

HARRIET: F (40's – 50's). Any ethnicity.

*Chief of Staff. She's the one in charge. She can pull a rabbit from any hat. This doesn't mean she's perfect; in fact, the stress can get to her quite easily. She's gonna get it done either way, so move. Liz Lemon from 30 Rock meets Olivia Pope from Scandal.*

JEAN: F (30's – 50's). Any ethnicity.

*Press Secretary. She's the public face who is one second from falling apart in private. She has the grace and the composure to make sure you know that everything is fine, but she is sick of cleaning up everyone's mess all the time. Christina Yang from Grey's Anatomy meets Isla Fisher from Running Point.*

STEPHANIE: F (30's – 40's). Any ethnicity.

*Secretary to the President. She's full of potential. Unfortunately, that potential is locked in a vault that she's too scared to open. She could be the girl next door, but she's spying on everyone through the windows instead of going to the block party. Piglet from Winnie the Pooh and Daisy from Downton Abbey. This role requires partial nudity.*

DUSTY: F (20's – 30's). Any ethnicity.

*Having an affair with the President. Don't underestimate her- she's not a total airhead. Unabashed, unashamed, and just a tad unchaste, she has a hint of salt-of-the-earth under her champagne frosting. Elle Woods from Legally Blonde meets drag queen Kim Chi.*

BERNADETTE: F (40's – 50's). White.

*President's sister. She's got your back, as long as getting your back means getting you high and helping you break your parole. She's fiercely loyal, but sometimes that loyalty extends only as far as herself. Meredith Palmer from The Office meets Ava Coleman from Abbott Elementary.*

CHRIS: F (30's – 40's). Black

*Journalist. She's gonna find the answer, even if you don't want her to. A working mom who loves both her family and her job with competing energies, she never forgets to come in with the clever one-liner that will leverage her way in to the deeper truth behind what you are saying. Syd from The Bear meets Paris Geller from Gilmore Girls. This role requires partial nudity.*

MARGARET: F (40's – 50's). Black

*FLOTUS. She should be the president. We all think so. Poised, professional, and deeply, deeply suppressing the urge to kick her husband in the balls. She can do it all and she would, but she is gonna choose her moment. Annaliese Keating from How To Get Away with Murder meets Olivia Benson from SVU.*

ACT I

1.1

(HARRIET *vs.* JEAN.)

START SIDE 1

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HARRIET. Cunt.

;

JEAN. What?

HARRIET. Cunt.

JEAN. No.

HARRIET. It's not a question.

JEAN. No.

HARRIET. It's not a yes or no question.

JEAN. Publicly?

HARRIET. Yes.

JEAN. No.

HARRIET. Please stop saying no.

JEAN. How public? Who exactly was there?

HARRIET. *Washington Post.*

JEAN. Well

HARRIET. *Huffington Post.*

JEAN. They're hardly

HARRIET. CNN.

JEAN. Okay

HARRIET. *New York Times*, BBC, and three Chinese diplomats.

JEAN. The ones who speak English?

HARRIET. They all speak English.

JEAN. I think there was one last year who struggled with idioms, you know, like, slang, so it might have gone over / his head

HARRIET. Everyone heard it, everyone got it, two people *gasp*

JEAN. No.

HARRIET. *These are not questions, Jean, stop saying no.*

JEAN. He said the words, "My wife's a cunt?"

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HARRIET. He said, "Please excuse my wife's absence. She's having a cunt morning."

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JEAN. Well that's not so bad

HARRIET. Wow

JEAN. It's not! We can contain that. We all have cunt mornings sometimes. My son has them every week. You're clearly having one today

END SIDE 1

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~~HARRIET. She was in the room.~~

~~JEAN. What?~~

~~HARRIET. Margaret wasn't absent, she was in the room. She entered late but she had been there for ten minutes when he~~

~~JEAN. Called her absent.~~

~~HARRIET. And a cunt.~~

POTUS

7

1.2

(MARGARET vs. STEPHANIE. STEPHANIE has flung herself in front of the closed door, blocking MARGARET's path. MARGARET, seething, wears an impeccable suit and Crocs.)

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Start Side 2

STEPHANIE. No!

MARGARET. I'm gonna punt that man's abscessed ass across the South Lawn and if you don't get out of my way I will shred you like the sad cardigan you are.

STEPHANIE. Ma'am, he really is busy

MARGARET. With what.

STEPHANIE. You know that I can't

MARGARET. If he's in there rubbing tea tree oil on his

STEPHANIE. He is not, Ma'am. Anymore. But he is in the middle of

MARGARET. I checked his schedule and I know he has a break right now.

STEPHANIE. Something came up.

MARGARET. Did it?

STEPHANIE. Yes, Ma'am.

MARGARET. Margaret.

STEPHANIE. Pardon?

MARGARET. Margaret or Margie. Do not address me as Ma'am. I sent a memo this morning.

STEPHANIE. Yes, Ma'am – Margaret – Margie – Why are we calling you by your name now?

MARGARET. To show how earthy I am.

~~STEPHANIE. Okay~~

~~MARGARET. (Bitterly.) Because apparently these days it's not enough to be wildly accomplished and deeply effective~~

~~STEPHANIE. Ohh is this about the~~

~~MARGARET. I've launched free lunch programs in 6,000 public schools but all the tweens can meme about are the stilettos I wore to one homeless shelter~~

~~STEPHANIE. Is that why you're wearing~~

~~MARGARET. (Scathingly.) What do you think, Stephanie? You think this was my idea? You think when I gave my speech as Valedictorian I said, "One day I will walk the halls of the White House in shoes that can double as flotation devices"? No! But there are children to feed, funds to raise, and Time Magazine is interviewing me today for their Women of Excellence series so I will not allow anything to distract from my work - (Going for the door again.) - least of all~~

~~STEPHANIE. Ma'am - Margaret - Margie - I am the Presidential Secretary and nobody enters that door without my say-so!~~

~~(She hits a wide stance, arms above her head in a V, hands clenched into fists.)~~

~~MARGARET. What's happening?~~

~~STEPHANIE. Harriet gave me a book about women taking up space in the workplace and I've read it twice!~~

~~MARGARET. Are you having a stroke?~~

~~STEPHANIE. I'm power-stancing, I am decreasing my cortisol levels and increasing my testosterone, thus increasing my confidence!~~

End Side 2

~~(HARRIET opens the door, hitting STEPHANIE hard in the back and knocking her over.)~~

~~OW!~~

~~(DUSTY vomits blue.)~~

~~beautiful.~~

~~DUSTY. Gross. Sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt your dance practice.~~

~~STEPHANIE. I / wasn't~~

~~DUSTY. Whatcha listening to? Oh my gosh - BitchBeats is my favorite playlist! You know they have a karaoke version?~~

~~(She grabs one of STEPHANIE's earbuds and starts loudly singing along.)~~

Start Side 3

STEPHANIE. Um, are you an intern?

DUSTY. *(Delighted.)* Oh my gosh do I look like an intern?

STEPHANIE. Not at all.

DUSTY. I'm just visiting.

STEPHANIE. Are you important or are you lost? Did you get separated from a tour? Sorry, it's just you're not allowed to be in this wing unless you have the proper clearance.

*(DUSTY holds up a pass.)*

DUSTY. I thought that's what this is for.

STEPHANIE. How did you get that? Who are you?

DUSTY. I'm Dusty.

;

STEPHANIE. As in

DUSTY. Dusty.

STEPHANIE. Okay.

DUSTY. I'm here about the position.

*(She winks.)*

STEPHANIE. What position?

DUSTY. The position.

*(She winks again.)*

STEPHANIE. Why are you winking.

DUSTY. I was told to be *discreet*.

STEPHANIE. So why are you winking.

DUSTY. Do you mind just, like, pointing me towards the president?

STEPHANIE. *Point* you towards the *president*?

DUSTY. I feel dumb, this is all new to me. I'm supposed to tell the lady that I'm here about the position.

STEPHANIE. Which lady? What lady? The First Lady?

DUSTY. I can't remember her name, but she's, like, I don't know, she's like really intense?

STEPHANIE. *(Shrill.)* They're *all* intense here, *everyone's* intense here!

End Side 3

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~~*(CHRIS enters, on the phone, breastmilk leaking through her shirt.)*~~

~~CHRIS. Greg, I swear to god if you don't cancel your date and pick Kenny up from dance class tonight, I will feed our children nothing but prunes for the two days leading up to your weekend with them and they will blow ass on that new white leather couch you think makes your shitty studio look like a bachelor pad!~~

~~*(Unable to mop up the stains, she shoves some paper towels into her bra and exits.)*~~

~~DUSTY. Not her, but *woah*.~~

Side 4- Bernadette

30

POTUS

~~JEAN. Cock-sucking fuck me with a flaming screwdriver~~

~~BERNADETTE. Now that takes me back.~~

~~(JEAN whirls around. BERNADETTE's standing there in cargo shorts and a trench coat, an overstuffed duffel slung over one shoulder, an ankle monitor on her leg, and a lit cigarette in her hand.)~~

Start Side 4

~~JEAN. Bernadette~~

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BERNADETTE. SURPRISE! Jeanie, baby, how are you! What's happening? Fuck, what a dump. You gotta start hiring hotter interns – all your staff look like sweaty Beanie Babies. *(Aggressively to a passing intern.)* YOU: coffee. Seven sugars, dash of triple sec.

DUSTY. Sorry, but would you mind putting out your cigarette? I'm pregnant.

BERNADETTE. And I'm constipated. We all have our trials.

*(To JEAN.)* Who's the Prosti-Tot?

DUSTY. I'm Dusty.

BERNADETTE. What'd you do – blow a Smurf?

JEAN. What's happening how is this happening

BERNADETTE. I banged one of those Blue Man guys once – you know, in my experimental phase: stamina like a bull but I was queefing cobalt for days.

JEAN. You're in PRISON!

BERNADETTE. *Was* in prison.

DUSTY. Has anyone ever told you you look so much like the president? Like, you could be his sister.

BERNADETTE. Holy tits, he's screwing her, isn't he?

~~DUSTY. / Actually the president and I are in love, so it's a lot more than just~~

JEAN. LOWER your voice, oh my god keep it down SHUT UP.

~~(To BERNADETTE.)~~ How are you here?

BERNADETTE. My presidential pardon, baby!

JEAN. For the last time, he's not going to pardon you!

BERNADETTE. Babe, he basically already has. Pulled some strings with the warden and judge so I could get out today, and so long as he makes it official in the next twenty-four hours, they cut this ankle shit off and then it's free Bernie howling at the moon all night every night Ow OWWWWW – give me a howl Prosti-Tot!

~~DUSTY. Ow / OWWWWWWW~~

BERNADETTE. Ow / OWWWWWWW

JEAN. Stop it STOP howling NO HOWLING in the White House!

~~DUSTY. She's so FUN!~~

BERNADETTE. *(Viciously, to a passerby.)* Yo, what you looking at? Did I say you could film me, bitch? / I will cut that phone out of your hand

End Side 4

~~JEAN. They're fifth-graders – they're on a field trip!~~

~~Listen to me: I don't know what "sibling bond" bullshit you fed POTUS to guilt him into this one but there is no way anyone here is letting him pardon an international drug mule~~

~~BERNADETTE. *(Winking at DUSTY.)* I prefer "drug stallion."~~

~~JEAN. You're not seeing him.~~

~~BERNADETTE. That's not up to you.~~

~~JEAN. It's up to Harriet, which is why I know you're not seeing him.~~

~~BERNADETTE. Harriet works for my brother.~~