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flip the dog
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by Michael Cheikin

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Synopsis

FLIP THE DOG is a one-act farce
about Presidential politics.

Production Information

Actors:

Three women:

Two age 20's

One late 40's.

Two men:

One mid 20's

One early 50's.

Set:

The Oval Office. Desk, flag, phone,
box of cigars on the desk.

Playing Time:

Approximately 20 minutes

Props:

Time

Early 1998

Place

The Oval Office. Desk, Flag, phone, box of cigars. There are four doors, two on one side and two on the other.

Dramatis Personae (in order of appearance)

HILLARY, female, late 40's, the first lady.

MONICA, female, mid 20's, a White House intern, voluptuous

PAUL, male, mid 20's, HILLARY'S body guard

BILL, male, early 50's, the President of the United States

CHELSEA, female, 20's, BILL and HILLARY's daughter

DISCLAIMER: Any resemblance of these fictional characters to real people is merely coincidence.

(AS THE LIGHTS COME UP ON THE OVAL OFFICE, WE SEE HILLARY BEHIND A DESK, ON THE PHONE.)

(THERE ARE FOUR DOORS:
1: TO THE BATHROOM
2: TO THE HALL.
3: TO A CLOSET
4: TO THE ADJOINING OFFICE

(DOORS 1 AND 2 ARE NEXT TO EACH OTHER. DOORS 3 & 4 ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM FROM 1 & 2)

(TO THE ACTOR: THE AUDIENCE DOESN'T KNOW IT AT FIRST, BUT HILLARY'S RECEIVING ORAL SEX UNDER THE DESK, SO WE HEAR OCCASIONAL MOANS AND "YES'S" INTERSPERSED AMONG THE "NO'S")

HILLARY

No, Mother. No. (MOANS) Ohhh, yes. (RECOVERS) I mean, no. Mother! Please! I'd rather run the government myself! (MOANS) Ohhh, yes. (RECOVERS) I mean no!

(THE INTERCOM BUZZES)

HILLARY

Gotta go. Talk to you tomorrow! (SHE PUSHES A BUTTON ON THE PHONE TO CHANGE LINES) Yes? What? Damn, I thought he--well, keep him busy for two minutes, will ya. (MOANS) Ohhh, yes. (RECOVERS) I mean, no! Just tell him that I won't let him use the Office for a week if he disturbs me. (SHE HANGS)

Monica darling, you're going to have to stop.

(SHE ROLLS HER CHAIR BACK AND ZIPPERS HER PANTS.)

MONICA

(FROM UNDER THE DESK) Don't you want me to finish?

HILLARY

Yes, but Bill is on the way over. We've only got a minute or two.

(FROM UNDER THE DESK EMERGES MONICA, TOPLESS, WEARING A HALF SLIP.)

HILLARY

Quick! Get dressed.

MONICA

You don't love me.

HILLARY

Yes, of course I do. You have gorgeous lips, and magnificent hooters. But if Bill learns about us, he'll want to join in.

MONICA

Yech.

HILLARY

Now, would you mind getting dressed.

MONICA

(SEXY) Are you sure?

HILLARY

Yes. Where's your dress, anyway? We gotta hurry.

MONICA

(LOOKING) I forgot where I put it.

HILLARY

Geez! Some simple oral sex, and look what happens.

(A KNOCK ON DOOR 1 (THE BATHROOM).
HILLARY THINKS IT'S COMING FROM DOOR
2, THE HALL.)

HILLARY

Quick! Get in the closet.

MONICA

The closet? Why not the bathroom?

HILLARY

(COVERING) Uh, Bill will need it. (WHISPERS) His prostate.

MONICA

Oh.

(HILLARY OPENS DOOR 3 (CLOSET) AND
USHERS MONICA IN. IS ABOUT TO CLOSE
IT.)

MONICA

Wait!

HILLARY

What?

Tell me you love me. MONICA

Yes, yes, I love you. HILLARY

(ANOTHER KNOCK. HILLARY TRIES TO CLOSE THE CLOSET DOOR. MONICA BLOCKS IT WITH HER FOOT.)

Wait! MONICA

What? HILLARY

Give me a kiss first. MONICA

OK OK. HILLARY

(SHE DOES SO, TRIES TO CLOSE THE DOOR, MONICA IS STILL BLOCKING IT, SO SHE STOMPS ON IT. MONICA YELLS OUT IN PAIN, WITHDRAWS FOOT, HILLARY CLOSES DOOR AND LOCKS IT.)

Ow. MONICA

(TO HERSELF) Serves you right, you dumb bitch. HILLARY

(ANOTHER KNOCK.)

Coming, coming. HILLARY

(SHE FIXES HER HAIR, ADJUSTS HER CLOTHES, AND OPENS DOOR 2, TO THE HALL. THERE IS NO ONE THERE. SHE IS CONFUSED.)

(A BEAT LATER, ANOTHER KNOCK. IT IS COMING FROM DOOR 1, THE BATHROOM. SHE OPENS THIS DOOR. OUT COMES PAUL, A SECRET SERVICE AGENT, IN HIS UNDERWEAR, VERY WELL BUILT.)

(PAUL GRABS HER AND KISSES HER. SHE RESISTS FOR A MOMENT, THEN GIVES IN.)

AFTER A BEAT OR TWO, SHE BREAKS AWAY.)

HILLARY

Paul. I told you to wait.

PAUL

(POUTY) How long do you expect me to stay in that bathroom, all alone?

HILLARY

You must be patient, darling!

PAUL

But I'm your body guard. How am I supposed to protect you?

HILLARY

Don't you worry about me. Why don't you get dressed.

PAUL

Where are my clothes?

HILLARY

There--in the filing cabinet.

(HE GOES OVER TO THE CABINET, OPENS A DRAWER, PULLS OUT A DRESS.)

PAUL

What's this?

HILLARY

Oh!

PAUL

Who does it belong to?

HILLARY

(ACTING SURPRISED) That Bill! You better put that back!

PAUL

But--

HILLARY

No buts. Except for your nice hard one! Look in the next drawer.

(A KNOCK ON DOOR 1 (THE HALL))

HILLARY

Who is it?

(THROUGH DOOR) It's me.

BILL

Who?

HILLARY

Bill.

BILL

Bill who?

HILLARY

The President. Hillary!, you open this door.

BILL

(SOFTLY, TO PAUL) No time! Quick, get in the bathroom! And don't make a sound!

HILLARY

(SHE USHERS HIM BACK TO THE BATHROOM AND TRIES TO CLOSE THE DOOR. HE BLOCKS HER.)

Give me a kiss first.

PAUL

OK OK.

HILLARY

(SHE DOES SO, AND THEN CLOSES THE DOOR ON HIM (SHE MAY HURT HIM IN THE PROCESS, AS SHE DID WITH MONICA.))

(ANOTHER KNOCK.)

(THROUGH DOOR) Hillary! Open up!

BILL

Coming coming.

HILLARY

(SHE ADJUSTS HERSELF AGAIN. OPENS DOOR 2. BILL ENTERS. MILD SOUTHERN ACCENT.)

What were you doing in here?

BILL

What do you think? Running the government!

HILLARY

BILL

But dear, that's supposed to be my job.

HILLARY

(VERY HARSH) What Did You Say?

BILL

Well, I--

HILLARY

--Did I make a fuss about Paula?

BILL

No, dear

HILLARY

And Donna. I let you have your way, didn't I?

BILL

Yes, dear, but--.

HILLARY

--Then don't ask again to run the government. You understand!?

BILL

Yes, dear. By the way, have you seen my intern?

HILLARY

Who?

BILL

Monica. I have some work for her to do.

HILLARY

No.

BILL

That's funny. Betty said she saw her go this way.

HILLARY

Haven't seen her.

(BILL HEADS TOWARD THE BATHROOM.)

HILLARY

Where are you going?

BILL

To the bathroom.

HILLARY
Why?!

BILL
I have to make a number.

HILLARY
Why?

BILL
What? Hillary, what's got into you, lately? You seem so nervous.
Maybe you need some sex.

HILLARY
No thank you, dear!

BILL
But Hillary. It's been months. How long are you going to punish me
for Paula.

HILLARY
A long long time.

BILL
But I'm horny.

HILLARY
I'll tell you what. You go to the bathroom in the hall, and I'll
think about it.

BILL
Really!

HILLARY
Yes, dear.

BILL
OK.

(SHE GUIDES HIM TO THE HALL DOOR 2,
PUSHES HIM OUT, TRIES TO CLOSE THE
DOOR, HE BLOCKS IT.)

BILL
Give me a kiss, first.

HILLARY
OK, OK.

(SHE DOES SO. SHE STRUGGLES TO
CLOSE THE DOOR.)

HILLARY
(TO HERSELF) Why is everyone so damn clutchy?

(A KNOCK ON DOOR 3 (THE CLOSET).
HILLARY GOES OVER AND MONICA COMES
OUT.)

HILLARY
What do you want?

MONICA
I'm lonely.

HILLARY
Look, the President's back. He's looking for you.

MONICA
Yech.

HILLARY
Quick. You gotta get dressed.

MONICA
OK OK.

(HILLARY GOES TO FILE CABINET AND
TAKES OUT MONICA'S DRESS, AND HANDS
IT TO HER.)

HILLARY
And hurry.

(A KNOCK ON THE BATHROOM DOOR.
HILLARY PUSHES MONICA BACK IN AND
TRIES TO CLOSE THE CLOSET DOOR.
MONICA BLOCKS IT WITH HER FOOT.)

MONICA
Wait!

HILLARY
What now?

MONICA
Give me another kiss.

HILLARY
OK OK.

(SHE DOES SO, AND AGAIN STRUGGLES TO CLOSE THE DOOR.)

(HILLARY THEN OPENS BATHROOM DOOR 1.)

HILLARY

(TO PAUL) What do you want?

PAUL

You!

HILLARY

No time. Quick, get dressed.

(SHE GOES TO THE FILE, TAKES OUT HIS CLOTHES. SHE PUSHES HIM INTO THE BATHROOM. TRIES TO CLOSE DOOR, HE BLOCKS IT.)

PAUL

Give me a kiss first.

(SHE KNEES HIM IN THE CROTCH, HE YELLS OUT, SHE CLOSES THE DOOR AND LOCKS IT.)

(A KNOCK ON THE HALL DOOR 2).

HILLARY

Coming coming.

(SHE OPENS THE DOOR. BILL COMES IN.)

BILL

That's better. Oh, before I forget, I need my golf clubs.

HILLARY

Why?

BILL

Doing some holes with the boys from the SEC. They're here in the closet.

HILLARY

No!

BILL

What's the matter, dear.

HILLARY

Let me get them for you.

BILL

No! They're heavy. Your back--

HILLARY

--It's OK, really.

BILL

Dear, you seem so nervous. What about that sex?

HILLARY

I don't know, dear. Do you have any protection?

BILL

Protection? But you're--

HILLARY

--I know. But diseases. You've been schtupping all these girls, who knows what you've picked up.

BILL

You never asked before.

HILLARY

Well, now I am.

BILL

Where am I going to get condoms in the White House?

HILLARY

Just go to the gift shop. They always keep stock.

BILL

Really?

HILLARY

Get the ones with the Presidential Seal. And ribs. Hurry!

BILL

But--

HILLARY

--No Buts! Hurry!

(SHE LEADS HIM TO THE DOOR. AS BEFORE)

BILL

Give me a kiss first.

(SHE GIVES HIM A HARD PUSH, HE FALLS BACKWARD. WE HEAR A CRASH AS SHE CLOSES DOOR WITHOUT EVEN CHECKING TO SEE IF HE HURT HIMSELF.)

HILLARY

(TO HERSELF) I have 3 minutes.

(A KNOCK ON THE HALL DOOR.)

HILLARY

Bill?

CHELSEA

(THROUGH DOOR) No, Mom, Chelsea.

HILLARY

Chelsea!? What are you doing here?

CHELSEA

(THROUGH DOOR) I gotta talk to you, Mom. Let me in.

HILLARY

Give me a second.

(SHE HURRIES TO THE DOOR 3 (CLOSET), OPENS IT, PULLS OUT MONICA. OPENS DOOR 4 TO THE ADJOINING OFFICE.)

HILLARY

Get in there.

MONICA

Why?

HILLARY

Don't ask questions. Just do it. No one's in the vice president's office. And keep quiet.

(SHE CLOSES THE DOOR TO THE CLOSET. GOES TO DOOR 1 (BATHROOM), OPENS IT AND PULLS OUT PAUL.)

HILLARY

Quick! Fix yourself up. And look like you're guarding me, will you!?

PAUL

Yes, Mrs. President.

(SHE GOES TO THE HALL DOOR (2), LETS
IN CHELSEA.)

HILLARY

Aren't you supposed to be in school?

CHELSEA

Mom! Bad news! My friend, Robin, her Dad works for the Washington Post. They've got word about--(SHE NOTICES PAUL) oh, Paul. I didn't see you.

PAUL

Hi, Ms. Chelsea.

HILLARY

Word about what?

CHELSEA

I need to talk to you in private.

HILLARY

You can talk in front of Paul.

CHELSEA

They know about your arms deal!

HILLARY

WHAT!? HOW!

CHELSEA

I don't know. She saw a draft of an article--

HILLARY:

--Are you sure? This is horrible!!

CHELSEA

I told you not to sell arms to fund Dad's campaign.

HILLARY

--well, we gotta nip this in the bud. We gotta create a diversion!

(KNOCK ON HALL DOOR 2)

HILLARY

Now who is it!?

BILL

(THROUGH DOOR) It's Bill. I got the condoms.

(HILLARY OPENS DOOR. BILL COMES IN.
SEES CHELSEA AND PAUL.)

BILL

Oh. I was, uh, just testing--

CHELSEA

Mom--are you still having sex with Dad?

HILLARY

Not really. Bill sit down and shut up. Chelsea and I have a problem we have to figure out.

BILL

Can't I help?

HILLARY

No, dear. Just sit there and look Presidential. Let's see. We have to create a diversion. Something that will distract everyone.

CHELSEA

How about sex!

HILLARY

Sex?

CHELSEA

Yeah. The public loves sex!

(MONICA ENTERS.)

MONICA

I'm not waiting any more.

BILL

Monica!? Where have you been?

HILLARY

(INTERCEPTING) I-- just had her doing something for me in the VP's office.

BILL

Oh. I have something for you do to for me.

MONICA
(DISGUSTED) Get lost, creep.

CHELSEA
Perfect!

HILLARY
What!

CHELSEA
You know how Monica's been spending all this time in the Oval Office lately?

HILLARY
(CAUTIOUSLY) No...

CHELSEA
Oh, everyone's noticed it. They think Dad's after her.

MONICA
Ugh.

HILLARY
Do they?

CHELSEA
Oh yeah.

HILLARY
Well, I guess that's possible. Your Dad will screw anything that moves. Even anything that doesn't move. Hell, he'd screw an electric outlet if he could figure out how to fit his dick in the little slit. (TO BILL) You'd even like the shock, wouldn't you, dear?

BILL
That's not true. (WAGGING FINGER) I've never had sex with that woman, that, Monica Brodowsky.

CHELSEA
Shut up, Dad. Now Mom, what if we leak some story about an affair in the Oval Office. You think the media will buy it.

HILLARY
I don't know. They may be tired of sex.

CHELSEA
But here in the Oval Office. That's a new one.

HILLARY
Maybe.

CHELSEA
Let's create some real smut. I know, we'll say that Monica gave Dad a blow job while he was on the phone with Yassir Arafat.

HILLARY
Hmmm. I like it.

BILL
Me too!

PAUL
Jay Leno will have a blast!

(THEY ALL LAUGH)

CHELSEA
What a spin! A sex scandal to cover illegal arms deal to fund a campaign. We're making history!

BILL
Wait a minute. What about my image? The record?

HILLARY
Think, dear, you'll go down as the sexiest President in history.

BILL
More sexy than JFK?

CHELSEA
Cool, Dad. JFK only did Marilyn in a hotel.

MONICA
No way! I'm not going along with it.

HILLARY
Yes you will. First, we'll leak some video clips of your hugging the President at a speech. You'll deny everything. Then you'll be subpoenaed. We'll give you lots of gory details for your deposition.

MONICA
What am I going to get out of this?

HILLARY
Book deals.

CHELSEA
Barbara Walters!

MONICA
OK!

BILL
Well, don't you think, we should, uh, make this authentic.

HILLARY
You horny thing, forget it.

CHELSEA
Dad, Monica is a lesbian.

BILL
She is? Well, then, how will the media buy the story?

HILLARY
Your good looks and big penis won her over.

BILL
I like it.

CHELSEA
I got it! He used a cigar!

PAUL
Woh!

HILLARY
And then smoked it.

MONICA
Even I like that!

HILLARY
Oh, oh, I got one. He'll categorically deny the affair, and then, Monica will produce a dress. With his stain!

CHELSEA
Mom, you're brilliant.

HILLARY
But, how will we get the stain?

BILL
I know! Have her do it.

MONICA
No way.

BILL
But please!

HILLARY
No. Monica. Take off your dress.

MONICA
What!

HILLARY
Do what I say.

(SHE DOES SO).

HILLARY
Now, give it to Bill.

BILL
What do you want me to do with this.

HILLARY
You know. Go in the bathroom. And do your duty to your country.

BILL
No. (INDICATES MONICA) She has to.

MONICA
No way.

CHELSEA
Mom, why don't you help Dad?

HILLARY
Sorry, I have a government to run.

BILL
Chelsea, dear, maybe you'll help out your poor Dad.

CHELSEA
Sorry, Dad.

BILL
But honey, the FBI tells me at Stanford, all the girls are loose.
Even you.

CHELSEA
That doesn't mean I'd ever settle for you!

HILLARY
Well, Paul, I guess it's up to you.

PAUL
What!?

HILLARY
You heard me. That's an order. Jerk off the President.

PAUL
I'd take a bullet for you, Mrs. President. But I don't think--

BILL
--I'm not going along with it!

THE GIRLS:
What?

BILL
I'm the President of the United States of America. I'm the most powerful man in the world. Now, either I get a blow job, or I'm not playing.

HILLARY
OK OK. Paul, Suck off the President.

PAUL
(CRIES) But I don't want to.

HILLARY
It's not your job to want. It's your job to follow orders. Or I'll have you relocated far, far away.

PAUL
From you?

HILLARY
From everything.

PAUL
(CRIES) OK, I'll do it.

BILL
Hey, you don't hear me complaining, do you?

PAUL
(STILL CRYING) Come on, let's get this over with.

(AS THEY GO INTO THE BATHROOM AND
SHUT THE DOOR:)

BILL
Could you at least get naked?

CHELSEA

Come on, girls, lets have a smoke.

(SHE GOES TO THE DESK, OPENS A CIGAR BOX. HANDS OUT CIGARS. THE DIALOGUE CONTINUES AS THEY UNWRAP THE CIGARS AND BITE OFF THE ENDS:)

HILLARY

This is great. My arms deal is safe.

MONICA

And I'm going to make history. And money!

CHELSEA

(SARCASTIC) I'm going to have to act all upset!

(THEY LAUGH AND SPIT OUT THE ENDS OF THE CIGARS.)

CHELSEA

We're not the only one spitting this afternoon!

HILLARY

At least it's just cigars we're spitting, and not Presidential fluids!

(THEY ALL LAUGH AS THE LIGHTS FADE. CHELSEA LIGHTS THEM UP, THEIR FACES LIT BY THE FLAME IN THE BLACKNESS.)

(THE END.)