

## ***I'm Here To See The President***

**(A buzzer sounds. A door opens. A few footsteps).**

**Woman's voice: Hi.**

**Man's voice: Good afternoon, can I help you?**

**Woman's voice: I'm here to see my mother.**

**(Rustle of papers).**

**Man's voice: Er, I can't see your name here, Mrs Clinton.**

**Chelsea Clinton: I'm under Mrs Marc Mezvinsky.**

**(Pause).**

**Chelsea Clinton: My married name.**

**Man's voice: Er.**

**Chelsea Clinton: It's to avoid the press.**

**Man's voice: Oh, right.**

**(Sound of chair moving).**

**Man's voice: Is President Clinton not with you?**

**Chelsea Clinton: No, I think one President Clinton in this place is enough, don't you?**

**Man's voice: (Laughing slightly) Ah, yes.**

**(Jangling of keys).**

**Man's voice: She was up early this morning doing paperwork. She took a nap awhile ago but she should be awake now. I don't like to disturb her.**

**Chelsea Clinton: No, that was never a good idea.**

**(Sound of footsteps, keys jangling, a door unlocks, they walk through it, it is closed and locked behind them).**

**Chelsea Clinton: How's her new healthcare plan going?**

**Man's voice: I'm not privy to that, I'm afraid.**

**Chelsea Clinton:** Oh, of course.

**(Jangling of keys; sound of a door opening).**

**Man's voice:** Madam President, your daughter is here to see you.

**Hillary Clinton:** Chelsea, come in, sit down, dear.

**(Sound of walking and a chair being drawn up).**

**Hillary Clinton:** Chalmers, fetch us a pot of tea, will you?

**Chalmers:** Yes, Madam President.

**(Sound of door closing).**

**Hillary Clinton:** I do wish he wouldn't call me that; makes me sound like a brothel keeper. Just like the old days in Arkansas.

**(Laughs snidely).**

**Chelsea Clinton:** Mother, you are incorrigible.

**Hillary Clinton:** Not as incorrigible as that rat Trump. I'm glad he's out of the way.

**Chelsea Clinton:** (Sighing audibly) Yes, Mother.

**Hillary Clinton:** I'm glad I got rid of him. Aren't you glad I got rid of him?

**Chelsea Clinton:** Yes, Mother.

**Hillary Clinton:** He'll die in prison like he ought to, conspiring with that Russian dog, Putin.

**Chelsea Clinton:** Yes, mother.

**Hillary Clinton:** I ought to order a drone strike and have him taken out.

**Chelsea Clinton:** What have you been doing this week, Mother?

**Hillary Clinton:** I'm working on my new healthcare plan.

**Chelsea Clinton:** That's nice.

**Hillary Clinton:** I'm calling it Hillarycare; don't you think that's better than Obamacare?

**Chelsea Clinton:** Yes, much better.

(The voices fade out. There are two sets of footsteps, then a knock at the door).

Hillary Clinton: Come in.

Chalmers: You have another visitor, Madam President.

Hillary Clinton: Dr Gorka, what a pleasant surprise?

Dr Gorka: Good morning President Clinton, how are you today?

Hillary: Fine. Chalmers, can you take the tea tray away.

Chalmers: Yes, Madam President.

Dr Gorka: President Clinton, may I speak with your daughter in private for a moment?

Hillary Clinton: Yes, of course.

(Sound of footsteps, two people stepping outside and the door closing).

Chelsea Clinton: Thank you for coming, Doctor.

Dr Gorka: No problem, Chelsea. I think I know what you are going to say.

Chelsea Clinton: I don't want this charade to go on; it isn't good for her.

Dr Gorka: I understand Chelsea, but what you must understand is that it doesn't matter what we do, she's living in her own world, and is never coming back.

Chelsea Clinton: I've just had to listen to her tell me for the N<sup>th</sup> time how she won the twenty sixteen election, and how we have to bomb Russia.

Dr Gorka: And would you rather we disavow her of these crazy notions if we could?

Chelsea Clinton: I wish you would at least try.

Dr Gorka: So she can stand trial like your father?

Chelsea Clinton: He was acquitted.

Dr Gorka: But he wasn't Secretary of State.

(Pause).

Dr Gorka: Think about it, Chelsea. She's better off here, and she is happy in spite of her constant complaining.

**(Pause. Door opens).**

**Chelsea Clinton: Mother, I have to go now, but I'll come to see you next month.**

**Hillary Clinton: Yes, dear. And will you bring your father?**

**Chelsea Clinton: I'll try, Mother, but you know how busy he is.**

**Hillary Clinton: Yes dear, still fucking bimbos like the old days in Arkansas.**