

SCENE 6

A public park. Squeaky Fromme is sitting by herself, smoking a joint. Sara Jane Moore enters, juggling her purse, a couple of cans of Tab, and a big bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken. She starts to drop the purse; she grabs for it—BANG! A gun goes off inside the purse.

MOORE: Shit! I'm sorry. Could you give me a hand with this? *(She hands Fromme the chicken)* Thanks. I got the Extra Crispy, I hope that's O.K. And they were out of fries, so I got onion rings—

FROMME: I can't believe they even sell this stuff, man. It's so plastic.

MOORE: Plastic? Oh, *plastic*. Yeah, it's really plastic.

FROMME: So how come you buy it?

MOORE: Me? I don't. I mean, unless, you know, I'm stuck at the beauty parlor, and I haven't done the marketing, and it's time to pick Billy up at Little League—

(Moore opens a Tab and starts eating chicken)

FROMME: Charlie says that fast food is the stinking swill Americans lap up the way a dog returns to its own vomit. Charlie says that in America the chickens are finally coming home to roost, rotting and reeking with the oozing pus of a society devouring its own anus.

MOORE: Who's Charlie?

FROMME: Charlie Manson!

MOORE: Charlie Manson, *the mass murderer*? Is he a friend of yours?

FROMME: I'm his lover and his slave.

MOORE: Far out!

(Fromme takes a hit on the joint and passes it to Moore)

You know, it's really weird. I knew a guy named Charlie Manson back in high school. I also knew a guy named Guy Lombardo. God, what a dreamboat! He was captain of the football team—

(Moore takes a big drag on the joint)

FROMME: Charlie says that football is a form of slavery in which the black man's speed and strength are ruthlessly exploited by the racist ruling class. Charlie says that one day the black man will throw off his chains and lash back at the pigs who have tormented him. Charlie says that in the Armageddon which ensues, women will be raped and disemboweled. Men will be castrated, lynched and burned alive. Blood and gore will choke our streets. And after the two sides have wiped each other out, Charlie will emerge as king of a new order, with me beside him as his queen.

MOORE: I love your beads.

FROMME: My what?

MOORE: Your beads. I must've spent an hour on Haight Street trying to find a string of beads like that, but all I found were these. *(Indicates her own beads)* The salesman told me they were groovy, but I don't think they're groovy. I think *yours* are groovy. In fact, I think they're psychedelic.

(Fromme snickers)

What's so funny?

FROMME: "Groovy." "Psychedelic." The way you talk, you sound just like a narc.

MOORE: I am a narc.

FROMME: *What?*