



**WHEN
MONICA
MET
HILLARY**

BY **WINTER MILLER**

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★
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INC.



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for Berry Flynn and Kathleen Chalfant

WHEN MONICA MET HILLARY was commissioned and developed by Miami New Drama (Michel Hausmann, Artistic Director; Nicholas Richberg, Managing Director), Miami Beach, Florida, which presented the world premiere in March 2022. It was directed by Margot Bordelon, the scenic design was by Reid Thompson, the costume design was by Dina El-Aziz, the lighting design was by Yuki Nakase Link, the sound design and composition was by Palmer Hefferan, the prop design was by Stephanie Debrecht, the wig design was by Carol Raskin, casting was by Laura Stanczyk, the technical director was Steven Nuñez, the production manager was Gabriela Gutierrez, the production stage manager was Emma Iacometta, and the general manager was Jessica Kaschube. The cast was as follows:

MONICA LEWINSKY Kyra Kennedy
HUMA ABEDIN Rasha Zamamiri
MARCIA LEWIS Mia Matthews
HILLARY CLINTON Danielle Skraastad
UNDERSTUDIES Beverly Blanchette, Jessica Farr

DISCLAIMER

The characters of Monica Lewinsky, Huma Abedin, Marcia Lewis, and Hillary Clinton are based on these four multi-dimensional women. For the most part, the actions of others referenced in the play are recorded in public news sources. However, these four women in this play are a work of dramatic fiction; their words and actions are my invention and liberties have been taken.

CHARACTERS

MONICA LEWINSKY, 22 to 40s, a white woman

HUMA ABEDIN, 19 to 40s, an Indian and Pakistani woman

MARCIA LEWIS, 50 to 70s, a white woman

HILLARY CLINTON, 50 to 70s, a white woman

Megan the SHOPGIRL is played by the actor playing Huma.

JEN in HRC's office, BETTY CURRIE, and LINDA TRIPP may be voiced by the actor playing Marcia or a separate actor entirely.

PLACE

Washington, D.C., or New York City, primarily

TIME

November 1995 and on

WHEN MONICA MET HILLARY

Scene 1

A dress shop in Washington, D.C., in November of 1995. Marcia, a very well-dressed woman of middle age, flips contentedly through a rack of cocktail dresses. The shopgirl enters carrying a glass of champagne on a cocktail tray.

This scene moves fast.

SHOPGIRL. Would you like a glass of champagne, Ms. Lewis?

MARCIA. Why not? Thank you. What's the occasion...November?

SHOPGIRL. Just to appreciate our guests!

Monica enters, she is luminous.

MARCIA. Here's my girl! / Hi beautiful!

MONICA. Hi!

SHOPGIRL. Welcome, may I bring you a glass of champagne?

MONICA. No thank you. Mom,

MARCIA. Megan started a room / for you with—

MONICA. Is it okay if we go get lunch?

SHOPGIRL. Please let me know if / I can assist with anything...

MONICA. Thank you. MARCIA. Thank you so much...

Shopgirl ambles off.

MARCIA. *(Approvingly.)* Eyebrows... Hello gorgeous!

Monica and Marcia hug and kiss hello.

MONICA. I have to tell you something in private.

MARCIA. Oh, they don't intrude here...

MONICA. But this is beyond big—

MARCIA. Your *mystery* reporter date! Did you go to Quill?

MONICA. You have to swear you won't tell a soul!

MARCIA. You're not pregnant? / Are you?

MONICA. God no! / Do I look it?

MARCIA. It was a guess 'cause you said—nevermind, tell me?

MONICA. I'm only telling Catherine / and you—

MARCIA. You can't trust Catherine!

MONICA. Mom! Just promise!

MARCIA. I promise. Is he *famous* famous or D.C. famous?

MONICA. He's very, very famous!

MARCIA. George Stephanopoulos! A lot of Greeks are like Jews—
and / he has good hair.

MONICA. Way more famous, he's on TV all the time.

MARCIA. Matt Lauer!

MONICA. No.

MARCIA. Good, rumor is he's a skirt chaser. Stone Phillips? He
has a good head of hair.

MONICA. Stop guessing and just listen, okay?

MARCIA. I'm listening!

MONICA. I had *an experience* with *the president*!

MARCIA. What do you mean *experience*?

MONICA. Okay, remember in July, the interns photo thing—I
shook his hand, I said hello. And he made eye contact with me.

MARCIA. I remember.

MONICA. *Then* I saw him the next day—and I wore the same
outfit so he'd remember me.

MARCIA. And you thought he did.

MONICA. Right! *But* then I didn't see him again for four months
until yesterday afternoon, he comes in to talk to my boss and I'm
like, "I wonder if I can catch his eye?"

MARCIA. You're talking about Presi—

MONICA. *Shhhh*. Yes. When he came out of *Leon's* office, I smiled at him.

MARCIA. That's great!

MONICA. He smiled back!

MARCIA. Okay! You've smiled at each other... what happens next? Is that the end?

MONICA. Oh no! Later, he's in *Leon's* office—I position myself by the file cabinets,

MARCIA. I don't care about the files, / what's

MONICA. I have to tell you the whole thing or it won't make sense. I'm at the files, he comes out, looks *right* at me—

MARCIA. You're a beautiful young woman and we know he likes / women—

MONICA. I smile and then I'm like, *oh my God* is he flirting?

MARCIA. Of course he was!

MONICA. So he could have just been being friendly—but
MARCIA. He's so charismatic—
women say he's like lightning
striking!

MONICA. We smile at each other. I'm all, *what do I do?*

MARCIA. / He is a hound.

MONICA. I'm all, *game on*, let's see if this is a flirtation? Then he goes back into *Leon's* office. I grab random folders, pretend to file—he walks out—I *flash my thong* at him...

MARCIA. You did what? / Your thong?

MONICA. No one sees! My jacket covers the back—so just for him, split second.

MARCIA. / What? You can't do things like that!

MONICA. He nods, gives me this secret smile—Oh God, just talking about it—

SHOPGIRL. Can I bring anyone a water?

Both women startle.

MONICA. No thanks!

MARCIA. I'm all set!

She goes away.

MARCIA. You can get fired for that stuff, / you know better than that!

MONICA. Just listen. Like forty-five minutes later—I take a walk to *the West Wing*—no one’s around because of the shutdown and interns can’t be there unless you have a blue dot on your badge, which I do, and I walk right past *Stephanopoulos’s* office and he’s in there!

MARCIA. *Stephanopoulos?*

MONICA. *The president.* He sees me, waves me in, he says, “Monica, right?”

MARCIA. He knows your name? How?

MONICA. I’m all, “You know my name?” He goes, “We shook hands in July, I don’t forget a face.”

MARCIA. Wow. / That’s impressive.

MONICA. I’m all, “How can you possibly remember that?” And I go, “I have such a crush on you!”

MARCIA. / You said that *to him?*

MONICA. He’s like, “Do you want to see the (*Whisper.*) *Oval Office?*” I’m all “Yes.” And he takes me through this doorway to *the Oval Office!*

MARCIA. Amazing!

MONICA. I’m standing across from him and I’m so nervous—I’m all, “I’m gonna bring you a tie that suits you.”

MARCIA. How many other people are there?

MONICA. No one else is there, / I’m all,

MARCIA. Unbelievable—

MONICA. “Your tie should say: *The buck stops here.*” He laughs, “Well, what if I want the buck to stop elsewhere?” Then he says, “Guess I need a tie inspector. Monica, do you have a job when this shutdown ends?” I say, “I *do*, but I can also handle Chief Necktie Inspector.”

MARCIA. Did you get a photo?

MONICA. No.

MARCIA. That’s too bad.

MONICA. Then he goes “Do you want to see the study” and he

points to a door at the other end, “That’s the secret getaway, exit that door, no one knows how long you’ve been here. The office door, (*Whisper.*) *Secret Service* keeps a log.”

MARCIA. Wow, he’s really giving you the backstage tour.

MONICA. So off the study is a hallway. We’re standing there, he goes, “What was that little move you did, outside (*Whisper.*) *Leon’s office*?”

I’m all, “What move? Putting folders in a drawer...? That’s filing.”

“Nooo the *other* little move...”

I’m all, “A ploy to get your attention”

He’s all, “You have my attention, Monica were you starting a flirtation with me?”

MARCIA. No!

MONICA. I know! I go, “Yes.”

MARCIA. / Holy shit...

MONICA. He tucks my hair, looks into my eyes, “Monica, I could almost kiss you...!” I’m all, “Definitely—you should!”

MARCIA. Fuck! Are you kidding me?

MONICA. *He kisses me!*

MARCIA. You cannot tell a soul.

MONICA. I know. Can I tell you or not?

MARCIA. Yes.

MONICA. He’s such a good kisser, and he goes “You’re beautiful, Miss Lewinsky.” When I put my arms around him—he sucked in his belly—like a regular person.

MARCIA. Jesus Monica...

MONICA. It all felt sooo normal, like a date. He’s touching me—under my bra, he’s super sexy. But also dorky, because his other hand is confused by a thong. So cute. I practically have...*an O* just kissing him. So then I go, “I feel selfish. (*Whisper.*) *Mr. President*, is there anything I can do for my country?”

MARCIA. / You didn’t...

MONICA. He goes, “I don’t know about for your country, but if you wanna make a hard-working man happy, you could kiss it...”

MARCIA. Jesus Christ! / Honey, I don't—

MONICA. No but just listen—he doesn't...*finish*. So I say, “*Mr. President*, I always finish what I start.” Get this, he says, he *wants to* but *it might not be right*. / He's amazing.

MARCIA. Let's go home.

MONICA. But wait—he walks me to the getaway door and goes, “Thank you for stopping by, I hope you'll come back.”

I'm all, “Our office is ordering pizza, I could bring you some?”

He says, “I'd like that. Two hours.” I come back later with pizza and he's in (*Whisper.*) *Stephanopoulos's office*—

MARCIA. Is *Stephanopoulos* there?

MONICA. Nope. We go back into the hallway, and he says he *missed me!* Kissing him is like nothing I've *ever*—it's magical! And we fool around—he let me go down on him—

MARCIA. Let you? Monica, he has a wife,

MONICA. It's his marriage not mine.

MARCIA. It's still cheating.

MONICA. But *I'm* not—that's his dealio.

MARCIA. Their daughter is fifteen. You're twenty-two. / You shouldn't see him again—

MONICA. Stop! Okay? I know you mean well, but it's not what you think! You always overworry!

MARCIA. Call Catherine immediately, tell her to take this to the grave. / I'm *dead* serious.

MONICA. I'm fine. I'm an adult. I don't even know if I'll see him again—it's not even in my control, I can't call him. Ever.

MARCIA. This is not good. Trust me. You need to find a man who's single and thirty with a good job. Live your life, marry, have children.

MONICA. I intend to. Not this exact second.

MARCIA. You're not going to like my saying this,

MONICA. / So don't say it.

MARCIA. You have a tendency to get in over your head.

MONICA. Don't make me regret telling you.

MARCIA. Look, I love that we talk like girlfriends... I cherish it. Tell me anything! But, forget I'm your mom—any good girlfriend would tell you: Do NOT have sex with him.

MONICA. I didn't say anything about sex. If he calls, cool. If not, it was an amazing experience I'll never forget. Please *do not* worry, okay? I thought you'd be happy for me.

MARCIA. I'm sorry, but I *am* your mom and I'm really worried.

MONICA. I know what I'm doing! Plus, he's so busy, running the country, the actual likelihood of anything *ever* happening again is slim to none.

Scene 2

February 1996, outside Betty Currie's office, just outside the Oval Office, Washington, D.C. Monica wears a dress and holds a folder.

Huma enters, assumes there's a line and stands by the wall. She wears a smart skirt suit and carries a thin envelope and a pen.

Unseen, Betty Currie sits at her desk on the phone. The Oval Office energy is palpable.

MONICA. Sorry, do you have the time?

HUMA. Oh, yes 2:23. (*Glances again.*) 2:24.

MONICA. Thanks. What office are you in?

HUMA. Interning for FLOTUS. Which office are you in?

MONICA. Ledge Affairs. Since December. I was an intern with COS.* I'm sure it won't be long before they hire you. You already look like you belong here more than I do. (*Extending her hand.*)
Monica Lewinsky.

HUMA. Huma Abedin. Nice to meet you, Monica.

MONICA. And you, Huma.

* Pronounced "cee oh ess"

HUMA. Is this where I wait to see Mrs. Currie?

MONICA. Yup. I have documents for the president to sign. Isn't it bonkers, right through there, POTUS is making global decisions and we're just, "ho hum, we have documents." How do you like working for FLOTUS?

HUMA. Oh, it's thrilling! I'm new.

MONICA. You've been there how long? New is relative.

HUMA. Monday began week three.

MONICA. Well, the calculation is: One day is like a week, a week is a month, and a month is half a year...does it feel like three months?

HUMA. Sort of? I'm here every day, but Tuesday and Thursday are half days. It's my last year at G-Dub.

MONICA. Gov or poli-sci?

HUMA. Journalism major, poli-sci minor.

MONICA. You're so ahead of the game. Have you gotten to do anything cool?

HUMA. My second day, I had to jump in and interpret! We had a phoner with an Iraqi dignitary and no one to translate.

MONICA. Okay, you're fluent in Arabic and I'm still mastering English.

HUMA. When I was a kid we lived in Saudi Arabia, in Jeddah.

MONICA. I'm a little jealous. I'm from exotic Beverly Hills.

HUMA. I love *90210*.

MONICA. Oh so you've maybe heard of it? What else cool has happened?

HUMA. I got to meet Christiane Amanpour last week, thought I was going to hyperventilate.

MONICA. She's such a hero.

HUMA. How do you like Ledge Affairs?

MONICA. I'm surrounded by valedictorians. I'm just always trying not to look like a dumb-dumb. It's great. I actually was supposed to start with Ledge back in November, but because of furlough, I stayed at COS, interning with the skeleton crew in Panetta's office.

HUMA. I can't even imagine what this place was like without everyone in it.

MONICA. It was really different. Because everyone got to do so much more than we would have otherwise. It was life-changing.

Monica leans her head around to peer into Betty Currie's office.

Still on the phone.

Huma gives a polite shrug and smiles.

So, what's FLOTUS actually like?

HUMA. She's brilliant!

MONICA. She seems serious all the time, like on TV. Is she, like, real? Obviously, she's a genius, but, is there like, a person underneath?

HUMA. She's really funny.

MONICA. Oh? I would not have guessed that. Huh.

HUMA. People think it's a dry sense of humor, but, she's not stiff or anything.

MONICA. Mhhmmn. She probably travels a lot?

HUMA. I'm still so new. But she's always doing ten things at once.

BETTY. (*Offstage.*) Ms. Huma Abedin, you can come in, please.

HUMA. Oh—but you were here—

MONICA. It's fine.

HUMA. I'm so sorry. Someone called ahead...? It will be fast, just a signature.

MONICA. Take your time.

Once Huma is with Betty Currie, Monica moves closer to listen.

HUMA. (*Offstage.*) I have Chelsea's birthday card that FLOTUS is hoping POTUS can sign?

BETTY. (*Offstage.*) I'll see that he does. Did FLOTUS get her a puppy?

HUMA. (*Offstage.*) I'm not sure. I'm fairly new.

BETTY. (*Offstage.*) Well, welcome! Instead of a sweet sixteen, Chelsea asked her parents for a chocolate Lab. Socks won't be thrilled. POTUS is in and out today, I'll buzz you once it's signed.

HUMA. (*Offstage.*) Thank you so much Mrs. Currie.

BETTY. (*Offstage.*) Good to meet you, Ms. Abedin.

Huma reenters, nods to Monica.

HUMA. Next! Good luck with everything.

MONICA. Thank you. Good luck with your internship. Hopefully we'll see each other around.

Huma nods and goes.

BETTY. (*Offstage.*) Ms. Lewinsky.

Monica straightens her dress, flips her hair, and enters Mrs. Currie's office.

Scene 3

An empty hallway on the tenth floor of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Washington, D.C. January 16, 1998, evening.

Marcia and Monica are in the hall outside room 1012. It has been an obscenely long day: nine too many FBI agents, one too many Lindas. Marcia, newly arrived, still wears her fur. Monica wears the gym clothes she had intended for a workout.

MONICA. I don't want to go to jail!

MARCIA. Slow down, okay? What is going on?

MONICA. Linda taped our phone calls—

MARCIA. What? Personal calls? / Why—

MONICA. She was getting evidence / to use against—

MARCIA. For who? For Starr?

MONICA. I don't know if she got money! She was trying to destroy his presidency. And apparently my life!

MARCIA. What's on the tape?

MONICA. Everything! She has twenty hours of conversations—

MARCIA. Twenty hours! How? Are you kidding me?

MONICA. It's everything—

MARCIA. Why did you tell / her anything?

The play doesn't end here...

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