

FOOD ON A STICK

By Bradley Walton

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CHARACTERS: MAN and WOMAN

The WOMAN is wearing a yellow dress, impractical yellow shoes, and is carrying a yellow handbag. SHE is eating a lemon Popsicle. If performed in competition, props can be mimed. If performed onstage, a different color outfit and coordinating Popsicle flavor may be substituted to whatever is most convenient for the production.

The MAN's attire should be something nice-looking and fashionable.

AT RISE: *The WOMAN on a bare stage, eating her Popsicle. The MAN enters. HE notices the WOMAN, stops in his tracks, and studies HER for a moment.*

MAN: Your Popsicle matches your outfit.

WOMAN: *(looks around, then at the MAN)* I'm sorry. Were you talking to me?

MAN: Yes. Your Popsicle. It matches your outfit.

WOMAN: Oh. I guess it does.

MAN: Yellow dress. Yellow shoes. Yellow handbag. Yellow Popsicle. You don't usually see color coordination like that.

WOMAN: No. I guess not.

MAN: Did you plan it that way?

WOMAN: The clothes, yeah. The Popsicle . . . just kinda happened.

MAN: Did you specifically order a lemon Popsicle? Or did you just ask for a Popsicle and get handed a lemon one?

WOMAN: I asked for a lemon one.

MAN: So maybe it was subconsciously intentional.

WOMAN: Um. Maybe. I wasn't really thinking about it.

MAN: Right. That would've been the subconscious part.

WOMAN: I don't know you, do I?

MAN: No. I don't think so.

WOMAN: So why are you talking to me about . . . this? Are you hitting on me?

MAN: No, no. I'm just really into fashion and this *(gesturing at her ensemble and Popsicle)* . . . it's fascinating. I mean, it's not every day that you see somebody whose food is color coordinated with their clothing. It's so . . . striking.

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WOMAN: Striking. Right. I'll remember that.

MAN: It's very powerful.

WOMAN: Powerful.

MAN: There's something about it . . . this . . . symmetry. It's like the universe aligning with itself.

WOMAN: Universal alignment?

MAN: It all ties together so perfectly—it can't just be coincidence. It's like all the elements of creation coming together at the beginning of time to form the stars and the planets. You could call it happenstance . . . coincidence . . . luck . . . but there's such a sense of purpose that it seems to me that there'd have to be something guiding it. Something intelligent. Something with a sense of beauty.

WOMAN: You think my choice of Popsicle was divinely inspired?

MAN: Or it could've been your subconscious mind.

WOMAN: Or my conscious mind.

MAN: Which you said it wasn't.

WOMAN: Right. But that's still a little easier to take than divine inspiration of my Popsicle choice.

MAN: But you said it wasn't.

WOMAN: Does it matter?

MAN: Well, yeah. Because if it was a conscious choice, then that opens up a whole new can of worms.

WOMAN: We really don't need to do that.

MAN: I mean, if you deliberately chose a Popsicle to color coordinate with your outfit . . .

WOMAN: Oh, boy.

MAN: . . . that would mean that your attention to detail is on a level beyond 99% of everyone else. That your sense of aesthetic borders on the superhuman. And that you have the confidence not only to pull off a coordinated ensemble of fashion and food, which is bound to draw attention to itself, but you've got the guts to actually walk around in public and be seen by as many people as possible. It's extraordinary.

WOMAN: Something's extraordinary here, all right.

MAN: Either that, or you're just a complete fashion-absorbed cow who reads way too many women's magazines.

(Beat.)

WOMAN: I like the confident superhuman better.

MAN: Me too. Are you that person?

WOMAN: No, I'm not that person. It was an accident, okay? I ordered a lemon Popsicle because I like the taste. I wasn't thinking about my

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clothes or making some kind of statement. This was not a planned thing.

MAN: But it could have been your subconscious.

WOMAN: Maybe, I don't know.

MAN: Because if it was your subconscious, then you could still be that person.

WOMAN: The superhuman food model person thing.

MAN: Yes. And I would love to meet that person.

WOMAN: I can help you with that.

MAN: You can?

WOMAN: Yeah. She's not here. So now that you know where she isn't, you can look someplace else.

MAN: That's very helpful of you.

WOMAN: Happy to be of service. See you.

MAN: If you're sure.

WOMAN: I'm sure.

MAN: Okay then.

WOMAN: Bye.

MAN: But . . .

WOMAN: Oh no.

MAN: Maybe I should try to explain myself a little better.

WOMAN: Trust me, you've explained plenty.

MAN: It's not just the color coordination. Even the color coordination with the food.

WOMAN: There's more?

MAN: Oh, yes.

WOMAN: Oh, boy.

MAN: It's that you color coordinated with food . . . (*dramatic pause*) . . . on a stick.

WOMAN: A stick.

MAN: A stick.

WOMAN: A stick?

MAN: A stick. It's so primal, yet practical. It's not a fork or a knife or a spoon.

WOMAN: Of course it isn't. Because it's a stick.

MAN: Exactly! It's not plastic or metal like you'd get from some factory.

WOMAN: You think a Popsicle stick doesn't come from a factory?

Listen, I've got news for you. (*pointing at her Popsicle stick*) There is nothing remotely natural about the shape of this thing.

MAN: But it's wood! It's wood, with food impaled on it!

WOMAN: Food impaled on wood.

MAN: Yes. Like the ancient hunters of the ice age. The cave men of the Paleolithic . . . killing their food with sticks.

WOMAN: I'm guessing they maybe used rocks, too.

MAN: But you can't eat food with a rock.

WOMAN: That probably depends on the rock.

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