

PORCUPINES FOREVER

by Scot Walker

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SYNOPSIS: Is there an answer to the NRA and gun violence? Yes, the members of the National Porcupine Association are going door-to-door selling porcupines, which appear to be warm fuzzy stuffed animals... until a bad guy threatens, and then they fire a thousand quills and stifle all crime.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 either)

CHRIS (m/f)..... entrepreneur, any age. *(26 lines)*

KIM (m/f)..... any age. *(23 lines)*

DURATION: 10 minutes

SETTING: Living room, one small table, perhaps a chair

TIME: Present.

PROPS: One carrying case and two plush toy animals—the sillier the better, the same or vastly different, your choice, as long as neither resembles a porcupine.

AT START: CHRIS rushes in, carrying a plush animal in one hand and a carrying case in the other.

CHRIS: (*Puts case on floor, places plush animal on table and gives mouth-to-mouth.*) In goes the good air... out goes (*Pumping animal's chest.*) the bad air. Breathe damn you, breathe. (*Pump, pump.*)

KIM: What are you doing?

CHRIS: (*Continuing mouth-to-mouth.*) In goes the good air. (*Blows into the animal's mouth.*) I'm saving the life of my porcupine; he's swallowed his quills. (*Pumping.*) Breathe, Porky, breathe!

KIM: He's a what?

CHRIS: (*Pump.*) One. Two. Three. (*Pumping then breathing into the animal.*) ...He's a porcupine, a card carrying member of The (*Breathing into the animal.*) National (*Breathing.*) Porcupine (*Breathing.*) Association. Breathe, doggone you, breathe!

KIM: That's just a _____. [*Insert name of the stuffed animal.*]

CHRIS: (*Pump. Pump.*) Porky's disguised as a _____ [*Insert name of the stuffed animal.*] but he's actually a (*Breathing into Porky's mouth.*) porcupine! Breathe, Porky, breathe! (*Beat.*) I brought him here because he's the best protector you'll ever find.

KIM: A stuffed animal toy?

CHRIS: (*Pump.*) He's not a _____! [*Insert name of the stuffed animal.*] He's a porcupine... bred to guard mankind. (*Picking Porky up.*) Hurray, he's fine now! (*Cuddles Porky.*) I don't see a security system, so I wonder how much safer you'd feel with your own personal porcupine. You must worry about safety, don't you? There are strange critters out there!

KIM: There certainly are! (*Gapes at CHRIS.*) But what's that (*Starts to say name of stuffed animal.*)—

CHRIS: Porcupine. It's a dagnabbit porcupine! ...in disguise... to protect us. Most people worry and that's why I'm here: I have the answer to all your safety concerns. But first, on a scale of one to ten with one meaning "I'm as safe as can be" and ten meaning "Oh My goodness gracious me, I'm scared to death!" How would you rate your sense of security?

KIM: Ah...

CHRIS: Ah? That means you're nervous I understand. Most people are hesitant about answering personal safety questions, especially if they're left alone in this big empty house for hours on end.

KIM: Oh dear! I worry all the time so I guess I'm in category seven... or maybe eight—

CHRIS: *(Puts porcupine over his shoulder and burps it.)* At the very least! *(Making a big burp sound.)*

KIM: But how can I keep myself safe, because, well... there's no way a toy can—

CHRIS: *(Speaking to Porky.)* There, there. Everything's fine. You'll be okay *(To KIM, covering Porky's ears.)* Please stop hurting Porky's feelings—he's an extremely sensitive porcupine. *(Uncovering Porky's ears.)* In our dangerous world, no one can ever feel safe. Some try guns but bullets are a lot like bowling balls—if you take a shot and miss the headpin, you scatter innocent pins all over the place. *(Tearing up.)* Those poor pins end up with broken necks and nicks and dents all up and down their bottle-like bodies... *(Feigns crying.)* it's so sad.

KIM: *(Nearly crying, holding back tears.)* I never thought about the safety of those poor innocent pins. I mean, I get nervous when I'm left all alone and my mind fills with fear so I can't imagine how *they* feel... but how can I protect myself against... you know... unforeseen things?

CHRIS: I'm glad you asked. We involved in the National Porcupine Association have the perfect solution: *(Hands Porky to KIM, opens his bag, pulls out another silly stuffed animal.)* We don't take crime or violence lying down. We arm ourselves with one of these nurturing protecting porcupines.

KIM: Hey, that's not a porcupine either.

CHRIS: *(Covering her ears.)* Yes... Petunia's a porcupine! *(Uncovering ears, to Petunia.)* There, there, Petunia, they didn't mean it, be strong, be a good girl... *(Listening to Petunia.)* You're safe with me *(Cuddles the stuffed animal. To KIM.)* Porcupines were created to comfort and protect us... that's why they have retractable quills that only come out to attack bad guys!

KIM: *(Gently touches Porky.)* It's so soft.

CHRIS: Yep, porcupines feel soft and cuddly to folks but they have nine-inch quills buried deep inside ready to ferret out danger in a moment's notice. That's why I had to hurry in. Porky's quills had retracted and put him a porcupine coma. (*Looks offstage.*) Hey! See that guy attacking that woman? Watch this! (*Aims his porcupine.*)

There is an offstage scream and a thud as "the man" hits the ground.

KIM: What the heck happened? I didn't see anything except that bully hitting the ground!

CHRIS: That's Porcupine Power! The moment one of these lovelies sees, senses, hears or smells anyone posing a threat, it reacts. That thug now has 50,000 quills piercing every part of his body!

KIM: Fifty thousand?

CHRIS: More or less. I never counted. Porcupines recharge instantly. And they're safe enough to cuddle at night or carry with you when you venture outside. With a porcupine, you'll always be safe.

KIM: Won't people think that's weird... me "venturing" out with a—

CHRIS: Not at all. Within weeks the entire world will be armed with porcupine protectors... Even your pastor will thank you when you bring your porcupine to church.

KIM: That's really too much. I think it's time for you to—

CHRIS: Read the Scriptures. God sent the animals in the ark two by two, didn't He? Well, I bet one of these porcupines led them safely up the gang plank while the other—

KIM: Acted as rear guard! (*Beat.*) I get it. That's why God created porcupines! ...to protect us!

CHRIS: Exactly. God did a lot more than give us a rainbow, you know, he protected us with—

KIM and CHRIS: Porcupines! (*Both pet their porcupines happily, lovingly.*)

CHRIS: Now that you understand their power, I need to let you know about our sale! You can buy a mating pair of porcupines for only a hundred-twenty five bucks and I'll give you an on-line instruction manual, a month's supply of porcupine food and a free mating cage!

KIM: A mating cage?

CHRIS: Oh yeah! That's the most important part! Once the happy couple is linked in conjugal bliss, heaven begins! Within days, you'll be the owner of a dozen baby porcupines ready to lock and load for your protection as they quill up—

KIM: Quill up?

CHRIS: Yep! You already witnessed the positive power of porcupines and each of these critters will become part of your life and can be safely carried everywhere.

KIM: Safely carried?

CHRIS: *(Covers the porcupine's ears.)* Don't repeat everything. Porcupines don't like that. *(To KIM.)* You can carry them anywhere for protection and, as you see, when all's right with the world, they're loving caring pets. *(Rubs the porcupine up and down face, etc.)* Tickle his tummy. Try it.

KIM: *(Tickling his porcupine.)* I see your point. Porky's so responsive... And his hidden quills only hurt bad guys, so he's totally safe... and fun.

CHRIS: Yep, and his compatriots are trained porcupine doctors—where they wait in emergency rooms all across our country as part of our nation's porcupine reserves where they expertly, and painfully, I might add, remove quills one by agonizing one. Soon, our entire planet will dismantle its police forces because porcupine will be in everyone's hands. We won't even need armies!

KIM: You're putting me on, right?

CHRIS: Porky and Petunia putting you on? No way. Porcupines will be our guardians. And we'll save trillions because prisons will be a thing of the past because porcupines will be our—

CHRIS and KIM: Salvation!

CHRIS: Right! And for today and today only I can give you our ten percent discount, bringing your total investment down to ninety dollars... and I'll leave this mating pair. *(Examines porcupines.)* Ah, good match! One of each! *(Takes out cell phone and presents the contract to KIM.)* Sign here.

KIM signs. Blackout. Sound of mating porcupines "going at it".

THE END