

Moving Congress

by Y York

©1997

The DC offices of the freshman representatives from a state
in the American West.

A: I hate this town I hate this town I hate this town I hate this town.

B: Traffic or panhandler?

A: Somebody is sleeping in my parking space.

B: Call security.

A: I think it is security -- she was wearing a uniform. I used to pray for California to fall into the ocean.

B: Now now. Next week we get to go home and press the flesh.

A: (pause) Wouldn't it be... amazing if some terrorist a-bombed this town while we're gone? Saddam.

B: He won't while we're on break.

A: Yes. Somebody... stupid. Or somebody everybody thinks is stupid -- who doesn't even know that congress is on break.

B: (sincere) Oh, that's beautiful. We get to move the capitol.

A: To the the center of the country where it belongs. Utah.

B: We get rid of this piss hole.

A: And all the piss ants in it. (pause) So. You might want to empty your desk. Take everything with you when you go home.

B: (pause) Hey, we're just talking here.

A: No.

the end