

The Trials of King Bill

A Historico-Tragi-Comedy in Five Acts

by

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Author's Introduction

"The Trials of King Bill" is centred on the Lewinsky affair that rocked the White House during Bill Clinton's second term of office. It is dubbed a "historico-tragi-comedy" and contains elements of all three genres.

The play roughly follows the main events in the Lewinsky affair, though certainly in no slavish manner. The sequence and timing of events are at times compressed or altered, and the characters are a mixture of history and invention. The clearest departure from history lies in the fate of Monica, which is allegorical, in Euripidean tragic-comic style. Several characters, including Bemona, the mother of Monica, are entirely fictional.

Some would perhaps prefer to forget the episode which form the basis of the play. However, having led to a vote in Congress on impeachment, and having been subjected to the tasteless microscope of the Starr Report, the events are part of American history and form a fitting subject for dramatic treatment.

The play was written in 2004-5 but kept under wraps by the author till after the 2008 presidential election so as not to divert public attention from the real issues in that contest.

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Dramatis Personae

(in order of appearance)

Master of Ceremonies

Spinsters A coven of spin-doctors
Gore, Vice President
Bemona, Mother of Monica
Bill, President of the United States
Hillary First Lady, wife of Bill
Rubin, Deputy Secretary of State
Janet, Fellow Interns with Monica
Monica, Intern at the White House
Newt, Leader of the Republican caucus

Republican Senators

Rose, Republican aide
Mouse, Cleaner in the White house
Nailer, Butler, the White House
Spin, White House spokesman
Weasel, A White House Staff Member
Chelsea, Daughter of Bill and Hillary
Starr Special Investigator

Sargeant

Democrat

Messenger

Fisherman

Members of the public

The Trials of King Bill

A Tragi-Comedy in Five Acts

Prologue

Master of Ceremonies:

Good lords and ladies, and you commoners too,

I bid you welcome to our humble play.
So please relax for this next hour or two
Let drama 'xpel the cares of working day.
But first you must allow me one request
That those infernal mobiles 're put to rest
That they may lie dispowered, disowned,
unsexed

It is indeed the strenuous actor's curse
As he attains his climax of distress
To hear the little bleeps of SMS.
I'll not betray the secrets of our play
And yet I can a little give away,
How we, within the coming hour or two,

Will meet and share emotions deep and true.
For though our poet's used his 'magination
Yet all you'll hear is based in basest truth -
A scandal at the heart of our great state
Which rocked and shocked the world; you'll
hear relate

How a plot was laid to trap the head of state
That fed on but the foibles of his flesh,
Sow discord in his craving wife's embrace
And bring down all his party in disgrace,
How th' orb's first undisputed potentate
Fell, humbled by his own ejaculate.
So cast aside those biographic tomes
That clutter up the shelving in your homes
And enter now direct into the fray
Of political life the American way.
But should you think our tragedy's a farce
And start to shuffle restless on your seat
I would commend to you our mezz'nine bars -
But please go quietly on your shamed retreat.
And now there's nothing left for me to add,
To hold us back from playing this saga sad,
So let us off to Washington away,
And hear what those dread spinsters have to
say.

Act I

Scene 1

On a blasted heath below the Washington Monument, the night blowing up a storm. The spin-doctors coven. Three spinsters throng around a cauldron

Spinster1: Eye of newt, republic'n toad,
Bobbett's prepuce from the road

Spinster 2: Nickers from a Georgetown
whore,

Left discarded on the floor,

Spinster 3: midnight's am'rous residue,
Decanted after congress hue,

Spinster 1: These th' ingredients of our
times

Lusty potions for our mimes

All: Stir it up, down and round
While we dance atop this mound
Future, present, past confound
With our awful dinning sound.

Spinster 1: Extracts torn from tawdry rags
Playboy's mid-page nubile hags,

Spinster 2: Porno films in blue and red

Parading all that's done in bed
Spinster 3: Pubic hairs newly 'xtracted
From the teeth of the attracted
Spinsters: These th 'ingredients of our times
Lusty potions for our mimes.

All: Stir it up, down and around
While we dance atop this mound
Future, present, past confound
With our awful dinning sound.

Scene 2

The blasted Heath.

Spinster 1: But harken, tarry, strain your
sense
I smell the reek of blind ambition
The blind seeking direction
From the misleading.

(Enter Gore)

Spinster 1: Hail, lofty son of patrician house
Spinster 2: Hail, worthy vice, yet free of vice!

Gore: Greetings, dark menaces from the
depths of night
That use these hallowed fields for your delight
Will you afford me some insight
To know what fate keeps stored, should I
attempt

To scale the utmost peak of my intent,
And grasp the crown of ultimate power.
So speak. How stands the fight ?

Spinster 3: Hail, senator. Wat would'st thou
know?

Gore: The upstart Bush with legions manifold
Has launched his strike from deep within the
South.

His coffers lined by that dark gold which
flows

So freely in his native Texan fields.

Atop his father's shoulders proud he struts,
A bloated toad that stomps with pride
unchecked,

The name on every lip, who stands to knock
All competition from the 'publican side.
Yet in our camp my brightness is eclipsed
By this subservient role I needs must play –
Ever second fiddle, loyal hack,
To one who has such glib and easy tongue,
He could beguile a snake. How to slough off
My sponsor's mantle
To shine in my own bright light ?

Spinster 1: The brightest sun seems darkest
when eclipsed

The moon shines bright when bright sun's
brightness fades

Spinster 2 And this bright star carries within
itself

A weakness shall o'er-shadow his bright

Spinster 1: Your master's fatal flaw is soon
displayed,

The laughing-stock of all the world

Spinster 3: So be not caught up in his coming
fall,

Spinster 1: But be on guard, keep counsel
tight.

Spinster 2: And Bushy, him you shall defeat

Spinster 3: In straightest fight,

Spinster 1: by simple
plebiscite,

Spinster 3: But yet beware the flaccid
hanging chad

That hides the voter's true intent

Spinster 2: And brother's hand of florid poll
deceit,

The seed for victor's late defeat

Spinsters *(Dancing)*

Stir it up, down and around

While we dance atop this mound

Future, present, past confound

With our awful dinning sound. *(Exeunt)*

Gore: *(aside)* They're through, and yet their
message doth provide
Good cheer to our camp in our planned
assault.

Whilst yet I cannot claim to follow all
The cryptic deeper meaning hid within
The riddles that these old hags like to speak
But yet I hear the chief point loud and clear -
I'll win the vote and snatch the crown
In headlong clash 'twixt Bush and Gore
I'll stem the gush of this o'er-weaning bore
That like an overflowing uncapped well
Springs up from deepest South with wanton
pride

And seeks to swamp our subtler northern
lights.

The old and tarnished line of Bush
Pushed sideways by the rising star of Gore.

(Exit)

Scene 3

On the blasted heath, in daytime

(Enter Bemona and Monica)

Bemona: See there below, my little chick, the
White House,

Gleaming in the morning sun, resplendent
with

The wealth and majesty of national power,
Its burnished windows glinting in the sun
The roses clipped, obedient in their rows,
The guards, with uniforms ablaze, patrol
The gates.

Monica: Indeed, 'tis sweet, but have we
come

All this way just to catch the White House
view ?

Bemona: This, my chick, your future comfy
nest.

Monica: How so, Mama ?

Bemona: Your mother's gift to
you!

But set aside the dreary and mundane
The housewife's life in torpid Tennessee,
The lifestyle of some workmsn's maid
In mindless Milwaukee. No, aim above
And take the crown, and spend your life
The envied idle belle, delight of princes.

Monica: How so ?

Bemona: Within this neat and stately house
Our president resides, Long weary of
His wife, attention easily caught by each
New passing dame. An apple ripe to fall.
Go forth and pick the fruit ! And to assist
I have conspired, through deep and devious
paths

To have you placed within those walls,
The freshest intern listed on the staff,
With constant access and seclusion.

Within these portals of our high-browed state
You'll like some tropic worm insinuate
Beneath the skin of our proud prince, induce
An itch that festers in his fervid flesh,
That soon he'll be by restless lust distraught
And so expose himself to reckless acts,
Wrench asunder royal bonds of love
And creep between his matrimonial sheets.
Then cuckoo-like expel all rival chicks,
Push out th' incumbent from her cosy bed.

Monica: Mama, such opportunity must be a
boon,

Yet do I doubt your scheme can easily work:
The amorous pigeon takes its mate for life,

But men are restless, seeking new delights
I fear rejection, though the fruit be sweet..
'Twere better pick a man from my own rank,
With some small hope of lasting love.

Bemona: Enough philosophy. Get to. You
know your task.

Remember also this, that time is short.

(Exeunt)

Scene 4

The White House: the Rose Garden

Enter Bill and Hillary, hand in hand)

Bill: See how the maple leaves are trimmed
with gold

In ripe maturing of the passing year
And promise rich autumnal glow as summer's
warmth proceeds. So too our lease in this most
Noble house must too, too soon expire,
And bring to natural and most fitting end
Our second and triumphant term. While yet
The restless world throws up each year its

crop
Of problems fresh, yet can we take some
pride:

The world's a better place. the rule of law
Extended o'er the teeming, boundless globe.
'Tis at such times as this that I am mindful of
The constancy of your support, my dear,
My ever-present succour, my dear wife.

Hillary: Indeed such times must have their
term – within

A few short months shall we shall revert
To tedious norm, leave off this White House
hub,

To sluggardize in Little Rock's retreat
(Enter Rubin)

Rubin: Your pardon, my lord, and Good My
Lady,

To thus disrupt such moment of delight,

Bill: Full well we know the sleepless world
still spins,

E'en when we take the air. What's new that
needs

Such unwelcome intrusion ?

Rubin: Fresh outrage in the sullen Horn, My
Lord, -

Our force for peace most recklessly attacked,
Great loss of life. the UN under siege.

Mog'dishu by tempestuous riots rocked,

Bill: I come this instant. My dear Hillary,

Do you yet linger, savour these last days

Of deep maturing summer while you may.

I will anon.
(*Exeunt severally*)

Act II

Scene 1

Outside the White House Gate

Enter Bemona

Bemona: Greetings, sparrow, how like you your new home ?

Now three full months ensconced beside the throne

In daily intercourse with him, the object Of our fervent hopes. So tell what dainty Progress can you recount towards our aim. He has your eye ? Perchance the bed's now laid

With promise of fulfilment of my dreams?

Monica: Dear mother, be not pressing in your haste.

I'm of a score of interns bright, hand-picked, Each set to shine out and excel, to catch Th' attention of our lord through merit, Repute, duty well performed.

'Tis true we see our master frequently In staff debriefings. But yet are these meets Replete with those of rank, high in the land. Our master is a gracious, witty lord, Whose smile beams equally on one and all..

Bemona: You speak as though you keep time in your purse.

To be economised, drawn down at ease. But know you well it is not thus. Within These few months shall his two term lease expire

Erasing all our hopes. To some forsaken Bureau you'll be moved, the object of our hopes

Retired to chew the dull provincial cud. The catch in the net must be landed quick There's nought that's ever gained By prudent dull procrastination.

And yet methinks the task is not so fraught - This man hath roving eye, and grasping hands For all that doth a woman's scent exude.

You that have so fair parts of woman on you Have too a woman's heart that ever yet Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty. So stand more brazen in your planned assault

Grasp the fleeting chance: the merest touch Can rouse man's inner beast, an eyebrow Cocked can set the snare for lifelong bliss. Go to, I do expect within the week To hear more pleasing, more robust report.
(*Exeunt*)

Scene 2

(Capitol Hill The Republican Party caucus),

Newt: Good friends, good lords, fellow republicans,

Near eight long years this yoke of impotence Weighs on our necks. We play the idle fool

Observe the antics of a playboy king, One who, did right prevail, would even now Be chewing impeachment's bitter aftertaste, So legion are his foibles, rampant faults. Yet phoenix-like he rises from each blaze

Renewed, invigorate. The idiot plebs Cheer at each disgrace, feed on each outrage, His name untarnished in the public eye.

These nearing polls but prolongation threat - To double 'ready doubled discontent:

Patrician Gore stands poised to slink, to worm From out behind his staunch protector's cloak. If we're to end such dismal, idle diet, Must needs set to, with firm resolve and well-Honed, crafted plan.

Republican lord: 'Tis but with one accord that we'll prevail.

Within our ranks the sentiment stands clear: The southern Bushey leads the onward pack, Spurred on by his father's high repute.

Newt: But yet I fear this common cause may fail.

The tedious Gore doth still untainted stand In the common eye, ready but to catch The prize so easily, quickly slipped his way

Rose: Time is, my lords, the thief of our intent,

Will rob us of our prize, so act with haste. But let us be more devious in our plans. Must needs lay schemes with womanish conceit.

Pry out the weakest points, and there drive home.

Th' anodyne Gore, to public mind unseen, Can nurse his frailties yet unmatured, So stands less vulnerable to our assault. Not so his lord, whose Achilles Heel is set

Right squarely in his fevered, turbid loins.
His weakness known to all: the fairer sex..
'Tis like some rampant, o'er-sexed, untamed
beast,

That can but yield to each attendant chance.
The remedy is plain, female the bait;
For us 'tis but to set the trap and wait
The beast will be delivered on our plate.

Newt: The thinking's fine, I like the thrust,
But where to find such bait, his office stuffed
With democrats, dull acolytic scribes ?

Rose: Know well. my lord, 'tis lightly that his
staff

Affect their party colours, and more so
The ladies, who do seek at every turn
Some avenue for speedy upward flight,
By swift progression through the soiled sheets.
I'll vow some brief enquiry, light research,
Will yield up possibilities most ripe,
Endowed with juicy, tempting female parts.,
Dainty morsels to dangle 'fore the beast.
A small inducement raises foul play's cry,
Else we but prime the gawping world
ourselves

And challenge him in falsehood to deny.

Newt: This scheme offer some promise of
success

At least some faint relief amid'st our plight
To observe his self-inflicted discontent -
The fish that wriggles vainly on the hook.
I pri'thee, set to it. We'll meet anon. (*Exeunt*)

Scene 2

The White house

*(Enter Janet and Monica from different
directions)*

Janet: Hey ho ! Miss Monica, sweet sis!
What's new ?

But yet your bulging papers fast betray
Your wont for tedious work - all work, no
play.

Monica: I say it is not so, but yet I must
Confess I am today in duty's call engrossed.

Janet: You've heard the word on every
tongue?

Monica: No, speak

Janet: Scheming Suzanna is,
they say,

Now set to dine with James, DSOS,
In secret tryst, unknown to Panamour.

Monica: Let's wish her well, and yet I like
Miss Christine

Well enough, and would not see her easily
Supplanted in his heart by one so brash..

Janet: This James, though he be kind, is
somewhat stiff

Monica: Whom would you then prefer, if
choice were yours ?

Janet: Must needs pass out these cramping
White House walls

Monica: Lik'st not the President, do you not
dream.....?

Janet: It's best to fish where you can land the
catch

Monica: In me he yet inspires a fearful awe.
Each time he pass a secret shiver runs
Right down my spine. I ask, what would I do
If were to stop and speak sweet nothings or
Caress my hair. I do believe I'd faint.

Janet: Ha! 't seems your mind is not so fully
set

On labours as I'd thought. But must be off,
I have a formal banquet to prepare.

(Exit)

Monica: In truth these papers are but shams,
deceits,

That give concealment for my seething heart
To camouflage the content of my thoughts.
Since that bright day when first I stepped in
here,

My heart against obedience doth fight..
This man, the target of my mother's schemes,
Is like to none. The body and the mind
compete

Each t' other in activity to surpass.
He moves from scene to scene with total ease
Abreast of every argunent, dispute. And yet
his body

Is the mirror of his mind, unending
Restless striving for some unseen goal.
His manner doth engage, his laugh infects
He fires each meeting to a fever pitch..

Lucky the dame who can command his heart.
And so from due respect I am most loathe,
To seek to dupe or trap such noble lord.

Yet well I know, if he would somehow show
Some leaning to my humble self, I'd not
Be able to resist such charm. So let's
Await the course of things, and now betimes
Catch up with these dull chores of mine.

Scene 4

The Oval Office

(Bill is seated at his desk)

Bill: How sweetly do I like this present task,
The world is mine, to fashion and to mould,
In this the second term of our proud rule,
All immature uncertainty of youth
Now set aside, I can indeed now stride
The world like a colossus, a giant benign,
With our great force disposed to give effect
To my designs. In these my final months,
A twofold task. On the spacious canvas of
The world, to seal a lasting Mid-East truce,
Lead these sharp foes into the fold of peace,
And on the humbler home domestic stage
T' unleash such force of fiscal rectitude,
That future generations heap on us
Their thanks for prosperity without end,
For soaring Dow and Nasdaq's giddy climb..
A few more weeks, a month or two, then we'll
Retire to Little Rock, our homely state's
Most honoured and respected citizens.

(Knock at the door)

But ho! Who knocks? Come in.

Monica: My liege, 'tis not my wish to thus intrude;

Th' assignment you have set is now complete...

My work lies here within this slender file..

Bill: Most speedily have you finished this task

Monica: Drawn ever onward by the aim to shine,

To show none but the best of my faint skills

Bill: Wherefore such modesty, do you not know

Your own true worth? For straight did I espy

Some special trait in all your work. Yet not

By work alone should we be judged but by

That rounded personage which knows to make

Dull work a boon for all around to share.

Monica: I follow not the trail of your intent.

Bill: Let plain words speak: you do but shine in all -

That grace and diligence which Heaven bestowed

Do shine as two bright stars in this great house.

Monica: Your approbation is too kind by far

Bill: No, 'tis but tardy praise where praise is due,

Monica: I know I am by many far surpassed

Bill: And more, your beauty is a crowning jewel

That sets all others far behind. But let

Me hold your hand, to feel that sweet

Pulsating life that flows so freely through.

Your rich and vigorous veins

(He takes her hand, Monica faints)

What now! Can gentle words of well-earned praise

Cause such a dire effect? But rest upon

This couch. Let sweet repose regale your sense.

Poor girl, it seems she is quite overcome

By this most faintest sweet proximity.

(Pauses and gazes on her)

Yet such reclining pose doth magnify

Her charms, some Venus shunning mid-day heat

Arcadian beauty hid from satyr's gape

(He strokes her hair)

(Monica slowly recovers)

Let relaxation build your wonted strength.

Do now but rest, for all will soon be well.

Monica: Now does reality eclipse all dreams.

I pri' thee leave me not, just hold me tight

Would but you could embrace me all the night!

(They embrace)

(Gentle knocking at the door, which Bill and Monica do not hear)

(Enter Gore)

Gore My lord, forgive intrusion, but matters most pressing.....

(sees the couple entangled)

(Aside)

Now does the witness of my eyes cast out

All doubt. These years of journeyman's

applause

How we did strain credulity to throw

Reasoned judgement out, act loyalty's slave !.

No more, let lucent truth its beacon shed

Into the darkest and obscurest hole.

I'll truck these rank deceptions no more. *(Exit)*

Scene 5

(Outside The Oval Office)

(Enter Mouse and Nailer)

Mouse: I prithee, Nailer, since you are a man

Who has withstood and felt the world's rough storms,

Can you inform me of the gist and truth

On what of late I hear from every side?
 For now 'tis gossip that this hall doth fill,
 'Tis said our noble master now enjoys
 A mistress from among the staff, which threatens
 To rend asunder all we hold most dear.
 So tell me, for I cannot comprehend,
 What could impel such lofty, noble lord
 To dig so desperately his own disgrace ?
 Is't true corruption is so far advanced
 That even this great house is now engulfed
 By wanton acts of unconnubial bliss ?
 What makes a man thus rashly to shed off
 All noble tegument and seemly cloak,
 And cast all caution to the winds of fate?
Nailer: Since you have time between your
 working shifts,
 And clearly stand'st in need of 'lucidation
 I shall attempt to briefly sum for you
 Th' straight decline of our most sacred acts
 From holy union to rankest sex:
 In man's pure golden state before the Fall,
 Adam and Eve were quite content withall
 In blessed and wedded fusion to unite
 In holy love and procreative bliss,
 Eye to eye in mutual adoration
 Innocent as the lucent morning dew
 That daily decks the verdant pastures new,
 Adopting but the missionary position.
 Th' initial step in man's decent to hell
 Sprang from that fruity serpentine first bite:
 The innocence of love and procreation
 Sloughed off in new-found guilt and naked
 shame,
 Love now became a furtive lewd insertion.
 Our noble glorious parts, concealed pudenda
 All talk of love divine, coarse inuenda
 Unable to contain his brimming seed,
 And yet abashed to seek out his natural mate,
 Man learnt by manual automotive friction
 Conjoined with heaving aerial pelvic thrusts
 To prime the cock, spill the sacred shot
 In Onan's solipsistic affliction.
 And now still shamed to meet their natural
 mate
 The men of Sodom, crazed by frenzied lust,
 Sought out instead the foul posterior gate
 Assuaging needs through most unnatural
 deeds,
 Expelling wantonly their sacred seeds.
 In later times the ladies joined their mates
 In soixante-neuf, contorted mutual states

With wetted tongue she sucks his manhood
 dry
 While he, lascivious, chews her privy parts -
 Fellatio rules, the cunning lingam reigns...
 But last in headlong slide and worst by far
 A thousand leagues apart from his fair date
 Our modern man contentedly connects
 To lubricate his self-abuse with chat,
 Through web-based porno rooms and mobile
 sex -
 Sans eyes, sans nose, sans kiss, sans clit, sans
 dick.
 And this demeaned debasement has now crept
 To this the highest office of the state
 Contorting th' abnormal normal, night to day
 Corrupting upright guard and intern prim,
 Head o'er heals to prostitute and pimp.
 These things do I know well, for oft have seen
 Our master's flushed departure from his briefs
 This stately Oval office rude dishevelled.
 Its armours mocked with strange unseemly
 stains.
 So you, good Mouse, should stand well
 warned, and scorn
 Th' unseemly advances of the stronger sex
 Or be debriefed. deflowered, debauched,
 debased,
 Alone to ponder why to Hell you haste.
Mouse: 'Tis good you warn me of this
 rampant ill.
 'Tis true indeed. - this very morn my lover
 sought
 To test the latest postures from his porn,
 Complete with whips and lace and frilly pants:
 When I get home I'll tell him to be gone,
 And to a nunnery I shall attend.

Act III

Scene 1

(The Republican camp)

Newt: Our meet of late did some slight hope
 afford,
 That promised devious schemes to trap that
 lord.
 So speak, good Rose, has your research yet
 met
 Some juicy bait to snare the head of state ?

Rose: Good tidings Master Newt, as I did think.
 The White House is replete with throbbing hearts
 That do all seek with one avowed intent
 To catch the glances of their errant lord.
 Yet one stands clear, Miss Monica by name,
 Whose passion is reciprocate, 'tis said,
 Already warms the presidential bed.
 The word is rife among'st the staff that these
 Enjoy long one-to-ones, in tete-a-tete
 In th' Oval office, whence do they disband
 All flushed, dishevelled from their labours tired.
 Thus armed with sound reports have I sought out,
 Befriended Mistress Monica, her trust
 Now gained, she's straight confessed their mutual love..

Newt: You have done well, this promises most bright
 But yet, I prithee, hold most secret to your heart
 This welcome break. Let not the word
 Abroad that yet would drive the crafty pike
 To deeper depths and thus escape the spike.
 In secrecy doth passion ripen fast;
 The kiss that fancies to escape the world
 Is yet the sweetest of love's fruits by far.
 Let th' apple ripen to its full extent
 That all may come to heed its ranking scent
 And we'll but catch it in mature descent.
(Exeunt)

Scene 2

*The White House, the Oval Office
 Bill and Monica*

Bill: How sweetly do the fleeting hours rush on

As we but to our labours do attend

Monica: Each task made light, blown on by love's sweet breath;

'Tis but the light of love that draws me on

Bill: Come hither, and I'll drive you faster yet

Monica: Or drive me to some frenzied, crazy state !

Bill: Is love so harsh as to do this ?

Monica: I swear

I cannot live without your love

(Pause)

Bill: And yet must passion exercise restraint
 In due consideration of my rank,

For ever forward in the public mind,
 Must use discretion as the veil of bliss.
 The press it as a thousand eyes, and ears
 Above all must no careless word let slip
 To reach th' attention of my zealous wife
 Who ever is on guard, nor without cause

Monica: So is there then no hope for lasting love ?

You have already set the seal on this our bliss,
 An unjust lease that would maturity eclipse ?

Bill: We're but the objects of our several fates,

Flotsam, jetsam on the ocean of life..

With all the powers of my present state,
 I yet lack judgement on our private lives.

We, too, like humblest peasants in some God-forsaken land, must walk with nodded head.

Bow humbly to our own appointed fate.

For me, retirement on due rounding of

This term, retreat to dull obscurity,

A mere observer of the world's next turn.

For you, suffice it to have blissfully loved

And to have been loved. No more.

Monica: Enough, no more! Such reason cleaves straight through

My heart with surgeon's swift and deft precision.

You lack the will within your frozen heart

To break convention's cramping bonds apart,

And give to love what love itself deserves,

E'en at the cost of prudish reputation?

Bill: My love, I cannot give more than I claim.

Must needs control this over-weaning flame,
(Exit Monica, in tears)

Bill: Such tears do move me, yet they move me not

From this my firm conviction to restrain

My wayward trait from any further act

That might entammel my dear, dearest wife

In further public disregard and shame..

And so must down-turned head endure these tears

And seek some solace in my daily chores.

Scene 3

Monica's apartment. Monica is seated in the corner, crying

Enter Rose

Rose: Wherefore do sullen tears bestain the face

That serves to keep a president in grace ?

Will self-defacing pity find the skill

To move the world's most potent man ?

And if he's moved to pity will he still

Show interest in his yesterday's delight ?

Monica: This face you look on has long lost its shine

Yet it matters not for it's out of mode.

Rose: How can you speak so, when we all know well

The place you have achieved in his regard,

Closer even than his own dear wife,

His constant partner, spite of all rebuke.

Monica: Enough, it is not thus, he loves me not.

Now is attention focused like a beam
On burnishing his newly-found esteem,

I am no more - a footnote to one page

Within the heaving tome of his delights

Amusement's plaything, used then set aside.

It's better leave the matter, let it slide,

And think on how to mend our battered life.

Rose: But yet I think he loves you still, and this

Will prove to be some temporary respite,

Some pressing panic based on unfound fears

Does he not show his love as men are wont?

Monica: (*hesitating*) Yes, yes, of course, but, well, no

Rose: How answers this one question yea and nay ?

Did he or did he not give you his love ?

Monica: He loved me, yes, but yet still withheld that love

A woman must expect, so I'm now left

Half in half out, in lonely no-man's-land

Discarded flotsam on the ebbing tide.

Rose: No, no. I'll hear no more. If this man has

Deceived you, yet he be the world most high,

Yet shall he pay the just deserts and eat

A humble pie commensurate to his rank.

Monica: How so ? What power have I to justice wreak

He's Aconcagua to my molehill?

Rose: As yet I know not how we'll play the game,

But sure as I do breathe the infested air

Of this sick town, will I ensure that he

Will pay, and not just once but tenfold

For his acts. And to assist my aim

I do entreat, keep safe 'neath lock and key,

All trace, however faint, that proof provides

Of this now lost affair. All note that breathes,

All symptoms manifest of errant love,

For though he's dumped you, he still loves his name,

And this will prove to be his weakest point..

While yet revenge can ne'er sweet love replace,

Yet in broken heart it can some solace place.

(*Exit Monica within*)

The lady is too sweet. She lacks the bile,

To press the blade to settle love forsworn.

But yet I'll help. We'll out the truth

And thus ensure his name is ever set

In history's file as th' most perfidious yet

That e'er held office as our head of state.

Scene 4

In the White House

Enter Bill, Rubin, Gore and attendants)

Bill: My trusted Jim, I would request that you arrange

Well-briefed meetings with our mid-east potentates.

My mind is set to bring to a fruitful end

Our efforts spent through all these years of late

That we may leave a lasting legacy of peace.

Let the roaring lion lie down with the deer;

Let the rude wolf share the pen with the sheep

And live in peaceful harmony. So too

Tet Israel and the Palestinians beat

Their swords to plough-shares, our most lasting act.

Rubin: These meeting dates are now already set.

(*Enter Spin*)

Spin: (*panting and unable to get to the point*)

My lord, I come with heavy leaden legs.

Yet have I sped as one not half my years.

I'll dally not, but cut a long thing short

I will unload the burden in my heart

And sparing neither time nor breath to rest

Before unfolding unceremoniously

The turn which life's dread course has lately took

The pattern of things which now is set

Bill: The news, man, the news, what now ?
what's up ?

We'll draw your tongue from out your head
If you do not with seemly haste divulge
This dread burden which seems lost between
Your heedless memory and your leaden
tongue.

Spin: The news is bad. It's now on CNN
Another woman claims to have your love,
To hold your heart her plaything, but this time
The worm is festering here within our base,
Within the solemn confines of our fort..

Her name, which trips on every gossiping
tongue

Is Mistress Monica, an intern here
Within our midst. One vaunting as her friend
Has now revealed a most uncomely scene
Parading to the wide world's avid scorn
A tale of sweet, sequestered dallying
Of conduct lewd in our revered chamber -
In the Oval Office - with your own good self.

There, you have it all - I've spat it out.

If this but half be true we can be sure,
The contest's lost in these up-coming polls
The weasel 'publicans will dance with glee
The camp of Gore cast down on hamstrung
knee.

(Collapses)

(Enter Weasel)

Weasel: What ho !

The earlier reports still food for thought !.
And yet what now I bring is worse by far,
Will cast despondency on all our hopes.
The Republican caucus in the house
Has passed a resolution most profound
To institute investigations of
Alleged misconduct in the highest office,
They claim the country's cast in deepest
shame;

'Tis further now revealed Miss Monica
Has proof direct of your attention.
She has retained a dress, one stained with
seed,

The fruit of lusty passion's heat, 'tis held
By the Chief Investigator, Starr.

Bill: Enough! I'll hear no more. I'll not be
pressed

By constant slander and malicious tongues.
Begone before you lose your jobs and skins.

(Exeunt Spin and Weasel)

Good Jim, to your firm hands do I commend,
To handle and control these crude outbursts,

Go. See to it. In you alone I trust. *(Exeunt Bill.
And Rubin)*

Gore: Thus justice doth its own time carefully
bide,

When most we think it heedless, mindless
sleeps,

To fell the mighty in their rampant pride.

(Exit)

Scene: 5

(Enter Spin and Weasel)

Spin: What a to-do! I can't remember such
excitement since the heady days of
Watergate, plumbers, deep throat,
expletives deleted and all that. . But this
one beats them all. All from a spot of
bother, a bothersome spot, a wasted deposit
as you might say! I can tell you if it had
been me, I would have found a better bank.
And it's not as though she hasn't got
charms. That's where my interest would
lie.

Weasel: You seem excited by the turn of
events.

You've perhaps forgot, if he hangs, we hang
too.

Myself I would prefer those quiet times
Which now seem gone for good.

Scene 6

The White House

(Enter Bill and Hillary disputing)

Bill: You know we are beset through all these
years

By every dame that comes within a mile
Of me, to seek thereby some private gain
Riding falsehood's mount, deceitfully claim
Redress against preposterous 'magedin
wrongs.

And so 'tis now. This storm will shortly
pass....

(Enter Gore)

Bill: My trusty Gore, you are most welcome
met.

You know the teeming traps we face each day.

I do request you, surety afford

To my dear wife, who yet would turn her ear

To each new blast of idle talk, invention

Of the gossiping press. But act as bond

To my good name against these latest tales,

That paint me like some satyr, most depraved.
A word of calm assurance will dispel
These fears that ever crowd my dear wife's
thoughts.

Gore: It's true you are the butt of idle tales,
Which seek but to discredit your good name..
But yet cannot your own true word put up
Its own firm bond? I think you need no
Lien from lesser men, and I would rather yet
Keep mortgage in reserve where true need 's
met. (*Exit*)

Hillary: Ha ! There flees your bond, and with
it your repute.

Cruel falsehood earns no interest but contempt
And cannot meet its own inflated price.
Begone, before we come to blows. I trust
You not. (*Exeunt in different directions*)

Scene 7

In the Rose Garden of the White House

Enter Rubin and Weasel

Rubin: How fresh is this the hour afore the
dawn,
When stars shine bright and dew bedecks the
lawn,
When phones and faxes sleep and press's
swarm
Is not yet roused from late night's slumber
warm.

The crisis-ridden world doth yet await
The end of breakfast of our head of state,
But lo! methinks I see our noble lord,
Who has of late been harried and distressed
And is on all sides so hard pressed
'Tis marvel he maintains his rational thought.
But yet his gait betrays a sad and pensive
mind..

And to the wind and stars he doth express
His thoughts out loud in voice solicitous..
Let us stand back and learn what troubling ills
Have driven him from peaceful slumbers and
His sweet lady Hillary's warm embrace.

Bill: (*Sleep-walking*) Out! Out ! damned
spot, out, out, out! out ! I say,
Erase all trace of tell-tale DNA.
Cannot the laundry's tossing soapy swell
Rinse out this last damned spot of kiss and
tell?

Must life's sweet treach'rous seed betray,
The hand that coaxed it to the light of day ?
Oh could we not but now turn back the clock

Rip out from earth the seeds of our remorse
And set life's motion on more favored course?
She was a gentle and an am'rous girl,
Attentive to my need with sweet caress,
Banishing the world's harsh clamour and
stride

With whispered soft endearments. Oh! But
now

My high repute stands under fearsome threat,
My enemies rush out from every door
The dailies filled with lewd, unseemly slants
How can one hope such troubles to erase ?
(*A cock crows outside the White House gate*)
(*waking*) But hark, the raunchy cock doth loud
proclaim

The dawning of another day – a chance
For fools to choose which path to dance.
And lo, tick-tock, the dreary plodding clock
Doth drag us ever onward and decry
Our longing to o'erleap what's run awry (*Exit*)

Rubin: 'Tis as I guessed, this cancerous
thought is lodged

Deep in his mind, expels much needed rest
And leaves him in the morning drained and
stressed..

Good Weasel, let's the breakfast brief attend,
But then seek out the root and source of this
Most dread affair that threatens to unmind
Our noble prince and leave the world tossed
on

A turbulent ocean, without the helmsman
Who alone can skirt the daily crises' rocks.
(*Exeunt*)

Act II

Scene 1

In Gore's Chambers in the White House

Gore: What sorry fog does now descend to
cloud

Our erst aspirant hopes t' attain the peak?
What foul and rank miasma of despair
Envelopes thus our upward striving legs ?
And threats to drag us under in this bog of
mire?

The world's aflame, caught up 'twixt mirth
and shame,

To hear the antics of our errant lord.

Democrat 1: My lord, the rancorous public
doth delight

To ever drag its servants through the trough

Must needs look to protect your own good
 self,
 For like the gripping briar, doth rank filth
 cling
 To all it touch. The smallest speck of bile
 Can e'en the sweetest angel quite defile.,
 So too, your good repute will prove no match
 To rampant filth - must needs forthwith detach
 Your person from this most unseemly scene
 And lock repute in tightest quarantine.
Gore: Yet preservation 'gainst loyalty
 contends
 To serve its own most well-deserved end.
 I think the people will not take meekly watch
 My casting off the hand that held and raised
 Me all these years. Must set the balance right.
 But yes, I'll heed your words, some space
 afford
 'Twixt our camp and our ever-tainted lord.

Scene 3

(At the Starr Chamber)

*Flourish: Enter the Chief Investigator, Ken
 Starr, with lawyers and attendants;
 members of the public in a separate area*

Starr: How stand's the case, sergeant? Is the
 witness
 Ready to appear?

Sergeant: My Lord, the President's at hand,
 both he
 And half a score of counsels, most learned
 Lawyers of the land.

Starr: Well call him on, but first I would my
 staff
 Here warn: Though this may be our president
 We test, in this room he's but citizen,
 An individual with no more sway
 Than the meanest servant of this court, so
 Let distinction stand between the office and
 The man and neither weight nor bias ascribe
 From that most lofty public post he holds
*(Enter Bill with attendant lawyers and
 advisers. The court officials attempt to rise
 in respect of the president, but Starr
 angrily waves them to sit down).*

Starr: Has th'accused been put on oath?

Sergeant: He has my Lord.

Starr: Then our proceedings can therefore
 begin.
 Impart to us the brief of this our court

Th'accused may know the purpose of the trial
Sergeant: This inquest was by common cause
 set up

By decision of the combined House of
 Representatives and the revered Senate
 To probe reports that touch our president
 And in particular to clarify
 The truth of his accounts to the august house
 Of conduct with the Mistress Monica
 Intern in the President's White House staff.

Starr: You hear the charge. What say you in
 your defence?

Bill: It's clear your are relishing the task to lay
 In bright and glaring light of day th' events
 And deeds most personal
 Of your august President whom you have
 sworn

As public officer to respect and uphold.
 But yet despite the gaping abyss
 That separates my revered office from
 This upstart court

But yet I'll have you know I came
 Quite willingly, and of my own accord,
 To lay the facts beneath truth's shining eye
 And to remove all slander from my name.
 You know the substance of this idle charge:
 Such pécadillos of the nation's head
 Do history's pages brim to overflow:
 Voracious Attila the Hun expired,
 As 'midst attendant concubines he tired
 From love's excess within his cosy yurt
 Who else but he, we ask, was thereby hurt?
 The noble German Chancellor Willy Brand
 That harbinger of peace 'twixt East and West
 Through Europe's pretty towns was wont to
 glide,

With buxom Hunnish nymphs on either side.
 Our most revered forefather, Abraham,
 Who'd greet the rising sun a-felling logs,
 At eventide his shaggy locks he laid
 Across the jet-black bosom of his maid.
 The pattern's clear – the greater mind delects
 To rest from labour with the gentler sex.
 Nor do they thus by anyone's consent -
 Must English crown prince Charles first place
 request,

Before he helps Camilla to undress?
 No, let us rather emulate the French,
 Whose President maintained throughout his
 lease

His paramour in placid rural ease,
 Removed far from the press's lurid hue,

Known to all the world, yet left in peace.
Yet too there is a logic in this stance:
That stirring of the soul for noblest end
Derives its fountain, origin and source
Not in the warm pulsating heart, nor yet
From th' endless seething of the tireless brain
But 't gushes rather from the teeming loins
From whence flows too our yearning for sweet

love,
Has oft been said that earthly power provides
The strongest aphrodisiac of all
A goad and stimulant beyond all check,
That knows not yet the bounds of social grace
And may unwind in crude untimely acts -
So 'twas with me - I do myself confess
I did allow the passion of my tasks
To lead me to intemperate, ill-thought acts;
Such mote should be ignored, excused, forgot
Not puffed up as a beam, some awesome blot
A thing of probes, investigations deep.

(The crowd applauds)

Starr: A pretty speech which yet doth miss
the point:

The charge is not that you have laid, but lied.
And to complete our task we must enquire
If you in your defence misled the House.
Thence springs the start and end of inquest..
So tell us straight, in plain words let us hear
Did you have sex with Mistress Monica ?

Bill: I stand by what I've often said: I had
Not sex with that woman, As th' Bible says,
"I knew her not".

Starr: This strains credulity -you know the
proofs

Which stand to hand and can be set before
This chamber, proofs so fortified by science,
Learning, unrelenting technique, 'twere wise
To exercise some caution in denial

Bill: I ask you, what is sex ?

Member of public *(aside)*: Does he of all
men not know ?!

Starr: 'tis not your
brief

To ask, but to reply, with due humility,
To each and every question from our bench.

Bill: Since you refuse to set the grounds of our
Debate with definitions clear and fair,
The terminology will I set down:

Full many are the paths sweet love doth find
To entertain the body and the mind
The raising of a brow may stimulate
The interest of the soul to set a date,

A chance encounter of a hand or thigh
Can set the mind on quite uncharted flights
A thousand delicacies and steps attend
The lover's progress from that first contact
To fondest passion and the final act.
But yet by "sex" is normally implied
That mingling of the privy parts conjoined
Of lover and beloved, and in point,
Full carnal knowledge of each other's self.
And in this light again do I say "Nay
That woman know I not."

But if you speaks with looser tongue,
One ill-befitting to your learned bench,
And rank as "sex" all dainty intercourse
Of spoken soft endearments, sweet foreplay,
All touching of our dear one's tender parts,
Then yes, I must plead guilty, we had sex.
But this was ne'er my import to the House
And so I plead "Not Guilty" 'gainst your
charge.

Starr: Methinks I sense a more provoking act,
One taken to its logical out-turn
In passion's sweet climactic effusion.

How came your stain to be upon her dress ?

Rose: *(Disguised as a member of the public in
the crowd)* The dress, the dress, let's see
the spotty dress ! *(Coarse laughter in the
crowd)*

Starr: Order! Order! *(Recovering himself)* Was
that through "soft endearments, sweet
foreplay"?

Bill: Enough ! No more! I'll suffer not this rot.
You have my answers, like you them or not.
*(Exit amidst cries of "Shame! Spoil-
sport!")*

Starr: We do adjourn our seat for now - 'tis
clear,

This day we'll nothing further useful hear
But yet 't appears to me, we lack the proof
That would condemn of wilful, rank untruth.
(Exeunt)

Scene 4

*In the East Wing of the White House
(Bill is seated, his head lowered, in the corner
of the room)*

Enter Hillary)

Hillary: *(aside)* Ha! Ha! There lurks the rat,
engrossed no doubt

In fevered thoughts of sordid new delights,
New conquests on the Oval couch to cool,

In lowliest acts, his still o'er heated parts.
(*To Bill, sarcastically*) To what propitious star
do we owe thanks,

For this your gracious presence in our house ?
Full two days now being present, wholly
absent.

Yet know, we need you not. Let us but nurse
Our grievances without such reminder
Of the source of all our discontent.

Bill: I needed but some time to give full vent
To this full blast of deep remorse which blows
Roughly through my soul.

My dearest Hillary, deep is the wound
That I have slashed in your kind heart.
Yet deep too is the anguish I must nurse
As perpetrator of this grievous wrong.
Such acts would cause offence, but here
In the eye of all the world, atop the peak
Of fame, our every action watched by
The media's thousand eyes,
How much greater is the wrong ?
But let me hold you in my arms and feel
That throbbing warmth, my source of
consolation,

(*He tries to embrace her, but she slaps his
face*)

Hillary: No, no, let not these foul polluted
paws

Still reeking from their latest lewd assaults,
Touch my deep affronted and distraught self.
'Twere better wrench them deep from out their
roots

And cast them in the ocean's icy depths

Bill: Deeply have I erred, but earnestly do now
Beseech your pardon.

Hillary: Was that the thought that filled your
mind, when in the shade

From sultry mid-day heat withdrawn you
played

Thus lewdly with your painted tart within
Our house, beneath our common roof ? Life
will go on.

Your ever-useless wife will once again
Act the doting doormat, forgive, forget,
See'st not we are become a laughing stock:
The swarming press attends at every gate
To see the outcome of your indiscretion.
The bookies' books are full with bets, will she
Forgive his foolish ways, once more, turn over
Yet another leaf, and let life run its
Long established course. ? If you care nought
For me, then lend you but a passing thought

For our daughter who must carry all her days
The burden of your infidelity.

No. Plan your own escape, save your skin.
I do forgive thee not. (*Exit*)

Bill: She's gone, and yet the truth of each
harsh word

Drums in the confines of my fevered brain.
Why, why indeed should she forgive? And
when

She speaks of our dear daughter, tears of
shame

Do wet my wrinkled cheeks.

What flawed beast am I ?

(*silent for a while*)

And yet self-pity offers no recourse,
But's sucked within the maelstrom of despair.

Calculation can alone provide the raft
That floats against the swirl of downward
thrust

To steer to safer seas. In pity madness lies
But lo, I see our daughter come this way,
Lost deep in thoughts, poor girl.

Scene 6

(*Enter Chelsea, in a quasi-trance*)

My dearest Chelsea, Let us speak a while..

Chelsea: Who are you? My father, once had I
such,

Bade me not to talk with strangers, and to that
Father of my dreams do I stay ever true.

Bill: 'Tis true, you see now but the shadow of
your Dad;

But in this hour, this hour of need, I beg:
Pluck green discretion of your ripening years.

If ever you did need and got my help,
Then know that at this time it's I who
Needs reciprocation most urgently.

I know your heart is breaking with the pain
That I have set on you. Yet at this time
Put on the cloak of adulthood and help
Your parents in their desperate hour of need.

Chelsea: What resolution can I hope to bring
To such an awful, torrid, sorry scene ?.

Bill: Know well your mother is yet still
distraught,

And in her rage she will of me have nought.

I pray, speak with her. Let selfless, crisp
Reason of youth o'ercome the self-destructive
Armory of age. Plead with her. Let her know
Her far from perfect husband loves her still,
Whatever follies he's of late unleashed,

Urge her to come speak with me, that in
Detached and cautious dialogue we may
Seek out the best solution to this fix.
Should you succeed, 'twill warm your life
with pride.

Chelsea: I will. *(Exit)*

Scene 6

(enter Spin and Weasel)

Spin: Now three straight days they are
entombed within
The confines of their matrimonial wing.
Were I a fly upon those walls I'd gild
The bed of my retirement – such is the interest
Of the public in the outcome of this duel.
The press encamped around hang on the
slightest tale

That gives direction to the heave of play.

Weasel: The odds, they say, lie balanced in
the scales

'Twixt rupture and a forced new amity.
But to my mind each passing hour weighs
down

The side of peace and reconciliation.

Scene 7

The East Wing, that evening

Hillary I come, not at thy bidding, but to lend
Some succour to my daughter, heed her pleas.
So speak, what is it that you have to say ?

Bill: I seek no more your pardon, which you
have

Most reasonably withheld. Nor would I yet
Gild th' inexcusable with keen excuse,
But yet I do request your patience while
I unfold the reasons most persuasive
Why you should, at least to the public eye,
Profess your pardon. Through all these twenty
years

Of struggle up the unforgiving ladder
Of ambition, you have stood at my right hand,
Supported me at each and every step.

Some meagre morsels have I granted you.
In these have you excelled, fired the public
mind

In causes most just. But now as I reach
The crepuscule of my career, the time
Is ripe for you to enter on the stage and play

Life's game to the full. Let roles now be
reversed.

For me the trusty spouse, the counsellor,
If we now part then all is lost, I'll wile
Away declining years in Little Rock
A tedious memorial libraryman.

For you the cold shoulder, polite exclusion
From the stage politic. That's it. No more.
Let not blind rage lead you o'er the brink.

But grasp the hand of reason ere you fall

Hillary: 'T is with relief I hear you cast aside
Your former self-pitying requests. And so
While my heart seethes with rage unfathomed,
Yet will I ponder on these thoughts.

(Exit Bill)

Scene 10

Hillary: How joyfully could I rip him limb
from limb,

And cast his parts as vultures' foul repast
This dog that struts with tail erect, up-end,

To sniff the hind of every bitch that pass.

Not twice, nor thrice, but one long catalogue

Of yielding to th' leaning of his loins,

Yet if I leave him what will come to pass ?

Methinks it is not he shall pay the fee.

No, no, a feted elder statesman he'll be free

To live the life of libertine celebre

Unshackled from these nuptial bonds that
place

Some limits on his crude licentious bent.

But I, what hope for me ? Why talk of hope ?

Aside all pride, ambition, sweet success!

This fork-tongued land has ever shunned

divorce -

When men's lascivious acts pull us in twain,

Whate'er the cause. the lady's held to blame,

In truth there's little reasoned choice to make.

Let bitter grief of discontent lie hid

Beneath the cloak of wronged but loving
spouse.

Smile on the world, the visage of content

And let this rank, devouring, seething, hate

Seek consolation in the pass of time.

Now's not to let unruly emotion reign,

To cast more havoc in my troubled life.

Let scheming reason be the light that guides

Let's chart the course to yet fulfil our will,

Bring fruit to those long-silent lofty aims,

Those talents which have yet lain hid,

Unseemly yearnings in the leading spouse..

To give some guidance to our new intent

I will tonight consult those spinsters dread
To learn what griefs or triumphs lie ahead.

ACT V

Scene 1

In the White House. Enter Bill and Chelsea

Bill: Take not your father as your measuring-rod,

In whose distorted shape to mould your form.
But rather to your dearest Mom be true
Let her strong constancy be your firm rock
A refuge from the towering waves of fate
That on a hazard or by foul intent
Would seek to swamp your lasting good
repute.

So go you now to Oxenford's retreat
Th' alma mater of my own ascending years
Pick you some peaceful, sheltered, haven quiet
In placid Norham Gardens or Crick Road
Where pigeons coo and squirrels tend their drays
There make your nest with few, well-chosen
friends

And set your fledgling mind to studies stern
That in maturing years 'twill be yourself,
Your own well-strengthened judgement that will
stand
As bulwark 'gainst the world's harsh slanderous
winds.

Chelsea: Papa, as clearly as I know what hurt
That your loose conduct rained on my poor Mom,
So equally I know 'twas not by ill
Intent conspired, but through that careless trait
That runs so thickly in your restless veins.
So know you this, if she who was thus struck,
Can yet forgive, am I my pardon to deny ?
Yet welcome is your close retirement day,
With promised sweet repose from fame's bright
glare,

A balm long due for your two battered souls;
A chance to build the bridges washed away.
I will depart and yet my heart remains
A prisoner in my dear, dear parents' home
(Exit)

Bill: Such wisdom hung from youth's
untutored lips

Doth brim with tears remorse for all my slips.
(Exit)

Scene 2

Hillary consults the spinsters

*Thunder and lightening at dead of night
(Scene opens with the spinsters dancing
around their cauldron)*

Hillary: Hail sisters of the gloomy midnight
hour

Spinster 1: Hail thou most wronged
And yet with prospects bright !

Spinster 2: Hail moon that would eclipse
The torrid sun from out our sight !

Spinster 3: Hail wife that would replace with
light

The foul deceiving spouse's night !

Hillary: You know the precipice o'er which I
hang

Held by a thread of indecision
What hope, if any, can you afford
What scrap recovered from the ruins
To which to cling and yet rebuild
My too, too saddened life ?

Spinster 1: The world for all its placid face
Seethes like a cauldron set to boil.

Spinster 2: And in this cauldron
All shall be embroiled
The bull is ambushed, gored,
The bush burns bright with borrowed light
Righting the right with self-righteous might.

Spinster 3: The proudest towers toppled
Lie crushed beneath their weight,
Desolation trails the desert storm -

Spinster 1: Three half bushes past
The worm escapes from the apple
And turns the 'publican tide

Spinster 2: The weaker vessel takes control
And scales the giddiest peak

Spinster 3: So fear ye not, sister sweet,
To follow the call of your desire
The world shall yet hang
Upon your every word.

(Exeunt)

Hillary: Grim bodings which do yet but
presage well
These stern upheavals of our turbid world
Will yet provide the scope for deeper change.
And yet I wish these spinsters dread could
learn

To speak in language plain, our own
 American.
 So do we now our heart and mind commend
 To grasp that power which long lay
 unattained:
 In 'scendant power shall woman out-man man.
 Such strength is yet the brother to compassion
 Aflame to right the evils of this world
 And set new standard for a juster rule.
 So now we don the mantle of the meek
 In soft submission lies the upward path,
 We'll play the loving housewife, much
 abused,
 Place family values in the glare of light,
 And scheme, devise and plot our upward
 flight.

Scene 3

(Enter Bill, Rubin, Spin. Weasel, attendant lords)

Rubin: The news is good, my lord, the
 restless House,
 Through fretful and ill-tempered long debate,
 And after many hours of to and fro,
 Have voted by the smallest gap to heed
 The voice of caution and discard
 The gist of that ill-omened Starr. So now,
 All threat of dire impeachment's quite dried
 up.

Bill: This outcome gives some solace to our
 pains

But yet methinks the damage is now done.
(Enter Messenger)

Messenger: My lords, my lords, Miss Monica
 is no more.

Bill: What now? How so? How came she to
 her end ?

Messenger: It seems, my lord, 'twas by her
 own design,
 To leave a world so teeming full with scorn.
 The place – amid Potomac's frothy flows to
 which she had
 Passed in full disguise. There climbed the
 girders
 Of the bridge that towers above the tide.
 High on the ledge she stood, with her hair
 blowing free in the sea breeze
 Poised for an instant aloft as she beat on her
 breast with her bare fists
 Many they ran to the edge of the rail to

Catch her before she would fall to her death,
 but
 Shrieking a cry of the utmost dismay she leapt
 to the thin air
 Moments aloft like a gannet she plunged to the
 dark murky waters;
 Dragged by the swirling mass of Potomac's
 treacherous eddies
 The gentler folk they shed a silent tear
 Or cast a garland t'wards her floating bier
 Rounded the bend and out of sight, caught in
 the rush to the deep sea.
 So in a word, my lord, she's gone and cannot
 here return.
 Thus has the lady passed. So do we all now
 grieve.

Bill: 'Twas not the fate that this young girl
 deserved

But driven to the edge by press's hue
 She's paid the final price. We must ensure
 She's found and laid to rest with dignity
 A life so needlessly cut short amidst
 The early bloom of freshest morning breeze.

Scene 4

*Enter Fisherman, with a net over his shoulder,
 panting*

Fisherman: Forgive me, good my lord, if in
 my haste

I make this rude intrusion to your state,
 But yet I bring some tidings to your ear
 That you should hear straight from the horse's
 mouth.

Bill: Your wish is granted, but are well-
 advised

To get right quickly to the point. We're deep
 In mourning still from recent news..

Fisherman: 'Twas but a normal evening's
 trawl, a brisk

Sou'wester mounting up a swell just off
 The mouth of Chesapeake, soft white
 Horses passing by and by. We drew our nets -
 A common catch of mackerel, cod and squid.
 As dimming light foretold the close of day
 We felt some weightier haul thud 'gainst the
 bows,

That threatened to snag or snap our nets.
 Thrice did we haul, but each time slipped our
 catch

Back to the tossing deep. At last with one
 Great heave our prey was up on board -
 Porpoise like, congealed in stinking ooze.

We gazed and asked what manner of beast or fish,
 Some dugong from the ocean's murky depths,
 Belched out – a lifeless form across our decks.
 Full minutes five we stood, attention rapt
 The braver folks did prod with bill-hook ends
 But then a heave, a groan, a retch, a moan,
 And lo! as if by mindful Heaven's command
 Sweet soft translucent rain did gush and pour -
 First flecked the torpid beast and bared
 A lock, a braid, a shock of flaxen hair,
 Next fingers, toes, soon rounded comely
 breasts
 An angel smiling on our 'stonished gaze
 " 'Tis Mistress Monica", cried out our mate
 And all rushed in a frenzy to assist.
 The rest, they say, is history, how once bathed
 Shampooed, perfumed, the lady's quite herself
 And in a word, is safe restored and to
 Her condominium retired.
Bill: Thanks be to God, and thank you for
 your pains
 You soon shall see just prize for this good
 deed. (*Exit Fisherman*).
 So God is in his Heaven: this poor sweet girl
 The butt of every sneer, by miracle
 Returned, safe to her mother's longing arms.

Scene 5

The White House lawn

(*Enter Bill and Hillary, hand in hand with attendant lords*)

Bill: Good friends, Americans, you know the
 trials
 Through which we've toiled this recent past
 Victims of the envious world's rough slant,
 Yet every storm must reach its end and yield
 To winds more gentle and propitious,
 So too from winter's icy grip our lives
 Break forth in spring's sweet blossoming of
 hope.
 We stand united in our common thanks
 To those who lent their trusting good support
 Throughout these recent harsh travails.
Hillary: Good friends, I'll not deny the
 sharpness of
 The wounds I have received of late from this
 My ever gifted but most errant spouse.
 But yet must pardon meet remorse mid-way
 To set the path for healing rifts most sore.
 Yet dearer in my heart than his affect
 Stands my devotion to our hearth and home

Family union's the thing that raises
 Us from lives of beasts;
 So to our family do I now stand true
 'tis built of stones that can withstand
 The fury of the roughest storms, and live to
 see
 More peaceful days. So in a word, I will
 Forgive, forget whate'er has passed
 (*She kisses Bill*)
 But lest in our retirement we should fall
 On slothful times that sap the zest of life,,
 I shall the New York senate seat contend
 In these upcoming polls, And so for now
 Let past be past - the future we embrace

Epilogue

Master of Ceremonies:

So there, 'tis done, our play has run its course:
 Old Bill survived his darkest hour and now
 Can traipse the world, respected man of state,
 Chelsea lurks in Oxford's ivory tower
 Miss Monica has these days wisely sought
 A less conspicuous role in public life.
 Hillary must bide her time and build
 The stepping stones on which to scale the
 peak,
 The first aspirant lady to the throne.
 The hasty Gore has learnt to listen more
 Attentively to sweet deceptive tales,
 And Bushy, well, he rules the roost, and
 spreads
 Despondency across a servile world.
 And what, you ask, can be the moral of our
 play ?
 It is but this: our leaders are the mirrors
 Of ourselves, as flawed, as imperfect as we.
 So judge them by their actions overall,
 Distinguish wheat from chaff in all debate
 Allow that space that we ourselves would seek
 To err in the small, succeed in the great.
 (*Exit*)