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## Jack Apple and Blanche Cream

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# JACK APPLE AND BLANCHE CREAM (A PLAY) ANNETTE LUST

Characters:

Cook                      Soup Ladle

Jack Apple              Straw

Blanche Cream

Cuckoo (may be a voice heard from the next room)

Wooden Spoon, Straw, Wine Jug, Kettle, and Teapot may be imaginary characters evoked through Jack Apple's miming

Cook also serves as narrator who addresses the audience directly.

Scene, the kitchen with two stools (center stage) to represent the kitchen table on which Blanche Cream and Jack Apple sit. Two stools (placed on stage left or stage right) to represent the stove and the oven on which Jack Apple later sits. An imaginary icebox (backstage or stage left or stage right).

Cook: (narrating) One afternoon, after I finished preparing dinner, an apple with rosy cheeks and a pitcher full of thick white foamy cream stood on the kitchen table.

Cuckoo: Cuckoo! Look at handsome Jack Apple and sweet Blanche Cream!

Cook:(narrating) Jack Apple's eyes popped wide open. Fresh from the apple tree, never before had he seen a pitcher of cream.

Jack Apple: How strange it is to be so white and smooth and to flow like a stream of water! And to be poured in and out of a pitcher!

Cook: (narrating) The more Jack Apple looked at Blanche Cream, the more he liked her soft milky white skin. And, for that matter, never before had Blanche Cream, just milked from the cow, ever seen an apple.

Blanche Cream: What a funny, shiny, roly-polly red creature!

Cook: (narrating) Now whenever Jack Apple rolled over to Blanche Cream she lowered her eyes and blushed. And the more he rolled around her, the more she got used to his plump shape and his rosy cheeks. After awhile, whenever he rolled away from her, she wished he would roll back.

Blanche Cream: (looking around for Jack Apple who has rolled away) That roly-polly creature was just here! I wonder where he went!

Jack Apple: (rolling back to Blanche Cream) My name is Jack Apple. Would you like to go walking with me, Miss er...?

Blanche Cream: Miss Cream, please! No, thank you, Jack Apple. If I ever leave Pitcher I will spill all over. Like Humpty Dumpty I could never be put back together again! But if you would allow Pitcher to waddle along with us, you could take us both walking!  
(Disappointed, Jack Apple turns away)

Blanche Cream: But if you want to go walking with us you had better hurry, Jack Apple, before Cook pours me out of Pitcher!  
(Jack Apple shakes his head and paces up and down)

Jack Apple: (desperate to himself) Who can help me rid Blanche Cream of Pitcher before it is too late? Who can help me? Who? Who?

Cuckoo: Cuckoo! There are a lot of pretty apples in the fruit basket who would gladly go walking with you, Jack Apple. Ask one of them!

Jack Apple :(Ignoring Cuckoo and moving over to Soup Ladle hanging beside the stove pleading) Soup Ladle, Please help me take Blanche Cream out of her pitcher prison!

Soup Ladle: (groaning) What shall I do with her after I have scooped her up? I can't hold her in mid-air forever. And if she spills over onto the floor, they would have to mop her up and wash her down the drain. And if I poured her into another container she would be in prison all over again!

Blanche Cream: (calling to Jack Apple) Where are you, Jack Apple? Hurry! Cook will be back any minute!

Jack Apple: (rolling over to Straw and begging for his help) Straw, please help me take Blanche Cream out of her pitcher prison!

Straw: (grumbling) If I sip up Blanche Cream, she will spill out of my other end. Then Cook will wipe her away forever!.

Jack Apple: (desperately rolling around the kitchen and stopping before Wooden Spoon on the stove) Please, Wooden Spoon, help me remove Blanche Cream from her pitcher prison! (Jack Apple lowers his head as Wooden Spoon refuses)

Blanche Cream: Hurry! Hurry! Jack Apple!

Jack Apple" (looking up at Wine Jug on an imaginary shelf above the stove)  
Please help me, Wine Jug! (Jack Apple lowers his head again as Wine Jug does not respond)

Jack Apple: (moving over to Kettle on the stove) Kettle, Will you help me?  
(Jack Apple lowers his head again as Kettle turns her back on him before he can finish his sentence)

Jack Apple: (turning to Teapot on the stove) Teapot, please... (Jack Apple again lowers his head as Teapot shakes her head).

Blanche Cream: (despairing) I think I hear Cook's footsteps! Where are you, Jack Apple? Where are you?

Jack Apple: (in agony and to himself) No one can help me remove Blanche Cream from her pitcher prison. Any minute Blanche Cream will be poured into a cup of coffee or into a custard and I will never see her again!

Cuckoo: Cuckoo! It can't be done! Cuckoo! What a pity! Tis the end of the romance of Jack Apple and Blanche Cream! Cuckoo! Tis such a tragic end!  
(Jack Apple is about to run to Blanche Cream as Cook enters and pours her into a bowl, whips her, adds milk, sugar, and egg yolks, and shoves her into the icebox. While a horrified Jack Apple watches all this, Cook picks up Jack Apple and pierces him with a knife, cuts him into tiny pieces, squeezes the pieces between two layers of dough, and moves Jack Apple over to the stove to throw him into the hot oven. Jack Apple prespires in the hot oven and then sags inside the pie crust)

Cook: (opening the oven door and placing Jack Apple on the stove) What a beautiful pie! (Jack Apple proudly listens)

Cook: (taking a bite out of Jack Apple) And my pie tastes so good!

Cook: (narrating) Jack Apple choked back his tears. Soon he would be gobbled up. He began to pray hard for a heaven for apples and cream in pitchers where he could be with Blanche Cream. He prayed so hard he fell fast asleep.

Cook: (pulling Blanche Cream out of the ice box and placing her on the kitchen table) My what perfect ice cream!

Blanche Cream: (smiling proudly) What a nice firm shape I have! Now I can go walking with Jack Apple without spilling all over. And Pitcher doesn't have to tag along! (calling aloud) Jack Apple where are you? Jack Apple I can go walking with you now!

Cook: (narrating) Blanche Cream looked for Jack Apple on the kitchen table

but he was no longer there. Nor was he in the fruit basket on top of the icebox. She scanned the pantry shelves. He was not anywhere. All that she could see, snoring away as it cooled on the kitchen stove, was a freshly baked apple pie. Good Heavens! Was Jack Apple baked in that pie? She cringed. As Cook sliced the pie, Blanche Cream saw that it had pieces of baked apple in it. Blanche Cream burst out sobbing so hard that she began to melt.

Cook: (slicing Jack Apple and then moving over with him to Blanche Cream) My ice cream is melting! What shall I do? (Cook suddenly gets an idea and takes a spoon out from the table drawer and scoops up spoonfuls of Blanche Cream which she pours over Jack Apple)

Cook: Yummy! Who would ever believe that ice cream poured on top of apple pie would make such a fine dessert!

Cook: (narrating) When Jack Apple woke up he felt an icy blanket over him. His heart throbbed. Embracing his warm crust from head to toe, was his beloved Blanche Cream now melting in his arms.

Cuckoo: Cuckoo! Cuckoo! See how Jack Apple and Blanche Cream now cling to one another!

Cook: (narrating) In no time Jack Apple and Blanche Cream were eaten up. And both went straight to that heaven for apples and cream in pitchers. And now whenever another Jack Apple wants to court his fair Blanche Cream, we know that his wish has come true when we eat that dessert called Pie à la Mode. Yes, this favorite dessert was invented the day rosy-cheeked Jack Apple longed for fair Blanche Cream and when they finally found each other, Blanche Cream melted in his arms.

Cuckoo: Cuckoo! Tis true! Tis so true!

Cook: And so ends my stories of Jack Apple and Blanche Cream. And believe me, there are many more tales about these pantry folk and others. Just close your eyes and listen and one day you, too, will see and hear the sad and funny tales of these little creatures playing about in your very own pantry.