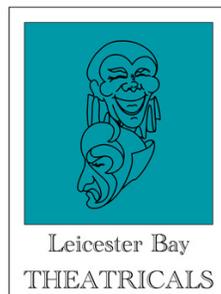


PERUSAL SCRIPT

SPOILED CHEESE

a ten-minute play by

Eric Samuelson



Newport, Maine

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SPOILED CHEESE

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SPOILED CHEESE by Eric Samuelsen received its world premiere May 21, 2005 as part of the second annual SLAM at Plan-B Theatre. The following cast was directed by Teresa Sanderson: Jayceen Craven, Colleen Lewis and Kim Weiss. Designed by Shelley Carpenter, Cheryl Cluff, Wilton Koernig, Randy Rasmussen and Cory Thorell. Original Music by Joe and Joshua Payne. Stage managed by Jennifer Freed. Produced by Jerry Rapier.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Alan
Eva
Aspcroft

SPOILED CHEESE a 10-minute play by Eric Samuelsen. If I'm neither. Picture a post-apocalyptic scenario, with an Adam and Eve, now ejected from a Garden, ruefully remembering various cheeses they recall having eaten. Intriguing? Well, as usual, Aspcroft puts his/her two-cents worth into the mix. Premiered by Plan-B Theatre Company as part of their SLAM 2005. **ORDER # 3260**

Eric Samuelsen taught at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio before joining the faculty at Brigham Young University in 1992. He became head of the Playwriting program at BYU in 1999. He has also taught as an adjunct faculty member in the Religion department. He retired from BYU in 2012.

As a playwright, Samuelsen has had twenty-seven plays professionally produced in Utah, Indiana, Louisiana, New York, and California. Some of his plays include *Gadianton*, which has seen three professional productions across the country, *A Love Affair with Electrons*, *Family*, *The Plan*, and *The Way We're Wired*. He is resident playwright at Plan-B Theatre Company in Salt Lake City, who designated their 2013-14 season a 'Season of Eric', including productions of six of his plays.

He is a member of the Playwrights' Circle, and the Dramatists Guild. He is three-time winner of the Annual Award in Playwriting offered by the Association for Mormon Letters (AML) and he became president of AML in 2007. In 2013 the organization awarded him the Smith Pettit Award for his lifetime work as a playwright.

He has been a staff writer for the on-line satirical magazine *The Sugarbeet*. He was also featured in the book *Conversations with Mormon Authors*, edited by Chris Bigelow. He is a noted Ibsen translator, and has also published scholarly articles on 19th and 20th century Scandinavian Theatre, and more recently, on LDS drama and film. He blogged at Mormoniconoclast.com. Eric died in September of 2019 after a long battle with polymyositis. This has left a huge hole in the Theatre Community within, and outside of, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

SPOILED CHEESE

(Adam sleeps on a park bench, park sounds, gunshots, a siren, a car crash, a woman screams, he wakes up. Yawns, stretches, runs his hands over his head. Suddenly, he's shocked, appalled.)

ALAN: What the hell?

(Feels his head again. Looks around.)

What? Where in the . . . ?

EVA: *(Enters quickly, pushing a shopping cart.)* We gotta go.

ALAN: Eva? What the hell?

EVA: Everything's changed, I don't know what to do, I can't even *see* the way I used to. . . .

ALAN: What happened to my hair?

EVA: Didn't there used to be...colors?

(The siren again. She starts counting cash.)

ALAN: Think, think. We were at the party, the band was playing, we had wine and crackers and cheese. I didn't think I had that much to drink.

EVA: Six, seven, and twenty five, six, seven.

ALAN: We made it back to the apartment, I know we did, I remember it.

EVA: *(Putting the money away.)* It'll have to do.

ALAN: Eva, last night I had my hair, a full head of hair!

EVA: A lot of things have happened since last night.

ALAN: Long! Halfway down my back! Took me forty five minutes to wash it!

EVA: Put on these galoshes.

ALAN: You used to braid it, we used to . . .

(Catches a glance at the skyline.)

Eva!

EVA: Alan, we have to go, we don't have time for—

ALAN: What happened to the towers?

EVA: I can explain everything, if you'll just—

ALAN: They were right there. They were part of the skyline. They were right there!

EVA: Are you hungry?

ALAN: Am I what?

EVA: I have an apple.

ALAN: What happened to the cheese?

EVA: Apples are so good: apples are terrific. So good for you too. A natural source for vitamin C, for pectin, and don't get me started on the subject of dietary fiber.

ALAN: We had some cheese in the backpack, we were bringing it home from the party.

EVA: Gone, spoiled, bad.

ALAN: All of it? All the sudden, I'm famished for cheese.

EVA: I threw it out.

ALAN: The Adelost?

EVA: Tossed.

ALAN: The Calembert?

EVA: Didn't dare.

ALAN: The Gouda?

EVA: Outa.

ALAN: Not even the cheddar?

EVA: Not any better. Hey, look, an apple!

ALAN: I suppose.

ASPCROFT: (*Enters.*) Don't anybody move!

EVA: (Hissing under her breath.) I told you we needed to go!

ASPCROFT: Silence!

EVA: It's okay, Officer Aspcroft. He's with me.

ASPCROFT: You? And who, may I ask, are you?

EVA: I ate the apple.

ASPCROFT: You did, eh? From what tree?

EVA: That one. Right over there. Knowledge: good, evil. That tree.

ASPCROFT: Am I to assume that he hasn't eaten?

EVA: He will. Not to worry.

ASPCROFT: I think I'd better take you both in. Just to be sure.

EVA: I don't think that's necessary, officer. He's with me, and I'm willing to take the test.

ASPCROFT: (*Whirls on ALAN.*) Hmm. You! Off with the galoshes and stand in the pond.

EVA: Alan, do as she says.

ALAN: It's filthy.

EVA: It's clean, Alan. The skies are clear and the water's clean.

ALAN: Are you out of your mind? I've never seen the sky look so—

EVA: The skies are clear and the water's clean! You'll have to forgive him, he was just about to eat I promise.

ASPCROFT: (*Cocking her gun.*) Into the pond, now!

ALAN: (*Taking off the galoshes.*) Okay, okay. Though why in the world you want me to—

EVA: It shorts out whatever electronic devices you may have strapped to your ankles.

ALAN: Eva, since when do I walk around with electronic devices strapped to my—

EVA: Just get in the water, Alan!

ALAN: Okay, okay.

(He does.)

ASPCROFT: Very good. This won't take a minute. I need you to spread your nostrils apart with your fingers. Good. Rub your stomach and pat your head. Now switch hands. Excellent. Stick out your tongue. Spread your legs a little. A little more. Now, grab the backs of your knees with your hands.

ALAN: Wait a second. . . .

ASPCROFT: (*Pulling on rubber gloves.*) Following your body cavity search, we will....

EVA: Just give me the test!

ASPCROFT: I don't trust you. I don't trust him. I don't trust anyone.

EVA: I ate the apple, I told you. Look, I have two hundred dollars. If you'll just give me the test and let us out of here. . . .

ASPCROFT: Two hundred dollars?

EVA: Did I say two? Three hundred. Four.

ASPCROFT: Four, is it? I suppose it will have to do. The test will now commence. A through F?

EVA: Fine.

ASPCROFT: Arnold, Barbra, Chelsea, Dubya, England, France and Gorgonzola.

EVA: Good, Evil, Evil, Good, Good, Evil and nowhere near as good as apples.

ASPCROFT: Extra credit bonus: massive tax cuts for billionaires.

EVA: Good, perfect, the best.

ASPCROFT: Excellent, I must say. But I'm still not completely...Gay?

EVA: Sodomite, or...?

ASPCROFT: Irrational cheerfulness in the face of expanding deficits!

EVA: Good. Whew.

3 MORE PAGES TO THE END OF THE SCRIPT