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Dramatic Publishing

The Revenge
of the
SPACE PANDAS
or
Binky Rudich
and the
Two-Speed Clock

A comedy by
DAVID MAMET



THE DRAMATIC
PUBLISHING COMPANY

Revenge of the Space Pandas

Comedy. By David Mamet with music by Alaric Jans.

Cast: 6m., 6w., or 3w. with doubling. Binky Rudich, his friend Viv, and his almost-human sheep, Bob, tinker with a two-speed clock with the idea that, as Binky says, "Time on Earth moves at the same speed all the time, but there is another speed, a slower speed, and if we could find it, everything would stand still on Earth and we would spin off." And they do! To Crestview, Fourth World in the Goolagong System, ruled by George Topax and guarded by the Great Space Pandas. The excitement really begins when the Supreme Ruler commands that Bob be brought to him, never again to leave Goolagong, and he steals the two-speed clock just to make sure. Only a very serious playwright could produce such an insane comedy! *Multiple simple sets. Music in book.*

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THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(THE REVENGE OF THE SPACE PANDAS)

ISBN 0-87129-532-6

THE REVENGE OF THE SPACE PANDAS
Or
BINKY RUDICH AND THE TWO-SPEED CLOCK

CHARACTERS

Leonard (Binky) Rudich a 12-year-old “scientist”
Vivian Mooster his neighbor and classmate
Bob a sheep
Mrs. Rudich Binky’s mother
George Topax Supreme Ruler of Crestview
Edward Farpis ex-matinée idol/derelict/
impersonates Space Panda Colonel Lazlo Drurik
Court Jester (sings and speaks)
Retainer (“Hank”) accompanies George Topax
Panda 1 (“Buffy”) Space Panda on Crestview
Panda 2 (“Boots”) Space Panda on Crestview
Newsperson (“Bill”)
Offstage Voice heard in three separate instances
Executioner
Radio Announcer available on SFX CD, if desired
Citizen
Non-speaking Offstage/Onstage Assistant
Non-speaking Citizens and Space Pandas for crowd scenes

Time: The Present

Place: The Rudich House, Waukegan, Earth and Crestview,
Fourth World in the Goolagong System

"Life is a dream of Geometry,

Life is a dream of Space;

Life is a dream

Of some Orient Queen

Who got whacked in the head with a Mace."

from The Poet and the Rent

PROPERTIES

GENERAL: radio, worktable, assorted tools, spoons, hammer, tweezers, pliers, scissors, dining tables, chairs, plates, forks, trumpets, cymbals, drum, large pumpkin, a scaffold-type contraption for pumpkin guillotine, throne chair, a "Concentration Booth."

BINKY: clock, pad, pencil, White Sox hat, lab coat, stethoscope.

VIVIAN: science papers with paper clip attached.

BOB: newspaper, watch.

PANDAS 1 and 2: playing cards.

COURT JESTER: clown costume.

NEWSPERSON: microphone, papers to read from.

RETAINER: pen, paper.

COSTUME NOTES

BINKY: regular attire, but white lab coat added.

BOB: sheep costume, or mask depicting a sheep.

VIVIAN: typical high school girl attire.

PANDAS: panda costumes, or masks depicting pandas.

TOPAX: dressed elegantly as royalty; probably a crown.

FARPIS: old clothes, a military coat or uniform.

SCENE ONE

AT RISE: BINKY is discovered at his attic worktable fiddling around with stuff. His faithful companion, BOB, THE SHEEP, is lounging in a corner of the attic reading the paper. The radio is playing.

RADIO: . . . and no relief in sight. We can look forward to high temperatures and sticky wet humidity right on through the weekend.

BOB (under his breath). Great.

RADIO. . . and now the sports . . .

BOB (turning off the radio). I sure would like to get out of town this weekend. It says in the paper here that by the year 2000 we will have solved our travel problems altogether.

BINKY. Yes?

BOB. It says that we'll just have these pills, and any time you want to go some place, all that you do is take a pill . . .

BINKY. . . . uh huh . . .

BOB. And then you don't want to *go* there anymore.

(VIVIAN appears at the tree outside the window.)

VIVIAN. Hi, Bink, Hi Bob.

BINKY. Vivian.

VIVIAN. How you doing?

BINKY. Not bad.

MRS. RUDICH (offstage). Leonard!

VIVIAN. Hot enough for ya?

BINKY. Yes.

VIVIAN. Sure wish I could go someplace this weekend.

BOB. Me, too. It says here that by the year 2000, we won't have any more travel problems.

VIVIAN. Really?

BOB. Yes. It says that there'll just be this pill you take.

VIVIAN. Well, I sure wish we had one now.

MRS. RUDICH (offstage yell). *Leonard!*

BINKY. Would you please see what Mom wants, Bob?

BOB. What is it, Mrs. Rudich?

MRS. RUDICH. Lunch time.

VIVIAN. What do you think, Binky, about those pills?

BINKY. It sounds fishy to me.

VIVIAN. Uh huh.

BOB. It's time for lunch, Bink.

VIVIAN. It sounds fishy to me, too.

BOB. Your Mom says it's time for lunch.

BINKY. Tell Mom I'll be right down, would you, Bob?

VIVIAN. How are *you*, Bobby?

BOB. He'll be right down, Missus R.

MRS. RUDICH. *Thank* you, Bob.

BOB. I'm fine, Viv, thank you.

VIVIAN. What are you guys working on?

(BINKY makes a schssing sound.)

VIVIAN (to BOB). What's he working on?

BOB. We've got this clock.

VIVIAN. Clock, huh?

BOB. Yes.

VIVIAN. What kind of clock, Bink?

BINKY. Two-speed.

VIVIAN. Two-speed clock, huh?

BINKY. Yes.

VIVIAN. How about that.

BOB. Yes. (Pause.)

VIVIAN. What's it do?

BOB. We don't know.

MRS. RUDICH. *LEONARD!*

BINKY. Tell her we'll be right down, will you, Bob?

BOB. Right.

VIVIAN. Don't get up, Bob, I'll tell her.

(VIVIAN climbs in through the window and goes to the door.)

BINKY. Thank you, Vivian.

VIVIAN. He's coming, Missus Rudich.

MRS. RUDICH (offstage). Well, tell him to get down here.

VIVIAN. I will. They'll be right down.

MRS. RUDICH (offstage). 'Cause this casserole isn't going to stand around forever.

VIVIAN. All right.

BOB. I hate casserole.

MRS. RUDICH. And do you want to stay to lunch?

VIVIAN. I'd love to, thank you.

BINKY. Hand me the pliers, would you, Bob?

MRS. RUDICH (offstage, to VIVIAN). Well, go and call your mother.

BINKY (to BOB). Thank you.

VIVIAN (shouting to MRS. RUDICH). It's all right, I told her you would ask me.

MRS. RUDICH (offstage). All right, then. (Pause.) You tell the two of them to get down here.

VIVIAN. They're coming.

(BINKY is beginning to become excited while working. BOB stands next to him and supplies him with the necessary instruments.)

VIVIAN. Your mom says to come to lunch, Bink.

BINKY. Hammer.

BOB. Right.

BINKY. Spoon.

BOB. Gotcha.

BINKY. Gimme a bottle top.

BOB. Don't got none.

BINKY. Gimme another spoon.

VIVIAN. I think you're ticking her off.

BOB. Ssshhh!

BINKY. A tweezers.

(BINKY and BOB busy themselves.)

BINKY. What time have you got?

BOB. Twelve-eighteen.

MRS. RUDICH (offstage). *LEONARD!!!!*

BINKY (under her breath). How can you get any work done around here?

MRS. RUDICH (her voice closer). Leonard, I'm coming up.

BINKY. Hand me those scissors, Bob. (Pause.) What's she say?

BOB. She's coming up.

BINKY. Lock the door, Bob.

BOB. Right.

(They go back to their business.)

BINKY. I think we've just about got it.

VIVIAN. What?

BINKY. Two-speed clock.

VIVIAN. What's it do?

(MRS. RUDICH is at the door. She tries the door, finds it locked, and pounds on it.)

MRS. RUDICH. Leonard? Leonard? You come down and eat your meal, do you hear? Vivian?

BOB. Five minutes.

MRS. RUDICH. If you're not down in five minutes, I am going to call your father.

BOB (under his breath). He hates casserole.

(MRS. RUDICH retreats.)

BINKY. I've got it. Bob, I think that I have got it.

MRS. RUDICH (offstage). Do you hear?

(A pause.)

BINKY. I lost it.

BOB. The two-speed.

VIVIAN. Clock.

BINKY. Yes. (Pause.) I almost had it. (Pause.)

VIVIAN. I'm sorry, Bink.

BINKY. I can't get any work done here. I've got to get a place to get away.

BOB. Yes.

BINKY. I wish I had a place of my own.

VIVIAN. You're only twelve, Binky.

BINKY. I need a place where I can work. Out in the country just for me and Bob.

BOB (under his breath). I need a place, too, Binky.

BINKY. You could have your *own* place out there.

BOB. Thank you.

BINKY. And a lot of land, and *graze*, and things like that. And eat grass.

BOB. I don't like grass.

BINKY. I forgot.

BOB. I'm very fond of human food.

BINKY. I know.

BOB. I just hate casserole.

VIVIAN. I don't blame you.

BINKY. And Vivian could visit us.

VIVIAN. I could?

BINKY. Sure.

VIVIAN. Thanks, Binky.

BINKY. Don't thank me, it's only talk at this point.

VIVIAN. Okay. (Pause.)

BINKY. I almost had it.

VIVIAN. What would it have done, Bink?

BINKY. My two-speed clock?

VIVIAN. Yes.

BINKY. I'll tell you.

VIVIAN. Okay.

BINKY. I'm not sure . . .

VIVIAN. Uh huh . . .

BINKY. But through our research, Bob and I think that there may just be two kinds of time.

VIVIAN. Two kinds.

BOB. Yes.

BINKY: And we're caught in *one* time, when we get up or we go play ball or visiting, and the time moves at the same speed all the time, but there's another speed.

BOB (under his breath). We think.

BINKY. Another speed of time.

BOB. That's very slow.

BINKY. If we could find it . . .

BOB. . . . everything would stand still.

BINKY. . . . on the Earth . . .

BOB. . . . and we . . .

BINKY. . . . and we would spin off.

VIVIAN. Where would be spin off to?

BINKY. I don't know, Viv.

BOB. To another Galaxy?

BINKY. Another land, another time.

BOB. Another part of town . . .

BINKY. I don't know.

BOB. *Anywhere.*

BINKY. There's lots of places in the world, we don't know they *exist* now . . .

BOB. Indiana.

VIVIAN. Bob, I've heard of Indiana. (Pause.)

BOB. Lately?

VIVIAN. No.

MRS. RUDICH. Leonard, time's up.

BINKY. I wish we could go some place peaceful.

MRS. RUDICH (again). Time's up.

BINKY. Far from home.

MRS. RUDICH (irritated). You come eat lunch right *now*.

BINKY. Oh, well.

BOB. We'll do some more after lunch.

BINKY. I almost had it.

VIVIAN. It's okay, Binky.

MRS. RUDICH. All right, I'm coming up . . .

BINKY. I'm not even hungry . . .

VIVIAN. Don't be depressed, Bink.

BINKY. All right.

VIVIAN. Even a stopped clock is right once a day.

BINKY. Not this one.

MRS. RUDICH. Alright for *you*, Binky Rudich . . .

BINKY. Bob, tell Mom we're coming, please.

BOB. Sure. (He goes to door, opens it and MRS. RUDICH enters.)

BINKY (to clock). You - why don't you work!? (Hits clock with a hammer. There is a bizarre explosion. MRS. RUDICH freezes while BINKY, BOB and VIVIAN start to spin off the earth.)

BOB. Binky . . .

BINKY. What?

BOB. Bink, I think you've got it running right.

VIVIAN. Binky, I'm scared.

BINKY. It's all right, Vivian.

VIVIAN. What's happening?

BINKY. I think we're spinning off the earth.

BOB. About time.

VIVIAN. Spinning off the earth! Oh, no!

BOB. We're *really* going to miss lunch *now*.

SCENE TWO

(BINKY, BOB and VIVIAN are transported to a lonely outpost on Crestview. Two SPACE PANDAS are changing the guard.)

PANDA 1. "Fiat Tibi Quo Pax."

PANDA 2. "Eee I Eee I Oh."

(They change the guard, then sit on floor and proceed to play "Fish", a card game.)

BOB. Where are we?

VIVIAN. Where are we, Binky?

BINKY. Search me.

VIVIAN. I wonder where we are?

BOB. I'm famished.

(BINKY gets up, goes to PANDAS.)

BINKY. Uh . . . Excuse me . . .

PANDA 2. What?

BOB. Ask him where a guy could maybe get a bite to eat.

PANDA 1. Is that a sheep?

BINKY. Yes.

BOB. What's it to ya?

PANDA 1. Long time since we saw a sheep here.

BINKY. Uh . . .

PANDA 1. Only sheep we ever saw here recently was in the movies.

VIVIAN. Could you please tell us where we are?

BOB. What do you mean "a long time since you saw a sheep?"

PANDA 1. Where are you?

BINKY. Yes. (Pause.)

PANDA 1. Crestview. (Pause.)

BOB. Where is this place?

PANDA 2. What place?

BOB. Crestview.

PANDA 2. Right here. I told you.

PANDA 1. Last time that we had a sheep here was maybe six, eight thousand years ago.

PANDA 2. Where are *you* from?

VIVIAN. We're all from Waukegan.

PANDA 2. Where is that?

PANDA 1. A big grey sheep.

VIVIAN. In Northern Illinois.

PANDA 1. Looked just like you.

VIVIAN. Outside Chicago.

PANDA 1. Used to cut that stuff off his back and knit up these stockingcaps out of it.

PANDA 2. In Illinois?

VIVIAN. Yes.

PANDA 1. Nifty little things.

PANDA 2. What are you doing *here*?

PANDA 1. I'm talking, maybe seven thousand years ago . . .

BOB. Where are we?

PANDA 2. Crestview. Fourth World in the Goolagong System.
The Pearl of the Goose Nebula, the Sweetheart of Space
Sector Five. It ain't much, but it's home.

BOB. These guys look just like *pandas*.

PANDA 2. How in heck did you get here?

VIVIAN. How far from Waukegan are we?

PANDA 2. Fifty light years away.

VIVIAN. How far's that?

PANDA 2. What's your name?

VIVIAN. Vivian.

PANDA 2. Vivian what?

VIVIAN. Mooster.

PANDA 2. My name's Boots.

VIVIAN. Glad to meet you. This is my friend Binky.

BINKY. Leonard Rudich.

PANDA 2. Hi there.

BINKY. Hello.

PANDA 2. This is Buffy.

PANDA 1. Hi. You're a sheep.

BOB. Yes.

PANDA 1. Just *like* a sheep, isn't he?

BOB. My name's Bob.

PANDA 1. Pleased to meet you. Glad to have you here. (Pause.)

(PANDAS go back to their card game.)

PANDA 1. Have you got any tens?

PANDA 2. Afraid not.

PANDA 1. Guess I'm going to fish here, then.

PANDA 2. Go to it.