

# perfectly lumpy

Conceived by  
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Script by  
SHELBY DWIGHT



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Emily Davis, Shelby Dwight,  
Josh Jung, Liz Lewno,  
Isabella Seaton, Brian T. Schultz

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Brady  
Danny  
Mom  
Buddy  
Lumpy  
Spoon-That-Was-Dropped-Under-The-Counter-And-Forgotten-About  
Animal-Cracker-Missing-A-Leg-Because-It-Got-Squished-In-The-Bag  
Gummy-Bear-That-Accidentally-Slid-Under-The-Microwave  
Jewel  
Mr. T-Bone  
Crumbs  
Annie Smith  
Napkin  
Pistachio Band

## TIME

At night

## PLACE

In the kitchen

*“Perfectly Lumpy” was originally produced by Storybook Land Theatre  
under the direction of Brian T. Schultz. It premiered on July 18, 2010 at the  
Storybook Land Castle in Wylie Park, Aberdeen, South Dakota with the following cast:*

Brady/Buddy..... Shelby Dwight  
Danny/Lumpy..... Liz Lewno  
Mom/Animal Cracker/Annie Smith..... Emily Davis  
Spoon/Jewel/Crumbs/Pistachio Band..... Brian T. Schultz  
Gummy Bear/Mr. T-Bone..... Josh Jung  
Jewel/Napkin..... Isabella Seaton  
Artistic/Technical Director/Designer..... Brian T. Schultz  
Producer... Aberdeen Parks, Recreation & Forestry Department, Aberdeen, South Dakota;  
David J. Eckert

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*Two young boys at a kitchen counter making cookies. The first boy is decorating the cookies very strategically and making a good effort to keep his cookies perfect. The other boy is merely pouring sprinkles and scraping frosting in random blobs across his cookie.*

**BRADY:** *(leaning over his brother)* Danny! What are you doing? You can't make your cookie like THAT. Watch me. *(giving an exaggerated demonstration)* See? Let me show you...

**DANNY:** No, Brady! I get to make my own cookie! *(struggling over DANNY's cookie)* Stop it! I can do it!

**BRADY:** Give me the cookie, Danny! These are special! Mom needs them for the bake sale tomorrow! You can't just put frosting anywhere on your cookie! They have to look just like mine!

*Mother enters.*

**MOM:** *(separating the boys)* What are you two doing?

**BRADY:** Mom! Look at his cookie! Tell him he has to fix it!

**DANNY:** Mom, look at my gingerbread man! *(holding up cookie)* See? I put lots of colors of frosting on him. And I didn't want to cover ALL of him so you could still see he's gingerbread. But I also like sprinkles so I put LOTS of them on. Do you like him?

**MOM:** I think he's wonderful. Should we set him aside for tomorrow?

**BRADY:** You're not actually going to take THAT to the bake sale, are you, Mom? *(whispering to his mother)* It doesn't match the other cookies.

**MOM:** I think Danny wants this cookie. Right, Danny? *(DANNY nods to her)* We'll just set him on the counter here... *(taking DANNY's cookie, putting it off to the side)* ...and the rest we'll put on a plate for me to take to the bake sale. Now, let's get the two of you to bed.

*As they exit, BRADY puts the rest of the cookies onto the plate except for one, which he places with DANNY's cookie.*

*That night. On the counter lay two cookies. One cookie looks just like any regular gingerbread cookie would, smooth frosting and perfect chocolate blob eyes. The other has off-kilter legs, a crooked head, random globs of frosting all over his stomach and two diagonally placed, different sized chocolate blob eyes. Suddenly, the first one sits upright and stretches.*

**BUDDY:** *(yawning)* Where am I? *(standing, testing out his feet, stretching, wandering to a large spatula hanging on the wall)* Ha! Look at me! The kid sure did a great job with me. Perfect arms and legs and my eyes and mouth are proportioned nicely and... well... I'm perfect! But where are all the other perfect cookies?

*The second cookie stirs and stretches just as the first had. He blinks a couple times.*

**LUMPY:** What? What's going on?

**BUDDY:** Where are all the other cookies?

**LUMPY:** I don't know. *(finding two large macaroni noodles, looking through them like binoculars)* Oh! I see them! They're across the kitchen on the dining room table! Waaaaaay over there.

**BUDDY:** What?! No! That means...

**LUMPY:** Means what?

**BUDDY:** Do you have a raisin lodged in your head? Everyone knows that it is the only goal of a cookie to be chosen first and eaten.

**LUMPY:** *(inspecting himself)* A raisin? I don't think so. *(sitting, examining his stomach)* Wow! The kid sure gave me a lot of sprinkles! I really like them...

**BUDDY:** What's wrong with you?! Can't you see that we've been left behind? We're the cookies they didn't want!

**LUMPY:** You don't know that. *(standing, looking around, testing his feet as the other cookie had – but in a more childish manner)* Maybe we've been set aside for later. *(falling into BUDDY, who catches him; sheepishly)* Heh, heh. He sure got creative with my feet!

**BUDDY:** *(sneering)* Well, I don't know about you, but I'm getting to that plate. I don't care what anyone thinks. I'm perfect! This was obviously a mistake. I fell off the plate... or they miscounted...

**LUMPY:** What's your name?

**BUDDY:** What? I don't have one.

**LUMPY:** Everyone has a name. I don't know mine, but I've got one. I just need to figure it out. *(walking to the spatula 'mirror')* I think I look like a... Ben. Yep. Just like a Ben.

**BUDDY:** Ben? You look more like a 'Lumpy' to me.

**LUMPY:** Lumpy? *(looking himself over in the mirror)* Lumpy? *(beat)* I guess I just don't see it. Do I really look like a Lumpy?

**BUDDY:** Yep. Lumpy. No doubt about it. You're Lumpy.

**LUMPY:** Hmm... okay. *(continuing to try to figure out why he would look like a Lumpy. Then, turning and examining the other cookie, getting right up in his face)* I think you look like a... Buddy. Yep! That's it! Definitely Buddy!

**BUDDY:** I'm no one's buddy.

*BUDDY scavenges the counter, searching for a way to get off. He finds a giant roll of paper towels. He heads over to them and attempts to tear off a sheet.*

**LUMPY:** Whatcha doin', Buddy? Need some help?

**BUDDY:** No.

*BUDDY exits. LUMPY looks off after him. BUDDY re-enters with a parachute made from the giant paper towel sheet and toothpicks.*

**LUMPY:** Wow! What is that?

**BUDDY:** It's a parachute I made from paper towels and some toothpicks.

**LUMPY:** Ooh, neat! *(beat)* What's it for?

**BUDDY:** I'm going to get to that plate. *(going to the edge of the counter, peering over)* Whoa... That's a long way down.

*LUMPY waddles over to the edge to see what BUDDY's looking at. BUDDY gets an idea.*

**BUDDY:** Oh, Lumpy?

**LUMPY:** Yes?

**BUDDY:** *(exiting to make another parachute)* How would you like to come with me?

**LUMPY:** Me? Yeah! It sure would be nice to be on that plate, especially if I get to be with my friend.

**BUDDY:** *(re-entering)* Friend?

**LUMPY:** Yeah, you. My friend. My buddy... Buddy!

*Pause.*

**BUDDY:** Well, anyway... *(strapping LUMPY into the parachute)* I think you should go on ahead of me. I'll be right behind you.

**LUMPY:** Well... I guess...

*BUDDY picks up the spatula and whacks LUMPY on the rear, knocking him off the counter. LUMPY glides lightly to the ground, squealing in delight all the way down.*

**LUMPY:** Buddy! You have to try this! It's so much fun!

*BUDDY attempts the jump. His parachute fails to catch any air and he falls to the ground with a thud.*

**LUMPY:** *(running to BUDDY)* Buddy! Buddy, are you all right?

**BUDDY:** *(groaning)* My... name... is not... Buddy!

*LUMPY starts to help BUDDY to his feet.*

**BUDDY:** Stop it! Don't touch me! I've got crumbs falling off of me.

*LUMPY continues to try to help.*

**BUDDY:** Get off! You'll just make it worse!

**LUMPY:** Okay.

*LUMPY lets go and BUDDY falls to the ground again. BUDDY gets up and exits, grumbling, brushing off loose crumbs.*

**LUMPY:** Wait! Where are you going?

*Left behind, LUMPY stands alone for a long time, teetering and looking around, scared.*

**LUMPY:** Buddy?

*Silence.*

**LUMPY:** Buddy?

*More silence.*

**LUMPY:** *(in fear, running offstage)* Buddy! Buddy, where are you?!

*BUDDY re-enters and LUMPY crashes into him. They both yell in fright.*

**BUDDY:** Watch where you're going! You're knocking more crumbs off of me!

**LUMPY:** *(hugging BUDDY)* I'm sorry, Buddy, but it's dark and scary out here!

**BUDDY:** *(peeling LUMPY off of him, brushing off more loose crumbs)* For the last time, my name is not Buddy!

*BUDDY begins to travel around the kitchen – offstage and back onstage; into the audience and back onstage, wandering in silence as LUMPY follows.*

**LUMPY:** *(breaking the silence)* What would you like me to call you?

**BUDDY:** What?

**LUMPY:** You don't like it when I call you Buddy. What would you like me to call you instead?

**BUDDY:** I don't want you to call me anything.

**LUMPY:** Oh, but –

**BUDDY:** Just stop, Lumpy. You don't get it do you?

**LUMPY:** What, Buddy?

**BUDDY:** I'm not your buddy, okay? We're not buddies. I didn't bring you along because we're friends. You're not supposed to be here. You're supposed to be up on that counter like the misfit you are. You don't deserve to be up on that plate. Look at you! You were obviously made wrong. *(circling around LUMPY, inspecting)* Maybe you had too much butter. Maybe you bubbled too much. Maybe the kid that made you just wanted to see how ugly of a cookie he could make. It doesn't matter. The point is, I'm supposed to be on that plate with the rest of the perfect cookies and you were supposed to stay up on the counter. That's where the GARBAGE cookies belong.

**LUMPY:** I'm not a garbage cookie. I think I look fine. And the kid will want me. I know he will.

**BUDDY:** Believe what you want. Thing is, I don't need you, I certainly don't want you, so why don't you scurry off back to where you came from, okay?

**LUMPY:** I don't know where I am.

**BUDDY:** *(spinning around, trying to determine where they are)* Well, just... it's right...

**LUMPY:** Please, Buddy. I want to go to the plate, too.

*BUDDY sighs in defeat and heads offstage. They are startled by a loud clang.*

**BUDDY:** *(hiding behind LUMPY)* What was that? Who's there!?

**SPOON:** Hello?

**LUMPY:** *(happily)* Hello?

**SPOON:** Hello?

**LUMPY:** Hello?

**SPOON:** Hello?

**BUDDY:** I said, 'who's there!?'

**SPOON:** *(entering)* I am 'there!' Hello! I am 'Spoon-That-Was-Dropped-Under-The-Counter-And-Forgotten-About!'

**LUMPY:** Oh, hello! I'm Lumpy, this is Buddy!

*LUMPY goes to shake SPOON's hand, BUDDY grumbles about how his name isn't BUDDY.*

**SPOON:** I have no hands. But thank you.

**BUDDY:** *(trying to look tough)* You! Spoon!

**SPOON:** No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! I am 'Spoon-That-Was-Dropped-Under-The-Counter-And-Forgotten-About!'

**BUDDY:** Yes, that. Tell us how to get to the dining room table!

**SPOON:** *(giggling)* Sorry to inform you, my friend, but you are nowhere near the dining room table!

**LUMPY:** Well, it's hard to find it in the dark. Perhaps you could turn on a light for us?

**SPOON:** Oh, absolutely! We can turn on the lights. *(shouting offstage)* Could we get some light please?

*Lights flicker on; CRACKER and BEAR enter.*

**BEAR:** How's that?

**SPOON:** Great. Thank you! *(turning back to LUMPY and BUDDY)* This is 'Animal-Cracker-Missing-A-Leg-Because-It-Got-Squished-In-The-Bag' and 'Gummy-Bear-That-Accidentally-Slid-Under-The-Microwave.'

**CRACKER:** Where did you say you two were headed?

**BUDDY:** None of your –

**LUMPY:** We're going to the cookie plate on the dining room table! We accidentally got left behind!

**CRACKER:** *(looking LUMPY over)* Accidentally, huh?

**SPOON:** Be nice, 'Animal-Cracker-Missing-A-Leg-Because-It-Got-Squished-In-The-Bag!' He looks all right to me! We'd be happy to point you in the right direction, fellas!

**LUMPY:** Oh, thank you!

**BEAR:** It's just around this counter here and past the garbage can and the door. Then you should be right at the foot of the dining room table. We can take you there, if you like.

**LUMPY:** Oh, Buddy! Can they come? It's always more fun to travel if you have new friends! *(to SPOON, CRACKER and BEAR)* Ooh, this will be so much fun!

**BUDDY:** Ah, get out of my way! I'll get there myself. It'll be easy now that you idiots were smart enough to turn the lights on! Where were you when we were wandering helpless in the dark?

*LUMPY shakes hands with everyone (except SPOON, who has no hands). LUMPY notices BUDDY leaving and hurries after him.*

**LUMPY:** *(exiting)* Wait, Buddy!

**SPOON:** Good luck, little cookie!

*Beat.*

**CRACKER:** Say, 'Spoon-That-Was-Dropped-Under-The-Counter-And-Forgotten-About?'

**SPOON:** Yes?

**CRACKER:** Did you tell them about Jewel?

**SPOON:** Oh, no.

**BEAR:** Oh, dear. I hope they don't run into her... Speaking of which, we should get off the floor...

*They exit quickly. BUDDY and LUMPY re-enter; LUMPY singing loudly and out of tune.*

**BUDDY:** Stop that noise! It's bad enough you have to be following me around but do you have to sing, too?

*They walk in silence. LUMPY starts to hum again, but stops at a dark look from BUDDY.*

**LUMPY:** Don't you like to sing, Buddy?

**BUDDY:** No.

**LUMPY:** Oh. *(beat)* Do you like to dance?

**BUDDY:** No.

**LUMPY:** Do you like show-tunes?

**BUDDY:** No!

**LUMPY:** C'mon, Buddy! Everyone has to like something.

**BUDDY:** I like quiet.

**LUMPY:** *(undaunted)* I bet you'd be a terrific dancer. *(starting to dance)* I can see you now...

*LUMPY begins demonstrating how he envisions BUDDY would dance, singing his own accompaniment. His dance is exuberant, joyful and wild. He gets carried away and runs into BUDDY, knocking them both over.*

**BUDDY:** *(getting up, brushing off more loose crumbs)* Lumpy! You keep knocking crumbs off me! Now, please, just be quiet and let me be! Don't touch me, don't talk to me, don't dance with me, don't even LOOK at me! You're lucky to even still be here, so BE QUIET!

**LUMPY:** Oh, okay... I'm sorry, Buddy. I'll be quiet now, quiet as a mouse. You won't hear a peep out of me – no, sir! Whatever you –

*LUMPY catches BUDDY's murderous glance and quickly zips his lips, locks them and throws away the key. They continue walking, until...*

**BUDDY:** Ah-ha! There, Lumpy, there's the garbage can. We're almost to the dining room table. When we get there you are not to embarrass me in front of all the other cookies, got it? (*LUMPY nods and eagerly gestures his agreement*) If they ask, you don't know me –

*JEWEL, the family dog (played by two actors – one in front, one in back), enters, licking her chops. LUMPY tries desperately to warn BUDDY, but his lips are zipped.*

**BUDDY:** What's wrong with you? Well? Come on! Talk!

*LUMPY merely continues to flail his arms frantically, pointing to his 'zipped' lips.*

**BUDDY:** TALK, Lumpy!

**LUMPY:** DOG!

*BUDDY haltingly turns around to be staring directly in JEWEL's face.*

**JEWEL:** (*joyfully*) Cookie! I like cookies! Hey, Cookie! Can I eat you, Cookie?

**BUDDY:** (*running the other direction, shoving LUMPY toward the dog*) Eat HIM!

**LUMPY:** Wait, Buddy!

*A chase breaks out as JEWEL chases BUDDY and LUMPY around the stage and even into the audience.*

**JEWEL:** Cookie! Don't run, cookie, because I would like to eat you! Please can I eat you, Cookie?

*LUMPY and BUDDY split up. JEWEL's front legs try to chase after one cookie while her hind legs try to chase the other. In the topsy-turvy fray, JEWEL ends up chasing her own tail.*

**JEWEL:** Tail! Tail! Come back here, you tail!

*MR. T-BONE enters, peering from the top of the garbage can.*

**MR. T-BONE:** Hey! Y'all need some help?

**BUDDY:** YES!

**JEWEL:** (*rediscovering LUMPY and BUDDY*) Cookie! I love cookies ever so much! Cookie, let me eat you, cookie!

**BUDDY:** Get back, you mangy mutt!

**MR. T-BONE:** Hey! Dog! Here, Jewell!

**JEWEL:** (*looking up*) Bone? Bone, bone, bone, bone, bone, bone, bone!

**MR. T-BONE:** You want the bone? Come get the bone!

*MR. T-BONE jumps from the garbage can and runs offstage, JEWEL follows excitedly.*

**MR. T-BONE:** (*offstage*) Quick! Tip the garbage can over!

*BUDDY and LUMPY begin pushing on the garbage can. MR. T-BONE enters just as the garbage can tips and blocks the doorway so JEWEL can't enter. JEWEL begins whining and scratching at the door.*

**JEWEL:** (*offstage*) But I wanted the bone! Why can't I have the bone?

*MR. T-BONE meows.*

**JEWEL:** Cat? Ooh, cat! Cat!

*JEWEL's voice fades.*

**MR. T-BONE:** Are y'all okay, little cookies?

**LUMPY:** (*shaking MR. T-BONE's hand enthusiastically*) Yes! Thank you!

**MR. T-BONE:** Aw, shucks. Don't mention it. Y'all can call me Mr. T-Bone! And you are...?

**LUMPY:** *(pulling BUDDY over to meet MR. T-BONE)* I'm Lumpy and this is Buddy!

**BUDDY:** I'm NOT Buddy.

**MR. T-BONE:** Then who are you? *(BUDDY doesn't answer; MR. T-BONE laughs)* Follow me, boys. *(crossing to the tipped over garbage can)* Here we are, home sweet home.

**BUDDY:** Where? It just looks like garbage to me.

**MR. T-BONE:** *(chuckling)* A fixer-upper, I admit, but I like it. *(a swarm of CRUMBS roll in)* Ah, here are the young 'uns. *(to CRUMBS)* This here is Lumpy and Buddy. *(to LUMPY and BUDDY)* Boys, these are my little crumbies. This is...

*MR. T-BONE starts naming several CRUMBS; LUMPY tries remembering them, but can't keep up. BUDDY watches, disinterested, for a short period of time. LUMPY begins mixing them up and losing track of where he's at. Finally, BUDDY can take no more.*

**BUDDY:** Oh, for heaven's sake, Lumpy! They're just crumbs! Just say 'hi' to them all!

**LUMPY:** Oh! Hello, Crumbies!

**CRUMBS:** Hello!

*LUMPY reaches down to pat them.*

**BUDDY:** *(pulling LUMPY back; kicking several that swarm his feet)* Lumpy, don't touch them. They're garbage!

**LUMPY:** I don't see anything wrong with them. *(breaking away from BUDDY, he picks some up, throwing them in the air, catching them; CRUMBS squeal happily)* They're fun, Buddy! *(to CRUMBS)* How did you get thrown away?

**MR. T-BONE:** Well, boys, why don't y'all set right down here and chat for a spell?

**BUDDY:** I have better places to be if you don't mind –

**LUMPY:** *(grabbing BUDDY's hand, pulling him to the fire)* Sit by me, Buddy!

**MR. T-BONE:** So, where y'all headed?

**LUMPY:** To the plate on the dining room table! We were accidentally left on the counter and we're going to –

**BUDDY:** I was mistakenly left on the counter. Lumpy here was just a mistake. He's 'garbage food.'

**MR. T-BONE:** 'Garbage food,' huh? Well, shoot – Lumpy don't look like 'garbage food' to me. Why, he looks just dandy – just like you.

**BUDDY:** You sure your eyes work okay?

**MR. T-BONE:** Okey-dokey, then. Let's put it this way – take a look at these little guys. Y'all see these little crumbs? Now, what do you think they're made of?

**BUDDY:** Garbage, naturally.

**MR. T-BONE:** *(to CRUMBS)* Are any of y'all gingerbread crumbs? *(several CRUMBS bounce; to BUDDY)* These crumbs were part of gingerbread cookie, just like you and just like Lumpy.

**BUDDY:** But they weren't worth anything. That's why they were thrown away.

**LUMPY:** That can't be true! They were just too small to be a whole cookie! It's easy to get forgotten if you're that little, but that doesn't make them unimportant. *(hugging a couple of CRUMBS)*

**BUDDY:** *(snorting)* Pfft! Then why aren't they on that plate? I'll tell you why – because they're not perfect! I'm perfect enough to be up there, they are not.

**LUMPY:** And me?

**BUDDY:** And neither are you! You deserve to stay here with the garbage! Look at you! Your frosting isn't even smoothed out.

**LUMPY:** But we're both gingerbread cookies. Even these crumbs are gingerbread cookies. Does it really matter?

**BUDDY:** Yes – we're not the same. At least I look like a gingerbread cookie. You don't – and neither do they.

**MR. T-BONE:** But y'all are still gingerbread.

**BUDDY:** No, we're not.

**MR. T-BONE:** That's so? Tell me – what are your ingredients?

**BUDDY:** Flour, butter, baking soda, brown sugar, ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, molasses and eggs. What difference does that make?

**MR. T-BONE:** Hey, Crumbies! What are your ingredients?

**CRUMBS:** *(several voices at once)* Flour! Butter! Baking soda! Brown sugar! Ginger! Cinnamon! Nutmeg! Molasses! Eggs!

*BUDDY is speechless. LUMPY is amazed, looking back and forth at CRUMBS, BUDDY and himself. They sit in silence for a moment as the realization sinks in for LUMPY. MR. T-BONE chuckles lightly. The silence continues until...*

**ANNIE:** *(from the garbage can)* Honey? Do we have company?

**MR. T-BONE:** Oh, shoot! Now where are my manners! *(running to the garbage can, fetching a lovely apple core – ANNIE SMITH)* This here is the little missus! *(twirling her, showing her off)* Isn't she lovely? She's the apple of my eye!

**ANNIE:** *(turning away, embarrassed)* Oh, stop. *(to LUMPY and BUDDY)* You can call me Annie. Annie Smith... T-Bone.

**LUMPY:** I like that name! You are a very pretty shade of green!

**MR. T-BONE:** These boys are headed to the dining room table to be with the other cookies.

**ANNIE:** Oh, but we so rarely get any good company. I mean, I like the Blooming Onion and all, but really – I can only stand his breath for a couple of minutes. Are you sure you two couldn't stay for at least a little while? *(clasping her hands; to LUMPY)* Please? We've got nothing to look forward to but raccoons and birds. It sure would be nice to have a little get-together before we have to relocate. Please? Pretty please? *(giving LUMPY a pouty look; LUMPY giving BUDDY the same pouty look)*

**BUDDY:** *(annoyed)* Fine. But I'm leaving in five minutes whether you're ready to go or not.

**LUMPY:** *(jumping up and down)* So is this going to be like a party? I've never been to a party!

**MR. T-BONE:** Hey! How's about we get a little music out here? *(to LUMPY and BUDDY)* We had a band drop in not too long ago. They're a little nutty, but what do you expect from a bunch of pistachios? *(Calling)* Bob! Louie! Pancho! Benny! Juevo! Get on out here!

*A five-piece PISTACHIO BAND enters playing a modern polka on instruments made of food. ANNIE and MR. T-BONE start to dance together, LUMPY dances his own wacky dance with the CRUMBS, BUDDY sits and watches unenthusiastically.*

**BUDDY:** *(to himself)* I didn't want to dance anyway. Only garbage foods dance.

*LUMPY cuts in and starts to dance with ANNIE. Their dancing is ungainly, but they're having a lot of fun. BUDDY watches until he can't take it anymore.*

**BUDDY:** Get out of the way, you amateurs! Let me show you how it's done! Who wants to dance with me? *(Silence)* Come on! I'm undoubtedly the best dancer here! Anyone?

**NAPKIN:** *(entering)* I'm not such a bad dancer myself, mister. For a napkin, that is.

**MR. T-BONE:** Aw, shucks! She's bein' modest. This little napkin here could wipe the floor with you!

**BUDDY:** *(to the spectators)* Fine! Watch and learn!

**LUMPY:** I told you everyone likes something! I just knew you'd be a good dancer! *(to MR. T-BONE, excitedly)* Ooh, this is going to be good!

*The PISTACHIO BAND switches to mariachi music. BUDDY grabs the NAPKIN and dances. He attempts all sorts of dances, none of which look correct.*

**LUMPY:** Buddy? I'm watching... but when are you going to start dancing?

**BUDDY:** *(stopping mid head-bang)* Excuse me? You don't like how I dance? All right. I'll show you something that'll knock your socks off!

*The PISTACHIO BAND switches to fast swing music. BUDDY grabs the NAPKIN and takes off more exuberantly than before. He spins her and dips her and even does the tango. MR. T-BONE, ANNIE and LUMPY are impressed.*

**ANNIE:** My, my, look at that!

**MR. T-BONE:** I haven't been able to dance like that since I had gristle.

*During the dance, BUDDY's frosting wipes off on the NAPKIN. When the song is complete, he turns back to LUMPY, MR. T-BONE, ANNIE and the CRUMBS. His back is to the audience.*

**BUDDY:** *(triumphantly)* How was that?! Good enough for you?

*LUMPY covers his mouth in shock, MR. T-BONE covers ANNIE's eyes, NAPKIN looks down at the frosting on her.*

**BUDDY:** What's the matter? Can't you speak?

**LUMPY:** *(quietly, pointing)* Look.

**BUDDY:** *(slowly turning around, looking at his bare stomach)* What have you done to me?!

**NAPKIN:** Sorry. Do you want your frosting back?

**LUMPY:** Buddy? Are you okay, Buddy?

**BUDDY:** I'm... burnt?

# **THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!**

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## SCRIPT ORDER • ROYALTY APPLICATION

### CONTACT INFORMATION

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Attention \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Fax \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail \_\_\_\_\_ Website \_\_\_\_\_

Theater status

\_\_\_\_\_ Educational

\_\_\_\_\_ Amateur non-student production

\_\_\_\_\_ Non-equity with paid actors

\_\_\_\_\_ Equity

### PAYMENT INFORMATION

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Billing Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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PRODUCTION INFORMATION

Number of performances \_\_\_\_\_ First performance date \_\_\_\_\_

Last performance date \_\_\_\_\_

Will you tour this show?

\_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_ Yes

*(if yes, the following information is required)*

Tentative number of performances:

\_\_\_\_\_ Minimum \_\_\_\_\_ Maximum

Are the tour dates finalized?

\_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_ Yes

Geographic location of your tour \_\_\_\_\_

For competition?

\_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_ Yes

If yes, which competition? \_\_\_\_\_

Do you need permission to cut this show?

\_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_ Yes

If yes, what is your time limit? \_\_\_\_\_

Performance Venue \_\_\_\_\_

*(if different from Producing Organization)* \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

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Ticket price range \_\_\_\_\_

GENERAL INFORMATION

- Script (PDF) \$25.00
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ADDITIONAL QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS

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Signature of applicant \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_