

MIMES

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MIMES

(Short play for two male actors)

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Characters: MAN and MIME

(MAN dresses three piece suits. On one hand he handles a briefcase; in the other hand he has a mobile phone. He walks, dynamic, back and forth.)

MAN (Talking on the mobile phone) — Hello, Charles?!... Yes... Will you have dinner with the client next Tuesday?... Yes?!... No! No way! That's my final offer! How much?... They are crazy people! It worths half that price! Sorry, Charles, we're talking here about business; and in business nobody works to lose money!...

(Enters the MIME dressed up as mimes usually do and with his face full of white make up. He places himself near MAN and begins to imitate all the gestures of MAN.)

MAN — Charles...Charles... Hold on a minute, there's an annoying guy here. (To MIME) If you don't mind, we trying to

work here... (MIME makes large gestures as if he were a victim of an unfair accusation. MAN speaks normally on the phone) Charles?!... What? Sorry... nothing wrong, just one of those shmucks that imitate people on the street. A mime, exactly! (MIME gets very happy and points to himself thanking the imaginary applause.) Hello?! Charles?!... Hello?!... (Shuts off the phone) Damn! 'Lost the call! (MAN puts the mobile phone back in the pocket. Then he looks to MIME. Both MIME and MAN stare each other for a few moments. To MIME) What's the problem? (MIME, suddenly, looks forward with a funny face) Don't you have anything better to do besides getting people annoyed? (MIME mimes meaning that this is his job) Oh! So is that your job? (MIME waves his head affirmatively) Nice job you have! I wish I had a job like that. (MIME waves his head negatively. MAN relaxes a little) I have a family to feed. That's why I sell estate properties. (MIME mimes he earns lots of money) I wish I were! I earn just a small fee. (Few moments. To MIME) You love your work, for sure. (Few moments. Man puts a dreaming look in his face) Do you know what I've always wanted to be some day?... A poet! MIME puts himself in a position of a thinking man with his fist under his chin) That's true! I've always wanted to be a poet! To write beautiful words as if soul really existed, and to create meaningful paradoxes. You know... a poet think a lot. To think, silence is needed (loud) that's why I hate mimes!! Their silence forces me to have thoughts!! (Normal) I haven't the time to think; I must sell real estates, do you understand? (MIME mimes he is crying) Don't feel sorry for me. Nobody feels sorry for the poets that aren't poets (With a sad look on his face, MIME, with his hand, asks for MAN's charity)

No, Mime! I have no money for you. A family to feed... remember?! (MAN opens his briefcase) I have here bananas; do you want to have lunch with me? (MIME waves his head affirmatively. MAN and MIME sit on the floor. MAN picks up a banana from his briefcase and hands it to MIME. MAN pretends to pick up another banana from the suitcase. And so, sitting on the floor with synchronic gestures, MIME peels and eats his true banana, while Man mimes peeling and eats an imaginary banana. Few moments, while the light fades off)

(Curtain)