

FRUITS AND NUTS

By Gail Phaneuf

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FRUITS AND NUTS

A Comedy Duet

by **Gail Phaneuf**

SYNOPSIS: This counter top social comedy features a heated exchange between a sensitive banana and a crusty walnut who are desperate for someone to "make something" of their lives. This play explores the prejudice that fruits and nuts encounter.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 either, gender flexible)

WALNUT (m/f).....A walnut in the shell. He is gruff and bigoted like Archie Bunker. He thinks he's a crack up. (38 lines)

BANANA (m/f).....A sensitive Columbian banana with a small black bruise on his back. English is not his first language. (37 lines)

TIME: Present day.

SETTING: A kitchen counter.

PROPS

- Paper bag (BANANA)

AUTHORS NOTE

It is important that the Banana and the Walnut are extremely different from one another – from completely different worlds. The Columbian accent for the Banana should not be overlooked since there is also a cultural and social contrast. The kiss at the end should not imply anything but innocence and friendship, but it obviously embarrasses the Walnut. It's also very fun to have a sound effect for the disposal.

AT RISE: *Two bowls sit near each other on a kitchen counter. BANANA and WALNUT are each in a bowl.*

WALNUT: Hey monkey meat. Why the long face? *(Laughs.)*

BANANA: I'm lonely. I've been sitting here for days and no one has picked me. I'm the only one left from my bunch.

WALNUT: Well, I think I can see why! You have a big honkin' black bruise on your backside. Did you know that?

BANANA: *(Wild-eyed.)* A what?! Where? I can't see it.

WALNUT: That's because it's on your back. Man is it ugly. No wonder you haven't been picked. It's probably all mushy underneath. Humans – hate mushy things! It's not lookin' good for you my friend.

BANANA: *(Panicked.)* What do you mean?!

WALNUT: I mean, mush-head, that you may not get picked at all.

BANANA: *(Trying to see the bruise.)* Oh my. This is just awful! Is it that bad?! Is it... Oozing?

WALNUT: I had a cousin once. He got a small split in him and before you know it, he was feelin' terrible. Finally someone cracked him open and you know what they found?

BANANA: What?!

WALNUT: His whole insides was black. Cancer or somethin'. They had to toss him down the garbage disposal. It was real sad. He had such potential, then no one ever made anything out of him! The poor nut!

BANANA: What a horrific story! Do you think? I mean, I can't even say it! I don't want to end up like your cousin. I want to be something!

WALNUT: Yeah – we all want someone to make something of us. But it doesn't always work that way! Hey, I'm worried too. I've been sitting here since Thanksgiving. You know, us walnuts get a big push during the holidays and then boom – no one even looks at us! At least you...fruits seem to be desired all the time! Until... well you know.

BANANA: *(Hyperventilating.)* Stop reminding me! I'm starting to hyperventilate. What can I do? My life seems pointless.

WALNUT: Hey – take it easy there. You're getting awfully worked up. I didn't mean to...

BANANA: (*Exploding.*) I'm rotting! What do you expect me to do? I have spent my whole life trying to be bright and yellow and supple! But now – everything is turning black! Back in Columbia, I was the nicest looking banana in my bunch! Why, oh why was I left behind?

WALNUT: (*Suspicious.*) You're a foreign fruit?

BANANA: Do you have a problem with that?!

WALNUT: Hey – I'm from the good ol' USA – California, I never met a foreign fruit. I dated a Brazil nut once, but she cracked up. Foreign fruit huh? I've heard you can tell them apart by their smell. Phew!

BANANA: Do you believe every shred of fruitless propaganda you hear!? It's the pesticides not the fruit! It's disgusting. Do you think we ask to be doused with the stuff?

WALNUT: Well, it looks like your application is wearing thin, my odiferous friend. Let's hope this place doesn't fill up with spontaneous fruit flies.

BANANA: (*Losing it.*) Don't say that! Is it getting worse? I feel faint!

WALNUT: Could be yellow fever! (*Laughs.*) Look, I think you need to breathe into a paper bag or somethin'. I didn't mean to get you this upset with my family stories.

BANANA: Well, someone had to tell me. It may as well have been you. I should hurl myself onto the floor and get it over with!

WALNUT: Well, that way you could take someone down with you! (*Laughs.*)

BANANA: I'm glad you're getting such a kick out of my misery. I should bruise the rest of my body and accept my fate! Why me? I had such high hopes...banana split, banana daiquiri, banana smoothie, banana cream pie –

WALNUT: OK – stop being such a girly-fruit. Look, you're getting really flustered and...it's my fault. I've been pulling your peel a bit today.

BANANA: What do you mean?

WALNUT: I mean...that...well...you have a bruise, but it's not as bad as I might have made it out to be. I was just havin' a little fun with you.

BANANA: Having a little fun?! You have a twisted sense of humor.

WALNUT: I'm sorry. I didn't know you were so sensitive. I thought you had a thicker skin! (*Laughs.*)

BANANA: I can't believe that you'd think nothing of sending me into a panic -- I was already feeling blue.

WALNUT: Well, you certainly don't look blue. (*Laughs.*)

BANANA: Stop cracking yourself up! You're making jokes because you feel as rejected as I do. I don't see anyone rushing for the nut-bowl these days! What we need is a plan.

WALNUT: I'm telling you Chiquita it's all about luck. Humans are very fickle. Sure, they bring us home and get our hopes up to be somethin', but then it's waste, waste, waste!

BANANA: Luck? Is that what you think? You won't even try to come up with a plan? Do you want to end up ground to bits like your dear departed cousin!?

WALNUT: Hey, leave my family outta this!

BANANA: You're the one who brought him up. Now, think! How can we avoid that fate? Our time is running out!

WALNUT: Well. I did have a...thought. But it's completely bananas!

BANANA: (*Hopeful.*) What is it?

WALNUT: (*Hedging.*) Well. It involves me and... (*Quickly.*) I don't think it's a good idea. Maybe we should just pray.

BANANA: What is it? Come on, tell me!

WALNUT: I just decided that I don't want to do it!

BANANA: Do what? For heaven's sake you crazy nut! What is your idea?!

WALNUT: Never mind.

BANANA: I have a good mind to knock your little bowl over and let the shells fall where they may!

WALNUT: Hey, my shell is a lot stronger than yours my fruity friend! Just remember two can play at that game.

BANANA: You forget that I outweigh you by a lot! Now tell me your idea before I get really angry. You owe me that for nearly making me dive off the counter in despair.

WALNUT: Alright! Alright! Geez are you a pain. Well, I was thinking...

BANANA: (*Impatient.*) Go on.

WALNUT: Since you and I both want someone to make somethin' of us...

BANANA: Go on!

WALNUT: Well, I was thinking that we could stage a “counter-attack” – so to speak. Give the humans an idea that includes us both. Make them think it was their bright idea.

BANANA: How do we do that?

WALNUT: (*Uncomfortable.*) Well, it involves me getting kind of close to you – which is not somethin’ I’m comfortable with!

BANANA: What do you mean? I won’t bite you.

WALNUT: It’s not that. It’s...well...I don’t really like to mix with fruit.

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