

THE OBJET FORMERLY KNOWN AS POTATO

By Bradley Walton

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THE OBJECT FORMERLY KNOWN AS POTATO

A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

By Bradley Walton

SYNOPSIS: Jamie finds a sealed container hidden away in the back of the fridge. Sam claims that the thing inside is a potato and insists on eating it, but Jamie believes that the potato may have evolved into a new life form and tries to protect it from Sam.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 Either, Gender Flexible)

JAMIE (m/f) Roommate in their early twenties. *(85 lines)*

SAM (m/f) Roommate in their early twenties. *(84 lines)*

COSTUMES

JAMIE: Is dressed somewhat nicely for a date.

SAM: Is dressed in sweats or other lounge-around clothes.

SETTING AND PROPS

A simple living room adjoining a kitchen in a small apartment. The set and props may be simplified or mimed as needed for staged performances as well as for competition.

AUTHOR NOTES

This script is dedicated to things in the back of refrigerators everywhere.

AT RISE: *A simple living room adjoining a kitchen in a small apartment. SAM is lying on a sofa and watching TV or sitting in a chair and reading. There is a refrigerator nearby. JAMIE enters.*

JAMIE: Hey.

SAM: You're back early, Jamie.

JAMIE: Yeah.

SAM: Did your date not go well?

JAMIE: She (*Or "he".*) didn't show up.

SAM: Really?

JAMIE: Really.

SAM: What's the world coming to when you can't trust people you meet over the internet?

JAMIE: (*Ignoring SAM'S comment.*) Are there any decent leftovers in the fridge?

SAM: Why do you want leftovers?

JAMIE: Because I haven't eaten.

SAM: If you were already at the restaurant, why didn't you just go ahead and eat?

JAMIE: It probably had something to do with being embarrassed. (*Opens fridge.*) Hm. Um...

SAM: What?

JAMIE: Wasn't there some pizza in here?

SAM: I finished it off while you were gone.

JAMIE: Okay. What's in the bowl with the plastic wrap over it?

SAM: Some brownies my mom brought me. You're welcome to have one, if you want.

JAMIE: Maybe for dessert. Do we have any, like, actual supper food?

SAM: I dunno. Probably.

JAMIE: Probably?

SAM: Probably.

JAMIE: So you don't really know?

SAM: Should I?

JAMIE: You stash more stuff away in the fridge than I do, Sam.

SAM: So keep digging and see what sorts of treasures you unearth.

JAMIE: You realize that in the context of a refrigerator, that statement is kind of unnerving?

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SAM: It's the advice of the person who stashes the most stuff in the fridge. Take it or leave it.

JAMIE: Okay, okay. Let's see...no...those are peas...I don't feel like peas...carrots, no...here's some yogurt, which is out of date.

SAM: How out of date?

JAMIE: Two weeks.

SAM: Leave it. It might still be good.

JAMIE: You sure?

SAM: Yeah. I don't like for stuff to go to waste.

JAMIE: There's some snack cakes in the cabinet over the microwave you might want to have a look at, then.

SAM: Why?

JAMIE: They're turning green.

SAM: Put 'em in the fridge and I'll eat them later.

JAMIE: Seriously?

SAM: Yeah.

JAMIE: You're disgusting. I'm going to put them way in the back so I don't have to look at them.

SAM: Sure. Go ahead.

JAMIE: What're the odds of there being anything edible way in the back?

SAM: Probably pretty good.

JAMIE: Edible by my standards.

SAM: That's up to you.

JAMIE: Is this soup?

SAM: What's it look like?

JAMIE: Soup.

SAM: Then why would it not be soup?

JAMIE: Because sometimes things get left in the fridge long enough that they start looking like soup even though they're not soup.

SAM: That's very philosophical, very paranoid, or very pessimistic. I'm not sure which.

JAMIE: What is this? *(Takes a sealed container out of the fridge.)*

SAM: A potato.

JAMIE: *(Peeking in the container.)* No.

SAM: Yes.

JAMIE: This is not a potato.

SAM: It's a potato.

JAMIE: It doesn't look like a potato.

SAM: You need to expand your definition of what a potato looks like.

JAMIE: Potatoes are brown. Sometimes they're grey-brown.

SAM: That's grey-brown. It's a potato.

JAMIE: It's the wrong shade of grey-brown.

SAM: What, you're going to get all picky about your shades of grey-brown?

JAMIE: This is not a normal shade of grey-brown. This color does not exist in nature or in Photoshop. It makes me very nervous to see it on something that you allege is a potato.

SAM: You want me to prove it's a potato?

JAMIE: Yes. Please.

SAM: Give it here.

JAMIE: What are you going to do?

SAM: Eat it.

JAMIE: (*Disgusted.*) You can't eat that!

SAM: If you want me to prove it's a potato, then give it here so I can eat it and verify for you that it's a potato.

JAMIE: That wouldn't prove anything.

SAM: If it tastes like a potato, then it's a potato.

JAMIE: By that standard, you could eat a lump of haggis, say it's an apple turnover, and I'd have to take your word for it.

SAM: Fine. You eat it and tell me.

JAMIE: No!

SAM: If you're not going to eat it, then give it here so I can.

JAMIE: (*Looking in the container.*) I think it's moving.

SAM: Give me the potato.

JAMIE: I don't think it's a potato anymore.

SAM: Potato. In my hand. Now.

JAMIE: Seriously. I think it's alive.

SAM: It's a potato.

JAMIE: How long did this sit in the back of the fridge?

SAM: I don't know. No more than seven or eight months at the most.

JAMIE: Seven or eight months?!?

SAM: It's not that long. Seriously. You couldn't completely gestate a baby in that time, let alone metamorphose a potato into a new life form.

JAMIE: We're talking refrigerator time here, not real time.

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SAM: What, time passes differently inside a refrigerator?

JAMIE: If this used to be a potato, then yes. I think I might even go so far as to say that time passes at a different rate in the back of the fridge than it does in the front.

SAM: You're getting carried away.

JAMIE: Did you spill something really sugary or possibly radioactive on this before you hid it away in the arctic tomb?

SAM: Maybe. I dunno.

JAMIE: I think it has legs.

SAM: Those are not legs.

JAMIE: Then what are they?

SAM: They're... I don't know. Potato things.

JAMIE: How about we put it down the floor and see if it starts walking?

SAM: No!

JAMIE: Why? Are you afraid that it actually will?

SAM: No! I'm going to eat it. I don't want you to put my food on the floor! That's disgusting!

JAMIE: Your concept of disgusting is in serious need of recalibration.

SAM: Okay. Fine. Whatever you wind up eating, eat it off the floor.

JAMIE: No!

SAM: If it's not supposed to bother me, then it shouldn't bother you.

JAMIE: That's not what I meant.

SAM: You can lick it off the sofa, instead. How would that be?

JAMIE: You're being ridiculous.

SAM: You're the one saying the potato grew legs!

JAMIE: You honestly don't think those resemble legs?

SAM: Well, maybe a little.

JAMIE: We could be looking at the birth of a new life form here!

SAM: Did I miss something? A second ago you were grossed out by this thing. Now you sound like you're in awe of it.

JAMIE: It's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen in my life, and yes, I guess I am in awe of it, because I've never seen anything like it before.

SAM: If it's really the most disgusting thing you've ever seen in your life, then that would imply that you have, in fact, never seen anything like it before. But that doesn't mean it's a new life form.

JAMIE: Vegetables don't have legs.

SAM: If it turns out you're somehow right, that's okay. I'm not a vegetarian.

JAMIE: It has legs, and maybe arms. Definitely hair. Possibly an eye. There's some green stuff on the side of it, and some kind of primordial-looking ooze leaking out the bottom into the dish. There's a ton of biological activity going on with this thing.

SAM: I can put it in the microwave for a couple of minutes. It's not a big deal.

JAMIE: You can't kill it! What if it has a soul?

SAM: I refuse to get into a religious debate with you over a potato.

JAMIE: So if I put it back in the fridge, you won't hurt it?

SAM: It's a potato, not a puppy.

JAMIE: It's not a potato anymore. It's something...more. So I want you to make me a promise.

SAM: What?

JAMIE: I want you to promise that this...whatever it is...that it's going to be safe.

SAM: My last roommate wanted a tattoo of the Easter Bunny on the side of his face.

JAMIE: That's really weird.

SAM: Yes, it is.

JAMIE: Why did you tell me that?

SAM: Because apparently I attract roommates who want impractical and unreasonable things.

JAMIE: How is it unreasonable for me to ask you not to eat something that no sane person would want to eat?

SAM: I don't *want* to eat it!

JAMIE: Then why are we having this conversation?

SAM: Because I want to prove to you that, regardless of whatever magical alchemy you think may have occurred, that thing is still a potato!

JAMIE: If I say I take your word that it's a potato, will you leave it alone?

SAM: If you take my word that it's a potato, will you *act* like it's a potato?

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