

SQUEAKY FROMME LOVE SONG

Place: Apocalypse, Ohio

Time: November, 1975

Characters:

Louis Biff ("Chicky Baby") - Male. Knowing, but something's off.

Celeste Cunningham - Female. Chicky's plain, religious friend.

Ms. Cindy Kinneret - Female. The school psychologist.

Mr. Ben Bernstein - Male. A history teacher. A bit careful. A bit up-tight. Until he's not.

Duncan Cohen ('Didi') - Male. Works as a drag queen at Paradise Lost.

Notes on the Play

/ indicates overlapping dialogue.

- indicates a character cutting off another character

... indicates a character losing their train of thought

(dialogue in parentheses are spoken as asides, or brief diversions from the intention of the initial line of thought)

transitions should be short, immediate if possible

Chicky at Confession

A confessional booth.

We're not exactly sure where Chicky is or who he's talking to...at first.

CHICKY

Okay I'm just going to say it. I've had sex.

With a man too, so double jeopardy I guess.

Man. Adult. Kind of. He was older. Much older. And I don't...I don't really feel bad about it. So that's number one.

Also - I've been lying more. To everyone. Last week we talked about that. But I'm still doing it. Sorry. I told people my dad beat me, even though he doesn't. And I told my history teacher that I tried to push a little boy off a swing even though I didn't. I don't know why I did that one. He was just making me mad. The teacher, I mean. There was no little boy.

My brother died last week. November 4th, 1975 – First Day of the Squeaky Fromme Trial, which is...And I don't really know what to do about it. I've been praying every night but I don't feel any better. So I guess if you could help me with that it would be great.

Oh also. Sometimes I masturbate to pictures of Charles Manson and I have these really intense orgasms. I'm sorry. I have to tell you though. I do. That's our thing. I kind of tell you everything. Oh this is horrible. But you're my best friend. You really are.

Anyway. Those are my sins, Father. Let me have it, I can take Penance like a pro. Father? A little joke.

Silence.

Father? Father Murphy?

Silence

Goddamit. He's been raptured.

Chick and Celeste Eat Lunch at School

*A cold November day.
By the playground.
A Catholic School.*

CHICKY

...so he wanders around basically scooping up these lost souls and they all live together on this ranch in Southern California. And its kind of like...free living? They have no real rules outside of honoring the leader, Charlie. Which is-isn't that a bit like the apostles? Don't you think? I mean, can you imagine feeling held in that sort of way?

And of course the other thing is – what if they're wrong? The guilt that a person must feel for committing all the way to something so...cause they've killed people, you know?

CELESTE

I asked you to say grace.

CHICKY

Sorry?

CELESTE

Chicky. I'm hungry. Please.

CHICKY

Oh. Oh! Sorry. I got-
Um...

CELESTE

Never mind. Just-
'In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. Amen.'

CHICKY

Amen.

CELESTE

'And please send Chicky's brother to Heaven even though he was a suicide and you don't usually do that. Amen.'

CHICKY

Thanks?

CELESTE

Say Amen.

CHICKY

...Amen.

Beat.

CELESTE

Charles Manson is a lunatic. It's the Golden Calf all over again.

CHICKY

...Fair.

It's just been on my mind.

CELESTE

Because of the trial?

CHICKY

Yeah. Well.

CELESTE

Look I need/to tell you something.

CHICKY (*abruptly*)

I don't think I believe in God anymore.

CELESTE

What?

CHICKY

Sorry?

CELESTE

You don't believe in God anymore?

CHICKY

I just...I don't think I can.

CELESTE

Is this because/of Craig?

CHICKY

Of Craig? I mean yeah. A little bit. He was my brother and now...

CELESTE

There can be exceptions to the rules, you know. Don't-um-cheer up! There can be exceptions. For people with a special goodness. It's *very* possible that he'll go to heaven.

CHICKY

It's not really about *that*.

He wasn't good, anyway.

CELESTE

Of course he was. Don't be absurd.

CHICKY

I just don't think I can believe it anymore.

CELESTE

But! Turn to the Bible, you'll know. There are all sorts of things suggesting that...that really the rules aren't as harsh and-and-and horrible as they might sound. Think about secondary virginity! A person can be clean again after sinning. After anything!

CHICKY

Are we still talking about Craig?

CELESTE

...Of course we are. I'm just saying – and think of Lazarus. Rising from the dead.

CHICKY

Celeste. Virginity is really a stupid concept anyway.

Kind of a loaded beat.

CELESTE

The point is that *miracles* are back in style. It really just took the age of the T.V-Tube. God saw his Grace could be recorded and suddenly, bang! Miracles everywhere. Exceptions to the rules everywhere. And so there's hope for everyone. *Everyone.*

CHICKY

I don't really want to talk about it anymore.

CELESTE *(a bit desperate)*

Chicky! I...*care* about you very much. I want...there will be a miracle. Please don't leave God. Miracles are everywhere.

Beat. Neither knows what to say.

Celeste is very upset.

CHICKY

...it's cold for November. Keep thinking it might snow.

CELESTE

☹

*Chicky changes tactics,
he does a bit of a vaudeville to cheer her up.*

CHICKY

Come on. I'm sorry, come on. You didn't let me finish explaining it to you – the trial.

CELESTE

I can't-

CHICKY

No, it's okay – just listen. It's a comedy. Bad things happen – Manson kills some people – it's still a comedy.

Squeaky Fromme, right? Are you listening? So she's very...you know...classically tragic. Wealthy. Abandoned. Probably a B.A in Comparative Lit or something.

Maybe Celeste smiles a bit.

CHICKY

And Charlie scoops her up – obviously. She's the ideal candidate. But ranch-living, that's not crazy enough for her. So she decides 'Well, let's add a bit of flare to the political landscape' and she dons a devastating red cape and tries to *kill* Gerry Ford. I mean literally kill him.

CELESTE

And she's caught immediately.

CHICKY

Yeah.

CELESTE

And put on trial.

CHICKY

Right.

CELESTE

...And God's gonna send her straight to hell.

CHICKY (*She missed the point*)

Well.

Anyway, it's all camp. A farce. Panem et circenses for the delicate bourgeoisies.

CELESTE

Don't speak like you're rich, Chicky. It's a sin and you're not.

CHICKY

I've just been thinking about it.

CELESTE (*abruptly*)

I need to tell you something.

CHICKY

Oh?

CELESTE

Yes. I need-

And it has to stay between us.

CHICKY

Okay...

CELESTE

It's about my changing body.

CHICKY

Oh yuck.

CELESTE

Don't tease me it's a miracle.

CHICKY

A what?

CELESTE

The Television Age— I told you. I-That's what *I've* been thinking about.
Swear to God you won't tell anyone.

CHICKY

A *vow*?

CELESTE

Swear.

CHICKY

Fuck!

CELESTE

Chicky, swear to God you won't tell anyone!

CHICKY

I swear to God I won't tell anyone about your...changing body. Not even Harold Pinter if he asked.
Or Charlie Manson. Or St. Peter, but that one's easy because I never really trusted him.
There.

CELESTE

...St. Peter got crucified upside down. That's how much he trusted God.

CHICKY

What's your miracle, Celeste?

CELESTE (*She can't bring herself to say it*)

I-you know like the leaves? All over the playground, see. And they're...browning now...it's
November. But in Spring...new life.

CHICKY

...?

CELESTE

I'm with child.

Beat.

CHICKY

What?

Celeste you don't even *kiss* guys, let alone fu-

CELESTE

It's not like that. It's not. (And can I just say – ew.) I don't do that.

CHICKY

But you're pregnant?

CELESTE

With God's baby.

CHICKY

Holy Shit.

CELESTE

Chicky!

CHICKY

What's going on. I'm serious.

CELESTE

I don't know. I just have this feeling.

All my life I've been plain and ordinary and good and waiting for God to take notice. And he finally has. He's finally made my life something miraculous.

CHICKY

I don't know what to say.

CELESTE

Well, don't say anything. To anyone. It has to be a secret.

CHICKY

I mean...if you're pregnant of course I'm going to be there for you.

CELESTE

Good. Oh wonderful, wonderful!

CHICKY

You're scaring me. Aren't you worried? Are you really pregnant?

CELESTE

Feel.

CHICKY

I can't...?

He feels her stomach.

CELESTE

My life is endless stories of ordinary people becoming special. It's finally my turn to be a chosen one.

CHICKY

I think you're pretty special all on your own.

CELESTE

I know. I know. But now I can finally believe it too. Because God is telling me so.

She kisses him on the cheek and exits.

Chicky stares up, maybe at God.

'What the hell?'

Chicky and Ms. Cindy, the school psychologist.

The School Psychologist's office.

Chicky enters.

CINDY

Ah. Louis. Please sit down.

CHICK

Thank you.

They stare at each other for so long.

Chicky wants her to speak first.

CHICKY

I don't think/ I believe in God anymore.

CINDY

I think my husband is too young for me.

CHICKY

What?

CINDY

What? My- I'm Sorry. I'm-What did *you* say?

CHICKY

I don't think I believe in God anymore.

CINDY

Oh. Okay.

CHICKY

...

CINDY

Why not?

CHICKY

He knocked up my best friend.

CINDY

Oh.

I wasn't expecting you to say that.

CHICKY

Yeah. Well. I did.

CINDY

...I think my husband is too young for me. It feels good to say it.

CHICKY

How old is he?

CINDY

How much of an age difference do you think is inappropriate?

CHICKY

Well-

CINDY

I should give you a condom. I'm going to give you a condom.

CHICKY

What.

CINDY

Do you know how to use it?

CHICKY

Are you dating a minor.

CINDY

Listen, Chicky. It's very bad news to have a pregnancy in high school. So here's what I'll do. I'll give you a condom and then maybe that will sort of... ease the situation.

CHICKY

It's not me who's-It's God.

I'm more here for spiritual advice.

CINDY

God. Ah. Okay. Yes.

Right. Well. I'm going to give this to you anyway. There you go. Hooray!

CHICKY

Thanks.

CINDY

You're *very* welcome.

Beat.

CHICKY

Is that it?

CINDY

What do you mean?

CHICKY

I don't know. Counsel me.

CINDY

Right. Right. Right. I see.

I don't mean to be predictable, but would you like another condom?

CHICKY

Oh for Christsake tell me *something* soothing.

CINDY

Don't say Christsake.

Okay. Fine. You want counseling. Here goes.

'This all sounds very...hard for you. I am so sorry to hear that you are going through this tough time.'

Jesus it's too early. It's too fucking early for this.

Look, Louis. You wanna talk about your brother? Let's do that! I have a grief puppet, I have a grief pamphlet, and I have a drawer full of Quaaludes that are usually just for me but I won't tell if you won't.

But I'm *not* here to coax you through this religious hallucination or sexual awakening or whatever it is. You're the grief kid, not the sex kid. You can't have both.

CHICKY

I don't want both! Just tell me what to believe in. God's out of the picture.

CINDY

Are you sure? Because plenty of respectable people 'knock up' other people.

(Truth be told, my young husband never did, but then again he wasn't very respectable.)

CHICKY

What are you-

CINDY (*A big secret*)

My young husband is Richard Carpenter from 'The Carpenters.' He's not ready for kids just yet. There! I said it!

CHICKY

That's-what? What should I do about *my* thing?

CINDY

You want *my* advice?

CHICKY

That's your job!

CINDY

I think you should switch back to God until after the funeral. That way you won't have to worry about his afterlife.

CHICKY

I guess so. I'm still worried about it. He killed himself.

CINDY (*back in counselor mode*)

Ah...I see. That is...awfully hard for you.

CHICKY

Nope.

CINDY

You know what I think, Louis? I think maybe you're just not believing hard enough. Should we...should we clap to believe in God? Would that help?

CHICKY

I...no.

CINDY

Clap! Clap if you believe in God! Clap to send Louis' brother to heaven!

***She** starts clapping.
Slowly, **he** joins in.*

Celeste Prays to Mary

CELESTE

Dear God. Hi again. It's me. Celeste. Cunningham, in case you know more than one – which I'm sure you do because I bet you know everybody. That must be nice. I only know the people in my family and at school. And most of them are awful and do a lot of drugs and-
But anyway, judge not lest ye be judged and everything.

I'm calling to see if I could speak to Mary. Mary the mother of Jesus. Not Magdalene – whore. I wanted to ask her a parenting question, I guess. It's about diapers. It's just...where do I buy diapers for the second coming of Christ? Because they're really expensive and I don't...I don't really have all that much money and I was wondering if she might send down some for me? Some Holy Diapers. I feel like that would be breaking some rule, but I'd be really quiet about it. And it is the son of God after all so I think he would...deserve...

Or regular diapers. Regular diapers would be fine. Really.

God. *Please*. I'm...scared. I'm scared! don't have enough money to raise Jesus Two. Please help me. A second miracle. *Please*.

Also please send me a naming angel. I'm no good at that. Signed with love. Celeste.

She remembers.

Cunningham!

Chicky Outside 'Paradise Lost', a Gay Bar

*Chicky is smoking.
He's dressed for a funeral.*

Didi, a performer at the club, steps outside to smoke.

DIDI

Light?

CHICKY

Yea.

DIDI

Aren't you a little young to—

CHICKY

Bite me.

DIDI

I love it when they talk nice. Just wonderful, baby.

CHICKY

Look, save my life or go away.

DIDI

Not in the life-saving business.

CHICKY

Too bad.

DIDI

Yeah. Too bad. For everyone.

CHICKY

You think you could get me a job?

DIDI

Here? Got an act?

CHICKY

No.

DIDI

Then no.

CHICKY

Fuckin thanks.

DIDI

Shit, kid. Who peed in your cheerios?

CHICKY

My brother died. I was his wake.

Beat.

DIDI

Oh.

CHICKY

Yeah.

DIDI

...and now you're here.

CHICKY

And now I'm here. Walked across the freeway.

Funeral home's over there. Big ugly building with the signs out front.

DIDI

'Have fun in Hell, Craig!' Jesus. Very Foucault. Very Joyce.

Chicky doesn't get the joke.

DIDI

You'd better run along then.

CHICKY

If I got an act, would you let me work here?

DIDI

How old are you?

CHICKY

How old are *you*?

DIDI

Ha! Okay.

Maybe, hon. I don't know.

CHICKY

...I can't go back yet.

DIDI

Yeah, me neither. It's the shark massacre in there.

CHICKY

?

DIDI

Moby Dick? Shark Massacre?

CHICKY

?

DIDI

Too much eating, baby, that's what I mean. Think I should unionize?

*Maybe **Chicky** laughs.
He sobers. Didi can be trusted.*

CHICKY

I'm running away.

DIDI

Great. Good luck.

Beat. Fuck.

DIDI

...why?

CHICKY

Everyone around me is crazy. I don't know what to do about it.
But I need money before I can go – so I need a job.

DIDI

And?

CHICKY

And the sign said "Paradise on Earth" so here I am.

DIDI

I'm not taking responsibility for 'this.'

CHICKY

Okay.

...

...

Please tell me what to do.

DIDI

No way.

Don't run away. Go home.

CHICKY

Or I could face plant in front of a semi.

DIDI

Look, baby. You got a fetish for destruction, fine, go destroy yourself. But don't do it here. Don't make me watch.

CHICKY

...

...

I'm sorry.

DIDI

Shit, don't cry.

CHICKY

...I'm sorry.

DIDI

Jesus I'm bad with kids.

CHICKY

I'm not a kid.

DIDI

What's your name?

CHICKY

Chicky.

DIDI

...sure.

Okay, "Chicky." Look at me. Go home. Go *home*. Goodbye.

*He shoos **Chicky** away.*

*As **Chicky** exits, **Mr. Bernstein** goes out the back door.*

*He's sees **Didi**.*

MR. BERNSTEIN

Hey, I paid you. I *paid* you. I've been/waiting.

CHICKY

Mr. Bernstein?

All are sort of shocked.

Nobody knows what to do.

It's sort of a stand-off.

Chicky and Mr. Bernstein after class.

Chicky alone after school. Waiting in a classroom.

Mr. Bernstein enters. A huge pause. Bernstein composes himself.

BERNSTEIN

Mr. Biff. Do you know why I kept you after class?

CHICKY

You're going to kill me.

BERNSTEIN

What?

CHICKY

What?

BERTSTEIN

I'm not going/to-

CHICKY

I caught you fucking a stripper/ and now you're going to kill me.

BERTSTEIN

A drag queen.

Jesus Christ. Let's be... lets us both try to be professional here.

It was inappropriate of you to see me there. And it was inappropriate of you to *be* there.

CHICKY

Look, Ben-

BERNSTEIN

Mr. Bernstein.

CHICKY

I don't care that you're queer and I don't care that you fucked a drag queen. I'm not gonna tell on you. I gotta pass history.

BERNSTEIN

I would just hope that you would have enough respect for me as a colleague to allow me to keep my position.

CHICKY

...And what is your position, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTIEN

That's all. Thank you, Mr. Biff. I apologize for the uncomfortable situation.

CHICKY

I want something in return.

BERNSTEIN

No. I'm sorry, but no.

CHICKY

It's small. It's-Do you know anything about philosophy?

BERNSTEIN

Philosophy?

CHICKY

I'm trying to find a new doctrine. God's out. Need something new.

BERNSTEIN

Have you talked to Ms. Kinneret?

CHICKY

Missus. She's married to the guy from the Carpenters, remember?

I have.

BERNSTEIN

Oh. Well. Good. She'll help you.

CHICKY

It seemed like something *you* might understand.

BERNSTEIN

I'm a history teacher.

CHICKY

I meant as a...like. I don't know.

BERNSTEIN

I can recommend some people to read. That's it.

CHICKY

I'll take it.

...

When did you know, Mr. Bernstein?

Beat.

BERNSTEIN

I was a little boy on the playground. I opened a biography of Oscar Wilde and I knew – I was a history teacher.

CHICKY

Are you teasing me?

BERNSTEIN

I believe in professional boundaries, Mr. Biff.

CHICKY

Just what I wanted to hear in my time of need – professional boundaries.

I've been really turned on by Charles Manson recently. What do you make of that?

BERNSTEIN

...Well.

I think you should read Freud first. And go from there.

Chicky at Confession Again

CHICKY

Has it ever occurred to you that you could do absolutely anything, Father?

I don't mean in the romantic sense of the phrase – not like 'I can be *this*' or 'I can be *that*'. I mean in the sense that I, for no reason other than camp and spectacle (or maybe some sort of literary justice) could assassinate Harold Pinter and there's really nothing the American Theater could do about it.

I mean I could do anything for any reason at any time. I could get a bus ticket and *leave* here. I could.

It all occurred to me – I was reading a series of books given to me by my not-at-all-unattractive history teacher – and it occurred to me that Squeaky Fromme wasn't born thinking Mason was the Messiah. She changed her orbit of religion. And doesn't that make her a bit like god? And if I can choose my religion...my belief...my authority. Doesn't that make me a bit like god? Just a little?

And if I'm a bit like god, then who's too say that I shouldn't commit whole hog and believe that I *am* god. I mean...maybe. I don't really think so but – is that shocking to you?

I don't know. I think I came here to say 'you haven't been a very good friend' and I'm going to go have sex with many people and actually, I do enjoy masturbating to Charles Manson for reasons yet unexplainable and I hope this is all quite shocking. And I hope you're listening. Maybe you won't respond. But I hope you will. And I hope you're listening.

Also, Father. I'd like the penance for all of that. Just in case it doesn't work out for me.

Father Murphy?

Celeste Visits Cindy

Back in Cindy's Office.

CINDY

Hello.

CELESTE

Hi.

An uncomfortable pause.

CINDY

Did you come in for a reason, dear?

CELESTE

No.

CINDY

Oh. Well that was stupid of you. At least I think so. Goodbye.

Another pause.

CINDY

Normally when someone says goodbye like that, it's an indication that the other person should leave.

CELESTE

I need help.

CINDY

Then you lied to me before when I asked you if you came in for a reason. You came in for help – which is a perfectly valid reason and I wouldn't dare invalidate it - but it also makes you a liar. So now I have to grapple with both the fact that you're a liar and that you need help.

CELESTE

I should leave. I'm sorry for being a liar. I didn't mean to upset you.

CINDY

No stay, please. I'm so lonely.

If it makes you feel better, I'll give you 'just okay' advice

CELESTE

I guess I've earned it.

CINDY

Sit.

CELESTE

I have a friend who is pregnant.

CINDY

Ah.

CELESTE

Yes, I know. But the baby is sort of special. And my friend needs advice.

CINDY

What kind of special?

CELESTE

Religious special.

CINDY

Like in that movie!

CELESTE

I've never seen a movie.

CINDY

You know the one! She's skinny and she has all the friends. I have a copy of the book on file for just this type of thing. I just love books based on movies. Give me a minute. Tell me more.

CELESTE

Well she's not showing yet, but she knows in her heart that she has a baby in her. And she feels so special. And she knows she's going to be remembered. But there are some financial and interpersonal conflicts that are making things a bit difficult.

CINDY

Well most of that wasn't especially helpful information, but here's the book. And let me give you a pamphlet too. Ah!

*She finds a pamphlet, looks up at Celeste
and slowly tears it in half.
She's serious too.*

CINDY

"Just okay" advice.

CELESTE

Okay. Thank you. Thank you very much. This was...very helpful. I'll read the pamphlet.

CINDY

And the book?

CELESTE

And the book.

You really care about me, don't you?

CINDY

I certainly don't.

CELESTE

Oh banter, banter. The end of all talking. Too much banter in the Bible.

CELESTE
'Rosemary's Baby...

*Reading the title of the book as **she** leaves.*

Didi Outside 'Paradise Lost'

Didi is in full drag outside the bar, smoking again.

Chicky comes bounding up. He has a philosophy book in his hands.

CHICKY

Hey! Hey you!

DIDI

Jesus, if it isn't little boy lost.

CHICKY

I saw you out here. I need to ask you something.

DIDI

Spit.

CHICKY

What happened to you?

DIDI

What the hell?

CHICKY

I mean how come you do the things you do? How did you choose?

DIDI

I don't fucking know. What do you want to hear?

"I didn't get enough *love*, I'm sure. Probably something horrible happened to me, right?"

CHICKY

I was just wondering.

...

Did something horrible happen to you?

DIDI

Yes and let me tell you about it *right now*.

CHICKY

...? You're teasing me.

DIDI

I'd never!

CHICKY

Tell me what you believe in.

DIDI

What I believe in? Not much.

Books, maybe. Probably I'll go to Grad school if I can ever get out of here. Be a Joyce scholar or something horrible like that.

CHICKY

Ah. That's cool. But why?

DIDI

Why are you here?

CHICKY

I saw you. I wanted to ask. I've been reading this.

DIDI

Nietzsche. Oh my god.

CHICKY

What?

DIDI

Nothing.

...

...

This is all just a bit *Catcher in the Rye* for me. All of 'this.'

I mean I know you're sad but...

Beat.

CHICKY

Please don't tease me.

DIDI

Aren't you due...elsewhere?

CHICKY

Yeah. Funeral's today.

DIDI

Fuck.

Beat.

Celeste appears somewhere, reading 'Rosemary's Baby'

DIDI

Did you walk across the freeway again?

CHICKY

Yeah.

DIDI

Christ. Go back. I mean don't-, God don't do that again. Didn't anybody ever tell you- No. Nope. Sorry. Not taking...just go back. Bye.

CHICKY

I have to anyway. It's probably time for my reading.

DIDI

You mean it's happening right now?

CHICKY

Yeah?

DIDI

And you just like sprinted across the freeway to ask me a question real quick?

CHICKY

It was important. I don't know a lot of gay people.

DIDI

Oh.

CHICKY

Also. I have this crush on my history teacher. That feels like something I should tell you.

DIDI

Why?

CHICKY

I don't know.

DIDI

Well...I'm glad there's an older man in your life. We all deserve that.

CHICKY

Thanks.

DIDI

Hey. It's not the guy that was here, is it?

CHICKY

...No.

DIDI

Hey. Wait. Nonono.

He goes to leave. Fuck

CHICKY

What?

DIDI

...Fucking look both ways so you don't get pancaked.

Chicky exits.
Didi smokes some more.
A scream from Celeste.
He exits.

Chicky and Celeste Sing a Carol

*Chicky and Celeste somewhere in school. Maybe the playground again.
Celeste's hair covers her face, or she has sunglasses on. She's panicking.*

CELESTE

Chicky!

CHICKY

What the *hell* Celeste? Breathe. Just breathe. I am so certain you are not pregnant with the devil.

CELESTE

I thought...I believed in Miracles. I thought I could change the rules. But it's damned we're all damned. *I'm* damned.

CHICKY

Jesus, *please please*/calm down.

CELESTE

Lord's name!

CHICKY

Don't be-

CELESTE

Something is wrong with me, Chicky. I know it. Oh-don't. Don't. I know you don't think so, but I know. There's poison in me. It's in my lips and my veins and nose and-and I'm just *not good*.

CHICKY

All this over a book, Celeste what- What can I do? What can I-please. Help me.

*In a gesture of tenderness,
Chicky goes to touch her face, revealing a black eye.
Someone's hit her.*

CHICKY

What happened.

CELESTE

What? Nothing. *Nothing* happened.

CHICKY

Who did this to you?

CELESTE

...

CHICKY

Let's go get some ice.

CELESTE

No! Please. Just. Stay.

CHICKY

You're hurt.

CELESTE

Yeah. I'm hurt.

And I'm gonna be Mia Farrow in *Rosemary's Baby*.

CHICKY

You are not gonna be Mia Farrow in *Rosemary's Baby*.

CELESTE

But Ms. Kinneret gave me that book. It's...she has a degree.

CHICKY

Celeste. Just because someone in a position of power tells you something...it doesn't mean you have to believe it.

CELESTE

Yes, it does.

CHICKY

It doesn't.

CELESTE

But then what does that leave us with? If we stop listening to our teachers, then we'll stop listening to our parents and then doctors and lawyers and lawmakers and the next thing you know nobody will have any power. That's the Mansons, Chicky! Anarchy.

CHICKY

Please.

CELESTE

We have to believe *something* to be true. Otherwise our world is annihilated. And I can't take care of myself like that. You can't.

CHICKY

You've let it hurt you. You shouldn't be hurt.

*He touches her face again.
Beat. Beat.*

CELESTE

I'm not stupid, you know. I feel like you think I am. I'm not. I know what's going on. I know it seems crazy to think these things. But I'm not stupid.

CHICKY

Celeste...do you need to come live with me?

CELESTE

You? Oh no. No.

CHICKY

Your-

CELESTE

I said no. Thank you.

Beat.

Once again, Chicky cannot find the right thing to say.

CHICKY

Well...it is awfully...cold...for November.

CELESTE

You've said that already.

CHICKY

Christmas soon.

CELESTE

Not for me.

CHICKY

No?

CELESTE

I mean I've got the Devil inside of me so I don't think I could celebrate. It would be impolite.

CHICKY

Ah. Right.

CELESTE

But I'll miss...I mean I will miss it. The carols. And all.

CHICKY

Well....maybe you'll find a way to...sing them anyway. Come on, let's go get some ice.

Celeste won't move.

CHICKY

Celeste. Please.

She won't move.

CHICKY

Celeste. It looks so painful.

CELESTE

Silent night, Holy night.

All is calm all is bright.

Round yon virgin... (She can't finish)

CHICKY *(ob boy)*

...Mother and child. Holy infant so tender and mild.

CELESTE

Chicky. Can I ask you something? And you can say 'no' but can I please ask?

CHICKY

Of course.

CELESTE

Will you raise this baby with me? Even if it's from Satan.

CHICKY

...

Of course. And we'll love him. Like real parents.

They look at each other and know.

CHICKY/CELESTE

Sleep in heavenly peace.

Sleep in heavenly peace.

Cindy Reveals Her Divinity

Cindy, alone.

It really appears like she's going to give a big monologue.

CINDY

I'm almost certain I have a husband. It's so hard to keep track nowadays. I *am* a Virgo. And we're very independent – so that seems to lend itself-

Chicky enters and interrupts her.

CHICKY

Hey. You. Why'd you tell my friend she was pregnant with the devil?

CINDY

I'm sure I don't know what you mean.

CHICKY

You're not a real psychologist. You're a book critic at best.

CINDY

Of course I'm a real psychologist.

"For the Bible tells me so..."

CHICKY

Nothing you say makes any fucking sense.

CINDY

I find that most things nowadays don't make sense, don't you?

I don't think it's particularly villainous to not make sense, because at least then in a way you've challenged the expectation of you – the expectation being that you will, in fact, make sense.

CHICKY

My friends gonna lose it unless you help her.

CINDY

I'm not in the business of helping people. No, really, I'm not. I'm here to listen and to provide gentle, mediocre advice. You're asking too much.

CHICKY

I don't know why she trusts you– I think it's the degree.

CINDY

Oh, I don't have a degree. I just sort of showed up one day.

CHICKY

What?

CINDY

The desk was empty. Here I am.

CHICKY

Look, I don't care. I don't care how you got this power. You have it. Next time my friend Celeste is in here you need to tell her everything will be alright.

CINDY

More often than not that's a lie. I am not a liar, Mr. Biff, although I've learned that your friend is.

CHICKY

Please *help* her. I care very much about her.

CINDY

If you like her so much why don't you marry her.

CHICKY

You're ridiculous. Fuck you.

CINDY

I am ridiculous. But I have power. I snap my fingers and the clocks melt. Think about that.

You wanna know why your friend trust me, Chicky Baby. You wanna know why I have the power I do?

CHICKY

Tell me.

CINDY

Because I *am* God. I am. God is a woman and she's a school psychologist and she's married to Dick Carpenter.

CHICKY

No.

CINDY

No? Maybe not. Maybe I'm not the old man in the sky. But I am God. Look at my face – my lips, my teeth, my nose, my mouth. Look at my armpits. Look at my hair and my feet. I *am* God. And I think you ought to be nice to me before I begin to become wrathful. Understand?

Chicky and Mr. Bernstein kiss.

CHICKY

...And she slammed the door in my face!

BERNSTEIN

She did? How odd.

CHICKY

Not odd! She's crazy. I hate her, I really do. How anyone could trust that woman with anything is beside me.

BERNSTEIN

Be careful – you're talking about a colleague. She has a degree.

CHICKY

A *deity*, right? She's God and she's married to Dick Carpenter.

BERNSTEIN

Let's just try not to speak unkindly about anyone working at this school.

CHICKY

I'm sorry. I'm just...so tired.

Is there any way of living that doesn't involve me dealing with someone like that again.

BERNSTEIN

Not if you want to stay plugged in to the normal world.

CHICKY

And the alternative?

BERNSTEIN

Insanity.

CHICKY

Like Squeaky Fromme?

BERNSTEIN

Like Squeaky Fromme. Reject structure and go live like a wild-person.

CHICKY

But I guess I wanna know what's so wrong with that! I mean it doesn't seem to matter – she's having a fine time in the courts. Chucking apples and singing songs and all that.

BERNSTEIN

It certainly does matter.

CHICKY

Why?

BERNSTEIN

Because you'll hurt yourself if you live without rules, Louis. Those people always end up hurting themselves. She's gonna go to jail.

CHICKY

But maybe not, Ben! Maybe they'll let her off.

BERNSTEIN

Mr. Bernstein.

CHICKY

Ben! Ben Ben Ben! It doesn't matter! They're gonna let Squeaky go free! I could kill you or myself and it wouldn't matter!

BERNSTEIN

Calm down.

CHICKY

It doesn't!

BERNSTEIN

This is about your brother.

CHICKY

Yeah no shit. But here's the thing – who cares *what* it's about. Everyone's gonna die or buy a car or pretend to be happy anyway. I mean why even try.

BERNSTEIN

That's fine. That's fine. Just calm down.

CHICKY

I don't know how to live as myself anymore.

BERNSTEIN

Let me help you. Please. I know your scared. I know you're in crisis.

CHICKY

Oh great. "Crisis"

BERNSTEIN

You're in a period of immense grief.

CHICKY

And you think I'm gonna go crazy and do something destructive. Yeah. I've heard it before. Thanks.

BERNSTIEN

I just meant –

CHICKY

He's dead, yeah? I know that. Everyone does. There's nothing left to do about it except be a selfish bastard and figure out what will make *me* whole again.

BERNSTEIN

That's fine. But look to the people around you for help – you have Ms. Kinneret and your parents and your friends here at school.

CHICKY

And you?

BERNSTEIN

Yes. Of course. I'm here for you too.

CHICKY

You're afraid of me.

BERNSTIEN

That's absurd. Of course I'm not.

CHICKY

You don't know what I'm going to do next. You think I'm a loose cannon.

BERNSTEIN

That's not true. People who are grieving – well, they often are very destructive to themselves. I only worry for how you're coping.

CHICKY

I have a secret about you and you find that fact irresistible.

BERNSTIEN

That's inappropriate.

CHICKY

Is it? I guess I just haven't learned enough from you yet. Teach me?

*To his great surprise, **Bernstein** kisses him.*

Chicky Remembers Ed

CHICKY

I lost my virginity to a boy named Ed at summer camp about two year ago. We were in the same cabin. He had black hair. And blue eyes. I think they were blue. It wasn't...great. But he was wonderful.

I remember one night they showed us this movie – totally inappropriate in retrospect – but it had all kinds of blood and gore. And there was a moment when the entire screen was filled with carnage and body parts. And it suddenly occurred to me that the world had no meaning. All this blood and violence was more or less a global retching – a vomiting out of all the hidden inner ugliness of the universe. And it sat there, stewing in its own filth, growing moldy and horrible with decay. I panicked and I looked around. And without saying a word to him, Ed knew. He went up to me and held me. For a long time. And tight.

I never spoke to him after that summer. I always wanted to write him a letter...but I could never find the words.

Chicky and Didi again.

*Behind the gay bar. Didi exits to the outside.
Chicky is waiting for him.*

DIDI

Jesus you scared me.

CHICKY

I thumbed it here. They wouldn't let me in cause I'm not twenty-one.

DIDI

...Okay?

CHICKY

I'm doing it. I'm kissing my teacher.

DIDI

Oh.

Long silence. Shit.

DIDI

Really?

CHICKY

Yeah. He's really cute and I think he's a top.

DIDI

Ohmygodohmygod. Don't you have somebody else to talk to about this?

CHICKY

He's the one I talk to about most things now.

DIDI

Do your parents know?

CHICKY

They wouldn't get it anyway. We're living life outside their rules. We're living more free. Like the Mansons.

DIDI

I think it's fucked up that you're kissing your teacher.

CHICKY

He understands me.

DIDI

I said it once I'll say it again - I don't want to be responsible for 'this'.
I feel like I should call the cops.

CHICKY

Don't. I'm fine.

DIDI

Yeah?

CHICKY

Yeah.

DIDI

You sure?

CHICKY

Really.

DIDI

You reading any more Nietzsche?

CHICKY

I kinda stopped with that stuff. I have an answer now, you know.

DIDI

"Hello, 911."

CHICKY

Shut-up. I have an act too. Do you think you could get me an audition?

DIDI

So you can run away?

CHICKY

Maybe.

DIDI

...fine.

CHICKY

Fuck yeah. Thanks.

Beat. He goes to leave.

DIDI

You know, baby. I look at people like you and I can't help but wonder why you choose me as the culpable party. It's not the first time it's happened to me. Why?

CHICKY

Calm down. It's not the first time I've been with an older man.

DIDI

I look at you and I wonder. And I see...but. Well.
How was the funeral, baby?

CHICKY

What?

DIDI

How was your brother's funeral?

CHICKY

Well the Priest said "he'll probably go to heaven" so we're basically good. Excuse me.

Chicky leaves.

DIDI (*Half-heartedly*)

Hey don't kiss your teacher! Stop! No! Don't!
Jesus Christ.
Jesus Fucking Christ.

Celeste Prays to Rosemary

CELESTE

Hi Rosemary it is Celeste Cunningham and I need you to send me money immediately this is not a scam please help me. Also how long is a person pregnant before they show. Also, how can I tell for sure if it's the devil. Please please please tell me.

Signed with love. Celeste.

*She has places to be.
Motherfucking goddamnit she forgot again.*

CELESTE

CUNNINGHAM!

Chicky and Mr. Bernstein make a decision.

BERNSTEIN

This is...different.

CHICKY

Is it really, Ben?

BERNSTEIN

The choice is more...the implications are greater. Morally, I mean. Legally.

CHICKY

I've been with older men before, Ben. I have.

BERNSTEIN

It was different when we were just kissing.

CHICKY

I think I've decided on a philosophy. And I think the philosophy is that morality doesn't exist.

BERNSTEIN

That's...interesting.

CHICKY

I think morality is a convenient fiction we tell ourselves because we're afraid of what we really want.

BERNSTIEN

Freudian.

CHICKY

Yeah, probably. Why name it? I don't think there really are any rules.

BERNSTEIN

I'm not sure I agree. There is connotation. Taboo.

CHICKY

Who gives a fuck about taboo!

BERNSTEIN

Well, the law, for one. The public. Think of...well we keep hearing about the trial, right? And she technically didn't do anything *morally* wrong – waving a piece of metal around isn't inherently bad – but they're probably going to jail her for the rest of her life because of what she did. He was the president. That metal was a gun. Connotation. Decorum. .

CHICKY

But they're only caring about the time and place you're in. Some things transcend that. Love, for example.

BERNSTEIN

Um.

CHICKY

And just because what you do seems wrong at the time, you have to carry that special, secret knowledge with you that everything you do is in actuality, in the grander scheme of things, not that bad.

BERNSTEIN

The morality of the now is heavy, Chicky.

CHICKY

But it's nothing. It's nothing compared to eternity. And the secret is – there is none. It doesn't matter. None of it does. Fuck me.

Micro-beat.

Bernstein *kisses him, hard*

Final Confession

CELESTE

Hi Father. I think this might be the last time you see me here.

CHICKY

Long time no see.

CELESTE

I mean, can you see me? Through the curtain? You've never say anything. I just sort of make up penance for myself.

CHICKY

I'm getting fucked on the regular by my history teacher, now.

CELESTE

Would you abort the devil if he was inside you, Father?

CHICKY

And it's rough. The sex.

CELESTE

No. No. Of course. Not. I sorry I said that. I don't know why.

CHICKY

I don't know why I'm back here, really.

CELESTE/CHICKY

I'm desperate.

CHICKY

Theoretically – what would I have to do to make up for all this?

CELESTE

Father? Hello? Father?

*They wait.
They wait.
They wait.*

Heart of Darkness

Chicky catches Cindy somewhere.

CHICKY

That fucking chapel needs repairs. I'm pretty sure Father Murphy can't hear through the box. Also my friend is still pregnant. And, hey! I'm fucking one of the teachers here.

CINDY

I'm not speaking to you.

CHICKY

Fuckin' hell.

CINDY

Me! Me! Me! You do nothing but complicate my life.

CHICKY

Did you hear what I said before? I'm *fucking* a teacher here.

CINDY

Why are you telling me this?

CHICKY

I don't even know anymore. To shock you? What do you think about it?

CINDY

I think I'm too tired and not drunk enough to deal with this shit. Here – I'll give you a copy of The Graduate – saved just for special cases like this. Maybe that'll help you.

CHICKY

Thanks. I think. And fuck you.

He goes to leave.

CINDY

Oh Chicky? The chapel's been empty for years. Father Murphy is long dead. We just send kids there to 'get it all out.'

CHICKY

Great.

CHICKY

Oh, and Chicky? One more thing.

This acting out has got to stop. Your brother died – boo fuckin' hoo. Flying around here like a crazy person is tacky and frankly it makes people not want to help you. I don't feel sorry for you. Get your shit together, kid.

Celeste Catches Chicky and Mr. Bernstein

*Chicky and Mr. Bernstein kissing.
Celeste walks in, still holding Rosemary's Baby.*

CELESTE

Chicky? Chicky? I need-
Oh my god.

CHICKY

Celeste. Hello. /How interesting that you are...seeing this.

BERNSTEIN

Please don't tell anyone. Oh God. I'll lose my job.

CELESTE

I don't understand. I don't-what is this?

CHICKY

Oh loosen up Celeste. There are exceptions to the rules.

CELESTE

I don't.

CHICKY

There are *no* rules.

CELESTE

I...

CHICKY

Don't tell anyone. Please. We're in love.

BERNSTEIN

I mean--

CELESTE

But you're...you're gay? How are you going to raise the baby?

BERNSTIEN

You have a baby with this girl?

CELESTE

What even do you teach?

CHICKY

It's not like that honey. I'm helping her out. Her family's nuts.

CELESTE

My family is *not* nuts. How could you say something like that?

BENRSTEIN

Is the baby yours? How come you didn't tell me—

CHICKY

I didn't...come on Celeste, I didn't mean it—

CELESTE

I can't let a...a faggot raise the son of god! That's what you are...a faggot! Both of you are fucking-fucking-fucking faggots.

BERNSTEIN

Son of God?

CHICKY

Where did you even hear that language?

CELESTE

Oh-oh where do you *think* Chicky? Where do you fucking think I heard this-

BERNSTIEN

Did you say son of god?

CELESTE

My baby is special.

CHICKY

Oh so he's special again? Isn't that convenient, cause last I heard he was the devil and last I checked he was nonexistent.

CELESTE

You were supposed to be there for me, Louis. You were supposed to help me!

You're going to hell. You're both going to hell. You're just like the rest of them, Chicky – you'd put me in danger. You don't care about my baby. You're a-a-a fucking faggot.

CHICKY

You know what I think, baby doll?! I think maybe he *is* real. I think maybe he's your daddy's little boy and you're/just covering up the fallout.

CELESTE

Oh *fuck* you, you sonofabitch. Fuck you! I hate you. I hate you so much.

BERNSTEIN

Everybody calm down.

CELESTE

And you! And-and you! He's seventeen, by the way. I'm sure-I'm sure you knew *that*. My friend. My-
Oh God. It's all the same, isn't it? People like you. The same story again and again and again. Just
dressed differently. Only guess what Chicky! You fuck this guy and you can't get pregnant.

BERNSTEIN

Leave.

CHICKY

Celeste I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Let me-

CELESTE

I'm not crazy, you know. I'm not stupid.
But I think you are. I hope you burn.
I hope you both burn.

Chicky Writes to Ed

CHICKY

Dear Ed,

I'm sorry I haven't written you since our time together that summer. I just haven't been able to find the words. Two years feels far away now, farther than I thought it would.

I won't waste your time, Ed. I'm writing to tell you something and to ask you a favor. I'll start with the first.

I've changed. I...um...I feel like I have to tell you that because it's kind of colored a lot of the things that led up to this letter. I'm a little scared that if you were to see me again, you wouldn't recognize me. I'm scared, too, that I wouldn't recognize you.

And so I don't think I can ever see you again. And it's not to say that I won't miss you. And it's not to say that I don't love you. But if I saw you again and you were different...different than from that summer, I think I'd die.

Sometimes changed, Ed. Something's wrong. I think-

I think I terrorize the people I love because I don't know how to love them. Celeste. My Parents. Craig.

And I don't really deserve the chance anymore, do I? So I've decided to just...commit...whole hog. Like certain figures in the media. Just commit to causing chaos, because I seem to do it so well anyway.

And so, I have a request. If you...if you hear about me on the news or anything, I want you to forget it.

I sometimes...I often think the past is more exciting than the present. And I hope that someday we can be there together. Until then I have to say goodbye.

Love,

Louis

He dons a red cape – the cape Lynette Fromme wore when she tried to assassinate Ford.

Chicky Flies

Mr. Bernstein at his desk.

Chicky appears in his Squeaky Fromme cape.

BERNSTEIN

Leave.

CHICKY

Hi.

BERNSTEIN

Please leave.

Chicky doesn't.

BENRSTEIN

A cape? Really?

CHICKY

I'm Squeaky Fromme.

BERNSTEIN

Ah. Right.

*Chicky just stands there.
Bernstein is a little afraid.*

BERNSTEIN

The...uh...deliberations have started. You hear? Jury's disappeared. And now we wait. For the final decision.

CHICKY

Please. They decided a long time ago.

BERSTIEN

Why are you here?

CHICKY

To kill you. I'm kidding. Um. I just thought-I'm running away. I don't know. I'm gonna make some money and buy a bus ticket. Go somewhere warm. California. See if I can...find a new family. And I thought you might. Come with.

BERNSTEIN

It was stupid of you to think that.

CHICKY

It's...I'm not mad at you. Just so you know. I don't care that people know.

BERNSTEIN (*Quickly*)

Who knows?

CHICKY

Oh. Uh. I just meant...Celeste.

BERNSTEIN

And you haven't...uh.

CHICKY

No. You're not the first older man I've been with.

BERNSTEIN

You're not the first younger man *I've* been with.

Beat. Woof.

CHICKY

Ben?

BERNSTEIN

Mr. Bernstein.

CHICKY

Are you coming?

BERNSTEIN (*Obviously 'no'*)

To California?

CHICKY

I could tell people. I could.

BERNSTEIN

Goodbye, Mr. Biff.

CHICKY

I'm joining the Manson family. I could tell Charles Manson all about *you*. He'll kick your ass.

BERNSTEIN

I'd start by telling your parents, Mr. Biff.

CHICKY

Fuck you.

BERNSTEIN

I have papers to grade. We're talking Watergate. Goodbye.

CHICKY

Ben?

*Bernstein won't look at him.
He leaves.*

Celeste Kills Cindy

Cindy's office. Celeste enters.

CELESTE

Hi. I'm back. I'm not going to lie this time. I did the reading you assigned. I've been praying to Rosemary every night. I know now that my friend is pregnant with the devil. And I need to know what's next?

CINDY

What?

CELESTE

You're all that's left. I said goodbye to Father Murphy. My friend is a faggot. And my other friend...oh screw it, *I'm* pregnant with the Devil. What's next?

CINDY

Did you just say 'screw it'?

CELESTE

I think I'm going to run away.

CINDY

You know I can't help but feel responsible for all of this.

CELESTE

Oh *no*. It's...it's my fault. The good book told me.

CINDY

The Bible?

CELESTE

This! You gave it to me.

CINDY

Rosemary's Baby? Did I?
You really do believe what I say, don't you?

CELESTE

Shouldn't I?

CINDY

I don't think so. I don't really believe most of the things I say.

CELESTE

I don't understand.

CINDY

Look Cora—

CELESTE

Celeste

CINDY

No, my name's Cindy.

CELESTE

Oh. I'm...never mind.

CINDY

Look Cora. You want me to tell you what to do? You want me to fix your life – I can't.

I can't even give you good advice, really. I'm sorry about that. I don't really feel badly, but I'll say that I'm sorry. If you're pregnant or your friend is pregnant – that's their business. Not mine. Leave me out of it.

CELESTE

But it's...it's your job to help me. I mean you set me on to all of this.

CINDY

Read my lips. I'm. Bored. With. Broken. Toys.
Look.

*Cindy takes Rosemary's Baby.
She tears it in half.*

CELESTE

Why did you-! Ms. Kinneret. I can't. I don't have the...*stuff*...to handle what is happening to me. It is in your title that you will fix me. Help me.

CINDY

It's in my title that I'll listen to you.

CELESTE

Please *help* me.

CINDY

I'll try but I'll probably fail. I'm not a very good psychologist.

CELESTE

That seems clear.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry I said that.

Ms. Kineret – I'm pregnant with a baby. God's or Satan's, who knows? But I can't do it by myself. And my life is...I don't know what I'll do.

CINDY

I wish you hadn't told me that. Now there are all kinds of things I've got to do.

CELESTE

But it's your job! It's your job to do them!

CINDY *(At last a vengeful God)*

You want to hear a hard truth, baby? Nobody really wants to help you. I don't want to help you. Strangers don't want to help you. Even your friends don't want to help you. We'd much rather relish in watching you absolutely fall apart. The only reason anyone helps anyone is either because they get paid to or they feel bad if they don't – which is more often than not a symptom of the great sickness of religion.

CELESTE

Fuck. You.

CINDY

Sing out, Louise!

*During the following **Celeste** pounces on **Cindy** and begins to strangle her.*

CELESTE

Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! Help me! Help me! Somebody help me.

***Cindy** dies.*

***Celeste** takes a long moment.*

She picks up the torn book, clutches it close to her.

She looks through Cindy's rolodex. Oh my!

She dials.

CELESTE

Hi! I'd like to speak to Ms. Farrow please. Oh, as soon as possible. This is terribly urgent. Look I...I'm with her children's school. There's been some terrible news. I need to speak to her right away. Right away.

Hi Mia. It's me, Celeste. Yes, you remember me...oh no?

Okay. Look, bitch. I am pregnant with Satan's child and I need some help. What happened to you after the movie? I mean how did you raise that kid? What? What do you mean that was a story? It's *all* stories Mia. Life is stories. I'm going to the super market – that's a story. I am pregnant – another story. Now you tell me. I need to know *now* how you raised a baby with Satan as the daddy.

Fine! Call the police! Do it. See if they can find me. See if they'll arrest someone carrying the devil's kid!

***She** hangs up the phone.*

Feels her stomach.

Nobody left. She takes some money from Ms. Kineret's purse. She's all alone. And it's sort of horrible. And sort of beautiful.

Chicky Gets Ready to Perform

Chicky and Didi.
Chicky is in his "Squeaky Fromme" costume.
He's a mess.

DIDI

Well if it isn't tonight's auditioner. You nervous?

CHICKY

...

DIDI

Chicky? You hear me, Chicky? You look like shit.

CHICKY

I am just fine, thank you. I think I'm chaos now. Chaos.
Are you shocked by me?

DIDI

What's the cape for?

CHICKY

I'm Squeaky Fromme.

DIDI

No kidding. You're nuts.

CHICKY

Yeah.

DIDI

They're still deliberating. Been forever.

CHICKY

She got let off.

DIDI

Oh, they announced it?

CHICKY

She's here. You're looking at her.

DIDI

Ha! Very good. You're gonna knock em' dead.

CHICKY

Charles Manson is coming tonight. To watch me.

DIDI

Yeah?

CHICKY

He called me and told me. He's gonna come watch the show tonight and then he's gonna take me away. To California where it's warm. And we'll go be chaos together.

DIDI

Right.

CHICKY

I killed Gerry Ford.

DIDI

What?

CHICKY

Right before I came here. And I killed my parents. And Mr. Bernstein.

DIDI

Chicky?

CHICKY

I had to finish the job with Ford. Somebody did. I don't know where I got the gun.

DIDI

I mean about those other people.

CHICKY

The truth is often hard to understand. My psychologist said that.

DIDI

And what is the truth?

CHICKY

I'm sure I don't know. I know Charlie's coming. And Ford's dead. Definitely dead.

DIDI

Definitely dead and you killed him.

CHICKY

Yeah. But he had it coming.

DIDI

What about-

CHICKY

And I killed The Carpenters. And Mia Farrow. And Harold Pinter ...so.

DIDI

What is this? You didn't really *do* anything, did you?

CHICKY

I guess we'll just have to see if the cops show up.

DIDI

You're saying some pretty serious shit.

CHICKY

I *am* some pretty serious shit.

DIDI

You wouldn't hurt a fly.

CHICKY

I would and I have.

DIDI (*At once full of wrath*)

You know what, Chicky. That's it. That's enough.

I didn't want to be involved but I guess I will simply have to excuse the rule. Look at me. No, *look* at me. What is happening. Act like a fucking *human* being.

CHICKY (*weakly*)

I killed the President.

DIDI

Nobody will love you if you keep acting unlovable.

CHICKY

FUCK YOU.

Beat.

CHICKY

I got booted out. Everyone's as good as dead.

DIDI

But they're...?

CHICKY

Yeah. Fuckin' yeah. Someone's gotta teach the Watergate unit, right? Someone's gotta arrange Craig's memorial fund.

DIDI

You can't say such horrible things. You just can't. It's ugly. It makes you seem like...someone you're not.

CHICKY

But were you shocked by me?

Beat. Didi composes himself.

DIDI

I don't think people know how lonely it is, being a queer.
And I don't think anyone ever really could. Boo-hoo, right? But you're spinning somewhere between
real and not. And so you become art. I mean that's what you have to do. Not an artist. Art yourself.
A painting. A piece of glass. Empty. Put meaning on me, baby
You get it?

CHICKY

Stop trying to save my life.

DIDI

Isn't that what you wanted?

CHICKY

I want Charles Manson to come rescue me.

DIDI

You've just gotten lost. That's all. We all do.

CHICKY

I got discarded. I keep getting discarded.
God keeps toppling from the sky.

DIDI

So stop looking! Charlie Manson is locked away in prison. Just like he should be.

CHICKY

Not for long, he—

DIDI

I think you're alone right now, Chicky. I think you always, always were. And it's okay. But you've got
to keep on...living in the world. You can't just decide God is gone and it's time to join a fucking
cult.

CHICKY

I have to go on.

*And he wants to cry.
But instead he says-*

CHICKY

Wait for me, Duncan? After the show?

DIDI

Anything for you, little boy lost.

Chicky exits

Celeste Departs

*Celeste is on a Greyhound Bus.
She has blood smeared on her face.
She speaks calmly. She's leaving now. Going somewhere lovely.*

CELESTE

I think people can be still-born too.

I think that there are certain people who are born into a system of rules and regulations that will ultimately destroy them. And it's nothing but incompatible doctrine. Numbers. It's all numbers and chance. And that makes them disappear piece by piece.

I also think if we are to acknowledge the power of God and the power of good in the world, we must agree that there is an equally potent power in evil. And so if a person should go whole-hog, as it were, in the system of good and end up nowhere – well, it only makes sense that they should next try their hand in the system of evil. Because I think ultimately the people operating in the system of good and the people operating in the system of evil are really running in parallel lines to each other.

And the goal is more or less the same.

It's just something I've been thinking about.

Chicky Performs

*Chicky onstage at the club. He's a mess.
He's dressed like Squeaky Fromme. Music begins.*

CHICKY

I'd like to dedicate this song to Charlie Manson.
He's gonna pick me up and I'm gonna go live on the ranch after this.
It's true. Probably.

*During the song, **Mr. Bernstein** appears in the audience.*

***Chicky** sees him.*

*Eventually **Chicky** begins to fall apart a bit.*

Maybe people begin to catcall him.

***Didi** doesn't help, but **Didi** doesn't NOT help.*

CHICKY

*There's a saying old, says that love is blind
Still we're often told, seek and ye shall find
So I'm going to seek a certain lad I've had in mind*

*Looking everywhere, haven't found him yet
He's the big affair I cannot forget
Only man I ever think of with regret*

*I'd like to add his initial to my monogram
Tell me, where is the shepherd for this lost lamb*

*There's a somebody I'm longin' to see
I hope that he turns out to be
Someone who'll watch over me*

*I'm a little lamb who's lost in the wood
I know I could, always be good
To one who'll watch over me*

*Although he may not be the man
Some girls think of as handsome
To my heart he carries the key*

*Won't you tell him please to put on some speed
Follow my lead, oh, how I need
Someone to watch over me
Someone to watch over me*

After the Show

Chicky outside of the club.

He's got a cigarette, but no lighter.

Didi appears.

He sits next to Chicky.

DIDI

Well. The girls and I talked. We're not gonna hire you.

CHICKY

...

DIDI

They saw your I.D. – you're a little young.

Also that was a mess.

CHICKY

...

DIDI

But you were...great.

CHICKY

...

DIDI

Louis?

CHICKY

Read the verdict?

DIDI

Squeaky? Guilty. Obviously.

CHICKY

Obviously

...

...

...

You know I remember once I was at a block party...

The Stinton's had just moved into the house next door - and they were serving this awful red wine.

It was salty. I swear to god it was. I wasn't technically allowed any, of course, because at the time people cared about that sort of thing.

But I remember stealing a glass while Mrs. Stinton wasn't looking, and sipping the wine and hating it. And later, much later on in the evening, I saw a full glass someone had set down and when nobody was looking I pushed it right up to the edge of the linoleum countertop. And of course

eventually one of the neighbor ladies bumped the glass with her elbow and the whole thing went spilling onto the shag rug and created this huge mess. And I watched as everyone scrambled and squatted down in their cocktail dresses, trying to clean that which could not be cleaned.

It occurred to me then that God was a gambler, if he existed, and if you tempted him he would destroy you. Do you know what I mean? The universe, if given the opportunity, will tip the glass. All you have to do is push it to the edge.

I don't think it's at all shameful to be a nut or to be a deviant in any way. To be like that Because it shows everyone that you took the chance of playing with God. And because of it you've entered another realm, a realm of being unknown to the housewives and the dental assistants and the people who go home to the same house every day.

You're living in un-lived-in world, maybe unloved, but new. So new. And even though there will always be an ugly red-wine stain on you, you've found a new place to be in and a new life - and you've found spring, in your own way, by allowing the universe to take its natural course and to destroy you beyond recognition - only to be reborn again.

DIDI

Yeah. Okay. Come inside.

CHICKY

I'm gonna stay.

He might come.

I don't wanna miss hm.

DIDI

Charlie?

CHICKY

...Craig. My brother.

Beat.

DIDI

It's going to snow tonight. Come inside. It's freezing.

CHICKY

Yes.

DIDI

'Yes, I said. Yes, I will. Yes.'

CHICKY

I don't understand.

DIDI

Me neither. Come on.

CHICKY

Give me a moment. Light?

***Didi** lights his cigarette and leaves.
Chicky sits and listens.
Somewhere far away, a police siren.
There's a church nearby, and you can barely hear the people singing 'Silent Night.'
Chicky smokes.
Maybe he cries.
He waits.
He waits.
He waits.
The night is cold and very still.
He rises.*

END PLAY