

***TRANSITIONS***  
By John Fisher

CHARACTERS

(“/” indicates played by one actor)

DONALD TRUMP/VLADYMR PUTIN

MELANIA TRUMP/LYUDMILA PUTIN

RUBY, a trans performer (a “drag queen”)

DALANKA/MOTIN

EZEKIALEKIAL

TORAY/JAYSTON/BORIS/DOORMAN/INTERVIEWER

SETTING

Washington, D.C., Moscow

TIME

Now

TRANSITIONS

(The set is a multi-level platform construction with many surfaces. At center is a very well appointed wall, like you'd see in the White House or the Kremlin, cream colored, molding, refined. Stage right is a door leading to an offstage area. The action is continuous with no break between scenes.)

(Preshow. ACTOR who plays DONALD talks to the audience as he makes up.)

ACTOR: I had a fascinating journey. I was never interested in the news until Trump. Suddenly, at the beginning of 2016 there was this very amusing man I'd known my whole life on TV running for President. I really couldn't believe it. He was a clown, a weirdo, a guy who always wanted to be in the spotlight and, all my life, had only managed it by being off-the-wall and bizarre: the hair, the wives, the dumb reality shows I'd never seen, the cameo appearances as his own weird self in other peoples' movies. And now he was running for President? And refreshingly so. He acted like a child on TV. He belittled the other candidates. I thought it was hysterical that he referred his opponents as Little Marco Rubio and Lying Ted Cruz. I loved that he said totally uncouth things like, "My daughter is beautiful. If she wasn't my daughter, I'd date her." Meaning of course he wouldn't date her, he'd... And the reason I loved him, the reason I thought it was ok to love him, was I thought, "He'll never be President, but he's going to bring down these Fundamentalist Republican assholes and that's good. And he's damn funny." And so suddenly, for the first time in my life, without trying, without making an effort, I was interested in the news. I was following an election, I was hooked. And then he became President. And I was horrified. And this, specifically, for me, is why.

1

(Lights up. State bedroom in some foreign capitol. DONALD and MELANIA are dressing for a state occasion. DONALD always has his phone.)

DONALD: Melania, are you ready?

MELANIA: Yes, I'm ready.

DONALD: No, are you ready to leave?

MELANIA: Yes, I'm ready to leave.

DONALD: Because you look spectacular. You look beautiful, you're beautiful, beautiful.

MELANIA: Thank you, thank you. Don, thank you.

DONALD: Are we going? Are we leaving?

MELANIA: Yes.

DONALD: Are we leaving now?

MELANIA: Yes.

DONALD: Ok, give me a kiss. (Kiss.) Oh... Oh, oh, oh, let me do something.

MELANIA: Don.

DONALD: Let me.

MELANIA: Don, don't.

DONALD: What?  
MELANIA: Don't, just don't.  
DONALD: I'm not.  
MELANIA: Don't.  
DONALD: I'm not tweeting. Ok? I'm not tweeting, I'm not tweeting.  
MELANIA: Don't tweet.  
DONALD: Don't tell me not to tweet.  
MELANIA: Don't tweet.  
DONALD: Don't tell me not to tweet.  
MELANIA: Don't.  
DONALD: I'm not tweeting. I was looking at something.  
MELANIA: What were you looking at?  
DONALD: I was looking at something.  
MELANIA: What?  
DONALD: I wanted to look and see what my approval rating was. Ok?  
MELANIA: And then you're going to tweet.  
DONALD: No, I'm not going to tweet.  
MELANIA: Tweet later. Tweet at night. Tweet as I sleep. Just don't tweet in front of me.  
DONALD: Melania-  
MELANIA: Wh...What?  
DONALD: Mel.  
MELANIA: Don't...  
DONALD: No, no, no, look...  
MELANIA: I... Don't tweet.  
DONALD: I'm not tweeting. I wasn't going to tweet. *Now* I want to tweet. *Now* because of all this I want to tweet.  
MELANIA: Don.  
DONALD: Now because of this I want to tweet.  
MELANIA: Don.  
(DONALD sighs.)  
MELANIA: Are you excited?  
DONALD: Yes, I'm excited. You look terrific.  
MELANIA: Thank you.  
DONALD: You really look spectacular.  
MELANIA: Thank you. (He touches her.) Don, look...  
DONALD: What?  
MELANIA: This... This is not the moment.  
DONALD: But... You look, look, you look beautiful.  
MELANIA: I know I do, but...  
DONALD: Every time you get done up... you look beautiful and that's the time when, you know...  
MELANIA: I know, but that's, that's...  
DONALD: I know but...  
MELANIA: Look, Don.

DONALD: Look, you look spectacular. What am I supposed to do? I'm a man, I'm a man.

MELANIA: Don.

DONALD: Melania, it's been a while.

MELANIA: Don.

DONALD: It's been a...

MELANIA: Don. I'm the First Lady. Come on now. I have to...

DONALD: Please.

MELANIA: I can't, you know, you can't like... Do this... and then again I have to look nice again. And then on time we have to leave. It can't... all happen that way. You either want to leave on time or we do this thing. Because if you, you know, if we do this thing then I have to start from scratch and then what happens? You again get excited.

DONALD: Don't, don't be that way. I'm the President.

MELANIA: You don't need to tell me that. That I know.

DONALD: I'm the President and I can't, you know... of all people in the world I should be able to like... get something.

MELANIA: Get something?

DONALD: Forgive me.

MELANIA: Get something?

DONALD: FORGIVE ME.

(DONALD sighs.)

DONALD: Are we leaving?

MELANIA: Now this you're turning around.

DONALD: No, are we... are we leaving? I just want to know if we're leaving.

MELANIA: Yes, we are leaving.

DONALD: Ok, it's...

(He takes her hand, she swats his away.)

MELANIA: Stop. Stop, stop, stop. Stop, stop.

DONALD: What?

MELANIA: Stop. You must.

DONALD: Um, look...

MELANIA: WHAT?

DONALD: Look, um... I don't...

MELANIA: WHAT?

DONALD: I don't, look, just...

MELANIA: WHAT?

DONALD: Look, just... I can't hold your hand?

MELANIA: Now...

DONALD: I just, you know...

MELANIA: I did my... you know, I put on my moisturizer and...

DONALD: Look, I can't have you swatting my hand away. Can we just talk about something before we go? I can't have you swatting my hand away.

MELANIA: Ok.

(Knock-knock.)

DONALD: What was that? That was knocking. What is this knocking?

MELANIA: That's the man.

DONALD: What man? (Knock-knock.) What is this knocking?

MELANIA: That's the man. He needs to come inside.

DONALD: What?

MELANIA: That's the man with the black box. Ok? If you don't, you know, look at the man with the black box every five minutes then they come in here and...

DONALD: I KNOW HOW IT WORKS.

MELANIA: You need to be in touch with them, the man with the black box. You can't tell them you're going to do something and then you don't do it.

DONALD: I KNOW.

MELANIA: If the man with the black box doesn't make contact with you he's going to open that door.

DONALD: He can hear us in here.

MELANIA: He... He needs to see you, those are the works, you know.

DONALD: Ah, Jesus. Hang on. (Out door) I'm here. I'm fine. I'm good, I'm good, I'm good. Ok? Five more minutes? Ok? Please? Some peace, some peace, some peace? Ok? The man with the black... is ok. Where were we?

MELANIA: What... what do you mean where were we?

DONALD: Yes, yes, the hands. You just... You can't swat my hand away. In public.

MELANIA: If you take my hand and I have moisturizer... I know this seems stupid to you, I know this seems stupid to you, I know this seems stupid to you...

DONALD: It doesn't seem stupid to me...

MELANIA: I know this seems stupid to you – instead hold my shoulder, put your hand around my waist-

DONALD: I... Your waist? You're almost taller than me in those heels. I put my arm around your waist, my shoulder goes up. I look, I look retarded...

MELANIA: Donald.

DONALD: Sorry.

MELANIA: Don... What do you want?

DONALD: I like to hold your hand.

MELANIA: And I like it when you hold my hand but sometimes I am moisturized and that's how... I know that sounds stupid to you. I know that sounds like the most frivolity, air-heady thing in the world to you, Don. But I'm moisturized...

DONALD: Ah, JESUS.

MELANIA: Don... Ok, hold my hand. You can.

DONALD: Such a gift.

MELANIA: Hold my hand. You can. Ok? Is that all right? Is that all right? Ok? But then I need some time for remoisturization because you know, it's time...

DONALD: Ah, JESUS. Why is this so complicated?

MELANIA: It's not so complicated, Don. Every day we do this. This isn't that complicated. All right? We are going to have a good time?

DONALD: What is this... what is that supposed to mean?

MELANIA: Are we going to have a good time? You look spectacular.

DONALD: I look spectacular. We both look spectacular.

MELANIA: Are we going to have a good time?

DONALD: Yes, we always have a good time.

MELANIA: You love this. This bickering.

DONALD: Bickering? Or bantering?

MELANIA: Backering. You love it.

DONALD: And you love it too!

MELANIA: I know I do, Don.

DONALD: We both love it. You look beautiful. You're my most beautiful wife, the most beautiful wife I ever had.

MELANIA: Donald, I know to you that sounds like a compliment...

DONALD: No, it's true.

MELANIA: Donald.

DONALD: You've been married before too.

MELANIA: That is not true.

DONALD: You haven't?

MELANIA: Donald, what does... what has that got to do with anything?

DONALD: I just... come on... let's not act like it's...

MELANIA: Donald, I don't want to hear about the wives, Marla and Ivanka...

DONALD: Ivanka?

MELANIA: Ivana. I don't want to hear about all these women.

DONALD: All these women? It's two wives. I've got friends who've got ten wives.

MELANIA: Ok, it's... look... look, look, look. Let's go out, let's do some good, a nice meal we'll have, some sites they'll show us, when to the hotel we get back, you know, you can do whatever you want – you can have your tweet tantrum, you can have a cheese burger, you can relax and, you know...

DONALD: And we'll make love.

MELANIA: I don't want to make it an appointment, when it's an appointment it's pressure.

DONALD: You don't, you don't like making love with me.

MELANIA: I do like making love with you but when it's an appointment, it's pressure. I like it to be spontaneous.

DONALD: I tried to be spontaneous and you said don't touch me. You said I'm going to mess up the outfit and it means we're going to leave later.

MELANIA: Oh, Jeez, I like it to be spontaneous at the appropriate time.

DONALD: That's not spontaneous. That's not... spontaneous is spontaneous, spontaneous is something that happens spontaneously.

MELANIA: Donald.

DONALD: What?

MELANIA: We're late.

DONALD: And... (Knocking.) There it is again.

MELANIA: I tried to warn you.

DONALD: It's not been five minutes.

MELANIA: I tried to warn you.

DONALD: It's not been.

MELANIA: The guy has an atomic clock. If any clock works in the world the guy with the black box has the clock.

DONALD: Please stop calling it the black box. That's on a plane. Black box is on a plane that crashes. It's not a black box.

MELANIA: Ok, but don't say it's not five minutes, it's been EXACTLY five minutes.

DONALD: It's the black briefcase. Or the football.

MELANIA: The football?

DONALD: But don't call it the black box. (Knocking. DONALD opens door.) Yes, I'm fine, I'm good. Can we reset this? I mean... Didn't I decide this has to be every five minutes, didn't I decide that at Mar a Lago? Can we reset this? Can we make it ten minutes? Ok, let's reset this, let's make it ten minutes, let's make it fifteen... It can't be fifteen minutes? Let's make it ten. Let's make it ten. Ok? Ten that you see me. Ok. Thank you.

MELANIA: Are we ready?

DONALD: Yes, we're ready, you look spectacular.

MELANIA: Thank you.

DONALD: I love... you look great. That coat...

MELANIA: Thank you.

DONALD: You look great.

MELANIA: This is also why I don't want to do it because... you look so good. You look good too.

DONALD: We both have to look good. You like my hair?

MELANIA: The hair is great. The hair is great.

DONALD: Come on... you...

MELANIA: No, it's good. It's good. Your hair is your hair, it's your signature, it's... and you... It looks good. Cindy does a good job with...

DONALD: Cindy didn't do this, I did this.

(Pause.)

MELANIA: It looks good.

DONALD: Now you're jealous of Cindy.

MELANIA: I'm not jealous of Cindy. I'm not just saying this... you're a handsome man. You really are, you are a handsome guy.

DONALD: And you're the most beautiful woman in the world.

MELANIA: I'm not the most beautiful woman...

DONALD: You ARE the most beautiful woman in the world. You get more exposure than anyone else. If there're a million more beautiful woman in the world somewhere nobody sees them. Ok? They're obscure. You get all the exposure and you're beautiful. Everybody loves you. Everybody wants you.

MELANIA: Don't... Listen, those... that is not a compliment. Things like that you're telling me... I like compliments from you. I don't like compliments from this enormous world of men who want me.

DONALD: And women, women want you too.

MELANIA: Donald.

DONALD: Melania, you're beautiful. We need to go, ok. (Knocking.) There's that knock again. That has not been ten minutes. No, no, that's not...

MELANIA: That's, that's your Chief of Staff, your Chief of Staff that is, whatever his name is, whatever his new name is, a different knock that is. You don't know the difference? A different knock that is. That is a knock that means we should have left ten minutes ago. A different knock.

DONALD: Can I hold your hand?



MELANIA: YES, my hand you can hold.  
DONALD: Who gave you this ring?  
MELANIA: You gave me this ring.  
DONALD: I didn't.  
MELANIA: I gave myself this ring.  
DONALD: OK.  
(More knocking – persistent, annoyed.)  
DONALD: I'm the President and someone knocks like that.  
MELANIA: Donald.  
DONALD: Where's the biscuit.  
MELANIA: (Handing him a card) I have the biscuit.  
DONALD: You have the-  
MELANIA: You dropped it on the floor.  
DONALD: I dropped the codes on the...  
(Very annoyed knocking. DONALD drops biscuit.)  
MELANIA: Donald.  
DONALD: Here we go. All set?  
MELANIA: Yep.  
DONALD: I love your shoes!  
MELANIA: THANK YOU.

2

MELANIA, DALANKA  
(MELANIA and DALANKA are holding drinks. A cocktail party. Throughout the conversation MELANIA smiles to people out of site.)  
DALANKA: Cyber bullying is good. It's good. Good cause.  
MELANIA: I want a cause. I want to contribute. I want to help him.  
DALANKA: This would help him. What they've said about your child. On-line. Disgraceful.  
MELANIA: Donald doesn't care about that child.  
DALANKA: Melania.  
MELANIA: Please, Dalanka. He doesn't. Oh, God, I'm going to cry.  
DALANKA: Melania, I've known the President longer than you. He loves that child. As much as he can, he loves him. As much as he can.  
MELANIA: Can we... please. Jesus, I'm crying. At a state reception.  
DALANKA: It's ok. (Pause.) What about helping him with something cultural? He can always improve his stance there.  
MELANIA: Cultural how? How is culture going to help him with foreign diplomacy?  
(EZEKIAL enters. He wears a suit. He is very young, collegiate.)  
EZEKIAL: Hey, Dalanka. Mrs. Trump.  
DALANKA: First Lady first.  
EZEKIAL: Sorry.  
DALANKA: And I'm Ms. Secretary. Not Dalanka. Ok?  
EZEKIAL: Yes. Sorry.  
MELANIA: Hello, Ezekial. (She laughs.) In your new suit you look very handsome.

EZEKIAL: Thank you, Mrs. Trump.

MELANIA: How are things in Appointments?

EZEKIAL: Excellent.

DALANKA: "Things are going very well, Mrs. Trump. Thank you for asking."

EZEKIAL: Things are going very well, Mrs. Trump. Thank you for asking.

MELANIA: Oh, Dalanka.

DALANKA: No, he's uncouth. I'm sick of it. He had two weeks of training and he treats us like sorority girls.

MELANIA: We need young people and their uncouthness in the White House.

DALANKA: We're plenty uncouth.

(MELANIA stares at her.)

DALANKA: Sorry.

MELANIA: We're uncouth and old. We need the uncouthness of youthness.

DALANKA: All right, young person, we were just talking about how culture might help the world. What do you think?

EZEKIAL: Culture?

DALANKA: Yes, as opposed to politics.

EZEKIAL: There should be more baseball. We should have national teams. We could send one to Russia. They could send one here.

DALANKA: Theirs would always win. Doping.

EZEKIAL: We could dope ours. That would make it also a scientific exchange, like a doping war. Who has the best dope.

DALANKA: Thank you, Ezekial.

EZEKIAL: Listen, why am I Ezekial and you guys are Ms. Secretary and Mrs. Trump?

(DALANKA stares, angry. MELANIA bursts out laughing. She is charmed by him. She takes him by the arm.)

MELANIA: Ezekial, I think that's a great idea. An exchange. But not sports. I'd like you two to find something artistic, to send to Russia. Artistic exchange. What do you think? That will be my cause. The Kennedys would send shows, plays, artists to the Soviet Union. Onstage, we'll fight the New Cold War onstage.

EZEKIAL: Like a ballet.

DALANKA/MELANIA: Not a ballet.

DALANKA: That's kind of their thing, ballet. Not a ballet.

MELANIA: Something American. Find something uniquely American. Ok, time to tuck in the boy. Thank you, Dalanka. You always make me feel better. (Spotting her son across the room) Oh, my God, there he is. All dressed for bed. Why the nanny does that I do not know. She's supposed to text me first. Maybe she did. Thank you, Dalanka. God, I'm crying again. He is so adorable in his pjs. Excuse me. (MELANIA exits.)

EZEKIAL: She's kind of a mess, isn't she? Of course, I would be too with a kid like that.

DALANKA: Would you have some fucking respect? Would you please?

EZEKIAL: Jesus.

DALANKA: That's right. "Jesus." He's eleven years old and he has special needs and his mother is trying to protect him. Would you have some respect?

(She is crying also. EZEKIAL takes her arm.)

DALANKA: (Jerking away) Don't, don't do that.

EZEKIAL: Sorry.

DALANKA: No, I'm sorry. Oh, this is just impossible. (Pulling herself together) Look, can you please just find something, some performance or something that we can send to Moscow as some kind of cultural exchange. It's an initiative of the First Lady's. Ok?

EZEKIAL: *Hamilton*.

DALANKA: No, not *Hamilton*. Use your fucking brain for once.

EZEKIAL: Look, Dalanka-

DALANKA: No, you look, Princeton. I don't care who your father is and what his handicap is at Mar-a-Lago. You're here as a favor and so far all you've done is piss people off and get in the way. Now would you please, please just do this one simple thing and do it quickly.

(He intakes a breath, about to explode.)

DALANKA: I'd watch what I said next, kid. I really would.

EZEKIAL: Yes.

DALANKA: Yes, what?

EZEKIAL: Yes, Ma'am.

DALANKA: Yes, Ms. Secretary.

EZEKIAL: Jesus. (Pause.) Yes, Ms. Secretary.

DALANKA: Thank you. (She exits.)

3

PUTIN, LYUDMILA

(Scene – The Kremlin. PUTIN and LYUDMILA. PUTIN pulling off his shoes.)

PUTIN: I'm happy to have them off my back. It was interminable. Awful. I detested him. He was so self-righteous with me, always acting like he was taking the moral high ground. Him! I hated it.

LYUDMILA: He's an oaf, what to say?

PUTIN: Have you seen the girls, Yakaterina?

LYUDMILA: Yes, of course.

PUTIN: How is she? Mariya?

LYUDMILA: Good. Good. I was surprised you called me.

PUTIN: I don't have anybody to talk to. Wanted to talk to you.

LYUDMILA: What about?

PUTIN: Things are heating up. I have a feeling, things are heating up. It's not copasetic, he's no longer on my side, he's too ambitious.

LYUDMILA: What do you have on him?

(PUTIN laughs.)

PUTIN: We have a lot. I don't know if it will stick and I don't know what he has on me and if we put out what we have on him he might put out what he has on me-

LYUDMILA: What does he have on you?

PUTIN: Lyudmila, don't, don't, don't start... that. He might have stuff on me. All right? It won't embarrass you. You are above it all. You have always been ABOVE it all.

LYUDMILA: Yes, of course, Vladimir. Yes. (Changing the subject) I saw your new church in Paris. It was very beautiful.

PUTIN: Thank you.

LYUDMILA: Have you been?

PUTIN: Yes, I've been.

LYUDMILA: St. Vladimir's, eh?

PUTIN: Huh, you like the name?

LYUDMILA: Yes.

PUTIN: I don't know what to do with him. We thought we had him under our thumb but he's too independent. I think he believes now that he doesn't have to worry about what we have. And what we have is pretty juicy but I'm not sure it will stick.

LYUDMILA: Neh, shit sticks. If you throw it hard enough it sticks. It at least sits there for a while. Just viscosity and momentum will make shit stick for a little bit.

PUTIN: Lyudmila, you always had a filthy mouth.

LYUDMILA: You liked my filthy mouth. You used to say I talked like a guy.

PUTIN: This man, this man, what to do, what to do?

LYUDMILA: Be strong. You are a success because you are strong.

PUTIN: It's tough.

LYUDMILA: It's what people want. When you stand up to him you win respect.

PUTIN: The strong man.

LYUDMILA: Stalin. The Tsars. Brezhnev. It's what they're used to.

PUTIN: Stalin. He always knew what to do.

LYUDMILA: Until he didn't.

PUTIN: This North Korea thing is bad.

LYUDMILA: It has nothing to do with you.

PUTIN: It does. It does. It has to do with China and China has to do with me and... I can't stay out of it.

LYUDMILA: I don't want to know. It's too much to know.

PUTIN: Lyudmila-

LYUDMILA: No, you made your choice. I don't live with you, I don't need to listen any more.

PUTIN: Would you please-

LYUDMILA: No-

PUTIN: Lyudmila.

LYUDMILA: No-

PUTIN: You say I need to be strong and then you won't listen. Why can't you be strong?

LYUDMILA: Strong? Strong? You threaten me? You threaten my life and...

PUTIN: That was years ago.

LYUDMILA: Years ago?

PUTIN: We were married. That's part of marriage.

LYUDMILA: Part of...

PUTIN: Lyudmila. Why can't you... listen?

LYUDMILA: Vladimir-

PUTIN: What?

LYUDMILA: Please.

PUTIN: Lyudmila.  
LYUDMILA: (Pause. She sits.) Yes, fine, go ahead.  
PUTIN: I wish you would-  
LYUDMILA: Vlad-  
PUTIN: Mila.  
LYUDMILA: You want to talk, you want to talk in front of me, talk. I'm used to it.  
PUTIN: Lyudmila.  
LYUDMILA: I don't know what I do. I don't know what I contribute but-  
PUTIN: Lyudmila-  
LYUDMILA: Go ahead.  
PUTIN: There are treaties, obligations, he's playing... this sounds so dramatic.  
LYUDMILA: So say it.  
PUTIN: He's playing with fire.  
LYUDMILA: Of course he is. He's macho. Like you.  
PUTIN: Yes, but that's what Russia wants. They want me macho. His people... he shouldn't... He shouldn't fuck around with such things. It's his job to placate me, to accommodate me, subtly.  
LYUDMILA: He's not subtle, don't hold your breath. The last one was subtle. You hated him.  
PUTIN: Yes, but I didn't...  
LYUDMILA: You didn't what?  
PUTIN: I didn't fear him.  
LYUDMILA: Oh, is that it?  
PUTIN: Yes.  
LYUDMILA: Well, that's a problem.  
PUTIN: I never know what's going to happen next.  
LYUDMILA: That's true.  
PUTIN: Not with him. And if I don't know what's going to happen next I can become a bully.  
LYUDMILA: You are a bully.  
PUTIN: With my people. I can't be a bully with him.  
LYUDMILA: Why not?  
PUTIN: Because he'll make a mistake.  
LYUDMILA: I see.  
PUTIN: So what do I do?  
LYUDMILA: I can't help you, Vlad.  
PUTIN: You can give me advice.  
LYUDMILA: Which you always ignore.  
PUTIN: Still it helps.  
LYUDMILA: Advice you ignore.  
PUTIN: Yes, yes, advice I IGNORE.  
LYUDMILA: Ok.  
PUTIN: Well...  
LYUDMILA: (She stands.) Be strong. A strong man can't worry about being a bully.  
PUTIN: And if I set him off?  
LYUDMILA: Well.

PUTIN: I can bully my people, they understand that. They want that. I can't bully him.  
LYUDMILA: You can't worry about that.  
PUTIN: And if I set him off?  
LYUDMILA: You'll know what to do.  
PUTIN: And if I do the wrong thing?  
LYUDMILA: It will be the right thing. Even if it's wrong.  
PUTIN: Like Hitler.  
LYUDMILA: Like Stalin. He died in his bed.  
PUTIN: Stalin might have been murdered in his bed.  
LYUDMILA: Vladimir, you think too much. A strong man can't think. It doesn't work that way.  
PUTIN: Ok.  
LYUDMILA: Now, I have to shop. There's a new Hermes store in Moscow.  
PUTIN: Really?  
LYUDMILA: Yes, they're keeping it open late just for me. Will you take me?  
(He kisses her on cheek. They exit.)

4

(In the dark we hear EZEKIAL and INTERVIEWER's voices: EZEKIAL - "If Al Franken didn't have the balls to hang onto his job then he doesn't deserve it." INTERVIEWER- "Unlike the President?" EZEKIAL - "Sure. Nobody's taking his job. He doesn't care what those women say." INTERVIEWER - "Because they're lying?" EZEKIAL - "Even if they're not, who cares? It's just not relevant." INTERVIEWER - "Not Relevant?" EZEKIAL - "Yeah, Not relevant". Lights up. TORAY is showing DONALD something on his phone.)

5

DONALD, TORAY, MELANIA, EZEKIAL  
DONALD: What are you showing me?  
TORAY: You should see it because it's going on the *New York Times* website.  
DONALD: The fucking failing *New York Times*.  
MELANIA: Donald. No swearing.  
DONALD: (Referring to EZEKIAL) What's he doing here?  
TORAY: That's him.  
DONALD: That's him?  
TORAY: Ezekial. He said... Well you see it. *The Times* is quoting him. It made the "Daily Briefing."  
DONALD: God dammit! God dammit! (EZEKIAL flinches like he's going to get hit. Suddenly DONALD is calm.) It's all right. It's all right. (Pause.) Ezekial. Ezekial, that's your name, right?  
EZEKIAL: Yes.  
DONALD: I mean that is your name, correct?  
EZEKIAL: Yes.

DONALD: Because I don't want to get in trouble later on for getting your name wrong.

EZEKIAL: No, that's right.

DONALD: Ezekial, you fucked up. This is a major fuck up.

EZEKIAL: Well, it's not...

(DONALD just stares.)

EZEKIAL: Sorry.

(DONALD continues to stare.)

EZEKIAL: I'm very sorry, sir.

DONALD: You see, that's exactly the attitude that got you in trouble in the first place. What's the first thing you were told when you came on board?

EZEKIAL: Keep my mouth shut.

DONALD: Yes. That's right. Keep your... keep your effing mouth shut.(Pause.) Now let's see if you can do this. Let's see if you can do this very simple thing. Are you ready?

EZEKIAL: Yes.

DONALD: Are you ready to do this very simple thing?

EZEKIAL: Yes.

DONALD: Melania wants you to do it. So do it. And don't, excuse me, don't fuck it up. Excuse me. I have my eye on you. (DONALD makes "eye on you" gesture and exits with TORAY. Pause.)

EZEKIAL: Mrs. Trump. I was trying to be loyal.

MELANIA: Trying to show off you were.

EZEKIAL: Would you like me to leave?

MELANIA: I really do not trust you with this. Not now.

EZEKIAL: I really am sorry.

MELANIA: You're not. Not really.

EZEKIAL: I am.

MELANIA: No, you are not. Your type I know.

EZEKIAL: Would you like me to leave? Would you like me to...

MELANIA: No. But you can shut up a minute.

EZEKIAL: Ok.

MELANIA: Sorry. I'm sorry I said that.

EZEKIAL: That's ok.

MELANIA: No, I am.

EZEKIAL: It's understandable. It's a stressful situation.

MELANIA: Ok, please don't patronize me. I'd appreciate that.

EZEKIAL: Ok.

MELANIA: You're not a very likeable young man, are you?

EZEKIAL: I'm sorry.

MELANIA: Are you?

EZEKIAL: No, I guess not.

MELANIA: Well, you are guessing right. (Pause.) Here's the thing. We need someone to check out some acts, sorry theatre companies. We're sending... it's a cultural exchange...

EZEKIAL: Yes, I can do that.

MELANIA: Good. You see, that's helpful. Cutting to chase like that. Do that. Do more of that.

EZEKIAL: Ok.

MELANIA: We want you to check out some performances and find out one that's appropriate to send to Russia.

EZEKIAL: Ok.

MELANIA: For a command performance for President Putin. Do you know what appropriate means?

EZEKIAL: No content.

MELANIA: Precisely. Nothing with a message. Nothing with meaning.

EZEKIAL: Got it.

MELANIA: Ok, do that. Dalanka will give you a list. (DALANKA hands him a list.)

Frankly these companies we know nothing about so make of them a check out.

(She leaves. EZEKIAL looks off in the direction DONALD exited and looks pissed. He looks at list DALANKA gave him and smirks.)

6

EZEKIAL, DOORMAN

(EZEKIAL is picking up his ticket to a performance. DOORMAN is very gay.)

EZEKIAL: Excuse me. This is the National Theatre Company?

DOORMAN: Yeah.

EZEKIAL: For real?

DOORMAN: Can I help you?

EZEKIAL: I purchased a ticket on-line.

DOORMAN: Ok. (DOORMAN gestures for ID.)

EZEKIAL: Here.

DOORMAN: Ezekial?

EZEKIAL: Yeah.

DOORMAN: Mmmm, biblical. State Department?

EZEKIAL: Do you have a ticket for me?

DOORMAN: Yeah. Here.

EZEKIAL: This is a bar, right?

DOORMAN: We have a liquor license.

EZEKIAL: This ticket cost thirty bucks. Why am I being charged thirty bucks to get into a bar?

DOORMAN: (Handing him tickets) Drink tickets. Back stage pass.

EZEKIAL: "National Theatre Company." So that's like a joke, right?

DOORMAN: Look, State Department. You're here. Try to have a good time, ok? It's paid for.

EZEKIAL: What bullshit.

7

EZEKIAL, RUBY, DOORMAN



(Lights up on RUBY – a trans performer, a drag queen. Blaring music – Tina’s “Simply the Best” or Gaga’s “Bad Romance” or somesuch. She dances about in audience, money is put in her clothing by men in the front row. [Money is distributed before the show for this purpose and men are coached.] She sings the song as she dances. EZEKIAL, holding a drink, approaches with money to put on her. He does. Laughing. She gestures for him to come onstage. He does. She holds his hand. Suddenly she zip ties his wrist to hers. He struggles, can’t get away. Whooping. Catcalls. RUBY kisses EZEKIAL flush on the lips. EZEKIAL is enjoying it. DOORMAN enters and cuts him loose. Cheering. Blackout. Catcalls in the dark. RUBY’s dressing room. Knock -nock and EZEKIAL enters.)

EZEKIAL: Hello.

RUBY: Hello. One of my victims tonight. And what are you doing here?

EZEKIAL: I have a backstage pass. It came with my Goldstar ticket.

RUBY: Well, come in, sailor

(EZEKIAL comes in and plops himself down on sofa.)

RUBY: Why, hello there.

EZEKIAL: That was terrific. I really, really enjoyed that.

RUBY: Thank you.

EZEKIAL: I just... I don’t think of myself as a guy who likes this kind of thing but... I liked that.

RUBY: What does that mean?

EZEKIAL: Well, I just... This is like a bar thing. You wiggle your butt and people put money on you. And it doesn’t seem like something I would like but I did.

RUBY: Well, that’s pretty condescending.

EZEKIAL: Ok.

RUBY: Well, no, you know it’s not *The Iceman Cometh*. By EUGENE O’NEILL... It’s just an entertainment. For gentlemen. That’s all it is.

EZEKIAL: You seem to have a lot of talent.

RUBY: Thank you.

EZEKIAL: So why the National Theatre Company?

RUBY: It’s a name no one else had taken. It sounds grand. I’m grand. So why not? And it sometimes lures people like you in. And this girl needs a little variety.

EZEKIAL: Is it dangerous?

RUBY: Dangerous?

EZEKIAL: Being a transsexual. I mean, I read, all the leftie press is full of these statistics about tranny murders and...

RUBY: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Back up. Some problems. I’m having some problems.

EZEKIAL: Ok.

RUBY: Transsexual? I’m a trans performer. A drag queen. I’m not a transsexual.

EZEKIAL: Oh, sorry.

RUBY: No, I’m not offended. That’s not what this is about. Many of my friends are transsexual. I’m just annoyed by your ignorance.

EZEKIAL: Sorry.

RUBY: And tranny? Where did you dig up that word? You might as well call me a negro.

EZEKIAL: Is that a bad word?

RUBY: Negro or tranny?

EZEKIAL: Both.

RUBY: Yes.

EZEKIAL: Sorry.

RUBY: And "The Leftie Press." What are you? A Log Cabin Republican.

EZEKIAL: What's that?

RUBY: A Log Cabin Republican?

EZEKIAL: Yeah?

RUBY: You're joking.

EZEKIAL: I'm a Republican. Proud of it.

RUBY: What are you doing here, young man?

EZEKIAL: Young man? I'm could be older than you.

RUBY: But you're acting like a child. What are you doing here?

EZEKIAL: I'm on an adventure. My boss is a dick, I had a bad day, so I'm on an adventure.

RUBY: I'll say. Come here.

EZEKIAL: Ok.

RUBY: Do you find me attractive?

EZEKIAL: Honestly?

RUBY: Yeah, sure, I can take it. Honestly.

EZEKIAL: Yes. Very.

RUBY: What do you do?

EZEKIAL: For a living?

RUBY: Yeah, I'll find out the rest soon enough.

(Pause.)

RUBY: I assume you're in government.

EZEKIAL: Why do you assume that?

RUBY: Everybody in D.C. is.

EZEKIAL: Ok.

RUBY: You can't tell me anymore, right?

EZEKIAL: Right.

RUBY: What are you? A clerk to some judge? Deputy to some congressperson?

EZEKIAL: I really can't tell you.

RUBY: In that boring suit you can't be very high up.

EZEKIAL: It's Brooks Brothers.

RUBY: Brooks Brothers make boring suits. (Pause.) But you fill it nicely. Come here.

EZEKIAL: I'm here.

(They kiss. EZEKIAL breaks.)

RUBY: What? Oh, come on. What? Are you afraid of cameras?

EZEKIAL: Come on, don't insult me.

RUBY: Are you?

EZEKIAL: I know you'd never do that.

RUBY: You do? How do you know that?

EZEKIAL: I can tell.

RUBY: Ok. Thank you. What's wrong?

EZEKIAL: I've never done this before.

RUBY: I'm just a guy. Under it all.

EZEKIAL: Ok.

RUBY: You never had a guy?

EZEKIAL: In high school.

RUBY: When was that? Last year? (They laugh.) Come on, Republican. Give us some sugar. (EZEKIAL laughs nervously, turns away.) You want me to take the wig off?

EZEKIAL: No, please don't.

RUBY: Ok.

(They kiss. Dim lights. Romantic music – Donna Summer "Ooo-ooo-oooo." ["Last Dance."] Lights up. The morning after; they are on a bed, mid-conversation.)

RUBY: You're kidding.

EZEKIAL: Yes. I mean, no.

RUBY: Who's putting this together? And don't say you can't tell me.

EZEKIAL: Someone in the Administration.

RUBY: That's like saying Donald Trump. Come on, who is it?

EZEKIAL: It's not Donald Trump.

RUBY: And I go to Russia and perform for Putin?

EZEKIAL: Yep.

RUBY: That's crazy.

EZEKIAL: It's happening fast. You have to say yes tonight so I can put it in motion.

RUBY: Forget it.

EZEKIAL: It will make you. And it will be good for the Administration and it's transgender image.

RUBY: What image? I don't want to help the President. I think he's risible.

EZEKIAL: I don't know what that means.

RUBY: I hate him.

EZEKIAL: Ok, well, this isn't about him. It's about cooling tensions between the two governments.

RUBY: You're serious.

EZEKIAL: Yep.

RUBY: What will I have to do?

EZEKIAL: You'll have to talk to your sponsor. Briefly. Then you just go, do it, and come back.

RUBY: My sponsor?

EZEKIAL: She can't know you're a... well, she can't... you can't tell her.

RUBY: Oh, I see. This is some crazy shit. You're messing with someone. Ok, who's my sponsor?

EZEKIAL: You'll find out. When she calls you. Can you do this?

RUBY: This girl can do anything.

EZEKIAL: What will you say if she... If she asks?

RUBY: Oh, I'll think of something.

(The scene is played almost in darkness. MORIT and JAYSTON are dimly lit figures. We can't really see them. JAYSTON is perhaps only a recorded voice.)

MORIT: Who will make the announcement?

JAYSTON: Someone. I can't tell you who.

MORIT: When?

JAYSTON: Right after it happens.

MORIT: Then what?

JAYSTON: We sit and wait. Are you sure of your end of things?

MORIT: I am. There is no doubt. We'll have one chance but it's a good one.

JAYSTON: A *good* one?

MORIT: It's a sure thing.

JAYSTON: My guy won't make the announcement until-

MORIT: I understand. Your guy will see him. It's all about communication. We must have access to the President at the right moment. It can't be me.

JAYSTON: We will. We do. The President will believe us. So long as your end...

MORIT: It is.

JAYSTON: Ok, then that's the trifecta. If all three things happen, we're in.

MORIT: Yes.

JAYSTON: I repeat-

MORIT: You don't have to.

JAYSTON: I want to. So it's clear.

MORIT: Your guy won't make the announcement until we have him. Until we have the kid.

JAYSTON: Yes.

9

MELANIA, EZEKIAL

MELANIA: The National Theatre Company?

EZEKIAL: Yep.

MELANIA: I have never heard of them. What?

EZEKIAL: Nothing.

MELANIA: Why would I? That is what you are thinking?

EZEKIAL: No.

MELANIA: I have been to the National Ballet and the National Symphony. Don't be rude.

EZEKIAL: I'm sorry. (He smiles.) I'm sorry, Mrs. Trump.

MELANIA: And don't flirt with me, Ezekial. That really pisses me off.

EZEKIAL: I'm not-

MELANIA: Yes, Ezekial, you are. A lot of men flirt with me and it is ok. It is not ok when you do it.

EZEKIAL: Why not?

MELANIA: I don't know but it is not, ok?

EZEKIAL: Ok.

MELANIA: It is creepy when you do it. You flirt like a gay man.

EZEKIAL: Wow.

MELANIA: And I have nothing against gay men. I have spent a lot of time in fashion, ok? I just don't like it when they flirt with me.

EZEKIAL: Why not?

MELANIA: It is too theoretical. It can only mean one thing.

EZEKIAL: What's that?

MELANIA: They're trying to sell me something.

EZEKIAL: I'm not gay.

MELANIA: Ezekial. Tell me about this National Theatre Company. (Knocking.) Quickly.

EZEKIAL: It's highly reputable. They perform American Classics.

MELANIA: O'Neill, Shakespeare, that kind of thing?

EZEKIAL: Yeah, American classics like Shakespeare.

(She stares at him, annoyed. Knocking.)

MELANIA: (Towards door) HANG ON A DAMN MINUTE!!! (to EZEKIAL) Sorry, I never used to do things like that. (She takes a breath.) I want to see them. See what they do. (She stares at him.) But there's no time. We need to decide and start making arrangements. Shit. Everything is a rush. And I hate swearing. I never used to swear. My mother told me not to swear. It is the best advice she ever gave me.

EZEKIAL: Do you miss her?

MELANIA: Yes. No. I don't know! Set it up. Talk to the State Department and the Embassy People and Putin's people. Set it up.

10

TORAY

(TORAY enters looking at a file. He studies it closely.)

TORAY: Jesus. (He exits.)

11

LYUDMILA, PUTIN

LYUDMILA: What do you think?

PUTIN: Dammit, dammit, dammit, dammit. They've totally outflanked me. They've already got an act. The National Theatre. They're sending their National Theatre Company. We have nothing. Nothing to send back.

LYUDMILA: Send the Bolshoi! Send the Kirov! Send the ballet!

PUTIN: I wouldn't give them the satisfaction. I hate all those ballet people. They'd stab me in the back. Put on some pornographic production of *Swan Lake* and stab me in the back.

LYUDMILA: Send the Moscow Art Theatre. Send a Chekhov!

PUTIN: They'd put all of Washington to sleep. Boring.

LYUDMILA: Send anybody.

PUTIN: You can't just send somebody. You have to see them. You have to check them out. They have to be cleared. The National Theatre - they would do that, send their fucking National Theatre Company.

LYUDMILA: Why don't we have a National Theatre?

PUTIN: Because I can't trust anyone. Artists!  
(Pause. An idea.)  
LYUDMILA: You could perform.  
PUTIN: What?  
LYUDMILA: You sing.  
PUTIN: So?  
LYUDMILA: When they get here insist on singing with their leading actress. Sing "Dark Eyes." A duet. It would be a sensation. Their grande dame and you. That's cultural collaboration. They send an entertainment. You entertain yourself.  
PUTIN: Lyudmila.  
LYUDMILA: What?  
PUTIN: It's brilliant. You're brilliant.  
LYUDMILA: But don't tell anyone. Just do it. Just hop up there and do it.  
PUTIN: Yes. "Dark Eyes."  
LYUDMILA: The greatest Russian song.  
PUTIN: And then we could sing the greatest American song.  
LYUDMILA: Yes.  
(Pause.)  
PUTIN: "Smells Like Teen Spirit."  
LYUDMILA: Oh, Vlad.  
PUTIN: You don't think it's a better song than "Dark Eyes?"  
LYUDMILA: Nothing is better than "Dark Eyes."  
PUTIN: No.  
LYUDMILA: But it's close.  
PUTIN: You remember what Brezhnev used to say?  
LYUDMILA: What?  
PUTIN: Now that, that's détente.

12

TORAY

(TORAY is looking at a screen.)

VOICE: We thought you should see this, Mr. Toray. No one outside of NORAD has seen this.

TORAY: Thank you. (Into phone) Get me the President.

13

MELANIA, RUBY

(MELANIA and RUBY talk on the phone, from opposite sides of the stage. RUBY answers and pulls phone away from her ear – a lot of loud beeping.)

MELANIA: Hello.

RUBY: Hello, who's this?

MELANIA: This is the First Lady.

RUBY: First Lady of what?

MELANIA: Excuse me?

RUBY: Come on, honey. I'm busy.

MELANIA: What?

RUBY: Clock's ticking, girl. Spit it out or swallow it. What do you want?

MELANIA: This is Melania Trump.

RUBY: Yeah right, and I'm Jackie Kennedy. Can I have my house back? I'm hanging up now.

MELANIA: Excuse me, please do not be rude. Ezekial arranged this. I'm sending you To Russia I am sending you and I do not know why you're being so rude.

RUBY: Oh, oh, I'm sorry. Jesus. Is this the President's wife?

MELANIA: It is.

RUBY: Damn... I mean, sorry. Really?

MELANIA: Yes. This is a secure line.

RUBY: That was all that damn beeping.

MELANIA: Yes.

RUBY: Ok. Sorry. Uh...

MELANIA: I called to wish you a happy journey.

RUBY: Thank you. I'm sorry I was...

MELANIA: That's all right.

RUBY: I really can't believe...

MELANIA: It's all right. We are very proud of you and we are very happy that you are going to Russia on our behalf.

RUBY: Your behalf? Ok... well. I hate your husband.

MELANIA: Do you know my husband?

RUBY: Not personally.

MELANIA: Then don't be rude please. Only people who know him hate him. We are very happy you're going to Russia on behalf of your country.

RUBY: Ok. Ok. I can accept that.

MELANIA: I hope you have a pleasant trip and I want you to know you can call this number at any time if you wish and I will answer the phone.

RUBY: Really?

MELANIA: Yes.

RUBY: Ok. Thank you. And... look, I'm sorry I said, "I hate your husband."

MELANIA: That's ok.

RUBY: Ok.

MELANIA: I hear that a lot.

RUBY: I bet you do.

MELANIA: Excuse me?

RUBY: Sorry.

MELANIA: It's ok. I am hanging up now.

RUBY: I appreciate what you're doing

MELANIA: It's ok. Have a pleasant trip and bring back to me a chachka.

RUBY: A chachka?

MELANIA: A trinket.

RUBY: Ok. I'll do that.

MELANIA: Thank you.

RUBY: Um...

MELANIA: Well...  
RUBY: I think you're a wonderful dresser.  
MELANIA: Thank you.  
RUBY: I was trying to think of something nice to say.  
MELANIA: Thank you. Do you mean that?  
RUBY: That you're a good dresser?  
MELANIA: Yes.  
RUBY: I do.  
MELANIA: Well, thank you. I've only seen pictures of you on-line but I like your outfits too.  
RUBY: Thanks.  
MELANIA: And that deep voice.  
RUBY: Oh, well...  
MELANIA: Where did you get those rippling calves?  
RUBY: Oh, well, those are mine.  
MELANIA: Wonderful. I was wondering, now I have you...  
RUBY: Yes?  
MELANIA: Are you a... I want to use the correct term... Are you a disfemalé? Cisfemalé? Misfemalé?  
RUBY: Oh, oh, I'm misfemalé. Yes, indeed.  
MELANIA: Oh, well, I'm glad. And I used the right word! Congratulations on the calves.  
RUBY: And you? What's your gender, honey?  
MELANIA: Oh, you are a naughtyburger, aren't you?  
RUBY: USDA.  
MELANIA: Well, we'll have to get together, when you get back.  
RUBY: I'd like that. (Pause.) Just the two of us, ok? (MELANIA laughs.)  
MELANIA: All right. Break a leg.  
RUBY: Merci. Et vous, merde.

14

DONALD, TORAY  
(TORAY and DONALD have entered)  
DONALD: Don't I have to declare war?  
TORAY: No, Mr. President. It's set up so you don't have to do that in this instance. There's a presumptive declaration of war if there's a presumptive assumption of attack. The Secretary of Defense needs to enter his codes, then you enter the Gold Codes.  
DONALD: On the biscuit.  
TORAY: Yes, the gold codes are on the biscuit. (He hands it to him.) You dropped the biscuit.  
DONALD: And that's it?  
TORAY: We decide on the scenario first.  
(DONALD drops biscuit. TORAY hands it back.)  
DONALD: And the scenario in this case?



TORAY: Would be a nuclear strike on all North Korean and Chinese offensive capability.  
DONALD: What about defensive?  
TORAY: We let them keep that. It maintains their dignity and their ability to defend themselves.  
DONALD: Won't they use it offensively?  
TORAY: We don't think so. That would strip them of everything they've got. They'd have nothing and we'd still have half our capability. They know this.  
DONALD: But we're just assuming they won't strike back.  
TORAY: The matrix determines that. It's all been factored.  
DONALD: What if the factor is wrong?  
TORAY: That's a tiny percentage.  
DONALD: Percentage?  
TORAY: It's such a small factor of possibility, it's not determinable.  
DONALD: Like me getting elected President?  
TORAY: Those were public polls. Totally different matrix.  
DONALD: Why can't we just get to work and launch?  
TORAY: We wouldn't just be launching against North Korea there's also the Chinese. (Hands him piece of paper) And there's this, with regards to the Russians.  
DONALD: What does it mean?  
TORAY: It means they're linked to North Korea by treaty.  
DONALD: What does that mean?  
TORAY: It means they're linked to North Korea by treaty.  
DONALD: When I ask you what something means don't just repeat what you said, ok?  
TORAY: Ok.  
DONALD: That really gets my goat.  
TORAY: Your goat?  
DONALD: And don't make fun of my expressions. I'm not an old man.  
TORAY: I know you're nervous.  
DONALD: I'm not nervous. Don't assume I'm nervous.  
TORAY: I'm not assuming-  
DONALD: Would you fucking tell me what this means?  
TORAY: The Russians are linked by secret treaty to the Chinese and the Chinese are linked by not-secret treaty to the North Koreans.  
DONALD: Why didn't we know about this treaty?  
TORAY: It's a secret. If we knew about it, it wouldn't be a secret. And Putin's talking about those films again.  
DONALD: Oh, Jesus.  
TORAY: We have to do something.  
(Pause.)  
DONALD: Get me the Pentagon. (TORAY presses button on phone and hands it to DONALD. MELANIA has entered.)  
MELANIA: What's wrong?  
DONALD: Nothing's wrong.  
MELANIA: We're all set with the Russia trip.

DONALD: What Russia trip?

MELANIA: The cultural exchange.

DONALD: There's not going to be any fucking cultural exchange.

MELANIA: Donald.

TORAY: Begging your pardon, Mr. President.

DONALD: Just fucking say it. (Looking at phone) Why am I on hold? I'm on hold. I've got music.

TORAY: It can't hurt. The cultural exchange. Might ease some tension. If you cancel it, it might be read as more than it is.

MELANIA: Tension? What tension?

DONALD: Fucking Rocket Man. He launched some missile and it was pointed at San Francisco.

MELANIA: What?

TORAY: It was just a test but its trajectory was towards San Francisco. It was aborted but it was headed in that direction. We went to DefCon 3 and were moving to 2 when it aborted.

DONALD: We almost went to war to protect San Francisco. Jesus. (Into phone) Hello. Why was I on hold? We're at DefCon 3 and I'm on hold? I need some things explained to me.

MELANIA: Donald.

DONALD: (Into phone) Hang on a second. (To MELANIA) What?

MELANIA: So they're going? The National Theatre?

DONALD: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Don't bother me. (To TORAY) Can you get me a burger, would you? And fries. And ketchup. None of that aioli shit you got last time. Ketchup. You know what ketchup is? Leave the football. (TORAY sets down football reluctantly.)

15

RUBY, EZEKIAL

(At airport)

RUBY: I'm going to Russia on Air Force One. Wow.

EZEKIAL: Actually, you're on Air Force Two.

RUBY: Oh.

EZEKIAL: But they look the same.

RUBY: I wish you were coming.

EZEKIAL: Can't.

RUBY: Won't? (Touches him.)

EZEKIAL: Look, please don't do that?

RUBY: This isn't working for me. I've never been in the closet and I don't know why I need to start now.

EZEKIAL: This place is crawling with Secret Service.

RUBY: (Moving in) Give us some sugar.

EZEKIAL: Stop that please.

RUBY: Sugar, sugar, sugar.

EZEKIAL: Come on. There's a woman, Dalanka, if she heard about this-

RUBY: Dalanka? Ok, well, I'm going to get on board.  
EZEKIAL: Be careful.  
RUBY: I will.  
EZEKIAL: There's been a lot of scuttlebutt at the White House. Something's coming down. The North Koreans launched a missile or something.  
RUBY: They're always launching missiles.  
EZEKIAL: No, this one was bad, very bad. So bad no one's talking about it.  
RUBY: Ok.  
EZEKIAL: Just... be careful.  
RUBY: Is everything going to be all right?  
EZEKIAL: I...  
RUBY: What?  
EZEKIAL: I just wish... right now... someone else was President.  
RUBY: Oh, ok, well, I have to get on a plane. So... You ok?  
EZEKIAL: Yeah, just be careful.  
RUBY: I will. I love you.  
EZEKIAL: No you don't.  
RUBY: Umm... Yeah, I do. I just said it, so it's true. Ok?  
EZEKIAL: Yes, ok.  
RUBY: Man, you really...  
EZEKIAL: Take care of yourself. I mean that.  
RUBY: Ok, ok... thanks.

16

DALANKA, MELANIA, DONALD, TORAY  
TORAY: Mrs. Trump.  
MELANIA: What is it?  
DALANKA: We're leaving. In half an hour.  
MELANIA: What? Why?  
DONALD: You heard her. We're leaving.  
MELANIA: Why? What's happened?  
DONALD: Things are heating up. This is where we go into Play Mode.  
MELANIA: Play Mode?  
TORAY: The President is going into Play Mode. You remember the briefing.  
MELANIA: Play Mode is DefCon 2. I understood we were back to 5.  
TORAY: We're anticipating a bump up. This is a contingency.  
MELANIA: Oh. But I thought we – the child and I were supposed to be separate. In Play Mode.  
TORAY: It's up to the President. His call. He can decide he wants you with him.  
DALANKA: Come on, Mrs. Trump.  
MELANIA: Wait now. Stop.  
DONALD: Melania, for Christ's sake.  
MELANIA: Would you excuse us?  
DONALD: Melania, this is not-  
MELANIA: Excuse us? Would you? Please.

(TORAY and DALANKA exit.)

MELANIA: We- We- We are not going to be there. Because I need to be with Barron. Because I need to be with Barron. This is the time to be with the child.

DONALD: The child? The child should be with me. I'm his father.

MELANIA: Donald, this is not a child that is going to help you in these circumstances.

DONALD: Help from my child? That's not what I'm talking about.

MELANIA: DONALD, we need to be apart. We need to be separate. He needs to be safe. He cannot be around a lot of agitation.

DONALD: What are you talking about?

MELANIA: Donald, this is not the time.

DONALD: I NEED MY SON.

MELANIA: YOU HAVE MANY SONS. You have many sons that you have sired and many sons that you have acquired.

DONALD: What are you saying to me?

MELANIA: I'M SAYING WE ARE NOT GOING TO BE THERE. He needs to be away from all this and I need to be with him.

DONALD: You're going to take my son... You're going to be away... You're going to be away from me during this the greatest crisis of my life, this...

MELANIA: DONALD, you need to focus and we need to be someplace safe.

DONALD: Melania-

MELANIA: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no - this is my one kid and... ssss... he is a kid that needs a lot of attention-

DONALD: I know that.

MELANIA: And he needs to be in a safe place. And I am going to protect him.

DONALD: I WON'T PROTECT HIM? YOU SAYING I DON'T PROTECT HIM?

MELANIA: I AM SAYING THAT... DONALD... (Sigh) This is our child-

DONALD: Yes, I know-

MELANIA: And IIIII... Have many regrets about that.

DONALD: What does that mean?

MELANIA: It means that maybe we should not have had this child.

DONALD: What are you saying?

MELANIA: I'm saying that... we knew the risks and we took them and tch.... Now we have this kid.

DONALD: What are you saying?

MELANIA: I'm saying that... I feel as though I have made some mistakes and I am not going to make any more. I am going to protect this child. This child is going to be protected. That is the least... that I can do for him.

DONALD: What... What do you mean the least?

MELANIA: I have regrets about this child.

DONALD: What regrets?

MELANIA: You are not yourself to ask these questions. These are not questions you ever ask... have ever asked... because you do not want these answers. YOU WERE TOO OLD TO BE HIS FATHER.

DONALD: (Sigh) You're bringing this up now?

MELANIA: YOU WERE TOO OLD. WE WERE TOO OLD TO HAVE THIS CHILD.

DONALD: *We* were too old?

MELANIA: YOU WERE TOO OLD. YOU WERE TOO OLD. YOU WERE TOO OLD. I was thirty-six. You were too old.

DONALD: Melania, a lot of men my age have children-

MELANIA: Yeah, well, and this happens.

DONALD: We didn't know.

MELANIA: I... I... I had heard. I had heard. It was not news.

DONALD: Yeah, but...

MELANIA: It... It was not at the time news. I HAD HEARD. I HAD HEARD.

DONALD: So you're blaming me for this?

MELANIA: I... I am not blaming you. I do not think I have to blame you.

DONALD: Oh, so someone else can blame me?

MELANIA: DONALD, you know, we have looked into this.

DONALD: You know, this is not the moment.

MELANIA: Well, ok, you brought it up, you pushed it.

DONALD: What did I push?

MELANIA: You said you had to have the child around. I said the child should not be around. Not around with you.

DONALD: Why shouldn't the child be with me?

MELANIA: BECAUSE YOU ARE VULNERABLE. Every missile on this planet at you is pointed. They will be trying to find you. They will be trying to find him, they will be trying to find me and-

DONALD: Oh, so you need to be safe.

MELANIA: YES, I DO. I am selfish here too. But that kid is not going to get abducted or assassinated or nuked. He is NOT. Before he was even born he was at risk, well, I am going to keep him away from risk.

DONALD: This is, you know...

MELANIA: What?

DONALD: This is just it.

MELANIA: What?

DONALD: This is it. This is it. This is the moment. And I knew...

MELANIA: What?

DONALD: That you weren't up to this.

MELANIA: What?

DONALD: To be my wife in these instances, to be my wife in this crisis, this is it, this is when I need you.

MELANIA: Donald, you are surrounded by people you need, you are the most needful person and you have all the need you can get. You do not need me and that kid, you do not need us. You do not need us now. You will figure it out.

DONALD: What? I don't need you?

MELANIA: No, you don't. You do not listen to me, you never have listened to me. I have tried to help you, you have not listened.

DONALD: Help me? Help me how? Moisturizing your skin? Telling me not to tweet?

MELANIA: Yeah. DONALD, telling you not to tweet. Having some fucking self-respect. Having some fucking self-respect, that's all I've ever tried to give you and you have not listened to me.

DONALD: Not tweeting is self-respect-

MELANIA: Yeah, it's not- YES, YES, YES, you need to act like a President, you need to act like somebody in charge and not act like a CHILD. OK? You need to act like an ADULT. Right now, for the next twenty-four hours, you need to act like an ADULT. This is what I have to say to you.

17

RUBY, EZEKIAL

(Backstage in Moscow. EZEKIAL enters.)

RUBY: No.

EZEKIAL: Yes. I came in the second plane.

RUBY: It's so romantic.

EZEKIAL: I didn't want-

RUBY: (Covering his mouth) Don't ruin it. Ok?

EZEKIAL: Ok.

RUBY: I can't believe I'm here and about to perform. Is it true about the missile?

EZEKIAL: Yes, but it has nothing to do with Russia.

RUBY: The tension is palpable. Is he really going to be here?

EZEKIAL: He's supposed to be, yes.

RUBY: I can't believe it.

EZEKIAL: Just don't do anything crazy?

RUBY: Moi?

EZEKIAL: I'm serious. This isn't the moment to act crazy.

RUBY: But I need to make a statement.

EZEKIAL: You're a statement yourself.

RUBY: This? This is me. It's not a statement. It's who I am.

EZEKIAL: For most of the world that's a statement.

RUBY: Something more. Something that shows them we aren't just a joke, a curiosity.

I need to show the world we're here and we're a part of them, all of them, we're one.

EZEKIAL: How will you do that?

RUBY: I'll think of something.

18

LYUDMILA, PUTIN

(LYUDMILA is helping PUTIN dress.)

PUTIN: Can you tie this thing?

LYUDMILA: Yes.

PUTIN: Why are we going to this?

LYUDMILA: Now it's the most important time to go. So everyone thinks everything's all right.

PUTIN: But it's not. The bombshell I'm about to drop.

LYUDMILA: All the more reason. They need to see you are both strong and civilized.

PUTIN: I don't think what we're about to do is civilized.

LYUDMILA: You've thought a lot about it. It's the right thing.

19

(EZEKIAL is seen entering his box seat above. PUTIN is seen entering his box seat above. He is joined by BORIS, holding a black briefcase. There is a round of applause for him. He waves and sits. RUBY enters and we hear a vamp.)

20

MELANIA, DALANKA, TORAY

(MELANIA enters to see DALANKA and TORAY waiting for her.)

DALANKA: You need to breath.

(Pause.)

MELANIA: Where is he?

DALANKA: Just sit down and breath.

MELANIA: Do not now tell me to sit down. Tell me where my boy is.

(Pause.)

MELANIA: Dalanka.

DALANKA: We don't know.

MELANIA: Dalanka.

DALANKA: He was with Morton and Samuel. They were bringing him home from school. And when he didn't arrive at the house we contacted them...

MELANIA: Dalanka.

DALANKA: We found them twenty minutes ago and he was gone. The car had been rammed. The escorts somehow dispersed.

MELANIA: Dalanka.

DALANKA: We assume he's ok.

MELANIA: Why?

DALANKA: Because someone's contacted us. They have him.

MELANIA: Who?

TORAY: We think the Russians.

21

RUBY, PUTIN

(RUBY does her act. She tries to get money from front row. It is resistant. [They have been coached.] RUBY finishes her act. Clapping. PUTIN enters the stage.)

PUTIN: Thank you, National Theatre of the United States. You are surprising, aren't you?

RUBY: Full of surprises.

PUTIN: Well, I don't have your attractive legs. But I am a singer. Do you know "Dark Eyes?"

RUBY: Oh, Mr. President, you're just full of surprises!

(They sing together "Dark Eyes." LYUDMILA and EZEKIAL are charmed. In the middle of the song RUBY ties PUTIN to her by the wrist with one of her zip ties. They are now linked and can't separate. PUTIN tries to run away but can't. RUBY caresses

his face and ends by kissing him flush on the mouth. There is an alarm. PUTIN stops and looks around. BORIS comes on stage.)

BORIS: Mr. President, we have to go. The Americans are at DefCon2.

PUTIN: (Indicating the wrist tie) Get her off of me!

(Blackout. Push Alert Sound. Projection of iPhone Push Alert: BALLISTIC MISSILE THREAT TO HAWAII. SEEK SHELTER. THIS IS NOT A DRILL. Lights.)

22

PUTIN, RUBY, BORIS, LYUDMILA

(PUTIN is still strapped to RUBY, BORIS is trying to extricate them.)

BORIS: The child... His child's been kidnapped.

PUTIN: We had nothing to do with that.

LYUDMILA: You said you had a bombshell...

PUTIN: It wasn't that. It was the North Korean Treaty.

BORIS: The kidnapping's not us. It's someone else. Trying to set us up. Provoke a conflict.

PUTIN: What's he doing? What's he saying?

BORIS: He's not saying anything. He's put his strike force and submarines on alert.

RUBY: Fuck.

PUTIN: Can somebody get this person off of me?

LYUDMILA: Who has scissors?

BORIS: Scissors won't cut that. Where did you get this thing?

RUBY: I ordered them on-line. From a kink warehouse.

PUTIN: Saw her hand off.

LYUDMILA: We can't do that.

RUBY: Thank you for calling me her.

PUTIN: Get the girls to the Kremlin.

LYUDMILA: Yes. (She exits.)

BORIS: And there's an alert out about a missile aimed at Hawaii.

RUBY: What?

PUTIN: Whose missile?

BORIS: We don't know.

PUTIN: What is our next move?

BORIS: We have to go to full alert. Otherwise we won't be ready if he launches a pre-emptive strike.

PUTIN: Why don't we have him on the phone?

BORIS: He's not talking. We don't know why. We can get him on the phone later. We need to go to full alert.

PUTIN: Do it. Do it.

(BORIS exits.)

RUBY: Oh, my God.

PUTIN: Be quiet.

RUBY: Don't tell me to be quiet. You're about to start World War III, I'll say whatever I damn well please.

PUTIN: Do you want to help?



RUBY: Yes.

PUTIN: Than please be quiet. Ok?

RUBY: Ok. Yes. But you should talk to him.

PUTIN: He's crazy.

RUBY: Yes, but you should talk to him.

PUTIN: Please be quiet.

RUBY: Ok, for now.

BORIS: (Entering) We need to get out of this place and to the Defense Center.

There's panic in the streets but we have a route. Follow me and stay close.

(They run off.)

23

MELANIA, DALANKA

(MELANIA and DALANKA come on.)

MELANIA: Where is he? Where is he?

DALANKA: We don't know.

MELANIA: Who has him?

DALANKA: The Russians.

MELANIA: Don't be stupid. It's not the Russians. Why would the Russians have him?

DALANKA: They've claimed the kidnapping-

MELANIA: That's ridiculous. It's someone trying to provoke us.

DALANKA: You need to tell him that.

MELANIA: He won't listen to me.

DALANKA: You need to convince him. We're at full alert, the next step is commitment.

MELANIA: HE DOESN'T LISTEN TO ME.

DALANKA: Well he doesn't listen to anyone else.

24

DONALD

(DONALD on TV)

DONALD: I am 100% sane but what is happening to me is insane. Kidnap my child? The Russians have kidnapped... even Hitler never kidnapped a child. I will not step down. I will not speak to them until my child is returned to the White House. They have brought us to the brink, I will take us over the brink. We will not bargain, we will not even talk. If these people, these Russkies, think that they can bully me or this great nation – and America is great, once again, finally, after many. Many years – they are very wrong. My phone is shut off, I will not talk. We will escalate, we will launch, we will win. We will not bargain.

25

DALANKA, MELANIA

(DALANKA on phone.)

DALANKA: Hello. Nobody has come forward to demand a ransom. Nobody. Somebody was supposed to come forward. What do you mean nobody will? What does that mean? Hello. Dammit.

MELANIA: Who were you talking to?

DALANKA: Come on. We need to talk to your husband.

MELANIA: Who were you talking to?

(DALANKA and MELANIA are moving down corridors.)

DALANKA: You were right, this has nothing to do with Russia. It's a kidnapping by someone who's trying to get a ransom. The Russia thing was just to provoke him. You need to convince the President.

MELANIA: I told you, he will never believe that.

DALANKA: You could convince him.

MELANIA: Not of that.

DALANKA: You have to try.

MELANIA: How do you know all this?

DALANKA: I just do.

MELANIA: More you need to tell me. Your evidence is what?

DALANKA: He doesn't care about that child. You said it yourself.

MELANIA: Dalanka, that is not his point. That is never the point with him. He has to prove something. He is the wimpy boy who has to prove himself to the bullies. That is the point.

26

PUTIN, RUBY, BORIS

(PUTIN, tied to RUBY, and BORIS are moving through corridors.)

RUBY: Have you ever seen *The Defiant Ones*?

PUTIN: Shut up.

RUBY: Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier. Well, you're Tony Curtis and I'm Sidney Poitier.

PUTIN: Shut up!

RUBY: I'm sorry but I can't. I'm upset. Can't you see that? Can't you have some feelings, some compassion, what's wrong with you people?

PUTIN: Take this thing off.

RUBY: I don't know how. My stage manager does that and you locked him up. And my boyfriend.

PUTIN: What were you thinking? At a time like this?

RUBY: I'm an artist, honey. I don't think. I feel. Politicians are supposed to think. Woops, guess not!

(They get into a car and sit three across.)

PUTIN: How much longer?

BORIS: Two minutes.

RUBY: What's going to happen?

PUTIN: I don't know.

RUBY: You must know.

PUTIN: Please be quiet. I need to think.

RUBY: What has he done?

PUTIN: Be quiet.

RUBY: Tell me what he's done. (PUTIN looks at BORIS.)

BORIS: He's about to initiate a first strike.

RUBY: Shit.

PUTIN: Now will you please be quiet.

(They are out of the car and moving through a series of security doors and hallways – always moving.)

RUBY: Does this mean nukes?

BORIS: It does.

RUBY: But you'll stop it. You'll figure it out.

PUTIN: Please be quiet.

RUBY: You'll stop the... what is it? Escalation.

PUTIN: I don't know.

RUBY: You don't know? Well, he won't stop it. He's crazy.

PUTIN: There's nothing I can do about that.

RUBY: You can not act crazy too.

PUTIN: Be quiet, be quiet, be quiet. Please.

RUBY: Did you kidnap his child?

PUTIN: Of course not.

RUBY: Why did you say you did?

PUTIN: I didn't. Some nobody in the Kremlin said we did.

RUBY: Why would they say that?

PUTIN: Who knows?

RUBY: You promise you didn't.

PUTIN: Promise?

RUBY: You swear to God?

BORIS: Why would we kidnap his child? It's ridiculous.

RUBY: I need to know. Did you?

PUTIN: No, we did not. I would never do that.

RUBY: And this missile alert thing?

PUTIN: I know nothing about that.

RUBY: Ok. I believe you. I think you are a compassionate man.

PUTIN: Do you understand what's happening? Do you?

RUBY: Yes, I think so.

PUTIN: Then please, if you can't help, help by being quiet. Yes?

RUBY: I might be able to help.

BORIS: How?

RUBY: I don't know. I'll think of something.

27

MELANIA, DONALD (Voice), DALANKA, TORAY

(MELANIA and DALANKA are outside a door. DONALD is voice offstage.)

MELANIA: Donald. Open the door. Come out of the bathroom.

DONALD: Leave me alone.

MELANIA: DONALD.

DONALD: Go away.

MELANIA: You're acting like a child.

DONALD: Go away.

MELANIA: DONALD. I want you to listen carefully and see if you will understand this. You do not care about the child. You do not. This is from vanity. All you care about is you. So stop pretending.

(Knock-knock. Another door opens and TORAY enters with black briefcase.)

MELANIA: Donald. You need to get on the phone and call Putin and sort this out. He will explain to you that he is not responsible. That this is a provocation. This is not about the child.

DONALD: You never understood me.

MELANIA: I DO. I DO UNDERSTAND YOU. And what I am saying to you is true. You know it is. Open the door.

(The door opens.)

MELANIA: Thank you.

(She starts to enter.)

DONALD: Not you.

(TORAY exits through bathroom door with Black Briefcase.)

28

MORIT (DALANKA), JAYSTON

(MORIT – now revealed to be DALANKA – is talking to JAYSTON, dimly lit.)

DALANKA: He still thinks it's the Russians.

JAYSTON: Yes.

DALANKA: Why are you letting this happen?

JAYSTON: Sit down.

DALANKA: He's preceding with-

JAYSTON: Yes.

DALANKA: Drive the boy up to the White House.

JAYSTON: What? They grab him, they grab us.

DALANKA: This is bigger than that. We need to.

JAYSTON: Sit down.

DALANKA: No.

JAYSTON: Sit down. You're hysterical.

DALANKA: Do you-

JAYSTON: Yes, I do realize. Whatever happens we have him and that means we have power.

DALANKA: If there's a-

JAYSTON: No matter what happens we're hanging onto him. I didn't go into this to save the world.

DALANKA: Who do you represent?

JAYSTON: No one.

DALANKA: You're not after money. You really want to start something.

JAYSTON: You want money. That's all you need to know.

DALANKA: Do you work for Kim Jong-un?  
JAYSTON: Kim Jong-un is weak.  
DALANKA: But you work for the North Koreans.  
JAYSTON: No.  
DALANKA: What about his missile alert?  
JAYSTON: We know nothing about that. A happy coincidence.  
DALANKA: Happy coincidence?  
JAYSTON: We are businessmen. Businessmen who've invested in the Third World. We're looking for something that will level the playing field.  
DALANKA: And who will you sell to when radiation clouds level the human playing field?  
JAYSTON: You're a Republican. You don't really believe that bullshit.  
DALANKA: Yes, I do.  
JAYSTON: Well, we don't. Obviously.  
DALANKA: There never was anybody on the inside who could tell him, convince him to pay up. You're getting exactly what you want. Nuclear Holocaust.

29

BORIS, PUTIN, RUBY  
(BORIS, PUTIN, RUBY look at the big board.)  
BORIS: They've initiated first strike.  
PUTIN: We still have time. A little.  
RUBY: How can you say that?  
PUTIN: Time is invaluable.  
BORIS: We have five minutes, Mr. President.  
PUTIN: Now everyone will think clearer. For five minutes.  
RUBY: So this is all a game to you.  
PUTIN: Like everything. And he's not as good at it.  
RUBY: Not as good as you.  
PUTIN: No. I've been doing it for twenty years. I can relax in the crisis. He cannot. That's why we will win. He cannot relax.  
BORIS: What have we not thought of?  
(Silence.)  
RUBY: (Digging phone out of purse) Oh, my God. My phone. My phone.  
PUTIN: What about it?  
RUBY: I have her number in my phone.  
PUTIN: Whose number?  
RUBY: First Lady.  
PUTIN: What good will that do?  
RUBY: I'm great on the phone. Shit. Does anyone have power?  
BORIS: (Pulling out a cord) I have this.  
RUBY: Wrong cord. What the hell is this? Some weird Russian cord? Do you have an adaptor?  
BORIS: Why would I have an adaptor?

RUBY: Bitch, please! Ezekial. I bet he has an adaptor. We have to go back to the theatre.

PUTIN: He's in Lubyanka now.

BORIS: We have four minutes thirty seconds.

PUTIN: How long to Lubyanka?

BORIS: Three minutes.

PUTIN: GO!

(They run off.)

30

MELANIA, DALANKA

(DALANKA rejoins MELANIA outside bathroom door.)

MELANIA: Where the hell were you?

DALANKA: Melania.

MELANIA: What the hell is going on?

DALANKA: I can't help. I thought I could.

MELANIA: (To door) Donald, at least come out of the bathroom. You can destroy the world outside the bathroom.

31

MELANIA, DALANKA, PUTIN, RUBY, BORIS, EZEKIAL (Split stage)

RUBY: Ezekial, I need power.

EZEKIAL: What are you-

RUBY: EZEKIAL!!! POWER!!!

EZEKIAL: (Handing over cord) Here, here.

RUBY: (Handing cord to BORIS) Where's a socket?

BORIS: Here. The plug's wrong.

RUBY: What?!

BORIS: It's a Continental socket, this is a US plug.

RUBY: Oh, my God!!!

EZEKIAL: I have an adaptor.

(PUTIN grabs it and hands to BORIS. BORIS plugs in. RUBY stands with phone now being charged and does nothing. Pause.)

PUTIN/BORIS: (Together) Call her!!!

RUBY: It has to charge. It's slow. It's a 6.

(They wait.)

BORIS: We have seventy-five seconds.

RUBY: Here it is. (She finds number and presses call. MELANIA's phone rings on opposite side of stage.) Ok, answer. Answer. Answer. ANSWER.

MELANIA: Hello.

RUBY: Who taught you to answer on the fiftieth ring? Who answers on the fiftieth ring?

BORIS: 45 seconds.

RUBY: Mrs. Trump.

MELANIA: Is this Ruby?

RUBY: Yes.

MELANIA: You're in Moscow.

RUBY: Yes. Can you hand your phone to your husband?

MELANIA: Yes, yes, of course. (MELANIA can't figure out how to get bathroom door open. An idea.) Donald, can I hold your hand? (Door opens. She hands phone into bathroom. RUBY hands phone to PUTIN.)

PUTIN: (Into phone) Mr. President, please listen to me. I do not have the boy. I do not. (Looking at BORIS) He doesn't believe me.

RUBY: Well, do something.

BORIS: (Monitoring progress of crisis on his headpiece) That's it. Fail Safe.

PUTIN: I'm standing down. We are going off full alert.

BORIS: No point now. They've committed.

PUTIN: I'm standing down.

(PUTIN punches buttons on a small device.)

PUTIN: Ok.

BORIS: Nothing.

RUBY: Ask him to give the phone back to his wife.

PUTIN: Please give the phone back to your wife.

(MELANIA takes the phone.)

RUBY: May I? (Into phone.) Tell him you love him.

MELANIA: That does not matter.

RUBY: Do you?

MELANIA: Do I what?

RUBY: Love him?

MELANIA: Yes.

RUBY: Then say it.

MELANIA: Donald, I love you.

(Pause.)

MELANIA: Nothing.

BORIS: Their planes are at Fail Safe.

PUTIN: We have to retaliate.

RUBY: (Remembering something) Dalanka! Give the phone to Dalanka.

(MELANIA hands phone to DALANKA.)

RUBY: Hey.

DALANKA: Hello.

RUBY: How can you help?

DALANKA: Me?

RUBY: You have to do something, The Russians are about to retaliate. How can you help?

PUTIN: (To RUBY) What are you doing?

RUBY: Guessing.

(DALANKA takes out her phone and dials.)

DALANKA: (Into her phone) Hello. Put him on the phone. Just for me. I want to make sure he's alive. (She looks at phone. Obviously, the boy is visible on her screen. She shows it to MELANIA.) Here.

MELANIA: (Seeing the mage) Hello. Sweetie? Oh, my God. Donald. Donald. He is... He is not with the Russians... Dalanka knows who has him. He is not... (She exits into bathroom with DALANKA's phone.)

BORIS: They're well past Fail Safe. Satellites show their silo doors are opening.

PUTIN: Ok, give me the case.

(BORIS sets down black briefcase and opens it for PUTIN. PUTIN is punching in his codes. RUBY suddenly slams the case shut, holds it closed. RUBY and PUTIN struggle.)

PUTIN: Boris.

(BORIS pulls out gun, points at RUBY.)

RUBY: Shoot me. I don't give a shit.

(EZEKIAL grabs BORIS's gun hand. BORIS shoves EZEKIAL away and knocks him out with gun handle. RUBY is struggling with PUTIN.)

PUTIN: Restrain her.

(BORIS puts RUBY in an arms and head lock. PUTIN, with his free hand, opens case and begins punching in codes again. BORIS suddenly releases RUBY and moves away from her listening to his device in wonder.)

BORIS: They're standing down.

(PUTIN looks up.)

BORIS: They're standing down. They have some recall past Fail Safe. They're turning around. Silo doors are shutting.

PUTIN: Impossible.

BORIS: It's happening.

PUTIN: What's the point of Fail Safe if they can cross it and...

BORIS: I don't know but they're turning around.

PUTIN: Fucking Americans. How annoying.

BORIS: Silo doors are shut.

PUTIN: Aborting after Fail Safe is cheating. (He punches in numbers, RUBY again slams case shut.) I'm aborting. Would you calm down?

RUBY: Sorry.

(PUTIN opens case and finishes punching numbers. He shuts case)

PUTIN: (To BORIS) What about the Hawaiian missile?

BORIS: A mistake. Governor of Hawaii apologizes.

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(EZEKIAL cuts RUBY and PUTIN loose. RUBY sings "Dark Eyes" all the way through.)

33

MELANIA, DALANKA

MELANIA: Dalanka. I don't know what to say.

DALANKA: What happened was not supposed to happen. Not that way.

MELANIA: You worked with kidnapppers? Kidnapping always goes wrong.

DALANKA: I'm sorry, Mel.

MELANIA: My little boy.



DALANKA: I know.

MELANIA: What is it? Did they blackmail you?

DALANKA: No.

MELANIA: Then what? I thought we were friends.

DALANKA: You people don't have any friends. You just have people you use and boss and bully.

MELANIA: No, Dalanka. You need to make distinctions. That's Don. He does that. I have never that way treated you. Never.

DALANKA: Ok.

MELANIA: Then why?

DALANKA: I wanted the money.

(Pause.)

MELANIA: That I understand. I do understand that. Sex. Money. Those things make sense to me. Usually it is the boys who are so greedy and horny. That is the only thing that surprises me.

DALANKA: Then you're sexist.

MELANIA: I guess I am.

DALANKA: And...

MELANIA: What?

DALANKA: Twenty years I run his office, do his books, *cook* his books, clean up his mess, such a mess, and what do I end up? Secretary to FLOTUS.

MELANIA: Ah, bitterly. Bittered?

DALANKA: Bitterness.

MELANIA: No. Embittered. You are. That I also understand. (Buzz. She looks at her phone.) Oh, oh, here he is. Hello. Hello. (She is near tears.) Mommy loves you. She does. (She hangs up.) He is safe. Thank God, he is safe.

DALANKA: Of course he is, Melania. You don't think I'd hurt him, do you?

MELANIA: Dalanka, you almost destroyed the planet. Of course you would hurt him. Well, enough. (DALANKA starts to leave.) And you know you'll never get away with it. He'll find you and get you. All of you.

DALANKA: Is that what you want?

MELANIA: I do not know. I suppose I should but... I have got my boy back. That is all I care about. But he will get you. It is inevitable.

DALANKA: I'm sorry.

MELANIA: Sorry is so old fashioned, Dalanka. We are who we are. Some win, some lose. That is what he has taught to me. He says sorry to me. But sorry is just a strategy, a tactic, a ploy.

34

RUBY, MELANIA, TORAY, EZEKIAL

(MELANIA is opening a present from RUBY.)

RUBY: It's a Russian Doll.

MELANIA: Oh.

RUBY: It opens up.

(She looks at TORAY. He nods.)

RUBY: He checked it out.

MELANIA: Oh, yes, I see, one of these. (There are dolls inside dolls. She laughs. So do RUBY and EZEKIAL.)

RUBY: (To TORAY) Do you have to stand there? Does he have to stand there?

(MELANIA gestures for TORAY to move. TORAY moves away one foot - exactly.

RUBY gestures that he move away more. TORAY shakes his head – that's as far as he goes.)

MELANIA: Well...

RUBY: I don't know what to say.

MELANIA: I don't either.

RUBY: I guess we kinda...

MELANIA: Yeah.

RUBY: Big wow, huh?

MELANIA: Yes, I guess it is a big wow.

RUBY: I...

MELANIA: What?

RUBY: I have a feeling this isn't the last time... with him.

MELANIA: I think that you are right.

MELANIA: Yes. So...

RUBY: Yes, so...

MELANIA: I guess people like us cannot really be friends, can we?

RUBY: No, I don't suppose so.

MELANIA: But I have your number.

RUBY: Yes.

MELANIA: And you have mine.

RUBY: Yes, I do.

MELANIA: And if there is ever a crisis I can help you with do not be afraid to call.

RUBY: Oh, yes, of course.

MELANIA: And I will not call you. I promise.

RUBY: You can. Of course.

MELANIA: Ok. I am trying to think of something profound to say to you.

RUBY: It's ok.

MELANIA: I feel like I should say something.

RUBY: We're very different people, aren't we?

MELANIA: Yes, I suppose. I dress conservatively.

RUBY: Yes, I see.

MELANIA: I've even thought of dressing like my husband.

RUBY: Really? I'm trying to visualize that.

MELANIA: Yeah, but I look too small dressed like that.

RUBY: Oh, that's funny, yes, I think I would look too small if I dressed like a man. You've never seen my act.

MELANIA: Oh, I can imagine.

RUBY: Well... Thanks for the number. It's nice having a player on my phone.

35

EZEKIAL, RUBY

EZEKIAL: I think you're beautiful.

RUBY: I've heard that before. And look what happened.

EZEKIAL: No, I do.

RUBY: I'm not going to be backstairs. That's so Republican. Wife, kids, and me in the shadows, forget it.

EZEKIAL: Come on. It'll be fun.

RUBY: I'm the most famous queer person of all time. We'd never get away with it.

EZEKIAL: Sure we would. You'd get a pass. You saved the planet. The press would leave us alone.

RUBY: Why don't you just live openly. You're a big old fag. That's fine.

EZEKIAL: But I'm not liberal. I believe in public and private. Those distinctions are important.

RUBY: You could redefine your party. Show the world what Republicans are capable of.

EZEKIAL: Doesn't work that way. If we don't hate people, we're nothing.

RUBY: Oh, I hate people. But I don't talk about it. Closet hate.

EZEKIAL: Take the wig off. Be yourself. For once.

RUBY: No way. This is myself. Deal. (EZEKIAL holds her.) Come to think of it.

EZEKIAL: What?

RUBY: I'm not interested in a farewell fuck.

EZEKIAL: Is that what this is?

RUBY: Yep. For me.

EZEKIAL: Come on.

RUBY: Nope. I like you but this whole thing... It's got to stop so I'm stopping it. (She kisses him on the lips) So long, Sailor. (RUBY exits. EZEKIAL just stares after her.)

36

DONALD, MELANIA

(DONALD and MELANIA in their bedroom. DONALD in bathrobe, she in dressing gown. DONALD holds a *New York Times*.)

DONALD: Have you read this thing?

MELANIA: You're the only person who reads a paper newspaper.

DONALD: Hey, I'm the king of the phone, I'm the Tweet God. I don't need to prove myself as a cyberbaby. Have you read this?

MELANIA: No, Don. I have not read it. That is always the best approach with the news.

DONALD: I save the world and this is the thanks I get. (He starts to tweet.)

MELANIA: Donald.

DONALD: What?

(Knock knock.)

DONALD: Jesus. What? (He throws door open. McDonald's bag handed in.) Oh, oh. (to MELANIA) Egg McMuffin?

MELANIA: Donald, that stuff is awful for you.

DONALD: I got one for you.

MELANIA: I would look pregnant.

DONALD: Ok, I'll eat it. When are they going to stop saying I fixed that election?

MELANIA: You did fix it.

DONALD: But they should shut up about it. You're skittering about like you're going somewhere.

MELANIA: I am. His play is today. At school? At ten? Oh, Donald.

DONALD: Jesus. Another play.

MELANIA: He's a good actor.

DONALD: Forget it. I'm busy.

MELANIA: Doing what?

DONALD: Eating Egg McMuffins.

MELANIA: You missed the last play.

DONALD: No way.

MELANIA: You loved him in that one you saw.

DONALD: I did. But I hate the parents. All pretending they're filming the kids when they're filming me. From behind. So they can catch my bald spot.

MELANIA: You admit you have a bald spot? Progress.

DONALD: I'm not going.

MELANIA: It would mean so much to him.

DONALD: Nope. Morning off.

MELANIA: Donald, please. He's playing the lead.

DONALD: What's the show?

MELANIA: *Cinderella*.

DONALD: (Suspicious) What?

MELANIA: The show is *Cinderella*. It is so cute. He has three songs.

DONALD: He plays the Prince?

MELANIA: No, Donald. He plays the lead.

DONALD: Oh, Christ.

End of Play