

that too much to ask?! . . . Oh, Lenny. One more thing. When you hear about my death you're gonna wonder if there's something more you could've done. Lenny, you did everything you could . . . *(He clicks off the tape recorder. A beat. Then he clicks it on again)* Well, maybe not everything. Maybe not absolutely everything, you know? Maybe one day you could've picked a phone up. Just picked up a phone and said, "Hey, Sammy, how's it going? Hang in there, Sam. This Bud's for you." How long would that have taken you? A minute? Half a minute? That was too much, wasn't it? You probably had your limo double parked. You and your shit hot buddies had a plane to catch to Paris, France for dinner and a blow job. Hey, I understand. I understand too well, my friend. You're just like all the rest of them— *(He flips through the tapes, reading names)* Jonas Salk, Jack Anderson, Hank Aaron . . . You knew where I was. You all did. And you know what you did? You left me there! You jerks! You shits! You pricks! You had your chance and now it's too damn late! Fuck me?! Fuck you! I'm outta here! I'm history, Lenny! Understand?! I'm history! *(He takes a big bite of his sandwich, chews. Lights fade, as he starts to sing . . .)*

I like to be in America,
O.K. by me in America,
Knobs on the doors in America,
Wall-to-wall floors in America!

(Blackout)

SCENE 10

Lights up on John Hinckley. He is sitting on the couch in the basement rec room at his parents' house, picking out a song on his guitar. An 8x10 photograph is propped up in front of him. Squeaky Fromme enters. Hinckley doesn't see her. She listens for a moment.

FROMME: You play the guitar?

HINCKLEY *(Startled)*: What? No.

FROMME: You're playing it.

HINCKLEY: I play a little. Just for myself.

FROMME: Can you play "Sympathy for the Devil?"

HINCKLEY: No.

FROMME: How 'bout "Helter Skelter?"

HINCKLEY: No.

FROMME: What *can* you play?

HINCKLEY: I write my own songs.

FROMME: Yeah? Lemme hear one.

HINCKLEY: I told you. I just play for myself.

FROMME: Pretend I'm not here.

HINCKLEY *(His voice rising)*: Would you leave me alone? *Please?*

FROMME *(Picking up the photograph)*: Who's this? Your girlfriend?

HINCKLEY *(Lunging for it)*: Gimme that!

FROMME: How old is she?

HINCKLEY: She's young, all right?!

FROMME: She looks like a whore.