

SUPER POTATO

By Marty Duhatschek

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CHARACTERS

(4 Males, 3 Females, 7 Either)

TERI (f)	A teenage baby sitter
JAMIE (m or f)	Kind of a smart-alec
ANNOUNCER (m or f)	Voice over only
ALLAN (m or f)	A cow
LLOYD (m or f)	A cow; Tour guide to Jamie, Jesse and the audience
WOLF (m or f)	Wolf as in "Big Bad"
SALESMAN (m or f)	
KING (m)	
PRINCE (m)	
WOLFBOY (m)	
RUMPILSTILSKIN (m or f)	
SHOEMAKER (m)	
GOLDEN GIRL (f)	A young woman
STEPWOMAN (f)	A woman

SET

The opening scene is set up like a living room with a couch or a few chairs and with a big screen TV facing the audience. The front of the TV is cut out so that Lloyd can pass through it and there should be room behind, inside the TV, for the two cows to do their television show.

PROP LIST

PRE SHOW

Bag
(2) Pig ears
(3) “Hello my name is “ELF”
badges
Sticks and “Boy Who Cried
Wolf” picket signs

ACT 1

Laptop
Cowbell
Time clock punch cards
Sticks and signs
Straw house front
(2) Identical pairs of shoes on
the bench
Bag with other shoes in it,
should also have boots in it
Straw
Spinning wheel
Stick house front
Wheel barrow with sand
Sand bags (Paper lunch bags)

ACT 2

Bag of shoes
Boot on a ribbon
Sand bag house front (Paper
lunch bags filled with
newspaper)
Purse
(3) Sets Dunces hats and paper
bag “coats”
Baby doll
Script
(3) Bowls and spoons
Newspaper
Apron, “Scratch the cook
behind the ears”
Basket of goodies
Straw house front
Witch’s hat
Foam rocks
Cape, Mask and Ax
Scarf and Shawl
Wallet
Lip stick
Laptop
Boot on a ribbon

NOTE: The Cardboard houses can be better supported if they are attached to 1x2 boards to frame them. Use two more 1x2 boards to angle back from the frame, this will prop it up.

SUGGESTED COSTUME PLOT

(These are only suggestions to help you; nothing is carved in stone. Remember the play is about, “a cartoon junkie”, so the costumes should have that cartoon feel to them. Bright and bigger than life.)

TERI: Wears a skirt and a nice blouse.

JAMIE: Blue Jeans and a tee shirt with picture of a currently popular super hero on it. “Wolverine,” “Spiderman,” etc.

ANNOUNCER: Anything would be fine.

ALLAN: Full- body cow costume with a hood over his head that allows the persons face to be seen. The hood should have ears, small horns and maybe a little brown yarn for hair. The costume should feature a big fluffy pink utter!

LLOYD: The same as Allan.

WOLF: Blue Jeans, white tee-shirt and a black leather jacket. Hands and face should be hairy. Wears a hood similar to the cows, but it is brown fur with big wolf ears.

SALESMAN: A very loud suit and tie. Maybe a straw hat if you can find one.

KING: Formal robes and a crown.

PRINCE: Formal robes like the king, with a smaller crown. Or he could wear a nice doublet with a puffy- sleeved shirt and leggings.

WOLFBOY: Dressed like a peasant boy in a simple shirt and trousers.

RUMPILSTILSKIN: He looks elf- like. He wears tights, pointy shoes and a funny hat.

SHOEMAKER: A working man, he wears sturdy pants and shirt with a leather apron.

GOLDEN GIRL: Wears a big beautiful formal gown.

STEPWOMAN: A black or a red dress. Her hair should be done up high. She wears lots of make up.

SUPER POTATO

(The secret life of cartoon junkie.)

by
Marty Duhatschek

PRE-SHOW

LLOYD: *(Enters through house and sits on the front of the stage.)* Hello everybody. Welcome to ... *(name of organization)*. Are you ready for a show? *(Response)* Come on, you can do better than that. Are you ready for a show! *(Response)* That's better. My name is Lloyd and I'm going to be your host for the play tonight. How many of you have ever been to a play before? Well, this one may be a little different than other shows you've seen, because in this play, some of you will have a chance to come up here on stage and help us out. Now, you won't have to do anything hard. There are no lines you have to know. I'll call you up on stage when I need you and guide you through the whole thing. To begin with, are you familiar with the story of *The Three Little Pigs*? *(Response)* Good! Now, what did the first little pig do? *(Response)* That's right, the first little pig built a house of straw. Would someone like to be little pig number one for us tonight? *(Picks a pig)* Okay, our first brave volunteer. Come on up here. *(Puts pig ears on volunteer)* You go sit down now and I'll call you up when I need you. What did little pig number two do in the story? *(Response)* Right! You guys are pretty smart. Do I have a little pig number two? *(Pick a pig)* All right, another brave soul, you need pig ears too. *(Puts them on volunteer)* Now, I'm looking for a few good elves. Are there three of you that would like to be my elves tonight? *(Picks elves)* Come on up here *(Rummages through bag)*, I think I've got something ... *(Pulls out name badges that say, "Hello, my name is ELF")* Here we are one for each of you. Put those on your shirt so we all know who the elves are. You can sit down now. When I call for my elves that means you. Has anybody heard the story of *The Boy Who Cried Wolf*? What did he do? *(Response)* That's right, and when he hollered, "wolf" the people in the village would all come running out to help. So, I need some village people ... the Village People, you remember them? *(Singing)* YMCA ... don't worry, you don't have to do that. I think I'm just going to pick you four sitting right here to be my villagers. Is that okay? *(Response)* Good. Now I've got some sticks and signs over here. *(Walks over to them)* We've got, "Wolf Patrol" and "MAMA; Mothers Against Man-eating Animals. So when I call for my villagers, grab the signs and sticks and meet me up on

the stage. Outstanding! I think we're all set to go. (*Hops up on stage and starts to exit*) Oh, I almost forgot the most important thing. The cast and crew for the show have been working real hard all week. We've been rehearsing the show, building the sets, and our batteries are running low. See, actors are like that bunny on the commercials. We all have little batteries inside us and right now they're almost drained. Do you know how an actor's battery gets charged up again? We need applause. I know, it's shallow and insecure of us ... But, here's the deal. You need to clap your hands, stomp your feet, whistle, shout, and make all the noise you can. Now, if you make a little bit of noise, you're going to get a little show. But if you make a lotta noise, you're going to get a lotta show. So, what kind of a show do you want tonight! (*Lets them applaud encouraging them to be louder*) Okay! Little show it is ... just kidding. Ladies and gentleman ... boys and girls ... pigs and elves, (*name of organization*) proudly presents, *Super Potato! The secret life of a cartoon junkie ...* (*Exits*)

ACT I

**JAMIE and TERI are in front of the TV on a Saturday morning.
ALLAN and LLOYD are unseen inside the TV.**

TERI: I was looking at the list your mother left me, and she forgot to put down what you have for breakfast today. I think that's probably the *only* thing she forgot. Does she always go into this much detail?

(Gets no reaction from JAMIE.)

Jamie? Jamie ... come on, zone into the real world here for a second.

JAMIE: What?

TERI: Your mother, you know, the obsessive woman who wrote an essay on babysitting you for the weekend, didn't put down a breakfast for this morning. Incredible, considering she has a page and a half of phone numbers and a diagram of the Heimlich maneuver. But, no Saturday morning meal. What do you want?

JAMIE: Whatever, I don't care.

TERI: Then why don't you just go get what you want.

JAMIE: Oh no, I'm not gonna fall for that. As soon as I leave you're going to change the channel.

TERI: You *have* had control of the TV all morning.

JAMIE: I was here first and I don't want to watch some computer geek show.

TERI: It's not a geek show. "Up Link" is a show that teaches you lot of cool stuff. Don't you want to learn how you can use your computer better?

JAMIE: We don't have a computer.

TERI: Everybody has a computer.

JAMIE: We don't

TERI: Are you people still in the dark ages? There is indoor plumbing I hope? You shouldn't be sitting inside anyway, it's summer.

JAMIE: It's raining.

TERI: Not that hard ...

JAMIE: Look, you're the babysitter and I'm the sit-tee. It's my house, it's my choice. You go out and play in the rain if you want to.

TERI: You're awful young to be such a couch potato.

JAMIE: It's "Super Hero Saturday" on the Megalodian channel.

TERI: Then you're Super Potato, but you're still turning into a vegetable.

JAMIE: How much exercise do you get from playing with your computer?!

TERI: Fine. Watch what you want to. *(Looking at TV)* They don't look like super heroes.

JAMIE: This is "Cows, Cows, and more Cows." It will be over in a few minutes. Then, *(Imitating a TV announcer)*, "It's Megalodians Super Hero Saturday, ten straight hours of dastardly deeds undone."

TERI: *(Getting out her laptop)* At least I won't be totally cut off from the rest of the world while I'm here. How can you watch that garbage anyway? The plot is the same on every show.

(JAMIE ignores her and is watching TV. TERI sets up her computer. We hear the Announcer as a voiceover from the TV.)

ANNOUNCER: Stay tuned to Megalodian for the monstrously huge Super Hero Saturday. Coming up next the *Dyno Destroyers* kick off an uninterrupted ten hours of cape flinging, web slinging, villain vanquishing, fun. But first we return to Allan and Lloyd in *Cows, Cows and more Cows ...*

(ALLAN and LLOYD pop up inside the TV.)

LLOYD: Oh my gosh.

ALLAN: What now?!

LLOYD: I think I swallowed my cowbell.

ALLAN: You what!

LLOYD: I swallowed my cowbell.

ALLAN: How did you manage do to that?

LLOYD: It got kind of smudged up and I was trying to lick it clean.

ALLAN: I don't believe it. There's no way you could just swallow that big thing.

LLOYD: Yea I did. Listen ... *(coughs a few times and we hear a cowbell ring.)*

ALLAN: You are just too weird Lloyd.

LLOYD: I can feel it just sitting in my throat ... come on Allan, slap me.

(Whack, slaps him in the face.)

My back, not my face!

ALLAN: Next time, be more specific. *(Hits him in the back, Whack, Whack, Whack.)*

LLOYD: I said slap my back, not knock my spine into my stomach!

ALLAN: Is it out yet?

LLOYD: No, but my lunch is. You better do something, I'm having trouble breathing.

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ALLAN: Choking, choking ... what do you do for choking ... I got it!
Stop, drop and roll!

LLOYD: What?

ALLAN: Stop, drop and roll. I'm sure of it! Come on ...

(The cows duck out of view. Thud, thud, thud, thud, thud. Spitting sound and then a cowbell being dropped.)

LLOYD: Hey, it worked! Thanks!

ALLAN: No biggie.

TERI: This has got to be the stupidest cartoon I have ever seen.

JAMIE: The cows are cool! Last week they were on an airplane, and Lloyd, that's the stupid one, got caught in the propeller. Then Allan, the short fat one had to ...

LLOYD: Who's he calling stupid?

ALLAN: Who's he calling fat is what I want to know. This is all "Grade A" steak your looking at Buddy!

JAMIE: Hey! They're talking about me!

TERI: *(Has been engrossed with her computer)* What?

JAMIE: The cows, they're talking about what I said.

TERI: Computers can be interactive Jamie, not television shows.

LLOYD: The kid's right, she is a geek.

ALLAN: They both have totally lost the use of their imaginations.

TERI: They ... they are talking to us!

LLOYD: Super Potato here lives and dies by whatever Megalodian spits out at him.

ALLAN: And the girl only cares about what she finds on the web ... what's a web without a spider named Charlotte spinning it? Have either of you ever heard of a book?

LLOYD: And, as long as she has her screen, with that little pendulum processor running it, her life is complete.

TERI: That's Pentium processor. You're right, the tall one is the stupid cow.

LLOYD: *(Speaking live through the TV, HE crawls through the screen into the room)* Stupid cow? Stupid cow! Who are you calling a stupid cow?

(ALLAN exits.)

JAMIE: Cool.

TERI: I ... well ... um ... This isn't possible

LLOYD: No! Not within the narrow limits of your computer world confines. *(To JAMIE)* Ha! Pretty big fancy words for a stupid cow ain't it kid?

JAMIE: Yea! You're not so smart now, are you Teri.

LLOYD: You're not any better off, Jamie; you're just as trapped in your TV cartoon world.

TERI: You're a cartoon though; you can't be real.

LLOYD: You see, that's my point. Your imagination has been stifled for so long you don't know what to do. I think we better go back to the basics for both of you. A trip to the F.T.R.C. would definitely be in order.

JAMIE: The F.T.R.C.?

(LLOYD brings JAMIE and TERI down stage. Behind them the set is changed to the FTRC. The living room furniture is removed. A time clock is rolled in. A bench with a sign that says "SHOE MAKER" is placed in front of the TV, several pairs of shoes that all look the same are put on the bench. Behind the bench a bag of shoes that the elves will make is hidden for later use.)

LLOYD: The Fairy Tale Recycling Center, follow me. *(takes them to the front of the stage while the set is being changed)* It's like your imagination is asleep, you let the computer or the TV do it all for you. You need to read some stories, get some words in your brain to wake up your creativity, play with it a while. Okay. What do you see when I say, "Jack reached the top of the bean stalk and there was the giant."

JAMIE: I don't know, a big guy I guess.

LLOYD: Pitiful. Now I see a guy that stands taller than your house. He's got snarly red hair hanging down to his shoulders and big chunks of food dangling from his beard ... and when he sneezes, the trees bend with the force of the wind.

TERI: You get all that from, "there was the giant?"

LLOYD: Sure. My imagination just kicks in. That's what yours *should* be doing. And that's what I'm going to work on today. We'll start with the classics. The great stories that were handed down to us over the generations, because across all that time they still make us feel like we're right there with the characters.

TERI: This is nuts! There's no cycling whatever in the living room.

LLOYD: What living room?

(HE motions behind him to the FTRC set. The CHARACTERS start walking on and off, punching a time clock, greeting each other, ect.)

JAMIE: Whoa, this is cool! Can they see us? Can we talk to them, or are we but shadows of things that have been?

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LLOYD: “The shadows of things that have been?” Naw, that’s Christmas Carol. We do that later on in the season. Everyone here can see you and talk to you. Hey, Wolfie boy! How’s tricks there, buddy?

WOLF: They’re running me ragged Lloyd, I need to get some help. I got Peter, and Red Riding Hood, and the pigs, and Goldilocks ...

TERI: Goldilocks? There’s no wolf in Goldilocks.

WOLF: Yea well, Papa Bear called in sick, his back is acting up again. So today it’s gonna be *Goldilocks and the Two Bears and a Wolf*. I guess they figure we both have lots of fur so why not. *(Starts to exit)* On top of everything else I had to take the bus in today cause my car wouldn’t start. I need Coffee! If that machine steals my quarter one more time, I’m gonna scream!

JAMIE: How do you know all these people? I don’t remember any cows in fairy tales.

LLOYD: Sure there are! I used to jump over the moon ... *(To Audience)* I was a little thinner back then ... and I was the cow Jack sold to get the magic beans, until I got recycled into my TV show. It came with a nice raise too.

TERI: What do you mean, you were recycled?

LLOYD: A lot of what you see on TV shows and cartoons, is just one of the old stories wrapped up in a new package. Here at the FTRC the characters keep practicing their roles until they get pulled back into the mainstream.

JAMIE: So what are we doing here?

LLOYD: It thought it was time you got involved, had to use your own noodle for a change, started earning the title of Super Potato.

(SALESMAN enters from stage right.)

SALESMAN: Building supplies! Get your building supplies here!

LLOYD: Here we go! You two wait here.

(LLOYD gets the two little PIGS from the audience.)

Okay, I need my two little pigs up here. Come on up on stage.

SALESMAN: *(Waits for the two PIGS to come on stage)* Well, if it isn’t two of the three little pigs. Where’s the other one?

JAMIE: *(Being pushed from behind by LLOYD)* Wait a minute, I’m not ...

SALESMAN: There you are. *(To 1ST VOLUNTEER)* So, what can I get for you today? What are you looking to build? *(Wait for answer)* I got a good deal on some straw, what do you say? *(Waits for answer)* Good, I’ll have that delivered right away. Give me a ring after you get that built, I’ll give you a deal on some gutters. *(To 2ND*

VOLUNTEER) How about you? What project have you got in mind? (*Wait for answer*) I just got in a load of sticks, nice and green. (*Wait for answer*) Great! We'll drop that off right after the straw. Could I interest you in some storm windows for that? They're triple paneled? (*To JAMIE*) Okay, let me guess. You're building a house too?

JAMIE: Yeah, I guess so.

SALESMAN: What can I get for you?

JAMIE: Bricks.

SALESMAN: Nice choice, but I'm all out of bricks till next Thursday. Want some straw or sticks instead?

JAMIE: What do you mean your out of bricks! There has to be some bricks!

SALESMAN: Sorry. Can I put you down for something else?

JAMIE: (*To LLOYD*) What am I supposed to do without bricks?

LLOYD: You're Super Potato, think of something.

JAMIE: Think of what?! And stop calling me Super Potato. Well ... sand! Have you got a lot of sand and some bags?

SALESMAN: Sure, we just got in a big truckload. I'll have it delivered right away.

(SALESMAN exits and LLOYD walks the two PIGS' back to their seats.)

TERI: Sand? You're going to build a sandcastle to keep a wolf out?

JAMIE: I have an idea, you'll see. That wolf hasn't ...

WOLFBOY: (*Yelling as HE runs on*) Wolf! There's a big scary wolf! Help me! Help me!

LLOYD: (*Goes to TOWN'S PEOPLE VOLUNTEERS*) Come on that's our cue! (*HE hands them signs that say "MAMA, Mothers Against Man-eating Animals", "Save our children!" and gives big sticks to a few others. HE leads them to the front of the stage.*) What wolf? Where? Are you hurt? Where's the wolf? Let's get it! (*Encourages other people to get into it.*)

WOLFBOY: Ha, ha, ha! You should have seen yourselves. There's no wolf, you dummies! Where's the wolf? Where's the wolf ... ha, ha, ha!

LLOYD: (*Takes the signs and sticks from the TOWN'S PEOPLE and leads them back to their seats. HE encourages their joining the grumbling.*) What a rotten kid. What a horrible trick to play! That's all right, that was good practice villagers, it never hurts to run a drill.

WOLFBOY: (*Skipping off stage left*) Big bad wolf, big fat deal is what I say.

TERI: Things happen fast around here don't they?

(The SHOEMAKER enters stage right.)

I still don't see why I'm ... *(Sees the SHOEMAKER)* ... hello ...

SHOEMAKER: *(Walks up to TERI)* There you are, wife.

TERI: Wife?

SHOEMAKER: I spent the last of our coin buying leather, if I don't sell some new shoes soon, I don't know what we'll do. We best head for home now dear.

TERI: Shoes ... a shoemaker? I don't remember this one, do you Jamie?

JAMIE: Haven't got a clue.

SHOEMAKER: Who is this you're speaking with?

TERI: Who is this ... it's ... our son / daughter.

SHOEMAKER: Our son / daughter? I don't remember our having a son / daughter.

TERI: Sure we do, I just forgot to tell you. Ha! You get a couple of smelly pigs and I get a hunk! I'm starting to like this ...

SHOEMAKER: I have a son? He's rather big, shouldn't I have noticed him before now?

TERI: Yes you should have, I guess we'll need to get you to an optometrist.

SHOEMAKER: A who?

TERI: *(Walks over to the bench by what was the TV)* Never mind. Is this where we live, a shoe store?

SHOEMAKER: Of course. Does it bother you? It never did before.

TERI: I live in a shoe store? Bother me ... are you crazy! I got a cutie and all the shoes I could ever want, I love this place! *(To JAMIE)* You go out and play ... *(To SHOEMAKER)* and you bring me everything you've got in a size seven.

(TERI and the SHOEMAKER exit behind the TV / shoe store.)

JAMIE: Go out and play? In this place, are you nuts! *(Leaves shoemaker area)* Where is that stupid cow anyway ...

LLOYD: *(Comes up on stage with 1ST PIG. HE grabs a cardboard front for the straw house and sets it in the middle of the stage.)* Pre-fab housing ... what do you think? *(Waits for answer)* Well, you get what you pay for, that's what mom always said. You just wait behind the house here, and you should have your first caller any minute. *(moves off to the side)*

WOLF: *(Enters and walks up to straw house)* Hello ... anybody home? Checkers pizza delivery, did anybody order a large cheese and truffles pizza? Meter reader, we got a report of a gas leak in your area, I gotta come in and check it out? So much for the easy way.

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All right pig, its dinnertime and I need some “B” for my BLT. Little pig, little pig let me in. *(Waits for answer)* Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in.

JAMIE: Run away! Run away little pig. *(Gets the PIG out from behind the house and helps him run off stage.)*

(LLOYD makes sure the PIG gets back to his seat.)

WOLF: What do you think you’re doing! You’re not in the story yet, pig number three.

LLOYD: Quit your complaining, Wolfie. *(Removes the straw house and sets it off stage.)*

WOLF: No one’s asking for your two cents either Lloyd. *(Starts walking off)* Better watch it before I start getting a taste for T-bone.

JAMIE: *(To LLOYD)* Now what do I do?

LLOYD: Go back to the shoemakers, it’s time for bed.

(TERI and the SHOEMAKER come out from behind the TV / Shoe store.)

JAMIE: *(Walks back to shoemaker set)* The cow says it’s time for bed.

SHOEMAKER: Yes. Time for bed. I didn’t have time to make any new shoes, thanks to my dear wife here.

TERI: I can’t believe you made all of the shoes and they’re all the same! *(Takes the shoes off of the bench and holds them up.)* No wonder you don’t sell anything, no heals, no pumps, no colors.

SHOEMAKER: They were all the rage last year.

TERI: Have you got a lot to learn ... we’ll have a little fashion course in the morning.

(ALL three exit behind the TV, TERI takes the shoes with her.)

LLOYD: Okay, where are my elves? *(Brings the ELVES up on stage.)*

Are you ready to go to work? Do any of you know how to make shoes? Neither do I, this should be interesting. *(Pulls out the bag with the shoes from behind the bench and hands them out to the ELVES. THEY pretend to make shoes.)* Hey! I got a shoemaker joke for you. What do you call a shoe with a cold? Ashoo! Get it? Ashoo, like a sneeze? Fine, never mind I’ll just make the shoes. *(Holds up a pair of moon boots, or if can’t find moon boots use big army boots.)* Cool! *(Once all the shoes are out HE guides ELVES back to their seats.)*

(The KING and GOLDEN enter from the side of the stage opposite the shoe store. The KING carries some straw and GOLDEN GIRL brings in a spinning wheel. SHE sets the spinning wheel down and looks at the KING.)

KING: You will spin all this straw into gold by tomorrow morning.
(Hands her the straw) Your father, who bragged of this great talent of yours, will meet the axe man if you fail. If you succeed, I will make you my queen. *(Exits)*

GOLDEN GIRL: *(Flops down at the spinning wheel and begins to cry, this will grow until they become great hysterical sobs. SHE mumbles through the wails)* Straw into gold ... how could he say such a thing? I'm doomed ... doomed! I can't even spin thread, how am I supposed to spin gold! What can I do? Nothing, that's what I can do nothing!

TERI: *(Enters from the shoe store, SHE has been woken up from the girls sobbing SHE walks over to GOLDEN GIRL.)* What is your problem?

GOLDEN GIRL: Oh! You frightened me. I'm doomed ... doomed!

TERI: Let's not start all that again. Why are you crying?

GOLDEN GIRL: I need to spin all this straw into gold. If I don't, the king my kill my father.

TERI: And if you do?

GOLDEN GIRL: Then I will marry the king.

TERI: You would marry someone like that, a person that will only marry you if you can make him rich?

GOLDEN GIRL: He's a king.

TERI: He's a creep.

GOLDEN GIRL: After he kills my father, he'll probably kill me ... It's hopeless. *(Starts to cry again)*

TERI: You keep bawling like this and I'll kill you myself! Get a grip! There's got to be a way to make this happen. Go ahead and start to run the straw through the wheel thing here, maybe it will work.

(GOLDEN GIRL tries, but can not even get the straw started.)

You mean to tell me you don't even know how to use one of these things!!

GOLDEN GIRL: No one ever showed me how, I mean I ... *(Starting to cry again.)*

TERI: Don't go there again ... move over let me give this a shot. *(Tries but can't get it started either.)*

RUMPILSTILSKIN: (*Enters, Speaking in rhyme*) A weeping maid I hear this night, her cries have touched my ears. I come to offer you my help, to stop your mournful tears.

TERI: Who's this joker?

RUMPILSTILSKIN: A little man is all I am, a friend come to your aid. I'll spin the straw to gold for you, as long as I am paid.

TERI: This rhyming stuff gets old fast doesn't it?

RUMPILSTILSKIN: Who is this noisy wench that speaks, she does not fit our fable. If lashing tongue she does not curb, my offer's off the table.

TERI: Wench! I'll show you a lashing tongue you little ...

GOLDEN GIRL: Please, stop *helping* me. Can you truly spin this straw to gold? Oh, if you can I'll give you anything!

RUMPILSTILSKIN: A voice of sense, and one that's mild, for you I'll do this task, and when I do, your first born son, is all the pay I'll ask.

TERI: (*Now SHE's rhyming too*) Weigh this bargain that he offers, it does not sound right. A baby's not a bargain chip ... (*Stops rhyming*) ... now he's got me doing it!

GOLDEN GIRL: I must let him help me, I have no other choice.

TERI: Wait, wait, wait ... there's always a loophole in these things. She has a chance to keep the kid, right?

RUMPILSTILSKIN: When I come back to get the babe, you'll have a chance to try. To guess my simple given name, then it's my turn to cry.

TERI: Aha! I knew there was a way out of this thing! It's a deal.

GOLDEN GIRL: Oh, I hope this works, if it doesn't ...

TERI: No sweat. Do your thing little guy, this I've got to see.

(Lights dim out of this side of stage, and go up on the Shoemakers.

GOLDEN GIRL and RUMPLE exit taking the spinning wheel and straw off stage with them.)

SHOEMAKER: (*Finds shoes*) It's a miracle ... a miracle! Wife, child, come here and look.

JAMIE: I barely feel asleep, it's morning?

TERI: (*Crosses over to shoe store*) What's all the shouting about?

SHOEMAKER: Look wife, we have shoes ... and such interesting ones at that.

JAMIE: Wife ... Child ... What is this? My name is Jamie and that's Teri. Okay?

TERI: But, how did these get here? Who made them?

SHOEMAKER: I don't know, wife ... um Teri I mean, I don't know.

JAMIE: (*Holding up boots*) These are interesting.

SHOEMAKER: What workmanship, what colors!

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TERI: What should we sell them for! By the way, do you have a spinning wheel? I saw this trick last night, I have got to try!

(TERI exits with SHOEMAKER. THEY take all the shoes behind the store.)

LLOYD: Little pig number two, come on down! *(HE grabs a cardboard front with sticks duct taped to it.)* What did they do before they invented duct tape? So, how do you like your house pig number two? *(Response)* You just duck down behind there, and the big furry guy should be right along. *(LLOYD moves off to the side.)*

WOLF: *(Enters and walks up to stick house.)* Hello in there. Carry May Cosmetics calling ... I'm going door to door telling everyone about using 1-800-IMLUNCH, and you're about to subscribe whether you like it or not. Little pig, little pig let me in. *(Waits for answer)* Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in.

JAMIE: *(Runs onto scene.)* Not again! Get away! Run little piggy run! *(Helps PIG run off stage.)*

(LLOYD guides the PIG back to his seat. HE then removes the stick house and sets it off stage.)

WOLF: This is getting real old real fast pig number three, your turns coming up soon enough and since I bought all the bricks in town, I can't wait to see what you've come up with.

JAMIE: You and me both.

WOLF: *(Starts walking off.)* Well you better think fast, three strikes and you're dinner, and I'm going to cook up some green eggs right now.

JAMIE: I better go check on that stuff the guy was gonna deliver. *(Exits behind the shoe store.)*

WOLFBOY: *(Enters from the opposite side of the stage the WOLF exited from.)* Wolf! Wolf! He's after me, come help me ... hurry!

LLOYD: *(Goes to TOWNS PEOPLE VOLUNTEERS)* Here we go again! *(Leads them to the front of the stage, gives them signs and sticks.)* What wolf? Where? Are you hurt? Where's the wolf? Let's get it! *(Encourages other people to get into it.)*

WOLFBOY: Suckers! Man, are you people gullible! Ha, ha, ha!

LLOYD: *(Takes signs and sticks from the TOWNS PEOPLE and leads them back to seats and encourages there joining the grumbling.)*

What a brat. See if I ever come running again. I don't like you!

WOLFBOY: *(Skipping off)* This wolf thing is great ... I think next time, I'll wait till they're all asleep.

PRINCE: *(Enters and walks to center stage as if HE had already walked a hundred miles.)* A simple girl, *(heavy sigh)*, that's all I ever

wanted. Someone to talk to ... someone who wasn't asleep under a spell, or locked in a tower, or turned into a swan. I don't mean to burden you with my problems ... it's just been one of those days. I fight my way through thorn bushes springing up all around me, I defeat a fire-breathing dragon, and all that remains is to give a kiss. Yes, the princess was beautiful. But, to kiss someone who has been asleep for twenty years, before she's had a chance to brush her teeth? *(Walks off stage and into the audience, looking over each girl.)* Not quite my idea of a reward after all my derring-dos. A simple girl is all I ask ... hmmm *(Picks a little girl to stand up.)* Pretty enough ... but, perhaps a bit too short.

(TERI enters from behind the shoe store and walks slowly across the stage.)

(Notices TERI) Wait a minute ... now here's a likely girl. She looks like she's awake ... I see no wings ... hair isn't unduly long. You! Miss!

(TERI stops and looks at him.)

Pretty, while not being too beautiful ... yes, she looks a simple wench to be sure!

TERI: Wench! Not too beautiful! Simple!! Who do you think you are, buster?

PRINCE: A feisty one too, I like a girl with spirit. Allow me to introduce myself, I am The Prince.

TERI: The Prince? That's all I need! *(Stomps off)*

PRINCE: *(Running after her HE follows her off stage.)* Wait! Don't go! Ha, the chase is on! Dearest one ... please ...

STEPWOMAN: *(Enters from the opposite side of the stage from the PRINCE and TERI.)* Stepmothers, stepsisters, we have such an unfair reputation. We are evil incarnate, are we not? Never a hope for happy endings, no not us. As soon as that word "step" is thrown in, we are prefixed as the bad guy. Is anyone out there unlucky enough to be a step whatever? It's true, isn't it? All thanks to these wonderful fairy tales, we are forever cursed. Heaven forbid if we should ever discipline a stepchild. A real mother is a good mother if she disciplines ... we are made out as gorgons. Stepmother, stepsister, stepfather, we just step all over people don't we? Admit it. When you found out a friend of yours had a stepmother what did you think? Right away you thought "evil" stepmother didn't you? Didn't you! Well, we are unselfish, loving, gentle people ...

WOLFBOY: *(Runs in.)* Wolf! Help, wolf! It's going to eat me!

STEPWOMAN: Get off the stage or I'll bite your head off myself, you little weasel!

WOLFBOY: (*Exiting.*) Man, step all over me why don't you.

STEPWOMAN: Where was I? Oh yes, we are as loving and kind as anyone else. Its these horrible fairy tales that paint us as wretched dregs of humanity. Why, I'm as good as the next person, and I deserve a shot at a happy ending just like everyone else. Step people of the world unite! We are not monsters! And, once and for all I am going to wipe out this misleading stereotype. Are you with me?!!

JAMIE: (*Enters from behind the shoe store with a wheelbarrow of sand.*) Man is this stuff heavy. (*Sets it down to rest.*)

STEPWOMAN: Aha! Here's my chance to set the records straight. (*Runs up to JAMIE*) You! Boy / Girl ... I mean son / daughter. Let me help you with that.

JAMIE: Who are you?

STEPWOMAN: Silly boy / girl, I'm your stepmother and I think the world of you. I'll take this.

JAMIE: Stepmother ... are you sure?

STEPWOMAN: Of course I am, light of my life.

(*THEY walk off behind the shoe store. TERI enters. SHE looks over her shoulder hoping that SHE has lost the PRINCE who was following her.*)

SHOEMAKER: (*Enters from behind the shoe store.*) So, here you are wife ... Teri. You should have seen it, swamped with customers all day long. We sold everything but these. (*Holds up moon boots*)

TERI: Great, good for you. But, now you're sold out. You have no more shoes for tomorrow.

SHOEMAKER: I know, I bought more leather to make them with, but now I'm too tired to sew.

JAMIE: (*Enters from behind the shoe store with the STEPWOMAN right behind him.*) Is this place wacky or what?

SHOEMAKER: (*Seeing STEPWOMAN.*) Who is this with you?

STEPWOMAN: I'm his stepmother, Idiot, and I love ... what was your name again?

JAMIE: Jamie.

STEPWOMAN: Jamie, with all my heart! Don't I, my sweet boy / girl?

JAMIE: Whatever. (*Exits behind the shoe store.*)

SHOEMAKER: You're his stepmother?

STEPWOMAN: That's what I said! Where did my little pumpkin go now ...

SHOEMAKER: But, that would make you my wife.

STEPWOMAN: Yes, and your point is?

SHOEMAKER: I already have a wife.

STEPWOMAN: Well, now you've got two.

PRINCE: (*Enters and stands outside the Shoemakers.*) Darling! I know you're in there! Come blow The Prince a kiss.

SHOEMAKER: Who's this now?!

TERI: The Prince. He followed me home ... sorry.

PRINCE: (*Singing, and not necessarily well, to Green Sleeves / What child is this.*) My love, my sweet, my dainty one, I am your prince, you are my sun. Come, come, to my embrace, and let me kiss your angels face ...

STEPWOMAN: What a voice! Hey Prince ... don't give up your day job.

SHOEMAKER: This is all so confusing ...

PRINCE: (*Continuing the song.*) You, you, do fill my heart, And how it breaks when we doth part ...

TERI: Would you just stop! (*Grabs one of the moon boots and throws it at him.*)

PRINCE: A token ... a token of your love for me. (*Picks up the boot and hugs it to his breast.*) I shall treasure this always, my love. (*Exits hugging the boot.*)

TERI: What a nut!

SHOEMAKER: Well, we best go to sleep, wife ... I mean wives ... Oh, I don't know what I mean anymore. (*Lights down on Shoemaker area.*)

JAMIE: (*Enters with wheelbarrow that is now filled with sandbags HE has made. HE starts setting up the third pigs house with sandbags.*) This is going to be great ... Ha! Who needs bricks!

WOLF: (*Enters*) Okay mister "run away little pig", your time has come.

JAMIE: But wait, I'm not done yet ... the other pigs aren't even up here.

WOLF: (*Walking up to him.*) You're breaking my heart kid. But it's time to get a taste of the other white meat. (*Starts to grab for him and noon lunch whistle goes off.*)

JAMIE: What's that?

WOLF: Lunch break, see you in thirty, kid. (*Exits*)

JAMIE: Lunch break? Are you kidding me?

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