



Assassins

Written by Stephen Sondheim (music & lyrics) and John Weidman (book)

Lynette 'Squeaky' Fromme

I was like you once. Lost. Confused. A piece of shit. Then I met Charlie...I was sitting on the beach in Venice. I'd just had a big fight with my daddy about, I don't know, my eye make-up or the bombing of Cambodia. He said I was a drug addict and a whore and I should get out of his house forever –

I went down to the beach and sat down on the sand and cried. I felt like I was disappearing. Like the whole world was dividing into two parts. Me, and everybody else. And then this guy came down the beach, this dirty-looking little elf. He stopped in front of me and smiled this twinkly devil smile and said, "Your daddy kicked you out." He knew! "Your daddy kicked you out"! How could he know? My daddy didn't tell him, so who could've? God. God sent this dirty-looking little elf to save a little girl lost on a beach. He smiled again and touched my hair and off he went. And for a minute I just watched him go. Then I ran and caught his hand, and until they arrested him for stabbing Sharon Tate, I never let it go.