

Mission Despicable

By
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A humorous study of diet and sugar consumption
suitable for puppets, live readings or stage production.

Length 15 minutes

Characters

1. Mr. Sprinkles
2. Secretary
3. Scientist - Mr. Smith

Scene I

Mr. Sprinkles: Augggh! I hate ,em! I hate'em! I hate 'em! Dirty, little wretches! I've got to put an end to this (Buzzes intercom) Secretary!

Secretary: (Offstage voice) Yes, Mr. Sprinkles?

Mr. Sprinkles: Loreen, send in Mr. Smith from the laboratory. I want him immediately.

Secretary: Yes, Mr. Sprinkles.

Mr. Sprinkles: I hate the creepy, crawley little things. Everywhere I go, I see their ugly little faces smiling at me. Aaugghh!! I'm going nuts!

Scientist: You called for me, Mr. Sprinkles?

Mr. Sprinkles: Ahhh, Smith. I thought you'd never get here. I, uh...oh, my heart! My heart! Gotta have my medicine.

Scientist: Here, let me help you, sir.

Mr. Sprinkles: (Takes heart medicine) Ahhh. Just in the nick of time. Those fowl little vermin upset me so badly that I almost have a heart attack each time I think about them!

Scientist: You really should do something about that, Mr. Sprinkles.

Mr. Sprinkles: I know, I know. But what? I don't want to get put into jail every time I kill one of them. But if I don't get rid of them, I'll go bananas and get put into the funny farm.

Scientist: (Aside) He's got a problem, wouldn't you say? (Sign held up: -"YES")

Mr. Sprinkles: What a choice! Jail or the funny farm! Aaugghh! And it's all their fault. Them with their laughter and innocence and happiness. That's what gets me worst! Their happiness! Aaugghh!

Scientist: You really do have a problem, don't you?

Mr. Sprinkles: I would say so, wouldn't you?

Scientist: By all means. Do you have a cure?

Mr. Sprinkles: No. No cure. No hope of a cure! I'm doomed to endure their ugly little faces looking at me from every street in every city of every nation in the world. Aaughh!!

Scientist: (Aside) I think he's cracking up, don't you?

Mr. Sprinkles: I'd better jump off the bridge. That's the only way.

Scientist: Oh, there must be a better way. Why don't you call the exterminator?

Mr. Sprinkles: The exterminator?

Scientist: Yes, the bug killer man with the big termite on top of his car (Ad lib:) "Beep, beep, c'mon you ugly little termites. Today you get yours.

Mr. Sprinkles: Smith! I don't have termites!

Scientist: Well, ants then. It doesn't matter. Call the exterminator.

Mr. Sprinkles: No! Not ants, not termites, not cockroaches.

Secretary: Mice?

Mr. Sprinkles: No! No!! NO!!! No mice or rats or dogs or cats or monkeys or gorillas.

Scientist: No?

Mr. Sprinkles: NO!!!

Scientist: Then what do you have?

Mr. Sprinkles: Nothing!!! I don't have nothing! I mean, anything.

Scientist: Then what's the problem?

Mr. Sprinkles: It's them. Them with their beady little eyes, looking at me from everywhere. I hate'm.

Scientist: Mr. Sprinkles, you'd better lid down here.

Mr. Sprinkles: Lie down?

Scientist: Yes, lie down.

Mr. Sprinkles: Lie down? OK. Lie down. (Lies down)

Scientist: Ats'a good business man. Now, relax.

Mr. Sprinkles: Relax? OK, relax.

Scientist: Now, tell me, Mr. Sprinkles, when did you start having these hallucinations?

Mr. Sprinkles: (Sits up abruptly) Hallucinations!!

Scientist: Yes. When did you start going bananas?

Mr. Sprinkles: You think I'm dreaming all this? You think I'm crazy?

Scientist: Oh, no. We don't think he's crazy, do we kids? (Sign- BOO! CRAZY YES)
There, you see? Nobody thinks you're crazy.

Mr. Sprinkles: Thank Goodness.

Scientist: But now, back to business. When did you start having these hallucinations?

Mr. Sprinkles: They're not hallucinations, I tell you! You can see 'em on any street of any city in the world. They're everywhere! They're like the plague!

Scientist: And you're not talking about pests or animals?

Mr. Sprinkles: No, you stupid fool. I'm talking about something much worse. Here, look out my window. There, see!

Scientist: There's nothing down there except a bunch of kids from (Name of school or church you are performing at)

Mr. Sprinkles: I know! That's what I'm talking about!

Scientist: Kids?

Mr. Sprinkles: Kids! They drive me crazy!

Scientist: Kids?

Mr. Sprinkles: Yes kids! Little kids, big kids, skinny kids, fat kids, white ones, green ones, black ones, purple ones, Red ones, yellow ones. They all drive me stark raving mad! Aauuggghhh!!!

Scientist: But Mr. Sprinkles, kids are...

Mr. Sprinkles: Your mission, Smith, should you decide to accept it, is to figure out a secret chemical that I can feed kids that will keep them from being happy. Hear?

Scientist: Why?

Mr. Sprinkles: Because every time I see a kid smile it reminds me of how miserable and rotten and sick and stupid I am. Do I make myself understood, Smith?

Scientist: Perfectly clear, sir.

Mr. Sprinkles: Good. Now get with it. A secret chemical that will make kids all unhappy.

Scientist: How can I do this terrible thing? I was once a child. Why, some of my best friends used to be children.

Mr. Sprinkles: You will do it because I am your boss and I order you to do it.

Scientist: It is beneath my honor to do this dastardly deed to my friends the children. I will never, repeat never! betray my friends the children. (Hold up sign-CHEER) Thank you, kids, thank you, thank you.

Mr. Sprinkles: May I remind you, Smith, that you are in debt for your sports car.

Scientist: I'll give up my car. I love children.

Mr. Sprinkles: In debt for your sailboat.

Scientist: I'll even give up my boat. I like kids.

Mr. Sprinkles: In debt for you house.

Scientist: Well, a guy's gotta have a place to live. But kids are OK.

Mr. Sprinkles: And if you don't come up with the secret chemical soon I'll fire you and make sure you never get another job anywhere. Never, ever, ever!!(Aside) That'll make'm think twice.

Scientist: A guy's gotta earn a living. But kids aren't all that bad.

Mr. Sprinkles: You've got a wife and baby, right, Smith!

Scientist: (Nods)

Mr. Sprinkles: You want them to starve, Smith?

Scientist: I uh...I uh...Well, kids do have their faults.

Mr. Sprinkles: Especially if they cause you to starve, right?

Scientist: Yes. And, after all, Hitler was a kid.

Mr. Sprinkles: Now you're starting to think, Smith.

Scientist: But, sir, I just can't go and develop some deadly poison that will kill all the kids in the world.

Mr. Sprinkles: I didn't say kill them. I said make them unhappy.

Scientist: Well...

Mr. Sprinkles: It's them or you, Smith.

Scientist: Well, since you put it so clearly,...what do you want me to do?(Sign -BOO!!)

Scientist: Hey! I'm sorry, kids. I'm just doing my job, ya know.(Sign -BOO!!)

Mr. Sprinkles: Ready?

Scientist: Ready.

Mr. Sprinkles: All right. Here's what this secret chemical has to do. First, it has to taste good.

Scientist: Taste good. Roger.

Mr. Sprinkles: Second, it has to make them feel good.

Scientist: Feel good. Roger. Feel good?

Mr. Sprinkles: But only at first.

Scientist: Ohhh, only at first.

Mr. Sprinkles: Yeah. Then it's got to make them feel bad.

Scientist: First feel good, then feel bad. Roger.

Mr. Sprinkles: It has to be slow acting. I don't want no kids dying from overdoses.

Scientist: Right. It'll take months for it to take effect.

Mr. Sprinkles: It has to be cheap.

Scientist: Cheap.

Mr. Sprinkles: Cheap enough so everybody can buy it.

Scientist: Super cheap!

Mr. Sprinkles: It's gotta look nice.

Scientist: Pretty. Gotcha. Pretty.

Mr. Sprinkles: Got enough info?

Mr. Sprinkles: It's a tough order, sir, but I can do it. I can do anything for a worthy cause.

Mr. Sprinkles: What worthy cause?

Scientist: I've got a wife and kids and this real neat little sports car (Fade out with exit)
And a sail boat and a house on the lake and...

Mr. Sprinkles: Good man that Smith. Loyal, good hearted, does what he's told. No
morals, Doesn't think too much.

Scene II

Secretary: Mr. Sprinkles?

Mr. Sprinkles: Yes, Loreen?

Secretary: Mr. Smith to see you.

Mr. Sprinkles: Smith?! Good good. Send'm in. (Enter Smith)

Scientist: Mission accomplished, Mr. Sprinkles.

Mr. Sprinkles: You've got it?! You've developed the Sprinkles super secret chemical?

Scientist: You bet I have, Mr. Sprinkles. It does all you've asked and more.

Mr. Sprinkles: More?

Scientist: Much more.

Mr. Sprinkles: Like what?

Scientist: It affects the brain.

Mr. Sprinkles: How?

Scientist: Well, here's a model of the chemical itself. You notice all of these free carbon atoms sticking out here and there and everywhere?

Mr. Sprinkles: (Eagerly) Yes, yes, go on.

Scientist: Well! When this stuff gets into the blood, it causes the blood to get sticky, see. That slows down the blood to the brain so that kids can't think as clearly. Result! Bad grades!

Mr. Sprinkles: Bad grades! That's great, Smith!

Scientist: And! Bad grades means mad parents, which means unhappy kids!

Mr. Sprinkles: Excellent, Smith. You'll get a raise for this!

Scientist: Not only that, but it stops the body from fighting infections.

Mr. Sprinkles: What's that mean?

Scientist: It means that for several hours after a fix of this stuff the body is helpless against germs.

Mr. Sprinkles: It is?

Scientist: Yes it is!! So! If a little kid gets a good dose of this stuff, and then someone with a cold sneezes on him, he's almost sure to get the cold too.

Mr. Sprinkles: Tremendous!

Scientist: And! The effect lasts for several hours.

Mr. Sprinkles: Great, Smith. Just Great!

Scientist: The same goes for the flu, measles, chicken pox and I suspect some much more serious things too.

Mr. Sprinkles: You're a genius, Smith. A stark raving genius!!

Scientist: There's more!

Mr. Sprinkles: More! Oh, I'm so excited!! Go on! Go on!

Scientist: Teeth.

Mr. Sprinkles: What about teeth?