

PUPPY POPS

by Ken Bradbury



GREEN ROOM PRESS

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CADEN: (*entering in a flurry*) This is it! I'm not kidding! This is the big time, Hunter!

HUNTER: What are you talking about?

CADEN: My career in theatre! What else? Look at me! Do I look like I'm on the verge of greatness or what?

HUNTER: I think you're on the verge of losing your mind. What are you talking about?

CADEN: You've known me all my life, Hunter. You've known how I've dreamt of making it big in show biz.

HUNTER: I used to dream of cheeseburgers but that doesn't mean I want to be one. You're nuts, Caden.

CADEN: Sure! Joke around now! But just wait until you hear about my new gig.

HUNTER: New gig?

CADEN: My next audition.

HUNTER: You're auditioning for a movie?

CADEN: Well ... no.

HUNTER: A play? TV show?

CADEN: Close ... close.

HUNTER: Then what?

CADEN: A commercial!

HUNTER: Commercial?

CADEN: But that's just a start. That's just the way I break into show biz. Once my face gets flashed onto every TV in the nation then the sky's the limit.

HUNTER: You're auditioning for a commercial? For what?

CADEN: Oh, it's big! Big!

HUNTER: For what?

CADEN: I mean, it may seem small, but once they see me ... once they see me, Hunter, it's gonna be big!

HUNTER: How big? What are you advertising?

CADEN: Get ready for this.

HUNTER: I'm ready already. A commercial for what?

CADEN: Are you ready for this?

HUNTER: I'm ready! What you selling?!!!

CADEN: Puppy Pops!

HUNTER: What?

CADEN: Puppy Pops!

HUNTER: What are Puppy Pops?

CADEN: They're ... you know ... pops for puppies.

HUNTER: You mean dog food?

CADEN: They're not just dog food! They're the newest, the hottest, the most delicious little bit of doggie bites on the market!

HUNTER: I've never heard of them.

CADEN: That's why they're making the commercial! So the whole world will begin screaming out, "I Want Puppy Pops!"

HUNTER: (*a long pause, then*) I don't hear anything.

CADEN: Not yet! Wait 'til I make the commercial.

HUNTER: Uh ... Caden ... I don't want to pop your puppy dreams but are you sure that a dog food commercial is the quickest way to Hollywood?

CADEN: That's how stars are discovered! They make some little TV ad and a big-time movie producer sees it and says, "Wow! Now that's a talent I want in my next movie!"

HUNTER: That's actually happened?

CADEN: Oh, I'm sure it has ... somewhere. Wanna see my audition?

HUNTER: Not particularly.

CADEN: Come on! You'll be the first person in the country to see this big hit!

HUNTER: Okay. Go ahead. Get it over with.

CADEN: Okay, here's your script.

HUNTER: Mine?

CADEN: It's a two-person commercial.

HUNTER: Two-person?

CADEN: Well ... not exactly two persons. I mean, I'm playing a person.

HUNTER: What's the other character?

CADEN: The puppy.

HUNTER: The puppy? You want me to play a puppy?

CADEN: It's a talking dog, okay? Just read the part of the talking dog. I'll do the other part.

HUNTER: I am not playing a dog.

CADEN: You ... you? Hunter! My best friend! The kid I used to loan quarters for the pop machine! The kid who ate half my Twinkie in second grade lunch hour! We shared a toothbrush at summer camp!

HUNTER: I remember. You ate a lot of Cheetos back then. Disgusting.

CADEN: But ... but we've bonded over the years! We're like brothers/sisters!

HUNTER: Yeah. Not puppies.

CADEN: Just read it, okay? It's not like you're trying out. Just ready the puppy's lines.

HUNTER: I don't have to lick your hand do I?

CADEN: Don't be ridiculous.

HUNTER: Too late. I already feel ridiculous.

CADEN: Okay ... here's the scene. You're sitting by the fireside sleeping.

HUNTER: I'm doing what?

CADEN: You're sleeping. (*moving Hunter down to the ground*) Here ... by the fireplace. You're a tired puppy.

HUNTER: This is silly.

CADEN: It's show biz. Now close your eyes.

HUNTER: I can't read the script if my eyes are closed.

CADEN: Then pretend to close your eyes. It's called acting.

HUNTER: It's called stupidity.

CADEN: Come on! Please! You've got to help me rehearse!

HUNTER: (*collapsing onto the floor, feet in the air*) Okay, I'm sleeping.

CADEN: You're not dead!

HUNTER: I'm close.

CADEN: Sleeping! You're sleeping!

HUNTER: Okay, okay. (*Hunter adjusts his posture to a sleeping puppy position.*) Is this over yet?

CADEN: Then I come in from the kitchen and I say, (*in a very stilted manner*) "Oh my! I have one tired puppy! I know



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