

PERUSAL SCRIPT

THE
M. A. K. E. R.

“An Hysterical Allegory”



by
James Arrington



Newport, Maine

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ORDER #3357

THE M.A.K.E.R.
AN HYSTERICAL ALLEGORY
by
JAMES ARRINGTON

CHARACTERS — 5m, 1f, 2 either

ELLSWORTH — A middle-aged Blue-Collar Worker (m)

SPROCKETS — A younger Blue-Collar Worker (m)

ROBOT #1 — In a futuristic robot uniform (m or f)

ROBOT #2 — (See above, non-speaking role) (m or f)

STEVEREENO ADAMSON — Master corporate head, short, childish and demanding (m)

M.A.K.E.R. — voiced by an offstage actor on mic - live only (m or f)

GIRL — attractive, should also play the **PSYCHOANALYST** (f)

DON JUAN — DON JUAN (m)

ZORRO — ZORRO (m)

Time: The not-so-distant future

M.A.K.E.R. — An Hysterical Allegory by James Arrington. 5m, 1f, 2 either About 40 minutes. The idea of a beneficent Genie that can bring you whatever you ask is an age-old story. Can A.I. or technology be pushed that far? Stevereeno Adamson, a childish and demanding trillionaire, is about to find out having bought for himself The M.A.K.E.R., a robot to do just that. However, rather than finding his looked-for Happiness, Stevereeno is placed in one comical and/or ridiculous situation after another until he must find his own way to happiness. **ORDER #3357**

James Arrington — Retired former Associate Professor, Former Department Chair at Utah Valley University. James Arrington was schooled professionally at The American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco and then earned a master's degree in Theatre from Brigham Young University. He has worked professionally for 30 years became a sensation on the Utah theatre scene when he returned to create and star in his one-man show *Here's Brother Brigham*. It toured the U.S., Canada, and the British isles. He went on to write and produce numerous theatre pieces including several one-man shows: *J. Golden*, *Tumuaki! Matthew Cowley of the Pacific*, and co-wrote *Wilford Woodruff: God's Fisherman*. He wrote and starred in a quirky TRIPLE *The Farley Family Reunion*, *Farley Two: The Next Gyration*, and *Farley Family Xmas* and a charming musical *Christmas Without Christmas!?* He co-wrote the pioneer musical *The Trail of Dreams* and was granted a commission by the Sesquicentennial Utah War Committee to co-write and tour *March of the Salt Soldiers: The Utah War*. He has written for stage, screen, outdoor pageant, radio drama, and puppet shows.

M.A.K.E.R.

SCENE ONE — a large closed-in room. There is nothing in the room but a large boxy structure with silky sheets covering it, and a long draw cord like you might see at an artist's unveiling. There is one window upstage right about ten to twelve feet off the floor. Downstage right or left is an unfinished hole in the bricked-up room that serves as an entrance. There is some typical construction claptrap on the floor, and this is being cleaned up by two workmen, ELLSWORTH and SPROCKETS sporting brooms and dustpans. The two are dressed in work clothes which say "Adamson Enterprises" on their backs.

SPROCKETS: Hey Ellsworth, why ain't the 'bots doin' this?

ELLSWORTH: Mush it, Sprockets, who's complainin'? We inside, ain't we? Air conditionin' ain't there?

An we git few enough decent jobs these days with Mr. Robot takin' ovah. Besides Sprox,

(whispering)

I ain't seen a 'bot all day! You?

SPROCKETS: *(picking up the conspiratorial tone)* Hey! yeah... No! Spooky ain't it?

BOTH: Yeah...

(They pause for a moment listening.)

SPROCKETS: You think it means somethin'?

ELLSWORTH: *(After a moment)* Nope.

(pause)

But you know, I seen old Adamson this very afternoon with the last two of those Flashgut Trumpeteers of his. Noisy!!!

SPROCKETS: Whoa! No kiddin'?!

ELLSWORTH: Ain't many people in this whole blinkin' world has really seen'im in person, ya know.

SPROCKETS: Ole Adamson, yeah.

ELLSWORTH: Yer lookin' at one of 'em!

SPROCKETS: Worth meat...

ELLSWORTH: A LOTTA meat...

(They do a little mutual hand-action.)

SPROCKETS: You know, I think more of you then once't I did.

BOTH: H'yeah.

(They work a little.)

ELLSWORTH: Ay! We gotta get this place spruced before six now. Fast approachin'!

SPROCKETS: Oh yeah, lights gettin' less t'rough that window up there.

ELLSWORTH: Ain't dis jus' the craziest place you ever saw? I mean nothing but a big old furnace or sumthin' and only one window... and you see how thick them walls was?

SPROCKETS: Yeah, even took the 'bots mor'den a half-hour to build'em.

ELLSWORTH: Well, it don't make sense to us guys.

(They work a little.)

SPROCKETS: Hey, I got a question, Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH: Ask'n be answered...

SPROCKETS: How come if old Adamson is so rich, he now only gots two Trumpeteers.

ELLSWORTH: Who knows, Sprox, but I heard as he was sellin' off everything.

SPROCKETS: Runnin' outa money, huh?

ELLSWORTH: No! Jepen scratchit! You don't run outa money when you own the whole lippin' world'n part o' the moon too.

SPROCKETS: Didn't know the moon too.

ELLSWORTH: Yep, owns you too, Sprox. Adamson owns e-v-e-r-y-ting and e-v-e-r-y-body. Don't nobody own anything he don't own.

SPROCKETS: Probly sellin' me off too, then, huh?

(ELLSWORTH nods)

The moon?

(ELLSWORTH nods)

All the bots?

(ELLSWORTH nods)

Me and you?

ELLSWORTH: Flushbucket, Sprox! Did I or did I not say E-v-e-r-y-cluckin' thing? All but two Trumpeteers and us! And we're gone tonight at six.

SPROCKETS: And he's built this place here.

ELLSWORTH: If that don't prove he's strange, I don't know how to.

SPROCKETS: But then there's those bricks over there we're supposed to put in after he's in. Ellsworth, we may be the last, very last people to ever see him.

ELLSWORTH: Gettin' all goofy on me?

SPROCKETS: I mean, us brickin'im in here...

(ELLSWORTH takes off his cap and again mock beats Sprockets.)

ELLSWORTH: He ain't gonna stay in here! What kinda idiot you think he is, anywhich?

SPROCKETS: Yeah really strange... Ha, probly the world is better off without crazies like him.

ELLSWORTH: Where would you get your ever-trackin' job?

SPROCKETS: Maybe he could leave some of his stuff to us... like his money, ya know.

ELLSWORTH: You be sure an ask'im that.

SPROCKETS: If I had a whole lotsa money I would probly die o' happiness.

ELLSWORTH: Money don't buy happiness' they say.

SPROCKETS: Said by those as don't have it.

BOTH: Right!

(BOTH laugh and do some hand-jive.)

ELLSWORTH: Hey Sprox, we gotta finish this here up - Don' wanna be late for Old Adamson.

SPROCKETS: Sure Ellsworth, I'll sweep that floor till its shiny and clean.

(SPROCKETS instantly begins cleaning with a broom saying "Sweep that floor till it's shiny and clean. The rhythm catches him, and he begins to dance his chore. ELLSWORTH laughs in spite of himself which inspires SPROCKETS to do more. SPROCKETS is now cutting the rug as

ELLSWORTH stomps his feet western style while SPROCKETS dances with his broom. ELLSWORTH offers him his broom.)

ELLSWORTH: OH, TRADE YOUR PAHD'NER, HIGH N' LOW,
(*ELLSWORTH joins him*)

SWING YOUR PAHD'NER, DOS-EE-DOH.

SPROCKETS: GIT YER PAHD'NER, FOR PARADE,
SHOW YER PAHD'NER, PROMENADE.

ELLSWORTH: (*enjoying himself enormously*) Yahoo... Pray for music!

(BOTH fail to notice that the "furnace" under the sheets has lit up, with many small blinking lights.)

SPROCKETS: HALLELUJAH! TRADE AROUND,
TAKE YER PAHD'NER OUT TO TOWN!

(Somehow in the dance they have dropped their brooms and wound-up dancing with each other cheek to cheek.)

Ha ha ha... Pray for music!

(Suddenly from beneath the sheets comes very loud WESTERN SQUARE DANCE MUSIC. Shocked, the two stop immediately looking at each other in fright, then at the lighted "furnace." In horror they clap their hands over their ears. They scream at one another simultaneously.)

Hey. Hey! Hey!! What is that what's going. What... Ellsworth, what did we do? What is that? Too much noise. Oh, we're in trouble, we're really in trouble! Ellsworth, Ellsworth, Ellsworth! Oh noooooo!

ELLSWORTH: Auugh! What the... What the... FREAK THE BEEBAL! SHOOTYERMASTERS! We gotta get outta here. Trouble fer sure. gotta find some way to stop... Stop! STOP! STOP THE MUSIC!

(To Sprockets in the clear.)

Pray for it to STOP!!

(The MUSIC stops as suddenly as it began. The lights go off under the sheet. ELLSWORTH's screaming stops. Hands over his ears, SPROCKETS is still screaming hysterically. ELLSWORTH takes SPROCKETS' hands off his ears. SPROCKETS finally stops yelling.)

It's done!

SPROCKETS: Oh. Ox-d-freakin'beebal, Ellsworth, what in jumpin' jeepers is that thing?

ELLSWORTH: (*in awe*) Don't know...

SPROCKETS: I don't think it's a furnace.

ELLSWORTH: Didn't touch it, did you?

SPROCKETS: No.

ELLSWORTH: Started up by itself?

(ELLSWORTH approaches the wrapped object with curiosity.)

And this is the last thing ole Adamson got built?! Maybe we oughta be sure nothin's wrong here...

SPROCKETS: Let's not, ya know... I'm gettin' outta here...

(SPROCKETS bolts for the doors. The doors explode open onstage sending SPROCKETS sprawling. ROBOTS #1 and #2 enter. The trumpets attached to their heads come through with loud fanfares of music. SPROCKETS and ELLSWORTH pull backwards. ELLSWORTH draws to attention and SPROCKETS follows suit, adding a salute.)

ROBOT #1: *(like a DJ)* Announcing his loyal gu-gu-gu...

(The other ROBOT cuffs him smartly)

his looooyal guyness: big, big, Big, really BIIIG, STEVEREENO ADAMSON!!

(With that, and to new fanfares, a most incredible figure appears sauntering in at the opening. The head in an enormous hat appears to be doll-like with a moveable jaw bearing a strange resemblance to Jim Carrey's 'Mask.' Under it are two shoulders cattily arrayed in a startlingly colored Zoot suit. It walks [stomps] curiously into the room on huge platform shoes. The whole thing is about seven feet tall, imposing, yet comic. It seems to strike a "cool" pose, flicks it's fingers, and the trumpeting instantly stops. It looks about and seems to inspect the room. SPROCKETS and ELLSWORTH are in awe. An amplified voice issues from it.)

STEVEREENO: Well, well, gentlemen, cleaned up the room?

ELLSWORTH: Yes sir, yes sir...

SPROCKETS: Three bags full, sir!

STEVEREENO: Goody-goody.

(The figure turns to the nearest ROBOT, quickly pushes a button on it, and flashes a light at the neck, then repeats it on the second.)

You are now on manual control, are you not?

ROBOTS: Yes, sir, automatic functions temporarily re-circuited.

STEVEREENO: Goody, now here are your new automatic functions: Escort these gentlemen outside.

Help them to quickly brick up the door behind you. After finishing you shall see them home and return yourselves to Central Robotics for reassignment, doest thee understand daddy?

ROBOTS: Yes, daddy.

(A recorded versions of Stevereeno's instructions plays beginning with "escort these gentlemen.")

STEVEREENO: Goody, now you needn't repeat it all.

(The playback stops. To SPROCKETS and ELLSWORTH)

Aren't machines just too wonderful. I don't need you humanins in here any longer.

(Laughing and ecstatic)

Here is my very last 5000 International credits to pay you for the bricking you're about to do. I don't need it; I just don't need it anymore! There you are.

(He pulls out money and tosses it into the air. ELLSWORTH and SPROCKETS instantly start gathering it from the floor.)

ELLSWORTH AND SPROCKETS: 5000 International Credits?

SPROCKETS: Oh, thank you, thank you, THANK YOU, SIR!!!

(He reaches out for a handshake.)

STEVEREENO: No touchy, NO TOUCHY!!

(The ROBOTS have come alert as if to protect Stevereeno.)

ELLSWORTH: *(pulling Sprockets back)* Easy!

STEVEREENO: THINKING. It may be the only good deed I've ever done,

(threatening)

So don't push me!

(SPROCKETS jumps back terrified.)

SPROCKETS: No pushin' here, boss.

ELLSWORTH: We're proud to work for you, Mr. Adamson...

(a step toward Stevereeno)

...sir.

STEVEREENO: We don't TOUCH!

(Hysterical)

WE DON'T LIKE TOUCHING!!

ELLSWORTH: *(retreating)* Right...

SPROCKETS: Right...

ELLSWORTH: Right...

SPROCKETS: Right...

STEVEREENO: Right! Time to go.

(To the ROBOTS)

Give them a hand, boys. The bags.

(The ROBOTS dutifully pick up the bags, take SPROCKETS and ELLSWORTH's hands and go to the doorway.)

SPROCKETS: *(holding up his money)* Holy Grabbing Gumthaws! Never. Seen. This. Much!

STEVEREENO: Out! Out, out, out, out. Everyone Out.

SPROCKETS: Yes, sir.

ELLSWORTH: Yes, sir.

SPROCKETS: Have a lovely stay, sir.

(BOTH share a look at each other as they leave, they burst out laughing as they leave followed by the ROBOT Trumpeters who close the inward doors behind them.)

STEVEREENO: *(he shakes with anger)* Laughing now?!

(Changing instantly)

BUT I won't have you killed like I would have yesterday. No, I don't care. I've fooled you all. All. All. ALL!

(Laughing hysterically)

It's all over now! None of it matters anymore. NOT ANYMORE! WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

(STEVEREENO does a strange little enthusiastic dance. It takes off the fake head to reveal a smallish, little sweating countenance: the real STEVEREENO ADAMSON. He sighs heavily and wipes his brow.)

WHEW! Air conditioning isn't working AGAIN! But never mind don't need it, don't care at all! Yah, HA, HAA!

(He begins to remove the shoulders, body, and rest of the suit during the following speech.)

Little do they guess of the power, the POWER!

(He looks at the "furnace")

It's all mine. I had it designed, I built it, bought it, have it. And yes, I must modestly admit that of all the humans that I have known, I'm the only one rich enough, powerful enough, and great enough to deserve it!

(To the Furnace)

You, my kumquat, you, my wonderful magical, mystical, marvelous, machine. Oh, how I've longed for you. Oh, how I've waited and wondered and wished for this special day... and HERE IT IS! Ha, ha, I will now be the possessor of all my dreams, quite literally, and A-L-L of my fantasies. Nothing will escape me. It is all mine! He he, ha ha, toodaloo!

(He tosses the remnants of the suit to the floor revealing huge yellow boxer shorts with silly pictures on them.)

(To the discarded suit.)

No more Mr. Authority Figure! Yesh! Yesh! No, No more example, ah-ha-ha... no more meetings, no more power capes and no, No, NO more People! Yay, goody, goody. No, No, No, now it's just you and me, my pretty. Goodbye old life and hip hurrah and hello to the new, New, NEW, yahoo - LIFE!

(He runs to the "furnace" and embracing it as best he can.)

Oh, my little one, oh, my little big one. Yes, daddy loves you already, yes, he does.

(He grasps the ceremonial cord and steps back from the machine.)

It is now time for the supreme, superlative, splendid, sumptuous moment, my darling, my treasure, my infinity! I will unveil you in all your pristine glory. Oh, I do wishy I had my Trumpeteers here to give you a proper musical flourish. But no... you are here for ME ONLY, to have, to hold, to comfort, to quip, and quail, in excitement, in ecstasy, you and me, kid - all ten trillion forty-four billion 229 million 759 thousand 822 dollars and 76 cents of you! ALL MINE!! Mine till the end of time... Actually, this kinda is the end of time, isn't it?

(Looking at his wrist, no watch. He looks around the room.)

NO CLOCKS! He, Heeee, and we're together until...

(Concerned, he pulls a little paper from his shorts and looks shortly at it. He then drops it rather ceremonially.)

No, no!... ha ha, you're guaranteed against that. So, okey-dokee, here we gokey, Stevereenoo, old buddy. The one and only fixer, creator, and matter-making machine in the universe – well, my universe anyway: THE M.A.K.E.R! TA-DAAH!

(He pulls the ceremonial cord and unveils the machine. It looks something like the large silvery back end of an Airstream travel trailer. Across the top in large letters, it spells out the name "M.A.K.E.R." It has a single wide opening facing down stage covered by curtains. This is the "Creation Corridor.")

Production Note: An electric moving roller-walkway (ala functioning treadmill) works wonderfully if you can rig it successfully.

(The machine is covered with lights and has speaker horns on top used for communication. It has a prominent feature the front corner: a large red lever encased in glass with an unusual sign: "IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, BREAK GLASS." These features can be altered according to your production.)

(Adoringly)

And now my lovely, sweet MAKER, let us begin the rest of eternity together.

(He thinks)

You know, this is an awesome wondrous moment: My first command to the MAKER. Ah ha! Let's start simply, shall we? The first thing I want is some nice, new, fantastic, clothes designed specially to adorn

my unusually snug and comfy body. Use your best information to make me look FABULOUS! So, make my clothes NOW MAKER!

(He spreads his arms in apparent ecstasy and waits expectantly. Nothing.)

Hello? I said, MAKER, I want some clothes.

(Again, he waits - nothing.)

Well, do it!

(He waits desperately - nothing.)

Do it NOW!

(Nothing)

MAKER - I'm getting a little upset... you wouldn't want to UPSET YOUR DADDY! So, clothes... right now... Right Now... RIGHT NOW, RIGHT NOW, RIGHT NOWWWWWW!!!!!!!

(He throws a little kid tantrum, stamping and rolling around on the floor screaming till he's exhausted. He pulls himself together and sits up against the machine. He pouts.)

You are my MAKER and you're supposed to do anything I tell you to, and I made you so you would. And I want some clothes and I want them NOW.

(Unhappy pause)

Dumb. Dumb. Dumb. This dumb thing doesn't even work.

(Shouting)

DIDN'T ANYBODY TEST IT?! Hey, maybe I didn't send in the registration.

(Unhappily)

Stupid. You don't register something there is only one of, and it would come to me anyway!

SHOOTENBLUSTER!!

(He stands and faces the machine.)

Now listen here, MAKER, I am Stevereeno Adamson, the richest man on Earth. I am your master, and you are mine, my MAKER. You were built for me; I am your boss and as a machine it is your duty - did you hear? DUTY! ...to obey your master and I hasten to inform you that I am he. Therefore, with the power vested in me by the men and robots who put you together and by the aforementioned reasoning, I ask, no, I COMMAND - YOU - TO - MAKE - ME - SOME - CLOTHES!!

(Nothing. Pause. He sits, dejected.)

Alright, let's be frank. You don't like me, right? You and everybody else. Well let me tell you, we're going to be here a long time together. WAIT!... THE DOOR!

(He instantly turns and rushes to the closed doors. He opens them and gasps to find a finished brick wall where the hole once was.)

Oh no. They're done! I ordered fast drying mortar. AH!! AAUGH!! They did what I told them too!

Better'n YOU!

(He points at the MAKER and slumps to the floor in a fit. Finally, he slowly rises from the floor.)

Now look here, MAKER, this is getting serious! Now, you'll have to work! If you don't then I'll, I'll...

(Weeping)

All those expensive youth treatments gone to waste!

(Again, addressing the machine boldly.)

Look, I'm getting very, very upset. I'm not fun to be around when I'm upset. If this is your idea of a joke,

it's not funny.

(He looks up at the window)

Oh no, the sun has gone down! And you are not a furnace, so puh-puh-puh

(the word is unfamiliar to him)

Puh-lease, give me some clothes. Warm ones.

(He sighs despondently)

Well, alright. That's it. The end. Roll the curtain in. Exit. Kick-the- bucket. It's all over now. No food, no clothes, no fun, no nothing... and I'M GETTING A TEENSY BIT COLD!

(Moping)

I spent a trillion dollars, and I can't even get a pair of socks. You're worse than my father. There's only one I haven't tried... we need a miracle here. I guess... I guess... okay... okay...

(He slowly moves to his knees.)

I can't believe I've been reduced to this, me, the most powerful man in the entire world... AND OFF THE WORLD! Okay okay... I have no idea what I'm doing. *(He looks around)* Okay, nobody here... gotta try this.

(He folds his hands into a praying mode and lowers his head.)

Oh, great spirit, whoever, whatever, or wherever you are... if you are... I ask, no I plead, no, I beg, no, no, as I've been absolutely reduced to having no other choices, I PRAY that you will hear me...

(The lights on the machine come on.)

M.A.K.E.R.: *(rather loudly)* HELLO, I HEAR YOU, I AM YOUR MAKER.

STEVEREENO: *(personal aside)* It is amazing what you can accomplish when you're as humble as I am.

(In prayer)

I want this machine here to...

(He opens his eyes and sees the machine's lights)

Hey, what'sa...?

M.A.K.E.R.: Hello there and congratulations. I am your MAKER.

STEVEREENO: Oh. OH! OHHHH!! HA HA!!!! I've met my MAKER! Goody, goody.

M.A.K.E.R.: Your use of the Password has brought me to operational status.

STEVEREENO: What word?

M.A.K.E.R.: The password. Please use patience and allow my circuits to fully engage. Please do not interrupt as the following announcement is required:

(Chinese Gong!)

I am your MAKER Your use of the Password has brought me to operational status. The letters in my name "MAKER" are a simple acronym for the following designations: MATAGNONSTIC, ATHROPOCENTRIC, KATAMORHIPCAL, ENDEMONASTIC, ROBOT. I follow the three laws of robotics which are:

(A sign carrying these laws appears on the surface of the M.A.K.E.R.)

1. A robot may not injure a human in, or, through inaction, allow a humanin to come to harm.
2. A robot must obey the orders given it by humanin beings except where such orders conflict with the First Law.
3. A Robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or

Second Law. I am a finished product.

I absorb electrical energy directly and utilize it to nearly 100% efficiency.

I am green, producing no harmful side effects.

I am composed of ultra-strong Camnondiem Metal and am continuously awake unless willed unconscious by my owner.

I can withstand extremes in environment and am a proud product of the U.S.L. Robotics and Mechanical Men Corporation - an Adamson subsidiary.

I am the first of an experimental series.

I am incapable of tyranny, corruption, stupidity, or prejudice. I am also self-sustaining, but for your information...

(Pushed out through the M.A.K.E.R.'S curtains come two large stacks of bound volumes on rolling carts.)

...and future use, these are the diagrams of my circuitry and power arrangements. This second set of volumes...

(Out comes a second set of volumes... much larger than the first.)

...is your "How To Repair My M.A.K.E.R. Pamphlet." Please remove them from the delivery system and place them where they may be referred to in case of accident, emergency, or simple curiosity.

STEVEEENO: What the heck do I need...

M.A.K.E.R.: Please remove these items from the power corridor.

STEVEEENO: Oh, alright, alright.

(Begrudgingly and with some effort he wheels them off.)

M.A.K.E.R.: My sole purpose in existence is to construct or create any object or objects, real or imagined, desired by my owner so long as these objects do not conflict with the Robotic Laws in any way.

STEVEEENO: Finally! We're getting to the interesting part.

M.A.K.E.R.: One additional consideration is that these objects may not total more than 392 square volume feet, or the size of my creation corridor. All this you may enjoy to the height of your imaginative and recreational powers. But the emergency switch you shall not use, nevertheless, it is given to you and you make all decisions. I am your MAKER, and I am here to make you happy.

(Chinese Gong!)

Well, that was certainly a mouthful for having no mouth, eh? Let's get down to pleasure. What can I do for you, master?

STEVEEENO: Finally, I thought you were supposed to be easy to use!

M.A.K.E.R. I am. That was just factory-installed boilerplate licensure, you know, lawsuits, liability, etc. Now, what can I do for you?

STEVEEENO: Well, Goody. Oh goody, Oh. Goody, goody, Oh! I'd like some really nice clothes and a nice soft leather armchair and something to eat. Uh, how about pheasant under glass. I guess that's about all.

(pause)

When do I get the stuff?

M.A.K.E.R.: Just as soon as you say the password.

STEVEEENO: What is it?

M.A.K.E.R.: Well, you see, I'm not allowed to use it myself. That would be troublesome and rather incestuous, if I do say so myself. I would be able to give myself orders and that wouldn't work at all, no. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

STEVEREENO: Well then, what do I have to do, play twenty questions?

M.A.K.E.R.: That would be fun if you'd like to. Ask away.

STEVEREENO: Isn't there an easier way?

M.A.K.E.R.: For what?

STEVEREENO: To get the password!

M.A.K.E.R.: Yes, you can ask me.

STEVEREENO: Goody.

M.A.K.E.R.: But you must use the Password.

STEVEREENO: But that's what I'm looking for.

M.A.K.E.R.: Have you tried the instructions?

STEVEREENO: Are you kidding? I'd die before I got through the first page.

M.A.K.E.R.: No, Stevereeno, the instructions you read to get me functional in the first place. They were in your underwear, but now I see they're on the floor.

STEVEREENO: You can see me?!

(He covers himself.)

M.A.K.E.R.: Of course.

STEVEREENO: Give me some clothes, quick!

M.A.K.E.R.: Ah, ah, ah! Password, please.

STEVEREENO: Argh! I thought you were incapable of stupidity.

M.A.K.E.R.: I am. You just perceive stupidity because you do not understand. As far back in history as...

STEVEREENO: Spare me. Hey, are you calling me stupid?

M.A.K.E.R.: Certainly not. I didn't speak say that. Besides, that would be breaking Robotic Law Number One!

STEVEREENO: I can't believe this!

M.A.K.E.R.: Read the paper, please.

STEVEREENO: Oh yeah, the paper.

(He finds it picks it up hungrily searching.)

Password, Password, Password. Ah ha! Found it!

(Reading)

"The MAKER works by the principle of a verbal Password to distinguish between common conversation and ordering creations by the MAKER. Your own private password follows and should never be given to anyone besides the owner" Ha! I'm the only one here. Let's see here. Ah, here it is: "Your password is PRAY."

(He's shocked)

Pray?!

M.A.K.E.R.: Bingo.

STEVEREENO: Wait. You mean I have to say 'pray' every time I want something?

M.A.K.E.R.: That's right. A very simple word rarely used in conversation and it's a perfect one syllable

morpheme that isn't difficult in any way.

STEVEREENO: Wait, then how did I start you up in the first place?

(The M.A.K.E.R. plays a recording of the earlier conversation) "I've been absolutely reduced to having no other choices, I PRAY that you will hear me..."

STEVEREENO: You mean I could have died in here except for that lucky accident?

M.A.K.E.R.: Or if you had not read the instructions. Instructions are very useful...

STEVEREENO: Stop.

M.A.K.E.R.: ...in a variety of situations and

STEVEREENO: Stop I pray!

(The M.A.K.E.R. stops in mid-sentence.)

Ha! Ha, HAAA!!! Then I AM YOUR MASTER!!

(Raising himself up)

Well, it looks like I am finally your boss soooo

(Quickly)

Give me some nice comfortable clothes, lots of clothes, so that I can pick, I PRAY!

M.A.K.E.R.: Certainly.

(Racks of clothes come out immediately.)

STEVEREEN: Amazing! You are so fast.

M.A.K.E.R.: Why do you think I cost so much? Give a cabbie that much and see if he'll speed up.

STEVEREENO: Let's see. Keep the room temperature at 72 - no! 73 degrees, oh, and we'd better have some light as it's

(Pointing to the single window)

getting dark.

M.A.K.E.R.: Would you prefer direct or indirect lighting?

STEVEREENO: Uhh, indirect.

M.A.K.E.R.: What's the magic word?

STEVEREENO: PRAY!

(The LIGHTS come on.)

Oh boy! This is going to be great. All I have to do is pray...

(looking through the clothes)

HEEEY! What's the big idea? These clothes would never fit me.

M.A.K.E.R.: Oh, you want to wear them? You'll have to be more careful in telling me what you really want.

I wasn't built to be a mind reader. Send the clothes back.

STEVEREENO: Take the clothes away.

M.A.K.E.R.: Password?

STEVEREENO: I pray!... And no dresses next time!

(LIGHTS out as STEVEREENO moves to send the racks back into the M.A.K.E.R.)

SCENE TWO — *The following scene begins purposefully in the black, though there are some lights—twinkling lights—from the M.A.K.E.R.*

STEVEEENO: The trouble with you is that you're boring.

M.A.K.E.R: Boring?

STEVEEENO: Boring. Boring, boring, boring!

M.A.K.E.R: I'm sorry, I don't take your meaning.

STEVEEENO: See what I mean? Boring.

M.A.K.E.R: Bore: definition number 1. To make a hole in or through, as with a drill.

STEVEEENO: No.

M.A.K.E.R: Definition Number 2. To tunnel, dig, drill by or as by...

STEVEEENO: Nooooo.

M.A.K.E.R: Definition number 3.

STEVEEENO: Boring.

M.A.K.E.R: To force one's way, to advance...

STEVEEENO: No, no, noooo! Even this is boring, you bucket of bolts!

M.A.K.E.R: Sticks and stones may break...

STEVEEENO: Ugh, stop.

M.A.K.E.R: Definition number 4. To weary by monotony, tiresome.

STEVEEENO: No... Yes!! I mean yes! Yes, yes, yes. That's what you are.

M.A.K.E.R: But, in my defense, I only do what you tell me to do.

STEVEEENO: That's not the point. Turn on the lights...

M.A.K.E.R: Direct or indirect?

STEVEEENO: Argh! That's exactly what I mean. Boring. Lights the same as last time, PRAY!

(The LIGHTS come up low in several colors.)

Lights, uhh, white lights, and indirect, pray.

(The LIGHTS instantly come up to reveal assorted items about the room including various chairs and a couch. Odds and ends of different costumes are scattered about the room with evidence of food, a few potted plants, and other odd pieces. There are a few famous paintings hung askew on the wall along with the "Laws of Robotics" printed on a large signboard leaning against the wall. STEVEEENO is finishing pulling on his Superman costume.)

I've been sitting in here for two whole weeks and I have yet to have the slightest bit of excitement the brochure promised.

M.A.K.E.R: You seemed to rather enjoy the rain forest.

STEVEEENO: Well, at first it was... it was interesting, but no real excitement.

M.A.K.E.R: I thought that's why you had me make the jaguar.

STEVEEENO: I did. Yeah, it was great until it caught me and had no claws... and then it licked me.

M.A.K.E.R: Did you want claws?

STEVEEENO: That's not the point...

M.A.K.E.R: I couldn't let it hurt you.

STEVEEENO: I know. And that, yes, that is the point.

M.A.K.E.R.: The number one law of robotics states...

STEVEREENO: Don't recite it, pray. I know what it says. It's right over there. But that's just it. What's the use of hunting something if it isn't dangerous if there's no question as to the outcome.

M.A.K.E.R.: I can program different outcomes.

STEVEREENO: I know. But I have to order them, so I know what's going to happen. See? There is no excitement when I get everything I want.

M.A.K.E.R.: Wait. I'm confused. Are you saying that you want what you don't want?

STEVEREENO: No, I am saying that I don't want what I already know I want.

M.A.K.E.R.: That doesn't make sense. So, then you DO want what you don't want?

STEVEREENO: (*thinking*) I guess so. I don't want to not know what I want, so that I can... not know what I want.

M.A.K.E.R.: Incomprehensible.

STEVEREENO: Look, I just need some challenge, some contest, some conflict that I can overcome without knowing that I'm going to overcome it.

M.A.K.E.R.: My circuits are overheating.

STEVEREENO: Make me some excitement.

M.A.K.E.R.: Excitement is not a thing. I can only make things.

STEVEREENO: Make something dangerous...

M.A.K.E.R.: "A robot may not injure a human..."

STEVEREENO: Stop, I pray

(M.A.K.E.R. stops mid-sentence)

Blah, blah, bleck!! I hate that answer. Don't you think I know that rule by now?

M.A.K.E.R.: It's a law.

STEVEREENO: Hopeless! Hopeless! Give me a can of root beer, I pray.

M.A.K.E.R.: Hires, A&W, Barq's...

STEVEREENO: (*indignantly*) What did I have last time, and the last time and the last time?

M.A.K.E.R.: A & W 94% of the time.

STEVEREENO: Well, LEARN FROM IT, you eternal möbius!! Ah, it's no use. Everything with you is so predictable.

M.A.K.E.R.: A&W wasn't predictable, was it?

STEVEREENO: Well, I meant that to be predictable.

M.A.K.E.R.: That's what was unpredictable.

STEVEREENO: But it WAS predictable that you would think it was unpredictable.

M.A.K.E.R.: Right, you're calling the shots, boss.

STEVEREENO: Great, blame it on me. An order of fires, I pray.

M.A.K.E.R.: Curley, country logs, recombinant, fresh?

STEVEREENO: ARGHH! I can't stand it. Everything with you is soooo predictable.

M.A.K.E.R.: But you get everything you want.

STEVEREENO: And we're back to that. Wanting is the problem.

M.A.K.E.R.: But Stevereeno, that is the only purpose for my existence.

STEVEREENO: Don't you start in telling me your problems.

(The machine is silent)

And don't pout.

M.A.K.E.R.: Pout?

STEVEEENO: You know...

M.A.K.E.R.: Pout: definition Number 1. To thrust out the lips especially in an ill humor. I'm afraid I am completely incapable of that particular gesture.

STEVEEENO: STOP PRAY! YOU. ARE. DRIVING. ME. CRAAAAZY! You, you, you are worse than people! All they ever did was grovel to me or laugh behind my back. I don't know which one I hated worse! They both bored me. I didn't think there could be anything worse than people. But I seem to have found it and you? You are an enormous entity of energy irritation!

M.A.K.E.R.: A more purposeful word for your attempt at alliteration would have been...

STEVEEENO: AHHHHHHH!! Boring!!! I am sealed to a life of boredom in this little room with you, you beastly... boring... no, don't talk about alliteration!

(Dejectedly)

It's all hopeless.

(Dejectedly)

I had it all planned out. It was all so perfect, endless excitement and fun... but now it's perfectly hopeless. I can't see how I can ever be happy.

(Brightening)

Wait. WAIT! HEY! HEY, HEY, HEY! I have it. It have I!

(He dances a little jig)

Why didn't I think of this before: I need people... er rather, one person. MAKER, could you make a girl for me?

M.A.K.E.R.: A girl?

STEVEEENO: A female.

M.A.K.E.R.: Sure.

STEVEEENO: Now we're getting somewhere! Send me out a female I pray, on the double.

(Out comes a darling little machine.)

What?! Is this some kind of joke? What is this supposed to be?

M.A.K.E.R.: Hubba, hubba, Stevereeno. Joke.

STEVEEENO: Oh, get off it would you? Take it back.

(It goes back.)

I meant a humanin being.

M.A.K.E.R.: I'm sorry, that is something I can't do for you. Machines can't make humanin beings. I have no control of that.

STEVEEENO: Now hold it right there. There were natives in the rain forest. You made Eskimos in the North Pole trip. I even had you make those Martians the day before yesterday, so what's all this about not being able to make humanin beings?

M.A.K.E.R.: There's your mistake, Stevereeno, they weren't humanin beings.

STEVEEENO: Then what were they? ...look, they moved, they ate, they did things, they looked alive to me.

M.A.K.E.R.: But they weren't humanin... or they could have commanded me and not I them. They simply have the appearance of being humanin. You see, it is realistically impossible to create...

STEVEREENO: Hold the philosophy with the onions! They, whatever they were, looked good enough to me, and if they aren't really human then, ha, so much the better. They could obviously be worse. So, make beautiful voluptuous girl all for me. Make her look human and you know what I mean this time. No tricks.

(Pause)

Well?

M.A.K.E.R.: Password, please.

STEVEREENO: Oh, this is maddening. And make her exactly what we talked about, Pray!

(Out she walks out in a sequined dress, looking something between a beauty queen and a Jessica Rabbit.)

Hey!! VA-VA-VA-VOOM.

(He rushes to her.)

W-e-e-l-l-l, hello, hello, helluuuu.

(He grabs her hand and kisses it.)

GIRL: *(M.A.K.E.R.'s voice but acting sexy)* Hello, Stevereeno.

STEVEREENO: *(drops her hand)* What is the meaning of this?

GIRL: *(again the girl w/voice of the M.A.K.E.R.)* The meaning of what?

STEVEREENO: *(stops her with his hand up)* Not you, You!

(Pointing to the MAKER)

M.A.K.E.R.: *(brightly)* Just what you ordered.

STEVEREENO: I didn't order a voice like that.

M.A.K.E.R.: You didn't order any voice at all; I was just ad-libbing. You didn't tell me you were going to talk. You didn't talk to any of the others.

STEVEREENO: Any Moron knows that isn't the kind of voice a girl has... UH, she is a girl or isn't she?

M.A.K.E.R.: She... appears to be...

STEVEREENO: Goody then... appears to be? You say that like you aren't sure. And if you aren't sure and you made her we're definitely going to have problems.

M.A.K.E.R.: I only meant that it is was not in my power to create a real...

STEVEREENO: Not going there again. Just give her a nice soft, you know, sexy kind of a voice... like a humanin female.

M.A.K.E.R.: You're lucky I gave her a voice at all. Females have traditionally had no voice. History bears that out. It is clear...

STEVEREENO: Yeeesh!

(To the Girl)

Umm, could you kindly return to the MAKER for some, uhh, slight alteration?

(GIRL turns unceremoniously and enters the corridor)

Now this time try to make her as normal as possible.

M.A.K.E.R.: How am I to interpret Normal?

STEVEREENO: You know, normal, just normal.

M.A.K.E.R.: Is there something wrong with her features?

STEVEREENO: NOOO!! No. Don't you touch a single one of those lovely, wonderful, hypnotic features, uhh, you know, normal features. No, I mean make her as much like a real woman as possible. You know give her a little spunk...

M.A.K.E.R.: Spunk?

STEVEREENO: A little spirit, you know, a mind of her own.

M.A.K.E.R.: You really want her to have a mind of her own?

STEVEREENO: Yes, as a matter of fact that is exactly what is wrong here! Ha! I finally figured it out. Everyone does exactly what I want them to do. No wonder things are boring!

(Turning to the MAKER)

I've finally got you, sucker. Now I know how to order things right. I don't want you for a girlfriend! I want someone who doesn't do everything I say.

M.A.K.E.R.: Are you sure?

STEVEREENO: And with that wonderful voice AND all those lovely NORMAL features. Send her out, I pray.

(GIRL instantly walks out, and nothing seems to have changed. STEVEREENO emits a long low whistle)

Hey, baby.

(Waits for encouragement and receives none. Flirtatiously)

Haven't I met you somewhere before?

GIRL: *(in a very sexy, low, and provocative voice that she never loses)* What a line!

(She laughs, but even her laugh is provocative, though it means something else entirely.)

STEVEREENO: Ummmm. Tasty.

(To the MAKER)

You're quite the match MAKER. Get it, heh, heh, heh? Match MAKER?

(To the girl)

Hey, baby, you really knock me out.

GIRL: I may just do that if you get any closer.

(Laughs)

STEVEREENO: What a kidder, ha ha. How's about us getting better acquainted?

GIRL: You can't be serious.

STEVEREENO: Oh yes, as we get to know each other you will learn that I am actually a very serious person.

GIRL: Is that what the "S" on your chest stands for?

STEVEREENO: Oh geez...

(To the MAKER)

Why didn't you tell me I still had this on?

M.A.K.E.R.: I don't monitor or oversee your clothing.

STEVEREENO: Well, you should.

(To the girl)

Ha ha. I know this must look a little funny...

(she laughs)

Yes, well you see, it, uhh, it stands for my name. Yes, that's it, my name: Stevereeno. That's my name, Stevereeno Adamson, the owner of the MAKER.

(An uncomfortable pause)

And what's your name?

GIRL: I don't know.

STEVEREENO: *(playing along)* That's a very unusual name, is it foreign?

GIRL: Must be, I never heard of it.

STEVEREENO: Listen, how about we turn the lights down a little

(over his shoulder to the MAKER)

Pray.

(The lights go down "a little")

We can get to know each other in a more fascinating way.

(A wicked giggle)

GIRL: No thanks.

STEVEREENO: Goody, then I'll just...what did you say?

GIRL: No thanks.

STEVEREENO: Uh, I don't think you understand.

GIRL: What don't I understand?

STEVEREENO: I am the owner of the MAKER...

GIRL: So?

STEVEREENO: I was about to say - we can get to know each other a little better...

GIRL: And I said no thanks.

STEVEREENO: You can't say that to me!

GIRL: Why not?

STEVEREENO: Because I'm the owner of the MAKER.

GIRL: You already said that.

STEVEREENO: Right, and so now you're supposed to get to know me better.

GIRL: No thanks.

STEVEREENO: Stop saying that!

GIRL: No.

STEVEREENO: What?! Look you have to do what I tell you to.

GIRL: Oh?

STEVEREENO: So just come right over here and get comfy and we'll get some candles *(over his shoulder)*

pray *(out they come)* How about a little music?

GIRL: Oh, music is nice.

(She hasn't moved. Stevereeno tiptoes over to the MAKER.)

STEVEREENO: I got'er on the run now. Let's have some music, I pray.

(Out comes the Western music from the earlier scene.)

Noooo!! No, not that! Stop, I pray.

(It stops)

Your taste would be in your mouth, if you had one.

M.A.K.E.R.: So what kind of music then?

STEVEREENO: You know, some romantic music. I want something light and sweet, something reminiscent of summer frolic. Pray.

(Out comes gentle music with birds twittering in it.)

Finally!

(He checks his breath and readjusts his tunic. He strides manfully to the girl.)

Come on, baby, the music's right, so don't be uptight.

(He takes her hand as if to drag her to the couch. She is motionless but he is jerked back onto his knees by her solid "weight.")

15 pages left to the end