

MacClinton

Sam Griffith

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A Parody of MacBeth

*The Tragedy
of the Clintons*



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“When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice;
but when a wicked man rules, the people groan”
(Proverbs 29:2, New King James Version).

“When a citizen gives his suffrage [vote] to a man of
known immorality, he abuses his trust; he sacrifices not
only his own interest, but that of his neighbor; he betrays
the interest of his country” (Noah Webster).

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INTRODUCTION

Bill Clinton's life and career have a lot in common with Shakespeare's play *Macbeth*. Thus *MacClinton* follows the pattern, acts, and scenes of that drama.

In case you've forgotten the play, Macbeth was a thane, or regional ruler under the king of Scotland, King Duncan. Three witches met him and prophesied that he would become the king. Macbeth told his wife about the prophecy, and she urged him to fulfill it.

King Duncan went to Macbeth's castle for a visit, and Lady Macbeth murdered him. Although she washed the king's blood from her hands after her murderous deed, her conscience drove her mad. She was last portrayed in the play as a madwoman, trying vainly to wash the imaginary spots of King Duncan's blood from her hands, lamenting, "Out, damned spot!"

Macbeth became king and violently terrorized and killed his opponents across Scotland, causing some survivors to flee the country. Macbeth was defeated and killed in battle; and King Duncan's son, Malcolm, replaced him.

MacClinton, the Modern Macbeth

In *MacClinton*, the three witches who prophesied Macbeth's future kingship have become three women representing the long line of Clinton's paramours. And, instead of Lady Macbeth trying to wash spots of imaginary blood from her hands, Lady MacClinton is shown moaning, "Out, damned spot!" while trying to wash President Clinton's "spots" off Monica Lewinsky's blue dress.

Instead of King Duncan coming to Macbeth's castle, Senator Bob Dole, the Republican nominee in the 1996 presidential campaign, comes to the Clinton's "castle," the White House.

King Macbeth sent assassins to murder his enemies; and in *MacClinton*, Representative Bob Livingston has his reputation "assassinated." *Macbeth* ends with King Duncan's son, Malcolm, entering the castle, proclaiming his reign, calling his followers lords of the kingdom, and calling for a banquet. *MacClinton* ends as Texas Governor George W. Bush enters the White House as the newly elected President of the United States, proclaiming his followers to be "honorary Texas Rangers" and calling for a barbeque.

The Clinton Tragedy

Bill and Hillary Clinton's careers are rife with scandals, to which *MacClinton* attests. Summaries of many of them are in the Notes section.

Although *MacClinton* is a parody of the Clinton administration, for the American people his administration was a tragedy.

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MAIN SPEAKING CAST

(See Notes for more information.)

*ITCHES: representatives of Bill Clinton's extramarital paramours

GOVERNOR BUSH: George W. Bush, governor of Texas, forty-third President of the United States and Bill Clinton's successor

LADY MACCLINTON: Hillary Clinton, Bill's wife

LADY MACWILLEY: Kathleen Willey, a White House volunteer aide who alleged President Bill Clinton sexually assaulted her

LADY MACSTARR: Alice Starr, wife of Ken Starr who investigated allegations of Bill Clinton's affair with Monica Lewinsky

MACARMEY: Dick ArmeY, Republican House Majority Leader who co-authored the Contract with America pledge that

resulted in a Republican majority in both the House and Senat in the 1994 election

MACCLINTON: William Jefferson “Bill” Clinton, forty-second President of the United States and former governor of Arkansas

MACDELAY: Tom DeLay, Republican Congressional leader led the Republican dominated U.S. House of Representatives in 1998 to enact legislation which produced the first balanced budget since 1969.

MACDOLE: Robert “Bob” Dole, Republican Senator from Kansas and 1996 Republican nominee for President against Bill Clinton

MACFILE: Craig Livingstone, the Clinton White House’s director of personnel security who improperly requested FBI documents

MACGINGRICH: Newt Gingrich, Republican Speaker of the House of Representatives who co-authored the Contract with America pledge that resulted in a Republican majority in both the House and Senate in the 1994 election

MACHYDE: Henry Hyde, a Republican House leader in President Clinton’s impeachment trial

MACLIVINGSTON: Robert Livingston, U.S. Representative who resigned from Congress for a past affair, calling on President Clinton to follow his example

MACSTARR: Kenneth Starr, lawyer and former federal judge who was appointed independent counsel to investigate the suicide of Vince Foster, the Clintons’ Whitewater real-estate investments, and allegations of Bill Clinton’s affair with Monica Lewinsky

MONICA: Monica Lewinsky, a White House intern who had an affair with President Bill Clinton

ACT ONE

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SCENE ONE

(Setting: lingerie aisle of a department store during a blue-light special¹ with a blue, turning light on a pole and a distant voice announcing on a microphone, “Women’s fashion bras are half off for the next fifteen minutes.”)

*Enter three *itches, who are obviously peroxide blondes with high, bouffant hairdos and large, silicone-enhanced chests, wearing lots of make-up and tight stretch clothes. One has a strong nose. They speak with Arkansas twangs as they peruse the merchandise, holding up various items and putting them back.)*

*ITCH 1: When shall we three meet again

In thunder, lightning or in rain,

In the district court,

Or on David Letterman? *(She laughs, her voice almost a cackle.)*

*ITCH 2: When the hurlyburly’s done,

When the court battles are lost and won.

*ITCH 3: Or likely before the setting of the sun.

*ITCH 1: Where the place?

*ITCH 2: At the motel at the edge of town.

(Background music plays: The Amazing Rhythm Aces's "Third Rate Romance, Low-Rent Rendezvous.")

*ITCH 3: There to meet with MacClinton.²

*ITCHES 1-3: *(Cackle with laughter.)* Again! *(Cackle with laughter again.)*

LITTLE GIRL *(yelling from next aisle over, dragging out the syllables)*: Mama.

*ITCH 1: I'm comin', my Kathryn.

OLDER MAN *(growling voice from next aisle over)*: Betty Jean?

*ITCH 2: Daddy calls. *(yelling)* In a minute.

(in speaking voice to other women): What do ya'll think about the new chicken processing plant south of town?³

*ITCH 3: The stench is fowl,
But the wage is fair.

*ITCHES 1-3: Fair is fair, and fowl are foul.
The stench of wet chickens
Hovers through the fog and filthy air.

(They separate, pushing their shopping carts down the aisles and laughing.)

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SCENE TWO

(Setting: Camp David. A high-powered office with elaborate desk; credenza; fax machine; telephones with multiple lines; and a grouping of a couch, overstuffed chairs, end tables, and coffee table. An aide sits behind the desk, talking on the phone.)

Enter MacClinton; Lawyer; White House Aide, who is thin-faced and pale with black, wire-rimmed glasses; a herd of aides and sycophants; a group of powerful-acting, high-dollar lawyers with expensive suits, briefcases, laptop computers, and buzzing cell phones.)

WHITE HOUSE AIDE: Got to go. Bye. *(He hangs up the phone, then leaps to his feet.)*

Mr. MacClinton! Sir! Can I get you anything?

(The wave of lawyers and aides wash him away. The lawyers spread out, set their laptops on the desk and credenza, and open their briefcases. Several obvious leaders follow and huddle around MacClinton. Enter Stunned Lawyer.)

MACCLINTON: Lawyer?

What blood man is that? He can impart,
As seen by his plight of the court,
Of its latest report.

LAWYER: This is the trial lawyer,

Who like a good soldier has fought
'Gainst your enemies. Hail, brave friend!
(*Lawyer and Stunned Lawyer shake hands.*)
Say to the President your knowledge of the court
When you did leave it.

STUNNED LAWYER: Doubtful it stood.

As two spent swimmers that cling together
And choke their art, so clutched together the lawyers.

MacStarr,¹

He is worthy to be a cigarette lawyer,² for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him from the Western and Southern
states.

A vast right-wing conspiracy³ is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damned face smiling,
showed who he favored; but all's too weak.

The knave MacStarr—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining tobacco's fortune⁴, with his brandished
steel,

Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like Valhalla's minion, carved out his passage
'Til he faced the grave,
The dour MacDougals.⁵

He ne'er shook hands,
Nor bade farewell to him,

Scene Two

Until he unseamed Jim,
From his navy blazer
To his pork chops.
And fixed Jim's head upon his conviction lists.

WHITE HOUSE AIDE: God save us all.

LAWYER (*to Stunned Lawyer*): O, valiant nephew!

(*aside to MacClinton*): He's married to my niece, you
know.

(*aloud*): Worthy gentleman!

CAMPAIGN AIDE: Damn that Reno!⁶

But for her weakness
MacStarr would been a no-go!
No sooner the Justice Department had, with valor
armed,
Compelled these nipping GOP worms to trust their
heels,
And leave our '96 victory alone,⁷
But the vast right-wing lords, surveying their vantage,
Did furnish bank accounts and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

MACCLINTON: Dismayed not this

Our lawyers?

LAWYER: Yes,

As sparrows, eagles, or the hare, the lion,
As the donkey,⁸ the . . . (*pauses as he thinks*) the, uh . . .
(*aside to Stunned Lawyer*): Pull yourself together, Boy.
(*to MacClinton*): If I say truth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks,
We've got to doubly redouble our strokes upon the
Republican foe.

They mean to bathe again, in reeking wounds,
Our dear, departed MacFoster,⁹
Or memorialize another Golgotha!¹⁰
The Whitewater¹¹ surges against us
As we await the fall of the next nut from your native
forest¹², sir.

CAMPAIGN AIDE: Just have to drag an acorn through a
Whitewater forest parking lot¹³,
And watch the forest trash that doth appear,
To attack and bark, and sue for cash so dear!

STUNNED LAWYER: I cannot tell.

But I am faint, my trial briefs cry for help.

MACCLINTON: So well thy words become thee, as thy
courtroom wounds
Smack of honor both. Go, get him to the law library.

(Exit Stunned Lawyer.)

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SCENE THREE

*(Setting: cheap motel parking lot. Three vehicles are parked close together: a green, mid-1960s Mustang; an early 1970s El Camino pickup with Astroturf in the back;¹ and a worn, late 1970s Cadillac DeVille. The three blonde *itches are talking and lounging against the Cadillac, wearing lots of makeup and tight, low-cut dresses. Each woman is carrying a small overnight case. Above and behind them, the last leg of the M on the red neon MOTEL sign is unlit, so the sign reads NOTEL (no-tell motel). In smaller letters, a green neon sign proclaims Vacancies.*

A clap of thunder. The three women jump and look up.)

*ITCH 1: Where hast thou been, Sister?

*ITCH 2: Killing swine.

*ITCH 3: Say it, Sister. Where, who?

*ITCH 2: MacClinton, that pig!

He thinks he's the master of the tiger.

But I swear,

I'll put his tail in a crack,
And then he'll be like a rat without a tail.
I'll do it, I'll do it, I'll do it!

*ITCH 3: What happened?

*ITCH 2: MacClinton's wife, the big ham!

She recognized me from the party
Last Christmas when MacClinton
And I came out of the coatroom
With my lipstick smeared.²

(They all break into laughter and nudge one another.)

*ITCH 2 (*spitting the words with venom*): She called me trailer trash!

(The others recoil as if slapped when they hear these words.)

*ITCH 1: What have you done, Sister?

*ITCH 2: I've been to see the king slayer, MacStarr.³

I've told him the secrets that I have learned,
About MacClinton from his own man.

*ITCH 3: You mean . . . (*pauses, then smiles broadly*)

*ITCH 2 (*nodding her head*): Yep.

*ITCH 3: Morris, that Dick,⁴

What a talker.

(They all laugh.)

*ITCH 2: I will drain him dry as hay.

He'll sleep neither night nor day

Scene Three

And hand upon his penthouse lid,
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary though nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.
Though his office cannot be lost,
For Democrats will back him at any cost,⁵
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

*ITCH 1: I'll give him my middle thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he does come. (*She holds her
middle finger up in the air.*)

(*A car horn blows.*)

*ITCH 3: A car. It is him!
MacClinton has come.

*ITCHES 1-3: The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Poster girls of the sea and land,
Thus do go, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! (*They all make the peace sign toward the
approaching car.*)
Our charms wound up.

(*The women throw out their ample chests and pose coquettishly, batting their big eyelashes at the approaching car. Enter a black limousine with the presidential seal on the door and a license-plate frame that says "Arkansas is for lovers." It stops next to the three women. A darkly tinted back-door window glides down. MacClinton is in the back seat, lustfully evaluating the selection for his evening's pleasure. The driver, seen through*

the untinted driver's window, is smirking as MacClinton makes his move.)

MACCLINTON: So fowl and fair a day I have not seen.

That chicken plant stinks, if you know what I mean.

(to the driver): Who are these,

So witchy, and so wild in their attire,

They look not like the inhabitants o' DC

(to the women): You girls want to live it up?

(The women do not answer but pose more provocatively.)

Are you aught that man may question?

You seem to understand me,

But each at once, lay your cute lips on me.⁶

You be some sexy women.

Speak, if you can. Who are you?

*ITCH 1: All hail MacClinton! Hail to the chief!⁷

*ITCH 2: All hail MacClinton! Hail to the chief!

*ITCH 3: All hail MacClinton! Hail to the chief!

DRIVER *(to MacClinton):* Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? In the name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed, so horny⁸ to want these

Which outwardly show you their wares.

(lowers his window and speaks to the women): You greet us with present grace,

And I have a great prediction:

You of noble having and of a royal hope,

That he seems rapt with you all.

Scene Three

But you speak not to me, you stuck-up wenches,
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither begs nor fears
Your favors nor your hate.

*ITCH 1: Hail to Bill!

*ITCH 2: Hail to Bill!

*ITCH 3: Hail to Bill!

(They cluster close to the driver's window and speak to the driver.)

*ITCH 1: Lesser than MacClinton, and greater.

*ITCH 2: Not so happy, yet much happier.⁹

*ITCH 3: Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

*ITCHES 1-3: But to hell with you tonight.

(They move back and cluster by MacClinton's open rear window.)

MACCLINTON: Stay here, you imperfect sweet things, tell me more.

(The women cluster closer to MacClinton's window with more provocative poses and giggle loudly.)

Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence, or why
Upon this blasted Arkansas parking lot, you stop our
way

With such a propositional greeting? Speak, I charge
you.

*(He opens the door and slides over. The three women vanish
into the car with him, the door closes, and the car leaves.)*

MACCLINTON *(leaning forward and talking quietly to the
driver)*: Take us to that trusted home,

My home away from home¹⁰

Where these ladies

Might yet enkindle and light my flame,

But it is strange, you know,

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,

The instruments of darkness tell us truths,¹¹

Win us with honest trifles, to betray us

In deepest consequence.

Cousin, not a word I pray you, to my missus. *(pats a
bare thigh)*

Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act

Of the imperial theme.

As Julius Caesar said,

“I came. I saw. I conquered.”

*(he pauses as he ponders the phrase, and the order of
the three statements)* Or is that in the right order
for tonight?

(They laugh.)

Besides, all this supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill;

Scene Three

But three at one time cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me promise of success,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears of discovery
Are less than horrible imaginings of my wife if she
finds out.

My thought of my murder¹² yet is but fantastical,
So shakes my single state of man that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

DRIVER (*turning suddenly to look back over the seat*): Huh?

MACCLINTON: If chance will have me President, why
chance may crown me three times tonight,
Without my stir.
Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Driver, to a hidden hideaway,
Without making any delay.

(*MacClinton sits back in his seat and is covered by the women
who are smothering him with hugs and kisses.*)