



FIRST SCENE – SAMPLE

By Robert J. Wheeler, 15 Windsor Cres., London, ON N6C 1V6 Canada – Revised Jan. 30/25

Setting – Prime Minister's office. Run time -- approximately 35 minutes.
Actors – 2 M – 1 F -- 1

Wheeler, Robert J. *Oh Canada – Fast Forward*. Written and produced 2015 as *Good To The Very Last Droplet*. Published May 2022. <http://wheelerscripts.com/>. Playwrights' Guild of Canada Copyscript. ISBN: 978-7390405-0-5.

My scripts are on PGC site.
<https://www.canadianplayoutlet.com/pages/search-results-page?q=robert%20wheeler>

Email robwheeler999@gmail.com if you would like to read the play for a possible production and I will send it to you.

CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	Age	Gender
SYLVIA JACOBS	Prime Minister of Canada	65-75	Female
ALFRED ADAMS	Sub Prime Minister of Canada	25-30	Male

Note: The play will be successful (funny) if the actors' actions and expressions match their exaggerated dialogue.

NOTE: SYLVIA has a dyed-in-the-wool, strong East Coast accent. Periodically Sylvia is seemingly out of touch with reality. I want Sylvia to be perceived as a female "Columbo" – brilliant, but disarmingly so. She needs to have the accent throughout. I have sprinkled language that I think Sylvia would use e.g. "dat" instead of "that". I didn't change them all. I hope the actor or director will change the words when necessary.

ALFRED is a wet-behind-the-ears, young male, weaselly, similar to a young Martin Short at his comedic best.

SCENE ONE

LIGHTS UP ON THE PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE.

A large Canadian flag is on the UC wall.

D.R. is a desk and chair facing the audience.

D.L. is a smaller desk and chair facing the audience.

A black phone, a red phone and a small calculator are on the desk.

The desks are two to three feet apart.

PRIME MINISTER SYLVIA JACOBS (30-60) (speaks with an east coast accent) sits at the D.R. desk. She is serious as she reads and jots on a book on her desk.

ALFRED (20), her male assistant, reads from a folder at the D.L. desk.

Sylvia sneezes into the open book, takes a tissue, doesn't wipe her face, looks in horror at the book and wipes the pages.

The BLACK PHONE RINGS (First bars of Star-Spangled Banner). Alfred answers it.

ALFRED: The prime minister's office, Alfred Adams speaking. *(pause)* It's you. The prime minister is busy, very busy. *(pause)* She's dealing with critical matters of national importance, so *(pause)* She is under a lot of pressure.

Sylvia moves the book so we can see the title on the cover LARGE PRINT CROSSWORD.

No. That's impossible. I told you . . . I know who you are. *(pause)* Yesterday I put Lee Ming through and she hung up on him. *(pause)* Yes, Lee Ming, the Chinese chairman. *(pause)* She hung up on him without one thought of repercussions. She'll do the same to you. Call back some . . .

Sylvia continues to look at the crossword.

SYLVIA: Alfred! Who's dat?

Alfred puts a hand over the receiver.

ALFRED: Prime Minister, it's Jeb.

SYLVIA: Jeb Wilson, the president of the U.S.?

ALFRED: He wants a video conference.

Sylvia picks up the mirror; sees herself in it, tries to fix her hair, gives up on her hair.

SYLVIA: Hang up.

Sylvia puts the mirror on the desk. Alfred hangs up the phone.

Video conference! Tell him to stick and mackerel in it.

Alfred snatches up the phone, listens for half a second and hangs it up. She jots on the crossword. Alfred is frustrated.

Did you tell him?

ALFRED: Oh, he got the message.

Sylvia puts the crossword down, pulls closer to Alfred.

SYLVIA: Alfred. What do you think?

ALFRED: Prime Minister, can you be more specific?

SYLVIA: About my record. It's been a full year today since I was 'lected.

ALFRED: I've been so busy I forgot. Congratulations.

SYLVIA: It's 2125. Easy to forget stuff with everyone driving hard to keep up on the information highway -- calling, TVing, Gaming Googleing, Blogging, Texting, Emailing, Facebooking, Twittering. So many ways of communicatin' but less to say. What's the world coming to?

Alfred tries to speak but is cut off.

Alfred, where do you think I rate on that information highway?

ALFRED: You on the information highway?

SYLVIA: Sure.

ALFRED: Honestly?

SYLVIA: Sure.

ALFRED: On a scale from one to ten?

SYLVIA: That'll do.

ALFRED: Pretty low.

SYLVIA: How low?

ALFRED: Roadkill.

SYLVIA: That's under one, right?

ALFRED: Buried under it.

SYLVIA: Being Prime Minister is hard enough without them distractions.

ALFRED: Emailing, Facebooking, Twittering, all you mentioned, are as dead as the Dodo, TV, remote control and magazine rack. You're behind . . .

SYLVIA: *(interrupting)* I've been busy keeping up with my prime ministerial responsibilities! You know China and the U.S. and the whole world, are desperate for our oil. You know dat?

ALFRED: It's a good thing.

SYLVIA: You tink, do you? To the average mind that could look like a blessing but it's not. It's up to me to see this Country through these perilous times.

ALFRED: Things have certainly changed since the rest of the world ran out of oil.

They stand and walk in front of their desks, possibly sit on the desks.

SYLVIA: Except for Canada's oil sands.

ALFRED: It's easier to pump oil out of wells than strain it from sand, so it's logical that our oil is the last to go.

SYLVIA: Oil's a large part of my current predicament.

ALFRED: If you abide by the International Democratic Imperative Oil Treaty all nations signed things will move along fine.

SYLVIA: The International Democratic Imperative Oil Treaty.

ALFRED: Better known by its acronym, IDIOT.

SYLVIA: *(sarcastic)* Right.

ALFRED: Because of IDIOT world war three has been averted. IDIOT allows all nations a way to share our oil fairly. I like IDIOT.

SYLVIA: And I'd bet the IDIOT likes you.

Sylvia snickers.

(MORE)

Takes one to know one.

Alfred reacts. Sylvia snickers then turns serious.

I've made it amply clear to all nations an IDIOT has tied my hands regarding extra oil.

ALFRED: Countries shouldn't be trying to get more than their IDIOT allotment, unless, say if a friendly powerful country were to offer an incentive to the nation, or even to the prime minister, and her assistant, that might change things, right?

SYLVIA: You tink?

ALFRED: Just sayin'.

SYLVIA: The IDIOT has saddled me the responsibility of seein' the country's life blood, oil, is parceled out fairly, according to the IDIOT formulae, and I intend to do it.

ALFRED: Oil money coming in from all over has been an awesome windfall for Canadians and could be even more so for the right people if you . . .

SYLVIA: *(interrupting)* Alfred, you think I'm doing okay though, right?

ALFRED: Prime Minister, you're an over achiever. So naturally you will always think you haven't done enough.

SYLVIA: You've got me feeling better already.

ALFRED: Prime Minister, I think it's time for us to review your year. Talk about all you've done for the Country since your election.

SYLVIA: That's a pretty good idea.

ALFRED: You've enacted numerous historic policies to benefit Canadians.

SYLVIA: I done what I thought was good for the Country thanks to the oil slush fund slushing around.

ALFRED: Giving Canadians the "no work option" policy if they combined it with mandatory exercise put you way out in front of the other parties when it comes to the popularity poll.

SYLVIA: Then I coupled it with the weekly subsidy of ten thousand dollars for each citizen taking the option.

ALFRED: Which I recommended.

SYLVIA: I have to admit, enacting the "no work option" policy for Canadians was one of my better moments.

ALFRED: You'll recall I reco . . .

SYLVIA: *(interrupting)* I done good on that one.

Alfred reacts.

ALFRED: You won a record 99 percent voting approval in the last election.

SYLVIA: Just 99 per cent?

ALFRED: The unions. A few Neanderthals want to work.

SYLVIA: Aren't Neanderthals the knuckle draggers of the past?

ALFRED: There's a few here. We've initiated classes aimed at bringing them up to speed on current Canadian cultural standards.

SYLVIA: Good.

ALFRED: Canada needed a labor force to fill the jobs vacated by Canadians taking the "no work option" and you came through for them.

SYLVIA: I did?

ALFRED: Replacement workers!

SYLVIA: Right?

ALFRED: Importing workers from all over Europe was a stroke of genius.

SYLVIA: It was?

ALFRED: You followed my advice and . . .

SYLVIA: *(interrupting)* You're right, Alfred. I am pretty smart. It was just outsourcing. Everybody's doing it. They can send a few bucks to their homeland. I'm not adverse to spreading wealth around.

ALFRED: I can't speak for the rest of the world, but you spreading wealth around has come across loud and clear to Canadians. As your most trusted advisor, and one not adverse to personal wealth accumulation, I was wondering ...

SYLVIA: And then I enacted the refining law that made it mandatory that oil strained from Canadian sand be refined by Canadian government refineries.

ALFRED: Thanks to our Research and Development.

SYLVIA: Right. Then creating the anti-ignite additive that causes refined petroleum to be non-flammable made it possible.

ALFRED: Petroleum is being pumped all over because you, on the advice of your most trusted adviser, made petroleum as flammable as milk.

SYLVIA: That's a fact. How did we re-make it flammable.

ALFRED: Sunlight! Expose it to light and the additive dissolves, then it's back to a combustible fuel. Thanks to R and D, and critical advice from me, infrastructure was developed to pipe refined petroleum to every corner . . .

SYLVIA: *(interrupting)* Alfred, you're right!

ALFRED: What?

SYLVIA: I'm getting smarter and smarter.

Alfred reacts.

ALFRED: It was the "no work option" policy that put you over the top. I can't imagine any party coming up with a better platform.

SYLVIA: It's created a huge problem for me.

ALFRED: You're the most popular prime minister in history. How can that be a problem?

SYLVIA: I've enacted more socially responsible policies than any previous government!

ALFRED: So?

SYLVIA: I'm the leader of the Conservative Party!

ALFRED: Whoops

SYLVIA: Some in the Party are saying I got socialist leanings. If I'm going to retain a shred of credibility with the Party I'm going to have to find some capitalist leanings. Any new ideas?

LIGHTS OUT:

End of Scene One – END OF SAMPLE