

"THE FRANKLIN FRANKLIN SHOW"

Written by

[*Stan Jankaitis*]

Copyright © May 2017 Stan Jankaitis and Off The Wall Play
Publishers

<http://offthewallplays.com>

This script is provided for reading purposes only. Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the laws of South Africa, the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including but not limited to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media (including use on the worldwide web) and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved; and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. For any information about royalties or to apply for a performance license please click the following link:

<http://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

SYNOPSIS

A punch happy boxer gives up the ring to host his own goofy talk show with guests who are nuttier than he is.

CAST

FRANKLIN: male.
THE PRODUCER: male.
THE ASSISTANT PRODUCER: female.
DEBBIE: female.
EDISON: male.
THE DOCTOR: female.
THE ALIEN: female.
THE NURSE: female.
KING DOYAKNOWME: male.

SET

A small television studio, or can be performed bare stage.

PROPS

A desk and chair.
A couch large enough to hold three people.
About ten loose typing papers.
2 phones (landline or cell)The ringtone must be the sound of a bell.

"THE FRANKLIN FRANKLIN SHOW"

FADE IN:

INT. TELEVISION STATION-STAGE-DAY

There is a small desk for Franklin to sit behind. On the desk is a telephone and about 10 standard size typewriter papers which are used as cue sheets. Near the desk is a couch large enough to hold three persons. Off to one side is a large floor length curtain from where all will enter the stage.

INT. STAGE SIDE-DAY

The PRODUCER, male, a very nervous type, is pacing back and forth and talking to himself.

PRODUCER

This is never going to work. A punch happy Boxer does not host a talk show. How did I ever allow myself to be talked into producing this?

The Assistant Producer, runs up to the Producer.

ASSISTANT PRODUCER

We're live in thirty seconds and the Announcer isn't coming. He said he wants nothing to do with

this ridiculous show.

PRODUCER

Neither do I but I don't have a
choice. I just hope this isn't a
sign of things to come. I'll
announce the opening.

INT. THE SET ON STAGE-DAY

The Producer goes to stage front and greets the audience.

PRODUCER

Greetings and welcome to The
Franklin Franklin Show.
And now here he is, the host of
the show, the ex-boxer of fifty
two professional ring fights,
each fight ending with a knock
out, unfortunately he was the
one knocked out, please meet and
welcome Franklin Franklin.

The Producer exits the stage.

The curtain opens and we see FRANKLIN, tall, muscular,
wearing a suit. Franklin is a little slow in the brain
department and it's easy to tell that he's about five cans
short of a six pack, but he is a very likeable person. He is
standing with his back to the audience and waving.

FRANKLIN

Hi, I'm,

(beat)

ahh, oh yeah, I'm Franklin

Franklin I'm a box...

PRODUCER

Turn around.

Franklin looks off stage. The Assistant producer is making circular turn around motions to Franklin with her hand.

FRANKLIN

Huh?

PRODUCER

Turn around.

FRANKLIN

Turn around? Okay I'll turn

around.

Franklin does a 360 degree turn around and ends up with his back to the audience again.

FRANKLIN

Hi, I'm Franklin Frank...

PRODUCER

Turn around.

FRANKLIN

I just did turn around. I'm not

doing it again it makes me

dizzy.

The Producer enters and turns Franklin around so he is facing the audience. The Producer motions, "Like That" to Franklin. Producer exits and Franklin mimics his "Like That" motion. Franklin sees the audience and is startled.

FRANKLIN

Whoa, how'd all you people get
in here so quick? Well, I dunno
but anyways, welcome to the
show. I'm Franklin Franklin I'm
a boxer. A boxer. Well, I used
to be a boxer. But the doctors
told me that I can't keep
getting hit in the ahh...

Franklin touches his head.

Ahh, this part of me anymore.
They said if I do I'll get ahh,
what's it called? Oh yeah, like
funny stuff going wrong with my
brain and things like that. So I
retired from boxing and now I'm
doing this ahh, this show thing.
We're gonna have a lot of, oh

yeah, people and things for you
to meet, here, on the show. And
they'll be talking and stuff. So
let's do the show. I guess.

Franklin doesn't know what to do next.

PRODUCER

Go to your desk and announce a
guest.

The Assistant producer is motioning for Franklin to go to the
desk. Franklin goes to his desk, sits down and falls asleep.
The Producer runs over and wakes Franklin up.

PRODUCER

What are you doing?

FRANKLIN

You told me to go to my desk and
take a rest. So I did.

PRODUCER

Guest!

FRANKLIN

Guess what?

PRODUCER

Guest. Announce your first
guest.

FRANKLIN

Ohh my first guest. Okay. Hey

none of my first guests are
gonna be ringing any bells are
they?

PRODUCER

I don't know, why?

FRANKLIN

Because when I hear a bell I
think I'm back in the ring and I
start boxing. And I keep boxing
till I hear another bell ring,
and I don't wanna get knocked
out anymore because it's no good
for my brain.

PRODUCER

Please we are on the air.

FRANKLIN

I don't like to fly.

PRODUCER

Just bring out your first guest.

If you don't know what to say

just read these dummy papers.

The Producer shows Franklin the cue sheets on the desk.
Franklin looks at them.

FRANKLIN

That ain't nice calling the
person who typed these things up
a dummy. You know it ain't their
fault if they're not smart like
me.

PRODUCER

Just bring your first guest out.
The introductions are on these
papers.

The Producer exits and goes backstage.

FRANKLIN

Hi, I'm Franklin Franklin I'm a
boxer and here's my first guest.

Franklin picks up a cue sheet and looks at it.

Says here her name is Debbie and
she...

Reads the cue sheet paper to himself. He looks offstage to
where the Producer is.

Hey you, it says here that
Debbie weighs five hundred
pounds. Do you think this chair
is gonna hold her?

PRODUCER

She doesn't weigh five hundred
pounds.

FRANKLIN

Sure she does. Says right here
on this dummy paper you gave me,
Reading from the cue sheet.
Debbie weighed five hundred
pounds...

PRODUCER

Weighed not weighs, weighed.
Past tense. And that was before
she devised her new diet. Just
bring her out

FRANKLIN

I can't.

PRODUCER

Why not?

FRANKLIN

I don't know where she is.

PRODUCER

Just announce her name and
she'll come out. How hard can
that be?

FRANKLIN

Pretty hard but I'll try it.

Okay. Please greet the lady who
weighed, past tense, 500 pounds.

Debbie, come on out.

Franklin looks to the opposite side of the stage from where DEBBIE, late 20s beautiful and sexy, enters. Debbie sits on the couch. Franklin does not see her enter, he is still looking off stage in the opposite direction.

FRANKLIN

Come on out Debbie.

DEBBIE

Hello.

Franklin looks everywhere except where Debbie is.

FRANKLIN

Hello, where are you?

DEBBIE

Right here.

FRANKLIN

Right where?

DEBBIE

Right here, next to you.

Franklin turns and sees Debbie.

FRANKLIN

Whoa, hello. You're fast. I
didn't even see you come on out.

(beat)

You know, you look real good for
a lady who weighed, past tense,
five hundred pounds.

DEBBIE

Why thank you, I have to credit
that to my new diet.

FRANKLIN

Okay.

(beat)

I'm a boxer.

DEBBIE

That's nice.

FRANKLIN

No it's not. It hurts to be a
boxer.

PRODUCER

Talk about her new diet.

FRANKLIN

Let's talk about your new diet.

Whadda you call it?

DEBBIE

Debbie's Deadly Diet.

FRANKLIN

Deadly diet? Ahh, can I ask you

something?

DEBBIE

Sure.

FRANKLIN

This deadly diet, did you use it
on yourself?

DEBBIE

Of course, that is how I lost
all the weight.

FRANKLIN

Well this deadly diet, it didn't
kill you or anything like that
did it? I mean you're still
living, right?

DEBBIE

The term deadly pertains to
killing the fat, it's a
metaphor.

FRANKLIN

A what?

DEBBIE

Metaphor, metaphor.

FRANKLIN

Oh yeah, I met one of them once.

She was standing outside the ring where I was boxing. I got beat up real bad in that fight. Well anyways, she was wearing these big boots and black stockings and a lot of lipstick and she said, hey Franklin Franklin you wanna have fun? I says back to her, yeah soon as I get out of the hospital. So when I got out of the hospital I went to the jail to bail her out and said, let's have that fun. I thought we was gonna go to an amusement park and ride the rides but we didn't. She took me to this room, you know with a bed in it and chains on the wall, and whips, and oh, you would never believe what she considers fun. But she must of really liked dolls because she had a bunch of them. And they were real big, just like us, and you blow them up with air, and,

PRODUCER

Talk about the deadly diet.

FRANKLIN

Okay. So, what's this deadly diet of yours do besides kill you?

DEBBIE

It doesn't kill you, it kills the fat, and it makes you look great and feel good.

FRANKLIN

Well that's just great, and by the way, you look great. Well I talked long enough with you. So there you have it folks. So buy the book, ahh, and kill the fat, and ahh, you can look and feel up real good like, ahh like, like her. Past tense.

Franklin stares at something for about ten seconds.

PRODUCER

Get out of your coma and bring out your next guest.

FRANKLIN

Uh oh!

PRODUCER

(to the Assistant producer)

Uh oh? What does he mean uh oh?

ASSISTANT PRODUCER

I don't know. It isn't in the
script.

DEBBIE

Are you alright Franklin?

FRANKLIN

No. I'm having a boxing
flashback.

Franklin reacts as if he is getting punched.
Ouch. Oh oh. Ouch again. Cut it
out. Ouch. Quit hitting me it
hurts. Ow ow.

PRODUCER

(to the Assistant producer)

What is he doing?

ASSISTANT PRODUCER

I think he's doing this.

The Assistant producer mimics Franklin.

Ouch. Oh oh. Ouch again.

Franklin comes out of his flashback and regains what little

sensibility he has.

FRANKLIN

Sorry. I'm okay now. I think.

Ahh, did he break my nose again?

DEBBIE

Your nose is just fine.

FRANKLIN

Thank you. You know my nose was

broken about, ahh, lots of

times. That's why it's so big.

PRODUCER

Bring out your next guest!

FRANKLIN

Okay, enough about my nose,

another guest.

Franklin speaks to Debbie.

Hi, I'm Franklin Franklin, I'm a

boxer, who are you?

PRODUCER

You already interviewed her.

Bring out your second guest,

it's on the paper, page two,

read it.

Franklin looks around. He climbs under his desk and comes up with a newspaper. He turns to page two and reads the newspaper aloud.

FRANKLIN

Page two. That new pop group from Pennsylvania, Simon Buckwheat Release will entertain the President. Will the White House rock, or will it roll?

The producer runs over, grabs the newspaper from Franklin and gives him one of the cue sheet papers.

PRODUCER

Not the newspaper, these papers these papers. Now announce and bring out your next guest.

Producer exits.

FRANKLIN

Ahh, he's a nice guy that producer but I think he has some kind of a nervous condition.

DEBBIE

I wonder why?

FRANKLIN

Yeah me too. It is a wonder of the ages, isn't it? Well irregardless of the factor I

gotta bring my next guest out.

Okay folks here we go. My next
guest is a guy who invents
stuff, I guess he's an inventor
or something like that. His name
is Edison so,

Franklin looks off stage in the opposite direction from where
Edison will enter. Franklin does not see Edison enter.
come on out Edison.

EDISON, male, looks like Albert Einstein, enters and greets
Debbie. Debbie moves down a seat and Edison takes her seat
next to Franklin who is still looking in the opposite
direction.

FRANKLIN

Yo there Edison, come on out
here and invent something.

Franklin turns front and faces the audience.
Well folks I guess Edison didn't
want to come on out.

Edison tries to get Franklin's attention but it doesn't work.

Franklin keeps talking away.

Maybe he invented a time machine
or something and he's traveling
back to better times. Times when

there was green grass and trees
and water ran free. Times when
the sky was blue and the clouds
was white and the only things
that flew in the sky was birds
and bugs.

PRODUCER

(to the Assistant producer)

What is he babbling about?

ASSISTANT PRODUCER

The birds and the bees?

FRANKLIN

Times when that masked man
yelled a hardie Hi Oh Silver
away and rode off into the
sunset. You know, sort of like
the days of wine and roses,
whatever that means.

Edison taps Franklin to get his attention. Franklin sees
Edison.

Hi, I'm Franklin Franklin. I'm a
boxer, who are you?

EDISON

I am Edison, the inventor.

FRANKLIN

No, you can't be him. He didn't
wanna come on out. He's
traveling through time back to
when my hero George Reeves was
faster than a speeding bullet,
more powerful than a loca,
locamo, a train, chuga chuga
chuga, able to, able to ahh...

EDISON

Leap tall buildings in a single
bound?

FRANKLIN

Yeah that's it.

(beat)

Did you know I'm a boxer?

EDISON

I know, I saw the match where
you fought against the Kung Fu
Artist.

FRANKLIN

Oh yeah that's where the guy was kicking me. With his feet. Did I win that match?

EDISON

No.

FRANKLIN

To bad. Hey you ain't gonna be ringing any bells are you?

EDISON

No.

FRANKLIN

Okay. So what do you do?

EDISON

I'm an inventor, I invent useful thing like...

FRANKLIN

Well there you have it folks, the inventor who invents useful things like. So buy his invention and your thing can be useful once again too. Just like his thing. Now on with the show. I think.

The Producer is having his blood pressure taken by a NURSE.

NURSE

Your blood pressure is very
high.

ASSISTANT PRODUCER

(to the Producer)

The show's sponsor just
cancelled the account.

PRODUCER

I fear it's going to get a lot
higher before the stroke hits
me.

Franklin is shuffling through the cue sheets.

EDISON

Aren't we going to talk about my
invention?

FRANKLIN

No, I gotta get on with the
show. It's time for a word from
our sponsor.

ASSISTANT PRODUCER

We don't have a sponsor anymore
Franklin.

FRANKLIN

We don't? Well good for him.
Well folks since we don't have a sponsor anymore then it's time for a public service announcement. Hi this is a public service announcement from me. I'm Franklin Franklin the boxer, and I been beat up a lot of to many times that I don't wanna remember. But that's okay because I'm a boxer and that's what I do. I get beat up. But if someone is hitting you and you don't want them to hit you, then hit them the hell back, hard. And if you can't hit them back, then call the cops. Remember, no one has the right to hit you if you don't wanna be hit.

DEBBIE

That was a wonderful message.

FRANKLIN

Thank you, I think it was mighty
fine too.

EDISON

Now can we please talk about my
invention?

FRANKLIN

No sorry, I already talked with
you. Tell the pretty lady about
your invention and she'll tell
you about this deadly diet that
doesn't kill you, past tense.

The phone on Franklin's desk RINGS. Franklin hops up and
begins to shadow box.

The phone RINGS again, Franklin stops shadow boxing and goes
to answer it. Before he can pick up the receiver it RINGS
again and Franklin starts shadow boxing.

This scenario repeats itself until the Producer, with the
blood pressure instrument still strapped to his arm, runs out
to answer the phone.

The Producer waits for the ring that stops Franklin from
boxing and then picks up the phone.

PRODUCER

Here.

The Producer hands the phone to Franklin but he doesn't take
it.

