

FIFTEEN MINUTE MINIMUM

By **Roberto F. Ciccotelli**

Copyright © MM by Roberto F. Ciccotelli
All Rights Reserved
Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **“Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.”**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work’s “Production Notes.” The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW. One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

PUBLISHED BY

**HEUER PUBLISHING LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

FIFTEEN MINUTE MINIMUM

By Roberto F. Ciccotelli

INTRODUCTION

Fifteen Minute Minimum is a hilarious satirical comedy that pokes fun at the pretensions and aspirations of actors while also attacking the conventions and expectations of many competitive drama festivals. With strong allusions to Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, and Laurel and Hardy, this play illuminates two inept and apathetic actors on stage trying to win a drama competition. They attempt this by accomplishing all of the elements of a textbook great performance while remaining on stage for the required fifteen minute minimum that their drama competition requires.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(FOR TWO ACTORS OF EITHER SEX)

STANISLOVA professionally trained method actor, dressed in a very elaborate seventeenth century muskateer costume. (108 lines)

BORISAn amateur actor, dressed in black. (109 lines)

PLACE

An empty stage.

TIME

The present.

SETTING

A toilet bowl brush in its stand down right. Two armchairs at center.

FROM THE PLAYWRIGHT...

*I would like to express my utmost gratitude and appreciation to the first cast and crew of **Fifteen Minute Minimum** for helping to develop and workshop the original production. These creative individuals include Maria Amendola, Dini Conte, Diane Dziak, Dianna Palermo, Denise Vella, and Melanie Vigar.*

—Roberto F. Ciccotelli

FIFTEEN MINUTE MINIMUM

AT RISE:

OPTIONAL MUSIC: If I Only Had A Brain by Harry Connick Jr. STANISLOV and BORIS are sitting on two chairs at center. A tight circular pool of light surrounds them. STANISLOV reads a newspaper, hiding his face from the audience, while BORIS is fidgeting, anxious, restless, occupying himself with counting lights, cleaning the chairs, re-aligning the chairs, playing with his fingers, etc. Music fades out slowly.

BORIS: Stanislov! What are we doing?

STANISLOV: We're waiting.

BORIS: Waiting for what?

STANISLOV: The minimum.

BORIS: What minimum?

STANISLOV: The fifteen minute minimum.

BORIS: Oh. Then what?

STANISLOV: Then we can leave.

BORIS: Why don't we leave now?

STANISLOV: Because we can't.

BORIS: Why not?

STANISLOV: Because we're waiting.

BORIS: Waiting for what?

STANISLOV: The minimum.

BORIS: What minimum?

STANISLOV: The fifteen minute minimum.

Pause.

BORIS: What time is it?

STANISLOV: It is exactly 7:41 p.m.

BORIS, bored, slouches into his chair. Re-enacts an Apollo mission blast off scene.

BORIS: Five, four, three, two, one. We have ignition. Blast off! Scotty, we're losing power. We need more power. We can't do it Captain, we haven't got the power. Scotty, we need more power! But Captain, we haven't got the power! Mr. Scott, we need power, now! But Jim, the dilythium crystals . . . they've . . . de-crystallized. The warp core is going to blow! It's going to blow! We're burning up! We're burning up! Ahhh!

BORIS tries to get a reaction from STANISLOV, STANISLOV completely ignores him.

BORIS: What time is it now?

STANISLOV: It is exactly 7:41 p.m.

BORIS: But that's what you said last time.

STANISLOV: What do you expect? This is a prop not a real watch.

STANISLOV gets up dramatically and performs a number of classic voice warm-up exercises.

STANISLOV: Moowa! Moowa! Moowa!

Me! Me! Me!

Pa! Pa! Pa!

Moowa, Me, Pa!

Moowa, Me, Pa!

Moowa, Me, Pa!

Around the rocks, the rugged rascal ran.

The ants in France lie mainly on the plants.

Moses supposes his toeses are roses but Moses supposes erroneously. *(STANISLOV slowly begins to sing and dance.)*

Because Moses he knowses his toeses aren't roses as Moses supposes his toeses to be. Moses supposes his toeses are roses but Moses supposes erroneously.

Couldn't be a lily or a dafadafadilly. It's gotta be a rose cause it rhymes with toes. Moses! Toeses!

BORIS: *(Off key.)* Moses!

FIFTEEN MINUTE MINIMUM

STANISLOV, angry, stops singing, walks downstage center, bends over and shakes himself out. Blows out his cheeks. Sucks in his cheeks. Blows out his cheeks. Sucks in his cheeks. STANISLOV then calmly walks back to BORIS, adjusts BORIS'S head and hands, rolls up his newspaper, gives the audience a sly smile and begins suddenly to violently hit BORIS with his newspaper.

STANISLOV: You stupid, idiotic excuse for a method actor. You Actor's Studio reject. You "B" movie extra. You couldn't make it as a red shirt in Star Trek. You're not even good enough to play a dead person on Law & Order. *(Replace with current detective/hospital show if necessary.)*

BORIS: Stanislov? What? What did I do? Stanislov. What is it?

STANISLOV: Shut up and just go with it. You're so disgusting, they made you a prune in the Fruit-of-the-Loom commercial.

BORIS: Stanislov. Stop it. What are you doing? You're hurting my feelings.

STANISLOV: Conflict, stupid. Conflict. Every good performance has conflict in it!

BORIS: Conflict? What's conflict?

STANISLOV: Conflict! This is conflict! *(Hits him.)* I detest you, conflict! *(Hits him again.)* I despise you, conflict! *(Hits him again.)* I am engaging the audience's attention with conflict! *(Hits him many times.)*

BORIS: Conflict. Of course. *(BORIS takes STANISLOV'S newspaper and hits STANISLOV.)* Like that?

STANISLOV: Watch it stupid. This costume is rented!

BORIS notices the toilet bowl brush, walks over to it and examines it.

BORIS: Stanislov, what's this?

STANSILOV: Don't touch that.

BORIS: But what is it?

STANISLOV: You don't know what that is?

BORIS: I know what it is but why's it here?

STANISLOV: It's part of the set.

BORIS: It is. What set?

STANISLOV: Our set.

BORIS: We have a set?

STANISLOV: All plays have a set.

BORIS: But what is it?

STANISLOV: It's a toilet bowl brush in its stand, Boris.

BORIS: I know it's a toilet bowl brush in its stand Stanislov but why is it here?

STANISLOV: It's symbolic.

BORIS: Oh, of course . . . what's it symbolize?

STANISLOV: Do I have to explain everything?

BORIS: I guess.

STANISLOV: *(Pause.)* Crap.

BORIS: Excuse me?

STANISLOV: Crap.

BORIS: Crap?

STANISLOV: Yes, it symbolizes crap. Life is crap.

BORIS: That's it.

STANISLOV: That's it.

BORIS: Life is shit?

STANISLOV: You could say that.

BORIS: Life is shit, of course.

STANISLOV notices and is shocked that the set has not been marked. He signals for the STAGE MANAGER to throw him some masking tape. Masking tape comes flying in from the right wing. He marks the set nonchalantly, trying to hide it from the audience. After marking it, he sits in front of it and meditates. While this is happening, BORIS begins flirting, winking, blowing kissing, giggling with a stranger in the audience. STANISLOV notices, tries to stop him, is ignored, and gets hysterical.

FIFTEEN MINUTE MINIMUM

STANISLOV: *(To the audience member.)* Excuse me, there is no audience participation in this performance. *(To BORIS.)* What-the-hell-are-you-doing? *(Smacks BORIS in the head with his newspaper.)*

BORIS: Ow! I was just . . . oh, I get it now. That was conflict right?

STANISLOV: No. That was stupidity.

BORIS: Stupidity? But you said before . . .

STANISLOV: Stupidity!

BORIS: No con-

STANISLOV: Stu-pi-di-ty!

BORIS: Stupidity, of course.

Pause.

BORIS: So, what are we doing?

STANISLOV: We're waiting.

BORIS: Waiting for what?

STANISLOV: The minimum.

BORIS: What minimum?

STANISLOV: The fifteen minute minimum.

BORIS: Oh. Then what?

STANISLOV: Then we can leave.

BORIS: Why don't we leave now?

STANISLOV: Because we can't.

BORIS: Why not?

STANISLOV: Because we're waiting.

BORIS: Waiting for what?

STANISLOV: The minimum.

BORIS: What minimum?

STANISLOV: The fifteen minute minimum.

Pause.

BORIS: Stanislov? Why are we doing this?

STANISLOV: Doing what?

BORIS: This.

STANISLOV: This.

BORIS: This. Why this?

STANISLOV: Why? Because this is a formal drama competition?

And in all competitions, there are winners and there are losers.

And you're losing right now, baby!

BORIS: And who decides who wins and who loses?

STANISLOV: Who decides? What are you talking about?

BORIS: Who decides who wins?

STANISLOV: Decides, umm . . . I don't know.

BORIS: Then how do you win?

STANISLOV: Well . . . nobody knows.

BORIS: Nobody knows?

STANISLOV: Nobody knows.

BORIS: Nobody knows, of course.

STANISLOV suddenly grows depressed, sits down center, then begins to cry hysterically.

*Thank you for reading this free excerpt from FIFTEEN MINUTE
MINIMUM by Roberto F. Ciccotelli. For performance rights
and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:*

Heuer Publishing LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011

HITPLAYS.COM