

the ultimate drama

by kate garlock and carrie taylor

This play was conceived as a simple piece to be performed in front of a small audience. The characters are loosely defined, and the setting is meant to be minimal. A few sound cues are necessary.

2: *(autistic)* Brother mikey! *(realizes "Brother Mikey isn't there, becomes more frantic)* Brother mikey!
Brother mikey! Brother mikey! *(Brother Mikey enters, "Brucey" becomes upset and less frantic)* I called
you, I called you!

1: *(concerned)* Brucey, you okay? What's the matter?

2: I called you, I called you...

1: I didn't hear you, Brucey, I didn't hear you, *(frustrated)* I said I didn't hear you! I've had it!

Both: *(PAUSE. In a frozen position then turn to audience)* *(Hum Mentos theme)*

1: Mentos. For when your brother just won't leave you alone, here's one way to keep cool.

2: Mentos. The freshmaker.

(Both do thumbs up & smile)

(1 begins to present to "group" while 2 is distracted by various things. Both as new characters.)

1: Hi... I... I'm Alice. Thanks for letting me come here. I just needed to talk, and I guess AA isn't a bad
start. You see, I just got home from a concentration camp where they just don't have the kind of group
treatment you'd like for alcoholism. Or the alcohol. Anyhow, now that I'm back in the states and... hey.

Aren't you supposed to be listening?

2: *(snaps to attention)* I'm terribly sorry, I have a mental disorder.

1: Which one?

2: ADD.

1: Mentos?

2: No thanks- *(looks out a "window")* OOH! Birdie! *(moves to follow bird then character two acts as a
bird while character 1 turns into a person driving a car which hits the bird.)*

flash to 2 as bird getting hit by 1 driving a car)

1: *(looking out windshield as he drives the car)* What the..?

2: *(child in the backseat)* Hey mister, what was that?

1: Shut up kid! I gave you your candy, now be a good little abductee.

2: Okay! *(eats candy)*

1: And stop twitching

2: Sorry... I have schizophrenia. And ADD!

1: You're damaged? That's it, get out!

2: Ohhh...*(Steps out of car then sees a cat)* Hey look at that!

1 & 2: *(as a cat)* MEOW

1: *(as patient Berta, sitting in an office with her therapist)* Was that the sound of a kitty? Ay me. I remember kitties from my old country.

2: *(as therapist taking notes/ interviewing)* Tell me about your daughters

2: Well Grete was anorexic and Hannah, we feared, was bulimic. Sylvia....

1: Sylvia? What was she like?

2: Well... something like this:*(spin to Sylvia character)* Hello. Talent... I have none. *(spin back to patient Berta)* She had OCD. With schizophrenia. And ADD. Anyhow, we were all sitting together when suddenly, there came a knock at the door. *(Flashback sequence)*

2: *(as German officer)* Knock knock! Let me in!

1: *(Flashback Berta)* Not by the hair on my chinny chin chin!

2: Let me in or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down.

1: The next thing I knew, I was on a train, headed for the heart of Germany. When we got there, my husband and I were separated. We were told to work.

2: Work!

1: Those who didn't work would be shot...

2: Those who do not work will be shot.

1: After a few days, I had noticed that officer Schfmetinhaus had taken an unusual interest in me. I feared for my life. You can imagine my terror when he caught me alone one night...

2: Boom Boom

1: Chicka

1&2: (*begin "beat box/rapping"*) Boom Chicka-ah Boom Boom Buh Chicka-ah

1: Wait, what good is pointless rapping in the middle of a piece?

2: Actually, I just thought it would be funny to see you try and rap. It was pretty sad, though.

1: I bet I could beat it...

2: How?

1: I don't know if I should tell you this...

2: If you feel you must, you must

1: (*pauses*) Alright, (*melodramatic*) I've got pink eye!

2: (*also very melodramatic*) No!

1: Yes, and this morning I stubbed my toe.

2: (*gasps*)

1: But that's not all, I'm pregnant...

2: I can't believe it

1: ... With my brother's baby.

2: The agony.

1: And I fear the baby might have syphilis,

2: The horror.

1: And pink eye.

2: This is all so dramatic!

1: And did I mention that I can tell from the way the baby is moving, that he's horribly mutated.

2: I don't believe this, what are you going to do...

1: Wait, that's not all...

2: Go on

1: I... I... I didn't shop around for the best prices in auto insurance

2: Oh that's terri... wait, what?

1: I know, I can't bear to live with myself.

2: I wouldn't be able to either, sicko.

1: Hang on, at least I'm not the one who brought up the autism.

2: *(nostalgically)* Yeah you're right *(autistic character)* Brother Mikey, brother Mikey.

1: Brucey, that's it *(steps back)* I can't handle this.

(Conclude singing Mentos theme song: Doesn't matter what comes, fresh goes better in life, with Mentos fresh and full of life. Fresh goes better, Mentos fresher, fresh goes better with Mentos fresh and full of life.)

1: Mentos, The Freshmaker.