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ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, KARL MARX AND JESUS CHRIST PLAY GOLF AT MAR-A-LAGO

A Play in One Act

By Jeff Garrity

TIME: THE PRESENT

PLACE: ON THE FIRST TEE AT MAR-A-LAGO GOLF COURSE

CHARACTERS: JESUS CHRIST
KARL MARX
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2 (UNSEEN, HEARD VIA CELL PHONE)

[At rise ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, KARL MARX AND JESUS CHRIST are onstage. They are preparing to tee off on the first hole at Mar-a-Lago. They each hold a driver, and KARL MARX has a bottle of wine. Their golf cart can be offstage. They are dressed as they would have been while they were alive.]

JESUS CHRIST

How about sharing that bottle, Karl? We haven't even teed off and it's already half gone. Maybe Eleanor would like a drink.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

No, no thank you. I want to keep my wits about me. Let's remember that we're on a mission. Karl, you drew honors so you're up.

KARL MARX

[addressing Jesus Christ] Just one more drink to gladden my heart, as your book says, JC. And it's not like you had to pay for it.

JESUS CHRIST

If you end up in the drunk tank again we should just leave you there.

KARL MARX

[drinks from the bottle] Ahhh. Oh, don't get your halo in a knot, JC. A few drinks help me loosen up. My follow through suffers when I am too tight. Instant therapy.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Boys, let's keep our minds on finding the orange-haired monster.

JESUS CHRIST

Karl, I have a more permanent solution to your problem. Simply accept that the poor will always be with us and immediately a great weight will lift from your shoulders and your tension will disappear. It's done wonders for my golf game.

KARL MARX

Side with the oppressors? Accept the subjugation of billions?

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Boys. Let's not start that again, please. Karl, you're up. JC and I will keep an eye out for the orange-haired monster.

KARL MARX

[takes another drink from the bottle] Ahhh. Yes, I am ready. That is excellent wine, JC. Not watery at all. Is it from the water hazard?

JESUS CHRIST

I haven't figured out how to get the floaties out so I filled the bottle in the clubhouse bathroom. People didn't used to mind floaties, but tastes have changed.

KARL MARX

Ja, so why do you still wear a robe? Children stare, you know.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Oh, don't let's start that one either. Karl, you're up! JC, you're not even looking.

JESUS CHRIST

There's no guarantee we'll see him.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Keep the faith, JC. He's on the course somewhere. Perhaps you could sort of ... *arrange* a meeting for us.

JESUS CHRIST

I don't do parlor tricks.

KARL MARX

What about the wine? [drinks from bottle again] Ah, das ist gut.

JESUS CHRIST

If it's in the Bible, it's not a parlor trick.

KARL MARX

Maybe next time you could conjure up some talking snakes.

JESUS CHRIST

What is it with you and talking snakes? Every time we ...

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Oh JC, he's just pushing your buttons. Karl, you're up!

JESUS CHRIST

It's like he thinks the Bible is only about talking snakes.

KARL MARX

It's also about plagues, exile, floods ...

JESUS CHRIST

Peace, love, justice ...

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Boys, please! Karl. You are up!

KARL MARX

Okay, I am ready. Eleanor please keep JC quiet. Last time he offered to bless my balls just before I teed off and it threw me off for the rest of the day.

JESUS CHRIST

It was an honest offering of kindness.

KARL MARX

How can the Prince of Peace want to win so badly that he would resort to such low tactics?

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

This is not about the game! Please remember that we are on a mission. If you boys can't stop bickering then I'll tee off first. [starts toward tee] Ooooh! Ooooh! I think I see him.

KARL MARX

Where? Where?

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

There, on the other fairway, past the bushes. I'm sure that's him!

KARL MARX

Yes, there is the orange-haired monster!

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

I just want one good shot at that horrid man. [sets down ball and prepares to swing]

JESUS CHRIST

[skeptically] You're going with a driver?

KARL MARX

I think a three wood is best. You need to carry the bushes in the air.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

I want maximum effect. Driver all the way. A low screamer to smash his skull.

JESUS CHRIST

Take a deep breath.

KARL MARX

And a drink. For your follow through.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

No thank you!

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

[strikes ball with driver] Take that you bastard!

KARL MARX

Ooh. You got all of that one.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

[watching her ball fly] Just need a little draw. Just a little draw. Just like that. Yes, yes, yes! [excitedly]
By God, I think I hit him! I think I hit him! He's grabbing his head! [delighted] He's down on his knees!
I hit him!

JESUS CHRIST

He just fell onto his face.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Maybe he's dead. Oh, this is so exciting!

[offstage shouts as the orange-haired monster's party and Secret Service agents realize what has happened]

KARL MARX

That was a wonderful use of the draw, Eleanor.

JESUS CHRIST

That wasn't a draw. I changed the wind direction and speed. Brought it right into his left temple.

[distant sirens, shouts continue]

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

You are a sly devil aren't you, JC! Oh, this is such fun. He's still down! Maybe he'll get an aneurysm.
Can you help with that, JC?

JESUS CHRIST

I leave direct harm to the big guy upstairs. He gets a cranky when I do that kind of stuff.

KARL MARX

They're pointing at us. They must know the ball came from here.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Let's keep playing. Like nothing happened.

KARL MARX

There must be a dozen of them coming this way.

[offstage sound of a distant helicopter]

KARL MARX

And they all have guns.

JESUS CHRIST

Judgment is upon us.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

There can be no sin in the struggle for justice.

JESUS CHRIST

Tell that to the judge.

KARL MARX

It was an accident! No need to explain or justify.

JESUS CHRIST

You can't keep rewriting history, Karl.

[Enter SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1, with hand gun drawn and pointed in direction of ELEANOR, KARL and JESUS]

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

Secret Service! You're surrounded! Put your hands in the air!

[KARL and JESUS drop their drivers]

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

I must say, young man, if you announce yourself, you are no longer secret.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

Lady, put your hands in the air and drop the club!

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Which one do I do first?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

Now!

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Oh, all right.

[ELEANOR drops her driver]

JESUS CHRIST

Ah! That was my foot.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Sorry, JC.

JESUS CHRIST

I forgive you.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

I need to know who hit the ball!

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Excuse me sir, but do you know the president's condition? Might there have been an aneurysm?

[hopefully] Perhaps ... he's dead?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

Everybody quiet! I asked you a question and I want an answer. Who hit the ball?

JESUS CHRIST

That question will not lead you to the answer you desire, my son. You want to know who is responsible for the ball striking the head of the orange-haired ... the head of the president. I must confess that I brought the ball onto its final trajectory with a subtle change in wind direction and a little boost in wind speed. Otherwise it would have sailed past with no harm.

KARL MARX

Ooof! He is always taking credit when something good happens!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2

[offstage voice heard through SS Agent #1's cell phone or other communication device] Carruthers, what's your status?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

[into cell phone] We've got three suspects. No visible weapons but they're all dressed up in costumes and spouting gibberish. They're drunk or maybe on drugs. Possibly terrorists. One looks like a Muslim.

KARL MARX

Would it kill you to put on pants and a shirt, JC?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

We need a van on the first tee. I want to get them away from the president in case they're hiding bombs.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Bombs! Why didn't we think of that? We are far too civil.

KARL MARX

Excuse me, sir. But if we are going to prison, I would like to retrieve my reading spectacles from the golf cart. Staring at a prison wall for years would be the worst form of hell.

JESUS CHRIST

Don't be so sure, Karl.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

No one move or I will shoot!

KARL MARX

I would rather die than go to prison without my spectacles.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

Don't take another step old man!

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Come now, sir. He simply wants his reading glasses.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

[agitated, near panic] Stop! Final warning! You in the robe! Step aside or I'll shoot you too!

JESUS CHRIST

He's a stubborn fool who fails to acknowledge reality, but he is my brother and I will not allow you to harm him.

KARL MARX

Ha! / fail to accept reality? You believe in little chubby people flying around and talking snakes!

JESUS CHRIST

Again with the snakes?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

Everybody shut the hell up! Old man, one more move and you'll get a bullet, understand?

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Damn! The orange-haired monster's on his feet. I was really hoping for an aneurysm.

JESUS CHRIST

Sometimes they take days to develop. It could still happen.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

[exasperated] Everybody *stop talking*, stay where you are and keep your hands in plain sight.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Perhaps we've knocked some sense into that hateful creep. Or perhaps he'll get amnesia. That sometimes happens with a knock on the head, doesn't it? Maybe he'll forget that he's such an evil mother...

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2

[offstage, heard through cell phone]

The van's on its way but the president wants you to hold all three of them there.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

[into cell phone] Hold them here? Why?

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

[disappointed] Oh, blast! The orange-haired monster is up and walking this way. Maybe I'll whack him on the head with my driver.

[offstage siren of Secret Service van approaches and stops, doors slam]

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

[into cell phone] The van just arrived and I want to get all three suspects out of here. We've got one in a robe, another guy wearing a wool three-piece and the woman is wearing some kind of Victorian dress. They might all have explosives under their clothes.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Did the monster just stumble? I think he just stumbled. That could be a good sign.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2

[heard through cell phone] The president says he wants to shoot the son of a bitch who hit him in the head with a golf ball so you need to keep all three of them right there. Don't load them into the van. We're on our way.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

[into cell phone] He can't just go shooting people! And I don't know which one hit the ball. Is he going to shoot all three?

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

I am definitely going to whack him on the head.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2

[heard through cell phone] He says he'll shoot them one at a time until someone confesses. He wants to know if he can borrow your gun.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

No, he can't borrow my gun!

KARL MARX

How are your resurrection powers, JC?

JESUS CHRIST

A little rusty.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

[into cell phone] I really don't like this. They might have explosives!

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

We really should've thought about bombs.

JESUS CHRIST

Thanks to Karl, I have another idea. Watch this.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

[into cell phone] We'll search them right now, but keep him away until ... What the hell ... There's something crawling up my pant legs. Oh my God! Snakes! Snakes!

[Offstage shouts and screams from several Secret Service agents nearby. They all have snakes crawling inside their clothes. Secret Service Agent #1 drops to ground and writhes. Shouts and screams continue to end.]

KARL MARX

Nice parlor trick, JC.

JESUS CHRIST

Snakes are in the Bible.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

The orange-haired monster's on the ground, writhing around!

JESUS CHRIST

I gave him a double dose.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Oh, wonderful! I feel like we've done something good today! Excellent work, JC.

KARL MARX

I hope those snakes are poisonous.

JESUS CHRIST

No, I'm stepping on the big guy's toes just by scaring people, but these are desperate times. This kind of snake just likes to wrap around things and squeeze. And they can talk too. The ones all over the president are screaming in his ears that Melania faked every orgasm.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

You devil you!

JESUS CHRISTS

It's actually true.

KARL MARX

You should make them poisonous next time.

JESUS CHRIST

Let's see how bad things get. Maybe I'll have to break a rule or two at some point.

KARL MARX

Ja, we need to stop being nice.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

I suppose we've done all we can for today.

KARL MARX

Let's get out of here. I will drive.

JESUS CHRIST

Oh, no. We barely survived the trip here. And you're drunk.

[ELEANOR, KARL and JESUS start to walk offstage. SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1 still writhes on ground. shouts of others still heard.]

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

I will drive. I do hope you're right about the aneurysm, JC. Maybe we just need to wait a few days. And I really like the bomb idea ...

[Lights]

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