# PopCorn Party

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 Friar Tuck and Ralph were sitting outside one summer afternoon when they decided it was time to make a snack.

“Ralph, what should we eat?... I’m hungry.”

“I’m not sure,” replied Ralph, “maybe you should make some popcorn?”

“Great idea,” said Friar Tuck, and with that he jumped out of the hammock and ran inside to the kitchen. In the kitchen, he found the large bag full of popcorn. Ralph had just bought it at the grocery store two days ago and hadn’t had a chance to put it away.

It was a special type of white popcorn, the type which pops really high in the air and tastes really good, with lots of butter and salt.

Friar Tuck walked over and opened up the kitchen window. (sfx)  
“Hey, how much of this do you need to cook to fill up a pot?”

Ralph didn’t respond, He was busy swinging in his hammock and listening to music.   
Friar Tuck decided to yell again, but no response.

“How hard could cooking popcorn really be? I’ll just pour in the bag and we can start with that.”  
Now, this bag of popcorn was really, really, really BIG... and what Friar Tuck didn’t know was that normally you just need just a little to cook a whole bunch.

One small cup of kernels would cook more than enough popcorn for many friends to eat.   
I’m sure you know this already! <--- (((NARATOR - SPEAKING TO KIDS IN AUDIENCE)))

Friar Tuck walked over to the kitchen cupboard and pulled out two of the largest pots he could find. They were quite large. He then proceeded to add a bit of oil into the pots and placed them both on the stove.  
(sfx – Clank of pot onto stove… perhaps clumsily )

Next he took the large bag of popcorn and carried It over to the large pots.

“This looks great…we’ll eat like kings tonight!”  
“Now, just dump the bag in, right... yeah, I think that should be fine... sure!”

Friar Tuck opened the bag and began pouring it into the first pot. The pot filled quickly and popcorn began spilling onto the floor.(SFX) “Oops,” he said, but he kept pouring, now filling the second pot up to the top. Popcorn had now spilled all over the kitchen, but Friar Tuck didn’t mind. He was hungry and ready eat.

Though Friar Tuck had already poured quite a lot of popcorn out of the bag, he still had more.   
“This gives me an idea, let’s just cook it all!”  
  
“Two for me and two pots for you Ralph,” he said, walking back over to the cabinet.  
“Actually, three for me and one for you... yeah, that sounds good. Ralph, you won’t mind, will you?”

Ralph didn’t respond though, he had fallen asleep in the hammock.   
  
Friar Tuck then poured the remainder of the popcorn into the pots.  
“All right, time for BLAST OFF!”

Friar Tuck turned on the stove! (SFX Ingnition Sound of Flames)

He then quickly jumped into position and began his countdown... “T-Minus FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO… “  
Friar Tuck covered his ears…

“ONE… …BLAST OFF!!”

His eyes were now closed and Friar Tuck held very still… but NOTHING happened!

Not even a single kernel popped! Friar Tuck began to wonder, had he done something wrong?  
“Hmm... this is taking a long time, maybe I should turn up the heat a bit.” So he did.

Higher and higher it went until it went to the highest level!  
The flames were now beating wildly around the pots and they were glowing bright red and yellow.

Friar Tuck watched the flames dancing and then let out a big yawn. He had missed his afternoon nap and it was now catching up with him. “I think I’ll go upstairs and take a little rest,” he said to himself. “I know I’ll hear it, when it starts to pop, then I can come back down.”

The popcorn indeed wasn’t popping, instead the pans were heating up and getting very hot. Maybe it would just take a few more minutes, just enough time for a short cat nap… or better yet, a HAMSTER NAP!

Friar Tuck walked up the stairs towards the bedroom and then climbed into the top bunk.   
“I’ve been needing to relax,” and very quickly Friar Tuck fell into a deep summer slumber.   
(sfx – snoring – Use same Sound you use in Leaf Monster… )   
  
Ralph was also fast asleep in the hammock, outside, and nobody was watching the popcorn.

Just then a loud POP came from the kitchen. (SFX )  
Then quickly followed by another… POP… and then another one. (SFX)

Ralph, who was sound asleep outside, didn’t hear a thing; and Friar Tuck, who was now snoring, hardly heard a sound. The pops increased in frequency, and suddenly Friar Tuck heard the noise.

POP… POP… POP… (SXF)

As if in a dream, the noise echoed through his head.

“Ralphhhh…,” he cried out. “There’s someone knocking at the door. Can you go get it!”

POP… POP… POP… (SFX)

POP… POP… POP… (SFX) “Ralph... Get the door… someone’s knocking at the door...”

And that was when Friar Tuck woke up. He suddenly realized what was happening! “Oh My Gosh,” he screamed... “the popcorn... RALPH….THE POPCORN!”

But Ralph was sound asleep... He had put earplugs in, just like he always does, and he was now sleeping like a little baby!

Friar Tuck jumped out of his bed and ran to the window. He could see Ralph sleeping in the hammock below. He then cleared his throat, and then yelled down as loud as he could.

“Ralph, quick, we need to stop the popcorn!” He would have run down to turn it off himself but, the popcorn was already coming up the stairs and towards the bedroom. Friar Tuck yelled again, this time throwing his shoe down and bouncing it off Ralph’s head.

(SFX umfff….) “Ouch!”

Ralph woke up and removed his ear plugs.

“I need your help, quick!” But it was too late, popcorn had already filled the kitchen and now made it impossible to come inside. It was now filling the living room.

POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP…

POP… POP… POP…

POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… (SFX)

The popcorn was moving forward like a sea of lava.  
Friar Tuck rushed to close the bedroom door….

POP… POP… POP…

POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP…

POP… POP… POP… (SFX)  
  
…but the popcorn was pushing hard from the other side.  
“HELP,” he yelled… “STOP THE POPCORN!”  
  
Ralph, who was down below, could now see the popcorn pouring out of the bathroom window.   
Popcorn was quickly filling every space of the house.

In one last effort Friar Tuck tried to close the bedroom door, but with a sudden burst the popcorn pushed back.

It now flooded into the room and straight over Friar Tuck, burying him and then charging straight out of the window and down into the yard below. It looked like waterfall of white fluff coming out of the second story window.

Where was Friar Tuck?...   
He was buried in the popcorn!  
  
Ralph quickly ran around the front of the house where he began looking in the windows. “If I can just find one which is open, I can climb in and turn off the stove,” …but, it was impossible, the house was completely filled.   
  
Then he knew what he had to do!  
  
“I need to turn off the gas to the oven, this will stop the popcorn. Yes,” he said, and he quickly began running to the back side of the house. At the back of the house, he reached for the gas pipe. It was a silver and grey pipe with a bright red handle. He grabbed the red handle and pushed it forwards. The gas was now cut off, but the popcorn kept popping. Ralph could hear it and it was now pouring out of the chimney.  
  
POP… POP… POP…

POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP…

POP… POP… POP… (SFX)

then a few more pops...

POP… POP… POP…

POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP… POP…

POP… POP… POP…  
  
…and finally it was all over!

Ralph stood looking upwards towards the bedroom window.   
“F R I A R   T U C K,” he yelled. “How much popcorn did you use?

Did you use a SMALL cup like I told you?”

Friar Tuck popped his head out of the bedroom window, more popcorn spilled out.  
He had a mouthfull of it and was chewing loudly. He looked happy…very happy.  
  
“OOPSssss”  
  
“DARN IT, FRIAR TUCK!!” – Ralph yelled

“Our house is so full of popcorn... This is going to take us at least three weeks to clean up!  
You need to figure out a solution RIGHT NOW!”

Still leaning out the window and chewing another handful of popcorn, Friar Tuck scratched his head. “Let’s have a POPCORN PARTY!”

“We can invite the whole town. Everyone can have all the popcorn they can eat.”  
Ralph stood silently below.  
  
Most ideas Friar Tuck had USUALLY worked out, and this one sounded pretty good.

The rest of that afternoon was spent with Friar Tuck and Ralph riding their bikes all around town.  
  
Friar Tuck had brought his red megaphone. Remember the one he used to save the Halloween Parade!   
He was now blasting the air horn and loudly announcing.   
  
“Free Popcorn… Popcorn Party ... All You Can Eat Popcorn… Come and Get It” (SXF – Megaphone)  
Friends and Neighbors from all around came out to celebrate.   
They began forming a long line in front of Friar Tuck and Ralph’s house.

Friar Tuck and Ralph Continued spreading the news.  
  
“Bring your buckets, bring your hats, bring your shovels. POPCORN PARTY.”  
“Someone bring a bulldozer,” Ralph shouted out.  
  
Finally, when everyone was in front of the house, Friar Tuck walked up to the front door.

Is everybody ready for some fun? (SFX – Brief Exaggerated Roar of a Crowd)  
The crowd roared with excitement!

“ONE, TWO THREE…” He Counted  
  
Remember...up until now no one had opened the door or let any of the popcorn escape, so all the popcorn inside the house had created an enormous pressure which was pushing up against the inside of the door. 🡨(Narator Aside To The Audience)  
  
Just then Friar Tuck opened that door and the flood of popcorn rushed out!  
It was like a giant white tidal wave, knocking over Friar Tuck and Ralph and flowing straight out into the crowds of people. Wild cheers and yells could be heard as the popcorn buried everyone and quickly spread out in all directions.

Then there was silence. The entire front yard had been covered in a three-foot deep avalanche of bright white fluffy popcorn. From a distance, it looked like a snow storm had hit.   
  
Everyone began scrambling as fast as they could to fill their bags, hats, pots, and pans. People were smiling and laughing, a few of them were even throwing popcorn into the air.

“Ummm…. Not to bad,” said Ralph chewing a big mouthful of popcorn. “Maybe next time just a little more butter and salt.”

Friar Tuck and Ralph then lay down in the deep white fluff and began to make snow angels.

It was the biggest popcorn party anyone had ever seen. When it was all done and everyone had left, you might like to know that there was still quite a lot of popcorn to clean up including a bathtub full of popcorn, a chimney full of and even a bedroom full of popcorn.

Ralph and Friar Tuck ate popcorn breakfast, lunch, and dinner for three weeks, before they cleaned up all that giant mess !

WOW, Now that’s a lot of popcorn!!  
  
You probably would have guessed but, I might as well tell you:  
Friar Tuck is NOT Allowed to cook popcorn ANYMORE… at least without help!