Pulls out a small container of slime from his pocket.)* Here.

TIA: *(Opens up the slimes and starts to play with it.)* Look, Glazed, you're missing the point. It's that it's not always about how things are—*(Stretches the slime wide.)* Whoa! Look how far it stretches!

GLAZED: *(Cross arms, smirking.)* Case closed.

TIA: *(Puts away the slime.)* Glazed, it's not about just giving them slime or talking about medieval weapons. That's something you can do with a friend. You're trying to get her to fall in love with you in one night and then break her heart. Slime is not going to cut it.

GLAZED: Then what will?

SPRINKLES: You'll have to be a gentleman.

GLAZED: A gentle what?

SPRINKLES: A gentle-man. You have to be polite and treat her kindly.

GLAZED: What if she isn't kind back? I don't want her to think I'm no wuss or nothing.

TIA: Do you want this plan to work or not?

GLAZED: Yeah, but—

TIA: Then you'll have to go out on a limb here.

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, teasing muffled sounds, poking at GLAZED.)*

GLAZED: *(To CHEEKS.)* I am not! I can do this!

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, muffled sounds, pointing at himself.)*

GLAZED: The only way you could do this is if you ever learned to chew and swallow! All our hope is pinned on me now. *(To TIA.)* Is that it? Just be nice to her?

TIA: Not by a long shot. You'll have to share feelings with her.

GLAZED: *(Shocked and appalled.)* Feelings!?

TIA: They don't have to be real feelings, you just have to convince her that you feel whatever you're saying.

GLAZED: See, I've never been a... "feelings" guy. I don't know if I can do that.

SPRINKLES: Oh, no! Now we have to give up and all be friends! Because friendship is the best—

TIA: —The best donut of them all, we've been told. (*To CHEEKS.*) Do you think you can chew and swallow long enough to get Jaws to fall in love with you?

GLAZED: (*Stepping in front of CHEEKS.*) Oh, no, no, no! I'm the one doing this! If anyone's getting all the glory for this master cheating plan, it's me!

TIA: Then step up your game, man. Have some feelings. Girls like that.

GLAZED: (*Bitter.*) ...fine. But I'm not happy about it.

TIA: You don't have to be happy about it, you just have to do it.

GLAZED: What else?

TIA: Let's practice asking her out. Just pretend Sprinkles is Jaws—

GLAZED: Sprinkles is far too human to be Jaws. Sprinkles actually has a heart and a soul.

TIA: I said pretend, didn't I? Come on.

SPRINKLES and GLAZED move downstage left while TIA and CHEEKS watch from a short distance.

TIA: Alright. Go on.

GLAZED: (*Nervous.*) Um, hi there, Jaws—

SPRINKLES: (*Sharply.*) What do you want, loser?

GLAZED: (*Angry and defensive.*) Why are you being so mean to me?!

SPRINKLES: (*Confused.*) Oh, I was trying to be Jaws. Isn't that what I was supposed to do?

TIA: That's exactly what you're supposed to, Sprinkles. Good job. (*SPRINKLES gives a thumbs-up to TIA. To GLAZED.*) Go on, keep going.

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, mocking muffled sounds, pointing at GLAZED.*)

GLAZED: Shut up, Cheeks! Your mockery isn't helping!

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, sassy muffled sounds.*)

GLAZED: You really need to learn to watch your language.

SPRINKLES: Why, what did he say?

GLAZED: I'm trying to be a gentleman, and a gentleman wouldn't repeat such foul language. (*Glares at CHEEKS who shrugs.*)

TIA: ...Anyway, keep going.

GLAZED: (*Nervous again.*) Oh, um, right. (*To SPRINKLES.*) So, uh, Jaws—

SPRINKLES: (*Mean.*) What.

GLAZED: Uh, I was wondering if I could ask you out on a, you know, a date?

SPRINKLES: (*To TIA.*) Do I say yes?

TIA: Do you think Jaws would say yes to that?

SPRINKLES: (*Shakes head.*) Probably not.

GLAZED: What!? Why not! I was a gentleman and everything!

SPRINKLES: Yeah, but you didn't have any confidence.

GLAZED: (*Angry.*) What? Now I need to have confidence, too? Girls are too demanding!

TIA: If you asked Jaws out like that, all nervous and cowering—

GLAZED: (*Quickly interjecting.*) I wasn't cowering—

TIA: (*Finishing her sentence.*) —she'd chew you up and spit you out so fast. You know how mean she is.

SPRINKLES: But don't have too much confidence, where you're acting like you're demanding her to go out with you.

TIA: Yeah, girls hate that.

SPRINKLES: Just be yourself!

TIA: ...Or someone else, you know, cause you kinda suck.

SPRINKLES: Oh! And don't forget to—

GLAZED: (*Frustrated.*) Ugh! This all is just too hard! I'll just do whatever I want.

TIA: (*Very serious.*) Hey! We all have a lot riding on this. You're going to do it, and you're going to do it right. Come on, let's keep practicing.

SPRINKLES, GLAZED, TIA and CHEEKS mime continued practice, their conversations silent. STUFFED and MOM enter from stage right.

STUFFED: (*Rubbing hands together diabolically.*) Aha! We have four of them together now! This is perfect! We can knock out almost all the competition in one hit!

MOM: Woohoo! That's great, my little muffin man. What's the plan this time?

STUFFED: I will tell them they all have been entered in a random contest and have won all-inclusive trips to Hawaii, but they must leave immediately to redeem their trip. They'll all be gone, and I'll just have one competitor left to knock out! (*Laughs evilly.*)

MOM: But isn't Jaws the best of all of them?

STUFFED: One jelly-filled problem at a time, my mother, one at a time. Now, (*Pulls out from his pocket another fake mustache of different shape and color than before and puts it on.*) I will go and lure them into my trap! (*Laughs evilly.*)

MOM: You go, buddy boy! Super proud! (*Hides on stage right.*)

STUFFED: (*Walks up to SPRINKLES, TIA, GLAZED, and CHEEKS.*)
Congratulations! All of you have won!

SPRINKLES: Won what?

TIA: Aren't you the same guy who offered us lip balm before?

STUFFED: Me? No. I have a totally different mustache than him.

TIA: How do you know who I'm talking about?

STUFFED: (*Nervous.*) Uhhhhh...

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, urgent muffled sounds, pointing at STUFFED.*)

TIA: (*To CHEEKS.*) Wait, do you know who that is?

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, muffled sounds, nods, still pointing.*)

GLAZED: I don't know what your deal is, Cheeks. This is clearly some random man with a nice mustache telling us we won something.

CHEEKS: (*Takes a bite, throws hands up in the air and walks away upstage.*)

TIA: (*Calls after CHEEKS.*) Wait, no! Chew, swallow, then tell me who that is! (*Joins CHEEKS upstage.*)

STUFFED: (*To SPRINKLES and GLAZED.*) The four of you have won an all-inclusive trip to Hawaii!

SPRINKLES: (*Clapping hands together, excited.*) Ohhhh! Hawaii! I've never been there before! How exciting!

GLAZED: All-inclusive, huh? Like everything's paid for?

STUFFED: That's right! You just have to leave right now to catch your flight!

SPRINKLES: I'm ready, let's go!

GLAZED: Say, how did we get entered in this contest?

STUFFED: (*Nervous.*) Uh... uh... you just did?

GLAZED: Welp, can't argue with that logic. I'm sold! How do we get to the airport?

TIA: *(Coming back to the group, dragging CHEEKS with her.)* Look, guys. Don't. Sign. Anything. Both me and Cheeks know there's something weird about this guy.

SPRINKLES: Oh, he doesn't want us to sign anything.

GLAZED: He wants to give us an all-inclusive trip to Hawaii.

SPRINKLES: We just need to leave right now to catch our flight.

TIA: Oh, yeah? What company are you with, Mr. Mysterious Mustache?

STUFFED: *(Nervous.)* Um... that one?

SPRINKLES: *(to GLAZED.)* I think I've heard of it, it's a good one. *(GLAZED and SPRINKLES both nod.)*

TIA: *(Frustrated.)* He didn't even say a name!

SPRINKLES: Yeah, but I could tell which one he was talking about.

TIA: Which one?

SPRINKLES: You know, the one.

TIA: *(To STUFFED.)* Look, "sir", we are not going anywhere with you.

STUFFED: But this trip has so much to offer! Parasailing, hula dancing—

SPRINKLES: Parasailing? Do they do that a lot there?

STUFFED: All the time!

GLAZED: And is there lots of hula dancing?

STUFFED: Tons!

SPRINKLES: Well, I'm scared of heights, and just watching someone parasailing freaks me out so maybe I shouldn't go.

GLAZED: And I have a horrible fear of dancing, so Hawaii isn't really the place for me if there are hula dancers everywhere.

STUFFED: What! No!

TIA: *(To GLAZED.)* ...You're afraid of dancing?

GLAZED: It's unnatural! Feet weren't meant to move in counts of four!

STUFFED: *(Desperate.)* But, but—you guys can still go! It's really okay! You can—

MOM: *(Joins all of them, also wearing a mustache. Speaks in a low voice.)* Excuse me, but my travel colleague here has offered you the wrong trip.

TIA: Hello there... woman with a mustache.

STUFFED: *(To MOM, hushed.)* What are you doing?

MOM: (*Hushed, back to STUFFED.*) I'm helping, sweetums. (*Back to the rest of the group.*) What my colleague meant to offer was a trip to Italy, where there is no parasailing and no dancing!

SPRINKLES: Wow sounds perfect!

GLAZED: And we have to leave right away?

MOM: That's right!

SPRINKLES: Too bad I don't have a passport!

GLAZED: Me neither!

MOM: (*Flustered.*) Oh, um—

GLAZED: Now, if you'll excuse us, we have a very well thought out and planned scheme to cheat that has a high probability to be successful. (*Exits with SPRINKLES, TIA, and CHEEKS stage left.*)

STUFFED: (*Ripping off mustache. To MOM, angry.*) What was that, Mom?!

MOM: (*Sadden.*) I'm sorry, pookie. I was just trying to be helpful. You looked like you were struggling—

STUFFED: I know what I'm doing Mom!

MOM: ...Really?

STUFFED: (*Head down.*) No. Not really. (*Looks back at her.*) But I don't always need my mommy's help. Just to cook my meals and do my laundry and tie my shoes, and—

MOM: Speaking of, (*Sings.*) Your shoes untied! (*Bends over to tie his shoes.*)

STUFFED: (*Annoyed.*) Moooooom! (*Looks down.*) No, not like that; bunny ear, bunny ear. And double knot it.

MOM: (*Pats his shoes.*) There we go! Now, my dashing boy is all ready for a new scheme!

STUFFED: (*Dramatically points off stage right.*) Quick! To my plotting lair!

MOM: Do you mean—

STUFFED: (*Angry.*) Yes, I mean your minivan! Let's go! (*Marches off stage right, MOM happily follows.*)

Blackout.

ACT ONE, SCENE 6

AT START: *Lights up. BILL and SUSAN are downstage left, facing the audience, speaking into microphones.*

BILL: *(Very peppy.)* Hello again, America! I'm Bill Lesterson.

SUSAN: *(Peppy.)* And I'm Susan Burch.

BILL: And we have just reached the twenty-four-hour mark until the 56th semiannual donut eating competition!

SUSAN: We absolutely have, Bill! You can just feel the lack of nutrition in the air as our competitors prepare for what may be the most important or most shameful day of their lives depending on how they view it.

BILL: That is so true, Susan. Now, how would you say the fans' energy impacts each competitor's performance?

SUSAN: Well, Bill, as soon as some fans show up, I'll let you know!

SUSAN and BILL both let out a forced, fake laugh.

BILL: Now some may call donut eating on a competitive level "ridiculous" and "a waste of perfectly good donuts" and the—

FAN 6, FAN 7, FAN 8, FAN 9, and FAN 10 enter stage right looking around.

SUSAN: *(Points.)* Oh, look! Fans!

BILL: Now, isn't that the rarest sight you've ever seen at a donut eating competition? So rare and impossible, it's almost like a four-leaf clover.

SUSAN: Or a unicorn.

BILL: Or you, Susan, broadcasting at the upcoming Olympics.

SUSAN: *(Clearly very bitter but still smiling.)* Ouch! Open that wound back up, why don't we, Bill?

BILL: Oh, you betcha Susan. *(Calls over to FAN 6, FAN 7, FAN 8, FAN 9 and FAN 10.)* Oh, you there! Donut eating fans!

FAN 9: Us?

SUSAN: Yes, you! What has brought you all to this competition today?

BILL: ...Or do you not know where you are? (*Points upstage.*)

Because the interstate is right over—

FAN 6: No, no. We know where we are.

FAN 10: We sure do.

SUSAN: So, you're here... on purpose? You really meant to be here?

FAN 7: Yes, we meant to be here at this disgusting abomination.

BILL: Disgusting abomination?

FAN 8: We're from the Nutritionist Opposing Donuts, or NOD for short.

SUSAN: I see, and I'm guessing NOD isn't pleased with the competition then?

FAN 9: Absolutely NOT!

FAN 6: It's a disgrace!

FAN 10: We are here to do everything in our power to stop this awful competition and provide healthy options for everyone.

BILL:so they can competitively eat that?

FAN 6: (*Yelling.*) No!

FAN 7: Do you know how many donut-related deaths there are each day alone?

FAN 8: It causes clogged arteries.

FAN 9: High blood pressure.

FAN 10: Swollen hands.

FAN 6: Lack of rhythm.

FAN 7: An obsession with the color lavender.

FAN 8: Inability to spell the word "Sassafras" correctly.

FAN 9: A craving to cover things with googly eyes.

FAN 10: A fear of daytime television.

SUSAN: Whoa, whoa there! Sounds like you guys are just spitting stuff out! That can't all be true!

BILL: Most of it wasn't even medical.

FAN 7: (*Offended.*) We are nutritionists!

FAN 8: We cannot lie. Legally.

FAN 9: What? Do you think we're not really nutritionists and we're just here, grabbing attention to get on TV?

SUSAN: You know there are only thirteen people watching this, right?

FAN 6: Thirteen! That's nothing!

BILL: (*Sighs.*) We know.

FAN 7: Come on guys, let's go to Des Moines.

FAN 10: Yeah, there's bound to be more going on there with a news station or something that'll notice us.

FAN 8: Let's get out of here.

FAN 6, FAN 7, FAN 8, FAN 9 and FAN 10 exit stage right.

SUSAN: (*Back to the audience.*) Well, there you have it, the fan enthusiasm here today is... something!

BILL: It sure is Susan. It sure is.

SUSAN: Let's see if we can get in one more interview with the top competitor and her Coach: the one and only Jaws!

JAWS and COACH enter stage left.

BILL: (*Still smiling but sarcastic.*) Jaws! Could you spare a moment to talk to us "little people" again?

COACH: (*To JAWS.*) You won't lose your focus over this, will you?

JAWS: (*Scoffs.*) What is this, amateur hour? I got this.

COACH and JAWS walk over to BILL and SUSAN. Arrogantly.

JAWS: Want to hear about my awesome glory again?

SUSAN: And there's that humble attitude that we like!

JAWS: (*Snaps.*) I don't need your attitude! I'm a champion! I could be doing interviews with anyone!

BILL: ...We are literally the only reporters here.

SUSAN: Who else would you talk to? That cornfield over there?

COACH: Are you saying you don't want the interview?

BILL: (*Sighs.*) No... we do. Let's just get into it.

JAWS: (*Smugly.*) Good.

BILL and SUSAN continue to interview JAWS and COACH, their conversation silent. SPRINKLES, TIA, CHEEKS, and GLAZED enter from stage left. CHEEKS is carrying his donuts. The group watches from a distance.

SPRINKLES: There she is!

TIA: (*To GLAZED.*) You know what to do?

GLAZED: Just be myself... if myself was good with women.

TIA: There ya go.

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite of donut, muffled sounds, poking GLAZED.)*

GLAZED: *(Shoving CHEEKS, angry.)* I will not mess this up! *(To himself.)* Or at least I hope I won't.

SPRINKLES: Just relax.

TIA: Yeah, 'cause if you get nervous, you'll get all sweaty, and that's gross.

GLAZED: *(Angrily.)* That's not helping, Tia!

TIA: *(Shrugs.)* Just being honest. Don't forget to smile.

SPRINKLES: And laugh at her jokes.

CHEEKS: *(Takes a bite, quick muffled sounds.)*

TIA: Ask questions about her.

SPRINKLES: And pay attention to what she says.

CHEEKS: *(Quick muffled sounds.)*

TIA: Also, don't forget to—

GLAZED: Agh! You guys are freaking me out!

SPRINKLES: We're just trying to help.

GLAZED: Well, don't. I need to do this by myself.

GLAZED walks away from TIA, SPRINKLES and CHEEKS and heads downstage.

JAWS: *(Walking upstage.)* Well, that's enough questions for now, I'll—

JAWS runs into GLAZED. SPRINKLES, TIA and CHEEKS all hide.

JAWS: *(Mean.)* Watch it, second best.

TIA: *(Hand on head.)* Oh, this is never going to work.

COACH: A competitor problem? *(Laughs slightly.)* I'll let you handle this, Jaws.

COACH exits left. GLAZED stands there a moment, tongue-tied.

JAWS: What's the matter, loser? Not ready to go crying home to your mommy yet?

GLAZED: *(Spits out.)* Your hair looks pretty.

JAWS: (*Unsure of how to take that.*) ...My what? My hair looks pretty?

GLAZED: (*Awkwardly.*) Yeah, I like how... you have so much of it... and it's... that color... and it's... all coming from your... head.

TIA: (*Shaking head, to SPRINKLES and CHEEKS.*) We trained him so much better than this.

JAWS: (*Playing with her hair.*) You really like it?

GLAZED: (*Very nervous.*) Yes... I uh, Jaws, you know, um, (*Wipes forehead, messing with shirt's neckline.*) Is it getting hot in here?

TIA: I knew he'd get sweaty.

JAWS: (*Defensive.*) Glazed, I don't know what you're doing but if you have something to say, then say it.

TIA: I can't watch. (*Covers her eyes.*)

GLAZED: (*Quickly.*) Jaws, will you go out with me?

JAWS: (*Taken aback.*) Um... I... yeah. Yeah, I'd like that.

TIA: (*Uncovering eyes.*) It worked? (*To SPRINKLES.*) That worked?

SPRINKLES: (*Shrugs.*) I guess so.

GLAZED: (*Smiling.*) Okay!

JAWS: (*Smiling.*) Okay!

GLAZED: That's good.

JAWS: That is good.

Awkward silence.

GLAZED: Um, I'll pick you up at your motel later? (*Nervous, quickly.*)

Not that I know where your motel is or anything, I don't—

JAWS: Oh, it's a small town. There are only so many motels in the area. Mine's the one with all the empty donut boxes outside of it.

GLAZED: Right.

JAWS: Right.

GLAZED: Okay.

JAWS: Okay.

Awkward silence.

GLAZED: I will see you at six then?

JAWS: I will be ready! Okay... bye.

GLAZED: Bye.

JAWS exits stage left. GLAZED, freaking out, turns back to TIA, SPRINKLES, and CHEEKS.

BILL: *(To the audience.)* Were we rolling for all of that? We were? Yes!

SUSAN: Well, well, maybe this donut eating competition won't be so dull after all!

BILL: Just as exciting as the upcoming Olympics, huh, Susan.

SUSAN: *(Smiling tightly.)* Oh, Bill. If we weren't on camera, I'd have some choice words for you.

BILL: But we are on camera, so I'm safe another day *(Forced fake laugh.)*

SUSAN: *(Darkly.)* Yes, but we can't keep rolling forever.

BILL: *(Smiling but nervous.)* ...Anyway, this competition is shaping up to be like none other.

SUSAN: That's right, Bill. With this romantic plot, who knows what will happen!

BILL: I'm Bill Lesterson

SUSAN: And I'm Susan Burch, signing off until tomorrow—the big day.

Blackout.

END OF ACT ONE

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from
THE CHAMP by BRIANNA DEHN. For performance
rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please
contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**