

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

MARKUS, a campaign manager, is explaining how elections work to his candidate.

MARKUS

Here's the game:— Election day is like Christmas, the anticipation is the best thing, you've put on your little wrapping paper, you look great, they shake you, it sounds like you're full of money or whatever, and then on Christmas Day they run down, rip off the paper, and realize they've bought a turd sandwich. And they're like, oh shit, this present isn't nearly as good as I thought it was — oh well — I'll go on with my miserable life and go back to not giving a shit about politics. And then you're free to be the turd sandwich that you are.

<MAGGIE

I don't want to be a turd sandwich!>

MARKUS

But you are! Embrace that part of yourself! Do you actually imagine that you're going to be able to do anything once you're elected — you're one seventh of the city council of a town of about nine thousand — you have two basic things you can do: raise property taxes, and approve raises for yourself. That's it. And you can't do either of those. So essentially you go to meetings and fuck around and do nothing and make sure the entire system doesn't implode. And you might make some tiny incremental change and some asshole's going to call you a radical, and then you might build a new park or get some sidewalks built or something, but that's it: that's your role. And in the meantime, some friendly multi-national corporation might sidle up to you with enough money to buy the entire city, and say, hey, how about you and me go in the back and relax some regulations to make this environment more business-friendly? And maybe you have a couple of drinks, and maybe the big corporation slides a huge pile of campaign contributions up your thigh, and it feels so good, but you know it's so wrong, but he's saying all the right things — he's talking about good jobs, and being a good corporate citizen, and you know you shouldn't just give it away, but the music is pumping, and your blood is going, and the next thing you know you're screaming out that you're approving the zoning change and you're saying yes, yes you don't have to disclose the chemicals you use in your frakking liquid — and he's frakking and he's frakking and the frakking is so goddamn good — yes Yes! Jobs!

(MARKUS takes a pause.)

I'm gonna go get some water. I'm glad we had this talk.

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