

VIB: Very Important Banana

by Jane Lindstrom

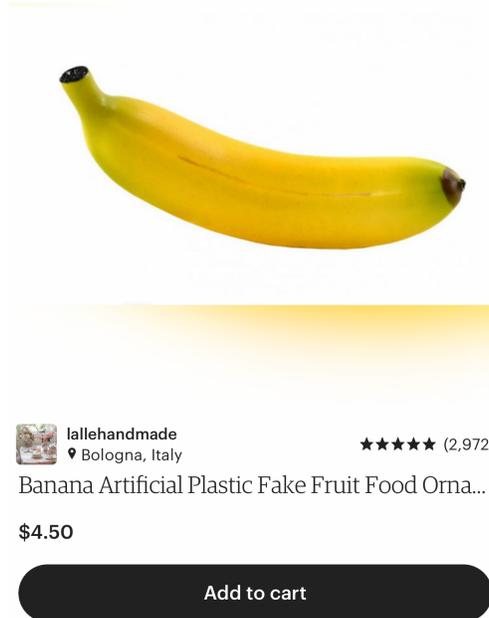
Written for the Plays Every Week project.

Prompt: Write a play that includes a VIB: Very Important Banana

CHARACTERS

MARGE

TIME: Wanda's birthday.



Lights up on Marge alone. She holds a shitty plastic banana. She speaks to the audience, but not like a "oh hey, didn't see you there" it's more of a "you didn't ask, but I'm about to fucking lose it so I'm talking to you because you're here"

MARGE

This banana is shit. It's an ass wipe shit stain on American culture.
Look at this shit.

Marge whacks the banana on the floor. It dents.

Last I checked, bananas aren't meant to DENT.

This isn't my mom's subaru!

OR YOUR MOM'S SUBARU.

What the fuck, man!!!

I ordered this piece of garbage on ETSY, okay?

I went onto my little stupid Etsy app, and they confidently greeted me with a "search for ANYTHING on Etsy" and so I typed the words "fake banana" into that smug little search bar, and, perhaps naively, I expected the Etsy gods to deliver.

Because isn't that what Etsy is for??

Handcrafted, overpriced, niche gifts for my best friend?

And let's just make one thing clear-- ONLY my best friend.

I don't stoop to Etsy gift shopping for everyone-- anyone, really!

That's some top-tier selflessness that I'm not dishing out for any old bitch named Wanda to walk by my locker in the 6th grade.

That honor is reserved for Wanda Silvers, and WANDA SILVERS ONLY.

Because she's a goddamn princess.

She's quirky. But in a rustic way.

And she deserves the best for her birthday.

And if she wants to devote her energy and passion into collecting fake bananas, then I'm gonna support the shit out of her, okay?

So I search for fake bananas.

Frankly, the number of results was horrifying.

I sifted through doll house bananas, banana earrings, banana shaped SOAP, ceramic bananas, polymer clay banana slices, crochet "pretend" bananas (the disrespect, my god.), banana SCENTED SLIME, felt bananas, flat back resin bananas, and trashy old plastic banana splits that someone clearly found in their grandmother's basement.

There were a number of fake bananas on the market.

MARGE (Continued)

But determining their quality was on par with my guesses at which fish boys on Tinder are worth my time.

(Here's a spoiler-- none of them are!)

I ended up settling for "Banana Artificial Plastic Fake Fruit Food Ornament" because it was only \$4.50

and it was made in Bologna, Italy from a shop called lallahandmade.

The description seemed promising, it was categorized as "craft type: floral arranging"

and the shop had 2,972 five star reviews!!!

So I took the plunge on the Italian fake banana and risked my biscuit on one low-quality picture of a shiny yellow banana that looked like every other shiny yellow banana out there.

It seemed decent enough.

But enough is never really enough.

It's Wanda's birthday today.

Her banana collection is... Something else.

She is a pro in the banana world. She's on literally every forum out there.

She has the rarest bananas, the weirdest bananas, the most beautiful, artisan ally crafted bananas.

Her ex-boyfriend got her a banana shaped dildo.

How am I supposed to top that?

I thought an Italian banana would show her how much I care.

I thought going on Etsy would elevate me to that high end shit.

But it didn't.

It just showed how much of a fuck-up I really am.

And Wanda deserves better than a fuck-up.

Wanda deserves better than your average kiddie kitchen banana.

Marge tosses the banana. She exits. Lights out.

END OF PLAY