

# Pulp Friction

By Patrick Marlowe

## CHARACTERS:

Painful Kain – a pineapple

Ken Wood – a blender

**SCENE 1**

Time:  
Afternoon

Place:  
Outside Painful Kain's Fruit Bowl

At Rise:  
Painful Kain enters, reading a newspaper.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

Dear oh dear. Listen to this: "More fruit goes missing. Police go bananas as mysterious disappearances continue." This is a bad time to be a crime-fighting pineapple. So many of my friends have vanished and I could be next. And it says here that there's going to be a power cut later. I might be seized in the dark. I must be careful. Trust nobody.

(ENTER KEN WOOD WEARING DARK GLASSES AND A BIG HAT)

**KEN WOOD:**

Excuse me, but are you Painful Kain, the world renowned crime-fighting pineapple?

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

I am.

(KEN PRODUCES A LETTER AND READS)

**KEN WOOD:**

"Dear Painful Kain, in recognition of your services to the world of exotic fruit, you are cordially invited to an award ceremony at World of Pulp, where you will finally get what you deserve."

(PAINFUL JUMPS UP AND DOWN IN EXCITEMENT)

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

Wow! An award! I've always wanted one. I hope it's for Best Crime-Fighting Tropical Fruit. Just like my Dad.

**KEN WOOD:**

Remember: World of Pulp. Don't be late.

(HE GOES, TRYING TO SUPPRESS AN INSANE LAUGH. PAINFUL HURRIES ROUND THE STAGE UNTIL HE SEES A SIGN: 'WORLD OF PULP')

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

Here it is. 'World of Pulp'. World of Pulp. Funny name. I wonder what they do there. And I wonder why the sign has all those pictures of fruit on it.

(HE STARTS TO GO IN AND THEN STOPS AND TURNS TO THE AUDIENCE.)

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

I must be careful, what with all these fruit disappearances. You never know, these days.

(HE GOES IN.)

**SCENE 2**

Time:

Five Minutes Later

Place:

Inside World of Pulp

At Rise:

Ken Wood stands alone, without his disguise. Enter Painful Kain.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

Hello. Anybody home? It's me, Painful Kain. I've come for my award.

(HE RUNS AROUND BANGNG ON DOORS AND SHOUTING.)

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

Hello? Hello?

**KEN WOOD:**

Ah. Mr Kain. I've been expecting you. A delight to meet you. A genuine honour. Welcome to World of Pulp.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

Haven't we met before?

**KEN WOOD:**

Never.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

When does the award ceremony start?

**KEN WOOD:**

In due course, in due course. We must have the speeches first.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

Boring. Can't we skip the speeches? I haven't got all day, you know.

**KEN WOOD:**

You're a pineapple. What could possibly be so pressing?

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

As it happens, I'm not all that busy today, but that's not the point. Award-winning pineapples shouldn't be kept waiting.

**KEN WOOD:**

Well, you're certainly not going to be winning any awards for your manners. Now you listen to me, you jumped-up little twerp. Before I give you what's coming to you, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Wood. Ken Wood. But you may know me better as The Liquidiser.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

You! But I thought you were in prison.

**KEN WOOD:**

Yes! Me! And I got time off for good behaviour.

(PAINFUL KAIN MAKES A BOLT FOR THE DOOR)

**KEN WOOD:**

They're locked, you fool. You don't suppose I'd go to all the trouble to trap you in here and then leave the doors unlocked do you?

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

So there isn't an award then?

**KEN WOOD:**

Give me strength. Do I have to spell it out? No, there isn't an award. I pretended there was to get you here, and now you are here, I'm going to liquidise you.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

You what?

**KEN WOOD:**

You know all these fruit-related disappearances? Well, that's where I come in.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

No! I won't let you! Come on! Put 'em up. I'll fight you. I'm not afraid of you. Look.

(HE BASHES HIS HEAD OUTSIDE)

I'm hard. Hard as nails.

**KEN WOOD:**

Don't be ridiculous. You may have a hard exterior, but deep down you're like every other pineapple. You're yellow.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

Look, you're starting to make me angry. Be very careful. I'm not called Painful Kain for nothing, you know.

**KEN WOOD:**

Presumably it's because you're a pain in the neck. Just shut up and be pulped. Or are you intending to bore me to death?

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

But why? Why are you doing this?

**KEN WOOD:**

I can't help it. It's just the way I'm made. Oh, and I enjoy it. There's no fruit I couldn't liquidise.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

You couldn't have liquidised my Dad. He was a coconut.

**KEN WOOD:**

*Was* a coconut? What happened to him?

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

His life of fighting criminal scumbags like you got to him in the end. He lost his bottle. He was afraid of strangers.

**KEN WOOD:**

Afraid of strangers?

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

He brought shame upon our family. A coconut! Shy! Have you ever heard anything like it?

**KEN WOOD:**

It's a wonder you ever got over it. Now let's get down to business shall we.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

But when he was young he was the best crime-fighting coconut in the world. He was rough on the outside, but he had a soft centre. Like me. And women loved him. Like they love me.

**KEN WOOD:**

You think you're quite a smoothie, don't you? Well, that's exactly what you're going to be when I've finished with you.

(KEN WOOD GRABS PAINFUL KAIN)

Not so clever now, are we? I've met kiwi fruit with more backbone than you.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

Right, that's it. Now I'm really angry.

(HE STRUGGLES BUT CAN'T FREE HIMSELF)

**KEN WOOD:**

It's over, Pineapple Boy.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

Ok. You win.

**KEN WOOD:**

That's more like it.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

Before you turn me into chunks, there's something you should know.

**KEN WOOD:**

Oh, do get on with it.

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

In the papers today, it said there was going to be a very short power cut...

**KEN WOOD:**

What?

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

...just about now.

(THE LIGHTS GO OUT. PAINFUL KAIN GETS FREE AND ATTACKS KEN WOOD, REMOVING HIS BLADE)

**KEN WOOD:**

Aaaaaarrrrrgggghhhhh!

(THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON AND PAINFUL KAIN BRANDISHES KEN WOOD'S BLADE)

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

You're under arrest. Your pulping days are over.

(HE TAKES OUT A MOBILE PHONE AND STARTS TO DIAL)

**KEN WOOD:**

(AS IF HIS TEETH HAVE BEEN TAKEN OUT) Give me back my blade. I'll get you for this, Painful Kain, you'll see, you double-crossing tropical toerag...

**PAINFUL KAIN:**

Hello? Police? Can you come to World of Pulp, and pick up an old blender, please? No, not dangerous. Not dangerous at all.

**KEN WOOD:**

I'll be back. You haven't heard the last of the Liquidith...Liquidith...Liquiz...

(THE LIGHTS FADE)

THE END