

# THE PRESIDENTIAL RUN

A TEN MINUTE PLAY

by  
Leon Kaye



*Brooklyn Publishers, LLC*

Toll-Free 888-473-8521

Fax 319-368-8011

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## The Presidential Run

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### Characters:

HANK, forties, thin and nervous, stands in his suit pants and white shirt, sleeves rolled up to his elbows.

MARA, twenties and attractive, sits at a desk, two computer screens facing her. She wears a headset with mic.

COLD FISH, SPLIT PEA, HALF CENT, and WIFE are OS VOCAL parts only. One or both of the onstage actors can do the voices, if desired.

*HANK paces behind MARA. ALL have Southern (Maryland?) accents.*

HANK: Where's Cold Fish now?

MARA: Warming up, stretching his quads.

HANK: Make sure he does his calf stretches. We don't want an international incident here.

MARA: Cold Fish? Ten calf stretches. *(pause)* Find a wall, lean in and do ten on each leg. *(pause)* Any wall.

HANK: Where's Split Pea?

MARA: In the vehicle.

HANK: Half Cent?

MARA: In the bushes, about half a mile out.

HANK: If the American people knew how much money it costs for the President to jog on a public roadway –

MARA: But he hasn't run for three months. He's been strictly treadmill.

HANK: Which is how it should be. There should be a bill on the house floor forbidding any outside exercise. We'd save millions. By the way, do we know how many miles he can do? Can we find that out?

MARA: No one knows. I asked. In any case, you have a car and two motorcycles. And Cold Fish ran two marathons. Potus isn't getting away.

HANK: I don't know about Cold Fish. Can you put him on speaker? *(beat)* Hello, Cold Fish?

CF: Cap?

HANK: Yeah, it's me. Have you been keeping up your running?

CF: Yup. Two miles every single day.

HANK: Two miles? *(under his breath)* My mother runs two miles. *(to CF)* Ya think you can stay with the President?

CF: Maybe through Iowa and New Hampshire, but then the campaign coffers start kicking in and I don't know.

HANK: I'm talking about running... running with your feet.

CF: I know that. Hee-hee. Yeah, I can take the President. Just you watch. I'll leave that skinny leg in the dust.

HANK: That's not the objective.

CF: Hee-hee.

HANK: *(Quietly to MARA)* Why is he on this detail? Where's Lame Duck?

MARA: The ex Vice President shot him in the leg last week.

HANK: Dern buck shot! *(beat)* Take him off speaker. Where's Half Cent? Is he in the bushes right off the road?

MARA: Yes, sir.

HANK: Good. Half Cent's my best man. He won't let me down.

MARA: He's a woman, sir.

HANK: What?

MARA: Half cent. She's a she.

HANK: What? Since when?

MARA: Since birth, I guess. She just has a deep voice.

HANK: And a beard.

MARA: Make up, sir. You should see the before's on Hillary. Oh! The President's ready. Potus is outside and stretching his glutes!

HANK: Potus?

MARA: President of the –

HANK: I know. It just sounds so Aaron Sorkin.

MARA: It's what I'm supposed to call him. It's in the manual.

HANK: You said Split Pea is in the car. Can you get me a visual? *(waits as MARA pushes a few computer keys)* How far away is he? Is he on speaker?

MARA: Okay.

HANK: Split Pea? How far off are you from the President?

SP: Cap, I'm really pretty far off when it comes to taxation.

HANK: I'm talking in feet, yards, inches... how far away are you?

SP: That was a joke, Cap. *(HANK rolls his eyes)* Right, well, there's all the press and then there's these two guys protesting drilling in the Alaskan national parks dressed up as Polar Bears...

HANK: Good Grief. You'd think educated people have better things to do.

SP: And then the big donors that are gonna run with him.

HANK: How far are you?

SP: About 1000 feet, I'd say.

HANK: Okay, after he runs a ways, you slow up and make that distance two hundred feet.  
SP: Got it, Cap. Okay now, Potus is in motion.  
HANK: Okay, the President is on the move.  
MARA: Cold Fish, are you with Potus?  
CF: Piece of cake.  
HANK: (*quietly to MARA*) What about Half Cent? Is he there?  
MARA: You mean she? Half Cent? Are you there?  
HC: (*mans' voice*) Yeah, I'm right here. Oh WOW!  
MARA: What is it?  
HC: I can't believe this! But it's... it's a polar bear. It's coming closer. It's a big sucker! (*BANG, BANG*)  
MARA: He's shooting!  
HANK: Half Cent?! Don't shoot! That's a protestor! Don't shoot!  
HC: I just fired some warning shots in the air.  
MARA: Oh. What a relief.  
HANK: Half cent, listen to me.  
HC: I never heard of a protesting bear before.  
HANK: It's not a real bear. It's a person dressed as a bear.  
HC: Well, that explains the cappacino then.  
HANK: You've gotta pull back and... and disappear. Right away, you've gotta get outta there!  
HC: Why? Is it cause I'm a woman?  
HANK: No, the press can't know you're there.  
HC: You do know I'm a woman, right?  
HANK: Yes, yes, yes... I've been alerted.  
MARA: I told him, Half Cent.  
HANK: The point here is the press.  
HC: It's none of their business what I am.  
HANK: Cut her off.  
MARA: Roger.  
HANK: (*points to monitor*) What's going on with Split Pea's car? Split Pea? Split Pea?! What's going on?!  
SP: One of the President's biggest contributors is feeling a little nauseous. So we're giving her some Gatorade.  
HANK: Oh, come on. What's the woman doing jogging anyway? Look at her, she's as big as a house.  
SP: She hears you, Cap.  
HANK: Take me off mic!  
MARA: Done. Get back on the road A-S-A-P. Got that? (*beat*) Good.  
HANK: What about the motorcycles?  
MARA: They can't hear too well over the engines. (*Pause, listens*) Oh...  
HANK: What?  
MARA: Your wife is on.  
HANK: My wife?  
WIFE: Hello?  
HANK: Honey, I can't talk now. It's a bad time. I've gotta go. Bye. (*PAUSE*) I love you, you know that.  
CF: I love you too, Cap. I know I don't say it that often.

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