

THE UNITED STATES OF PANDAMERICA

By Jerry Rabushka

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THE UNITED STATES OF PANDAMERICA

A One Act Political Satire

by Jerry Rabushka

SYNOPSIS: A constitution in crisis! A cabinet in confusion! How will the media react when “We the People” elect a panda from the Washington, D.C. zoo as president of the United States? The “Buffalo News Network” takes us up close to visit with failed candidates, the zookeeper who claims to be the panda’s interpreter, the rap star who’s the Vice President-elect, and some celebrities from the states that dared to vote for a human being. The reporters provide an in-depth look at what happens when people cast their vote for the cute and fluffy instead of the rich and greedy and ask the question: are we better off? Your cast, crew and audience will vote a resounding YES for *The United States of Pandamerica!*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5-7 females, 5 males, 3 either, 1-21 extras; gender flexible, doubling possible)

MEG DAVIS (f) A TV anchor. (63 lines)
 OLIVER CROSKY (m) A TV anchor. (58 lines)
 HOLLY HOLBERT (f) A TV correspondent, on-the-scene reporter. (Pronounced Hol-BEAR.) (57 lines)
 CLAYTON MORTON HOLMES (m) ... 20’s; Cool guy, and a blogger. (29 lines)
 MARIA ANNA SANTIAGO (f) A TV newscaster and presidential debate moderator. (18 lines)
 OKSANA PUTWONOVA (f) A presidential candidate for the Melodramatic Party. If desired, she speaks with an Eastern European accent. (24 lines)
 YOLANDA PRETTIFACE (f) A candidate for the Glamor Cosmetology Party. If desired, she speaks with a South African or East African accent. (22 lines)

- CARLO MARIO DONIZETTI (m) Danzio's Dad, a candidate for the Really Rich People party. If desired, he speaks with an Italian accent. Very wealthy. (22 lines)
- DANZIO DONIZETTI (m)..... 20's-30's; Carlo's son, arrogant and smarmy but slickly put together. (20 lines)
- ARVINE CHEN (m/f) Panda's keeper (pronounced AR'-Vine as in grape vine). (22 lines)
- CARRIE ANN NORTH (f)..... A hip-hop star, and Vice-President Elect. (21 lines)
- SNAPPY BRYLDENSEN (f)..... A model, Miss Photogenic Idaho. (37 lines)
- LENSY (m/f) Snappy's photographer. (17 lines)
- VERNON QUINTON (m) Mr. Muscle Vermont, does not have to be muscular. (28 lines)
- COZEN (m/f)..... A restaurant server. (pronounced "Co" as in "Go"). (10 lines)
- SINGALONG (m/f)..... A Panda. This character is referred to as female in the script but this can be changed if a male performer is cast. (Non-Speaking)
- EXTRAS (m/f)..... Optional. Camera Operators, can be in several scenes where there are newscasts. Backup Dancers in Scene 3. Prison Guards in Scene 7. Secret Service Agents in Scene 8. Inauguration Audience in Scene 8. (Non-Speaking)

CAST DOUBLING: Carrie/Cozen; Maria/Lensy. Smaller speaking roles can also double as extras.

DURATION: 45 minutes.

TIME: Present day.

SETTING: TV Newsroom.

SET

One way to set this up is to have the newsroom on one area or side of the stage, and the rest of the action on the rest of the stage, as many of the scenes include newsroom reporting and then a “cutaway” to an on-the-scene report. The on-the-scene settings can be changed quickly by moving just a couple tables and chairs. The newsroom can be as simple as a desk and a couple chairs; it can also have posters or a map of America behind the anchors. If you like, color all the states one color except Idaho and Vermont, which should each be different colors. Also feel free to design a “Buffalo News Network” logo.

PROPS

- ☐ Two Stuffed Pandas
- ☐ Restaurant Service Items (plates, etc.)
- ☐ Snacks (Chips, candy, etc.)
- ☐ Candy Bar
- ☐ Small Notebook and Pen
- ☐ Camera
- ☐ Map
- ☐ Small Weights

SPECIAL EFFECTS

- ☐ Introductory Music (to introduce various newscasts)
- ☐ Presidential Music
- ☐ Dance beats
- ☐ Dance music lighting effects

COSTUMES

MEG and OLIVER – Professional news anchor attire.

CLAYTON – Is hip, up to date in his outfit but perhaps a little too much so.

Like someone you would see in a cell phone or computer technology ad.

CARRIE – Dressed very colorfully and in the current trend.

SNAPPY – Should be dressed in something futuristic, and perhaps tasteless – something that most people will look at and think “why would I ever wear that?”

LENSY – Dressed in a stark contrast, post-modern, in a “fashion statement” and an unusual high-rise hair style that doesn’t quite work.

HOLLY – A combination of serious reporting and tabloid journalism, depending on what’s needed, so she’s more laid back and less interested in truth than MEG and OLIVER. She might dress more informally.

YOLANDA – Dressed more for a modeling shoot than a presidential debate. Also wears prison garb.

DANZIO – Dressed in an “expensive” suit that’s very ostentatious, with slick hair and a slick smile. Also wears prison garb.

OKSANA – Conducts herself like a glamorous 1940’s movie star, for example Zsa Zsa Gabor. Dress to match this persona. Also wears prison garb.

CARLO – Dressed in an “expensive” suit and a slick hairstyle. Also wears prison garb.

ARVINE – Dressed in a uniform or a zoo shirt, somewhat unkempt; shirt half tucked, hair out of place, giant glasses, dirty shoes, etc.

VERNON – Dressed in workout attire.

COZEN – Dressed in server attire.

SINGALONG – Use a full-fledged panda costume or some imaginative clothing and make-up.

AUTHOR’S NOTE

The United States of Pandamerica provides a great opportunity for some imaginative costuming and hairstyles. Costume and characterization suggestions are included throughout the script as characters come on stage. Most of these characters are based on “types” we know from current media, TV, and pop culture, so playing into these types, or even exaggerating them, can create the best comedic effect.

This play is not realistic, as chances of a panda being elected president are relatively slim. Also, having actors play all the candidates with an accent makes a silent statement that none of them were born here, however this is not a requirement.

SCENE 1

AT RISE: *Lights up on the newsroom, MEG and OLIVER are seated behind an anchor desk, MEG closer to the exit.*

MEG: This is Meg Davis...

OLIVER: And this is Oliver Crosky, and you're here with us on the Buffalo News network. Tonight... *(Showy, but serious.)* "America in the Balance"

MEG: In our continuing...and surprising...election coverage, we're reporting that a panda has been elected as the next president of The United States of America. This is, of course, unusual, unprecedented, and...some may say, unfortunate. Thoughts, Oliver?

OLIVER: *(Dismayed.)* Meg, I have a question for you. You just said that a panda has been elected as the next president of The United States of America.

MEG: I did, Oliver. You've been watching the results just as closely as I have. What's your question?

OLIVER: *(So annoyed and befuddled he can hardly talk.)* How did this happen?

MEG: It won 48 states. *(Motions to map, if there is one.)* Every state but Idaho and Vermont. And they'll have heck to pay down the line, Oliver. That's what we think. *(Very stern.)* Heck to pay. So, pony up those potatoes, Idaho, because you'll be paying for this by the bushel. Tap out that real maple syrup, Vermont, because you've poured your last pancake on the griddle.

OLIVER: Can you explain this to the American electorate? How did it get on the ballot? How did it become a serious candidate without a single policy statement and without a single speech or rally?

MEG: We believe that's why it won. It was a write in.

OLIVER: In 48 states? How did 48 states write in a panda? We heard rumblings, but no one took it seriously.

MEG: I report the news, Ollie, I don't make it. But we do have our special correspondent, Holly Holbert, to explain the ramifications.

OLIVER: Of a zoo animal becoming the President of the United States? I think those ramifications are clearly very clear.

MEG: I don't think you have any idea what the ramifications are, Oliver, or we'd be getting answers from you instead of questions. Let's go live to Holly Holbert on the scene. It's total panda-monium! Holly, what's the reaction in Washington?

Lights up on HOLLY, who is on the other side of the stage. If desired, camera operators can be on hand shooting the broadcast.

HOLLY: This is very unprecedented, Meg and Oliver.

OLIVER: *(Over the top and sarcastic.)* No kidding. Give her a Pulitzer! Give her a Nobel! You've just broken new ground, Holly, and I am so proud to be here with you in this broadcast.

HOLLY: Thank you Oliver. I'll have you know I was J-School standout at the Mississippi College for Inadequate and Biased Reporting. As I said, it's very unprecedented and we don't as of yet know what the ramifications are. But for Idaho and Vermont, the ramifications are very, very serious.

OLIVER: How did it even get on the ballot? It's not 35 and it's not born in America. It's on loan from the Chinese. It only needs to meet two qualifications and it fails miserably.

HOLLY: Funny you should ask, Oliver, but it turns out this panda is 37 in panda years, and that's good enough. As for being born in America, well, the American people don't see that as an obstacle. They want this panda to be their leader.

MEG: What do they expect it to do, other than eat bamboo?

HOLLY: I don't think we've gotten that far along. But the people have spoken. They've written in the panda named SingaLong, who lives at the Washington, D.C. Zoo but will soon make the short trip to the White House. First thing they're going to do is repaint that building white and black, so it looks more like a panda.

OLIVER: You're crazy.

HOLLY: I'm crazy? I'm crazy? I didn't vote for this thing. But unlike you Oliver, I accept the results. I'm jumping on the panda-wagon.

MEG: But who did "vote for this thing," Holly? Who fits the profile of the Pandamerica voter?

HOLLY motions for CLAYTON to enter.

HOLLY: This guy here, for one. Clayton Morton Holmes, who started our political revulsion revolution.

CLAYTON enters and stands near HOLLY; she can give him a microphone if desired.

CLAYTON: I was watching the debate and then I thought... wow, what a bunch of ignoramuses, lairs, cheats, and losers, not to mention some really long and creative criminal rap sheets, so I wrote up a blog and I said we might do better if we elect a zoo animal for our president. Next thing you know, a whisper campaign started for SingaLong, and next thing you know, she's the president of the United States!

HOLLY: So you had no idea.

CLAYTON: Why would I have had any idea? It was just a stupid suggestion from a stupid dude in a stupid hat on a stupid blog. But, this is America where anyone or anything can grow up to be president. Next thing we'll nominate a fast food kiosk and just press a button for whatever policy we want. Do you want to go to war, press yes or no. Are you sure? Press yes or no. The post-panda president will truly be a servant of the American People.

MEG: Mr. Holmes, how does this panda expect to handle serious diplomatic issues?

CLAYTON: The same way the rest of the candidates do. By eating bamboo!

MEG: That's now how anyone had handled diplomatic crises in the past.

CLAYTON: (*Petulant.*) Then it's time we try, don't you think?

OLIVER: Perhaps the vice president can-

CLAYTON: The vice president? Ha, whatever... Vice President Carrie Ann North, who has promised that she won't represent a party so much as throw a party, that's our Veep. She's a hip-hop personality and rap star who's a member of the Party party! So, party on. People talk about a political party, but *she* meant it literally.

MEG: So in other words, Holly, we're doomed as a nation.

HOLLY: Yes we are, Meg, so it's time to party on, party down, and party like there's no tomorrow, because, Meg and Oliver, there is literally no tomorrow.

OLIVER: Aren't they going to nullify this thing?

HOLLY: And let Idaho and Vermont carry the day? Are you going to tell 48 states that their votes don't count?

OLIVER: Sure I'll do it. *(To audience.)* Alabama, your votes don't count. Alaska, your votes don't count. Forty-six states to go. Arizona, your votes don't-

MEG: *(Interrupting.)* But Oliver, they do count. We called it, and the panda wins. Once we call it, it's called. We don't un-call. We report the news, we don't make it or change it. *(To audience.)* For those of you who missed it, we're going to replay some of the presidential debate that led up to this game changing vote in American politics.

OLIVER: I can't watch. Not again.

MEG: After this, four years of a panda in the White House will seem like a good idea. 48 states can't be wrong.

OLIVER: They have been before.

CLAYTON: *(Taking control for a moment.)* So wait...you're expecting Idaho to talk some sense into the rest of the country? Is that it, Oliver? Because your "Idaho miracle" won't happen. People don't listen to Idaho. People don't even know where it is. Idaho doesn't have enough electoral votes to jump start a Ferris wheel, let alone influence the rest of the country. And what's in Vermont? A forest, a ski slope, a wood stain company, and real maple syrup. It's three people shouting in a crowd of three hundred million. It's Cassandra shouting down the Trojan Horse. Not gonna happen, Ollie the Trolley. Might makes right, whether right is right or right is wrong, might makes the decision.

HOLLY: *(Happy.)* Plus, trade with China's a no brainer.

OLIVER: Holly, was there any noise when you fell down a 37-story elevator shaft into complete and total irrelevance?

HOLLY: Yes, Oliver. The sound of you passing me, weighed down by your own ego, falling faster and splattering on the concrete until just a shadow of a reporter was left to give the news along with opinions that nobody is paying you to share. So yes, Oliver, there was.

MEG: The debate...

SFX: Introductory music. CLAYTON and HOLLY move to the side, as OKSANA, DANZIO, and YOLANDA enter and stand in a row, with DANZIO in the middle. MARIA also comes in and sits in a chair facing them. It can be a swivel chair, of which she takes far too much advantage.

MARIA: Welcome to the first – and hopefully final – presidential debate. I'm Maria Anna Santiago of the Buffalo News Network, your monitor for the evening. I'd like you to welcome your candidates.

OKSANA, YOLANDA, and CARLO wave as their name is called.

MARIA: Oksana Putwonova, the nominee of the Melodramatic Party; Yolanda Prettiface, from the Glamor Cosmetology Party; and Carlo Mario Donizetti, from the Really Rich People Party.

DANZIO takes CARLO'S place and waves. The candidates shake hands. YOLANDA can touch up her face in front of a small mirror before she speaks.

MARIA: *(To DANZIO.)* You're not Carlo! Where's Carlo?

DANZIO: I'm his son, Danzio Donizetti. My father didn't see a need to participate. He has this election in the bag, and has other things to do. Like negotiate peace with Paraguay.

MARIA: We're not at war with Paraguay.

DANZIO: See? Job well done. After that he's on a continuing mission to fill the pockets of the rich with money from the poor. He's ahead in the polls in 37 states, so he thought he'd stay home with a bag of chips and watch you two fine ladies hammer each other into a bloody pulp. I'm familiar enough with my father's positions to play his role. Not to mention I always used to get the romantic lead in the school play (he turns to each side pretends to kiss the other candidates, who are grossed out), so I'm scripted and on point.

MARIA: Let's begin. *(To audience.)* Remember no applause, because none will be deserved. Let's start with you, Miss Putwonova. You've been criticized for-

OKSANA: (*Pretends to be deeply hurt.*) Criticized? Me? Criticized?? What kind of prairie dog criticizes me and lives to tell? You must be speaking to that loser over there, Miss Prettiface, who rose from runway model to presidential candidate by hawking a line of Donizetti funded cosmetics. As if it helped. So...criticize me? I don't think that's possible, plausible, or permissible.

MARIA: Will you let me finish my question?

OKSANA: When I've answered it already? You waste America's time.

MARIA: Yolanda, same question.

YOLANDA: I don't know what the question is.

MARIA: That never seems to matter in a presidential debate.

OKSANA: Ignorant cosmetology major. You have no business on this stage.

MARIA: That's not fair, since I haven't asked the question yet.

OKSANA: American wants intuition. And free tuition. And I will give them both!

YOLANDA: You give them nothing but untruths and ulcers. You worry about criticism, but if you take the oval office the criticism will be miles high and miles deep. It will bury Washington in an ugly earthquake.

OKSANA: Like your makeup. But I'll expose the ugliness underneath.

YOLANDA: You are the ugliness underneath.

MARIA: Next question.

DANZIO: This is fun. We'll win in a walk!

YOLANDA: You spit in the face of the American people.

DANZIO: That we do, but they'll vote for us anyway. Those American people. Spit on them, poop on them, yet they still vote for you. That's democracy!

CLAYTON: (*On another part of the stage.*) So that's when I said, "look at this garbage on the debate stage! You might as well vote for a zoo animal for president!"

MARIA: We'll be right back. Or not. You home viewers, there's still time to change the channel. I believe there are some reruns of *My Mother the Car* playing at this very moment. Highly recommended! I used to think nothing could be worse than *My Mother the Car*, but I stand corrected.

LIGHTS down on the debate, ALL except MEG exit. Spotlight on MEG.

MEG: Now let's return to the present ... having just made their concession speeches, we we have the three losing candidates via satellite to interview after their devastating and surprising defeat.

Lights up, YOLANDA and OKSANA enter or are on stage, both holding stuffed pandas. HOLLY is standing near DANZIO and CARLO.

MEG: Yolanda Prettiface, let's start with you. (*Confused.*) I see you're holding a stuffed Panda.

YOLANDA: I am. We'll have to get used to this, so I'm starting with a stuffed one. It's very cute. See? (*Bounces stuffed panda around.*)

MEG: Please stop that.

YOLANDA stops and hugs stuffed panda.

MEG: Do you think this panda we elected will take the American people in the right direction?

YOLANDA: I don't know. It wasn't like any of us had the slightest idea what that direction was... right, left, wrong, up, down, so I don't think that's a relevant question, Meg. Meanwhile, I have a really awesome cosmetics line if you'd like to hear about it.

MEG: Not really.

YOLANDA: Looks like you could use it. Your makeup is running.

MEG: It's just tears, Yolanda. Just tears.

YOLANDA: (*Holds out stuffed panda.*) Pandamerica! If I can't win, at least no one else did either. Remember my promise, a chicken in every pot and lipstick in every purse! I'll still work for that.

OLIVER: Oksana, let's go to you. What do you think about this unprecedented turn of events?

OKSANA: Oh...there's precedent for it. You might call it the Precedent of the United States.

OLIVER: I don't know how to take that. Meg, where can I take that?

MEG: Again, you have questions but no answers.

OKSANA: Here, I have a stuffed panda. These are going to be the rage.

YOLANDA and OKSANA have their stuffed pandas play together briefly.

OLIVER: Do you feel let down or surprised that you only won a single state? Vermont?

YOLANDA: (*Confused.*) I thought I won Vermont.

OLIVER: No, you didn't. Oksana won Vermont and Mr. Donizetti won Idaho. It left you without a single state.

YOLANDA: Well, I've been single for a long time, so I'm used to that state.

OLIVER: But Miss Putwonova, you didn't fare much better, with three electoral votes to your name.

OKSANA: (*Pouty.*) You're totally impossible to talk to! I'm getting on board the panda-wagon. Perhaps I'll get a cabinet position. Secretary of State! And they say secretaries are menial jobs. Wait until France and England get a load of my agenda for the Melodramatic Party.

OLIVER: What kind of policy do you think this panda will create? No one knows what it stands for.

OKSANA: Bamboo. Lots of bamboo. And Chinese stuff. Pandamerica!

MEG: Holly, over to you. And the sooner the better.

HOLLY: I'm here at Donizetti campaign headquarters with Carlo and Danzio Donizetti! Guys, your reaction!

CARLO: It's a fraud! It's a set up.

DANZIO: It's a rig! It's a jig, and the jig is up!

HOLLY: What does that mean? It's a jig.

DANZIO: I don't know, but jig rhymes with rig. This election is a big rig. It's an eighteen-wheeler that ran off the road.

CARLO: An eighteen-wheel truck driving this nation over a cliff. A nation that didn't see a good president when it was looking you in the face. Other than Idaho, that is. I think I'll move to Boise or Pocatello and set up shop there. I'll preside-aho over Idaho and implement change and growth with the Really Rich People Party while the rest of you are beholden to a beast from the jungle!

OKSANA: (*Scorned.*) That's what you are, Carlo. A beast from the jungle. But you couldn't make it in the jungle, so you had to come to America where there were civilized people. And you couldn't make it here either. You cheapened our election and our nation.

DANZIO: We thought it would work. That cheapening thing. Wages are down, and (*Points to audience.*) you're all broke. We took the leap to cheap.

OLIVER: Perhaps the vice president will take over in the case of the president's incompetency.

HOLLY: I don't know, Oliver. We've had plenty of incompetent presidents and it hasn't happened yet.

YOLANDA: You're already calling the president incompetent. Wait and see! You need to wait, and you need to see!

OLIVER: I need to get a job in another country.

YOLANDA: Naysayers are not welcome in the United States of Pandamerica!

MEG: That's a sad prediction, but we are here to report the news, however bad or ugly.

CARLO: That would be Yolanda, the ugly. And Oksana, the bad.

OKSANA: That would all be you, Carlo and Danzio. The disgusting, the trollish. The...help me here Yolanda.

YOLANDA: Revolting. And skunk-like. You make a skunk smell like Chanel.

OKSANA: Carlo the Skunk with the stinky policy plan. It was a great campaign slogan that helped lose you the vote in 49 states.

CARLO: Fat lot of good it did you.

OKSANA: It kept you from being president, which was my ultimate goal. Me? I had no idea how to run the country. You? You had an idea. An idea that found its final resting place in a dumpster outside an Applebee's™ [or other restaurant]. Now we start over. With a panda as president! The people have spoken!

YOLANDA: (*Holds stuffed panda in the air.*) Power to the people.

OKSANA: Panda Power!

OLIVER: I think I'm going to be sick.

HOLLY: Really, Oliver. Who did you vote for? Which of these three losers lit your fire enough to make you pull the trigger?

OLIVER: It's a secret ballot, Holly.

HOLLY: So you're too embarrassed to reveal. To let us know? I didn't write in the panda, but now...I'm on board with the black and white! You apparently, are not. I don't think our new president is going to take too kindly to this.

OLIVER: I don't think our new president is going to know the difference.

HOLLY: I think you're stereotyping our new president as stupid. If that's not un-American, I don't know what is.

OLIVER: You don't know much anyway, Holly, so I'd put that at the bottom of a long list of things you don't know and perhaps you'll get to it someday.

HOLLY: I do know when I've been insulted, however. Keep trying, Oliver, and one day you might just hurt my feelings. This has been Holly Holbert up close with "Donizetti in defeat." Back to you, Meg.

Lights out on the candidates.

MEG: Pig.

OLIVER: Seriously?

MEG: You're a pig. A disgusting pig. You should have run for president yourself. Then we could choose between a pig and a panda.

OLIVER: Bacon tops everything!

MEG: This has been Meg Davis on the Buffalo News Network.

OLIVER: And I'm Oliver Crosky. You're watching America in the Balance.

MEG: And that concludes our broadcast for tonight, and perhaps, forever.

Blackout.

SCENE 2

AT START: *Lights up on the newsroom.*

MEG: This is Meg Davis

OLIVER: And this is Oliver Crosky, and you're here with us on "America out of Balance"

MEG: We gave you the stunning news that a panda named SingaLong has been elected President of the United States.

OLIVER: And our vice president?

MEG: Oh... no. don't even.

OLIVER: Is it a giraffe? A kudzu? At least the giraffe would stick its neck out for the American people!

MEG: It's Carrie-Ann North. She's the hottest rap and hip hop artist to hit the American public.

OLIVER: And she came in second place to a Panda.

MEG: She was initially Oksana's choice for VP. The good news is the constitution will be rewritten in rhyme. The bad news is most of the language is unprintable. (*Sarcastic.*) Power to the people!

OLIVER: Holly is on hand, however, with a very important person in the upcoming administration.

MEG: Who is that, Holly?

HOLLY: Hi Oliver and Meg.

OLIVER and MEG: Hi Holly!

HOLLY: I'm here with Arvine Chen, SingaLong's feeder and keeper.

ARVINE: Hi Oliver and Meg.

HOLLY: Ms./Mr. Chen here feels that as the person who communicates with the panda, and who feeds, it and who shovels her poop, that s/he should serve in the White House as the panda's interpreter.

ARVINE: That's right, Holly. I'll be communicating its policies and I'll be on the hotline to Russia and China at a moment's notice should a nuclear holocaust be in the offing.

OLIVER: So you're saying in essence that you're going to step in as President of the United States. How quaint. And opportunistic. You have no experience whatsoever!

ARVINE: That's what the American people want. Someone to feed us. Someone to shovel our poop! Someone who can clean up this mess of a country and to press that nuclear button at just the right time. Oh, and we'll be retrofitting the white house. It's not set up for us.

OLIVER: (*Losing control.*) You can't be the President of the United States!

ARVINE: (*Starting to enjoy this.*) I don't even want this job. But America needs me.

OLIVER: Fine, then. What are SingaLong's plans for our country? Who gets into the cabinet?

ARVINE: The cabinet's where I keep the panda chow.

OLIVER: Who's going to be the secretary of state?

ARVINE: They're not called secretaries. They're called administrative assistants. It's like being a waitress. Wait for what? We're not waiting anymore. We're not-

HOLLY: So you're saying you have no idea how this administration will work, yet you want to be in charge of it.

ARVINE: That's correct, Holly. I know the American people want honesty. And I know that Singalong is going to have a prominent position for each of the failed candidates to show that there are no hard feelings.

MEG: So tell us, Arvine, how do you communicate politics with a panda?

ARVINE: That's a keeper's secret. If I told you, you'd start doing it too and I'd be back at the zoo shoveling rhino poop.

MEG: Sounds like job security to me!

ARVINE: I will say, the bamboo industry is really into this. We'll be getting a lot of wicker in the white house. Plus, the presidential portrait? It's gonna be a doozy!

MEG: Thank you Holly.

HOLLY: We're not finished.

OLIVER: Yes Holly, we're finished. Not only as a newscast, but as a nation.

HOLLY: I don't know why you're not on board, Oliver. You're being unprofessional, unlikeable, and unpatriotic. We might just pull the plug on you and move someone else up to anchor. Someone more able to report the news rather than judge it. How would you like that, Oliver Crosky? How would you like to give up your vaunted anchorman position and be just a waitress, or just a secretary? Because that's what's going to happen if you don't sing along with SingaLong.

ARVINE: And no last minute pardons either.

OLIVER: Will someone please turn off that mike?

Blackout.

SCENE 3

AT START: *CARRIE enters, moving to a beat, which can be in her mind or play quietly in the background. She can be on a different part of the stage if desired, to have some action in a new space, or in the “cut-away” area. Also while she raps, feel free to put on some concert-type lighting. EXTRAS can be on stage as backup dancers, and move to a beat every time someone raps, or continue dancing to any background beats while the dialogue is going. Another idea is to have them follow CARRIE around, dancing to her speeches.*

CARRIE: *(Rapping and dancing to her own beat.)*

AND SO, AMERICA, I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY
THAT I'M THE ONE TO SAVE YOUR DAY.
I KNOW VICE PRESIDENT DOESN'T DO MUCH
BUT I'LL FIX MORE THAN THE WHOLE DARN BUNCH.
BIDEN, HAMLIN, CHENEY, GORE...
ADD THEM UP AND I'M GONNA DO MORE!
HUMPHREY, MONDALE, QUAYLE, OR PENCE...
NOW THAT DON'T MAKE A LICK OF SENSE
IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE CURRENT BEAR
TAKING A SEAT IN THE OVAL CHAIR,
JUST REMEMBER YOU CAN'T COMPLAIN
BECAUSE THIS IS DEMOCRACY SIMPLE AND PLAIN.

CARRIE is ready to start another verse, but CLAYTON enters in a panic, he can't take any more.

CLAYTON: Stop! Please stop! You can't carry on, Carrie Ann! Where is your dignity? You're about to become the Vice-President of the United States!

CARRIE is taken by surprise and upset at being interrupted; any music or lighting tones down, but feel free to keep it going, along with the dancers, for atmosphere.

CARRIE: Who are you? You look like a blogger who's risen to an undeserved prominence for saying something pithy.

CLAYTON: I'm Clayton Morton Holmes: cool, dude, and blogger – in that order. And I'm the reason for the presidential season. I'm the one who got the panda put on the ballot.

CARRIE: Why didn't you put me on the ballot?

CLAYTON: Because you're not a panda.

CARRIE: I'm the greatest rapper that ever was, ever has been and ever will be. (*More humble.*) That should count for something.

CLAYTON: (*Sadly.*) It did at one time. (*Bold.*) But it didn't qualify you to be president. It just qualified you to sell records. Now with your record for hubris and for alienating your public, your records aren't selling.

CARRIE: (*Stalking around CLAYTON.*) So VP is all I get. Second place. I don't do second place. I don't even know what second place feels like!

A rap battle ensues between CARRIE and CLAYTON.

CARRIE: SIXTEEN GRAMMYS ATTEST TO THE RECORD
I THOROUGHLY DETEST AT COMING IN SECOND.

CLAYTON: YET IT'S SECOND PLACE THAT SCARS YOUR FACE.
IT'S SECOND PLACE THAT BAKES YOUR CAKE.

CARRIE: I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU DON'T WORSHIP
MY MUSICAL TALENT, LOVE AND PURPOSE.

CLAYTON: I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU CAN'T SEE
THAT WE DON'T WANT YOU FOR VP
THAT ALL YOU'RE GOING TO DO IS FRITTER
OUR TAX DOLLARS AWAY ON TWITTER™

CARRIE: I'LL MAKE SURE THEY NEVER SEE YA
CUZ I'M THE QUEEN OF SOCIAL MEDIA.

CLAYTON: FACEBOOK™, TWITTER™, INSTAGRAM™
YOU CAN'T OUT RAP THE BLOGGER MAN.

CARRIE: Yes I can! (*Tries, but can't think of a rhyme so she responds in frustration.*) I'm going to launch a Twitter™ war against you and your panda.

CLAYTON: Why don't you launch a twitter war against bad music, other than you can't tell the difference?

CARRIE: I'm going to use my position as Vice POTUS to make rap respectable.

CLAYTON: How about if you just make respectable rap? That might make rap respectable.

CARRIE: I'm an artist. (*Threatening.*) An artist. I do what moves me!

CLAYTON: You do what sells you. You got put on the ballot because Oksana Putwonova thought you had a hot single and you could get her a few votes, but you can't "Putwonova" [as in "Put One Over"] on me! What do you expect to do as America's Vice Pepsodent – that's what the people want to know. That's what the people demand to know. Particularly since the president is a panda.

CARRIE: If the president is incompetent, the vice takes her place. I'm the voice of vice, and the vice of voice. So ...

CLAYTON: But you're incompetent as well. You had a few hits back in the day, and now you're just a has been who can't again be.

CARRIE: Did I not say I'm the greatest that ever was and ever will be?

CLAYTON: That doesn't make it so. A lie plus a lie doesn't equal the truth.

CARRIE: But it does shut the truth up! I'm going to destroy you.

CLAYTON: Seriously you're not.

CARRIE: I'm going to make a dis record about the tired subject of Clayton Morton Holmes.

CLAYTON: People never liked me. That's why I'm single and I blog. So whatever.

CARRIE: Now they really won't like you. Just like they don't like Russia, they won't like you. You're going to be the new Russia. Then you're going to be a Kazakhstan, an Uzbekistan, a Prince Albert in-a-can, and a France. So good luck to you.

CLAYTON: I seriously don't know what you're talking about.

CARRIE: You will when my new album drops. And I will be president!

CLAYTON: You won't. There's already a president in residence.

CARRIE: I'm de facto president elect now. I'm popular worldwide, and people will do what I say to keep the music coming! You want a new record? Sign the trade agreement! Want to back me up on my new single? Back me up on the health care bill. My popularity will keep America humming like a Sinatra tune.

CLAYTON: You're not as popular as a panda. No one is as popular as a panda. So now you'll have to be satisfied in presiding over the Senate.

CARRIE: What's that?

CLAYTON: What's what – presiding?

CARRIE: The Senate. What's that?

CLAYTON: Rap on, rap off. Over and out. (*Exits.*)

CARRIE: (*Rapping.*) WEST, SOUTH, EAST, OR NORTH

THAT'S ME AS WE CARRIE FORTH

A PLAN TO FIX A COUNTRY, A PLAN TO FIX A WORLD

A PLAN THAT CENTERS ON A FLAG UNFURLED...

A PLAN THAT... (*Stops, then starts to exit, asking on the way out.*)

Hey what rhymes with "world" that's not "girl" or "curl?"

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