

# NEWT GINGRICH VISITS A RESIDENTIAL YOUTH FACILITY NOT NEAR OMAHA

Ten-Minute Dramedy One Act

by  
Jonathan Dorf



*Brooklyn Publishers, LLC*

Toll-Free 888-473-8521

Fax 319-368-8011

Web [www.brookpub.com](http://www.brookpub.com)

Copyright © 2005 by Jonathan Dorf  
All rights reserved

**CAUTION:** Professionals & amateurs are hereby warned that *Newt Gingrich Visits a Residential Youth Facility Not Near Omaha* is subject to a royalty. This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the Copyright Union.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this play are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS & ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this play are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. If necessary, we will contact the author or the author's agent. PLEASE NOTE that royalty fees for performing this play can be located online at Brooklyn Publishers, LLC website (<http://www.brookpub.com>). Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. You will find our contact information on the following page.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

*Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC*

<http://www.brookpub.com>

**TRADE MARKS, PUBLIC FIGURES, & MUSICAL WORKS:** This play may include references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). Brooklyn Publishers, LLC have not obtained performing rights of these works. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

**COPYING:** from the book in any form (in whole or excerpt), whether photocopying, scanning recording, videotaping, storing in a retrieval system, or by any other means is strictly forbidden without consent of Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

#### TO PERFORM THIS PLAY

1. Royalty fees must be paid to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC before permission is granted to use and perform the playwright's work.
2. Royalty of the required amount must be paid each time the play is performed, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.
3. When performing one-acts or full-length plays, enough playbooks must be purchased for cast and crew.
4. Copying or duplication of any part of this script is strictly forbidden.
5. Any changes to the script are not allowed without direct authorization by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.
6. Credit to the author and publisher is required on all promotional items associated with this play's performance(s).
7. Do not break copyright laws with any of our plays. This is a very serious matter and the consequences can be quite expensive. We must protect our playwrights, who earn their living through the legal payment of script and performance royalties.
8. If you have questions concerning performance rules, contact us by the various ways listed below:

*Toll-free:* 888-473-8521

*Fax:* 319-368-8011

*Email:* [customerservice@brookpub.com](mailto:customerservice@brookpub.com)

**Copying, rather than purchasing cast copies, and/or failure to pay royalties is a federal offense. Cheating us and our wonderful playwrights in this manner will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please support theatre and follow federal copyright laws.**

# NEWT GINGRICH VISITS A RESIDENTIAL YOUTH FACILITY NOT NEAR OMAHA

by  
Jonathan Dorf

*(A small bedroom in a foster home; 1995. JASON, early to mid-teens, in worn jeans and a T-shirt, sits on a bed by the door. NICK, same age, in a T-shirt and sweat pants, kneels by the other bed, by the window. Both are foster children. A small dresser is between the two beds. On each bed are a suit, dress shirt and socks, and on the floor, dress shoes. Sound of rain.)*

NICK: Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women. Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death...

*(JASON, tapping his feet impatiently and then eyeing the clothing, watches NICK, who might repeat the Hail Mary.)*

JASON: What are the clothes for?

NICK: Amen.

JASON: What are the clothes for? *(beat; goes through the clothing)* Do you think everybody got new clothes?

NICK: They're not new. They look new, but they're not.

JASON: How do you know?

NICK: Mine's got one black button. All the other buttons are gold.

JASON: *(examines his blazer)* All my buttons are the same. Maybe it's just yours. I never met anybody famous before. *(beat)* I met a Power Ranger once. I don't think it was a real Power Ranger.

NICK: I put my finger on the President's face. I put my finger right on his face.

JASON: Yeah right.

NICK: I did.

JASON: How?

NICK: I walked up to the TV in the lounge, and he's sitting at his desk, and I put my pinkie on his face and wiped it like this, *(makes a slashing motion with his pinkie)* right across his face. I swear to God he turned his head after I did it.

JASON: No way.

NICK: He did. Ask anybody who was there.

JASON: *(beat)* I hear he's bringing money. A big bag of money. How come you're praying? *(NICK gets up and sits on his bed.)*

JASON: How come?

NICK: *(beat; looks out the window - it's dirty, so HE spits on his hand and rubs the window)* I don't know. Him coming just makes me want to.

JASON: Did you hear anything about the money?

NICK: How come the window's so dirty? *(spits on the sleeve of his blazer and scrubs the window with it)*

JASON: What are you doing? *(NICK ignores him.)* Nick!

NICK: *(turns his head momentarily, then returns to scrubbing the window with his blazer)* I'm not going.

JASON: Why not? *(NICK shrugs.)* I hear he tells the truth.

NICK: He does?

JASON: Yeah. I saw it under a picture of him. It said, "he tells the truth." And there's peace.

NICK: Kids stop fighting?

JASON: Grownups, too. Everywhere. I mean the big fights, between countries. But there wouldn't be any small fights either. And crime – forget it. Like muggings...

NICK: And rapes?

JASON: And no murder. Nobody hurts anybody. Nobody gets beat up.

NICK: Or drunk, right?

JASON: Nobody ever gets drunk. Not even once. And they never smack your face and say they love you.

NICK: Sounds like Jesus.

JASON: I guess. A little.

NICK: You know what that means?

JASON: What?

NICK: Jesus is from Georgia.

JASON: I guess.

NICK: Jesus Christ is from Georgia.

JASON: I don't think that's right. *(beat)* Really?

NICK: I'm pretty sure Newt Gingrich is from Georgia.

JASON: I thought Jesus was from somewhere else. I guess that was in the old days. Maybe he just got reborn in Georgia.

NICK: Where did he come from first?

JASON: I think somewhere Arab. I don't think he was American. But he is now.

NICK: **(beat)** How 'bout the poor?

JASON: The poor?

NICK: When he comes.

JASON: I guess they... they get the big bag of money. He opens it up and makes them not poor anymore. And I bet he teaches them stuff. I heard he used to teach history.

NICK: Jesus taught history?

JASON: Maybe that was before he became Jesus.

NICK: Maybe.

JASON: What do you think'll happen when he gets here? **(NICK shrugs.)** Jeff stole my penknife. Think I'll get it back?

NICK: I guess.

JASON: And maybe I'll do better in school.

NICK: That's all you want?

JASON: That's not big?

NICK: Yeah, but... if it's Jesus...

JASON: Bigger. **(beat)** Parents. A car. A really fast car. A Lamborghini. No, a Ferrari. Cherry red. Zero to sixty faster than you can blink, so those girls at the diner that made fun of us 'cause we came in a van will choke on the exhaust. And a house with my own room. And my own bathroom. That's big - right? **(NICK stares out the window, nods vaguely.)** Do you think it's too big? I don't need a Ferrari. It'd be fun and all, but I don't need it. Not really. Anything that runs would be okay. **(beat)** What else do you think he's got in the bag? Besides money. **(beat)** You ever stick your head in a bag?

NICK: You mean like plastic?

JASON: Yeah.

NICK: Once.

JASON: Were you scared?

END OF FREE PREVIEW