

HEIDI. The sea below us.

PETER. Glenn Miller and the orchestra. It's all so peaceful.

HEIDI. Mmmmm. Quite peaceful. (The "Shoop Shoop Song" begins playing.)

PETER. The twist and smokers are heaving themselves on their ladyfriends. This must be the final song. Would you do me the honor of one dance? (He takes her hand to rise.)

HEIDI. Certainly.

PETER. Ahhh! "The Shoop Shoop Song." Baroque but fragile.

HEIDI. Melodic but atonal.

PETER. Will you marry me?

HEIDI. I covet my independence.

PETER. Perhaps when you leave the sanatorium, you'll think otherwise. I want to know you all my life. If we can't marry, let's be great friends.

HEIDI. I will keep your punch cup as a memento beside my pillow.

PETER. Well, shall we hully gully, baby?

HEIDI. Really, I
PETER. Don't worry. I'll teach you. (He begins to do some form of line dance. He holds Heidi's hand and instructs her. They sing as they dance together.) "How 'bout the way he acts?" (He points to Heidi.)

HEIDI. "Oh nooooo, that's not the way." (She begins to giggle.)

PETER. "And you're not listennin' to what I say. If you wanna know if he loves you so" (He takes Heidi's waist and twirls her.) "It's in his kiss."

HEIDI AND PETER. "Oh yeah!!!! It's in his kiss!!" (They continue to dance offstage as the lights fade.)*

END SCENE

SCENE 2

1968, a dance. There are "Eugene McCarthy for President" signs. A Janis Joplin and Big Brother and the Holding Company song like "Take A Piece of My Heart"

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is playing.* A hippie in a Sgt. Pepper jacket smokes a joint and when Heidi enters he offers her a drag. Heidi, wearing a floral shawl, refuses and stands by the food table. Scoop Rosenbaum, slightly intense but charismatic in blue jeans and workshirt, comes over to her. He takes a beer from a bucket on stage.

 SCOOP. Are you guarding the chips?

HEIDI. No.

SCOOP. Then you're being very difficult.

HEIDI. Please, help yourself.

SCOOP. Where are you going?

HEIDI. I'm trying to listen to the music.

SCOOP. Janis Joplin and Big Brother and the Holding Company. "A—" singer. "C+" band. Far less innovative than the Kinks. You know, you really have one hell of an inferiority complex.

HEIDI. I do?

SCOOP. Sure. I have no right to say you're difficult. Don't you believe in human dignity? I mean, you're obviously a liberal or you wouldn't be here.

HEIDI. I came with a friend.

SCOOP. You came to Manchester, New Hampshire in a blizzard to ring doorbells for Gene McCarthy because of a friend? Why the fuck didn't you go skiing instead?

HEIDI. I don't ski. (Scoop offers Heidi a potato chip.)

SCOOP. "B—" texture. "C+" crunch. You go to one of those Seven Sister schools?

HEIDI. How did you know?

SCOOP. You're all concerned citizens.

HEIDI. I told you, I came because of a friend.

SCOOP. That's bullshit. Be real. You're neat and clean for Eugene. You think if you go door to door and ring bells, this sucker will become president and we'll all be good people and wars in places you've never heard of before will end, and everyone will have enough to eat and send their daughters to Vassar. Like I said, neat and clean for Eugene.

HEIDI. Would you excuse me? (Scoop smiles and extends his hand to her.)

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SCOOP. It's been lovely chatting with me.

HEIDI. A pleasure.

SCOOP. What's your name?

HEIDI. Susan.

SCOOP. Susan what?

HEIDI. Susan Johnston. See ya.

SCOOP. Hey, Susan Johnston, wouldn't you like to know who I am?

HEIDI. Uh . . .

SCOOP. C'mon, nice girl like you isn't going to look a man in the eye and tell him, "I have absolutely no interest in you. You've been incredibly obnoxious and your looks are 'B-,'"

HEIDI. Why do you grade everything?

SCOOP. I used to be a very good student.

HEIDI. Used to?

SCOOP. I dropped out of Princeton. The Woodrow Wilson School of International Bullshit.

HEIDI. That's admirable. So what do you do now?

SCOOP. This and that. Here and there.

HEIDI. You work for McCarthy? Well, you are at a McCarthy dance.

SCOOP. I came with a friend. Susan, don't you know this is just the tip of the iceberg? McCarthy is irrelevant. He's a "C+." Adlai Stevenson. The changes in this country could be enormous. Beyond anything your sister mind can imagine.

HEIDI. Are you a real-life radical?

SCOOP. You mean, do I make bombs in my parents' West Hartford basement? Susan, how could I be a radical? I played lacrosse at Exeter and I'm a Jew whose first name is Scoop. You're not very good at nuance. And you're too eager to categorize. I'm a journalist. I'm just here to have a look around.

HEIDI. Do you work for a paper?

SCOOP. Did they teach you at Vassar to ask so many inane questions in order to keep a conversation going?

HEIDI. Well, like I said. I have to meet my friend.

SCOOP. Me, too. I have to meet Paul Newman.

HEIDI. Please-tell him Susan says "hi."

SCOOP. You don't believe I have to meet Paul Newman.

HEIDI. I'm sure you do.

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SCOOP. I'm picking him up at the airport and taking him and Mr. McCarthy to a press conference. Paul's a great guy. Why don't you come drinking with us? We can rap over a few brews.

HEIDI. I'm sorry. I can't.

SCOOP. Why not?

HEIDI. I just can't.

SCOOP. Susan, let me get this straight. You would rather drive back to Poughkeepsie with five virgins in a Volkswagen discussing Norman Mailer and birth control on dangerous frozen roads than go drinking with Eugene McCarthy, Paul Newman and Scoop Rosenbaum? You're cute, Susan. Very cute.

HEIDI. And you are really irritating!

SCOOP. That's the first honest thing you've said all night Lady, you better learn to stand up for yourself. I'll let you in on a scoop from Scoop.

HEIDI. Did they teach you construction like that at Princeton?

SCOOP. I dig you, Susan. I dig you a lot.

HEIDI. Can we say "like" instead of "dig"? I mean, while I'm standing up for myself . . .

SCOOP. I like you, Susan. You're prissy, but I like you a lot.

HEIDI. Well, I don't know if I like you.

SCOOP. Why should you like me? I'm arrogant and difficult. But I'm very smart. So you'll put up with me. What?

HEIDI. What what?

SCOOP. You're thinking something.

HEIDI. Actually, I was wondering what mothers teach their sons that they never bother to tell their daughters.

SCOOP. What do you mean?

HEIDI. I mean, why the fuck are you so confident?

SCOOP. Ten points for Susan.

HEIDI. Have we moved on to points from letter grades? SCOOP. There's hope for you. You're going to be quite the little politico.

HEIDI. I'm planning to be an art historian.

SCOOP. Please don't say that. That's really suburban.

HEIDI. I'm interested in the individual expression of the human soul. Content over form.

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