

POTUS

[**poh**-tuh s] *Noun*, 1. A musical fantasy induced from a prolonged, raging election.

Written by

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IT IS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE 2016 ELECTION. POLLS HAVE TIGHTENED AND THE OUTCOME IS UNCERTAIN. THE OBAMAS HAVE INVITED THE CLINTONS, THE TRUMPS, AND THE SANDERS TO STAY THE NIGHT. THE EVENING IS YOUNG, A GALA IN THE GRAND WEST ROOM WILL BEGIN WITHIN THE HOUR.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - QUEEN'S ROOM (BEDROOM) - A MOMENT LATER

MELANIA TRUMP dabs perfume on her neck. There's a KNOCK on the door and she answers. TWO SERVANT-MAIDS, one HAITIAN and one ASIAN, enter with towels and a cart for turndown service.

As the Asian servant prepares the bed she can't help but notice Melania's tall and impressive presence.

ASIAN SERVANT

Misses Trump?

MELANIA

Yes, dear?

ASIAN SERVANT

I just want to say you are very beautiful and inspiring to me. I hope to become a citizen soon.

HAITIAN SERVANT

I as well saw your speech I was also inspired to become a citizen.

MELANIA

Thank you, kind servants.

Melania places her hands on their shoulders in a Queen-like manner.

MELANIA (CONT'D)

It was my true desire to give people hope in achieving the American dream. That's why we copied Michelle's speech.

The servants are encouraged.

HAITIAN SERVANT

So, I can marry a billionaire?

ASIAN SERVANT

Or, I could live in a New York penthouse?

MELANIA

(amused)

No, no. I don't think you're getting it.

The servants look at each other, confused.

MELANIA (CONT'D)

Let me try again.

Melania turns toward the audience while talking to the servants.

MELANIA (CONT'D)

The American dream is that you can achieve whatever you desire - depending on your level of attractiveness and social status of course. For someone like me, the American dream is... different than for someone like you.

The servants look at each other.

HAITIAN SERVANT

What does that mean?

MELANIA

It means...

Music cues.

MELANIA (CONT'D)

The American dream is wonderful, providing you're born with this face. The American dream is fabulous, for someone like me, its simple to see, how easy it was to get in. The American dream is wonderful, as long as you do what I do. I walk the runway, and don't need to say anything to get paid like a star!

The servants seem genuinely impressed, not insulted at all. The key changes into an ominous minor tone (which will revert to a hopeful tone mid-verse).

MELANIA (CONT'D)

It's not like it was in Slovenia, a country most people ignore. The best that a girl like me hopes to achieve, is to work as a high-priced--

The servants cover their mouths in anticipation.

MELANIA (CONT'D)

Horrible things could have happened... But then in the distance: a light!... America's beacon shown bright as the sun, and so I set forth, to the great U.S.A., with a brief stop in Paris (some shoes from Hermés), toward the shores of New York, to cash in my right... to marry a man who is rich, *but not bright*.

She takes the ladies by the hand and mimics a slow march.

MELANIA (CONT'D)

(to the Haitian)

Give me your tired, your poor huddled masses, yearning to breathe like the free...

(now to the Asian)

Oh, wretched refuse get in line, and be patient, in time with hard work you can soon pay your rent in a von-bedroom flat, with a job in Valmart, and be thankful you're not in a tent.

She detaches from the ladies.

MELANIA (CONT'D)

But luck'ly for me, when you look like a statue, the perks will come at you and green cards are easy to land. I skipped by the masses - thank God, for fast passes and rich upper-classes where all of the cash is at hand.

Melania returns to the ladies with her arms round their shoulders.

MELANIA (CONT'D)

The American dream is vonderful, providing you're born with this face. The American dream is alive! But... if you're just someone who's life is a bore, its wrong to expect that you'll see the top floor, and the more that you settle for little and less, the more you'll be happy with only one dress...

Melania is slowly herding the girls toward the door.

MELANIA (CONT'D)

The American dream is vonderful: a vision of prosperity... The American dream is vonderful especially for people... like... me.

She pushes the servants out and slams the door. After an appropriate break for applause, DONALD TRUMP exits the bathroom dressed and ready.

DONALD

Melania, look at this blow dry. Incredible blow dry! Tremendous blow dry! Best blow dry ever! I mean, honestly have you ever had a blow dry like this?

MELANIA

Well--

DONALD

Excuse me. Excuse me. No. Never.

Melania smiles and straightens his tie.

MELANIA

You look like a President!

DONALD

I feel like one. Can I tell you that? Can I tell you something else?

MELANIA

Vhat?

DONALD

You know what the best part about being a presidential nominee is? The best part. By far the best part?

MELANIA

Vhat, darling?

DONALD

One word: security briefings. Unbelievable! Unbelievable! But-- *believable!*

MELANIA
(mischievous)
What did they tell you?

DONALD
No I can't. I won't. All right,
but you can't tell. No telling.
Tremendous security. Extreme!
I've been vetted! Extreme vetting!

MELANIA
Ov'courze.

DONALD
Obama's a Muslim!

MELANIA
It's true?!

DONALD
Born in Nairobi. He works for the
Russians!

MELANIA
That too!?

DONALD
Michelle is a man! She comes from
Iran and spies for Al Qaeda, and oh
by the way, if you hear people say
that an alien race, from deep space
has been here, and that face on the
surface of mars was their work,
well, don't laugh, its all real.

MELANIA
It's all real?! Are they telling
the truth?

DONALD
All the truth, and I know I can
tell.

MELANIA
You can tell?

DONALD
I can tell, and you know the moon
landing?

MELANIA
It was faked?!

DONALD
It was real!

Melania considers the implications.

MELANIA
McCartney?

DONALD
He's dead.

MELANIA
And Elvis?

DONALD
Alive.

MELANIA
Unicorns... mermaids?

DONALD
They didn't deny that its true.

MELANIA
And they shared all this intel with
you?

DONALD
They did, and you know they said
about me? I'm telling you its a
relief.

MELANIA
Vhat?

DONALD
I'm the most trustworthy candidate
they ever briefed.

MELANIA
In all history?

DONALD
In all history! And then... they
told me about Hillary's past!

MELANIA
I knew they would save it for last.
Well, what do they know? No wait,
let me guess. She's a Nazi, a drug
lord, a closet fascist?

DONALD
There's nothing. Its a disaster!

MELANIA

There's nothing?!

DONALD

She's totally clean. But I don't believe them - It must be a lie.

MELANIA

Bengazi, her emails, her corporate ties?

DONALD

The Clinton foundation, the Libyan crisis?!

MELANIA

She founded the Taliban, Hamas and ISIS.

DONALD

And let's not forget when the stock market crashed!

MELANIA

The earthquakes, tornados, the famine and drought.

DONALD

All due to that woman, there's really no doubt. There's really no doubt, after all, I have sources, at Breitbart and Fox. You know the reporters the media mocks? They're horrible, horrible people, the press.

MELANIA

With their questions, their research....

DONALD

They make me confess all my thoughts on each issue! I wish you could win without knowing the name of the person who's running Romania and please, can you tell me, where the hell is Tan-zain-ia?

The song pauses and Melania goes to Donald.

MELANIA

Calm down, darling. You're starting to sweat.

The music picks up again but in a slower tempo.

DONALD

Like in finals in college or on a big bet.

MELANIA

You've got one interview with the press before winning. So just be yourself--

DONALD

I'm beginning to think that I'm going to be winning.

MELANIA

Forget all the polls and its not good for your health. We got to consider what's good for our lives!

DONALD

Melania, you're the best of all of my wives.

MELANIA

You're a sveetheart, my Donald, as only I know, besides all the money, besides all the fame, the penthouse, the country clubs bearing your name, besides all of that, there's a man that I love.

DONALD

And I'll add to that, there's a girl I adore, who's sexy and sweet-

MELANIA

And handsome and tall--

DONALD

Who's been through it all--

MELANIA

Who made life complete--

DONALD AND MELONIA

And no matter what...

Music halts.

MELANIA

Its *vhat!*

Donald smirks. The music restarts.

DONALD
I will always be right...
by... your side.

MELANIA (CONT'D)
I vill always be right...
by... your side.

They kiss and Donald exits.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - LINCOLN BEDROOM

BILL CLINTON, in a shirt, tie and slacks, is slipping on his socks. HILLARY CLINTON is heard from the bathroom.

They talk/sing...

BILL
I think its great...

HILLARY
I think its nice...

BILL
I think its great that we will live
here once again. I think its
right.

HILLARY
I think its nice that the Obama's
thought to ask us for the night.

BILL
I think its right that we return.

HILLARY
You think Michelle's behind this
gesture?

BILL
I think Barrack's the man in
charge.

HILLARY
I'm not so sure.

BILL
That he's in charge?

HILLARY
In charge of state of that, I'm
sure, but then there's family
affairs...

BILL
For which he always looks to her.

HILLARY

And so do you.

BILL

And so do I. I look to you. Like all the Presidents before, they leaned upon... the shoulders of their wife.

HILLARY

It's part of life.

BILL

'Cause you're a woman.

HILLARY

Yes, I'm a woman.

Hillary enters the bedroom, still brushing her hair.

BILL

Yes, you're a woman that will soon be in command of every man and that of course means me.

HILLARY

I'll wait and see.

BILL

I know you'll win.

They smile at each other.

HILLARY

We've come so far.

BILL

Not far to go.

HILLARY

So far to go before they'll know me, far to go before they'll show me they'll accept me and respect me, though I'm not a man.

Hillary goes to the window.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

And yet, don't laugh...

BILL

Why would I laugh?

HILLARY

It's silly but I secretly want them to treat me differently.

BILL

'Cause, you're a woman and your used to special treatment from a man?

HILLARY

No. I'm a woman and I'm bringing something new.

BILL

It shouldn't matter.

HILLARY

But yet it does. And please don't flatter me that way.

BILL

Why should it matter in the end?

HILLARY

It's clear that women in the Oval Office change the rules in play.

Bill goes to Hillary and asks in a manner that suggests he anticipates her answer.

BILL

How will they change the rules in play?

HILLARY

How will they change? It's hard to say but when a man is President, it seems like such a natural fit... with shoulders broad and strong.

BILL

You're just as strong...

HILLARY

I'm sure I am...

BILL

... As all the soldiers...

HILLARY

Like all the men--

BILL/HILLARY

Who gave their lives, they fought
and died to make this great united
nation one.

HILLARY

And rightly so.

BILL

What will you know?

HILLARY

As President?

BILL

What can't I know?

HILLARY

You're a man, its not surprising
you have trouble empathizing, I'm a
mother you're a father, I have
given birth.

BILL

I can't express how proud I am.

HILLARY

I know a way - just stand beside
me. Just stand beside me *as a man*.
Because... I'm a woman. And I'll
need... you... there.

BILL

You've stood beside me.

HILLARY

When you could have...

BILL (CONT'D)

When I should have-

BILL (CONT'D)

Been alone.

HILLARY

Been alone.

He goes to her and they are about to kiss...

A KNOCK on the door rudely interrupts. Bill answers. An
AIDE TO HILLARY is there.

AIDE

Five minutes to the interview,
Madam Secretary.

Hillary EXITS.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MAIN HALLWAY

Donald enters and crosses paths with Hillary. They both stop to check them selves in the mirror, acting as if they aren't interested in the other. Finally, Hillary breaks the ice.

HILLARY
Evening, Donald.

DONALD
Hillary.

HILLARY
So, who do you have?

DONALD
Megyn. You?

HILLARY
Rachel.

DONALD
I'll pay you fifty thousand dollars
to switch. Right now, in gold.

He reaches into his jacket. Hillary knows he's joking.

HILLARY
Good luck, Donald.

She turns to go.

DONALD
Hillary...

She turns back.

DONALD (CONT'D)
All those things I said about
you... they're true. Swear to God.

He winks.

Hillary exits. Donald smiles at the irony with a slight laugh.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - TRUMAN BALCONY - A MINUTE LATER

Bill wanders out onto the TRUMAN BALCONY. After a second or so of scanning the grounds, he crawls down the balcony post and creeps to a dark area below where HE SHAKES LOSE A WHITE BRICK. From behind the brick, HE PULLS OUT a BAG OF WEED.

BILL
Yes, its still there!

VOICE
Of course it is.

Bill whips around. Out of the shadows comes GEORGE W BUSH.

BILL
W!

GEORGE W
Bill.

They share a special handshake that ends with the chant:

TOGETHER
Four plus four. Shut the door.
Two termer!

BILL
What are you doin' here my friend?

GEORGE W
Heh heh. I like to come here
sometimes to hang out. B.O.'s cool
about it.

BILL
Sweet.

GEORGE W
Here. 'Got one rolled.

George hands it over. Bill fires it up.

GEORGE W (CONT'D)
How 'bout that Trump. Heh heh.

Bill cracks up.

BILL
You know, W. When I was young and
restless, and wracked with growing
pains... I noticed that the lord
had done a sloppy job at passing
out the brains. He gave so few,
I've often wondered how our Great
Creator blundered when it comes to
blessing us with smarts.

Bill stands now and uses more gestures. Music starts to
creep in.

BILL (CONT'D)

Our hearts are strong and with our lungs the air inhaled is used again for speech. The liver and the other organs, all seem quite advanced, our hair and skin and blood within, it all seems so complete and then... that blob of tissue just behind the eyes, on some folks, seems so highly compromised.

GEORGE W

Look, Bill, I know I'm no Einstein, but I've known this for some time.

BILL

The election of a President requires due consideration of the troubles of the nation. Its not a frivolous choice one makes on the fly.

GEORGE W

Yeah, but in reality, out of a hundred, thirty three, are voters dumb enough to vote but yet not bright enough to note the reasons why.

The song changes rhythm and Bill picks up the pace.

BILL

One time I was campaigning in the State of oh, who knows, and some of those protesters held a rant and thumbed their nose. They had a sign that read: "Bill Clinton: Stupid head!", spelled stupid, not with "u", but with two "o"'s!

GEORGE W

One time in backwoods central, I was out there shaking hands... A woman came and cried to me, and gave me her demands. "There's a teacher in my angel's class that shouldn't be near kids. I asked her, why, what was his crime? Have your children been molested? "No, he said the Bible's *wrong* - evolution's uncontested!"

They laugh again now W and Bill dance and sing the fight-song styled chorus.

GEORGE W AND BILL

A-mericans are stu-pid! St-o-o-p-i-d. Americans are stu-u-pid, *except, of course, for you... and me!*

BILL

Consider all the rational thought that built the world around us. Cures for ills, the men in space, the wealth of explanations and yet a thousand kids are sick from fear of vaccinations!

GEORGE W

You are so right, Bill C. This nation is at war! But not with evil doers who hide behind the door. It's not a threat from sleeper cells or Russian secret plans. The enemy is dense, dull-witted, foolish in a can.

BILL

Vacuous, vapid, idiotic... A bolder is less dense; their I.Q.'s are so low, my friend, what's left is pure nonsense.

GEORGE W

They walk around like zombies infected with a pox! They think the press is evil and yet they still watch FOX!

GEORGE W AND BILL

A-mericans are stu-pid! St-o-o-p-i-d. American's are stupid, of course *except, for you and me!*

BILL

Of course, dear George, we stipulate, that most folks aren't that sort.

GEORGE W

Why, no, dear Bill, the average Jill and Jack are plenty smart.

BILL

And kindly through and through.

GEORGE W
Like me...

BILL
And me...

GEORGE W
(points to the audience)
And you!

BILL
(points to the audience)
And you!

GEORGE W
(points at some guy)
But maybe not that dude.

Now things slow down for the recap.

BILL
So when it comes to conning folks
or selling them a lie...

GEORGE W
Or starting wars, or hiding facts..

GEORGE W AND BILL
On one truth we rely... A-mericans
are stu-pid! St-o-o-p-i-d.
Americans are stu-u-pid, except, of
course, for you... and me!

SUDDENLY, BERNIE SANDERS pops out of a window above.

BERNIE
What's all the racket down there!

Bill and George hide, giggling.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM

We focus now on Bernie and Jane's room as they get ready for the party. Bernie, in his robe, exits to shower, but we hear him singing. Jane looks at a portrait of Eleanor Roosevelt.

JANE
Good evening, Mrs. Roosevelt.
(beat)
I would have liked to be first
lady.

BERNIE (O.S.)
What was that, cupcake?

JANE
Nothing.

She sighs. Bernie hums.

JANE (CONT'D)
First lady... First lady... a roll
I will only rehearse. I know that
I shouldn't be hard on myself, I
know its not really my fault and I
still lay in bed and I ponder the
reasons that I feel this pain. And
the hurt becomes worse.

Jane paces.

JANE (CONT'D)
Could it be voters... think I'm too
plain? They must think that I'm
plain. Do I lack the grace of a
Jackie or Nancy? Would I be as
poised as a Mary or Barb?

She sits on the edge of the bed.

JANE (CONT'D)
It won't ever come to that. Why do
I do this?

Bernie appears at the bathroom door, unseen by Jane.

JANE (CONT'D)
I'll never be charmed like
Michelle. I'll always be trapped
in my shell. I'll always be
trapped by my own lack of beauty,
my face is not good on TV. Oh, why
do I do this? I just can't go
through this again and again....
First Lady... First Lady... a role
which will never be mine. First
Lady... First Lady

BERNIE
(sings)
You are my first lady.

Jane quickly wipes her tears, smiles and tries to act as if
all's okay. The singing ends.

JANE

Oh, I didn't see you there.

Bernie sits next to her on the edge of the bed.

BERNIE

Jane, look around. This whole thing. This house. The pomp and circumstance. The stuffy formalities. It's not us. We're better off in Vermont.

She smiles.

JANE

You're right. Maybe I'm feeling a little old.

Bernie chuckles.

BERNIE

I remember the day we met. It was February '81. And just ten days later, elected a Mayor, political life had begun. You must have been sent there for me. The way that you saw me was all that I needed to run. And then in 1988, we wed and we've never looked back. And now we return to our life in the north, an go forth with our duties, there is one thing that I know in my heart. That I couldn't have done it without you...

BERNIE (CONT'D)

(say weren't with two syllables)

When we weren't old, we were not as happy as now. We were not as happy to be with each other, to laugh at the trials we bear and the styles we wear.

Bernie stands.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

We we weren't old, we sweated the small stuff and fretted the challenge of life.

JANE

When we weren't old, our thoughts
were not vetted, and yes, we
regretted our faults.

He holds out his hand and they start to dance a waltz.

BERNIE

And now we aren't young and that
doesn't phase me, they're starting
to praise me for wisdom that comes
with my age.

JANE

And now we aren't young, the days,
they are numbered, and yet
unencumbered by daydreams of what's
to become.

BERNIE AND JANE

When we weren't old, we wouldn't
have noticed, the smell of the
roses, the feel of the sand in our
toes as we walked on the shore.

BERNIE AND JANE (CONT'D)

That's before... That's be...
fore... We... were... old.

DARKNESS.

LIGHTS UP...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - GREEN ROOM

The interview is nearly over. RACHEL MADDOW, CAMERA, SOUND,
AND ASSORTED PERSONAL ARE PRESENT.

RACHEL

Madam Secretary, as a final
question, you seem to have been
caught, for lack of a better
phrase, *lying*. How do you justify
that?

HILLARY

I wasn't lying. I just wasn't
telling the truth.

RACHEL

Can you explain?

HILLARY

Let me say it in a different way.
At times in our lives there is no
easy way to be truthful. What you
might call "lies" as a matter of
fact, can be useful.

RACHEL

They can?

HILLARY

Yes, dear girl.

RACHEL

Please go on.

HILLARY

And I will.

Hillary stands and goes behind Rachel, placing her hands on
her shoulders like a loving mother.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

It starts when we're toddlers, when
we were knee-high, and we asked our
parents, for more apple pie. Our
mom's though, knew better, and gave
us a hug;

(to the audience)

"They have one more piece, they'll
barf on the rug".

(to Rachel)

So rather than argue, she just
said, "all gone", and while its a
lie... life will go on.

Hillary now walks around as she continues.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

At Christmas we tell them, "its
Santa". Their scribbles? We tell
them "its art!" We tell them the
cops will arrest us... if they
stand up in the shopping cart.

Hillary changes the rhythm.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

We tell them that you can be
anything, if you put your mind to
the task.

(build up)

An astronaut-doctor-who plays the
guitar?

(MORE)

HILLARY (CONT'D)

We say "sure", though its far from
the truth and we know down inside
that their dreams will collide with
the hard facts of life and instead
of the next "star is born"...

(let down)

They'll be working concessions and
selling popcorn.

Hillary moves back toward Rachel.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

It's morally mushy, and I'll
concede that, but wait 'til your
spouse asks you, "hun, am I fat?"

Begin the chorus.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Wide lies, thin lies, "I love your
double chin", lies. "I'm sure I
wasn't speeding", when you damn
well know you were, lies. Big
lies, small lies, "I promise that
I'll call" lies. Good lies, bad
lies... I'm sure you have a good
lie too!

Back to the verses.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Should fairy tales be outed, in
service of the truth?

RACHEL

No way - I think its worth the
price to pay five bucks a tooth.

HILLARY

And when you have to choose between
new clothes or charity, it might be
wiser to have said you gave at
church but spent instead your bonus
on an antique vanity.

Rachel hops up and she and Hillary dance.

RACHEL AND HILLARY

Bad lies. Good lies.

HILLARY

When you call in sick, lies.

RACHEL AND HILLARY
Hot lies, cold lies.

RACHEL
"I love it when you cook", lies.
"I swear I wasn't texting when the
car went in the lake", lies.

RACHEL AND HILLARY
Soft lies. Hard lies.

HILLARY
"I didn't see your cards", lies.

RACHEL AND HILLARY
Good lies, bad lies... I'm sure you
have a bad lie too!

Rachel breaks off as if she remembers she the reporter.

RACHEL
But Madam, Secretary...

The music responds.

HILLARY
Yes, Rachel?

RACHEL
I see what you're up to here, and I
have to say its quite clever, you
tell us you're truthful although,
on occasion you fib when its
practical, yet...

Rachel circles to Hillary's other side.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
"When its practical" is up to you.

HILLARY
Or to you.

Hillary points to people on stage and various audience
members.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
Or to you. Or to you. Or to you.
Or to you. You see its quite easy
to sit there and act like a judge.
Now, all of you who haven't lied,
raise your hands and don't fudge!

I'm guessing someone jerk will raise their hand to be funny.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Oh look now, there's one. Or maybe they're lying, I think that they are. I know that they know what I know and I know that we lie every day and don't tell me we don't! So put down your stones, and sing with me now... I know you know how... Let's start it right now.

EVERYONE

Tense lies. Lax lies. "Yes we pay our tax", lies. "I didn't fall asleep last night when we were making love", lies. Hot lies, cold lies, "I don't think you're too old lies...

(crescendo)

Red lies, blue lies, old lies, new lies, here lies, there lies, white lies black lies, poor lies, rich lies, light lies, dark lies, war lies, peace lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies...

The music suddenly shifts to a sustained note and then... in a slow tempo...

HILLARY

Bad lies. Good lies. These are not the same lies. Good lies can be helpful when you'd rather not explain, lies. My lies, your lies, these are all the same lies. Whether you're a child or the leader... of... the... world, lies.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - RED ROOM

When we join Donald's interview it too is almost over. MEGYN KELLY and CREW plus a few observers and staff are there.

MEGYN

Mr. Trump, you've received harsh criticism from both sides of the political spectrum yet you seem eternally confident. How is that possible?

DONALD

Megyn, I'm sure you are proud of your work.

MEGYN

Yes I am.

DONALD

And it gives you a great sense of pride.

MEGYN

Yes it does.

DONALD

And the pride that you feel, feeds your ego.

MEGYN

I guess.

DONALD

For me and for you. Our ego is deep in our cores.

MEGYN

What's your point?

DONALD

My ego is greater than yours.

MEGYN

Come again?

DONALD

My ego is greater than yours.

Donald stands and moves around.

DONALD (CONT'D)

If head size was drivin' by faith that my greatness was awesomely great, then my noggin would look like a planet and my bed would collapse from the weight.

Donald pulls out his wallet.

DONALD (CONT'D)

My wallet is loaded with cash, but there's lots of rich people like me. What makes me feel bright is seeing the sight...

Donald flips open his wallet and a long train of photos of him pop out.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Of twenty-three pictures of me!

Donald tosses his wallet.

DONALD (CONT'D)
My ego is greater than yours, my
ego is greater than hers. It's
greater than his, its greater than
theirs. It's greater than all of
the greatest of greats.

MEGYN
Napoleon?

DONALD
He was a loser.

MEGYN
MacArthur?

DONALD
That guy was a chump.

MEGYN
Beethoven, Steinbeck, Picasso, and
Freud?

DONALD
Those egos are puny compared to the
Trump.

MEGYN
I think that's conceited.

DONALD
Conceited? What's that? If it
means that I'm awesome, I'm happy
with that.

MEGYN
It means that you're pompous,
bombastic and vain.

DONALD
Bombastic, and pompous? You'll
have to explain to my primary
voters just what those words mean,
but forget that for now, lets get
back to me.

Donald addresses the audience.

DONALD (CONT'D)

My ego is greater than kings! My ego is greater than queen's! It's greater than someone who's ego is yuge! Its greater than Charlie Sheen's!

MEGYN

My god.

DONALD

Winning.

Donald slows down and hugs himself.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I run my own fan club with one super-fan, that man, he adores me, like no one else can.

MEGYN

Okay--

DONALD

Wait there's more.

MEGYN

Ookay.

DONALD

Remember that world-series victory? Bases loaded, two outs in the ninth? The player that won with a grand-slam? He'd dreamed of it all of his life?

MEGYN

I think so--

DONALD

He probably thought he was God. He prob'ly thought he was hot stuff. But God would attest that I am the best, and creating the Don was enough!

Donald stands on a chair and conducts the characters on stage in band leader fashion.

DONALD (CONT'D)

It's... terrific when you're your own fantasy!

GROUP
Its tremendous, and wows us Trump-
tas-ti-cal-ly!

DONALD
My ego can make the earth shake.

GROUP
The floor cannot handle your load!

DONALD
My ego can trigger a quake!

GROUP
We're shaking from fear you'll
explode!

DONALD
My ego is wonderfully em-po-wer-
ing...

GROUP
But we are scared shitless and left
cow-er-ing.

Donald is whipped into a *Fantasia's Bear Mountain* level of intensity. Everyone else is terrified. Even the music dies out.

DONALD
My ego!

GROUP
His ego!

DONALD
My ego!

GROUP
His ego!

DONALD
My ego! My ego!! My ego!! MY EGO!

Donald realizes he's gone over the top. He pants. He clears his throat and straightens his tie. Then, quite calmly to Megyn:

DONALD (CONT'D)
Is greater than yours.

Ba-boom. CURTAIN DROPS.

INTERMISSION

ACT TWO

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM

The EAST ROOM is a GRAND BALLROOM. An assortment of FORMALLY ATTIRED GUESTS mingle. On one side of the room, there is a large-ish STAGE.

SERGEANT AT ARMS

Ladies and gentlemen, Donald and
Melania Trump and their daughter
Ivanka.

First, the Trumps, including IVANKA enter. They issue into the space and are surrounded by guests.

SERGEANT AT ARMS (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentleman, Chelsea
Clinton.

CHELSEA CLINTON enters and as she spins around greeting folks here and there, her path crosses Ivanka's. The two are suddenly and awkwardly face to face.

CHELSEA

Ivanka. What a pleasure. I've
always wanted to meet you. Your
hair is so pretty. Did it come
with a tatoo?

IVANKA

Ah, so funny, Chelsea, its a shame
you never lost that pregger-fat.

Now the others near by:

PEOPLE NEARBY

(whispers)
Zing.

CHELSEA

You're father should take the tour
here, I mean when else will he have
a chance to see the White House?

PEOPLE NEARBY

(whispers)
Zam.

IVANKA

Has your mom seen my line of
dresses? Maybe I'll design one
that's all orange, just for her.

EVERYONE
 (whispered)
 Zing!

CHELSEA
 You have such nice jewelry. How
 much is your allowance these days?

EVERYONE
 (whispered)
 Zam!

IVANKA
 How is it being an only child?
 Wait, maybe you're not.

EVERYONE
 (whispered)
 Zing!

CHELSEA
 How is your dad? I understand he
 has 'good days' and 'bad days'.

Both girls huff and go in opposite directions.

BIDEN
 Hellooooo ever'body!

The poisonous moment is ended by JOE BIDEN'S boisterous
 entry. Chelsea and Ivanka part and the guests resume
 mingling.

SERGEANT AT ARMS
 Ladies and gentlemen, Vice
 President, Joe Biden, Senator, Mike
 Pence, and Senator, Tim Kaine.

BIDEN
 C'mon boys.

He herds KAINÉ and PENCE into the room, draping his arms over
 their shoulders.

BIDEN (CONT'D)
 It's too bad you both can't win.
 I'm telling you, there's nothing
 like being VP.

PENCE
 Really? I thought it was a
 thankless job.

KAINE
Yeah, like an understudy.

BIDEN
What?! No, not at all.

BIDEN (CONT'D)
Being VP is awesome. You get all the perks without having to bear the blame if things go south! You guys need to embrace the job!

They arrive at the bar.

BIDEN (CONT'D)
A couple of shots for my buddies!

KAINE
I don't really-

BIDEN
Nonsense! Drink it down!

Kaine and Pence down their shots.

PENCE
What about you?

BIDEN
I don't need alcohol, I'm naturally drunk. Drunk with happiness! Now, as I was saying... Its should be called M-VP!

PENCE AND KAINE
How's that?

With a wink to *On The Town*... Music please...

BIDEN
VP, VP, that's M-VP, a job where "vice" is a positive thing. So don't think twice when they ask you to serve... You won't be the meal, but you'll be an hors-d-oeuvre!

The men each grab an hors-d-oeuvre, from a passing waiter.

BIDEN (CONT'D)
The State of the Union is a big-time address.
(MORE)

BIDEN (CONT'D)

The one who is giving it, is riddled with stress, but check me out, I'm the one in the back, I chill on my chair like I'm takin' a crap!

They GUFFAW and SCURRY to another area where a PORTRAIT OF RONALD REGAN hangs.

BIDEN (CONT'D)

Now Regan, boys, there's a wonderful guy, he tore down the wall with a gleam in his eye, he stopped the cold war when it could have been hot, it all sounds great 'til you learn *he was shot!*

He leads them center stage.

BIDEN (CONT'D)

VP, VP that's M-VP, the easiest job in the town of D.C., and when you're not here, boys, you travel first class, you greet the Queen Mother with a hand on her ass!

Biden slaps a lady on the butt. The trio laughs and now its Pence's turn.

PENCE

VP, VP, that's M-VP! If Don hadn't called it was ob-scurity. But now that I'm famous, I'm all over the tube,
(super low voice)
I just wish he wasn't a delusional boob.

Kaine takes center stage.

KAINE

VP, VP, that's M-VP! I'm not charismatic, as its easy to see. You won't see this face on a ten-dollar bill, or sculpted in stone up on Capitol Hill!

The men dance around the others, then join in a TAP ROUTINE. Then BIDEN TAKES A SEAT AND PENCE AND KAINE SIT ON HIS KNEES LIKE DUMMIES. Biden moves their heads with his hands. Insert guests laughing between the jokes.

BIDEN
Hey Pence, if you were a song what
song would you be?

PENCE
(like a dummy)
Gee, I don't know.

BIDEN
It doesn't matter, nobody cares.

Pence reacts like a shocked dummy.

BIDEN (CONT'D)
Hey Kaine, what's the difference
between a bulletproof vest and a
crappy vice president?

PENCE
What, Joe?

BIDEN
You're safer from assassination,
with a crappy vice president!

They pop up and sing a final chorus.

BIDEN (CONT'D)
VP, VP,--

PENCE/KAINE
That's M-VP!

BIDEN/PENCE/KAINE
It's just like a prince but without
all the bling. Unless you're Dick
Cheney, you will never have
clout... 'cause having no say... Is
what its about!

Big finish.

BIDEN/PENCE/KAINE (CONT'D)
M... V.... PEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
(after a moment)
M-VP... M-VP... M-VP... M-VP... M-
VP...

They grow quieter as they march toward the bar. And as they
trail off...

SERGEANT AT ARMS
Ladies and gentlemen, Speaker of
the House, Paul Ryan.

PAUL RYAN waves. ELIZABETH WARREN enters behind him.

SERGEANT AT ARMS (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, Senator
Elizabeth Warren.

WARREN
Ah, Paul, how are you?

RYAN
The same as you, Elizabeth,
scheming.

WARREN
I'm here to celebrate the--

RYAN
Cut the crap, Warren. You got your
eyes on twenty-twenty, just in case
HRC fumbles the football.

WARREN
I don't know what you're talking
about... Oh, okay, you're right,
but if I do run, you better be
ready to get muddy.

RYAN
I've been muddy since I was a kid.

WARREN
Good, because big chief Pokey is
gonna take scalps first and ask
questions later.

RYAN
Oh yeah? Well I have a
parliamentary procedure I like to
call kill-a-buster. I'm a policy
wonk, through and through.

WARREN
Nobody wonks policy like me.

RYAN
Maybe you haven't seen a wonker
like this.

BERNIE arrives, backing into the room in a clumsy way.

BERNIE
(to Jane O.S.)
Al right, Jane, I'll see you in a
minute.

SERGEANT AT ARMS
 Senator Bernie S-

BERNIE
 Oh, no. Not yet.
 (to the room awkwardly)
 Not yet. Jane had to freshen up in
 the ladies room.

Folks look around: *okay, too much information.*

THE ROOM LIGHTS GO DARK FOR A MOMENT AND THEN A SINGLE LIGHT ILLUMINATES CENTER STAGE. A SMALL BATHROOM SET, CONSISTING OF A SINK IN FOREGROUND AND TWO STALL (DOORS) IN THE BACKGROUND HAS BEEN PLACED BY UNSEEN CREW. THE OTHER ACTORS, IN SHADOW, ARE FROZEN.

Jane looks at her reflection (toward the audience, into an imaginary mirror)

She sighs.

Michelle Obama exits a stall and goes to the adjacent sink.

MICHELLE
 Hello, Jane. How are you?

JANE
 Oh... Fine... I guess.

Jane can't help but glance at Michelle's beauty.

MICHELLE
 You're such a glamorous First Lady.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 Oh, that's sweet. Thank you, Jane.

Michelle refreshes her lips.

JANE
 Is that Chesapeake Dawn?

MICHELLE
 Yes, would you like to try it?

JANE
 Well, I don't know.
 (shy, looking off to her
 left)
 Bernie doesn't care for make up.

MICHELLE

Since when was make up for men?

Jane chuckles.

JANE

Well, maybe just a touch.

She takes the lipstick and proceeds. Michelle now touches up her eyes. She knows Jane is vulnerable. Michelle starts to hum a gospel-sounding melody.

MICHELLE

You know what might look nice on you...

JANE

What?

THE STAGE GOES DARK FOR A SECOND.

When the lights come up, MICHELLE IS FINISHING A COMPLETE HAIR AND MAKE UP JOB! As she clips a few last hairs.

MICHELLE

Almost there... and now... turn around!

JANE LOOKS FABULOUS. New hip haircut - smoky eyes.

JANE

Thank, you Michelle.

A distant OFF-STAGE PIANO plays gospel blues.

MICHELLE

(convention speech)
Jill,--

JANE

(very polite)
It's Jane--

MICHELLE

(without pausing)
Jane, I'm just like you. We're all just doing the best we can. Hope. Change. Brother hood. Sisterhood.

JANE

(politely)
I get it.

MICHELLE
 (clears throat)
 Anyway...

MICHELLE SINGS in a quiet, but super-soulful gospel style.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 You know the world, can be hard,
 for a woman, to leave her mark, but
 the Lord, he made the women extra
 strong... oh yeah.

JANE
 (super fast as to not
 interfere)
 You're so awesome.

MICHELLE
 (doesn't miss a beat)
 We may not be, able to lift up, the
 biggest stone above our heads, but
 in our hearts, he put compassion,
 and the means to bear the young.

Now, off-stage as well, a GOSPEL CHOIR humming back up.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 Now you try.

Jane: HUH? She starts off a little shaky but not bad!

JANE
 He gave us strength to build a
 home, and feed the children, every
 day, and in the darkness, make sure
 they're safely, in their beds.

JANE GOES FULL SOUL QUEEN and busts one out.

JANE (CONT'D)
 And while it seems,
 (Michelle: Jesus!)
 ...That little boys, when grown to
 men, reign over you. Just
 remember, that the world, is for us
 too.

The choir halts and Michelle/Jane finish A-capella.

MICHELLE/JANE
 Just remember, that the world, is
 for girls... too.

JANE
 (timidly proud)
 Wow.

MICHELLE
 Go get'm, Jane.

LIGHTS OUT.

The BATHROOM SET IS GONE when the lights come on and our guests resume mingling.

Jane Sanders joins Bernie at the door. He turns to see her new look and is stunned.

BERNIE
 Wow. You look beautiful.

JANE
 Thank you.

Jane smiles. Mission accomplished.

SERGEANT AT ARMS
 Senator Bernie Sanders and Jane Sanders.

They enter arm in arm.

SERGEANT AT ARMS (CONT'D)
 Ladies and gentlemen, Senator John McCain.

McCain stops at the door and LOCKS EYES WITH DONALD. A LIGHTNING STRIKE OF A MUSIC CUE! EVERYONE FREEZES. The LIGHTS ISOLATE ONLY THESE TWO MEN. The space between them could microwave a hotdog.

WE GO FULL OPERA!

MCCAIN
 Donallllllldddd!

DONALD
 McCain!

MCCAIN
 Donallllllldddd! You have the nervvvvvv to mock me!

DONALD
 It was sar-cas-m!

MCCAIN

No it was-n't!

MCCAIN crosses in the direction of Donald. Other guests react appropriately within the opera rules - exaggerated reactions and movements.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

Repercussions! The effect of what you say, has implications, when you're in the public eye! Show some contrition! Now, will you heed the words of Christ? For this great nation, I ask, hooooow have you sac-rificed?!

DONALD

I have!

MCCAIN

Noooooooooooooooooo, you haven't!

Donald steps back as McCain points a nasty accusatory finger.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

Yooooou are not what's advertised!

DONALD

I am!

MCCAIN

You're not!

McCain points to the sky.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

Youuuuuuu, are a po-ser! A man who knooooows he is not worthy! The thought that you have gained respect could not be further from the truth!

DONALD

But you've campaigned befoooooore, and know that things are said to get the extra votes! Sometimes the truth is banned! Sometimes the flames are faaaaanned!

MCCAIN

That's no excuuuuuse, how could you label me a looooooooo-ser! I am a herooo, and I will sit beside the lord and you'll be DAMMNNNNNNNNED!

Women swoon! Men are shocked!

The music shifts to set up McCain. HE IS ISOLATED IN A POOL OF ORANGE LIGHT.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

In 67... I was a pilot, and I served my country, like my fathers did.

SOUND AND LIGHT FX accompany his tale.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

The seas were boiling as my aircraft left the deck! Over Hanoi, a missile hit me, my plane was wrecked!

Rhythm change, faster now.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

The world was spinning, and I had only seconds left! I had no choice... my only hope was to eject! But while ejecting, one of my arms and both my legs, were badly fractured! My body fell into a lake! I nearly drowned there, until I cut the cords that bound me! And thennnnnnnnn.... SHIT....GOT....BAAAAAD!

Turbulent music.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

I was captured by the North and Bayoneted! I was near death! My blood ran like the laaaaamb, sacrificed unto the gods, I was downtrodden! The rotten enemy was cruel, there was no doctor and they laughed and smashed my shoulder with their guns! I had been captured! It was my rapturous premier! Condemned to tortuuuuuure, thrown to the devil I had feared!

The score now sympathizes with McCain.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

Five years of hell, alone within my tiny cell, denied my dignity... this aaaaaaall happened to me...

The music becomes serious.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

But even after I had been freed, I spent more years in torment further still! What was the message? What was the meaning of God's will?

Another music shift.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

Through all the years of healing, my service never ceased. A patriot, a Senator, my stature was increased! I scaled the walls of power and forced the world to see, that life cannot defeat McCain...

He points at Donald.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

And you... are not like meeeeeeeeeee!

He pulls out a HANDFUL OF MEDALS SLOWLY SPACES TOWARD DONALD.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

You call yourself a leader, I don't see it that way! You'll never know the cost of freedom, you'll never knooooow.... The price we pay! The price we pay! The price we paaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay!

BIG MINOR KEY FINISH!

After a moment, the lights return to normal. Then, McCain, QUIETLY, ALMOST APOLOGETICALLY...

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

There. I-I've said my peace.

He looks to a guest, who is still shaken.

MCCAIN (CONT'D)

It was sort of building up inside of me.

HORNS HERALD THE ARRIVAL OF...

SERGEANT AT ARMS

Ladies and gentlemen, President Bill Clinton, and Secretary Hillary Clinton.

THE CLINTONS ENTER. Elizabeth Warren rushes to her side.

WARREN

Madam, Secretary, how are you feeling.

HILLARY

Fine, and you?

WARREN

Seriously. How are you feeling? Any major health issues, I should know about?

HILLARY

I uh...

Paul Ryan butts in.

RYAN

Ah, Madam Secretary. I was wondering if you'd mind if I took some measurements of the living quarters... Purely for research, I'm writing a uh...

(obviously making it up)

A young-adult mystery novel.

HILLARY

Well, Paul, I-

Donald butts in.

DONALD

Hey look...

He points to himself.

DONALD (CONT'D)

The commander...

He points at Warren.

DONALD (CONT'D)

...And chief.

WARREN

Very funny, you... Halloween decoration.

DONALD

I'm rubber you're glue. What sticks to me... Wait... Ivanka!? Help me out here.

Hillary moves away. Donald sees Ryan.

DONALD (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, have we met?

RYAN
I'm *Paul Ryan*, the speaker of the house!

DONALD
Speaker? What a stupid title.
What are you, stereo equipment?

A dude who has been setting up musical equipment makes an announcement.

STAGE ROADIE
Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready
for your headliner?!

Folks cheer lackadaisically.

STAGE ROADIE (CONT'D)
I said, are you ready for our
headliners?

Big cheers now.

STAGE ROADIE (CONT'D)
Please welcome Jeb, and the
Contenders!

JEB AND THE CONTENDERS, a band composed of All 16 REPUBLICAN CONTENDERS assemble on stage. Most of them, playing horns or other instruments in a blues based introduction. JEB BUSH steps up to the mic.

JEB
How'yall doin' tonight?
(cheers/whoops)
I'm Jeb Bush, and we are the
Contenders!

Sharp horn bleats.

JEB (CONT'D)
We like to do a little thing we
call, *I gave you all I got, but
what I got, ain't good enough for
you, blues.*

CHRIS CHRISTIE, blows his trumpet like the Diz to set up the groove!

JEB (CONT'D)

I never really had the itch, to run for president... The party made me think I had a chance... I raised a hundred million plus, to claim the continent... but when I brought my flag pole down, I couldn't make a dent!

JEB (CONT'D)

I was a big contender... but you left me feeling blue. I gave you all I got, but what I got ain't good enough for you.

Christie steps up to the mic.

CHRIS CHRISTIE

I used to have the mojo, they saw me at the top, you said I was your chosen candidate. But now I have to take a seat, and supper with the kids, cause when I said I'll take VP, you said, "jump off a bridge".

JEB/CHRISTIE

We were the big contenders, but you left us feeling blue. I gave you all I got, but what I got ain't good enough for you.

RUBIO, CARSON, KASICH, FIORINA all come forward and have a short musical solo.

JEB

Remember him, John Kasich,
 (each shouts out their
 name)
 Ben Carson, Rubio,... Carly Fiorina
 and Rick Santorina, Jindal, Rick
 Pataki and Huckabee playing his
 fluuuuuuute.
 (Huckabee toots a few
 notes)

JEB AND THE CONTENDERS

We are Republican contenders... All mixed up like mom's leftover stew. We gave you all we got, but what we got ain't good enough for you.

JEB

I gave you all I got, but what I got...

The music abruptly changes to a lounge-lizard B-list Vegas crooner feeling.

JEB (CONT'D)
 Ladies and gentleman, the one the
 only... Newt.
 (comes back to the mic)
 Half priced drinks next five
 minutes..

Some of the crowd disperses to the bar as...

NEWT GINGRICH STRIDES OUT with a HANDHELD MIC. A few older women run toward the stage. This song harkens back to the golden age of string-heavy elevator music. Think Dean Martin, *Strangers in the Night*.

NEWT
 Conservatively speaking... Life is
 good. Interminably speaking... as
 only I could.

B Theme, minor key.

NEWT (CONT'D)
 A life of politics is grand, when
 you know that you're in demand.
 And yet I don't understand when
 they don't love me!

Major key.

NEWT (CONT'D)
 I love you, politics, I love
 Republican affairs, I love you,
 politics, If you ignore me I'll
 despair, I cannot live... If I
 weren't running... or being
 cunning... *and cashing in*. I love
 you politics, I love you politics,
 I love you, dear.

Reprise.

NEWT (CONT'D)
 Conservatively speaking... Life is
 sweet. Conservatively speaking...
 Life's incomplete.

Applause.

NEWT (CONT'D)
 Ladies and Gentleman, put on your
 seat-belts for Tedddd CRUUUUUZ!

TED CRUZ, comes to the stage - a BITING MIXTURE OF RICKY GERVAISE AND DON RICKLES.

TED

Heyyyy, how you guys doing tonight?!

Appropriate comedy club responses.

TED (CONT'D)

What an election huh? Donald Trump and his family are here. But I'm sorry Donald, we don't allow pets. Rubio you're going to have to leave. Kidding, Rube... We need you to play bass... and clear tables later... McCain is here. A true hero! Here's a man who has looked evil right in the eye, but because of his deep morals, he spared Sarah Palin's life. You're one lucky lady.... Speaking of ladies... Women are really making an impact, this election. I mean there's Hillary... hmmm? hmm? Everybody?... And let's not forget Carly Fiorina... No I'm serious let's not forget Carly, she's a great gal....

(he winks and clicks his tongue at her)

Hey, its Jim Campbell, hey Jim, you ever heard of, "the American voter"?

(Jim smiles and nods like a guy in *The Tonight Show* band)

Oh, yeah? Well they haven't heard of you... Folks, a hand for Joe Biden! Joe do you want to come up and be the joke yourself?...

Teasing Joe, I'm sure the public believes you're necessary... And whoa, check out Melania, have you ever seen someone so beautiful?

'Course, I see someone that beautiful every morning...

(awwww)

Right before I wake up.... Donald you have the hottest wife I've ever masturbated to. Oh, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that. It's actually *you have the hottest wife for which I have ever masturbated.*

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

You see, it sounds so much better when you use correct grammar... An' oh, that flight in here? That was rough. There was severe turbulence as we passed by Chris Christie's waist. I'm telling you it was rough.... I got a secret email from Hillary yesterday. Yeah, yeah... The Russian's were cc'd... Ben Carson folks... Doctor, you fixed so many brains, how the hell did you fack yours up so bad?... Hey, Ben, what do you call a person who doesn't believe in evolution?

(Ben, again like in the Tonight Show, shrugs his shoulders)

An idiot.

(ooooohs-clapping)

That's what you call'em. I mean... Obvious.

Ted takes a breath, wipes his brow.

TED (CONT'D)

(to the band)

Remember when we debated, guys? Maybe it was just me.

(oooooh)

Newt. There's a great guy. He has made so much money as a leading amphibian, I mean, Republican. Sorry Newt. Newt's the only guy I know who pleasures himself watching reruns of the Mclaughlin Group.

(someone laughs loudly)

Who's laughing so hard? Is Chris Matthew's here? Chris is that you?... Bernie Sanders, everyone!

(applause)

Now there's an old guy, young folks can really support. It's nice to see so many young people who are still living at home, supporting *someone else* for once... Bill Clinton is here! Just think Bill, it was over twenty years ago that you got your first chance to orgasm in the oval office. What a privilege... When you go in the booth to vote, Bill, don't leave a sperm sample. Don't get confused.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

And since we're on the subject of Bill Clinton's sperm, look how Chelsea has grown. I remember when her parent's legal problems were "thiiiiis big". And speaking of hot. Ivanka,... I'm not hot at all am I? A little self deprecating humor there... Folks, how could I leave without singling out my good fake-friend, Donald Trump. Yessiree. Donald said he beat me fair and square in a contest he also says *was rigged*. Go figure. It's like a *Twilight Zone*... But seriously, Donald becoming president will open doors to folks who have never had the opportunity to be President. Don't get ahead of me. I for one am looking forward to a Ryan Lochte administration-thank you very much folks, and now...

A DRUM ROLL...

The band breaks into a **funked-up, sexy** version of "**Hail To The Chief**".

SERGEANT AT ARMS

Ladies and gentleman, The President of the United States, and First Lady, Michelle Obama.

They start a JAMES BROWN/FUNK/RAP MASH UP.

OBAMA

Hail to the chief, I'm the coolest in town, I'm-a black-o-matic, democratic, brother in brown. I'm an eagle o'gold, on the executive branch, and I'm grinnin-cause-I'm-winnin' cuz'I gave hope a chance. Girl!?

MICHELLE

He the baddest of the ballers, but he don't need to talk, an' yo we'll leave it to historians to honor Barrack. He be the presidential precedent, for power and swag, you know his monumental prospects?... Bo' they be in the bag! B.O!

OBAMA

JFK LBJ, you know I' made in their
image, and babe, I know that you be
checkin' my executive privilege.
Obama drop a cluster-bomborama
predator drone, while he be sipping
on a slurpy, watching b-ball at
hooome. Wife!

MICHELLE

An' while he runnin' the planet he
never stop bein' dad, an treatin'
all of his girls, like freakin' Sir
Galahad, he sweet'n charming, its
alarming just how sweet he can be,
an' when I'm feeling sensual bo' he
be comin' for me!

The music shifts to a different, more traditional funk. No
rap here. Obama James-Browns some dazzling footwork.

OBAMA

Potus!

JEB AND THE CONTENDERS

Potus!

OBAMA

Can't you see... I'm a lovin' lotus
flower with the power to please.

JEB AND THE CONTENDERS

Potus!

OBAMA

Potus, gonna burn up the floor.
When I wrap up my term, I leave you
cryin' for more!

More footwork, then the chorus.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

P.O.T.U.S. of A... Potus!

JEB AND THE CONTENDERS

It's easy to say.

OBAMA

P.O.T.U.S. of A... Potus! The
American way!

(abruptly)

Owwwwwwwwww, yeah.

The LIGHTING CHANGES and now Barack takes a hand-held microphone for a little, *Barry White*, spoken introduction.

OBAMA (CONT'D)
 (speaking to the audience)
 You know, baby. When we first met... I just couldn't believe... how lucky I was... 'Cause there's no one in this world, I'd rather serve. No one but you...

Obama sings in a *Stylistics*, *You Make Me Feel Brand New* style.

OBAMA (CONT'D)
 But Baby! Sometimes I don't think you understand. How much I've done for you... and for this land.

Back up singers join in.

OBAMA (CONT'D)
 With all those haters, who whisper in your ear... the world is dyin'... And the end is near...
 (spoken)
 But they' wrong baby... They' just plain wrong... It makes me want to sinnnnnng this song..

Chorus.

OBAMA (CONT'D)
 Has anybody noticed, the economy is doin' all right? Has anybody noticed, higher wages are in sight? Has anybody noticed, that their gas bill's pretty low, and that record job expansion, now eight years in a row?

Obama takes his jacket off and hands it to Biden.

OBAMA (CONT'D)
 Have you noticed, we aren't fighting two wars? Has anybody noticed, Detroit's still making cars? Did you notice, that we are better off, and yet they scoff, when I point them to the truth.

Obama loosens his tie.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

I could show charts, or have experts testify, but search your hearts, you *know* the reason why. So come on, baby. Take me by the hand, show me some lovin' and try to understand...

He taps outreached audience hands.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

Did you see that the crash has turned around? Your 401K's higher from the market's leaps and bounds. Has anybody noticed, that millions have health care, who never lived with coverage before?

Bridge.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

We got LGBT rights!... And that's right on... Go smoke a joint, it won't be long, before the drug-war's long and gone.

Reprise.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

Has anybody caught the fact, I made it through scandal free? Has anybody seen Bin Laden? Uh Uh, he's feeding fishes in the sea. Has anybody noticed, my presidency rocked the world?,.. And when congress tried, to block my path, they felt the pain, they felt my wrath.

Coda.

OBAMA (CONT'D)

I'm asking for a little credit, although I'm just a man. I hope that when you're asked to help. Your answer will be, "yes, we can...."

Michelle joins Obama. The music continues in the background.

MICHELLE

Barrakolli. I've noticed. Every bit of it. And I can tell you...

She starts a soulful tune.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
I been loving what you dooooo. I
been loving what you dooooo.

It's like they do this *every night*. The music starts to become increasingly saccharine.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
I been loving what you saaaaaaaay.
I been loving everydaaaaaay.

The music starts to become MISERABLY saccharine.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
I've been lovin' how you walk--

BERNIE GROANS LOUDLY.

BERNIE
Oyeeeeee, for Christ's sake!

The song stops.

BERNIE (CONT'D)
Enough already!

OBAMA
What's up, my Bern?

BERNIE
What's up? The bank accounts of
the super-rich! That's what's up.

Groans.

BILL
We all know the rich are richer
than a shovel salesman at a
bullshit convention, but how would
you fix it?

JANE
Bernie--

BERNIE
No! Jane, I have to say something.

He takes the floor.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

When I was out there with the youth of America, I could feel something in the air. Those whippersnappers, had a "cool" new idea. It goes something like this: Socialism.

Guests look confused.

MCCAIN

That's not new!

BERNIE

Shhh.... Don't tell them.

Bernie continues.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

You see that kids today, bless their hearts, are, on their own, starting to realize how amazingly, fantastically, screwed they are.

A rhythmic pattern...

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Socialism is the latest ism! A new idea that's been around for years. They sound the same I will concede but hear me out and I'll proceed to show you why it never goes away.

Bernie pulls out a display board which had been hidden behind a chair. He points to a graph that shows a rising red line.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

The white hot growth that got us here, has, for the rich, been swell. Their bank accounts and stock options have lined their pockets well. It's easy to get richer when you start the game that way.

Bernie nods his head toward Donald.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

But for most, the game is fixed, the rules are all inverse!

He flips the chart over. Now the line goes down.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

The rest of you, will never beat a system this perverse.

He tosses the chart.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

But they will tell you in due time your share will come around... so just be patient, don't you sigh. With any luck, before you die, the wealth will, "trickle down".

Bernie leans to one side.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Our "level field" is tilted... their thumb is on the scale, and if the laws don't bail them out they have the means to throw them out, since both the House and Senate are for sale.

Bernie does some dancing.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Our way of life is like a game of poker, how its run. The deck is mixed, the cards are dealt, but you get only one. And when you call, they have the ace and guess who is the joker?

Chorus.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Socialism is the la-test i-sm! A wrench the young have tossed into the gears. A rocking, shocking new idea that's come and gone for years. Socialism, socialism, ism here!

(short pause)

We like where normal folks receive the lion's share of wealth. The time has come for new ideas already on the shelf.

Bridge.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

But if you ask the one-percent to help the middle class, they'll smile and say, please go away and kick you in the-ask... yourself, "who's winning? If the answer isn't "you". Then let's revolt and bust the bolt that locks out me and you!

Chorus reprise.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Socialism is the la-test i-sm! Redistribution of the wealth to common folks. Once shunned in conversation, has swept across the nation, no more the butt of water-cooler jokes.

A final thought... The music calms down.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Capitalism, is the old capitalism. What used to be called "greed" is still called greed. But with some tweaks, we'll fix the leaks, and if you're rich, *you'll still be rich* but here's the facts, you'll pay more tax, but don't you think its worth it?

Serious music.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

I'd take the deal and take it now, 'cause one day soon you wonder how you missed the chance to share the pork and when they come with their pitch forks, there'll be no quarter, you can bet, and you will join... Miss Antoinette!

Bernie pantomimes his head being cut off.

EVERYONE

Socialism is the la-test i-sm!

BERNIE

So good to see and old pal looking young.

EVERYONE

We've dusted off the dirt!

BERNIE
We ironed out his shirt!

EVERYONE
The story did not end... It's
just... Be-guuuuuuuuun!
Socialism... socialism... ism
here!

After the applause...

BERNIE
Just a little food for thought.

Suddenly THE SECRET SERVICE rushes in!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Everyone please remain calm, a
terrorist may be on the grounds.

THUNDER CLAP! THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

INTERMISSION

ACT 3

When we return, the ballroom is dark, but A GUEST LIGHTS A
CANDELABRA, and as more are lit, the room is bathed in a
classic, warm light.

OBAMA is briefed by a Secret Service agent.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (CONT'D)
Mr. President, we feel that
everyone should remain in place
until we secure the grounds.
There's a storm system passing
through. That's why we lost the
lights. I'm sure the back up
generators will kick in any minute.

OBAMA
Agreed.
(to the guests)
Well, everybody, it looks like we
sit tight.

DONALD
This is boring. Is there a TV in
here?

MELANIA
(to everyone)
I have an idea.

Attention goes her way.

MELANIA (CONT'D)
 Let us do what my cousins in
 Transylvania do when the storms
 disrupt the power in the castles.

BILL
 This sounds good.

HILLARY
 Not that, Bill!

MELANIA
 Let us hold a séance.

Oohhhs and awws.

BERNIE
 Don't be ridiculous--

JANE
 Bernie!?

The new Jane isn't letting the old fart get his way anymore.

JANE (CONT'D)
 I think its a great idea. Come on
 everybody, join hands.

They do.

MELANIA
 I call upon any spirit that is near
 us to make a visitation!

She says some serious sounding Slovenian. (Thank you)

LIGHTNING! THUNDER! HOLY CRAP, A SPOOKY LOOKING, PASTY-
 FACED FIGURE IN A NIGHT SHIRT, WALKS INTO THE ROOM!

PASTY-FACED FIGURE
 (groggy)
 What are you people doing in my
 living room?

MICHELLE
 Mitch, Mitch... Senator, McConnel,
 Wake up! You're sleepwalking
 again!

It's MITCH MCCONNEL!

MITCH
 (waking up)
 What are you people doing in my
 living room?

MICHELLE
 You're at the White House.

MITCH
 Again?

HILLARY
 Didn't you hear the storm?

MITCH
 What storm?

THUNDER! SUDDENLY, **THE GHOST OF LINCOLN** appears! Screams.

LINCOLN
 Good evening to ya.

DONALD
 It's Daniel Day Louis.

LINCOLN
 What? My name is Abraham Lincoln.

MICHELLE
 Dear God!

OBAMA
 Incredible.

BILL
 It's really him!

MITCH
 Holy shit.

HILLARY
 President Lincoln, why have you
 contacted us?

LINCOLN
 I'm here to tell you--

SUDDENLY, ANOTHER CLAP OF THUNDER and ANOTHER GHOST APPEARS.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
 Oh, for heaven's sake.

MELANIA
 Who's that?

DONALD

Maybe that's Daniel Day Louis.

BILL

(to Donald)

Its Millard Filmore, y'idiot.

(to the ghost)

Thirteenth president of the United States. I wrote a report on you in 3rd grade.

LINCOLN

(to Millard)

What do you want?

FILMORE

(to Lincoln)

I've come here with an important message.

(to the guests)

You see, I was the last president who was neither Democrat or Republican. I was the leader of the *Whig* party.

(Donald snickers)

But we failed to notice that our constituency was changing. Sound familiar Mitch?

MITCH

I want to go home.

FILMORE

If you Republicans don't get your chickens in the coup, you might end up like the Whigs.

MORE THUNDER! Screams as SUDDENLY, the GHOSTS OF WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON and TEDDY ROOSEVELT and a SINGLE GHOST WHO IS UNIDENTIFIABLE appear!

CHELSEA

It's Washington!

IVANKA

And Jefferson!

MCCAIN

(as if he knows him)

Teddy! It's John!

BERNIE

(to McCain)

You're that old?

HILLARY
 (to the unidentified
 president)
 Who are you?

AMALGAM PRESIDENT
 I'm an amalgam of all the other
 presidents!

Guests sort of accept that.

DONALD
Kind of cheap in the ghost
 department.

AMALGAM PRESIDENT
 When we're on Broadway, sir, will
 talk.

Washington steps forward.

WASHINGTON
 We have come to talk to you--

LINCOLN
 (to Washington)
 Oh, you're gonna steam roll me now?
I was telling the story...

WASHINGTON
 Oh, Abe, ever since you freed the
 slaves you've been a pain in the
 ass.

LINCOLN
 Least I'm on a *five*.

WASHINGTON
 What's with that ridiculous hat?
 Gimme that..

Reaching, swatting.

LINCOLN
 Stop it, stop it, stop it! You
 want me to cross the Delaware and
 knock ya one in the pan?

JEFFERSON, *in this fantasy*, is kind of an asshole. A
 Virginia hillbilly, his voice is high and nasally, and he
 dispenses legendary lines between hitting the spittoon.

JEFFERSON

Tie up your hay bales!

(spits)

You make us look like we're a bunch
a cotton-pickin' fools.

IVANKA

That's what he sounds like?

Jefferson looks over the guests, inspecting them.

JEFFERSON

Well...

(snort)

I won't pretend to hide my
skepticisms about you modern day
folks.

(spit)

Looks like Y'all had a run in with
the stupid fairy.

Everybody is terrified. Jefferson looks at Donald.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

I trade any one of you for a
crippled slave.

Lincoln face-palms.

FILMORE

Now, Tom, no need to go balls out.
Give 'em a chance to prove
themselves.

JEFFERSON

All right,

(spits)

Open your brain holes.

LINCOLN

Oh, god, here he goes.

JEFFERSON

First let's get one thing straight.
Stop calling us the damn founding
fathers! You stretched the whole
thing out of proportion.

(spits)

We were regular people just like
you. Doin' the best we could at
the time. We could never predict
what the world would be like today.

(spits)

(MORE)

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

So If we did something that doesn't seem right... then change it! Like when you let women vote.

(snort, spit)

Or when you gave slaves their freedom.

TEDDY

Or sissy marriage.

WASHINGTON

Yeah, like that. We couldn't have guessed just how weird you people would become.

Lincoln covers his face with his hat.

JEFFERSON

So stop trying to quote us when you're solving a problem we could never have anticipated. Makes me wonder what ol' Ben Franklin would say. Yessir, Ben was clever fox. Though he almost fried his giblets with that kite stunt. Hee haw!

(spits)

WASHINGTON

Love those Bifocals, use 'em ever'night to trim my penis hair.

LINCOLN

(pleading)

Guys, for the sake of the nation...

JEFFERSON

As, I was sayin', your world has so many inventions we never imagined.

WASHINGTON

Like those impressive machine guns.

MITCH

Now, the 2nd amendment protects our right to bear arms.

TEDDY

Oh, here we go again. Look, Rip Van Winkle, this is what we're talking about. Listen, nobody likes a big gun in his hands more ol' Teddy. It's wonderful. I got an Elephant gun. Boom.

(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Drop a bison, like I was shootin' a squirrel up the ass with a twelve gauge. Haha! Make me feel like I got steel balls. Oh, yeah...

(lost in memories)

But anyway, that's for sport. In everyday life you don't need a damn cannon to protect yourself.

JEFFERSON

We wouldn't have given a gun to every fool in the county either.

(spits)

Use your damn heads.

AMALGAM PRESIDENT

If I could speak for James Madison - Writer of the Constitution... He would have said, imagine if you had to write it all from scratch, each and every day.

DONALD

That is a tremendous amount of writing.

JEFFERSON

The point... is that, as times change you have to change with'm. And Lastly...

(spits)

I want to say something about religion.

LINCOLN

Careful, Tom... That's a deep stream...

JEFFERSON

No, no we have to say somethin'.

(small beat)

This country is not founded on a particular religious faith. And that's that. What we wanted was a place where everyone--

WASHINGTON

'cept slaves.

Jefferson sighs.

JEFFERSON

At the time, it was for rich white land owners, but anyway, everyone is allowed to practice whatever faith or tradition they wanted to. We didn't give a hoot.

(spits)

And that's important because the essence of being American, is an *act of faith* itself. It ain't tangible. It is an *Idea*. You can be Christian and a Muslim in this country if you *already believe in* and *practice* the act of *being American*.

(snort spit)

Common sense.

BILL

(fan boy)

What a god.

TEDDY

Anybody who wants to, can be an American. No matter where they're from.

LINCOLN

Or what race they are.

WASHINGTON

But we prefer, light-skinned Anglo-Saxon--

LINCOLN

No! No, we don't. Dognabbit. George! Stick to war games.

Washington crosses his arms with a huff.

FILMORE

Like Teddy said, anybody can be an American.

DONALD

What about Islamic terrorists? Haha, gotcha.

JEFFERSON

(to Trump)

No you haven't, beetle brain. Just who the hell do you think you are? Could you have written The Declaration Of Independence?

HILLARY

Is it less than a hundred and forty characters?

JEFFERSON

No terrorist is Islamic in my mind because the second you decide to become a terrorist is the second you prove you're no Muslim. Or Christian or whatever you think y'are. You cain't kill in God's name!

(spits)

Period.

AMALGAM PRESIDENT

Why don't we move it along?

The other ghosts look at him.

AMALGAM PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Just trying to help out. We're short on time.

JEFFERSON

No, amalgam, *you're right*.

WASHINGTON

If you want to be an American, there's no need for royal blood.

JEFFERSON

There's no need to be a white upper class.

(aside)

It helps.

TEDDY

There's no need to be praying on Sunday.

AMALGAM PRESIDENT

There's'--

(looks to the other ghosts,
the music waits)

Can I--

JEFFERSON

(cutting in)

Yes. Go ahead, for toot's sake.

Music resumes.

AMALGAM PRESIDENT

There's no need to be good in math class.

LINCOLN

I pledge allegiance to the thought:
Allegiance makes the man.

WASHINGTON

You take an oath to join our team...

TEDDY

And act *American*.

ALL GHOSTS

Act American! If you dare you can.
Come and join our great country.
Act American, if you're fair you can,
and be a part of history!

Verse.

JEFFERSON

Pakistani, from your granny with a touch of Swedish/Jew? It doesn't matter if you love the ol' red white an' blue.

(spits)

TEDDY

If your name is Ted and yet you wed an architect named Steve. Or if you're born a Donna....
But, you're really a Donn-ee.

WASHINGTON

If your mom is black, your dad is white, but you look oddly red,
Just talk the talk and walk the walk and say what we have said...

ALL GHOSTS

Act American! If you dare you can.
Come on an' join our great country.
Act American, if you're fair you can,
and be a part of history!

AMALGAM PRESIDENT

Act American. Act free!

Lincoln raises an eyebrow at Amalgam's improv' but continues with the bridge.

LINCOLN

In foreign lands, the people must,
by law, wear certain clothes.

JEFFERSON

(spits)

In some countries, you have to
pray, just like the leader does.

FILMORE

But here, we're free to pray our
way and even speak your mind.

TEDDY

I'm pretty sure you'd rather live
where Liberty ain't blind.

ALL GHOSTS

Act American. Born free! In the
great de-mo-cra-cy. Act American,
and we know you can...

Drumroll, then the first few notes of the National Anthem: Da
da da, Da da da...

ALL GHOSTS (CONT'D)

Act Americannnnnnnn.... Be...
FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

BOOM.

THE TERRORIST CRASHES INTO THE ROOM, MACHINE GUN IN HAND AND
WEARING AN EXPLOSIVE VEST!

TERRORIST

Die freedom lovers!

OBAMA GRABS A SECRET SERVICEMAN'S HOLSTERED GUN, DIVES AND
FIRES! The terrorist falls to the ground!

As the cheers erupt...

The lights fade. A single spotlight illuminates the fallen
terrorist. Heavenly music rises. The terrorist slowly
stands

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

I am a martyr.

A WOMAN in a FULL-BODY BURQA enters. She DANCES SEDUCTIVELY,
circling the terrorist.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

Who are you?

WOMAN
Virgin number one.

Now TWO OTHER WOMAN DANCE ONTO STAGE and THEN THREE MORE.

TERRORIST
Seventy two virgins.

He rubs his palms together in anticipation.

WOMAN 1
I am all yours.

WOMAN 2
I am all yours.

WOMAN 3
I am all yours.

WOMEN 4/5/6
And so are we. We are all yours.

Now, TEN more women enter. They swirl around him.

10 WOMEN
We are for you, and only you. Your
heaven will be just for you.

They grab on and spin him around.

TEN more women enter. They go to him and rub his head and chest.

TEN MORE WOMEN
We lust for you. And just for you.

10 WOMEN
Its just for you.

They all now swirl about him.

TERRORIST
I hope I can handle this.

Now one grabs him.

WOMAN 1
I need you now.

Another grabs.

WOMAN 2
I need him too.

Another grabs.

WOMAN 3
I need my share.

More hands.

WOMAN 4
I love his hair.

WOMAN 5
I love his eyes.

WOMAN 6
I love his brow.

TEN WOMEN
We want you now!

The terrorist is in way over his head. He start to show some concern.

TERRORIST
Please, please, I have eternity.
Now one at a time.
(picks out one)
What can I do for you?

WOMAN 7
I feel too cold.

WOMAN 8
I feel too hot. Go shut the door.

WOMAN 9
No, leave it wide.

WOMAN 10
I'm sad inside. You will, provide?

WOMAN 11
Let's take a ride.

WOMAN 12
I like the sun. I like to run
while holding hands.

WOMAN 13
I like the rain.

WOMAN 14
I like the sand.

TERRORIST
(pointing at woman 13)
You like the sand?

WOMAN 14
I like the sand. She likes the
rain!

WOMAN 12
Am I your love?

WOMAN 15
Tell me again.

WOMAN 16
Tell me you love me.

WOMAN 17
Give me some jewels.

TERRORIST
Some jewels? Uh...

WOMAN 18
I want a scarf.

WOMAN 19
I want some flowers.

WOMAN 20
I want some too.

ALL THE WOMEN
We all want flowers.

WOMAN 21
But diff'rent kinds.

WOMAN 22
From diff'rent lands.

WOMAN 23
And we want rings.

ALL THE WOMEN
On all our hands.

TERRORIST
On all your hands?

ALL THE WOMEN
And all our toes.

TERRORIST
It may take a while.

WOMAN 24
I want a child.

TERRORIST
What?

WOMAN 25
I may want two.

ALL THE WOMEN
We all want children.

TERRORIST
Is this all true?

WOMAN 1
Of course it is.

WOMAN 2
Because God willing--

WOMAN 1
This never ends with our
fulfilling.

TERRORIST
Never fulfilled?

WOMAN 1
Eternally... you must provide us.

WOMAN 4
And satisfy the urge... inside us.

WOMAN 1
And not just once...

WOMAN 5
And not just twice.

ALL THE WOMEN
Or even thrice!

THE STAGE IS SLOWLY BECOMING RED-TINTED.

TERRORIST
I have say, this does not sound
like paradise.

WOMAN
Maybe this isn't.

TERRORIST

What was that?

The terrorist's face goes ashen.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

But I was promised nirvana, to kill
the infidel.

WOMAN

You chose the way you lived your
life and now you live in--

The MUSIC EXPLODES WITH DESCENDING NOTES, DIVING INTO A FIERY
INTRO.

TERRORIST

Help?!

The woman surround him in a mob of black. The terrorist
pops out for his first verse.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

Seventy two! Seventy two! That
many virgins is too much! There's
only one of me and there are hoards
of them, and they are all needy, my
God, where to begin?

The terrorist runs around the stage with the girls trailing
him.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

Seventy two! Seventy two! That
many virgins is not fun! I like a
quiet place, but they'll be in my
face, my afterlife is being over
run!

They lift him up and carry him.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

I must admit I never thought about
the practicality. The brotherhood,
they made it sound so good, and now
I think I may have sinned! The
lure of love, it robbed me of my
faculties. Now that I'm here I've
lost my nerve, I wish it all would
end!

The terrorist tries to crawl up the wall but they pull him
down. He escapes and walks backwards.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)
 Seventy two! Seventy two! That
 many virgins is not right!
 (to the girls)
 You're going to follow me,
 (to the audience)
 They're going to swallow me. I'll
 need a million nights!

TERRORIST (CONT'D)
 Seventy two! Seventy two! That
 many virgins makes me scared. I've
 never had a girl! I've barely seen
 a girl. I wish my body had been
 spared.

The women slowly close in on him.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)
 I'll tell you what...

They pause.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)
 I'll make a system where you each
 will take a number.

ALL THE WOMEN
 (pouting)
 No.

TERRORIST
 Will make a schedule, of precisely
 how I'll spend my time.

ALL THE WOMEN
 No, no!

TERRORIST
 I'll tend to thirty six, when all
 the rest are sleeping?

ALL THE WOMEN
 No, no, no! We never sleep.

TERRORIST
 You never sleep?!

ALL THE WOMEN
 Neither will you! Ha!

TERRORIST
 Seventy two! Seventy two! That
 many virgins is a pain!
 (MORE)

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

I need just one of them, but there are tons of them. I think my jihad was in vain.

They surround and close in. The room is soaked in blood red lighting.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

Seventy two! Seventy two! That many virgins is a trap! This is no way to live, oh God will you forgive? I've learned my lesson, take me back! Please take me back! Please take me back!! Please take me back!! Please take me back!! Please take me back!!

LIGHTS OUT.

When the lights come back on, The scene is just as we left except the GHOSTS ARE GONE. Obama stands. The TERRORIST GROANS.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

Please take me back... Please take me back...

(he lifts his head)

I'm alive! I'm only hurt. Thank you god! Thank you!

The Secret Service rush to him and put him in handcuffs. They start to drag him away.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

Wait.

(beat)

Can... I be an American?

DONALD

Forget it buddy--

OBAMA

No. No.... Even you can be an American. Here's the way its going down. First you'll have your pay your price to society. You're lucky you didn't hurt anyone. You're gonna have some time to think. After, that...

Everyone now sings... even the terrorist, in handcuffs!

EVERYONE

Act American. If you dare, you
can. Come an join our great
country. Act American, if you're
fair you can... and be a
part... of.... his...
tor...reeeeeeee!

LIGHTS OUT.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - QUEEN'S ROOM (BEDROOM)

Again, we isolate on the Trumps bedroom. Melania is in bed
with a magazine as DONALD ENTERS IN GOLD PAJAMAS.

DONALD

What a night, huh? Most amazing
ever. Ever! Now, where is my book?

He CRAWLS INTO BED and STARTS TO READ HIS OWN BOOK *Art Of The Deal*, but then he sighs.

MELANIA

Donald, what if you lose?

Donald lays his book down and takes a deep breath.

DONALD

Honestly, Melania, it'll be a
relief.

MELANIA

Vhat?

DONALD

Sure. I'll just keep on being me.
Without all the stress. Bing. I
can do what ever I want. Whatever.

MELANIA

But they will call you a loser.

DONALD

It'll never stick.

MELANIA

Why.

DONALD

I'll say a word.

MELANIA

Vhat vord?

DONALD

Rigged.

MELANIA

(ah, yes)

Rigged.

Donald hops up.

DONALD

A word that frees me from
accountability.

MELANIA

So they won't think you reneged.

DONALD

A word... a word... a word that
will question results of elections
and change the direction of news...
and views. - I'm sure it will leave
you confused.

MELANIA

A word... a word... a word
that will question results of
elections and change the
direction of news, and views,
I'm sure it will leave you
confused.

DONALD (CONT'D)

...A word ...a thought.
Per...
Fect... De... flect. We
changed the truth for you. A-
-

DONALD (CONT'D)

Spot... a stain... forevermore
after this there'll be an asterisk,
stirring up controversy. You'll
see. We're making our own history.

MELANIA

(A) stain... a spot...
forevermore after this
their'll be an asterisk,
stirring up controversy.
You'll see.

DONALD (CONT'D)

We've done it again. We'll
never be caught. Ne...
Ver... No... Way... You'll
see. We're making our own
history.THEY BOTH DANCE THE JIG. Donald pulls a VIOLIN from an
unseen location and plays to Melania's dance steps. Melania
grabs an IRISH FLUTE and plays to Donald's steps and then
they play counterpoint. They dance the jig again together,
stomping away.

BANG BANG on the wall. The music halts.

Donald and Melania stomp twice.

BANG BANG on the wall.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Who's that?

Bernie opens the door and sticks his head in. He wears a long night cap.

BERNIE
It's me!

MELANIA
Bernie!

DONALD
It's rigged.

BERNIE
What's rigged?

DONALD
The system is rigged and you said
it yourself so get come over and
join the dance.

BERNIE
Okay. Okay. But I'll warn you I'm
wearing no pants.

Bernie steps out in a long nightshirt. The music resumes.

BERNIE (CONT'D)
A fix... inside... you're running
the race but you're not keeping
pace with the lead.

MELANIA/DONALD
Agreed.

BERNIE
You're prevented from going top
speed.

TRIO
(all three verses together)
(Melania)
A fix, inside, you're running the
race but you're not keeping pace
with the lead.
(Bernie)
...They stick ...Your gut... You're
stuck as an underdog.
(Donald)
Rig... the... Big... Game.

The parts shift.

TRIO (CONT'D)

(all three verses together)

(Donald)

A fix, inside, you're running the
race but you're not keeping pace
with the lead.

(Melania)

...They stick ...Your gut... You're
stuck as underdog.

(Bernie)

Rig... the... Big... Game.

BERNIE/MELANIA

Agreed.

DONALD

You're prevented from going top
speed.

All three dance the jig. The music halts again.

JANE pokes her head in.

JANE

What's going on?!

DONALD/MELANIA/BERNIE

Jane!

BERNIE

It's rigged!

JANE

What's rigged?

BERNIE

The whole of the DNC threw it for
Hillary. Come learn how up is the
jig.

The music starts and now we have four dancers.

JANE

Its rigged. Unfair. The hair on
your neck would stand up you knew
just how bad.

BERNIE/DONALD/MELANIA

Its sad. To think, all the
troubles we've had.

BERNIE/DONALD/MELANIA/JANE

(Jane simultaneous)

It's sad.

(Melania simultaneous)

To think, all the troubles we've had.

(Donald simultaneous)

...You hair ...would stand

(Bernie simultaneous)

They... cheat... real... bad...

BERNIE/DONALD/MELANIA/JANE (CONT'D)

(Melania simultaneous)

It's sad.

(Donald simultaneous)

To think, all the troubles we've had.

(Bernie simultaneous)

...You hair ...would stand

(Jane simultaneous)

They... cheat... real... bad...

DONALD

Its rigged.

MELANIA

Unfair.

BERNIE

It's fixed.

JANE

Beware!

DONALD

And we...

MELANIA

Don't care.

BERNIE/DONALD

But if we had *wonnnnnnn*...

DONALD/MELANIA/BERNIE/JANE

Then it was FAIR!

They all fall onto the bed.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTIAL BEDROOM

Michelle is off screen HUMMING her gospel tune. Obama, in his presidential PJ's, puts on an OLD-FASHIONED RECORD ALBUM. A soothing, cool jazz reprise of "**Hail To The Chief**" plays.

Michelle enters in SEXY NIGHTGOWN. They dance.

MICHELLE
Baby when you shot that
terrorist... mmm mmm.

OBAMA
How about ol' Abe Lincoln and his
buddies poppin' in? Lord above!

MICHELLE
Your term is almost over, Mister
Pres. What now?

They giggle and crawl into bed. They meet in the center and
begin to hug and kiss when JFK AND JACKIE'S GHOST enter!

OBAMA
Michelle. Is JFK behind me?

MICHELLE
Yes, is... Jackie behind me?

They both turn.

OBAMA
John F!

MICHELLE
Jackie O!

JFK
Sorry, kids. We need to talk.

JACKIE
We realize this is a bit
inconvenient, us popping in like
this, but... Well, I'll let John
tell you.

JFK
Barrack, you served this office
with distinction and honor.

OBAMA
Well thank-

JFK
We want Michele to run.

MICHELLE
What? Oh no.

JACKIE

Michelle, I know you can do it. We really need a girl like you in politics.

MICHELLE

Well, I'm honored, but--

JFK

But what?

MICHELLE

Suddenly I can't think of a reason.

JFK

That's right. Now listen. Obama here proved that a person of color can be President. Hillary, God willing, will become the first woman president.

JACKIE

You're probably thinking we want to be the first black woman president.

JFK

No. We want you, because you're a qualified person. This nation is only as good as the people who are running it!

JACKIE

I'd do what he says.

JFK

You might remember a little thing called the space program? Man walked on the moon because of me. Now, you're not going to let me down are you?

JACKIE

John.

(woman's touch)

Michelle. Just think about it.

JFK

Don't think about it, do it!

JACKIE

(stern)

John? I think we should leave them alone now.

JFK and Jackie, exit.

MICHELLE

Wow.

OBAMA

(teasing)

I'm glad I'm not in your shoes.

She hits him a with pillow.

MICHELLE

I'll get you! She dives at him.

The LIGHTS GO OUT as Obama yelps.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LINCOLN ROOM (BEDROOM)

Bill enters from the bathroom and notices Hillary is missing.

BILL

Hillary?

LIGHTS OUT.

LIGHTS UP ON The OVAL OFFICE...

Hillary enters the moonlit set. She takes in the space. She sings lightly...

HILLARY

I've have so far to go... Although
I'm here. Without a doubt the buck
stops here. I'm not a fan of grape
I'll have to change those drapes.
I'll make this my own space...
'cause I'm a woman. I'm am the
one.

She goes to the window.

Now, ALL THE CAST assembles on both sides of the oval office humming "**Hail To The Chief**".

All else fades away and then Hillary's light goes out.

Then...

We see Bill Clinton outside, below the window. He leans back as he takes a big hit. He exhales and smiles wryly.

BILL
Wait 'til Chelsea runs.

THE END!