

FIVE MINUTES OF FAME

By Michael Soetaert

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FIVE MINUTES OF FAME

A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

By Michael Soetaert

SYNOPSIS: Tonight at 10:00 p.m. Pacific, one Eastern, it's the premiere of season two of nearly everybody's favorite show, "Fifteen Minutes of Fame!" Where each week randomly chosen individuals appear on the show for their Fifteen Minutes of Fame! Only this year we'll have twice the contestants and twice the fun. So be sure to tune in to *Five Minutes of Fame*, a ten minute comedy by Michael Soetaert.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 either, 0-5 extras; gender flexible, doubling possible)

HUGH HOLIDAY (m/f)..... Energetic TV host. The show is pretty much scripted, but not memorized. He generally knows what he's supposed to say at certain times, and at first will try his darndest to keep on schedule. *(61 lines)*

MRS. LENORA BLANCHARD (m/f)..... Crotchety old lady. *(60 lines)*

EBER (m/f)..... Optional. Can be played by Lenora if desired. *(1 line)*

EXTRAS..... 0-5. *(Non-speaking)*

**Character name/gender may be changed if desired.*

SET

Very simple. The idea is a television interview set, and this is what the people out in TV land are seeing on their screens. There are two upholstered chairs center stage, set at angles toward each other. There is a table between them with a lamp, two glasses, and a pitcher of water on it. It would be fun to have a lighted “applause” sign for the audience, but it’s not necessary.

PROPS

- Car keys on a key ring
- Water glass filled with water
- A very poorly done t-shirt that says “I Was Famous” on it
- A large check made out to Mrs. Lenora Blanchard for the amount of negative thirty two cents
- Confetti rigged to fall down from above

*Everything else is just Frou Frou, but keep it to a minimum.

COSTUMES: Watch some TV or crotchety old ladies. You’ll get the idea!

SPECIAL EFFECTS

Two different tones of bells to ring backstage. A recorded applause sound track would be nice, but not necessary. It would be fun to get the audience to participate in the polite clapping. Heck, as far as that goes just find somebody to hold up an applause sign. You can even have somebody come out on the apron before the show and read the following lines if that would work.

FIVE MINUTES OF FAME

EBER: Hello Ladies and Gentlemen. I'm Eber Eberson, the director of tonight's show. And I want to thank you for volunteering, with no promise of financial gain, to be here in the studio audience while we tape our premiere episode of the second season of "Five Minutes of Fame." We do ask that you turn off all cell phones, pagers, fax machines, and anything else that makes generally obnoxious noises in public. And we ask, as well, that when prompted you politely applaud. And now, what you've been waiting for... It's "Five Minutes of Fame!" (*Cue the applause.*)

At curtain, there will be obviously taped polite clapping from the audience. HUGH will be seated right and LENORA will be seated left.

HUGH: (*Becoming animated.*) Good evening! I'm Hugh Holiday, and I'm here tonight with Mrs. Lenora Blanchard. And Mrs. Blanchard, this is your *Five Minutes of Fame!*

Polite clapping from the audience as confetti comes down from above. LENORA will be more annoyed with the confetti than anything else, and will be trying to wave it out of her face.

So get ready, Mrs. Blanchard, because after these important messages, your Five Minutes of Fame will begin!

He will hold his smile for the camera. Polite clapping once again from the audience.

And we're clear. So tell me, Mrs. Blanchard, are you excited?

LENORA: I thought it was fifteen.

HUGH: Pardon me?

LENORA: I thought we were supposed to get fifteen minutes of fame. I mean, that's how the saying goes, isn't it?

HUGH: That was last season.

LENORA: What? They changed the saying?

HUGH: No. We've changed our format. We've changed it to five minutes for season two.

LENORA: Well, nobody told me.

HUGH: It was written in letters ten feet tall in the front lobby.

LENORA: I didn't know that I needed to be paying attention.

HUGH: Let's never mind that, because you still get to be famous for five minutes!

LENORA: So why did you go and do that?

HUGH: Pardon me?

LENORA: Why did they go and change it? I thought it was just fine the way it was.

HUGH: Mostly marketing, I suppose. With fifteen minutes, we only had time for one lucky person to be famous a week. Now we have time for two. And now nobody can be disappointed because we have to take a commercial break in the middle of their 15 minutes.

LENORA: I think that would disappoint me, too.

HUGH: You don't stop being famous just because there's a commercial. Be sure to smile now. We're about to go back on the air. Remember, this is how people will always remember you.

LENORA: That's asking a lot for five minutes.

HUGH: And we're back.

LENORA: Back? I never went anywhere.

HUGH: So Mrs. Blanchard, are you ready to be famous?

LENORA: Ready? How do you get ready for something like that?

HUGH: Are you excited?

LENORA: And really, what good is only five minutes?

HUGH: Oh, come on now, Mrs. Blanchard, you're lucky to have five minutes.

LENORA: I would've been luckier if I had fifteen.

HUGH: But you're going to be famous! Think of how many people there are in the world who will never be famous for anything. Think of how many people would love to be sitting here with me right this very minute.

LENORA: I'm sure they'd all like it even more if they got to do it for a full fifteen minutes.

There is the loud clang of a deep bell.

HUGH: And there's the bell, Mrs. Blanchard! That means you are now famous!

Polite clapping from the audience.

LENORA: What? No more confetti?

HUGH: They cut back on that, too.

LENORA: Couldn't they've done without the confetti altogether and just given me another minute?

HUGH: (*Trying to stay on schedule.*) So let me ask you this, Mrs. Blanchard: How can you be famous unless you're rich?

LENORA: They didn't tell me there'd be questions.

HUGH: That's OK, Mrs. Blanchard, because I already know the answer. And the answer is that you *can't* be famous without being rich. (*There is the ding of a sharp bell.*) Do you know what that bell means?

LENORA: The casserole's defrosted?

HUGH: Ha. We just love it when our contestants have a sense of humor. No, Mrs. Blanchard. It means that 150,000 dollars has just been deposited into your checking account! Now you're rich!

Polite clapping from the audience.

LENORA: 150,000 dollars? That's rich?

HUGH: For many it is.

LENORA: You used to give out ten million dollars.

HUGH: Things change, you know.

LENORA: That doesn't mean we have to like it.

HUGH: Oh, come now, Mrs. Blanchard.

LENORA sticks out her tongue and makes the tongue noise. HUGH is trying to keep his composure...and on script.

Yes, Mrs. Blanchard! That's 150,000 dollars to do with as you please! (*Very quickly.*) For a limited time only. (*Back to normal.*) So! You're rich... sort of. Do tell me, Mrs. Blanchard, what would you buy with 150,000 dollars?

LENORA: I was thinking about getting my cat fixed.

HUGH: Lucky cat! It doesn't matter what you might want, Mrs. Blanchard, but a new car won't be on that list! If you look into the monitor, out in the parking lot you can see your very own, brand new, Ford Focus! And here are the keys.

Polite clapping.

LENORA: A Ford Focus?

HUGH: They're nice cars.

LENORA: I didn't say they weren't. But it's certainly not a limo. You had limos last season. And you had that fella with the little cap that used to open the doors. I don't suppose he's still around.

HUGH: He's gone on to pursue other interests.

LENORA: Yours or his?

HUGH: Ha. You *are* the spirited one.

LENORA: Don't think I can't recognize sarcasm.

HUGH: Come, now, Mrs. Blanchard.

LENORA: Short sheet me and expect me to be happy about it.

HUGH: No. Ah...what?

LENORA: It's like getting sheets that are too short and your feet have to stick out in the cold all night long. It's just not right. You can't get a good night's sleep no matter how hard you try. And I'm talking standard sized sheets, too.

HUGH: Mrs. Blanchard, you can rest assured...

LENORA: Not with those short sheets I won't.

HUGH: OK, then...moving on to the grand prize!

LENORA: What? You're jumping right to the grand prize? What about the other stuff you used to give away? The furs. The diamonds. You know, I don't really give a hoot about any drafty chateau up in the Alps, but I was at least hoping to get to wear the tiara.

HUGH: But that's not what you came on the show for, is it Mrs. Blanchard?

LENORA: I kind of thought it was.

HUGH: No, Mrs. Blanchard. You wanted Fame! What you wanted is for people everywhere you go, for the rest of your life, to say, "Hey, there's that lady that was on that show." You want people to ask you for your autograph. To take your picture. To name their children after you. And that's what we're giving to you here tonight. And five minutes is all it takes!

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