

SPORANGE

A one-minute play Jake Lewis

STEVE and DEAN stand center stage, each holding a cup of coffee.

STEVE: We searched through all the pumpkins at the store to find the one closest to five pounds. Clocked in at 4.87 pounds.

DEAN: 4.92 here.

STEVE: Are we really comparing the sizes of gourds?

Both men laugh. From offstage we hear someone say, "Fire in the hole!" and the noise of an airhorn and catapult. STEVE and DEAN follow a path from stage left to stage right in an arc.

DEAN: Funny, isn't it?

STEVE: Flinging pumpkins?

DEAN: Well, that, but also...nothing rhymes with orange.

STEVE: "Offensive sack of human offal" comes close, though.

Both men laugh. From offstage we hear someone say, "Fire in the hole!" and the noise of an airhorn. STEVE and DEAN follow a path from stage left to stage right in an arc.

STEVE: Sporange.

DEAN: Sporange?

STEVE: Yeah. It's a cellular thing. Like on a plant. I think. Rhymes with orange.

Beat.

STEVE: I like mine better, though.

Both men laugh. From offstage we hear someone say, "Fire in the hole!" and the noise of an airhorn.

Lights fade to black.