

And then there was light.

Tension wires descend from the rafters, halting at different heights in the air. Some wires carry items.

The items:
remote controls, a tin tray,
fatigues, machine gun, Nerf
balls, Bible, Pope's Big
White hat, A Dunce Cap.

A television monitor descends.
Clicks on. Static plays.

JIM JIM MCGOOGLE descends,
clothed in an orange prison
jumpsuit. Although the
jumpsuit, and thus JIM JIM,
remains attached to the
wires, his movements are
unrestricted.

He gets on his knees, and
looks up into the light.

THE HEAVENLY VOICE sings a
single word:
"Ha...le...lu...jah"

PART THE FIRST

GUARD (VOICE OVER)

Death Row, OK Federal Penitentiary. 4:22 pm. Cell 24, Block 9. Saddle up. It's Chow Time!

The tin tray descends. JIM JIM watches it fall, bends over and scarfs down the food.

JIM JIM

Your holiness, help me, Mr. Jim Jim Mcgoogle. I gratefully request the diplomatic intercession of the Vatican for my release. The Popess is not the only one who makes sacrifices and dedicates her life to humanity. Thank you for hearing my plea. My actions, heinous as they may seem, were preordained. Set in divine motion by the Madonna, the one on whom whole worlds spin, collide and burst into eruptive collapse.

JIM JIM stands on tip-toes, managing to reach a remote control hanging above him. Click. Monitor shows flame; a painted renaissance image of the MADONNA appears within it.

JIM JIM

Now, she has been known to take many forms throughout the course of these centuries past. Here you see our classic virgin, head golden, ready to bring us to salvation, not retaliation.

MADONNA

You know not what you do.

Click. Sculpted Image of the Bearded Emperor CONSTANTINE.

JIM JIM

The emperor Constantine, a man of means and might. Pagan, I believe. Not a virgin, no. But one who brought a message with unmistakable vigor and what I have heard some call "forward thinking."

CONSTANTINE

All who wish to survive. Christianize!

Click. Archival T.V. footage of DAVID KORESH, seen in the flame.

JIM JIM

Let's just jump on ahead to our most recent incarnation,
The MAN with an understanding of how this all began and
where it must lead to end. The MAN with violent vision and
poetic wit. My friend, our prophet, mother Mary, Mr.
David Koresh.

DAVID KORESH, in unison with his
footage, steps onto the stage, and
removes The Bible from its wire.
He kisses it.

DAVID KORESH

"Eden to Eden" by Mr. David Koresh.

Part One.

Search forth for the meaning here,
Hidden within these words
'Tis a song that sung of fallen tears,
Given way for two love birds

Love birds yet not of feathered creed
Shot down for gambled play,
And caged a far distance betweenst themselves
For the hunter felt it best that way.

JIM JIM

Mr. Koresh, pardon me for interrupting, but who's the
hunter?

VOICE OVER (Guard)

Death Row, OK Federal Penitentiary. 4:34 pm. Cell 24,
Block 9. No more chow time.

The tray is yanked upwards. It
remains, wire clearly visible,
dangling in mid-air.

JIM JIM

The hunter?

VOICE OVER (Guard)

Death Row, OK Federal Penitentiary. 4:39 pm. Cell 24,
Block 9. I'll take that.

JIM'S JIM'S remote control lifts
into the sky, out of sight.

VOICE OVER (Guard)

Televised infotainment time.

Click. On monitor, PRESIDENT at a press conference. A bank of microphones, flashes popping.

JIM JIM
The hunter?

PRESIDENT
Thank you all for joining me on this somber, triumphant day. This sunny morning, our great nation has carried out the severest sentence for the gravest of crimes.

DAVID KORESH
(booming, echoing)
THE FIRST PROPHECY OF THE MADONNA OF THE FATIMA OF WACKO TEXAS BY WAY OF LUCIA DOS SANTOS DE PORTUGAL.

PRESIDENT continues speaking in silence. Sometimes, his comments will be heard out loud. JIM JIM gets on knees, crosses himself.

JIM JIM
Yes, yes.

DAVID KORESH
Yes. A visitation occurred upon my flock.

JIM JIM
Baaa. Baaa.

DAVID KORESH
The Polish Princess, the Popess Paula Johanna the First, came down from the mountain, hands quaking, face drawn in a Parkinsonian mask of sorrow. Despite the ravages of disease, her movement halting, she delivered a message which *this* shepherd will never forget.

PRESIDENT
The Evildoers...

A song and dance number, KORESH crooning, JIM JIM on backup.

DAVID KORESH
(singing)
The First Prophecy which you shall know.
Tells the story, a tale of woe.

JIM JIM

Woe Woe WOOOOOOOOOE.

DAVID KORESH

Fields Burn and Air spins black.

Time to go and fighhhhhhhht Iiiiiiiiiii Raq.

JIM JIM

On our backs.

TEMPO Picks up. JIM JIM unzips
jumpsuit, tossing it aside.
He covers his privates.

JIM JIM

A little help.

Fatigues and the machine gun
descend. JIM JIM stands on tip
toes, attempting to unclip the
items with one hand, still
covering himself with the other.
He pulls hard, trips and falls.

KORESH

Come on, Jim Jim. We got a song to do here.

JIM JIM

Yes, sir.

JIM JIM crawls into the uniform,
still attached to wires and grabs
the hanging machine gun. He twists
and soars in the air, the wires
spinning uncontrollably. Finally,
he gains some control, feet barely
touching the ground.

KORESH

Are we decent?

JIM JIM

Well, if that ain't debatable...

KORESH

Left! Right! Left!

Machine gun soft shoe.

KORESH

(singing)
And so you know we stand off.
The Desert sand makes you cough.

JIM JIM

Cough Cough Cough!

KORESH

Ain't just sand that brought you here.
Sarin gas will make you tear.

JIM JIM

Weep Weep Weep!

KORESH

It takes oil to run those jeeps.
Breathe it in, but not a peep.

JIM JIM takes a long deep breath.
Smiles, then vomits.

PRESIDENT

Today, every living person who was hurt by the evil done in
OK City can rest in the knowledge that there has been a
reckoning.

DAVID KORESH

The battle was won without much fuss.
Go on home...

JIM JIM

Fuckin A! We Won! Take that you cunt y towlehead
motherfuckers!

DAVID KORESH

No need to cuss.

JIM JIM

Sorry.

DAVID KORESH

Sit down to eat with wife and child.
All is well and all is mild.

JIM JIM looks to his left and
right, grasps "hands", bows his
head.

JIM JIM
Grace.

DAVID KORESH
Then one day the tired starts.

JIM JIM yawns.

DAVID KORESH
Chronic fatigue

He falls to the ground, asleep.

DAVID KORESH
And gaseous farts.

JIM JIM lifts his ass. KORESH
gives him a stern look. Puts his
ass down.

KORESH
Fits of temper and awful rage.

JIM JIM jumps up and down,
screaming, pounds the ground - a
baby's temper tantrum.

KORESH
Time to give your shrink a page.
And so it begins, the syndrome here.
This is what all soldiers fear.
GET UP YOU MAGGOTS!

JIM JIM snaps to attention.

KORESH
Skin rashes and hair loss.

JIM JIM scratches and tears at his
skin and hair.

KORESH
Head aches, gums bleed if you floss.

Pulls the zipper off the discarded
jumpsuit. Flosses with it.

JIM JIM
Yeoooooow!

He writhes, holding his mouth in pain. The zipper and jumpsuit ascend. They remain, of course, in mid-air.

KORESH

Muscle pain and numb joints
Aw, screw it, forget the rhyme, what's the point?
(beat)
You are doomed to forget constantly. Forget your transgressions, forget your loves, remember not your name.

JIM JIM

Who am I?

KORESH

Very Good Jim Jim.

JIM JIM

Thank you, Jim Jones.

KORESH

Koresh, Jim Jim.

JIM JIM

Thank you, Jim Jim Koresh.

KORESH

Sleep upon your bed you shall not. Insomnia leads way to rot.
Damn, there I go again.

JIM JIM grabs the Nerf balls, tossing them. At the same time, he turns, tumbles and spins.

KORESH

What are you doing?

JIM JIM

Tossing and turning.

KORESH

You will suffer from recurrent diarrhea and constipation.

Amidst the scratching, tearing, falling, bleeding, tossing and turning, JIM JIM now squats and grimaces every few seconds.

KORESH

Your veins constrict and your chest will contract, leading you to heart attack.
Oh, I give up.

JIM JIM grasps his left arm,
holding chest, taking audible
labored breaths.

PRESIDENT

Life and history bring tragedies, and often they cannot be explained.

KORESH

And last but not least, you will eventually die..

JIM JIM throws his arms out,
crucified style, and collapses.

KORESH

Of Parkinsonian disorder of the unknown variety.

JIM JIM jumps up and shuffles
slowly across the stage. LIGHTS
SHIFT. POPESS PAULA JOHANNA
enters. She wears a neutral face
mask, full pope gear. She shuffles.
The big white hat descends,
landing firmly on her head. She
unclips the wire.

POPESS

David, are you scaring the boy again?

KORESH bows and scrapes. Crawling
to POPESS. He kisses her hand.

POPESS

Get away, you filthy little git. Now, I may have pardoned your sorry ass, but I don't have to like you. Time out! Go stand in the corner and pray.

KORESH goes in the corner, another
big white hat, this one saying
"DUNCE", descends. KORESH stares
at it.

POPESS

What are you waiting for? Put it on.

KORESH unclips the hat, placing it
on his head.

KORESH

Part I - Continued

"She bird is mine," the hunter said,
"Twas this bird I raised and faithfully fed."
Twas he bird who released her from her cage,
Sought her womb in youthful age.

POPESS

Shhh. Pray to yourself.
Come here, young man. What's your name, son?

PRESIDENT

His name will not be forgotten. For he is a symbol of a
scourge, a sore, wiped clean.

A remote descends directly into
POPESS' hand. She unclips it,
points and clicks. Monitor plays
static.

POPESS

Now, isn't that's better?

AILEEN (VOICE OVER)

Hey, you ass cream little penishands, T.V. time ain't over!

JIM JIM

Shut up, Aileen.

POPESS

(pointing to the machine gun on the ground)
And that's gotta go.

She points and clicks. The
machine gun ascends.

JIM JIM

(pulling on his wires)
How's 'bout these, ma'am?

POPESS

What the hell.

Click. The wires detach from JIM
JIM'S fatigues and ascend.

POPESS

Your name, son.

JIM JIM MCGOOGLE

Jim Jim Mcgoogle, ma'am.

POPESS

Listen here J.J....Is it alright If I call you J.J.? Good. This prophecy may be true...But it does not mean it was meant for you.

JIM JIM

No disrespect, ma'am. But I do believe I've already started to feel the effects. Sometimes, I lie awake in my little twin bed and I, well, I get the shakes.

POPESS

So do I, J. J. So do I.

JIM JIM

See, see that's what I mean. You got the disease.

POPESS

Yes, you are right. I have the Parkinsonian disorder of the known not yet understood but treatable to a certain point variety. But that's not why, my son, I get the shakes.

JIM JIM

Bullshit. Sorry, ma'am.

POPESS

Call me Paula. And bullshit's just fine. As a matter of fact, it fertilizes real good, got my drift country boy? Course you do. I have the shakes because of my dreams.

JIM JIM

Hey! Hey, I got dreams! Wanna see? Well, do ya? Do ya?!

POPESS

Sure, Jim Jim. That would be nice.

JIM JIM

Ma'am, I mean Paula, could I have that there remote?

POPESS hands it over. JIM JIM points and clicks, NEWS ANCHOR appears.

ANCHOR

Gone in one cataclysmic blast were one hundred and sixty eight lives.

AILEEN (VOICE OVER)

Well, thank you very much, little nipple tweaking hot dog vendors. Guards. Pssst.

JIM JIM

Shut up, Aileen.

ANCHOR

Wounded were more than five hundred others. On this day in this year of our lord not only has a building been lost, so has the innocence of America.

To our viewing public, we apologize for the sights and sounds you are about to hear. Please be warned: those with young children may want them to leave the room.

(short beat)

Great! Let's go to the videotape.

Monitor once again shows flames. A chorus of screams!

ANCHOR

How's that for a moving tragic story? Remember you saw it here first on KTVC, Channel 6. Thank you and goodnight.

(cheesy end of broadcast smile, lights dim)

This just in.

(lights up)

Jim Jim Mcgoogle has destroyed the hopes and dreams of countless friends and relatives. This worthless piece of scum, this guttertrash, this cocksucker who doesn't deserve to shine my feet or lick my shoes--

JIM JIM

Shut up! It was preordained!

ANCHOR

Jim Jim, you will twist in the wind. Your balls will hang in the breeze, never to be used again. You will--

JIM JIM
The Fatima de Wacko!

ANCHOR
Jim Jim, you will fry like a peanut butter sandwich trapped
in the land of grace.

JIM JIM
I am the messenger. Don't kill the messenger!

ANCHOR
Jim Jim, when they gas that chamber your eyes will cry like
a baby soiled after eating a prune juice sundae.

JIM JIM
Pre - Fucking- Ordained!
(screaming)
Ahhhh!

JIM JIM lunges at the monitor. He
freezes mid-lunge.

POPESS
Just dreams, Jim Jim. Nothing is set in stone, except for
you. Ha! Come on, a little joke.

POPESS takes the remote from JIM
JIM, nudges his frozen body,
knocking him over. She points the
remote at him and...click.

POPESS
Get up.

ANCHOR
Once again, thank you, goodnight and god bless America...land
that I love...stand beside her...and guide her...through the
night... with a light...from above the long and winding road.
Goodnight.

POPESS Clicks. No more NEWS
ANCHOR. The monitor plays
static once again.

AILEEN (VOICE OVER)
You big booby sucking—

POPESS
Shut up, Aileen.

JIM JIM
I froze didn't I?

POPESS
Yes J.J., you did.

JIM JIM
I knew it. Happens all the time. I'll be in the middle of something and I'm glued to the ground. You see, that's the first symptom of Parkinsonian disorder of the unknown variety.

POPESS
You froze because you were scared.

JIM JIM
Listen bitch, I ain't scared of shit. Not war, not famine, not pestilence. I ain't scared of you, your mama or that great big hat. I know when I've been beat and I'm not yet but I'm on my way.

(pause)

Sometimes I forget my own name. You ever do that, David.

POPESS
It's Paula, J.J.

JIM JIM
Right. You see there's nothing to be scared of. If you can't remember, what is there to fear? What is there to regret? Nothin', that's what. Only bird shit, because it stays on your clothes and if you just open your eyes and look, you see it. Nothin' else to be scared of.

KORESH
(turning around, out of the corner)

Okay, I've got it!

Eden to Eden...Part I. Continued.

Ahem...Love birds the name, these birds they call

Two, plural, love bird takes two.

Twas not her womb of which he sought,

And certainly not her youth.

POPESS
Keep working, William Blake.

(pause)

Time Out!

KORESH returns to his corner.

POPESS

You look awful, J.J. Like somebody took a piece of your soul and hung it in their kitchen window to soak up the sun. To dry out.

JIM JIM

Comin' down off the meds. They gave me a cocktail in the desert and I saw mirages...
Listen to this, Paula. Okay? Okay?

POPESS

Yes, J.J. Go ahead.

JIM JIM

(clear as a bell)
Hello. How are you this fine morning?
(beat)
See. I slur my speech. Sometimes I try to talk and nothing comes out. Silence. Here, listen real careful like.
(beat)
Are you listening, Paula?

POPESS

Yes, J.J.

(pause)

JIM JIM

Did you hear that Paula?

POPESS

Yes, J.J.

(silence)

JIM JIM

How 'bout that one, huh?

POPESS

Yes, J.J.

JIM JIM

This time, I'll say something real special. Ready, Paula?

POPESS

You bet your ass, J.J.

JIM JIM

I chose to bomb a federal building in O.K. City because such an action serves more purposes than other options. Foremost, the bombing is a retaliatory strike, a counter attack for the cumulative raids that federal agents have participated in over the proceeding years.

From the formation of such units as the FBI's "Hostage Rescue" and other assault teams amongst federal agencies during the boom boom '80's, culminating in the Wacko incident, federal actions have grown increasingly nihilistic and violent, to the point where at Wacko, our government - like the Red Chinese- was deploying tanks against its own citizens.

Besides, I'm fucking pissed off.

Why, you may ask.

(pause)

Why, you may ask.

(pause)

Why, you may ask.

(pause)

Come on Paula, help a brother out.

POPESS

No, J.J.

JIM JIM

Fine...Why, J.J? I'll tell you why. I have waited two years from Wacko for non-violent "checks and balances" built into our system to correct the abuse of power we were seeing in federal actions against citizens. The Executive, legislative and Judicial branches not only concluded-

POPESS snores loudly.

JIM JIM

Am I boring you?

POPESS

I have a sweet tooth for song and music. This is my Polish sin. Sing the truth for me and I will awake.

JIM JIM

(singing slowly, awkwardly)

I just can't think straight. I straight just can't think. Just think straight can't I? Straight can't just I think. The syndrome gets I. I gets the syndrome. After all...it was preordained.

(beat)

Popess? What do you think? Convinced...Huh? Huh?

(he nudges, she falls out of chair frozen)

JIM JIM

(cont'd)

Frozen. Like a Parkinsonian Popsicle in A Frigidaire Freezer...

(he takes her in his arms)

THE FIRST PROPHECY OF THE MADONNA OF THE FATIMA DE JIM JIM BY WAY OF WACKO DE LUCIA DOS SANTOS DE PORTUGAL HAS BEEN FULFILLED. I am sick and so is she.

Praised be Jesus.

Praised be God.

Praised be he who shall set us free!

A dynamite pump rises from the floor. JIM JIM, POPESS still cradled in his arms, pieta style, goes to hit it.

KORESH

Wait!...

"Eden to Eden" Part the First...

Fancy, eh? Continued.

And now we see the hunter man,

Robbed without a prey,

The evil which he sought to do,

Caused the birds to pass away.

Once again, JIM JIM's remote is taken, ascending into the rafters.

JIM JIM

Mine! Mine!

Click. PRESIDENT appears again - press conference.

PRESIDENT

Under the laws of our country the matter is concluded

KORESH

For loneliness and solitaire,

Is death to every soul

PRESIDENT

Life and history bring tragedies and often they cannot be explained. But they can be redeemed.

KORESH

For birds of God were meant to pair

The two to complete the whole.

PRESIDENT

They are redeemed by dispensing justice, though eternal justice is not ours to deliver. By remembering those who grieve, Jim Jim McGoogle's mother, father and sisters. By trusting in purposes greater than our own.

KORESH

And now see the final meaning
Of this rhyme and verse:

PRESIDENT

May god in his mercy grant peace to all, to the lives that were taken those six years ago, to the lives that go, and to the life that ended here today.

PRESIDENT poses for the camera,
gleefully waving a remote control.

KORESH

The pending judgment of the King
Who rules the universe.

(beat)

Hit it, Jim Jim.

POPESS

(sits bolt upright...still stiff)

Social justice cannot be attained by violence. Violence kills what it intends to create.

(pause)

Don't be so friggin' stupid, sonny boy.

JIM JIM

Say goodnight Paula.

(beat)

Say goodnight Paula.

(pause)

Say goodnight, Paula.

POPESS

Oh, what the hell?

POPESS+J.J.+KORESH+PRESIDENT

Goodnight Paula!

JIM JIM hits the pump. At the same moment, PRESIDENT(on screen)clicks the remote. Monitor erupts in flame, sparks flying. BOOM! White light blinding the audience.

AILEEN (VOICE OVER)

Finally. A good goddamn program.

GUARD (VOICE OVER)

Death row, OK Federal Penitentiary. 11:47 pm Cell 24, Block
9.

Lights Out.

Blackout.

THE HEAVENLY VOICE sings the Hallelujah Chorus.

More wires descend slowly, silently. They do a peaceful dance, moving in unison with the music. A large fruit box, a gallon pitcher and a giant plug descend and remain hanging in mid-air. Other items are left on the stage at strategic points.

The items: two dentist chairs, a red box, a stuffed lion's head, a glass jar filled with goop, a bandana, a tub of oil, A KKK head covering, A large needle, a balled-up piece of parchment, a paint bucket and brushes.

The wires unhook themselves and remain, hovering just above the items.

STAGEHAND enters and begins "fixing" the cracked and broken monitor.

Hallelujah Chorus screeches to an abrupt end.

PART THE SECOND

AT RISE: POPESS, face mask intact and body frozen, sits in one dentist chair, JIM JIM, still in fatigues, sits in the other, bouncing around.

The monitor, duct-taped and cracked, plays static, then shows a sign: "CLINICA DE LOS PERSONAS DE PARKINSONIAN DISORDER TODOS VARIEDADES DE VIRGEN DE RUBY RIDGE."

DOCTOR sits before them, wearing a white coat, stethoscope, groucho nose, glasses and carrying a bible.

DOCTOR
(holding out the red box)
And this?

JIM JIM
(raising his hand)
Oohh! Oohh! Pick me! Over here!

DOCTOR
Your highness.

POPESS
Red box, Doctor.

DOCTOR
Excellent. That's right, this is a red box.

POPESS
Also known as a square rojo.

DOCTOR grabs a wire and clips it to the box. It ascends.

DOCTOR
Well, your facility with language never ceases to amaze this member of the medical community...
Alright, how about another. What is...
(the stuffed Lion's head)
this?

JIM JIM
(hand in the air)
Over here Doc! Pick Me! MEEEEEEEE!

DOCTOR
Exalted one?

POPESS
Cat.
(beat)
Gata Grandita.

DOCTOR
(attaches to wire; it ascends)
Wowzer! One more and we'll call it a day.

JIM JIM
Come on Doc! Its my turn.

DOCTOR
Fine, McGoogle. At what precise moment does human life...
(jar of gelatinous goop)
begin?

JIM JIM
Well...
(pause)
When the penis, no that's not it...
When the baby's head crowns...Shit, I don't, uh...

DOCTOR
Abort! Abort! Time's up, my felonious friend. This
concludes The Mini-Mental Status Examination on this day in
this year of our lord.

POPESS
Amen.

DOCTOR attaches wire to jar. It
does not rise.

DOCTOR
Go!
(beat)
Get outta here!
(pause)
You're nothing but trouble...
Nurse!

PRESIDENT strolls on, done up in a
tight nurse's uniform, but it's
definitely him. A Microphone in
one hand, remote in the other.

"Hail to the chief", a brassy
stripper version, plays.

NURSE
Looking for this?
(Click. The jar rises.)

DOCTOR
Thank you. As for the test results...?

NURSE
May I?

DOCTOR
By all means, you Texas beefsteak tamata.

NURSE
(into the microphone)
THE SECOND PROPHECY OF THE MADONNA OF THE FATIMA DE CLINICA
DE LAS PERSONAS DE PARKINSONIAN DISORDER DE MYSTERIOSO
VARIEDADES DE OFFICIO DE OVAL.

POPESS
Hey, sister, speed it along. I've heard this before..And I
simply don't approve.

NURSE
Very well. The patients tested herein on this day in this
year of our lord do indeed suffer from symptoms. Patient
A, most prolifically praised Popess Paula Johanna The First
has been dealt a mental blow by age and can be diagnosed
with Parkinsonian disorder of the known not yet understood
but we're going to give it a hell of a college try variety.
She shall receive Pomegranate juice baths to detoxify, deep
brain stimulation and...stem cell research treatment.

POPESS
Tut Tut.

JIM JIM
Hello. Over here. I'm waiting.

(silence)

JIM JIM
You don't want to keep me waiting.

The dynamite pump rises in front
of him.

DOCTOR

Settle down, McGoogle.

Part the Second.

For with Adam and his spirit Eve,

To share the kingdom fair

But when they sinned they lost their crown

In exchange for shame to bear.

DOCTOR lowers glasses and winks at
JIM JIM. It's KORESH. The pump
lowers.

DOCTOR

Nurse, please continue.

NURSE

My pleasure, Doctor. Patient B, McGaggle, does indeed
suffer...From delusions...of grandeur. His "disease" is born
of a mental disorder in which veterans of the desert wars
conjure up pain and suffering. For sympathy, for cash, for
the above mentioned deep brain stimulation. Bzzzz! What
fun.

DOCTOR

Are you saying, my good Nurse MexTex that McGoogle is a
fakedy faker?

NURSE

Yes indeedy!

JIM JIM

Am not!

NURSE

Am too!

JIM JIM

NOT NOT NOT NOT!

NURSE

TO TO TO TO!

DOCTOR

Hold it! Time for her glorious goddess' curative
restorations.

(beat)

POMEGRANATE BATH. Go!

NURSE clicks the remote. The fruit
box, suspended above, opens and
drops POMEGRANATES, pummeling
POPESS.

DOCTOR
Oops...I mean...
POMEGRANATE *JUICE* BATH. Go!

Click. The gallon pitcher tips
over. Juice dumps on POPESS.

POPESS
Holistically healing...and tasty too.

She gargles the juice.

DOCTOR AND NURSE
Does Ms. Majestic approve?

POPESS
We...approve!

DOCTOR AND NURSE
Excellent.

JIM JIM
Am not!

(silence)

JIM JIM
Not. Not. Not. Not. Not. Not. Not. Not. Not Not.

POPESS
J.J. An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie, for
an excuse is a lie guarded.
(beat)
Learned that one in seminary.

DOCTOR
Gag him, Nurse Alabexas National Guard.

NURSE
Yes, Doctor.

NURSE straddles JIM JIM, takes the
bandana...

NURSE
Yee haw!

And gags him, binds him, covers
his head with the white KKK sheet.

DOCTOR

(whispering)

Pssst. Jim Jim.

Part the Second. Continued.

So Eve travailed and brought forth death,
And passed the crown to all
For each to learn the lesson here
The kingdom of the fall.

NURSE

(getting off Jim Jim's lap)

The war on this little terror is begun.

DOCTOR

Thank you Nurse Anal Rape the Arctic.

DEEP STIMULATION Go!

A shirtless beefcake MASSEUSE
strolls on, grabbing the big tub
of massage oil.

MASSEUSE

(Austrian accent)

I vill vork out all your kinks.

MASSEUSE pours massage oil on
POPESS' crotch and starts rubbing.

POPESS

Why don't you come up and see me sometime?

(beat)

I mean, get off!

(beat)

I mean, beat it!

(beat)

I mean, out!

MASSEUSE

Ouch, my feelinks.

MASSEUSE grabs tub, starts to exit.

NURSE

Wait! Leave the oil.

MASSEUSE drops it and exits.
NURSE attaches a wire. Remote
click. The tub ascends.

NURSE
This is fun!

DOCTOR
DEEP BRAIN STIMULATION. Go!

Click. The plug descends.

DOCTOR
Nurse Saudi Arabia, juice her up!

NURSE puts the plug in the top of
POPESS' hat.

DOCTOR
Ready. Get set. And...

POPESS
Don't you need this, little child of god?

POPESS tosses a remote control to
DOCTOR.

DOCTOR
I was wondering where mine went. Get set. And-

POPESS
Wait. Baruch atah adonai eloheinu melech ha-o-lam. Into
your current I swim. Begin.

DOCTOR
And Go!

DOCTOR hits the remote. Buzzing
sound. Smoke comes out of POPESS'
head. Monitor plays the same
treatment we watch unfolding on
stage. NURSE stands beside POPESS,
simultaneously appearing on
screen. He pushes up his cleavage
in uniform. Everything is played
for the camera.

NURSE
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

DOCTOR
Ooh. This oughta be good. Hey, Jim Jim, take a gander.
Maybe it'll raise your dander.

DOCTOR pokes two eye-holes in JIM
JIM'S sheet. JIM JIM groans in
pain.

NURSE

On this day in this year of our lord we must address the state of the union of body and soul, while still keeping in mind the economic tax differentiation parameters set before us by our founding fathers some 475...What...Oh, Thanks, some 230 years ago. Our nation's health care system is in a time of change. Amazing medical technologies are improving and saving lives.

NURSE removes POPESS' mask. Her
face is frozen in a smile.

POPESS

(serene)

Grant, O Lord of hosts, that we may savor every season of our lives as a gift filled with promise for the future.

NURSE

This dramatic progress has brought its own challenge in the rising costs of medical care and health insurance. Members of my house, we must work together to control costs while extending benefits throughout our country.

POPESS

Grant that we may lovingly accept your will, and place ourselves each day in your merciful hands.

DOCTOR

Why that's the most ridiculous thing I ever hoid. Huh, Jim Jim?

JIM JIM nods in agreement.

NURSE

Benefits such as this example of our finest bionological advancement. Here's how it works, my loyal countrymen. This doohickey here is implanted through a burr hole at the top of the noggin and then passed down through the frontal lobe into the upper part of the brain stem.

POPESS

And when the moment of our passage comes, grant that we may face it with serenity, without regret for what we shall leave behind.

DOCTOR

What a load of horsepuckey, eh Jim Jim?

JIM JIM agrees so heartily that he lifts his chair up. POPESS' head continues to smoke; she is now shaking.

NURSE

This thingamabob is then connected to the pulse generator.

DOCTOR clicks. Monitor shows the Energizer Bunny, doing his thing.

NURSE

Or Powersource, if you will.

NURSE clicks. He appears, in adoring close-up, on the monitor again.

NURSE

That's better.

(beat)

This powersource is then linked to a C24 aeromanautical defense AG240 computer.

POPESS

(shaking and smoking, louder buzzing)

Mary, Mother of Pilgrim humanity, pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

DOCTOR

Tick Tock, Jim Jim. Are you just gonna sit on your sorry ass?

JIM JIM, still tied to the chair, runs around in a circle, trying to break free.

NURSE

This fancy schmansy machiney then adjusts the amount of stimulation to control, dare I say, cure diseases of the brain. Such as what, you may I ask.

(beat)

What, you may ask.

(pause)

NURSE

(cont'd)

What, you may ask.

(silence)

Well, I'll tell you...such as Parkinsonian disorder of the
muchas variedades. Es fabuloso, no?

POPESS shakes, smokes, sent into
the air like a rocket. Falls to
the ground with a thud.

POPESS

(lifts head up)

We...approve.

(thuds back down)

NURSE

Well now if that don't work, let us invoke the Concluding
portion of

(microphone, booming)

THE SECOND PROPHECY OF THE MADONNA OF THE FATIMA DE
BIPRODUCTIOS DE RELIGION Y POLITICOS PARA MEDICINA SOCIAL
ES FEO.

This is, of course, the controversial, but just plain fun
stem cell researchin'. Great for eliminatin' what ails ya'.
Ol' Jim Jim over here, boys let's shift that camera. Good.
Ol' Jim Jim, mind if I call you J.J.? Great. Well, we're
going to extract some cellular tissue from the embryonic
matter which J.J. excretes. I mean he's an expendable
little fucker, don't you all agree?

NURSE slides up and down JIM JIM's
violently spinning body.

NURSE

Now, shhh. That's right. Mama's got some sugar for ya',
honey.

(grabs the giant needle)

DOCTOR

Now, Jim Jim. NOW!

JIM JIM breaks his bonds. Tears
out his gag.

JIM JIM

Aaarghhh!

(grabbing the needle, holding it to President's neck.)

LIGHTS SHIFT. Everyone freezes.
Ding Ding Ding! MOHAMMED ALI, as
he is today, enters in spotlight.

ALI

Hi folks, I'm Mohammed Ali. I float like a butterfly,
sting like a bee. And thanks to Parkinsonian Disorder of
the Slapped upside the head fall on the mat and bleed out
the mouth variety, I dance like a milkshake zombie.

Ding Ding Ding!

ALI

(cont'd)

What our featherweight fighter, Mr. Jim Jim (The OK Kid)
McGoogle, does not understand is that this very sort of
stem cell research could benefit soldiers such as himself.
It will provide important pathways into understanding how
his syndrome, as well as *my* disease work. He does not want
to hear such factual information at this point in his
development. All he sees is a big pricker held by a big
prick. Pity.

Ding Ding Ding!

ALI

(cont'd)

I am pretty! So pretty! My body's a mess, but I'm still
witty.

ALI shakes and shuffles his way
off.

JIM JIM

Aaaargh!

Not so quickety quick, city slickster. What I gots here is
the message.

NURSE

Wait! Pardon! McGiggle is officially pardoned!

JIM JIM

Too late. I'm already dead. Thanks anyway.

NURSE

Exonerated. In death, your legacy is redeemed.

JIM JIM
I know. Here it comes.

DOCTOR throws JIM JIM the remote.
Click. The monitor show POPESS,
sitting in a jail cell. NURSE
holds out his remote, trying to
change the channel.

JIM JIM
(knocks remote from NURSE's hand; it lands off stage)
She chose me. POPESS PAULA JOHANNA THE FIRST knew I could
carry on her message of nonviolent and peaceful resistance.

NURSE
What, McFeely?!

JIM JIM
Watch.

POPESS
(on screen)
Are we recording, my wandering child? My Magdalena?

JIM JIM
(off screen)
Uh uh.

POPESS
(on screen)
The Last Will And Testament of Popess Paula Johanna the
First as relayed to J.J. McGoogle at the OK City Federal
Penitentiary upon the hour of his death by gaseous
emanations.
(beat)
Put your ass down J.J...To President Pre-Emptive and the
suits hanging in your cabinet, I bid you remember this. A
sign of hope is the increasing recognition that the dignity
of life must never be taken away even in the case of
someone who has done great evil. On this day mnin the year
of our lord, J.J.
McGoogle will become the first victim of an execution
federal in 40 years. His crime was the killing of 168
persons, including 19 swaddled babies. Each of those 168
brothers and sisters was uniquely created in the image of
God.

DOCTOR grabs the balled up piece of
parchment and unrolls it.

As the speech continues, he clips this mural to wires - it's a child's brightly colored painting of the army. Fatigues, smiling faces, fires blazing behind them.

POPESS

(on screen)

All of us must struggle through our grief as we try to learn from this senseless violence.

NURSE

(through tears and shaking)

Anything you want, McPhallic. A whole backyard of WMD's. Please!

Doctor, talk some sense into him!

DOCTOR

Part the Second...Continued.

For virgins do not bring forth sons,

Until God does reverse,

The inner meaning of the law,

To remove man from the curse.

NURSE

There was an old man from Nantucket...What the Fuck, Doc!

DOCTOR grabs the bucket and brushes; he paints.

POPESS

(on screen)

We find Jesu Mohammed Buddha yahweh telling us to replace eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth, with cheek to cheek, belly to belly. In other words, one love. Aire! This is not easy in the case of J.J. McGoogle. But, it is necessary.

JIM JIM

You here that? Revive my body and I shall set you free.

NURSE

So, let me see if I got this straight. No killing?

POPESS

(on screen)

No killing, Mr. President.

NURSE

Unless absolutely necessary?

POPESS
(on screen)
Absolutely none.

NURSE
What about the inquisition?

POPESS
(on screen)
Oops.

NURSE
Fair enough.

POPESS
(on screen)
Follow these final wishes and the world will divine true
peace. Amen. Salam aleichem. Shalom. Goodbye.

POPESS clicks. Camera swoops
around New York City Skyline.

NURSE
I believe I have seen the light. McSpooage, put down the
needle. I'm gonna save you, not grave you... That's a good
boy. Now, why don't you give me that there remotey...No,
that's okay. Just hit that button there. Excellent job,
young man.

STAGEHAND rolls on a plastic
bubble dome.

NURSE
Make yourself comfortable in our special cellular
regeneration modification chamber.

JIM JIM
I don't know, man. Something tells me this ain't right.

NURSE
Now, a researcher buddy of mine, over from West Texas
Technical Institute of Institutional Technology West Texas
Campus told me that a five day old cluster of cells just
ain't an embryo, not an individual, but a bionological
anomaly. So, we're just gonna pop a few out, bring you
back, find a cure, and call it a day. What d'ysay McGoogle?

JIM JIM

(beat)

McGoogle. Hey, that's right. You got it, Mr. President.
Finally, you see me.

NURSE

(opening the door to the Chamber)

Step right up, McGoogle.

JIM JIM

That's my name.

(NURSE smiles and gestures again to the door)

My pleasure, El Presidente.

(he steps in, stops and gives the remote to NURSE)

In case you need it.

He steps in. The Door slams and
echoes shut.

DOCTOR

(still painting slowly)

For in the Christ, we've seen a bride.
The water mixed with blood.

JIM JIM

Sorry to interrupt, but whose the bride?

NURSE

Let the healing begin!

NURSE Clicks. Lights strobe on and
off. The chamber fills with
smoke. JIM JIM coughs and bangs on
the bubble.

JIM JIM

Help! Help! There's been a terrible mistake!

(coughing, choking)

The Prophecy of the Fatima!

NURSE

(mad scientist laugh)

Wa ha ha ha! Wa ha ha ha!

JIM JIM continues to choke and
scream. The monitor focuses in
more closely on the skyline.
DOCTOR paints.

NURSE

Ladies and gentlemen, human potential is a sacred gift from our creator. I worry about a culture that devalues life and believe, as your president, I have an obligation to foster and encourage respect for life in these mountains and praries and oceans white with foam.

As a result, I have decided to conclude any additional embrionomic research from this time forth.

Prayer and council have brought me to this sovereign binding life affirming conclusion.

DOCTOR finishes painting. He turns around...over the mural, it reads "WACKO, TEXAS" - With an arrow pointing to NURSE.

DOCTOR

The Bride with cloven tongues of fire,
Of whom the Christ has loved.

NURSE

Thank you for listening.

NURSE attaches dome to a wire.
Click. It rises.

JIM JIM

(with his last gasps)

Many foreign peoples hate us for the same reasons most of us hate me.

The monitor - a silhouette close up on the Twin Towers. The Dynamite pump rises in JIM JIM's dome.

JIM JIM

Yahoo!

JIM JIM gasps and coughs violently.

NURSE

THE SECOND PROPHECY OF THE FATIMA DE ME, WUNDERBAR ME has been fulfilled. Good night and God Bless America.

JIM JIM collapses on the pump. The wires descend rapidly, items crashing to the floor.

With the towers in a tight shot,
the monitor blows up, sending
metal shards onto the stage.

POPESS
(lifting head)
We...do not approve.

Bright lights blind the audience.

Blackout.

INERLUDE

Red Curtain. Empty stage. Spotlight.

GOOD TIME GUY (PRESIDENT) appears on stage in a sparkly tuxedo, carrying a microphone.

GOOD TIME GUY

And now, Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Afghan Lounge!

STAGEHAND throws quilted afghans into the audience.

GOOD TIME GUY

Tonight, on this very stage, we have for you, a truly wonderful show. These talented performers practiced in a cave and still their footwork is flawless. Please give a warm welcome to the Al Qaeda Qooperatives.

Men in long beards enter, dancing a high energy Hora. Legs kicking in unison, etc... Hava Negila plays. Big Finish!

GOOD TIME GUY

Whew! I don't care if you're Arab or Jew, that's sure to please both me and you! Now stand back, boys, cause here comes the Willing Coalition Quartet.

Four fatigued men, led by JIM JIM enter. Three, including J.J., wear U.S.A. armbands, the fourth wears Ethiopia. They all heel. A German WWII song plays. The Men Goose-step a nifty tap number.

GOOD TIME GUY

Wow! I stand here in shock and awe! What talent, What grace, what

(with exaggerated French accent)

Joie De Vivre!

The music screeches to a halt. All stop abruptly and look at the GOOD TIME GUY.

GOOD TIME GUY

I mean...I love freedom. Freedom *Fries*, that is.

STAGEHAND gives him a red, white and blue container of fries. Stuffs his face.

GOOD TIME GUY

Now, onto our favorite moment of the evening. Feet meet in the desert heat. So get ready for this treat. Remember the Rumble in the Jungle. Well, on the card today we have...
(drum roll)

The Fight Between the Brown and White!

The music starts, a medley of Texas Country.

GOOD TIME GUY

Music provided by the town of Crawford, Texas. Thanks, fellas.

The dancing starts. Goose-stepping. Then Hora. The dancing grows more intricate, faster, difficult. Eventually, the Qaedas are doing a grapevine around the Coalition. They are goose-stepping/tapping forcefully, driving the circle continually forward. Tap sounds supplemented by shotgun fire. As the movement crescendos, the whole group flails as if being shot and crashes into the pit.

The music halts.

GOOD TIME GUY

Come on, boys!

A countrified, fiddle heavy version of "The Star Spangled Banner"

GOOD TIME GUY

Now, that's what I call music!

Spotlight on a hand gripping the top of the pit. It's JIM JIM! He pulls himself slowly back onto the stage, bullet holes on his uniform.

GOOD TIME GUY

The clear and present Victor, The willing Coalition Quar-

(GOOD TIME GUY looks, it's just JIM JIM, who waves)

Uh, well, We Won! We Won!

(beat)

And now, for you sentimental folks in the audience, the last dance, the last chance for romance.

The music switches to a soft classic melody. JIM JIM in spotlight. A wild eyed bearded fella crawls out of a hole in the floor.

GOOD TIME GUY

We here in the Afghan Lounge are proud to present a fine dancer in his own right, Mr. Madass Hessane. Give him a round of applause.

MADASS waves. The music grows louder. JIM JIM takes MADASS around the waist, about to lead.

MADASS

I'll lead.

MADASS takes JIM JIM in his arms. Spins and dips him. Holds him close. They dance, cheek to cheek.

GOOD TIME GUY

Thanks for joining us. We look forward to seeing you again. Same time. Same place. Goodnight and God Bless.

MADASS and JIM JIM dance slowly in fading spotlight.

Silence.

Dozens of wires hang, holding nothing.

STAGEHAND enters with a broom, dustpan and garbage can.

STAGEHAND picks up debris, sweeps, tosses our beloved items into the trash.

STAGEHAND gathers the metal shards, and pieces the monitor back together again.

PART THE THIRD

The monitor, held together by tape, rope and chewing gum is just half of a screen and some frayed wires. It shows a limo, with a man waving out of the top, smiling. In unison, PRESIDENT, microphone in hand, enters, waving and smiling.

Boom. Gunshot. PRESIDENT jolts backward. Boom. Jolt backward. Boom. On the ground. The waving and smiling image repeats over and over.

JIM JIM appears out of the shadows. He wears the fatigues, gunshots through his chest. Carries a smoking gun.

He lifts PRESIDENT'S wrist, checks the pulse, and drops it.

JIM JIM

Hi. My name is Jim Jim. Jim Jim McGoogle. I may look familiar, like another soldier you've seen. Yup, we all kind of blend together. Close cropped hair, skin as white as a duck's ass, and a desire to defend our nation that gleams through our pores.

Now, see what our President needed was one of them Popessmobiles. You know what I'm taking about, those plastic bubbles that protect, just in case...in case of fellas like me.

(pause)

Now, I'm gonna stand right here next to this dead body with a smoking gun, bloody fatigues and just wait. Let's see what happens, what d'yasay?

(people cross the stage, chatting, ignoring him)

Watch this.

Click. JIM JIM has the remote.

NEWS ANCHOR appears on the monitor.

ANCHOR

The President has, in fact, died. This is a tragic day indeed. At this point, all signs indicate natural causes, heart failure. Today, we have lost a great man, a decisive leader, a paragon of humanity—

Click. On screen, a military cemetery.

JIM JIM

I pulled this one off from the grave. That's right, I'm gone, passed on, buried under the lawn. These bullet holes ain't for decoration, ya know. I am what we in the biz like to call "a casualty of war." Made it look like a heart attack, a fluke. And no one can touch me. Not bad, eh?

JIM JIM continues to stand and pose with still smoking firearm. POPESS, sans face mask, clothed in a judge's robe and, you guessed it, the hat, enters and clicks her remote. STAGEHAND enters, carrying three velvet thrones and scurries off. Click. Runs on, carrying a dark wooden table. Click. Removes a gavel from pocket. Click. Polishes it. Click. Gives it to POPESS. Click. STAGEHAND exits.

POPESS

(sitting on her throne, pounding gavel on table)
Order. Order. This Court will come to order. On this day in this year of our lord...

KORESH appears, sitting to the POPESS' left, also wearing a judge's robe, bible ever present.

KORESH

Excuse, me, your honor...

POPESS

Yes, your honor?

KORESH

Well, your honor, I feel we must reiterate that although the concept of Lord does not usually belong in a court of law, this particular hearing does not fall under the normal jurisdiction.

(beat)

Besides, I always thought that was a stupid rule.

POPESS

I agree.

PRESIDENT

(Judge's robe, seated on POPESS' right - microphone)
I concur, your honor.

KORESH

Thanks for finally joining us.

POPESS

We've been waiting, your honor.

PRESIDENT

Shot straight up to the top!

PRESIDENT jolts backward, as
though being shot. They all laugh.

POPESS

Jim Jim McGoogle, the accused one, the defendant, the
confused, the clear headed, the your soul is in the balance
child of, wait for it, *Lord*, yeah you, be seated.

JIM JIM does not seem to hear.

POPESS

Mr. McGoogle!

No response.

POPESS

Oh, wait.

Pulls out her remote and click.
The monitor shows Two Pearly Gates
and a sign - "WANTAMMO BAY AKA
PURGATORY"

POPESS

Sit.

JIM JIM

Yes, Paula.

POPESS

Excuse me?

JIM JIM

Ma'am. Yes, ma'am.

POPESS clicks. STAGEHAND enters, carrying a plain wooden chair. Click. Exits. JIM JIM sits, the judge's panel looming over him.

POPESS
Guard!

Ding Ding Ding! ALI, vibrant and agile, shadowboxes out, wearing a Policeman's cap, carrying an orange prison jumpsuit.

POPESS
Cuff him and clothe him.

ALI
Get ready for the Strife in the Afterlife!

ALI grabs JIM JIM. JIM JIM holds the gun to ALI's head. ALI decks him, tossing the gun aside.

ALI puts the jumpsuit on JIM JIM and cuffs him.

POPESS
That will be all, my son.

ALI does roundhouse. Ding Ding Ding! Exits.

POPESS
You have been charged with murder.

PRESIDENT
Yeah, and killing.

KORESH
And self defense, Jim Jim.

PRESIDENT and POPESS turn to look at KORESH "What?" A slide whistle.

KORESH
No, not self defense. Cold blooded butchering. Yeah, that's the ticket.

JIM JIM
I didn't-

PRESIDENT

You didn't what, cockhead? Pardon my French, but this little terror, ist true, should burn in the disease ridden fire of Haitis.

PRESIDENT clicks his remote.
Monitor shows sick Haitian people,
starving, sores covering their
bodies.

POPESS

Now, now. It's a good thing cooler heads may prevail.

POPESS clicks. Back to the Gates.

KORESH

What do you have to say for yourself, Jim Jim? *Some* of us are interested.

PRESIDENT

Shut up, David. Friggin' thorn in my side.

KORESH

Part the Third..
Now he's here to sing--

POPESS

Enough! Speak boy. Tell us why.

JIM JIM

(booming, echoing)

THE THIRD PROPHECY OF THE MADONNA OF THE FATIMA OF OVERT
LIES AND DECEPTIONS DE DISEASES OF THE BODY AND MIND DE
HALE EE BURRR TWO TON.

PRESIDENT

McGooser here talks, but don't say nothing. Let's hang him high!

KORESH

Part The Third...Continued
And now he's here to sing his song,
the life of every--

POPESS

Knock it off. McGoogle?

JIM JIM

(booming)

THE THIRD PROPHECY OF THE MADONNA OF THE FATIMA-

POPESS

We know, we know...Get to it.

PRESIDENT

Yeah, we ain't got all day. We gotta go pray.

PRESIDENT clicks. Monitor shows
Buddhist monks, meditating.

PRESIDENT

Shit. Wrong channel.

PRESIDENT clicks. Monitor shows
the Church of Scientology.

PRESIDENT

Fuckety Fuck Fuck.

KORESH

Let me.

KORESH clicks. A huge cross with a
bleeding Christ.

KORESH

This thing must be broken.

KORESH clicks. Pat Robertson.

PRESIDENT

Leave it.

KORESH clicks. The Guns and Ammo
Expo.

PRESIDENT

(click)

Here.

KORESH

(click)

No, here.

PRESIDENT

(click)

Rugmunch.

KORESH
 (click)
 Daddy's boy.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

PRESIDENT AND KORESH
 (screaming and growling - unintelligible)
 Aaaaarrghhh. Woof. Grrrrr.

POPESS
 (click. Back to the gates.)
 The wrath of the almighty is mine to reign down.

PRESIDENT
 Me too!

KORESH
 Part the Third - Continued.
 And now he's here to sing his song
 The life of every spring-

POPESS
 Silencio! To maintain a joyful family requires much of
 both the parents and children. We must become a servant of
 our progeny. Jim Jim, we service you.

POPESS AND KORESH
 TO YOUR WILL WE BEND. TO YOUR WORDS WE-

POPESS
 Hold it. Yo, Pres, you're either with us or against us.

PRESIDENT
 Very funny. Fine.

POPESS KORESH AND PRESIDENT
 TO YOUR WORDS WE HEAR. TO YOUR LIFE WE GIVE. TO YOUR
 DEATH WE CHEER.

They all cheer. Wahoo! Hands in
 the air.

PRESIDENT
 Who wrote this shit?

KORESH
 That would be me.

PRESIDENT
Why am I not surprised?

POPESS
Continuar. To continue. Jim Jim, please.

JIM JIM
My wrists hurt.

PRESIDENT
Good.

KORESH
Those who suffer are examples for those who wish for redemption. I agree.

PRESIDENT
Uncuff him! Take that, Koresh.

POPESS
Hold fast, McGoogle. Your freedom shall come soon.

JIM JIM takes a long deep breath.

JIM JIM
The First Prophecy which you shall know.
Tells the story--

PRESIDENT
First Prophecy. A ha! You ain't got nothin' to say. There is no third prophemecy is there?

POPESS
Patience. Explain yourself, Jim Jim.

JIM JIM
Well, I must confess--

PRESIDENT
Yes, confess!

JIM JIM
I must confess that there is a surprise ending.

PRESIDENT
Oh.

KORESH

Part The third...Concluded.
And now he's here to sing his song-

JIM JIM

Not yet, David. May I call you David?

KORESH

It's your show now, Jim Jim.

POPESS

I'm waiting.

JIM JIM

The First slash Third Prophecy, *happy*, which you shall know
tells the story, a tale of-

PRESIDENT

Skip ahead, McCocoo. We've heard all this poop already.

POPESS

No. Proceed as planned, Jim Jim. I have an affinity for
repetitious ritual.

(crosses herself)

PRESIDENT

Aw, come on!

POPESS

Proceed.

JIM JIM

The Third Prophecy which you shall know
Tells the story, a tale of woe.

KORESH

Hold it, Jim Jim. Take off your robes, your honor.

POPESS

I think not.

KORESH

Trust me.

POPESS

You first.

KORESH

Yes, I shall show you the way.

POPESS

Don't try that reverse psychology nonsense. Strip!

KORESH

Yes, ma'am.

KORESH unzips his robe. He is wearing fatigues.

PRESIDENT

Oh, for Christ's sake!

POPESS

Those who are without sin shall cast the first stone.

PRESIDENT

Yada Yada Yada, y'all.

POPESS unzips her robe. As she steps out, she freezes, one leg suspended in air.

KORESH

The Parkinsonian Disorder strikes again. Hold still, let me help.

POPESS shoulder-rolls out of her robe, cartwheel, sticks an Olympic landing. She is also in fatigues.

POPESS

Hey, I'm dead. Nothin's gonna stop me now.

JIM JIM

(screaming)

TELLS THE STORY A TALE OF WOE!

POPESS AND KORESH

Woe Woe WOOOOOOOOE.

(Pause)

PRESIDENT

Woe.

JIM JIM

Fields Burn and Air spins black.

Time to go and fighhhhhhhht Iiiiiiiii Raq.

POPESS
Ooh, my back just cracked.

KORESH
Ouch.

PRESIDENT
Your point lacks.

JIM JIM
And so you know we stand off.
The Desert sand makes you cough.

POPESS
Cough.

KORESH
Hack.

POPESS
Cough.

PRESIDENT
Yeah, yeah. Um, slough. Or moff. How' bout, yoff?

JIM JIM
Ain't just sand that brought you here.
Protective injections make you tear.

POPESS removes a giant needle from
her robe, pricking KORESH.

KORESH
Weep! Weep! Weep!

PRESIDENT
In me, folks, your leader, a faithful leap.

JIM JIM
It takes oil to run those jeeps.
Breathe it in, but not a peep.

POPESS takes a long deep breath.
Smiles, then vomits. KORESH rubs
her back, holds her head.

KORESH
You okay?

POPESS

Oh yes, I'm well. Merely demonstrating J.J.'s insightful lyrics.

(back to puking)

KORESH

Actually, they're mine.

POPESS

Your what?

KORESH

My words. Remember.

POPESS

Come on, just give the kid his moment.

(pukes again)

KORESH

Great job, Jim.

(silence)

PRESIDENT

What's the hold up, McCheese?

JIM JIM

Your turn.

PRESIDENT

Right. Today, every living person who was hurt by the evil done at the Monetary Monuments can rest in the knowledge that there has been a reckoning.

JIM JIM

The battle was won without much fuss.
Yet none go home,

POPESS

Fuckin A!

KORESH

We Won!

POPESS

Is this really my line? Oh, alright, here goes.
Take that you cuntly towel-head motherfuckers!

JIM JIM

No need to cuss.

PRESIDENT

At every point, from the morning of that most terrible day,
we have seen that good overcomes eeeevil.

POPESS

Slow down, J.J. Did you say, "none go home?"

JIM JIM

Nope. We hang around, shooting the shit.

An AL QAEDA QOOPERATIVE crosses
the stage, arms up in surrender.
JIM JIM, still handcuffed, grabs
gun, shoots him. QOOPERATIVE
collapses.

POPESS

That was uncalled for.

POPESS clicks. STAGEHAND enters,
walking toward JIM JIM. He shoots;
alas, an empty chamber. STAGEHAND
takes the gun. Click. Exits.

KORESH

When the government becomes perverted it is our duty to
take up arms against it.

KORESH reaches into his robe and
produces some detached arms. He
gives one to the POPESS, throws
one to JIM JIM, slaps PRESIDENT
across the face with the other.

PRESIDENT

Under the laws of our country, this matter is concluded.

PRESIDENT takes the arm, slaps
KORESH. KORESH pokes PRESIDENT in
the eyes. PRESIDENT throws a
creme pie at KORESH. He ducks,
pie hits POPESS in face.

POPESS

(Slapping PRESIDENT with her detached arm)
Here's a smacker for the cracker!

JIM JIM

Hellooooo.

This is why I am my own attorney. The whole legal system is made up of corrupt clowns.

POPESS is standing, cleaning herself up.

PRESIDENT, from his robe, produces a whoopee cushion, blows, slides it on her chair. She sits. Brrrr!

PRESIDENT

Ha Ha Ha!

JIM JIM

Then one day the tired starts.

KORESH yawns and puts his arm around the POPESS.

POPESS

Don't get fresh, Koresh.

KORESH

I worship you.

POPESS

I know.

JIM JIM

Chronic fatigue...

KORESH

Goodnight, your honor.

POPESS

Goodnight, your honor.

KORESH

Sleep well, your honor.

POPESS

Sleep tight, your honor.

KORESH

Don't let the bed bugs bite, your—

PRESIDENT

In the name of freedom, sacrifices must be made.

JIM JIM
And gaseous farts.

PRESIDENT produces two whoopee cushions, blows, slides them under POPESS' and KORESH's asses. BRRRR!

PRESIDENT
Now that's comedy!

JIM JIM
And so it begins, the syndrome here—

PRESIDENT
I object! There is unsufficiment evidence that the syndrome has returned.
(beat)
Um, or ever existed.

POPESS
The Prophecy is the word of the Lord, putts.

KORESH
Part the Third...Concluded
And love birds gather—

JIM JIM
Make no mistake, the syndrom's a'comin', on a chariot of fire, like Elijah, bringing word of the messiah.

POPESS
I'm impressed, J.J.

KORESH
My prized pupil.

JIM JIM
Just wait until my pals get home to their wives and child.
All ain't well, spicy, not mild.

KORESH
I have uncontrollable rage at you!

POPESS
And I have unexplainable mood swings! I hate you!

KORESH
You hate no one.

POPESS
I love You!

KORESH
You are love.

POPESS
I hate you! I hate you! I hate you, pretender to the throne, bringer of destruction, brainwashing fanatic, Kool-Aid swilling-

KORESH
That wasn't even me!

PRESIDENT
As the individual, namely me, takes up his cross, spiritually uniting himself to the Christ, the salvific meaning of suffering is revealed before him.

POPESS
That is clearly my line.

PRESIDENT
My fellow citizens, my esteemed congregants, we now move forward, with confidence and...
(booming)
Faith.

Organ music. KORESH clicks his remote. Monitor shows fatigued congregation on their knees, accepting firearms. All three (except J.J.) get on their knees and cross themselves.

KORESH
Faith.

POPESS clicks. Folks gathered in church, accepting communion.

POPESS
Faith.

PRESIDENT clicks. The Senate. Senators in their seats, applauding.

PRESIDENT
Faith.

KORESH
Faith has brought me here.

PRESIDENT
Faith has made our purpose clear.

KORESH
Faith in me was burned alive.

PRESIDENT
Faith in me, martyred now, thank you very much, shall survive.

POPESS
(standing)
Faith in you. Faith in he. Faith in we.
(anointing Koresh)
The Father.
(anointing President)
The Son.
(anointing herself)
The holy ghost.
(beat)
Can I get an amen?

KORESH and PRESIDENT
Amen!

The senators, on screen,
applaud.

POPESS
J.J. Can I get an amen?
(beat)
Can I get an amen?
(pause)
Can I get an amen?

The senators applaud.

POPESS
James JimBob Johosefat McGoogle! I demand an answer. Now!

JIM JIM
Here...It...Comes!

A speed techno version of the
Hallelujah Chorus blares,
HEAVENLY VOICE unmistakable
through the electronica.
All dance uncontrollably, as
though not of their own will.

Arms flailing and legs flying awkwardly. The wires move up and down.

The monitor, on its own, changes channels rapidly. Finally, it stops on a marionette, wires visible, dancing happily.

JIM JIM
The Gulf Go Go Groove!

They scratch and pull each other's hair and skin. Stalk about the stage, falling, recalling JIM'S JIM'S Part I soft shoe. Bigger, more extreme. Their mouths spew forth blood, staining POPESS' white hat.

JIM JIM
This is my crusade. Get it, Paula, *Crusade?* Ha!

They all squat, as though shitting. Faces scrunched up in pain. They shit on each other. Smear it all over their faces.

KORESH
(pulling, from his ass, a bottle of Chocolate syrup)
Give us some credit, huh?

JIM JIM
After we fight, we lose our sight! The blind man's merengue.

Merengue! Chocolate smeared across faces, bumping into walls and each other. Finally, ending up in a dogpile.

JIM JIM
And last but not least, Parkinsonian Disorder of oh what variety the fuck does it really matter anymore.

MUHAMMAD ALI enters, shaking and shuffling. Ding Ding

Ding! JIM JIM shakes and
shuffles in unison. They
flop on top of the dogpile.

JIM JIM
THE THIRD PROPHECY OF THE MADONNA OF THE FATIMA OF THE
DISEASE RIDDEN HISTORICAL ANALYSIS DE UNAVOIDABLE FUTURO DE
SALVAGE OUR SOULS has ended.
The Defense rests.

PRESIDENT
Hold it, you said that there would be some super duper
special surprise ending.

JIM JIM
First, what's the verdict?

PRESIDENT
Can we get up?

POPESS
I'm comfy.

KORESH
I'm not getting up till I get to finish.
Part the Third...Concluded.

PRESIDENT
Me too! Me too!
Hem hem,
(delivering a speech)
The cause we serve is right because it is the cause of
mankind.

KORESH
And now he's here to sing his song
The life of every spring

PRESIDENT
The momentum of freedom in our world is unmistakable-and it
is not carried forward by our power alone.

JIM JIM
Hey folks, the verdict?

KORESH
And love birds gather, each one with mate...

POPESS
Let us join hands in the holy matrimony of prayer.

The marionette, on screen, still dances.
 "Here comes the Bride" is heard.
 They all squirm in the pile,
 trying to hold each other's hands...
 It's like a game of twister.

POPESS
 Nobody move! J.J., are you gay?

JIM JIM
 I sure as hell ain't jumping for joy.

POPESS
 Anyone else?

PRESIDENT
 Well, Mr. Poetry over here sure seems a little woo woo.

POPESS
 Join hands!
 (They do)
 By the power vested in me, through the almighty lord of
 hosts and the state of perpetual torment, I do pronounce us-

KORESH
 For the marriage of the King.
 "Eden to Eden" Finished! I am the man!

JIM JIM
 Verdict!

POPESS
 I do pronounce us-

PRESIDENT
 We can trust in that greater power who guides the unfolding
 of the years. We can know his purposes are just and true.
 Thank you and Christ bless.

JIM JIM
 Verdict!

POPESS
 I do pronounce us-

ALI
 DING! DING! DING! It's just a job. Grass grows, birds
 fly, waves pound the sand. I beat people up.

ALI does a roundhouse. Hits
them all in their faces.
Uuuugh.

JIM JIM
Verdict!

POPESS
I do pronounce us
(booming)
Guilty!

JIM JIM
Everybody close your eyes and get ready for a big surprise.

PRESIDENT
I can't wait! Hurry ! Hurry! Please!

A dynamite pump rises below the
dogpile, lifting them. Like a car
on a hydraulic jack, the group
ascends.

JIM JIM
Hey, everybody, look!

They look at the monitor, which
shows a hand detaching the
marionette's strings. Then, the
puppet sits motionless, staring.

The Group ascends into the
rafters. They can no longer be
seen.

JIM JIM
(offstage)
Now push!
(groans)
Almost there.
(grunts)
We're home!

The group, and the accompanying
dynamite pump, descends rapidly.
They hit bottom.

All wires detach and fall.

Blackout.

The half monitor remains on, the puppet staring directly at us.

In black:

JIM JIM
That's it?

POPESS
We're already dead, remember.

JIM JIM
Oh, right.

The marionette, no strings attached, waves.

STAGEHAND enters with remote and clicks. The monitor turns off.

STAGEHAND hums the Hallelujah Chorus.

And then there was light.

END OF PLAY