

Monica and Linda

Note: The following is a true story. All statements made by LINDA and MONICA are taken from original source documents including Tape Transcripts, E-Mail communications, and Grand Jury testimonies. The action in this play covers about 4 months of time from October 1997 to January 1998.

The stage should be divided up into three areas. Stage far-right holds the piano and the saxophone player. The saxophone player represents the PRESIDENT and has a pair of dark shades (initially in his pocket).

Stage middle-right is MONICA's apartment. It contains a small table with a phone, a chair, and a wardrobe.

Stage left is the study of LINDA's house. It contains a desk with a tape recorder and a chair or two. The desk also holds a clear glass fish bowl, which contains some nick nacks (i.e. keys, etc.) and a couple of audio tape cassettes.

SCENE 1

The stage is completely black.

We hear a phone ringing. It rings a few times.

LINDA TRIP: *[picks up the phone]* Hello?

LINDA's area of the stage (Stage Left) is illuminated..

MONICA LEWINSKY: Hi Linda, it's Monica.

LINDA turns on the tape recorder.

LINDA: Oh, Hi Monica.

MONICA: I-- You know what? Why is it so hard to see him? I freak out when I think about not talking to him.

LINDA: I know.

MONICA: Not having him in my life. And I freak out when I think about what's going on. I can't fucking win. I can't win.

LINDA: -- what's going on? Tell me what's going on.

MONICA: I talked to what's-her-face this afternoon about a hundred times.

LINDA: Oh? His secretary? Betty Currie?

MONICA: Right. Betty Currie, his secretary. Well, we were supposed to get together a few weeks ago and that didn't work out.

As MONICA recounts the story, LINDA fades into the background and the saxophone player, playing the part of the PRESIDENT, moves out on to the stage and puts on a pair of dark glasses.

MONICA: But then she called and said "How about Saturday?" and so I went to the White House and it was wonderful...

The PRESIDENT continues playing the saxophone as MONICA walks over to him and gives him a necktie.

MONICA: *(From Romeo and Juliet, 2:2)* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;

The song is interrupted by a tape clicking noise. The tape has run out. MONICA walks back to talk further with LINDA. President fades into the background. LINDA frantically ejects the old tape and puts a new one in and turns the tape recorder back on.

MONICA: You know what's really weird? I keep hearing these double clicks.

LINDA: That's my gum.

MONICA: Oh, OK.

LINDA puts the old tape into the fishbowl on the desk.

MONICA: But why is it so hard for me to get in to see him? If only I could get my job back at the White House! Then I wouldn't have all these problems...

LINDA: You know what? At this point I don't give a shit if he ever calls you again.

MONICA: I know.

LINDA: I just want you taken care of. Is that so hard to understand? Worry about him on another day when you're ensconced in a decent GS-15 job.

MONICA: But I can't. I mean that's who I am.

LINDA: Who you are, Monica, is not what I give a fuck about right now. You're a wonderful person, but the bottom line is, please let some self-preservation enter into this.

Listen, they are able to create jobs over there every day of the week. Why not with you?

Yes, it's possible that it's your -- because you're too threatening. Yes, it's possible it's because you're too hard to resist. So, what does that leave you with?

I know you're going to hate me, Monica, but I want you the fuck out of there. I want you with a life.

MONICA: You're right, you're right, of course. I don't know what I will do now but I can't go through all of this crap anymore. In some ways I hope I never hear from him again because he'll just lead me on because he doesn't have the balls to tell me the truth.

LINDA: So now what?

MONICA: Well, I don't think it's asking too much to have one last discussion in person.

(aside to the audience) So I called Betty on Wednesday and blah, blah, blah.. For three days she kept saying she didn't have a chance to talk to him and then it became this thing on Friday that maybe I could see him and it got crazy, and I lost it. I went ape shit. I cried to Betty in person on Friday and I was supposed to see the creep on Sunday, and then it didn't work out. I cried for hours. The fuck if I know what's going on!!!! And then Betty called and put him on the line and we had a fight. But then arrangements were made, and I got to see him again.

The PRESIDENT comes from behind the piano again to visit with MONICA on stage. MONICA gives him another necktie.

MONICA: I cannot ignore what we have shared together. I don't care what you say. I never would have seen that raw, intense sexuality that I saw a few times -- watching your mouth on my breast or looking in your eyes while you explored the depth of my sex. Instead it would have been a routine encounter void of anything but sexual release. I do not want you to breach your moral standards for me, but...

I need you right now not as a president but as a man.

PRESIDENT fades back into the background. Monica returns to the phone.

MONICA: All right, I'm going to bed now.

LINDA: All right, go to bed. Bye.

MONICA: Bye.

After they put the phones down, LINDA picks up the phone again and dials.

LINDA: Mr. Pyke? You're a lawyer for the Paula Jones case, right? *(pause)* Um... Well, as I mentioned in my message, I feel strongly that the behavior has to stop, or should at least be exposed. *(pause) (explaining)* She's a young girl right out of college, interned there, and that's when the relationship started...

Blackout

SCENE 2

Lights come on in LINDA's study. Linda ejects another tape from the tape recorder and puts it into the fishbowl. The glass fishbowl is now full of tapes (26 of them). LINDA then leaves her study and goes to visit MONICA's apartment.

MONICA goes to her wardrobe and pulls out a navy blue, knee length, long sleeve, shirt-waist style work-dress, with a matching belt.

MONICA: Here, this is what I was talking about. *(laughing)*... this is so gross! I think that's his semen on the dress I was wearing!

LINDA: Really? Are you sure?

MONICA: I think so. Anyway, I'm going to wear it next week.

LINDA: Well, how -- you're -- what, you're gonna get it cleaned?

MONICA: Yeah.

LINDA: Oh, God.

MONICA: It's about time. Out with the old, you know?

LINDA: *(pulls out another dress)* I think I would suggest this outfit instead... it makes you look so beautiful.

MONICA: Well, I don't care about pretty; I care about thin. That's all I care about.

LINDA: Well... I want you to really think about this, instead of always just dissing what I say, okay?

MONICA: But sometimes you're such a --

LINDA: You're very stubborn. *(sighs)* You have a very long life ahead of you and I would rather that you have that in your possession if you need it years from now. That's all I'm going to say.

MONICA: You think I can hold onto a dress for 10, 15 years with sperm from--

LINDA: Hey listen. My cousin is a genetic Ph.D., and they can match the DNA with absolute certainty. And I feel like this is what I would tell my own daughter. I don't trust the people around him and I just want you to have that for you. Put it in a Ziploc bag and you pack it with your treasures, for what I care. I mean, whatever. Put it in one of your little antiques.

MONICA: What for, though? What do you think --

TRIPP: I don't know, Monica. It's just this nagging awful feeling I have in the back of my head. It could be your only insurance policy down the road. I don't trust anybody. Maybe I'm being paranoid. If I am, indulge me. Of course, you don't say--

MONICA: I know, I know.

TRIPP: (Laughing.)

They hang up the dress and move downstage.

MONICA: Linda, I don't know why I have these feelings for him. Maybe I'm crazy. But I just...

LINDA: (*sigh*)

MONICA: I never expected to feel this way about him.

LINDA: You protect him, every inch of the way.

MONICA: the first time I ever looked into his eyes close up and was with him alone, I saw somebody totally different than I had expected to see. And that's the person I fell in love with.

LINDA: Yeah.

MONICA: But he's been so distant and vacant for me for the past few months.

LINDA: On purpose.

MONICA: And I don't know why.

LINDA: Why do you think you haven't been having the same access? You seem to believe that, all of a sudden it's "because he doesn't like me."

I don't believe that for a minute, especially given my perspective from a different age than you. I don't see it that way. I see it more as (*mimicking the President*) "Shit, I'm going to have my ass handed to me on a platter."

He's not letting you in because it's dangerous to let you in. He let you in, and now he's afraid. He's afraid. Fear is the biggest motivator. Self-preservation is everything.

And I know you want to protect him. Of course, I know that. I just don't want you to be savaged in the process.

MONICA: Well, I think I need to accept that I'm just not going to work there. And I think this is the last chance...

A PROCESS SERVER walks on stage and interrupts their conversation. He is carrying two plain envelopes. He gives one each to MONICA and LINDA. They open the envelopes and read them.

LINDA: It's a subpoena to appear in the Paula Jones case.

MONICA: *(To the PROCESS SERVER)* Why are you doing this? This is ridiculous!

Process server exits.

MONICA: *(to LINDA, hysterical, crying)* What are you going to do?

LINDA: What am I going to do? Hey, look, Monica, we already know that you're gonna lie under oath. We also know that if I have to testify -- if I am forced to answer questions and I answer truthfully, it's going to be the opposite of what you say, so therefore, it's a conflict right there.

MONICA: *(fearful)* But it doesn't have to be a conflict.

LINDA: What do you mean? How? Tell me how. Tell me how. *(Mimicking a lawyer)* "Has Monica Lewinsky ever said that she is having a physical relationship with the President?" If I say no, that is fucking perjury.

I will do everything I can not to be in that position.

MONICA: I know.

LINDA: But, no, you really don't know, 'cause you don't believe me.

MONICA: Because if I had the same feelings, that it was so wrong to do -- to -- to deny-- to deny something, then-- then I would not be doing it. Do you see what I mean?

LINDA: I think down deep, you don't like having to lie.

MONICA: Of course not. I don't think anybody likes to lie. But this is how-- this is how family is. I would lie on the stand for my family. That is how I was raised as family.

LINDA: I would do almost anything for my kids, but I don't think I would lie on the stand for them.

MONICA: *(hopefully)* Well, it'll all go away, I think.

LINDA: No it won't. *(pauses)* Monica, I'm finished.

From now on, leave me alone. Don't bother me with all your ranting and raving and analyzing of this situation. And don't accuse me of somehow "skewing" the truth -- because the reality is that what I told you is true. I really am finished, Monica. Share this sick situation with one of your other friends, because, frankly, I'm past nauseated about the whole thing.

MONICA: I will respect that. Do I have your assurance everything I have shared with you remains between us? Can I still trust that?

LINDA walks away, ignoring MONICA.

Monica goes one last time to the President (Stage Right), but she can only see him from a distance. He is wearing one of her ties.

MONICA: I was so sad seeing you last night. I was so angry with you that once again you had rejected me. And, yet, at the same time I saw you, and all I wanted was for you to hold me. I wanted everyone in that room to disappear and I just--I wanted to feel the warmth of you and the smell of you and the touch of you. And it made me sad.

Meanwhile, LINDA with two FBI AGENTS enter LINDA's apartment (Stage Left). She takes the tapes out of the fish bowl and give them to the agents. She also searches her desk and finds two spiral-bound notebooks which she also gives to them. They leave.

MONICA: And I--you confuse me so much. I mean I, (sigh), I thought I--I thought I fell in love with this person that--that I really felt was such a good--such a good person, such a good heart, someone who's had a life with a lot of experiences that has--oh.

PRESIDENT turns away from her and fades into the background.

MONICA: *(calling after him)* All you have ever had to do to pacify me is see me and hold me.

LINDA enters downstage. MONICA walks over to her.

LINDA: Listen, I've been thinking about you non-stop. Are you bound and determined to protect the president?

MONICA: Yes. I could not live with myself if I caused trouble. That's just not in my nature. I am a good person. I think that no matter what, no matter how many girlfriends he had, it was my choice. And even though he despises me right now, I know in my inner mind I love him.

LINDA: But what if someone saw?

MONICA: It doesn't matter. It becomes their word against mine. You know what? The only way that I am gonna get in trouble is if -- truthfully, is if you say something.

LINDA: Great. Yeah, that's the huge-- the huge problem. I mean, Monica, there's so much at stake here. My job is at stake, my life is at -- I know -- it's worse on you. I have a lot of fear. Do you?

MONICA: Do you want the honest truth? I have fear about one thing, and that's you saying something. Trust me. They'll only ask a few questions and then they'll drop it. It's just a shot in the dark.

LINDA: Do you really believe that?

MONICA: (*becoming panicked*) I think they may-- look-- I-- which I don't think, unless you are the one who told them, unless you were the one who did it. That's not what I'm saying. Unless you were the one, which it's not, but-- no, no, no...

LINDA: Monica, you have friends. I have none. I have nobody in the whole world. I have no powerful friends.

The truth is the truth, a lie is a lie. The truth should match the ultimate good and be both.

LINDA gets up and waves. Two FBI AGENTS enter. They flash their badges at MONICA. LINDA opens her blouse and removes a body-wire taped to her torso. She hands the microphone and transmitter to one of the AGENTS.

LINDA: Monica, they're from the Office of the Independent Council and they are here to give you a chance to cooperate. They did the same thing to me. [*LINDA attempts to hug her but is rebuffed.*] (*Patronizing*) Monica, this is the best thing for you.

MONICA breaks down into tears.

MONICA: (*Hysterically*) I don't want to cooperate. [*To LINDA*] Why did you tell them? [*To herself*] Why did I tell her? What have I done?

AGENTS motion to MONICA. She nods and walks with the agents off stage. LINDA remains for a moment and then follows. Blackout.

End