

BECKY/LES SIDE

ACT I

Scene 1

Lights come up. A woman dressed in a trim pantsuit stands alone at a podium. Cameras flash. The dull roar of the press. She clears her throat, powders her nose. The press quiets. She begins to speak in a questionable folksy accent. Her name is Governor Becky Roberts of Nevada.

ROBERTS (*smugly*)

It has become painfully clear over the last weeks of his campaign that Governor Leslie Sugarman does not have the proper temperament to act as Commander in Chief, President of the United States.

The teenaged Leslie "Les" Sugarman stumbles drunkenly onstage, distraught and in a prom attire.

LES

I hope you drop dead, you cold-hearted bitch!

Roberts exits, and Les walks to the podium, transforming into his older self, New York Senator Leslie Sugarman.

SUGARMAN

It is highly apparent that Governor Becky Roberts lacks the crucial Washington experience necessary for success in higher office.

Teenaged Becky Roberts vapidly enters in prom attire as Sugarman exits.

BECKY

I've got plenty of experience with boys. Fit boys, toned boys, boyish boys, single boy, taken boy... a lot of boys. They say I'm a catch and, really, who can blame them?

She transforms again, and begins her attacks at the podium with ruthless vigor.

ROBERTS

You can see before you the bumbling, flip-flopping fiasco of a Senator, and I ask you: do you want him in office?

LES (*sloppy, on the verge of tears*)

Come outside for a drink with me? I mean, you don't have to. Another kiss would be great. Just one. But you don't have to. God, you're so beautiful, but not really at all... you're a bitch. But you're great. Just a drink?

ROBERTS

I pray to Pelosi, no.

The transitions between adult at podium transforming in teenager and vice versa continues, eventually becoming frantic and losing shape.

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SUGARMAN

As a newly elected governor, she lacks the crucial knowledge of the most important issues in foreign policy and cannot handle national emergencies with a cool head...

BECKY (*hysterical*)

Shit! Goddamn it! He spilled punch all over my dress. He spilled punch all over my dress! He spilled fruit motherfucking punch all over my white dress! I'll kill him!

SUGARMAN

...and has history of infamous unprofessionalism.

BECKY

Who wants to see me take my top off?

She becomes Roberts, ignoring Les who is fighting to speak into the microphone.

ROBERTS

He is impetuous-

LES

I just wanted to give a shout-out to a very special girl out there-

ROBERTS

Unpredictable.

LES

-who I am glad is here with me on one of the greatest nights of my life-

ROBERTS

Radical, even.

LES

I LOVE YOU, BECKY ROBERTS!

In a huff, both abandon the podium and move to opposite sides of the stage.

SUGARMAN

You special interest slave!

ROBERTS

You tax-and-spend stooge!

SUGARMAN

Socialist!

ROBERTS

Elitist!

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SUGARMAN

Heartless!

ROBERTS

Lunatic!

SUGARMAN

Liar!

ROBERTS

Your hair looks like a toupee!

SUGARMAN

Your accent is totally fake!

ROBERTS

You cheated on your SATs!

SUGARMAN

You cheated on me!

ROBERTS

You hid in the stairwell during gym class!

As the mudslinging between the two flies, they advance on each other aggressively, until they finally face each other center stage.

LES

Hey there.

BECKY

Hi, Les.

They begin dancing tenderly to a 1984 hit, a la "All Night Long" as their teenaged prom-date selves. The cameras flash, but they are impervious. The sound of murmuring crowds increases and the cameras flash more aggressively until the serenely dancing couple breaks apart. The music suddenly changes to "Hail to the Chief." They both part, Sugarman exits stage left, toward New York and Roberts right, toward Nevada.