SHAMELESS SELF-PROMOTION

Comedy Skit

by

Leon Kaye

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS, LLC

Publishers of Contest-Winning Drama
COPYRIGHT © 2005 by Leon Kalayjian
All rights reserved

CAUTION: Professionals & amateurs are hereby warned that Shameless Self-Promotion is subject to a royalty. This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the Copyright Union.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this play are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS & ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this play are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. If necessary, we will contact the author or the author's agent. PLEASE NOTE that royalty fees for performing this play can be located online at Brooklyn Publishers, LLC website (http://www.brookpub.com). Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. You will find our contact information on the following page.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC (http://www.brookpub.com)

TRADE MARKS, PUBLIC FIGURES, & MUSICAL WORKS: This play may include references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). Brooklyn Publishers, LLC have not obtained performing rights of these works. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producers should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is http://www.copyright.gov.

COPYING from the book in any form (in whole or excerpt), whether photocopying, scanning recording, videotaping, storing in a retrieval system, or by any other means, is strictly forbidden without consent of Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

TO PERFORM THIS PLAY

1. Royalty fees must be paid to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC before permission is granted to use and perform the playwright’s work.

2. Royalty of the required amount must be paid each time the play is performed whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

3. When performing one-acts or full-length plays, enough playbooks must be purchased for cast and crew.

4. Copying or duplication of any part of this script is strictly forbidden.

5. Any changes to the script are not allowed without direct authorization by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

6. Credit to the author and publisher is required on all promotional items associated with this play’s performance(s).

7. Do not break copyright laws with any of our plays. This is a very serious matter and the consequences can be quite expensive. We must protect our playwrights who earn their living through the legal payment of script and performance royalties.

8. If you have questions concerning performance rules, contact us by the various ways listed below:
   Toll-free: 888-473-8521
   Fax: 319-368-8011
   Email: customerservice@brookpub.com

Copying, rather than purchasing cast copies, and/or failure to pay royalties is a federal offense. Cheating us and our wonderful playwrights in this manner will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please support theatre and follow federal copyright law.
SHAMELESS SELF-PROMOTION
by
Leon Kaye

At Rise: A Grecian bed chamber, 400 B.C. A beautiful maidservant in draped chiton (a belted linen garb down to the ankles), LYDIA, twenties, peeks in. Undetected, SHE enters and rushes across the room, begins rifling through scrolls which are laying on a table.

DIANA enters from behind a wall curtain, across the stage. Discovered, LYDIA gasps as SHE turns to DIANA.

DIANA: I believe you are searching for this? (holds up a necklace string of beads)
LYDIA: My mother is not well, miss. If she could but rub her hands on those precious beads as she prayed to the oracles –

DIANA: Yes. She would be cured. But then whose life would be offered in exchange for that of your mother? Hmm?

(LYDIA pulls a knife out from beneath her layered garb. DIANA laughs evilly.)

DIANA: Do you think your mortal weapons have any effect on me?

(Both ready for attack as they encircle one another. CONNIE peeks in from behind DIANA and enters.)

CONNIE: I'm sorry. Excuse me. (LYDIA and DIANA look to CONNIE, then continue in their warlike posture.) I had to... it's just that the playwright died. (LYDIA and DIANA glance over toward CONNIE, this time with more interest.) Leon Kaye? The playwright... your playwright? He just... I don't know... he was writing me into this play. He was thinking about what type of lines I might say if I were a wealthy Grecian landowner and then, you know...

DIANA: (to CONNIE) Stop. Stop your speaking now.
LYDIA: I must have that necklace.
CONNIE: (steps in the middle) I know it's difficult. But I think we just have to press on. Make the best of things.
DIANA: I am Diana, sorceress of Athens, mistress to Apollo. Comrade to Aphrodite.
CONNIE: I kind of know that. I've read your character descriptions. (LYDIA lunges at DIANA, who jumps back, away from the parry.) There's no need for any more of this. Look, it's a play. There's an audience there. (motions toward the audience, LYDIA and DIANA also notice the audience) Didn't you notice them before?

LYDIA: My stars, there are people watching us.
DIANA: There must be an explanation.
LYDIA: (to CONNIE) Why are you dressed so foolishly?
CONNIE: Well, I'm not an Ancient Greek Person per se. Leon was thinking about me MAYBE being in this play. Ya see, we went to college together. And he was thinking about incorporating someone like me, someone that's really beautiful and totally approachable and creating a lead character the audience would really root for.

DIANA: I will not stand for such nonsense. Be gone.
CONNIE: I could go but, like... do you even know what your next line is? (DIANA looks lost.) What were you going to say next?

DIANA: I... I do not remember.
CONNIE: (pulls out a folded piece of paper) Lydia pulls a knife out from beneath her layered garb. Diana laughs evilly.

Then you say, "do you think your mortal weapons have any effect on me? (pause) Then there's nothing.

DIANA: (grabs the paper, reads in horror) What do you mean, nothing?! LYDIA: What does it mean? (a realization) Are our lives over?
DIANA: Of course not. (hands the page back to CONNIE) I am an intelligent woman, wife to a member of the Senate. Certainly I have life experiences. I must have a rich multitude of experiences from which to select!

CONNIE: Do you even know the names of your own parents?
DIANA: (lost) Blast! I have no back story. I am not a fully realized character.
CONNIE: Hey, don't be too hard on yourself. We were only on page two. If we got to page ten, I'm sure you'd be a lot better written.

DIANA: There should be a crime against this behavior. To write a character, and to not even inform her of her parents, her childhood. All people no matter which creed, color, or sexual orientation should know from whence they came!

LYDIA: I remember! My father's name... is... Leon! OH! How awfully self-serving!
DIANA: This playwright is a monster!
LYDIA: Hideous creature.
CONNIE: He really isn't. He just has this weird sense of humor.
DIANA: What do we do now? How do we live? Do we wait?
LYDIA: Perhaps if we started again from the beginning?
CONNIE: And what?
LYDIA: I do not know... maybe something will come to us.
DIANA: You are as shallow as a puddle, my dear.
LYDIA: At least I am pretty.

(DIANA stands, angrily approaches LYDIA. CONNIE jumps between the two.)

CONNIE: Okay, okay, there's no use fighting. It looks like we're gonna be stuck here a while. We might as well make friends.
LYDIA: I cannot be her friend. I feel a choking hatred for her.
CONNIE: That's just how you were written. Diana really hasn't done anything to you.
LYDIA: But she's a sorceress. An evil sorceress.
CONNIE: Not for real.
DIANA: I am a sorceress.
CONNIE: No, you're a fictional character.
DIANA: A fictional character, eh? Can a fictional character do this? (gestures broadly, nothing happens)
CONNIE: Ya see? Zip.
DIANA: (gestures again) What has happened? My powers... what has– (to CONNIE) You!! You are a creature incanted from the netherworld!
CONNIE: You've spoken to my old boyfriend, Mark, haven't you?
DIANA: No. But I shall speak to Pericles about you.
LYDIA: If this is a play, then we must be actresses... actresses with full lives outside of this room? (to the audience) Does anyone have a program?
DIANA: Yes. Good... A program?

(Awaits a program from the audience. CONNIE takes it, reads.)

CONNIE: Lydia as herself.
LYDIA: Myself?! Who am I?!
CONNIE: Diana as herself. Connie as herself.
DIANA: Well, I prefer to be Diana, sorceress of Athens, to some lowly actress.
LYDIA: Yes! And a ten-minute play actress at that!

END OF FREE PREVIEW