

SUZANNE *(to front of stage)* : I still can't believe this is really happening to me. I'm running for Vice President of the United States! It seems like only yesterday I was a skinny little kid working at Dan's Dairy Delite back in Cooper Valley, Idaho.

(STRANGE overhears her and looks up, startled. He approaches her, and they move to the front on one side of the stage, as if out of earshot of the others.)

STRANGE: Suzy? Suzy McGrewhue? Is that really you?

SUZANNE: I prefer Suzanne, if you don't mind. And where did you ever dig up McGrewhue? Nobody's called me by that name for twenty years! Your staff must be doing some pretty extensive "mud-slinging" research. Well, you'll have to dig pretty deep in my closet to find any skeletons.

STRANGE: You don't recognize me, do you?

SUZANNE: Well, I'll have to admit I'm not one of your biggest fans, but I do know the President of the United States when I see him!

STRANGE: No, no! Cooper Valley, Idaho. It was thirty years ago. I had a summer job at the lumber mill and you were a carhop at Dan's Dairy Delite.

SUZANNE *(loudly)* : Larry Martin?!

(Lowers her voice as people look at them. Continues very confused.)

Larry Martin? But..but., your name isn't Larry Martin, it's Joel Strange!

STRANGE *(also puzzled)* : And you're not Suzy McGruwhue, you're Suzanne Fellows. I didn't think you had ever married?

SUZANNE *(remembering her feminism)* : A woman can do a simple thing like changing her name without the benefit of wedding vows, you know; not to mention the annoying side-effect of having a husband following her around! I decided to change to my mother's maiden name when I started law school. I just couldn't bear the thought of going through my life hearing giggles from the jury box every time a judge said, "And representing the defendant, Sue McGrewhue".

STRANGE: Well, I suppose you have a point. Personally, though, I think most of our courts could stand a few giggles now and then.

SUZANNE: But what about Larry Martin? Although I think I would have stayed with that. “President Martin” would certainly sound more dignified than “President Strange”!

STRANGE: I’m afraid there never was really a Larry Martin. That was all my dad’s idea. He thought that if I got a summer job off in another state under a false name, I could see what the real world was like, without all the special treatment I usually got as a senator’s son.

SUZANNE: That’s right. Of course politics is a family business with you, unlike some of us who’ve had to work our way up with the common people. I see you lost the long hair and beard. And I recall we used to do a little..

(Makes a “pot-smoking” motion with her hand.)

.. occasionally. Are you sneaking one in the Oval Office every now and then?

(STRANGE quickly pushes her hand down, and looks around to make sure no one else saw.)

STRANGE: Of course not! That was a long time ago. We were just kids, trying different things.

SUZANNE *(with an evil grin)* : Yes, as I recall we did try several things!

STRANGE: Looks like your pigtails are gone. And you’ve filled out very nicely. I believe you’ve put on a few pounds. Don’t get me wrong; all in the right places!

SUZANNE *(indignantly)* : Flattery will certainly get you nowhere! Except maybe into court with a sexual harassment suit!

STRANGE: Ah, but you forget! “A sitting president cannot be prosecuted for a crime.” And from what I hear, your “tastes”, shall we say, have changed, and I’m no longer your “type” anyway.

SUZANNE: I don’t know where those rumors got started! You’re definitely not my type of person. But I believe you would still meet the physical requirements.