

LQ 62 GO

→ YOUTH. **That's right,** Mom! I'm smoking weed with the Reverend's son!
(Referring to joint.) He works in mysterious ways indeed! (All laugh.)

NARRATOR. Our hero had found his tribe. Now Sherry and Terry were the bad kids at church. Terry obsessively drew cartoons of Jesus ... *waterskiing*.

TERRY. Check it out!

NARRATOR. And Sherry always looked at our hero as if she knew his most carefully guarded secret. And as for Mr. Franklin, well, he was a completely different person when it wasn't *Sunday morning*.

LQ 63 GO

MR. FRANKLIN. (Imitating soprano opera singin' → **Visi d'arte ...** Hello ... Maria Callas speaking ... Yes, it's me, darlings, with my funny nose, skinny legs and all. And I have nothing to hide ... If I were any more real ... child, I'd be fictional! ... Children, if we were in Amsterdam right now, we'd be inhaling this ... this sacrament ... in a comfy cafe with a wicked cup of espresso ...

TERRY, SHERRY and YOUTH. In public?

MR. FRANKLIN. In flagrante delicto, kinder! Nobody's ... hiding anything over there, dig me?

LQ 64 GO

YOUTH. WOW. (Song: "Arlington Hill.")

NARRATOR.

→ **HE TOOK** A HIT FOR THE FIRST TIME
IN A BUG ON ARLINGTON HILL.

HIP TO HIP, SHOULDER TO SHOULDER,

THE RADIO, IT BLASTS IN EVERYONE'S EAR.

LQ 65 GO

ON, SHE SEES YOU THERE IN THE REAR VIEW,

CHOKING ON SMOKE AND TRYING TO BE COOL.

→ **When he and** Mr. Franklin were parked up there on Arlington Hill, just the two of them ... it was like sitting next to a soulfully played cello. Franklin made him feel like that powder-blue VW bug was just hovering over South Central and y'all were just escaped slaves "in a beautiful balloon" and yes, there's a place in this world ...

LQ 66 GO

MR. FRANKLIN. ... **For whatever —**

NARRATOR.

... FOR EVERYONE ...

MR. FRANKLIN. ... And whoever you are tonight! I mean, baby, we're all freaks depending on the backdrop, y'enno?

YOUTH. (Giggly, stoned.) Heh heh ... Yeah. (Brief pause.) We're *all* freaks ...

MR. FRANKLIN. (Stoned but serious.) ... Lookin' for a home. And as for this Philistine fishbowl we're swimmin' around in? Shoot! If you wanna deal with Le Real, I'm talking Stockholm, baby, *Persona*, y'enno? I'm talking 'bout Rome and one of them *La Dolce Vita* parties, y'enno? I'm talking 'bout Godard's Paris, baby, I mean, 'cuz we a *Band of Outsiders*, too, y'enno? I mean I'm talking 'bout brother Al