

BACKSTAGE PASS

A Comedy?

by
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CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
JUNIOR SHANK	Dark blue suit, open collar	42	Male
SARAH GIDEON	Conservative, fashionable dress	36	Female
BOB SIMMONS	Dark blue suit, yellow tie	58	Male
POTUS (WALTER SHANK)	Blue Suit, red tie	68	Male

A party waiting to happen.

WALTER SHANK, aka POTUS, 60's, wearing a rumbled blue suit and red tie, confidently paces upstage right, watching several TV monitors at once while texting. We HEAR a small crowd as though other party goers are just off stage. The Village People's "Macho Man" plays loud -- the volume lowers once characters speak.

BOB SIMMONS, 50's in a crisp dark blue suit, stands center stage, texting feverishly on his phone.

SARAH GIDEON, 30's fashionably conservative dress, and her boyfriend, JUNIOR SHANK, 40's in a dark blue suit, dance downstage left while drinking their cocktails.

SARAH

It's really happening!

JUNIOR

Oh, it's happening, baby girl!

Junior's cell phone rings. He answers.

JUNIOR

Ooo, wait, wait -- tell me something good.

SARAH (SINGS)

Wah, wah! Tell me, tell me, tell me!

JUNIOR

Shhh! Of course we're watching -- everyone's watching. What are we watching?

SARAH

I know what I'm watching!

She slaps Junior's ass.

JUNIOR

Sarah! Stop it, damn it! No, you -- no. NO! I said -- I know it's too late to stop it -- we don't want to stop it! We want to finish it!

Sarah screams at Junior's phone.

SARAH

You got fight! Fight until it's done! Don't be pussies!

JUNIOR

She said, don't be pussies. No, she didn't call you a pussy personally. Geez, Tommy -- have some backbone. You take things so personally. Look -- look, just text me when they get him. Yes, I know -- text me a confirmation at least! Find him!

SARAH

Tommy?

JUNIOR

Fucking freshman.

SARAH

They're pussies.

JUNIOR

They are, right? They are pussies. He can't make a fucking decision without checking in. What, I gotta hold his hand? Hold on -- can you get me another drink?

Sarah grabs his empty glass.

SARAH (SINGS)

Tell me that you like it, yeah...!

She squeezes his balls playfully. Junior winces.

JUNIOR

Fuck, Sarah! That hurt!

SARAH

That's the idea, baby!

She kisses him playfully on the cheek, slaps his ass and exits. Bob comes over quickly to Junior.

BOB

We have a problem.

JUNIOR

Come on, Bob? You too?

BOB

He's got his family with him.

JUNIOR

What?!

BOB

Yeah.

JUNIOR

That was a sarcastic, "What?" Bob.

BOB

Why would his family be there?

JUNIOR

Who cares?

BOB

Who cares?

JUNIOR

Look, it's an official proceeding, right? He bought the family to witness his last official act. Little do they know, huh?

BOB

He brought kids, Junior.

JUNIOR

What are you saying, Bob? You want to turn back? Aren't you watching the fucking movement happening in front of your eyes? Look!

He points to the monitors.

JUNIOR

We are the revolution, Bob.

BOB

I have kids, Junior. Grandkids.

JUNIOR

So do I -- not grandkids but -- So what? Geez, Bob -- you sound like a fucking -- you know what? I'm not going to say it. Not now. Not in our finest hour.

BOB

I've gotta tell Potus.

JUNIOR

Woah, woah. Tell him what?

BOB

Look, getting the Vice President is one thing but -- you know, real people could get hurt, Junior. What's the point of all this if real people get hurt?

JUNIOR

Real people. Real people?

BOB

Yes. Kids. Innocence.

JUNIOR

You mean the uninitiated, Bob? That's who you're talking about right? The uninitiated. You are part of something big, Bob. We brought you with us because you said believed in the cause --

BOB

I do believe -

JUNIOR

Really? Because you know what you sound like to me?

BOB

I gotta tell Potus.

He begins to walk away. Junior quickly grabs his arm. Bob looks down menacingly at Junior's hand. Junior quickly drops his hand.

JUNIOR

You want to tell Potus. Understandable. I'll go with you. Is that okay? Let's tell him together.

Sarah enters with two drinks. Junior grabs his as they walk by. Junior calls back to her.

JUNIOR

Find my sister and idiot brother, would you?

Bob and Junior walk up to Potus who is busy texting.

BOB

Sir.

POTUS

Hold.

He finishes his texting and point to one of the monitors.

POTUS

See that? That's leadership there, pal. That's fucking leadership playing out just like I told them it should. Fucking cockroaches. What's that line from that movie? That Scarface thing?

JUNIOR

Which one?

POTUS

What? Which one -- the fucking Scarface movie thing. How many are there?

JUNIOR

I dunno. Two? I think they remade it -- shit, maybe three?

POTUS

Shut up, Junior.

JUNIOR

Bob's got an issue.

POTUS

Oh yeah? Bob's got an issue? If Bob has an issue why are you talking?

JUNIOR

I'm not -- I'm just -- I'm just --

POTUS

Fucking amazing. And you're drinking too? Unfuckingbelievable. What's up, Bob?

BOB

Margie was following the Vice President --

POTUS

Who's Margie?

BOB

The freshman from Arkansas.

POTUS

She at that rally?

BOB

Yes, yes --

POTUS

Endorser?

BOB

Absolutely.

POTUS

Tiny little thing, right? But big tits. Tits bigger than they should be for her size but nice, right?

BOB

Ah -- I guess?

POTUS

You trust her?

BOB

She trusts you.

POTUS

Perfect. Speak. What's up with Margie.

BOB

Seems that the Vice President has his family with him.

POTUS
 What?

JUNIOR
 That's what I said.

POTUS
 Put that fucking drink down. Where's your sister?

JUNIOR
 I don't think she's here yet.

POTUS
 You got a phone -- go find out!

Junior slinks away to join Sarah. Potus turns to the monitors.

POTUS
 Look at this, Bob. Fucking beautiful right? Hey, that's a pun, isn't it? "The beautiful right." Do you get it? Did you pick that up. Ha! I fucking crack myself up.

BOB
 So Margie --

POTUS
 Margie? Right, right -- from Arkansas. What are they, the Rebels?

BOB
 The Rebels?

POTUS
 The Crimson Tide or Gophers -- not the Gophers, the Rattlesnakes? Some southern shit --

BOB
 The Razorbacks.

POTUS
 Right, right! The Razorbacks! That's a pig, right?

BOB
 Yes, sorta. More like a wild boar, I think.

POTUS
 Like my first wife, huh!? A wild bore! Wait! I mean my second wife. First one was okay but she got old. Second one though, whew! She was wild.

BOB
 So Margie --

POTUS
 The Razorback.

BOB

Right.

POTUS

Nice rack on her, for such a little lady.

BOB

She's been letting us know the Vice President's whereabouts and she said he has his family with him.

POTUS

VP's family.

BOB

Yes.

POTUS

Is with him here?

BOB

Yes.

POTUS

Where else would they be?

BOB

Well, we figured Karen would be with him but --

POTUS

Karen -- that's his wife, right?

BOB

Yes. But he's got -- I mean, I think his daughter and grandchildren are with them too.

POTUS

Is that so?

BOB

That's what Margie said, yes. Margie the razorback.

POTUS

I need you to listen to me, Bob. Look at these people. They got their hats and their banners and all this other shit -- I should get a cut of all the shit these people buy with my name and my slogan. I came up with all that shit, you know that?

BOB

I'm thinking maybe there's a way to separate the Vice President from his children.

POTUS

Well then! Get fucking Steven on the phone -- he's an expert at that kinda shit! Look at what I'm telling you. I want you to see this.

I want you to feel this and see this and taste this, Bob. See? These people are hungry. They're hungry, Bob, and we gotta let them eat, you understand?

BOB

Maybe if we can get him separated from his family--

POTUS scans the monitors.

POTUS

You work on that. Don't let me down, Bob. Look that this city! Ah ha! I just remembered the Scarface thing. "This town is like one big pussy, waiting to be fucked!" Right? Right? Look, Bob! Look at them all! They need to be fucked! They want to be fucked! Don't let them down, Bob! Don't let me down, Bob! Let's get to fucking!

BOB

I'll call Steven.

Bob walks away to make his phone call. Potus calls out to anyone who might be listening.

POTUS

Where the hell is my little princess?!

Potus goes back texting. Bob walks over to Junior and Sarah.

BOB

Junior -- we need to contact Steven, asap.

JUNIOR

Then do it.

BOB

I can't. He's not my guy.

JUNIOR

He's not my guy either. He's a fucking weasel as far as I'm concerned.

Sarah is dialing her phone just in time to say...

SARAH

Steven darling? Whatcha doing? Well, I was hoping you'd say it was a stupid question! Isn't it exciting? Look -- I'm putting somebody on right now -- this is coming from Potus himself so listen to me, Steven. DO NOT HANG UP! Here.

She hands her phone to Bob.

BOB

Steven? Bob Simmons. Right. Yes. Okay. Okay, Steven. Look we don't have time for --

He collects himself and take a deep breath, reluctantly extending his phone arm's length.

BOB

I, BOB SIMMONS, AM AN ASSHOLE! Happy? Fine, we're friends. Look, Potus needs you to call the Vice President. Because he'll answer his phone if you call. Damn it, man! We don't have fucking time --

Bob again extends his phone arm's length.

BOB

I'M AN ASSHOLE EVERONE! Potus needs him alone. Because he has his family here! We don't need to complicate things, damn it! No. No, I'm done screaming. Do you want to tell Potus that? I can get him!

Sarah grabs the phone.

SARAH

Steven, you know how this works. Look, we need him dead, okay? Okay, his children don't -- what? No, no you're not thinking this through, Steven -- listen to me. Number 1, Execute the VP. Number 2, we blame those ANTIFA fuckers. Number 3 is Marshall Law. Number 3, we win. You see? It's just that easy. I know but it'll be a lot easier to declare Marshall Law when the damn cameras are watching the Vice President's corpse dragged through the Capitol, Steven! The children would just complicate things.

She smiles and gives Bob and Junior a big thumbs up!

SARAH

Well, aren't you the sweetest?! We owe you one! Oh, okay, I mean I owe you one. Yes, I will. Make the call, Steven -- the others are already in place but we need him alone. Okay, we'll be watching and waiting.

JUNIOR

What did he say?

SARAH

He said we should watch the monitors.

They move to center stage to watch the monitors. After a moment Potus looks up from his phone and sees them.

POTUS

What's this? Larry, Moe and Kinky?

JUNIOR

He said we should watch the monitors.

POTUS

Who said.

JUNIOR

Steven.

POTUS

Bob?

BOB

He's making the call. It shouldn't take long. If we watch -- which one?

Junior points to the monitor on the upper left.

JUNIOR

That's right outside the chamber. Wait. What the fuck!?

They all collect and stare at the upper left monitor.
Sarah's phone is ringing. She answers.

SARAH (ON PHONE)

What do you mean they lost him?

POTUS

(Pointing to a monitor) Who the hell is that?

JUNIOR

That's the Vice President, sir.

POTUS

No shit, Junior! Who the fuck is with him?

SARAH

He said they lost him. Guys? Guys?

BOB

It's a -- it looks like a --

Bob turns to frantically text on his phone, quietly slinking away. He exits.

SARAH

Steven said he got away! (She notices the monitor) Oh. My. God!

POTUS

It's a black guy, goddamn it! Why the fuck is there a black guy with the Vice President?!

JUNIOR

Is he one of our African Americans?

SARAH

Is he part of the team?

Potus points to the monitor.

POTUS

He's a fucking black cop! And he's walking -- nope! A black cop -- a black cop -- there's a black cop ushering the fucking Vice President out of the fucking building!

SARAH

You know, I'm gonna get a drink.

11.

She very quickly exits. Junior and POTUS stand side by side, crestfallen, staring at the monitors. After a long moment, Junior gently puts his arm around POTUS.

JUNIOR

You want to tweet about it?

END PLAY