

ISELMATAINIA

By Michael Soetaert

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CHARACTERS

(In no particular order)

(19 players, at least one male and one female... maybe, and everything else is flexible. Really, all of the parts can be played by either sex with very minor changes, including the boyfriend/girlfriend relationship.)

CONRAD: He is the leader of the Green Party. Wears a severe black suit with a bright green neck tie and a lapel pin – it doesn't matter of what. Mid-30s, hair that wouldn't move in a hurricane, and he is far less important than he thinks. But after all, he has risen to the top of his political party, so that must mean something... right?

LEVON: He is the leader of the Yellow Party. Mid-20s. A younger carbon copy of Conrad, if anybody still knows what carbon paper is, except he is wearing a bright yellow neck tie and no lapel pin.

KATIE: She's Levon's girlfriend; mid-20s. Pretty. Wears a yellow dress. A very pleasant person. She has to concentrate to spell her name, but she usually gets it right.

AID TO LEVON: He puts the suck in up. Young. Tries to dress like Levon, but just doesn't quite pull it off. He's the kind that aspires for importance. He was the guy that thought being senior class president meant something. He lives in fear that his political career peaks at every step he takes, and he hasn't taken many.

SOCIETY LADY: 50ish. A severe "do." Fox stole, horn-rimmed glasses, one of those ankle-length dresses that doesn't allow the woman to take more than a half-step. I'm sure they have a name but I don't really care. She's the kind of lady that actually thinks it matters knowing who is related to whom. Of course, she's right, but that just makes her that much more... who she is.

KING: Young. 30-something at best. He is the newly appointed King of Iselmatainia. He will be wearing a king's robe and crown at first. It should be more than obvious that neither truly fit. He'll also be holding a scepter as well, but should not act like he knows why, or really what it is you should do with one. At the end he will be

dressed in a large towel with a shower cap and a long scrub brush. He is generally shell-shocked – that general look that a lot has happened within the past hour and while hoping it's going to turn out for the best, you have a sinking feeling that it won't, and you really don't know why.

SECRET SERVICE MEN: Play the stereotype: Dark suits, dark glasses, wire running to their ears, absolutely humorless, suspicious of everyone.

REPORTER: Fran Glossover is a reporter for the *Daily Tattle*. Play the stereotype – A bit disheveled with a wool skirt and a tweed jacket (the kind with elbow pads) over a white, probably ink-stained shirt, and an old reporters hat with a "Press" card stuck in the bill. She will have a notebook and a pencil.

PRIEST: 60ish. Robes, silly hat. It's a good gig, as long as you play the part.

MAYOR: 60 something. Rotund. Black suit with long tails and a very tall top hat; the taller the better. A smart politician. He knows that his primary duty as an elected official is to be re-elected so that he can continue doing those things he was elected to do in the first place, which was mostly to keep getting re-elected. He knows how to kiss babies without burning them with his cigar.

HAYSEED: He is a country bumpkin in off the farm for the day's activities. 20ish. Straw hat, barefoot, overalls... I mean, while you're doing one cliché you really ought to do them all. Saying that he's dumb would be a compliment. He will join the Green Party when he enters.

VOICE OFF RIGHT: Can be same person as Voice Off Left. It's a voice... and it's off.

VOICE OFF LEFT: Can be same person as Voice Off Right. It's a voice... and it's off.

PERSONS ONE THROUGH FOUR: The number can be varied with minor changes, but the more people you can get on stage, the better... to a point, of course. These are members of the Green Party. It would probably be fun to put them all in green sweat shirts, identical pants and shoes and... well, everything. Their hair should be as close to the same as you can get it, too – something that requires a lot of hair gel. Use some dye if you must. Generally speaking, they will agree with anything that the rest of the group agrees with.

PERSONS FIVE THROUGH EIGHT: Once again, this number can be varied, but you should try to get the sides balanced. These are members of the Yellow Party. If you put the Green Party in green sweatshirts, then you need to put the Yellow Party in yellow sweatshirts. Aside from the sweatshirts, they should be dressed identical to the Green party, all the way down to the hair. Unlike the Green Party, they will slowly filter over to the other side.

SET

One scene, fairly simple.

It is immediately outside of the King's Castle in the Kingdom of Lower Iselmatainia (formerly The People's Democratic Republic of Iselmatainia). The castle façade should run the length of the stage at the back. The castle door, which should be a big wooden affair, needs to be functional, but the rest of the castle – large stones, high barred windows, what have you – need not be functional. There should be subtle bullet "holes" in the wall. Hint: It's not from opposing fire.

Actors can enter from either left or right in front of the castle, or through the door of the castle. If desired, you could give the impression of trees and shrubs left and right, but keep the central stage open.

Costumes

FOR KING

Scepter

Crown

Scrub brush

Shower cap

FOR REPORTER

Notepad

Pencil

Hat with a "Press" card stuck in bill

FOR SECRET SERVICE MEN

Dark glasses

Little wires going to their ears

FOR PERSON #3

Tuning pipe

I SELMATAINIA

by

Michael Soetaert

SETTING: The Kingdom of Lower Iselmatainia. Sometime in a distant past where the people still rode horses and radios were considered high tech. Generally, think of early 20th Century rural America, and you got it.

At curtain, a jubilant CROWD has gathered outside the castle gates. The CROWD is amiable, but THEY should be distinctly divided into two groups, Left and Right. The Left group is the YELLOW PARTY and the right group is the GREEN PARTY. CONRAD will enter Right, waving like a politician, to the cheers of the GREEN PARTY, and LEVON, also doing the politician wave, will enter Left to the cheers of the YELLOW Party. The TWO will cross to the center stage where THEY will look at each other with distrust. The CROWD will cease cheering as THEY do. After a beat, both LEVON and CONRAD will smile and shake hands, which will start the CROWD cheering.

CONRAD: *(after a beat, holding up his hand to quiet the crowd)* Ladies and Gentlemen, as you know, I am Conrad, the duly chosen leader of the Green Party, the only party that truly stands for the common man...

(Cheers from the RIGHT.)

LEVON: *(cutting in)* And I am Levon, the democratically elected leader of the Yellow Party, the only party that truly stands for the common man and woman...

(Cheers from the LEFT.)

CONRAD: *(more to LEVON; forced cordiality)* We, too, are an equal opportunity employer. We just don't see the need to advertise it. You know what they say: Actions speak louder than words.

LEVON: *(more to CONRAD; also faking pleasantness)* So they do. So they do. *(to the CROWD)* We are here today to announce, that even though our parties differ...

CONRAD: And differ they do...

LEVON: ...and even though those differences are considerable...

CONRAD: And considerable they are...

LEVON: We have come together to announce our unified support of our new king, King Steve the 42nd.

(BOTH CONRAD and LEVON each raise a joined hand in triumph as the CROWD cheers. THEY will ALL join together as one group, putting their arms around each other's shoulders and shaking hands and generally enjoying each other's company.)

VOICE OFF STAGE LEFT: *(after a few moments)* The King is coming!
The King is coming!

(The CROWD will take up a new, unified cheer and all will move Right as the KING enters Left, flanked by his TWO SECRET SERVICE MEN. The KING will stand there looking a bit lost for a minute while the CROWD quiets down. THEY will wait anxiously for him to say something. After a beat, the KING, not knowing what else to do, will simply wave, which will set the CROWD off cheering again.)

REPORTER: *(after a beat, stepping forward as the CROWD grows quiet)* Your majesty, Fran Glossover of the *Daily Tattle*... If I may, sir, what's it like being the new King of Iselmatainia?

KING: It's... it's... nice.

(The CROWD will cheer.)

REPORTER: *(after a beat, continuing)* Sir, if I might ask one more question... In light of what happened to your predecessor, what would you do if somebody threw a bomb at you?

KING: *(striking a pensive pose; after a beat, trying to sound knowledgeable)* Why... I'd duck.

(The CROWD starts cheering, all except for CONRAD, who has a shocked look on his face, unnoticed by anybody else. The SECRET SERVICE MEN will usher the KING through the CROWD and into the castle, closing the door behind the KING. THEY will each take a spot on either side of the door and pretty much not move for the rest of the play. The CROWD will continue to cheer for a few more moments before breaking into the National Anthem.)

ALL: Oh Iselmatainia,
the Promised Land,
where people live in harmony.
We'll always lend
a helping hand,
we'll always be a friend to thee.

In Iselmatainia,
you'll always find
someone to call your friend.
You'll never hear

a word unkind.

We'll love you 'till the end!

CONRAD: (*finally, shocked, to no one in particular*) Did you hear what the King just said?!

(*The CROWD will stop and begin looking at each other uneasily. During the following several lines, those in YELLOW will stay with the OTHERS, but will look on with mounting confusion and dismay.*)

LEVON: What?

CONRAD: He said if anyone ever threw a bomb at him he'd duck.

PERSON #1: No!

CONRAD: Yes! And you know what that means!

PERSON #1: Yes! (*after a beat*) No.

PERSON #2: It means...

PERSON #3: It means...

PERSON #4: It means....

CONRAD: It means the King hates ducks!

PERSON #1: No!

CONRAD: Yes!

PERSON #3: How can anybody hate a duck?

PERSON #4: (*almost in tears*) I love ducks!

CONRAD: You heard him! You heard him with your own two ears! He hates ducks!

PERSON #4: (*aside; touching both of his ears*) Hey! He 's right.

LEVON: He meant "to duck." (*HE'll imitate ducking*) It's not the same thing!

CONRAD: Tell that to the ducks!

PERSON #2: He's a duck killer!

LEVON: He is *not* a duck killer. It was just a poor choice of words.

CONRAD: It's a poor choice of King, if you ask me! And you know what else that means?

PERSONS #1 through #4: Yes! (*after a beat, somewhat subdued*) No.

CONRAD: It means that he hates cats, too!

PERSON #1: No!

PERSON #4: (*once again almost in tears*) I love cats!

CONRAD: Yes! It's true!

LEVON: (*to CONRAD*) How can you possibly know that!?

CONRAD: He doesn't have a cat, does he?

PERSON #1: No!

CONRAD: How can you be a cat lover if you don't have a cat?

PERSON #3: And you know what they say about cats?

PERSON #2: Yeah. You either love 'em, or you hate 'em.

CONRAD: So that means the King hates cats!

LEVON: I don't have a horse and it doesn't mean I hate them.

CONRAD: *(with suspicion)* Oh?

PERSONS 1-4: Oh?

LEVON: Oh, stop it!

CONRAD: *(unfazed)* And you know what it means if somebody doesn't like cats *and* ducks?

PERSONS #4: *(almost in tears again)* How could anybody hate cats *and* ducks?

CONRAD: *(Ignoring PERSON #4)* I'll tell you what it means! If you hate ducks *and* you hate cats, it can only mean that the King also hates duck-billed platypuses!

(There is a shocked gasp from just about EVERYBODY... except LEVON.)

LEVON: What?!

CONRAD: *(with disgust)* Oh, act like you can't see the obvious. *(more to the rest of the CROWD)* After all, what is a platypus?

PERSON #2: *(with a shrug)* It's a mammal native to Australia and Tasmania, *Ornithorhynchus anatinus* (*or-nith-o-rine-cuss ana-tin-us*), specifically they're monotremes from the subclass of mammalia, Prototheria (*pro-to-ther-ee-ah*), or egg-laying mammals.

(EVERYBODY on stage will all look at him in stunned amazement; after a beat)

Well... they are.

CONRAD: *(striking with renewed enthusiasm)* I'll tell you what they are!

PERSONS 1-4: Yeah!

CONRAD: A platypus is nothing more than a cross between a duck and a cat!

LEVON: Oh, it is not!

CONRAD: You can just go ahead and believe whatever you want, but it still doesn't make it true.

LEVON: I was thinking the same thing myself.

PERSON #4: *(almost in tears again)* I love platypuses-es-es.

CONRAD: *(menacingly)* Well, then. You know what happens next?

PERSON #4: *(terrified)* Dear Alesh! No!

CONRAD: That means the Prince is going to outlaw duck-billed platypuses!

(EVERYBODY on the RIGHT will shriek with fear, and those on the LEFT will gasp, except for LEVON, of course. And except for PERSON #4. HE will faint. The OTHERS on his side will fan him awake and help him back to his feet over the course of next few lines.)

PERSON #3: He can't do that!

PERSON #1: He's going to take away our platypuses!

LEVON: *(to PERSON #1)* You don't even own a platypus!

PERSON #1: But what if I want to?

PERSON #2: He can't do that!

CONRAD: We've got to do something!

PERSON #4: *(icy; through clinched teeth)* He'll only take my platypus from my cold, dead fingers!

LEVON: But you don't even have a platypus!

PERSON #4: *(passionate)* That's not the point!

CONRAD: *(more to the YELLOW PARTY)* And you know what else I think? I think your leader is yellow, and I think you're all yellow, too!

PERSON #8: We are not!

PERSON #7: *(looking at his and the OTHER's sweatshirts)* We're not?

PERSON #5: You know what's the matter with you guys? You guys just don't want to listen to anybody else but you!

PERSON #3: Why that simply is not true. And it says so right in the National Anthem.

(PERSON #3 will take out a tuning pipe and blow a note. After which HE will join the OTHERS in the GREEN PARTY and go "Mmmmmm" before...)

GREEN PARTY: *(singing... of course)* In Iselmatainia we welcome all your thoughts.

That way we know who should be shot.

YELLOW PARTY: *(breaking in)* This is not the country that my father knew.

You're just a bully telling us what to do.

GREEN PARTY: In Iselmatainia we know that we are right,

and if you disagree it's time for a fight.

YELLOW PARTY: I wish we could get along, but why even try

since you won't listen...

BOTH YELLOW and GREEN PARTY: *(with passion)* You might as well die!

(EVERYONE will move to the center of the stage and stand face to face, ready to fight. The PRIEST pushes his way through the middle.)

PRIEST: Brethren! Brethren! Violence is not the answer! Alesh teaches us that we should come together as one. Unity is the only way toward true peace and happiness.

PERSON #2: But them ain't believers!

PRIEST: Oh. *(walking off)* Then never mind.

PERSON #7: Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Our fight shouldn't be with each other. We'll just end up breaking a lot of stuff, and somebody could get hurt.

PERSON #8: Our fight is with the King!

LEVON: No it's not! There shouldn't be any fight at all.

CONRAD: A real man would be willing to fight for what he believes in. If you're not willing to fight, then you must not believe you're right... or you aren't a real man.

LEVON: You don't have to fight to prove you're right... or that you're a man.

CONRAD: Tell that to our forefathers!

CROWD: *(mostly the GREEN side, but there is a bit of dissent from the YELLOW, too)* Yeah!

VOICE OFF LEFT: Make way for the Mayor!

(The MAYOR enters from Left, waving happily to the CROWD. Their response should be somewhat underwhelming.)

PERSON #5: There's the Mayor!

PERSON #6: *(to the MAYOR)* Your Mayor-ship... Did you hear what the King said?

MAYOR: *(with ever the slightest Southern accent)* That might depend... which King?

PERSON #6: The newest King!

MAYOR: Oh. Well that narrows it down. I have not received a debriefing on this latest development, but I'm sure my office could have one delivered by the morrow.

CONRAD: *(to the MAYOR)* I'll tell you what the King said! He said he hates ducks!

LEVON: Oh, he does not!

CONRAD: You can't say that he doesn't!

LEVON: And you can't say that he does!

REPORTER: *(entering from Left; stepping up with her notepad; to the MAYOR)* Fran Gloslover from the *Daily Tattle*... Where do you stand on this decisive issue, your honor?

MAYOR: Well... um... I'm sure it will take time for my office to issue a policy statement. We don't want to rush into these things, you know.

CONRAD: Time? Nonsense! Why the delay?

MAYOR: Why, to see which side the majority agrees with, of course. In the meantime, might I suggest a compromise?

CONRAD and LEVON: Compromise? Never!

PERSON #2: Why! We could never compromise!

PERSON #5: That would mean...

PERSON #4: ...that we would...

PERSON #6: ...have – to – admit ...

PERSON: #1: ...that...

PERSON #7: ...we...

PERSON #3: ...were...

PERSON #8: ...wrong.

ALL: Never!

MAYOR: Now. Now. Why can't you both share the same values?

BOTH: What?!

LEVON: Impossible!

CONRAD: Impossible!

EVERYBODY ELSE: *(except the REPORTER and the MAYOR)*
Impossible!

MAYOR: Well... why not?

CONRAD: Because then we'd be just the same as them.

LEVON: And we could never have that!

(The MAYOR and the REPORTER will stay on stage for the rest of the play. Even though BOTH of them will remain more subdued than the rest of the CROWD, nevertheless THEY will slowly move from the middle of the stage to the Right.)

HAYSEED: *(entering from the Right)* Hey everybody! I just heard that the new King ain't even from Iselmatainia!

LEVON: Oh, you don't know that!

HAYSEED: Oh yes I do. I heard it on the radio, so it must be true.

LEVON: You don't even own a radio!

HAYSEED: Well, that don't mean I couldn't've heard it. And even if I didn't, it doesn't make it any less true!

OTHERS on the RIGHT: Yeah!

LEVON: Well, I think that it does.

HAYSEED: You see. There's just no point in talkin' to somebody like you. No matter what ya say, they're just gonna go on believin' the same ol' things as they always did.

PERSON #3: I don't know if that's stubborn or stupid.

PERSON #1: Both, I'd say.

PERSON #4: He talks in one side of the mouth and out the other.

LEVON: What's that supposed to mean?

PERSON #4: *(suspiciously)* Oh, you know what I mean.

(THEY ALL nod.)

PERSON #3: *(stepping forward)* So tell me, *Answer Man*, what has the king ever done for us?

THE EVER MENACING CROWD: Yeah!

LEVON: Done? He's only been in office for fifteen minutes!

PERSON #2: So you're willing to let this go on?

LEVON: No! I mean, don't you think we ought to give him a chance?

CONRAD: How many chances does he need?!

HAYSEED: (*suddenly stepping forward*) No representation without taxation!

LEVON: What?

HAYSEED: It just seemed like a good thing to yell.

THE MENACING CROWD: Yeah!

CONRAD: You know what I think?

LEVON: I don't think *you* know what you think.

CONRAD: Of course I do... because I thought it. I think the King doesn't love Iselmatainia, that's what I think. (*welling with pride; more to EVERYONE*) I love my country. And... well... I just can't but be against anybody who doesn't. (*turning nasty; specifically to LEVON*) And I think if you support the King, then you don't love your country. You don't love Iselmatainia.

LEVON: I support the King *because* I love my country. How dare you say I don't love my country. Why, I have a lighted flag pole right in my front yard. (*to CROWD*) You all have seen it! (*to CONRAD*) And I fly my flag on every holiday... and sometimes when it's not!

CONRAD: (*self righteous*) Well, I have a lapel pin. I notice *you* don't have a lapel pin.

LEVON: (*disgusted*) That doesn't mean a thing.

CONRAD: Oh, well, we think that it does.

(*The OTHERS on the RIGHT nod.*)

PERSON #1: I bet he hasn't even got one of them magnets stuck on his horse.

LEVON: You can't put a magnet on a horse!

PERSON #2: If you was patriotic enough you could.

LEVON: Oh, those magnets don't mean a thing.

CONRAD: They mean you're *one of us*. And if you aren't one of us, why, then, you shouldn't even be given an opinion.

CROWD: Yeah!

LEVON: That's crazy!

CONRAD: What? Are you saying that we should allow people who don't think like we do to voice their opinions?

LEVON: They have that right.

PERSON #4: Wrong people are never right.

CONRAD: Why, if we allow people to express differing opinions, where will it stop? The first thing you know, somebody would come along and say that free speech is bad. And free speech is what our society is built upon! And that's why it cannot be allowed!

LEVON: You can't stop free speech!

CONRAD: Oh yes we can. (*matter of fact*) We can yell louder than them. It's our right, you know.

LEVON: And what if they can yell louder than you?

CONRAD: (*coldly*) Then we'll shoot them.

LEVON: Oh! This is ridiculous! This has nothing to do with the King!

PERSON #4: Maybe it does, and maybe it doesn't.

LEVON: And just what does that mean?

PERSON #3: You know what we mean.

LEVON: No... believe me. I really don't have a clue.

CONRAD: We're just trying to understand just what kind of person it is that would back such a low down piranha mouse as the King.

PERSON #1: You know, you can tell a lot about a man by the company he keeps.

PERSON #2: And that goes both ways, ya know.

HAYSEED: (*stepping forward; with way too much empathy*) We need to think about the children!

LEVON: (*really, really confused*) What? *What* children?

HAYSEED: (*with a shrug*) I don't know. That's just something they always say and I wanted to be the first to say it.

LEVON: Just when I think you couldn't get any dumber, you prove me wrong.

HAYSEED: (*offended*) Well, I still think somebody ought to be thinkin' about them little uns.

LEVON: The children have nothing to do with it!

CONRAD: I would think everything has something to do with children, wouldn't you? Unless, of course, you don't like children...

PERSON #3: I don't think he likes children!

PERSON #4: (*tearful, of course*) I love children!

LEVON: Of course I do! I have three children of my own!

HAYSEED: That don't mean you have ta like 'em.

LEVON: What kind of parent would I be if I didn't like my own children?

CONRAD: I don't know. Why don't you tell us, Mr. Professor?

LEVON: I'll tell you what kind of parent I'd be. I wouldn't be a very good one.

CONRAD: (*feigned shock*) Well if that's the kind of parent you're saying that you are...

LEVON: No! I'm not that kind of parent! I never said that!

CONRAD: (*with cold disdain*) We can play it back for you if you want to hear it again. (*to the REPORTER*) Can't we, Fran?

REPORTER: (*taking out her notepad and reading*) "I'll parent a wouldn't good very one be."

LEVON: That's not what I said! That doesn't even make sense!

REPORTER: Well... I got most of the words right.

PERSON #5: (*crossing over from the Left*) It's the King who hates children! He doesn't have any!

LEVON: He's not even married!

HAYSEED: Why should that make any difference?

CONRAD: *(trying to incite a riot; more aimed at LEVON than anybody else)* First he hates ducks! Then he hates cats! Then he hates platypuses! And now, now! Now it becomes more than obvious that he hates babies! Babies! How long are we going to wait until we find out he hates us too!?

(The REST of the CROWD will explode into outrage, shouting out things like "Down with the King" and "Bruise him badly!" PERSONS 6-8 will drift over during the ruckus, and the entire stage will be poised to jump on LEVON. At the last minute, KATIE will cheerfully arrive.)

KATIE: *(happily waving; oblivious; SHE doesn't have a clue that the entire stage is poised to badly bruise her boyfriend)* Hi, everybody!

EVERYBODY: *(mumbling while THEY back off, somewhat subdued... for the moment.)* Hi, Katie.

LEVON: *(realizing that SHE has averted the present danger)* Thank Alesh you're here!

KATIE: *(chipper, as usual)* OK. *(looking around; starting to catch on)* Did I miss something?

PERSON #7: *(matter of fact)* Not at all. You're just in time to help us pound the tar of your boyfriend there.

KATIE: Oh!

PERSON #8: I'm not sure we would a stopped at the tar.

KATIE: Oh! *(after a beat)* Why?

PERSON #4: *(in tears)* Because he hates kittens and ducklings and them little babies! *(totally breaking down in sobs on the nearest person's shoulder)* He hates platypuses!

KATIE: Oh! Levon! That's awful!

LEVON: I never said that!

PERSON #6: Yeah! But the King did!

EVERYBODY: *(once again getting riled up)* Yeah!

KATIE: Oh, my Alesh! *(after a beat; puzzled, to LEVON)* He did?

LEVON: Oh, he did not.

HAYSEED: Well I heard it!

LEVON: Oh, you did not!

HAYSEED: Well, I could a!

EVERYBODY: *(their anger is increasing)* Yeah!

LEVON: *(one last plea for rationality to rule)* Look! You don't have proof of anything. Nothing at all. The King never said any of that.

CONRAD: Well he said that he'd duck!

EVERYBODY: Yeah!

CONRAD: *(becoming desperate)* And you're worried that the King is going to take away your platypus... but you don't even have a platypus!

PERSON #7: And I blame the King!

(The ENTIRE CROWD will form as one, taking the Right side of the stage, with only KATIE and LEVON left on the Left. THEY will raise a cry for blood and just be on the verge of pouncing when...)

KATIE: Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

(The CROWD will back down a hair – it's a technical term.)

Thank you. *(SHE will then calmly walk over and join the other side)*

LEVON: *(shocked)* I thought you were on my side.

KATIE: I thought your side wasn't going to get me killed.

CONRAD: *(cold)* So what's it going to be? Are you for us, or are you against us?

LEVON: But you're insane!

CONRAD: *(with finality)* Then you're against us. I guess we might as well line you up against the wall right now.

PERSON #1: *(seething hate, which is harder to do than you might think)* His kind don't deserve no wall.

LEVON: *(afraid, and HE should be)* You... you can't be serious.

PERSON #4: We're as serious as a gall balder attack.

CONRAD: For us... or against us... which is it gonna be?

LEVON: *(stepping forward, ready for martyrdom)* Very well! Then I stand ready to die for my principles. I shall be sacrificed in the name of all that is good and right. I shall be a martyr for truth, justice, and the Iselmatainian way. I...

(The AIDE enters, out of breath, holding up a piece of paper.)

AIDE: *(to LEVON, unaware of the MOB)* Sir! The latest poll is just in. Among all registered voters, regardless of ethnicity or social affiliation, in the age group of 18 to 109...

LEVON: Isn't that all of them?

AIDE: Except for Old Man Withers down at the amusement park, and he refuses to be counted.

LEVON: Oh.

AIDE: According to the latest poll, sir, a revolution stands at a 98% approval rate, plus or minus five percent.

LEVON: How can you have more than 100%?

AIDE: It's a poll, sir.

LEVON: 98%, you say?

AIDE: Plus or minus...

LEVON: *(off in thought)* Yes... yes... five percent. *(After a moment of contemplation, in his best oratorical style)* As an elected official, I must always remember that my true responsibility is not to myself, but to my constituents. That, then, is the true measure of democracy. For I was not elected to put on parade my own special interests, but to do the will of the people... my electorate. And the will of the people is that the worthless King needs to go. *(throwing his fist in the air)* Down with the King!

(The ENTIRE CROWD cheers as one, and then as one turns on the castle door. The SECRET SERVICE MEN will not move as THEY ALL storm inside. After a moment THEY will ALL come back out with the KING, who will be wrapped in a towel with a shower cap on and a large scrub brush.)

KING: *(as THEY drag him away)* I don't even know what a platypus is....

(MOST of the CROWD will stay on stage cheering after the KING has been disposed of.)

CONRAD: The King is gone!

LEVON: We have ridded ourselves of Tyranny!

HAYSEED: Long live the ...

(The ENTIRE CROWD stops in the realization.)

HAYSEED: We ain't got no king. What are we gonna do without a king?

SOCIETY LADY: *(stepping forward, taking out a chart that folds down onto the floor)* According to Royal protocol, the next closest kin would take the place as our new king... *(searching down the list)* ... or queen. The next closest kin to the king is his sixteenth cousin on his mother's, sister's side of the family.

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