

ERIC ZACCAR'S



STARR'S ON BROADWAY is intended for three performers, two male and one female. One man will portray Lenny, Richard Nixon, Bill Clinton, the Unknown Soldier and Founding Father Jefferson. One man will play Kenneth Starr, John Kennedy, Harry Truman and Lyndon Johnson. One woman will portray Monica Lewinsky, Hillary Clinton, Glow Girl and Founding Father Rodham. All of the action takes place either in front of the closed curtain or in an oval shaped room with two fancy leather office chairs and a desk. The time is 1999, though those visiting from beyond might be able to see a touch further.

ACT ONE

SCENARIO ONE: THE COMIC

The curtain remains closed as **LENNY**, a middle aged, sloppily dressed man enters, crosses to the center and begins to deliver his stand up comedy monologue to the audience. Though **HE** seems tired and indifferent, his trained comic timing is right on target. Anytime **LENNY** quotes a celebrity, he does his best to imitate that person's voice. When he quotes a non-celebrity, he still changes his voice to create a different character.

LENNY:

Eleanor Roosevelt went down on Jack Kennedy, under the desk in the oval office! Now, who does that statement offend? I mean, besides the two people involved, of course. Eleanor's like well, I never! And Kennedy's like excuse me, but I can get movie stars and models to come and go down on me in the oval office, why do I need an old, horse faced prune like Eleanor? So how about if we reversed it, Jack Kennedy went down on Eleanor Roosevelt, how does that one sound? Somehow, I think Jack will still be pissed off but Eleanor will probably hyper ventilate to the point that it almost gives her a

*heart attack. Now, why am I allowed to say heart attack, but I'm not allowed to talk about oral sex? I mean, a heart attack is probably one of the worst physical experiences you could have, there is absolutely nothing positive about a heart attack! Nobody says to their friends, **I'm gonna go out tonight, to that pick up bar on the corner and have a few beers, I hope I get a heart attack!** A heart attack is not something anybody wants, oral sex is something everybody wants, so why can't we talk about it?! We're allowed to talk about murder and torture and mutilation and suicide and disease, but we're not supposed to even mention the one experience that every single person on the planet hopes that they can have, every single day of their adult lives! I mean, just turn on your television! It's perfectly acceptable to hear Walter Winchell say, **as Elliot Ness and Frank Nitti exchanged gunfire in the parking lot, J. Edgar Hoover stood by and looked on**, but have you ever heard Winchell say, **as Elliot Ness and Frank Nitti exchanged blows in the parking lot, J. Edgar Hoover looked on and jacked off?! Why wouldn't he ever say that?!***

POLICE SIRENS are heard from offstage. **LENNY** seems annoyed.

LENNY:

Great, here we go again! Who called the sirens? Was it you two macho shit heads in the back? I thought you guys looked like cops. I knew you weren't homosexuals, I didn't see either of your heads bopping around under your table. Well, ladies and gentlemen, it turns out that you got more than you paid for, tonight. You're gonna be able to tell your grandchildren that you were in the audience the six hundred and forty seventh time that Lenny got busted for talking about cocksucking!

A disgusted and exhausted **LENNY** walks off the stage.

END OF SCENARIO ONE.

SCENARIO TWO: THE FORMER INTERN & THE SPECIAL PROSECUTOR

As the curtain rises, **MONICA LEWINSKY** is seated in a fancy leather chair with wheels on it, facing a large oval office type desk. There is a similar chair, behind the desk, turned with it's back facing Monica and the audience. Though **MONICA'S** mood is relaxed, the pure animosity that she feels is revealed by the biting sarcasm in her responses.

MONICA:

It's just such a beautiful, rich, gratifying experience. A lot of my girlfriends don't like to do it, especially if the guy doesn't reciprocate, but there's nothing that gets me off more than taking a powerful man, a man who controls the lives and destinies of so many other people, and having him under my control! Even if it's just for a few minutes, in that short time, he's mine! I have the power to bring him as much physical pleasure as he's ever experienced, or I can bite down hard, and destroy the one thing that every guy, no matter who he is or what he does, cares about more than anything else! When a man's cock is in my mouth-

The chair behind the desk turns to face forward, and we see that **KENNETH STARR** is seated in it. **HE** is a very serious and even toned man who rarely smiles or shows much positive or negative emotion in normal conversation, though he is occasionally prone to quick, impulsive bursts of anger. As he turns his chair around, **STARR** interrupts **MONICA**.

STARR:

Could we please try and refer to it as oral sex?

MONICA:

Why, is that gonna make it into a different activity? Beans by any other name are still going to make you fart, right? I could call you Kenneth, I could call you Saddam, I could call you Adolph, you're still gonna be the same ass wipe, no matter what your name is!

STARR (PATIENTLY):

Tell me, have you taken some sort of assertiveness training course since the last time I questioned you?

MONICA:

No, I just figured out that I don't have a whole lot to lose, anymore! I don't have a job, my friends all turned on me, everybody's afraid to be my lover. I'm just this media created bimbo now, here to keep the American people entertained, and to keep you spending their money!

STARR:

Monica, as much as it might help you to have a scapegoat, I am not the person responsible for your predicament!

MONICA:

You're not? I was a simple college kid who everybody said had a real bright future!

STARR:

Until your little tryst with the president!

MONICA (GETTING ANGRY):

Which was between him and me! It wasn't anybody else's business!

STARR:

Correct me if I'm mistaken but I don't think that I was the one who told all of your friends about it.

MONICA:

Hey, most of my friends were still in school, going out with pre law students or accounting majors or fraternity pledges! I was doing the president, I'd say that's something to write home about, wouldn't you?

STARR:

Absolutely. So you did it, you wrote home about it and now you're stewing in your own feces, or however that expression goes. You made the bed that you're sleeping in, Monica! I'm simply an instrument of the government, doing a job that requires doing!

MONICA:

Yeah. Nuclear bombs are instruments of the government too and so are sewage dumps!

STARR (GETTING ANNOYED):

Do I need to remind you that you're being granted immunity in exchange for your testimony and that I have the power to revoke that immunity, at my discretion?!

MONICA:

And then I'd be subject to twenty seven years in prison, right?

STARR:

I can only make my recommendations.

MONICA:

Recommendations based on what, Butterball? I did not blow up a building, I blew a president!

STARR:

I wouldn't make light of the felonies that you've committed, if I were you.

MONICA:

Oh, I committed felonies, now?

STARR:

You lied, you perjured yourself, you falsified information, you concealed the truth!

MONICA:

Listen, I know I'm not some big brain word wizard like you and your GOP buddies, but doesn't all that mean the same thing? And doesn't it boil down to the fact that I lied about something everybody in the whole world lies about? I mean, single men always tell their friends they get a lot more than they actually get, single women tell their lovers they've gotten a lot less than they've actually gotten, and married men and women alike swear up and down they never get it anywhere, except at home!

STARR:

And the president?

MONICA:

Honestly, I don't think he gets it at home much these days, but then again, all married men say that when they're trying to get it someplace else!

STARR:

I wouldn't know about such things!

MONICA:

*No, of course **you** wouldn't! I bet you never get it anywhere, do you? You probably just get off spending your whole life talking about what everybody else is getting!*

STARR (LOSING PATIENCE):

This is not an inquiry about me!

MONICA:

Well, why isn't it? I mean, everybody else and their grandmothers are open game, why can't we touch the special prosecutor? What if I asked you if you ever got your pencil pecked, you wouldn't be able to answer it, would you? You couldn't say yes because then you'd look as bad as the president, but you couldn't say no, because then everybody would know that you're just an impotent little wretch!

STARR looks like he is about to get angry, but he takes a breath and composes himself.

STARR:

Patience is a great virtue, Monica, and I've always prided myself on being a rather virtuous man. Now, I'm going to remind you one more time that we are here today because you agreed to cooperate.

MONICA:

Haven't I been cooperating?

STARR:

Not by any definition of the word that I'm familiar with.

MONICA:

Well, there we go with semantics, again.

STARR:

I'm sure you realize that the longer you're antagonistic, the longer we'll be here, and if you sincerely want to get this over with, you'll start giving me some straight answers!

MONICA:

Ah, what the hell, I'll try anything at this point! Go ahead, fire your questions at me!

STARR:

And you'll answer them with the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

MONICA:

If I don't, let the gods come down and cut out my tongue so I can never commit perjury or suck anybody's dick again!

STARR (COMPOSING HIMSELF):

Fine. Now, in a clean and wholesome manner, trying not to use phrases like that last one, would you please tell me the circumstances of your first sexual encounter?

MONICA:

My first one?

STARR:

Please.

MONICA:

And you want me to be clean and wholesome?

STARR:

Do the best you can.

MONICA:

Okay. First encounter. (THINKING) Let's see, I think I was squeezing one of those little ketchup packets onto my quarter pounder, when all of a sudden, I felt this hand reaching over and rubbing my left- is tit a wholesome word?

STARR:

Breast would sound so much more dignified.

MONICA:

Oh, you didn't specify that you wanted me to be dignified, too. Okay, I'll be dignified. I felt a hand reaching over and grabbing my left breast. My first instinct was to dump my large coke in the guy's lap. I can say lap, can't I?

STARR:

Of course.

MONICA:

Okay, because in some places, lap might be considered more of a sex thing than tit, but I guess you know what's clean and what's dirty.

STARR:

Yes.

MONICA:

Anyway, where was I? I wanted to dump my coke in his lap, but then I started thinking about it, and I realized that it really didn't feel all that bad. I mean, I liked this guy a lot, from the first day he sat behind me in algebra class, you know. He was really cute, and he was the star half back on the junior varsity team.

STARR (THROWN):

Just a moment, I don't have anything in my notes about an algebra class. And when was the president a star half back?

MONICA:

The president was a star half back?

STARR:

Isn't that what you just said?

MONICA:

No!

STARR (AGITATED):

Then who was a star half back?!

MONICA:

Jimmy Kramlin!

STARR:

Who is Jimmy Kramlin?!

MONICA:

The guy who grabbed my tit, excuse me, who grabbed my breast, in McDonald's!

STARR:

When did that happen?!

MONICA:

When I was fourteen years old!

STARR:

And why, if I might ask, are you telling me about it, now?!

MONICA:

You said you wanted to know about my first sexual encounter, didn't you? Oh, I guess that really isn't much of an encounter, is it? It's hard to tell what counts these days, you guys keep changing the rules about what actually constitutes sex.

STARR:

I was asking you about your experiences with the president!

MONICA:

Well, why didn't you say so?

STARR:

I thought it was understood! Why would I possibly care about Jimmy Krenlin?!

MONICA:

That's Jimmy Kramlin, and don't go acting so superior! He might just be a lowly pharmacist's assistant, but he's a much more considerate lover than any of you self serving public servants could ever hope to be!

An angry **STARR** takes a breath and composes himself, before turning back to **MONICA**.

STARR:

Monica, why don't we take a fifteen minute break?

MONICA:

Why? Did my story get you excited? You want to go play with yourself in a back office?

STARR:

I want you to cut the sarcasm and start giving me some straight forward, pleasant and dignified responses! Now, I'm going to go for a short walk! Why don't you sit here and collect your thoughts! I'm going to expect an entirely different attitude, when I return!

MONICA:

Yeah.

STARR turns to leave, and **MONICA** calls after him.

MONICA:

Don't forget to zip up your pants and wash your hands off before you come back to the table!

STARR exits. **MONICA** thinks for a second before losing her composure and becoming visibly upset, as she angrily talks to herself.

MONICA:

Damn it! Damn it damn it damn it damn it damn it! How the hell did this happen?! How did I get into it?! And how do I get out of it?! I want my life back! I want a good job, I want to go to law school, I want my family, my friends, I want a political career of my own! I want to be able to walk down the street without being chased by a bunch of idiots with microphones and cameras! And I want you, you big creep! Why do I still want you?!

Almost in tears, **MONICA** stands and exits.

END OF SCENARIO TWO.

SCENARIO THREE: THE PRETTY BOY & THE UGLY AMERICAN

As **MONICA** exits, **RICHARD NIXON** enters, glances across the stage, walks to the front end of it and looks up. **HE** seems deep in his memories and thinking out loud as **HE** speaks.

NIXON:

In my day, White House interns were just there to take stenography and shorthand! When did they suddenly start providing all these other services to the president? It's the same old story, I suppose; I was born at the wrong time! If I had lived a thousand years earlier, they never could have gotten me out of office without a revolution! Nobody ever tried to impeach Genghis Khan! I'd like to have been a ladybug on the wall for that one! And if I had been born a hundred years later, wire tapping would have been as American as all those E-Mail tracking devices that the clones of Mark Zuckerberg are going to use to keep tabs on everyone else on the planet!

JOHN KENNEDY enters from behind **NIXON**, and seems mildly amused, as he approaches.

KENNEDY:

Nixon, what are you going on about now?

NIXON turns toward **KENNEDY** and speaks, pleasantly.

NIXON:

Oh, hey Jack! I was just taking a gander up at the old homestead!

KENNEDY:

Uh huh!

NIXON:

Did you know that White House interns provide oral sex now?

KENNEDY:

So?

As **NIXON** tells his story, he seems to be seeing and reliving it.

NIXON:

*So, it's all in the timing, Jack, all in the timing! I remember this young lass; Lucy Marino was her name. She was working in the oval office, for college credits, while she attended Washington State. And I walked up to her, patted her on the lower part of her back and said, **Lucy dear, would you make me a cup of joe, light cream, two lumps of sugar;** and she turned to me with her Pearl Drops tooth polish smile glaring in my eyes, and her liberated braless nipples pointed under my nose and said, **Mister President, we don't make coffee anymore! Haven't you heard of the women's movement?***

KENNEDY:

And your point is?

NIXON:

My point is, could you imagine how she would have responded if I would have asked her for a little oral sex?

KENNEDY smiles, and as he speaks, he too seems to be seeing and reliving his story.

KENNEDY:

Oh yes, I can imagine. Unfortunately, that's about all I can do, these days. Imagine and remember. We had at least four new interns come in, every three months, all female, all hand picked by my personal woman taster (LAUGHING), and all ripe, anxious and as wide eyed as they were wide mouthed, if you get my meaning.

NIXON (EXCITED):

Don't tell me, Jack; you didn't actually; I mean, your interns didn't give you-?

KENNEDY:

My interns, my receptionists, the White House tour guides, the Smithsonian librarians, my manicurists, you name it.

NIXON:

You had a manicurist, Jack?

KENNEDY:

I had many a manicurist, Nixon! You don't think I'd let my constituents see all the dirt under my nails, the way you always did!

NIXON (OFFENDED):

That's not funny, Jack! I know I wasn't as well groomed as you, but damn it, I was born in a house that my father built with his own two hands! I didn't have any silver spoons feeding me little fish eggs, when I was a lad. If I wanted to have breakfast, many was the morning I had to go out and steal my eggs right from under the ass of the local farmer's chicken! And as I would make my way home, I could never quite get over the feeling that a big hen was following me, about to pounce on my head from behind, and take back her unfertilized ovums!

KENNEDY:

Yes, I know. And you carried those feelings of paranoia with you, through your whole life!

NIXON:

Paranoia! That's an interesting word, coming from a man who was led to the slaughter by some of his closest colleagues. That Beatlejuice hippy, John Lennon, used to say I was paranoid, too, and he got shot in his own backyard by some malcontent who had just bought his latest record album. Anwar Sadat, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, they all called me paranoid!

KENNEDY:

Now that I think about it, my brother Bobby used to say you were paranoid, too.

NIXON:

See! There's a lot to be said for unfounded suspicion and irrational distrust. If you had spent more time looking over your shoulder and less time looking at the top of some young concubine's head, you might not be here, right now.

KENNEDY:

Hey, at least when I died, I was able to say that I'd lived!

NIXON:

Why didn't you ever tell me, Jack? Why did you let me go through my whole career without ever knowing that White House assistants provided the presidents with oral sex?

KENNEDY:

Hey, it's never been written in the intern's job description, Nixon. I think a couple of those ladies might have actually been seduced by my looks, my charm and my great body. The fact that I was rich and was the president simply allowed them to have their soufflé and feast on it, too!

NIXON:

Still, it would have been nice to have known about it! Even if I couldn't get any for myself, at least I could have used the fact that you were getting it as a way of smearing you and winning the 1960 election!

KENNEDY:

Everybody knew that I was getting it, but nobody could prove anything. None of my women would ever talk out against me, they liked what I was giving them too much! What I know that this president doesn't is that, when women are kept happy, they keep their mouths shut. Except when you want their mouths open, of course (LAUGHING).

NIXON:

How did you keep them happy, Jack? Did you bring them wafers and daffodils and fancy gold ankle chains?

KENNEDY:

*Are you kidding? That superficial stuff doesn't stop women from blabbing to their friends. You have to keep them satisfied, then they'll be quiet. My motto with the ladies has always been, **ask not what your cunt can do for you, ask what you can do for your cunt!***

NIXON:

I don't get it, Jack.

KENNEDY:

Do I have to spell everything out for you, Nixon? You give her a little oral sex from time to time, that'll keep her in line. And she'll keep going back in line, so she could get more.

NIXON:

You gave women oral sex, Jack? How did you do that? I mean, they don't even have doo dahs that you could put in your mouth.

KENNEDY:

Forget it, Nixon, you're a hopeless case.

NIXON:

I still wish I would have known all of this was going on. I'm sure it could have helped me in the election, somehow!

KENNEDY:

Nothing could have helped you, Nixon. My father bought me that election, and it didn't matter what you did, what you said or what people thought about me.

NIXON now seems disillusioned and upset.

NIXON:

Your father bought you the election? I'd heard talk about that, but I never believed it. I refused to let myself imagine that you, of all people, would do anything that illegal or immoral.

KENNEDY (AMUSED):

Hey, it's better than blacklisting or public character assassination! Do you remember how you won your first seat in the congress, in 1947?

NIXON (THINKING BACK, LAUGHING):

You mean, when I sat with a phone book and called up every single person in my district to tell them that my opponent was a Communist?!

KENNEDY:

That's right. The whole thing sounds unbelievable and almost comical in retrospect, but then, in fifty years, do you think anyone's going to believe what they're doing to this poor president, today?

NIXON:

*What I don't believe is, your family actually fixed that election! I mean, people expected that sort of thing from me, but how could **you** be a party to something like that? I always thought you were such an honest and noble man, Jack!*

KENNEDY:

*I was being noble! I mean, it's not like I ousted Lincoln or Jefferson. By fixing the 1960 election, I saved the country from having **you** as a president, at least temporarily. A lot of people think that's the most noble thing that I ever did!*

NIXON (HURT):

You still don't get it, Jack! You were like a champion to me. For a long time, we seemed to lead parallel lives Jack, but you were always the pretty boy, and I was always the ugly boy. When we came up to the congress together, you symbolized the young, good looking, bright, idealistic young statesman that all the jaded old politicians liked to believe they'd once been, while I represented the crooked, shifty eyed scoundrel that none of them wanted to acknowledge was their actual selves. In a way, I was kind of glad you won the election, in 1960. It showed me that there was still some hope, still some idealism left.

KENNEDY:

Wait a minute, you can't stand here and tell me that you wanted to lose the 1960 election! One of the rules in this level of post life existence that we're in is that we have to state what is, we're not capable of telling even small white lies.

NIXON:

Oh, is that why my tongue keeps snapping to the back of my head, every time I try to get a word out. I guess it's kind of the opposite of life in Washington, huh Jack (LAUGHING)?

KENNEDY:

Now you're catching on.

NIXON:

Of course I wanted to win, not only for my own power, but also to prove I was the acceptable candidate, and you were just some mythical figure from Camelot who had no place in the real world of Washington politics. But another part of me, the untainted young man deep inside, wanted desperately to believe that the man with integrity, who had right on his side, would ultimately come out on top. Why do you think I never called up any of the voters to tell them that you were a Communist? Walter Winchell might have bad mouthed you in his column every day, but I truly admired you too much to use any of the dirty tactics that would become my signature style. And now, after all that, to find out that you were as immoral and corrupt as me!

KENNEDY (ANNOYED):

Now, hold it a minute, I'm starting to take offense, here! I might have done what I had to do to get where I wanted to go, but there was a line I drew and I never once crossed over it!

NIXON (UNCARING):

And what line was that, Jack?

KENNEDY:

The line of humanity! The line between what I felt was slightly immoral and what I knew were atrocities! I kept us out of a war in Cuba, and if they'd have let me live another couple of months, we would have had all our boys out of Vietnam! I would never stay in a war and let young people get sacrificed for my own political gains, the way you did!

NIXON:

Excuse me, Jack, but now I'm taking offense! I was always raised to believe that war was a necessity under certain circumstances, I never knew any differently! I didn't get us into Vietnam, I inherited it, but once I was there, I had to win, that was the American way, the only way I was ever taught! Protesters like Abbie Hoffman, Tom Hayden, and even those poor students at Kent State were the villains in the world that I grew up in, and war heroes, like old General Mashed Potato Head, were considered the greatest men alive!

KENNEDY (LAUGHING):

Is that what you really used to call Eisenhower?

NIXON (LAUGHING):

You never knew that?

KENNEDY:

I'd heard rumors to the effect!

NIXON:

He was the dumbest president we ever had, or at least he was the dumbest man to serve in our millennium. Did you ever try to have a conversation with him?

KENNEDY:

I know. It was like talking to mashed potatoes.

NIXON:

I remember the first time you came up to meet us, Jack. The look on your face (LAUGHING). It was as if you couldn't imagine how this man could be the president, if he was so dumb.

KENNEDY (JOKING):

Actually, what I was thinking was, if a dope like him and a slime ball like you could make it on the ticket, LBJ and I were a shoe in!

NIXON:

But he was a great warrior Jack! And people loved and respected great warriors!

KENNEDY (PENSIVELY):

You know, I grew up thinking that war heroes were great people too, until my brother Joe died. No family should have to go through that. It made me really see how precious human life is. If even one child dies in a war, then I don't see how we could ever really claim true victory!

NIXON:

I know, Jack. I lost two brothers when I was growing up too, and I don't think I ever loved anybody more than I loved them. But I think it had the opposite effect on me, I think it made me see how expendable we all are! Any one of us could just disappear tomorrow and it wouldn't make one damn bit of difference in the grand scheme of things!

KENNEDY:

Probably didn't help your paranoia much either, I take it.

NIXON:

No, probably not.

KENNEDY:

You know, I always wished I could sit down with my brother and my sister, tell them about my life, find out the kind of people they would have become if they'd have had the chance to get older. And I'd give anything just to be able to spend an hour, talking to John John and Caroline.

NIXON:

Your children both grew up to be fine people, Jack. I felt terrible when I heard about what happened to young John.

KENNEDY seems sad and deep in thought, before collecting himself and speaking with pride.

KENNEDY:

Live fast, die young, leave a good looking picture in the history books! If you had your choice, would you rather be remembered as John Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy or Ted Kennedy?

NIXON (HALF LAUGHING):

I see your point, Jack. Teddy was kind of an old schlub in the end, and he had more chins than I saw when I visited Red China.

KENNEDY:

Tell me about it.

NIXON:

Do you really feel that way, Jack? Would you rather have died when you were young and vibrant, like you did, than when you were old and decrepit, like me?

KENNEDY:

You were born old and decrepit, Nixon. And yes, I have to feel that way, otherwise I'd never be able to get through all these heartbreaks. (PAUSE) You know, everybody thought that all my father cared about was power, and maybe that was true, early in his life. But toward the end, I think he would have traded away all his money and lived as a homeless man on the street, if he just could have had a few more years with even one of the four children that he lost.

NIXON:

You could see him now, can't you, Jack? You could spend time with your father and your brothers and your sister and John John and anyone else who's passed from the other world, can't you? I mean, this is Heaven, isn't it?

KENNEDY:

Heaven?! You really are ignorant, aren't you? Do you honestly think that they would have put John Kennedy and Richard Nixon in the same section, if we were in Heaven?

NIXON thinks about this, as he and **KENNEDY** exit.

END OF SCENARIO THREE.

SCENARIO FOUR: THE HELL RAISER & THE GLOW GIRL

As **NIXON** and **KENNEDY** exit, a beautiful, olive complexioned, well spoken woman who we'll call **GLOW GIRL**, enters from the opposite side, slowly walks across the stage and stops at the front center. **SHE** seems absorbed in her memories and reliving her story as she speaks.

GLOW GIRL:

*Heaven is running along the beach, with your daughter as the you gaze at the glowing sand and watch the setting sun reflect her radiant smile over the ocean. They're so pretty when they're five years old. I think that's the perfect age for little girls to be, an age that you wish they could stay, forever. They're smart enough to know exactly how to get your attention every minute of every day. They're adorably inquisitive, constantly learning new things, like not to run into the ocean too fast: **Mommy, why is the water so cold; I'm free-eezing! Come here, Baby! I'll rub you with my towel until you're all dry.** And they laugh all the time; at least my Angel did. We didn't have televisions or the internet or cell phones or even a refrigerator to shield our food from the Strontium-90. But we had each other, we had love, and we found reasons to laugh together every day, no matter what else was happening around us. And we sat on the same rock that we called our own, every afternoon at the same time, and we shared everything that we were feeling and thinking. And we ran together on the beach at twilight time, as the red glow absorbed the land around us. **Mommy, are there people living under the sand? I can feel the ground shaking. Mommy, why is our rock turning red? Mommy, why is the water so hot, I'm me-el-el-ting!** And I held Angel tight in my arms, and watched as my beautiful little daughter's body was eaten away by nuclear radiation, and I was so absorbed in what was happening to her that I didn't even realize that the same thing was happening to me. They're so pretty when they're five years old. And my little Angel will stay that age, forever.*

A chipper, dapper and playful **HARRY TRUMAN** enters, approaches **GLOW GIRL**, and smiles with pleasure.

HARRY:

Hubba hubba, look at you!

GLOW GIRL turns to **HARRY** with cold hostility, though he is playfully, if awkwardly, flirting.

HARRY:

Hey Peach, how's about a date?

GLOW GIRL:

What?

HARRY:

I mean, say good looking, what's cooking?

GLOW GIRL:

Would you believe me if I said I was?

HARRY:

Yes ma'am, I could surely see that! So, you come here often?

GLOW GIRL:

*Actually, I've been here quite a long time. Do you want to try, **what's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?***

HARRY:

Excuse me?

GLOW GIRL:

No, I don't excuse you! Not for your actions, and not for these feeble pre-historic pick up lines that you're throwing at me! If you want to start a conversation, why don't you just say hello?

HARRY:

Well, I don't really want to start a conversation, Tootsie.

GLOW GIRL:

No?

HARRY:

No. I've had more conversations than I ever wanted to have, and if I never have another one, I'll still have had way too many!

GLOW GIRL:

So what is it exactly that you do want?

HARRY:

I want me some of what all them other presidents seem to be getting, these days!

HARRY playfully grabs **GLOW GIRL** by the waist, and she angrily punches him in the stomach, pushes him away and speaks with firm anger.

GLOW GIRL:

Don't you ever, ever lay a hand on me again, do you understand that?!

HARRY (COLLECTING HIMSELF):

*Hey come on now, Sweetie Pie! I said I want me some of what all them **other** presidents are getting! Other presidents! See what I'm saying?*

GLOW GIRL:

Sure, you think you're going to impress me by telling me that you were once a president, right?

HARRY (PROUDLY):

That's right, I was the thirty third president of the United States from the years 1945 to 1953. Harry S. Truman was my name! Know what the S stands for?

GLOW GIRL:

I always thought that it just stood for S.

HARRY (PLAYFULLY):

Right again! We were so poor when I was growing up, my parents couldn't afford to give me a middle name!

GLOW GIRL (COLDLY):

Am I supposed to laugh at that?

HARRY:

Of course you are! I was told that humor is the best aphrodisiac, next to power, that is!

GLOW GIRL:

And as you just said, you were once the most powerful man in the world!

HARRY:

Darn tootin, I was! I've always been a modest man, but at the same time, I've also always felt it was a man's right to use what he has to get what he wants! And I have the fact that I was president to my credit, and I'm sure as heck fire gonna use that to get what I want from a lady, in heat!

GLOW GIRL:

And how is it that you know I'm in heat?

HARRY:

Come on, don't be coy with me! I could see you glowing from decades away!

GLOW GIRL (SMILING, WITH VENOM):

That's lingering nuclear fallout!

HARRY (LAUGHING):

Lingering nuclear fallout! Now, that's a knee slapper!

GLOW GIRL:

You know, I've heard a lot of things about Harry S. Truman, but I never heard that you were a womanizer!

HARRY:

Actually, I know it's hard to tell by my smooth approach, but I'm just kind of starting out at this. Just sort of learning the game!

GLOW GIRL:

I'd say you're a little late, wouldn't you?

HARRY:

Well heck, I did everything a little late! I joined the army when I was thirty, I had my first child when I was forty, I got elected vice president when I was sixty two. Why shouldn't I start having fun with the ladies, twenty five years after I kicked the bucket?!

HARRY playfully puts his arm around **GLOW GIRL'S** waist, she punches him in the stomach, pulls away and speaks with angry conviction.

GLOW GIRL:

I told you not to touch!

HARRY (COLLECTING HIMSELF):

Oh, I see now! You're an old fashioned gal, you want a little more of that conversation before we get to the nitty gritty. Well alright, I got nothing but time. Why don't you tell me a little bit about yourself?

GLOW GIRL (INTENSELY SMILING):

I'm your destiny, Harry S. Truman.

HARRY (INTERESTED):

Oh yeah?

GLOW GIRL:

Oh yes. I've been waiting an eternity for you to come along.

HARRY:

You know, that is a good line, I'm going to have to remember that one! I'm your destiny, I've been waiting an eternity for you to come along! It has a lot more poetry in it than I'll kiss you later, I'm eating a potater, that's for sure! So, where do you come from?

GLOW GIRL (SMILING):

I thought you'd never ask. I'm from Nagasaki.

HARRY (THROWN):

Nagasaki?

GLOW GIRL:

You remember Nagasaki, don't you? That's the forgotten wasteland, the city that you dropped your second atomic bomb on. Everybody talks about Hiroshima, but nobody seems to remember Nagasaki.

HARRY (GETTING TENSE):

I remember it!

GLOW GIRL (SMILING):

*Well, of course **you** do! I mean, Hitler couldn't forget Auschwitz, could he?*

HARRY (GETTING UPSET):

I really don't appreciate that comparison!

GLOW GIRL (SMILING WITH VENOM):

Yes, well I really didn't appreciate having my baby melt in my arms!

HARRY:

Wait a minute, you're serious about this? You were in Nagasaki when the bomb went off?!

GLOW GIRL:

Of course I'm serious! We can be as sarcastic as we want down here, but out and out lies are not within our capabilities. Didn't you know that, you've been here for twenty five years, now?

HARRY:

And I never even thought about telling a fib in those twenty five years, or in the ninety years I was living, before that! Harry S. Truman's words were platinum and everybody knew it! I made it to the highest office in the land without lying, cheating, conniving or any other kind of underhanded shenanigans, and I'm damn proud of it!

GLOW GIRL:

No, you didn't lie or cheat, you just roasted a hundred thousand innocent people!

HARRY (VISIBLY SHAKEN):

They were Japanese soldiers!

GLOW GIRL:

I'm Japanese too, but you were just ready to fuck me, without thinking twice!

HARRY:

You don't look Oriental!

GLOW GIRL:

We all look the same here, Harry S! There's no ethnic or racial discrimination among the damned!

HARRY:

Yeah well, I've been meaning to ask you about that! You seem like a nice enough gal, on the surface, but why don't you come down off your high camel and tell me what exactly you did that made them damn you? It's obviously not because you were promiscuous!

GLOW GIRL:

No, they don't damn people because of their sexual habits here, this isn't the House Judiciary Committee. However, once you've been sprayed with nuclear radiation, it's kind of hard to go back.

HARRY (SHAKEN & DISORIENTED):

Don't you understand, we didn't have a choice?! Those lunatics wouldn't let up!

GLOW GIRL:

Those lunatics were beaten! Italy was down, the German army was defeated, the Japanese were all alone and backed into a corner!

HARRY:

Yeah, well somebody forgot to tell them that, because they were gonna keep fighting until the last man dropped!

GLOW GIRL:

Until the last soldier dropped, you mean. The Japanese attacked your military installations, not your urban communities! We didn't go after your civilians! My daughter and I never went into any army and you had no right to make us casualties of your war!

HARRY (ANGUISHED):

Look, I never asked to be in the war, to begin with! It was dumped on me, I was against the wall, and I did what had to be done! I never planned to hurt anybody! Circumstances forced my hand, it wasn't my choice!

GLOW GIRL:

Fighter pilots in a war didn't choose their situations, either! A little boy, growing up in a rat infested tenement, with a father in prison and a drug addicted prostitute mother doesn't choose his situation, but if he goes out and mugs somebody or commits murder, he's held accountable for his actions!

HARRY:

I did what I thought was right! My whole life, that's all I ever tried to do! I never lied, I never cheated, I never took a damn thing that I didn't earn! I fought the ku klux klan in my home town, I took on Joe McCarthy at the height of his fame, I even fired the most popular general in this country, when I thought that he was out of control and dangerous! No matter what the risk or the personal sacrifice, I always tried to do what I thought was the right thing!

GLOW GIRL:

You sent me to Hell, Harry! Me, my five year old daughter, and a hundred thousand innocent people, just like us!

HARRY is shattered and in tears. **GLOW GIRL** studies him, and almost has a moment of compassion, but thinks better of it. **SHE** shakes her head and exits, leaving **HARRY** alone.

The Curtain Closes.

END OF SCENARIO FOUR.

SCENARIO FIVE: THE COMIC, PART II

The curtain remains closed, as LENNY enters, carrying his microphone. HE crosses to the center, and begins to deliver his stand up comedy monologue to the audience. He seems more tired, drained and disgusted than before, though his trained comic timing is still right on target. Every time he quotes a different person, he changes his voice and personae to create a character.

LENNY:

This is what I call my clean act: Take my wife, please! Some men have wives who give them dinner, my wife gives me indigestion! Your wife gave you an anniversary present, my wife gave me high blood pressure! Your wife gave you a set of golf clubs for Christmas, my wife gave me a blow job! Okay, the alarms just went off, now I get to spend the night in jail! In an hour, I'll be handcuffed in the back of a patrol car, trying to explain to this big neanderthal cop that it's just a word! What do you mean, it's just a word?! It's a word, that's all it is! Well, if you ever use that word in front of my wife, I'll kick the living shit of you, you dirty little Jewboy mother fucker! Why, doesn't your wife know that word? Excuse me? I mean, I hope for your sake your wife knows the word! What?! And if she doesn't know how to say it, I hope she at least knows how to do it!

LENNY makes a motion as if he is punching himself in the face. He makes a sound effect, falls slightly backwards, then stands straight and continues his monologue.

LENNY:

There is something seriously wrong with this system! I mean, if you had your choice, what would you rather have, high blood pressure, indigestion or a blow job? Answer real quick: High blood pressure, indigestion, blow job? We know what the answer is, we don't even have to think about it. We all love it, we spend our whole lives trying to get it, but we're not allowed to say it. Where did these rules come from? You think there was some kind of committee sitting around in the stone age, inventing the English language, and deciding which words were good and which words were bad?

LENNY now begins to talk like stereo types of two separate cavemen.

LENNY:

What you call when man go Achoo? I don't know, how about sneeze? Sneeze good. Good word! How about when man go chomp chomp on food in mouth? Call that chew! Chew good word! How about when girl put man's penis in her mouth? Blow job! Bad word! No say that word! A guy drives a gravel truck, eight hours a day, comes the weekend, he has a hot date; he buys all new clothes, he polishes his car, he takes her to a fancy restaurant, maybe a Broadway show; he spends every dime that he busted his ass to earn that week on this one night with this one woman, and if he gets to ejaculate in her mouth for two seconds, that's a week's pay check well spent! Not only that, when he gets back to work on Monday, the first thing he's gonna do is brag to his friends about his great triumph! Hey, I had a hot date on Saturday, guys! Oh yeah? How'd you do? First base? Second base? I got a blow job! Wow! His buddies are impressed, he's a big man on the job, that day! But talk about it on the stage and you're a criminal, you get to spend the night in jail!

POLICE SIRENS are heard from offstage. LENNY seems annoyed but not surprised.

LENNY:

Which is where I'm on my way to, right now! It's been fun, folks! Goodnight!

An annoyed LENNY walks off the stage.

END OF SCENARIO FIVE.

SCENARIO SIX: THE SAVIOURS

The curtain remains closed, as **KENNETH STARR** enters, carrying a notebook. **HE** crosses to the center, faces the audience, opens the book, and begins to read and recite a speech.

STARR:

Four score and seven years ago, our most fearless and exalted forefather, Richard Millhouse Nixon, was born, and a new era in patriotism, courage and nobility was brought to our land! When Communist Russians might have otherwise been trying to infiltrate and conquer our nation, the great diplomat Richard Nixon kept them at home making borscht! (PAUSES; HESITATES, UNCERTAINLY) And when Red Chinese militants might have been developing nuclear missiles, Richard Nixon swayed their interests to chemicals no more lethal than the starch that they used in their laundry shops!

STARR stops reading and hesitates for a moment, before an anxious **RICHARD NIXON** enters.

NIXON:

Why are you stopping? You were just getting hot!

STARR:

I'm sorry, but I'm just not entirely certain that this speech is politically correct, for the beginning of the new millennium.

NIXON:

Politically correct? Who ever taught you a hypocritical oxymoron like that? Democrats are always telling their friends in the entertainment industry about freedom of expression, and that it's okay to throw words like kike around, or queer, as long as it's in the context of what they consider art!! But when they're making a political speech, those phony moralists won't even call a woman a gal or a homo a sissy, because that's not politically correct!

STARR:

Still, when you're selling a difficult product, you want to put as few obstacles in your path as possible.

NIXON:

But you could sell anybody anything, Starr! Just look at how you managed to convince the American people to impeach the most honest president in history!

STARR (GIGGLING):

Eeeh hee hee hee!

NIXON:

Is there a cow dying in here?

STARR:

I'm sorry, I was just chortling! I've heard Slick Willy called many things, but to say that he's the most honest president in history. Eeeh hee hee hee!

NIXON:

Why don't we stop making that revolting noise, and start examining some hard facts: You spent hundreds of millions of dollars, and had the party's top lawyers and investigators working overtime for the past six years, looking under every sidewalk crack that Bill Clinton ever walked on, and interrogating every single person that he ever had any dealings with, and between Filegate and Travelgate and Whitewater-gate and all those other gates out there, the only tangible thing that you've been able to come up with is that he got a little extra curricular hoo hah from a gal who, ironically enough, lived in, of all places, the Watergate Hotel! If that doesn't prove that Clinton is the most honest and unscathed politician that ever existed, I don't know what does. I mean, if people had spent all that time and money trying to dig up something to smear me with, could you imagine how much they would have found? Strictly between us, I don't think I was ever involved in anything that was completely on the up and up. Even my little dog, Checkers, was spotted!

STARR:

Yes, but regardless of what you did, this does not take away from the fact that President Clinton obstructed justice and kept the American people from finding out the truth.

NIXON:

Come on, Kenneth, even George Washington didn't tell the truth about that one! I cannot tell a lie, I chopped down the cherry tree, and when it fell, it shattered all over me, including on my shlong! I swear to you, Martha, those splinters are not from some woman's wooden teeth!

STARR:

And I suppose you're going to tell me that you lied about that activity, as well?

NIXON:

No, I never lied about that one! Getting oral sex was probably one of the few things that I wasn't guilty of.

STARR (HALF SARCASTIC):

Perhaps I should incorporate that into my tribute speech. Richard Nixon, an honorable and loyal husband who resisted the many temptations of sin that are so readily available to men with great power!

NIXON (ANXIOUS):

See, there's a ball you can run with! Of course, you might not want to mention the fact that nobody ever told me those temptations were so readily available!

STARR:

And why am I making this speech, again?

NIXON:

Because it's a natural! Since the third millennium will begin exactly nine days before the eighty seventh anniversary of my birth, what could be more appropriate than having you on every major television network, when the new year rings in, reminding the population that the greatest American of the twentieth century was born, four score and seven years earlier!

STARR:

Yes, but what would motivate me to honor you in such a fashion? Quite frankly, my function has always been to bury untruthful leaders, not to praise them.

NIXON:

You're going to honor me as a way of saying thank you, because I've been traveling such a long distance every morning, just to offer you this invaluable guidance and encouragement. Of course, if you don't appreciate my expertise, I can just go back to my hole in Hell and leave you to your own devices, from this point on! The choice is yours!

STARR:

Alright. I suppose there's always something new that I can learn from a master!

NIXON:

Now you're talking like an intelligent man!

STARR sits, Indian style, on the floor, opens his book and begins to take notes, as **NIXON** stands over him and talks, like a teacher, addressing a class.

NIXON:

Now, when we left off, we were in the middle of discussing public relations. Do you remember the last point I made, before class let out?

STARR:

I believe you were telling me that, when I persecute attractive young college girls and their mothers, I'm turning public opinion against myself.

NIXON:

That's right! The last thing you want is for the masses to have sympathy for your victims! That's why you should lay off those cutie pie co-eds and start going after decrepit looking old men with funny names, like Algier Hiss!!

STARR:

Yes, but nobody ever heard of Algier Hiss, until you put him into the light. I brought down the most powerful man in the world!

NIXON:

He's not down, yet.

STARR:

But I kept him from doing his job for six years, I distracted his concentration, I put obstacles up every place he went, and I managed to get him impeached, even though he committed no act that remotely resembled a crime!

NIXON:

Alright, you do get points for all that, but in other areas, you're still a novice.

STARR (DEFENSIVELY):

Like what areas?

NIXON:

Like suicide, for instance. How many people have taken their own lives, as a result of your investigations?

STARR (THINKING):

Well, ummm, just one that I'm aware of!

NIXON:

See! You still have a lot to learn! (PROUDLY) In our blacklisting heyday, there were dozens of suicides! Now, on to public executions: How many have of them were you responsible for?

STARR (STANDING):

None. These aren't medieval days! We don't have public executions anymore and you didn't have them in your time, either!

NIXON:

Oh no! What would you call Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, chopped liver?! Ha ha ha! That wasn't meant as a pun on Jews, it just came out that way!

STARR:

But who says I want to be responsible for people's deaths? So far, I've been going after the president in a civil and non violent fashion and you said yourself, I've been doing a rather fair job at it.

NIXON:

Oh, I see now. It's okay to ruin people's reputations, humiliate them, intimidate them, lock them up without cause and destroy everything they spent their lives working for, but when you drive them to the point of actual suicide-

STARR (INTERRUPTING):

That's a good time to take a step back, wouldn't you say?

NIXON:

You can't ever step back, Kenneth, because there's always going to be someone on the other side, charging forward with full force! The grand game that's being played is a game that we'll never be able to fully comprehend, even after we pass from this world. Once you come to terms with the fact that we're all nothing but insignificant pawns, that's when you'll be able to really go all out, and play to win! Now, for tonight's homework assignment, I want you to write three separate compositions of not less than two hundred words, detailing three different things that you can do to improve your public image, without compromising your lack of integrity.

STARR (WHINING):

Two hundred words for each of the three compositions? But I had plans to go to the church jubilee with the family, this weekend!

NIXON:

It won't take you long, once you get on a roll! Coming up with the ideas is the hard part, writing them is easy. You should know that, you've written more volumes about absolute trivia than any man in the history of the world! And don't forget, spelling and grammar counts!

STARR:

Yes Sir.

NIXON:

And none of that pornography that you like to fill your reports with! I want my sainted mother to be able to read it, without cringing! Have a nice weekend!

STARR:

Yes. I enjoyed class, today.

NIXON exits. **STARR** thinks, collects himself, stands tall and proudly addressed the audience.

STARR:

Two score and thirteen years ago, an American of unique and unprecedented talents came into being! A man who would single handedly overthrow the most powerful government on the planet, and bring down the most popular world leader of the latter half of the century, not with the sword but with the pen! Eeeh hee hee! Actually, it was with his sword and my pen! His sword got swallowed and my pen scrolled pages and pages and pages and pages about it, and the rest, eeh hee hee, is history!

A giggling **STARR** exits.

END OF SCENARIO SIX.

SCENARIO SEVEN: THE FOUNDING FATHERS

As the curtain opens, the desk is where it was before and **JEFFERSON** and **RODHAM**, two people dressed as founding fathers, and wearing clothing and wigs like George Washington wore, are seated around it, at arm's length from each other. Though both characters appear to be men, **RODHAM** should be played by a woman. **JEFFERSON** and **RODHAM** speak rapidly, as if they're playing a scene in a fast paced comedy. Though **JEFFERSON'S** mood is jovial, **RODHAM** is a bit uneasy. **RODHAM** is holding a pad of parchment paper and a quill pen, and is taking notes as she speaks.

JEFFERSON:

And he has to be at least thirty five years old, agreed?

RODHAM:

Agreed. Now, do you feel that we've adequately covered the qualifications?

JEFFERSON:

Yea.

RODHAM:

So, why don't we move along and define the standard for impeachable conduct?

JEFFERSON:

Impeachable conduct? Who ever heard of impeaching a reigning sovereign?

RODHAM:

This will not be a monarch, this will be an elected official, placed in office by a democratic ballot and capable of being removed for offenses against the government and abuses of constitutional duties! Now, if the president commits high treason, is this grounds for impeachment?

JEFFERSON:

I vote yea!

RODHAM:

Yea! And if he manipulates public funds to contribute to his personal wealth?

JEFFERSON (RELUCTANTLY):

I suppose, yea!

RODHAM (RELUCTANTLY):

I suppose, as well. And if he neglects and fails to perform his public duties?

JEFFERSON:

I vote yea!

RODHAM:

Yea. And if he receives oral gratification from a young woman?

JEFFERSON:

Pardon me?

RODHAM:

If the president is the recipient of oral pleasures from a lady, is this an impeachable offense?

JEFFERSON:

Have you taken leave of your senses?

RODHAM:

Hardly.

JEFFERSON:

Tell me then, what fool of a man would possibly seek the presidency, if that regulation were in force?

RODHAM (ANNOYED):

Valid point I suppose, Sir!

JEFFERSON:

Valid point, indeed! So it is agreed that the president is allowed to receive oral gratification to his heart's content?

An annoyed **RODHAM** removes her wig, and we see that she is really **HILLARY CLINTON**. **SHE** stands and places her wig, pad and pen down on the desk.

HILLARY:

Alright, enough already! This is getting more and more absurd as we go on!

JEFFERSON stands up, removes his wig and reveals that he is **BILL CLINTON**.

CLINTON:

Ah come on, Hillary! For a couple of fifty year olds who haven't taken any improvisation classes since college, I think we did pretty well, at least for a dry run through. We'll be better after we rehearse a bit.

HILLARY:

I can't believe I let you talk me into this!

CLINTON:

Oh, why not? I've already done everything I could to make amends. You promised me you'd stick it out, for the whole run!

HILLARY:

And nobody could ever claim that I'm not keeping my promise, but I did not agree to make a complete idiot of myself, in the process! If you're going to do this ludicrous thing already, why do you insist that we play these parts, ourselves? Why can't you hire professional actors?

CLINTON:

Hillary, if nobody else is involved, then we don't have to worry about anybody telling their friends about it on a tapped phone or being called in front of the committee to testify. We could pull this off, without any help! All we have to do is set up a camcorder on the table over there, film the scene and then find a way to promote it, and make the American people think that it really happened.

HILLARY:

To go along with the new pages of the constitution, that you just happened to find, hidden in a White House broom closet?

CLINTON:

That's right!

HILLARY:

While you were in there with Monica, I suppose!

CLINTON:

Now Hillary, it doesn't matter what I was doing in the closet, the important thing is, if I just show up with some amended pages from the constitution, people might doubt their authenticity, but if I have a video tape to back it up!

HILLARY:

Bill, I know you're not in your most rational state, these days, but I refuse to believe that you're so out of it that you actually think people made video tapes, two hundred plus years ago!

CLINTON:

I'm planning on shooting in black and white!

HILLARY:

Didn't exist!

CLINTON:

Well, did they have digital audio, back then?

HILLARY:

Nope!

CLINTON:

Vitaphone film?

HILLARY:

Sorry!

CLINTON (AFTER THOUGHT):

Well, how do you know? Were you there?

HILLARY:

Were you?

CLINTON:

No, and neither was anybody else, which is exactly my point! All anybody has to go by is speculation about what existed and what didn't! And I think the word of the president means more than some idle hearsay, don't you?

HILLARY:

Not these days, it doesn't!

CLINTON (DESPERATELY):

Hillary, I've got to do something to get myself out of this crazy trouble!

HILLARY:

Why don't you try telling the truth, or would that approach be too untested to risk?!

CLINTON:

I told the truth, and you see where it got us!

HILLARY:

That's because you told a truth that directly contradicted your other truth!

CLINTON:

Sweetheart, nobody tells the truth about that! Even the founding fathers themselves said so!

HILLARY:

You know, I don't think you can differentiate reality from your fantasies, anymore!

CLINTON:

You're right! I'm completely losing my perspective! This whole thing is making me into a raving, irrational, illogical nincompoop! That's why I need you to stand by me!

HILLARY:

I'm by you, I've been by you, I'll continue to be by you, but I'm not being a part of these crazy schemes!

CLINTON:

Then what do you suggest I do?!

HILLARY (SARCASTICALLY):

I don't know. Why don't you plant a tape recorder in Kenneth Starr's psychiatrist's office? Maybe you'll find out that he goes to kinky sex clubs, or that he likes to paint himself purple and get whipped by drag queen hookers!

CLINTON (INSPIRED):

That's a great idea, I'll get right to work on that!

HILLARY:

You'll get right to work on that?! You know, I really think you are going around the bend without your train!

CLINTON:

I know. I thought if I ignored all this, it would go away, but it just keeps dragging on and on and on. I tried to be a good husband, I tried to be a pal to Chelsea, I tried to do the best job as president that I was capable of doing, and I tried my best to control my vices! I mean, I rarely take a drink, I don't smoke, I never did any drugs, except that one time, and I spent practically every minute of my adult life working toward my political goals, under the scrutiny of somebody, somewhere. So, every once in a while, I snuck into back rooms and had little rendezvous with young girls. It made me feel like I was back in school, like for a couple of minutes, I had no responsibilities, I could just let loose and get wild! Who did I hurt? I never expected you or Chelsea or anybody else to find out about it. I love you and I love Chelsea and I love this country and I try to spend practically every waking hour of my life proving all of the above. So, for a few minutes, I strayed. Why does that seem to count more than all the time I put in, trying to do the right thing?

HILLARY (AFTER THOUGHT):

That was just so touching, do you know that?

CLINTON:

Yeah.

HILLARY:

And now, I suppose you expect me to just melt right into your arms and be the perfect accommodating lover, right?

CLINTON:

No, but it would be nice if you could act like a wife and give the comfort and love that I need, when everything else around me is coming apart!

HILLARY:

In other words, when the milkman stops making deliveries, we're forced to drink what's in our own refrigerators!

CLINTON:

Hillary, you know I always drank my milk at home, even when it was sour!

HILLARY:

But you still went out for a blast, whenever you felt the urge to!

CLINTON (SMILING):

No, if I did it every time I felt the urge to, I never would have had the time for a political career!

HILLARY:

Bill, those jokes went over a lot better, when the whole country wasn't laughing at us! Now, I know that if the Republicans hadn't put up obstacles at every turn, you might have been the best president this country ever had!

CLINTON:

Do you really think so?

HILLARY:

If I didn't, I would have jumped ship a long time ago! You're a devoted, caring, brilliant man, and I hope to God that there are at least a few intelligent historians out there who'll recognize that one of the great tragedies of this century has been that we had you as president for eight years, and we wasted your time and your concentration with fraudulent investigations and political witch hunts! They never let you come close to giving this job your best, and believe me, your best would have been damn good, and this country lost a great opportunity! But as far as our personal relationship goes-

CLINTON:

Tell me how I can make it right, and I swear, I'll do it!

HILLARY:

When you know what to do without asking, that will be the first step!

CLINTON:

Hillary, could you please explain that! My mind truly doesn't have the capacity to solve riddles, right now!

HILLARY:

I'm still going to be sharing your bed, at least until the day you leave office. By then, maybe you'll be thinking a little bit clearer and I truly hope you'll be able to figure it out for yourself. Now, why don't we go take these ridiculous outfits off! We both have other scenes that we have to play, in a few minutes.

HILLARY exits, and **CLINTON** thinks for a second, sighs and exits behind her.

The Curtain Closes.

END OF SCENARIO SEVEN.

SCENARIO EIGHT: THE OFFICIAL STARR REPORT

The curtain remains closed, as **KENNETH STARR** enters, carrying a microphone and a small stack of papers. **HE** crosses to the center, and begins to read from the top page.

STARR:

*Monica Lewinsky went down on Bill Clinton, behind the desk in the oval office. (CLEARS THROAT) He was chewing on a cigar and then he was looking at the cigar in sort of a naughty way. He lifted her sweater and was fondling her breasts with his hands and his mouth. She performed oral sex on the president; he never performed oral sex on her. Initially, the president would not let her perform oral sex to completion, but during their last two sexual encounters, he did ejaculate. He touched her genitals, both through her underwear and directly, bringing her to orgasm on two occasions. On one occasion, the president inserted a cigar into Ms. Lewinsky's vagina, then put the cigar in his mouth and said: **It tastes good!** (PUTTING PAPERS DOWN) This has been an excerpt from the official Starr report, delivered to the congress of the United States by me, special prosecutor Kenneth Starr. The entire four hundred and sixty page Starr report will be broadcast live, tonight at 8PM, on most major television networks and cable affiliates, and will be re-broadcast, every three hours for the next seven evenings, on C-Span, CNBC, CNN, and C-Span 2. It can also be downloaded from sixteen internet sites, purchased at all major bookstores and found where ever magazines are sold. We are going to take a break, now. Beverages are being sold in the lobby for your enjoyment, but if you are planning to someday seek public office, I do not recommend that you use this time to have sexual relations with someone who is not your legal spouse, eehe hee hee hee!*

STARR giggles and walks off the stage.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

SCENARIO NINE: THE ASSEMBLY SPEAKER

The curtain remains closed though there is a small single person podium with a microphone at center stage. **MONICA LEWINSKY** enters, approaches the podium and speaks into the microphone. **SHE** is cheerful and dapper, as she speaks in a tone used when trying to teach something to a young child.

MONICA:

*Good morning Boys and Girls of Public School Fourteen. My name is Monica Lewinsky and I am a consultant and national field representative for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary 2000. It's my job to travel to different school assemblies around the country and introduce children to a group of new words that are going to be added to the dictionary, for the upcoming millennium. Now, interestingly enough, the first new word is **Mo-ni-ca!** Of course, the first thing that probably comes to many of your minds is **harmonica**, and as we all know, a harmonica is a musical instrument, generally between four to ten inches long and roughly three inches in diameter, that we play with our mouths. Now, the word Monica is going to mean something similar, but slightly different. The word Monica is going to mean when we use our mouths to play a non musical instrument, generally of the same length and width as a harmonica, but often with a softer surface and harder interior. And from now on, instead of all those obscene expressions, we'll be using melodious phrases like: **give me a Monica; she gave me a Monica; I hope she gives me a Monica; you give Monicas; your mother gives Monicas; your father gives Monicas; hey sweetheart, how'd you like to go for a ride and give me a Monica!** Next new word: **Wil-ly!** Now, this perky, fun word is going to replace all of those vulgar, slang words that are now used to describe a man's sex organ! So, instead of calling someone a **schmuck** or a **prick**, you're going to call him a **Willy**. That sounds so much nicer, doesn't it? Instead of saying,*

suck my dick, we're going to say **Monica my Willy!** Instead of calling someone a **cocksucker**, we're going to call him a **Monica of Willys!** And instead of saying to someone **your mother sucks dick**, we're going to say **your mother Monicas Willy!** Do we all understand this, boys and girls? Alright, our next new word is **Starr**, with two r's at the end, so as not to be confused with movie star, rock star or star in the sky. This is going to mean to **trap a woman in a room and persecute her relentlessly until she tells you what you want to know!** That's right, this one simple single syllable word is going to replace all those big words, and will ultimately save every one of us hours of valuable time, because of course, it takes a lot less time to say **Starr** than it does to say **trap that woman in a room and persecute her relentlessly until she tells you what you want to know!** Now, **Starr 6-9**. I know many of you think this has something to do with modern day telephones, but that's **Star 69** with one R; **Starr 69** with two R's is going to mean something entirely different. From now on, the phrase **Starr 69** is going to mean to **trap a woman in a room and persecute her relentlessly until she tells you that she Monica'd somebody's Willy!** Now, of course, this probably doesn't apply to most of you fourth and fifth graders yet, but in a few years, there might be a time when some of you girls think that your boyfriends are spending too much time with the little hussy down the street, and you might want to corner the little hussy and **Starr 69** her. If you get married, and your husband seems to be visiting your younger sister too often, you might want to **Starr 69** your sister! And, of course, if someone like me were to start coming around your house, to visit your husband while you were out shopping, you might want to **Starr 69** me. Our next new word is **Tripp**, with two P's, not to be confused with an excursion you might take or an experience you might have on a drug like LSD or mescaline. When we think of **Tripp**, we'll be thinking more of the combination of the word **Trick** and the word **Tap**. Because to **Tripp** someone will of course mean to **secretly record a telephone conversation, usually, but not exclusively related to the last time the person on the other end Monica'd somebody's Willy.** Now, to come a full circle, the last new word

*that is going to be added to the Webster's Dictionary 2000 is **Lew-in-sky!** From now on, instead of wasting time using big multiple word phrases like **semen stain on a dress**, you can simply say **Lewinsky!** For example, if you were to **Tripp** your friend, you might call her up and say, **where'd you get that Lewinsky? Have you been Monica-ing my husband's Willy?** And if she denies it, you might want to **Starr** her or **Starr 69** until she comes clean! Thank you boys and girls, and always remember that no goals are beyond our reach, and if you follow my lead, perhaps when the fourth millennium begins, you too can be immortalized by having one or two new words in the dictionary, coined for you!*

MONICA walks off the stage.

END OF SCENARIO NINE.

SCENARIO TEN: THE SECRET PSYCHIATRIC SESSION

As the curtain opens, **KENNETH STARR** is pacing back and forth in front of the desk and the empty leather chair. The chair behind the desk is turned with its back facing Starr and the audience. Though it is clear that **STARR** is talking to a person in the chair, we don't see who it is.

STARR:

Nobody ever noticed me. When I was a baby, I used to defecate in my diaper at the breakfast table, and my parents would sit there and continue eating their rice krispies, without paying me any mind.

We hear a **MAN'S VOICE** coming from the chair, impulsively giggling, then catching himself. **STARR** doesn't notice and continues to speak.

STARR:

In high school, the slick boys, like Bill Clinton, had all the right lines, and they got the girls to have sex with them.

The same **MAN'S VOICE** impulsively giggles, then catches himself.

STARR:

*And the tough boys and bullies picked on and beat up the weak boys and little boys, but they also got the girls to have sex with them. Only the weak boys and little boys always seemed to be getting rejected by the girls. And then there was me. I didn't get rejected, I didn't get picked on, and I most certainly didn't get sex. I was just there, and since nobody knew I was there, it was as if I wasn't there. I went to see that show, down the street, the other night, and I don't mind telling you, when that man got up and started singing that song, **Mister Cellophane**, I felt like he was strumming my pain with his fingers, singing my life with his words. You know the song I'm talking about:*

With his monotone voice, **STARR** sings his next lines, and dances along with the words.

STARR:

Mister Cellophane, Mister Cellophane could have been my name, Mister Cellophane! You could walk right by me, and look right through me and never even know I'm here!

The same **MAN'S VOICE** impulsively giggles, then catches himself. **STARR** continues to speak.

STARR:

Sometimes, I want to just walk into a lady's locker room and sit there unseen while the girls get undressed, or sometimes I daydream about visiting one of those nightclubs where lesbian girls go, and watching, unnoticed, as they fondle and lick each other and take off each other's clothing!

The chair behind the desk quickly turns to face forward, and **BILL CLINTON** jumps up and points to **STARR**, accusingly. Though **CLINTON** is anxious, distraught and close to the edge, he is also playful and mischievous. **STARR** is momentarily startled.

CLINTON:

Ah ha!

STARR:

Oh my gosh!

CLINTON:

I got you now, you sanctimonious little prick!

STARR:

What?

CLINTON:

*I knew if I sat here long enough, you'd reveal some kind of sleazy perversion!
All you right wing tight asses have them, it goes with the territory!*

STARR (COLLECTING HIMSELF):

What are you doing here?! What happened to Doctor Nelson?

CLINTON:

Doctor Nelson had another appointment, so I'm filling in for him, for the day!

STARR:

He can't do that. He knows he's obligated to notify me forty eight hours in advance, if he wants to reschedule a session.

CLINTON:

Yeah, well I told him I was the president. In some circles, that still carries a little weight!

STARR:

I see. I assume you're tape recording me, as well.

CLINTON smiles, takes a small tape recorder out of his pocket and shows it to **STARR**.

CLINTON:

If it's good for the gander, the goose can have a pretty good time with it, too!

STARR:

Mister President, if I were in your place, I would be focusing my attention less on frivolous humor, and more on the responsibilities of the high office that the people had elected me to!

CLINTON (GETTING AGITATED):

Hey, I tried to do that, you little hypocrite! I've made every effort to be the best president I could possibly be, but every single day that I've been in office, I've had to deal with you and your constant harassment! I'm at the point where I can't think straight, I can't concentrate on running the country, and God forbid I should even try to have a personal life!

STARR:

By personal life, I assume you mean that the country should look the other way while you carry on your extra marital affairs?

CLINTON (ANXIOUS):

Everybody carries on extra marital affairs!

STARR:

That statement is open for serious dispute!

CLINTON:

All the great rulers have! The King of Siam had hundreds of wives, and that was just some diddly squat little country in some backwoods time! Why shouldn't the leader of the greatest nation in the world, in the age of luxury and privilege, be allowed an occasional little indiscretion?

STARR:

And I suppose we should teach our children that this is the proper way for people in power to behave?

CLINTON:

Well, you're the one that's been broadcasting this all over the media for the past two years, I never told anybody about it! When I made that campaign speech about wanting every school child to be able to log onto the internet, I didn't imagine that they'd be able to download six hundred page reports that chronicled every intimate detail of my sex life!

STARR:

Again, I was just doing the job I was hired to do.

CLINTON (ANXIOUS):

Haven't you ever stepped out on your marriage?

STARR:

Never!

CLINTON (REACHING INTO POCKET):

Alright, I'll turn the tape recorder off, we'll talk to each other, man to man!

STARR:

It wouldn't matter, my response would be the same.

CLINTON:

You really never cheated on your wife, even at a bachelor party, or if you were drunk at three in the mornin, and a woman came on a little bit?

STARR:

Of course I haven't! To do so would be morally wrong!

CLINTON:

Yeah, but it would just be a little morally wrong!

STARR:

Is that a fact? What would you say is a lot morally wrong, genocide?

CLINTON:

Actually, I was thinking more about something like the war in Vietnam. That was a lot morally wrong.

STARR:

And evading the draft?

CLINTON:

That was a little morally wrong.

STARR:

You have a rather twisted standard.

CLINTON:

You're right. If the war was wrong, then my fighting in it would have been just as wrong. By avoiding the draft, I did the right and moral thing.

STARR:

I see. And how would you view something like smoking marijuana?

CLINTON:

That's a little morally wrong.

STARR:

I suppose if you had inhaled, that would have been a lot morally wrong.

CLINTON (PLAYFULLY):

Now you're getting the idea!

STARR:

I'm getting the idea that we're both squandering each other's time. Now, I don't know what you were hoping to accomplish with this infantile escapade, but you can inform Doctor Nelson that I won't be requiring his psychiatric services any longer!

CLINTON:

That's a matter of opinion!

STARR:

Good day.

STARR turns to leave, but **CLINTON** anxiously follows after him and pulls him back.

CLINTON:

Wait, come on, I was just half kidding! Listen, I'm not sure exactly what I was trying to accomplish! Between us, I'm truly becoming unraveled, and I guess I was hoping that if I could get you alone, without anybody else around, maybe we could talk this out like gentlemen and try to get it resolved, once and for all!

STARR:

And you thought you'd establish a camaraderie by illegally tape recording me, without my knowledge or permission?

CLINTON (JOKING):

Well, if I was trying to bond with a grizzly bear, I guess I'd have to learn to shit in the woods, wouldn't I?

STARR reaches into his pocket, removes a small pad and pen and begins to write as he speaks.

STARR:

I see. And this unraveling has been going on for how long?

CLINTON furiously grabs **STARR** by the shirt as if he is going to hit him.

CLINTON:

You little weasel! I try to open up to you like a human being, and this is how you respond! I ought to kick your self righteous ass all the way back to the hole you crawled out of!

As **CLINTON** holds **STARR'S** shirt, **STARR** is nervous, though he tries to speak with conviction.

STARR:

Assault, Mister President, is certainly a criminal offense in any jurisdiction in this land.

CLINTON:

Yeah, well this won't be an assault, this will be a justifiable homicide!

STARR:

Make light of it if you will, but I assure you, there will be nothing vague or disputable about my charges, if you don't immediately cease and desist this violent criminal behavior!

CLINTON pushes **STARR** down onto the chair but continues to hold him by the shirt.

CLINTON:

It feels good, doesn't it?!

STARR:

What?

CLINTON lets go of **STARR** but continues to angrily stand over him.

CLINTON:

The attention! You never got noticed enough to get picked on by some petty little bullies when you were in school, but now, you're Time Magazine's Man of the Year, the whole country's got their eyes on you! If you dump in your pants at the breakfast table today, they'll be talking about it on the Jay Leno show for the next three months!

STARR:

Mister President, contrary to the dialogue that you illegally intercepted, I did not investigate you for the spotlight, I investigated you because it was my job to find out the truth!

CLINTON:

You wouldn't know the truth if it jumped up and bit you on your glasses! You're just some nebbish who nobody voted for and nobody heard of until last year and you think you can take it upon yourself to bring the whole democratic system down and to totally disregard the constitution, while you're doing it!

STARR thinks for a second, stands, composes himself and seems to have a new confidence.

STARR:

You know, you're absolutely right! I've been approaching this the wrong way!

CLINTON:

You better believe you have! Serial killers have the right to remain silent! Mass murderers have attorney client privilege! But not the president and his friends, we're not entitled to any basic civil liberties!

STARR:

You're right about that one, too! We totally disregarded the bill of rights, in all of our dealings with you and your associates!

CLINTON (EXCITED):

Damn right you did! And while you're in this confession mode, why don't you tell me how much money you spent investigating Travelgate and Filegate and Whitewatergate!

STARR:

Is your tape recorder on?

CLINTON:

Yeah, it's on! Come on, let's hear what you have to say!

STARR:

We spent hundreds of millions of dollars investigating Travelgate and Whitewater and Filegate!

CLINTON:

And you couldn't come up with a damn thing that I did wrong, could you?!

STARR:

Nope, just innuendo! We made you sound like Attila the Hun in the press, but the fact is, in six years of constant digging, we couldn't find a single criminal activity that you had any part of!

CLINTON:

And that's why you made a whole case out of this Lewinsky business, right, because you were desperate and you didn't have anything else!

STARR:

That's correct.

CLINTON:

Because the fact is, everybody steps out on their marriage, from time to time, right?

STARR:

That statement is false and you know it to be false!

CLINTON:

Skip it! A couple more things: Isn't it true that, while you were investigating me, you were working for a private law firm that represented the same tobacco companies that I was trying to put out of business, and that you were appointed as prosecutor by some of the most right wing Republicans in the senate?!

STARR:

Why don't you take your tape recorder out of your pocket? From experience, I can tell you I'll sound a lot less muffled if I speak directly into the microphone!

CLINTON removes his tape recorder from his pocket and points it at **STARR**.

CLINTON:

Alright, but if try to take it away from me, I'll have to kill you where you stand!

STARR:

Oh, I don't want to take it away from you, I just want to make certain that everything I say gets recorded clearly. Now, to answer your questions, yes, my investigation was totally biased from the first moment, and my sole objective has always been to find some crime that you were guilty of, no matter how hard I had to look, how much money I had to spend, how many innocent lives I had to destroy and how many constitutional rules I had to break.

CLINTON:

And the total cost to the taxpayer was?

STARR:

Probably more than the annual education budget for the state of Alabama. Are you satisfied, now?

CLINTON (EXCITED):

Oh yeah!

STARR:

I'm happy to have been of assistance. I'll see you at the impeachment hearings.

STARR turns to leave. **CLINTON** is once again agitated and anxious.

CLINTON:

What?! But you just admitted, on a tape recorder, that the whole thing was bogus! How could you still recommend that they go through with the impeachment?!

STARR:

Everything I said has been in public view, since this all began. It's all a matter of record, I didn't tell you anything that the people don't see on the six o'clock news, every night!

CLINTON (DESPERATE):

And the people don't want me to be impeached!

STARR:

That's right. It's only a handful of right wing extremists who are trying to overturn the clear cut will of the majority. The people know all about that, too.

CLINTON (DESPERATE):

Then why are you doing this?!

STARR (SMILING):

Because we can. See you at the hearings.

CLINTON seems totally distraught. **STARR** lightly smiles, turns to leave, thinks for a second, then turns back to **CLINTON**.

STARR:

Oh, next time let me know if you're going to be taping me, I'll sing a religious hymn instead of a show tune. I love to sing hymns, in the afternoon.

STARR cheerfully begins to sing, as **HE** exits, leaving **CLINTON** looking confused and agitated.

STARR:

Oh shine on me in the morning, shine on me! Through the light and the lighthouse, shine on me!

STARR'S VOICE trails off, as **CLINTON** stands frustrated for a couple of seconds, before he also exits.

The Curtain Closes.

END OF SCENARIO TEN.

SCENARIO ELEVEN: EL BJ & THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

The curtain remains closed as **LYNDON JOHNSON** enters, wheeling a chair and carrying a book. **HE** sits the chair and begins to casually read. After a couple of seconds, **SOLDIER**, an ordinary, simple man with a heavy, almost comically satirical southern accent, enters, looks at Johnson, smiles with contentment, and crosses to the center. **JOHNSON** continues to read, not paying any mind to **SOLDIER**, who gives the audience a big, wide smile as he happily addresses them.

SOLDIER:

*I was starved, beaten and tortured until I died in a Vietnamese POW camp!
And I spent the last thirty years of my life, excuse me, I mean of my death,
thinking, stalking, hunting, tracking down that man (POINTING TO
JOHNSON) right over there! The rattle snake who shot us full force into the
war in Vietnam, for no reason except to oblige the people who put him into
office! The thirty sixth president of the United States of America, Lyndon
Baines Johnson! LBJ! Or as his Mexican hussies probably called him, El BJ!*

As he speaks, **SOLDIER** becomes passionate and acts out what he's saying. **HE** approaches **JOHNSON**, grabs him by the shirt collar, pulls him from the chair and speaks with conviction.

SOLDIER:

*And I always knew that the day I caught up to him, slowly I'd turn, step by
step, inch by inch, I would walk right up to that old turd, grab him by the
throat and say **LBJ**, I'm gonna kill you! (SHRUGS; DISAPPOINTED)
There's just one little fact that I overlooked!*

JOHNSON, who also speaks with a heavy southern accent, and who is naturally pompous and arrogant, reacts with annoyed indifference.

JOHNSON:

I'm already dead, Boy!

As **JOHNSON** pulls away from the disappointed **SOLDIER**, he drops his book onto the ground.

SOLDIER (TO AUDIENCE):

Kind of dampened my plan some.

JOHNSON (TO SOLDIER, MOCKINGLY):

If you prick me, I won't bleed! If you strike me, I won't cry!

Half amused, **JOHNSON** turns away. **SOLDIER** grabs **JOHNSON**, pulls out a knife and holds it up to his throat. **JOHNSON** still seems indifferent.

SOLDIER:

And if I ram this knife through your throat?!

JOHNSON:

I'll chew it up and spit it right back in your eye!

JOHNSON calmly takes the knife out of **SOLDIER'S** hand and lightly tosses it into his face. The knife bounces off **SOLDIER** and hits the ground. **SOLDIER** seems confused, disappointed and almost defeated, as an amused **JOHNSON** turns to address the audience.

JOHNSON:

He don't know what to say, now! He's just standing there, with that dumb, confused look on his face, like the dumb, confused piss brain that he is! He spent the past thirty years doing nothing but getting himself ready for this moment, and in five seconds, he found out that he's just as useless and pathetic in this world as he was in the last one! And like all them other unknown soldiers who can't accept the responsibility for his own futile existence, he wants to lay the blame on me!

Now furious, **SOLDIER** runs up and addresses **JOHNSON**.

SOLDIER:

My futile existence! You got your gall, Buddy! I had a life, I had plans!

JOHNSON addresses the audience, with amused indifference.

JOHNSON:

And I can only imagine what those grand plans were! I bet he was gonna open up a candy store in his hometown!

SOLDIER (DETERMINED, TO JOHNSON):

I was gonna take over my old man's hardware store, back in my hometown!

JOHNSON (AMUSED, TO AUDIENCE):

And he was gonna marry the gal next door!

SOLDIER (DETERMINED, TO JOHNSON):

I was gonna marry Connie, the girl I loved since I was five years old!

JOHNSON (AMUSED, TO AUDIENCE):

And he was gonna have two point three little babies and live in a pink house, next to a lake!

SOLDIER (DETERMINED, TO JOHNSON):

And we were gonna buy a little house on the water and have a couple of kids!

JOHNSON (AMUSED, TO AUDIENCE):

*He's right, the human race truly lost a valuable and **unique** commodity when they lost this cretin! (TURNING TO SOLDIER, MOCKINGLY) You know, your kids would have been poor and stupid, don't you?*

SOLDIER (DETERMINED):

That don't matter! I would have loved them, the same way my ma and pa loved me!

JOHNSON (ROLLING HIS EYES):

Uh huh.

SOLDIER:

Hey, maybe what I wanted wasn't anything fancy or special, but it was a plan, it was a dream! You had no right to take my dream away!

JOHNSON (ANNOYED):

You know, I'm getting a little tired of having to keep repeating this, but the fact is, I committed American forces to Vietnam for a dozen different reasons, including and especially because we were trying to stop the Communists from taking over the world! It had absolutely nothing to do with you personally, or any of them other renegade dip shits who are always following me around here!

SOLDIER (ANGRY):

No, we were just dung under your feet! We were just nameless, faceless eighteen year old kids who were cut off before we ever got to be adults!

JOHNSON looks to the audience for agreement, as he addresses Soldier.

JOHNSON:

People who live on top of gas stations shouldn't throw matches at their neighbors, Boy!

SOLDIER (THROWN):

Excuse me?!

JOHNSON:

What'd you do in Nam, were you a conscientious objector? Or maybe you were a company chaplain or an alter boy!

SOLDIER (UNEASILY):

I was a gunner!

JOHNSON looks toward the audience, with the amused satisfaction of victory.

JOHNSON:

A gunner? That means one of them guys that goes around shooting people, don't it? Or should I say shooting nameless, faceless eighteen year old kids who got cut off before they ever got to be adults!

SOLDIER:

When you're in a field, it's kill or be killed! I did what I had to do to stay alive!

JOHNSON:

The same way I did!

SOLDIER:

No, I did it so I wouldn't get shot into little pieces, you did it for your own personal power! If Kennedy had pulled us out of Vietnam like he planned to, you would have still been a rich, important vice president, living in a big fancy house with your big fancy family! But you weren't happy with that, you had to have the top spot! You promised them that if they got Kennedy out of the picture, you'd give them the war that they wanted, and you didn't give a shit how many innocent people you had to pawn off to do it!

JOHNSON (TO AUDIENCE):

Who does this pecker head think he is, Oliver Stone?! (TO SOLDIER) Let me give you a lesson in the ways of the world, Boy, not that it's gonna help you much, here and now! The strong and the smart come out on top, and the weak and the stupid, nobody really gives a shit about! I knew I could never beat Nixon back in 1960, we came off looking too much alike! Dick Nixon was oily, I was oily, he wasn't pretty in front of the cameras, I wasn't pretty in front of the cameras. The only difference between us was, nobody knew who the fuck I was and he was already vice president, under a president that everybody liked. Even people who didn't like Ike thought they liked Ike because of that slogan that stuck in everybody's mind, I Like Ike! Nobody ever lost an election by over estimating the stupidity of John Q. America! Everyone in the United States congress lives by that slogan and it hasn't failed them yet! I knew I couldn't win, so instead, I got that smooth talking morally upright Irish bastard, who looked pretty in front of the cameras, to go up against Nixon, and when they blew Kennedy away, I strolled in through the side door!

SOLDIER:

Wait a minute, you're not saying that you set that whole thing up before Kennedy even got elected, and that you planned to have him killed, way back in 1960?

JOHNSON:

I'd like to take credit for having that much ingenuity, but no, I didn't know a thing about Kennedy being assassinated, at least not until a couple of weeks before it happened, and even then, nobody came out and told it to me, straight out. But the fact is, I was smart enough and strong enough to prosper from it! I was the only president to walk away from your sacred sixties without blood on my shirt, whether figurative or literal! So I don't know how you could even imagine that a dog soldier, a hardware store owner wanna be, an uneducated, unworldly perfect portrait of a loser, like you, could beat me, in any way!

SOLDIER:

Yeah, well we're in a different place now, LBJ, and we have different rules! I might not be able to kill you but I could sure send you to a place that's a lot worse than this!

SOLDIER angrily advances toward **JOHNSON**, who seems amused.

JOHNSON:

Worse than Hell? Where are you gonna send me to Boy, Newark, New Jersey?

SOLDIER (PAUSE, THINKING):

There's always someplace worse! When I was in boot camp, I didn't think things could get any worse. Then, I was in the middle of the war and I didn't think it could get any worse than that, until I got to that POW camp!

JOHNSON (IMPATIENTLY):

And you thought that was as bad as it could be, but now, looky here, you're in Hell! I have heard this song and dance, time and time again! It is my destiny my torture to be constantly harassed by you Vietnam casualties, and I've accepted this as a fact that I can't change! But as far as going someplace worse than this: I think that's your destiny Son, not mine!

As **SOLDIER** angrily moves to hit him, **JOHNSON** casually pulls a large revolver out of his shirt, and points it at **SOLDIER**, who is thrown.

SOLDIER:

What! Wait!

Still calm and indifferent, **JOHNSON** fires a loud series of shots into **SOLDIER'S** chest, and **SOLDIER** flies back, behind the curtain and out of sight. **JOHNSON** casually adjusts the gun, before speaking to the audience, with arrogant indifference.

JOHNSON:

Imbecile! A minute ago, he was walking and talking and seeing and hearing, and he wasn't in constant excruciating pain. By my calculations, he should have counted his fortunes, instead of spending his time going after somebody smarter, stronger and in a higher position than him! Little shit was right about one thing, though: There's always someplace worse you can be, and always somebody worse off than you!

Holding his gun up high, **JOHNSON** arrogantly struts off the stage.

END OF SCENARIO ELEVEN.

SCENARIO TWELVE: THE SAVIOUR OF OUR CHILDREN

The curtain remains closed, as **KENNETH STARR** enters, crosses to the center, looks straight ahead as if he is reading from a telemonitor, and addresses the audience.

STARR:

Hello, my name is Kenneth Starr, and I'm the special prosecutor for the United States government. Now, I know that many of you perceive me as a dedicated, tireless public servant in a vital, time consuming and thankless job, but that's just one side of me. I also happen to be a proud sponsor, as well as the new spokesperson for the International Save the Children Foundation. For your contribution of a mere twenty dollars a month, two hundred and forty dollars for a year, you can provide three hearty meals a day for one hungry child in this world. Now, we can't be expected to end world hunger tomorrow, but if there were one million hungry children on this planet, then statistics would prove that every single one of them could have been provided with three hearty meals a day, every single day, for over a year, with the salaries paid to American senators, congressmen and government officials who've been coming in to work every day for the sole purpose of debating the issues set forth by my committee, and with the money that my committee used, to find out that the president got a blow j-

STARR realizes what he is reading, stops, pauses, thinks for a second, then speaks, as if he is talking to people in front of the stage. Though he seems mildly annoyed, his voice tone doesn't really change much.

STARR:

The clown who perceived it as amusing to put those words on the teleprompter can count on being prosecuted beyond the limit of the law, but for now, let us get the copy rewritten, and take it from the top!

We hear the **VOICE OF JOE**, who could sound like any man, coming from offstage.

JOE:

Uh, Mister Starr, we can't take it from the top, we're a live informercial. We're being broadcast, nationally.

STARR seems momentarily thrown by this.

STARR:

Live. Well, ummm. I see. Ummm.

STARR turns his back to the audience, takes a breath, regains his composure, turns back to the audience and speaks in his usual even tone.

STARR:

I'm not Kenneth Starr. I'm an actor, hired by the Democratic party because I look and sound exactly like Kenneth Starr, the great barrister. I don't care about saving the children. Kenneth Starr cares about saving the children, but not me. I'm just a useless, worthless, unimportant little harlequin, hired by the loathsome Democrats in yet another of their cheap, vulgar attempts to besmirch and defile the good names of their noble and justice seeking adversaries. I'd like to continue with this assignment, but the actor's equity union scale that they are paying me plus the free lunch that they are providing me with are not worth the price of my dignity and good conscience. Thank you and good day.

STARR walks off the stage.

END OF SCENARIO TWELVE.

SCENARIO THIRTEEN: THE STARR CROSSED LOVERS

The curtain opens and the set of an office is the same as before. **BILL CLINTON** is talking to an unseen person, offstage, as he enters.

CLINTON:

Alright, I'll see you later now, you hear!

CLINTON sighs, and seems rather pensive and distressed, as he paces and rambles to himself.

CLINTON:

That is, if I'm still here, later, if today's not the day they decide to toss my sorry ass out of this office! Now come on Bill, stay cheerful, don't let them see you sweat! After all, they could decide that sweating is an impeachable offense! They'll start another investigation and spend hundreds of millions of taxpayer dollars trying to test the DNA from the perspiration in my boxer shorts! They'll tell the people that they only spent forty million, but they'll conveniently forget to count all the salaries and all the expenses of all the congressmen and the senators, their secretaries and assistants, the electricians, the maintenance crew, who'll come into work every day just to- (PAUSES; SIGHS; DISTRESSED) Who am I having this conversation with?! (COLLECTING HIMSELF, SLIGHTLY) Oh yeah, it's me, the same person I always talk to, these days! Better be careful, they might decide that talking to yourself is a crime worthy of the death penalty; you never know what the great Moral Majority in this country is going to come up with, next! Then again, who else have I got? Hillary doesn't want to know me on a personal level anymore, and I can't blame her! Chelsea's off at college, leading her own life! What a beautiful, sweet young woman she turned out to be! If I talk to any of my coworkers or secret servicemen or friends, they'll be subpoenaed and grilled for hours and sent to jail for eighteen months if they can't repeat back every word and every intonation of our conversations! And God forbid I should even think about going out and finding a lover that I can open up to!

CLINTON seems to be getting more unraveled, as he speaks.

CLINTON:

Actually, that's all I think about, I'm thinking about it all the time. But if I do anything about it, they'll have another sixty thousand page volume to write! Sixty thousand pages they wrote about a dozen little ten minute flings that I had! It's not to be believed! If you put together every pornographic magazine that's been published since the beginning of time, they probably wouldn't add up to sixty thousand pages! (SMILING) I'd like to be there when they try to put that magazine together though, browse through a couple of thousand pages, just to test my theory! (SIGHS) Bill, you are cracking up! When you allow your enemies to make you angry, then they've won. Richard Nixon said that! Crazy old buzzard made a lot of sense, sometimes! Never lost his composure, no matter how much shit they threw his way! Then again, he was probably never as horny as I am right now! It's a lot easier to hide paranoia than it is to conceal a perpetual erection!

CLINTON sits, swings his chair around, and seems to be daydreaming, as he **sings** his next line.

CLINTON:

Monica oh Monica, come light my menorah!

The voice of **MONICA** is heard, from offstage, **singing**.

MONICA:

Where have you been Billy Boy Billy Boy? Where have you been Charming Billy?

CLINTON seems startled and thrown, though at the same time, happily anxious. **HE** thinks for a second, before standing and singing his next line.

CLINTON:

My boy Bill stands as tall and as hard as a tree!

MONICA (VOICE OFFSTAGE, SINGING):

Billy, don't be a hero, come back to me!

CLINTON smiles, seems a bit thrown, though also seems amused and happy. **HE** looks down at his lap, and slaps himself there, as he sings his next line.

CLINTON:

Hey down! Stay down! Stay down down!

MONICA (VOICE OFFSTAGE, SINGING):

Cause Little Willy Willy won't go home!

CLINTON seems genuinely amused and happy, as he sings.

CLINTON:

But you can't chase Willy round, Willy won't go!

A smiling, anxious **MONICA** enters and sings as she approaches **CLINTON**.

MONICA:

Try telling everybody but we all know!

Surprised and smiling, **CLINTON** approaches **MONICA** and playfully sings with her.

CLINTON & MONICA:

Little Willy Willy won't go home!

CLINTON and **MONICA** laugh. **HE** seems surprised and amused, though apprehensive; **SHE** is smiling, anxious, excited, and trying to be very seductive.

CLINTON:

Monica, where did you come from?!

MONICA:

If I said Heaven, would that be too much of a cliché?

CLINTON (TAKING MONICA'S HAND):

I don't believe it! I was just having a little fantasy about you!

MONICA:

I know. I'll tell you mine if you tell me yours!

MONICA passionately embraces **CLINTON**, and though **HE** seems to be enjoying her advances, **CLINTON** thinks, collects himself and pulls away from her.

CLINTON:

Whoa, slow down a minute!

MONICA:

What's wrong?

CLINTON:

Monica, you can't just waltz in off the street and expect things to just pick up where they left off!

MONICA smiles and advances toward **CLINTON**, who moves in the opposite direction.

MONICA:s

Can't I? I just did.

CLINTON:

How did you get past security?

MONICA:

Are you kidding? People step aside when they see me coming, these days!

MONICA starts rubbing and kissing **CLINTON**, and for a moment, he begins to submit.

MONICA:

I was fantasizing that you would finally keep your promise and do to me what I've always done to you! What were you fantasizing?

CLINTON collects himself, pulls away and attempts to speak, sternly.

CLINTON:

I was fantasizing that you should go home and never come back here again!

MONICA (TEASING):

Try and throw me out!

CLINTON:

Monica-!

MONICA:

You can't, can you? And if you call security, then there'll have to be a public record of my visit!

CLINTON:

Monica, don't do this to me, please!

MONICA embraces **CLINTON** and kisses him, and he sternly pulls away.

MONICA (ACTING SPURNED):

I don't believe it! The great Bill Clinton, nothing but a quivering wimp who lets himself be brought down by a few political smears and unsubstantiated innuendoes! Maybe I was wasting my time with the wrong man!

CLINTON:

What is that supposed to mean?

MONICA:

It means you're obviously not the potent political powerhouse I thought you were. I think I'm going to go see what Henry Hyde's doing, this evening.

CLINTON (AMUSED):

Now there's a scene I'd pay money to witness!

MONICA (ACTING HURT):

That's all you have to say? You'd let me waltz out of here and into Henry Hyde's bed, without even saying a word to stop me!

CLINTON:

Why not? Old Henry could probably use a blow job more than any man in the history of American politics.

MONICA:

A year ago, I might have laughed at a tasteless joke like that, just to avoid offending you.

CLINTON:

And a year ago, I might have been willing to play along with your infantile jealousy shticks! Now, we both know you're not about to sleep with Henry Hyde, and even if you were, you wouldn't be spiting me. I'm not the one who would have to live with the nightmares and the vomiting.

MONICA (PLAYFULLY):

You always could see right through me, couldn't you?

MONICA passionately rubs into **CLINTON**, he angrily pulls away.

CLINTON:

Monica, stop!

Thrown, **MONICA** now seems angry at the situation, but sympathetic to **CLINTON**.

MONICA:

Jesus, you really are scared of them, aren't you?

CLINTON:

No!

MONICA:

I was only teasing, before.

CLINTON:

I know you were.

MONICA:

I never thought that there was anything to it. But you really are afraid of what these shit heels can do to you!

CLINTON:

Monica, I swear to you, this has nothing to do with Kenneth Starr or his sanctimonious hypocritical hatchet men or the GOP or any investigation. This is about my wife and my daughter.

MONICA:

It was never about them, before.

CLINTON:

That's because I never thought they'd find out, before! Sometimes I get so disgusted with all these investigations and witch hunts that I feel like just walking away from it all and telling the country to go to hell, and other times I feel like we must already be in hell if we allow demagogues like Kenneth Starr or Joe McCarthy to exist! But the bottom line is, I'm going to be out of office in a couple of years, no matter what happens. But I truly love my wife, I cherish and worship my daughter, and if those relationships can still be salvaged, I want to do everything I can to make them work!

MONICA (SUBDUED & SAD):

And where does that leave our relationship?

MONICA now seems sad and hurt, and **CLINTON** is trying to be comforting and consoling.

CLINTON:

A little more than a footnote in the history books, I'm afraid. Actually, thanks to Starr, you'll probably get your own chapter in every major encyclopedia! I bet you never expected that when you took that internship, did you?

MONICA:

I never expected a lot of things, Bubba, but I did expect to be able to pursue my dreams. Believe it or not, I had political aspirations of my own, I hoped to run for public office someday, and then maybe earn my own place in the history books. Maybe there was a one in a thousand chance of it happening, but it would have been nice to be able to give it a shot! Now what can I do? If I ever tried to get into politics, I'd be the laughing stock of the country, all over again!

CLINTON:

That's one way you could look at it, I guess! You could also say that, as of right now, you could demand a hundred times more money in a publishing deal than unglorified ex-presidents like Gerald Ford or Jimmy Carter ever could.

MONICA:

Is that supposed to make me feel better?

CLINTON:

Yes, it is! People get into politics for the fame, the money and the power, and they usually don't get any of them until they're at least fifty. You have two out of three, and you're not even twenty five yet, are you?

MONICA (ALMOST CRYING):

I can't believe you don't know how old I am. I mean, even if you forgot, it's been published in every newspaper and magazine in the country. Joe Palooka on the street knows how old I am!

CLINTON (GENTLY):

So why don't you go date Joe Palooka on the street, there's nothing for you here, anymore.

MONICA (ALMOST CRYING):

That's all you have to say.

CLINTON (COMFORTINGLY):

I'm sorry Monica, but that's the way it has to be! What we had was nice, and it's very tempting to let it continue, but it's not worth what I'd be risking! Maybe there could have been an alcoholic president in the days of Ulysses Grant, but not today!

MONICA:

What do alcoholics have to do with anything and who's Ulysses Grant?

CLINTON:

He's the guy that's buried in Grant's tomb.

MONICA:

Oh. I never knew that.

CLINTON:

We'll let that one go, for now. The point is, before mass communication, before all this yellow journalism, before Jerry Springer and Oprah Winfrey existed, a candidate might have been able to get away with having a drinking problem, but today, he's gonna be exposed in the media two hours after he announces his intention to run and I'm gonna be the first one who tells him not to let the door hit him in the ass on the way out, because a president has got to be strong. If I can't control my vices, then Starr and his boobs are right, I should step down, because I'm not worthy of holding the highest office in the land. And I'm certainly not worthy of the beautiful family that I have!

MONICA:

So, what you're saying is, it's over?

CLINTON:

What I'm saying is, most of the time, our dreams don't come true, at least not the way we plan them.

MONICA:

Yours did.

CLINTON (SMILING):

What, having these Republicans sniffing up my ass, every minute of every day? You think that's what I expected the oval office to be?

MONICA:

At least you got to the oval office.

CLINTON (SMILING):

And so did you. You were inside the closet, you were under the desk! Ninety nine out of a hundred people will only get into the rooms that they bring you to on the White House guided tour! Most people are truck drivers and accountants and construction workers and postal clerks. And most people sleep with truck drivers and accountants and construction workers and postal clerks!

MONICA:

And that's what you think I should be doing?

CLINTON:

I didn't mean it to come out like that. I'm just trying to say that, even though things might seem pretty glum right now, when you're kicking back on some Caribbean Beach, enjoying all the money these vulture journalists paid you, and you have a dozen good looking young lifeguards sniffing at your feet, my bet is, you won't even remember that you even knew an old coot like me!

Though still sobbing and hurt, **MONICA** half smiles through her tears. **SHE** seems to be comforted a bit, as **CLINTON** consolingly takes her hand and walks her out of the room.

MONICA:

How will I be able to forget? It will be written in all the encyclopedias.

CLINTON:

That's right. And when I'm old and worn and I need something to make me smile, believe me, I'll be reading about us, and thinking about the good times that we had.

MONICA:

Will you really?

CLINTON:

Count on it. You know, I'd like nothing more than to be able to say call me if you ever need anything.

MONICA:

But if you do, it will start another investigation, I know.

CLINTON:

Maybe, one day, when I'm out of office!

MONICA (HALF JOKING):

What makes you think I'll want to talk to you, then? You'll be an old has been, and I'll be a young socialite with a dozen handsome lifeguards sniffing at my feet!

CLINTON:

That's the attitude!

MONICA and **CLINTON** affectionately hug.

MONICA:

Take care of yourself, you big creep, and don't let them get to you!

CLINTON:

You know, I needed to hear that today Monica, I truly did!

MONICA:

I know. I was in the closet listening to your little monologue, remember?

CLINTON:

Yeah. You behave yourself now, you hear!

MONICA sadly exits. **CLINTON** seems sad and pensive, yet relieved, as **HE** sighs, walks over to the desk, sits in the chair and for an instant, seems almost relaxed and content.

END OF SCENARIO THIRTEEN.

SCENARIO FOURTEEN: THE STIFLED WOMANIZERS

This scene picks up where the last one ends, with a relaxed and thoughtful **BILL CLINTON** seated at his desk. **JOHN KENNEDY** enters and approaches him.

KENNEDY:

It's never easy, is it?

CLINTON (WITHOUT LOOKING UP):

What?

KENNEDY:

Letting the ladies down. I usually just bought them a box of exotic chocolates. It didn't make the break up any easier but at least they had something to eat.

CLINTON (JUMPING UP, THROWN):

I truly am losing my mind!

KENNEDY:

You won't hear any arguments from me.

CLINTON:

Where did you come from?

KENNEDY:

Come on, Billy Boy, you're in my home, now. Where did you expect me to be?

CLINTON (COMPOSING HIMSELF):

*What do you mean, **your** home? This hasn't been your home in thirty five years!*

KENNEDY:

You said it yourself, your country's in Hell. And as long as you stay there, I'm never far away.

CLINTON:

Wait a minute, are you telling me that you're in Hell, right now?

KENNEDY:

For lack of a simpler term that your mind can understand, I'd have to say yes.

CLINTON:

But why? I mean, you were a great man! I probably admire you more than any other man of my time!

KENNEDY:

It's nice of you to say that.

CLINTON (ANXIOUS):

Don't tell me they damn you for womanizing! I mean, please don't tell me that!

KENNEDY:

There are a lot more considerations than that, don't worry. I haven't figured out exactly why I'm here yet. I think it has something to do with my father. He wanted his sons near him and that man always gets his way, even now.

CLINTON:

Well, I guess it's nice to know some things don't change.

KENNEDY:

Yeah. You know as much as you admired me, I envy you that much more.

CLINTON:

Excuse me?

KENNEDY:

From the point of view of any given man, you're probably the luckiest president that ever lived.

CLINTON (HALF LAUGHING):

Right! It's great to have people watching your every move, monitoring your secret service men, interrogating your staff, persecuting all your friends, and making sure that you never get a blow job again!

KENNEDY:

Hey, if those are all your problems, you should be a happy man. If my enemies had treated me the same way, I might still be alive, today.

CLINTON:

I don't follow you.

KENNEDY:

It's simple. I was assassinated because I was too powerful and they couldn't control me. If they had realized that they could bring me down by making scandals out of every extra marital affair that I ever had, there would have been no reason to have me killed, would there?

CLINTON (JOKING):

Unless you got taken out by some angry husband!

KENNEDY:

Not funny. Dimaggio once tried to bash my skull in with a baseball bat, you know. Mine and Bobby's.

CLINTON:

Really? How come this is the first I'm hearing about that?

KENNEDY:

Nobody wanted it publicized. Not him and certainly not us. A couple of secret service guys smacked him around a little bit, put him in his place. Then we all agreed to let it drop.

CLINTON:

Really?

KENNEDY:

I'm not even supposed to be talking about it now but I figure that nobody's going to believe you, if you tell them you had a conversation with John F. Kennedy.

CLINTON:

Yeah. I didn't have much luck with my founding fathers story.

KENNEDY:

Don't say that, it was good for a laugh. I think even old Abe Lincoln himself got a good chuckle out of it.

CLINTON (ELATED):

*You mean, Abraham Lincoln actually knows about **me**?!*

KENNEDY:

Hey, we're all watching you. None of us have been able to take our eyes off the scene in Washington, for months.

CLINTON:

I'll bet.

KENNEDY:

You know, you and I met once, do you remember?

CLINTON:

Yeah, I remember but I'm surprised you do. I mean, you were the president of the United States, shaking your hand was probably the most memorable and inspirational thing that happened to me, at the time. But I was just a typical high school kid, why would you remember meeting me?

KENNEDY:

Hey, once you reach the point where I'm at, you remember everything that's ever happened to you, and everyone that you've ever encountered.

CLINTON (SMILING):

You mean that, after I die, I'll be able to remember the name of that receptionist that I picked up, on the Boardwalk, in Atlantic City?

KENNEDY:

It will be right on the top of your head, anytime you need to access it.

CLINTON:

And that hairdresser from Little Rock?

KENNEDY:

You'll remember everything, down to the dimples on her hips.

CLINTON:

How about those two stewardesses on Air Force One, what were their names again?

KENNEDY:

What, you're asking me?

CLINTON:

Well, you said you could remember everything, right?

KENNEDY:

I remember the people I met, not the people you met. When I used to fly Air Force One, the stewardesses were named Helen and Margaret. And Louise and Ginger and Tina and Mary Anne and Sandra.

CLINTON (SMILING):

Yeah, we have a Sandra.

KENNEDY:

You know what I do remember, I remember that girl who gave you oral sex in the parking lot, after your junior prom. That was Kathy Hodges.

CLINTON:

Wait a minute, how do you know about that? You just said that you remember the things that happened to you, not to me!

KENNEDY:

Yeah, but I was there, listening to you brag to your friends about it.

CLINTON:

What?

KENNEDY:

When I was the president, and you represented your school at that American Legion debate, after I shook your hand and we all went in to the reception, I overheard you telling your friends about how you got a little nookie!

CLINTON:

Wait a minute, oral sex is not nookie! The legal definition of that is very clear!

KENNEDY:

Sorry.

CLINTON:

You mean to tell me that, out of all the hundreds of people who were at that event that day, you remember every single conversation that went on?

KENNEDY:

No, only the ones that I was tuned in to. You and your friends were talking about all the girls you were trying to screw and that got my attention. Made me wish I was back in high school. You didn't expect me to actually listen to that crusty old legionnaire's speech about careers in the military, did you?

CLINTON (FONDLY REMEMBERING):

Kathy Hodges, it's been a long time since I thought about her. I wonder where she is, now.

KENNEDY:

She's over fifty, she's fat, she's married to an Arkansas professional fisherman and none of her friends believe her when she tells them that she once went down on the president!

CLINTON:

*You mean, she's bragging to her friends about **me**, now?*

KENNEDY:

Hey, what goes around comes around, Billy Boy. It made you feel like a real big man when you told all your friends about it, didn't it?

CLINTON:

Hey, I was seventeen years old. Everybody brags about it, when they're seventeen.

KENNEDY:

But tell the truth, it still gives you a thrill when you think about it, doesn't it?

CLINTON (THINKING, SMILING):

Yeah, actually it does.

KENNEDY:

And when you get some young graduate student to get down on her knees, isn't there a part of you that's just dying to call up all the guys from high school and tell them all about it?

CLINTON (THINKING, SMILING):

Yeah.

KENNEDY:

That's right! Don't be ashamed, say it! It's the old macho man thing, it's a part of all of us and it's something that never goes away. Nothing makes us feel better than adding extra notches to our belts and every time we do, we want to stand on top of the highest mountain and tell everyone in the whole world about it!

CLINTON (THINKING, SMILING):

Yeah, you know you're right.

KENNEDY:

Of course I am! Which is why you're the luckiest president that ever lived, because not only did you get it but everyone in the whole world knows you got it!

CLINTON:

Yeah, but I don't want them to know I got it!

KENNEDY:

Sure you do. That's what it's really all about! When all is said and finished, some people are going to remember Nixon as the most corrupt president that ever lived, some are going to remember him as a brilliant diplomat. Some are going to remember Truman as the incubus who nuked a hundred thousand people, some are going to remember him as the champion who won World War II. And people will always have six hundred different, conflicting stories to tell about me. But you my friend, are going to go down in history as the president who got his cock sucked! And when you go back to what's basic, it doesn't get much better than that.

CLINTON (SMILING):

I see your point!

KENNEDY:

I figured you would.

CLINTON (AFTER THOUGHT):

Wait a minute, what if I don't want to be remembered that way? I mean, sure, on a gut level, I love the idea of everyone knowing that I got all these women, but I've spent too much time controlling my impulses and I put too much thought and too much effort into becoming the president and into trying to do the best possible job I could for the people of this country!

KENNEDY:

Then do something about it!

CLINTON:

Like what?

KENNEDY:

Throw Starr out on his bleached white ass!

CLINTON:

What do you mean?

KENNEDY:

I mean fire him, kick him out of Washington, toss him in a barrel and ride him out of town on the back of a manure truck, if you have to!

CLINTON:

Just like that?

KENNEDY:

Just like that.

CLINTON:

But what would people say?

KENNEDY:

That a real man is a man who stands up for himself, not one that gets women to lay down! This little insignificant cockroach intimidates children, locks people up who haven't been convicted of a crime, interrogates and tortures young girls. Those are the kinds of things that happened in Nazi Germany, not in the United States.

CLINTON:

And overthrowing a reigning monarch is the kind of thing they did in ancient Rome, not here!

KENNEDY:

Your wife's right, you really are losing your perspective! You're the reigning monarch, not him!

CLINTON (REALIZING, SMILING):

Oh yeah!

KENNEDY:

Listen, do you know the difference between what happened to me and what's happening to you?

CLINTON:

What?

KENNEDY:

Nobody figured out that there was a conspiracy around my death until twenty years after the fact. Before that, ninety nine per cent of the people still believed that poor old disoriented Lee Oswald looked out a window, six stories off the ground, a thousand yards away, and managed to hit eighteen moving targets with three gun shots. In your case, everybody sees exactly what's happening, as it's happening, and most of them are scared to death of it and wish they had the power to make it go away.

CLINTON:

But you think I have the power?

KENNEDY:

Jesus, you're the most powerful man in the world, you can take these peons down! If you don't have the guts to just dispose of them, then get the goods on them, beat them at their own games! You don't think a self proclaimed puritan like Orin Hatch has ever molested any little boys? And how about that Mr. Henry Hyde? Have you ever seen a scarier looking bastard? Doctor Jekyll's most hideous nightmare never looked that decrepit You don't think a guy like that has a closet full of leather clad skeletons?

CLINTON:

You mean they have?

KENNEDY:

You're going to have to find those things out for yourself. I can only give advice, I can't fight your battles for you! For now, you still have the strongest position, but I think your persecutors proved that they're not going to go away, so you had better make them go away, unless you want to go away! Now, if you'll excuse me, it's time for me to go away!

KENNEDY turns to leave, and **CLINTON** seems sad and thrown.

CLINTON:

You're leaving?

KENNEDY:

My visible time is very limited. The only reason I'm able to talk to you at all is because of the desperate emotional state you were in and because I still have a few high connections in low places.

CLINTON:

Will I see you again?

KENNEDY:

How many times have both of us been asked that question, I wonder? You can see me any time you want to, my portrait is hanging all over the walls in your house. If you want yours to be hanging there too, you go out and fight for your place! And if you don't have the balls to take these bastards out, then step the fuck down because real power is something that only the strongest and best fighters have the right to hold onto!

CLINTON (AFTER THOUGHT):

Yeah. Thanks for stopping by!

KENNEDY exits, leaving a pensive and thoughtful **CLINTON** alone. **CLINTON** thinks for a few seconds before ***The Curtain Closes.***

END OF SCENARIO FOURTEEN.

SCENARIO FIFTEEN: THE COMIC, PART III

The curtain remains closed as **LENNY** enters, carrying his microphone. **HE** seems exhausted, disillusioned and disgusted, as he delivers his monologue, slower and with much less drive and enthusiasm than before.

LENNY:

It could all be gone tomorrow, I don't care who the hell you are! They could take away your freedom, your money, your right to breathe, for no reason more serious than the fact that you talked about blah blahing. See, I have to say blah blahing now, because if I actually say blah blahing, they'll put me back in the cage and then I'll have to blah somebody's blah! It's a requirement in prison, even if you don't want to, even if you resist, eventually a bunch of big dumb guys are gonna trap you in the shower and make you blah their blahs. It happened to me, it could happen to you. So that's why I don't say blah blahing anymore, because if you keep saying it, sooner or later, you're gonna have to do it, and take my word for it, it's not worth the trade off! Nobody's immune. You could be the richest and most influential man in the world today, you could drive your antique custom El Dorado through a yellow light just as it's about to turn red, and that's the end of it! You get pulled over by a big macho twenty year old rookie cop who makes a hundred dollars a week, he gives you a ticket, you get pissed off and call him a blah blah blah, he puts handcuffs on you and then your life's in his control! He locks you in a cell, he loses the paperwork, he forgets to let you make a phone call, and by the time your trial date comes, you're so furious, you lose your temper and call the judge a blah blah blah. He gives you ten years in prison, and then you're a caged animal. What was the point of being the richest and most influential man in the world, yesterday? The president of the United States, he's not even immune! He could say blah blah blah, and that could be the end of it. I mean, think about it, the president could go out and get his blah blahed, then some congressional committee could decide that it's a crime to get your blah blahed, so the president could say, I

never got my blah blahed, but the committee could tell him we have witnesses who'll swear they blahed your blah, and tapes of phone conversations in which the same witnesses tell their friends that they blahed your blah, so not only did you get your blah blahed, you also lied about getting your blah blahed! And the committee could decide, at their own discretion, that the president isn't entitled to a fair trial, he isn't entitled to constitutional protections, he isn't allowed to protest when they do things like illegally tap his phone, all of his friends and the people that he confided in could be dragged in front of the committee and forced to testify against him, he isn't entitled to basic rights like attorney client privilege or indictment by an impartial grand jury, there's no tangible evidence beyond the words of some people of questionable character, at best, and even if they're all telling the truth, the worst thing that he did was lie about getting his blah blahed! But it doesn't matter, a handful of guys in pseudo expensive suits and polka dotted ties decide that they don't want this guy to be president anymore, so he's finished! He's through, he's on his way to prison where he's probably gonna have to blah somebody else's blah! (PAUSE) Hey, it could happen!

LENNY sadly walks off the stage.

AND THE REST IS IN THE HISTORY BOOKS!