

# AMERICA

Brechtian Anti-Capitalist Theatre by NICK ZAGONE

(All the following characters have signs around their neck indicating their character name.)

## CHARACTERS

BOB

MANUFACTURER

LABORER

LAWYER

BANK (Female)

CHEAP FOREIGN LABOR (Female)

RETAILER (Preferably Andy Kaempher)

SALESMAN (Could be played by the same person that plays LAWYER)

ADVERTISING (Female)

UPS ANGEL (Could also be played by the same person that plays LAWYER.  
Preferably any male actor who was in "Angels in America.")

(This should be highly stylized, with all the actors saying most of their lines to the audience.)

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*(Lights up on BOB with some drawings.)*

BOB

Eureka! I love Capitalism! I'm Bob. And I've finally finished the plans for a prototype of my new invention. It will help all human kind! And it will make me rich! It's called a Whats-it! I need to start mass producing it immediately. Hmm. What I need is a manufacturer!

*(A MANUFACTUER wearing a three piece suit and LABORER wearing overalls enter arm in arm.)*

Hey! You're a manufacturer! *(Approaching.)* Can you manufacture this!?

MANUFACTUER

*(Looking at Whats-it.)* What? Hmm. Depends. I don't know. Do I know you?

BOB

No.

MANUFACTURER

*(Giving back Whats-it.)* Fuck off.

BOB

Now what do I do?

LABORER

*(Shaking hands with BOB.)* Bob! How ya doin'? Remember me?

BOB

No.

LABORER

I'm your friend! I work my ass off for this Manufacturer to earn worthless stock options.

BOB

Well maybe you can help me. I invented this Whats-it and I need to manufacture it.

LABORER

Sure! I can help you! I can get my manufacturer to produce OUR invention buddy. You got a lawyer?

BOB

No.

LABORER

You don't? Wait. Are you sure I know you? Who are you? I don't know you. Fuck off.

MANUFACTURER

You heard the man. Fuck off!  
*(LAWYER runs in.)*

LAWYER

Hey! You need a lawyer? You need a lawyer? I'm a lawyer. I'll help you. I would fuck a goat for your money. You got money? You got money? Huh?

BOB

Um. I got some money.

LAWYER

I need a lot of money. A lot of money! You know what I'm sayin'? A lot of money. But don't worry, I know where you can get a lot of money. The Bank. The Bank will loan you some.

BOB

Oh. Well. Who's the Bank?  
*(Sultry music. A dark tall woman with dark glasses struts in and stands center. She has a sign that says "Bank" around her neck.)*

BANK

Who's next?  
*(The others push and prod BOB to approach the BANK.)*

BOB

Hi.

BANK

Fuck off.

BOB

I need some money see and you're a Bank and...

BANK

What'd I say Fuck-chop? Fuck. Off!

BOB

I got good credit.

BANK

*(Walking around BOB now checking him out. Looking down his pants.)* Got any collateral?

BOB

I got this Whats-it.

BANK

Let me confer with my lawyer.

*(LAWYER and BANK make out.)*

Okay, I've conferred with my lawyer. Sign here.

*(BOB signs a contract. BANK gives him a wad of money.)*

Now go out there and sell OUR Whats-it partner-- or I rip your dick off! Here's a lawyer.

*(Pushes lawyer to BOB and is about to exit, but comes back.)* Excuse me. I need my fee.

*(Takes some of BOB's money. And exits.)*

BOB

Okay. Now what?

LAWYER

Don't you worry buddy. Got it all under control.

*(LAWYER crosses to LABORER and MANUFACTURER and begins pantomiming sex with them doggie-style.)*

LAWYER

Hi! I'm Bob's lawyer! We'd like you to manufacture Bob's Whats-it! Of course you'll get paid incredibly and become an automatic partner in the invention leaving my client Bob with a very small percentage. You okay with that?

LABORER and MANUFACTURER

Sure! We love Bob! We love you! We think you're great! Where do we sign!

LAWYER

*(Pulling out contract.)* Right here!

LABORER and MANUFACTURER

*(Signing.)* Great! No problem! We'll begin manufacturing OUR product right away!

*(LAWYER crosses to BOB and takes a bunch of money from BOB's stash.)*

LAWYER

Pleasure doing business with you. *(Exits.)*

*(BOB goes to MANUFACTURER and LABORER.)*

BOB

So. Here you go! Here's my Whats-It! When are you going to start mass producing it?

LABORER

Never! Fuck off!

*(LABORER plops down and sits on the floor, pouting.)*

BOB

What happened?

MANUFACTURER

Sorry. Seems my Laborer is on strike.

LABORER

Damn straight! More money pig!

BOB

Now what do we do?

MANUFACTURER

Well we need labor to build your Whats-it. I know! We'll get cheap foreign labor!

*(Enter a bare foot little girl in rags as CHEAP FOREIGN LABOR.)*

CHEAP FOREIGN LABOR

Hello. I'm cheap foreign labor. I'm so destitute I would gladly eat my own feces to build your cheap American crap.

MANUFACTURER

*(Giving her the Whats-it.)* Here. Build this Whats-it in your sweatshop.

CHEAP FOREIGN LABOR

Will you feed me?

MANUFACTURER

You'll get nothing and like it! Now get the hell out of here, and don't come back till you're done! *(Exit CHEAP FOREIGN LABOR.)* See? No problem.

*(Offstage we hear "KISS MY ASS! COME ON! KISS IT!")*

BOB

What's that?

*(We hear "That's right! Get down on your hands and knees and kiss my ass!")*

MANUFACTURER

Oh no. That's who we have to sell your Whats-it to.

BOB

Who?

MANUFACTURER

It's the Large Retail Chain Store!

*(Enter Andy Kaempher with a SALESMAN kissing his ass.)*

RETAILER

That's right! Kiss it again!

BOB

Who's that kissing his ass?

MANUFACTURER

My salesman. He's trying to sell your Whats-it to a 200 store chain.

SALESMAN

Please Mr. Retailer. Please buy my manufacturers product.

RETAILER

Pucker up weasel boy and kiss it! Kiss it one more time!

SALESMAN

But...

RETAILER

Kiss it!

*(SALESMAN kisses.)*

SALESMAN

Will you buy it now Mr. Retailer?

RETAILER

Let me think. No. No I won't, now get the hell out of here.  
*(SALESMAN crosses to MANUFACTURER.)*

SALESMAN

You know. I think he's about to buy. I got a feeling...

MANUFACTURER

Sorry boy. You're fired. Get out of here. *(Before salesman leaves.)* Wait. Here.  
*(MANUFACTURER takes some of BOB'S money and gives it to SALESMAN.)*

BOB

But he didn't sell anything.

MANUFACTURER

It's his expense check! Hey, who's selling our product here, me or you?

BOB

So now what do we do? I don't think he's going to buy my Whats-it.

MANUFACTURER

It's time to call in the big guns.

BOB

Who's that?

*(MANUFACTURER whistles. Enter a gorgeous female dressed like hooker with the sign "Advertising" around her neck. She stands center.)*

MANUFACTURER

Our evil Retailer is no match for Major Corporate Advertising and Marketing. Go to it hon.

ADVERTISING

*(Approaching Retailer.)* Want to buy this new Whats-it?

RETAILER

Depends. Do I know the Manufacturer?

ADVERTISING

No. But you know me. I'm everywhere.

RETAILER

Is everybody else going to sell it too? I don't want to take a chance if...

ADVERTISING

Everybody's going to want a piece of me.

RETAILER

Will I get a kick back?

ADVERTISING

Oh I always kick and scream and moan and...

RETAILER

All right! I'll buy it!

ADVERTISING

*(Breaking from RETAILER. To MANUFACTURER:)* Okay Fuck-chop he's buyin' give me my money there pimp daddy.

*(MANUFACTURER takes some of BOB'S money and gives it to ADVERTISING.)*

MANUFACTURER

You did good, go work the other side of the street will ya?

ADVERTISING

Piss off. *(Hides money down the front of her dress and exits.)*

RETAILER

So when can you ship me this Whats-it? And you better make it quick before I change my mind.

MANUFACTURER

Just a sec! Hey little girl! Where's my Whats-it! Chop-chop!

*(CHEAP FOREIGN LABOR runs in and collapses exhausted with Whats-it.)*

Hey? Where's our order? Where's all our Whats-its?

CHEAP FOREIGN LABOR

CIA sponsored American Imperialism infiltrating into my country in order to overthrow a peaceful dictator has caused the rise of a religious terrorist sect who now force my people to produce nuclear weapons instead food. This has caused an American ban on exports and imports to and from our country, which has left us even poorer than before you Americans tried to save us.

*(A pause.)*

MANUFACTURER

So you don't have our Whats-its? *(C.F.L. shakes her head.)* Get the hell out of here you commie! *(Everybody shouts Commie!)* Wait!

*(Takes some of Bob's money and gives it to CHEAP FOREIGN LABOR.)*

BOB

What's that for?

MANUFACTURER

Foreign relations fee. No get outta here. *(C.F.L. exits.)*

RETAILER

I'd like my Whats-its and I want them now.

BOB

Now what do we do?

*(LABORER clears his throat.)*

MANUFACTURER

Here. *(Takes some more money, throws it at LABORER.)* That enough?

LABORER

More! *(MANUFACTURER throws the rest.)* That's good.



## MANUFACTURER

Good news! It seems our strike is over. Looks like we'll be able to ship our whats-its by tomorrow! Congratulations! All we need is some more help from our advertising slut (*She enters*) to sell our Whats-It to all the people out there, you, the stupid consumer and we'll all be rich.

*(Crashing from above. They all look up in terror! Chaos!)*

Oh no! It's coming! Oh my goodness!

## RETAILER

It's VERY Steven Spielberg!

*(They all run off except for BOB. Enter a UPS man with wings.)*

## UPS

Greetings Prophet. The great work begins. The messenger has arrived.

## BOB

Who are you?

## UPS

I am the American Transportation angel. I'm the angel of OPEC. You have taken advantage of me for too long. I have risen gas prices to over \$2.00 a gallon. The nation is paralyzed. You are now unable to ship or build your product without raising prices beyond what the struggling American people are able to afford. You are now broke Bob. And the Bank is going to come and rip your dick off. *(To audience:)* By the way, I'm not gay. All hetero. Well there was that one time in Frisco, but I was drunk.

## BOB

Screw you.

## UPS

What?

*(BOB decks the UPS angel and he falls to the floor. A beat.)*

## BOB

*(He picks up his Whats-It. To audience:)* Fuck Capitalism.

## BLACKOUT