

CRISPY AND HIS LEFT HAND

By Rob Downey

NOTES

In his explosive debut comedy, playwright Rob Downey introduces us to Crispy, a young man aptly nicknamed because of the excessive hair products he uses in his hair. Crispy is a somewhat awkward teen, not unlike Napoleon Dynamite, who is learning to navigate the treacherous journey, known as puberty; however, along the way, he meets a new companion who becomes, in a way, his personal “life coach.” This unexpected new “friend” is in actuality Crispy’s Left Hand. While performing the character of the “Left Hand,” be sure to make the hand puppet, YOUR left hand, appear to be really “talking” by being “sharp” with the movements of the “Left Hand” while vocally saying the “Left Hand’s” dialogue. By doing this, the audience will suspend its disbelief and accept Crispy’s Left Hand as an actual “real” character in the play. This selection may be performed as a Humorous Interpretation or, with clever cutting and blocking, be performed by two performers and be entered in Duo Interpretation or Duet Acting. This play is a winner for the go-for-it-kind-of performer!!!

Cast of Characters:

Crispy
Mamma
Left Hand
Teacher
Girl
Principal

Scene 1:

Crispy: *(Standing in front of a mirror performing very stiff, awkward dances, pretending he is starring on his own YouTube channel. He dances only using his arms or hands minimally)* To all my followers, thanks for watching my YouTube channel. I’m going to end today’s episode with my most “liked” routines. My name is...

Mamma: *(Entering the bathroom)* Crispy!

Crispy: *(Shocked and screeching)* Mamma! You have to knock!

Mamma: You’ve been in this bathroom all day!

Crispy: I’m working on my YouTube channel.

Mamma: You don’t *have* a YouTube anything. You’re pretending in the mirror, Crispy.

Crispy: Please, stop calling me Crispy. My name is...

Mamma: People call you Crispy, because of all that crispy gel you put in your hair.

Crispy: But Mamma, I feel like hair gel is the only thing in my life I can control.

Mamma: You don’t *have* a life. You have no friends.

Crispy: I know, Mamma. I *wish* I had friends—a friend my age, not like the man who gives me candy when I get in his van...

Mamma: If you don't want candy, get out of his van.

Crispy: You just don't understand.

Mamma: Crispy, just because I don't *care* doesn't mean I don't understand.

Crispy: So you do understand me, Mamma?

Mamma: You are so funny, especially when you aren't *trying* to be. I'll never forget the first words you ever said to me. You looked at me innocently and said (*Making a funny voice*), "Mamma. Where have you been for the last fifteen years?" It was adorable.

Crispy: You still haven't told me where you were.

Mamma: Get out, Crispy. Mamma needs the toilet.

Crispy: Yes, Mamma. I just want...

Mamma: (*Interrupting*) Crispy! You know I hate the part of our conversations where you *say* things.

Crispy: I'm sorry, Mamma.

Mamma: (*Cutting him off*) Now, go to your room, because Mamma's about to blow this place up.

Crispy: Fine! I'm running away. (*Runs out awkwardly*)

Scene 2:

Crispy: (*Almost crying and wishing*) Star light, star bright, the first star I see tonight, I wish I may, I wish I might... (*Stopping*) What am I doing? It's daytime. I'm inside, and I'm not even looking at a star. (*Frustrated*) Ahhh! I just really wish I had a friend! I just wish that people would appreciate me for who I am! (*Pause, then his left hand starts to convulse and shake*) Owwww, I think I have a cramp! (*Still losing control of his arm and hand, as if it has a mind of its own. He struggles with his right hand to control his left hand and arm.*) What is going on? (*Calling out*) Mamma!

Hand: Shhh, Crispy.

Crispy: (*Stops struggling*) Who said that?

Hand: I did, Crispy.

Crispy: I've finally lost it! My hand is talking to me!

Hand: (*Very Softly*) Yes.

Crispy: (*Can't hear*) What?

Hand: (*Still softly*) Yes.

Crispy: What? I can't understand what you're saying!

Hand: (*Loudly*) I said yes!

Crispy: Yes what?

Hand: Yes, sir.

Crispy: No! What did you say *yes* to?

Hand: I was saying yes, I can talk. I have a cold.

Crispy: My hand has a cold?

Hand: (*Softly*) Yes. (*The Hand begins to cough*)

Crispy: (*Irritated*) What?!?

Hand: (*Loudly*) I was saying yes that I think I have a cold. (*Angered*) Your left hand is talking to you! I was expecting a bigger reaction.

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Crispy: Well, of course I'm amazed my left hand is talking to me, but I couldn't understand what you were saying.

Hand: Can't you just be excited that your left hand is here to help you?

Crispy: (*Softly*) But why?

Hand: Okay, now I can't hear *you*!

Crispy: I said why? Why is my hand talking to me?

Hand: You wished, and I came. I'm here to help you become popular and make friends. Think of me as your Fairy Left Hand. Only you can hear me.

Crispy: And see you.

Hand: I'm your left hand! Of course, everyone can see me!

Crispy: Oh, right, but a Fairy Left Hand?

Hand: Do you want my help or not? I wouldn't be making judgments with all that crispy, gelled hair, if I were you.

Crispy: Okay. (*Relenting*) I'll give it a shot. (*Starts rubbing left hand vigorously*) I wish that...

Hand: What are you doing? Stop! That burns! Please, stop! I'm not a magic lamp.

Crispy: Then what are you good for?

Hand: I'm not a genie! I'm here to give advice.

Crispy: That's pretty lame.

Hand: (*Sarcastic*) Oh, excuse me! You're too good for me, Mr. Crispy!

Crispy: Oh, whatever. What do I have to lose, except my virginity?

Hand: Whoa now! I'm your left hand! I'm not here to—

Crispy: (*Quickly*) I meant *dignity*, not *virginity*! Dignity!

Hand: (*Relieved*) Whew. That was getting awkward fast.

Crispy: So, I just take you to school with me, and you'll help?

Hand: I hope you take me. After all, I'm connected to your arm.

Crispy: Good point. Let's go!

Scene 3:

Teacher: Settle down, class. For today's lesson, I'm going to discuss how we spend one-seventh of our lives on Mondays. Does anyone have questions before we begin?

Crispy: (*Raising hand*) Yes, teacher?

Teacher: (*Violently*) Crispy! Don't curse at me! Go sit in the corner next to that new girl.

Girl: Hi. I'm the new girl.

Crispy: (*Wary*) Umm, okay.

Teacher: And class, don't forget to sign up for this year's talent show if you have a talent to share.

Hand: Crispy, did you hear that? Sign up for the talent show. You'll be a star. Everybody will want to be your friend.

Crispy: But I have no talent.

Hand: Yes, you do, Crispy. You can dance.