

ONE FOOT OVER A BANANA PEEL

By Bradley Hayward

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CHARACTERS

JEEP	16
VERA	16
PEGGY	16
PENNY	16
CLINK	15
ALOE	16
CURLY	15
PATTY	16
ZIP	15
CLANK	15
DRIVE THRU VOICE	

NOTE: Any of the roles originally written for men may easily be played by women. The only name that would need to be changed is JEEP WRANGLER to TOYOTA CAMRY.

SET

Area staging, as simple as your heart desires or as elaborate as your budget allows. There should be no attempt to make anything realistic. Rather, the colors should be bright and bold; the set pieces should be odd and oversized; the lights and sound should be as weird as possible. Have fun with the "game show" at the end. Let your imagination run wild.

LIGHTING

The script calls for a few lighting setups, but they can easily be eliminated. As with all my plays, if you have a better idea, have at it.

PROP LIST

Banana peels	Fast food soda glasses (5)
Paints	Straws
Brushes	Score cards
Painting of red apples	Confetti
Painting of purple apples	Large "soda cup" trophy
Tuba	Fast food take-out bag
Stereo	
Spoon	
Fruit Loops	

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AT RISE: A SPOT LIGHT RISES on a banana peel, center stage. A pair of feet walk into the light. Its toes tap anxiously, then the person bends over to pick it up. As HE rises, the spot light follows his face. His name is JEEP, a 16 year old boy. HE stares at the peel for some time, then a mischievous grin appears on his face.

JEEP: Hmm. This might come in handy.

(HE pockets the banana peel and exits. THE SPOT LIGHT FADES. THE LIGHTS RISE on another part of the stage. Two 16 year old girls, ALOE and VERA, stand behind art easels. They paint a bowl of apples that sit before them on a stand.)

ALOE: Do you have any purple paint?

VERA: What for?

ALOE: The apples.

VERA: But, Aloe, they're red.

ALOE: I know they're red, Vera. But I'm painting them purple.

VERA: Why?

ALOE: Just because they're red doesn't mean I have to paint them red. You're so literal.

VERA: I'm also much more talented than you are. I'm keeping them red. And don't call me Vera.

ALOE: Why not, Vera? It's your name. Isn't it, Vera?

VERA: Do you really think it's cute that mom named us Aloe and Vera? Just because we're twins doesn't mean we're one in the same.

ALOE: Look at the bright side. She could have named us Pea and Pod.

VERA: Very funny.

ALOE: When you think about it, we've really lived up to our names. I'm cool and soothing, like Aloe. And you're sharp and prickly, like Vera.

VERA: (**prickly**) I'm not prickly!

ALOE: Are so.

VERA: Anyway, I'm planning to change my name as soon as I graduate. To something that better suits me.

ALOE: To what? Thistle?

VERA: Something pretty.

ALOE: I thought you wanted it to suit you.

VERA: Shut up and paint.

ALOE: Then give me your purple.

(VERA hurls a purple tube to ALOE, and THE LIGHTS FADE. THE LIGHTS RISE on another part of the stage. CURLY, a 15 year old boy with straight red hair and rosy cheeks sits on a tiny stool with a huge tuba. HE honks out a few terrible notes, then stops. HE speaks to the audience.)

CURLY: I hate the tuba. It sucks. It all started when I made the enormous mistake of asking my parents if I could play an instrument. They were thrilled, and so was I. How was I to know they were going to pick the instrument? Dad dragged me to every garage sale in town until we found this stupid thing. It was only ten bucks. I wonder why. He slapped down two fives and said that's what I was going to play. It's so big, that to get it home we had to strap it to the roof of his car. Now I have to lug it every Monday to my lesson. I don't drive, so I strap it to my back. Needless to say, it's a long walk. ***(sets down the tuba and stands)*** Come to think of it, my parents have always been out to embarrass me. My name is Curly. I have no idea why. Nobody in my family has curls. When I was five, it dawned on my mother that my hair was still straight and was going to stay that way. Not one to be made a fool of, she took me to get my first perm. Can you imagine that? A five year old boy in the middle of a salon, underneath one of those big dryers. I'm surprised it didn't suck my head off. All the little old ladies thought it was so adorable. My cheeks still hurt from all the pinching. In fact, I think they gave me Rosacea. Now I go to school an hour early just to straighten my hair. Between my Mom, Dad, and all the perm solution, I think I'm going crazy. ***(picks up the tuba and sits)*** And I really do hate the tuba. It sucks big time.

(HE honks out a few more notes, and THE LIGHTS FADE. THE LIGHTS RISE on another part of the stage. Three 16 year old girls in leotards, PEGGY, PATTY and PENNY, rehearse a dance routine to music. PEGGY and PATTY are very good. PENNY is not.)

PEGGY: ***(counts off beats)*** One, two, three, four.

PATTY: Two, two, three, four.

PENNY: ***(gets off beat)*** Three, four, seven, six. Crap!

PEGGY: Come on, Penny! Keep up!

PENNY: I'm trying!

PATTY: Get ready! Here's the big finish!

(They stand side by side and begin a kick line. PENNY gets out of sync and steps forward. PATTY kicks her in the rear and SHE falls flat on her face.)

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PENNY: I'm sorry. I'm really sorry!

PEGGY: Can't you do anything right?!

PENNY: I said I'm sorry.

(PATTY turns off the music.)

PEGGY: You said you weren't going to screw up. Stupid me, I believed you.

PATTY: I told you not to let her dance with us. You should have listened to me.

PENNY: Is that true? You don't want me here?

PEGGY: Duh! You're the reason we always suck.

PENNY: I've been taking lessons just as long as you have.

PEGGY: Yeah, but you can hardly tell.

PATTY: You don't even know how to count properly. "Three, four, seven, six." You're such an idiot.

(PENNY starts to cry.)

PEGGY: Don't cry.

PENNY: Why not? We used to be such good friends.

PATTY: We still are. You just need to accept a little friendly criticism.

PENNY: You called me an idiot.

PATTY: If you can't be honest with your friends, then what's the point of having them?

PEGGY: Besides, "idiot" is just another word for "pal." Honest.

PENNY: Do you really like me?

PEGGY: Sure we do. ***(to PATTY)*** Don't we...idiot?

PATTY: Of course...moron.

PEGGY: See, we all have nicknames. Now get off your butt and dance with us.

PENNY: Really?

PATTY: Get up, stupid. Get up and dance.

(As PATTY turns up the music, PENNY smiles excitedly and joins them.)

PENNY: Three, two, three, four!

PEGGY/PATTY: That's it!

PEGGY/PATTY/PENNY: Four, two, three, four!

(They resume the kick line, and THE LIGHTS FADE. THE LIGHTS RISE on another part of the stage. Two 16 year old boys, CLINK and CLANK, rehearse a goofy interpretive speech.)

CLANK: "Hey, Clink!"

CLINK: "Hey, Clank!"

CLANK: "Have you solved the math equation?"

CLINK: "Almost."

CLANK: "So how's it going?"

CLINK: "Just clunky!"

CLANK: "Clunky? What do you mean?"

CLINK: "What do you mean, what do I mean?"

CLANK: "What do you mean?"

CLINK: "I mean what I mean."

CLANK: "What is that that you mean?"

CLINK: "What do I mean about the mean?"

CLANK: "Yes! What do you mean about the mean?!"

CLINK: "Don't be mean."

CLANK: "Pardon me for being mean about the mean, but I need to know what you mean about the mean."

CLINK: "Oh, that! I mean that the mean is much lower than I thought. That's the equation."

CLANK: "You've got to be kidding!"

CLINK: "No. I mean it."

(They break out of character and high five each other.)

CLANK: We're so awesome!

CLINK: I know! We're going to win the Arts competition, hands down.

CLANK: Speech is so much cooler than painting or music or dancing.

CLINK: Why do they even bother competing? Just give us the trophy.

CLANK: Should we go over it once more?

CLINK: We're already amazing, but it can't hurt to go over it again. For good luck.

CLANK: Sounds good! Are you ready?

CLINK: Ready!

(They resume their goofy poses.)

CLANK: "Hey, Clink!"

CLINK: "Hey, Clank!"

(THE LIGHTS FADE. THE LIGHTS RISE on another part of the stage. JEEP and his buddy, ZIP, are in the front seat of a car. JEEP leans out the window and speaks into a giant drive-thru menu at a fast food joint.)

DRIVE THRU VOICE: Welcome to Jiffy Burger. Can I take your order?

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JEEP: Yeah, I want two cheeseburger meals with Coke.

ZIP: Make it three. I'm hungry.

JEEP: Scratch that. Three cheeseburger meals with Coke.

ZIP: Make it Sprite.

JEEP: Scratch that. Three cheeseburger meals. One with Coke and two with Sprite.

ZIP: No, I want one Coke and one Sprite.

JEEP: Scratch that. Three cheeseburger meals. Two Cokes and one Sprite. No, wait a minute.

DRIVE THRU VOICE: Let me guess. Scratch that.

JEEP: Yeah. I want Sprite. Make it three cheeseburger meals. One Coke and two Sprites.

DRIVE THRU VOICE: Will that be all?

JEEP: Yep.

DRIVE THRU VOICE: That'll be nine fifty. Drive ahead to the next window.

(They pull ahead to a window.)

ZIP: It's so awesome that you got your license. Cruisin' around town. Seein' the sights.

JEEP: Goin' to a drive-thru window. Can you feel the power?

ZIP: It's wicked! Way cooler than getting ready for the Arts Competition. I'm so glad we dropped it. We used to be a couple of nerds.

JEEP: You don't miss performing in front of a crowd?

ZIP: Now that you have wheels? No way!

JEEP: Oh.

ZIP: Wait a minute. You still want to be in the competition? Now that you can hit the highway, you want to park it in school?

JEEP: I never said that. I was just asking.

ZIP: Good. I don't want to drive around with a nerd.

JEEP: Let's just eat. Remind me what I ordered.

ZIP: It doesn't matter. They'll never get it right anyway.

JEEP: I know. It's a fun surprise to see what you're gonna get.

ZIP: Life is full of surprises.

JEEP: You got that right.

(THE LIGHTS FADE. THE LIGHTS RISE on ALOE and VERA. ALOE finishes her painting.)

ALOE: All done! What do you think?

VERA: ***(takes a look)*** Who ever heard of purple apples?

ALOE: I've never heard anyone complain about Picasso.

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VERA: That's because he was good. (**finishes**) All done! What do you think?

ALOE: (**takes a look**) Who ever heard of red apples? Oh, that's right. Everyone.

VERA: You enter your painting and I'll enter mine. We'll see which one wins.

ALOE: The trophy is mine and you know it.

VERA: The trophy is mine and I know it.

ALOE: Now I just have to sign it. (**SHE does**) Complete! Have you picked a name yet?

VERA: Of course.

(SHE signs her name as ALOE watches over her shoulder. ALOE finds it hilarious.)

ALOE: You've got to be kidding.

VERA: What's wrong with it?

ALOE: Ray? You're naming yourself Ray?

VERA: After the sun. It shines just about as bright as I do.

ALOE: Should I change mine to Beam? After the moon.

VERA: Or after the one you've fallen off of.

ALOE: Vera, you're a nut.

VERA: Laugh all you want, but I'm going to win.

ALOE: We'll just see about that.

(THE LIGHTS FADE. A SPOT LIGHT RISES on another banana peel, center stage. JEEP walks into the light and picks it up. HE's thrilled.)

JEEP: It's my lucky day.

(HE exits with the peel and THE SPOT LIGHT FADES. THE LIGHTS RISE on CURLY. HE blows and HE blows, but no sound comes out of the tuba. His face gets redder and redder, but still no sound. HE stops, pants, and speaks to the audience.)

CURLY: Do you see why I hate the tuba? It's a tube'a junk! My lungs are barely able to make a peep. I blow so hard that I wouldn't be surprised if my insides came shooting out the top. Do you think the little old ladies would find that adorable? To have my guts spill out like confetti. (**HE blows harder, but nothing comes out.**) Nothing. I can actually feel my hair curl each time I blow. By the time I finish a song, my afro comes back. The only up side to this is that I don't have to have a shower after school to bring back the perm. My mom

would get really mad if she knew I straightened it. One day, she showed up during my gym class and I had run my head under a garden hose. That was a close one. Now if I could only keep her away from the competition, I could avoid further humiliation. You see, I have a nickname at these art competitions. They call me Poodle. You'd think they'd realize Curly is enough of an insult, but they insist. "Play it again, Poodle" they say. "Blow your horn, Poodle." Only it's not a horn. It's a tuba. And I really hate it.

(HE blows again. A small peep comes out as THE LIGHTS FADE. A SPOT LIGHT RISES on yet another banana peel, center stage. JEEP rushes into the light and picks it up.)

JEEP: I feel like I've won the lottery!

(HE kisses the peel and rushes off. THE SPOT LIGHT FADES. THE LIGHTS RISE on PEGGY and PATTY. Now they wear matching sequined outfits.)

PEGGY: These outfits are beautiful!

PATTY: Do you like them?

PEGGY: With these on, we're gonna win for sure.

PATTY: I stayed up all night sewing them.

PEGGY: You did?

PATTY: Yep. Except I got pretty tired after I made these two. I called Penny at four in the morning to come over and make her own. I needed my beauty rest.

PEGGY: Can she sew?

PATTY: I don't know.

PEGGY: Where is she?

PATTY: Last I saw, she was asleep on my kitchen table.

PEGGY: She's bad enough as it is. Will she be able to dance without any sleep?

PATTY: I don't know. But she can't get any worse.

PEGGY: Good point.

(PENNY enters, utterly exhausted. HER hair is covered in cereal and her outfit is terrible. There's an excessive amount of fabric, each sleeve is a different length, and there's an extra leg sewn into the pants.)

PENNY: Patty, why didn't you wake me up?

PATTY: I tried. You were sound asleep.

PENNY: Thanks a lot. What do you think of my outfit?

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PEGGY: You're joking, right? You look dumb.

PENNY: Hey! You try sewing at four in the morning without any lights on.

PATTY: Do those pants have three legs?

PENNY: Hey! You try counting at four in the morning without any lights on.

PATTY: What's that in your hair?

PENNY: Cereal. Your brother spilled a bowl of Fruit Loops on my head.

PEGGY: **(pulls a spoon from PENNY'S hair)** And here's the spoon.

PATTY: Leave it to good old Penny to ruin our chances.

PENNY: We still could win.

PEGGY: Not unless one of the judges is Toucan Sam. Patty, can you fix this before the competition?

PATTY: In a half hour? We might as well give up.

PEGGY: Sounds good to me.

PENNY: We can't give up!

PEGGY: Why not? Because of you, we're gonna lose anyway.

PATTY: And I don't want to look like a fool.

PENNY: I'm the fool. Let's just go out there and give it all we've got. What have we got to lose?

PEGGY: The trophy, idiot.

PENNY: I'll make you a deal. If we lose, I'll never dance with you again.

PATTY: And if we win?

PENNY: You guys can keep the trophy, as long as you apologize to me.

PATTY: What for?

PENNY: Calling me an idiot.

PATTY: What do you think, Peggy?

PEGGY: Sounds fair, I guess.

PATTY: It's a deal.

PENNY: I'll show you. You just wait and see. Now give me back the spoon. I'm hungry.

(PEGGY passes back the spoon. PENNY picks some cereal out of her hair and eats it. THE LIGHTS FADE. THE LIGHTS RISE on CLINK and CLANK. They look spiffy, dressed in suits.)

CLANK: Hey, Clink.

CLINK: Hey, Clank.

CLANK: We look great!

CLINK: I know! There's nothing like winning an award in a three piece suit.

CLANK: Let's not get ahead of ourselves. We haven't won yet.

CLINK: Bite your tongue.

CLANK: **(bites)** Ow!

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CLINK: I didn't mean literally.

CLANK: I'm staying in character. Clank is a doofus.

CLINK: Clink is the doofus.

CLANK: No, Clank is the doofus.

CLINK: Clink!

CLANK: Clank!

CLINK: We can't both be the doofus. The rules of comedy clearly state that there is one doofus and one straight man. Clank is obviously the straight man.

CLANK: I always thought Clink was the straight man. I've been playing Clank as the doofus.

CLINK: Then you're all wrong. I've been playing Clink as the doofus.

CLANK: Wait a minute. You mean to say that we've both been playing the doofus?! You know what that means?

CLINK: We're gonna lose!

CLANK: Yes! Unless...

CLINK: Unless what?

CLANK: You start playing the straight man.

CLINK: But I wanna be the doofus.

CLANK: I'd let you be the doofus, but let's be honest. I'm funnier.

CLINK: Who said?

CLANK: I said.

CLINK: You said?

CLANK: I said.

CLINK: I'm the funny one!

CLANK: Ask Miss Wheedle. She's the speech coach, and she said I was funnier.

CLINK: Wheedle said?

CLANK: Sheedle said.

CLINK: Then what are we going to do about this? The competition's in ten minutes.

CLANK: If you want to win, you'll come to your senses and play the straight man.

CLINK: But my senses have already arrived. **(jumps up and down)** I want to be the funny one!

CLANK: **(jumps along with him)** But so do I!

CLINK: Oh, Clank!

CLANK: Oh, Clink!

(They continue having a temper tantrum as THE LIGHTS FADE. A SPOT LIGHT RISES on a fourth banana peel, center stage. JEEP runs in, and is about to pick it up as ZIP interrupts.)

ZIP: What are you doing?

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JEEP: You won't believe all the banana peels I've found.

ZIP: So what?

JEEP: What do you mean, "so what?" They're my ticket to success.

ZIP: I think you've lost your mind.

JEEP: I haven't lost anything. I've found everything.

ZIP: They're banana peels, Jeep. Throw them away and take me for a joy ride.

JEEP: *(pulls out the other banana peels)* I've got all the joy I need right here in these peels.

ZIP: You're the only friend I've got with a drivers license. You're supposed to be the cool one.

JEEP: Four wheels and an engine. That's all a car is.

ZIP: Four peels and no banana. That's all they are.

JEEP: You're wrong, my friend.

ZIP: I may be wrong, but I'd like to be wrong on the road.

JEEP: I'll take you for a drive as soon as the Arts Competition is over.

ZIP: You're going? I thought you gave it all up. I thought you said you weren't going to be a nerd anymore.

JEEP: Oh, I'm not competing.

ZIP: You're not.

JEEP: Nope. I'm a judge.

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