

PUPPET PLAY

A Puppet Play in One Act with Real Live Humans
By Bo Anderson

Robert "Bo" Anderson
914 3rd Street
Juneau, Ak 99824
(907) 463-2566
dquixote@hotmail.com
www.bo-o-rama.com

List of Characters:

Big D:	A large man and a puppeteer.
PA:	Bethany, A female Production Assistant for the Happy Fun Time Show
Mark:	An elementary school teacher
Tina:	Marks Teachers Assistant
Man's Voice:	The Director of the Happy Fun Time Show (can be a sound cue)

List of Puppets:

Beauregard:	The lead puppet character of the Happy Fun Time Show. The puppet that Big D controls and voices.
Pouty:	A pouty puppet, Beauregard's best friend. Can be double cast and controlled by the actor who plays PA.
Gruffles:	A gruff puppet.
Mr. Sock:	Tina's sock.

Setting:

The play is split between Big D's dressing room backstage at the Happy Fun Time Show, and Mark's bachelor pad apartment. Mark's apartment contains an overly large television that doubles as a Puppet Theatre. The Time is now.

SCENE 1

(Lights come up on **Mark's** living room. It is early morning and **Mark** sneaks quietly into the living room from the bedroom, he is mostly nude and in the process of dressing himself. He keeps looking back at the bedroom door nervously.)

Mark:

That was really stupid Mark, really, really stupid. What were you thinking? Stupid, stupid, stupid-

(While putting on his clothes **Mark** stubs his toe into a piece of furniture and has a big fall.)

Mark:

-Crap! Ouch, ouch, ouch! (Inhales audibly through his teeth) Ouch-ouch-ouch! Oh, ow, ow! (Inhales) Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. (Inhales) Dang it. Perfect. Just perfect.

(**Mark** stands and limps across the room. He makes grunting noises every time he has to put weight onto the stubbed toe. He gets an ice pack from the fridge, or exits through a different door and returns with an ice pack, sits, and applies it to his toe.)

Mark:

Oh, oh, oh yeah. That's the ticket. Ah.

(There is a noise from the bedroom. **Mark** jumps and sits on the TV remote. The TV/Puppet theatre turns on but there is static. **Mark** pulls the remote out from beneath him and tries to turn off the TV just as the Happy Fun Time Show's opening screen shot appears possibly accompanied by a Happy Fun Time Jingle. **Mark** stops trying to change the channel, and puts down the remote staring in to the TV intently. The lights go out in **Marks** apartment but the Happy Fun Time image stays illuminated in the TV. Mark remains motionless on the couch)

SCENE 2

(**Bethany** the **Production Assistant** is waiting in **Big D's** dressing room. She is pacing nervously and double checking that everything is in place. **Big D** Enters. He is wearing street clothes.)

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PA:

(To headset) Big D is here... I'll get him ready... Yeah, I know... I know... I'm on it... Yeah... As soon as I can... (To Big D) You're late D!

Big D:

Yeah, what about it? I've got things to do, and I do them and sometimes it makes me late.

PA:

You were supposed to be here a half an hour ago. I hope you worked on your lines last night, because you are going on live in-

Big D:

-I worked some lines, sure.

PA:

Are you high?

Big D:

Maybe, are you going to say something?

PA:

No but someone else might.

Big D:

Who cares? They can't touch me, I'm untouchable. They need me. I can do without this whole mess, it's them that need me, and you tell them that.

PA:

I think they are aware of your position.

Big D:

Problem solved no problem at all really.

PA:

Not for you.

Big D:

What's that supposed to mean?

PA:

It means you're late, again -

Big D:

-I told you I've got things to do.

PA:

I know that but it's my ass on the line.

Big D:

What can I tell you kid, you're replaceable? You're not the first-

PA:

-Yes, yes I've heard it before. You don't care, they will replace me, and life will go on. But right now, in this moment I need you to start getting ready. Now move! (Into headset) Yeah... I'm working on it... I know, I know... I'll have him ready in 5.

(During the rest of the scene **PA** is trying to get **Big D** "ready" by getting him out of his street clothes and into "blacks" and he will be making it difficult for her)

Big D:

You will? Geez, five minutes that's not that much time, and look at me I'm a mess. What's it matter to you anyways?

PA:

(dead pan) It's everything to me; you are my bread and butter.

Big D:

You say that mockingly but there's more to that then you are telling me.

PA:

No, there isn't. You don't go out there, I get fired, I can't buy bread or butter, I don't eat.

Big D:

There's more, you're keeping something from me.

PA:

No, I'm not. You're imagining things.

Big D:

You're very mysterious to me. I don't know anything about you. Like your name, what's your name?

PA:

It really doesn't matter.

Big D:

Names are the beginning of understanding, it's how I'll separate all that I know about you from all of the other useless information I store up here.

If I tell you my name, will you get ready?

PA:

I might.

Big D:

Fine, my name is B-

PA:

Big D:

-No, no, I changed my mind. I don't want to know anything more about you than I already do.

PA:

My name is-

Big D:

-No, stop, just stop yourself please. You'll ruin your mystery.

PA:

Bethany, my name is Bethany.

Big D:

No, you see, it's all ruined now.

PA:

Yep, I ruined it. Now would mind helping me-

Big D:

-Well, I'm not in the mood now. You've completely spoiled the mood. I can't possibly go out there now.

PA:

Ok.

Big D:

You can't make me go out there.

PA:

Sure.

Big D:

Hey screw you. I'm not going out there today, I'm not.

PA:

(To head set) Yeah, I'm here, no, it's fine. The same, he's just warming up, same as always. (To Big D) It's time to really start getting ready. Take your jacket off.

Big D:

Don't touch my clothes, and don't be messing around. Tell them I'm not going out there. Tell them.

PA:

No.

Big D:

What the hell is wrong with you aren't you listening?

PA:

No, now take your shirt off.

Big D:

Explain to them, tell them with your headset why I'm not going on, you can tell them it's your fault. Save you some time anyway.

PA:

If you weren't going to go on then you wouldn't have shown up. Now drink that glass of whiskey behind you. It'll help.

Big D:

A whiskey, why didn't you tell me?

PA:

Double Malt on the rocks, the glass hasn't even started to sweat yet. (Big D drinks, and sits) Now take off your shoes.

Big D:

It's nothing to do with you, you know? It's the kids, I can't take it. I don't need to hide myself. I don't need to crouch down and make a funny voice. Do you know what I am telling you, I could be standing right out in the open, naked even, and they wouldn't even look at me? I'm not important to them. The parents, the adults, they would look at me, but to the kids I don't even matter. The illusion is so powerful, it's their world. A world of fluffy animals and make believe. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't strip that away from them with a crowbar.

PA:

Of course they like fluff, they are kids it's all part of their rights of passage into adulthood in our in our modern age. It's when they put away their childhood things that they become adults.

Big D:

Wow, somebody's getting in it deep. Getting a bit philosophical aren't we?

PA:

Maybe I am.

Big D:

They are kids they don't have rights, rites of passage, anything. They don't have anything.

PA:

All right, that's enough; it's time to get ready.

Big D:

I hate kids.

PA:

You love them and you love helping provide early education and entertainment to millions of kids across the globe.

Big D:

You don't know anything.

PA:

I know just about everything there is to know about the Happy Fun Time Show. I've been watching your show since I was a little girl. I kept watching the show every Saturday morning, even in high school. I was just, well, the reason I work here now is because I've always been a fan.

Big D:

A fan? A fan of what?

PA:

Of yours, well maybe not yours but, you know, the show, I loved the show. It's just fun.

Big D:

Fun? Fun? You think this is fun now?

PA:

It's close enough.

Big D:

You're an idiot. You know as a kid I could have told you to jump off a cliff and you probably would have done it.

PA:

You are probably right. I've always been a follower. I followed you all the way here didn't I?

Big D:

You didn't even know I existed.

PA:

No, but then I wasn't supposed to.

Big D:

Now that you're here, you must be disappointed.

PA:

It doesn't matter that the man behind the puppet is you. Your antics are nothing if not amusing and predictable. No, I'm not disappointed, I grew up.

Big D:

Everybody grows up, but since when am I predictable?

(**Big D** finishes his whiskey, and **PA** puts the glass away. During the next sequence **Big D** sits and lets **PA** get him ready. **Big D's** speech and **PA's** actions should be continuous.)

Big D:

You know, I was in a war once, they didn't call it that, but that's what it was. What we were supposed to be doing was help rebuild a country. I never had to fire my gun or kill anyone or anything. I was just some grunt who got bounced around a lot, but I saw some stuff. I spent a lot of time just guarding supplies. We would ride in the back of these trucks with all of this food in it. Whenever we would get to where we were going; well the kids of any given place are always the first ones to see us. They get all excited you see, and would chase the convoy from a half mile out. It was always the youngest kids, the older ones must have known better. Sometimes we would slow down, and let the kids catch up. I'd find some scraps of food, usually eggs. Eggs are the best, what does it matter if a dozen eggs go missing? Well, these kids would get

PA:

Lift up your right leg.

(PA takes off Big D's right shoe and sock and slides a slipped onto Big D's foot in its place)

And your left.

(PA repeats same action as before. She then puts the shoes and socks away.)

Now your shirt.

(PA unbuttons Big D's shirt. Takes it off of him, then folds it and puts it away or hangs it up. (**PA** gets a black shirt and dresses **Big D** in it)

Big D:

all kinds of excited and start laughing and cheering. We'd open up these crates of eggs and start throwing them up in the air. You should have seen it. There was nothing else, there was the egg and that was it, for the brief time these eggs were in the air the children worshiped those eggs like some primitive sun god. Of course we threw the eggs too high, so that as they came down the kids would try and catch them and they would break. It's all burned into my memory, all of us laughing at these kids. When I think about it I can only see one kid's face in my mind, the egg cracked on his face. The egg shell must have cut him; sometimes I remember it with blood and egg running down his face. He couldn't eat it anymore. The egg was worthless. The child was godless. He had no fluffy animals to believe in anymore. His childhood was over, and there I was laughing at him.

PA:

(PA takes off Big D's watch and any other jewelry he might have.)

Give me your wallet, and any loose change you might have in your pockets.

(**Big D** empties his pockets into PA's awaiting hands. She puts the items away.)

(**PA** opens a large and expensive case. She slowly removes **Beauregard** from the case. She cradles him gently.)

Your right hand.

(**Big D** raises his right hand)

(**PA** smoothly enters **Big D's** hand into **Beauregard** and religiously hands **Big D** the rods that control **Beauregard's** hands)

PA:

Ok, you're ready, go and get 'em.

SCENE 3

(Lights back up in **Mark's** apartment. The Happy Fun Time show's intro jingle resumes. The show's opening screen shot is replaced by the faces of **Beauregard** and **Pouty** puppet.)

Beauregard:

Hello boys and girls, welcome to the Happy Fun Time show! I'm your host Beauregard on this beautiful morning. Does anybody know what day it is?

Mark:

It's Saturday.

Beauregard:

If you think its Saturday you are only half right, because today isn't just Saturday it's also NUMBERS day. Today we are going to be learning numbers!

Mark:

Nice.

Pouty:

But I don't know numbers, they are so hard, I always forget.

Beauregard:

Numbers are so awesome. You don't even know, because you don't even know anything, but I'm going to teach you to count to three.

Pouty:

Is that hard to do?

Beauregard and Mark:

No.

Beauregard:

It's easy as 1, 2, 3.

Pouty:

Really?

Beauregard and Mark:

Yes!

Pouty:

How do I do it?

Beauregard:

You start with one...

Pouty:

1

Beauregard:

Then we move on to 2.

Pouty:

2

Beauregard:

And we end up at 3.

Pouty:

1, 2, 3, ha-ha, it's easy!

Mark:

What about 4?

Beauregard:

Let's count to three again, ready, altogether now-

Beauregard, Pouty, Mark:

1, 2, 3, YEAH!

Beauregard:

Wow that was really great. We now know how to count three! Three is such a fantastic number! Now let's learn the 1-2-3 dance. 1-2-3, HA! 1-2-3, HA! 1-2-3, HA!

(Beauregard and Pouty continue the 1-2-3 dance while Tina Enters from Mark's bedroom putting her clothes on. She is tired and hung-over.)

Tina:

Did you say something?

Mark:

Oh, no, well, I was just counting with the, with the show you know. They were counting to three.

Tina:

What about 4?

Mark:

That's what I said.

Beauregard:

Now let's count our friends Pouty, there is you, there is me, that makes?

Pouty:

1, 2, two friends!

Beauregard:

That's it, that's all we have Pouty, is two friends.

Pouty:

Um, I'm sure we have more friends to count just down the street. Follow me!

(**Pouty** puppet walks off the puppet set expecting to have **Beauregard** follow. **Beauregard** stays put and stares out into the audience)

Tina:

So, what are you up to today, do you have any plans or anything?

Mark:

No, I just wanted to get some serious down time in before Monday.

Tina:

Down time, like what we...

Mark:

Oh, no. That was something else.

(**Pouty** comes back onto the puppet theatre/TV)

Pouty:

Come on, in the thing, we have to, you know, go down the street and count-

Beauregard:

-Pouty, how many people do you think are watching us right now?

Pouty:

Um.

Tina:

Um, do you maybe want to get some coffee, with me?

Mark:

No, I don't really feel like going anywhere. I'm still a bit hung-over.

Pouty:

Um, that's not, um, that's not in the, you're supposed to follow me down the street where we meet up with our friends and count them. It's in the-

Beauregard:

- the script Pouty? Is that what you were going to say? Life doesn't have a script!

Pouty:

Oh, um, well, uh...

Tina:

Oh, well, uh, would you maybe like some company?

Mark:

Sure, yeah, if you want.

(Beauregard continues his stare out into the audience. Pouty grows more and more uncomfortable)

Pouty:

What are you doing?

Beauregard:

I'm taking a moment to notice our friends, the ones who watch us. I heard that at any given time there are around 500,000 people watching this show. They are our friends aren't they Pouty?

Pouty:

Um, yes, I don't know.

(Beauregard continues counting the masses through the television. Pouty paces trying to understand what is happening)

Tina:

I'm sorry, this might be weird, but I guess I don't know what to do here really.

Mark:

Yeah, me too.

Tina:

I don't usually get that drunk. I didn't expect to see you out last night, and there you were. I guess I just needed a release and, well, here I am!

Mark:

Yeah.

Tina:

Yeah.

Gruffles:

Hey, you guys were supposed to come over to my house and count me as your friend.

Pouty:

Well, I think Beauregard, is well, um, I don't know.

Beauregard:

Yep, there are about 500,000 of them out there, I can tell. They all think we're friends. I think I should tell them the truth don't you Pouty?

Pouty:

Um, I don't know.

Beauregard:

I think all my friends out there should get to know who I am. We shouldn't keep lying to our friends should we Pouty?

Pouty:

Um, well...

Mark:

Yeah, uh, look, I think we made a mistake.

Tina:

That's not what it looked like last night.

Mark:

That's not funny.

Tina:

No, maybe not.

Gruffles:

I really think we should get back-

Beauregard:

-Shut your face Gruffles, I was talking to Pouty!

Pouty:

Um...

Mark:

Tina, I'm a teacher and you are my TA, a relationship with you is inappropriate at best.

Tina:

A relationship? Who said anything about a relationship? We had sex, that's all. As for inappropriate! Mark, you are a 1st grade teacher and I am your TA. We are both adults.

Beauregard:

People everywhere should be exposed to what I really am and what I really think.

Gruffles:

I don't think-

Beauregard:

-What do you think Pouty?

Pouty:

I, um, I can't, I mean...

(**Tina** pulls out a cigarette, tries to light it. The lighter won't light.)

Tina:

Damn. Do you have a light?

Mark:

Uh, no, I don't, sorry. Since when do you smoke?

Tina:

I started when I was 16. I don't really smoke anymore. This pack is only for emergencies. Are you watching this?

Mark:

Yeah, it's the Happy Fun Time Show, are you a fan too?

Tina:

Not anymore. Have you been listening to this? (**Mark** nods no) Turn it up.

(**Mark** uses the remote to turn up the volume. During the next sequence **Mark** is having a traumatic experience and **Tina** is enjoying it)

Pouty:

What are you doing, you shouldn't be doing that-

Beauregard:

-You left me with no choice I have to-

(**Big D** begins removing his hand from the inside of **Beauregard** while **Gruffles** and **Pouty** shout simultaneous protests)

Gruffles:

-No-You can't-Stop!

Pouty:

-no-no-no- this is bad. You shouldn't have done that.

(The voice of **Beauregard** is now emanating from a talking hand with the puppet body of **Beauregard** lying deflated next to it)

Beauregard:

I don't really care what I should or shouldn't be doing anymore. I'm just a hand; I'm not really a cute and cuddly animal at all. All you kids out there have hands of your own, use them! You'll find out for yourselves eventually, only then it'll be too late. You won't want to believe in them anymore, you'll have been pushed through the cookie cutter of society and all come out tasting the same. I'm sorry it had to come to this, but Beauregard is no-

Pouty:

-No, stop you can't!

(**Big D**'s talking hand starts getting jerked around and chased by puppets. There is chaos in the puppet theatre/TV with everyone talking over each other)

Beauregard:

Beauregard is dead, he's dead, and I'm free!!

Pouty:

I don't like this! Stop, just stop it!

Man's Voice:

Stop him!

Beauregard:

IM FREE! All you have to do is be free!!!

Man's Voice:

Are we still live? Cut it, cut the feed, cut it now or I will-

(Sound of a static, then a high pitch continuous tone, and then the Indian head Please Stand By symbol covers the puppet theatre/TV)

Mark:

What the hell just happened?

Tina:

That was awesome!

Mark:

What happened, I can't believe what just happened, what happened?

Tina:

Beauregard just flipped his lid!

Mark:

I just don't believe it.

Tina:

It happened we both saw it, believe it.

Mark:

I just can't wrap my brain around it.

Tina:

Why? It's not that big of a deal, I thought it was funny.

Mark:

Funny?

Tina:

Do you know where I could get some green?

Mark:

Green?

Tina:

Yeah, green, you know, weed... pot?

Mark:

What? No, no I don't have any pot, are you kidding?

Tina:

You just seem to be taking this puppet thing a little too seriously. I thought it might help take the edge off, sorry.

Mark:

I'm not taking anything too seriously!

Tina:

Wow, you are really freaking out about this aren't you?

Mark:

What the sex, the drugs, or the puppet?

Tina:

D. All of the above. It shouldn't be that big of a deal, you aren't a kid anymore.

Mark:

I don't have to be a kid to be upset about what just happened. Think about all of our students, heck even more than that, every kid watching that show is probably crying their eyes out right now.

Tina:

No, they aren't crying yet. They probably don't understand what just happened enough to cry about it yet. They are probably just confused and upset. Regardless, we are talking about you, why on earth are you taking this so hard?

Mark:

I, I just don't know. I don't know what to think right now.

Tina:

Seriously?

Mark:

I think maybe I've always thought of Beauregard and all of his Happy Fun Time friends as my friends, and now with this. I don't know.

Tina:

Keep going.

Mark:

Now it's like now I never really knew him at all.

Tina:

He never knew you.

Mark:

I've never thought of Beauregard as a puppet. And now, now, it's just vulgar seeing him like that, I feel dirty.

Tina:

You are upset because you were never really friends with a colorful cotton animal with some anonymous operator up its ass.

Mark:

That's harsh, are you serious?

Tina:

YES!

Mark:

What's wrong with you? This is huge!

Tina:

This doesn't change anything. The Happy Fun Time show is just an illusion. They are just puppets, TV puppets, and Beauregard has never been your friend. The show is just a form of entertainment and mind numbing pseudo-educational programming for children. For Children Mark!

Mark:

So?

Tina:

So, you're not a child anymore are you Mark?

Mark:

No, but-

Tina:

-Well the Beauregard show is for children. It's for teaching children how to behave and how to be educated, not how to learn, think, and create as individuals. I admire what Beauregard just did. It was brutal but maybe he was trying to get the children to stop being entertained and start thinking for themselves.

Mark:

Damn.

Tina:

Besides, if you are shaken up by this, you deserve it.

Mark:

What? Why?

Tina:

It's like Wednesday morning do you remember?

Mark:

Yeah, what about it?

Tina:

One of your students, Jenifer, was drawing in her note book and you asked her what she was drawing. She told you she was drawing the face of god. Do you remember?

Mark:

Yeah sure, yeah I remember-

Tina:

-Your response was to tell her that nobody knew what god looked like.

Mark:

So what?

Tina:

So, she stopped drawing. You crushed her. You filled her with a fear that what she was doing was wrong, and she hasn't drawn in her note book since.

Mark:

I didn't fill her with fear. That's not what I was doing. I was just curious.

Tina:

Your intent is not important. She observed your position of authority and took your question as an evaluation of her lack of understanding on the matter.

Mark:

But that's not-

Tina:

-Mark you have to understand, you are a giant to them, and when you go mucking about haphazardly like that you crush them.

Mark:

It's only been a couple of days. I wouldn't say I crushed her.

Tina:

We are talking about Jenifer, she's constantly doodling.

Mark:

Well, that's because she isn't paying attention in class.

Tina:

No Mark that is how she pays attention and your response to her creativity might just have killed a young artist! She has to be allowed to experiment, to make mistakes, and to learn for herself and not to be told by an expert that she is wrong.

Mark:

Jesus, why the hell are we talking about work, it's the weekend, can we please talk about something else. What the hell do you know?

Tina:

I know enough.

Mark:

Do you? You're fresh out of grad school and still wet behind the ears. I was young and idealistic once too you know, and then I grew up.

Tina:

But you still think characters on a children's puppets show are your friends.

Mark:

Yes, yes damn it! I like a puppet show, now drop it!

(Pause)

Tina:

One of my college roommates works at Happy Fun Land; you know the theme Park in California?

Mark:

Yeah, I know where Happy Fun Land is, so what?

Tina:

Well my friend dresses up as a life size Pouty; well I guess she's bigger than life size since her costume is bigger than me. She dresses up so kids can get an autograph and their picture taken with Pouty in front of a water slide or something.

Mark:

Really, you know a Pouty?

Tina:

She told me that while the kids are distracted by the fantasy of playing with Pouty the parents like to play a game of their own. They whisper into Pouty's open mouth, "hey, are you a girl, I bet you're a girl," and then they casually cop a feel and find out if their guess was right.

Mark:

They feel up Pouty?

Tina:

Well, really they are feeling up my friend, but yeah, she says it happens all the time.

Mark:

That's horrible.

Tina:

The worst part is that she can't defend herself. When she's dressed up like that she can't talk or anything, or else she would get fired for breaking character.

Mark:

Why would you tell me that, I don't want to know that? Why would you even tell me that? What the hell?

Tina:

I don't know, I just thought of it.

Mark:

Well, you can keep your thoughts to yourself from now on, thank you anyways. Look, we made a terrible mistake last night, but we were both drunk, so let's forget about it. Let's just forget about it and pretend like nothing happened!

Tina:

I need to get out of here. (**Tina** puts on her jacket and shoes)

Mark:

Yeah, that's probably best.

Tina:

When I get back here we need to have a serious chat.

Mark:

You're coming back?

Tina:

Well, yeah, you and I have a lot to discuss.

(**Tina** leaves. **Mark** sits and stares into the television.)

SCENE 4

(**PA** is pacing nervously in the dressing room. **Big D** crashes through the dressing room door, and he collapses onto a chair. **Big D** is covered in sweat, breathing heavy, he's bleeding from somewhere on the head. He is holding **Beaugard** under one arm and he can't stop smiling or chuckling to himself.)

PA:

What was that D? I said what the hell was that?

Big D:

Don't worry cutie, I didn't get you fired. I won't be coming in to work tomorrow, but the option is there for you if you want it.

PA:

I don't care about my job, what were you thinking?

Big D:

I saw my chance, I took it, and I got out.

PA:

What you did was horrible, it was horrible!

Big D:

Calm down, calm down. I haven't done anything.

PA:

Are you serious?

Big D:

It hasn't changed anything; I just tried to speed things up a bit.

PA:

You are insane.

Big D:

Maybe, maybe. I wasn't always like this you know... I tried; I really tried for redemption-

PA:

What?

Big D:

-But it just ended up as repetition.

PA:

What are you saying?

Big D:

Repetition. Repetition! I was caught up in this giant loop that was filled up with other smaller loops, and I couldn't get out.

PA:

I don't get it, what is going on?

Big D:

(Laughs) Aw, don't be like that.

PA:

What is going to happen D?

Big D:

Why don't you ask the headset?

PA:

Because, they don't know anything; they are all just freaking out. They don't know what to do. You brought the roof down over our heads.

Big D:

Ah, you do understand.

PA:

No I don't, I don't understand.

Big D:

Well maybe you'll just have to figure it out for yourself. Won't she Beauregard?

(**Big D** makes **Beauregard** nod yes)

PA:

That's not funny. Give me-

Big D:

-Think you can handle him?

PA:

I'm not going to 'handle him', but he's not yours, not anymore.

Big D:

Why don't you try and take him from me.

(**Big D** makes **Beauregard** look back and forth between **PA** and **Big D** and then look sad.)

PA:

Hand him over.

Big D:

And what if I don't?

PA:

Enough games-

Big D:

-There's never enough games, they never stop, they're being played all the time all over the place they just get bigger and bigger and bigger and-

PA:

-I don't care. Give me the puppet.

Big D:

The puppet, the puppet, did you hear what she called you? She thinks you're nothing but a puppet isn't that sad?

PA:

I want you to hand Beaugard to me, please.

Big D:

Now she calls you by your name, but you're still a puppet, how does that make you feel?

PA:

Shut up and hand him over!

Big D:

Take him.

(**PA** grabs a hold of **Beaugard**, but **Big D** doesn't let go)

PA:

Let go.

Big D:

Don't pull too hard.

PA:

Let go!

Big D:

What does he mean to you? He's just cotton Bethany, nothing more. So tell me, what does he mean to you?

PA:

It doesn't matter, just give him to me.

Big D:

Tell me. It's just a doll, that's all. I am everything that Beauregard is and more; shouldn't I be more important to you than a stupid puppet?

PA:

No, no you're a jerk. Beauregard's my friend, you, you aren't anybody.

Big D:

Then why can't you take him from me.

PA:

Let him go. Please. Just let him go.

Big D:

You're going to rip him.

PA:

You're going to rip him, let go!

Big D:

Don't rip him that would be horrible!

PA:

Let go. Let GO! LET GO!!!

Big D:

NO!

PA:

Damn it, LET GO!

Big D:

Fine.

(Big D lets go of Beauregard just as PA pulls hard. PA falls to the floor holding Beauregard. She falls hard and is obviously hurt.)

Big D:

Are you ok?

PA:

Get out of here; just get the hell out of here.

Big D:

I'm sorry I didn't mean to-

PA:

-Get away from me! (Into her headset) Security! SECURITY!!! I need you in dressing room three immediately.

Big D:

Ok, ok, I'm leaving. Sorry.

PA:

Security!

Big D:

Sorry. I didn't mean to, I never meant, I just had to get out.

(**Big D** leaves. **PA** sits up and stares into **Beauregard**'s eyes for a long moment in silence.)

PA:

I love you.

(**PA** hugs **Beauregard**, and then slowly slips her hand into the puppet.)

Beauregard (controlled by PA):

(Whispering) I love you too.

(**PA** and **Beauregard** embrace.)

SCENE 5

(**Tina** enters through the front door of **Mark**'s apartment. She is carrying two coffee to-go containers. **Mark** is in the exact same place he was at the end of Scene 2)

Mark:

You're back, that was quick. (**Tina** hands him a coffee cup) Oh, thanks, what is it?

Hot chocolate.

Tina:

Very funny.

Mark:

I thought so. So?

Tina:

So?

Mark:

You want to talk?

Tina:

Yeah, I guess we probably should.

Mark:

Tina:

That's not much of a start. We've got a lot to talk about, and we aren't going to get through it if you keep pussy footing around.

Mark:

I just don't know where to start. I feel I have made my concerns about us starting a relationship and you left. By my count it is your turn to say something.

Tina:

Oh grow up!

Mark:

How am I not grown up?

Tina:

You really want me to show you?

Mark:

Yes, I would love for you to show me.

Tina:

Ok, fine! (**Tina** takes her shoes off and throws them one at a time at **Mark**)

Mark:

What are you doing? Why are you throwing your shoes at me?

Tina:

Three reasons, to make a mess, to hurt you...

Mark:

And the third?

Tina:

The third is so that I can take my sock off my foot and put in on my hand, like so.

(**Tina** puts her sock on her hand, and uses a permanent marker to draw eyes onto **Mr. Sock** the sock puppet)

Mark:

What are you doing?

Tina:

I'm drawing eyes.

Mark:

You are doing what?

Tina:

Eyes Mark, eyes, I am drawing eyes onto my sock.

Mark:

What, Why?

Tina:

I'm drawing eyes onto my sock Mark. There, yeah, that should do. They'll make my sock more human and give us something to focus on.

Mark:

What?

Tina:

Mark, this is my friend Mr. Sock, say hello to my friend Mark.

(There is a long awkward pause. When **Mr. Sock** speaks he has a British accent. **Mr. Sock's** voice comes from **Tina** at first, but as **Mark** starts to believe in **Mr. Sock** his voice can transition into a voice over.)

Mr. Sock:

Well, if you won't say anything, then I'll introduce myself. Hello Mark, how are you?

Mark:

Tina, are you serious?

Tina:

Yes, now stop being so damn rude and say hello to Mr. Sock.

Mark:

Uh, hello, Mr. Sock.

Tina:

Don't look at me Mark, look at Mr. Sock.

Mark:

Oh, right, sorry. Hello Mr. Sock.

Mr. Sock:

Tina tells me that you've been having relationship problems.

Mark:

What the hell? Tina, this is ridiculous, I am not going to have this conversation with your sock.

Mr. Sock:

You will have this conversation with me young man, or you will not be talking to Tina at all. Harrumph!

Mark:

Tina, get your sock out of my face.

Tina:

What's the matter Mark?

Mr. Sock:

I dare say that it's a bit different now that the shoe is on the other foot! Ha!

Tina:

That's a good one Mr. Sock!

Mr. Sock:

I say, let us do an American high five! (Tina high fives herself)

Tina:

Nice!

Mr. Sock:

Indeed!

Mark:

Wouldn't that hurt, I mean you just slapped Mr. Sock across the face. He doesn't really have any hands to high five with.

(If **Mr. Sock** is to transition in to a voice over he should do it on the next line with both **Tina** and **Mr. Sock's** voice saying it together)

Mr. Sock:

He may be dick, but I dare say he is clever; he's trying to divide us.

Tina:

It won't work.

Mr. Sock:

Indeed!

Tina:

But at least we have his attention now.

Mark:

Please don't refer to me as if I'm not here. I'm standing right here.

Mr. Sock:

Well since Mark is in a defensive posture how about we start with you Tina?

Tina:

What, with me?

Mr. Sock:

Indeed. If I am going to help you two we do need to start somewhere, eh?

Tina:

Well...

Mr. Sock:

Tell us Tina, why you are here, what brought you to this place, and what went wrong in your opinion?

Mark:

Yeah tell us Tina.

Mr. Sock:

Mark, this is not your turn to speak, this is your turn to listen. Please continue Tina.

Tina:

Well, I accidentally slept with Mark.

Mr. Sock:

Accidentally?

Tina:

Well I was drunk.

Mark:

So was I!

Mr. Sock:

Mark, be quiet! Now, how drunk were you Tina?

Mark and Tina:

Pretty drunk.

Mr. Sock:

Really?... Really?... Really?

Tina:

Ok, so I wasn't that drunk.

Mark:

You weren't?

Mr. Sock:

So help me Mark if you speak out of turn one more time I will sodomize you! Tina, please continue and remember that this is a safe place. Tell us Tina, why are you so upset?

Tina:

Maybe, I feel I exposed myself, I mean really truly exposed myself to Mark, as much as one person can to another, and this morning he didn't want to have anything to do with me.

Mr. Sock:

Interesting, have you spoken to Mark about this?

Tina:

No.

Mr. Sock:

So, what I hear you saying is that you went into that bedroom last night with expectations that exceeded mere sexual intercourse but you failed to express those expectations before engaging in the act of physical intimacy?

Tina:

Yeah.

Mr. Sock:

And this morning when Mark was cold, distant, and too involved with a children's puppet show to give you the attention you required you were disappointed and felt rejected?

Tina:

Yeah.

(**Tina** breaks down and hides her face as if she is embarrassed to cry)

Mr. Sock:

Wonderful, wonderful. Thank you Tina, that's beautiful. Now Mark...

Mark:

Can I talk now?

Mr. Sock:

Obviously, but tell me, what do you think about what Tina just told you?

Mark:

I didn't know-

Mr. Sock:

-You didn't know?

Mark:

I had no idea that she would feel so strongly about last night.

Mr. Sock:

Really? Tell me, are you a moron?

Mark:

Please can I talk to Tina now?

Mr. Sock:

I'm sorry, that's just not possible right now. Please, answer the question, are you now or have you ever been a moron?

Mark:

No.

Mr. Sock:

What makes you think that Tina wouldn't have stronger feelings for you than those of the flesh?

Mark:

She was drunk.

Mr. Sock:

She wasn't.

Mark:

I thought she was drunk, and I was drunk.

Mr. Sock:

Really?... Really?... Really?

Mark:

Ok, not that drunk.

Mr. Sock:

Harrumph! I thought so! So you are both using being drunk as an excuse for what I wonder?

Mark:

Because, I guess, we didn't want to be responsible for our actions.

Mr. Sock:

You wanted to be the alcohol's puppet so that you could fulfill your true desires without consequences?

Mark:

Yeah, that sounds good.

Mr. Sock:

Mark, you've been hiding your feelings for Tina a long time haven't you?

Mark:

Yeah, maybe.

Mr. Sock:

Tell me are you embarrassed about your feelings for Tina?

Mark:

Yeah, I guess.

Tina:

Stop answering his questions so directly and just say something for yourself!

Mr. Sock:

Tina, please! This is Mark's turn; this must be a safe place for him if we expect him to open up to us.

Tina:

Sorry.

Mr. Sock:

Where were we...? Oh, yes... If it is true that you were both pretending to be more drunk than you were, is it also possible that you both went into that bed room with expectations that exceeded mere copulation?

Mark:

Yeah, maybe, or at least I had hoped-

Mr. Sock:

-How long have you been in love with Tina?

Mark:

In love?

Mr. Sock:

Mark, please, remember this is a safe place...

Mark:

I don't know if love is the right-

Mr. Sock:

-Are you simply attracted to Tina with your penis then?

Mark:

What? No!

(Tina Giggles)

Mr. Sock:

Keep it together Tina.

Tina:

Sorry.

Mr. Sock:

It's quite alright. Now Mark, earlier today when you told Tina that sleeping with her was a mistake please elaborate on that point knowing what you know now.

Mark:

Well, I guess I was hiding behind the fact that we shouldn't be in a relationship because of work, but now I guess I made a mistake in not telling you how I really feel.

Mr. Sock:

Good Mark, very good, this is working out quite nicely. Now I think you should apologize to the lady.

Mark:

Wait, I mean-

Mr. Sock:

-Yes, what is it?

Mark:

There's still the fact that we're co-workers and-

Mr. Sock:

-So what?

Mark:

So it's inappropriate to have a relationship with her while she's my TA.

Mr. Sock:

Then don't have a relationship with her.

Mark:

What?

Mr. Sock:

Have an illicit affair!

Mark:

But that's-

Tina:

-Kinda hot.

It is? **Mark:**

Yes. **Tina:**

You want to have an affair with me? **Mark:**

Yes. **Tina:**

That's really what you want? **Mark:**

It's close enough. **Tina:**

Oh- **Mark:**

Mr. Sock:
-Of course it's what she wants Mark! Don't be so old fashioned in your relationship models, it makes you look old and stuffy.

Ok. **Mark:**

Mr. Sock:
Good, good we are making some progress here. I would suggest that you both apologize to each other and really say everything that you are apologizing for, and then forgive but never forget this. For that is the true basis of friendship and understanding, it is truly where the wellspring of our-

Mark:
-Shut up Mr. Sock.

(**Mark** grabs **Mr. Sock's** head. **Mr. Sock** yelps as **Mark** pulls the sock off **Tina's** hand. **Mark** embraces **Tina** passionately and kisses her. As they make out the lights dim in the living room. The Please Stand by Symbol on the television is replaced with the solemn face of **Beauregard**. When **Beauregard** speaks his voice should be similar to before, but some variation is undoubtedly necessary as **PA** is now controlling and speaking for him.)

Beauregard (controlled by PA):

Hello Children. I stand before you today a sad puppet. Earlier this day I did a terrible thing to you all, and I did it because I was tired and cranky, you see I missed my nap time, but that is still no excuse for what happened. Please just know that I am as troubled by my own actions as any of you possibly can be.

Pouty:

Is everything going to be ok?

Beauregard:

Yes, Pouty, eventually everything will return to normal, but for today I did a terrible thing, and I don't know what to do about it.

Pouty:

I think when you do terrible things the only thing you can do is apologize for them.

Beauregard:

If only an apology were enough Pouty, if only that were enough. I would heal the wounds of the world if it were possible with an apology. But I can't... I can only ask for your forgiveness and hopefully you'll tune in next week for our exciting adventures at the Zoo!

Pouty:

We're going to the Zoo!

Beauregard:

We are now! See you next week kids.

Pouty:

Goodbye!

Tina:

Awe, how cute, Beauregard apologized.

Mark:

That wasn't Beauregard.

Tina:

What?

Mark:

That wasn't Beauregard. It was in the voice. I mean, that was the puppet body of Beauregard, but that wasn't really him. Somebody else was controlling him; it was a close, but not the real thing.

Tina:

You mean someone else apologized for him. That's terrible, what kind of message does that send out.

Mark:

It's alright I guess, I don't think the kids will notice the difference.

(Mark and Tina make out in silhouette in a slow fade to black)

THE END