

THE PERFECT DIET

By Craig Sodaro

Copyright © 2016 by Craig Sodaro, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-60003-886-0

Caution: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

Reservation of Rights: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation.

Modifications: There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to this Work or title of this Work, unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the Work's "Production Notes." This includes changing of character gender, cutting or adding of dialogue, or alteration of language.

Royalties: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice and will be set based upon your application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged. Any licensing requests and questions concerning rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Credits: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s). Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.*

Reproduction: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. .

PUBLISHED BY BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS

1-888-473-8521

THE PERFECT DIET

A Ten Minute Comedy Skit

By Craig Sodaro

SYNOPSIS: Vlad Drake is trapped in his small hospital room, and all he wants to do is get out so he can get a square meal. Who should drop in to help him? Dietitian Ms. Peabody tries to suggest a variety of healthy choices so Vlad can overcome his anemia. But Vlad knows there's one sure way, but will Ms. Peabody fall under his spell?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male, 1 either; gender flexible)

VLAD DRAKE (m)..... A patient. *(78 lines)*
 MS. PEABODY (f)..... A dietitian. *(77 lines)*
 NURSE (m/f)..... A nurse. *(6 lines)*

PROPS

- Clipboard and pen (Peabody)
- Purse (Peabody)
- Granola bar (Peabody)
- Key (Peabody)

COSTUMES

MS. PEABODY - White lab coat.
 NURSE - Nurse's uniform.
 VLAD - Pajamas, robe, and slippers.

SETTING: A hospital room.

SET: A comfortable chair, small nightstand, and plastic visitor's chair.

AT RISE: VLAD prowls the room giving us a sense of how small it is. He moves to left and grabs bars of an unseen window. He growls and looks down from the window.

VLAD: You! You down there! Come and get me out of here! No! Why are you laughing! This isn't funny! You must get me out of this place! Don't walk away! Help me! Help me!

MS. PEABODY enters right with her clip board.

MS. PEABODY: And that's exactly what I'm going to do, Mr. Duck.

VLAD: Mr. Duck? He must be in another cell.

MS. PEABODY: This isn't a cell.

VLAD: There are bars on the window.

MS. PEABODY: That's so you won't accidentally fall out.

VLAD: The window's four feet from the floor!

MS. PEABODY: Well, we have some very tall guests.

VLAD: Is that what I am? A guest?

MS. PEABODY: We like to think of you as a special guest, Mr. Duck.

VLAD: My name's Drake! Vlad Drake!

MS. PEABODY: *(Checking her clipboard.)* Oh, why, you're right. I am so sorry. But a drake is a duck, isn't it?

VLAD: You said you want to help me.

MS. PEABODY: Absolutely. Shall we sit down? *(Sits in chair.)*

VLAD: The only help I need is help getting out of here, and I can't do that sitting down, lady.

MS. PEABODY: Ms. Peabody, please.

VLAD: Ms. Peabody.

MS. PEABODY: Now, come, come sit down. You look very pale, Mr. Drake. How do you feel?

VLAD: *(Sitting.)* Trapped.

MS. PEABODY: Aside from trapped.

VLAD: Isn't that enough?

MS. PEABODY: Are you sluggish? Rundown?

VLAD: Seeing as how there's nothing to do here, yes, I'm sluggish!

MS. PEABODY: Good!

VLAD: What's so good about it?

MS. PEABODY: It means Dr. Morris's diagnosis is correct.

VLAD: Was he the bald guy with the big teeth and Groucho Marx glasses?

MS. PEABODY: Well, I don't think his teeth are that big, though there are plenty of dentist jokes at the Christmas party every year.

VLAD: What did he say about me?

MS. PEABODY: He says you're anemic.

VLAD: He's right! I'm starving. I'd kill for a nice, juicy transfusion!

MS. PEABODY: Oh, come, come, Mr. Drake. You aren't as desperate as all that.

VLAD: No? I see the veins in your neck and my stomach starts growling.

MS. PEABODY: (*Flustered, flattered.*) Oh, well, please, Mr. Drake...there's no need to suffer like that. You simply need to get a grip on yourself.

VLAD: I'd like to get a grip on someone else.

MS. PEABODY: Now you're being silly.

VLAD: Am I?

MS. PEABODY: There's no need to play games with me. I've played with masters here at the Institute.

VLAD: Is that what they call this place?

MS. PEABODY: This place will cure you.

VLAD: I don't want to be cured! I just want to get out and have a decent meal.

MS. PEABODY: And continue on a path of self-destruction?

VLAD: Self-preservation's more like it.

MS. PEABODY: You're here because you are delusional, Mr. Drake, and in a delusional state you tried to bite your date's neck.

VLAD: I wasn't in a delusional state. I was in a cinema. We were watching a movie about me!

MS. PEABODY: Mr. Drake, you are not Dracula.

VLAD: Prove it.

MS. PEABODY: You're just an underweight and anemic young man who needs a good, solid diet to put the roses back in your cheeks.

VLAD: I've never had roses in my cheeks!

MS. PEABODY: You know what I mean. Now, shall we get started?

VLAD: For the exit?

MS. PEABODY: Stop pulling my leg.

VLAD: Will that get me out of here?

MS. PEABODY: Absolutely not! Now, we need to talk about your diet.

VLAD: You just said I'm underweight.

MS. PEABODY: Not that kind of diet. I am the Institute's dietitian. I go over guest histories and meet with guests to help them plan the healthiest diet we can. And you do want to stay healthy so you can live a long life, don't you?

VLAD: I'm 682 years old and I don't feel a day over thirty.

MS. PEABODY: Oh, I love a sense of humor.

VLAD: Who's trying to be funny?

MS. PEABODY: Laughter's the best medicine. It gets the blood flowing.

VLAD: Stop it! You're torturing me!

MS. PEABODY: Good! Then let me suggest iron-rich foods that are perfect for combating Apathetic Annie Anemia.

VLAD: Apathetic Anne?

MS. PEABODY: I just call anemia that. I like to give conditions human names. You know, a cold's Little Boy Sneezzy, irritable bowel syndrome is Tommy Tummy Trouble, hypothermia is Chilly Willy, clinical depression is Sammy Sad Sack.

VLAD: Who's the patient here?

MS. PEABODY: You just slay me!

VLAD: I'd like to!

MS. PEABODY: Oh, silly willy!

VLAD: Isn't that hypothermia?

MS. PEABODY: That's Chilly Willy.

VLAD: When there's a willy there's a way, right?

MS. PEABODY: Exactly! So, Mr. Drake, do you know what you need?

VLAD: I'll bet you're going to tell me.

MS. PEABODY: Yogurt.

VLAD: I hate yogurt. It tastes like paste.

MS. PEABODY: Two big helpings a day, one with active culture and one with added sugar.

VLAD: You aren't listening. I hate yogurt.

MS. PEABODY: It'll grow on you.

VLAD: That's why I hate it!

MS. PEABODY: And we need lots and lots of beans and legumes.

VLAD: I hate beans and I don't even know what legumes are, but I know I'll hate them, too!

MS. PEABODY: Why?

VLAD: Because you want to make me like them!

MS. PEABODY: Don't you remember when you were a little boy and the first time your mother gave you green peas and how you hated them, but now you love them?

VLAD: My mother never gave me green peas. She never gave me brown, pink, or blue peas. Servants brought me food. On silver and gold trays. And if I didn't like what they brought....(He draws his finger across his throat)

MS. PEABODY: Now I'm sure you're exaggerating.

VLAD: We had a very high staff turnover at the castle while I was growing up.

MS. PEABODY: And do you know why?

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from THE PERFECT DIET by Craig Sodaro. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com