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CANADIAN THEATRE REVIEW

Performance Tirades

Tanya Mars

Barbara Fischer

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Stelarc

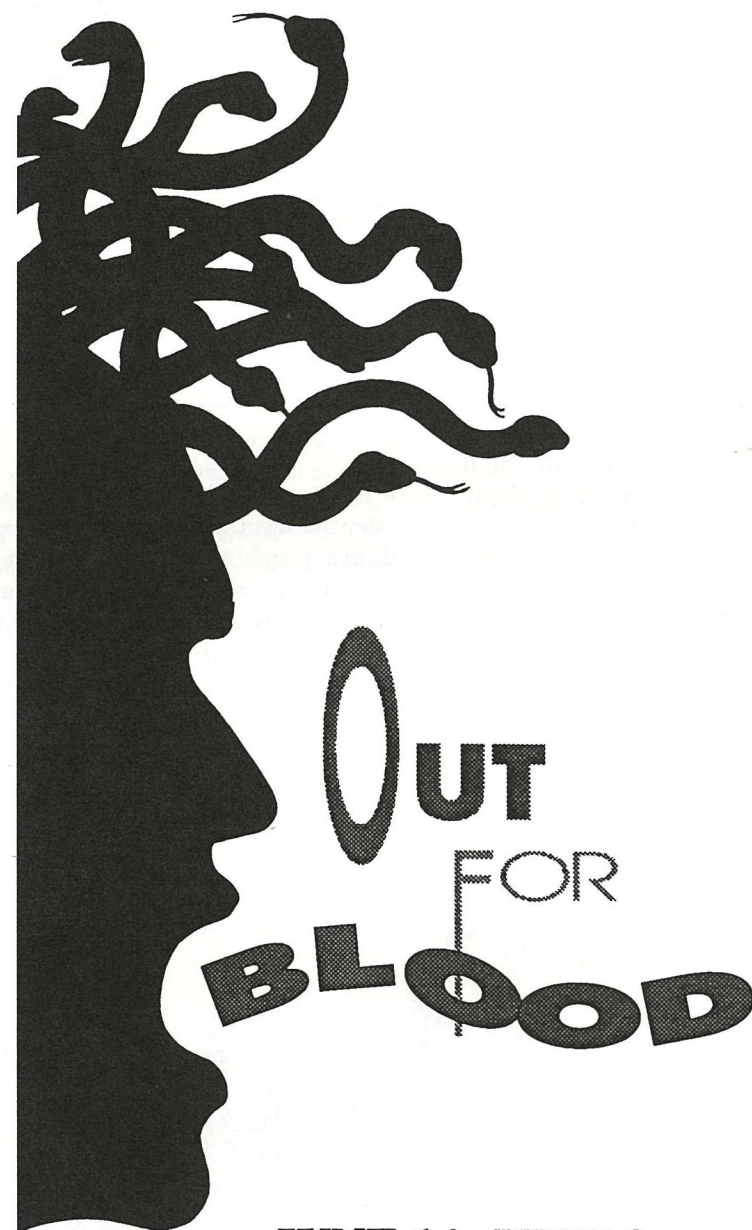
Louise Ethel Liliefeldt

Romy Shiller

Script: *Out For Blood*
by The Clichettes



The Clichettes



JUNE 14-JULY 8



125 Bathurst St. 864-9971

Out for Blood in context

Toronto, 1978: The Clichettes start as a joke. Around the time four independent choreographers (Elizabeth Chitty, Louise Garfield, Janice Hladki and Johanna Householder) began working on simulating the moves and emotional attitude of rock and roll, the late David Buchan invited them to perform as part of the "Fruit Cocktails" lip sync review at the 5th Network/Cinquième Réseau Video Conference. Rising to the occasion, they turned the repressed hystrionics of Lesley Gore's 60s hit, "You Don't Own Me", into a rampage of sexual anger. The house came down.

Realizing they'd struck a nerve while giving birth to themselves, The Clichettes expanded their investigations into the pop cultural repertoire – performing girl group stuff from the early 60s like "Maybe" (The Three Degrees), "Too Many Fish in the Sea" (The Marvellettes), "Seaman" (Lolita), and "Past, Present and Future" (The Shangri-Las) at bars, benefits, art parties and cabarets. Elizabeth moved on soon after, but Janice, Johanna and Louise persisted in developing their simulacrum. They became almost completely identified as the fictitious girl group they had created: The Clichettes.

While our personae were rooted in the girl groups of 60s pop music, our interest from the beginning was in the ironic possibilities of the lyrics recontextualized by a feminist vision. We had no desire to pursue careers as nostalgia mongers. Instead, we had discovered that lip sync was an amazingly effective device with which to approach political commentary. We soon understood that by framing the lip sync "numbers" in the dramatic devices of plot and character we could expand upon their satirical intentions. The resources of theatre offered a route along which to pursue our goal of distanced cultural commentary.

As independent choreographers and performers, we were part of a dance vanguard that drew upon and combined a variety of disciplines and media in the creation of dance/performance – film, video, text, and theatrical effects. This openness to other fields as sources and the collaborative process

necessary for interdisciplinary work had been our method for several years. And so we found, when we came to write the first play, that we were ill-suited to the hierarchies of theatre and that we were committed to the collaborative approach which we had developed and subsequently maintained (at some cost) throughout our twelve year history.

The first full-length production *Half-Human, Half-Heartache* (1979-81) was written with the now famous Marni Jackson. *Half-Human, Half-Heartache* developed as a sci-fi allegory of our experiences growing up female in the early 60s. Its epicentre was the love/hate relationship we had with the emotional landscape of 60s girl group music.

In it we played sonic engineers from the planet More (making us Morons) who while combing the galaxy for the sound waves necessary for reproduction on their planet, stumble onto a fertile sound frequency from Earth. The three Morons travel to the source: the studios of Tamla Motown in Detroit City. Disguised as The Clichettes, they become internationally successful "singers", but are gradually poisoned – transformed by the music that they mouth, into boy-crazy ultra-girls. Ultimately they die.

Having done girls to death, we collaborated with Marni Jackson again to take on masculinity in *She Devils of Niagara* (1985). It was set in a Niagara Falls of the future, during Monogender, an all-male regime under which government labs control the means of reproduction, and sex is verboten. Males of the species are dying out and the remaining biological women must pose as Mock-Men (under the surveillance of the Gender Police) to replace them. The Clichettes are Mock-Men struggling to conform while eking out livings as nightclub performers and wax museum attendants. But Lou falls in love with her pet turtle (he reciprocates); Jo stirs up history in the wax museum (Castro through McLuhan via Gandhi and Mother Teresa); and Jan illegally reinvents sex in her underground laboratory. We sacrifice ourselves by going over the Falls in barrels of D.N.eh?

Driven by the desire to put on ever stranger costumes, in *Up Against the Wallpaper* (1988) we were the set – the walls

and the furniture (lamp, shag rug, vacuum cleaner, and bean bag chair) of the last house in Toronto selling for under \$500,000. A scathing look at the housing crisis (read real estate bonanza), *Up Against the Wallpaper* was written with Kate Lushington and produced by Nightwood Theatre. This show was designed by three artists: sculptor Renee Van Halm; performance artist/filmmaker Frances Leeming, and designer Shawn Kerwin. (All three received Dora nominations for their work.)

Which brings us to work number four: *Out for Blood*. Originally an attempt to recoup the horror genre by feminizing classic horror icons (*The Mummy*), *Out for Blood* became an essay on female monstrosity. Working with director/dramaturge Peter Hinton, the work evolved into

“a psychedelic romp through women’s rage” in which revenge, remorselessness and megalomania – Medusa, the snake-haired Gorgon of Greek mythology; Patty McCormack, the murderous child star of the 1956 movie, *The Bad Seed*; and Bernardine Dohrn, a founding member of the revolutionary 60s terrorist cadre, the Weather Underground – might be seen as aspects of a feminine identity.

The play looks at the mediation of women by the constructs of mythology, Hollywood and the 6 o’clock news (not to overlook popular music). We know these characters only through mediating sources. They have been defined for us and for themselves. Their struggle is to break out of these limiting constructs and to come to and bring us to new knowledge. It’s a comedy. □

The Clichettes ready to perform *Out for Blood*. The costumes designed by Stephanie Tjelios picked up the images of horror icons. Seen here, an innocent-seeming Patty (Johanna Householder) with blonde braids menacingly clutching the Ken doll; the threatening Medusa (Louise Garfield), resplendent in a taffeta evening gown, reptile skin cummerbund, and mitre-like headdress, managing her snake; and in the aggressive stance of the revolutionaries of the sixties, Bernardine (Janice Hladki) in a fringed vest, miniskirt, headband and boots.

PHOTO: DAVID HLYNSKY



OUT FOR BLOOD

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Written by: **The Clichettes:**
Louise Garfield
Janice Hladki
Johanna Householder

Directed by: **Peter Hinton**
 Dramaturge: **Peter Hinton**

Set Design: **Glenn Davidson**
 Costume Design: **Stephanie Tjelios**
 Light & Sound Design: **Michel Charbonneau**
 Wig Design: **Bill Coukell**
 Medusa’s Headpiece: **Grace Nakatsu**

Publicist: **John Karastamatis**
 Graphic Design: **Doug Quiring**
 Photographer: **David Hylinsky**

Assistant Director: **Melissa Graham**
 Production manager: **Deborah Ratelle**

Producer: **Iris Turcott**

Out for Blood was performed at the Factory Theatre Studio Café, Toronto, June 14 to July 8, 1990.

THE CAST

Louise Garfield: Medusa, Julie, Kathy Boudin, Second Cop.

Janice Hladki: Bernardine Dohrn, Euryale, Third Cop, Rainbow.

Johanna Householder: Patty McCormack, Athene, First Cop, Mark Rudd.

Peter Hinton: Most of the men (Poseidon, Claude Daigle, Riot Cop, Billy Ayers, Napoleon, Dad, Perseus, FBI agent).

Caution: Copyright 1990 Louise Garfield, Janice Hladki, and Johanna Householder. This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all countries of the Copyright Union and all performances are subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without the written consent of the authors. Right to produce, film, or record, in any medium, in any language, by any group, are retained by the authors. For permission and terms, please contact The Clichettes, c/o Johanna Householder, 40 Fernbank Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6H 1W2.

ABOUT THE CAST

Medusa

Probably most familiar to modern audiences as the snake-haired Gorgon in *The Perseus Myth*, Medusa was famous in pre-Hellenic times as the Triple Goddess. She and her sisters were queens of what is now Libya. Medusa (whose name means knowledge) and her sisters, Stheno (strength) and Euryale (wide-roaming) represent aspects of the very Moon itself. The usurpation of their knowledge and power is at the foundation of the patriarchy.

Bernardine Dohrn

A graduate of the University of Chicago law school, Bernardine was elected Interorganizational Secretary of the Students for a Democratic Society in 1968 and was an initiator of the move toward political violence. A founding member of the Weatherman faction, Bernardine went underground in 1970 after three Weathermen were killed manufacturing bombs. She continued to mastermind “terrorist” actions and became a destabilizing force on the American left. While underground, she and Billy Ayers had two children, Zayeed and Malick, named after Malcolm X. She negotiated her way above ground in 1980. The authors acknowledge that liberties have been taken with her story.

Patty McCormack

Patty is of course best known for her definitive performance as Rhoda, the young murderer, in *The Bad Seed*, the play by Maxwell Anderson. She recreated her Broadway role in the film version in 1956. Her icy demeanour did not lend itself well to the Hollywood aesthetic, and after making *The Mimi-Skirt Mob* in 1968 – “they play around with murder like they play around with men” – Patty drifted into obscurity.

Most of the Men

Mythical figures, world conquerors, radical guys, playmates and police agents, no role is beyond the grasp of men. Shadowy figures, they often overshadow others with whom they design to share the stage. But we love them anyway.

Editorial note: Ellipses indicate the continuation of the song in performance. All photos in the script are from the archival production video.

With the sounds or voices of (in order of appearance):

Barry McGuire	Ralph Curtis
Carmina Burana	Peggy Lee
Eartha Kitt	The Buffalo Springfield
Janis Joplin	Ravi Shankar
It’s a Small World	Barry White
The Who	Skeeter Davis
Dusty Springfield	Foggy Mountain Breakdown
The Beacon St Union	Melanie
Purple Haze	Bob Dylan

.....
PROLOGUE
.....

AUDIO: EVE OF DESTRUCTION by Barry McGuire runs under voiceover

VOICEOVER OF BERNARDINE: Did you get all of that? Did you get all the stuff about the Days of Rage and about urban guerrilla warfare and what has to be done now – by any means necessary? Are you listening to me?! Don't look at my legs, asshole, or I'll wrap them around your neck and twist your head off! You take my story, my history, and you write it up good. Honky Amerika is going to have to wake up to a nightmare. To... me.

BLACKOUT.

AUDIO: CARMINA BURANA runs throughout

Three spots come up and go out by turns. As the spot comes up on each, she sticks out her tongue.

1 – MEDUSA with her snakes on the rock.

2 – BERNARDINE on the bridge.

3 – PATTY by the gazebo.

BLACKOUT.

.....
SCENE ONE
.....

AUDIO: CARMINA BURANA continues

Lights up on BERNARDINE.

VOICEOVER: I'd like to introduce the next candidate for Interorganizational Secretary of Students for a Democratic Society, Bernardine Dohrn. She'll take questions from the floor.

BERNARDINE: I'd just like to say that I'm happy to be here and I intend to kick ass.



Janice Hladki as Bernardine Dohrn.

FROM FLOOR: Do you consider yourself a socialist?

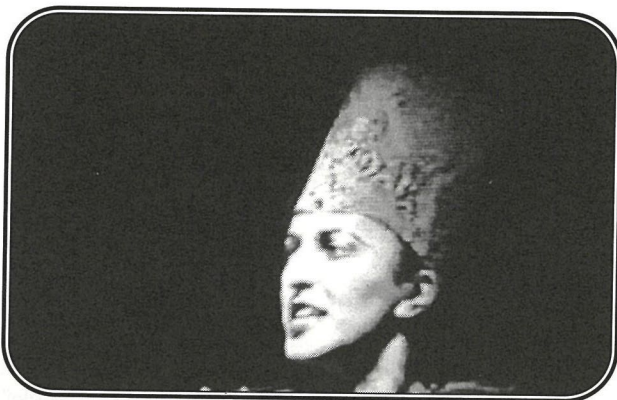
BERNARDINE: I consider myself a revolutionary communist.

FROM FLOOR: Bernardine, what do you think the SDS as an organization should do in response to the increased bombing of Hanoi?

BERNARDINE: I'm dreaming of a White Riot!

Cross fade to MEDUSA.

MEDUSA: Our island is so small, long and narrow. It's possible to walk the length of it in one day and the width in two hours. But when I climb up to the top of this rock I can take in miles and miles of ocean. Here the wind beats against my skin and I can see in every direction. Eyes are the seat of the soul, they say, and the turquoise water that surrounds me is the colour of my eyes... and Poseidon's.



Louise Garfield as Medusa.

Cross fade to PATTY.

PATTY lowers her 'Ken' doll headfirst into teacup; Ken struggles briefly, then dies.

PATTY: I'm a feminist. I think that women are smarter, stronger and more beautiful than men and that they should rule the world and have all the men be their slaves. I would have all the boys at school be my slaves and bring me presents. I love nice things. You know, if you were really powerful you could have all the nice things you wanted. You could just take them... or people would give them to you because they liked you. Do you like me? I like you. Could I have your watch?

As music reaches climax, all raise arms in a toast to themselves.

BLACKOUT.

GUN SHOT.

Johanna Householder as Patty McCormack, "The Bad Seed".



.....
SCENE TWO
.....

Photographers' strobe lights flash. Lights fade up on MEDUSA, PATTY, and BERNARDINE, who perform, lip synching (hereinafter called "singing"):

SONG: I WANT TO BE EVIL by Eartha Kitt



"I want to be evil."

I've posed for pictures with Ivory Soap...

BLACKOUT.

.....
SCENE THREE
.....

AUDIO: ORIENTAL GONG

VOICEOVER: Ancient Libya, 2,000 B.C., 2 a.m.

Lights up on MEDUSA on the rock. EURYALE runs in, frantic.

EURYALE: Medusa! Athene's coming, Athene's coming!

MEDUSA: Try to relax. Take a deep breath. Let it out. Shoulders back.

EURYALE: I hope she likes my telescope.

MEDUSA: Don't be nervous! Everything's perfect. Try to buck up. (to heavens) Athene, what do you think?

LIGHTNING AND THUNDER

ATHENE appears on high then descends steps with spear.

Athene, Euryale, and Medusa.



ATHENE (as Mae West): Well, I don't know, I'm impressed, Medusa. You've done a lot of work here, building this observatory, and your instruments are accurate to one eighth of a degree? I can't believe it!

EURYALE: One tenth, Athene.

MEDUSA: Euryale here did all the calculations.

ATHENE: Why be modest? Your work is astounding.

MEDUSA/EURYALE: Thank you.

ATHENE: Good. Now, there's one other thing I want to know. Your sister here tells me you can heal broken bones with nothing more than a look or a touch from your hand. Is this true? I can hardly believe it.

EURYALE: Well, she can heal injuries but it takes more than a glance to do it.

ATHENE: Oh! Teach me how to do it!

MEDUSA: You could come to one of our ceremonies.

ATHENE: No, teach me now.

MEDUSA: I can't. I have to go meet someone.

ATHENE: Poseidon?

MEDUSA: How did you know?

ATHENE: It's in your eyes.

MEDUSA: What is?

ATHENE: Your desire for him.

MEDUSA/EURYALE: Oh, well... It's nothing serious!

ATHENE: You don't have to apologize, Medusa. Not to me. Not about that. That I understand. Come here a minute, sister, let me talk to you. Oh, ah, Euryale, why don't you make like a tree and leave.

Exit EURYALE.

ATHENE: What you must do, Medusa, is be very careful of him. Don't tell him anything about your work. Don't show him any of your, ah, instruments. Don't lend him anything or teach him any of your skills.

MEDUSA: Well, why not?

ATHENE: Because he'll steal it from you, claim it as his own and then use it against you in war.

MEDUSA: No.

ATHENE: Oh, yes. I've seen it happen. You know, he claims to have invented the horse bridle? Everybody knows I did that.

MEDUSA: Sure!

ATHENE: And then he reproduced hundreds of them.

MEDUSA: No!

ATHENE: At least his nymph slaves did. And with that he captured Athens from me...

MEDUSA: No!

ATHENE: Once he had Athens he forbade men to take their mothers' surnames. And then he took the vote away

from women.

MEDUSA: Oh, I don't believe that. He couldn't have.

ATHENE: You better believe it. And be very, very careful.

MEDUSA turns to leave.

ATHENE: Look at me, Medusa! Do I look like I'm lying? You have a responsibility to your work and all the girls that helped you with that work. Don't ever forget that.

MEDUSA: I won't. But I have to go now.

SCENE FOUR

AUDIO: PIECE OF MY HEART by Janis Joplin

BERNARDINE enters side door into audience. Greets them with Black Power salutes and handshakes. Sits on the edge of the stage.

BERNARDINE: This week, your very own liberal arts university is displacing an entire black community in order to erect a few more monuments dedicated to "the pursuit of knowledge". What knowledge is that? Whose knowledge and for what purpose? Where the fuck are those people gonna live? The whole thing just stinks. I don't know about you, but I don't want the smell on me. We don't need another position paper or another conference where theory is discussed until everybody is ready to puke. We have gotta be DOING IT! ON THE STREETS! Revolution. Maybe violent revolution. Maybe it's time to bring the war home.

BLACKOUT.

GUNSHOT.

SCENE FIVE

AUDIO: MUSICBOX PLAYING, "IT'S A SMALL WORLD"

VOICEOVER: 1234 Stonehurst Green, 1966.

PATTY enters with her friend JULIE.

PATTY: I think the government should be run by Jackie Kennedy. Since they shot President Kennedy, she should be made the ruler and then we would have a queen, like England. Only our queen would be more beautiful.

PATTY skips in a circle and takes a seat.

JULIE: Did you know that if everyone in the Royal Family died and all their relatives died, then someone who didn't even know they're in line for the throne, could become queen. Like my Aunt Rosalind who lives in Liverpool.

PATTY: Your Aunt Rosalind is too old to be the queen. By the way, you didn't notice my new shoes. I'm going to get taps put on them.

JULIE: Oh, that'll be cool! (touches shoes) Taps? (Patty pinches her fingers between the shoes) Oh!

PATTY gets up and JULIE sits.

PATTY: How good did you do on the spelling test?

JULIE: Okay, I guess, . . . I should have studied more.

PATTY: There was only one word that I wasn't positive of:

animosity. I'm never sure if it has one 'n' or two, but I don't think anyone else will even come close. Tomorrow everyone will know that I'm the one that won the gold medal.

JULIE: What do you mean, tomorrow?

PATTY: They post the results tomorrow.

JULIE: No. Miss Fern posted the results this afternoon. I thought you knew! Didn't you know you came in second? Didn't you know that Claude Daigle won?

PATTY stiffens.

PATTY: Claude Daigle? Won my medal?

PATTY's face fills with rage. She advances menacingly towards JULIE.

JULIE: Patty, what's the matter?



An icy calm masks Patty's face. She strokes her braid.

An icy calm fills PATTY'S face. She strokes her braid.

BLACKOUT.

GUNSHOT.

SCENE SIX

AUDIO: ORIENTAL GONG

VOICEOVER: Ancient Libya, 2,000 B.C., 3 a.m.

EURYALE is clipping rock shrubs. There is a splash from the water.

EURYALE (singing tunelessly): Shine on, shine on harvest moon, up in the sky. I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June. . . or July.

POSEIDON speaks unseen from the water beneath the rock.

POSEIDON: I am Poseidon, Ruler of all the Waters!

EURYALE: Oh my!

POSEIDON: I am Poseidon, King of the Sea.

EURYALE: Holy mackerel!

MEDUSA enters.

MEDUSA: It's all right, Euryale, I can take care of this.

EURYALE: Oh, but remember what you told me Athene said.

I don't know if you should talk to him. Oh my Goddess! What are we going to do?!

ATHENE (from above): Euryale, why don't you make like an atom - and split.

EURYALE exits.

POSEIDON: Come here, Medusa. Talk to me. Would you ever consider coming on one of my journeys?

MEDUSA: I hate swimming.

POSEIDON: I'm serious, Medusa. I need you, close to me.

MEDUSA: But I'd have to leave my work. . . and my sisters.

POSEIDON: Tell me more about this work of yours.

MEDUSA: Why?

POSEIDON: Because I'm interested. In you. In everything about you.

MEDUSA: Well, we've developed a system of linguistic theory that challenges all -

POSEIDON: Is it true you can mend broken bones with just your hands?

MEDUSA: Yes.

POSEIDON: And is it true that the calculations you make from your observatory are accurate to one quarter of a degree?

MEDUSA: One tenth.

POSEIDON: And you can write?

MEDUSA: Can't you?

POSEIDON: No. Would you teach me, Medusa? Oh, you must consider joining me. Become my partner. You haven't seen a lot of what's beyond this island. It's very beautiful. And it could be yours. And your sister's. Think of her. Come on, Medusa. If we combined your knowledge with my military strength, we could gain a great deal of power in the world. We could. . . Mount Olympus! Ha ha ha ha ha!

MEDUSA: Don't make jokes. Euryale! Cancel the ceremonies. There are spies on this island.

BLACKOUT.

GUNSHOT.

SCENE SEVEN

1967. A pre-march rally on the Columbia campus. BERNARDINE is speaking into a bullhorn.

BERNARDINE: For those of you who don't know me, my name is Bernardine Dohrn. (cheers) I am a leader of the Weathermen and we are vanguards! At a stage in which the movement of the U.S. imperialist army in Vietnam has become a wild goose chase. The left calls for a worldwide demonstration! Today, we stop the imperialist military recruiting. Today, we take over this university! Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, the NLF is gonna win!

AUDIO: THE CROWD JOINS BERNARDINE IN THE CHANT



Bernardine whips the crowd on the Columbia campus into a revolutionary frenzy.

Two cops take their places on the bridge above BERNARDINE.

BERNARDINE: Imperialist forces occupy Amerikan ghettos. And now they have assassinated Fred Hampton. Black Revolution will lead to world revolution.

AUDIO: SOMEONE YELLS, "BLACK POWER TO BLACK PEOPLE!" BERNARDINE AND THE CROWD JOIN IN.

BERNARDINE: What should our solidarity look like? If we have learned anything from the Vietnamese, it must show itself today! We will practise the solidary of struggle with the Tupamaros, the Third World, and the Viet Cong! LONG LIVE THE PEOPLE'S WAR!

AUDIO: SIRENS

The cops consult with each other as sirens wail. They are joined by a third cop.

AUDIO: GUNSHOT

COPS look up, startled, then sing:

SONG: MY GENERATION by The Who

People try to put us d-down. . .

Two cops remain on stage playing punching games as lights fade.

AUDIO: MUSIC CONTINUES, THEN. . . GUNSHOT

We see PATTY on the rock, stroking her braid.

SCENE EIGHT

AUDIO: MUSICBOX PLAYING "IT'S A SMALL WORLD"

VOICEOVER: Miss Fern's school picnic. 1967.

CLAUDE skips in.

PATTY: Pssst. Claude, come here.

CLAUDE: What do you want?

PATTY: Just come here, I want to talk to you.

CLAUDE: Hey, Patty, we're not supposed to be on the dock.

PATTY: Don't you think you should let me wear that spelling medal sometime? I came in second after all.

CLAUDE: I don't know. . . No, I don't!

PATTY: Don't you think it would look so nice on my new pinafore, with my shiny blonde hair and my patent leather shoes?

CLAUDE: I can't. My mother told me not to take it off.

PATTY: Your mother won't know. Come on. Just for a minute?

CLAUDE: No!

PATTY: Claude. Wake up! Give me that medal now!

PATTY grabs the medal.

CLAUDE: Patty, give me back my medal! Or I'm gonna tell you took it!

PATTY: I didn't take it. You gave it to me because you didn't like to get wet!

PATTY slugs CLAUDE on the head with her shoe. He collapses.

CLAUDE: Help!

PATTY (*hitting him with shoe*): You're not going to tell, you're not going to tell, you're not going to!

CLAUDE expires.

PATTY (*putting on shoe*): Some people are so hard to reason with.

PATTY skips off.

SCENE NINE

VOICEOVER (*stoned*): Summer of '68. Women march to free Black Panther Women.

AUDIO: CROWD SOUNDS

BERNARDINE and KATHY are demonstrating, holding placards.

BERNARDINE: Free our sisters! Free ourselves! Free our sisters! Free ourselves!

AUDIO: CROWD JOINS IN ON CHANT.

BERNARDINE: Black Power To Black People! Black Power To Black People!... Oh! Someone's throwing garbage at us! I'm covered in eggs and coffee grounds! (*She pulls at her blouse*)

COP: Hey, Bernardine! Do you like your breakfast?

KATHY: Pig... Don't react, Bernardine, just keep walking.

BERNARDINE opens her blouse and bares her breasts.

BERNARDINE: Pigs eat shit!

KATHY: Stop provoking him! Just keep your mouth shut and keep moving.

BERNARDINE: I can't do it your way, Kathy. It's war!

COP: All right, I've had enough of this shit for one day. Let's get moving! Let's go, girls!

KATHY edges out of the crowd.

BERNARDINE: Kathy?

COP comes up and grabs BERNARDINE.

BERNARDINE: Oh, wow! Escorted by a hunk like you. Am I

going to be your personal case?

COP: You make me sick, lady.

BERNARDINE: Thanks, hon.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE TEN

AUDIO: THUNDER.

VOICEOVER: Ancient Libya, 2,000 B.C, 5 a.m.

MEDUSA and ATHENE stand, holding the spear.

ATHENE: You have betrayed me.

MEDUSA: I had no idea you and Poseidon were lovers.

ATHENE: Sex is not the issue here, Medusa. Power is the issue, and you've just given it all away.

ATHENE grabs the spear to herself.

MEDUSA: What if I made him promise only to use our knowledge in partnership with me?

ATHENE: Where are your books now, Medusa? And where is Poseidon?

MEDUSA: Maybe he'll be back.

ATHENE: No. He won't be back. He's stolen your books and he won't be bringing them back. He stole the horse bridle from me.

MEDUSA: I know.

ATHENE: He stole Athens from me.

MEDUSA: I know.

ATHENE: He stole our names and he stole our right to vote.

MEDUSA: I know!

ATHENE: Well, what more proof do you need?

MEDUSA: I don't know.

EURYALE: Oh, pardon me, Athene! But she's a virgin! I invented the speculum last night, I know! Oh, spare her!

ATHENE: Euryale, why don't you make like a hanky and blow.

EURYALE exits.

ATHENE: I warned you about him, Medusa, but you wouldn't listen. You have betrayed us all.

ATHENE sings in judgement:

SONG: WINDMILLS OF YOUR MIND by Dusty Springfield

Like a circle in a spiral...

She places the crown of snakes on MEDUSA's head, then sambas off...

After the chorus MEDUSA rises. She realizes that she has been turned into a monster by ATHENE; she discovers that when she looks at a man he is turned to stone. She is surrounded by a forest of her "victims". She addresses herself to them, herself, and the moon...

BLACKOUT.

SCENE ELEVEN

(Song continues in background)

VOICEOVER (TV REPORTER): We're here at Marilyn Bell Park, the scene of today's tragic drowning of little Claude Daigle. The youngsters have gone home now and it's almost too quiet. There's just one solitary little girl rollerskating along the waterfront.

PATTY and JULIE are in PATTY's room, playing "Greek Myths". They are dressed in sheets. PATTY has ATHENE's spear.

PATTY: Okay, now. You can be Euryale, Medusa's sister, and I'll be Medusa.

JULIE: Euryale, you've got to be joking! Nobody was called Euryale!

PATTY: Yes they were. (*chokes JULIE with spear*) Okay? Now, Athena has just turned us into terrifying Gorgons. (*PATTY concentrates on being a Gorgon.*)

JULIE: I don't like this. . . and I don't like snakes. I don't want to play Gorgons again. Patty!

PATTY flattens JULIE with the spear, then steps on and over her.

PATTY: You don't understand, Euryale, this is my destiny. Our destiny. We're going to live in the woods and start a whole cult of moon-goddesses. And we'll make up some Mysteries! And only we will know the moon's secrets. And we'll have our own language and magic rites and everything!!

PATTY points the spear at JULIE, slowly, nicking her neck.

JULIE: Oooh! I don't like the moon. . . and I'm scared of the dark. . . Why don't we play with your treasure box?

PATTY: No, wait!

JULIE: My! You're awfully jumpy today, Patty. What's in this treasure box, Claude Daigle's medal?

JULIE holds out box, shaking.

PATTY: Okay, Julie, you're stone. Don't move! Stop moving! If you move one tiny muscle you're going to disappear forever.

JULIE drops box.

PATTY: You stupid idiot!

PATTY's mother, RAINBOW, enters.

RAINBOW: Kids, kids, what's happening?

JULIE: Nothing, Mrs. McCormack.

RAINBOW: Call me Rainbow.

JULIE: Okay.

PATTY: Stupid Julie just dropped my treasure box.

RAINBOW: Patty! You'll hurt Julie's feelings. It's not cool to call somebody stupid. Now give her a kiss and tell her you're sorry.

PATTY: I'm not sorry. She's clumsy and she doesn't know

anything about myths.

RAINBOW: Patty, it's good karma to forgive people, now give her a kiss. Apologize.

PATTY goes to kiss JULIE but bites her cheek instead. JULIE is too shocked to cry. PATTY immediately turns back to her mother.

PATTY: She said she was sorry, mother. Could we have some apricot juice now, please?

RAINBOW: Okay, girls, come out to the kitchen. Patty, you've really got to mellow out. That temper's going to cost you some friends.

Exit RAINBOW. PATTY looks into her treasure box with an evil smile, then skips out.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE TWELVE

AUDIO: PSYCHEDELIC, DREAMY MUSIC

BILLY and MARK are smoking joints and tripping.

SPOKEN WORD RECORDING: MAY I LIGHT YOUR CIGARETTE? by The Beacon St Union

BILLY (*stoned*): Are you interested in broken matches? Interested in love? More interested in the cosmic covering that attaches them. Go light another one. Flames, and the smoke above. Yeah, blow it out. Before you burn your fingers.

MARK: Are you interested in sticks instead. . . in sticks instead of me? You really want matches now? . . . Go tear it off, and strike it then. And blow it out. . . Oh, blow it out. . .

BILLY: You're gonna burn your hand. . . You'll burn your hand.

SCENE THIRTEEN

BERNARDINE: Will you two focus on this thing? We've gotta get this leaflet figured out by tonight.

MARK: Well, I like your line, Billy, but I'm not quite sure it's what we want.

BERNARDINE: Oh come on, Mark, it's pathetic. "Children Are Only Newer People?" What kind of revolutionary group is this? Next minute you'll be suggesting "Make Love, Not War".

MARK: Oh, lay off. You haven't had one decent idea tonight and you're sitting there with your. . .

BERNARDINE: What?

MARK: Nothing.

BERNARDINE: Spit out, Mark, you can do it.

BILLY: Look, everybody, why don't we just get back to work here, okay?

BERNARDINE: I can't work like this now.

MARK: Like what?

BILLY: Bernardine, what about this, um. . . "Long live the

victory of the people's war!"

BERNARDINE: No way.

BILLY: How about this. Close-up photo of Ho Chi Minh.

BERNARDINE: How about "Revolution Is Seeing Each Other A Lot"?

MARK: Oh man, why don't you tell her to cover up so she can use her brain instead of her body for a change?

BERNARDINE: You like this tit? Take it. My body is my brain, Mark. It thinks and plans and schemes. It's my political centre. Sex is an ideological activity.

BILLY: Right on, man.

BERNARDINE: The sexual and political are one, Mark. You don't seem to be able to get it up for either.

MARK: Aw, what do you know about sex or politics? You just gave it away to everybody in the movement. The only reason you stick with Billy is so you can come to our leadership meetings.

BILLY: Now just wait a minute, Mark. I think you're just a bit out of line. Look, Bernardine, maybe you better cover up during the meetings. It is a bit hard to concentrate.

BERNARDINE: What are you guys afraid of?

Fade to black.

AUDIO: THUNDER

SCENE FOURTEEN

VOICEOVER (*snoring*): Ancient Libya. 6 a.m.

MEDUSA is sitting by the rock. She hears something.

MEDUSA: Euryale... help me!

PERSEUS enters with sword. He keeps his back to MEDUSA and his shield over his face to avoid her deadly glare.

PERSEUS: She can't hear you.

MEDUSA: Yes she can.

PERSEUS: Well, if she can hear you, then say goodbye to her... because we're leaving now.

MEDUSA: Where do you think you're taking me?

PERSEUS: I'm bringing your head to the King at Sais.

MEDUSA: What does he want with me?

PERSEUS: Your destroying powers. Turning men to stone with a single glance! We are planning on conquering Greece, and with you around we'll probably be able to do it. Quite the weapon you are, Medusa.

MEDUSA: I don't want to wage war!

PERSEUS: I don't think you've got a whole lot of choice left in the matter. Now. You could make this a whole lot easier for me if you just agreed not to look at me. What do you say?

PERSEUS swings with sword and grabs her head. She gives a silent scream.

AUDIO: PURPLE HAZE

PERSEUS brandishes his sword and MEDUSA's head against a crimson backdrop.

BLACKOUT.

GUNSHOT.

SCENE FIFTEEN

AUDIO: MUSICBOX PLAYING "IT'S A SMALL WORLD"

VOICEOVER: 1234 Stonehurst Green. May 1st, 1969. Very late.

RAINBOW: Patty? What are you doing? It's after 11 o'clock. You're supposed to be in bed.

PATTY: Oh, Mother! I thought you were asleep.

RAINBOW: Are you doing laundry? That looks like blood. How did your blouse get so much blood on it?

PATTY: No, Mom, it's finger-paint. I just didn't want you to see that I spilled paint on my new blouse. It's the one that you embroidered. I guess it is kind of silly to be washing it out now. I just didn't want you to think I was clumsy.

RAINBOW: It doesn't look like finger-paint, Patty.

PATTY: No, Mom, it's ketchup...

RAINBOW: Patty, what's going on here? What happened with you and Julie today?

PATTY: She just had to go home early. That's all. I'm finished now, mother, why don't you go watch TV?

PATTY leads RAINBOW by hand over to the TV. RAINBOW gently strokes PATTY's head.



Patty and her mom, Rainbow, watch TV.

RAINBOW: I just want to ask you something. I want to ask you if you remember any little thing about what happened when you saw Claude last. They say you were the last one to see him alive, weren't you?

PATTY: I saw him at the picnic, mother - everybody did. We weren't supposed to go on the dock. If he went on the dock, that's not my fault.

RAINBOW: Not your fault? That's a weird thing to say. You're a freaky kid, Patty. You really are.

PATTY: And you're a pretty mother, mother. I'm such a lucky

little girl. I've got such a pretty mother.

RAINBOW: Patty, stop it! I'm not so out of it I can't figure out what happened. You killed Claude, didn't you?

RAINBOW slaps PATTY.

You drowned him for that spelling medal. Those little half moon marks they found on his forehead were from your tap shoes!

PATTY: Oh, who'd believe that? That just sounds like a lot of nonsense.

RAINBOW: I'll make them believe it, Patty. I'll find that medal. I know you've got it and I'm going to find it.

PATTY: Who cares? What if they do believe you, what if they do put me in jail? I'll be out in three years. Then I'll come after you!

RAINBOW: Oh my God. You don't mean that!

PATTY grabs RAINBOW then kisses her on the top of the head.

PATTY: Go to bed now, Mother. I don't want to talk about this any more.

RAINBOW wobbles off. PATTY watches TV, stroking her braid.

AUDIO: TV NEWS: The Columbia student revolution has reached...

BERNARDINE ON TV: For those of you who don't know me, my name is Bernardine Dohrn...

PATTY: Look at those kids fighting the police. They're not afraid of them, are they? And that girl with the long hair has got a bullhorn and everything! They look like an army. And she's the general!

TV HOST: And now Channel 666 presents, The Late Show...

AUDIO: PORTENTOUS MOVIE MUSIC

NAPOLEON enters with MEDUSA's head under his arm and sings:

SONG: THE WORLD IS MINE by Ralph Curtis

The world is mine...

MEDUSA: Oh shut up! I'm sick to death of this bullshit. Punished by Athene for Poseidon's betrayal. Beheaded by that punk. All my knowledge stolen and corrupted.

Napoleon (Peter Hinton) belts out "The World is Mine". He has used Medusa's power to conquer it.



NAPOLEON: Ah, boo hoo.

MEDUSA: Reduced to a bit part in the Perseus myth. And this life, being used as a weapon in everyone else's war. I can't take it. I just can't take it anymore!

NAPOLEON: Que'ce que ton plain? Tu pouvais tuer tout les temps.

MEDUSA: I want to kill on my own behalf. Get it, shorty? On my own behalf.

AUDIO: *Final strains of THE WORLD IS MINE*

BERNARDINE with bullhorn stands between PATTY and NAPOLEON with MEDUSA.

BERNARDINE: We are the Incubation Of Your Mother's Nightmare! Bring the war home!

BLACKOUT.

GUNSHOT.

SCENE SIXTEEN

Midnight. The bathroom of the Patty household.

PATTY is in her pyjamas, throwing up.

PATTY: Mother! Those vitamins you gave me made me sick. Mother!! Mom!?

DAD pokes his head in.

DAD: Patty, I just took Rainbow to the hospital, Patty. I think she OD'd or something. Are you okay? I thought you were asleep. Maybe you two got food poisoning, man! I better take you in too. Get your purse, I'll go warm up the van.

PATTY: Food poisoning. Hah! I know what. She meant to do it. It was those phoney vitamins. She poisoned me! Well I'll fix her and her stupid macramé too!

She picks up a lighter and sets fire to the doll's house in the gazebo. As the doll house burns, PATTY sings:

SONG: IS THAT ALL THERE IS? by Peggy Lee

I remember when I was a little girl our house caught on fire...

PATTY lights a cigarette after the first chorus...

SCENE SEVENTEEN

The days of rage.

BERNARDINE: Hello, this is Bernardine Dohrn. This is the first communication from the Weather Underground. I'm going to read a Declaration of a State of War. Soon, a symbol of Amerikan justice will be bombed. I dedicate our future bombings to a new breed of freedom fighters. We are not in hiding, but we are invisible. If you want to find us, this is where we are. In every tribe, commune, dormitory, farmhouse, barracks and townhouse where kids are making love, smoking dope and loading guns. Are you listening to me, Amerika? Guard your banks, guard your colleges, guard your children, guard your doors.

AUDIO: SIRENS, CROWD BOOING, CHANTING, POLICE CLEARING RALLY

PATTY appears with lollipop and bloody headband. She picks up a garbage can lid, joining in the rally.

VOICEOVER: October 8th, 1969. The Days of Rage.

BERNARDINE: We expect 10,000 people. We get 600 and a 10-year-old.

PATTY: Eleven. I really liked your speech in the park. I was on the swings when I heard you all chanting. It was very impressive. I especially liked the part where you said, "We are the incubation of your mother's nightmares."

BERNARDINE: Catchy phrase. Doesn't it scare you, though?

PATTY: Oh no, I'm not afraid of anything.

BERNARDINE: You're not, huh? Today was a real downer! We got creamed out there. I gotta unwind. There's some hash here and some feeble home-grown of Mark's. Hey! A half blotter of acid. Do you want to split that? How's your head?

PATTY: Fine, thank you, and no thank you to the previous question.

BERNARDINE: That's cool. I can use all the acid I can get. (*drops acid*) You know, you were really tough out there today.

PATTY: Thank you.

BERNARDINE: Maybe you'd like to do a job for the organization?

PATTY: Sure.

BERNARDINE: I'm going to give you some stuff to send to some friends and family. Letters and personal things I can't take with me. Stuff that could identify me.

PATTY: That must be hard. I like to have my special things with me.

PATTY smashes her doll with a stick.

BERNARDINE: My organization is going underground. The Weather collectives have been consolidating into regional forces, militia and mobile attack units. From now on we make bombs and set up safe houses. We are really going to get it on at last! Tonight we're gonna party before our rebirth as the Weather Underground.

PATTY: Gosh... underground? Are you going to rent a basement apartment?

BERNARDINE (*tripping*): Wow!

BERNARDINE: What's that?

PATTY: What's what?

BERNARDINE: That knocking.

PATTY: What knocking?

BERNARDINE: The knocking at the door.

PATTY goes to answer the door, holding her stick up. BERNARDINE is crouched on the ground.

BERNARDINE: Just stay quiet and low to the ground. And then when the knocking stops, crawl over to the window, grab hold of the string on the blind, and pull it very, very, slowly down.

PATTY: Okay.

PATTY crawls towards the window.

BERNARDINE: Not till the knocking stops!! Just a minute, can you hear me? Why can't I hear you? If you can hear me, lift up one of your braids.

PATTY lifts up one of her braids.



Bernardine and Patty trip out after the Days of Rage.

BERNARDINE: Oh, wow, oh, man! I'm so relieved! I thought I was having a bad trip. Okay, you can go to the window now.

PATTY pulls down the shade. BERNARDINE turns off the lights.

BLACKOUT.

AUDIO: THUNDER

MEDUSA: I Am The Three-Headed, Nocturnal, Excrement-Eating Virgin, Holder Of The Keys Of The Underworld, Gorgon-Eyed, Terrible Dark One.

PATTY: What did you say?

BERNARDINE: Whaddaya mean what did I say? I didn't say anything!

LIGHTS UP.

MEDUSA's head is perched on a packing crate. They scream and clutch each other.

MEDUSA: Wait, look at me! You're not stone. You are women!

Medusa appears.



BERNARDINE: Not stoned?

PATTY: Women?

MEDUSA: I am a Harbinger Of Death. I can turn armies of men to stone in a single glance. My head has been used as a tool for terror and destruction.

PATTY: I know who you are. You're the Gorgon Medusa! My hero!

BERNARDINE: What are you doing in my head?

MEDUSA: I'm looking for my body.

PATTY: Oh, take mine, take mine!

MEDUSA: I'd love to, Patty, but I think you're going to need yours. Oh, by the way, could I have a glass of water. I've just gotten in from the Cambodian border and are my snakes tired.

BERNARDINE: What were you doing in Cambodia? Did you help the freedom fighters?

MEDUSA: I am simply a traveller through time. I was the weapon used by Jove in his war against Juno. Tied to the mount of Richard's horse to lead the battle for Christendom. Hidden under Churchill's desk while he negotiated with Stalin. Buried in the dust at Batoche. I was at Miss Fern's school picnic, Patty. And now I'm here, Bernardine, at the Days of Rage.

BILLY knocking at door: Bernardine, our cover's blown, the pigs are on their way. You gotta get moving. Get your purse.

MEDUSA: Perseus.

BERNARDINE: Shit! The FBI has sent the pigs in.

PATTY: Great, you can turn them into stone.

MEDUSA: Not yet. Bernardine, keep fighting. I'll talk to you later. Patty, meet me at the doll house in five minutes. Don't be late.

AUDIO: SONG INTRO

BERNARDINE and PATTY exit. MEDUSA sings:

SONG: FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH by The Buffalo Springfield

There's something happening here...

After the first chorus MEDUSA's head appears on the garbage can...

After the second chorus MEDUSA's head appears on the doll house; PATTY sings back-up for the next verse...

Medusa and Patty.



LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE EIGHTEEN

The underground apartment. BILLY has finished a new ID card for BERNARDINE.

BERNARDINE: Carol Ann McDougall? You're not serious.

BILLY: It's the perfect cover. Look, I checked every dead and lost babe in the obituaries and it's the one for you. She even looked a bit like you, man.

BERNARDINE: I've had five names and five wigs in the last eight months. When are you and Mark going to start changing?

BILLY: That red wig is dangerous. The FBI want you. Mark and I can go anywhere. It's time you switched jobs again too.

BERNARDINE: You're paranoid. I just started working in that kids' shoe store and you and Mark...

BILLY: Do all your dirty work. Hey, I follow your instructions! Mark does the bombs, I do the meetings. You're the star, you pay the price. And the rent.

BERNARDINE: I pay for everything.

BILLY: Put this on.

BERNARDINE: Shit.

BLACKOUT.

GUNSHOT.

SCENE NINETEEN

AUDIO: RAVI SHANKAR MUSIC

VOICEOVER: 1 or 2 a.m. The Wargasm Room of the Weather Underground.

BERNARDINE enters in a robe.

MEDUSA: Bernardine, Bernardine!

BERNARDINE picks up a pillow, MEDUSA's head is underneath.

MEDUSA: I have to warn you. It's me, Medusa. I'm here incognito. Patty hid me here for this orgy so I could find out what's going on. She suspects the leadership wants to get rid of you.

BERNARDINE: That's impossible. I am the leadership.

MEDUSA: No, listen to me. I was underneath Mark and Kathy just a while ago. Before they changed lovers they were talking about you and a trial, and "crimes of white superiority". I think that's how they put it.

BERNARDINE: No way. People who fuck together fight together.

MEDUSA: That's not my experience.

BERNARDINE: Sex and politics are hard work. Anyway, the purpose of the Wargasm is not pleasure so much as making an enforced unity of the body.

MEDUSA: I have some advice for you. Be very careful about

who you sleep with. You can get into a lot of trouble.

BILLY (*offstage*): AHHHHH!

MEDUSA: Somebody's coming.

BILLY *wanders through, stoned*:

BILLY: I have got to get it on with J.J. and Diana now. And Mark and Kathy are gonna come and get it on with you after Mark's finished up with Melissa and Keith. Hey, don't work too hard! Heh-heh-heh, oh yeah.

MEDUSA: These guys have got a good thing going. It reminds me of Rome.

BERNARDINE: Lay off the morality trip.

MEDUSA: It has nothing to do with morality. I've just noticed over the years that women seem to get punished whenever they take sex into their own hands. You should watch your neck. I didn't.

BERNARDINE: The Weather Underground wouldn't be anywhere without me.

MEDUSA: History is a strange thing, Bernardine. You have no idea. Maybe we need a different war.

AUDIO: ECSTASY by Barry White

PATTY *emerges, nude, from the blankets next to the bed*.

PATTY: I'm starving!

PATTY *extracts her Ken doll from under the covers and holds him up*.

PATTY: You better go home before Skipper misses you.

BLACKOUT.

GUNSHOT.

SCENE TWENTY

Goldenrod season, autumn, 1975. BILLY and BERNARDINE in the pad.

AUDIO TV VOICE: This crime is the most fiendish, cold-blooded, inexcusable case the world has ever known... (*repeats twice, a skipping record*)

BILLY: Why can't you just accept it? Lots of people get allergy attacks.

BERNARDINE: I can't stand the ratty little pieces of torn Kleenex.

BILLY: You're fine. You look great.

BERNARDINE: You're a liar.

BILLY: Mark's late.

BERNARDINE: So?

BILLY: So I wanna start.

BERNARDINE: I've got these red, raw half-moon patches of flaking skin on the side of my nose -

BILLY: Bernardine, the press didn't cover your last communiqué again.

BERNARDINE: The head snatches all the energy from the

body. It's ruthless.

BILLY: Would you just stop bitching about it for awhile! You can't control everything, Bernardine.

BERNARDINE: I want to.

BILLY: It's all changing, man.

BERNARDINE: It's not changing at all. I'm tired. I'm living like a middle class housewife. It seems fuzzy to me, Billy. The bombings, when the press stopped covering my communiqués. I used to see it all like a movie inside of me. I was making history. I could control it. But history slowed down somewhere and then it stopped. I can only watch the movie, I can't live it.

MARK: I brought you some Kleenex.

BERNARDINE: Meeting time?

BILLY: Bernardine, we... we got this problem.

MARK: With you.

BERNARDINE: Your problem is my problem.

MARK: The organization wants you out.

BILLY: A War Fries Trial has been approved by the other collectives. And we're not talking about minor lapses in judgement here. They're talking about a completely mistaken revolutionary attitude.

BERNARDINE: What do they know about revolution? I was out on the streets doing it while everybody else was trying to suck up to all the other leaders! That's why I'm here, isn't it? You talked the others into this trial. Your snivelling and grovelling has finally paid off.

MARK: Look, the last bombing was a complete fiasco and some of our people were killed. You've got this thing about the glorification of the heavier the better. We're no longer reaching the masses. Billy calls it "the military error".

BERNARDINE: Is that right?

BILLY: Now, I don't like this any more than you do.

BERNARDINE: Then why are you here, Billy?

MARK: The Revolutionary Standards Committee has chosen us to try you.

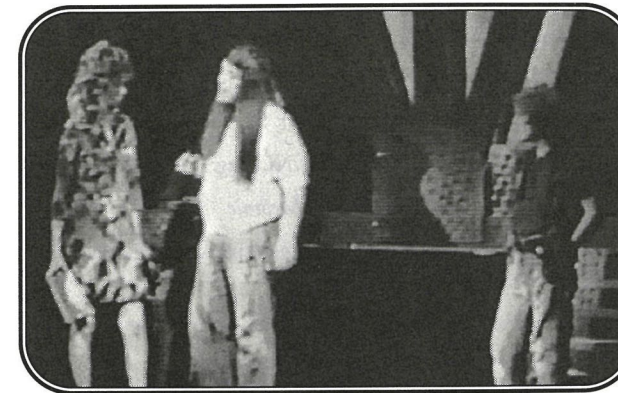
BERNARDINE: You mean you have chosen. It makes me sick to look at your puffy, sucking face.

BILLY: Stop it! It's not going to help you to talk like that. Maybe you need a good rest. But if you want to have anything to do with the Weather Underground you have got to confess now, or you'll be out on your ass for good! And I don't think I could stand that.

MARK: Oh, spare me! She's fucked us over from the word go. The media darling with her "look" and her communiqués. I fought for the Weather Underground to be *the* revolutionary organization and now we get publicly denounced. I was treated like shit at the Hard Times Conference. We should have been flying above all of them, and now we're finished.

BERNARDINE: You never once put yourself on the line.

MARK: I'm not going to go down for you.



Billy (Peter Hinton) and Mark (Johanna) wrest control of the Weather Underground from Bernardine.

BILLY: Look. You can't throw everything away. If you confess now, then the Weather Underground won't be destroyed and we won't have fought for nothing. The war's changed. You got no other choices, man.

BERNARDINE: I can't believe you're saying this.

MARK: You make a typical Bernardine-style communiqué, a nice, passionate confession, and we'll release it to the other collectives in the underground press.

BERNARDINE: You just wanna see me burn, don't you?

MARK: It goes something like this: "Hello. My name is Bernardine Dohrn. I want to confess to crimes of naked white supremacy, white superiority, and chauvinist arrogance."

BILLY: What do you think?

AUDIO: GOSPEL PIANO INTRO TO SONG

BERNARDINE *sings*:

SONG: SAD SITUATION by Skeeter Davis

Well, I've known some sad situations before...

After the first chorus BERNARDINE picks up toy piano to play the solo.

AUDIO: GUNSHOT

SPOT ON BERNARDINE'S FACE.

BERNARDINE: Hello. This is Bernardine Dohrn. I want to confess to crimes of naked white supremacy, white superiority, and chauvinist arrogance.

AUDIO: GUNSHOT

Song continues...

BERNARDINE continues solo on piano, BILLY and MARK form a gospel hippie chorus behind her...

BLACKOUT.

SCENE TWENTY-ONE

1977. PATTY, MEDUSA and BERNARDINE see "Bonnie & Clyde" at Graumann's Chinese Theater.

AUDIO: FOGGY MOUNTAIN BREAKDOWN (*from the movie*)

BERNARDINE: I've seen this movie eight times.

PATTY: Faye Dunaway is out of sight.

MEDUSA: That's a lot of movies, Bernardine.

BERNARDINE: Nothing else to do. Politics is boring nowadays. Nobody dresses up. Nobody drops acid. There's just no commitment. And the language! Nobody swears. I can't find my place anymore. I'm thinking of negotiating my way above ground.

ALL (*in response to movie violence*): Oooohhhh!

AUDIENCE MEMBER/FBI: Sssshhhh!

MEDUSA: Don't you want justice? If there had been any justice in my time, my head would never have been severed from my body, my rage from my purpose. I want my rage back... intact!

ALL: Yeah!

PATTY: At least Bonnie and Clyde became heroes when they took the law into their own hands. Of course, the FBI is going to get them in the end. Oh sorry, Medusa, I spoiled it for you. It's history, though, it's really no surprise how it turns out.

MEDUSA: Au contraire, Patty. History contains a lot of surprises. The revisionists got their hands on it pretty early.

PATTY: Well, this is the way I'd like my history revised... with Faye Dunaway playing me. Live fast, die young and leave a good-looking corpse.

The projector is blocked.

ALL: Hey!

FBI agent in trench coat and shades stands and addresses them with flashlight.

FBI MAN: We're up the creek without a paddle, aren't we, CAROL ANN MCDOUGALL?

ALL: Pardon me?

FBI MAN: You're under arrest, Miss Dohrn, for the possession of prohibited weapons, mob action, forgery, possession for the purposes of trafficking, and conspiracy. I'd say that should add up to quite a few years. You have the right to remain silent -

ALL: Sssshhhh!

BERNARDINE: I think you must be mistaken. My name isn't - uh, Dohrn, did you say? You must be looking for some other girl.

FBI MAN: Oh no, Miss Dohrn. I think I've got exactly the right girl.

ALL: Gulp!

FBI MAN: Get your purse.

ALL: Perseus!

FBI MAN: Okay, this is the FBI everybody, stand back. I've got a dangerous fugitive in custody here.

AUDIO: PURPLE HAZE

BERNARDINE grabs her purse and takes a swing at the FBI agent, FBI swings back with a nightstick, clubbing BERNARDINE. PATTY runs back and grabs MEDUSA's head.

PATTY: Okay mister, you're stone! Do it, Medusa!

MEDUSA: I can't – I can't see his eyes.

FBI MAN: What the fuck are you?

PATTY: Get him, Bernardine!

BERNARDINE grabs the FBI's weapon. It turns into the Sword Of Perseus.

ALL: Aaaaaaaaahhh!

BERNARDINE swings at the agent, he ducks and the sword connects with MEDUSA's neck. MEDUSA arises with her body intact, wearing groovy clothing as the theatre seats fall away.

AUDIO: Devil with a blue dress, blue dress, blue dress,
Devil with a blue dress on...

PATTY leaps on a chair and rips the shades off the by now terrified FBI.

PATTY: Get him, Medusa... Okay, Medusa, get him now!

MEDUSA: Die MOTHERFUCKER!!

The FBI agent turns to stone. Suddenly a bolt of lightning splits the air, striking the stone agent. He crumples like a heap of asphalt.

VOICEOVER (ATHENE): Nice work, girls.

.....
SCENE TWENTY-TWO
.....

AUDIO: SIRENS PASSING

SIREN LIGHTS FLASH OVER THE STAGE.

PATTY, MEDUSA and BERNARDINE sing:

SONG: MERRY CHRISTMAS by Melanie

We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas...

The three of them pose for mug shots.

AUDIO: CLICKING OF CAMERA GOING OFF

GUNSHOT. BLACKOUT.

END.

.....
BOWS
.....

SONG: SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES by Bob Dylan

Johnny's in the basement mixing up the medicine...

THE END.

Seemingly satisfied with the horror they have wrought, Patty McCormack, Bernardine Dohrn, and Medusa gather for a group photo.

PHOTO: DAVID HLYNSKY

