

THE RELISH

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Sam Person, Angie Molina and Mike Willis

Copyright © MMVIII by Sam Person, Angie Molina and Mike Willis

All Rights Reserved

Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

The writing of plays is a means of livelihood. Unlawful use of a playwright's work deprives the creator of his or her rightful income. The playwright is compensated on the full purchase price and the right of performance can only be secured through purchase of at least three (3) copies of this work. PERFORMANCES ARE LIMITED TO ONE VENUE FOR ONE YEAR FROM DATE OF PURCHASE.

The possession of this script without direct purchase from the publisher confers no right or license to produce this work publicly or in private, for gain or charity. On all programs and advertising this notice must appear: "Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC of Cedar Rapids, Iowa."

This dramatic work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second hand from a third party. All rights including, but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, broadcast, recitation, lecturing, tabloid, publication, and reading are reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW.

PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

THE RELISH

By Sam Person, Angie Molina and Mike Willis

SYNOPSIS: Frank N. Furter, top secret government agent, answers directly to the president. Frank has received orders from the president to find test subjects for a new mind-altering serum that has been developed by our government scientists. Frank disguises the serum in some hot dog pickle relish and sets up a hot dog stand on a Michigan Avenue street corner in Chicago, Illinois and begins selling hot dogs. His mission is to record the effects the relish has on his customers. Sounds simple, right? Not if your customer is Tess, as in Tess. T. Subject. The eccentric, scatterbrained, and just plain goofy Tess, turns the tables on Frank leaving him the one with...a pickle.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

FRANK N. FURTER (m).....An undercover, top secret, government agent who answers directly to the President of the United States. Frank is dressed in a white shirt with a thin black tie and dark slacks. He wears dark-framed glasses with thick lenses making him look nerdish. Frank is full of nervous energy and slightly paranoid. (45 lines)

TESS T. SUBJECT (f).....A young woman with strange colored hair ratted up high on her head. Tess wears a lot of eye makeup which makes her eyes look quite large. her clothing matches her hair, wild with color. A long, colorful, flowing skirt and sandals give Tess an unkempt Bohemian, bordering on hippie, appearance. She carries a large floppy shoulder bag in which she has her cell phone. Tess appears to be unorganized and not overly bright. (44 lines)

SETTING

A bare stage with props used to depict FRANK'S apartment and a corner hot dog stand.

TIME

The present.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

The Relish, is meant to be played larger than life with the characters FRANK and TESS appearing almost cartoonish.

HISTORY

The Relish, was conceived and written on the University of South Dakota campus during a beginner's play writing workshop for youth taught by Mike Willis. Mr. Willis is an actor and a published playwright and was performing with the South Dakota Shakespeare Festival in conjunction with teaching the play writing workshop. At the end of the workshop, the play was given a staged reading in the workshop space at the University of South Dakota. Sam Person and Angie Molina, co-authors of the play, played Frank and Tess before an audience comprised of South Dakota Shakespeare Festival cast members as well as their friends and family.

Act 1, Scene 1

SETTING:

FRANK'S living room. A bare stage with a reclining chair placed slightly right of center-stage. A small table with a telephone on it sits next to the recliner.

AT RISE:

FRANK enters from *SL* wearing a robe and carrying his newspaper. He yawns and sits in the recliner and begins reading. The phone rings.

FRANK: (*Annoyed answering the phone.*) What?! (*FRANK jumps to attention.*) Oh... uh, uh, I'm sorry Mr. President! I wasn't expecting your call, I, I... (*Pause.*) I know Mr. President as a top secret government agent, I should always be expecting your call. (*Pause.*) Thank you, I just bought it at... wait a minute, Mr. President, how did you know I was wearing a robe? (*Pause.*) Oh, yes Mr. President, I forgot that you are an all-knowing, all-seeing being. I will remember Mr. President that the eyes of the government are eternally upon us. You have a job for me? Special Agent Frank N. Furter at your service, *sir!* What's the mission *sir?* Fighting zombies? Infiltrating an enemy installation? Or, or... you want me to do what? Set up a hot dog stand on Michigan Avenue in Chicago, Illinois? And why exactly do you want me to be a hot dog vender, Mr. President? (*Pause.*) Our top-secret government scientists want to conduct human experiments with a new brain altering serum? (*Pause.*) I can do that, *sir.* I'll mix the serum in with the pickle relish for the hot dogs. What are the expected side effects, Mr. President? Wow, increased intelligence. (*Pause.*) You can count on me, *sir.* I'll find our subject. Goodbye, Mr. President and thank you for...Mr. President? Are you there, *sir?* Mr. President? Hmm, must have gotten disconnected.

FRANK hangs up the phone and exits as the lights fade to black.

Act 1, Scene 2

SETTING:

A street corner on Michigan Avenue in Chicago, Illinois. A small hot dog stand sits center-stage.

AT RISE:

FRANK is behind the counter of the hot dog stand. He begins calling out to pedestrians passing by his stand in an attempt to lure in a customer.

FRANK: (*Calling out.*) Hot dogs for sale! Get your hot dogs here. Hey, you! You sir, you look like you could use a hot dog. (*Pedestrian ignores FRANK.*) Just tryin' to make a livin' here. Hot dogs here, best dogs in Chicago. (*TESS enters carrying a shoulder bag.*) How about you Miss... you want a dog?

TESS: What kind of dogs are you selling? I've got a dog, it's a Doberman pinscher.

FRANK: Well, no... I'm selling wieners.

TESS: Dachshunds?

FRANK: No, not dachshunds! I'm not selling dogs! I'm selling, *hot dogs...to eat.*

TESS: Okay, why didn't you say so?

FRANK: I did. Why would I be selling dogs on a corner of Michigan Avenue in Chicago, Illinois?

TESS: I don't know. Why would you?

FRANK: (*Even more irritated.*) I'm not! I'm selling, hot dogs!

TESS: Then just say so.

FRANK: I did! (*Aside.*) She's perfect for this experiment. (*To TESS.*) Do you want one or not?

TESS: One, what?

FRANK: A hot dog.

TESS: Maybe.

FRANK: (*Struggling to remain calm.*) Okay, maybe. Maybe you do? Or, maybe you... don't?

TESS: Just maybe. Why?

FRANK: Why? Because I'm trying to sell hot dogs here!

TESS: Oh, then I guess so.

FRANK: So, you want a hot dog then?

TESS: (*Taking credit card from her bag.*) No, I don't really want a hot dog, I just want to use my new credit card.

FRANK: I'm sorry, we don't take credit cards.

TESS returns the credit card to her bag

TESS: Then I guess I don't want a hot dog.

FRANK: How about I just give you one for free?

TESS: I don't know, I'm not really very hungry.

FRANK: Why don't you just try one? I've got this special relish.

TESS: I don't like relish.

FRANK: Oh, you'll like this relish.

TESS: I don't think so.

FRANK: (*Pleading.*) Why don't you just try some?

TESS: (*Hesitant.*) Well...

FRANK: What's your name, Miss?

TESS: Tess Subject. Why?

FRANK takes out a small pad and a pencil and write on the pad.

FRANK: Because, I need it for my records.

TESS: You keep records of who buys your hot dogs?

FRANK: Not my hot dogs, just who I give my special relish to.

TESS: But, I haven't had any of your special relish.

FRANK: But, you're going to... right?

TESS: Maybe.

FRANK: (*Desperate.*) Aw c'mon... just try the relish.

TESS: Oh, all right... maybe I will.

FRANK: Great! Oh, and what's your middle initial?

TESS: Why?

FRANK: Because, I need it for my report... oh, I mean records.

TESS: You need what for your records?

FRANK: Your full name with middle initial.

TESS: Oh, okay my middle initial is T... Tess T. Subject.

FRANK: (*Writing.*) Let me get this straight, your name is Tess T. Subject?

TESS: Maybe.

FRANK: Maybe?!

TESS: No, I'm just kidding, that's my name.

FRANK: Strange.

TESS: What?

FRANK: Nothing. Okay then, it will just be a minute while I get your hot dog. (*FRANK turns to prepare hot dog.*)

TESS: Oh, I don't want a hot dog.

FRANK: *What?!* I thought you....

TESS: I just want the special relish.

FRANK: You just want the relish?

TESS: On a bun.

FRANK: All right... I think I've got it. You want the special relish on a bun?

TESS: Maybe.

FRANK: Oh, no. Not this maybe again. Forget the maybes... *please.*

TESS: Sorry, you're right forget I said maybe, just give me the special relish on a bun.

FRANK: Fine. It will just be a minute while I get your bun and relish. (*FRANK takes out a cell phone quickly dials a number while TESS paces DL waiting. Whispering into the phone.*) Hello, Mr. President? Oh, uh, sorry Mom. (*Pause.*) Yes, I love you too. Mom... I gotta go. (*TESS continues pacing as FRANK redials.*) (*On cell phone.*) Is this, Mr. President? Okay, good... I was afraid it was my mom again. (*Pause.*) Uh... why, it's me Mr. President... top secret agent Frank N. Furter...calling from my hot dog stand on Michigan Avenue in Chicago Illinois. (*Pause.*) Mr. President, I have a test subject and I am about to administer...*"the relish"*. (*Pause.*) Yes, Mr. President, I will be in touch as soon as I can verify the results. You can count on me, Sir. (*FRANK puts his cell phone away and puts some relish on a bun and hands it to TESS.*) Here's your special relish on a whole wheat bun.

TESS: I didn't ask for a whole wheat bun.

FRANK: *(Whining.)* Just take the bun. Please.....

TESS: Oh... I don't know. Don't you have potato bread?

FRANK: Potato bread?! Potato bread, are you serious? Wait, don't answer that. No, I don't have potato bread. Now, will you please just take the wheat?

TESS: Oh... maybe.

FRANK: No, no...not the maybe thing again.

TESS: All right, if it will make you happy, give me the whole wheat.

FRANK: Yes! *(FRANK hands TESS the bun and she begins to exit.)*

TESS: Thank you.

FRANK: *(In a panic.)* Wait! Where are you going?

TESS: Home. Didn't I tell you it was a "to go" order?

FRANK: We don't do "to go" orders. You have to eat it here.

TESS: Why?

FRANK: *(Taking out his cell phone and note pad.)* Well, uh... because I have to record it.

TESS: Record it? Record what?

FRANK: You eating the special serum... uh, I mean relish.

TESS: You want to record me eating the relish? You are too weird. What are you, some kind of a pervert? I think I am going to call a policeman. *(TESS takes her cell phone from her bag.)*

FRANK: *(In a panic.)* No! No, don't do that. You can't call the police.

TESS: Sure, I can. I have them on speed dial. Watch. *(TESS begins dialing.)*

FRANK: Stop! Just take your sandwich and go. All right?

TESS: Maybe.

FRANK: Please...just go.

TESS: *(Pointing a finger at FRANK.)* Okay, but I'm watching you. *Weirdo!* *(TESS crosses down-stage away from the hot dog stand.)*

FRANK: *(To himself.)* Oh no...now what?

TESS resumes dialing HER cell phone and then begins speaking into the phone with a heavy Russian accent.

The Relish by Sam Person, Angie Molina and Mike Willis
Copyright © MMXII by Sam Person, Angie Molina and Mike Willis

TESS: Comrade Boris? Eees special secret agent, Natasha. I have gotten zee serum. Eeet ees in zee hots dog relish. Zeest American agent Franks en Furter eest so stupid, ya?

THE END

DO NOT COPY