

MAYBE POLITICS ARE OVER

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CHARACTERS

four POLITICIANS, who are men:

THE POWERFUL ONE is white

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE is white

THE INCOMPETENT ONE is white

THE TRUE BELIEVER is not white

a TRIO OF WEIRDOS who are not identity-driven but who for the purposes of casting are of color and/or trans and/or disabled and/or women, &c., &c.: multiply alienated

three WOMEN:

WOMAN 1 is white

WOMAN 2 is white

WOMAN 3 is not white

“I’m not Steve Bannon, I’m not trying to suck my own cock.” – Anthony Scaramucci, White House Director of Communications (July 21-31, 2017)

SCENE 1

(A men’s bathroom in an upscale and clean government building. There is one stall and one urinal. The door of the stall has been removed, presumably broken and to be replaced. THE POWERFUL ONE sits on the toilet fully clothed. He is messy. Drunk. Drinking: whiskey, neat. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE walks in and begins to piss. He doesn’t see THE POWERFUL ONE, but THE POWERFUL ONE sees him, in the mirror. He begins to speak, startling THE BEAUTIFUL ONE mid-stream.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Take it from me, kid: You be a man out there, yeah? You be the most beautiful fucking man, yeah? Successful, bold, a real charmer. And then over here: You get your dick fuckin hard, you fuck who you want, you fuck how you want, when you want, you name it, whatever kinky shit your heart desires. A man like you? That face, that fuckin suit, that fuckin body, you go into a meeting, you can lay your cock right on the goddamn conference table. You hear me? You lay your cock on that table I guarantee you in five seconds everyone around leans over to suck it. Swear to God. You’re rock hard in two minutes, cumming all over their pretty little faces, swear to God.

I used to do it, go into the fucking board room like that. You think it’s a metaphor? It’s not a metaphor. I used to—still could, still could get assholes like you—like all of them—fucking salivating over this shit if the fucking President hadn’t decided to sabotage his—his best shot at a goddamn competent administration.

You ever sucked a dick? The gays, man, that’s the one thing they’ve got figured out, the fuckin power of a hard dick.

If I could suck my own cock I would, lemme tell ya. You say solipsism; I say fuckin ... self-reliance. Self-sufficiency. Freedom! You ever see someone suck his own cock? Go online and look that shit up. That’s my advice to you. Man at his fucking finest.

SCENE 2

(In a different place, an ethereal copse, a TRIO OF WEIRDOS sing a song.)

THE WEIRDOS

There's a little log cabin by a river,
And a sprinkling of freshly-fallen snow;
There's the bright glare of sunlight in the morning
In this place we found so many years ago.

In this place we found so many years ago,
There are things we never knew that there could be:
Things like funguses and poisons and all sorts of odd debris,
Things like somehow for the first time feeling free.

And the bears that share the forest are majestic and so strong,
And utopia was quietly domestic all along,
And we were foolish in the city, we were foolish in the throng,
But now we're here,
But now we're here.

With a little log cabin by a river,
With a sprinkling of freshly-fallen snow,
With the bright glare of sunlight in the morning,
And with more and more and more of this to go.

SCENE 3

(WOMEN 1 AND 2 sit at a café. Aside, THE INCOMPETENT ONE stands at a podium and speaks into a microphone.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

On behalf of the White House, I hereby declare that women are fucking vile. Truly disgusting. Thank you.

WOMAN 1

Well, this man is awful.

WOMAN 2

So bad.

WOMAN 1

Women are not disgusting.

WOMAN 2
Women are excellent!

WOMAN 1
I hate this man.

WOMAN 2
He is horrible. We should get rid of him.

WOMAN 1
You know who else is bad?

WOMAN 2
Who?

WOMAN 1
Trans women.

WOMAN 2
So bad.

WOMAN 1
So entitled!

WOMAN 2
And aggressive!

WOMAN 1
The worst.

WOMAN 2
Tell me about it.

(WOMAN 3 walks in.)

WOMAN 3
This man is horrible. Since I have had a vagina since birth, mine is the correct opinion.
Am I right?

WOMAN 1
What a good and logical criterion that doesn't at all reduce women to their reproductive
and/or sexual capacity!

WOMAN 2
We should codify it for sure.

WOMAN 3

We are very good feminists. Look at this cute button I have!

ALL

Hashtag resistance!

(They take a selfie.)

SCENE 4

(The bathroom. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE rolls in the window, trying to be sneaky, obviously failing. He sits on the toilet seat and practices his Wide Stance. Tentatively tapping a foot closer to the edge of the stall. Tentatively reaching a hand down, under the divider, imagining holding a penis. It is only a practice environment, of course, since there isn't even a second stall, much less another man. But he is very focused and very vulnerable. He closes his eyes and touches himself through his pants. The door opens, and he hurriedly stops.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

I knew you were a dirty motherfucker! Enjoying yourself, huh? Don't let me stop you, I'm just here to piss.

(He starts pissing, enthusiastically.)

Better your hand than a fucking pussy these days, I tell you what. More trouble than it's worth. Girls'll beg for your dick and then head straight to the press to lie about it. Or they'll cling. Jesus! If there's one thing I can't stand it's a clingy bitch. Fuck! My dick is shriveling just thinking about it. Fuckin hell.

(He finishes.)

Come on then, whip it out, you don't have all day.

(He winks and leaves. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE hesitates, then does as instructed and comes hard.)

SCENE 5

(The café and podium again.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Also on behalf of the President, we can't friggin wait until these smug liberal assholes lose their health coverage.

WOMAN 1

What a monster.

WOMAN 2

Hideous.

WOMAN 1

This is a death sentence for so many people!

WOMAN 2

Unbelievably cruel.

WOMAN 1

Well, I guess the idiots who voted for him will finally get what they deserve.

(The two laugh uproariously and maliciously.)

WOMAN 2

They'll weed out the narrow-minded losers, that's for sure.

(WOMAN 3 walks in.)

WOMAN 3

My God. You saw the news?

WOMAN 1

We did.

WOMAN 2

Horrible! Just horrible!

WOMAN 3

These evil sons of bitches won't be so smug when half their base is wiped out.

WOMAN 2

That's what I said!

ALL

Good riddance!

(They cackle some more.)

SCENE 6

(THE TRUE BELIEVER addresses the Senate.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

You know, I had a dream last night. And in it, all of us were here, in this chamber, and all of us were One with Christ. All of us! Even you, Senator, even you. Ha! But jokes aside, let me tell you, this unity was ... profound. And filled with truth. Christ was within us all, moving us for the good of this Nation that has been moving away from Him for too long. Christ was within us and He spoke, He shared with us the promise of a beautiful and righteous Christian nation with a pure heart and a strong moral core. Senators, this is the Nation that it is our duty to create. A Nation that leaves forever the path of immorality and sin down which it has strayed and chooses instead immortality, eternal life in Christ, in His beauty, in His power, in His overwhelming grace. That is where our country is headed: to the joy and glory of living in Christ. Our duty is to usher in this era.

But Mr. Vice President, you say. How do we do this when so many among us are weak, are sinful, when so many among us willfully disregard the blessing that has been offered to us in Christ?

Let me tell you how I had this dream.

I was in bed last night. I was in bed, and next to me my wife slept soundly, but I could not sleep. The future of this country weighed heavily on my mind. In order to lift the weight, I thought of turning to ... idleness, distraction. To the sin of self-gratification. I admit that. I admit my imperfection. But the strength of Christ allowed me to turn away from this and to turn to Him instead. And I submitted myself in prayer, reaching out to Christ, seeking His love, sharing with Him my worries and fears.

And He responded. Christ came to my bed and asked, my child, why you are suffering? And His presence soothed me. I felt a great warmth that began in my heart and spread through my body. My skin felt so sensitive to the sheets. My breathing grew deeper, heavier. My eyelids grew heavy. My whole being was undulating, relaxing as it hadn't been able to in weeks. And then the warmth grew, roaring, into a fire, and I was vibrating, and Christ was showing me His power, showing me the power of our union. My throat was constricted, my body struggled to move up, up to meet Him. In the light behind my eyelids I saw his figure, illuminated, and I felt my tongue reach out unbidden, this muscle stretching to salve his holy wounds. Their taste of iron and salt was real, and it was painful, and I was overcome with emotion, overcome by Christ's beauty and

generosity, overcome by His love, overcome by the intimacy and freedom with which He gives that love.

I didn't know that the heat could grow stronger but it did, and it continued to pulse within me with ever-greater intensity, and I was shaking then, and Christ was in front of me, holding me, and inside me, inside me and filling me wholly, leaving no room for doubt, leaving no room for anything but faith in His love. And we were together imbued with a searing light that grew brighter and brighter, and I clung to Him, fearful, I clung to His pain, which was my pain, I reached for His wounds, which were my wounds, I couldn't stand it anymore, I didn't know what He was doing, but I trusted Him, I cried out, I am sure, cried out His name over and over until my throat was raw, until my voice was brittle, and then—

Like piercing daybreak, like a revelation, like water bursting forth from behind a dam, the light and the heat shattered into glorious flames, Christ shattered into flames, I shattered into flames, and there was no more pain, there was no more worry, there was nothing but waves and waves and waves of the most ineffable bright and crackling beauty.

I don't know how long I rode these waves. When they finally subsided, my limbs were weak, my bed saturated with sweat, my pillow flooded by tears I did not know I had shed. I was broken, more fully surrendered to Christ than perhaps ever before. And a great peace washed over me.

And then I slept. And then, Senators, I had this beautiful dream, with all of you. And we all felt this same full surrender, we all felt our desires satiated and our bodies healed by Christ. He alone will do this for us and for this country.

This is why, good Senators, I will be voting “no” on this wasteful bill, should a tiebreak be necessary. I urge you to reject it outright.

SCENE 7

(As before, the TRIO OF WEIRDOS sing another song.)

THE WEIRDOS

We saw Bigfoot in the forest;
He was gentle, he was dreaming,
He was splashing in a stream, and
He was singing to himself.

We saw Bigfoot; he was wearing
A nice skirt he'd made from grass,
And as we passed, he smiled a smile
That made our hearts beat extra fast.

And then we said:
Excuse me, sir, we couldn't help but notice
Your pretty eyes,
Your joyful voice!

And then he said:
I'm grateful that you're here and that you noticed.
Come down and join me,
And let's rejoice
In that we've found each other now!

Oooh-ooh-ooh! Oooh-ooh-ooh! And we rejoiced!

We met Bigfoot in the forest,
And we held each other tight,
And it felt right, and other animals
Came down and joined the love.

And we were underneath the moonlight;
We were underneath the stars, and
Our guitar's reverberation
Felt like wisdom from afar.

And then we danced!
And celebrated life and coexistence!
And we felt young,
And we felt proud.

And as we danced,
Humanity receded in the distance.
But in its wake
It left a cloud of dust that settled on us all.

We found Bigfoot in the forest;
He was prancing, he was twirling;
We were swirling through a place
That we all longed to call our home.

But the home was an illusion;
As we swayed under the eaves
And felt the leaves crunch underfoot, we knew:
Simplicity deceives.

Simplicity deceives.

SCENE 8

(The bathroom. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE stands at the mirror, staring at himself. THE POWERFUL ONE enters.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Why the hell are you always in this bathroom, kid?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

I could ask you the same thing.

THE POWERFUL ONE

Why do you think? I gotta take a piss. Only one of us has got himself a pretty face like that, so staring in the mirror sure as hell ain't my draw.

(He starts to piss.)

Shit, you look at yourself like that when you're jerking off on the toilet? You got mirrors all over your bedroom like that?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

I—no.

THE POWERFUL ONE

Think about it. I know a guy who got em imported from Persia. Covered his entire fuckin ceiling. Hell if I was fucking you, I'd want to see it from every motherfuckin angle. Shit. Get that face and that ass in the picture at the same time? I'd be about ready to shoot.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Well, thank you.

THE POWERFUL ONE

(zipping up)

Hey, what's wrong with you?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

What?

THE POWERFUL ONE

Why the hell aren't you having any fun? You're not *that* much of a rookie, kid. You know how to do it.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

There's just so much work—

THE POWERFUL ONE

Work! If I wanted to work I'd still be a fuckin banker. Bartender, whatever. Work! You don't become an advisor to the President to do work. You make some shit up and then you go out and get laid.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Does he know you think that?

THE POWERFUL ONE

Does he know? What do you think *he* does?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

He cares about things.

THE POWERFUL ONE

Yeah? Maybe you should ask him about it next time you're sucking his dick.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

I would. He deserves it.

THE POWERFUL ONE

Ha. I have.

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE is shocked and jealous. THE POWERFUL ONE sees this and shakes his head. He leaves.)

SCENE 9

(The café and podium.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Look, when I said women were vile all I meant is that, they're volatile. You can't trust them. They're just—not people you want to spend time with. And we sure as heck don't want them on the front lines in battle! I mean, the mood swings? The bleeding? That's all I meant.

WOMAN 1

This horrible man again.

WOMAN 2

Despicable.

WOMAN 1

As though women haven't nobly served for decades.

WOMAN 2

With so much more integrity than men!

WOMAN 1

And these assholes call themselves patriots.

WOMAN 2

Patriots my ass! Wusses and draft dodgers more like it!

WOMAN 1

Every woman service member should bring him a terrorist's head on a platter, that's what I think.

WOMAN 2

That'd show him.

WOMAN 1

That's what makes America great.

WOMAN 2

The greatest.

(WOMAN 3 walks in.)

WOMAN 3

Hello fellow patriots.

WOMEN 1 AND 2

Hello!

WOMAN 3

This man is talking nonsense again.

WOMAN 1

I know!

WOMAN 2

He's so idiotic!

WOMAN 3

Here, for example, is an iconic photo of a woman in the military.

(It is Lynndie England at Abu Ghraib.)

WOMEN

Hashtag she persisted!

(They take another selfie.)

SCENE 10

(An office in the government building.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

I can't stop thinking about that moment with Jesus. It has stuck with me so profoundly.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

It was beautiful, really. Your speech. I mean that.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

I have never felt so—full. So hopeful. So ... achingly, desperately hopeful.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

I don't think I've ever felt that way.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Can I tell you something?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Of course.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

The aftermath is horrible.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Oh?

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Uncertainty that it was real—uncertainty that I will ever feel so free from doubt again—
uncertainty that I will ever feel so alive again—

Feeling Christ's kiss on my lips was the most unbelievable beauty.

Will I ever encounter such beauty again?

Now there is only this emptiness.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Come here.

(They kiss gently for a long, long time.)

SCENE 11

(Back in the thicket with the TRIO OF WEIRDOS,
who sing again.)

THE WEIRDOS

There's a little log cabin by a river
That is stunning and so peaceful in the gloam,
And you think that you could stay there for forever,
But there's something that keeps calling you back home.

And that something that keeps calling you back home
Isn't something you can easily ignore.
It keeps haunting you and taunting you and beckoning you back,
And you turn around and follow in its track.

And the bears that shared the forest were majestic and so strong,
And utopia was quietly domestic all along,
And we were foolish in the city, we were foolish in the throng,
But it was home.
So we head home.

We say goodbye to the cabin and the river;
We bid farewell to the friends that we had made;
We look forth into sunlight of the morning;
We step out from the woods' protective shade.

(They step out. A flash. They disappear.)

SCENE 12

(One by one, WOMEN 1, 2, AND 3 roll through the
window into the bathroom.)

WOMAN 1

I can't believe we're doing this.

WOMAN 2

We could totally get arrested.

WOMAN 3

I mean, we could have also ... come in ... through the door.

WOMAN 1

Yeah, if we showed *ID*.

WOMAN 2

As though we'd be stupid enough for that!
Ugh this bathroom is disgusting.

WOMAN 1

Men are such pigs.

WOMAN 3

My husband—

(The door opens. The WOMEN shriek.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Who the fuck are you all?

WOMAN 2

Your worst enemy.

THE POWERFUL ONE

Oh yeah? The worst enemy of my bladder maybe. Get the fuck outta here.

WOMAN 1

Never!

THE POWERFUL ONE

Suit yourself.

(He begins to piss. The WOMEN are Outraged.)

WOMAN 2

Sir, how dare you, this is—

THE POWERFUL ONE

This is a men's bathroom! In a government building!

WOMAN 1

Yes, but—

THE POWERFUL ONE

But what? Do you even have authorization to be in this building?

(He finishes and turns around to address them. They hesitate.)

What the fuck are you doing in here?

WOMAN 1

We're—we're placing you under citizen's arrest.

THE POWERFUL ONE

You're *what*?

WOMAN 3

We're *what*?

(WOMAN 1 kicks WOMAN 3 to shut her up.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

You know what, I'm calling security.

(He moves to get his phone from his pocket. WOMEN 1 AND 2 lunge at him.)

WOMEN 1 AND 2

Not before you wash your hands!!

WOMAN 1

Do you know how disgusting that is?

(In the commotion, WOMAN 2 grabs the phone from his pocket. He is amused. He doesn't notice that WOMAN 3 has started filming.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

You like reaching into men's pockets, huh. Wondering what you'll find there? Trying to get what your husbands only give to their younger, sluttier lovers?

By all means, grab away. The more the merrier. You wanna touch?

(He pulls out his cock.)

WOMAN 2

This is sexual harassment.

(He starts jerking off.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Again: You are unauthorized visitors, and you are in the men's fuckin bathroom.

WOMAN 1

I'm calling the cops.

(She pulls out her phone. Now it's THE POWERFUL ONE's turn to lunge. He knocks her phone out of her hand, and it shatters on the ground. He grabs her, holds her hands behind her back.)

WOMAN 1

If you're going to touch me, for God's sake wash your hands.

(THE POWERFUL ONE is baffled. Then he notices WOMAN 3 filming and goes after her, discarding WOMAN 1 to the ground. He takes her phone. She screams.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

You like this? You wanted to go home and touch yourself wishing your husband had a cock like this, wishing he would take you in a public bathroom, wishing the sex weren't so tedious every fucking time? Wishing someone with real power would touch you and make you scream? Is that what you wanted?

(He backs off.)

I'm going to be very generous and assume it is.

(He deletes the video and smashes the phone underfoot.)

Now, give me my phone back.

(WOMAN 2 is back in a corner. She does as he asks. He picks the shattered phone off the ground from under his foot and flushes it down the toilet. He makes a call.)

I'm in the ground floor men's bathroom, the one with the broken stall. I've got three unauthorized guests in here. Get someone out here stat.

(He hangs up.)

SCENE 13

(The podium, with no onlookers, and very dim lighting.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

On behalf of the White House, the President sucks.
 On behalf of the White House, everyone who works here is really mean.
 On behalf of the White House, reporters are the meanest of all.
 On behalf of the White House, what makes you think I can answer your questions?
 On behalf of the White House, you know more than I do.
 On behalf of the White House, how did I even land this job?
 On behalf of the White House, my dad's gonna be so disappointed if I screw this up.

When I screw this up.

On behalf of the White House, I'm a failure and a joke.

(The lights go off completely. Footage of a U.S. missile strike, e.g., April 7, 2017, on Syria [[source](#)].)

SCENE 14

(THE TRUE BELIEVER reads from Euripides' *Bacchae* trans. C.K. Williams. He is drinking. He is a sad and angry drunk, but a very eloquent one.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

There are, young man,
 two principles for humankind: first the goddess
 Demeter—you can call her that, or Earth—
 who nourishes us with solid food. Then comes
 the son of Semele, equal in power, who invented
 and introduced to mortals the liquid of the grape,
 which gives weak humans surcease from pain,
 when they're glutted with the liquor of the vine,
 and gives us sleep, to forget the evils of our days.
 There is no other remedy for our affliction.

(He stares at his glass, downs it, pours another. Picks up reading from a later page.)

That girlish stranger who's introduced this new plague
 and fouled our beds—I want him. Track him down
 and when you find him, tie him up, bring him here,
 so he can get what he deserves, death by stoning.

(More page flipping.)

What a mane of hair you have: very seductive.

Look at it falling down your cheeks.
Good hand holds for a wrestler.
And how white your skin is: you must be careful
about staying out of the sun.
Oh, yes, handsome you, in the shade.

(Flip)

My hair is holy: I've grown it for the god.

(Flip)

Do
 you see us?
 Do you
see these
 things, son
 of Zeus?
Dionysus,
 do you see
 our battle,
our suffering
 in
 oppression?

(Flip)

Roar, lightning! Roar, bolt! Fire!
Let the fire consume! Consume and roar!

(Flip)

A man, a mortal, dares to struggle with a god!

(He hits a peak. He pauses. He drinks. Flip. Quieter.)

if you desire what shouldn't be desired, come out.

SCENE 15

(The bathroom. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE is peeing.
THE POWERFUL ONE enters.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Jesus, it's only you. You motherfuckin would not believe this—these three chicks, right, I come in here to take a piss, they're gathered around, doing god knows what—I mean, fully clothed, too fuckin bad, they weren't up to anything interesting—I come in here, right, gotta piss like a racehorse and they say they won't leave. So I get my dick out and start pissing, and maybe I get a little hard, right, cuz that's some shit, them watching me piss. Them getting off on that, right? You'd like that. And I think, okay, maybe I'll let them do their thing. But get this: they tell me—me!—I'm under “citizen's arrest.” Total nonsense. I called security and they dropped em outside. Could've had *them* arrested, but for my generous spirit. Unbelievable, right?

Damn though, I wouldn't mind having a crowd suck my cock right in here though, I wouldn't. I wouldn't mind someone drinking my piss either.

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE finishes pissing and washes his hands as
THE POWERFUL ONE starts.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

You're a sick motherfucker.

(They laugh.)

SCENE 16

(At the café, WOMEN 1, 2, AND 3 sit in silence.
Nobody stands behind the podium.)

SCENE 17

(The bathroom. A flash. The TRIO OF WEIRDOS
appears.)

THE WEIRDOS

(to each other, sung)

Do you know where we are?

Do you know what we're doing?

Do you know who has called us to fulfill what has been destined?

Do you know what that is?

Do you know where it came from?

Do you know the fate that waits for us and everyone on earth?

(outward)

Do you know it's not pretty?
Do you know it will hurt?
Do you know revolution is a farce?

Do you know death is coming?
Do you know who will die?
Nor do I.
Nor do I.
Nor do I.

SCENE 18

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE sits in his office and drinks and writes, reading aloud what he is writing.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Dear Mr. President,

I hope this letter finds you well. It has come to my attention that certain individuals whom you consider to be among your closest and most trustworthy advisors have been speaking unkindly of you behind your back, making accusations that your passion is not for the work but rather for the power that it grants you, accusations that you have deployed this power in questionable ways.

While I have no reason to believe these words, nor any reason to believe that they have ever traveled beyond these intimate walls within which we all serve, I thought it my patriotic duty to inform you. Please be careful, sir.

Sir, I hope I do not come across as obsequious when I say that the brilliance and beauty with which you hold the office of President are unmatched. And if there is anything that I can do for you—anything at all—please know that I, unlike others, will always operate with the utmost discretion and loyalty.

I remain, forever in your service—

(The door opens. He quickly folds the letter and puts it aside. THE TRUE BELIEVER walks in, closing the door behind him.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

You are a very beautiful man.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

It was one kiss, Mr. Vice President.

(THE TRUE BELIEVER comes around to massage his shoulders.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Tell me honestly. Are you ... a homosexual?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

No, no. Nothing like that.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Really?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Sometimes a man needs other men. Their—power. And hardness. And mentorship. That's all.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Hardness.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

You know what I mean.

(THE TRUE BELIEVER removes THE BEAUTIFUL ONE's blazer, continuing the massage. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE closes his eyes, gets lost.)

Thank you, Mr. President, that feels wonderful.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Mr. President?

(He reaches down, starts massaging THE BEAUTIFUL ONE's chest.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Slip of the tongue. Maybe in a few years, huh?

... Listen, I don't know what you want from this, but it seems to me you're looking for—

THE TRUE BELIEVER

Do you believe in hell?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

What? ... No.

(THE TRUE BELIEVER steps away.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

You think it's—made-up fear-mongering.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE
Well, yeah.

THE TRUE BELIEVER
You're wrong.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE
It's not your business, man.

THE TRUE BELIEVER
I want to help you. I want to help all of us.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE
How?

THE TRUE BELIEVER
I don't know.

SCENE 19

(The café and podium.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE
I apologize for my brief absence. There were some—personal matters I had to take care of. Rest assured, I am still very much a representative of this administration. On behalf of the White House, there are, of course, some changes in staff happening. But this will make us stronger. Now, regarding immigrants: They are bad. We will destroy them. Thank you.

WOMAN 1
Why are we still here.

WOMAN 2
Resistance is futile.

WOMAN 1
The pins ... the hats ... the breaking and entering...

WOMAN 2
All for nothing.

WOMAN 1
There's a protest tomorrow. About this.

WOMAN 2

There's a protest every week.

WOMAN 1

They are so crowded and uncomfortable.

WOMAN 2

And directionless and ineffective.

WOMAN 1

I am tired of being an activist.

WOMAN 2

It is a tiring business.

WOMAN 1

Maybe we should take our families and move out into the woods somewhere, away from all this.

WOMAN 2

That could be nice.

(WOMAN 3 enters.)

WOMAN 3

Why are you always here without me.

WOMAN 1

Why are you always late.

WOMAN 2

We are moving to the woods.

WOMAN 3

What?

WOMAN 2

We are leaving this behind.

WOMAN 3

That's a terrible idea. I just got a new phone.

WOMAN 1

Oh.

WOMAN 3

And a new therapist.

WOMAN 2

Oh.

WOMAN 3

And a new nanny!
I am a New Woman.

WOMAN 1

I would like to be a New Woman.

WOMAN 3

I am protesting immigration tomorrow.

WOMAN 2

You mean protesting—for immigration.

WOMAN 3

No. Yes. Who knows?

SCENE 20

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE, in the bathroom. THE POWERFUL ONE storms in, slamming the door.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

You little fucking snitch.

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE is quiet.)

You're trying to fuck with me? Is that what you're doing? You think, oh, this guy, the one who fuckin *mentors* me, the one who has *my best interest at heart*, the only one of these goddamn clowns who is *competent* and *smart*—he's the one I'm gonna rat out to the President.

Bad fuckin choice, kiddo. I get it. You're next in line. You want to get rid of the competition. You think you'll fuckin sneak around, be a little fuckin brownnoser, and that'll be that, you're golden, you're the President's fuckin golden child, with that fuckin face, that fuckin charm. But you are *no match for me*, you understand? You are *no match for me*.

And if this is how you treat me, boy oh fuckin boy, I can make your life hell or I can get rid of you like *that*. *My* choice. So remember that the next time you want to write someone a fuckin letter.

(He moves to leave, then turns back.)

Jesus, and if you want to lick the President's ass so bad, just ask him. The motherfucker's into that.

(He leaves. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE is shaken.)

SCENE 21

(The cabin is razed. The greenery is dug up. The river is polluted. The animals are killed.)

SCENE 22

(In an office, the TRIO OF WEIRDOS feel a jolt.)

THE WEIRDOS

Everything is gone gone gone gone gone gone.
It's time for moving on on on on on on.
It's all just sticks and stones stones stones stones stones stones.
We feel them crack our bones bones bones bones bones.

And we move on (we move on)
To the men who are waiting (waiting, waiting).
We move on! (We move on!)
As we plan our revenge.

Oh, oh, we move on (we move on);
We're a bomb detonating (boom boom) (boom boom).
We move on! (We move on!)
That's why we're here (that's why we're here).

Cuz everything is gone gone gone gone gone gone.
We haven't got too long long long long long long
To execute our aim aim aim aim aim aim,
And thus begins the game.

We move on (we move on),
And we move like a lion (roaring! screaming!)
We move on! (We move on!)

And we move for the kill.

Oh, oh, we move on (we move on),
And there's no time for cryin (just roaring! and screaming!)
And we move on! (We move on!)
Til we've had our fill.

SCENE 23

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

What more do you frickin want from me? I don't know, okay? I don't know! You try taking this job, okay? It is so hard! It is so much harder than you know! Why can't you be nicer to me? On behalf of the White House, you are all awful people.

(He leaves.)

WOMAN 1

Somebody's getting fired.

WOMAN 2

Let's hope so.

(A pause.)

WOMAN 1

I can't believe she was crushed on her way to the protest like that.

WOMAN 2

Horrible. Just horrible. See if I ever go to a protest again.
How's she doing?

WOMAN 1

She's dead.

WOMAN 2

Terrible.

(Another pause. The TRIO OF WEIRDOS arrives and takes in the scene.)

THE WEIRDOS

Are they friend or foe?
We cannot decide.
So I gather we would rather
that they both just died.

(Pew! The WOMEN collapse.)

SCENE 24

(An office.)

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

You are so smart, why are you on probation?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

It's a long story.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

I thought for sure you'd be one of the safe ones.
Are you scared?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

I'm pissed.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Oh ha yeah, same here.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Come on man, you've gotta chill out.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Yeah that's what my therapist says.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Okay, for one, never use that line again.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

I mean it's *true*...

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Are you concerned with truth?

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

I guess not.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Good. Turns out nobody here is.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

If I was half as smart and handsome as you...

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

You'd what?

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

I can't even imagine.

You won't tell me what happened?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

I—tried to give the President a warning. He didn't believe me.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Is he in danger? Oh my god—

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

No. No. Certain people were just being disloyal little shits.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Oh.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

You've been having a hard time, huh. It's a lot of pressure.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Thank you!

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Again—

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Right. Tone it down.

Why are you being nice to me?

(THE BEAUTIFUL ONE shrugs.)

Do you want me to—to do something back for you?

I can do something back for you.

You really are so handsome.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Not necessary.

You'll be back on the job in a couple of weeks?

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

I sure hope so.

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

You just need more confidence, man.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

Yeah—yeah, I guess. Thanks.

(They sit in silence. A jolt. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE leaps up.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

I've gotta go, sorry.

THE INCOMPETENT ONE

I'll come with you.

SCENE 25

(THE TRUE BELIEVER addresses the Senate.)

THE TRUE BELIEVER

I am so proud of this group of men and women for doing the right thing. I understand that so-called social programs may look appealing on paper. But the role of the government—

(The TRIO OF WEIRDOS arrives. They lurk to the side. THE TRUE BELIEVER sees them. They disconcert him. He falters.)

ahem—um—the role of the government—is—what is it?

(to the WEIRDOS)

What is it?

(to himself)

The role of the government is—is—

(to the Senate)

Here, in this nation—a nation of—of—bootstraps, of—individualism—of—success—

(the WEIRDOS hiss menacingly. to them)

Here, in *this* nation, we—

(they hiss more)

Or—maybe—

(losing his composure. to the Senate)

Look maybe they seem kind! Maybe they seem generous! They aren't though, they aren't! They're—disastrous! Those values aren't our values!

(to the WEIRDOS)

Those values aren't our values! Those values aren't—Christ's values! Those values—

(to the Senate)

The warmth! The beauty! The transcendence! They were real! They were real! They were real! They were real! They were real! They were real! They were real! They were real! They were real! They were real!

(He is stuck in this cycle, which continues on for some time. He is drawn to the WEIRDOS, who motion for him to approach them. He does. They turn their backs to him. He follows them out.)

SCENE 26

(The café. The WOMEN are ghosts, now. The podium setup has disappeared.)

WOMAN 1

How do we feel about death?

WOMAN 2

What?

WOMAN 1

Death—is it bad?

WOMAN 2

I don't know. Is it bad?

WOMAN 1

I don't know.

WOMAN 2

Should we go somewhere? Do we go somewhere?

WOMAN 1

Do you want to go somewhere?

WOMAN 2

I want—I feel it is a little unfair.

WOMAN 1

What is?

WOMAN 2

Death is, maybe.

WOMAN 1

It's a lot the same as life, it seems like.

(WOMAN 2 looks to where the podium previously was.)

WOMAN 2

Maybe politics are over.

WOMAN 1

Maybe politics are over.

SCENE 27

(The bathroom. The TRIO OF WEIRDOS wait in silence. THE POWERFUL ONE enters.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Jesus Christ, again? Who the fuck are you? What the fuck is this, some kind of gathering place?

(The TRIO is silent.)

Fuck, stand there if you're gonna stand there. Suck my dick if you're gonna suck my dick. What do I care.

(He pisses.)

I'll even wash my hands, happy?

(He washes his hands.)

This is a fuckin madhouse, I tell ya. None of this shit can even surprise me anymore. I'm gonna have to call security, though—

(He suddenly can't move or speak. The TRIO sings.)

THE WEIRDOS

We met Bigfoot in the forest;
He was gentle, he was dreaming,
He was splashing in a stream, and
He was singing to himself.

He was such a thing of beauty,
He was such a thing of wonder;
He went under when your pathological
Violence left him stunned.

And so we're here,
To avenge his memory, avenge the flowers
That once grew wild
And that you killed.

Yes we are here
To restore the justice that's rightfully ours,
To stop this chaos,
And to rebuild a beauty better than before!

Oooh-ooh-ooh! Oooh-ooh-ooh! Yes we'll rebuild!

We met Bigfoot in the forest,
And we held each other tight,
And it felt right, and other animals
Came down and joined the love.

And now the love we had is shattered,
And our friends' remains are splattered,
But this mattered not at all,
And all of you went home so glad.

And then you danced,
And celebrated death and annihilation!
And you felt young,
And you felt proud.

And as you danced,
Humanity was just a complication,

And in your wake,
You left a cloud of dust that settled on us all.

We found Bigfoot in the forest;
He was prancing, he was twirling;
We were swirling through a place
That you so carefully destroyed.

But when we saw the ugly remnants,
And we stumbled in the void,
We were deployed to take you down,
So we are fucking overjoyed.

We are fucking overjoyed.

SCENE 28

WOMAN 1

I think we need to go somewhere.

WOMAN 2

Where?

WOMAN 1

Somewhere.

WOMAN 2

Where?

WOMAN 1

If I knew where I'd say.

WOMAN 2

Oh.

Do dead people have to pee. I kind of have to pee.

WOMAN 1

How would I know.

WOMAN 2

You know things sometimes.

WOMAN 1

I think we should leave. That's what I know.

(WOMAN 3 walks up to them, looks them over.)

Did you die too? WOMAN 3

I guess so. WOMAN 1

Oh. It's weird, right? WOMAN 3

Do you still have to pee? WOMAN 2

What? WOMAN 3

When you're dead. WOMAN 2

Oh. No. WOMAN 3

Oh. WOMAN 2

We have to walk this way. Didn't you know? WOMAN 3

No. WOMAN 2

So let's walk that way. WOMAN 1

Okay. WOMAN 2

(They don't move.)

How do we do that. WOMAN 1

We just do. WOMAN 3

(They don't move for a long time. Then, a jolt. They mechanically walk offstage.)

SCENE 29

(THE TRUE BELIEVER sits alone in a room. Suddenly, the TRIO OF WEIRDOS and THE POWERFUL ONE appear. THE POWERFUL ONE is struggling.)

THE POWERFUL ONE

Let go of—hey, what the fuck is this? What are you doing here?

(He is forced into a seat. Again, he can't move or speak. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE and THE INCOMPETENT ONE walk in placidly. They, too, are whisked into seats. The TRIO step back to watch. Then, they begin to sing. Unwillingly, the POLITICIANS enter a game of musical chairs. With each round, the fighting for chairs feels more violent and more sexual, and as each POLITICIAN is eliminated, he sits on the floor, to the side, and watches lustfully. First THE INCOMPETENT ONE is out, then THE TRUE BELIEVER, and finally, THE POWERFUL ONE. The game ends. THE BEAUTIFUL ONE has won.)

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE

Suck my dick, motherfuckers.

(The three crawl towards him and commence with the dick-sucking as ordered. It is terrible and violent and sexy and eventually transforms into a wild, animal foursome. The ghosts of the WOMEN walk in and stare. As the POLITICIANS continue to fuck, they tear each other limb from limb until all are in pieces, bloody, immobile, silent, on the floor. The WOMEN are in awe.)

THE WOMEN

(to each other)

Is this heaven?

SCENE 30

(The TRIO OF WEIRDOS step to the center and sing.)

THE WEIRDOS

There's a little log cabin by a river
And a sprinkling of freshly-fallen snow;
There's the bright glare of sunlight in the morning;
It's a place where any one of us could go.

In this place where any one of us could go,
There are things we never knew that there could be:
Things like funguses and poisons and all sorts of odd debris,
Things like somehow for the first time feeling free.

And the bears that share the forest are majestic and so strong,
And utopia was quietly domestic all along,
And we were foolish in the city, we were foolish in the throng,
But we're still here.
We're all still here.

And we imagine a cabin by a river,
While we lick all the blood from our hands.
And we hope there'll be sunlight in the morning—

(They cut off. Silence. The play is over.)