

Arthur, Dave, Paige

the question," which makes him sound stupid, but you'll like that; (*He hands ARTHUR that statement.*) There's "My words were misconstrued," which is completely illogical, but I'm proud of that one; (*Hands it to ARTHUR.*) There's "The announcement was premature," where Miss Peakes is one of several candidates being considered, the rest of whom can actually do the job; (*Hands it to ARTHUR. Referencing the one sheet still in his hands.*) And then there's: "No, no, I didn't say 'Lieutenant Governor,' I said . . ." But I haven't gotten far with that one, 'cause I can't think of anything that rhymes with "Lieutenant Governor."

ARTHUR. So you're saying she *shouldn't* be the Lieutenant Governor.

DAVE. (*Beat.*) Yes. (*Beat.*) Or... you could just shoot me now. What are you asking?, are you seriously?, what are you talking about?

ARTHUR. I'm talking about Miss Peakes—sorry, Lulu; we're calling her Lulu now.

DAVE. Who's calling her Lulu?

ARTHUR. The administration.

DAVE. The administration has a position on her name?! Why would we?, what does that even?, why are you so *calm*?!

ARTHUR. You sure you haven't been drinking coffee?

DAVE. The Governor of this state—a man whose success is my sole responsibility—went on TV an hour ago and named as his Lieutenant Governor a person not only *completely unqualified* for that job, but *completely unqualified* for any job I can think of.

ARTHUR. I don't know; I think she definitely has a career in television.

DAVE. You're doing it again, you're doing it again—just like this morning—

ARTHUR. What?

DAVE. You're sitting there, in the middle of this disaster, and you're, you're *enjoying* it.

ARTHUR. I'm not *enjoying* it, I'm... okay, I'm kind of enjoying it. I mean, c'mon, you gotta admit: that Lulu, she was something else. Did you see what happened when she stepped in front of that camera? The way she just... turned on? The way those words just flowed out of her mouth? Effortless. Completely effortless. I mean... completely meaningless, but...

DAVE. But what? But *nothing*. She was nothing but meaningless. She was making as much sense as your index cards.

ARTHUR. Which is impressive, because she hadn't even *seen* the cards.

DAVE. No, that is not impressive. It's not a skill to speak empty-headed phrases when you have an empty head. You're talking like she's some politician you've trained to go on TV and... (*Beat.*) Oh my god. That's it. You think she is. You think that *Lulu*... is the politician you've been waiting for. The leader who's "just like us." An hour ago, you thought *Ned* could be that guy, that you could teach him to act clueless, but *now*... *now* you've found someone who's actually *clueless*.

ARTHUR. Dave, don't misunderstand; I'm not giving up on Ned—

DAVE. You are unbelievable!

ARTHUR. But what happened here today... that was something special. Not just her—the two of them together. I mean think about it: if the public is looking for leaders who are absolutely, totally unprepared for office? ...we just found our dream team.

(*PAIGE enters from the Hallway, holding sheets of paper on which she's scrawled the thrilling numbers.*)

PAIGE. Arthur! Arthur! (*Seeing DAVE:*) Oh! Dave!

DAVE. (*Why are you looking at me that way?*) What?

PAIGE. You got up!

DAVE. Oh—

PAIGE. 'Cause the last time we came in, you were lying on the floor—

DAVE. (*Simultaneous with the below:*) Yeah, yeah—

PAIGE. (*Simultaneous with the above:*) —in the fetal position—

DAVE. I think we've covered that.

PAIGE. Arthur—these numbers...

ARTHUR. Yes?

PAIGE. From the focus groups...?

ARTHUR. They're good?

PAIGE. Crazy good, they are...

ARTHUR. Amazing?

PAIGE. Beyond *amazing*; they are life-altering.

ARTHUR. *Yeah?*