

## From The Election

By Don Zolidis

*(SASHA is an actress who is being paid to make a candidate appear to have a beautiful girlfriend.)*

*(SASHA begins an overwrought monologue she's been rehearsing for some time.)*

SASHA

Where did we meet? Well, that is a story. I was walking amongst the trees on my family farm, appreciating the gentle breezes of autumn and taking a glance at a solitary deer that had crested a nearby hill. Luckily I was carrying my pump-action repeating shotgun, and I hit the beast mid-chest from forty yards. And let me tell you ladies out there, after you've shot and killed one of God's magnificent creatures, you need a man, a real man, to field dress that animal and tie it to the hood of your jeep. And that's when I heard the sound of hooves approaching. From my vantage point, I saw him silhouetted against the setting sun, riding a powerful grey stallion. His voice, you've heard it, it rumbled through my core as he said, "are you in need of some aid?" Then he dismounted, removed the shot from the deer's chest with his teeth and proceeded to clean that animal like he was sweeping aside bureaucracy. Then he took me to the coast and we danced through sea foam and he told me about his dreams for this high school: such beautiful, beautiful dreams. And then came the saddest part: He said...

*(she begins to tear up)*

He said... he was in a tough election... and he might not win... I said NO! NO it cannot be TRUE! Yes, he said. I'm afraid so. And I said, if there is a world where you don't become student body president, I don't want to live – I'll join my Grandma in heaven and never return to the land of the living. Oh!

*(She loses the ability to speak.)*

*(to read the rest of the play, visit [www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com) )*