

# **Shut Up and Sit Down! A Telegraph Slasher**

By

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### Cast of Characters

<u>Andrew Jackson:</u>	Male, any age.
<u>The Janitor:</u>	Either male or female, any age.
<u>Ben Franklin:</u>	Male, any age.
<u>George Washington:</u>	Male, any age.
<u>Abigail Adams:</u>	Female, any age.
<u>Swamp Fox:</u>	Male, any age.

### Scene

4 Short Scenes

### Time

10-15 Minutes

SCENE ONE:

"A Story in Four Acts."

*Setting: The set of a nighttime-style talk show. A desk and guests' seat to the left of the desk. A picture frame either is nailed to the front of the desk, or hangs in front of it, giving off the appearance that the set is in a framed portrait or a TV screen.*

*ANDREW sits at his desk, and taps the microphone on the desk with his cane.*

ANDREW:

Welcome to our little two-bit telegraph program, this is Shut Up and Sit Down, only on NPT, National Public Telegraph, speaking to you from Washington DC, this is President Andrew Jackson. The time is - not important. This is NPT. We have a long list of guests interviews tonight, folks, so we had best get started. I have to go ratify some indian removal agreements and curse the blackness of my life from the outhouse before the day is out. We welcome to the show, American everyman, Mr. Ben Franklin.

"Shut Up and Sit Down, Benjamin Franklin!"

*Canned applause, Andrew motions for the audience to cheer.*

*BEN enters from stage left, bowing for the crowd, and then taking the guests' seat.*

ANDREW:

Now Ben, I've heard that you have a new essay out by the name of "Fart Proudly" - is that right?

*Andrew pulls out a book and flashes it at the audience.*

BEN:

Why yes, that is true.

ANDREW:

But it's a little hard to get, isn't it?

BEN:

Yes, I only have printed a few editions, passed out to friends - I do not intend to release it to the general public.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW:

"It is universally well known, that in digesting our common food, there is created or produced in the bowels of human creatures, a great quantity of wind. That the permitting this air to escape and mix with the atmosphere, is usually offensive to the company, from the fetid smell that accompanies it. That all well-bred people therefore, to avoid giving such offence, forcibly restrain the efforts of nature to discharge that wind."

*Andrew throws the book behind him, it clunking against the stage.*

ANDREW:

Too bad you don't feel the same way, you let it fly, or, gush!

*Andrew takes his cane and waves it in the air.*

ANDREW:

Good stuff anyway, your book, though, Ben.

BEN:

Well, thank you, I appreciate it. *(Ben leans in toward Andrew, glancing at the audience and trying to whisper)* I'm not really Ben Franklin, you maniac! Take it easy on me!

ANDREW:

Oh, we know, your fly is both open and incorrect for the time period.

*Andrew pulls out another book.*

ANDREW:

And we have another one of your books here as well! "Advice to a Friend on Choosing a Mistress" - you surely have some experience in that! "The Face first grows lank and wrinkled; then the Neck; then the Breast and Arms; the lower Parts continuing to the last as plump as ever: So that covering all above with a Basket, and regarding only what is below the Girdle, it is impossible of two Women to know an old from a young one."

*Ben places his hand over the microphone on the desk.*

BEN:

Now stop that, if my wife hears that, she'll kill me.

ANDREW:

Well, speaking of dying, Ben, I've heard that you've nearly died quite a few times!

BEN:

You're risking dying here tonight as well... But yes, that's true - during my scientific experiments around electricity, of course.

ANDREW:

Tell us about that!

*Andrew scoots the microphone closer to Ben with his cane.*

BEN:

Well, I came into possession of some Leyden Jars, which effectively hold electricity. For a majority of my early experiments I shocked the limbs of patients who had paralyzed extremities to some success - until I accidentally electrocuted one, and a turkey as well.

*Andrew clears his throat.*

ANDREW:

Ah, I'm sorry, Ben, that reminds me, I need to run a live ad quickly -

BEN:

By all means, go for it.

*Andrew pulls out a notecard and begins to read from it.*

ANDREW:

Do you hear that?

*Andrew motions to Ben, who shrugs.*

BEN:

No, what?

*A canned turkey call plays overhead.*

ANDREW:

That's right! That's the sound of amazing fried chicken at Count Cluckins' Fried Chicken.

BEN:

Well, Andrew, it was a turkey, not a chicken.

ANDREW:

Remember, you heard it here, on NPT!

BEN:

I had called for the Turkey to be our national bird, you know. A turkey would fight to the death to defend his farmyard - an eagle is simply a scavenger or picks off mice from above.

ANDREW:

With that logic, have you ever met a goose? It looks like you may have tasted both, if not all three!

BEN:

Well I never!

ANDREW:

And explains the smell, too!

*A trumpet blows. The janitor comes in and chases Ben away with a broom.*

SCENE TWO:"Shut Up and Sit Down, Abigale

Adams!"

*Canned applause, Andrew motions for the audience to cheer.*

*ABIGALE enters from the right, staggering into the guests' seat.*

ANDREW:

Now, ever since the Petticoat Affair, I've always had a soft spot for the ladies - well, honestly, I always have. It is a pleasure to see you, Mrs. Adams.

ABIGALE:

It's a pleasure to see you, Mr. Jackson - do you mind?

ANDREW:

Do I mind? -

*Abigale swigs from a flask that she pulls from her bosom.*

ABIGALE:

I'm able to loosen up quite a bit without my husband in the house. He's always off working, leaving me to my books.

ANDREW:

It is said that you and your husband, Mr. Adams, have exchanged over 1,000 letters - is that true?

ABIGALE:

Why yes, it is! Albeit, I didn't have the luck to receive a true formal education, so I often have a hard time writing them (*she hiccups*) correctly.

ANDREW:

How many fingers am I holding up?

*Andrew holds up his cane, with three fingers raised.*

*Abigale strains to look, taking another swig from her flask.*

ABIGALE:

It looks to be five, Mr. Jackson.

*Jackson uses his cane to quickly poke the flask out of her hand, sending it skittering across the stage.*

(CONTINUED)