

BOOK & LYRICS by Nicholas Zill¹
MUSIC by Howard Bennett

PRIMARY URGES – ACT ONE

Scene One

ANNOUNCER (*spoken, to audience*):

Ladies and Gentlemen, please join in on the
chorus as Presidential candidate Hillary
Clinton sings her version of “America the
Beautiful.” Hillary?

SONG: NOT IN YOUR BACK YARD

HILLARY CLINTON (*Spoken, to pianist:*) May I have the
note, please?

(*Pianist plays beginning note and Hillary sings it, off pitch.
She proceeds to sing anthem, wandering on and off key*):

Oh, yes, we need a garbage dump,
But not in your back yard.
And hoodlums must be kept in jail,
But we won't make *you* stand guard.

We won't make you bear the burden.
Your life would be too hard.

With CHORUS:

Way over there, or anywhere,
But not in your back yard.

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ANNOUNCER: (*Spoken.*) Everybody join in.

CHORUS &

AUDIENCE: Way over there, or anywhere,
But not in my back yard!

HILLARY: Oh, yes, we need new highways built,
But not next door to you.
And income taxes should be fair,
The rich is whom we'll screw.

With

CHORUS: We won't make you bear the burden.
Your life would be too hard.
Way over there, or anywhere,
But not in your back yard!

CHORUS &

AUDIENCE: Way over there, or anywhere,
But not in my back yard!

HILLARY: Oh, yes, we need a strong defense,
But we won't draft your son, Ned.
We'll take Leroy, Chang, or Julio,
Send them to war instead.

With

CHORUS: We won't make you bear the burden.
Your life would be too hard.
From over there, or anywhere,
But not from your back yard!

CHORUS &

AUDIENCE: From over there, or anywhere,
But not from my back yard!

Scene Two

(Hillary leaves stage and three cast members come forward. One is holding a glazed donut and eyeing it hungrily, one is drowsing off, and the third is sniffing and wiping her nose with tissues.)

SONG: PRIMARY URGES

Introduction:

MAN WITH DONUT: The urge to eat,...

DROWSY MAN: The urge to sleep,...

SNIFFLY WOMAN: The urge to sneeze or (*Cough*)
cough is...

ALL THREE: Not as overwhelming...

TUTTI: As the urge to run for office.

Tango I:

TUTTI: Every four years, it emerges:
Politicians get Primary Urges.
They believe that they're hot,
Though the polls say, they're not.
Raw ambition from reason diverges.

SOLO A: For example, there's Dennis Kucinich.
As a youth, didn't eat all his spinach.
His ideas may intrigue,

But he's out of his league.
And we doubt he'll be there at the finish.

ALL MEN:

Eight Republicans think they're Presidential.
The legacy of Reagan they invoke.

ALL WOMEN:

And eight Democrats feel that they're essential.
Each one claims to wear the Kennedy cloak.

SOLO B: Who ever heard of Tancredo?

Not a soul who lives East of Laredo.

See him posture and pout,

"Throw the Mexicans out!"

Though they pick every grape and tomato.

(Dance interlude.)

Tango II.

SOLO C: From the Senate, Chris Dodd and Joe Biden.

On their Chairman positions they're ridin'.

They've got bus 'ness at home,

But on campaigns they roam.

Two percent of the voters dividin'.

SOLO D: Fred Thompson's decidedly lazy.

And his policies seem rather hazy.

But he's got them enthralled:

Ronald Reagan gone bald

Seems to drive some Republicans crazy.

ALL MEN:

And the press gives this nonsense close attention.
Treats money raising as a nati'nal sport.

ALL WOMEN:

While the real issues never get a mention.
Like our Budget's a gazillion dollars short!

SOLO E: For limited Gov'mint Ron Paul is.

And quite limited his funding haul is.

SOLO F: For his principled stands,

High in his future plans

DUO E & F: We don't think an Inaugural Ball is.

TUTTI: And the dropouts are Brownback and Gilmore.

You can bet, any day there'll be still more.

For they all sound alike,

When they come to the mike.

Where, oh, where...where is the one...

The one to thrill more?

Scene Three

(A Member of Congress and two of his staff walk across stage. A reporter pursues them, holding up a microphone to tape an interview.)

REPORTER: Excuse me, Congressman. Excuse me.

Could I please get your initial reaction to the President's latest plans for troop withdrawals from Iraq?

CONGRESSMAN

FLOTSAM: Certainly. I think the President's plans are sadly out of touch with...

REPORTER: Excuse me for interrupting, Congressman. And excuse me for not knowing this. But what is your name and what State are you from?

FLOTSAM: That's perfectly all right. There are 435 of us Members, after all. I'm Floyd Flotsam of Florida. Formerly of Flatbush.

REPORTER: I see. (*Checks over a paper on a clipboard she is holding.*) I'm afraid you're not on my producer's list of key Members to interview. Thanks, anyway. Perhaps we could get your comments another time. (*Leaves.*)

FLOTSAM: (*Obviously disappointed.*) Oh, sure. Any time. (*Sighs and begins song.*)

SONG: THE LEAST IMPORTANT MEMBER

When I was elected my hopes were sky high.
I thought life in Congress would be cherry pie.
But months here in D.C. have softened my starch
And altered the words to my victory march:

I'm the least important Member
Of the most important Congress
Of the most important country in the world.
There's not a single lobbyist who cares
about my views.

And I'm never ever featured on the TV news.

With

STAFF: 'Cause (I'm/He's) the least important Member
Of the most important Congress
Of the most important Nation on this earth.

FLOTSAM:

When they list the Members with clout,
My name is always left out.

When I draft legislation,
It leads to swift inaction.

NINA (FEMALE STAFFER):

When he requests an earmark,
He gets no satisfaction.

DAVE (MALE STAFFER):

If you look inside his freezer,
You will find no cash deposit.

FLOTSAM:

And my official office
Was once a cleaning closet.

With

STAFF: (I'm/He's) the least important Member
Of the most important Congress
Of the most important country in the world.

NINA: Attractive female journalists don't
take him out for drinks.

DAVE: And Dick Cheney never calls to tell him
what Bush thinks.

FLOTSAM with

STAFF: 'Cause (I'm/He's) the least important Member
Of the most important Congress
Of the most important Nation on this earth.

FLOTSAM:

I don't wish to raise too much hell,
But what can I do to excel?

(Enter a well-dressed but mysterious looking man.)

MAJESTYK: *(Spoken)* Excuse me, did you mention raising
hell?

FLOTSAM: *(Spoken)* Who are you?

MAJESTYK: *(Sung)* I'm S. Tanic Majestyk,
Political adviser.
If you will heed my dictums,
You'll find yourself much wiser.
With all my vast experience,
I hold the keys to power.
I can turn your life around
In less than half an hour.

You'll be the most important Member
Of the most important Congress
Of the most important country in the world.
They'll pay one hundred K to you

for just one speech.
You'll have lots of female pulchritude
within your reach.

With

STAFF: You'll be the most important Member
Of the most important Congress
Of the most important Nation on this earth.

MAJESTYK:

Just give me your heart and your soul:
You'll find yourself on a roll.

With

FLOTSAM: If (you/I) do the things that (I/you) say,
(You'll/I'll) be the next Tom DeLay!

Scene Four

FLOTSAM: (*Spoken, to his staff members*) I'd like to
speak with Mr. Majestyk in private for a
moment. (*Staff members leave.*)

MAJESTYK: Just call me, S' Tan, Congressman.

FLOTSAM: Let me get something straight before I hire
you, S' Tan. If I were to follow your advice,
would I have to violate my principles?

MAJESTYK: Principles? You're a duly elected Member
of Congress. What principles?

FLOTSAM: Before I take any action, I ask myself:
"What would Mother say?"

MAJESTYK: And what *would* Mother say?

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- FLOTSAM: “Don’t spit. Don’t curse. And always do exactly what your major contributors want you to do.”
- MAJESTYK: I don’t think we’ll have any problems working together. The first thing I want you to do is declare you’re running for President.
- FLOTSAM: Run for President? Me? That’s ridiculous!
- MAJESTYK: Look: I don’t expect you to win the nomination. But running will get your name known, put you on the map.
- FLOTSAM: Yeah, right between “Cuckooville” and “Crazy Horse.”
- MAJESTYK: Who can tell? You might even wind up as a Vice Presidential nominee.
- FLOTSAM: But I haven’t raised any money. I haven’t registered for any primaries. I haven’t even formed an Exploratory Committee.
- MAJESTYK: Actually, unbeknownst to you, six of our most distinguished citizens have banded together as the “Flotsam for President” Exploratory Committee. They’ve been conducting explorations for the past three months and found you can and should run for President. They’ve also discovered the source of Glebe Road.
- FLOTSAM: But what about money?

MAJESTYK: If you have one of your staffers call the Wachovia Bank, you'll find there's a "Flotsam for President" checking account that already contains \$13 million.

FLOTSAM: And where did this money come from?

MAJESTYK: The usual sources: strip miners, slum landlords, defective toy manufacturers, tobacco companies, arms merchants, employers of child labor, offshore holding companies, money laundering operations, the governments of Syria, Kazakhstan, and Zimbabwe, and Norman Hsu.

FLOTSAM: Oh, that's a relief! I was afraid there might be somebody really bad contributing to my campaign. But what about my lack of appropriate experience? My only public service has been on the Okefenokee Swamp Reclamation Commission and as a very junior Member of Congress.

MAJESTYK: Experience? You think that's stopping Barack Obama? Or Fred Thompson? (*Starts song.*)

SONG: NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

Introduction

MAJESTYK: When you choose a doctor,
You don't want an intern or resident.
But it's quite a different story
When we select a new President.

Chorus (1)

No experience needed.
That's what the poll results say.
No experience needed.
It only gets in the way.
For a fresh face we're yearning.
Time to rotate the crop.
You can earn while you're learning.
You can start at the top.

We want leaders with gusto.
We want leaders with fizz.
We want leaders who don't know
Just where the White House is.

No experience needed.
Experts need not apply.
When this results in disaster,
We scratch our heads and ask, "Why?"

Interlude

FLOTSAM: Lyndon Johnson had experience
And he passed the Great Society.

MAJESTYK: Richard Nixon had experience
But stumbled on impropriety.

FLOTSAM: FDR, he had experience
Saved the country after a shock.

MAJESTYK: And Bill Clinton had experience,
But he always followed his cock...
amamie advisers.

Chorus (2)

No experience needed.
That's what the pundits proclaim.
No experience needed,
So long as we know your name.
For charisma we're longing;
Someone give us a thrill.
Want a sense of belonging,
Not a practical chill.

Don't talk to us about limits.
Don't talk to us about greed.
Tell us we can have it all
If we follow your lead.

With

FLOTSAM: No experience needed.
It'll come soon enough.
No experience needed –
Till the going gets –
Till the going gets –
Yes, the going always gets rough.
(Yes, the going always gets real rough.)

(Flotsam and Majestyk exit, conversing.)

Scene Five: OFFICE OF FLOTSAM'S STAFF

(Flotsam's staff members Nina and Dave are busy getting some gift boxes and materials ready. Nina is keeping an eye out for Flotsam's arrival.)

NINA: Here he comes! Get ready!

(Flotsam enters and the staff start singing the melody of "Hail To The Chief.")

FLOTSAM: What's all this? What's going on?

DAVE: We hear you're running for President!

FLOTSAM: Yes, I guess so. What do you think of the idea?

DAVE: Well, as the text messagers say,
"HYGOOYM."

FLOTSAM: HYGOOYM?

DAVE: Have you gone out of your mind?

FLOTSAM: Don't you think I'd make a good President?

NINA: It's not that. It's that...

FLOTSAM: You think I stand a stink bug's chance of winning.

NINA: To put it mildly.

DAVE: But looking on the bright side, the staff has put together a Presidential Primary swag bag for you.

FLOTSAM: How thoughtful.

DAVE: Since you'll be running for President, you'll need (*taking objects he names out of a box and handing them to Flotsam*) a sturdy pair of running shoes...and a pair of running pants...

NINA: And a portable tape recorder.

FLOTSAM: Why a tape recorder?

NINA: So you can record a running commentary, of course.

DAVE: And then there's this.

FLOTSAM: A strip of cloth with a Nike logo. What's that for, a headband?

DAVE: No. You put this in your mouth and tie it around the back of your head and – *Voila!* –you've got...

FLOTSAM: What?

DAVE: A running gag!

NINA: Next, in preparation for going out on the campaign trail and having to deal with all those diverse interest groups, we've signed

you up for a series of lessons on how to straddle the issues.

FLOTSAM: Oh, and who is going to be my tutor?

NINA: None other than Senator Larry Craig of Idaho.

FLOTSAM: Senator Craig??! Why him?

NINA: Because he has a very wide stance!

DAVE: And now: The “Top Ten” staff ideas for Presidential campaign bumper stickers.

NINA: Number 10: “I HAVE THE HOTS FOR FLOTSAM!”

DAVE: Number 9: “DON’T BE ANNOYED. VOTE FLOYD.”

NINA: Number 8: “FLOCK TO FLOTSAM.”

DAVE: Number 7: “FLUSH FOR FLOTSAM!”

NINA: Number 6: “FLOTSAM: HE FLOATS TO THE TOP.”

DAVE: Number 5: “FLOTSAM: A NATIONAL TREASURE.”

NINA: Number 4: “FLOTSAM WILL SALVAGE THE NATION.”

DAVE: Number 3: “FLOTSAM WILL KEEP US FROM SINKING INTO DEBT.”

NINA: Number 2: “AT LEAST BUSH’S SHIPWRECK WILL GIVE US FLOTSAM.”

DAVE: And – *Tah-dah!* – Number One: “I’M GOING OVERBOARD FOR FLOTSAM.”

FLOTSAM: Very inventive. But what I really need are innovative ideas for my campaign platform. Proposed programs that will set me apart from all the other candidates.

DAVE: Doesn’t Majestyk have some suggestions?

FLOTSAM: He certainly does. But all his proposals are kind of...dark and sinister. I’m not sure how well they’ll go over with the public. For instance, here’s a position paper he gave me for dealing with the war in Iraq and the big bulge in Baby Boomers who’ll soon be eligible for Medicare and Social Security.

(Flotsam hands Nina and Dave copies of the position paper. All three react with a mixture of amusement and consternation as they read the proposal silently as introductory music to “Battle Plan” begins.)

SONG: BATTLE PLAN

- TRIO: Let's send aging Baby Boomers to Iraq.
We need cannon fodder, they provide
a stack.
- DAVE: Let them heed their country's call.
- NINA: It is time they gave their all.
- TRIO: Let's send aging Baby Boomers to Iraq.

Let's send aging Baby Boomers to Iraq.
We'll be better off if many don't come back.
- FLOTSAM: Fewer bills for Medicare
If we send them, "Over There."
- TRIO: Let's send aging Baby Boomers to Iraq.
- NINA: There'll be no junior officers
In the all senior corps.
- DAVE: And some Boomers won't remember
That they've ever been to war.
- TRIO: Bill Clinton and George Dubya, they'll be
large.
They will lead the Fightin' Baby Boomers'
charge.
- FLOTSAM: Just like other Boomer codgers
They were Vietnam War draft dodgers.
- TRIO: So Bill Clinton and George Dubya, they'll
be large.

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NINA: There'll be hefty senior discounts
 On uniforms and boots.

DAVE: And Islamics will be terrified
 When a senile Boomer shoots.

TRIO: Let's send aging Baby Boomers to Iran.
 That's our anti-terror, Balanced-Budget
 plan.

FLOTSAM: We will neutralize their nukes
 With Bob Dylan-loving spooks.

TRIO: Let's send aging Baby Boomers to Iran.
 Let's send aging Baby Boomers...

DAVE: *(Spoken): To Afghanistan and Pakistan...*

TRIO: 'Stead of vital young consumers...

NINA: *(Spoken): And the Gaza Strip and
 Lebanon...*

TRIO: Let's send aging Baby Boomers...

FLOTSAM: *(Spoken): And don't forget Darfur and
 Zimbabwe...*

TRIO: To Iran!

*(Dave and Nina pick up signs reading, "Make War, Not
Love" and "Sgt. Peppers' Purple Hearts Club Band." All
three march around the stage, then exit.)*

Scene Six: FLOTSAM'S HOME

(Flotsam and his wife, Flora, are seen in bed. Each is responding to emails on a Blackberry.)

FLORA: Floyd, I'm so *proud* of your decision to go ahead and run for President, even though all the media commentators say you're an idiot for doing it.

FLOTSAM: Thank you, dear.

FLORA: Of course, I'll be as supportive as I possibly can be of your Presidential run. I won't be able to be out on the campaign trail with you because of my work on the Boards of "Don't Be An Animal to Animals" and the Traditional Family Values Federation. But I'll call you as often as I can to see how things are going.

FLOTSAM: That's very thoughtful of you. I'll be sure to take your calls, even if I'm in the middle of a speech. How was your doctor's appointment?

FLORA: Unfortunately, I'm in excellent health. The doctor couldn't find a single alarming symptom that might evoke public sympathy and improve your standing in the polls.

FLOTSAM: That's all right, dear. You did your best.

FLORA: Now I suppose you're going to have some illicit affair while you're out campaigning?

FLOTSAM: Well, I don't know about that!

FLORA: Of course you are. All the dynamic male candidates do that. Bill Clinton, Gary Hart, John Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy, Nelson Rockefeller, Lyndon Johnson, Franklin Roosevelt. Everybody but Richard Nixon, Jimmy Carter, and George W. Bush. You wouldn't want to be like them, would you?

FLOTSAM: Oh, no.

FLORA: Of course not. So I've prepared a Primary Survival Kit for you. It's got everything you'll need: cognac, Cialis, Tony Bennett CD, breath spray, condoms, penicillin, aspirin, Alka Seltzer, you name it.

FLOTSAM: But...

FLORA: Do you have any idea when the press conference will be?

FLOTSAM: What press conference?

FLORA: The one at which you will admit to your sexual indiscretions and ask for everyone's forgiveness and understanding? I want to put it on my calendar now so I can be there to stand beside you and hold your hand.

FLOTSAM: Seriously, Flo, if I ever gave in to an urge to have an affair, I would tell you about it right away.

FLORA: What! Don't you dare! (*Starts song.*)

SONG: DON'T TELL ME

FLORA: You say you want to be forthright and frank
About your little journey into skank.
You think I'll take you weepily to task.
But let me point out that I didn't ask.
So...

Don't tell me. Don't tell me.
I really have no urge to know.
I'd rather keep my knowledge somewhat vague,
As long as you're not caught like Larry Craig.
Please spare me. Please spare me.
The secret is one you can keep.
I'm quite prepared to understand,
Just don't get involved with a sheep.

Don't tell me. Don't tell me
The story line of your hot fling.
Don't say she has big boobs and puffed-up hair.
Your total lack of taste is your affair.
Don't stutter. Don't stammer.
Don't say I'm the one you love best.
I'll stand behind you, babe, till you
Appear on some web site undressed.
Appear on some web site undressed.

Scene Seven: An empty office.

(Majestyk enters looking at a sheet of paper and chuckling.)

MAJESTYK:

(To the audience) Look at these numbers! He's already running third in New Hampshire and fourth in Iowa! So few people answer their telephones these days, it's child's play to manipulate the polls. Thank you, telemarketers! I can't wait till we start spreading rumors about Mitt and Hillary. *(Starts song.)*

SONG: "Character Assassination"

Character assassination,
That's my occupation.
I write ads that bring out bads.
I'll make your fiercest foe
Seem a schmoe.
Unforgiving, earn my living
Ruining reputations.
If you want a guaranteed
Election victory,
Hire me.

You don't need to take a stand
Or have ideas.
Let the other side suggest.
We'll find fault;
Bring them to a halt.

Negative campaign solutions,
They're my contributions.

Show you how to win the prize:
Just cut the other guys –
Using little lies –
Cut them down to size.

II.

I love finding leaders guilty
By association.
Fascist pals and sleazy gals;
I'll raise the voters' fear
With a smear.
Make a foe seem wishy-washy,
Label him a coward.
Cry "elitist" and "defeatist."
Make the folks forget,
He's a vet.

Some say, "Can't you be constructive,
When you run?"
Yes, but going negative –
When well done –
Can be so much fun.

Character assassination,
That's my inclination.
That is how I put the fix in.
How I get my kicks –
Just like old Dick Nixon –
Playing dirty tricks.

(Majestyk exits.)

Scene Eight: Office of Flotsam's Staff

*(Flora, Nina, and Dave are seen conversing excitedly.
Flotsam and Majestyk enter.)*

FLORA: *(Spoken)* Floyd: Nina, Dave and I have come up with a wonderful policy idea for you. We think it will set your campaign on fire!

MAJESTYK: Well, at least I like that metaphor!

FLOTSAM: Let me hear it.

FLORA: Go ahead, Nina, tell him. *(Nina starts song.)*

SONG: MediKitty

NINA: We have cheap health care for our ailing vets.
But no cheap health care for our ailing pets.

We've got Medicare, and we've got Medicaid,
But we don't have MediKitty.

Now isn't that a pity?

We don't have MediKitty.

And S-CHIP is there to pay for children's care.

But we don't have MediKitty.

In country, town, or city,

We don't have MediKitty.

If Kitty breaks a big bone,

A poor owner is all on his own.

NINA, DAVE, FLORA, FLOTSAM:

We've got Medicare, and we've got Medicaid,
But we don't have MediKitty.

It makes us hissy-fitty:
We don't have MediKitty.
The VA is there to pay for vet'rans' care.
But we don't have MediKitty
Yes, that's the nitty-gritty:
We don't have MediKitty.

DAVE: When Puppy needs to be spayed,
Who knows how the bill will be paid?

*(Majestyk looks dubious. Flora, Dave, Nina, and Dave hold
stuffed animals and make the following animal noises at
him.)*

FLORA: "Meow!"

DAVE: "Bow-wow!"

NINA: "Squeak-squeak!"

FLOTSAM: "Moo-oo!"

ALL FOUR: Costly pet care makes us,

FLORA & NINA: "Meow!"

DAVE & FLOTSAM: "Bow-wow!"

MAJESTYK: "Boo!"

ALL FOUR:

We've got Medicare, and we've got Medicaid,
But we don't have MediKitty.
The Ways and Means Committee
Should give us MediKitty.

And S-CHIP is there to pay for children's care.
But we don't have MediKitty.
Oh, we'd be sitting pretty,
If we had MediKitty.

FLOTSAM: If Bunny needs tests at the lab,
The Gov'mint would pick up the tab!

ALL FOUR: MediKitty, MediCat,
Pets need health care and that's that!

(Majestyk still looks skeptical, but Flotsam signals that they should go ahead and get a press release ready. As Flotsam and Majestyk leave for an appointment, Flora, Nina, and Dave congratulate one another at Floyd's acceptance of their idea.)

Scene Nine: Hotel Hospitality Suite

(Linda Louche, an attractive K Street lobbyist is talking on a cell phone. Majestyk and Flotsam enter and Linda ends her call.)

MAJESTYK: Floyd, I'd like you to meet my friend, Linda Louche. Linda: Floyd is a Member of the House of Representatives.

LINDA: Oh, really? What committees are you on?

FLOTSAM: Well, my most significant assignment is on the District of Columbia subcommittee of Appropriations.

LINDA: *(Underwhelmed)* Oh.

FLOTSAM: What do you do, Ms. Louche?

LINDA: I'm in public relations. The private parts of public relations.

MAJESTYK: Linda is on retainer by several major corporations and foreign governments. Whenever they need to get up close and personal to an important Congressional Committee chair, they call on Linda.

LINDA: They have their earmarks. But I know where their birthmarks are.

MAJESTYK: She can tell you some interesting personal information about a lot of powerful figures in Congress. Information that might be useful to you in getting them to endorse your candidacy or give you better committee assignments.

FLOTSAM: That might be helpful. Not that I would ever use...

MAJESTYK: Linda has an infallible instinct for power. She smells it. She tastes it. She feels its vibration. She senses it even before the person himself has fully achieved it. What do you sense about Floyd, Linda?

LINDA: (*Half-heartedly*) I can tell he's an exceptional person.

FLOTSAM: Oh, really? In what ways?

LINDA: *(Aside to audience, sotto voce)*
Exceptionally gullible.

MAJESTYK: Floyd is running for President, Linda.

LINDA: *(Incredulous)* He is?

MAJESTYK: He already has 13 million in his war chest.

LINDA: *(Starting to be impressed)* He has?

MAJESTYK: And he's coming up in the polls in Iowa and
New Hampshire.

LINDA: Is that so? How interesting!

MAJESTYK: Why don't I leave the two of you alone to
explore zones of mutual interest while I
check some poll numbers? *(Exits.)*

(There is an awkward moment of silence.)

FLOTSAM: This has really been crazy weather we're
having, isn't it?

(In response, Linda goes into her song.)

SONG: MAKE LOVE TO YOU

LINDA: Sometimes it's cold. Sometimes it's hot.
Sometimes it rains. So what?
I don't want to talk about the weather.
When the elements bring us together
I just want to make love to you.

LINDA: Dow Jones goes up, millions of shares.
Dow Jones goes down. Who cares?
I don't want to talk about inves'men's,
Not when you and I are such great
spec'mens.
I just want to make love to you.

We could just sit here making small talk.
And gab half the night.
But that would not advance our love life.
Let's wrap the sappy clap-trap
And turn down the lights.

Leaders mislead. Spokesmen conceal.
Henchmen take bribes. Big deal!
I don't want to talk of politicians,
Not if you endorse my propositions.
I just want to make love to you.

(During the final portion of the song, Linda advances toward Floyd, who initially backs away and tries to put the table between them. But she advances on him relentlessly and by the end of the song, she is in his arms.)

LINDA: Don't you see small talk is mostly boring.
By the time we're done we'll both be
snoring.
Natural attraction you're ignoring.
Can't you see what's plainly true?
I just want to make love to you!

(Floyd shrugs and puts up his hands in a "What can I do?" gesture, then kisses her. Blackout.)

Scene Ten: Flotsam's Staff Office

(One week later. Flora, Dave, and Nina are talking animatedly on cell phones. Flotsam enters, looking worn out, along with Majestyk.)

FLORA: Floyd, where have you been? I haven't been able to reach you in over a week!

FLOYD: Oh, sorry, dear. S'Tan and I have been...uh, tied up in private meetings with some major funders who are paranoid about anyone knowing who they are or where they're located.

FLORA: Well, you've been missing all the action. The MediKitty idea has taken off! It's so exciting!

DAVE: It's become so popular, the Children's Defense Fund is criticizing you for drawing attention away from the needs of children.

NINA: And AARP is criticizing you for detracting from programs for seniors.

FLORA: But children love you! And they're getting their parents to send contributions.

DAVE: You're soaring in the polls!

FLOTSAM: Ha-ha! It's happening just like you said it would, S'Tan!

MAJESTYK: No. This isn't the way I planned it at all.

FLORA: *(She notices Linda, who has entered while they were talking.)* Floyd, who is that person?

FLOTSAM: Oh, that's Linda Louche, my new special campaign assistant.

FLORA: And was she with you in those private meetings with major funders?

FLOTSAM: As a matter of fact, she was.

FLORA: *(Upset)* I see. *(She picks up her purse and cell phone and starts to leave.)*

FLOTSAM: Flora! Don't leave! I can explain...

NINA: Sir, you're going to have to get ready. All of the networks want one-on-one interviews with you as soon as possible.

FLOTSAM: *(Jubilant, despite his concern about Flora's reaction.)* They do? Did you hear that, S'Tan? No experience needed! *(Starts song.)*

SONG: No Experience Needed (reprise)

FLOTSAM: No experience needed.
That's what the poll results say.
No experience needed.
It only gets in the way.
For a fresh face they're yearning.
Time to rotate the crop.

I can earn while I'm learning.
I can start at the top.

LINDA: They want a leader with gusto.
They want a leader with fizz.

FLOTSAM: They want a leader who tells them
What MediKitty is.

TUTTI: No experience needed.
It'll come soon enough.
No experience needed –
Till the going gets –
Till the going gets –
Yes, the going always gets rough.
(Yes, the going always gets real rough.)

ACT ONE CURTAIN

ACT TWO

Scene One: A NEW HAMPSHIRE PICNIC

(Hillary Clinton is doing a “meet and greet” at a New Hampshire picnic. A group of citizens supporting her sing as they wait to shake her hand.)

CHORUS OF CLINTON SUPPORTERS:

Hillary Clinton is our candidate.
Half of the voters think she’s great.
She has crafted a health care plan
We still don’t understand.
Hillary will not duck the health care fight.
This time she’ll get the darn thing right.
She knows the plan’s complex.
She’ll add a little sex
So the dumb Congressmen will bite.

(Hold up sign: “Full Viagra Coverage”)

She has guts and experience.
She knows the White House grounds.
She’ll raise our taxes to guarantee
We can get drugs and health care absolutely free!
Hillary Clinton is our candidate.
Hubby will make a fine First Mate.
Bring back the Harvard brains.
Wipe out the dress with stains.
Let Hillary Clinton take the reins!

(A group of protesters who support Barack Obama appear, led by the “Obama Guy” in a skimpy, muscle-man outfit.)

OBAMA GUY:

Obama is the candidate with nothing up his sleeve.
Obama is the candidate whom Hill'ry called naïve.
Obama is the candidate who promises the goods.
Obama is the candidate who looks like Tiger Woods!

OBAMA SUPPORTERS:

Oh-bama, Obama,
The candidate for me!
Obama, Obama,
The candidate for me!

OBAMA GUY:

Obama, he will talk to all those crazies in Iran.
Obama, he will bomb Al Qaeda out of Pakistan.
Obama cuts a handsome figure on a sandy beach.
Obama is the only one who gives a decent speech.

(A wave of Obama fever sweeps through the crowd and many of the Clinton supporters join in the Obama song chorus.)

CROWD:

Oh-bama, Obama,
The candidate for me!
Obama, Obama,
And nuts to Hillary!

(Disgusted with her fickle supporters, Hillary blows a whistle and gives them her famous glare. This restores order, and the supporters go back to the Clinton song and drive off the Obama group .)

CLINTON SUPPORTERS:

Hillary Clinton is our candidate,
Though she inspires a lot of hate.
Dick Cheney will start to puke
When Bill is appointed Duke.
And Harlem will just break out in bop.
We'll drive Bill O'Reilly mad and
We'll make Chelsea Clinton glad when
Hillary Clinton is on top!

Scene Two: At the same picnic

(Hillary is seen shaking hands and talking with several supporters, among them a spry old lady with a twinkle in her eye.)

HILLARY: I'm very sorry to hear about your grandson's accident, Mr. St. Claire. I promise you, if I'm elected, I'll see to it that the federal government does more to improve auto safety...So nice to see you. Don't forget to vote on Primary Day...*(Shaking hands with the spry old lady.)* Well, hello there! Thank you so much for coming out!

LADY: I just wanted to wish you, "Good luck!" And say, "Give 'em hell," just like Harry Truman did!

HILLARY: May I ask how old you are?

OLD LADY: Ninety-five years old next Tuesday.

HILLARY: Ninety-five! That's wonderful! You seem in such great shape. What's your secret?

OLD LADY: It's something I learned from one of my uncles. I'll tell you about it. (*She starts song.*)

(Hillary looks a bit nonplused when she realizes that the lady is going to go on for awhile. She looks even more uncomfortable when she realizes what the woman's secret of longevity is.)

SONG: SOMETHING TO CHEW ON

SPRY OLD LADY:

I had an uncle who was randy,
But always in the best of health.
He brought me comic books and candy,
Though he had not acquired wealth.

I asked him how he stayed so healthy.
He winked and whispered in my ear:
"My girl, if this advice you'll follow,
You'll always have good health and cheer:"

Masticate, masticate, grind your meat.
Chew your food thoroughly when you eat.
Masticate, masticate, through the day.
When you're under stress or strain,
masticate away.

Masticate, masticate, crack your nuts.
Mastication's beneficial for your guts.

Masticate, masticate, while you dream.
Frequent mastication helps you let off steam.

HILLARY: “-ti-,” not “-tur-,”
 “-cate,” not “bate.”
 Please be careful how you say it,
 Or you’ll gra-ate.
 “-ti-i-,” not “-tu-ur-,”
 “-cate,” not “bate.”
 Please be careful how you say it,
 “Masticate.”

*(Following chorus sung in harmony with
Hillary singing counter-melody.)*

SPRY OLD LADY *(joined by others)*:
Masticate, masticate, rip your bread.
When you feel like jumping someone,
 masticate instead.
Masticate in darkness, masticate at night.
Mastication always brings you to delight.
Mastication always brings you to delight.

HILLARY *(joined by others, singing harmony)*:
 “-ti-,” not “-tur-,”
 “-cate,” not “bate.”
 Please be careful how you say it,
 Or you’ll gra-ate.
 “-ti-i-,” not “-tu-ur-,”
 “-cate,” not “bate.”
 Please be careful how you say it,
 “Masticate.”

Please be careful how you say it,
“Masticate.”

*(Hillary and the others exit. Flotsam enters with Dave and
Nina.)*

Scene Three: At the same picnic

FLOTSAM: Tell me again why I’m up here in New
Hampshire at a Hillary Clinton rally?

DAVE: Mrs. Clinton wants to meet with you
personally. We think she’s going to offer
you the Vice Presidential nomination if
you’ll drop your campaign and join hers.

FLOTSAM: The way my poll numbers are soaring,
maybe I should be offering her a place on
my ticket.

NINA: Something else: Mitt Romney wants to meet
with you as well. We think he’s going to
offer you the same deal.

FLOTSAM: And what does S’Tan think I should do
about all this?

NINA: He thinks you should accept both offers.

FLOTSAM: Accept both offers! So I would become Vice
President – and President *Pro Tem* of the
Senate – whichever one is elected.

NINA: Right.

FLOTSAM: I guess that would be the politically smart thing to do. But we haven't come this far by being politically smart.

DAVE: It's your decision. But S'Tan is going to be very unhappy if you turn down both offers. Here comes Hillary now.

(Hillary Clinton enters, shakes hands with Flotsam, and starts her song.)

SONG: AN URGE TO MERGE

HILLARY: We've been fighting with each other,
Yet we're on the same side.
Isn't it time we got together,
Like a bridegroom and a bride?

I have an urge to merge with you.
Winning is what we're bound to do.
Just give me your agreement and
the deal is done;
So long as I am Number One.

FLOTSAM: You have an urge to merge with me.
You think it means a victory.
I'll give you my consent to push the
merger through;
So long as you are Number *Two*.

BOTH: Like Kennedy and Johnson,
Bill Clinton and Al Gore,
Together, we'd be so much more.

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HILLARY: I have an urge to form a team.

FLOTSAM: I have an urge to share a dream.

BOTH: If we come together, our win is
guaranteed;
If we ever can decide who takes the lead.

FLOTSAM: *(Spoken, escorting her off stage.)* I
appreciate your offer, Hillary. Give me a
few moments to think it over.

(Enter Mitt Romney from the opposite direction.)

FLOTSAM: *(Spoken)* Hey! Mitt Romney! What's on
your mind?

ROMNEY: *(Sung)* I really think we are in synch.
I'd like to form a formal link.
Let's try to get together, having the feuding
stop,
So long as I'm the one on top.

FLOTSAM: You want to join me in a grip
And form a cozy partnership.
I'll put my thrust at your religion
in its sheath,
If you're the one who's underneath.

BOTH: Like Eisenhower and Nixon,
Like Reagan and George Bush,
As a pair, we'd make quite a "swoosh."

ROMNEY: I'd make a better looking Chief.

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FLOTSAM: I'd give pet owners more relief.

BOTH: If we come together, we'll pulverize the
pack;
If we ever can decide who sits in back.

*(Hillary comes back on stage and is surprised to find
Flotsam with Romney.)*

FLOTSAM
& HILLARY: So long as *I* am Number One,
And *you* are Number Two,

FLOTSAM &
ROMNEY: As long as *I'm* the Captain,
And *you're* the crew,

ALL 3: I have an urge to merge with you.

HILLARY: *(Spoken, to Romney)* Not you!

ROMNEY: *(Spoken, to Hillary)* Not you!

ALL 3: An urge to merge with you.
An urge to merge with you.

*(Both Hillary and Romney go off in a huff, in opposite
directions. Flotsam chuckles to himself.)*

Scene Four: A Message From Beyond

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, Italian authorities recently discovered that the famed tenor, Luciano Pavarotti, left a singing message for America prior to his recent death. Here, by exclusive arrangement, is that message.

PAVAROTTI (*dressed in clown costume, as Canio from the opera, "I Pagliacci"*):

Christoph Columbus, he discover Amer'ca.
But no Ital'an has been-a President.
But now one Ital'an maybe has a chance-a.
Rudy Giuliani, please don't, don't let us
down.
Rudy Giuliani! No support-a abortion!
Rudy, please change so you can be
President!

Scene Five: An empty office.

(Majestyk is by himself, on the phone.)

MAJESTYK: *(Into phone)* What?! He turned down both Hillary and Mitt? What a fool! Yeah, I know, he thinks he can win the Presidential nomination himself. The idiot! All right, thanks for calling.

(To audience) It's time for a little lesson in the dangers of overweening pride.

(Dials a number on his cell phone) Hello, George? Call Bob Novak and ask if he'd heard the rumor about some of Floyd Flotsam's campaign funders. Say you understand that one company sells the meat of stray cats to Chinese restaurants. Another company makes pet food from rabbits and wild horses. Strange sources of support for a candidate who claims to love animals and who's advocating subsidized health care for pets. And remember – you didn't hear it from me. *(Starts song.)*

SONG: “Character Assassination” reprise

Character assassination,
That's my occupation.
I make calls that cut off balls.

I'll end your little race
In disgrace.
Unforgiving, earn my living
Ruining reputations.
If you want a guaranteed
Election victory,
Don't cross me.

Some say, "Can't you be constructive,
When you run?"
Yes, but going negative –
When well done –
Can be so much fun.

Character assassination,
That's my inclination.
That is how I put the fix in.
How I get my kicks –
Just like old Dick Nixon –
Playing dirty tricks.

(Majestyk exits.)

Scene Six: Linda Louche's apartment

FLOYD: *(Spoken, looking around for her)* Oh, Linda. It's
me, Floyd. *(Starts singing.)*

I have an urge to merge with you.
You know just what we're bound to do.
Just give me your agreement and we'll make
time stop,
So long as you're the one on top.

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LINDA: Floyd, there's something I have to tell you. I've changed. I've found new meaning in my life.

(She begins her song. As she sings, he tries to make advances, which she frustrates by putting the dish of lasagna between them.)

When I'm feeling in the mood,
Don't want sex, I just want food. Like
Baked Lasagna,
Rich with meat sauce.
Earthy cheeses drive me nuts.
Let's indulge ourselves like sluts.
Indulge in Mozzarella,
Soft Ricotta,
Hard Romano,
Great on top.
Grind it in and please,
Don't stop!
Flavors like a symphony:
Basil, garlic, bay leaf, clove.
Vegetables in harmony:
Carrots, onion, and tomato,
Come together on my plate. Oh,
Baked Lasagna:
Taste the sausage!
Plump and chewy,
Makes me screwy.
I've given up on guys.
I've grown another size,
Cause Baked Lasagna satisfies!

(As the song finishes, Linda shows a reluctant Floyd to the door, then sits down to enjoy her dish of lasagna.)

Scene Seven
Flotsam's Office

(Nina and Dave are sitting glumly at their desks. Flotsam enters.)

FLOTSAM: Dave, could you set up an interview with Katie Couric for me? I want to explain why I turned down Hillary's offer.

NINA: Haven't you heard the news?

FLOTSAM: What news?

DAVE: Your campaign's in shambles. There are stories all over the wires about you getting support from animal slaughter houses.

NINA: The humane societies are outraged. The kids feel betrayed. Your standing in the polls is lower than Michael Vick's.

FLOTSAM: Are the allegations true?

DAVE: Apparently.

FLOTSAM: I had no idea.

NINA: S'Tan must have known.

FLOTSAM: S'Tan must have told them.

(Flora Flotsam enters, looking distraught.)

- FLOTSAM: Flo! What's the matter?
- FLORA: I've been thrown off the Board of "Don't Be An Animal to Animals," just for being married to you.
- FLOTSAM: Oh, Flo! I'm so sorry!
- FLORA: I'm upset mainly because this undercuts the support we were building for MediKitty.
- FLOTSAM: I can still work to get it passed in Congress, even if I have to get someone else to introduce the bill.
- FLORA: You mean you're prepared to go back to being just another Member of Congress?
- FLOTSAM: I am now that I have something to fight for.
- FLORA: And you'd work for MediKitty, even if someone else gets the credit for it?
- FLOTSAM: You bet.
- FLORA: Oh, Floyd, I'm so proud of you! Even if everyone says you were an idiot not to accept Hillary's offer. And even more of an idiot not to know who's funding your campaign.
- FLOTSAM: Well, I'm not alone on that score! (*Starts song.*)

**SONG: THE LEAST IMPORTANT MEMBER
(REPRISE)**

FLOTSAM: Back to the least important Member
Of the most important Congress
Of the most important country in the world.
I'll work behind the scenes to try to light
a flame,
While some other Congress Member gets to
have the fame.

With FLORA, DAVE, NINA:
(I'll/You'll) be the most effective Member
Of the least effective Congress
Of the most important Nation on this Earth.

FLOTSAM: There is just one obstacle more:
Learning what S'Tan has in store.

(Majestyk appears in all his evil glory.)

MAJESTYK: I'm S. Tanic Majestyk,
The source of all your trouble.
But do not fear damnation:
I won't make you pay double.
You're already in torment,
Just being in this Body,
Where egos are inflated
And courtesy is shoddy.

You'll be the least pretentious Member
Of the most pretentious Congress

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Of the most self-centered Country in the
world.

You'll have to deal with windbags ev'ry
single day,

And with nasty little narcissists who pave
their way.

TUTTI: (You'll/I'll) be the least pretentious Member
Of the most pretentious Congress
Of the most self-centered Nation on this
Earth.

MAJESTYK: I won't drag you down by the hair
My friend, you're already there!

TUTTI: If (you/I) get something positive done,
(You'll/I'll) earn (your/my) day in the sun.

Scene Eight: FINALE

Song: PRIMARY URGES (Reprise)

MAN WITH BEER:

The urge to drink,

MAN WITH MOTORCYCLE HELMET:

The urge to drive,

WOMAN WHO KEEPS SHIFTING:

The urge to change positions...

TRIO: Not as all-consuming

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TUTTI: As the urge of politicians.

Tango I:

TUTTI: Every four years, it emerges:
Politicians get Primary Urges.
They believe that they're hot,
Though the polls say, they're not.
Raw ambition from reason diverges.

SOLO A: Mitt Romney is steadfastly switching.
Massachusetts ideas, he is ditching.
He's put on a new face.
Throws red meat to the base.
Civil unions he's no longer pitching.

MEN: Watch the Democrats rush to be more lefty,
To satisfy their ultra-lib'ral throng;

WOMEN: While Republicans say the threat is hefty,
But maybe Bush was just a trifle wrong.

SOLO B: Giuliani backs off what he stood for.
Everything that you thought he was good for.
His advisers feel pain
As he tries to explain
That "pro-choice" he was misunderstood for.

Tango II:

(Dance half chorus)

MEN: Yes, the Primary Urge surpasses hunger.
It's like the link twixt Hollywood and sex.

WOMEN: An urge brought on by massive self-deception
And the prospect of getting campaign checks.

TUTTI: As we line up to make our decision,
All the choices deserve our derision.
To get us on their side,
They negate and divide.
Is it too much...
To much to ask...
To ask for vision?

FINAL CURTAIN