

MASTERMIME (OR DON'T MIME IF I DO)

By Katie B. Oberlander

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(MASTERMIME mimes something again, but no one understands what he's trying to convey.)

SHIRLEY: I can understand him. I watch a lot of TV with the sound off. I'll translate...

(MASTERMIME mimes as she translates his actions.)

SHIRLEY: I am not a criminal. All I've ever been guilty of is performing mime! Once audiences experience mime, they will demand it! And then all the theatres in the world will be mime all mime! Evil laughing, evil laughing, evil laughing, coughing, and... evil laughing.

OVATION: He's clearly mad.

SHIRLEY: *(Translating.)* Mad you say? I'll show you mad!

(MASTERMIME mimes pulling out a gun. He points it at OVATION.)

MACK: He's got a gun!

(EVERYONE screams.)

MATTHEW: You do realize this is pantomime, right?

OVATION: Drop your weapon Mastermime!

(SFX: Dramatic music plays. EVERYONE freezes.)

SHIRLEY: *(Translating.)* Never, you scoundrel!

OVATION: Then prepare to fight!

SHIRLEY: *(Translating.)* Fighting is for savages. Let us mime.

OVATION: Very well. A battle of the mimes!

(SFX: Athletic music plays as the STAGEHANDS move the stools to two sides of the stage. On one side, STAGEHAND ONE shows OVATION a chart that says "Mime 101." It has pictures of stick figures in classic mime positions. Ovation practices the mime routines. On the other side of the stage, STAGEHAND TWO coaches MASTERMIME as he warms up and stretches. He practices his mime routines. Ovation and Mastermime sit on the stools and the Stagehands massage their shoulders and give them sips from water bottles. Then they are ready for the battle. Inspiring athletic music plays as Ovation and Mastermime compete in a series of mime challenges. SHIRLEY acts as a referee. MATTHEW and MACK place bets on the side of the stage. The others watch and cheer. First, Ovation and Mastermime mimic each other in a mirror challenge. Mastermime wins when Ovation loses concentration. Then they play mime tug of war. Ovation wins when he pulls the rope harder. Finally, they compete in a mime running race and Mastermime trips Ovation. Ovation lands on the ground and Shirley raises Mastermime's arm as he is the winner of the bout.)

SHIRLEY: *(Translating.)* Give up, Ovation! I've clearly won this battle.

OVATION: It certainly looks that way. But wait...what's that I see all around you? Four walls...and a top and bottom. Why, you're in a box, Mastermime!

(SFX: Intense music plays as MASTERMIME desperately palms the walls, looking for a way out.)

SHIRLEY: *(Translating.)* No!

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