

# PIÑATA UTOPIA

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A one-act dramedy by  
Christian Kiley

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

### The Piñatas:

STAR, a piñata who looks like a star.

PRINCESS, in all the movies, very popular.

BULL, a fearless cynic.

GOOEY, a monster who is far more goofy than frightening.

GENERIC, an economy piñata that is a common shape.

EARTH, a piñata that looks like the planet earth.

ELIZABETHAN, a Shakespearean piñata.

POLITICIAN, a political piñata.

SALLY SUNSHINE, the newest in the line of pull-string piñata.

### The Others:

STEVIE STICK, the piñata stick.

SALESPERSON #1, works at the party store.

SALESPERSON #2, works at the party store.

CHILD #1, a kid at a birthday party.

CHILD #2, a kid at a birthday party.

CHILD #3, a kid at a birthday party.

CUSTOMER, looking for a piñata for a party.

PARTYGOER #1, attending a birthday party.

PARTYGOER #2, attending a birthday party.

PARTYGOER #3, attending a birthday party.

GIRL, searching for a Princess Piñata .

MOM, Girl's mother.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

The idea of creating piñata characters should be an imaginative and exciting experience. Feel free to use representational costumes like a t-shirt with a star or the planet earth on it or to construct costumes that suggest more of the literal attributes of a piñata.

No set is needed, but you can certainly feel free to add elements of a birthday party, since that can serve as the party store and the birthday parties. Try to allow the changes in location to be initiated by the actors and the blocking rather than a change in physical environment. This will give the play an uninterrupted flow.

*We all have a perfect place we'd like to go,  
a paradise without any pain or suffering.  
Even piñatas dream of this place.*

They have been beaten with rainbow-colored sticks at birthday parties, bashed with bats at barbeques, and clobbered with clubs at graduation parties. But they have always dreamt of a better place, a more tranquil place, a utopia. Is there such a place? Some piñatas argue that this utopia doesn't exist, that it is a dream of oppressed piñatas, handed down from generation to generation. But whether it is fact or fiction, the search for this jolly ranch, where Jolly Ranchers do not need to pour forth from their bodies continues...

*(Lights up on a party supply store. The PIÑATAS are waiting to be purchased.)*

**STAR:** It's great to be recognized, acknowledged, and appreciated for the feature attraction I am. The kids can't take their eyes off me.

**BULL:** They want to beat you with a stick.

**STAR:** Yes. But that's a compliment.

**BULL:** Have you seen the after pictures of piñatas? All that's left is a hollow shell. We are made to be destroyed.

**GOOEY:** Don't frighten me.

**BULL:** You're supposed to be a monster.

**GOOEY:** Made of wet strips of newspaper.

**GENERIC:** Gooley, some piñatas are not meant to be monsters.

**BULL:** *(To Generic:)* And what are you, by the way?

**GENERIC:** I am the politically correct, piñata-for-all-occasions. I can be used for any party without offending anyone. I don't even have sharp edges.

**EARTH:** Why would people create an earth piñata? Isn't it bad enough that people are destroying the real earth? Do they need to destroy a cheap knockoff too?

**PRINCESS:** I am the top-selling piñata in the world. Did you see my last movie? *The Perfect Princess*. I was terrific! If animated characters could get Oscars, I would've won one.

**ELIZABETHAN:** Alas, methinks I hear Vanity singing her song.

**POLITICIAN:** We can make this work, all of us, together. We can be piñatas of light. We can blaze the trail for a new

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generation of piñatas. One that does not have to hide behind a bouquet of deflating party balloons. If you vote for me, I promise to bring piñatas together in one unified party.

**BULL:** We're simply amusement for people. That's all we were created for.

**STAR:** All this negativity is dimming me.

**ELIZABETHAN:** "There are more things in heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

**PRINCESS:** I'm hoping that a good-looking Prince full of Red Hots will come and save me.

**BULL:** That sounds terrible.

**POLITICIAN:** With your vote I will lead this nation into an era of change. A time when barbaric beatings no longer take place and where piñatas are treated with the respect they deserve.

**GOOEY:** Sounds like Piñata Utopia.

**BULL:** That's an imaginary place.

**GOOEY:** I don't know. I think it might be, it could be...there is a chance it exists.

**BULL:** How do you figure?

**GOOEY:** There was a monster piñata, like me, only more terrifying. He got a glimpse of it. He said there were no sticks or broom handles or bats, or anything that you might be able to hit things with. And there was candy everywhere, falling from the sky.

**PRINCESS:** Sounds like a fairytale.

**BULL:** Sounds too good to be true.

**EARTH:** People really don't need piñatas. They have each other. Human beings have been beating each other senseless for centuries. And the Earth. The Earth is their piñata too. Only instead of candy, natural resources come out when they beat it. Oil, coal, precious metals, gems...

**BULL:** We are piñatas! This is our fate. We are, all of us, going to meet a violent and gory end with Rainbow Skittles and Laughy Taffy pouring out of us. The well-manicured suburban landscape will be littered with our insides. And human children will get on all fours and scrounge around for our guts like little pure-bred-predators.

*(SALESPERSON #1 enters with CUSTOMER.)*

**SALESPERSON #1:** Here are the piñatas. Every great party needs a piñata.

**CUSTOMER:** Do I need a bat or something for the kids to hit it with?

**SALESPERSON #1:** We have piñata sticks. They even match the piñata.

**CUSTOMER:** *(Considering the piñatas:)* I like the...what is that one? A cow?

**BULL AND SALESPERSON #1:** A bull.

**CUSTOMER:** Perfect.

**SALESPERSON #1:** I'll bring it up to the register for you.

**CUSTOMER:** Thanks. This is going to be a great party.

*(Customer exits.)*

**GOOEY:** Bull?

**PRINCESS:** Sorry, Bull.

**ELIZABETHAN:** 'Tis sad but true.



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**STAR:** Bull, I don't know what to say.

**EARTH:** I wish we could do something.

**GOOEY:** You could run. There was that one piñata who ran away. It's possible.

*(Bull sets the scene for the party. As he does, the party is created around him. CHILDREN and PARTYGOERS are excitedly watching the action.)*

**BULL:** There is something remarkable about the whole thing. For one moment, you are the center of attention. And the entire event seems to be leading up to this collision, where childhood innocence and adult aggression merge in this strange and colorful ritual.

*(CHILD #1 is blindfolded and spun around by Partygoer #1. STEVIE STICK enters, well-groomed and confident. Child #1 and Stevie move together. A crowd forms, creating a half-circle around Bull, Child #1, and Stevie.)*

**STEVIE:** Nothing personal, Bull. I don't like being the stick. I just happen to be perfect for the part.

**PARTYGOER #1:** Hit it, Tommy!

*(Child #1 swings Stevie at Bull. This can be done by Child #1 holding onto Stevie's arm and spinning in a circle. Bull moves dodging Stevie.)*

**BULL:** You'll have to do better than that.

**GOOEY:** Nice move, Bull.

**PARTYGOER #2:** Good swing.

**STEVIE:** You've got some fight in you.

**PARTYGOER #3:** Hit it, Tommy. Make it rain candy!

**BULL:** For a moment all eyes are on me.

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**STAR:** For a moment you're in the spotlight.

**PRINCES:** Everyone loves you.

**GOOEY:** No one judges you.

**GENERIC:** You are unique.

**EARTH:** You are the center of the universe.

**ELIZABETHAN:** The one written about in poems.

**POLITICIAN:** The frontrunner, the leader, the President.

**PARTYGOER #1:** Swing again, Tommy.

*(Child #1 swings Stevie at Bull again. Bull dodges again.)*

**STEVIE:** Don't make this harder than it has to be.

**BULL:** Maybe you should ask me out on a date first?

**STEVIE:** Oh, so you're going to be a wise guy.

**PARTYGOER #2:** Hit it, Tommy!

**BULL:** One of us has to be. After all you're a stick.

**STEVIE:** A decorative stick with a very distinguished family history. My father was a Supreme Court Justice's gavel.

*(Child #1 swings Stevie quickly and Bull dodges again.)*

**PRINCESS:** Go Bull!

**STAR:** Nice move.

**GOOEY:** Come on, Bull.

**GENERIC:** Hang in there, Bull.

**PARTYGOER #3:** It's like a ninja piñata.

**PARTYGOER #1:** If the kids don't get some candy soon, we're going to have a riot on our hands.

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*(Partygoer #1 takes the blindfold from Child #1 and puts it on Child #2, who is a kid Goliath of sorts.)*

**EARTH:** Look at the size of that kid.

**ELIZABETHAN:** 'Tis a giant.

**POLICTIAN:** I am a supporter of size limits for piñata party participants.

**STEVIE:** You're in for it now, Bull. This kid bats cleanup for the Little League All-Stars.

*(Partygoer #1 spins Child #2 around three times and positions him to hit the piñata.)*

**STAR:** Can we test for human growth hormones?

*(Child #2 swings and Stevie grazes Bull. Sounds of admiration from the crowd.)*

**STEVIE:** Ah-ha! Got you, tough guy.

**ELIZABETHAN:** "A scratch, a scratch."

**BULL:** *(Hiding his pain:)* You'll have to do better than that.

**PRINCESS:** He's a child barbarian!

**GOOEY:** Come on Bull, you can do it.

*(Child #2 swings forcefully and hits Bull with a glancing blow. More sounds of admiration from the crowd. Bull is clearly hurt. A handful of candy spills out. This can be done by the actor playing Bull reaching into his pocket and pulling the candy out.)*

**GENERIC:** He's hit.

**STEVIE:** Got you. I got you.

**ELIZABETHAN:** 'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door."

**PARTYGOER #2:** Nice swing. A real beauty.

**GOOEY:** Stop it, stop it.

**ELIZABETHAN:** "But 'tis enough, 'twill serve."

*(Gooley tries to make his way through the crowd to help Bull.)*

**PARTYGOER #3:** One more swing and we'll have candy.

*(The Children and Partygoers cheer.)*

**STEVIE:** I'm really going to enjoy this.

*(Child #2 swings Stevie and both howl with wild joy.)*

**BULL:** And then there is a moment where everything slows down.

*(The action of the final swing is in slow motion.)*

As if you are supposed to remember this moment on some deep level. It is your last moment.

*(Stevie hits Bull with full force and the speed returns to normal. Candy is released from Bull's pockets and other areas where the candy has been hidden. Bull throws the candy into the air with one enormous motion and it comes crashing to the ground. The Children scurry to pick up the candy and quickly scoop it up. All of the candy is picked up except one piece. The Children and Partygoers exit, leaving the piñatas and Stevie. Gooley picks up a piece of candy and holds it tightly.)*

**STAR:** A society that uses piñatas as a way to communicate their anger and frustration is not a refined culture at all.

*(Blackout. Bull exists during the blackout. Lights up on the party supply store.)*

**GOOEY:** I miss Bull.

**GENERIC:** He showed great courage.

**EARTH:** He really did.

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**GOOEY:** (*Holding the piece of candy out, considering it:*) I wish I had the guts of this one piece of candy.

**PRINCESS:** You should keep that. (*Folding Gooley's hand around the candy:*) Imagine that the candy is the courage in you.

**ELIZABETHAN:** Alas poor Bull! I knew him, Gooley.

**POLITICIAN:** We will not let the memory of Bull be wasted. We will create legislation that will help protect piñatas.

**GOOEY:** (*Looking at Stevie:*) You're to blame.

**STEVIE:** Take it easy, kid.

**GOOEY:** You did this to Bull!

**STEVIE:** It's a job. I did my job. Just like you.

**GOOEY:** No, not just like me! Not like any of us.

**STEVIE:** Kid, don't start a fight you don't have the guts to finish.

**GOOEY:** I have the guts! I have Bull's guts or at least a piece of them.

*(Gooley moves toward Stevie aggressively. But is held back by Star and the other piñatas.)*

**STEVIE:** Bull was just like the rest of you. Made of outdated newspapers. Yesterday's news. You're all made of things that don't matter. Cheap materials, cheap glue to hold you together. Why spend money on something that is going to be destroyed? The cheaper you are, the faster they get to the good part, candy pouring out of a gaping hole in you, in your cowardly, cheap body.

*(Gooley attempts to charge Stevie but is held back by the other piñatas.)*

**GOOEY:** Don't you say that!

**PRINCESS:** (*Stepping forward:*) It must be nice being the stick, knowing that you will never be strung up and swung at by children who have played video games for years to train for your destruction. You are safe. You are comfortable. But you have no idea what it is like to live. You are a blunt, dull thing, who waits for others to swing you!

**STEVIE:** Easy Princess, you might spill some Sweet Tarts out if you're not careful.

**PRINCESS:** Your life's purpose is to hurt and destroy.

**STEVIE:** Hey, I like my job. I like my life.

**STAR:** Stevie, do you want to end up in a fire or a wood chipper? Or perhaps you could be a broom handle?

**STEVIE:** You wouldn't. I'm not designed for sweeping. I have allergies.

**STAR:** Why don't we all just cool off for a while?

**STEVIE:** Yeah, okay. Taking out Bull lost me some tassels so I'm off to wardrobe to get pretty again. A new set of rainbow tassels and I'll be as good as new, which is more than I can say for Bull.

*(Stevie exits.)*

**GOOEY:** He can't talk about Bull like that. It's not right.

**STAR:** This is the nature of things.

**EARTH:** Is it? Does it have to be?

**STAR:** It just is. We don't make the rules.

**GOOEY:** We could run away, leave...

**GENERIC:** Go to Piñata Utopia.

**STAR:** Can we be real about this? There is no Piñata Utopia.

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**PRINCESS:** You sound like Bull.

**STAR:** Is that a bad thing? Someone has to look at the reality of things.

**GOOEY:** Would you rather not have been created at all?

**STAR:** We didn't get that choice.

**EARTH:** It's true.

**GENERIC:** We are used for the temporary sweet, sugar high that we provide and then forgotten.

**ELIZABETHAN:** "A poor player who struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard from no more."

**POLITICIAN:** A lame duck candidate.

**PRINCESS:** A forever sleeping beauty.

**GOOEY:** No! It can't be that way.

**ELIZABETHAN:** An unrhymed couplet.

**STAR:** There are no old folks' homes for piñatas.

*(SALESPERSON #1 and SALESPERSON #2 enter with SALLY SUNSHINE, a pull string piñata.)*

**SALESPERSON #1:** Can you believe this? A piñata that you don't hit—you just pull the little strings and the candy comes out.

**SALESPERSON #2:** I know. What will they think up next?

**SALESPERSON #1:** The boss says a lot of parents don't want to expose their kids to violence.

**SALESPERSON #2:** First you take away real piñatas, then real fighting in video games, then movies with severed heads and dangling eyeballs. It's all censorship I tell you.

**SALESPERSON #1:** So true. I decapitated my first zombie at six. And look at me now. I'm all good.

**SALESPERSON #2:** You're better than all good. You're all great.

**SALESPERSON #1:** No, no. You're all great!

*(Salesperson #1 and #2 start to exit.)*

**SALESPERSON #2:** You're all great. You decapitated a zombie at six.

**SALESPERSON #1:** Well, if I recall, you impaled a warlord with a makeshift spear at four.

**SALESPERSON #2:** You're so all great.

**SALESPERSON #1:** You're so very all great.

*(They exit.)*

**SALLY:** Greetings everyone, I am Sally Sunshine and I am a non-violent, pull-string piñata.

**GOOEY:** I've heard of those. Magical piñatas.

**PRINCESS:** Let me get this right, sweetie: you're a piñata that you don't hit? It's too easy.

**SALLY:** With me everything is easy.

**PRINCESS:** You look like you're easy.

**SALLY:** What is that supposed to mean?

**PRINCESS:** Anything that you simply have to pull a string to use is too easy. Tart.

**SALLY:** Why aren't you applying bottles of conditioner to your long flowing hair in a cursed tower with seven midgets, trying on transparent slippers, and battling a sleep disorder,



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while singing to your pet lobster, who you want so desperately to dip in hot butter and eat?

**PRINCESS:** I'll show you the way real piñatas are treated.

**SALLY:** Jealous?

**PRINCESS:** Of course I am, you idiot. Everyone knows there can only be one Princess per party store.

**STAR:** Ladies, ladies. Can we be civil? After all we are not savages like human beings. (*Clearly enamored with Sally:*) We are colorful, cordial, and lovely. Ever so lovely. (*To Sally:*) I am Star at your service.

**GOOEY:** Why is your voice so weird, Star?

**GENERIC:** Yeah, like a commercial for a love story movie.

**EARTH:** They were both colorful, cordial, and lovely until they met and together their brightness rivaled the sun!

**ELIZABETHAN:** "What light through yonder window breaks? 'Tis the east and Sally is the sun."

**POLITICIAN:** A vote for me is a vote for love.

(*SALESPERSON #1 enters with MOM and GIRL.*)

**SALESPERSON #1:** We have the newest line of pull-string piñatas. No stick, no shattered windows, or broken bones. Just pull the string and the candy falls out.

**GIRL:** I want Princess Perfect!

**MOM:** It appears she wants the Princess. Do you have that in a pull-string piñata?

**SALESPERSON #1:** Not yet. We have Sally Sunshine who looks like—

**GIRL:** The sun. Yeah, I get it. The name shouldn't give it away. It's anti-climactic.

**SALESPERSON #1:** What about Princess Perfect? Doesn't that give it away?

**MOM:** *(To Salesperson #1:)* You really shouldn't criticize Princess Perfect.

**GIRL:** That is the irony of the name. She is far from perfect. She wants to run and play and get muddy with the other children. It's quite the paradox.

**SALESPERSON #1:** Quite.

**MOM:** We'll take Princess Perfect.

**SALESPERSON #1:** I'll have it brought up to the register for you, ma'am.

*(Mom and Girl exit. Calling off:)*

The Princess Perfect Piñata is ready to take up front.

*(Salesperson #1 exits.)*

**EARTH:** Sorry, Princess.

**PRINCESS:** Are you kidding? Did you hear how clearly that little Girl understood the plight of Princess Perfect? Finally someone who truly gets me.

**GENERIC:** I guess if it has to happen...

**STAR:** I want to be a shooting Star streaking across the darkened night sky.

**EARTH:** A series of volcanic eruptions that beautifully sculpt me into a reminder of human stupidity.

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**ELIZABETHAN:** Bludgeoned with a great play of The Bard, or all of the plays, an anthology, until dynamic verbs and colorful adjectives poureth forth from every pore.

**POLITICIAN:** A landslide. I mean literally, I want to be trapped under a landslide of ballots all voting for me, me, me!

**GENERIC:** I would like someone to think that I am unique and special, special enough to pick me, not because I am a good bargain, but because they care about me.

**GOOEY:** It would be great to have someone fear and respect, but mostly fear me. Like Bull.

**SALLY:** It doesn't have to be this way.

**GENERIC:** What do you mean?

**SALLY:** You do not have to be ordinary piñatas.

**PRINCESS:** Easy, sister. We're not ordinary. Mortal maybe. But not ordinary. And I've got a death sentence and nothing to lose. So watch it!

**SALLY:** What I'm saying is that you, each of you can be converted into a pull-string piñata.

**EARTH:** A surgery like that must cost a ton. I had a friend who was one of Saturn's moons and just hated the anonymity. She got planetary plastic surgery and became Pluto. She was never the same after that. Icy, cold, indifferent. They kept changing their mind as to whether or not she was a planet or a star. All she wanted was to be a planet. I told her, "Venus is nice, mysterious, feminine." She wanted to be out there on the fringe of the universe. She ended up being part of a science fair project party in between the ice cream cake and karaoke. Not a pretty end.

**SALLY:** It's very easy. A lot of stores are doing it for all their piñatas. People are actually very civilized. Like us. This

invention proves it. They want the candy. They don't need to disfigure and destroy us to get it.

**PRINCESS:** Isn't the result the same? You end up as a shell, with nothing sweet inside, having no value.

**SALLY:** I have many friends who spend their post candy lives hanging out with posters of movie stars, and twinkle lights, and high end fashion scarves. Some are even used again. Recycling they call it. And it means new life for us. I don't want to brag but I have already been the Star of three birthday parties.

**STAR:** (*Enamored with Sally:*) I bet you have.

**PRINCESS:** Well, as good as that sounds for you. It's not what awaits me. But I'm ready.

*(As in the scene with Bull, the party begins to form around Princess as she speaks. Child #3 is blindfolded and being prepared to swing at Princess.)*

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