

# AN END TO NUCYALER PROLIFERATION

By Jerry Rabushka

Copyright © 2009 by Jerry Rabushka, All rights reserved.

ISBN 1-60003-421-7

**CAUTION:** Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work 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. 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.

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*

**COPYING:** Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

## **CHARACTERS**

(2 Males)

The President of the United States

The Prime Minister of an overseas nation

## **SETTING**

A high level meeting between the President of the United States and the prime minister of an overseas nation. The PM should have some kind of accent; however, it doesn't have to be as if from any particular country. The set can be a bare stage, or some chairs for them to talk politics. For a more lavish production, this could be an upscale room with posh furniture, flags, and other "official" pieces.

## **AUTHOR'S NOTE**

An accent takes practice. It's not just something you "have or you don't." In a case like this, you want to make sure you are understood, so it doesn't have to be too "thick." One way to practice is to read books or articles out loud and try to maintain a consistent cadence and pronunciation.

## AN END TO NUCYALER PROLIFERATION

by  
Jerry Rabushka

### SCENE 1

*THEY enter and shake hands.*

PM: Good afternoon, Mr. President.

PRES: Thank you for meeting with me, Mr. Prime Minister. I hope this discussion will resolve some of the substantial differences between our two countries.

PM: I too would like to bridge that divide. But I'm sure you're aware that I keep my power and popularity by threatening to blow up the United States. So it's going to be a hard sell.

PRES: And I keep mine by calling you a terrorist and scaring my country to death.

*(THEY share a chuckle.)*

How's the wife?

PM: Which one?

PRES: I wish I had that problem!

*(THEY share a laugh again, PRES shakes his head as HE sits to talk.)*

Women's rights are such a nuisance! *(serious)* Now, let's get down to business.

PM: You mean the fact that we do, indeed, plan to blow up the USA.

PRES: Yes, that in particular is a sticking point in our relations.

PM: *(with fake pity)* Poor Mr. Pwresident. *(mockingly)* Why not call Walker, Texas Ranger? Maybe he can save you!

PRES: He's too old for that these days. However, we are willing to consider lifting some of the sanctions on your country if you cease your proliferation of nucyaler weapons.

*(PM laughs, PRES doesn't understand why.)*

PM: You said nucyaler!

PRES: That's what I mean. Nucyaler.

PM: It's nuclear, you dolt! You're the President of the United States of America and you said nucyaler.

PRES: America won't elect a president that doesn't say nucyaler. If we appear too educated, we lose votes. It's like that rapper. You're supposed to say Fiddy Cent, not Fifty.

PM: In my country, we don't care about the people. So we say our language the way it's meant to be said. (*poking fun at PRES*) Nucyaler!

PRES: Stop! I mean it. No more nucyaler weapons.

(*PM still laughs at him, PRESIDENT is insulted.*)

You won't be laughing when a bomb drops on your rogue terrorist regime.

PM: It's so hard to take your country seriously when everyone is so stupid! (*more congenial*) Oh, by the way, can you get me some McDonald's? You can't get it here any more. Well, I kicked it out.

PRES: I'll get you a Big Mac and Fries . . . if you take down your nucyaler weapons!

PM: (*hopeful*) Hot apple pie?

PRES: Improve your human rights record!

PM: You drive a hard bargain! I made McDonald's illegal in my country!

PRES: How come?

PM: The fat content is criminal! But it's delicious! Everyone threatens us with sanctions, but we don't cave in. Like the Russians (*with Russian accent*) "Take down your weapons or no more vodka and caviar." Or the French (*French accent*) "If you keep flouting our resolutions, we'll keep all the truffles." What is France going to do, hide the fruitcake? I'm like, who needs that stuff? We have nuclear weapons and you have a slingshot and a truffle. So I'm like who needs a truffle?

PRES: (*in disbelief*) You're "like?"

PM: Yes, I'm like who needs it?

PRES: (*informally*) That is so "Valley." (*imitating "Val-speak."*) I'm like, "how can I take you seriously?" and then the French president, she's like, "Who do you think you are with all those rockets?" Then that one diplomat, he goes like, "I have the rockets and you just have truffles, so just shut up!" Puh-leeeeeeze! (*back to normal*) You need to grow up.

PM: Well, as far as your threats, I'm like, whatever.

PRES: (*seriously*) I'm like you'd better listen to me when I talk to you.

PM: (*easing the tension*) I try not to talk like that, but on my vacation in Las Vegas, I picked up a few Americanisms. And an oil company or two!

PRES: But you hate our country.

PM: Perhaps, but I love (*getting really showy*) *Dancing With The Stars!*  
Beyonce! Austin Powers!

PRES: Good point!

PM: And *Mamma Mia!* Oh, what a good time that was! My wives loved it!  
(*threatening again*) Your culture is invading other nations and it must  
be stopped!

PRES: (*not taking the bait*) Or what?

PM: (*feels belittled*) Or what?

PRES: Or . . . what . . . you, like, heard me, dude. Or what?

PM: We blow you up with our nuclear weapons. (*there's an  
uncomfortable atmosphere, so the PM lightens it up*) I was talking to  
the Secretary of State in England and he's like (*English accent, yet  
making fun of the Secretary*) "Many nations see you as a  
destabilizing threat to world security," and I'm like "You're so serious,  
lighten up a little, bro, and the world would be a happier place!"

PRES: Oh, I know, like that woman who runs that one country . . .

PM: Oh, *that* little country! Yes, her.

PRES: She goes "I want to negotiate a more favorable trade  
agreement," and I'm like "You are so hot in that dress," and she goes  
"Mr. President, that is not appropriate" and I'm like "Where did you  
get it," and she goes "Oh, Neiman Marcus," and I'm like "It's hot!"  
and she's all "Mr. President, I expect you to treat me like any other  
head of state" so I go, "How can I when you're so hot in that dress?"

PM: So what happened?

PRES: Oh, we lost the trade agreement, and gas is a fortune.

PM: At least they don't have nuclear weapons.

PRES: (*offhanded*) Speaking of which, you'd better do what we want or  
we'll blow you off the face of the earth.

PM: (*doesn't believe this*) You don't have the guts.

PRES: Let's see about that. (*takes out a phone, real or imaginary, and  
makes a call*) Brenda?

PM: (*in disbelief*) Brenda?

PRES: Brenda, can you drop that one bomb on Siskaroon?

PM: (*curious*) What's with this Brenda?

PRES: You can? Cool! (*to PM*) Listen. (*gives PM the phone*)

PM: (*repeating BRENDA*) Sure, Mr. President. The nucyaler bomb or  
the conventional one?

PRES: (*shouting into the phone*) Nucyaler, of course!

PM: (*to PRESIDENT*) Would you really bomb Siskaroon?

PRES: Hee hee. What's she saying?

PM: She says . . . (*imitating BRENDA*) Sure . . . like . . . well I have to  
take this blouse back, but I guess I can go drop the bomb first!

*(Sound effect of an explosion, or ACTORS react as if THEY heard and felt an explosion. Then PM speaks, as himself, holding the phone away from his ear.)*

That was loud.

PRES: *(back to the point)* Now can we discuss policy?

PM: You really bombed Siskaroon? No foolin'?

PRES: *(serious)* No foolin'.

*(A silence, PRES waits nervously for PM to react, PM thinks it over.)*

PM: Good! They've been trying to overthrow my regime; a rebellion, I believe, fostered by U.S. intervention. *(takes out a paper and tries to hand it to PRES)* In fact, I have a list of mutinous cities I would love for you to-

PRES: Okay, we didn't really . . . she just has this sound effect on this push-button thing . . . it's a blast at airports! A blast . . . get it?

PM: Who's Brenda?

PRES: My daughter.

PM: *(slight pause)* Is she hot?

PRES: *(incensed!)* How dare you! She's my daughter!

PM: I bet she's ugly.

PRES: The nerve of the Prime Minister to insult my daughter!

PM: You threaten to nuke my nation over a hot apple pie and now you're worried about an ugly daughter!

PRES: She's not ugly! And it was a Big Mac. The pie was human rights.

*(This builds up, as THEY get closer and closer to each other, staring each other down, the PM enjoying himself, and the PRES getting angrier and angrier.)*

PM: She's a horse!

PRES: Now you're pushing me.

PM: A mule!

PRES: I won't stand for this.

PM: A toad!

PRES: You'll pay for this!

PM: A worm!

PRES: I'll drop the bomb!

PM: A paramecium!

PRES: *(back into the phone, almost out of control)* Brenda! Brenda, listen to me!

PM: (*grabs the phone, trying to imitate PRES*) Brenda, go to Chicago and drop the biggest bomb you've got! (*short pause*) What do you mean, no? What do you mean I'm not your father?

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from AN END TO NUCYALER PROLIFERATION by Jerry Rabushka. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC  
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406  
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011  
[www.brookpub.com](http://www.brookpub.com)**