

In An Alternate Universe
(The Monica & Hillary Story)

A Political Farce

In Two Acts

by

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SYNOPSIS:

In an alternate universe on a planet far far away Hillary Clinton is the elected American President, Monica Lewinski is a California Congressman and the boy friend of Vladimir Putin and Donald Trump is a man of few words. And as you'd expect, the world is on the brink of a nuclear war. What could be funnier?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HILLARY CLINTON: 70, President of the United States

BILL CLINTON: 81, First Husband

MONICA LEWINSKI: 44, Congresswoman from the California 12th District.

VLADIMIR PUTIN: 65, President of Russia. Russian accent.

AL GORE: 69, Former U.S. Vice President. Rotund. Tennessee accent.

GEORGE W. BUSH: 70, Former U.S. President

RECEPTIONIST: 23, Female **(voice only)**

ANNOUNCER: Any age, male **(voice only)**

INTERCOM: Any age, male **(voice only)**

DONALD TRUMP: 76, Male **(no lines)**

LINDA TRIPP: 50, Male or female. **(no lines)**

PAULA JONES: 50, Female **(no lines)**

SCENE

Oval Office in Washington, DC and
Camp David in Maryland

TIME

2018 (In An Alternate Universe)

ACT I
Scene 1

SETTING: *The Oval Office of the White House. Desk center stage. Two sofas facing one another in front of the desk. Large draped windows behind the desk. Outer office is stage right. Private rooms and bathroom are stage left behind paneled doors. Intercom on the desk. A bust of President Obama sits atop a table. Monday morning.*

AT RISE: *Hillary looks out the oval office window, while occasionally glancing at a folder of papers in her hand. Her back is to the audience. Lights slowly up.*

HILLARY

(Speaking into a recording device) Note to Jamison. (beat) I've read the first draft and it's not really working for me. Too much build up for my own taste. All that unnecessary misdirection only tends to confuse an audience. We need to move quickly beyond the mumbo jumbo..right in to the intro and then transition passionately to the crux of why they're all here; to hear me lay in to that buffoon loudly and forcefully. The real challenge for you is to either make me appear more sympathetic or better yet mold me into a more likable character while making a few great zingers at his expense. Can you do that? In other words, I need to be someone the people will endorse regardless of where I stand on the issues. (beat) To be honest, you've got your work cut out for you. It might take a minor miracle to create a more likeable Hillary when hell, I don't even like myself (cackles). I'd like to see the next draft before dinner...

(Bill Clinton enters stage left appearing quite happy with himself.)

BILL

Who you talking to sweetie?

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

HILLARY

(Facing Bill) Damn it, Bill! How many times do I have to tell you; that bathroom is for my use only?

BILL

What makes you think I was in *your* bathroom?

HILLARY

It might have something to do with the fact that you just walked out of *my* bathroom.

BILL

Do you even hear yourself? At a time when you should be more focused on world matters you're instead losing sleep over who's sitting on your private throne. I see you still have W's pic hanging on the wall in there. Like you babe, some shit never changes.

HILLARY

Would it hurt you to use the bathroom in the outer office?

BILL

Now what are we going to do with dumb shit Putin? The world is counting on us to put together a foolproof strategy for shutting him down once and for all. I have a few new ideas...

HILLARY

I'd like to think the world doesn't think of you at all. First ladies should be more focused on the niceties of the White House...

BILL

I told you not to call me that. Obviously, you have a bit of an attitude this morning and you seem to have a need to take it out on me. Just remember honeybunch that the world sleeps better at night knowing that when that four-a.m. call comes in you'll be in bed with the world's most experienced...

HILLARY

Lady's man?

BILL

Diplomat. What's going on with you this morning? I thought we were way beyond all that lady's man shit.

HILLARY

I'm sorry, Bill. The thought of Monica coming here is freaking me out.

BILL

Don't let this Monica thing fill your head with nonsense. She certainly means nothing to me...and never has so therefore...she should mean nothing to you.

HILLARY

Doesn't it seem a bit odd that Putin won't attend the peace conference unless Lewinski's invited? What's her hold over him? I tell you what, Bill that girl gets around.

BILL

I'm sure it's nothing...

HILLARY

Rest assured, when she gets here today, I plan to get to the bottom of this. I want to know what she has on him. You never know, it might give us an advantage of sorts, even if I have to use that tramp's dirt.

BILL

You should have done it quietly, without the press hounding you.

HILLARY

Well no shit! But someone leaked the meeting. You wouldn't happen to know who the leak is...would you? My meeting is already morning fodder on Fox. Those bastards revel in any opportunity to pull out those old pictures of you and her and that stupid beret. Here we are on the brink of war and all Hannity can talk about is what the definition of 'is' is. It's all about titillation with them. How am I supposed to conduct meaningful dialog in private when...

BILL

Private? You sent Air Force One...that was hardly a secret maneuver.

HILLARY

What was I supposed to do? She claimed not to have enough money for a plane ticket.

BILL

She's an elected Congressman. She has plenty of money. If you ask me, she has an eye for the dramatic..

HILLARY

God, I hate her.

BILL

Personally, I will never forgive Pelosi. What right did she have to retire? That old hag had at least two more terms in her. The least should have done was consult us. Her selfishness led directly to this Republican mockery.

HILLARY

Brown should have defeated Monica in a land slide. I can't help but think Putin is somehow involved.

BILL

I remember when Moonbeam used to be so popular with the freaks in California.

HILLARY

I guess not anymore.

BILL

His downfall was the leaking of that story about him and Caitlyn Jenner. Fucking Fox led with that story for the last two weeks of the campaign which probably scared the hell out of normal folks. I would have thought Californians liked that kind of thing.

HILLARY

I still think Putin had something to do with it all...

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

BILL

Perhaps its not too late to appoint a Special Prosecutor...

HILLARY

In the end, Brown was weak. Could there be a more monotone speaker? He suffers from a little bit too much of tune in, turn on and not enough drop out.

BILL

I'm convinced Californians elected Monica, just to spite me.

HILLARY

It's not always just about you, honey. Brown was just a lousy candidate. And everyone is dying to see a Lewinski in the oval office...again.

BILL

You'll never forgive me, will you?

HILLARY

When she gets here, I want you to say your hellos and leave.

BILL

I hope she's not still wearing those stupid berets.

HILLARY

Just make sure you leave; and not through my bathroom. Leave through the outside office. I'll call you once the meeting is over.

(Bill walks over to the bust of Obama on the table and rubs it oddly.)

BILL

Hey babe, can I ask you a personal question?

HILLARY

Can it wait? I'd like to review this morning's briefs before Lewinski gets here.

BILL

It's kind of important.

HILLARY

What is it, Bill?

BILL

If God was standing in front of us right now, what would you ask him?

HILLARY

(reading through her papers) What?

BILL

If God was standing...

HILLARY

Seriously, can't this wait until tonight?

(Hillary is reviewing documents and not paying attention.)

BILL

This has been weighing heavily on me ever since we met the Pope. He had a profound impact on me. With Monica about to step back in to our lives...I find myself looking inwards and trying to come to grips with the consequences of my actions. This might surprise you, but I haven't always made the best decisions. So, maybe now is good time to make changes; before it's too late.

HILLARY

Huh?

BILL

My Maker is calling to me.

HILLARY

Your Maker? Bill, I really don't have time for this.

BILL

You don't have time for God? A real president needs to be prepared to fall on his knees...

HILLARY

Look Bill, I find your sudden interest in God quite interesting, but I really don't...

BILL

Hillary, imagine God is in the room, right here...now...in the Oval Office and He suddenly looks you straight in the eye and...

(Intercom buzzer. Hillary speaks over the intercom to the receptionist while keeping her finger on the intercom button.)

HILLARY

Oh, thank God. Is Congresswoman Lewinski here?

RECEPTIONIST

No, Madame President. Vice President Gore is asking if he might have a moment of your time.

HILLARY

(To Bill) Are we done with this?

BILL

Doesn't Gore know we're in the middle of another world calamity? We don't have time for another one of his infomercials...

RECEPTIONIST

I don't know, Mr. President. I'll ask him.

(Hillary dramatically takes her finger off the intercom button.)

HILLARY

Shit! I hate this thing...

BILL

(to Hillary) It's not that complicated. You just need to remember to take your finger off the intercom button.

(Hillary again pushes the intercom button.)

HILLARY

Please ask him to come in and please let me know the moment
Congresswoman Lewinski arrives.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, Madame President.

BILL

I wonder what he wants? If I was a betting man, I'd say he's
here to hound me again to be his guest speaker at one of those
fat people meetings. Maybe I should I hide in the bathroom...if
that's okay with you.

HILLARY

It's called Weight Watchers. You can be so venomous sometimes.
Al is an ally with a mostly female constituency. We need Al.
He's always been a good friend. Try to be nice for once.

BILL

He's still mad at me over that Bush thing. And he's always
asking me why he never gets invited to state dinners. And why
the hell does Weight Watchers hire one of the fattest men in
America to be their spokesman? You'd think they'd prefer a
slimmer, younger man.

HILLARY

Like you?

BILL

I'd make one helluva spokesman.

HILLARY

Like I said, be nice.

***(Enter Al stage right, carrying a very large stuffed
bear)***

HILLARY

Al, how are you? And look at you; I do believe you've lost some
weight, haven't you?

BILL

Wait till he turns around.

AL

Ha ha. Funny, Bill. Thank you, Madame President for meeting me on such short notice.

BILL

You mean no notice.

HILLARY

Al, please call me Hillary. We've been good friends for such a long time. How are the grand kids?

AL

They're fine. How's Chelsea? I brought her a present.

BILL

You do realize that Chelsea is an adult and what the hell would she want with a Gore doll?

(Bill takes the stuffed animal, inspects it and throws it on one of the sofas.)

HILLARY

Very kind of you, Al. We'll give it to one of the grand kids. We're expecting our seventh grandbaby this fall.

AL

Congratulations; wonderful news. Truly a blessing. (to Bill) You're looking good, Bill; a bit thin for my taste, but still good.

BILL

I see you're still making the rounds on cable...

AL

Did you see my interview last week on CNN? Folks are always asking my advice on the environment and...

BILL

No, no, no. I'm sure it wasn't CNN. Hold on, it will come to me in a minute. Hmmm, now which show was it... Oh yeah, now I remember.... 'My 600 Pound Life.'

AL

(Laughing) You are just too funny, Bill.

BILL

I'm having some problems with my internet; do you think you could help me out? I mean, since you invented it and all..

HILLARY

Bill!

AL

Thank God it's not another problem with your email server.

BILL

Now just a frickin' moment...

AL

(to Hillary) He doesn't play well does he? Some things never change.

HILLARY

What can I do for you, Al?

AL

I just wanted to personally offer my services with this Putin thing. I'd be more than happy to serve as your private envoy.

(Intercom buzzer sounds)

HILLARY

Is she here?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, Madame President.

HILLARY

Tell her I'll be just a minute. Al, if you'll excuse me, I have a previous appointment that requires my immediate attention.

AL

Of course you mean Monica. Now don't look surprised, I saw your schedule on Fox. It's still hard to believe she got elected. She must have passed out a lot of cigars, eh Bill?

HILLARY

Thank you again, Al. I will consider your request and I really appreciate the offer.

BILL

If you hurry Al, I hear they have jelly donuts in the lobby.

AL

Thank you, Madame President.

(Al Gore exits stage right)

HILLARY

Remember, after a brief hello, get your ass out of my office.

BILL

I know. And you don't have to treat me like a child..

HILLARY

(To intercom) Send her in. (to Bill) I mean it!

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, Madame President, I understand. I will send her in immediately.

BILL

Finger...

HILLARY

Oh right! Anyway, I mean it! Hello and out.

BILL

I know! I get it. It's not like she and I have anything to reminisce about...

(Door opens, stage right.)

LIGHTS DIM

END OF SCENE

ACT I
Scene 2

SETTING: *The Oval Office, White House*

AT RISE: *Hillary stands behind her desk reading papers laid about. Bill pretends to be interested in the Obama bust. Coffee set atop the coffee table between the two sofas.*

(Monica enters stage right. Hillary briskly moves away from her desk to greet Monica while Bill watches from a distance)

HILLARY

Welcome Congresswoman. Please, come in.

MONICA

Thank you, Madame President. I love your outfit.

(The two exchange an attempt to hug, and decide to hand shake.)

(without looking his way) Hello, Bill.

BILL

If you don't mind Monica, I believe protocol requires that you address me as Mister President.

MONICA

And you can address me as Congresswoman...

HILLARY

Bill?

(Bill gives Hillary a look and then attempts cordiality with Monica.)

BILL

You're looking fine, Monica. Glad to see you finally ditched those stupid berets.

HILLARY

Bill?

MONICA

I thought you liked them, Mr. President.

BILL

Did I? I don't remember. I don't think I've ever liked berets. Now a nice silk scarf on a lady, especially wrapped around the neck is something I really do like...

HILLARY

Bill was just leaving.

BILL

Yes, I was just leaving. I have an important meeting with...someone.

MONICA

How nice for you. It's lovely to see a man of your age still getting around.

BILL

A man of my age?!

HILLARY

Good bye, Bill.

BILL

I'll have you know, I can still...

HILLARY

(Softly) Get the fuck out! Please.

BILL

I'm leaving, I'm leaving.

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

(Bill considers hugging Monica, but decides against it.)

BILL

(to Hillary) I'll see you tonight at dinner, honey.

(Bill exits stage right in a snit.)

HILLARY

He has a lot on his mind.

MONICA

Seen it before; if you don't put your foot down, he takes...

HILLARY

(Frowning) Please have a seat.

(Monica and Hillary sit on opposite sofas, both looking uncomfortable with the awkwardness)

MONICA

I love what you've done with the place.

HILLARY

I don't think I ever congratulated you on your election.

MONICA

And I don't think I ever congratulated you. Congratulations!

HILLARY

Coffee?

MONICA

Yes, please.

(Hillary pours and offers the coffee. She makes a cup for herself and the two of them sit quietly, sipping their coffee)

HILLARY

Enough chit-chat?

MONICA

God, yes.

HILLARY

Well then, let's cut to the chase; so how is it that you know Putin?

MONICA

According to my mother, he is my third cousin by marriage.

(Hillary chokes on her coffee.)

HILLARY

Wow! I didn't see that coming? Your third cousin? Seriously? How is it that no one knows this? How is it that I don't know this?

MONICA

It's not really something I brag about.

HILLARY

I'm pretty sure I don't believe it.

MONICA

Be that as it may...its true.

HILLARY

How do you keep something like that a secret? How on earth does the CIA miss this one? (takes notes)

MONICA

Its not a big thing, really.

HILLARY

Yeah, he's only the most powerful communist in the world who also just happens to be threatening a world war. Yeah, not really a big thing. This certainly explains his interest in you.

MONICA

Huh?

HILLARY

I get to that later. If you don't mind me asking, how often do the two of you speak?

MONICA

A couple times a week; mostly on FaceBook and once in a while we Skype. We don't talk politics...mostly just this and that and family of course.

HILARY

I think a Congresswoman speaking to the leader of another country on a regular basis without some oversight... Can you be a little more specific about you conversations on this and that...

MONICA

Well, there are times when we discuss world domination, nuclear attacks, invading the Baltics, that sort of thing.

HILLARY

Holy shit!

MONICA

I'm kidding. Honestly, we talk mostly about stupid stuff. Did you know he just had a baby? He named him after Lennon.

HILLARY

I didn't know. And why should I know? I'm only the leader of the most powerful nation on earth...why should it be important that I know the this and that of our enemy? Lenin you say? I suppose his name choice shouldn't be that surprising. What self respecting communist wouldn't name his baby after the leader of a revolution. I suppose it's quaint. (rolls her eyes)

MONICA

I told him he should think about inviting Yoko Ono and Ringo Starr to the Christening. John Lennon Putin...has a nice musical ring to it, don't you think?

HILLARY

(beat) I assume you've been keeping current on Putin's latest threats on Poland? Maybe I could tap in to your insight of the man as we being to develop a strategy.

MONICA

I think I'm pretty up to date on such things...I stay current if that's what you mean.

HILLARY

I'm assuming your attending the daily Congressional briefings by the CIA?

MONICA

No.

HILLARY

NSA?

MONICA

No.

HILLARY

Committee hearings then?

MONICA

No. Mostly I get my stuff from social media.

HILLARY

His or ours? Okay, maybe we should begin reading you in on a daily basis... I assume you're interested in Poland?

MONICA

I don't know a lot about Poland, I mean, who does? What really interests me is Polish cooking. And for some reason I find myself fascinated by Polish sausage. I consider myself a bit of a connoisseur of meats, so to speak. But, I don't think you brought me here to discuss sausage. So, why am I here?

HILLARY

I've asked myself that question a million times. (beat) Anyway, with this obviously delicate situation facing us over Poland, I thought a private summit at Camp David with Putin might be in order. Makes sense, right?

MONICA

I guess so.

HILLARY

Anyway, when I approached him with the idea, he agreed but with one condition. Can you guess what it might be?

MONICA

I know he likes Polish sausage.

HILLARY

No! He demanded that the Congresswoman from California be in attendance.

MONICA

Maxine Waters?

HILLARY

No! God give me strength. He wants you. He wants Monica Lewinski to attend our peace summit.

MONICA

A summit seems like a good idea to me. And how nice he wants me to attend. Will you be serving Polish sausage.

HILLARY

Enough with the sausage already!! Can you explain to me why the Russian Czar would want a first term Congresswoman with no known background on international affairs, politically speaking of course, to attend these delicate negotiations? Someone who is really nothing more than a pen pal?

MONICA

Third cousin.

HILLARY

Fine. Tell me Congresswoman, why does Putin agree to meet with the President of the United States only if his third cousin is on the guest list?

MONICA

Frankly Madame President, I have no idea why he wants me to attend; except for FaceBook and Skype, we've never actually met. I don't even speak Russian.

HILLARY

I'm sorry Congresswoman, I find it too hard to believe.

MONICA

Regardless, I don't speak a single word of Russian. Except for 'da.' That's Russian isn't it...

HILLARY

Look at it from my perspective; how can I not believe there isn't something else going on here? Of *all people*, he demands that you, a novice attend an emergency negotiation at Camp David. With the fate of the world at stake...

MONICA

Of all people; what does that mean?

HILLARY

Well you're not exactly a bastion of international diplomatic experience. I can't help but believe this might be more of a *personal* request of some kind than...

MONICA

Oh, I get it. I make you feel uncomfortable.

HILLARY

What? No, I didn't say that. I'm just pointing out that you really don't have any legitimate credentials.

MONICA

Oh, like what; being a First Lady? Weren't those *your* only credentials when you ran for Senator?

HILLARY

I was an accomplished lawyer before...whereas your vast experience includes what; being a spokesperson for Thin Fast, or something like that?

MONICA

You Clintons are always waving your privilege in the faces of all the decent folk of this country. But, if experience is what you're looking for, I've brought the most powerful man in the world to his knees; on several occasions.

HILLARY

Dear God! Have you no respect for the Oval Office?

MONICA

It's not my first time.

HILLARY

Jesus!

(Hillary gets up from the sofa and goes over to her desk and pushes a button from underneath the lip of the desk. She walks about the room and collects herself.)

MONICA

Forgot to turn the recorder off? It happens more than you'd think.

HILLARY

I'm not looking for a cat fight, Congresswoman. I'm just trying to understand why Putin wants you at Camp David. It's important that I be aware of any outside influence. I just need to know. I have a right to know. Why does he want you to attend?

MONICA

I honestly don't know. (beat) But, it sounds cool and I've never been there before.

HILLARY

If you do go, you play my rules. No monkeying around. This is serious stuff, Monica.

MONICA

Soooooo, does this mean I'm invited? (Hillary nods) I have no idea what I should wear.

HILLARY

I hope you are cognizant of the fact that the purpose of this summit will be to resolve serious differences between two world powers and by doing so to avoid a potential war. You do understand that, right? This won't be just another social call.

MONICA

(Sarcastically) What; no franks and weenies? I'm really at my best when there's weenies. Of course, I understand the gravity of the situation. I get it. Despite what you think, I'm not a bimbo.

HILLARY

This is very important, Congresswoman. Like I said, we are trying to stop a potential war.

MONICA

(Looking smart) If you ask me, I'm glad that Al is attending. He has a way with people. People trust him. Clearly it will be to our advantage having someone in the room that people actually like; I mean other than you of course.

HILLARY

What makes you think Al Gore will be there?

MONICA

He told me you were planning to use him as a secret envoy to ferry messages back and forth between you and Putin.

HILLARY

Out of curiosity, when did the Vice President tell you he was coming to Camp David?

MONICA

We text each other all the time. Oh...was that supposed to be a big secret? He seemed so matter of fact about it.

HILLARY

You text Al Gore regularly and he confides in you?

MONICA

If you ever really do need an envoy, I'm very good at keeping secrets. I know every passage in and out of the Oval Office, the Residence and the Vice President's office and I've never told a soul.

HILLARY

You've been to the residence? No wait, I don't want to know. Thank you for your offer, I will consider it should the need arise.

MONICA

"W" says you'd probably want to invite him, too.

HILLARY

"W?" Now I know you're making shit up. I've never discussed any facet of the summit with him and didn't really intend to... Not that I care, what did George say exactly?

MONICA

Over breakfast we mulled over the entire Polish situation. Did you know, "W" can speak Polish? That might be helpful during your summit.

HILLARY

Huh?

MONICA

I know right? Who speaks Polish? Turns out, "W" does and he said he'd love to show me his Polish some time. But, let's keep that between us girls; he asked me not to tell anyone. See... another secret. Anyway, I think you should invite him, too. He told me he's looked into Putin's eyes and could see his soul. Scary, right? I hear he's really fun at parties.

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

HILLARY

Congresswoman, this isn't going to be a party. Dear Jesus. And what is it with you and men in power? As a Congresswoman you might consider changing your approach when it comes to... Oh never mind. Monica, you're not an intern anymore.

MONICA

That's the second time you've suggested I might be, oh I don't know... a slut?

HILLARY

You misunderstand me...

MONICA

I long ago realized that my greatest strength with men is an ability to drop their...

HILLARY

I don't need to hear this...

MONICA

Defenses. I am able to put a man at ease, even a powerful man, so much so that he trusts me and is willing to share with me his most personal feelings. This can be extremely beneficial in getting my way. I'm definitely a tool.

HILLARY

I see. What Monica wants, Monica gets.

MONICA

Yes. But as a Congresswoman, what I want is what the people want. A wise man once told me that in order to be successful in Washington, it's important to collect "favours." And Lord knows, I've built up a nice kitty of favours; up and down the halls of Congress. It turns out I'm pretty good at it.

HILLARY

I'm sure you are.

MONICA

The magical allure I seem to have over men could definitely be an advantage for you during your summit at Camp David. Given the opportunity, I could *nail* down Putin's real intentions.

HILLARY

I feel like I'm being sucked into a rabbit's hole from which there is no escape.

MONICA

If you think about it, you and I could make a pretty good team.

HILLARY

I see.

MONICA

Really. You could get Putin in the room, and talk him to death, weakening his defenses. I'd swoop in, expose his vulnerabilities and voila... within minutes we'd have him eating out of our hands.

HILLARY

(looking at her cell phone) You've given me a lot to think about. I promise to get back to you later today with my final thoughts on the summit. In the interest of national security, I trust that you can keep our conversation private.

MONICA

Of course; you can trust me. I love a good secret.

(Monica moves towards the door, stage right)

HILLARY

Yes, so you've said. And please, don't mention any of this with Al, or "W" or your third cousin by marriage.

MONICA

I'm feeling a certain kinship with you, Madame President; one that I didn't feel before. So yes, I will keep everything we've discussed a secret. And no matter how much he pressures me, I won't mention it to Bill.

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

(Monica exits)

HILLARY

Wait, what?

LIGHTS DIM
END OF SCENE

ACT I
Scene 3

SETTING: *The Oval Office, White House*

AT RISE: *Empty stage.*

(Lights up. Bill enters stage right, looking about the room he makes his way to the desk.)

BILL

Hillary! (Bill rummages through papers atop the desk) Hmm, this is odd.

(Hillary enters from the bathroom stage left)

HILLARY

Find anything interesting?

BILL

What is this internal memo mean? What is Merkel referring to? Are we spying on her again?

HILLARY

Papers on *my* desk are for my eyes only. If I think you need to be in the loop on something, I'll ask you directly; I always have. Until then, consider all matters in my office and on my desk to be confidential.

(Hillary approaches Bill and takes the papers from his hand.)

BILL

Former presidents have rights, too.

HILLARY

You have the right to retire. But that said, there is a matter of national security I'd like to discuss with you.

BILL

Of course. Is it this Putin thing or something about that nasty Merkel?

HILLARY

My sources tell me you and Monica are sharing state secrets again.

BILL

Let it go, Hill.

(Hillary turns away.)

BILL

No, I am not seeing her. No, I am not talking to her. Those days are gone. I am over it. You should be, too; especially if the two of you are going to be working together.

HILLARY

As usual you sound convincing. But, you've played these cards before.

BILL

Let it go. Do I ever hound you about that thing with you and what's her name, Diane Blaire?

HILLARY

For God sakes, Bill; she is just my friend. And we never...I'm not having this discussion with you.

BILL

Oh, yeah. Anyway, who's coming to the summit?

HILLARY

I haven't decided yet.

BILL

Fox News is already reporting that Monica will be attending the summit. According to Fox you're sending her to greet Putin at the airport in an attempt to soften him up.

HILLARY

Ridiculous!

BILL

When it comes to such matters, you might want to ask my opinion...

HILLARY

I hate Fox News! Trust me, nothing's been decided. And hell no, she's not meeting anyone at the airport. What a crock.

BILL

That's what I thought. I'm assuming you'll want me to attend?

HILLARY

I don't believe Putin is bringing his wife, and we're not planning a state dinner, so maybe this time you can stay home.

BILL

Hillary, I'm more than just a First Lady. I am also a former president with valuable insight.

HILLARY

I'm the president and he's coming here to see me. You had your turn.

BILL

Are you sure? I mean, do you really think he's coming to see you?

HILLARY

What does that mean?

BILL

I'm just saying. Tell me he didn't force Monica down your throat. Something's going on there; I don't know what it is exactly, but I'm beginning to have my suspicions. If I know Putin, a little hanky-panky might be going on behind the scenes.

HILLARY

You don't say?

BILL

If you ask me, he's playing a very precarious game and having another powerful man in the room might help create a little needed balance.

HILLARY

It's always about sex with you, isn't it?

BILL

If I'm there, I can keep my eye on Monica while you press Putin hard. I think together we can control the situation to our advantage.

HILLARY

Honest to god, Bill, there are times when I just want to vote you off the island. Putin is not coming here to have sex with Monica, he's coming here to negotiate an arms agreement or world peace or something that he has determined will give him an advantage in the world markets. It has nothing to do with sex. For crying out loud, she's a Congresswoman and he's...

BILL

A real man?

HILLARY

For crying out loud!

BILL

So why is he demanding she attend? I'm open to your thoughts...

HILLARY

They're cousins. Hell, I don't know. I suspect it has something to do with him trying to make me feel uncomfortable under the pretense that it might weaken my negotiating skills. He probably thinks having her in the room would intimidate me. Well, he's wrong. Let him think it though, I'd prefer he think of me as a weakened foe. Trust me, if anything, I have the upper-hand because like those before me, I am being underestimated.

(Intercom buzzes; Hillary picks up the phone.)

HILLARY

Yes, what is it? Who? Oh, okay. (to Bill) I have to take this call and would prefer to do so privately.

(Bill begins to exit stage left)

(Pointing stage right) That way, Bill. I'll call you if I need you.

(Bill turns and begins to exit stage right.)

BILL

Think about what I've said.

(Hillary nods and waves him off. Bill exits stage right. Hillary picks up the phone and sits down behind her desk.)

HILLARY

Hello, George. How nice of you to call. How's Laura? Great. What? Oh, well thank you; you better send a separate batch for Bill. (cackles) Exactly. So what can I do for you? Really? Really? I guess I need to start watching Fox News (cackles). Of course, I would have asked you first. No, it wasn't a White House leak. Yes, of course. Yes, I know the two of you have a long-standing relationship. Yes, of course. Well I haven't really put together my strategy. I agree. Let me think about it George and get back to you. Good bye, George.

(Hillary hangs up the phone and looks through some papers on her desk. The buzzer rings. Hillary picks up the phone.)

Yes? Who? Good Lord. Put him on. Hello again, Al. Yes. Yes. I know; Fox News is on a roll today. No, I haven't decided yet, but I promise I'll call you as soon as I have. Okay, great. What? Oh sure. (cackles) Yes. Of course. Good bye, Al.

(Hillary hangs up the phone and it buzzes again immediately. She picks up the phone.)

HILLARY

Who is it now? What? Who? Oh, I didn't recognize your voice. No, I actually have many Russian friends. To be quite honest I wasn't expecting your call. What can I do for you, Vlad? Yes, I have spoken to her. To be honest, I'm not convinced she has a lot to contribute to the conversation. What? You watch Fox News? No, it is not government controlled. No, not everything they report is true. Yes, I want you to attend...it wouldn't be the same peace conference without you. (long beat) Yes, I believe Congresswoman Lewinski is available to attend if its that important to you. And if anything changes between now and then, just stay tuned to Fox News to get your updates. (cackles) Great. See you soon, Vlad.

(Hillary hangs up the phone. Stands up, turns around and faces the outer window and attempts to scream.)

LIGHTS DIM
END OF ACT I

INTERMISSION

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

ACT II
Scene 1

SETTING: *Camp David in the wooded hills of Thurmont, Maryland. Rustic. Two large sofas facing one another. Three large lazy-boy chairs. Fire place. Coffee table. End tables. Floor lamps. Table lamps. Large picture window with view of the lake. Large window curtains. The front door is located stage right. The kitchen and all other rooms are located stage left. Wet bar with glasses and bottles. Phone intercom on the coffee table.*

AT RISE: *Hillary is sitting on one of the chairs. Lights up.*

HILLARY

(Looking at her cell phone) What the hell is wrong with this thing? Bill! Bill!

(Enter Bill eating a sandwich, stage left.)

BILL

What is it, sweetheart?

HILLARY

I think its that damned server again. My phone won't work, my iPad didn't work this morning and I can't seem to connect any of my devices.

BILL

What is it exactly that you think I can do? Call the White House I.T. guys.

HILLARY

They won't help; I'm using my own server. (Holds up cell phone to Bill) Look at this crap coming across my phone and computer screens. Does it look Chinese to you? Am I being hacked?

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

BILL

How would I know; I don't speak Chinese. You're on your own with that mess. What time do our guests arrive? I need to make sure I have enough time to get my CDs out of the attic. I'm thinking a little Fleetwood Mac, a little Ronstadt and maybe something with a conga beat..

HILLARY

You make it sound like we're having a party. World peace as we know it may be at stake; there's a lot riding on what I can or cannot pull off today. This is not an Arkansas hootenanny. Good God, am I the only one gets it?

BILL

You're always so tense. Lighten up a bit.

(Bill attempts to kiss Hillary, but is rejected)

Anyway, I was looking at the press releases this morning and I couldn't help but laugh at that "most important world meeting since World War Two" crap. It's just the dog face and you. And me, of course.

HILLARY

Only if I need you; otherwise I expect you to stay..

BILL

In the kitchen?

HILLARY

No, of course not.

BILL

In the bedroom.

HILLARY

Most definitely not.

BILL

Well where the hell do you want me to hide out? In the closet?

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

HILLARY

Why don't you go down to the pond and get a little fishing in.

BILL

"The end of the world is at hand" and you want the most popular president of the twentieth century to go fishing?

HILLARY

Exactly.

AL

(Off stage, stage right) Hello, is anyone home?

(Laughing, Al enters from stage right carrying about six suitcases. Bill turns away.)

HILLARY

Al, I am so glad you could make it. Chef Didier is expecting you in the kitchen.

AL

Ohhhhhhh my! I hope he's making those little pastry tarts I like. Oh, hi Bill.

(Bill waves while rolling his eyes)

HILLARY

I'm sure he is. Why don't you go announce yourself and give him a hand? Just drop your bags over there and we'll get to them later.

Al

This is all so exciting. Just like the old days...

(Al drops the bags and exits stage left)

BILL

That man is such a goof. What the hell did I see in him? And did you see? He had six frickin' suitcases. My god, we're only here two days. If you ask me, five of those bags are filled with cookies and Hostess Twinkies.

HILLARY
Tennessee?

BILL
Huh?

HILLARY
You asked what you saw in him...

BILL
Why on earth did you invite him here? He's an embarrassment to the country. Putin is going to make fun of him. You know that, right?

HILLARY
Al sort of invited himself. Doesn't matter, I've asked Chef Didier to keep him preoccupied in the kitchen.

BILL
Well, that won't be hard. Okay, I'll dig up the pole and tackle and head down to the pond. If you need me, send an agent to fetch me.

HILLARY
Thanks for understanding, Bill.

BILL
Anything for the president. I wonder if Monica likes to fish?

HILLARY
Good bye, Bill.

(Bill exits stage right. Hillary continues to fidget with her cell phone.)

Where the hell is that Monica?

INTERCOM
Madame President, Mr. Putin has arrived. His limo is pulling up to the front door now.

HILLARY
Well, here goes. (looking upward) I'm not exactly the religious type but since you and Bill are talking, maybe you could help? Unless you're a Republican, then never mind.

(Enter Putin stage right. He is carrying a black brief case and looks about the room for others.)

Mr. President! Or is it Czar? I've read that you changed your title. Anyway, welcome to Camp David.

PUTIN

Please, call me Vladimir. And I will call you Hill.

HILLARY

Actually, its Hillary.

PUTIN

Of course, Hill.

HILLARY

I am always amazed at how good your English is. I'm assuming you studied English as part of your KGB training?

PUTIN

Not at all. I learned while watching your Bay Watch. I enjoy watching your American boob tube. Its so funny.

HILLARY

So how was your flight? And can I take your brief case?

PUTIN

Flight was good. (hands case to Hillary) And I will take a martini, extra dry. Please shake it twice.

(Hillary takes brief case and places it on a table.)

HILLARY

I'm not much of a bar tender. The bar is over there. Help yourself. Does your brief case have...

PUTIN

The magic codes? Of course not...and then again, I don't leave home without them.

(Putin approaches the bar and makes a drink.)

PUTIN

So, Hill, you want a drink?

HILLARY

I don't drink, thank you.

PUTIN

After that whole election mess, I am surprised you don't drink like fish. Why you Americans are so fixated on elections I will never understand.

HILLARY

It's kind of a constitutional thing.

PUTIN

We have constitution, too. But, I change whatever I don't like. (laughs) I don't like elections. You should do the same as me.

HILLARY

Yeah, those pesky elections involve a lot of counting. (beat) Tell me Vlad, why are your troops amassing along the Polish border?

PUTIN

Who told you that? No let me guess... you heard it on Fox? (laughs)

HILLARY

I've also seen satellite photos, Vlad. Why are you risking so much when you don't have to? Please tell me it's not just another of your posturing attempts?

PUTIN

Please, call me Vladimir. (drinking from his glass) These olives are quite tasty. Perhaps you could have your chef send me some. No more than one, maybe two cases. (beat) Does it really matter why I do anything? Isn't the real question...what is it you can do to stop me?

HILLARY

Do we have to stop you? (beat) Everyone wants something. What is it that you want? What can I do to stop this madness?

PUTIN

Not to mention Poland. I think you want to keep Poland for yourself.

HILLARY

Poland is an independent nation...

PUTIN

(Looking about) Is Miss Monica here? I was hoping to see her, you know. And clearly, I don't see her. I have nothing else to say until she arrives. You promised.

HILLARY

She has been briefly detained but be rest assured, the Congresswoman will be joining us shortly.

(Putin goes to the bar and makes himself another drink)

My sources tell me that you and the Congresswoman are cousins.

PUTIN

To tell you the truth, we're not really.

HILLARY

What?

(Phone on desk rings and Hillary picks it up)

HILLARY

Oh hello, George. What? Yes, he's here. Of course. Of course. (to Putin) George says hello, Vladimir.

PUTIN

Oh, George! Can I speak to him?

HILLARY

He'll be here later.

PUTIN

Wonderful. Tell him I said hello. I miss him so much. Tell him I miss him. No one looks into my eyes like Georgie. Tell him I said that.

HILLARY

(on the phone) Vladimir says hello. Yes, he said that too. How far out are you? Really? Oh, that's too bad. (to Putin) George says he can't make it.

PUTIN

Not good. Tell him I will miss him. Tell him I said that. Its not a party without him. Tell him I said that, too.

HILLARY

(on the phone) Vladimir sends his best. Well I hope Laura gets well soon. Give her our love. Sure. Yes. Of course. We look forward to the cookies. Okay, good bye. Yes, good bye. Yes, I will tell him.

(Hangs up the phone)

He said to tell you dos vidaniya.

PUTIN

Such a good friend. I miss him so much. I never liked that other dickhead, what was his name?

HILLARY

I have no idea who you're speaking of...

PUTIN

His personal assistant. Dick something.

HILLARY

Oh, Cheney. Dick Cheney... and not many of us liked him either.

(Putin downs his drink and makes himself another)

PUTIN

Are you sure you don't want one? These olives are amazing.

HILLARY

No, thank you. Back to the matter at hand, what is it going to take to...

PUTIN

I smell tarts. I have a good nose. Where are the tarts?

HILLARY

Like I said Vlad, she's been detained...

PUTIN

What are you talking about? Just tell me where the kitchen is...I smell cherry tarts.

HILLARY

Oh! Through that door. Help yourself. I'm sure Chef Didier would...

(Putin exits stage left)

INTERCOM

Madame President, Congresswoman Lewinski and her entourage has her. She is approaching the front door.

HILLARY

An entourage? This isn't a goddamn party! Doesn't anyone understand that?

INTERCOM

I don't know, Madame President. But, I will ask..

HILLARY

No, that's fine. Let them in.

(Hillary walks about the room. She straightens her hair and pant suit)

HILLARY

Oh, who am I kidding? From activist, to lawyer, to First Lady of Arkansas, to U.S. First Lady, to Senator, to Secretary of State to President, to party hostess. It doesn't get any better than this. (seeing people at the front door) Come in, come in...you're all welcome here. (Cackles)

LIGHTS DOWN
End of Scene

ACT II
Scene 2

SETTING: *Same as Scene 1, Act II*

AT RISE: *Hillary at the bar making herself a drink. She gulps the first one down and makes herself a second.*

(Enter stage right, Monica, Linda Tripp, Paula Jones and Donald Trump; all carrying dozens of suitcases and makeup bags. Hillary motions to Monica to come over to the bar.)

HILLARY

Dear God Monica, what were you thinking?

MONICA

Well, hello to you, too.

HILLARY

Have you lost your mind? We are about to meet with one of the most powerful men in the world and you bring party guests? And Trump of all people?

MONICA

It's not a big deal, Hillary. Besides with him and Melania fighting again, I was kind of feeling sorry for him. Didn't see how it would hurt anything to bring him along; especially since he has some really good Russian connections; you never know, he might come in handy.

HILLARY

These things need to be considered by staffs and careful evaluations. You can't just...

MONICA

Donald just had throat surgery and can't talk...

HILLARY

That's a relief...

MONICA

Donald honey, check out the kitchen and find us something to nibble on; I'm famished. If memory serves me, it would be that way.

HILLARY

How would you know where the kitchen is? I thought you said you had never been here... No. Wait. I don't want to know. Yes Donald, the kitchen is that way.

(Donald drops his bags next to the pile of Al's suitcases and exits stage left. Linda and Paula go to the bar and make themselves drinks and engage in soft chitchat amongst themselves)

Please help yourself to the bar. (to Monica) Even though I am a huge fan of John Goodman...dear god, (beat) is that Paula Jones?

MONICA

(Looking about) Is John Goodman here?

(Hillary pulls Monica center stage)

HILLARY

(Pointing) Isn't *that* John Goodman?

MONICA

Wow, that's a bit vicious; even for you. Linda Tripp is here for moral support. And Paula is here because she's having some personal issues; she shouldn't be left alone. She's having man problems, if you know what I mean. She's very vulnerable right now. I'm afraid she might latch on to the first thing with balls that crosses her path...anyway both girls promised to stay out of the way. (To Linda and Paula) Okay girls, go get your things and drop them off at cabin 'C' and remember to please keep a low profile. This isn't a party. Yet.

(Linda and Paula down their drinks, grab their bats and exit stage right)

(To Hillary) Oh, oh...I think those Fox cameras at the gate got some pretty good shots of us as we entered, but don't worry, we waived off all of their questions; well, most of them. I know how important today's events are for your legacy. I would never do anything to jeopardize your little meeting and all.

HILLARY

I need those two bimbos to stay in their cabin during the negotiations. I don't need any further distractions. Can you do that for me, Monica? Please?

MONICA

Take a chill pill, Hill.

HILLARY

I wish you wouldn't call me that...

MONICA

The girls will be out of sight and out of mind. Both like to fish and will probably spend most of their time at that little pond we passed on the way in...so if you'll excuse me, I need to change out of these travel clothes. Wouldn't want to give a bad impression when Vlad gets here.

(Hillary points stage left)

Thanks, dear. May I call you *dear* when we're alone?

HILLARY

No.

MONICA

Whatever. Anyway, please tell Vlad I'm here when he arrives.

(Monica exits stage left)

HILLARY

(To herself but eying the audience). The world is on the brink of World War III and I had a plan to save it. But damn it, it's all falling apart. Putin in the kitchen, Donald Trump and Al Gore baking cookies, Bill hiding out somewhere and then there's the bimbo feast of Monica, Linda Tripp and Paula Jones. I've lost control. Oh, if only George was here. He always makes me look better when he's in the room. (beat) And what about that black suitcase with all the Russian nuclear codes. What's he really up to? Okay, take a deep breath. I am in control. I am the president. I am Hillary Clinton. Think now, what can I do to make everything right again? (goes to bar, makes a drink) Come on girl! Be strong. *I am woman, hear me roar* (cackles).

HILLARY

That sounds like a crock of shit, doesn't it; even to me.
(cackles)

*(Downs her drink. Walks over to the table with the
briefcase. Staring in the briefcase momentarily, she picks
it up.)*

Guess he'd need this if he's serious about playing hardball with
us. It's time to liven up this place. And I know just the
thing. They don't call me Crooked Hillary for nothing...

...bru ha ha.

*(Hillary exits stage right with briefcase in hand and
cackling insanely.)*

LIGHTS DOWN
END OF SCENE

ACT II
Scene 3

SETTING: *Same as Scene 1, Act II*

AT RISE: *Empty stage.*

(Lights up. Hillary enters stage right.)

HILLARY

Okay, I think it's time to get this party started. It's Hillary-time. (cackles)

(Hillary picks up a pile of papers and folders from the coffee table and takes a seat on the sofa. Monica enters stage left wearing a floor length blue gown she once wore in the oval house while befriending the then president Bill Clinton)

MONICA

There! I feel much better. Those long drives in the woods really takes it out of me. I don't know what people find so relaxing. If it were up to me...

HILLARY

(Noticing the dress and 'playing it cool') You're such a slut, Congresswoman.

MONICA

And here I thought we were getting along nicely.

HILLARY

With what you're wearing, clearly your intentions here are to create havoc. You may have the men around here fooled but not me, sweetie. I'm not exactly sure what's in that little mind of yours, but I have my suspicions.

MONICA

I have no idea what you're talking about.

HILLARY

Yeah, I don't believe that for a moment. You're one sly dog. You bring uninvited guests to a summit. You flaunt yourself around like a two-dollar whore and now you present yourself in that dress. I'm tempted to have you removed from the premises.

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

MONICA

It's just a dress. When is the last time you wore a dress? When is the last time you wore make-up or did your hair? Not everyone digs that man-look you force the rest of us to endure. Is it any wonder your man needs to find comfort in the arms of another?

HILLARY

And there we have it.

MONICA

What he ever saw in you is beyond me. That said, I'm probably your only friend here at Camp David. You should try being nicer to me.

HILLARY

On top of everything else, you fail to respect the office of the presidency by speaking to me as if I were just one of your commoner friends. I assure you Ms. Lewinski, you are not my friend. I would be willing to overlook your amateur hour charade if you and your little bimbo friends would just leave. I've done my best to be nice to you.

MONICA

I may not be Clinton the Almighty, but keep in mind that I'm here at the personal request of the most powerful man in the world and no I'm not speaking about you. I am here for him.

HILLARY

(angrily moves toward Monica). I tried to play nice with you. I'm going to do to you what I should have done a long time ago...

(Al enters stage right carrying a tray of finger sandwiches)

AL

Oh Hill, there you are... (sizing up the odd situation in the room between Hillary and Monica). Here, try one of these cucumber sandwiches; they are to die for.

(Offers sandwich tray to Hillary)

HILLARY

Al, I've asked you to please call me by my official title when in the presence of others.

AL

Your Holiness?

(After stern look from Hillary, Al laughs as Hillary refuses a sandwich and moves to the bar.)

(To Monica) And how about you, young lad would you like to try one? Be careful though, they are a bit juicy and you wouldn't want to get a stain on that lovely dress. (Monica takes a sandwich and several napkins.)

MONICA

Yum, these are delicious.

(Hillary herself another drink)

AL

You look familiar dear, have we met?

MONICA

Really, Al?

AL

(to Monica) I'm just trying to be polite. (to Hillary) I'll leave these here and let the two of you continue discussing world peace (Places tray of sandwiches on the table). Hill, er Madame President, when did you start drinking again? Not that it's any of my business.

HILLARY

Al, go back into the kitchen.

AL

Of course.

(Al exits stage left)

MONICA

He's gotten so fat.

HILLARY

Why are you here, Congresswoman? Be honest with me. Why are you here making such a scene? Why are you wearing that dress? And I've always known that you think I'm the one who leaked your sexcapades with my husband to the press. To tell you the truth you weren't the first or the last. I frankly got used to it. So, don't blame me...you can thank John Goodman for that one.

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

HILLARY

To be honest, I've never blamed you. He was a powerful man, you were an intern, he had tools needing servicing and you were more than willing. I get it. But that's all ancient history. I've moved on, you've moved on and yet, here we are. I'm attempting to save the world while...you're doing what? Why are you here—for real this time?

MONICA

For world peace, of course.

HILLARY

Honey, if you'd said you were here to get a piece, it would be more believable.

MONICA

Think what you may, but like I said, I was invited.

HILLARY

Stay, go, I don't care... but you would be doing me and these negotiations a great service by maintaining a low profile and only speak when spoken to. And if you don't mind, please change your clothes. In return, I will tone down any animosity you may think I have towards you.

MONICA

You can't help it, can you? You can't help being condescending to everyone around you. Sometimes I think you hate the world and everyone in it simply because you weren't born a man in a man's world. But, I forgive you. I forgive you for your...Hillaryness.

HILLARY

Forgive me?!!!

(Linda enters stage right, stops in the middle of the room with a look of befuddlement and then eyes the tray of sandwiches.)

HILLARY

Both the powder room and the kitchen are through that door.

(Linda smiles, stuffs a couple cucumber sandwiches into her mouth and exits stage left)

MONICA

Linda is really a kind person once you get to know her. Believe it or not, she has a lot in common with you.

HILLARY

When this is all over, I hope I never see you or your band of hillbillies again.

(Hillary pours herself another drink.)

MONICA

I'm thinking about running for President. Some of my advisors think I have a real chance. Imagine that! If elected, I'd make some serious changes. Oh I know it wouldn't be easy, but it would be worth it just to hear you call me, Madame President.

HILLARY

Never in a million years. Two million.

(Paula enter stage right)

PAULA

Where can I get a couple beach towels? We're heading down to the pond..

(Hillary shrugs her shoulders)

MONICA

...I saw some large towels in the closet just through that door.

PAULA

You're a doll. You should join us when you have a chance.

(Paula exits stage left. Hillary pours herself another drink. Paula enters stage left and heads towards stage right with a stack of large towels.)

MONICA

Damn, no one mentioned swimming...I didn't bring a suit.

PAULA

Oh honey, no one did. Bill says we don't need them.

(Paula exits stage right)

MONICA

(Laughs) Some things never change with that man, do they?

(Linda enters stage left carrying a couple trays of food and exits stage right)

MONICA

(To Hillary) What are you drinking? Maybe I'll have one.

HILLARY

Help yourself. If you need a knife, they're in the top right-hand drawer.

(Monica does a cat screech and pours herself a drink)

MONICA

This really feels unnecessarily uncomfortable. You know we don't have to be enemies. We don't have to be friends, but we don't have to be enemies either. (Beat) How about a truce?

(Hillary shrugs.)

Let's get the guys in here and get this over with. The sooner we get started the sooner we can all go our separate ways. And for the record, this is a different dress. It didn't even occur to me...well you know what I mean. I simply like this color. It looks good on me. (beat) So what do you say, a truce and let it all go for now?

HILLARY

Yes.

(Putin enters stage left eating a large piece of chicken)

MONICA

Hello, Vlad.

(Putin puts down the chicken and rushes to Monica)

PUTIN

My kotik. I have missed you so.

(Putin hugs Monica passionately)

MONICA

Oh honey, remember we have guests.

PUTIN

Yes, of course. But, it's only her. She won't mind. She's used to seeing this sort of thing..

(Putin continues hugging Monica and kissing her neck)

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

HILLARY

As a matter of fact, I do mind. And for the record, the two of them seem a bit chummy for cousins.

PUTIN

By marriage.

(Putin continues with Monica)

HILLARY

By whatever—it seems a bit much. Mr. President, perhaps you should show a bit more restraint, especially when greeting a U.S. Congresswoman.

MONICA

He can't help himself.

HILLARY

Please... it's just so unseemly; especially in front of me.

PUTIN

Perhaps you would prefer I was embracing you?

(Putin moves towards Hillary who in turn backs away sharply)

HILLARY

I would not. Anyway, now that you and the Congresswoman have had your meet and greet, she can head down to the pond with her friends while you and I begin our discussions. We have a lot to cover, Mr. President.

PUTIN

Very well. (to Monica) Is she always like this?

(Monica nods. Putin kisses the hand of Monica and sits on the sofa. He signals Monica to join him. She does.)

The Congresswoman is staying. In insist.

HILLARY

But, Mr. President...

PUTIN

In insist.

HILLARY

You've amassed your troops on the Polish border and in the last two weeks, you've made several veiled threats to...

MONICA

(To Putin) Would you like a drink, honey?

PUTIN

Yes, of course a Russian vodka would be nice.

(Monica approaches the bar and looks through all the bottles)

MONICA

You're in luck; straight up or on the rocks?

PUTIN

Straight up, dear. So, Madame President, you wish to discuss my troops?

HILLARY

Absolutely.

(Monica gives Putin his drink and the two of them sit down on the sofa together and hold hands. Hillary sits in a chair across from them)

PUTIN

Remove your bases from Europe and I will pull back my troops.

HILLARY

Ridiculous.

PUTIN

Remove your bases from Japan and I will announce our plans to jointly construct an enduring peace.

(Kisses Monica's neck)

HILLARY

I don't think so.

PUTIN

Stand down all your submarines in the Baltic Sea and I will recall all my bombers.

(Again, kisses Monica's neck)

HILLARY

Those are international waters. Could we stop with the kissy kissy and stay focused here?

PUTIN

Disestablish all your ties to NATO and I will kiss your ring.

MONICA

She doesn't wear jewelry, honey.

PUTIN

Remove your military satellites from space and I...

HILLARY

Obviously, you have come here with no intention of discussing peace on any realistic terms.

PUTIN

Then you leave me no choice...

(Kisses Monica again)

MONICA

Oh honey, why are you being such a tiger? Give her something. Look at her, she's trying so hard.

HILLARY

If you withdraw your troops from the Polish border, I am willing to discuss our support of increased food subsidies to your country.

PUTIN

She is so lacking in imagination.

(Putin again kisses Monica. Al enters stage left with more food and places it on the table and notices Putin and Monica's antics)

AL

My, my...I don't think I've ever been a witness to such tough negotiations. And I am impressed, Congresswoman. You certainly know your world powers.

HILLARY

That will be all, Al. Thank you.

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

AL

Save room for strawberry crepes; should be done soon.

HILLARY

Again, thanks Al. You're a saint.

(Al exits stage left. Putin and Monica sample the trays of food)

PUTIN

When do they bring out the caviar? Can you call back your butler? We need some napkins...

MONICA

...Oh sweetie, that's not the butler. That's Al Gore. He used to be Vice President.

PUTIN

That is Al Gore? He's so fat now.

HILLARY

I know deep down you don't want to start an unnecessary war. Perhaps you might tell the press that your troops were simply on military maneuvers or training exercises; that it was all a misunderstanding. If you do that, I will quietly remove our fighters from Turkey. You look good, we look good, all is good. I know you are a generous man; think of it as a gift to the world.

PUTIN

Oh yes, gifts. I almost forgot.

(Putin gets up and looks for his black briefcase)

Where is my brief case?

(Putin looks everywhere)

This is ridiculous.

MONICA

Honey, I'm sure it's here somewhere. Who would take it? Hill, do you know where it is?

(Monica helps look for the briefcase)

HILLARY

Are you sure you brought it in with you? Perhaps you left it in your limousine. I don't recall a briefcase. What color was it?

PUTIN

You know damn well what color it was! You took it from me when I walked in. If you don't give me my case immediately, I will call off these discussions. Now give me my god damn briefcase! Give it to me now you, you, animal!

MONICA

Can't you see you're upsetting him? Give him his damn briefcase!

(Al enters stage left.)

AL

What on earth is all the screaming about?

(Enter stage right Bill and Paula, dripping wet and scantily clothed)

BILL

What is going on in here? We could hear the yelling all the way down at the pond.

(Linda enters stage right and exits stage left)

MONICA

Hill is playing hide and go seek with Vlad's briefcase.

(Linda enters stage left with a tray of food and sits down to eat)

PUTIN

(Tantrum) Give me my brief case. Give me my brief case!! Where is it? Give it to me. You have no idea what I am capable of.

(Putin rips open his shirt and bares himself to all. Monica pants.)

AL

Oh my!

PUTIN

If I don't see my brief case soon, I will do something we might all regret.

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

AL

Oh my!

(Monica attempts to reach out to Putin, but is spurned)

BILL

(to Hillary) Honey, I think you should give him his brief case.

(Hillary shrugs)

PUTIN

I am warning you.

(Putin exits stage right screaming profanities in Russian. He is quickly followed by Paula, Bill and Al)

MONICA

What the hell were you thinking? I thought I hated you before, but now... You're a dick.

(Monica exits stage right. Hillary pours herself another drink and sits down on a sofa.)

THE INTERCOM

Madame President, another guest has arrived...

(Hillary holds her drink in the air as if being watched on camera and then sips it slowly. Trump enters stage left and sits down next to Hillary.)

THE INTERCOM

President Bush..."W" is driving through the main gate as we speak. Moments ago, he announced on Fox News that the peace talks were not going well and that you had reached out to him to intervene in the discussions.

HILLARY

Thank you.

INTERCOM

You're welcome, Madame President.

HILLARY

Oh Donald, what do I do now?

(Trump moves very close to Hillary and whispers into her ear.)

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

HILLARY

Perhaps you're right. (Drinks from her glass) Humility above all else. (Another sip from her glass) Honey, what would I do without you?

(They kiss.)

LIGHTS DARK
END OF SCENE

ACT II
Scene 4

SETTING: *Same as Scene 1, Act II*

AT RISE: *Hillary at the bar pouring herself a drink.*

(Lights up. Bill enters stage right with a bath towel around his neck and a black brief case in hand.)

BILL

I'm guessing that this is the brief case our commie friend is freaking out over? I found it in our cabin, but I guess you knew that.

HILLARY

Just put it on the table. When he walks in we'll just play dumb.

BILL

You're playing a dangerous game, girl. I like it. I'll take one of whatever you're drinking.

HILLARY

A white Russian?

BILL

Good call.

(Hillary makes the drink and hands it to Bill. Both of them sit on the sofa)

BILL

So, what's your plan the sudden reappearance of his brief case?

HILLARY

Not sure yet. I guess I should have thought in through a bit more. On the upside, I don't have to keep watching all the suck face between him and his "cousin." If my nuke codes were missing, I'd probably throw a hissy fit myself.

BILL

I don't think he keeps his codes in that case.

HILLARY

Well according to Fox News he carries his codes personally.

BILL

(Sarcastically) Oh, Fox news...then it must be true. Regardless, I don't think he carries around his nuke codes inside a brief case he so casually leaves around. In any case, hiding it from him comes across as a bit juvenile. And like I said, I love it and very unexpected from you.

HILLARY

This whole summit is certainly not going the way I had imagined. The man walks into the room throwing one threat after another at me...and then there's that whole kissing thing with Monica. I was getting desperate and looking for a way to take back some control.

BILL

Did you happen to notice what she was wearing?

(Hillary throws Bill a 'look.')

HILLARY

I didn't expect him to come here and be so belligerent and disrespectful to me personally.

BILL

(Sarcastically) Oh yeah, what a surprise. Come on, girl! Man up! Get your shit together. If you can't...perhaps I should get more personally involved?

HILLARY

Not a chance...I'm thinking its best we just play dumb. Like the briefcase was on the table all along.

BILL

He'll see right through that. Honesty has always worked for me... Try just being honest with him. But, be forceful. Really take charge. Let's start by changing out of that nasty jump suit you're wearing. Yikes, it's hideous. Consider slipping into something a bit more seductive.

HILLARY

Seriously? You want me to seduce him?

BILL

(laughs while gently tugging on Hillary's clothes) Yeah, on second thought that might not be such a good idea. (Goes to the bar to pour himself another drink) But, who knows; he walks in, sees you sitting on the sofa in a little see-through while sipping on champagne and..

HILLARY

I think I'll just play it by ear. What's the worst that could happen?

BILL

Nuclear war.

HILLARY

I wonder where everyone is?

BILL

Monica and her BF are sitting on a bench outside, holding hands and whispering into each other's ear. Whatever is going on between those two is a hundred levels of ugly. I thought they were cousins.

HILLARY

I guess cousins by marriage doesn't mean anything in Russia.

BILL

Or Arkansas.

HILLARY

(cackles) Honey, we're from Arkansas.

BILL

(laughs) That would explain a lot...

HILLARY

It's repulsive how she throws herself at him. He's on her like a cow on a salt block. Hmmmm.maybe we can use that to our advantage.

BILL

Better yet, why don't we just kill Putin and hide the body in the woods? Of course, we'd have to kill Monica, too. Oh hell, let's just kill the whole lot of them. It would certainly simplify things. We'd leak it to Fox News that everyone left in the middle of the night to avoid the press.

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

BILL

Hold on, I have a better thought, let's kill the whole lot of them except Al and blame the whole thing on him.

HILLARY

(beat) Yes, it would simplify things greatly.

BILL

(beat) And yes... I was kidding, Hillary.

HILLARY

Good, I don't think I could go through that again.

(Both exchange accusing glances)

BILL

Look, just tell him you took the briefcase, thinking it was mine. And that you forgot about it until I found it in the cabin. No big deal.

HILLARY

(Pondering) Yes, that might work.

BILL

You're lucky to have me around.

HILLARY

Or better yet, maybe I should poison you and blame it all on Putin.

BILL

Or I should stab you and blame Trump.

(Both laugh, and laugh again and laugh a third time)

HILLARY

Screw it. I'll just tell Putin the maid put the brief case in the closet for safe keeping.

BILL

Good thought, with the possible exception of one minor detail.

HILLARY

What?

BILL

We don't have any maids.

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

HILLARY

As long as he gets his briefcase back, he won't care.

BILL

Al acts like a maid.

(Glancing out the window)

Here they come.

HILLARY

Okay, so were going with the maid story (Bill nods and Hillary moves back to the bar). Want another drink?

BILL

Yeah. And make yourself a Bloody Mary. You always look tougher when holding a glass of something that looks like blood.

HILLARY

Oh god, I forgot to tell you...

BILL

What?

HILLARY

George is coming after all. He's leaked it to the press that I've personally asked him to help us in the negotiations. (looking out the window) With any luck he'll get lost between the main gate and the lodge.

BILL

No, this could work out in our favor.

HILLARY

How so?

BILL

With him in the room, you always look smarter. Hell, you even look prettier.

(Hillary hands Bill a drink)

HILLARY

Okay, look natural. Pretend like we're talking.

BILL

Honey, we are talking.

(Music can be heard from stage right)

HILLARY

Mingle mingle mingle. Where the hell is that music coming from?
(Glancing out the window) What the hell? You'll never believe
this... they've formed a...conga line.

(Bill looks out the window and starts dancing)

BILL

Looks like fun. Let's join them.

HILLARY

Bill, get a grip of yourself. We're the Clintons, we don't have
fun. Now help me lock the door. We don't want those goons in
here. (fidgets with the door lock) What the hell is wrong with
this...

Lights Down

End of Scene

ACT II
Scene 5

SETTING: *Same as Scene 1, Act II*

AT RISE: *Lights up. Hillary and Bill stage right at the front door looking out. Suddenly the door bursts open to much music fanfare.*

(To music and in a conga line, Linda with Donald, Putin (carrying a large 'ghetto blaster' on his shoulder) with Monica, Paula with Al, George dancing by himself enters stage right. Hillary and Bill back away.)

HILLARY

Vladimir, I think we should...

(As conga line makes it way around the stage, George signals to Bill to join in the conga line behind George. Bill joins the conga line.)

Perhaps we should...

(Bill signals Hillary to join them, she waves him off)

Am I the only one who thinks...

(Conga line ignores Hillary and continues to conga.)

Stop this! Stop this immediately.

(Putin turns off the blaster.)

PUTIN

Okay everyone, let's take Poland. No more dancing.

(Everyone in the conga line express disappointment and begin chatting amongst themselves)

MONICA

(to Hillary) You certainly know how to suck all the fun out of the room.

PUTIN

It's okay. She should be serious. That's her job. No more conga line for now. But, later we will conga all night long.

(Bill goes to the bar.)

BILL

White Russians anyone?

(Putin raises his hand. Bill makes the drinks and passes one to Putin)

PUTIN

(to Hillary) So what's wrong with you, American cupcake? You seem so tense; even for you.

HILLARY

I am not tense, but if I appear tense, oh I don't know, it might have something to do with your rather large army camped out on the border of Poland ready to shoot at the first thing that moves. Am I the only one in the room that considers that a bit disconcerting? Am I tense? (cackles nervously) I should be tense. But, I'm not tense. Bill, do you think I'm tense? (Bill shakes his head) Donald, do you think I'm tense? (Donald shrugs) I am not tense. At some point I'd like to get around to the business at hand and not soiree like its 1999.

MONICA

She's peeved.

PUTIN

Peeved?

MONICA

You know... pissed off.

PUTIN

Oh, pissed off. Yes, I know that one. Oh look, there's my brief case.

HILLARY

Would everyone but Mr. Putin, the Congresswoman, and the two presidents, hello George (George waves) please continue your socializing in the dining room? Thank you.

PUTIN

(to Trump) I have no idea who you are comrade (demonstratively winks to Trump), but here, take the ghetto blaster with you and practice with the girls for later. You need a lot of practice. And between you and me, may I recommend you take that silly white hat off your head; it's so unmanly.

(Trump, takes the blaster and exits stage left with Paula, Al and Linda)

MONICA

That was Donald Trump, honey; the bazillionaire.

PUTIN

Really? That's Donald Trump? He looks so plastic in person. It amazes me how none of you Americans look like your pictures on Face Book. Except you my little Pushkin. (gives Monica a kiss on the cheek)

HILLARY

I recommend we begin by establishing a working agenda with a few attainable goals. It might help move things along, I have prepared a few ideas in advance...

(Putin picks ups the brief case and places it near the coffee table.)

HILLARY

I suppose you'd like to know where we found your brief case...

PUTIN

Are you going to lie to me?

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

HILLARY

(Beat) Probably.

PUTIN

Then no, I am not so interested. I have it now. All is good. Besides, my little Pushkin convinced me outside to be less angry and more... *presidential*. She said I should be more like Lincoln or George Bush.

HILLARY

George Bush?

PUTIN

The first one.

HILLARY

Good advice.

GEORGE

Hey, I find that 'offensivness.'

PUTIN

(to Monica) What is this 'offensiveness?' I don't understand.

MONICA

Oh honey, no one does. Just nod your head a lot when he talks.

(Putin nods and smiles at George.)

HILLARY

Please everyone, take a seat and let's get started.

(Everyone is seated on the sofas and chairs. George sits in a chair in the corner up stage left)

HILLARY

(waving to George) It's alright George, you can sit with the adults today.

GEORGE

(moving to join the others) Oh thank you, Madame President. I believe this might indeed be one of those times when mutual cooperation is in the best interest of all bodily functions.

(Everyone nods)

HILLARY

Does anyone need another drink? (Bill raises his hand). Good; Bill can you make me one, too? Another one of these if you don't mind (holding up her empty glass).

(Bill goes to the bar, makes the drinks and hands one to Hillary before sitting down.)

PUTIN

Before we get started, I have some wonderful news to announce. (clinking his glass) Please everyone, if I could have your attention, I would like to share something with you.

(Al enters stage left with a tray of sandwiches and proceeds to walk about the room offering them to the guests.)

GEORGE

Who doesn't love fingered sandwiches. I'm el famished.

BILL

Al, you make the perfect hostess.

(Placing the tray on the coffee table, Al begins to exit stage left, turns to Bill)

AL

Here's a special finger sandwich for your Mr. President. (Al gives Bill 'the finger' before exiting stage left)

GEORGE

Ohhh my!

PUTIN

As I was about to say, I have good news. (taking Monica's hand)
Monica has accepted my proposal to become my wife.

(George applauds)

HILLARY

But, aren't you already married?

PUTIN

Not for long; such things are mere informalities in my country.

HILLARY

Let's not forget that she also happens to be a standing U.S.
Congressman.

PUTIN

We'll work through it, I'm not too worried. (to Monica) Are you
worried, lyubov moya? (Monica shakes her head)

HILLARY

As lovely as that might be, perhaps you would feel more
comfortable sharing your nuptial plans during dinner. I know I
would. How about you, George?

GEORGE

I'm not really sure what nuptials are...is that something we're
having for dinner? I'm willing to try anything once. As long...

HILLARY

Thank you, George. So, if we're done with the small talk,
perhaps we should begin.

PUTIN

Oh Hillary, you worry too much. Worrying cause a lot of wrinkles
on the face, and from the look of things, you worry a lot.

(George laughs)

HILLARY

Poland! What will it take to get you the hell off their border?

GEORGE

What's in the brief case, Vlad? A lot of folk 'round here think you're carrying nuclear codes. If that's the case, I'd like to take a peek. (laughs) Get it? ...*if that's the case!* (laughs again)

PUTIN

(laughs) Georgy, I am so happy you came to party. But, no my friend I don't carry around nuclear codes. You Americans will believe anything you see on your Fox news. I love it.

HILLARY

Would someone put me out of my misery and just kill me?

(Bill and George stand up)

PUTIN

Hillary, come sit here next to me and I will explain everything.

(Hillary sits next to Putin. Bill and George sit down)

PUTIN

Hillary, Russia is your friend. I am your friend. I have always considered myself to be peacenik and I have always advocated Lennon; give peace a chance.

HILLARY

Would somebody just pinch me... this has to be a dream.

PUTIN

Da.

(Putin pinches Hillary. George pinches Hillary)

HILLARY

Figure of speech! Figure of speech! I was wrong, this is a nightmare.

HILLARY

Vlad, placing your military on the Polish border is not a peaceful gesture. If you are serious about making peace, then remove your troops immediately.

PUTIN

Oh, my dear cupcake, the troops are gone and they have been for a little while. If you don't believe me, look at your satellites. Poof. No troops. All is good again between our two countries now, no?

HILLARY

Gone?

PUTIN

Of course; unless you prefer me to bring them back?

(Hillary gets up and walks about the room)

HILLARY

You're telling me your troops are no longer on the Polish border?

PUTIN

Da.

HILLARY

Gone?

PUTIN

Da

HILLARY

From Poland?

PUTIN

Da

HILLARY

Of course, my people will need to confirm that.

PUTIN

Do what you must, it is as I have said. They are all back home in the motherland drinking vodka and waiting in breadlines. My people love waiting in lines. I think it builds character.

HILLARY

It's not that I don't believe you, but you have been known to blow smoke up my skirt before.

GEORGE

Who wants to jump on that one?

PUTIN

But, it's true my dearest American friend. So, I flex a little Russian muscle from time to time? No one got hurt, no one died and wasn't so bad for the Russian ruble. So here we are at peace once again. And better yet, I am with my Pushkin, at an American resort and you see...all is good. I think tonight we will conga again.

HILLARY

Is this making sense to anyone? Bill? (Bill shrugs) George?

(Putin squeezes Monica and kisses her)

GEORGE

If you ask me, I think ol' Vladimir just needed an excuse to see his pretty little American girlfriend. Am I right, Vlad? *(Vlad smirks and gives Monica a gentle kiss)* Nice move; I may have to try that one myself.

BILL

(to Putin) Congratulations, you sly dog. You had everybody's panties in a bunch.

PUTIN

In the dead of a Russian winter, a virile man can get mighty lonely. So sometimes a man has to do what a man has to do. So, I move around a few troops, tell some little lies to your Fox television, encourage the Americans to organize summit and poof, here we are. Not bad for an old bear, eh?

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

HILLARY

You expect me to believe that you would push the world to the brink just for a little American whoopee? No, even you're not that insane. Something else is going on here and I'm going figure it out.

(Hillary goes to the phone)

Please have them send in the latest satellite photos. Yes, right now. Immediately!

MONICA

He would do anything for love. I find it incredibly romantic and can't help but be turned on by it.

GEORGE

Hell, even I'm turned on.

HILLARY

Bill, help me out, here. Tell me I'm not running a bordello for wayward world wonks.

(Bill goes to the bar and makes another round of drinks for himself and a Bloody Mary for Hillary.)

BILL

The way I see it, this isn't such a bad outcome. If it's true.

PUTIN

It's true.

(Al enters stage left with satellite photos in hand and gives them to Hillary before Al exits stage left. Hillary looks at the photos and gives them to Bill to review.)

BILL

(Looking at photos) Think about it Hillary, this is a victory for diplomacy; led by you...of all people.

(Hillary sits down and drinks her Bloody Mary)

HILLARY

I don't know what that means...I feel like I'm in the middle of a Twilight episode. I can't believe I'm asking you, but George, do you see the lunacy in what's going on here?

GEORGE

I'm sorry Hill, but I'll have to get back to you on this. My mind needs to discombobulate for a while.

HILLARY

(takes another long drink of her Bloody Mary and stands up) Am I the only sane bitch at the table?! He threatens nuclear war for nothing more than a good piece?!!

PUTIN

(to Monica) She is so dramatic. That's probably why I have always liked her.

HILLARY

Monica, did you know any of this?

MONICA

I didn't know anything.

(Putin goes over to the briefcase and opens it while George nervously gasps. Putin begins pulling items out of the briefcase.)

PUTIN

Bill, here is some of that *Russian* caviar you love so much. Let me know if you want more. I have no problem sending to you. And for you my little Pushkin, here are those Russian nylons you begged for in your love letters.

HILLARY

A ha! So the two of you have been meeting secretly? Perhaps planning this whole charade?

PUTIN

(To Monica) It never ends with her, does it? (to Hillary) Not real letters, but video. I for one am so thankful Russia invented that Skype thing. It is like being in the room together.

GEORGE

I don't think you Ruskies invented Skype.

PUTIN

No, I'm sure it was us.

GEROGE

I read somewhere that Al Gore had something to do with it. No, I didn't read that, I saw it on Fox News.

EVERYONE

Ohhhhhhhhh

MONICA

Hillary...

HILLARY

Madame President, please.

MONICA

From where I'm sitting, this whole summit thing has a happy ending; with presents. You'll get all the credit. Looks good, eh? So no more humpty dumpty face.

PUTIN

No, she is upset because she thinks I forgot her. (to Hillary) No cupcake, I have a present for you, too. (handing her an envelope)

HILLARY

A gift card? I can't accept this. I won't accept this. I don't want gifts from you. You can't (looks inside the envelope) buy me... Oh my, this is nice.

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

GEORGE

Is it for Cracker Barrel? I love Cracker Barrel.

HILLARY

No, its Lane Bryant.

PUTIN

I thought you could buy some new clothes; get rid of that orange jump suit. Looks like woman in gulag.

MONICA

Not jump suits, honey. They're called pant suits. Very thoughtful gift, though (kisses Putin).

PUTIN

You see, Bill is not the only man who can cherish women.

(Bill raises a toast to Putin)

HILLARY

(defeated) Thank you. I'm still not sure I can accept this. But, thank you.

PUTIN

So, all is forgiven?

(Al enters from stage left with a couple trays of food. Followed by Paula, Linda also carrying trays of food. Trump is carrying the muted ghetto blaster)

AL

Coming through, coming through. (George attempts to sample the chicken.) No, this is for our picnic.

GEORGE

Are we having a 'picnic?' I love 'picinics.'

AL

Everyone, join us down by the pond. Having seen those satellite photos, I'm guessing it's time for a little celebratory fiesta.

IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE (THE MONICA & HILLARY STORY)

(Monica opens the door for Al. Al, George, Linda and Paula exit stage right. Music can be heard from stage right)

BILL

You have to admit it; Al does make the perfect hostess.

(Hillary sits on the sofa)

HILLARY

We should break this great news to the world; perhaps in a joint communiqué.

PUTIN

I leave the details up to you. If you don't mind, I would prefer to make my own announcement about my little Pushkin when I return to Moscow. I have some business I must do there first.

BILL

Your wife?

PUTIN

She is no longer my wife. But, she doesn't know that yet. She was always too much of a socialist for me anyway. She will be very vulnerable for a while; perhaps you could help me connect her to that Bernie Sanders fellow?

BILL

I think that could be arranged.

PUTIN

Splendid; come my little Pushkin. Let's go down to the pond and join the party. (to Bill and Hillary) You should join us?

HILLARY

Yes, shortly. I want to draft the press release first. I should probably call the Polish president and that bitch Merkel. Go on ahead; we'll join you in a bit.

(Putin and Monica exit stage right, arm in arm)

BILL

You know, if you draft that memo just right, they'll be giving you credit for having saved us all from a potential blood bath. I'm smelling a Nobel...

HILLARY

Yes, the press release must be deftly crafted. Mid terms are coming up and this could help the party tremendously, but if I know that George—he will try to take the credit. And that Merkel, she'll want credit, too.

BILL

She wasn't even here.

HILLARY

That won't stop her. There's something about her I just don't like.

BILL

Is there any woman you do like?

HILLARY

Not really. But her, I really hate.

BILL

No one ever accused you of being warm and gracious. But, that's why I married you. Who needs all that?

HILLARY

Go ahead and join our guests at the pond. I really want to work on the press release before something leaks.

(Bill hugs Hillary and begins to exit stage right)

BILL

Don't be long. You know I don't deal well with temptation.

HILLARY

It's okay, honey. You deserve a little treat. I don't mind. I never have.

(Bill exits. Hillary goes to a desk, pulls out a note pad, sits on the sofa and begins to make some notes)

(Over the Intercom): Madame President, Fox News is reporting on the summit's outcome by giving President Bush all the credit for saving us from a nuclear war.

HILLARY

What the...

LIGHTS DOWN
END OF SCENE
CURTAIN

ACT II
Scene 6

SETTING: *Curtain Opens*

AT RISE: *Lights up*

(Trump, Paula, Linda and Al enter stage left for their curtain call. Actors take their bows. Allow the audience to applaud.)

GEORGE

(From off stage) Hold on! Stop your applauding. We're not done yet.

(George storms on to the stage from stage right)

GEORGE

Hold your horses. Everybody just hold on for one cotton pickin' Texas minute! This can't be over yet. (To Trump, Paula, Linda and Al) You all just mosey on until we get to the bottom of this.

(Trump, Paula, Linda and Al look at one another in complete confusion.)

Go! (signals stage left)

(Trump, Paula, Linda and Al sheepishly exit stage left)

(To the audience) This is total bull! Laura and I were promised more lines in this play. Hell, Laura didn't even make it to the stage; we were promised a bigger part.

(A 'plant' from the audience shouts, "we love you, George")

Thank you. Hey wait, I know that voice. That's....that's... Is that you Dick Cheney? (laughs) What are you doing out there? You should be up here with me.

(Hillary enters stage right with a plate of cookies and offer them to George, but keeps them at arm's length as she leads him off stage, stage right. Hillary grins and waves to audience.)

GEORGE

You promised I'd get more lines. You promised... oh yummy, these cookies are delicious.

LIGHTS DOWN
END OF PLAY