

SIDE
G

I did to get you that win.

Little did I know you were *trying* to lose!

HILLARY.

don't think of it as losing,
I think of it as a different path—
a new start without you

BILL.

Bull shit.

You only took that offer because you didn't want to lose. You'd
sooner tank your campaign yourself than lose because you lost—
because—

HILLARY.

go—

BILL.

you're not gonna give me this one, are you

HILLARY.

GO before he gets here.
I want to speak with him myself,
without you here,
without your getting in the middle—

BILL.

so that I can't save you from making a terrible, irreversible mistake—?

HILLARY.

because I don't trust you. Because
you did everything I asked you *not* to do,
because you don't listen, because
you've never listened—
Sure, you listen to other people—but not to me you don't—
No, I have to hear everybody go on about how great it is to meet you,
how you're so amazing and inspiring,

always talking about how when they talk to you,
they always feel so heard,
so listened to—
that you make them feel as though they're the only person in the
world who matters to you in that moment.

And that's great for them, but when do I get to experience that? Huh?
When do I get this magnificent version of Bill
that everyone else seems to get except for me—?
you know, I'd like to meet that Bill,
I would—I would very much love to spend some time with him and
to get the chance to feel the way all of those other people get to feel.
But no.

The Bill I get doesn't notice I'm here,
the Bill I get tramples me time after time,
the Bill I get is a pretty shitty Bill.

And you know what—what really pisses me off:
is the thought that
you get
the best version of me,

while the version of me that everyone else gets
is drained and used up and stale and wooden—

~~that you called me—your words not mine—~~

~~Will do you ever think that maybe you might have some part in me
being so drained and stale and wooden?~~

~~And you come in here with your cute little sob story—your
hangdog-woe-is-me-sad-sack performance—~~

~~trying to make me feel bad for you—how~~

~~“oh no” the—whatever he was looking at your stomach—
tells you you're cursed.~~

~~No, Bill, not you—~~

~~I'm cursed.~~

~~I'm the one cursed here,~~

~~and you~~

~~are the curse.~~