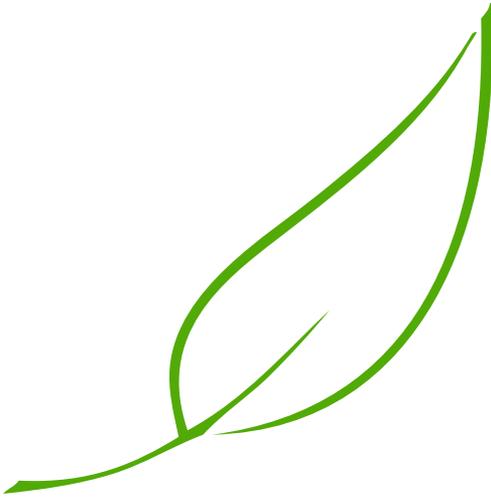


# POOF!

by Ken Bradbury



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*(A scene for four characters of either sex. Zade and Wren, professional actors; Tully the director; Quinn the stagehand/makeup person/costumer)*

**ZADE:** *(tightly back to back, struggling, with Wren)*  
We're trapped, Captain Haskins! Trapped in this sweltering jungle with the boa constrictor squeezing us to death! Whatever shall we do!

**WREN:** Blimey! He seems *(choking)*...he seems to be cutting off my air supply! Can you reach your gun?

**ZADE:** No, Captain!

**WREN:** Can you reach your knife?

**ZADE:** They wouldn't let me carry it on the plane! *(looking up)* Oh, no! Look! Four giant Amazonian spiders are weaving their webs around our faces!

**WREN:** And three Himalayan Tigers are charging at us full-speed followed by a herd of crazed Oklahoman Buffalo!

**ZADE:** What's that eating on my toe?

**WREN:** *(looking down)* Seems to be a rare Lithuanian Crocodile who's contracted the fatal bongo-bongo disease and he's drooling on your hangnail!

**ZADE:** Oh, drat! Whatever shall we do? Whatever shall we do!

**WREN:** You know, Philpott, it's a good thing I had my Poofy-Pops this morning!

**ZADE:** You at Poofy-Pops for breakfast?!!

**WREN:** I always eat Poofy-Pops for breakfast! It's the number one source of 12 important vitamins, sixteen minerals, and several chemical additives specifically designed to increase my strength and put that youthful glow on my complexion. Shall we?

**ZADE:** Yes! Oh, yes!

**WREN:** One...two...three....

**BOTH:** (*as they break loose from the boa, the spiders, the tigers, buffalo and the sick croc*) Poofy-Pops! (*They flex their muscles in a dramatic pose.*)

**TULLY:** Cut! Cut!

**ZADE:** How was it?

**QUINN:** (*dabbing powder onto the faces of the two actors*) Dumb.

**TULLY:** You didn't smile! You're supposed to smile every time you say "Poofy Pops!"

**ZADE:** Smile? I wanna laugh out loud! It's a stupid name!

**TULLY:** It's the name that pays our salary. Look, if we can land this Poofy Pop account, we'll be rollin' in cash. All we need is one good commercial.

**WREN:** The shot didn't work?

**QUINN:** (*still dabbing powder*) And the crocodile was squinting. (*to the imaginary croc*) Bad boy.

**ZADE:** He's cardboard.

**QUINN:** So was your acting.

**TULLY:** We gotta try something else. Let's shoot the Lost on the Island idea.

**ZADE:** I hate that one.

**TULLY:** Zade, we're not selling Poofy Pops to you. We need an idea that'll grab a million kids and day and make them scream to Mommy for Poofy Pops. (*to Quinn*) Set up for desert island.

**QUINN:** Need a squinting crocodile? (*Quinn begins to arrange imaginary scenery.*)

**TULLY:** (*as Tully and Zade mime changing costumes*) Okay, you've been on this deserted island for two weeks, you're thirsty, and you're starving for Poofy Pops.

**WREN:** How about a Jacuzzi and a martini? Wouldn't that make more sense?

**TULLY:** Not if you're five years old. Okay. Everybody ready? Action!

**ZADE:** (*immediately falling to knees along with Wade and taking on a haggard appearance*) Two weeks! Two dreary weeks all alone on this deserted island without food or water!

**WREN:** Sir, I can't take it any more! I'm hallucinating! I see a sandy beach!

**ZADE:** This *is* a sandy beach!

**WREN:** Oh. But I also see an oasis! With a swimming pool! And gallons of fresh cool water! And a Jacuzzi! And Sir! Forgive me for saying so, but you look exactly like President Eisenhower!

**ZADE:** Calm down! (*slapping Wren*) You're hysterical! You're seeing things! Get a grip on yourself, Napoleon! (*slaps him again*) Napoleon! Oh, no! Me, too! (*Zade slaps himself*)

**WREN:** We shall die, Sir! We shall die! But wait! I just thought of something!

**ZADE:** Yes?

**WREN:** Just before I jumped overboard...

**ZADE:** Yes? Yes!

**WREN:** I pilfered a pile of Poofy Pops and placed them in my pocket!

**ZADE:** You what?

**WREN:** I pilfered a pile of Poofy Pops and placed them in my pocket!

**ZADE:** Hey! You can say that again!

**WREN:** No, I don't think I can.

**ZADE:** Well get them out! Get them out! (*Wren begins fishing around for the pilfered pops*) But wait! It will do no good! We were adrift at sea for three days! They'll be all soggy!



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