

# GREEN WITH ENVY

By Patrick Marlowe

## CHARACTERS:

Bushy, a Ninja strawberry – Shayna

Evil O, an embittered olive – Actor/Actress

DATE

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**SCENE ONE**

**TIME**

The Present. In the morning.

**PLACE**

The Nerve Centre of Evil O's Evil Empire

**AT RISE**

Bushy is asleep in a corner. She wears a badge which reads 'Ninja Strawberry, First class.'  
Enter Evil O, in rush. He/she speaks to the audience.

**EVIL O**

Right, you lot. Settle down. Evil O is in the house. You, sit up straight. You, whatever it is, swallow it. And you, for goodness sake, try and look as if you're enjoying yourself. Sitting there with a face like a smacked bottom. You're not at home now. What a rabble. You're supposed to be an audience, and look at you. Do I have to do everything myself? Fine.

*(He sits in the audience, looking very interested. Speaks to the person next to him/her)*

**EVIL O**

There. Not difficult, is it? Be quiet. She's coming round. By the way, I want her to think I'm her friend. This thing'll only work if you all look like you adore me. Oh well, that'll have to do.

*(Bushy wakes up. She stands and looks around, confused.)*

**BUSHY**

Mum? Nan? Where am I? I went to sleep in my bedroom, and I've woken up somewhere different. That's unusual. What is this place? I feel as if there are a gazillion eyes staring at me.

**EVIL O**

There are.

*(He stands and walks towards her.)*

**BUSHY**

What's going on? Where am I?

**EVIL O**

Welcome to my Wonderful Theatre of Loveliness. Let's have a big round of applause for Bushy, the Ninja strawberry.

**BUSHY**

How do you know my name? Who are you?

**EVIL O**

Merely an ordinary olive, who has dedicated his/her life to the cause of propagating peace and harmony between the fruit and vegetable communities.

**BUSHY**

And who are they?

*(She points to the audience.)*

**EVIL O**

My devoted disciples. They have dedicated their every moment, sleeping and waking, to the adoration of me.

**BUSHY**

What's so special about you?

**EVIL O**

*(Getting a bit tetchy.)*

One of the things about being a devoted disciple is that you don't ask questions.

**BUSHY**

But I'm not your devoted disciple.

**EVIL O**

*(Recovering quickly.)*

You will be. Once you get to know me, you won't be able to help yourself.

**BUSHY**

I'm getting to know you. And so far I can help myself. Anyway, my Mum says, if you leave it long enough, an olive will always show its dark side.

**EVIL O**

How very hilarious. But we must be getting on. My work is nearly done. Our little brother-and-sisterhood is complete.

**BUSHY**

I have no idea what you're talking about. Let me go before I unleash my terrifying Ninja moves on you. Why are you doing this?

**EVIL O**

I'm sensing a little hostility from you. I have merely brought you here because of my desire to do good. After all, if we do not dedicate ourselves to doing good, what are we?

**BUSHY**

But you've kidnapped me.

**EVIL O**

Only technically.

**BUSHY**

How is that doing good?

**EVIL O**

With your help we can do better good than ever. That's all I want. To do good, whatever it takes. I may just look like an ordinary olive to you, but if you jumble up the letters of 'olive', it spells: 'I Love'. Do you see?

**BUSHY**

Wait a minute. I know who you are. If you jumble up the letters of 'olive', it also spells 'Evil O'!

**EVIL O**

Does it? I hadn't noticed. What a coincidence.

**BUSHY**

Don't bandy words with me. You are 'Evil O'.

**EVIL O**

*(Very bored.)*

You've rumbled me. Oh calamity.

**BUSHY**

My Mum always used to say 'If you're naughty, Evil O will get you.' She said you were nasty and green, and had a heart of stone. She said you looked like a big bogey and tasted a bit like one, too, so I just assumed that you were a bogeyman. I didn't think you actually existed.

**EVIL O**

Well, if that's your attitude, you'd better be on your way. Sorry to have wasted your time.

**BUSHY**

Really?

**EVIL O**

Of course not! You are my prisoner, just like them. Look *(He/she points to various sections of the audience.)* Pineapples. Kiwis. Melons. And this lot are bananas. And now I've got you, my preparations are complete.

**BUSHY**

I've had just about enough of you. I'm off, and I'm taking this lot with me. You can't keep us here. All of us against one olive? Let my people go.

**EVIL O**

Not so fast! All my life, I have wanted to be in a fruit salad. Is that so much to ask? But everyone says 'You're an olive. Go and be in an ordinary salad, where you belong.' Where I belong? Have you ever spent any time with lettuce? And now, at last, I can bring my salad to fruition.

**BUSHY**

But you can't be in a fruit salad. You're not a proper fruit.

**EVIL O**

What did you say?

**BUSHY**

A proper fruit is sweet and juicy. You're just sharp and oily. You're more of a vegetable.

**EVIL O**

How dare you? Fruit grows on trees. Apples, oranges, peaches. Olives. On trees. Vegetables grow in or near the ground. Cabbages, carrots, marrows. Where do you grow?

**BUSHY**

I've had enough of this. You've brought this upon yourself.

*(She starts doing some Ninja moves.)*

**EVIL O**

You don't scare me. I'm much more of a fruit than you are. What sort of a fruit keeps its seeds on the outside? You weirdo. And whoever heard of a strawberry called Bushy?

**BUSHY**

My Mum wanted a gooseberry.

*(She does more Ninja moves.)*

**EVIL O**

Why are you jiggling about like that? Do you need the lavatory?

**BUSHY**

Oh, go stuff yourself.

**EVIL O**

Too late.

**BUSHY**

Pardon?

**EVIL O**

When I was a young and idiotic olive, I foolishly got stoned. When I came round, I found I had...an anchovy.

**BUSHY**

I thought there was something fishy about you.

**EVIL O**

It's no joke, believe me. *(In a squeaky voice.)* It's not exactly a picnic for me, you know. *(Normal voice.)* Quiet in there! Oh God, what's the point? What's the point in anything?

*(He/she starts to cry.)*

**BUSHY**

Don't cry. Please. I...I don't like it when *(She starts to cry as well.)* people cry.

**EVIL O**

Why are you crying?

**BUSHY**

I can't help myself. I'm just a soft fruit. You think it's tough being an olive, do you? Try being a strawberry some time. If the birds don't get you, the slugs do, and if the slugs don't get you, you get trodden on, and if you avoid all that, what do you have to look forward to?

Jam!

It's all very well, you feeling sorry for yourself and making everyone else's life a misery. But you're lucky.

**EVIL O**

Me?

**BUSHY**

Do you know the one thing I've always wanted to do? Something I never will do. But you will.

**EVIL O**

What is it?

**BUSHY**

I'd love to go on a pizza. But who wants a strawberry on a pizza? No-one.

**EVIL O**

It is fun.

**BUSHY**

There you are then. Do I go round kidnapping people, because of it?

**EVIL O**

*(Very quiet.)*

No.

**BUSHY**

I can't hear you.

**EVIL O**

NO!

**BUSHY**

So grow up, and get over yourself. I know you're conflicted about what you are. I have an uncle who's a tomato, and a cousin who's an avocado. They're in exactly the same boat. If you promise to let us all go, and to be nicer in the future, I might introduce you to them. I'm sure you'd have a lot to talk about.

**EVIL O**

Do you really mean it?

**BUSHY**

What are friends for?

**EVIL O**

Friends?

**BUSHY**

I'm sure we could be. Why not? Fruit? Vegetable? Who cares. *(She looks at the audience.)*

**BUSHY**

And you lot. Go on. Give each other a hug.

*(Bushy and Evil O do, as the lights fade.)*