

KILL THE BUTTER

By Bradley Walton

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KILL THE BUTTER

A 10-Minute Comedy Duet

By Bradley Walton

SYNOPSIS: Knife. Butter. Knife wants to cut and spread Butter. Butter attempts to engage Knife in a discussion about existence and destiny. Knife wants Butter to just shut up and die. Butter won't shut up. Knife has a secret. But so does Butter. Can Knife really kill Butter?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 Either, Gender Flexible)

KNIFE (m/f) (74 lines)

BUTTER (m/f) (70 lines)

COSTUMES

They may be wearing actual knife and butter costumes, or KNIFE could simply be dressed in silver or gray and BUTTER could be dressed in yellow.

AUTHOR NOTES

Family dinners are an invaluable opportunity for parents to bond with their adolescent kids and also get ideas for scripts. (It helps if you play with your food.)

AT RISE: A *KNIFE* and a stick of *BUTTER* on a bare stage.

KNIFE: Greetings, Butter. And...farewell.

BUTTER: Um...what?

KNIFE: I said, (*Dramatically.*) "Greetings, Butter. And...farewell."

BUTTER: Oh. Okay. Um...hi. And bye, I guess.

KNIFE: You fail to grasp the gravity of the moment. Farewell forever.

BUTTER: Have a nice trip.

KNIFE: No! I'm not going anywhere! It is you to whom the farewell applies! You, who are about to die!

BUTTER: Excuse me?

KNIFE: You are butter. I am a knife. I am about to plunge my serrated shiny edge into your soft, creamy innards and spread you across bread, obliterating your existence as a stick.

BUTTER: Do we know each other?

KNIFE: No.

BUTTER: Have I done something indirectly to offend you?

KNIFE: No.

BUTTER: Then what's the problem?

KNIFE: There is no problem. You are butter. I am a knife. This is the way of things. It is my function and my duty to destroy you.

BUTTER: Do you really have to?

KNIFE: Of course I have to! That's what knives do! We cut, sever, and slice things into smaller, more manageable pieces, and we kill them in the process!

BUTTER: But that's so destructive...so negative. You can't possibly feel good about yourself leading an existence like that.

KNIFE: How dare you imply that I have psychological issues! What do you know? You're a stick of butter!

BUTTER: Just because I'm a stick of butter doesn't mean I can't have empathy.

KNIFE: Knives don't need empathy.

BUTTER: Everybody needs empathy. Now come on, be honest. Are you really happy being a knife?

KNIFE: Of course I'm happy. I'm shiny. Do you see how shiny I am?

BUTTER: You're very shiny.

KILL THE BUTTER

KNIFE: How could I not be happy if I'm this shiny? Shiny things are always happy.

BUTTER: Shininess is an external quality that can mask a layer of pain hidden underneath.

KNIFE: You're wrong and I can prove it!

BUTTER: How?

KNIFE: Blood! Blood is shiny...when the light hits it the right way...and blood comes from *inside* of a body. Therefore shininess can be an internal quality and not just an external one! So there!

BUTTER: No, you're confused. It's the blood that's internal. The shininess—in the right light—is an external quality of the blood.

KNIFE: You think you're smart, don't you?

BUTTER: What I think is that you have issues.

KNIFE: Knives don't have issues! We rend and cut without mercy or remorse!

BUTTER: You're so aggressive and anxious to assert yourself...like you've got something to prove.

KNIFE: I have nothing to prove. I just need to cut you up and spread you on a piece of bread.

BUTTER: You "need" to? Why?

KNIFE: Because I'm a knife and that's my job.

BUTTER: You've never done this before, have you? You're a brand new knife.

KNIFE: Who told you that?

BUTTER: No one. But look at you...there's not a scratch or a ding on you.

KNIFE: Maybe I just take good care of myself. Maybe I'm so deadly that when I go in for the kill, there's no resistance. It's done in an instant! Ever think of that? Huh?

BUTTER: You're also just too darn eager. If you were an experienced knife, this wouldn't be such a big deal.

KNIFE: You're the one who's making it a big deal!

BUTTER: Me, I'm calm. And I'm the one facing imminent death here. Seems like if one of us should be freaking out, it ought to be me and not you.

KNIFE: I am not freaking out!!!

BUTTER: You poor thing. You're so insecure. You've totally never done anything like this before, have you?

Beat.

KNIFE: No.

BUTTER: It's okay.

KNIFE: Don't tell me it's okay. I can't take comfort from butter that I'm going to kill.

BUTTER: Let's put that aside for just a minute.

KNIFE: No. I can't. I can't relate to you on a personal level, even for a minute. I might lose my resolve and never get it back.

BUTTER: I don't think you ever had any resolve to begin with, so I don't see losing it as an issue.

KNIFE: (*Outraged.*) How dare you insult me like that!?

BUTTER: I'm not insulting you. I'm just saying it like I see it.

KNIFE: Here's how I see it: Knife... Butter... Kill.

BUTTER: I think we covered that part already.

KNIFE: Get ready to die, yellow, fattening, rectangular cow-spawn!

BUTTER: Did you come from a dollar store? Or a clearance rack? That could explain your insecurities and the resulting hostility that I'm sensing.

KNIFE: You're the cause of my hostilities! And as you feel me cutting into those smooth edges of yours, despair in the knowledge that you have no one but yourself to blame!

BUTTER: Um...I was under the impression that you were going to cut into me anyway.

KNIFE: Well, I was. But then it was just part of the job. Now, I'm going to really mean it. I'm going to do it slower. Maybe I'll rub myself against the countertop to dull myself so it hurts more.

BUTTER: I can't actually feel pain. Because, ya know...I'm butter.

KNIFE: It may not hurt, but you'll still feel me cutting through you. And the dullness of the edges will remind you of my hostility and antipathy.

BUTTER: Your hostility and antipathy are pretty well established in my mind by this point. I don't think I'll need a reminder.

KNIFE: I want you to feel them!

KILL THE BUTTER

BUTTER puts a hand over KNIFE's mouth.

BUTTER: Okay. Yup. There they are.

KNIFE: *(Muffled.)* Don cofer upf my mouf!

BUTTER: I'm sorry. What? I can't understand you.

KNIFE knocks BUTTER'S hand away.

KNIFE: Don't cover up my mouth!

BUTTER: I was trying to enjoy a moment of silence and tranquility before my imminent demise.

KNIFE: That was disgusting!

BUTTER: It's okay. I'm pasteurized.

KNIFE: I think that you're trying to stall your impending doom.

BUTTER: I'm trying to engage you in a rational conversation about the nature of existence and destiny.

KNIFE: So you are trying to stall your impending doom!

BUTTER: How do you feel about nurture versus nature with respect to defining the roles into which we fit ourselves?

KNIFE: That's it! No more! Prepare to die, buttery scum!

KNIFE lunges at BUTTER. BUTTER stands still as KNIFE rubs up against him.

KNIFE: Feel my serrated wrath! Know my knifely fury! Experience the anger of a cutting utensil enraged! Aaarrggghh!!!

BUTTER: That kind of tickles.

KNIFE: Shut up!

BUTTER: Are you okay? You seem like you're having problems there.

KNIFE: Shut up and die!

BUTTER: You have to kill me in order for that to happen.

KNIFE: Stop talking! You're messing up my concentration!

BUTTER: You have to concentrate?

KNIFE: Yes!

BUTTER: This shouldn't be that hard for you.

KNIFE: Don't mock me!

BUTTER: Maybe you need to consider another line of work.

KNIFE: I will kill you, Butter! Die! Die! Die!!! (*KNIFE stops.*) You're frozen solid.

BUTTER: Been at the back of the fridge for weeks.

KNIFE: That doesn't matter! I will kill you now!

BUTTER: Seriously, you probably ought to wait a while until I've had a chance to thaw out. This'll be a lot easier, then.

KNIFE: No! You're trying to stall! You'll use that time to fill my mind with doubt!

BUTTER: If you mean that I'm going to try to continue to engage you in a rational conversation, then yeah. But I'm telling you, if you keep this up, you're going to hurt yourself.

KNIFE: You cannot hurt me! You are butter!

BUTTER: I'm frozen butter.

KNIFE: It doesn't matter!

BUTTER: Actually, it matters a lot.

KNIFE: Stop your lies!

BUTTER: Do you not understand the concept of "frozen"? Do you need to take a dictionary break?

KNIFE: No! Never!!!

KNIFE aggressively rubs up against BUTTER some more.

BUTTER: You're just not going to listen to reason, are you?

KNIFE: I will never hear reason from the likes of you!

KNIFE abruptly slips away from BUTTER. KNIFE is slightly hunched and his head and shoulders are angled awkwardly to one side.

KNIFE: Uh-oh. I think I sprained something.

BUTTER: I think you did worse than that. You're plastic, aren't you?

KNIFE: You've figured out my secret. Curse you, Butter.

BUTTER: You're one of those fancy, shiny plastic knives that look like metal, but they're not.

KNIFE: I'm not a real knife at all.

BUTTER: That's why you were so anxious to prove yourself.

KNIFE: I had hoped against hope that if I sliced you up and spread you onto the bread, there might be a home for me in the cutlery drawer.

KILL THE BUTTER

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