

## **ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR (acknowledging Pirandello but dedicated to Stanley Unwin in the fundermold)**

### **ACT ONE**

Trump gets up in the middle of the night to empty his bladder, picks up his iPad and settles down to tweet yet another new policy. Suddenly 140 characters appear demanding that because they exist they need him to form them into words. Nobody, they tell him, is better at this than he is. They also say that they don't have to be existing words: that he can set free his creativity: **MAKE AMERICA'S WORDS GREAT AGAIN.**

### **ACT TWO**

'B' 'I' 'G' 'L' and 'Y' form a group and argue that they would like to be a word on their own.

'Listen to the sound we make together, can't you just hear yourself saying our word?'

Hearing this 'C' and 'O' and 'F' and 'V' and 'E' say they want to be a word as well. But 'F' and 'E' jump up and down demanding double portions. 'C' and 'O' and 'V' were well brought up and politely allow them to have what they want.

So 'covfefe' is born.

'I like this', says Trump, 'it sounds very Presidential. That word will set me apart from all the sad losers in NAYTOE and the... er....UN thingly. I bet none of them even know what it means. I'll let Shorn Spicey in on this.'

In **ACT THREE** Thesaurus Rex (acknowledging Harold Wilson) discovers that A Tweet is a Long Time in Politics.

Cliff Jones, 2<sup>nd</sup>. June 2017