

NOTES

The Blue Raspberry Banditos is a satire illustrating what happens when a situation escalates out of hand. This selection may be performed by a male or female and should be entered in Humorous Interpretation. There are a myriad of characters found within this play. Make sure each character is clear and distinct for the audience. It is important for the audience to root for our empathetic protagonist, Thompson. Thompson is, in a way, a modern-day Everyman, whose life at the moment seems to be spiraling out of control. Clever blocking and choreography will only add to the overall performance. Be creative, because the physical aspects of this play are just as important as the vocal dynamics required of the characters. The drama mask icons are simply visible to show the performer where a possible teaser could be used, if desired.

Characters:

Thompson, a good guy down on his luck

Barney, Thompson's best friend and co-worker

Tiffany, a ditzy co-worker

Jerry, Thompson's supervisor

Rebecca, Tiffany's friend

Random Guy, a random guy

Habeeb, a cashier at a convenience store

Mr. Clark, the CEO of SafetyFirst

Landlord, Thompson's landlord

Police, the police

(Panic inside a convenience store)

Barney: You'll never get me alive, Coppers!

Random Guy: I don't want to be eaten by a crocodile!

Tiffany: Koala bears.

Rebecca: *(In shock)* Uhhhhhhh—

Habeeb: Thank you! Come again!

Barney: Shut your mouth, Haboobie!

Habeeb: My name is Habeeb!

Thompson: *(To audience)* I know this all seems a little bit hectic. And that's because it is. But believe me, none of this is my fault.



The Blue Raspberry Banditos

By Leroy Wayson

Thompson: *(To audience)* This whole day started out with a silly little misunderstanding at work.

Barney: Thompson, what's up? What do you say—me and you, 7-11 during break?

Thompson: Thanks, Barney, but I have to finish counting the switchblade inventory.

Barney: Pop pop—peace! *(He exits)*

Thompson: *(To audience)* Barney and I have worked together for three years now. He knows my favorite ice cream topping and my favorite episode of *The Golden Girls*. But, of course, I know things about him, too.

Barney: *(Flashback)* I wear my clean underwear on Monday, my brown ones on Wednesday, and none on Friday.

Thompson: *(To audience)* Although I question his sanity sometimes, Barney and I blend together like dandruff in a snowstorm.

Barney: *(Approaching Thompson's desk again)* Warning—the boss is coming.

Jerry: Well, well, well, what are you doing there, Thompson?

Thompson: —Stocks. *(Caught)* On—Mario Brothers?

Jerry: I see. *(Beat)* I'm just here to remind everyone about the bi-annual-tri-weekly-sub-meeting this afternoon.

Thompson: Again?

Jerry: Now, now! No grumpy faces, Thompson! What does the sign say?

Thompson: “No grumpy faces...Thompson.” Why is my name on that sign?

Jerry: That's not important! *(Noticing Barney)* You with the sticky hands, why are your teeth blue?

Barney: *(Thinking quickly)* Port-o-Potty accident?

Jerry: That's gross. Okay, well, I'll see everyone at the meeting this afternoon.

Thompson: *(To audience)* Finally it was time for the meeting.

Jerry: Okey dokey, all you pokeys!

Thompson: What's a pokey?

Barney: I think it's some kind of dance, dude. *(He begins dancing.)*

Jerry: *(To Barney)* Excuse me, did you have a question?

Barney: *(Freezing and putting his hands down)* Um, nope.

Jerry: Okay! Everyone say hello to the big man upstairs.

Thompson: God?

Jerry: Very funny, Thompson. No, it's Mr. Clark, our CEO!!!

Mr. Clark: Does everyone know why I called this meeting today? *(Tiffany raises her hand.)* Yes, Tiffany?

Tiffany: Koala bears.

Mr. Clark: Close. Now, first off, what are we marketing here at SafetyFirst, people?

Tiffany: Koala bears...?

Mr. Clark: ‘A’ for effort, there, Tiffany. We sell safety. This includes band-aids, switchblades, mace kits, and finally, our best-selling—safety whistles! Now, this last month’s quarter has shown an intense decrease in whistle sales. This is a problem.

Thompson: (*Raising his hand*) Isn’t that a good thing?? I mean... a decrease in whistle sales could only mean a decrease in violent crimes, right?

Mr. Clark: Who are you?

Thompson: I’m Thompson, sir.

Mr. Clark: Well, Thompson, you’re fired.

Thompson: (*Beat*) Seriously?

Mr. Clark: Does a jackrabbit run from banshees while being chased on the hottest day in July?

Thompson: Um, I guess so.

Mr. Clark: Then, you’re fired!

Thompson: (*To audience*) So I lost my job. To make matters worse, I arrived home that night only to find all of my things on the pavement outside my apartment. I went to find my landlord.

Landlord: Oh, hey, Thompson.

Thompson: What’s up? So... all of my stuff is on the sidewalk.

Landlord: Yeah, you’re evicted. Your place is a hole. I mean, there are pizza boxes from when Tony’s was open four years ago. I even found a dog buried underneath a pile of dirty clothes.

Thompson: Oh, cool, Lil’ Bow Wow is still alive?

Landlord: Not so much.

Thompson: (*To himself*) I thought that pile smelled worse than the others.

Landlord: And I’m sick of getting calls about all the Mario Brothers noise at two in the morning! I mean, really, Thompson! Even Mario needs to sleep sometime.

Thompson: But he always says, “Here we gooooo...”

Landlord: Well, I’m saying here *you* go. I want you and your belongings off the property by in the morning. Oh, and I almost forgot. (*Handing Thompson a note*) Your girlfriend left this note on your door.

Thompson: (*Reading the note*) “Roses are red. Violets are blue. I’m seeing someone else. P.S. I love you. jk...lol...” Awe man...

Landlord: I’m sorry, Thompson, but you have to leave now.

Thompson: (*To audience*) So I went to the only place I could think to go. (*Knocks on door*)

Barney: (*Opening the door*) Thompson, what’s up, amigo?

Thompson: Hey, Barney. I got evicted from my apartment, and my girlfriend left me. I need somewhere to crash. Think I could stay here?

Barney: You’ve got to start sticking up for yourself, man. You can’t let everyone just walk all over you.