

MIMES VS. ROBOTS

By Stephen Frankenfield

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SYNOPSIS: It all started with a sleepy king, an annoyed queen, and some hilariously clumsy mimes. Everything was peaceful in the world. That is until an orphaned boy presented the King with a large mechanical object thingy. This was a new and exciting thing(y), and jealousy within the mime circle grew. The war had begun: Mimes vs. Robots. It is a war that has traveled through time to arrive in the present day.

Meet Mandy, a bright girl who has trained with Master Scottie, the best teacher in the art of mimicry. She is looking for a simpler time, where technology isn't the main source of entertainment. But first, she'll have to get through Reggie, a disgruntled man who lives in his parent's basement, and spends his time being obsessed with robots. And then there's the presidential election between Mary Charlotte, a pro-mime candidate with two first names, and Ggerie (with 2 g's) Washington who promises to sit at his desk and write important things down. Will this war ever end? If it does, which side will come out victorious? Whether you're protesting in the Silent Walk-In-Place For Equal Respect March or building human-like robots in your parent's basement, you're sure to have a good time in this action-packed, hilarious play.

DURATION: 55 minutes.

TIME: Modern times, Middle Ages, Not-To-Distant Past.

SETTING: Various locations.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(6-7 females, 8-12 males, 5-8 either, 5+ extras)

CHARLES (m)..... Author of Mimes vs. Robots.
(42 lines)

JANE (f)..... Charles' wife and best friend.
(12 lines)

KING (m)..... Partly responsible for the
conflict. *(47 lines)*

QUEEN (f)..... Aggravated with her
circumstances. *(42 lines)*

ROYAL SERVANT ONE (m/f)	A servant to the King and Queen. <i>(24 lines)</i>
ROYAL SERVANT TWO (m/f)	A servant to the King and Queen. <i>(25 lines)</i>
LITTLE BOY/GROWN MAN (m).....	Creator of the first Robot. <i>(9 lines)</i>
POOR MAN (m).....	Off the street looking for a handout. <i>(3 lines)</i>
POOR WOMAN (f).....	Off the street looking for a handout. <i>(4 lines)</i>
MANDY (f)	Starter of the new Mime revolution. <i>(36 lines)</i>
MIME ONE (m/f).....	A Mime in Mandy's troupe. <i>(4 line)</i>
MIME TWO (m/f)	A Mime in Mandy's troupe. <i>(3 line)</i>
MIME THREE (m/f).....	A Mime in Mandy's troupe. <i>(2 line)</i>
MASTER SCOTTIE (m)	World's renowned Mime teacher. <i>(4 lines)</i>
REGGIE (m)	Starter of the Robot Revolution. <i>(94 lines)</i>
ANDREW (m)	Reggie's friend. <i>(9 lines)</i>
MARTIN (m).....	Reggie's friend. <i>(11 lines)</i>
SALLY (f).....	Reggie's friend. <i>(9 lines)</i>
MOM (f).....	Reggie's Mom, always positive. <i>(32 lines)</i>
DAD (m).....	Reggie's Dad, into politics. <i>(26 lines)</i>
MARY CHARLOTTE (f).....	Presidential candidate. <i>(20 lines)</i>
MARY CHARLOTTE'S CAMPAIGN AD VOICE (m/f)	Introduces Mary Charlotte. <i>(5 lines)</i>
LEROY LIVINGSTON (m)	Event host. <i>(7 lines)</i>
ASSISTANT (m/f).....	Leroy's assistant. <i>(4 lines)</i>

GGERIE WASHINGTON (m) New Presidential candidate.
 Named pronounced with a soft
 “g”. (15 lines)

GGERIE’S

CAMPAIGN AD VOICE (m/f) Introduces Ggerie Washington.
 (5 lines)

GUY ARROGANCE (m) TV personality. (29 lines)

EXTRAS:

ROYAL MIME 1 (m/f) The King’s favorite
 entertainment. (Non-Speaking)

ROYAL MIME 2 (m/f) The King’s favorite
 entertainment. (Non-Speaking)

ROYAL MIME 3 (m/f) The King’s favorite
 entertainment. (Non-Speaking)

LARGE MECHANICAL

OBJECT THINGY The first official Robot. (Non-Speaking)

LADY WITH BABY Happy to have candidate kiss
 baby. (Non-Speaking)

MAKE-UP PERSON (m/f) (Non-Speaking)

HAIR PERSON (m/f) (Non-Speaking)

EXTRA MIMES (m/f)

EXTRA ROBOTS (m/f)

OPTIONAL DOUBLING

NOTE: There are many combinations to double cast this show—this is only one option.

- ROYAL SERVANT ONE can double as ANDREW, MARTIN, or SALLY
- ROYAL SERVANT TWO can double as ANDREW, MARTIN, or SALLY
- ROYAL MIME 1 can double as MIME ONE
- ROYAL MIME 2 can double as MIME TWO
- LITTLE BOY/GROWN MAN can double as LEROY LIVINGSTON or GUY ARROGANCE

- POOR MAN can double as DAD
- POOR WOMAN can double as MOM
- MARY CHARLOTTE'S CAMPAIGN AD VOICE can double as GGERIE'S CAMPAIGN AD VOICE and/or GUY ARROGANCE

COSTUMES

CHARLES – Smoking Jacket or Robe
JANE – Modern Dress
KING, QUEEN – Medieval Royal Garments, Crown
ROYAL SERVANTS – Royal Robes
LITTLE BOY, GROWN MAN – Plain Worn Shirt and Pants
POOR MAN, POOR WOMAN – Ragged Worn Clothing
MANDIE – Modern Clothing
MIMES – Black and White Clothing
MASTER SCOTTIE – Kung Fu Master Attire
REGGIE – Modern, Nerdy Clothing
ANDREW, MARTIN, SALLY – Same as Reggie
MOM, DAD – Modern Clothing
MARY CHARLOTTE – Suit and Tie, Boxer's Robe
LEROY LIVINGSTON – Flashy Game Show Attire
ASSISTANT – All Black, Headset
GGERIE WASHINGTON – Suit and Tie, Boxer's Robe

SET

PROLOGUE: Study (Arm chair, side table and a small lamp)
SCENE 1: Castle's Throne Room (Two thrones)
SCENE 2: Park (Park bench)
SCENE 3: Basement (Couch, desk, chair, table) and Dining Room (Three chairs, Table, TV)
SCENE 4: FRED Talk Stage (Empty Stage)
SCENE 5: Debate Stage (Podium)
SCENE 6: Study (Arm chair, side table and a small lamp)

PROPS

- ☐ book
- ☐ Mechanical Object Thingy (Robot-like)
- ☐ sheet
- ☐ cell phones
- ☐ tablet
- ☐ casserole
- ☐ dinnerware
- ☐ small snack
- ☐ baby doll
- ☐ hair brush
- ☐ makeup brush
- ☐ microphone

DO NOT COPY

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

MIMES VS. ROBOTS premiered on January 3, 2020 at Live Theatre Workshop. The cast is as follows:

CHARLES BLOOMINGTON.....Matthew Frankenfield
 JANE BLOOMINGTON/
 ROYAL MIME/LEROY LIVINGSTON.....Madison Weaver
 KING/MIME ONE Theodore Morrison
 QUEEN/MIME TWOLuci McKisson
 MASTER SCOTTIE/
 ROYAL SERVANT ONE/ASSISTANT.....Ivy Buffalo
 ANDREW/ROYAL SERVANT TWO.....Lily Kommareddi
 LITTLE BOY/GROWN MAN/MARTIN Linnea Chambers-Daniell
 POOR MAN/DAD/
 CAMPAIGN VOICE-OVER.....Gianna Miltenberger
 POOR WOMAN/SALLYRiley Hallinan
 LARGE MECHANICAL OBJECT THINGY/
 MARY CHARLOTTE..... Katarina Babick
 MANDY Calista Morrison
 REGGIE.....Alexander Cramton
 MOM/CAMPAIGN VOICE-OVER/
 GUY ARROGANCE/ROYAL MIME.....Elsa Holst-Reilley
 GGERIE WASHINGTON/ROYAL MIMEMika Fricke

PROLOGUE

AT START: *Lights up. CHARLES sits in his study reading a book. He laughs at something he finds particularly funny. He looks up and sees the audience.*

CHARLES: Oh, my! Good evening. You caught me a bit off guard.

You see, I don't usually have this many people in my study. (*Looking down at his book.*) Oh, this? Well, I am absolutely embarrassed. It seems that I have forgotten to put this aside before addressing you all. I assure you I had no intention of bringing this book up, which I wrote, and will be available online and at your local bookstores at the end of this month. But I'm sure your curiosity has peaked, so I will tell you all about it. Writing this book has been a passion project. It wasn't easy. You see, I had never written a book before this. But I thought, I have *read* a few books, and how hard could it be? So, I wrote and wrote, took a few breaks here and there, napped quite frequently, snacked, took a few more naps, stood in the shower contemplating life, telling myself to "Stop! You will never finish this book, why do you insist on writing this? Please for the love of all literature, stop writing this book!" (*Pause, taking a deep breath.*) Then, I had a revelation. I asked myself, "Why write this story? Why? Then the answer came. (*Leans in towards the audience.*) Why... not? Which was yet *another* question I had to answer, but decided to put that one aside so I could finish the book at hand. So, I did. And here it is. (*Holding up the book.*) The full title is, "Mimes vs. Robots: A Complete History, In Which We Learn About the Complete History of the War Between Mimes and Robots Throughout the Complete History of the World." We have all read about the Revolutionary War and the Civil War, and, of course, World War 1 and 2. But I bet not many of you have ever heard about the war between Mimes and Robots. It is the longest-running war in the history of our planet. Lucky for you, I am *the* expert on the topic. It is important for you to know that every single part of this story is absolutely true... except for the parts that are not. So, sit back, relax, and let me take you back to where it all began. It all started with a King and Queen. (*He opens the book.*) Chapter One.

SCENE 1

CHAPTER ONE

AT START: *Lights up on a throne room. The KING sleeps on his throne, loudly snoring. The QUEEN enters. She sees the KING and rolls her eyes. What has she married?*

QUEEN: My King. *(No answer, he still sleeps.)* My King!

KING jumps up, ready for a fight. QUEEN is used to this and is bored by it.

QUEEN: Calm down. It's only me, your Queen, your love, your life, your happily ever after.

KING: Oh, my dear Queen, you scared me. I thought we were being attacked by a great swarm of Predatory Stink Bugs from the north.

KING points south. QUEEN adjusts his arm to face north.

QUEEN: Nope, just me. I'm no Predatory Stink Bug. Just your Queen, your love, your life, your happily ever after.

KING: *(Yawning.)* What day is it?

QUEEN: Monday.

KING: Oh, I hate Mondays! I mean, where do the weekends go? I feel like weekends are so much shorter than the weekdays.

QUEEN: Yes, dear, what an unbelievably astute observation.

KING: *(Loud yawn.)* Well, it might be time for a nap.

QUEEN: *(As bored as ever.)* Wonderful idea, my love, my life, my happily ever after.

KING: Why do you keep saying that?

QUEEN: I figure if I say it enough, I may start to believe it.

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO enter.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Sire, your entertainment has arrived.

KING: No, no, no! It is time for my nap. Send them away at once.

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: But it's the Royal Mimes, sire.

KING: Oh, goody. Bring them in at once.

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO: Yes, sire.

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO exit.

KING: How exciting. Don't you think it's exciting?

QUEEN: I can hardly contain myself. *(Bored, she sits on her throne.)*

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO enter.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: My King, my Queen...

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: We introduce to you...

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO: The Royal Mimes! *(They stand to the side of the KING and QUEEN, who are both sitting on their throne.)*

The ROYAL MIMES 1-3 enter, tripping and running into each other—all part of the show.

KING: *(Laughs.)* Wonderful, wonderful. My Queen, aren't these mimes the greatest entertainers you have ever seen?

Lights up on CHARLES.

CHARLES: The King loved the Royal Mimes. The Queen, on the other hand, had a counter argument that was quite convincing.

QUEEN: Not really.

The ROYAL MIMES 1-3 begin with the old trapped in a box routine. One MIME is trying to get out of the "box" while the rest are trying to help them out. Eventually, the MIME in the "box" is successful. They end the routine, and everyone politely claps.

KING: I tell you, there is nothing I love more than the Royal Mimes.

CHARLES: No more than two seconds after those words came out of his mouth, he noticed a little boy sitting alone in the corner. *(The KING stands.)* The King walked over to the boy. The Royal Mimes were confused as to why the King had walked away from them. This

had never happened before. Filled with curiosity, the King asked the boy—

KING: What are you doing, little boy?

LITTLE BOY: Playing with my toy.

KING: How delightful. What is your toy called?

LITTLE BOY: Uhm... a mechanical object thingy.

KING: A mechanical object thingy. That sounds wonderful. (*To the QUEEN.*) Doesn't that sound wonderful, dear?

QUEEN: Where are your parents, Little Boy?

KING: Oh, never mind that, he's busy with his mechanical object thingy.

QUEEN: I feel like his parents should be here with him.

KING: Show me how this toy works.

QUEEN: (*To the ROYAL SERVANTS.*) Can you two find out who this child belongs to? Apparently, I'm the only one who cares about his well-being.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Yes, we're on it.

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: Off we go.

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO start to go, then stop, look at each other, and come back.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Where should we look?

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: Yes, is there a general area we should start the search?

QUEEN: Just ring the royal bell and call out.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Yes, of course. As you wish.

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: You can count on us.

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO start to go, then stop, look at each other, and come back.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: What shall we call out?

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: Yes, what would one call out in these circumstances?

QUEEN: (*Growing impatient.*) Just call out for any parents who may be missing their child.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Would it help if we had a name?

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: If we had the name of the child's parents, we would know exactly who we are looking for.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Not the name of the parents, you smelly rotten cheese! The child's name.

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: There's no need for name calling, you bucket of pig slop. I only misunderstood you. You can't blame me for that.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Oh no? I can't? Who do I blame then? Should I blame the Queen?

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: No, of course not.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: The King?

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: Don't be ridiculous.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: The boy? Should I blame the boy, with his mechanical object thingy?

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: It's not the boy's fault.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Then whose fault is it?

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: I don't know. You?

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Me? Why would it be my fault, you stinky sour duck droppings!

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: Well, it's not my fault, you putrid pile of cow patties!

QUEEN: Both of you stop this at once. Go. Now!

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Yes, Your Highness.

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: Of course. Right away.

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO start to go, then stop, look at each other, and come back.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: If you were to blame one of us for this argument, who would be more at fault?

QUEEN: Go!

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: Yes, absolutely.

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO exit.

CHARLES: The Royal Mimes tried their best to get the King's attention. (*ROYAL MIMES 1-3 begin to perform.*) Unfortunately, the King was so fascinated by this little boy and his toy, that he completely forgot about them.

ROYAL MIMES 1-3 finally give up, and huddle together and cry, silently, of course—a bit more dramatic than necessary.

CHARLES: Then, the King asked the little boy—

KING: How many of these do you have?

LITTLE BOY: Just this one.

KING: Only *one* mechanical object thingy?!

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO enter, followed by a POOR MAN and POOR WOMAN.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: We have found the little boy's parents.

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: Well, actually, I found them.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: I rang the bell.

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: I called out.

QUEEN: Stop! Both of you, stand back. (*ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO take a step back. To the POOR WOMAN and POOR MAN.*) Are you the parents of this little boy?

POOR WOMAN: I've never seen that kid in my life.

POOR MAN: He looks like a spoiled brat to me.

QUEEN: (*To the ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO.*) Go back out and find the real parents. Let everyone know that we will give a great sum of gold to the parents who claim this child.

POOR WOMAN: Did you say, gold?

QUEEN: Yes.

POOR WOMAN and POOR MAN look at each other, then back to the LITTLE BOY.

POOR WOMAN: (*Cries dramatically.*) Oh, our lost boy! We've missed him so much.

POOR MAN: Please, Your Highness, may we take him back home? We cannot stand another night without him!

QUEEN: I'm so sorry you had to endure this pain. Please, take him back home.

KING: What proof do they have that they are the little boy's parents?

QUEEN: Look at them. They are heartbroken.

KING: *(To the LITTLE BOY.)* Are these your parents, little boy?

LITTLE BOY: Uhmmm, if they are, do I also get some of that gold?

KING: Yes, of course.

LITTLE BOY: *(Arms out.)* Mom! Dad!

CHARLES: *(POOR MAN and POOR WOMAN run to him.)* The boy was reunited with his parents, who got the great sum of gold they were promised. They then had a heart-to-heart with the little boy.

POOR WOMAN: Mom and Dad are going out to get some milk.

POOR MAN: Yes, stay here, son.

CHARLES: Then they turned and left... *(POOR MAN and WOMAN exit.)* and never came back.

QUEEN: Not to worry. We will take care of you.

LITTLE BOY: Do I still get some of that gold?

KING: Yes, absolutely. In fact, I will pay for all your schooling. I want you to grow up and be the greatest inventor the world has ever known.

CHARLES: The boy spent years studying to be an inventor. And, as boys often do, he grew up to be a man.

LITTLE BOY stands. ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO place a lab coat and goggles on him—he is now a man.

CHARLES: He continued to make his toys, modifying this and that...

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO lift a sheet covering the GROWN MAN. We hear drilling, hammering, jackhammering, and other loud construction noises.

CHARLES: ...until one day, he was finished.

GROWN MAN: I have finished my invention! Behold...

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO drop the sheet to unveil a Large Mechanical Object Thingy.

GROWN MAN: I call it... The Large Mechanical Object Thingy!

Everyone gasps.

CHARLES: The Grown Man invented many other things: The Teleporting Device Thingy, The Time Machine Thingy, and his most popular invention... The Can Opener.

KING: Fascinating. Tell me more about this Can Opener.

QUEEN: I'd like to hear about the Time Machine Thingy. What does it do?

GROWN MAN: It allows you to travel through time. Any time and location you would like to go to.

KING: My Queen, are you thinking what I'm thinking?

QUEEN: Probably not.

KING: Do you remember what your mother said on our wedding day?

QUEEN: Yes. She said, "I give it a month."

KING: Yes, but after that.

QUEEN: "Why couldn't you marry Prince Henry?"

KING: Yes, yes, after all that.

QUEEN: *(She thinks. It comes to her.)* She said, if for some reason this ridiculous sham of a marriage should last... that we should remember the simple things.

KING: Yes, the simple things. Like holding hands. *(He takes her hand.)* And saying things like, "How was your day," and "It's lovely to see you."

The QUEEN smiles.

QUEEN: Yes, I remember.

KING: And lastly... *(In his mother-in-law's voice.)* "You better take my daughter on an amazing honeymoon, you cheapskate, or you'll regret it for the rest of your life!" *(His own voice.)* We never did have that honeymoon.

QUEEN: I didn't think you noticed.

KING: Of course I did. Our marriage happened so fast, and right after, I was off to fight in the war. We've never had a chance to really enjoy each other's company.

QUEEN: Well, if you didn't take so many naps, perhaps we would have some time.

KING: You're right. I have taken too many naps. As long as I live, I will not sleep again.

QUEEN: You have to sleep.

KING: Says who? I am the King. And I proclaim... no sleep for me! *(The QUEEN is impressed.)* And now, My Queen. Let us take this new Time Traveling Thingy and explore the history of our planet.

QUEEN: Well... okay, let's do it.

KING: My people. Your King, and his beautiful bride will now embark on a journey for their honeymoon. A journey that will take us through time and space... whatever that means. Farewell.

KING and QUEEN start to exit.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Wait. You can't go yet. You must make a decision.

KING: Yes, yes, absolutely. A decision must be made. *(Pause.)* About what?

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: Mimes or Large Mechanical Object Thingys?

KING: Oh yes. Ummm, let's see... raise your hand if you prefer the Mimes?

Half raise their hands.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Seven, my king. *[Or insert whatever number works for your production.]*

QUEEN: Raise your hand if you prefer Large Mechanical Object Thingys.

The other half raise their hands.

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: Seven, Your Highness. *[Or insert whatever number works for your production.]*

KING: Well it looks like the winner is... *(Confused.)* The winner is... uhmmm...

QUEEN: It's a tie.

KING: A tie! Wonderful. Well... goodbye. (*Turns to leave.*)

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: Wait!

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: A decision must be made. There is no room for both Mimes and Large Mechanical Object Thingys.

KING: I understand. That makes a lot of sense. So, who should make the decision?

ROYAL SERVANT ONE and TWO: You.

KING: But I don't wanna!

QUEEN: But you must.

KING: (*Looks at QUEEN.*) Okay. Let's see... got it. Fight it out, and whoever wins... is the winner.

QUEEN: We're off on our honeymoon.

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: Are you saying it should be Mimes vs. Large Mechanical Object Thingys?

KING: Yes, that sounds great. Go ahead and do that.

QUEEN: We're off.

The KING and QUEEN exit. We hear the loud noise of The Time Machine Thingy take off.

ROYAL SERVANT ONE: What do we do now?

ROYAL SERVANT TWO: You heard the king. Mimes vs. Large Mechanical Object Thingys!

ROYAL SERVANTS ONE and TWO face each other, ready to fight.

CHARLES: The King and Queen left on their honeymoon, as the Mimes and Large Mechanical Object Thingys faced off for the first time. Unfortunately, it would not be the last. And so time passed, and, as often happens in life... they all died.

Everyone collapses to the ground.

CHARLES: The battle of Mimes vs. Large Mechanical Object Thingys—which later became known as Robots—is the longest war in the history of our planet. Sure, it settles down a bit at times, no signs of any movement with either party, and sometimes it seems as if it may be forgotten altogether. But, thanks to me and my

upcoming novel, that will, as I mentioned before, be on sale at the end of this month—the story of Mimes vs. Robots will not soon be forgotten.

JANE enters.

JANE: Hello, dear.

CHARLES: Hello, Jane.

JANE: Who are you speaking to?

CHARLES: I am speaking to my new friends.

JANE: *(Sees audience.)* Oh, hello. How are you? *(Waits for response.)*

CHARLES: We're having a lot of fun.

JANE: *(Sees the book in his lap.)* Oh, I see. He's telling you the story of Mimes vs. Robots. *(Aside, to the audience.)* I warn you, he can go on and on about it.

CHARLES: What's that, dear?

JANE: *(Smiles.)* Nothing. Nothing at all. *(Aside, to the audience.)* It's a good story. *(To CHARLES.)* Enjoy your day, Charles. *(Pats him on the shoulder.)* I'll be back a little later.

CHARLES: Thank you, dear.

JANE exits.

CHARLES: *(To the audience.)* Now, where was I? *(Looking through his book.)* Ah, yes. Chapter Two.

SCENE 2 CHAPTER TWO

AT START: *Lights up on MANDY. She is a mime. She is joined by MIME ONE and MIME TWO. They are performing one of their routines, as people walk by, all looking down at their phones. MANDY and MIMES ONE and TWO are trying everything to get their attention but to no avail. MANDY is getting more and more frustrated, almost to tears, when she decides she's had enough.*

MANDY: Stop! (*A spotlight lands on her. Everyone else is frozen.*) What do we have to do? What do we have to do for you to stop looking at your... your... things! We have to go back to a simpler time. We live in a world where we don't look at one another anymore. (*She begins to move around the people, who are still frozen. She takes a phone out of someone's hand.*) If these were to go away, what would happen? Would it be that bad? Would the world around you crumble to nothingness? Or, would it be okay? Would *everything* be okay? Or, maybe... would it be better? Wake up! (*ALL unfreeze, but now she has their full attention.*) You all have to wake up. (*Pause. She looks at each one of them.*) To be a Mime means to embrace a different philosophy of life. A peaceful life. (*Loud, with passion.*) And I'm starting a revolution! Who's with me?!

Pause, ALL still looking at her. After a moment, ALL go back down to their phones and continue to walk until they have exited, until there is only MANDY and MINES ONE and TWO left on stage. Lights down on MANDY and MIMES ONE and TWO. Lights up on CHARLES.

CHARLES: Mandy was a young girl who had had enough of the modern world. She wanted simpler times. Times when Mimes were considered to be valued entertainment. When she was young, she trained with the world's greatest Mime. He was a master in the field of mimicry. His name was Master Scottie.

Lights up on MASTER SCOTTIE and MANDY.

CHARLES: Although his name didn't strike fear in people, his training methods did.

MASTER SCOTTIE: Show me... mime a wall. (*MANDY places her hands against a "wall".*) Show me... paint the fence. (*MANDY mimes painting a fence.*) Now... wax on, wax off. (*MANDY mimes waxing on and off. She lets out a small grunt.*) No! You do not grunt when you wax on and off. You wax quietly. (*She begins to wax again, completely silent.*) Quieter! (*She is confused but tries again.*) Stop. Look at me. (*She does so.*) Do you hear the silence in your voice right now? (*Still confused.*) I need you to take that silence... and silence it.

MANDY: Silence my silence?

MASTER SCOTTIE: Quiet! *(He looks at her and takes a deep breath.)*

You do not have what it takes. Go!

MANDY: No, you can't kick me out! I'll do better. I'll silence my silence!

MASTER SCOTTIE: *(Thinks.)* Very well. One more test. This will determine whether you are ready to continue training in the art of mimicry.

MANDY: Thank you.

MASTER SCOTTIE: *(As he steps back, away from MANDY.)* Show me... trapped in a box.

Spotlight on MANDY. She is alone. This is the ultimate test, and she feels the pressure. She takes a deep breath and begins to mime being trapped in a box. She nails it. She looks over at MASTER SCOTTIE, who is smiling with his thumb up, nodding his approval. Lights up on CHARLES.

CHARLES: It was a wonderful moment in Mandy's life. To have the approval of Master Scottie was the ultimate accomplishment. *(Lights fade to black on MANDY and MASTER SCOTTIE.)* Once she had finished her training, she was ready to go out into the world and get the art of mimicry in the public eye. She tried many avenues: coffee shops, theaters, network TV. She even contacted Netflix, but they were a hard pass. And they don't pass on anything. Seriously, have you seen how many shows they have? It's insane. How am I supposed to ever catch up when they keep adding shows? Not to mention, I start a new show with my wife, then I walk away to get a glass of water, and suddenly she's three seasons in, and half the characters have either died or turned into vampires, and no matter how hard I try, I will *never* catch up! *(Clears throat. Smiles.)* Chapter Three.

SCENE 3
CHAPTER THREE

AT START: *We are still with CHARLES, in his study. But also—lights up on REGGIE, who is sitting in the basement, working—editing his work on a tablet.*

CHARLES: Meet Reggie. A thirty-year-old who is... a complicated man.

Lights down on CHARLES. REGGIE is working hard, fully concentrating. Full lights up to reveal his friends, ANDREW, MARTIN, and SALLY.

REGGIE: *(Frustrated.)* No. *(Makes a change.)* No! *(Makes another change.)* No, no, no, it's all wrong!

REGGIE'S friends give each other a look of, "Here we go again."

ANDREW: How's it going over there, Reggie?

REGGIE: It's Techno Man!

ANDREW: How's it going over there, Techno Man?

REGGIE: No, no, no!

SALLY: Uh... Techno Man?

REGGIE: What?!

SALLY: You okay?

REGGIE: Yeah, I'm fine.

MARTIN: Could've fooled us.

REGGIE: I just can't seem to figure out this formula.

ANDREW: Why don't you tell us? Maybe we can help you figure it out.

REGGIE: No offense, but none of you are smart enough to figure this out.

ANDREW: Hey. That's rude.

MARTIN: You think you're the only smart person here?

SALLY: How dare you.

REGGIE gives them a look.

ANDREW: Yeah, he's right.

MARTIN: I gotta give him that one.

SALLY: I wanna be smarter.

MOM—always with a smile—enters.

MOM: Reginald, it's time for dinner.

REGGIE: Mom, it's Techno Man.

MOM: You're always going to be my little Reginald.

REGGIE: Ugh.

ANDREW: Hi, Reggie's Mom.

MOM: Oh. Hi, Andrew.

SALLY: Hi, Reggie's Mom.

MARTIN: Hi. Mrs. Reggie's Mom.

MOM: Hello Sally. Hello Martin.

REGGIE: I'll be right there. I'm just finishing up.

MOM: Well, don't take too long, it'll get cold.

REGGIE: Got it. *(He's too into his work to look up.)*

MOM: Reggie.

REGGIE: Okay, okay. I'm coming! *(He's not moving.)*

MOM: Reggie!

REGGIE: Fine. *(He puts down his work.)* Can my friends eat dinner with us?

MOM: No, I'm sorry. Not tonight.

REGGIE: You say that every night.

MOM: Then you would think at some point you'd stop asking. *(Exiting.)*
Don't take too long.

REGGIE: Sorry, guys. Maybe next time.

ANDREW: No worries.

SALLY: We'll just stay here. As usual.

MARTIN: Are we even *able* to eat?

REGGIE: That's the next test.

REGGIE walks behind ANDREW and turns a 'knob' on his back. We hear a loud power-down sound. His upper body falls forward, slumped over, but is still in a sitting position. He's been turned off. REGGIE does the same with SALLY and MARTIN. They are all off now. REGGIE exits

the basement and enters the dining room, where we see his DAD enter with a casserole.

DAD: (*Rushing to the table.*) Hot, hot, hot, hot....

MOM: Where are the oven mitts, dear?

DAD: (*Setting down the dish.*) No need for oven mitts. (*Looking at his hands.*) These will scab up and heal in no time.

REGGIE: That's gross, Dad.

DAD: Gross? (*Showing REGGIE a spot on his hand.*) See that doozy? 1985. Your mom's chicken noodle soup. Spilled right across my hand.

REGGIE: I know, Dad.

DAD: See this? (*Shows another spot on his other hand.*) 1989. The oven reached out and bit me.

MOM: Now, dear, did it reach out, or did you reach in without an oven mitt?

DAD: You don't get the real experience when you use an oven mitt.

REGGIE: Can we watch TV while we eat?

MOM: You know how we feel about the TV being on during dinner.

REGGIE: Yes, but I'm a grown man, and I feel like I should be able to watch TV when I want. I mean, I'm thirty years old. I'm too old to be treated like a child.

DAD: Well, you're also too old to be living in our basement, buddy, but you don't hear us complaining.

MOM: Okay, watch TV, Mr. Grown Man.

REGGIE grabs the remote and turns on the TV. We hear the Sesame Street theme song (or another children's show theme song.)

REGGIE: Yes!

MOM: Please turn it down, Reggie.

REGGIE does so, but it can still be heard in the background. MOM and DAD are setting the dinnerware.

DAD: How's your little project coming along?

REGGIE: It's not little.

MOM: It's not a little project, dear.

REGGIE: It's a big project.

MOM: It's a very big project, dear. He's doing one of those talks.

DAD: Talks?

MOM: Yeah, you know one of those talks when experts talk about whatever they're experts on.

DAD: Oh, well, that sounds vague. Good for you.

MOM: We're very proud of you.

There is a long pause, as they watch Sesame Street (or another children's show.) The volume is still low, but you can hear the music. After a moment:

DAD: So, you voting this year, son?

REGGIE: You mean for Mary Charlotte?

DAD: Yup.

REGGIE: She has two first names. You can't trust someone who has two first names.

MOM: No one's running against her. Do we even have to vote?

DAD: I think so. Most likely. I don't know. Maybe not.

REGGIE: She's not right for this country.

DAD: Oh, I think she's very smart.

MOM: She has a lot of good ideas.

REGGIE: Oh yeah? Name one.

DAD: Well, you know I don't follow politics that closely.

MOM: She seems very nice.

REGGIE: I didn't think so.

Something on TV gets DAD'S attention.

DAD: Turn it up, turn it up!

MOM: *(Takes remote.)* What, what?

DAD: It's that new Mary Charlotte campaign ad. I hear it's good.

REGGIE: Don't turn it up.

MOM and DAD: Shhhh....

Lights down on the dining room table. Lights up on Mary Charlotte's TV Campaign Ad. MARY CHARLOTTE is surrounded by people. Throughout the following, she is shaking hands and smiling for selfies. She is in full politician mode.

MC CAMPAIGN AD VOICE: *(On stage or pre-recorded voice-over.)*

Real change never takes place by waiting on empty promises. Change is made by the people who have stopped promising and started doing. *(We hear a crowd cheering in the background.)* Mary Charlotte has started doing. She has a vision for this country.

MARY CHARLOTTE: For far too long this country has been in a rut.

It's been plain. Like a bagel. Sure, it's good the way it is, but you spread some cream cheese on it, it becomes delicious. Make it an everything bagel with garden veggie cream cheese, you've suddenly taken this country to an eleven. *(Shaking hands.)*

MC CAMPAIGN AD VOICE: *(On stage or pre-recorded voice-over.)*

Mary Charlotte wants to take *you* to an eleven.

A LADY WITH A BABY hands MARY CHARLOTTE her baby. MARY smiles, kisses him, and tosses him behind her—don't worry, another person catches him.

MC CAMPAIGN AD VOICE: No one has her level of experience. As the President of her high school's student council, she got rid of all vending machines. She made the soda come *directly* from the water fountains. She stopped the sale of smokies and beans in the cafeteria, because they're gross. In college, she was the captain of the digging team, where she held two state titles for digging a six foot hole in 37.2 seconds.

MARY CHARLOTTE: I have always worked hard. And what seven years of high school and one year of college taught me is to never give up.

MC CAMPAIGN AD VOICE: *(On stage or pre-recorded voice-over.)*

Mary Charlotte fights for the rights of all people. Most notably, she walked in place for two days straight with the Mimes during the Silent Walk-In-Place For Equal Respect March.

MARY CHARLOTTE: *(Speaking directly to the audience.)* I will stand by each and every Mime, whether I'm "trapped" in a box or not. *(She briefly mimes being trapped in a box.)*

MC CAMPAIGN AD VOICE: *(On stage or pre-recorded voice-over.)* Don't let Mary Charlotte's first two names fool you. She *can* be trusted.

MARY CHARLOTTE: My name is Mary Charlotte, and I approve this message.

Lights down on Mary Charlotte's TV Campaign Ad. Lights up on the dining room table.

DAD: Wow! Now *that* is a message.

MOM: She really has a way of speaking.

REGGIE doesn't say anything. He stares at the TV.

DAD: What do you think, Reggie?

MOM: Did that change your mind?

REGGIE: No, it didn't change my mind. In fact, it reinforced my stance. She is no good for this country.

DAD: Why do you say that?

REGGIE: You heard her. She's pro-mime.

MOM: Oh, here we go again.

DAD: Buddy, you need to let that go.

REGGIE: I will never let it go. Mimes have no place here.

MOM: That doesn't seem right.

DAD: Well, right or wrong, it's not like anyone has a choice. Mary Charlotte is the only candidate. Her's is the only box you'll be able to check on election day. Could you pass the casserole, please. *(MOM passes the casserole.)* Thank you, dear.

MOM: You're very welcome. Be careful, it's still too hot.

DAD: Too hot? *(Pulls lower lip down.)* See this scar. 1992. My barbecue beef brisket.

REGGIE gets up and starts to exit.

DAD: Where are you going?

REGGIE: I have to get back to work. There's not much time left. I'll be in the basement.

MOM: Don't be up all night, sweetie.

REGGIE: (*Exiting.*) I'm a grown man!

DAD and MOM continue to watch Sesame Street (or another children's show.) A song is playing, and they both begin to bob their heads to the catchy tune.

MOM: I think I'll go get some bagels tomorrow morning. (*DAD smiles—sounds good to him.*)

Lights down on the dining room. Lights up on CHARLES in his study.

CHARLES: As you can see, Reggie was a very angry grown man. His hatred for Mimes went deep.

JANE enters with a snack.

JANE: Charles, dear. I brought you a snack.

CHARLES: Oh, well, thank you, Jane.

JANE: (*To Audience.*) So, how's the story? He's not boring you, is he? I hope not. It's a good story, but, like I said, he can go on and on.

CHARLES: I go on and on for that exact reason—because it's a good story.

JANE: (*Smiles.*) I know, dear. I know. (*Gives him a loving pat on the shoulder and exits.*)

CHARLES: Okay, let's see, where I was... (*Flips through his book.*) I told you about Mandy. I just finished with Reggie, then Mary Charlotte... (*Still flipping through the book.*) It seems now would be a good time to skip ahead—I know my time with you is limited. Reggie worked in the basement. Mandy worked on recruiting more mimes—all brilliant chapters, and I definitely suggest you go out and buy your own copy for only \$29.99. The book really delves into the psyche of both Mandy and Reggie. I ask profound questions like: Were they loved enough as kids? Who were their friends growing up? At what age should a grown man move out of their parents' basement? All kinds of interesting questions like that.

Fascinating read. But, for now, I will skip ahead a bit. (*Looking through the book.*) Let's see, what should I go to next? (*Finding something.*) Ah, yes, this is important. The new candidate.

Lights down on CHARLES. Lights up on GGERIE WASHINGTON, who is shaking the hands of voters.

GGERIE'S CAMPAIGN AD VOICE: (*On stage or pre-recorded voice-over.*) Meet your newest presidential candidate. His name is Ggerie Washington, and Ggerie is spelled with two g's. Ggerie with two g's will never stop fighting for the little people.

GGERIE: As president, I will sit in my office and give a lot of thought to the future of this country. I will write things down. I will then read my writing and rewrite. I will erase that writing and write other things that'll be important for the future of this great country.

GGERIE'S CAMPAIGN AD VOICE: (*On stage or pre-recorded voice-over.*) Ggerie Washington loves to write things down. And he wants to write something down for you. (*LADY WITH A BABY brings her baby to him.*) He asks for you to avoid bringing your babies to his events, because he's not a big fan.

GGERIE: I don't like babies. (*He throws the baby over his shoulder. Don't worry, someone catches him.*)

GGERIE'S CAMPAIGN AD VOICE OVER: (*On stage or pre-recorded voice-over.*) Ggerie Washington does not like your baby. He's a strong proponent of board games, downloading pirated software, and tacos.

GGERIE: I love tacos.

GGERIE'S CAMPAIGN AD VOICE: (*On stage or pre-recorded voice-over.*) And he's a strong supporter of the Robot movement.

GGERIE: I'm a strong supporter of the Robot movement.

GGERIE'S CAMPAIGN AD VOICE: (*On stage or pre-recorded voice-over. Still with the same upbeat energy.*) I just said that. Vote for Ggerie with two g's. He's anxious to start writing things down for you.

GGERIE: My name is Ggerie Washington, and I approve this message.

Lights down on GGERIE. Lights up on CHARLES.

CHARLES: Ggerie Washington. Finally, the robots had someone on their side. Someone who would fight for them and stand against the Mime movement. Things were about to get exciting. (*Flips ahead in the book.*) I know my time with you is limited, so let's skip ahead a bit. Ah, yes. And now, Chapter twenty-five.

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