

ASSAULT TOAST

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Bradley Walton

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SYNOPSIS: Cary is working on the toaster. But it's not broken. See, Cary is improving it. Modifying it. For home defense. He intends to protect his family's safety and belongings with toast. But not just any toast. Assault Toast. All he has to do is get the darned thing to work and convince his sister that he's not crazy.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 EITHER)

ANDIE / ANDY

CARY / CARRIE.

They are teenage siblings.

PROPERTIES

- ☐ Table
- ☐ Toaster containing a slice of toast
- ☐ Tools

PRODUCTION HISTORY

Assault Toast premiered April 15, 2012 at Muhlenberg Lutheran Church in Harrisonburg, Virginia with:

Kylie Britt as ANDIE

Merrill Harmison as CARRIE.

AT RISE:

CARY is hunched over a table, working on a toaster with some tools. ANDIE enters. Props can be mimed if being performed for competition.

ANDIE: Cary, what are you doing?

CARY: Working on the toaster.

ANDIE: Is it broken?

CARY: No.

ANDIE: Then why are you working on it?

CARY: I'm improving it.

ANDIE: Toasters toast. It's a pretty straightforward concept. How do you improve a toaster?

CARY: I'm modifying this one for home security and defense.

ANDIE: What?

CARY: Home security. You know... in case somebody breaks into the house. This toaster will help keep our family safe. Along with my comic books and your stamp collection and all those old *Star Wars* figures dad keeps hidden under his side of the bed.

ANDIE: What's wrong with locking the door?

CARY: Nothing. But if somebody really wanted your stamps, they wouldn't let a little thing like a locked door stop them.

ANDIE: There's also these things called alarm systems.

CARY: Yeah, somebody breaks into the house and the alarm goes off. Big whoop. What's that going to do? Annoy them to death?

ANDIE: Maybe it gives them an incentive to get out of the house 'cause, y'know, the police are going to be coming?

CARY: How long will that take? Couple of minutes, at least. Plenty of time to grab the action figures and go. Do you know how upset dad would get about that? The one Canadian figure alone is worth a couple hundred bucks.

ANDIE: And your solution is... the toaster?

CARY: Not merely the toaster, no.

ANDIE: No?

CARY: No.

ANDIE: What else?

CARY: Think, Andie. What comes out of a toaster?

ANDIE: Toast?

CARY: Exactly.

ANDIE: And waffles?

CARY: You should've quit while you were ahead.

ANDIE: What's wrong with waffles?

CARY: Nothing. But this isn't about them. It's about toast.

ANDIE: Toast.

CARY: Assault toast.

ANDIE: Assault... toast?

CARY: Right.

ANDIE: You plan to keep our home and belongings safe with assault toast?

CARY: Sure, why not?

ANDIE: Well, let me think... how about... it's stupid?

CARY: That's an incredibly narrow-minded view.

ANDIE: Your narrow-minded is my practical.

CARY: Your practicality would have somebody selling your stamps in an online auction before you even had a chance to bid on them yourself.

ANDIE: I wouldn't bid on my own stuff if somebody stole it and tried to auction it off! I'd call the cops!

CARY: But the beauty of assault toast is that you don't need to call the cops to get your stuff back. With assault toast, all you need the cops for is to collect the unconscious bodies!

ANDIE: I think you're maybe a little too excited about this.

CARY: I think you should open your mind more to the possibilities of things, like I do.

ANDIE: I think the door to your mind is off its hinges, and I never want anyone to confuse me with you.

CARY: I totally wish somebody would try to break in here right now so I could test this baby out.

ANDIE: Would you like me to try to break in, Cary?

CARY: No. You could really get hurt.

ANDIE: I could also get hurt flossing my teeth too hard.

CARY: You're not taking this seriously, are you?

ANDIE: It's difficult.

CARY: Okay. Fine. If you want to take your life into your own hands to prove me wrong, go right ahead.

ANDIE: What do you want me to do?

CARY: Break into the house!

ANDIE: How do you want me to break in?

CARY: I don't know. I'm not a burglar!

ANDIE: How can you plan a defense against burglars without trying to think like a burglar?

CARY: By imbuing an ordinary toaster with assault toast capabilities.

ANDIE: Did you seriously just use the word "imbuing"? For real?

CARY: What's wrong with the word "imbuing"?

ANDIE: Nobody says "imbuing" in a normal conversation!

CARY: This isn't a normal conversation!

ANDIE: That's right—it's not! Because we're talking about assault toast! How could I have possibly forgotten?

CARY: Are you insulting my assault toast?

ANDIE: Maybe just a little.

CARY: Oh yeah? Well, how do you like this?

CARY pushes a button on the toaster. Nothing happens.

ANDIE: It's not plugged in.

CARY: I added a battery backup.

ANDIE: So something was supposed to happen?

CARY: (*trying to bluff*) Of course not. If I'd meant for something to happen, it would have happened.

ANDIE: If you have to push the button for it to work, what good does it do when everybody's asleep or nobody's home?

CARY: It's a prototype, okay? This is the Mark I version. When we get to the later versions, that's when I start adding the computer and the lasers and stuff.

ANDIE: You're going to hook the toaster up to a computer?

CARY: Sure.

ANDIE: Were you going to buy a computer for that?

CARY: No, I was going to use the one we already have.

ANDIE: That's my computer.

CARY: I use it, too.

ANDIE: It's my computer that I let you use. That's different from it being "your computer" or even "our computer".

CARY: You let me use it for games and homework and stuff. Why wouldn't you let me use it for this?

ANDIE: "Homework and games and stuff" is not the same thing as hooking the computer up to a toaster.

CARY: Are you scared I'll break it or something?

ANDIE: That's exactly what I'm scared of.

CARY: Andie, do you have that little faith in me?

ANDIE: You can't even get your stupid assault toaster to work! I mean, I assume it's supposed to shoot out steel-hard toast at an incredibly high velocity, ricochet it off the ceiling and walls, and knock its target unconscious—but it doesn't even pop out a piece of toast like a normal toaster!

CARY: How did you know what it was supposed to do?

ANDIE: What else would it do?

CARY: Have you been digging through my files on your computer?

ANDIE: No!

CARY: Do you know about the poodle and the grocery store discount cards?

ANDIE: What?

CARY: You do! Oh my gosh! I can't believe this! *(CARY picks up the toaster, turns it upside down, and starts shaking it. The ACTOR should hold his fingers over the slots to keep the toast inside from falling out.)* I'll teach you to invade my privacy!

ANDIE: What are you doing?

CARY: Trying to get the toast out of this thing.

ANDIE: It doesn't seem to be working.

CARY: Stupid toast!

ANDIE: Be careful.

CARY: Don't tell me how to extract the ammunition from my lethal instrument of doom!

ANDIE: If you keep shaking it like that, you're going to hit yourself in the head and wind up with a concussion.

CARY: You're right. Here. You do it. *(Holds out toaster to ANDIE.)*

ANDIE: Me?

CARY: Yeah.

ANDIE: Why?

CARY: I'm hoping that you'll hurt yourself.

ANDIE: You can't get the toaster to hurt me, so you're hoping that I'll hurt myself with the toaster?

CARY: Right.

ANDIE: *(taking the toaster)* Why am I doing this?

CARY: Because I'm pathetic and you feel sorry for me.

ANDIE: This is very true. *(Gives the toaster a gentle shake.)*

CARY: Bring it up closer to your face.

ANDIE: Bite me.

CARY: If I was going to bite you, I wouldn't have handed you the toaster to hurt yourself with.

ANDIE: *(Taps the bottom of the toaster and the toast falls out.)* Here. *(Hands the toast to CARY.)* That's some weird-looking toast. And... it's cold. Why is it cold?

CARY: Never mind. Just hold still while I throw this at you.

ANDIE: It's a piece of toast. Even if it's burned to a hard crisp, it's not gonna hurt me. *(CARY throws the piece of toast at ANDIE.)*
Ow! That hurt!

CARY: Told you so.

ANDIE: No piece of toast is that heavy! What'd you do to it?

CARY: Soaked it in diet soda and put it in the freezer.

ANDIE: Diet soda?

CARY: Yeah. So if I ate some, it wouldn't make me fat. And it's not as sticky.

ANDIE: Why?

CARY: To give it enough heft to do some damage.

ANDIE: So it's not even real toast.

CARY: It's assault toast. It's special! I mean, use your common sense.

ANDIE: But if this thing had worked... if the toaster had heated up... it would have thawed out the bread.

CARY: Not completely.

ANDIE: And the bread would thaw anyway if it sat out.

CARY: Not if we crank the air conditioning down low enough.

ANDIE: It's January!

CARY: Then we shouldn't have to crank it down that much!

ANDIE: You want us to freeze to death?

CARY: Put on a coat!

ANDIE: I don't wanna have to wear a coat in my own home just so we can protect ourselves with assault toast!

CARY: Personal comfort is a small price to pay for peace of mind.

ANDIE: Why are you so worried about peace of mind?

CARY: There was an article in the newspaper today about a bank being robbed in Richmond.

ANDIE: That's two hours away from here!

CARY: But still... it made me think.

ANDIE: It made you think about toast?

CARY: Yeah.

ANDIE: How?

CARY: You know how sometimes people wear costumes or disguises when they commit crimes?

ANDIE: Yeah.

CARY: The bank robber was dressed as a stick of butter.

ANDIE: You're kidding.

CARY: And I figured that if he came here and tried to rob our house, the best way to fight butter would be with toast.

ANDIE: Why didn't you just say so?

CARY: I thought you would think that assault toast to guard against a butter burglar would be even stupider than assault toast for general security purposes.

ANDIE: Well, it is, but it makes perfect sense.

CARY: It does?

ANDIE: If there's anything a dingbat like you would be afraid of, it stands to reason that it would be another dingbat in a butter costume.

CARY: Dingbat?

ANDIE: If you can say "imbued" I can say "dingbat."

CARY: You're making fun of me.

ANDIE: I am, but in a completely sincere and understanding way.

Do you know what the saddest, most pathetic part of all this is?

CARY: What?

ANDIE: It's making me hungry.

CARY: There's frozen, diet soda-dipped bread slices in the freezer.

ANDIE: Not that hungry. Listen, Cary, if you're really worried about the man in the butter costume, ask dad if you can take the money out of your savings to get a home security system.

CARY: I'm not *that* worried about the man in the butter costume.

ANDIE: That's what I thought.

CARY: But I still think assault toast is a really good idea and I wanna patent it.

ANDIE: It's not and you shouldn't.

CARY: You're crushing my dream.

ANDIE: It's not a dream. It's a fleeting obsession.

CARY: You're crushing my fleeting obsession.

ANDIE: Find a new fleeting obsession.

Pause. CARY thinks for a second.

CARY: I want to redeem the good name of butter by dressing up in a butter costume of my own and fighting crime.

ANDIE: If the neighbors see a giant stick of butter walking through the front door, it would compromise your secret identity.

CARY: Nobody would be able to see my face, so I could tell them I was you.

Pause.

ANDIE: You should get back to work on the toaster.

BLACKOUT

THE END

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