

MARTIAL ARTS MAMA

A Ten-Minute Dramatic Duet

by
Deborah Karczewski



Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

Toll-Free 888-473-8521

Fax 319-368-8011

Web www.brookpub.com

Copyright © 2002 by Deborah Karczewski
All rights reserved

CAUTION: Professionals & amateurs are hereby warned that *Computer Bugged* 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. Only forensics competitions are exempt from this fee.

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 producer 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 laws.

MARTIAL ARTS MAMA

by
Deborah Karczewski

CAST: LIBBY and EMERALD

(EMERALD is sitting, fast asleep, in one of two preset chairs. Momentarily, LIBBY pantomimes opening a door a few inches wide.)

LIBBY: *(whispering)* Hello? ...um... Hello? **(SHE widens the “door” to poke her head through and sees EMERALD. LIBBY speaks to herself.)** Omigosh, there she is. **(SHE gives a squealed, gleeful, soft squeal.)** I can't believe this! The Emerald Machete. Right here! Asleep in this room! Oh-my-gosh! **(EMERALD makes a noise in her sleep.)** Hello? **(LIBBY creeps nervously through the door.)** Miss Machete? **(LIBBY emits another quiet, happy squeal.)** This is unreal! I am standing in the same room with *the* most famous singing sensation in the country! In the hemisphere! In the world! Probably the universe! **(EMERALD makes a sleepy noise. LIBBY inches her way toward the sleeping star.)** Um...excuse me? Miss Machete? Emerald? Look how cool she looks sleeping there so innocently. Wow! I wonder how much those earrings cost? \$10,000, I bet. Oh, look at her. She looks just like a helpless, baby girl. **(In a flash EMERALD jumps up and makes a karate-like yell. LIBBY, totally caught off guard, screams. EMERALD, in a split second, kicks LIBBY's feet out from under her, knocks her to the floor, flips LIBBY to her belly, sits on her backside, and yanks her arms behind her, handcuff style.)** Owwww!

EMERALD: OK, who are you? What are you doing here?

LIBBY: Owwww!

EMERALD: Did you hear me? What's going on? Tell me, or I'll break your arms!

LIBBY: Owwww! Stop! Stop! I give up! You're hurting me!

EMERALD: Who are you?

LIBBY: My name's Libby! Honestly, I didn't mean anything! I'm not here to hurt you! I'm just here to help clean your dressing room!

EMERALD: Sure, sure. Don't you mess with *me*, girly. I'm experienced in Tae Kwon Do, you know.

LIBBY: Oh, I know! I read a whole article about it in *Star Power Magazine!*

EMERALD: Do you have any weapons on you, Libby, or whatever your name is?

LIBBY: No! Of course not!

EMERALD: Yeah? Well, we'll just see about that.

(SHE continues to hold LIBBY's arms with one hand while SHE searches LIBBY for weapons with her other hand.)

LIBBY: Stop! Oh that tickles! Stop! Oh that hurts!

EMERALD: Nope – no weapons. You're clean. Get up.

(EMERALD hops off LIBBY who gets up gingerly, sorely, embarrassed, star struck.)

LIBBY: Sorry if I scared you, Miss Machete.

EMERALD: **(ranting and raving)** I pay thousands of dollars for security, and I have to wrestle trespassers myself!

LIBBY: Oh, I'm not a trespasser. I'm here to help clean!

EMERALD: Yeah, sure. This is beyond belief. All I wanted was a five minute catnap while they set up the lights to rehearse the new number, and I end up tackling another crazed fan!

LIBBY: Oh no! I'm not a crazed fan! Oh yes, I'm definitely a fan! A huge fan! A huge-huge fan! But I'm not crazed – really!

EMERALD: This beats everything! I cannot get good help these days! My security is a joke, my dressing room is a pig sty, and they can't get the lights right for the new number! Why do I even bother paying all of these people? Somebody must get fired!

LIBBY: Um...well...I can clean up this dressing room, Miss Machete!

EMERALD: Why would I let a crazed trespasser clean my dressing room?

LIBBY: No, you see...um...I was trying to tell you - -

EMERALD: - - What are you doing here? Maybe I should just call the police!

LIBBY: No! I've come to help clean and - -

EMERALD: - - I *have* a cleaning girl! Shannon O'Conner!

LIBBY: Well, that's just it! You see, Shannon is my mother's cousin's sister-in-law's niece!

EMERALD: So?

LIBBY: So...um...well, Shannon just eloped last night and...and...

EMERALD: So why didn't the agency just send over another girl?

LIBBY: We didn't call the agency. My family knows that I'm your biggest fan, and I thought...we thought...well, we thought we could keep it all in the family...and I just *had* to see you in person! See – I have Shannon's security pass right here!

EMERALD: Out!

LIBBY: Oh, Miss Machete – I know the words to all your songs on the radio! I've read every magazine article that I've ever been able to find in the library! I even have your picture up in my room!

EMERALD: (**worried**) You're not ...“weird” are you? I mean, you're not obsessed with me, are you? Have you been stalking me? Maybe I should get security! Help! Security! Help!

LIBBY: Omigosh, no! I'm just a local high school student on summer vacation! I'm not a dangerous stalker! Omigosh, I'm so embarrassed! I just really admire you...and...and I wanted to meet you... (**starts to cry from confusion, fear, and embarrassment**) and...and I thought this would be the perfect way! I really need to make some money this summer, and when Shannon eloped, this seemed like the perfect opportunity! I never thought in a million years that...Oh, I'm so humiliated! What will I tell my family? (**sobs**)

EMERALD: (**awkwardly attempts to calm LIBBY**) Now, now.

LIBBY: (**still crying**) I was going to tidy up your dressing room, but the door was misleading. It had a “Do Not Disturb” sign up, but the door was open a little bit. I didn't know if I should come in or not. And...and (**sobs**)

EMERALD: OK, now...don't cry.

LIBBY: But I've made a big mess of everything!

EMERALD: No, no, it's OK. Stop crying. Here, sit down in this chair.

(leads LIBBY to the chair)

LIBBY: (**still crying**) I'm so sorry that I upset you!

EMERALD: Oh, that's OK. I've just been under a lot of pressure.

LIBBY: I can imagine.

EMERALD: What with the lack of good help, and the long rehearsals, and the late night parties, you know.

LIBBY: (**politely**) Sounds stressful.

EMERALD: Oh, you have no idea! And the paparazzi! And the fans! “May I take your picture, Emerald?...May I have your autograph, Miss Machete?...Sing us a song, Emerald!...Do that cute dance kick, Emerald!”

LIBBY: People admire you so much.

EMERALD: Yes, but they never leave me alone!

LIBBY: I'm sorry.

EMERALD: Oh no, that's OK. I didn't realize that you were really here to clean.

LIBBY: I really am.

EMERALD: OK, well then, clean away.

LIBBY: Now?

END OF FREE PREVIEW