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## **Cast of Characters**

THE ACTOR (Michael, Tommy, Frank, Buddy & Rick)

THE FIRST ACTRESS (Lisa, Nancy, Marleah)

THE SECOND ACTRESS (Priscilla, Barbara, Debbie)

THE THIRD ACTRESS (Pam, Sherry)

## Author Notes

When Frank Sinatra finally died, the tabloids ran three different versions of the story. Sources told the *New York Post* that “Sinatra pulled tubes out of his own body as doctors fought to prolong his life.” Yet according to the *National Enquirer*, “Sinatra was calm and...his eyes were closed as [his wife] talked to him, but once in a while she thought she caught a glimpse of a little smile on his lips... She put her arms around him and told him ‘Fight...fight...fight.’ But...he whispered in her ear, ‘I’m losing...,’ then closed his eyes and died.” The *Star* even found two witnesses who claimed Sinatra was obviously dead on arrival, but that doctors told his wife “she had to wait while they continued their now hopeless resuscitation efforts,” and that when she was eventually allowed to see him, “she hugged him and spoke to him, but there was no way he was alive.”

This play is based upon such tabloid stories, so in a sense the names, situations, even some of the dialog are a matter of record. Yet to say the tabloids print lies may miss the point that tabloid stories, like myths, support multiple variants in order to tell all possible outcomes of a story, not just what happens. Tabloids of course are also one element in the powerful nexus of modern marketing and media which has manufactured a vast community of virtual people whose names, faces and characters we “know” without ever having met any of the actual people behind those identities. In this virtual community, the living coexist with the dead, and Elvis and the President of the United States are all equally real. Tabloid gossip traffics in the myths by which we not only know and judge these people, but reconcile their lives to ours. So any inquiry into the truth of tabloids must inevitably raise the question of whether, and in what sense, virtual people even exist.

This play is about the tension between real lives and virtual lives, between celebrities and the human beings they might be imagined to be. I was particularly drawn to long-running stories that dealt with our most common experiences: birth, love, marriage, career, death. My interest was in rendering the reported events of such lives in real and ordinary terms precisely because they could never be seen as real life; given what we

“know” about the celebrities involved. Any resemblance to actual persons is, of course, purely coincidental.

I want the play to be staged presentationally—anti-illusionistically—a series of scenes separated by blackouts and a projection of the next scene’s title. Its world is the landscape of the soundstage; its characters all, in a sense, talking heads. The staging could certainly accommodate media (a mix of live and miked voices; live action juxtaposed against video). It might be interesting to bring lighting stands and any background elements (such as seamless photo backgrounds or small photo-murals) onstage, so they could be manipulated in full view, as if each scene were creating a camera shot.

The doubling of characters is a deliberate attempt to subvert any obvious realism. When the characters have no more lines in a scene, let them step to the side and make the transition to their next character in full view of the audience. There’s no need for more than nominal distinctions between various roles through costume or characterization, and no effort should be spent trying to imitate anyone living or dead. The play’s only illusion is that “real” people will be conjured up nonetheless.

## Acknowledgments

*Dirty Little Secrets* premiered at the Annex Theatre (Seattle, Washington) in 2000. It was directed by Ed Hawkins, with the following cast and staff:

Cast.....Barbi Beckett  
Paul Budraitis  
Gabriele Schafer  
Cynthia Whalen

Assistant Director..... Stephanie Roberts  
Stage Manager ..... Stephen Kurowski  
Sets ..... Etta Lilienthal  
Lighting ..... Amanda C. Potter  
Sound ..... Ed Hawkins  
Costumes .....Jennifer Pratt & Cast  
Props .....Kris Fredrickson

All production groups performing this play are required to include the following credits on the title page of every program:

*Dirty Little Secrets* was originally produced at the Annex Theatre (Seattle, Washington), and developed at the ASK Foundation (Los Angeles), the Flea Theatre (New York) and Clubbed Thumb Summerworks 1998 (New York).

The play is a dramatization of events reported in *Star*, *Globe*, *National Enquirer* and *National Examiner* between 1996 and 1999.

# DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS

by Jeffrey M. Jones

## Michael

*(LISA MARIE onstage; MICHAEL is represented only by a high, girlish voice.)*

**MICHAEL.** Lisa Marie, if you can hear this, I still love you,  
And I don't care what it takes, I'm going to get you back.  
And when I do, I'm gonna buy you the most beautiful castle in  
Europe,  
And we'll have a fairytale wedding.  
And so you know I really mean it this time, Lisa Marie,  
I, Michael, do solemnly swear,  
To use all of my money and power to make you as famous as a re-  
cording artist as your father.  
To make you the benefactor of all my millions.  
And to try and have a test tube baby with you which I know in the  
past I refused to do...  
This is my promise, Lisa Marie.  
Cause when God looks into my heart,  
He sees your name still written there—"Lisa Marie"

**LISA.** Sometimes, I close my eyes  
And I can see my Daddy standing there, with that big old grin...  
Forever young and strong...  
Cause even though my Daddy may be gone,  
I just thank God he could leave me with such beautiful memories.  
I mean, it was a miracle, the life I had...  
Cause my mom—she was in stuff—but we had an ordinary life-  
style,  
And then once a year, I'd get whisked off on this magic carpet  
ride—I mean, it was—it was a fairy tale—to the point where some-  
times I didn't know if I was dreaming.  
Like one time my Daddy just called up in the middle of school—  
hadda go to the Principal's office, it was totally embarrassing—  
there's Daddy on the phone, going, "Lisa, honey," you know, the  
way he did, "Lisa, honey, you ever seen snow?" (like, Dad—this is

Southern *California*, Dad...) He's going, "You just stay right there, I'm coming get you."

So then we just jet off to Aspen, I'm riding on snowmobiles, making these snowmen and so forth, you know—so, that was *snow*...

And like whenever I'd go up Vegas, My god—I mean one time he had like six slot machines in the suite—or like another time it was cute little puppies, little Saint Bernard's—or like you'd open a drawer, it'd be full of jewels—you'd open the closet, it'd be full of furs—you never knew what to expect...

Or like, when we'd go back to Memphis—I remember like one time they had this amusement park back there called Liberty Land—and it was a pretty big deal—so Daddy decided we'd all take it over for the day, just me and him and the entourage—I mean, and I was in heaven, I got to ride on the carousel whenever I wanted to, go on the roller-coaster, play all the games—and the guys in the entourage—you know, Red and the other guys—they were all riding around the bumper cars, and they let Daddy smash into them, cause they all knew how much he loved smashing into stuff.

So then of course I wanted to start smashin' into stuff, so the next time I come back to Memphis, Daddy let me drive around in the golf-cart, and I just went crazy, I was running into walls, and driving over flowerbeds and so forth—I just set everybody to scampering...

And I had this totally cool bed my Daddy had bought me, we called it the hamburger bed, cause it was round, and it had this fuzzy brown bedspread—I don't know, so I guess it was a fuzzy hamburger—but I sure loved that bed, I really, I did...

And then one night, I woke up, you know, in the middle of the night,

And there was all this commotion going on...

People was sayin' he was dead, and I shouldn't go into the bathroom, cause that's where he was, and—Ginger I mean, she was crying, everybody was crying and...

You know, that afternoon, Mom showed right up and took me back home and...

That was it, that was the end of it.

Never even saw my bed again, you know?....

And that was, I was nine, I was nine years old.

(MICHAEL *is represented only by a high, girlish voice.*)

**MICHAEL.** Well, the reason I'm calling, Frank, is that I'm one of your biggest fans, and (oh, thank you, that's so kind), but the reason I'm calling Frank, is that I heard you were having some vocal trouble maybe?

To the point where you couldn't go into the studio any more?

And, see—I had vocal trouble, Frank—and you know what it was?

It was mucus.

It was mucus on my vocal chords, I had a build-up, and mucus can be a real problem as we get older—

So, you know, I just thought, if you did have that problem, has anybody ever told you about the hyperbaric chamber, Frank?...

Um-hmmm, "Hyperbaric"—and all you do is climb inside, and lie down nice and...

No, but it's scientific, Frank—I mean, the Dallas Cowboys have one—Frank, it's medical equipment, OK?—all it does is put back oxygen into your bloodstream...

That's right—pure, pure oxygen, which is very healthy, Frank, because cells need oxygen, that's what they eat—and if cells can't eat, they die, and that's where all the mucus comes from—little dead cells—and your brain, Frank, your brain needs lots of oxygen, I mean there isn't any mucus problem, but you start forgetting things—and the one thing that I heard was that you were maybe having a little trouble with the lyrics lately, Frank...? Um-hmmm...

*(LISA MARIE and PRISCILLA onstage.)*

**LISA.** ...So finally, I'd been up for three days straight, I'm like totally strung out, I'm like desperate for z's," and there's all this dope on the table, like what am I gonna do?

**MICHAEL.** Just let me send you the literature, Frank...

**LISA.** And I finally realized, "I'm just gonna have to flush it down the toilet..."

**MICHAEL.** Frank, let me send you the literature, Frank...?

**LISA.** and that was the turning point

**PRISCILLA.** But you know, I really have to blame myself for not picking up on all the signs I mean all the signs were there... She was tired all the time,

**LISA.** Oh, c'mon, Mom...

**PRISCILLA.** She wouldn't make eye contact—Lisa, you wouldn't make eye contact, your pupils were dialated (*sic.*)...

**LISA.** You were never around, Mom.

**PRISCILLA.** And there I was, you know, your typical mom... Who just couldn't believe her little fourteen-year old might be hooked on drugs...

**LISA.** Yeah, Mom was pretty clueless...

**PRISCILLA.** Well, you never admitted one thing, Lisa. Every time I confronted you about it, I mean...

**LISA.** Oh, Mom—you never confronted me about...

**PRISCILLA.** Every single time, Lisa, you would deny it...

**LISA.** When did you ever confront me, Mom?

**PRISCILLA.** No, you always denied it, Lisa...

**LISA.** Mom, the only reason you ever figured anything out was because I finally told you.

**PRISCILLA.** Do you know how many times you denied it, Lisa?

**LISA.** Oh, come on, Mom—you were never even home...

**PRISCILLA.** Yeah, but Lisa, that had nothing to do with it, I mean LA basically is just a horrendous place to raise a child, I mean all the traps are here. And then, when Lisa started going with this older boyfriend who was doing drugs—I mean, he was such a bad influence—well, then of course, my struggle became even more worse because then I had the boyfriend plus the drugs to contend with... And I mean, I knew she'd never listen, she never listened to me.

**LISA.** Cause you were never around, Mom.

**PRISCILLA.** Lisa, no, you never listened to me at that point about anything...

**LISA.** I listened, Mom...

**PRISCILLA.** So that was my darkest hour, as you can imagine, I mean, we'd already been through the drug situation with her father.

**LISA.** I mean, like people would say to me,

**PRISCILLA.** [Let me finish, Lisa...]

**LISA.** "How could you do drugs when your father OD'd?" But it's like Mom said, I have to do things for myself. I have to learn things, I have to learn it for myself.

**PRISCILLA.** Well, that's basically right, and see, I knew that the decision to stop had to come from Lisa only I didn't know if she could take that responsibility for herself?—I honestly didn't know.

**LISA.** I was in this whole rebellious stage, I mean the drugs were just part of it.

**PRISCILLA.** I know, but you see, I have to say that I really blame myself because...

**LISA.** How come, Mom?

**PRISCILLA.** What? I beg your pardon? Lisa, I've made my mistakes, OK...

**LISA.** Like, when?

**PRISCILLA.** No, I've never denied that I made mistakes, Lisa—I mean, I think if any parent's honest they'll admit they've made mistakes, I mean, and of course you're a parent now yourself, but I do think Lisa, that my first mistake—and I know you disagree with me on this—but if we'd just kept you on in the sixth grade instead of switching schools on you, twice in one year, she switched.

**LISA.** Mom, that had nothing to do with it...

**PRISCILLA.** Well maybe not, but Dr. Kletterman, Lisa, Dr. Kletterman—and I happen to agree with him—said, that if we'd let you finish the sixth grade normally, so you transitioned with the other kids—no, wait— Because that's when all the trouble started, Lisa, I mean, that's when you started with that boyfriend...

**LISA.** Still had nothing to do with it, Mom...

(BUDDY *upstage.*)

**BUDDY.** 'Course, Priscilla was nothin' but trash...

**PRISCILLA.** Well, maybe not, but I just thank God that I've got you back... And you've had to come back from so much, I know you'll be whatever you want from now on...

**BUDDY.** She knew good and well Elvis only ever married her on account of her family had the blackmail on him about her being underage and so forth, living in the mansion...

So when Elvis took up with Ann-Margret—'cause Ann-Margret, you see, she was the love of his life—I guess Priscilla just figured that give her the right to cheat on Elvis with Mike Stone.

Course when Elvis found out about that, he went out and put a hit on her.

Oh, man—I wanna tell you, when Priscilla found out there was a contract out on her worthless little ass—she got so scared—she started runnin' to everybody, beggin' to everybody, "Please cain't you help me, cain't you just say something"—we was all, you know, "Well, you wanted to play, Priscilla, I guess you're gonna have to pay, now," cause we all knew he only done it to teach her a lesson...

He called it off, you know, eventually...

Course now she's a great big star, she don't want nobody talkin' about that little episode, nosiree.

And I'll tell you something else she don't want nobody talking about, and that's the drugs:

You hear all about Elvis and the drugs and so forth, lemme tell you—Priscilla was doin' 'em too, ever since she come to Graceland, cause see, Elvis liked to party all night, sleep all day—and of course, she warn't real used to that type of thing at her age, and she wanted to party—so Elvis kinda helped her out, with the pep pills, and the sleeping pills—and pretty soon, she was doin' em right with the big boys...

Well, then, of course Elvis died, and she got scared and I mean, okay—she did finally kick it—only she don't want nobody talking about that no more, neither.

And she was such a lousy mom.

She'd send Lisa up to Vegas in a raggedy outfit, just so Elvis'd git her a new one.

She didn't even make her own child finish high school, you imagine that?

**BUDDY.** Elvis's daughter—a high school dropout?—well, now, you look at how that little girl turned out, with the Michael Jackson—that's pure human sickness.

And I'm tellin' you, that never would have happened if her Daddy'd been around.

*(DEBBIE upstage.)*

**LISA.** Hello?

**DEBBIE.** Is this Lisa?

**LISA.** Who is this?

**DEBBIE.** Uh, my name is Debbie Rowe, from Dr. Klein's office... I'm Michael's nurse, from Dr. Klein's... Did Michael mention that I might be calling...

**LISA.** Yeah...

**DEBBIE.** Is this like a bad time or something?

**LISA.** How'd you get this number, Debbie?

**DEBBIE.** It's like I said, I'm from Dr. Klein's. I'm—I'm Michael's nurse. Michael asked me to call, he wanted me to call. He thought you might be having questions about his medical condition...

**LISA.** Yeah? Is there something I don't know about his medical condition...?

**DEBBIE.** Beg your pardon?

**LISA.** You guys keeping something from me?

**DEBBIE.** No! Not at all... I mean, I don't know what Michael's told [you and all but...]

**LISA.** What's it all about, Nursie?

**DEBBIE.** I'm just his nurse, okay—and Michael thought you might be upset about [some of the

**LISA.** “Upset?”

**DEBBIE.** ...medical conditions [that...]

**LISA.** He said “upset”?

**DEBBIE.** All Michael said is that he wanted me to talk to you because I guess you called him in Chicago and you kind of, I dunno, freaked out about the lupus...

**LISA.** He said I was “freaked out”

**DEBBIE.** God, I don’t know , I mean—those probably weren’t his exact words, OK, but—

**LISA.** So what were his exact words—OK, Debbie?

**DEBBIE.** He might have said you were *concerned*...

**LISA.** Concerned is not the same as “freaked out,” is it Debbie?

**DEBBIE.** No...

**LISA.** I mean, who wouldn’t be concerned?

**DEBBIE.** I’m sorry...

**LISA.** I just can’t understand why Michael would be telling you about some personal phone conversation that...

**DEBBIE.** Because I’m his *nurse*, I’m Michael’s nurse, OK?—and he tells me things, because he trusts me, because I’ve known Michael a long time, Lisa.

**LISA.** How long?

**DEBBIE.** Over twelve years.

**LISA.** Yeah? Well, that’s nice. And he tells you things, too, hunh—what kinds of things, Debbie?

**DEBBIE.** Nothing...

**LISA.** Personal things? Maybe intimate things?

What you talk about with Michael, Debbie?

You guys talk about me?

You guys talk about our sex life?

**DEBBIE.** Why are you being so mean...?

**LISA.** Because everybody in America is talking about our sex life, Debbie.

**DEBBIE.** Yeah, well not me, cause I would never do that to Michael...

**LISA.** Yeah, Michael's suffered enough, hunh—hasn't he?...

**DEBBIE.** Listen, Lisa, you can make fun of me all you want, but I see Michael's suffering, I know how he suffers—and he suffers for you, Lisa...

**LISA.** Yeah, and you love Michael too, just like me, don't you Debbie? Hunh? Hey, Deb—you gonna deny your love...?

**DEBBIE.** You don't have to make fun of me!

I mean, you have his love, Lisa, you have his love, and believe me, I know it.

So please don't make fun of me.

I mean, how could anybody ever compete with you, Lisa, I mean...

Look at who your father was...

*(Sobbing:)* But yes, I am in love with Michael, okay?

And I'm proud of the way I feel, and I'll tell you something else, I'm proud to have the even the least opportunity to care for him in any way that I possibly can.

And every day, I have to face the fact that I'll never be able have him now, because Michael's heart belongs to you. Lisa.

**LISA.** Yeah, well, look, Nursie, I'm...

**DEBBIE.** And you have no idea what that means to me...

**LISA.** I'm sorry that you're in love with my husband, I really am, believe me, OK? But you're right—he's mine—so get lost, Nursie!

*(Laughing:)* And Jesus, get a life!

I mean—get real, I'm supposed to get jealous of nurse Debbie, because nurse Debbie is in love with my husband?

You go for it, girl....

I mean, gimme a break, when I told Diane Sawyer we had a normal sex life, didn't everybody in America know it was a lie?

*(MICHAEL is represented by a high, girlish voice.)*

**MICHAEL.** Oh god, what am I gonna do? Lisa's gonna kill me...

**LISA.** I mean, c'mon... I wanted to get pregnant...

**MICHAEL.** She's gonna be so mad when she finds out that I got Debbie pregnant...

**LISA.** I kept saying, "Michael, I want your child, let me have your child," I mean he kept insisting we had to go through this weird procedure...

I finally said, "You know—I'm capable of having children the regular way—you just have to have sex with me when I'm fertile."

Oh, boy—big mistake.

He certainly didn't want to hear about *that!*

**MICHAEL.** And somebody's gonna tell her too, 'cause this is Hollywood...

**LISA.** I think basically Michael found the whole idea of sex with a woman so totally gross and disgusting, that the only reason he ever wanted to get married and have a kid was so people would think he was normal...

**MICHAEL.** God, I'm in agony, I'm just in agony—I'm...I'm having a heart attack

**LISA.** He's so weird...

**MICHAEL.** Don't laugh at me! I'm having a heart attack—I really am!

**LISA.** ...He's just weird, weird, weird, you have no idea.

**MICHAEL.** And I'm gonna die right now—God!  
Just get me to the hospital—Call me an ambulance! Help me!  
Wait—don't go away, come back!

**LISA.** The guy is weird.

**MICHAEL.** If I die... If I die...will you promise me?  
Tell Lisa that I begged her to forgive me...  
Tell Lisa, this was Michael's dying wish, okay...?  
You'll do that, you promise?  
OK, I'm doing better now...  
Just leave me alone...

**Tommy**

**PAM.** Well, Tommy and I are not, let's face it, your normal-type TV-style couple... We're a little eccentric, we're a little wild...

**TOMMY.** We're a little fuckin' hard core...

**PAM.** Or let's just say, we like to live life on the edge, So of course, we're totally determined that our son is gonna grow up to be as uninhibited and free-thinking as his parents. I mean, by the time he's 16, little Brandon's probably gonna know how to kickbox like his mom, and ride a Harley like his dad...

**TOMMY.** And kick ass, like his dad...

**PAM.** (Tommy!) but I'm serious, no kid is ever gonna be more well loved and better cared for more than little Brandon is...

**TOMMY.** Oh, definitely, yeah...

**PAM.** Cause like to me, I mean, having a baby is just so awesome...

**TOMMY.** Or like, to me, you know—I feel he's blessed this house...

**PAM.** I mean, I personally, you know, I always wanted to have a baby, cause I love kids and so forth.

So like, when the time came I never even gave it a second thought, you know—I mean, in terms of, “Would having a baby like ruin my career?”

And you know, the next three months all I'm gonna be doing is taking care of little Brandon (cause you know, then we have to start shooting...)

And I mean, Tommy and I are just having so much fun, I mean, we couldn't be happier, right?

**TOMMY.** Like the only time even we fight is about who's gonna change his little diapers...

Except for like this one time Pam got real pissed off cause I was holdin' up his head right next to speakers...

**PAM.** You know, and I was sure he was gonna start crying...

**TOMMY.** Cause I had one of our CD's on...

**PAM.** And then, like his little eyes just went like this, and he started laughin'...

**TOMMY.** So now I got him this little baby drumset for the nursery, I mean—like he can't play it or nothin but...'

**PAM.** See it's like, we're such a family now, we're spending all our time around the house,

**TOMMY.** Like I never go out but...

**PAM.** Yeah, no, Tommy hardly even sees his guy friends anymore at all now.

**TOMMY.** Yeah, cause I'm just too busy round the house, you know, and stuff

Like I been recording all the little weird noises that he makes cause I think we could use 'em maybe on the album...

**PAM.** You know, and like everybody kept warning us, they kept saying you're gonna be so stressed out and panicked—and like that has so not happened...

**TOMMY.** Pam's like "Get that microphone out of his face, Tom, you're freakin' him out..."

**PAM.** I mean, honestly, Tommy, I'm not acting frightened of the baby at all, right?

**TOMMY.** Yeah, me neither...

It's like we're trying to figure out, so what's the big deal?

**PAM.** Cause it just seems so real and so natural, I mean—and I'm breastfeeding, too:

Which I have to say, I did have concerns about on account of the implants and so forth, but...

This might not be true of every woman who's had this type of operation but, I personally have experienced nothing, no problems at all...

**TOMMY.** And hey, you know, pregnancy, man—it's a sex bomb, baby...

**PAM.** Tommy—God, you're so bad...

**TOMMY.** Yeah, cause like I never imagined that Pamela could be any sexier than like she already was, but then when she started to get pregnant, you know, and her *body*—like got big all over if you

know what I'm saying—and everything got real *rosy*, man—that totally blew my mind, it was such a turn on, whoa...

**PAM.** Well you know, and for me, being pregnant was definitely the sexiest I have ever felt.

Because when you're carrying a baby you begin to feel like a woman, and you realize you're not a little girl anymore.

**TOMMY.** And like, she's losin' all the weight, already... She was up on the trapeze the other day and shit...

**PAM.** God, Tommy! (What can I say, we're a little eccentric)...

OK—we have this trapeze over the piano, see—Tommy says it gives him inspiration and so forth—

So the other day, you know, I put little Brandon on the piano in his bassinet, and I got back up in the trapeze, and I started swingin' over him, and I started going...

Coooooouuu... Coooooouuuuuuuuu...

*(She makes cooing sounds...)*

### Michael

*(DEBBIE onstage; MICHAEL is represented only by a high, girlish voice.)*

**MICHAEL.** But I really really miss you, Debbie—I just miss you all the time I mean, there's nobody here I can be close to, and I'm just so lonely all the time...

Is he kicking inside there?

Is he kicking right now?

Could you put the phone right on your tummy, Deb?—

Hello, Prince Michael?

**DEBBIE.** I've been in love with Michael now for 12 years and 2 months and 23 days...

**MICHAEL.** It's Daddy, Prince Michael...

**DEBBIE.** And I do know that, without question, our lives were brought together for a purpose.

**MICHAEL.** *(Sings:)* Prince Michael loves Daddy, Prince Michael loves Daddy...

**DEBBIE.** The funny thing is, when Michael first came in to the office, I barely even knew who he was—like, everybody else is all excited, I'm like, "Come on—we get celebrities all the time—so then, *bam*—I walk into the examining room...

And these two big soft brown eyes are just staring up at me, and saying "I love you," just to me...

And all these silky sweet words start bouncing around inside my head...

I'm like having this out-of-body experience right there in the examining room, there's like so much love pouring out at me...

So you know, when I'm still like that *two days later*, I'm like: "Deb, you need to figure out what's going *on here*..."

And it was just so clear, that my whole my life had been leading me up to that first meeting—cause like I remember one time, being at a friend's house, and the *Thriller* video came on—and I didn't know who he was, but I just stopped everything to watch him—and then, from that point on, see—whenever anybody mentioned Michael, I always had this vision of him with the monster inside him—which I could relate to cause people had always said I was so fat and ugly...

And this was just one of the ways that I'd been prepared to become his nurse, because Michael's nurse, see, is the only person in the world he allows to witness all the shame and suffering and humiliation his illness brings him...

I mean, Michael's nurse is actually the only other person in the world except his mother that's allowed to see Michael naked.

So of course, as Michael's nurse, I started to worry so much for him, because I knew he never told anybody else his true suffering.

And so many times I found out afterward that he was hurting when everybody else thought he was healed, or that he was afraid and in pain all the time he was giving other people comfort and joy...

Because that's what Michael teaches: he teaches people how to escape their painful worlds, and come back into the sunshine after all the most terrible things have happened to you.

So to be needed by this amazing person who's totally turned my life around, I mean, that's more of a gift than I ever deserved.

And now, to have the opportunity to repay that gift because...that's really, I mean—that's why I'm doing it—cause I'm not into babies, I'm more of a dog person, really...

And I just want to say to all the world that loves Michael,

He desperately wanted to have this baby all along, it was Lisa who said no, she said "I'd never bring a child into a marriage like this..." And when Michael told me that, my heart went out to him so much I said, " But I'd be proud to have your baby, Michael." And I never thought that anything would come of it.

But the next time he was in the office, Michael said, " Do you mean that, Deb?"

And I said "Oh, Michael. Yes, I do."

### **Tommy**

**PAM.** I make sixty thousand bucks an episode Tommy, sixty thousand, sixty-fucking-thousand bucks.

So why are we broke?

Why are we broke?

I got a million bucks for the fuckin' movie, Tommy.

So why are we broke?

**TOMMY.** I don't know.

**PAM.** Bullshit, you don't. You spent it, didn't you?

**TOMMY.** Well, yeah. But I wasn't the only one.

**PAM.** I didn't say you were the only one, I just said we're broke.

**TOMMY.** Hell, I know we're broke, just quit treating me like a goddamn moron.

**PAM.** Then quit acting like some goddamn moron.

**TOMMY.** So how come we're broke?

**PAM.** Because we're spending too much money, Tommy.

**TOMMY.** I know that, you moron.

**PAM.** Don't call me a moron you asshole!

**TOMMY.** Then don't you call me a fuckin' moron, I'm just trying to ask like an intelligent question. I'm, like what did we spend it on?

**PAM.** How about twenty four thousand bucks for a fish pond?

**TOMMY.** Okay...

**PAM.** Another twenty four thousand bucks just for landscaping.

**TOMMY.** So? You gotta have landscaping, Pam.

**PAM.** Twenty-four thousand bucks for fucking trees—for fucking grass and trees that grow everywhere else in the world except LA for free?

**TOMMY.** Yeah, well, landscaping is expensive, okay? You gotta bring in a backhoe, bring in your crew, I mean, most of that cost is probably your labor.

**PAM.** Twenty-four thousand [bucks...]

**TOMMY.** Look. You gotta have landscaping, deal with it.

**PAM.** OK—What about eight thousand bucks for an elevator in the garage!

**TOMMY.** Hey—you know, I make money too around here. Some of that could have been my money, you don't know.

**PAM.** I know what your stupid birthday party cost.

**TOMMY.** Yeah, but that was good fuckin' party.

**PAM.** Two hundred and forty thousand dollars.

**TOMMY.** Yeah, because that was a fuckin' good party. I mean, that was a great party, Pam—I was personally proud of that party. And you had fun too.

**PAM.** Two hundred and forty thousand dollars, Tommy.

**TOMMY.** So? You had fun.

**PAM.** That was my fuckin money, Tommy...

**TOMMY.** Easy come, easy go, Pam!

**PAM.** From my fuckin career.

**TOMMY.** All I'm sayin', Pam, is if we're so broke, I'm not the one buyin' baby clothes all the time...

**PAM.** Brandon happens to be our little baby.

**TOMMY.** Yeah, I know who [he is...]

**PAM.** So little Brandon, out of all of us, ought to be able to enjoy this kind of lifestyle—  
It's not his fault [his daddy's...]

**TOMMY.** Oh, yeah? So what about my lifestyle?  
I got a lifestyle too, you know?  
I mean, that little kid, you give him a tit full of milk—he's happy.

**PAM.** You're an asshole, Tommy...

**TOMMY.** You know, because I worked hard to get where I am.

**PAM.** So did I!

**TOMMY.** So just get off my fuckin' case.

**PAM.** So just don't spend my fuckin' money!

**TOMMY.** Hey, wait a minute—it's not your fuckin' money, it's our fuckin' money—it's the family fuckin' money, Pam, I got a right to it too...

I'm your fuckin' husband.

*(She is stalking out.)*

**PAM.** I know who you are, believe me!

**TOMMY.** Then why you don't act like it, hunh? I mean, jeez, Pam...

### **Michael**

*(DEBBIE onstage, sobbing; MICHAEL is represented only by a high, girlish voice.)*

**MICHAEL.** Lisa—Forgive me, Lisa—I've gone and married Debbie, and now I can't live with myself...

**DEBBIE.** Why did I listen...?

**MICHAEL.** I hurt you so badly, Lisa, how could I do that to you? You've always been there for me...

**DEBBIE.** Why did I even believe him?  
I said, "You're in Australia, Mike!"

He said, “Yeah, but I wanna get married, Debbie—right now, Debbie—hurry!”

So I got on the next plane out, and I flew like eighteen hours straight, and I mean, they’re not even supposed to let you on the plane after the seventh month...

And then I get to the hotel, you know, I’m like totally wiped out, I mean, and *nobody’s* been there to meet me at the airport, I had to take a taxi...

And then they say “Oh, you’re in separate bedrooms, because Michael’s little friend is staying with him.”

And I’m like, “Michael, why are you doing this to me? Why are you humiliating me? I flew all this way!”

And he goes like this, he goes: “Well, gee, Deb—Anthony’s my little cousin, you know, and I just had to bring him along to cheer him up, cause he’s been so depressed ever since his parents passed away.”

Like I don’t know there is no cousin Anthony!! Like I don’t know the family by heart?

I mean this honeymoon is just the honeymoon from hell, it’s just a nightmare...

I mean, he made me wait, I had to wait to get married till after the show, ok? So it’s like 12:32 in the morning, Mike’s totally exhausted, and there’s little Anthony!

I mean so ok, we had to have the ceremony in the suite because of security reasons but he could have had flowers, I mean he could have had romantic music, or something.

I mean, it was so embarrassing there was just...all this stupid Lion King birthday shit, this stupid Lion King shit—I HATE THE STUPID FUCKING LION KING.

And I know he told me sex was out as long as I’m in this condition, I mean it’s not like I expected romance and passion on my wedding night, believe me

But I mean, we could have cuddled, we used to cuddle.

I mean, I’m his wife—that’s not asking too much...

I said “I’m not gonna bite you, Michael, I love you to death.”

It’s like he’s ashamed of me

I swear, I’m goin’ back to the Valley, I’m havin’ this baby and then I’m going right back to the life I used to, you know—have, go back

to Dr. Klein's, get me a little tract house, with a yard—cause you know what, Mike?

That'll suit me fine.

**LISA.** Yeah?

**DEBBIE.** Hi, Lisa, it's Debbie,...

**LISA.** Oh, yeah? Debbie who?

**DEBBIE.** It's me—it's Debbie Rowe.

**LISA.** Oh, yeah.

**DEBBIE.** I know, the last fucking person on earth you wanna talk to, but listen, I just gotta ask you one thing, Lisa, okay?

Is that okay?

Cause you've always been straight with me, Lisa, and I really respect that, I mean I know you hate me and...

**LISA.** Listen, Debbie, I gotta [go...]

**DEBBIE.** Wait—you just gotta know one thing, I didn't have nothing to do with you and him breaking up, OK?

**LISA.** Well, you were gettin' it on, weren't you?

**DEBBIE.** Let me finish, OK?

Cause no matter what happened, Lisa, he always loved you more than he loved me,

'Cause Michael's always been in love with you, and he's still in love with you...

And I know he never loved me, and I keep going "What have I got myself into?"

And I got no one to talk to...

I'm just so lonely, and I was just hoping that maybe, you know, you'd be willing to talk to me at least, maybe tell me stuff like,

What was your marriage like and

What am I in for and all?

Sort of clue me in?

You know, woman to woman?

**LISA.** Yeah, well, I don't know, Debbie... I mean, you know, I feel sorry for you, and all...

**DEBBIE.** Thanks...

**LISA.** I mean, I been down myself.

**DEBBIE.** I know...

**LISA.** Yeah, right—a little bird tell you that, Deb?

**DEBBIE.** I'm sorry...

**LISA.** That's okay... I'm just busting your balls.  
But, you know—I really have to say,  
You had no right to come to me with this, Debbie.  
I mean, this is not my problem.

**DEBBIE.** I'm sorry...

**LISA.** It's not like I ever asked you to marry him, is it?  
I mean, I paid my dues with that guy, Nursie. OK?  
I paid my dues, big-time.  
And I'm over that now...

**DEBBIE.** I just thought you could help me...

**LISA.** Listen—there's nothing I can tell you about your husband  
you aren't gonna learn real soon on your own, okay?  
If you haven't already, which frankly it sounds like you have.  
So good luck, Nursie—'cause you're gonna need it.

**MICHAEL.** Yeah, and it's so weird, I mean I keep going, "Why did  
this happen to me," you know?  
I mean, I didn't want to be married again, you know—not ever.  
I already did the marriage thing; all that did was leave me hurt.  
I mean, What's Debbie's problem?  
Why is she so hung up on me, I mean...  
It's such a turn-off...  
It's kinda scary.  
It's really creepy.

*(PAM has entered starting the next scene.)*

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**Tommy & Dick**

**PAM.** Tommy, you...  
You listen to me, you asshole!  
I am not going to have every  
stupid asshole in America  
jerking off to your...  
...stupid sextape, so you fix it!

**PAM.**  
No, you listen to me you listen,  
you either—shut up—you  
either make 100% goddamn  
sure that tape is never seen or  
I am divorcing you...

**PAM.** I mean it, Tommy...

**TOMMY.** I told you, I got it.

**PAM.** Well, you better!

**TOMMY.** I said I got it—when I tell you I got it, I got it—okay?

**PAM.** Fine.

**TOMMY.** I just wish you could tell me what the fuck I'm supposed  
to...

**PAM.** How the hell should I know what...

**TOMMY.** Just tell me what the fuck you want me to do...

**PAM.** I don't know and I don't care but you fix it, you just, you fix  
it, cause you—  
I did not want to make that tape, and you know it, that was your  
It was your stupid idea, and it's all your stupid fault, you moron!  
Because you talked me into it, you moron!

**TOMMY.** Yeah, well I'm in that tape too, you know.

**PAM.** So what, you idiot?  
You're a heavy metal rock star!  
Nobody gives a shit what you do.  
I'm on family television, asshole!

**TOMMY.**  
What? What the fuck am [I...]  
I am fucking listening!

Nobody's gonna be...  
Nobody's jerkin' off, Pam,  
except maybe Bob Guccione!

**TOMMY.**  
All right, I got it.

*Baywatch* is a family fucking show, you moron!

**TOMMY.** I know that, goddamn it.

**PAM.** So you want them to drop me from the show?

Hunh?

Is that what you want?

**TOMMY.** They're not going to drop you from the fucking [show...]

**PAM.** How do you know, moron?

You don't know shit.

You don't know shit about anything.

Because I am a mother, Tommy!

I am a mother now and don't you ever forget it.

I am a new mother with a little baby and they are not gonna throw me off the show for no fucking reason,

They'd get creamed!

But if that stupid stupid tape that you wanted to make

So you and your goddamn friends could jerk off to it, your so-called friends could

**TOMMY.** Nobody's jerkin' off to that tape, Pam—

Hey!

No you shut up, you fuckin piss me off with that, like I'm some kinda sicko weird—what do you think I am, some kinda sick pervert or something? Jesus, Pam.

I made that tape for us, for you and me, for...

**PAM.** Oh, shut up!

**TOMMY.** It's s'posed to be a love tape, honey.

**PAM.** Will just you shut up, please?

**TOMMY.** I made it for us, Pam

I thought we made it for us.

**PAM.** Tommy, use your brain—they're not gonna fire me from the show without cause, and as long as nobody knows about that tape, there's no cause; but as soon as that tape sees the light of day they're gonna fire my ass and I will never work in this fucking town again, and you know why?

Because in Hollywood, moron, a mother with a little baby does not do disgusting crap like that.

**TOMMY.** Pam, gimme a break, ok? What am I supposed to do...?

*(PAM exits scene, begins transition to SHERRY.)*

**PAM.** I don't know, Tommy—just do something!  
Jesus—why do you have to be so stupid all the time?

**TOMMY.** Hunh?

*(TOMMY mutters to nobody in particular as, in another part of the stage, PAM continues her change into SHERRY.)*

**TOMMY.** Whatta ya mean, “stupid,” Pam?

Hey, I asked you a question, ok? *Pammy?*

I mean, fuck you, Pam...

Maybe I will—you know?

Fuckwad!

Maybe I will...Fuckin' douchewipe...piss me off...fuckin' *bitch*

Shitass cunthole *shitbag*...fuckin' asswad *cuntwipe*

*(TOMMY is exiting.)*

**SHERRY.** So I get a call from Madame Lee, she tells me somebody named Dick is stopping over—

**TOMMY.** Fuckin' *doucheball*

**SHERRY.** He's on his way to the airport, he's used us before so he checks out—and it'll be two hundred cash...

*(Doorbell rings...)*

And I'm thinking, you know, “Not too bad.” I mean, he looks like all the other business guys.

So I go “Hi”, and he gives me this great big smile and he goes “Hi, yourself.”

“I'm Dick Morris, and you must be Shari,” cause Shari's, you know, the name that I use professionally.

He goes, “Listen, I got a plane, Shari, you mind if we go in the bedroom?”

So we go into the bedroom and he goes, “I have this kind of a foot fetish, Shari. Do you have any problem with that?”

I'm like, "Whatever."

He goes, "Great—Shari, so could you possibly model your beautiful legs for me?"

So I strip down, you know, to my garter belt, I'm—whatever—modeling my legs, and he keeps going, "Oh, that's so beautiful, Shari... That's beautiful...."

You know, and when he started to getting excited, I got kinda scared cause I thought he was having a seizure, only he looked so kinda stupid I cracked up.

So, anyway—he's washing up afterwards, and he goes, "Shari, did you know I'm Bill Clinton's political strategist?" I'm like, "That's nice." I mean, I have no idea what these guys do, and he says,

"So lemme ask you a question, Shari" he says, "Would you be interested in seeing me without involving the agency?"

"Cause I'd pay you more and you wouldn't have to share it with anybody."

He says, "See I'm in town through the elections, and I'm looking for someone I can see on a long-term exclusive so I can quote/unquote build a relationship," and he goes, "Would you wanna fill that slot?"

And I'm thinking, "God, I don't know," you know—I mean I just wanted out of the escort scene in the worst way—but I'm thinking, if I can get maybe 300 a week plus the few outside cleaning jobs that I had lined up, you know, I could finally get out of this whole degrading cycle....

So I gave him my home number, and...

It was a long week, you know, it was a real long week, but I needed the money. I needed the money...

Anyway, he finally calls and he says, "From now on, Shari, I'd like you to meet me at the Jefferson Hotel," he says, "Suite 205."

And you know, I'm impressed, but I still didn't think he was anyone all that special.

So that night, we're in the middle of something and he goes, "Shit, I just got beeped—and it's the President, I'm gonna have to call him right back."

So he dials the phone, he's like, "Yes, sir!" And you know—whoever it is, he's talking away and talking away—so finally Dick like motions me for me to come over—and then he kinda holds the phone out so I can listen in...

And there's no doubt about it whatsoever—it was The Man!  
And at that point, yeah—I was impressed...

**Frank**

*(FRANK has been wheeled on in a wheelchair; BARBARA and NANCY beside him. SHERRY remains on stage. FRANK groans.)*

**NANCY.** Dad? What's wrong?

*(FRANK groans again.)*

**NANCY.** What did he say?

**FRANK.** Hurts...

**BARBARA.** Where, baby?

**FRANK.** Hurts, goddamn it!

**BARBARA.** Where, Frank? Can you tell me?

**FRANK.** Just hurts... Oh...god...

**BARBARA.** I'm sorry...

**FRANK.** Go 'way... Lea'me alone....

**NANCY.** Dad...

**BARBARA.** Just leave him alone, Nancy...

**NANCY.** Where does it hurt, Dad?

**BARBARA.** Nancy!

**FRANK.** What?

**NANCY.** Can you tell me where it hurts, Dad?

**BARBARA.** I am asking you—please!

**NANCY.** What, you got a problem with my trying to help, Barbara? I just thought, you know, since he is my father and all...

**FRANK.** Knock it off...

**NANCY.** And it's pretty obvious you don't know how to communicate with him any more—

**FRANK.** Didn't I say knock it off?

**NANCY.** I'm sorry, [Dad].

**FRANK.** Shut up—you leave her alone, ok, she's my wife, for cryin' out loud.

Who the hell are you, comin' in here, talking to her that way?  
Get her out of here, and leave me alone.

**BARBARA.** But it's Nancy, Frank—ok?—she just stopped by to see how you're doing. OK?  
It's Nancy...

**NANCY.** It's me, Pop

**FRANK.** Is Frankie here?

**NANCY.** No, Pop—it's me...

**BARBARA.** It's just Nancy.

**FRANK.** How come Frankie didn't come?

**BARBARA.** Well, I'm sure he's working— isn't he, Nancy?

**NANCY.** Yeah, Pop.

**FRANK.** He workin' the Sands? Hunh?

Cause that was the deal.

And I don't wanna hear any more crap about it, OK?  
You got that?

**NANCY.** Sure, Pop.

**FRANK.** The kid is good, right?

So it don't make no freakin' difference who his old man is...

**NANCY.** Just take a little nap, now, Pop.

**FRANK.** What did I just say? Hunh?

**BARBARA.** Frank, [it's time for...]

**FRANK.** Shut up, Barbara—What did I say, kid?  
Hunh? What did I say?

**NANCY.** You said he's good, Pop, that's what [you said]

**FRANK.** No, that's not what I said, I said Frankie's playin' the Sands and it don't have nothing to do with who his old man is. OK?

**NANCY.** Sure, Pop.

He's good.

He's a chip off the old block.

**FRANK.** You're damn right...

**BARBARA.** Come on, Frank, let me get you comfortable...

**NANCY.** Yeah, just take a little nap, Pop... I'll be here when you wake up.

**BARBARA.** Actually, Nancy, I think it might be better if you [didn't...]

**NANCY.** Um-hmmm

**BARBARA.** He's been having a [rough day...]

*(They argue in hushed voices as FRANK sleeps.)*

**NANCY.** You ever call the Smithsonian, Barbara? Remember, I [gave you the number...]

**BARBARA.** Oh, no...

**NANCY.** No, I gave you [that number, Barbara, OK?]

**BARBARA.** ...Nancy, we're not going to have this conversation right now, because...

**NANCY.** No, we're gonna have it, Barbara, cause I talked to the Smithsonian, ok—and they say you won't return their calls.

**BARBARA.** Just get out, Nancy...

**NANCY.** So what are you gonna do?  
Sell everything off to the highest bidder?

**BARBARA.** I said get out

**NANCY.** Like Palm Springs—hunh, Barbara?

**BARBARA.** And keep your voice down, for God's sake, don't you have any consideration [for your father at all...]

**NANCY.** Oh, yeah, Barbara—Palm Springs—that’s when you showed your true colors...

That’s when you let everybody come into the house and poke all around, and then we get to read about how much the freakin’ mailbox went for in *Time* magazine...

That was just cheap and cheesy, Barbara, and I gotta tell you, the one thing Dad never was was cheap and cheesy, he was class, Barbara, all the way.

You know, and when I think about Dad’s Oscar maybe ending up on some fat asshole’s doorstep instead of in the Smithsonian Museum, which is where it belongs, Barbara, only you don’t seem to get it, you just don’t get it—

This was a man who made history, Barbara, this man was a legend—this man will be remembered throughout all eternity as a part of the history, of not just America, Barbara—but the whole entire Twentieth Century...

You know? And then I look at you, and it’s so totally obvious that you have no idea about what any of that means—

And that’s a national tragedy—you know, Barbara: you’re a freakin’ disgrace to this country...

(NANCY *exits.*)

### Dick

**SHERRY.** So this is by now, we’re like maybe a month into it—and I finally go, “I can stay over if you like” and he’s like, “Oh, that’s great, that’s wonderful,” so I get there, I’m like knocking—and when he finally gets to the door, he’s like “Gee, I musta fallen asleep.”

I go, “Hard day at the office, honey?” He goes “Oh, yeah.”

He goes, “But you just come over here on the sofa, and lemme make it up to you.”

So we start making out and he goes, “Isn’t this fun, we’re necking like teenagers?”

I’m like...

He goes, “So how we gonna get these pants off, Shari?”

I’m like, “Well Dick, I think you gonna have to take my boots off first...”

He goes, “Oh wow—let me do that—I got a foot fetish, remember?” And he’s like sniffing my feet and licking my toes so you know, we do the leg show again,

And then he calls his wife (he calls her Bunny—and they have this whole baby talk thing—I mean it really makes you wanna puke)—I mean men are really something else.

Here’s this guy, one minute he’s on the phone to the President of the United States, the next minute he’s calling up Bunny, going “booboo gaga.”

I’m thinking “What a farce!”

So I finally go, “Does your wife know you’re seeing other women?”

He goes, “Oh, well, you know,” he goes, “Not exactly—she just says, ‘Please, be discrete.’ Isn’t that wonderful of her?” He goes, “Besides, if I’m not seriously involved, it’s not hurting my wife, it’s just business.”

I go, “Yeah, that’s how I feel, too—strictly business.”

He goes, “So please don’t fall in love with me.”

I go, “Don’t worry—I won’t.” And I didn’t.

When the time came, I just said, “Bye...”

“See ya...”

### Frank

*(FRANK asleep in the chair. BARBARA starts to wake him.)*

**BARBARA.** Frank?

**FRANK.** Hunh?

**BARBARA.** Wake up, Frank...

**FRANK.** Where’s Barbara?

**BARBARA.** I’m right here...

**FRANK.** Get Barbara!

**BARBARA.** I’m right here, Frank—it’s me... I’m right here, baby...

**FRANK.** Oh, Barbara!

**BARBARA.** I’m right here...

**FRANK.** Get me outta here, Barbara!

You gotta get me outta here.

You gotta get me out, goddamn it!

People die, they die in here, I seen 'em die in here, they come in here and people kill 'em.

People kill 'em here.

**BARBARA.** Oh, Frank, you...

**FRANK.** Just let go of me, for chrissake...

Lemme go, I gotta go, I gotta go,

You gotta lemme go

Please...

Just get me outta here, baby,  
get me out...

I don't want to die in here

I don't want to die...

**BARBARA.** Yeah but you can't, you

can't go, you can't go yet, Frank,

listen to me,

Listen to me!

**BARBARA.** Calm down, baby, calm down—please

Just calm down, ok...?

**FRANK.** Don't let me die in here, Barbara...

**BARBARA.** OK, We'll get you out, Frank, just as soon as we can,  
But you gotta calm down Frank, OK?

**FRANK.** Where the hell am I? Barbara?

**BARBARA.** You're in the hospital, Frank, you're at Cedars.

And we'll get you out just as soon as we can

But right now you really need to be here, OK?

**FRANK.** Hunh...?

**BARBARA.** You understand what I'm saying?

**FRANK.** Yeah, yeah, yeah—I need to be here.

**BARBARA.** That's right, cause they found a tumor, Frank, remember?

**FRANK.** Hunh?

**BARBARA.** That's what was causing all the pain, OK?

**FRANK.** They found a tumor?

**BARBARA.** That's why you were bleeding.

**FRANK.** No, I want it out, they gotta get it out!

**BARBARA.** They got it out—they got it, Frank...  
They took it out already—you had surgery, remember?

**FRANK.** Hunh?

**BARBARA.** You had surgery yesterday, and you've kinda been drifting in and out ever since.

**FRANK.** I wanna go home.

**BARBARA.** I know, but you gotta pay attention to me, honey.  
The tumor was cancer.

**FRANK.** Hunh?

**BARBARA.** And the cancer's spread  
They found another tumor, and they got that one too.  
But they need to keep you under observation.  
They have to do some more tests, Frank.

**FRANK.** No, no, no, no, no—

**BARBARA.** Yes, they have to do tests, Frank,  
And that's why you have to stay.

**FRANK.** No—I don't want no more tests, OK, Barbara?  
I wanna get outta here and I wanna go home—Hey, I'm talkin' to  
you, Barbara.

**BARBARA.** Frank, I don't [want to have to...]

**FRANK.** Shut up, Barbara!  
You don't even know what the hell you're talking about.

**BARBARA.** You don't have to [talk to me that...]

**FRANK.** I said shut up!  
I know what I'm talkin' about.  
No more tests, OK?  
Once they start opening you up in there, you're never the same,  
OK?  
I've seen it, I seen what happens.  
I don't want nobody digging around in there no more, OK?  
No more with the doctors, I've had it with that.

Now come on, we're gettin' the hell out of here!

**BARBARA.** Oh, please, Frank, no...

**FRANK.** Hey, hey, hey, baby—you know the score here.  
Come on, what have I got, hunh? What've I got, Barbara?  
I got what? I got a what? I got a heart failure, I got the liver failure, I  
got the kidney failure,  
Then I had the heart attack.  
Then I had the stroke.  
So now what? I got a cancer?  
Come on, baby—you get the picture?  
It's my time.  
It's my time, Barbara.  
And if I got a cancer, hell, so be it.  
I'm dying, baby.  
I'm dyin'...  
And all I'm saying is I ain't gonna die in here in this joint on ac-  
count of it stinks and I hate it, OK?  
I just wanna go home...  
Pour myself a drink  
Light up a smoke...  
Smoke a few last cigarettes.  
Take a couple belts when the pain gets too bad.  
And say the hell with it, baby.  
Come on—what's God savin' me for, hunh?  
What's He savin' me for:  
I can't sing.  
I can't eat.  
I can't pee...  
Can't make love to my beautiful wife.  
What the hell is the point of it, baby? I want it over, I just want it  
over!  
What the hell point is there living like this, there's no point at all. I  
want it over!  
I just want it over, Barbara, I want it over and done with.  
Why the hell don't somebody pull the goddamn, pull the plug,  
goddamn it! Just pull the plug, just pull the freakin' plug, and get  
me outta here!  
You hear what I'm saying?

(NANCY enters.)

NANCY. What's wrong, Dad—what's wrong?

FRANK. Pull the plug, goddamn it! Just pull the freaking plug

BARBARA. Oh, Frank,...

FRANK. Aw shut up you, and get outta here, you just get outta here.

I want you outta here.

You go get Barbara, you get Barbara, you tell her to pull the plug. I said, get outta here—you're fired, okay? You're finished!

(BARBARA exits, weeping; NANCY remains on stage.)

### Dick

SHERRY. He says, "Sit by me, sweetie, we need to talk," he says, "that was real real romantic and just real real dumb, OK?" he says, "You gotta promise me, OK? You'll never ever call me from the bar again, cause you and I gotta be just super careful."

So then we break out the cognac, we talk a little bit about the cognac, and then he says, "Hey guess what?"

He says, "I got this tape of the Nightline episode we're gonna do about the government shutdown,"

He says "You wanna watch it before it airs?"

And we're like watching the videotape,

He starts going, "Check out the nose, check out that nose,"

He goes, "I had him tone the nose down, see—cause of what you'd said," cause what I'd said one time was that Bill Clinton's nose looked so big sometimes, it made it kinda hard to follow what he was actually saying.

He goes, "But he looks good, hunh? Looks pretty damn good!" Like he was in awe of his own creation...

He goes "Check out that tie, I bought him that tie," Like he's creating this bigger version of himself and it's the President of the United States

I mean he was *glowing*.

He goes, "Watch this, watch this" he goes, "See that?" He goes, "I gave him that line right before he went on."

I mean, we watched that video four times in a row

By the end he was literally hugging himself.

He goes, “And I planned that whole government shutdown thing five months ago, and I told Bill Clinton ‘you’re gonna do it, too, cause then we can show you as the leader with no weakness;’ so then when he signed that welfare thing, cause nobody else wanted him to do it, I was the only one, they all said “No, don’t do it, don’t sign it,” so then when he signed it, everybody knew who had the leash around Bill Clinton’s neck!”

He said, “God, I love this job...”

He said, “To us!”

And then he kissed me.

### **Frank**

*(NANCY has remained onstage through the previous scene.)*

**NANCY.** You know what you want for your birthday, Pop?

**FRANK.** Hunh?

**NANCY.** Here, lemme wipe you up a little, Daddy.

**FRANK.** Yeah. Is Frankie here?

**NANCY.** He couldn’t come, Pop.

**FRANK.** Hunh?

**NANCY.** Frankie didn’t come today, Pop!

**FRANK.** OK, OK, OK...

You got any smokes, kid?

**NANCY.** Sure, Pop...

You want me to hit you?

**FRANK.** Yeah...

You know, these things’ll kill you, kid...

**NANCY.** Not you, Pop—you’re too tough.

You remember when Frankie asked you what you wanted for your birthday?

**FRANK.** Yeah, I said—“Another birthday...”

**NANCY.** Yeah, so you gonna keep fightin' for us, Pop?

**FRANK.** "Another birthday," yeah, that killed him...

**NANCY.** You gonna hang in there for us kids?

Cause that's what you taught us.

You said, "You don't never give in without a fight."

**FRANK.** That's right.

**NANCY.** And that's why you gotta do the chemo, Pop.

**FRANK.** Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, that again...

**NANCY.** Yeah, that again.

*(BARBARA has entered.)*

**BARBARA.** Nancy?

**NANCY.** So, you gonna do the chemo for me, Pop?

**FRANK.** Hunh?

**NANCY.** I said you gonna do the chemo for me, Pop?

**FRANK.** Yeah, yeah, sure...

**BARBARA.** I need to talk to you, Nancy...

**NANCY.** In a minute, OK?

**BARBARA.** Why did you let him smoke, Nancy?

**NANCY.** You promise?

**BARBARA.** I am talking to you, Nancy!

**FRANK.** Yeah, yeah, yeah, lea'me alone...

**NANCY.** What the hell is the matter with you Barbara, hunh...?

**BARBARA.** Don't you know he's on oxygen?

Do you want him to burn to death?

**NANCY.** Oh, for chrissake—he's not on oxygen now, is he? Jesus!

I was talking to him about the chemo, for chrissake Barbara—

I was trying to get him to take the damn chemo, OK?

**BARBARA.** Well, he won't...

**NANCY.** Well, he just promised me that he would, OK, Barbara...

**BARBARA.** Jesus, Nancy— you're not six years old any more... Your father's not going to do something just because he promised you!

**BARBARA.**

And I'm sorry you can't be bothered to follow doctor's orders, but the fact is your father is not supposed to be smoking and for some reason you refuse to accept that, just as you refuse to accept that I'm his wife, and that I am taking the best possible care of my husband that I know how to, Nancy!

**NANCY.** OK, Barbara— just have it your way Have it your own goddamn... Barbara... Please! Please—stop— Stop with Florence Nightingale, Barbara— everybody knows you don't know what the hell you're doing outside the Country Club...

**BARBARA.** No, I have done everything I possibly could for him, [Nancy...]

**NANCY.** So why'd you let Dad out of the hospital, hunh? Why'd you let my father walk out of the hospital?

**BARBARA.** Well, what was I supposed to do, Nancy, you know he hates it here, he hates it here—and he gets so scared, you heard him, Nancy—"Pull the plug! Pull the plug!

**NANCY.** We're talking about a man with a heart attack, with a stroke and a tumor, and you say you don't know what to do so you let him walk, what the hell am I supposed to think?

**BARBARA.** He was raging, Nancy, raging at me all the time, he just won't listen to me anymore.

*(Sobbing:)* He's always yelling at me, and I was afraid he was gonna have another heart attack, Nancy, right there in the hospital, I was afraid he was gonna have another heart attack and die!

I know he needs the operation but I'm afraid he just won't make it—he's so frail, the poor darling, and I'm so scared he won't pull through...

Don't you understand: This been a nightmare for me, Nancy...

**NANCY.** So what?

So what, Barbara, this isn't about you, OK?

It's about my dad, my father—who doesn't even know what day it is and should be in a hospital, where he belongs—

Because I'm telling you, Barbara, if anything happens to our father, this family will never forgive you, because we are his flesh and blood, and you're not—

You're not a part of the family, Barbara—and you never will be—

So you better remember—if anything happens, it's on your head...

*(NANCY exits. Long beat. As BARBARA wheels FRANK off, he stirs.)*

**FRANK.** Mr. President call?

**BARBARA.** What's that, baby?

**RANK.** Cause that's what he said. He said, "right now..."

**BARBARA.** I know, it's okay

**FRANK.** Yeah, but see, mosta these guys, they just wanna laugh at you, baby—

They just can't wait for you to go.

Cause you know, death?

That's a sign of weakness—I told Barbara I said you bury me quick I said "And, Barbara you don't tell nobody, OK?"

You just tell Mom...

Just tell Mom that...

I'm gonna be late for school, cause I don't feel so good, you know?

I don't feel so good right now...

### Dick & Tommy

**SHERRY.** ...He says, “And Bill Clinton is yelling and screaming—he’s so pissed off, he’s yelling, ‘We’re failing, we’re failing!’”

So Dick starts screaming right back, he goes, “All right, all right, you could get impeached, you could go to jail, you could even lose the goddamn election somehow, but you’re way way ahead in the polls right now and you know perfectly goddamn well you’re gonna win it!”

And Bill Clinton just calms right down, he says “That’s the only way you get him to listen,” he says, “you just scream right back.”

He says, “One time back when Bill Clinton was governor, I tried to give him some advice and he got so pissed off he just started yellin’ and screamin’—bangin’ on the table with his fists—so I backed right off,” he said, “I just went, you know ‘OK, that’s fine, well—I’m outta here and good luck in your campaign.”

He says, “So I started walking toward the door and I had my back to him,” he says, “And Bill Clinton just went ballistic,” he says “he went apeshit—he charges me and gives me this football tackle, you know—and I go down pretty hard! And he’s wrestling me all over the floor and the next thing I know Bill Clinton’s got his arm all cocked back in a fist and he’s ready to slug me—okay?—when all of a sudden

**SHERRY.** Hillary comes runnin’ into the office—she starts jumping on his back, beatin’ on him, screamin’ “Bill! Bill—you get offa that man right now, you better not hurt him, you fuck you fuck you”

**PAM.** Fuck you, Tommy—Jesus—  
Fuck you!  
You wear a condom, asshole?

Why? You gonna get tested, asshole?  
I trusted you, asshole.  
I thought I was the only girl in the world for you, asshole.

*(SHERRY, interrupted by TOMMY’s entrance, goes right into the next scene as PAM.)*

**TOMMY.** Shut up, shut up, shut up, I said shut the fuck up.

Shut the fuck up!  
I said shut the fuck up, Pam!  
No, I ain’t gonna get tested, cause I ain’t no motherfuckin’ AIDS.  
C’mere...

Don't hit me...

C'mere!

I said, c'mere Pam.

Don't you dare hit me, Tommy.

**TOMMY.** Yeah,...you scared of me?

Hunh?

I didn't hear you, Pammy!

**PAM.** I said yes.

**TOMMY.** Well, good, then maybe we can have a little fuckin' conversation,

Hey, I ain't gonna hit you, Pammy, OK?

I just want you to get your fat ass over here so we can have a little fuckin' conversation.

You wanna know how come I was ballin' her?

**PAM.** You stay the hell away from me...

**TOMMY.** It's your fat ass, Pammy.

I already told you once before, didn't I tell you once before I can't stand the sight of your fat ass?

**PAM.** I am leaving you.

**TOMMY.** Your fat ass is a real drag, Pammy.

Didn't I tell you to lose weight?

**PAM.** I am leaving you and I am taking Brandon with me.

**TOMMY.** Whattaya mean you're leaving me?

**PAM.** And if you hit me, or hit my child, or try to stop us, I will call the police.

And they will have you arrested, Tommy.

**TOMMY.** You can't just leave.

**PAM.** They will have you arrested.

**TOMMY.** Okay, but the kid stays here, this is his house...

**PAM.** Step aside, Tommy.

**TOMMY.** Hey, this is my marriage too, you know!

**PAM.** Tommy, get out of my way.

**TOMMY.** Jeez, I ain't gonna OJ you, Pam, for chrissake. I'm talking about my marriage, I'm talking about my fucking kid too, okay?

I love you, baby, and now all of a sudden everything's all fucked up.

I need to think for a minute!

**PAM.** Tommy, I said...

**TOMMY.** Just hold it, just stop. Just hold everything...

**PAM.** I need to get out, Tommy, right now.

I need to get out of this house, I need to take my son somewhere, I need to get safe, and then we can talk.

I cannot talk to you right now.

**TOMMY.** Look, just gimme a minute.

**PAM.** I cannot talk to you right now.

**TOMMY.** Jesus Pam, gimme a break, I know it was wrong of me, what I done,

You know, I wouldn't a been bangin' her, Pam, if I'd a thought you were gonna walk in on us, you know, I mean, I am not some kinda asshole.

It was an unfortunate accident, honey—okay?

It was just an unfortunate accident.

Pam, I got a sex addiction—

That's a sickness, you can't blame me for having a sickness.

Jeez, you don't have to break up our happy fuckin home about it.

*(But she is leaving him...)*

**TOMMY.** You can't just run away from your problems, Pam!

### **Michael & Tommy**

*(DEBBIE speaks directly and expansively to the audience. LISA MARIE's tone is rapid, furtive, as if not wanting to be overheard.)*

**DEBBIE.** OK, well—the best part about our marriage is definitely our sex life.

I mean, Michael and I get it on just about anywhere we can...

**LISA.** Mike, it's Lisa—

**DEBBIE.** I personally can't keep my hands off the guy—

**LISA.** I wanna raise your baby, Mike...

**DEBBIE.** and Michael's pretty much the same way about me...

**LISA.** ...Well, at least let me help...

**DEBBIE.** He's always going, "Deb, c'mon—we gotta have another kid"—I mean, like he wants about *twelve!*

**LISA.** C'mon, Mike—I got kids of my own, and I'm raisin' 'em right, too—you know that...

**DEBBIE.** I'm like, "Michael, gimme a break—I'm 38—whatta ya think—I'm some kinda Dalmatian?"

**LISA.** I may not be pretty, I may not be talented, but one thing I do know is how to raise kids, Michael—and I love little babies, you know how I am...

**DEBBIE.** Okay, well—the reason that I'm not there right now and, I mean—you know, Michael's a wonderful dad he's just, he's a wonderful dad...and I mean I just love my little baby, too, you know—I mean Michael's little—I mean, he's just the best dad—you know, and that little guy—

**LISA.** Mike—it's a full time job, and you have other obligations...

**DEBBIE.** But I mean, the reason that I'm not there right now has nothing to do with Lisa being there—I mean, she just decided to visit him and my trip had been planned like a month ago—and I mean, I knew she might be coming over at some point, you know, to visit—Mike and I discussed that—so I mean, the fact that she's over there right now and I'm—you know, Mike and I discussed that...

**LISA.** Well, you know, if it did bring us closer together, I wouldn't mind that either...

**DEBBIE.** But see—okay, my whole attitude from the very beginning was, "Have a great time, you guys, do your own thing and don't sweat it." I mean—Cause I'm gonna be there tonight, you know—I'm going to be back tonight, so...

**LISA.** C'mon, Mike—didn't she say, "I ain't raising no baby unless it looks like a golden retriever and I can paper train him...?"

**DEBBIE.** You know, and if she's still there—well, maybe I'll get a chance to finally meet her...

**LISA.** She likes dogs, Mike—she doesn't like—I mean, Debbie's sweet and all, but—wait, wait, wait—I didn't—Mike, I didn't mean it that way...

**DEBBIE.** I mean, we've definitely had our little problems in the past, you know...

**LISA.** I'm sorry, Michael, I'm so sorry, don't hang up on me!

**DEBBIE.** I mean, cause Lisa Marie can come on pretty strong sometimes...

**LISA.** Oh, God...!

*(LISA MARIE exits sobbing.)*

**DEBBIE.** She's a very hard person.

But you know (I don't know)...

Deep down, I think she's probably a marshmallow...

*(DEBBIE remains onstage as LISA MARIE's sobbing builds off-stage.)*

**LISA.** *(Off:)* Oh, god...

God...god...

Oh, God...

I am such a loser

God, I'm such a stupid loser...

*(Such a stupid stupid...)*

God, I'm a just total loser—total stupid fucked up loser!

**PRISCILLA.** Lisa?

**LISA.** Fuck you, Mom—get lost!

**PRISCILLA.** Lisa?

**LISA.** Fuck you!

**PRISCILLA.** Please—open the door, Lisa?

**LISA.** What do you care?

**PRISCILLA.** Lisa, open the door!

*(LISA enters.)*

**LISA.** I said get lost, okay Mom?  
Just get lost and leave me alone.

**PRISCILLA.** Lisa...

**LISA.** No! No! Leave me alone!  
God! Leave me alone...

**PRISCILLA.** You know I can't...

**LISA.** Fuck you, Mom!  
Who are you trying to kid?  
You never loved me!  
You always thought I was a stupid fuckup—didn't you, Mom?  
You always thought I was ugly!  
And guess what—you were right!

**PRISCILLA.** No, baby...

**LISA.** Shut up!  
That's how come he never loved me, Mom.  
He knew I was ugly, only I was too stupid to realize it.  
Too fucking stupid!

*(LISA starts writing on herself with a ballpoint pen.)*

**LISA.** I am ugly, ugly, ugly, ugly, ugly, ugly!

**PRISCILLA.** Lisa, please don't hurt yourself...

**LISA.** Why not?  
Nobody ever loved me except my Daddy and he is dead, dead,  
dead!

**PRISCILLA.** But that's not true...

**LISA.** Don't lie to me, Mom—God, you are full of it.  
I mean, everybody lies, everybody fuckin lies to you in Hollywood  
all the time,  
Your best friends, your mom.  
The only one who never lied to me was Daddy!

And now, he comes to me in my dreams, Mom...  
And he stretches out his arms...  
And the tears are streamin' down his face,  
And he says, "When you gonna make me proud, honey?"  
"When you gonna make me proud of you?"  
And all I can say is, "I'm sorry, Daddy..."

**PRISCILLA.** We're gonna get you some help, Lisa...

**LISA.** "I know I let you down..."

**PRISCILLA.** We'll get you some help.

**LISA.** "I'm just no good..."

**PRISCILLA.** But that's not true...

**LISA.** Come on—let's face it, Mom, I can't do shit....  
I can't sing, I can't act,  
I can't even have a baby, can I Mom....?  
That's the kinda stupid loser I am!  
But Debbie can, yeah—stupid old Debbie—and she's real ugly and  
stupid, Mom—  
So what does that make me, hunh?  
What does that make me?

**PRISCILLA.** Oh, baby...

**LISA.** Please listen to me, Mom—just listen to me, please...

**PRISCILLA.** I'm listening...  
I'm listening, baby

**LISA.** I'm just miserable all the time, now, Mom.

**PRISCILLA.** I'm listening...

**LISA.** And I just...I want the pain to stop.

**PRISCILLA.** We'll get you some help...

**LISA.** I mean, I loved him, Mom, I really loved him...

**PRISCILLA.** I know, baby...

**LISA.** And I knew he didn't really love me back, OK? But I thought, you know—I thought if I could only have his baby, then he'd love me...

And I couldn't even do that.

I'm nothing but a bad joke, Mom...

**PRISCILLA.** No, we're gonna get you some help...

**LISA.** I'm just a bad joke, and I'd be better off dead...

**PRISCILLA.** It's gonna be okay, baby...

**LISA.** I'd just be better off dead...

*(MICHAEL is represented only by a high girlish voice.)*

**MICHAEL.** Lisa, it's Michael—oh, my God—are you okay?

Are you okay?

Oh, my God, I've just been trying so hard, ever since I heard, I've been trying to reach you, cause when they said you were in the hospital and everything I just—oh, my God—and I got so worried, I just got terrified, and I couldn't think!

...South Africa...

No, South Africa's fun—but I mean I prayed to God for you, I just prayed to God, I said "Oh God, oh please—oh please, please, please—just don't let anything bad happen,"

I said, "Cause if you take Lisa, then I won't have anything, and I won't make it, I just won't be able to make it."

You just don't know how much I need you, Lisa.

I know, but I want to take care of you, ok?

Can I take care of you?

Oh, no, no—Debbie won't be here, I sent Debbie home...

Yeah, she had to go home cause, I think somebody threatened her, like I think there was a note or something, I don't know, it was real creepy.

So she had to—yeah, she's gone.

So, let me take care of you, come to South Africa,

Okay?

And bring Ben, bring Ben and um...Danielle...

*(PAM has entered downstage; actress playing LISA MARIE transitions into MARLEAH.)*

**PAM.** ...He used to punch me in the jaw, slam me into walls, put me in a headlock,

Shit, he used to beat me black and blue, just use me as a punching bag, just get drunk and wail...

But Vegas was the first time I knew he'd really hurt me.

I mean, it wasn't like he'd never decked me before, but...

I heard a click this time and it was like this wave of pain went right through my head,

And uh—after he punched me, my jaw ached really bad—like the left whole side of my face was completely swollen, every time I took a bite to eat it just...

You know, and I kept thinking it was gonna go away, only it didn't...

I mean, I hate that guy so much I hope he rots in hell.

And I'm still finding out all the physical damage he caused me.

**MARLEAH.** Pam—okay—came to us with a goal:

She was trying to move on with her life, move into a whole new episode, and she needed to find a whole new look with a new kind of sophistication, I guess.

So we said, Definitely—make the move to glamour, but towards an *athletic* glamour.

Of course, we also felt that Marc would be the perfect person to help define this very clean new image for Pam, because Marc's clothes, of course, *are* so very elegant and sophisticated and so forth—I mean, all the things that Pam wanted to be.

We toned down the eyes, toned down the eyebrows, all that *eye-shadow*—but see we couldn't completely kill the old Pam off, because that would be saying, you know, “maybe it was her fault, too...”

So this was the challenge as designers: to keep the connection and the recognition factor and all that but still transition Pam into becoming a role model for battered women, because that's, you know, that's the crossover and it's potentially, it's huge.

And we felt that the lips were really the place where we could make that statement—keeping, you know, the *fullness*, and just pulling way way back on the lip-liner and moving into the more natural reds and pinks...

**PAM.** I mean cause if Tommy shows that he's willing to take care of his problems...

I mean, cause I never thought he'd even accept that he had any problems.

You know, I never thought he'd take responsibility for beating me up.

So when he did,

That to me, that to me was a sign of how much he truly does care.

And I'm very proud that Tommy would take that responsibility.

And to me, that's maybe the first step towards healing...

Cause see—I never wanted a divorce or anything.

*(RICK & PRISCILLA onstage, but not talking to each other directly.)*

**RICK.** And then one day I got a call from Priscilla, and she said, "I know Lisa won't talk to me, but she just might talk to you—will you do it, Rick?"

**PRISCILLA.** And I was so worried about her, I mean—she'd lost weight,

She was nervous all the time, always waiting for him to call...

**RICK.** And I said, "Well then, why did you marry him, Lisa?"

And she said, "because there were all those allegations at that time and I just wanted to help, I just thought if somebody married him, that might take the heat off."

I said, "But didn't you ever find out if those allegations were true?"

And finally she said, "Rick, I didn't know for sure until the day I opened up a closet in the bedroom, and there were all the videotapes and magazines."

**PRISCILLA.** He just wants your money, Lisa!

He's already tried to buy the company four times,

And I don't believe you're strong enough to stand up to him!

**LISA.** Yeah, I'm worth two hundred million bucks, Momma—so what?

Everybody still thinks I'm a spoiled brat.

But Michael's still in love with me, I know that now.

And there is nothing in the world that Michael wouldn't do for me...

And see, I'll never let him go, because I have a dream, Momma.

Cause I'm gonna be a major recording artist, just like my Daddy.  
And Michael's gonna help me, Momma...  
You'll see...

**PAM.** Met him on a Thursday...met him at a party...  
I think the minute we both laid eyes on each other, we wanted each other in the worst way...  
God, that first time was so special, so sensual, so romantic...  
And Tommy kept going and going...  
Those were the wildest, sex-filled nights I've ever had.  
We had rough sex, we had sweet sex,  
We had sex bouncing up and down on a trampoline, sex in the sink,  
I mean, nobody's ever satisfied me the way Tommy did and nobody will.

*(TOMMY has entered, sobbing.)*

**TOMMY.** Oh, god, Pammy—take me back—please, take me back.  
I'll go into rehab, Pammy.  
I'll go to the marriage counselors.  
I'll go into therapy—God, ya just gotta take me back, Pam.  
I can't go on like this.  
I'll kill myself.  
I swear to god, I'll really kill myself, Pam.

**PAM.** Tough shit.

**TOMMY.** That's cold, Pam...

**PAM.** Every single person, Tommy, every single person that I know is saying "Dump that asshole!"  
"He's a leopard and he cannot change his spots, he'll just start cheatin' on you [all over again...]."

**TOMMY.** Pam, I promise, I'll never never cheat on you again.  
Please gimme one more chance, I swear to God.  
Please take me back—Pam, it's gonna be Brandon's first Christmas, Pam...  
And I dunno, I just think Brandon ought to be able to have his daddy home for Christmas, Pam, don't you think?

**PAM.** Will you just shut up about Brandon, you manipulative piece of shit...that is so low, Tommy, that is just the lowest thing, dragging little Brandon in like that.

**TOMMY.** Okay, but he's my son, too, and I love him, Pam. He's both of our son, cause... We made him with our love.

**PAM.** Oh, stuff it.

**TOMMY.** I just been thinking a whole lot about our love and, and, our little family and. Stuff like that and other stuff. Pammy, I'll do anything you say, I really will. I really will. I really really will...

*(PAM takes out a folded document.)*

**PAM.** Well, you better read this...

**TOMMY.** Okay.

**PAM.** Cause if we're gonna have any kind of a life together, you're gonna have to sign it.

**TOMMY.** I'll sign it.

**PAM.** Just read it, Tommy.

**TOMMY.** No, I'll sign anything—honest!

**PAM.** I said read it, Asshole!

**TOMMY.** Pam, I'll sign it, I really will, I just don't have a pen on me...

**PAM.** No women

**TOMMY.** That's what's in there?

**PAM.** No booze, no drugs...

**TOMMY.** I went a whole year clean and sober, one time, Pam. I can do it again. I'll be doin' it for you.

**PAM.** I'm also takin' your name off the checking accounts.

**TOMMY.** OK, well—that's cool...

**PAM.** And there's a whole lot more stuff in there too.  
Like about settlement and custody, okay?  
So you just better read it before you sign, Tommy.

**TOMMY.** No, you don't get it, gimme the pen.  
See, I don't care what it says...

**PAM.** I'm not kidding, Tommy.

**TOMMY.** Because I'm just gonna like sign it without even reading it, Pam, to show you how much I just totally love you, okay?

**PAM.** My lawyers drew up that document, Tommy.

**TOMMY.** That's cool, Pam—Hey, I'll probably even get my lawyers to read it someday, too, you know? But right now...

I just want to sign it so that you'll have a testimony of my love for you, okay?

Got a pen, Pammy?

Got a pen on you somewhere?

How 'bout in your bra...?

**PAM.** Oh, for Chrissake, Tom...

**TOMMY.** Can I look...?

**PAM.** You are sick.

**TOMMY.** Lemme look...

**PAM.** No.

First you sign.

And get your own damn pen...

### **Dick & Frank**

*(PAM breaks character to become SHERRY.)*

**SHERRY.** Calls me from the White House around ten-thirty...

“Hi, how are you? Good.” Just like that “Hi, how are you, good.”

Doesn't even give me time to answer “Can I see you?—I'm desperate, hurry!”

So when I get there, he's shaking and crying—

He's like, "It gets so hard having all these people all depending on me all the time, it gets really scary, and I'm not so sure I know what all the right answers are..."

"Some of this stuff is really really important, too"

"And I feel so alone, sometimes. Shari..."

I'm just glad that I found you, Shari, I'm just so glad that I have you,"

He said, "I even thought once or twice about calling the agency and meeting some other girls but I always thought 'No, I'm just too famous, somebody's gonna recognize me, try to blackmail me,'" and of course I find out later that, you know—he's had other girls, he's called other agencies...

And I was starting to get afraid, too, I mean—what if I knew too much?

What if the CIA came to visit me, and wanted to know how much I knew?

I thought, the only way to protect myself is to keep a record—that's why it's all in the diaries...

He goes, "No, it's fine if we feel strongly for each other, sweetie—cause I feel strongly for you, you know—I miss you so much, sometimes, sweetie—you just can't get pregnant and you can't expect any more of me than I can give you."

Then he goes "So there's one more thing I gotta tell you: there's this other woman in Texas, sort of like you, met her through an agency." I go, "I know all about this other woman. Why do you keep telling me about her?" He goes, "Cause she was here last week—that's the real reason I couldn't see you." He goes, "And I think it's time that you two knew each other better," I go, "Well, I know her all I want to," he goes, "Well, yeah—but there's one more thing. We have this kid."

So the next thing I know his watch is beeping—it's like super-early, it's like 5:30, and you know, I've got this cleaning job—so he goes, "You'll have to excuse me if I don't see you out. I haven't had a lot of rest lately and the bed just feels so nice and warm."

So I just go over and give him a kiss and go back home and go to work.

*(Elsewhere onstage, FRANK and BARBARA are praying.)*

**FRANK.** Our father

## **THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!**

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