



L. Don Swartz

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GET OFF MY CABBAGE!

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GET OFF MY CABBAGE! was originally produced by Starry Night Theatre, Inc., at the Ghostlight Theatre in North Tonawanda, New York on April 29, 2010: L. Don Swartz, director.

LOTTIE: Joann V. Mis

BERNICE: Debby Koszelak Swartz

HAL: L. Don Swartz

SAL: Jesse Swartz

GET OFF MY CABBAGE!

COMEDY. In this hilarious sequel to *Regrets Only*, cranky curmudgeons Lottie and Bernice are back and they are grumpier than ever! This time they are lounging on Lottie's front porch selling cabbages and passing the time reading newspaper obituaries, spying on their neighbors with binoculars, analyzing Anna Skupka's butt lift, wondering if the local peeping Tom will stop by to see their underpants, and flinging doggie doo-doo at a passerby. Meanwhile, Hal and Sal, who are now working as house painters, are sitting on the porch of an abandoned home next door eating lunch and arguing whether Sal has a thing for Brad Pitt, lamenting the dangers of can lids, and discussing the merits of deli meat, cow tongue sandwiches, and colonoscopies. There're plenty of cabbages, curmudgeons, and crazies in this side-splitting play!

Performance Time: Approximately 60-75 minutes.

Note: Please see *Regrets Only!* for more Lottie, Bernice, Sal, and Hal hilarity!

CHARACTERS

(2 M, 2 F)

LOTTIE: An old, heavy Polish lady; wears a house dress and babushka (headscarf); female.

BERNICE: An old, heavy Polish lady; wears a housedress and babushka (headscarf); female.

HAL: House painter; wears a long-sleeved white work shirt and overalls; he is speckled with many different colors of paint; male.

SAL: House painter; wears white painter's pants and a white T-shirt; he has no paint on him; male.

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SETTING

Two front porches in a middle-class neighborhood in Western New York.

SET

Lottie's front porch and the porch of an abandoned home next door. The porch at SL is attached to an abandoned house. It is rundown and looks haunted. The porch at SR has two lawn chairs on it and a crate of cabbage with a sign that reads "Cabbage. Two for \$5." The lawn chairs are wrapped in plastic. The yard is well-kept. There is a green garbage tote SR of the porch.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1: Front porch of an abandoned house.

Scene 2: Lottie's front porch.

Scene 3: Front porch of an abandoned house, one week later.

Scene 4: Lottie's front porch with toilet paper streamers all over it.

Intermission, opt.

ACT II

Scene 1: Front porch of an abandoned house, one week later.

Scene 2: Lottie's front porch.

Scene 3: Front porch of an abandoned house, one week later.

Scene 4: Lottie's front porch.

PROPS

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Can of spaghetti | Lettuce |
| Rice cake | Grapes |
| Plastic spoon | Breath mint |
| 2 Lunch bags | Bandage for Bernice's hand |
| Dog pooper-scooper | Cow tongue sandwich |
| Fake dog poop | Chocolate cupcake |
| Newspapers | Sandwich bag filled with |
| 2 Binoculars | celery |
| 2-foot submarine sandwich | Piece of folding lawn |
| Cucumber slice | furniture |
| Pencil | Yard weeds |
| Toilet paper | Sausage |
| 2 Purses, for Lottie and Bernice | Slice of rye bread |
| Can of Easy Cheese | |

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SOUND EFFECTS

Sound of car driving by
Sound of car breaks squealing
Honking horn
Sound of fireworks
Sound of angry car horn
Sound of garbage truck beep
Sound of flies buzzing

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"NOBODY
CUT HIS OWN HEAD OFF
WITH THE LID
FROM A CAN OF DEVILED HAM."

-SAL

ACT I

SCENE I

(AT RISE: *Two porches in Western New York. The porch at SL is attached to an abandoned house. It is rundown and looks haunted. The porch at SR has two lawn chairs on it and a crate of cabbage with a sign that reads "Cabbage. Two for \$5."* The lawn chairs are wrapped in plastic. *The yard is well-kept. There is a green garbage tote SR of the porch. Two house painters, Hal and Sal exit the abandoned house SL and sit on the front steps. Sal is dressed in white painter's pants and a white T-shirt. He has no paint on him. Hal is wearing a long-sleeved white work shirt and overalls. He is speckled with many different colors of paint. They each carry a lunch bag.*)

SAL: *(Sniffs.)* What's that smell?

HAL: What smell?

SAL: That smell. It smells like the sewer.

HAL: It's not me.

SAL: I didn't think it was...this time. Take a whiff of the air.

HAL: Do what now?

SAL: Take a big whiff with that great honker of yours.

HAL: Nobody tells me when to whiff. I decide when I will and when I will not whiff. I'll whiff when I want to whiff.

(Sniffs.) Oh, that. It's cabbage.

SAL: Cabbage? You're eating cabbage?

HAL: No. It's not my lunch. It's from across the street.

(Points.) Look, it's a field of cabbage.

SAL: That's disgusting. That's a waste of good dirt. Who needs that much cabbage?

HAL: The lady next door sells it. See the crate of cabbage? Her friend lives across the street and they both tend the garden in the morning and sell the cabbage in the afternoon.

SAL: Who are you...the FBI?

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II

HAL: I pay attention to my surroundings. Information is power.

SAL: Who eats cabbage?

HAL: I eat cabbage.

SAL: You eat cabbage?

HAL: I love cabbage: coleslaw, pigs in a blanket, sauerkraut. It's all good.

SAL: You sicken me. Human beings can't digest cabbage. It's a scientific fact.

HAL: So? It's roughage. Roughage is good for you...keeps the pipes from getting clogged.

SAL: So does Liquid-Plumr. Who plants only cabbage on an empty lot in a residential neighborhood? There are other vegetables. What does it mean? There ought to be an ordinance.

HAL: So now you want to control what people grow in their gardens because you don't like cabbage?

SAL: No, but there are ordinances against loud sounds. I just think there ought to be ordinances against smelly gardens, that's all.

HAL: *(Takes a big whiff.)* I like the smell. Lots of people like the smell. It's real. It's earthy. It's a good smell.

SAL: It stinks.

(Hal and Sal eat their lunches. Sal opens a can of spaghetti and eats it with a plastic spoon. Hal is crunching on a rice cake.)

HAL: *(Indicating can of spaghetti.)* You going to heat that?

SAL: Oh, yeah. Let me pop it in my microwave. *(Mimes placing the can in a microwave. Like a microwave.)* Beep. Beep. Beep.

HAL: You can't put cans in the microwave.

SAL: Oh, that's right. Look out! It's going to blow! *(Mimes a big explosion.)*

HAL: You eat it cold right out of the can?

SAL: Yeah. It's good. You want to try some?

HAL: No, I don't eat from tin cans.

SAL: You don't eat from tin cans?

HAL: I do not.

SAL: Don't tell me it causes cancer...

HAL: Probably does. I don't eat from tin cans because I don't like that tinny taste that the food gets.

SAL: Tinny taste? What are you talking about?

HAL: Food from a tin can is tainted. It tastes like metal. Besides that, opening the can is dangerous.

SAL: Dangerous? How so?

HAL: The lid is sharp...jagged edges ready to cut into your flesh.

SAL: *(Holding up the lid.)* It's a pop top.

HAL: Those are the worst. I heard this guy was trying to open a can of deviled ham. The lid was stuck, like they get sometimes, and he kept exerting more and more force on the lid. Finally, it gave way so suddenly and without warning that the guy's arm flew back and the lid cut the man's head off. Right off!

SAL: That never happened.

HAL: Yes, it did.

SAL: Nobody cut his own head off with the lid from a can of deviled ham.

HAL: I know for a fact that he did.

SAL: Let's see if this could cut someone's head off.

(Sal pushes the lid toward Hal.)

HAL: Don't even joke about that!

(Sal and Hal continue eating. Suddenly, Sal jumps up.)

SAL: *(Shouts at someone across the street.)* Hey, baby! Yeah, you! I'm talking to you! Looking good! That's it! Work it! Work it! Oh, yeah! That's what I'm talking about! *(Sits. Hal gives him a dirty look. Indicating rice cake.)* What you got there?

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HAL: A rice cake.

SAL: Rice cake? That's like eating Styrofoam.

HAL: Yeah, I'm trying to lose some weight.

SAL: About time. You're getting fat.

HAL: I'm not fat.

SAL: Yes, you are.

HAL: I'm a little overweight, but I'm not fat.

SAL: You're fat. Don't sugarcoat it. What's the big deal? If you want to lose weight, lose weight. If you want to stay fat, stay fat. I don't care what you do. But don't kid yourself. Fat is fat. And you are fat...maybe even obese.

HAL: I am not obese. Obese is when the firemen have to come and cut down a wall to get you out of your home.

SAL: Well, you may be closer than you think. Sometimes when my phone rings in the middle of the night, I think to myself, "Maybe this is the call."

HAL: Very funny. You just wait. I'm going to lose so much weight, nobody's going to know me.

SAL: There's something to look forward to. *(They both eat for a while.)* What did you do this weekend?

HAL: Not much. Cut the grass. You?

SAL: We went on the Maid of the Mist.

HAL: What are you...a tourist?

SAL: The old lady had family up from Jersey. We had to do the whole Falls thing.

HAL: I hate that.

SAL: Yeah. You'll never guess who I saw on the boat.

HAL: Who?

SAL: A big movie star.

HAL: Who?

SAL: Brad Pitt.

HAL: Get out!

SAL: Honest to God.

HAL: Was what's-her-name...with the lips...with him?

SAL: Angelina Jolie? Do you think if I saw Angelina Jolie on the Maid of the Mist, I'd start out by telling you I saw Brad Pitt?

HAL: So, who was with him?

SAL: Some old people, probably his parents, and he had some of his kids with him.

HAL: Uh-huh. Did you speak to him?

SAL: Did I speak to him? What am I going to say to Brad Pitt?

HAL: I don't know. I'd say something. How many chances do you get in a lifetime to speak to famous people? I'd at least say hello.

SAL: You probably would. I will say this much: He is a handsome man.

HAL: What?

SAL: Well, most of the time it's all hair and makeup. But here he was on the boat, getting drenched by the water and wearing one of those plastic raincoats, and he still looked like a movie star.

HAL: (*Suspiciously.*) You got a thing for this Brad Pitt?

SAL: What's that supposed to mean?

HAL: Well, it sounds to me like maybe you have a thing for this Brad Pitt.

[END OF FREEVIEW]