

"The First Bathroom"
By Matthew C Williams

(LUKE is washing his hands and CASEY is about to pick up the bathroom phone to get help when there is a knock on the door.)

CASEY. *(Whispered)* Oh my God!

(Luke grabs a can of glade and sprays it manically all around)

LUKE. Stop that! What do we do?!

CASEY. I don't know. I don't know!

LUKE. What if it's her??

CASEY. We got nothin' babe. We'll just have to surrender.

VOICE. Hello? Somebody in there?

LUKE. That's not her. Must be secret service.

CASEY. What do we do?!

LUKE. Just tell the truth.

CASEY. Uh...we can't get out. The door's locked.

VOICE. Are you finished?

LUKE. Uh, yes. We're all done in here.

VOICE. Huh? O.K. Listen. Twist the left sink faucet nozzle to the left.

CASEY. What?

VOICE. Trust me, just do it.

(LUKE grabs the faucet head and twists it to the left. The bathroom door suddenly clicks and unlocks. CASEY swings the door open and 44th president of the United States, BARACK OBAMA is standing there.)

CASEY. Waaa-

LUKE. Your Bara-

OBAMA. Whoa... You're not-Who are you? What are you two doing in there?? *(Authoritative)* Just stay right there... *(Starts to walk out to alert somebody)*

CASEY. No no no no, please. We're here for the dinner! I'm a Math Recipient! We were on the 2nd floor tour and...had a little emergency.

LUKE. I had to go. I swear, we were just using the bathroom.

OBAMA. (*Getting a whiff*) That I can tell.

LUKE. No spying or terrorists. I swear.

(*Obama considers this for a moment*)

OBAMA. Alright. Get back in there.

BOTH. What? OK, sure. Oh, ok, yeah. etc.

(*OBAMA now gets the full effect of the smell and starts waving the air*)

OBAMA. Ahh, Uhg. Turn on the exhaust fan over there will you?

LUKE. Oh yeah.

(*Luke turns flicks on a switch on the other wall and a quiet fan starts on.*)

LUKE. (*Opening a drawer*) Here, I'll light match.

OBAMA. No no no! I made that mistake once. The whole place'll come running. (*Considers them again for a moment*) You know it's a felony to trespass in here without a staff member?

CASEY. I told you Luke!

(*Obama closes the door and it locks again.*)

OBAMA. How the hell did you-Don't answer that. I'm not surprised. Things have been chaotic around here since I've been out. A lot of cracks with things slipping out you know.

(*CASEY starts to giggle*)

LUKE. Casey!

OBAMA. (*He starts to laugh*) No, that's pretty funny. I walked into that one.

CASEY. (*Star struck*) Oh my g- I can't believe I'm standing in your bathroom with...YOU!

OBAMA. It's not mine anymore. However (*points to the shower*), you see that shower head? Rainfall water head. I had that put in. I think it's only thing they left. I mean look at this, clear glass shower stall? Really? Stupidest thing ever. Exhibitionist if you ask me.

CASEY. Yes, I AGREE. Wait. If you don't mind me asking... What are YOU doing here?

OBAMA. Michelle is speaking at your dinner and if I'm there, ehhh...it's kinda distracting? So I'm hangin' down the hall in the Queen's room. I'm watchin' the Bulls game and the bathroom down there is getting renovated (*to LUKE*) lot's a gold. So... here I am.

CASEY. Oh! Do you have to go?

OBAMA. I can hold it. We need to get you two out of here. Unnoticed.

CASEY. Oh my gosh, thank you.

(Obama sits down in a chair. It's a large bathroom)

OBAMA. Ok, let's think.

(Obama notices the positive pregnancy stick sitting on the counter.)

OBAMA. Oh, snap. *(He picks up the stick and looks at it.)* Two lines... Wait, those two?? Is that possible?

CASEY *(Frustrated with the men)* A woman can get pregnant at 46!

OBAMA. She's 48 and I was talking about him.

CASEY. Right. Of course, I'm so sorry.

OBAMA. It's fine. They're just never in the same room. Anyway-

CASEY. That's um. That's actually...

LUKE. Babe, he doesn't care. *(To OBAMA)* It's ours. The test is ours.

CASEY. I'm pregnant.

OBAMA. Hey congratulations! That's great! *(Noticing her lack of excitement)* You don't look happy.

CASEY. Yes... I mean, no.

OBAMA. Was this a surprise?

LUKE. *(Not hiding his emotions)* It's a little unwanted.

CASEY. By me, not him.

OBAMA. OK, ok. What are you gonna do? I mean... Sorry, that's a little personal.

CASEY. No, no. It's fine. Strangely... Well this is all very strange, but I feel comfortable telling you about it.

OBAMA. I have that way with people.

CASEY. *(A rush of nostalgia)* Oh my god, I MISS you! We all do.

LUKE. Yeah, we really loved you. LOVE you. You're here. Still.

OBAMA. You know, I miss being here for you people-for you. But, honestly, I haven't been this relaxed since like... college.

CASEY. Oh, it must be nice to not have the weight of the world on your shoulders.

OBAMA. Yes, yes it is. And now, I'm just all in for my girls and Michelle. It's been amazing. I can actually make them pancakes in the morning. You know it's funny- I've been the leader of the

most powerful nation in the world and hopefully done some pretty good things for it, but being with my family feels somehow more important. (*pause*) Why don't you want to have this baby?

CASEY. Uh... Well, it's complicated.

OBAMA. Nothing's ever simple, is it?

CASEY. I don't know. I don't think I can articulate it.

OBAMA. Yes, yes you can. Go on, dig a little deeper.

CASEY. I was raised by just my dad. My mom left when I was a baby. I guess, once I got older I realized how much I wanted a mom. How much I needed a mom.

OBAMA. That's Ok. Ain't nothin' wrong with wanting that.

CASEY. I think I've had this fantasy that I would go and rescue somebody who didn't have a mom.

OBAMA. You know you could still do that. You could even have both.

CASEY. Yeah?

OBAMA. I'll tell you what. (*Obama pulls out a business card and a pen and writes a phone number on it*). You have this baby. You name it after me (*winks*). And when you feel like to you can sleep through the night again and feel ready to go through it again, call this number. What's your name?

CASEY. Casey. Casey Jones.

OBAMA. Ha! Nice touch dad.

CASEY. Tell me about it.

OBAMA. Anyway, you call this number and tell Jerry, he's my Secret Service lifer, you tell him to put to put me on the phone. I'll hook you up.

CASEY. Hook us up with what?

OBAMA. Little lady, I'm still besties with over 14 different countries all over this good earth. About half of those countries have a deafening surplus of orphans without mamas. You get my drift?

CASEY. Yes sir. Yes Mr. President. I do. I get your drift. Thank you.

OBAMA. Alright, are you two good?

LUKE. Yeah, I'm good!

CASEY. Thank you Mr. President.

OBAMA. My friends call me Barack.

CASEY. (*starstruck again*) Ba-rack.

OBAMA. Alright, let's get you outta here and back down to your dinner. I don't like any empty seats when my wife is speaking.

LUKE. How're we gonna get past all the security?

OBAMA. I gotta few more aces up my sleeve. You promise to keep your mouths shut about what I'm about to show you.

BOTH. Oh yeah, yes sir. Absolutely. Etc.

OBAMA. (*Reaching for the shower head*) This place is full of secrets.

(*Lights out.*)