

PERUSAL SCRIPT

BLOOD PUDDING

by

Eric Samuelson



Newport, Maine

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BLOOD PUDDING

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BLOOD PUDDING by Eric Samuelsen received its world premiere May 20, 2006 as part of the third annual SLAM at Plan-B Theatre. The following cast was directed by Kurt Proctor: Anita Booher, Anita Holland and Colleen Lewis. Designed by Cheryl Cluff, Pilar I., Greg Ragland, Randy Rasmussen and Cory Thorell. Stage managed by Jennifer Freed. Produced by Jerry Rapier.

CHARACTERS:

CAROL — a manager of a Meat Locker, could be older than the other two

JUBILEE — employee

MARIE — employee

BLOOD PUDDING a 10-minute play by Eric Samuelsen. 3f. Simple setting. Some props. Contemporary costumes. There was a robbery in a restaurant meat locker. Marie thinks she knows who did it — a guy in a Lakers jacket. Jubilee agrees, until Carol, the manager, wants to prosecute; then they change their stories. Do they really know the guy in the Lakers jacket? Were they mistaken and it was a Phoenix Suns jacket? Or is there something else going on here! (Like one of the girls maybe having dated the robber.) Premiered as part of Plan-B Theatre's SLAM 2006. **ORDER #3261**

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 Scandanavian 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.

BLOOD PUDDING

(A meat locker. JUBILEE and MARIE sit on floor on upper level; CAROL goes down ramp, looks around.)

CAROL: Still locked. Damnit!

MARIE: Hey, Jubilee. You hear that? Door's still locked.

JUBILEE: How 'bout that. Three whole minutes, and ain't nobody come by.

CAROL: Girls! Will you just-.

JUBILEE: *(Looks at the sides of beef, admiringly.)* Check it out, girl. Hunka beef the size of a SUV.

MARIE: They're *sides* of beef, we should use the right terminology.

JUBILEE: Okay, you know so much, which part's the tenderloin, and the brisket, and all that there.

MARIE: Beats me. Two days of butcher training, I was out of there.

CAROL: In case you hadn't noticed, the place was just robbed!

JUBILEE: Robbed, huh? How you figure that?

MARIE: Maybe the guns?

JUBILEE: And the ski masks?

MARIE: Dead giveaway.

CAROL: I'm night manager! I know I haven't been here long, but I'm in charge! I'm responsible!

JUBILEE: Look, manager lady, the hell's your name again?

CAROL: Carol. Carol Preston.

JUBILEE: This the first time you ever been robbed?

CAROL: Of course it is!

MARIE: Rookie.

(JUBILEE and MARIE exchange glances.)

CAROL: This has happened to you before?

MARIE: Six times for me. How 'bout you, Jubes?

JUBILEE: Eight. But I started 'fore you did.

CAROL: Eight times? This store?

MARIE: Yes, this store. Where we're located? They hit this place about every three months.

CAROL: Three months!

JUBILEE: You know, Marie, on my way to work today, I thought, mid-August. Bet we get robbed today.

MARIE: I thought that too.

CAROL: But ... I've been a manager for sixteen years! This is the first time I've ever—

JUBILEE: Where, over on the east side?

MARIE: Not out here, right?

JUBILEE: West side mean streets?

CAROL: Well, no.

MARIE: So, okay. Welcome to your first robbery.

CAROL: Listen, girls. You musn' t think . . . just because I'm from the . . . other side of town. It doesn't mean I'm wealthy. Or ... sheltered. Things happen. Divorce, and....

JUBILEE: Oh, we know.

MARIE: Hey, they assigned you out here. Not exactly a promotion.

CAROL: No.

(Pause.)

JUBILEE: And they put us in the meat locker, can you dig it? Most the time, they lock us in the office.

MARIE: First for me too.

JUBILEE: Over there, that must be where they do the cutting and slicing and shit. Where all the blood is.

MARIE: You know, some places, they eat blood?

JUBILEE: No shit?

MARIE: Stuff it in, like, intestines? Boil it up, serve it for breakfast.

CAROL: Will you stop talking about these ... disgusting... what are we going to—

MARIE: No worries. We'll be out in an hour.

JUBILEE: Night crew'll let us out. Be here by two.

MARIE: More like fifty minutes.

(Checks her watch.)

CAROL: That's right. There's a night crew, I'd forgotten. So we're not really in any danger here?

JUBILEE: Danger?

CAROL: This is a meat locker, after all. Cold.

MARIE: Just walk around. Rub your arms if you have to.

JUBILEE: Course, it gets real bad, there's something else we can do. Share some body heat? You know? Snuggle on up together.

(She and MARIE look at each other, laugh.)

CAROL: Well. I doubt it will come to that. I do wish they'd left us a coat.

(Involuntarily shivers.)

JUBILEE: Like I said....

MARIE: Jubilee, now, you be good.

(Brief pause.)

CAROL: The worst of it is, I didn't resist at all. I'm supposed to be responsible, I'm the *manager*. And I gave them *everything*, emptied the tills, I opened the safe....

JUBILEE: What you supposed to do, get your head blown off?

MARIE: It's a robbery, you give 'em the money and keep your mouth shut.

CAROL: I'm responsible for that money!

MARIE: Look, it's just the company's. So what? They got insurance.

(Pause.)

CAROL: Still, I can't help but-

JUBILEE: Shit, man, you believe this? That a pig over there?

MARIE: Hey, it's small enough. Whaddya say, we leave tonight, we take it with us? Take it home, grind it up for sausage?

JUBILEE: We just say, they took it, man. Took that ol' pig at gunpoint.

CAROL: You girls. I swear, I never know when you're joking or when you're serious.

(The girls exchange a glance. CAROL sits, dejected.)

THREE PAGES TO THE END

JUBILEE: Well, you just say the word. We'll share us some body heat.

(MARIE laughs briefly. FINAL BLACKOUT.)