

## **The Potato Chip & the Battery**

[1:20]

*Stagehands place two chairs next to each other, stage center.*

*The storyteller enters, stands downstage left.*

**Male Storyteller:** One winter I was at MacArthur BART, waiting for a train.

*Male actor enters, wearing a new pair of winter gloves. He rubs his hands together in the cold.*

**Male Storyteller:** I had just bought a new pair of gloves, and was happy to be wearing them, it was so cold.

*Female actors enters, begins walking toward the actor already seated.*

**Male Storyteller:** A woman sat down next to me. She was very friendly. I mean *very* friendly. She chatted about this and that. She was so friendly that every once in a while she would touch my leg. She asked if she could wear my gloves, because it was so cold. She had been so nice that I let her wear my new gloves. Then she put her hand on my leg again and said...

**Female actor:** Hey, you want to hear a joke?

**Male actor:** Sure...

**Male Storyteller:** I said.

**Female actor:** What did the potato chip say to the battery?

**Male actor:** What?

*A second male actor appears upstage, observing this interaction.*

**Male Storyteller:** Then she put her hand further up my leg and said...

**Female actor:** I'm Frito-lay if you're Eveready!

**Male Storyteller:** A few seconds later an undercover police officer walked up to her, addressed her by name and said...

**Undercover police officer:** Ok, Stacy. Let's go.

**Male Storyteller:** He took her by the arm and led her away. She was still wearing my new gloves. That didn't really bother me, but I felt bad because she had been so nice...and I had never asked what she did for a living.