



THE NATIONAL

The Inauguration of the New Great and Fearless
Leader of the Nation of [REDACTED]

INFO

A short play on
the state of
affairs of
politics in the
recent history
of the world ca.
2022

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Species Project
Theatre One
Minute Play
Competition in
Frederick
Marland

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A throne sits on an otherwise barren stage save for four elegant banners, two hanging on each side of the throne and a single, simplistic flag hung in landscape above.

A quick trumpet call.

Soldiers in dress quickly hustle in and all take a knee, evenly flanking the throne.

A normal man walks in.

Well, I say normal...as normal as anyone could be wherever this is staged. His dress is anything but: a cape along with even more extravagant ceremonial dress than the soldiers flanking and bright white hair.

He walks to center and sits on the throne.

A crown is lowered and the nearest two soldiers remove it from its suspension and help it find its way to the newly appointed PRESIDENT.

The crown is not usual, almost more of a tiara but made from some strange and alien metal. It breathes an air of uneasiness into the room.

The soldiers return to their places.

The PRESIDENT stands to deliver is inaugural address:

PRESIDENT: My fellow Nationals! This title you bestow upon me; it is the greatest honor I have ever, and will ever, receive.

He begins to pace; talking demonstratively, with strong movements of his hands. A year appears projected on the flag.

This year.

This day.

PRESIDENT: I worked hard to get to this place. I strove to do my family, my ancestors, proud.

The date begins ticking up, slowly, ticking up four years over the course of the next several lines.

The PRESIDENT coughs lightly.

PRESIDENT: For so long, our Nation has struggled. What we need now, more than ever, is strength.

A more violent cough.

PRESIDENT: We have lost our way. Our culture is under attack! Invaders seek to replace our thriving, moral nation with savagery! Anarchy! Government control over every aspect of our lives!

Angrily, through a series of aggressive, sickly coughs:

PRESIDENT: They seek to destroy our way of life! The sanctity of marriage!
The pureness of our culture, our blood! They refuse to conform!

Something breaks in him; blood spews from some place on his body.

Thick, black blood.

The date has reached four years.

Re-election.

As he continues, more blood pops, he grows weaker but angrier. The soldiers begin to look concerned.

PRESIDENT: We will prevail! We will persevere! We will survive! We will rule!

As he continues, more blood pops, he grows weaker but angrier. The soldiers begin to look concerned.

PRESIDENT: Our Nation will be strong again! We will stomp out the rest of the world! Our nation will reign supreme! No more races! No more cultures! No more insubordination! Only us!

A final vessel bursts. The PRESIDENT is hardly human. A rabid, old, decrepit husk of a human.

The soldiers quickly bring out cables, hoses, and whatever else may keep him alive. They bring him to sit in the chair.

He remains rabid, angry and, against all odds, PRESIDENT.

As he sits, he spews blood, vile and whatever they're using to keep him alive. It all looks like thick black horror in the end.

It begins oozing from the top of the banners and flags.

The date has been racing up and up and up until it ends at an infinity symbol. The ooze covers it. It's a mess.

The PRESIDENT chants:

PRESIDENT: ONLY US! ONLY US! ONLY US! ONLY US!

The soldiers prod the audience to chant along, as they do.

This continues, the PRESIDENT continues, as the scene fades to black.

End of play.