

The Future Is In Your Tiny Hands

by Jonathan Rand

— Revisions rundown —

Date of book in circulation:	July 26, 2013
Date of these revisions:	April 6, 2016

This play has been rewritten since publication, so if you've got a book, it's an old version of the play. The latest edits are in this document.

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Student names are now as follows: Bobby Grantwood, Kaitlyn Parker, Brian Dexter, Paige Francisco, Colin Slattery, Emilio Brixton, Felicia Buck, Larry Hartwell, Edie Richards, and Ryan Granderson

See below for scene-by-scene replacement dialogue.

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SOPHIA. Welcome to you both. Let's get right to it with questions from your fellow students, who have pre-submitted their name, and a little something about themselves. The first question comes from Brian Dexter, who has a robot costume that totally looks real.

...

My. Goals. Include.

(A brief pause as it's clear BOBBY didn't think ahead and realizes he's stuck.)

Shoot...

...

BOBBY. Then I love America. My point is: the more tots, the better — of *course* — but do we need more cafeteria bureaucracy? Under my administration, it's *your* decision as to exactly what garbage you pour down your face holes. Want to bring in your own bag of 300 tots, and your own king-size bucket of KFC, and then wash it all down with your own gallon of liquid cheese? Do it. That's what freedom looks like.

...

BOBBY. That is *outrageous*! You take away our pigtail-yanking rights, what next? Our water balloons? I'll give you my water balloons when you pry them from my cold, wet hands.

...

SOPHIA. I'm sorry, but we need to move on. Our next question comes from Emilio Brixton, who recently got mustard on his shirt.

EMILIO. I've heard that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself. What about the dark?

BOBBY. Emilio, I'm man enough to admit that I, too, am deathly afraid of the dark. This threat we face is all too real. But I do believe that I speak for both candidates when I say that we fully support our night lights.

KAITLYN. The two of us don't agree often, but on this we must reach across the aisle and together finally defeat this pure evil. Every evening—coincidentally right around sundown—we are viciously and brutally attacked. But know *this*... twelve hours later, we *always* overcome. That's hope we can *all* believe in.

(BOBBY and KAITLYN warmly shake hands and possibly hug.)

SOPHIA. Our next question comes from Felicia Buck, who drew this picture all by herself. *(Holds up a child's drawing.)*

...

LARRY. We live in difficult times with difficult challenges. With that in mind: How many jumbo marshmallows can you fit in your mouth?

BOBBY. A *vital* question, Larry.

KAITLYN. I couldn't agree more.

(As if such a request is completely normal, BOBBY and KAITLYN place marshmallows in their own mouths, up to capacity. At the end, there is no celebration; it's all quite professional, as they deposit their used marshmallows somewhere inconspicuous and resume the debate.)

KAITLYN. Two.

BOBBY. Three.

SOPHIA. The next question comes from Edie Richards, who really really really loves horsies.

...

BOBBY. Well where I come from, we call that way of thinking "stupid-stupid-dumb-dumb-pants." The fact is: some folks are just awful at kickball. And maybe things would be different if we were in *Russia* playing *communismball*. But we're playing *kickball*, in *America*. And in *America*, do we pick LeBron *last* in the NBA draft? No, because that would be stupid-stupid-dumb-dumb-pants. We pick LeBron first in basketball, just like we pick Jenny Friedman first in kickball. Why? Because Jenny Friedman is the best at *kicking*...the *ball*.

(He reveals two signs, one that says "KICKING" and the other that says "BALL." He moves the latter in front of the former, obscuring the "ING" so it says "KICKBALL." He does this a few times.)

SOPHIA. The next question comes from Ryan Granderson, who hasn't wet the bed since Thursday.

RYAN. How would you describe your school spirit? The reason I ask is because: *(Simply:)* I've got spirit, yes I do, I've got spirit, how about you.

BOBBY. That's a fine question, Ryan. If anyone has school pride, it's me. As you know, our mascot is the Northern Elephant Seal, which I always proudly display here on this lapel pin. You may notice that my opponent wears no such pin. Well I suppose school pride isn't for everyone.

KAITLYN. It's a real shame that my opponent must overcompensate with outward appearance because of his inner lack of school spirit. I don't flaunt my school pride on the outside; it's what's *inside* that counts. *(Taps her heart.)* And by inside I'm of course referring to this Elephant Seal handkerchief in my pocket. *(She shows it.)* As you can see, it is noticeably larger than his pin.

BOBBY. Folks, we all know spirit isn't just about size, but about quantity. Which is why I wear another twelve pins right here.

(He casually opens his jacket to show the crowd.)

KAITLYN. I have so much school pride, “Northern Elephant Seals” is my middle name. And I mean that literally, as my name has been legally changed to Kaitlyn Northern Elephant Seals Parker. *(Holds up an official ID card that’s perhaps she’s had blown up to a larger size, or it’s screen-projected.)*

BOBBY. Ladies and gentlemen: my ringtone.

(He holds his phone above his head and we briefly hear an elephant seal barking.)

KAITLYN. Alas, my opponent just played the call of the Western Elephant Seal. The Northern Elephant Seal actually sounds like *this*.

(KAITLYN delivers some loud elephant seal barks. BOBBY competes by speaking loudly over KAITLYN’s barks.)

BOBBY. If my opponent had *true* school pride, she would bark with the traditional craned neck and sand flipping motion, like *this*!

(BOBBY and KAITLYN are now each doing elephant seal impressions with their voices and bodies.

After a few seconds of this insanity, they stop, and then calmly and simply return to their stools. A brief pause.)

SOPHIA. Ladies and gentlemen, we have now reached the end of today’s debate, which means it’s time for closing statements. Kaitlyn, the floor is yours.

KAITLYN. Thank you, Sophia. My fellow Elephant Seals, when you sit down and really *think* – what qualities do you want in a president? Do you want a Me-First megalomaniac? Do you want a candidate who shamelessly commits Free Cupcake voter fraud? And do you want the kind of person who drinks from the water fountain in that weird way where they stick their entire mouth on the fountain? Or... *or...* Do you want a *leader*, who *leads*, using *leadership*? The choice is in your hands – your tiny, underdeveloped hands.

SOPHIA. Bobby, your closing statement.

(With each word, BOBBY emphatically pounds his fist into his other open hand.)

BOBBY. Yes. We. Can. Have. More. Pizza. Parties.