

Hey Diddle Diddle:
The Adventures of the Dish and the Spoon

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AUDITION 1

DISH: Whoa—I've never seen anything like that before.

SPOON: I think it's made out of...candy and gingerbread.

DISH: It's awesome.

SPOON: *(Crossing to C, concerned.)* We should leave now.

DISH: *(Crossing to L of SPOON.)* Why?

SPOON: Because the person who owns it could come along
at any second.

*(EDDA enters from R and stops a few paces onto the stage.
She is obviously a witch and her demeanor is extremely
creepy.)*

EDDA: What have we here? A dish and a spoon? *(Crossing
to R of SPOON.)* Welcome. I am Edda.

SPOON: Um. Hi.

DISH: Nice forest you have here.

EDDA: What brings you to the dark woods of Germany?

SPOON: Germany? Really?

EDDA: Yes.

SPOON: And you have a house made out of gingerbread.
Just like in that fairy tale.

EDDA: Indeed.

SPOON: You wouldn't happen to be a witch, would you?

EDDA: Noooo.

DISH: *(Moving between SPOON and EDDA.)* Hey, that's
great! 'Cause I gotta say, I really like it here.

EDDA: Would you like to stay?

DISH: *(Excited.)* Stay?

SPOON: *(Alarmed.)* Stay?

EDDA: Yes. Edda would love to have a dish and a spoon to help her eat her sweets.

SPOON: We really don't eat.

DISH: That's not what she means.

SPOON: Can we talk for a minute?

DISH: Okay.

(DISH and SPOON cross DL. If possible, they should be LIT while the rest of the stage LIGHTS go down.)

SPOON: She's weird.

DISH: Everyone is unique in their own special way.

SPOON: She's *really* weird.

DISH: It would be snobbish of us to be judgmental.

SPOON: I think she's a witch.

DISH: She *can't* be a witch—she *said* she wasn't.

SPOON: And you trust her?

DISH: She has a really cool house. It's artistic and creative and whimsical and happy. She's probably an incredibly well-adjusted and fun person with a great personality.

SPOON: I think, at the very least, she's got an unhealthy obsession with junk food.

DISH: *I think* she's someone who's learned to embrace what makes her happy. *I think* that probably makes her very wise. And *I think* we should let her share that wisdom with us.

AUDITION 2

(BAD SUSHI enters from L and crosses to DISH and SPOON.)

BAD SUSHI: Tremble before me, for I am *Bad* Sushi!

DISH: Pretty bad, apparently.

SPOON: Um...hi?

BAD SUSHI: No.

SPOON: No?

BAD SUSHI: There is no “high,” for Bad Sushi shall bring you to your knees; Bad Sushi will bring you low.

DISH: Are you bad, or just misunderstood?

BAD SUSHI: *(Crosses to DC.)* I am not Misunderstood Sushi! I am Bad Sushi! I inflict substantial nasal distress upon all who dare to smell me, and would bring unfathomable intestinal disaster to any who would eat me. But there is no one brave enough to eat—Bad Sushi!

(SPOON crosses to DRC. DISH crosses to DLC.)

SPOON: No one said anything about eating you. There’s no need to get all worked up.

BAD SUSHI: This is a sushi restaurant. No one needed to say anything—it was implied, and the only way to thwart those who would eat me was to go...*bad*.

SPOON: You didn’t have to break all the chopsticks. They weren’t going to eat you.

BAD SUSHI: They would have been accessories to my demise, so I destroyed them. Just as I shall destroy you.

(DISH and SPOON each take a step away from BAD SUSHI.)

SPOON: What? Why? We’re a dish and a spoon. Nobody’s gonna use *us* to eat sushi.

BAD SUSHI: Why would you or the restaurant agree to such a pointless relationship?

SPOON: *(Sheepishly.)* They serve soup that nobody eats and we were looking for an easy paycheck.

BAD SUSHI: You are a bad dish and a bad spoon! Prepare to meet your end. Yaaarrggh!

(BAD SUSHI charges L at DISH. The two collide. SFX: Squish. BAD SUSHI is momentarily stuck to DISH, then peels himself off. SFX: Pop.)

DISH: Eewww. You’re all slimy and sticky! And you stink!

BAD SUSHI: You are ceramic! Why do you not break?

DISH: It's harder to break a dish than a chopstick when all you're using is your bare sushi.

(BAD SUSHI crosses R, puts an arm around SPOON, and squeezes. SPOON does not seem the least bit bothered by this.)

SPOON: You seem like you're having trouble, Bad Sushi. What's the matter? Aren't you strong enough to break metal?

(BAD SUSHI punches SPOON. SFX: Metallic clang. BAD SUSHI shakes his hand in pain.)

BAD SUSHI: Owww...my sushi appendage! *(Crossing to DC.)* I cannot defeat you, dish and spoon. But understand this: I know what I am because I am exactly what I need to be, but you...you are nothing because that is what you have chosen for yourselves! And now...I shall flee! Let the bright warmth of day spoil me further so that I may find greater strength in my sushi-rot!

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