

From I have the Utmost Respect for my Opponent (who happens to be a Godless Radical Marxist sure to destroy America), by Don Zolidis

JACK, a candidate for city council, is responding to a question in a debate.

JACK

I'm glad you asked that. I wanted to mention a particularly despicable ad that my opponent is running – where I'm said to own a poultry farm if I have that correctly – I want to make this perfectly clear: I do not and never have owned a poultry farm. I don't even like chicken – at all – but let me answer your question then – I am a red-blooded, full-bodied American Male. I ride an ATV on weekends while wearing a baseball cap and taking my shotgun along just in case a black bear decides to wander into my turf. I eat red meat, and I have been known to drive a truck with a set of balls hanging underneath. Because you see I see an America that's under attack from people like my opponent. An America where it's no longer okay to sit on your porch in cutoff jean shorts and a tank top and crack back a couple of Miller Lights on a Wednesday night. I see an America where people like her tell people like me how to think, how to behave, and how not to spit. It starts here, with anti-smoking ordinances, and anti-shotgun-shooting ordinances and fees for this and fees for that and you gotta wear shoes to be in a restaurant and you have to wear a shirt to get ice cream and you can't even spank your own kid – well, you know where that ends up? Concentration camps. Straight line, my friends. One day you give up the freedom to scratch your balls in public and the next day you watch your friends being gassed and piled up in a mound of corpses. Thank you.

(he hands the microphone to MAGGIE)

(to read the rest of this play, please email me at donzolidis@yahoo.com)