

# THE BOMB

*Written by Josh Fox*

*In a collaborative process with the International WOW Company. 2002 production collaborators included Aya Ogawa, Robert Saietta, P-Rod Lettre, Deborah Wallace, Patrick McCaffrey, Gina Hirsch, Will O'Hare, Alanna Medlock, Aaron Mostkoff Unger, Magin Schantz, Drae Campbell, Maha Chehlaoui, Sophie Amieva, Jason Quarles, and Ravi Jain.*

**NOTE:** *The script of The Bomb continues to be re-written and updated in the hopes that someone will put it up somewhere or fund us to put this mammoth beast up once more. For recent script updates, please email [info@internationalwow.org](mailto:info@internationalwow.org)*

## Town Hall

Virgil

All right folks, diminish your hubbub. First of all, I just want to say what a pleasure it is to see all of your bright and shining faces out here tonight, as we kick off the sixth town hall meeting the year. Now, as you all know, we have a lot on the agenda tonight, and we just want to barrel on through it so we can move on to the county fair tomorrow. Am I right? Or am I right? We've all been working really hard on the fair and this year, and I know it's been controversial, but for the first time, we do have ourselves a kissing booth.

Molly

Come on down everybody.

Virgil

And of course on Sunday we got ourselves the championship game between our beloved Penguins and the Waterton Beavers. So folks, tonight, I suggest that we clear our hearts and clear our minds, and face some of these big issues. Tim, I know you had something to say.

Tim

I'll keep it brief--ya'll know me. I'm not much one for soapbox preachin' like our buddy Virgil here, which reminds me of something he always says, he says, "If you're gonna get on your high horse, you better bring a step ladder... and I didn't. I left mine at home. But folks, I just think it's important that we come together like neighbors, like a community and really...

Jo-Jo

My children are scared.

Ikuko

I can't answer my boy's question.

Floyd

My children are gettin' too old for me to lie to 'em anymore!

Cartier

My mama calls me up every night askin' me what time the world's gonna end!

Molly

I read that the world's teetering precariously on the brink of total collapse.

Chester

I hope it does.

Bonnie Tucker

I read that too!

Quivers

Where'd you read that?

Bonnie Tucker

The bible!

Molly

Scientific American!

Quivers

You know, I don't approve of that publication!

Rita

I ran over a dog this mornin' with my truck. I wasn't drivin' fast,...I still have him in the back of my truck. I don't know what to do. I think death comes when you least expect it.

Bonnie Tucker

I think we all need to get back to our roots. The origin of the world and all people is love.

Jimmy

People are 70% water!

All

That's a fact!

Bonnie Tucker

Love is elemental. Like carbon and oxygen and silicone. Well, maybe not silicone, Grace!

Grace  
God made these au natural!

Sally  
But what are the implications of a world without a moral order?

Grace  
I knew we shouldn't have got that cable TV!

Jimmy  
But I love Iron Chef! MASAHIRO MORIMOTO!

Tim  
That's excellent. Jimmy, what I'm gonna need you to do is channel some of that energy into the debate we're having.

Hezekiah  
English Channel? History Channel!

Tim  
Fabulous programming on both of those channels...

Phylis  
That's not the only channel he watchin'!

Tim  
OK, Phylis, let's keep it civil. Floyd, you brought up history. Let's talk about history for a second. If ya'll can hearken back in your minds to 1962. There was a crisis involving missiles down in Cuba that someone called The Cuban Missile Crisis. What I think we've got goin' on is something similar here. There's a cloud of fear hoverin' over our little community...

Bubba  
This is not our problem. Dorothy can find her own way home.

Phylis  
My name is Phylis Pitts-Wilson.

Grace  
We know your name Phyllis.

Phylis  
Shut your face Amazing Grace. I know most of y'all think I'm an asshole, and I might be an asshole, but think about how full of shit y'all would be if you didn't have your asshole! I wrote

this out for y'all last night. As society moves towards a society that places more value on knowledge than on faith then that society will become a society of whose social base is in a materialistic.....(interruption) . Oh I hate all y'all.

*Hubbub*

Sally

I'm sorry, but not everyone's been payin' their dues. And I got stuck with a bill for \$24.95 last month for the chicken dinner.

Phylis

You are so tired. I told you I wasn't gonna give you no money. I don't like chicken I like ham.

Bonnie Tucker

We decided on the chicken with the gravy.

Rusty

I offered to make everybody barbecue but nobody wanted any.

Jethro Clem

Aw Rusty, nobody wants your raw meat, your e-coli your whatever you got over there..

Percy

Are we talking about chicken & gravy or ham & the end of the world?

Virgil

Well, it ain't that cut and dried.

Phylis

Well, if it's Sally's chicken it's dry.

*Fight*

Jimmy

Sally's chicken is good!

*General Hubbub*

Quivers

All right, all right, now please! If we all exercise a modicum of de...de...

Jethro Clem

Aw, spit it out, reverend!

Quivers

Decorum, we'll all have a chance... Now Mercer, that's a good girl.

Mercer

I'd like to cover this particular meeting for the newspaper.

Virgil

I don't think that's such a good idea.

Wes

But Virg, Why can't we just be honest with each other in the paper?

P-Rod

*(In Spanish)* We don't understand..... Etc etc...

Ikuko

I think she is saying that they don;t understand what we are saying, *(In Japanese)* Right? So what we need is an interpreter, does anyone speak Spanish and English?

Francoise

*(In French)* Something something in french... increable

Ikuko

*(In Japanese)* No, no, not French, Spanish!

Peggy

*(In Japanese)* Who do you think is going to understand you when you're speaking Japanese?! Speak English, ENGLISH!

Rusty

I'm sorry Virg. Its' just, well, sir, I feel I feel.. well sir, I just feel sometimes I feel like a penguin out on an ice floe and this wing here's flappin' away and that's my wisdom and then this wing here's flappin and that's like my faith and they're flappin' and flappin' but I'm not gon' anywhere.

*A silence*

I'm not referin the Penguin baseball team. You know we are going out there to make you proud on Sunday and and win that championship!

All

*(Cheer, hoot and holler)* Let's go penguins! Let's go penguins!

Virgil

That is right folks, we are gonna skin the hide off them Watertown Beavers this weekend! Am I right?

All

*(Cheer, hoot and holler)* Damn them beavers! Damn them beavers!

*Sound of plane above. Blackout.*

*Lights up on a field of naked people. Atomic explosion images projected on the back wall. Marvin Gaye's 'Sexual Healing' plays. The naked masses rise up slowly. They gaze at the new world around them, at each other, at the audience. Wonder. The credits roll. As the song comes to an end, the lights shift to reveal a tableaux of the Town. Mercer Dean, the reporter, walks through the tableaux and addresses the audience.*

Mercer

I'd like to introduce you to our town. Now there are a thousand towns just like this one in the world, and they may seem kinda insignificant, but I believe that once you get to a center of a place and it gets in your heart, then it's home forever. Now I'm not saying it's the easiest thing to be honest, but I'm not gonna stand here in front of you nice folks and try and pull the wool over your eyes neither. So I'm gonna try and tell you my piece about this town, as true as I can, which is what I'm sworn to, and have to uphold. Now the world is a scary place. There are a lot of thoughts and opinions running around out there. But I'm neutral. I gotta be. I'm a newspaper man.

Francoise

Excuse me, where is the hardware store?

Mercer

Hold on. we'll get there in a second. Now like I was saying, the world is a scary place. But now here, here is as pleasant as punch. Why don't you check out Main Street and see for yourself.

### **MainStreet / Barber Shop/ Auto Mechanic**

*Passers-by on MainStreet as Barber (Phylis, Peggy, Quivers, Rusty) and Auto Mechanic (Jimmy, Cartier, Grace) scenes are intercut. Tim plays a beautiful song on the guitar for Molly off of Main Street.*

Rusty

I think I'm gonna write a book today

Cartier

Hot fudge is good!

Rusty

Maybe a song.

Grace

Hey Cartier, I think Butterscotch is better!

Quivers  
That sounds like a good idea.

Cartier  
Butterscotch?!

Rusty  
No, a poem! About love.

Grace  
Yeah, it's sweet, and it's hard!

Rusty  
Love is a refuge.  
Hate is not a refuge.  
Hate is not a place where the refugees go.

Cartier  
We ain't talkin about candy, we talkin about toppings!

Quivers  
That's a good beginning, Rusty.

Grace  
Art and beauty are where you find them.

Cartier  
Ice cream toppings!

Phyllis  
Only a sick man or crazy person would take refuge in his hate.

Grace  
Consolation is where you take it.

Quivers  
Phyllis, don't cut it, just relax it.

Jimmy  
....Magic Shell!

Cartier  
Oooh yeah...

Jimmy

Magic Shell.

Grace  
What?

Cartier  
Jimmy talkin bout Magic Shell.

Grace  
Well, pray tell, what is Magic Shell?

Jimmy  
Yyyou don't know?

Grace  
Clearly I am uninformed on the topic.

Cartier  
Well Grace - pray told, the information on the topping is...

Jimmy  
LLLiquid in the bottle, hhard on ice cream!

Cartier  
Like a helmet. (*Knocks on Jimmy's helmet.*)

Jimmy  
Magic Shell!

Cartier  
Like magic.

Grace  
Ain't nothin magic about it.

Cartier  
That's cause you ain't never had it.

Phylis  
Peggy, sit your freaky penguin ass down!

Robert  
If you keep talkin to her like that, she'll never take it off.

Phylis  
She ain't ever gonna take it off. She's been wearing that damn thing for two years. Turn your

beak around! Thinks man is descended from penguins!

Grace  
Who invented Magic Shell anyway?

Cartier  
I don't know.

Jimmy  
God's gift.

Molly  
That's real pretty

Tim  
I wrote that one for you, sweetheart.

Mercer  
When I first moved here, I woke up the next morning with a crazy feeling in my stomach. Like I was in love! Pure, Bling LOVE. It was running down my legs, and up my rear. And I kept trying over and over again, to remember who I was in love with. And it just didn't come. Then I figured on it. I was in love with the whole world.

Phylis  
You ain't got that much love.

Mercer  
But I do, I tell you, I do! Sometimes it hurts, even.

Phylis  
You're late for church, Mercer Dean.

Mercer  
Excuse me.

## **Church**

Quivers  
Today I'd like to talk to you about my garden. As you know, I take a deal of pride in my garden. But the other day, I found that it was bestrewn with weeds.

Robert  
Phylis, do you believe in parallel universes?

Phylis  
Shh!

Floyd

Rusty's in a slump! We ain't ever gonna win the big game if he doesn't hit some balls!

Rusty

I'm gonna hit some balls today. The Reverend's gonna bless my bat.

Floyd

Hey Rusty. I didn't know you believed in all of this.

Rusty

Well, there ain't such a thing as an atheist in a foxhole, or a dugout.

Quivers

And I realized,

Tim

I wanna go fishing.

Virgil

We don't have time to look at each other.

Quivers

It is the work that brings us joy.

Mercer

Off the record, it seems like the world is in denial all over the place. But not here. Here, you've never felt love this big in your entire life.

*Sally enters. Her dead husband moves with her in her memory.*

Sally

Hi.

All

Hi, Sally.

Mercer

That's Sally. She's my best friend. We play rummy, nights. Her husband died a while back. Car accident. icy roads. Another one of those things nobody can explain. Why something like that happens before it's apparent that someone's ready. He wasn't her real husband. We don't go in for that here. But he was a real good guy. Say, I could go for a slice of rhubarb pie. Let's head on over to Hezekiah's. I'm feeling a bit peckish.

**Diner/Hardware Store intercut**

Hezekiah  
Baby, You are the Buddha.

Bonnie Tucker  
Virgil? Did you see my Virgil?

Sally  
I dunno, but I was just informed that I was the Buddha!

Bonnie Tucker  
He better not be in that hardware store eatin them beans!

Virgil  
Woo-whee, these beans are good! I like the way they taste.

Tim  
Sounds like it, Virg. You know I was reading last night about this global warming.

Virgil  
Don't start. I read in the Gazette that due to global warming, they're gonna lay off 250 people over at the Waterton Fruit of the Loom factory.

Tim  
I don't think that has anything to do with global warming.

Virgil  
Which part?

Tim  
About the Fruit of the Loom?

Virgil  
Well don't that beat all...

Francoise  
Hi.

Tim  
Hi

Sally  
Oh, can you watch my station for a minute, I have to run over to the hardware store. Thanks.

Floyd  
You know when I was young, my momma thought she could bend spoons with her mind. But as it turns out, she just really needed to go to the loony bin. And so she did.

Phylis  
Is that right?

Floyd  
Yeah

Phylis  
Well check mate, momma's boy!

Tim  
What can I help you find?

Francoise  
I need Some glitters.

Tim  
I'm Sorry?

Francoise  
Do you have any Glitters.

Tim  
Liters of what?

Virgil  
Gleetches? I don't follow.

Francoise  
No, glitters, you know, it's Shiny.

Tim  
Chinese?

Francoise  
No, you put on your skin, it's like Make-up?

Tim  
Oh, you want glitters!

Virgil  
Oh, glitter! Well, why didn't you say so?

Francoise  
I just say that!

Tim

It's over there on aisle one.

Virgil

Aisle one.

Molly

Hi Sally, are you here to look at the home fountains again?

Sally

Yeah.

Molly

They're over there on Aisle One.

Sally

My favorite aisle.

Francoise

I can't find it!

Floyd

So that's why everytime I eat my cereal, I use me a fork.

Virgil

So wait a minute, Tim?

Tim

Yeah?

Virgil

What is this global warming?

Tim

Well the earth's getting hot, Virg, real hot, real fast.

Virgil

Don't start. I can't hardly sleep nights.

Tim

I read that in the year 2017 the average temperature in February is gonna be 149 degrees.

Virgil

I believe that.

Tim

That's a fact.

                    Francoise  
I found it!

                    Tim  
Good for you.

                    Francoise  
How much is it?

                    Tim  
Well, tell you what. why don't you go ahead and take those glitters.

                    Francoise  
Why?

                    Tim  
Call it a gift.

                    Francoise  
Do you try to flirt me?

                    Tim  
No, I'm sorry no I got a sweetheart right over there. Hi Molly.

                    Molly  
Hi Tim.

                    Francoise  
So?

                    Tim  
It's a dollar and a quarter.

                    Francoise  
That's expensive.

                    Tim  
It's the going rate.

                    Virgil  
Hey Tim, I ate this whole can of beans.

                    Tim  
I believe that.

Bonnie

*(Entering)* Virgil! Don't think I didn't see that can of beans because I did! I cannot believe you left me at home all alone to deal with that sump pump!

Virgil

Oh Bonnie Bonnie I'm sorry!

*The whole world freezes.*

Magin/sweeper

Hi.

Cartier

Hi. *(Pause.)* I see the floor is real pretty

Magin

Thank you. *(Pause.)* You wanna go to the county fair with me?

Cartier

Is it time?

Magin

I think so.

Mercer

It occurred to me that I had stepped into something like magic. A sort of limelit world where time stops, and one thinks of miracles and quiet beauty. How the things we want in life are so rarely given, and when they are, we look askance, and don't dare touch without knowing, and sometimes turn it down.

Sally

It's just like a little Garden of Eden here. I don't want to disturb it. I'll come back tomorrow and look at it again.

## **Baseball Game**

*Floyd and Mercer announce the plays. The Penguins are warming up as the County Fair passes by.*

Floyd

Well folks, Let's play ball!

Mercer

That's right! You heard right, folks, to kick off this year's county fair we've got the league championship game between your beloved Penguins and the Wallerton Beavers. Coming up in

just a moment.

Floyd

We've been waiting all year for this. So much planning has gone into this day of enjoyment. And this year we have few new additions to report to the county fair. Pig grooming breeding tips and practices booth, The Celebrity potato-chip look-alike booth which features an Utz in the shape of our own Bill Bradskee. We've got a new show by stunt flying parakeet Goliath The Wonderbird and of course, the haunting Asparagus log cabin. Ooh wee.

Mercer

We also have a controversial new booth. Some lovely ladies have set up a kissing booth. So, if you want to plant one on Molly or Amazing Grace for a good cause, head on down there. Oh! Looks like the Penguins are taking the field. In the meantime, we have a special guest in our studio, Reverend Quivers who will tell us about the show to be presented at the 7th inning stretch. Hello reverend and welcome.

Quivers

Th-th-thank you, Mercer. Today we're going to do a Passion Play. It's the creation and destruction of the world and the life and times of Jesus H. Christ.

Mercer

Wow! That sounds like quite a program, Reverend.

Quivers

Flappity-Flap!

Floyd

We also have a special treat for our guests tonight, here's ace hurler Tim "the DUMPH" Dumphy and start short stop Rusty James. How're you doing boys?

Tim

We're doing good, thank you Floyd.

Mercer

Say Tim, you're a slight man, why do they call you the Dumph-truck?

Tim

That's a fairly interesting story, Mercer. As you know, my last name is Dumphy, and in high school the fellas shortened it to Dumph, and that became "The city Dumph" and then "Hey, let's go take a Dumph"...

Floyd

Well, we're all "Dumph" with you. Hey Rusty, you're in a slump.

Molly

*(At the Kissing Booth)* Hey Cartier, you want a kiss?

Cartier

Ummm... No, not really.

Rusty

No, Not really. I just want to tell everybody that today, the Penguins are going to FLY!

Floyd

Rusty, the penguin is a bird, but it can't much fly.

Rusty

Today, we are going to evolve!

Floyd

Well, let's just hope we Peng-Win! (*The Game begins*) Strike one on the Beavers lead off hitter, Larry Nails.

Mercer

If he wants to win this game, Dumph's going to have to keep Dyckman off base.

Floyd

The Dumph looks to catcher Jimmy K. Polk for the sign. And here's the pitch..... a line drive right into center field. Base hit.

Mercer

That was a frozen rope! I tell you the Dumph looks a little stiff out there today

Floyd

He sure does. Top of the third , 2 outs. The Penguins trail 2-0. the Dunph has been laboring so far. It's clear he doesn't have his best stuff today. And here's the pitch..... Another line smash going deep out into the gap in right center. Cartier James, the fine fielding centerfielder races and grabs it on one hop.

Mercer

The runner is trying to stretch it into a double. Here's the throw, got him by a foot.

Floyd

Nice pick-up at second by Rusty James.

Mercer

The James boys really flashed the leather on that one.

Grace

Hey Molly, does you boyfrined mind that you're working at the kissing booth?

Molly

Oh my God!

Grace

What is it?

Molly

I've got Tim's lucky fuzz! He never pitches a game without it! He must be going absolutely crazy right now!

Grace

Well you gotta go give it to him, Molly! Go Molly, go, go, GO!

Crowd

*(Cheering)* Go Penguins gonna ice ya so bad ooh-aah brr flappity-flap yeah go Penguins!

Floyd

The Penguins have started to come to life this inning. Hezekiah is on third. and Cartier James is up to bat.

Mercer

If he hangs one, well heads up in the parking lot.

Floyd

Here's the pitch.... curveball low and away. Good eye!

*Crowd cheers again, interrupted by*

Molly

I've got the Fuzzz! I've got the Lucky Fuzzz!!

Mercer

Cartier steps in again. Here's the pitch.... and it's a high drive deep into left field going back, back, back and it is off the wall over the left-fielders head! Hezekiah heads home, he scores! Cartier is digging for third the shortstop cuts off the ball and... he coasts into third a stand-up triple!

*Molly reaches the dugout.*

Tim

Oh my God, my lucky fuzz! No wonder I've been pitching so bad, Molly.

Molly

Don't worry honey, now I know you're going to win the game.

Tim

Say Molly, how's that kissing booth going?

Molly  
Truthfully, not so good.

Tim  
Oh that's too bad.

Molly  
Tim, if you don't want me to be in the kissing booth, I don't have to be in it,

Tim  
Naw. Just give me a litte kiss before you go. (they kiss) I'll pay you for that one later.

Crowd  
*(Oohs in reaction to Tim's last line, then turns into cheering)* Black and White, white and black,  
we're going on the attack go Penguins! Go Penguins!

Floyd  
Top of the seventh. Two outs, The Dunph have got The Penguins out of a real stickysituation,  
and... Strike Three!And the Penguins are on the board. It's 3-1 .listen to that crowd go wild!

Mercer  
So as we go into the seventh inning stretch, the Penguins still trail 4-1. But don't go away folks,  
We've got a special treat. Instead of our usual rendition of take me out to the ballgame, a local  
band of thespians will be presenting a Passion Play

Floyd  
I sure hope this is good, I don't much get to go tothe theatre.

Mercer  
Well sometimes the theatre has to come to you.

Quivers  
Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, Welcome to our production of the creation and Destruction  
of the World and the Life and Times of Jesus Christ. In the beginning, God created the Heaven  
and the earth. And darkness was on the face of the deep. And God said let there be light. And  
God Said

Francoise  
That's good.

Quivers  
And on the first day God created the firmament, the skies above and the seas below, and God  
said-

Francoise

That's very good.

Quivers

And on the second day God created the grass and the herbs that gave forth to seed and covered the face of the earth, and God said-

Francoise

That's nice!

Quivers

On days 3 through 5 he created the birds that do fly in the sky, the beasts that crawl on the ground the fish that do swim in the ocean, and All the creatures great and small and hitherto and in between and God said

Francoise

That's beautiful.

Quivers

On the sixth day God created man in his image and called him Adam (Cartier appears as Adam, blindfolded)

Francoise

Adam.

Quivers

And from the rib of Adam he created woman and called her Eve.

*Grace appears as Eve, blindfolded.*

Francoise

Eva.

Quivers

And they were naked and they were not ashamed.

Grace and Cartier

We are naked and not ashamed.

Grace

Cartier, don't touch me there!

Quivers

into the garden there came the craftiest of all creatures, the serpent.

Phylis

Eve, you're so pretty, baby. Get off of me it's my turn! Hi! Eve, baby, why don't you eat this little old apple?

Grace

OK. Whooo! *(She whips off her blindfold)* Hey Adam, you gotta try this.

Cartier

What is it?

Grace

It's tasty!

Cartier

Ok then. Whoooo! *(He whips off her blindfold)* Get over here, woman!

Francoise

Adam! What did you do?!

Cartier

SHE made me do it.

Grace

It was the snake's fault! Phylis made me do it!

Francoise

Jimmy, stop! You should be ashamed to be naked!

Cartier

OK.

Grace

We are ashamed.

Francoise

Get out of my garden now!

Cartier

Where shall we go?

Francoise

Jimmy, move this light or I kill you! Into the dust and darkness!

Quivers

And so they were cast out of paradise. But a few years later, God sent down his only son to repent for the sins of man. *(Jimmy appears as Jesus)* And they had a big dinner. *(Phylis, Grace, Cartier and Francoise appear as his disciples)*

Jimmy  
Take, drink, in remembrance of me.

Grace  
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John

Phylis  
James

Cartier  
Peter and Simon and Thomas

Francoise  
I'm only Judas.

Jimmy  
One of you will betray me.

Grace  
Not I.

Phylis  
Not I.

Cartier  
Not I.

Francoise  
Maybe.

Jimmy  
Peter, you will deny me three times before the cock crows.

Cartier  
No, Jesus, I would never do that because you are my friend.

Quivers  
And Judas did embrace and kiss the lamb of god.

Phylis  
Hey Peter don't you know that boy Jesus.

Cartier  
No

Phylis  
I know I saw you with Jesus

Cartier  
Nuh-uh.

Phylis  
You was all up on Jesus.

Cartier  
I don't know no Jesus, Phylis.

Phylis, Quivers, Grace, Francoise, Jimmy  
Cock-a-doodle-do!

Cartier  
My Bad.

Quivers  
And Christ was captured by the Romans and brought to stand trial for his crimes before their leader Pontius Pilate.

Phylis  
My name is Pontius Pilate and the people have a choice. Do you want me to pick Jesus of Nazareth, who stands for love and kindness and forgiveness? Or do you want me to pick Barabas who stands for fighting and meannes and moral turpitude?

Grace and Cartier  
Barabas!

Phylis  
I don't know why they did that. I wash my hands of these evil Jews.

Jimmy  
Forgive them father for they know not what they do.

Cartier  
Smack-down!

Quivers  
And Christ was placed upon the cross.

Cartier  
Jesus, this is your cross to bear.

Quivers

And there he would suffer and die unto his final death.

Jimmy  
Father unto thy hands I do commend my spirits. It is finished.

*Applause*

Floyd  
WOW, that was really something...

Quivers  
Ummm we're not quite done yet, and I know you're all dying to know how it all ends, so we're just going to skip to the end. Here we go. Oh great city, oh mighty city of Babylon, in one hour your doom has come!

Floyd  
Well the crowd certainly loved that passion play, full of passion....

*Passions play falls apart. Crowd begins cheering for the game again.*

*Francoise curses at the Reverend in French.*

Quivers  
What does that mean?

Francoise  
I quit!

Quivers  
But wait, you can't quit! Nobody can play God like you do!

Floyd  
Well! It doesn't get any better than this, folks. Two outs bottom of the 9th inning. The bases are loaded. The Penguins trail 4-1.

Molly  
Hi Francoise.

Francoise  
Oh. Hey! Can I join you?

Molly  
Sure.

*Francoise joins the kissing booth)*

Floyd

But the Lord has not forgotten us, for He has sent us hope in the form of Rusty James.

Molly

No one will kiss us. I think they're ashamed.

Francoise

Hey! Try this!

*She pulls out blindfolds from the Passion Play. The Kissing Booth ladies don the blindfolds. The Reverend gingerly approaches the Kissing Booth.*

Floyd

And here's the pitch.... High ball and inside, ball two James goes sprawling into the dirt

Mercer

You hate to see that in such a tense moment.

Floyd

I tell you , you can cut the tension with a knife

Mercer

The Splendid Splinter steps in against Wild Thing Vaughn, the Beavers' fireballing closer. Here's the Pitch...

Quivers

Can I have one French kiss please?

*Francoise and Quivers kiss and slowly topple over, taking Molly and Grace with them.*

Mercer

.....and it's a high fly ball deep into centerfield..he's going back, back, back and it is.....(*Peggy is struck down by the ball*) ... Peggy the Penguin has been hit.

Floyd

It's clearly a home run, Mercer, but no one seems to care!

Mercer

Wait a minute, Jimmy K Polk has run down there.

Floyd

And he's taking off his helmet!

*Jimmy helps Peggy up, who staggers, but comes to.*

Mercer

She's alive!The Penguins win! The Penguins win!

*Airplane roars overhead as crowd is swept up in celebration, joy and love. Couples, hold each other and make love on the hillside, all blindfolded as Jimmy carries Peggy down stage. Peggy takes off her Penguin head, and costume, revealing herself in a bikini.*

Jimmy  
People are 70% water.

Peggy  
Well, Penguins love water.

Grace  
Like a beaver's dam, the flow of my love is pooling.

Mercer  
I love your knees

Floyd  
If loving you is wrong, I don't want to be right.

Jason  
I'm in love with the whole damn world.

Jimmy  
Do you want to go swimming

Peggy  
I'd love to!

*The couples begin to lead each other off the hillside. Molly with Cartier, and Tim with Françoise, bump into each other. They are all blindfolded.*

Molly  
Can I go home with him?

Tim  
Who's he?

Molly  
I don't know.

Tim  
Do you want to go home with him?

Molly  
Yeah.

Tim  
Can I go home with her?

Molly  
Who's she?

Tim  
I don't know, but I want to go home with her.

Molly  
Why are you asking me?

Tim  
Why are you asking me?

Molly  
I don't know... Because I love you.

Tim  
Maybe we should just go home with each other like always....

Both  
Nah.

Molly  
Right now I want to go home with him. It would be different.

Tim  
Yeah it would be different. OK.

Molly  
Yeah I mean, it's not for me to say what's OK.

Tim  
Ok I'll see you later

Molly  
For dinner maybe. Maybe we can watch a movie together.

Tim  
Yeah Ok. Have Fun.

Molly  
You too.

*Tim and Molly are lead off stage, and lights fade to black.*

Tim

*(In blackout)* So Francoise and I went up that hill. Whoo-wooo. Folks, I'd like to tell you about how that went for me. Maybe you can treat it like storytime, Like you're back in grade school. Just sit back and close your eyes, put your heads down on your desks. Of course, you don't have desks, but you know, if you did, you could do that.... Just sit there and listen to my beautiful tale of love. Now I had never had relations with a foreign person before, and it got me to thinking about....

Francoise

Excuse me. What are you doing?

Tim

Oh, I'm sorry Francoise, I 'm supposed to give a little speech here.

Francoise

And how long it is going to be?

Tim

Oh, I don't think, no more than 30, 45 seconds.

Francoise

OK, listen, I'm going behind that tree to have a pee, and uh when you finish just call me, OK?

Tim

Yeah, OK

Francoise

Take your time, take you time.

Tim

Oh, OK, thank you. I'm sorry folks, where was I?

Phylis

"Relations!"

Tim

Oh right, relations. Thank you Phylis. So like I was saying, I had never had relations with a foreign person before, and it reminded me of something Virgil always used to say

Virgil

You know, when you have sex with a Chinese person, it's like having sex with all of China.

Francoise

WOW that's a lot of people.

Tim

See, I thought you were going to have a pee, sweetheart.

Francoise

Yeah, Sorry, I'm going...

Tim

Anyway, keeping in mind what Virgil had to say, I suppose that's where all those French people came from.

**France**

*Lights up . Carnival/Cabaret. All are singing.*

All

C'est La java bleue  
La java la plus bella  
Celle qui ensorcele  
Quand on la danse les yeux  
Danse les yeux  
Aurythme joyeax  
Quand les coeurs se confondent  
Plus belle au monde il n'y en a pas deux  
C'est La java bleue

Francoise

Bienvenue, Tim!

All

Beinvenue, Tim!

Francoise

Veins' je vais te presenter touts mes Ami

French Jimmy

*(Revealing Graces naked and jiggling breasts) VOILA! C'est BON, NO? EH?*

French Sally

Dieu Existe-il?

French Phylis

Vous mi demander ca si legerement.

French Sally

Si vous saviez comme cela mi tourmente Mais je remet toujours la solution a plus tard j'ai trop de chose a faire

French Jimmy

*(Revealing Graces naked and jiggling breasts)* VOILA! C'est BON, NO? EH?

*Quivers (who is a waiter) moves to Cartier, French Jimmy and French Grace, asking Cartier if he is ready for his food. He replies yes. Waiter Quivers scoops whipped cream onto Grace's exposed breasts one at a time saying SHLACK with each application. Cartier offers the breasts to Tim.*

Cartier

Tim?

Tim

Oh no no I couldn't really.

Cartier

OK?

*Cartier licks the whipped cream off of Grace's breasts. She giggles.*

Quivers

Est ce que es C'est bon Monsieur?

Cartier

Je Prefere magic shell.

*Crowd reacts.*

Quivers

Ooh la la Le Magic Shell.

Virgil

*(Dressed as a Clown)* Le Magic Shell.

French Phyllis

*(Throwing the Magic Shell)* Le Magic Shell!

*Tim catches the Magic Shell.*

French Quivers

*(Rushes up to him, screaming in French)* Is this your magic shell?! Pardon, monsieur, did you order the Magic Shell?

Tim

I'm sorry Reverend, I don't understand a word you're saying right now.

Quivers  
Quelle Conard

Francoise  
Lift the veil.

Tim  
Francoise I'm comin I'm comin!

*Three women toast in French*

*Tim is chasing Franciose around the cafe. He stops and sees Molly being felt up by Cartier.*

Tim  
Molly what are you doin?

Molly  
I'm a little busy right now, Tim?

French Grace  
Hurry up Tim, she's getting away.

Painter  
Vaziz Vaziz Vaziz!

*Tim runs off.*

*The following joke is told in French and English by a Ventriloquist (Rusty) and his Dummy (Floyd). Rusty Speaks in English with a heavy French Accent and Floyd Speaks in French.*

Rusty  
A pirate walks into a bar with a steering wheel in his pants.

Floyd  
*(Translates.)*

Rusty  
The bartender sez why do you have a steering wheel in your pants

Floyd  
*(Translates.)*

Rusty  
The Pirate sez AAAARRRRRRGGHHHHHH, ITS DRIVING ME NUTS.

*French Quivers stops Tim as he rushes for Franciose, again with the whipped cream and applies*

*it to Jethro Clems' buttocks.*

French Rita  
Two balls, one Strike.

Tim  
*(Possessed with Frenchness.)* Chacun desire vivre longtemps mais personee ne voudrait etre vieux.

*The crowd cheers. Tim Catches Francoise. Honeydew begins to sing Ave Maria as French Jimmy gives it to her from behind.*

Jimmy  
*(As he is thrusting.)* C'e Bon, no? C'est bon, no?

*(He slows down)*

Oh, I am so lonely!

French Virgil  
OH mon ami I WILL JOIN YOU!

*Virgil walks over to the ladder where Chester pops out and begins giving him a hand job. He begins to moan. The whole town beings to fuck eachother wildly. Women sing lead by Molly atop the ladder. The whole town is in an orgasmic fit of ecstasy. As Molly screams in pleasure she Pops two huge balloons that are over her head. Glitter explodes out of them and rains down on the stage with the final orgasmic exploion of song and ecstasy.*

Francoise  
Glitters!

*All Cheer. There is song and swirling dance. Tim discovers Molly atop the ladder and begins to climb up towards her.*

Tim  
Molly!

Molly  
I was beginning to wonder when you were going to find you way up here, Tim.

Tim  
Oh I missed you so much darling.

Molly.  
I missed you too.

Tim

Baby, I love you so much!

Molly

I love you too! Oh, Kiss me, Tim, kiss me!

*They kiss atop the ladder. the swirling dance continues, but the music seamlessly changes from a French burlesque song into a Jewish celebratory song.*

### **A Jewish Town**

*Jewish Dance for Tim and Molly's wedding. At the height of the dance, an airplane roars overhead. everyone abruptly stops dancing and falls to the floor.*

### **The Holocaust**

*Holocaust in train. Oppy rolls in on wheelchair. Holocaust exits, enters in shower. Mercer - reporter - on stool.*

Oppy

You ask me whether I will tell you the full story or whether you must dig it out. But I know you couldn't dig it out. You can't. What you need to know is that it was not a mere love affair, no, not a love affair at all, but love itself.

Mercer

Oppenheimer, do you think your throat cancer is a result of your work at Los Alamos.

*"Return To Sender" song comes on.*

Oppy

Have you heard this song? I love it. It's brilliant. Do you know who sings this song? I would love to obtain a recording of it so I can listen to it whenever I wanted to...

Mercer

Dr. Oppenheimer-

Oppy

Please! Call me Robert. Or Oppy. All my friends call me Oppy. I like that. Let me tell you a thing or two, young lady. I read an article in the newspaper today. Just a small story, on the corner of a page, but it caught my attention. It was about a Latin American patriotic terrorist who sent a letter bomb to the US consulate to protest against America interfering with the local politics of his country. *(Countdown begins.)* Being a conscientious citizen, he wrote on the envelope his return address. However, he neglected to put sufficient postage on the package, and the post returned the letter to him. Forgetting what he had put in it, he opened it up and blew himself to death. *(Kaboom. Terrorist blows himself up.)* So what do you think? *(Pause.)* Then again, I do smoke 3 packs a day. You're not following me are you? That's all right. Nobody can follow me. Can't be helped. Too smart. Let me start over. I grew up in New York in the early 20's.

*New York Goes By*

Riverside Drive, near 88th Street, overlooking the Hudson River. My family lived comfortably; we were what you would call an upper-middle class family. Back then, I didn't even realize that there was any other way to live. My father had like to have two of everything.

Caroline

You have such a nice house.

Oppy

See these two paintings? See these two paintings. One of them is a Van Gogh worth over 200,000 dollars. The other is an almost perfect imitation done by a street artist on the lower east side, practically worthless. But if you look at them they give you the same feeling, the same pleasure. Which one do you think is the real one?

Caroline

That one

Oppenheimer

Nope. It's the other one. My dad has two of every painting in his collection. He likes to play this game. I don't really understand it.

Caroline

One painting for each eye.

Oppy

Maybe. Well I guess I'll see you in school tomorrow. My mother was a painter and had her studios in the house.

*Oppenheimer walks by a doorway in which his mother is painting a nude reclining at a sofa. He doesn't even look up as he says to Mom (Ella) who wears a glove on her right hand.*

Oppy

Hi mom.

Mom

Hi Bobby how was school?

Oppy

Ask me a question and I'll answer in Greek.

Mom

How do you like this painting.

Oppenheimer

Den vlepo ta thema.

Mom  
What did you say?

Oppenheimer  
I don't like it.

Kathryn  
Geepers, Thanks a lot.

Oppy  
*(To audience/Lacan, indicating the model and the painting of the model.)* Which do you think is real? I didn't have many friends.

Patrick  
Hey Oppy. We're playing football on the east field. Wanna come?

Oppy  
No.

Patrick  
You gonna thank me for inviting you or do I have to blacken your eye?

Oppy  
Thank you for inviting me but no.

Patrick  
Whatcha got there

Oppy  
Trimethy

Patrick  
What's that, a kind of boat?

Oppy  
It's named after Trimethylene dioxide. I'm sure you don't know what that is.

Patrick  
What if I try messin' up your face?

Will  
There he is. Hey Oppy you snitched on us dincha.

Oppy

What.

Will

Acting dumb doesn't suit you miss clever pants. (*Grabs Oppy.*) What should we do with him?

Caroline

What's he done? Leave him alone!

Will

Say "I am a little girl."

Oppy

No.

Will

(*Grabbing Oppy's pants.*) Say it you little pansy.

Peter

Last one in is a rotten egg!

Oppy

They locked me up in the icehouse over night. They painted my buttocks and genitals green. It was very hard to get it all off.

Mercer

And the icehouse?

Oppy

(*Pointing to Aaron.*) There was I, beaten, pummeled, and painted green and suffering a cold night in the blackness of the icehouse, and then there was another I, watching the miserable snivelling snitch from the outside. When they found me in the morning they say I was in a kind of trance. I never quite got all the way back together. I spent the next 10 years talking to myself on the inside. I was the loneliest man in the world.

**Holocaust** *in background.*

*Aaron and Bob ducking bullets.*

Aaron

They fire every 15 seconds. (*Bang.*) If we time our fall right, and fall back into the pit, their bullets might miss us.

Bob

What do you mean?

Aaron

If we fall... Right NOW! (*Bang.*) Their bullets might sail over our heads.

Bob  
Why are you telling me this?

Aaron  
I wanted to tell somebody my idea.

Bob  
But why me?

Aaron  
You're sitting next to me. (*Pause. Frame moves to reveal more people in line.*) I don't think you can tell anybody else though. If everyone does it, it won't work.

*Switch.*

Mercer  
So that was when you began to feel a division within yourself.

Oppy  
Yes. It continued throughout my childhood and worsened in college.

Mercer  
I see you did very well at Harvard, graduating in three years, summa cum laude.

Grace  
Your poetry's not half bad, you know. You should keep at it, Oppy, get it published in the spring review. I know the editor.

*Freeze/Bang*

Oppy  
It's terrible.

Wes  
You take yourself too seriously, old boy. Come out for a drink.

Rusty  
I got a girl waiting at the pub. She has a very attractive friend.

*Freeze/Bang*

Grace  
Aww I don't think you're so bad. You've only been there 4 months! It's no big surprise you haven't settled in.

Oppy

It's not a matter of settling in! I know where the gaps are inside me. They are glaringly clear. Nothing I can do can make it better... I'm in trouble.

Deb

Awww, leave the poor guy alone.

Dario

I told you, you've got to be patient with yourself in a new environment. You can't expect the whole world to fling its arms open to embrace you.

Oppy

*(Strangles Patrick. Shock)* I, I, I'm sorry,

Deb

Where are you goin'?

Oppy

you have to excuse me, gentlemen.

Randi

Come on, sit down and let's get you a coffee.

Oppy,

No, no, I've got to go. I left a poisoned apple on my roommate's desk, and I must make sure he hasn't eaten it. I have to make sure he's all right, he mustn't eat that apple. He mustn't eat the apple! (run to apple)

Mercer

That was when you were diagnosed with schizophrenia, weren't you?

Oppy

I'll be in the bathroom brushing my teeth, or looking in the mirror when suddenly, my consciousness separates itself from my body and mind, my personality. Think about it like this every man is composed of two parts; his body that's obvious and his thinking mind which catalogues his experiences, keeps tabs on his relationships to other people, develops his preferences and personality and so forth. The mind and the body. Simple enough. And yet, it is not enough that a man has these two parts. These two alone do not make him alive. man requires a breath of God to come to life. It is as if that part of what makes me alive, it is not part of ME, but given to me from the universe. It is my spirit.

*(Kaboom)* What happens is this: I am standing in front of the mirror. Brushing my teeth, or perhaps shaving. When that consciousness, my spirit decides to separate itself from ME. So there I am, my body going through the motions of brushing or shaving, and my spirit begins a conversation with itself... Look at that figure in the mirror. It is a man. Isn't it? Yes, a Man. A

scientist, don't you know. A man of science. A Jewish Man.

Will

They say you're gonna do it. You're the one who's gonna beat Hitler, what do your parents think about that?

Oppy

He speaks English and Ancient Greek, and he can read Sanskrit.

Randi

How do you like being the director of Los Alamos?

Oppy

He's working very hard under incredible time pressure. He sweats.

Deb

Can you do it? Can you split the atom? Can you make the Bomb?

Oppy

And look here, he is capable of cbrilliance and cruelty, just like every other man.

Mercer

They say the Germans are working on it. Do you think you'll beat them?

Oppy

And the great revelation is that I am he! Isn't that strange. I have a self, which I shall call I, and that I happens to occupy this man's body , and think this man's thought. How completely arbitrary and amusing! How did I get here, I wonder. .. I find myself without attachment to the identity of this strange and grotesque man. I look in the mirror and do not recognize the face as belonging to me. I am looking into the eyes of a stranger.

Jean

I think your main problem is that you're completely self-centered.

Oppy

Isn't every man?

Jean

Not the way you are. You imagine yourself as an entity unattached and unrelated to the rest of the world.

Oppy

But the world inside me is complicated enough

Jean

Look at where we are, Oppy, look at the world around you. Do you see what's going on?

Groves

He's a genius. A real genius. The others, they may be hard workers, but that's just it. Oppyheimer, knows about everything. He can talk to you about anything you bring up. Well, almost anything. He certainly doesn't know anything about sports.

Mercer

Jean Tatlock, the Communist. You loved her. Why didn't you marry her?

*Pennies from Heaven dance.*

Groves

There's a war going on.

Oppy

I'm aware.

Groves

You hear about the Manhattan Project?

Oppy

I'm from Manhattan you know. I'm a New Yorker.

Groves

You really want to make a difference in the world? You gotta beat Hitler to the atomic bomb.

Oppyheimer

There is no place for dogma in science.

Groves

Exciting isn't it?

Oppy

To be a scientist means that you believe that the knowledge of the world, and the power which this gives, is a thing of intrinsic value to humanity, and that you are using it to help in the spread of knowledge, and are willing to take the consequences.

Groves

I'm willing to look past the snag of your leftwing background. I know you're my man. Oppy, your wife!

*Kitty -Jean switch.*

Kitty

Who's the dish?

Oppy  
Old friend of mine.

Kitty  
I always knew you had good taste.

Oppy  
I've got to have something to do while you're dancing with johnny walker.

Kitty  
You caught me redhanded. Let's get out of here

Oppy  
That's exactly what we're going to do

Kitty  
What do you mean

Oppy  
How do you like the desert?

Kitty  
Is that a trick question? How do you like the swamp?

Oppy  
It's a beautiful place

Kitty  
It doesn't sound like I have much of a choice.

Oppy  
Choices are hard to come by these days.

Kitty  
Where are we going?

Oppy  
New Mexico. I've got a new job.

Kitty  
what am I supposed to do, knit?

Oppy  
1942. My two great loves are physics and desert country. I never imagined I could have them both.

Groves

Well this is my gift to you, pal. you're the mayor of this place now.

Oppy

The town of Los Alamos! You see, we've everything you'd expect in any town.

Will

The laboratory, utilities, schools!

Kathryn

Hospitals, restaurants, libraries!

Mercer

Movies, apartments, a vet!

Rory

Barbers, and a cantina where we can all have a beer.

Ikuko

It's a lovely spot.

Groves

And I want you to think about this

Oppy

This is a great undertaking.

Gina

It might determine the outcome of the war.

Tim

It is an unparalleled opportunity to bring to bear the basic knowledge and art of science for the benefit of our country.

Briane

If we succeed, we will be part of history.

Groves

You've got a deadline.

Ravi

There is an atom.

Liz

It is the smallest single unit of any element.

Oppy

It is ONE. It is I. I see it, an I. I split the I, and-

Deb

A sphere of U-235 is made around the neutron generator and a small bullet of U-235 is removed.

Adam

A barometric-pressure sensor determines the appropriate altitude for detonation and triggers the the explosives-

Caroline

Which fire and propel the bullet down the barrel-

Jason

Creating the critical mass of Uranium-

Oppy

The fission reaction begins and the bomb explodes.

Robert

Boom!

Rachel

How much do you value your work?

Groves

How much do you value your nation?

Sarah

How much do you value yourself as a scientist?

Oppy

We were racing the clock. We had 19 months to make the thing.

Groves

Folks, be ready before dawn, and be careful not to step on any lizards.

P-Rod

What about the rattlesnakes?

Will

I'll take a bottle of whisky. I'll take two.

Groves

What about the weather?

Tim

The weather is whimsical.

Adam

Trust my forecast. The rain will relent by dawn.

Groves

Goddammit! You'd better be right on this, or you will hang.

Briane

But we don't really know what'll happen.

Kathryn

Better start lookin' for some 4-leaf clovers and rabbits' feet.

Ravi

Hey let's make a wager, on whether or not the bomb will ignite the atmosphere.

Randi

It very well may.

Robert

Do you think then it would merely destroy New Mexico or the world?

Groves

Doctor!

Oppy

last night I heard this unbelievable noise amidst the storm. I went out with a flashlight and found hundred of frogs in the act of making love in a big hole that had filled up with water.

Groves

Oppy, about that woman you've been seeing.....

Oppy

I've stopped seeing her. I've refused her phone calls. Her letters are returned to her unopened. You can't possibly say anything about it anymore.

Groves

I'm sorry...Lie down in the sand and turn your faces away from the blast. Bury your heads in your arms.

*Nobody does.*

Oppy

You can't try to contact me in any way. At least until this thing blows over. It could be years.

Jean

Why not?

Oppy

I'm not allowed to associate with communists.

Jean

Your wife is a communist.

Kitty

Yes I've been drinking. There's not much else to do after the kids have gone to bed. Look at us. We're in the middle of nowhere, aren't we!

Jean

What are you doing out there in the desert anyway?

Oppy

I can't talk about it.

Jean

You're telling me I can't see you or call you or even write you letters, but you won't tell me why?

Oppy

It's a secret.

Jean

All the guys listening in on us already know all about it.

Oppy

I'm working on a gadget.

Jean

Gadget? You mean a bomb.

Oppy

Well, I suppose it will become a bomb, eventually.

Jean

So, what's the big deal, Oppy, people've been making bombs for years and years.

Oppy

No, it's, it's completely different. It's a different kind of a bomb. You drop one and it'll take down an entire city.

Jean

Is that what you're going to do?

Oppy

What?

Jean

"Take down" entire cities?

Oppy

Jean

How many of those gadgets are you going to make?

Oppy

Well, we may be able to make just one, and never use it.

Jean

How does it work?

Oppy

Basically, we take some highly radioactive material and throw a neutron at it. The radioactive atoms absorb the neutron, become unstable and split, releasing gamma rays and more neutrons, causing a chain reaction. Physicists have been thinking about splitting atoms for a while, and playing with the theories, but this is the first time

Jean

What are you talking about? I'm not a scientist, Oppy. What's a what's an atom?

Oppy

An atom?? An Atom is well... OK listen, everything, everything around you, your clothes the blankets, even the air is made of something, right?

Jean

Sure

Oppy

OK. So take water for example. Imagine the tiniest drop of water, a drop of water that fits inside the eye of a needle.

Jean

Mm-hmm.

Oppy

That drop of water is made up of millions of water molecules, OK?

Jean

OK.

Oppy

Now, every single molecule of water is made up of something else. One water molecule is made of ONE oxygen atom and 2 hydrogen atoms. Hinged together, like Mickey Mouse. An atom is the smallest single unit of an element.

Jean

So... atoms are really really small.

Oppy

Yes. They're very very very very very very very very very small.

Jean

How many atoms are between my fingers?

Oppy

Millions. *(Paus.)* split one tiny atom and it can change the world.

Jean

Do you expect me to wait for you?

Kitty

I'm old and wise enough to know I can't stop you from doing what you feel you must. But Oppy, after all these years of searching and searching, you haven't come up with a single answer, have you? I don't think you even remember what you were looking for.

*Trinity Test happens. Scientists in the trenches celebrate. It worked! We did it! You owe me ten bucks! etc. Video of Trinity / interview with Tibbetts/ Bombing of Hiroshima/ Americans celebrating. Video wiped out by Hiroshima shadows. People enter as Hiroshima.*

*Recorded phone call occurs during aerial view of Hiroshima disaster.*

Gen G

I'm very proud of you and all of your people.

Oppy

It went all right?

Gen G

Apparently it went with a tremendous bang.

Oppy

When was this, was it after sundown?



If I lost all hope in humanity's ability for compassion and understanding and love, as most of us would, I would bump myself off. As a young man I almost did. I have put the gun to my own head. Do you want to know what stopped me? In that moment, there was nothing so clear to me as the beauty of how we can love, of the depths of our ability to grieve, of the ways we can help each other. So here it is. And whether it represents the fulfillment of God's great plan for us or simply the end of our cognitive abilities, it does represent this. Our greatest hope.

I felt it out there in the desert of New Mexico. Have you ever been there? It's a beautiful place. It changed me. I gave the greatest gift of love that I could muster.

And so here we are, gun to our heads, hand at the trigger. What do we see?

I stand before you as a shattered man. I have been exiled from the government I fought to preserve. I have been humiliated in the press. I have been branded as a communist by the powers that be. And I have been reviled as a monster by people from all over the world. Never has my existence as a human being been more uncomfortable.

But I find that the myth is true, at the bottom of my Pandora's box there is hope. Our hand has been forced, by God or by our own curiosity, whichever it is, whether we like it or not. And I do not regret asking.

## ACT II

The audience walks through an Office in the Twin Towers, 8:42 am, 9/11/01. Tim sits at his desk staring pensively at his computer screen. Molly walks by his office. He looks up at her, she walks faster offstage. A pause. Molly returns walking with files in her hands. Tim looks up.

Tim: Molly? Did you send this petition

Molly:

Tim: To

Molly: I sent it to everyone in the building. Is that a

Tim: I'm not sure if I should sign it or

Molly: Oh. OK.

Tim: Yeah, the thing is, I agree with most of the points on

Molly: Great. Me

Tim: I mean, the idea of signing my name to it. It's my name. It's mine. It's only my name. My name. And it's on me. And it's on my, on my...driver's license and it's on my business cards and and my stationary, my desk, my name plate and it's and it's on my voicemail, and it's its' it's it's mine and I think that's enough things for it to be on. And I don't know if this is the one thing that I want to add it more to. And then how do i know that that's where it stops and how do i know that this is really the organization that they say they are and maybe I'm signing a petition to like, you know, kill babies in Indonesia or something. And I don't want sign that kind of a petition. And how do I know who these people are and what they're gonna do with my name. And then, and then maybe I'll just start getting massive lists sent to me and petitions all the time and they'll just do it...the list of names. And my name will become synonymous with murder and torture. And I don't want to be a torturer or a murderer. (pause) You

Molly: OK.

Tim: But I agree with it! I'm reading it and I agree with everything here. I never got a petition that I agree with more than this one. But then, what if it's good, what if it's real and what if my not putting my name on the list is like the reason that this this bill or whatever doesn't get passed and then how can I, like should I walk around with that on my conscience all the time? like that I'm the reason that women in Afghanistan like are getting their hands cut off and have to wear wear uh, you know...twenty pound leg braces? And, I don't want that on my head, you know? So maybe I should just sign it. If I sign it, will it be

Molly: Sure. I

Tim: Did you sign

Molly: Yeah. I signed it.

Tim: And are you

Molly: I think

Tim: OK. (pause) Molly would you

Molly: You want me to

Tim: Yeah. Do it. Do it do it do

*Molly walks up to the mouse. She hesitates, she clicks. Tim and Molly zoom in on the computer screen. Nothing happens. Tim wipes the sweat off his brow with his tie. A microsecond of relief. Molly stands behinds Tim, she puts her hands on his shoulders.*

Molly: Um. I'm really, really high.

Music

Tim: What do you

Molly: I mean I smoked a lot of pot for

Tim: By

Molly: Yeah. My job is really

Tim: You don't seem any different than

Molly: It doesn't really effect my personality. I don't really talk very much

Molly: Can I have

Tim:

Molly sits on Tim's

Molly gets up

Molly: Oh Oh OH

Tim

Was that

Molly

You you just you don't have another

Tim

Because I don't mind if you want to sit

Gina

Oh.

*Long Pause. Molly sits on Tim's lap.*

Tim

Do you want to go on a

Molly

Right

Tim

No, uh, its 8:46 in the

*Thunderous Sound of Plane gets louder and louder. Tim freezes in a silent scream. Molly is frozen while hyperventilating. Tim reaches for the sky, suspended in a panic. Tim and Molly are blown off the stage in slomotion. Ensemble enters slowly, in a long line as if walking over the Manhattan bridge. They are all covered in grey WTC dust.. Their faces, their clothes, look like people from a warzone, from another planet.*

*Sally's apartment rolls on. A bed, A desk, a window. Jimmy who is one of the ensemble members most completely disheveled and covered in WTC dust walks into Sally's Apartment. She is in Bed with the covers over her head. She won;t look at him. She doesn;t know what has happened. A small plastic dog Japanese alarm clock screams and explodes at the foot of the bed over and over again.*

Jimmy  
Hey.

Sally  
I can't do this anymore. You have to leave. I put your stuff in bags. They're by the bed. That's it. I'm not getting out of bed. Fuck you. It's over, you heard me.

Jimmy  
I've had a really bad day. The dog says it's time to get up.

Sally  
Fuck the dog. I'm not listening to the dog and I'm not listening to you. (turns off alarm clock)  
You can cry all you want. It's not gonna work, but I am not looking at you. And I m not listening and I am not looking.  
I mean it's this terrible horrible thing where I am madly in love with you and I think that you're one of the most wonderful smart funny awesome people that I've ever known in my life...but it's funny that doesn't mean we should be together and that's the horrible sad tragic fact but the fact is that we fight all the time and we make each other crazy and you're making me crazy and I just don't want to do this anymore...um...so that's it. Let's just end it. We're both dramatic people and I think it's appropriate. **IN TEN SECONDS I'M GOING TO HEAR THE DOOR CLOSE BEHIND YOU.** If you continue to push push push down and live with fear and live with violence then you're gonna have more of....we're gonna have more of...and I don't want... I made a decision to let you know me and you know

*The room begins to spin around Jimmy. The window curves downstage to the front, the desk moves upstage . When the window lands downstage, we see the exterior of the building and Jimmy, looks out of the window, at the audience towards the end of Alanna's monologue.*

Sally:  
and it's not the fact that you want to continue like this that bothers me but it's the fact that I can see how comfortable you are living like this and this whole time you've been looking for moments in which I fail, in which I fuck up or in which I am inattentive or selfish and anytime I

have done anything that could be qualified as selfish you've taken it and put it in your pocket and thrown it in my face as as proof that AHA you were right, I'm a horrible person and I don't deserve you and you shouldn't have to do this but I don't think it's that I did anything wrong. And I think it's that you're a complete and utter coward. You don't want to give and I think that that is ugly and disgusting and I'm sorry if you are offended by the way I acted the other night. But god forbid I should...I dunno Yeah alright I've made a mistake. The point is that I made a mistake, right? I kissed well, alright. I made a mistake I made a mistake I made a mistake I made a mistake. But YOU KNOW THAT IT WAS A MISTAKE.

Jimmy

You don't have a clock

Sally

What the fuck is that supposed to mean. I have the I didn't intentionally try to hurt you and you have done these things that have FUCKED THINGS UP. You can't come here and get into my bed at 12 o'clock at night when I am sleeping and then when I try to kiss you push me away. Don't come into my fucking bed that night if you don't want me to put my arms around you. You're afraid and you're afraid of me because I matter. But I am not going to react by trying to matter less or be smaller I I really don't know what to say. Except that things got fucked up and...if you were strong you would decide to work with me on this and you can't just one day decide... Who are you that my life should cushion yours? You know?

Jimmy

*opening the window*

Have you turned on the

Sally

Don't change the

You have made all your decisions and either I agree with your decisions or I don't and for a while I agreed with what you did how you were the way you conduct your life but after a while human beings may begin to disagree and I think it's great that we disagree I love to disagree. And whatever the thing that I did that you have decided is emblematic and therefore demolishes anything that can be a future for us, it doesn't matter it's totally irrelevant there's something else that goes on between you and me we have an understanding that this is really important and I can't believe that you don't get it. You don't fucking get it. I mean....

Jimmy

*Jimmy is on the ledge, about to Jump.*

You're absolutely right. You have every reason to be angry. I don't blame you. I'm sorry. I haven't been paying any attention. OK? I'm leaving.

*Jimmy drops his keys on the window sill. Jimmy jumps out her window. Is suspended over the stage, "falling" throughout the next section. Jimmy screams as he falls. Then suddenly regains his composure and:*

Jimmy

Wait wait wait wait calm down. Calm down. Just

Sally

*Seeing a huge column of dust out her*

Oh my god.

Jimmy

It's not hard to figure out that there are some people in the world that want you dead. Not you personally, of course, it's not personal, but it ain't hard to figure out. It ain't hard to figure out why, either, it's pretty easy to see why. You just gotta

Sally

Yeah.

I have

You're not getting

Just channel 7.

Jimmy

Why can't I be you.

Sally

(answers

Hey. Where are you? Come

Jimmy

Why can't you be me.

Sally

Walk, I guess.

Jimmy

Why can't I remember my

Sally

Hey come over.

Yeah, I have cab

Jimmy

They blew up my job. I hated that job but I didn't want them to blow it up. Although I can't say I haven't thought about

I heard you can tell how depressed a person is by how depressed you feel when you walk away after talking to them. I think that's true. But when people are bored, it's primarily with their own selves that they're bored. I've been bored.

Tim

I been

Jimmy

Real real bored. Real real bored. I don't think I'll ever be bored again.

Sally

No he's not

Yeah I saw

I threw him

I didn't know. Yeah I guess he left. I'm not sure. Ok.

Jimmy

Bye Sally.

Several friends have come over to Sally's house. There are people dazed on the street. Adam has walked Eve home. Rory and Wes try to eat Chinese food. A group of women on the couch, watching TV. People watching TV in a bar.

Adam

Can we wash this off some place..

Eve

There's no hot water. We can make

Adam

OK.

Eve

Are you

no

Wes

I can't

Rory

We should get a doggy bag.

Eve

Are you

Adam

Nuh-uh

Wes  
Just leave it.

Rory  
I don't wanna waste food.

Wes  
You're

Eve  
Do you think it's

Adam  
What?

Eve  
The air. Do you think we should be breathing?

Randi (in the  
What could some political thing have to do with blowing up office buildings during office hours?

*Hezekiah slams his fist on the*

Adam  
I don't

Hezekiah  
Don't you fucking get it?!

Randi  
Fuck you!

Jimmy  
*Papers fall from the sky. Jimmy grabs one in mid-air. He reads it:*  
"The rules have changed. Stock quotes. Enter symbol. Monitor poll markets money life TV  
radio charts tool Bloomberg LP page one of"

(A note: This text was from an actual piece of paper that flew out of the WTC that we picked up off the street on 9/13/02 while doing volunteer work at ground zero, we still have it it should be in the program

Jimmy  
Did you know? Did you know it then? sitting there comfortably in that chair that you were in a kind of sleep? I did too. Somewhere way way in the back of my mind I wasn't paying attention to. I knew. (Hezekiah and Tim are dazed and collapsed on the sidewalk. Jimmy calls out to them)

Do you know where I should go to find a new girlfriend? Do you know any good bars?

Hezekiah

Shooters. You should try Shooters for a new girlfriend.

Jimmy

What?

Hezekiah

Shooters.

Tim

Do you mean Hooters?

Jimmy

What's Shooters?

Hezekiah

You've never been

Jimmy

No.

Tim

Because I've been to

Hezekiah

Oh yeah, you're right, I mean Hooters.

Tim

I don't really think you can pick up a girl at Hooters,

Jimmy

I've been to Hooters

Tim

Did you pick anyone

Jimmy

No. It was Thanksgiving.

Tim

You went to Hooters for

Jimmy

Nothing else was open.

Hezekiah  
Did they have turkey at least?

Jimmy  
No. Chicken wings.

Tim  
Chicken wings.

Jimmy  
Chicken wings and breasts.

Tim  
Chicken wings and breasts.

Jimmy  
For Thanksgiving.

Hezekiah  
That'll

Jimmy  
Yeah. Any other suggestions?  
Thanks  
I'd go home with anyone right

(Oppy enters and encounters the frozen

Oppy  
Got frozen, did you. Good thing you got your running shoes on. So what's this all about, man? Paralyzed by visions of the apocalypse? It's just a warning shot. You know what they say: if you're thrown from a horse you better start running in the air, and then you'll hit the ground running.

Jimmy  
Fuck. I heard every place south of 14th Street is closed. Where am I supposed to find a good bar North of 14th Street? I hate going uptown. Maybe Irving Place over East. Those places are so fucking expensive.

Duke  
Feels like the end of the world.

Jimmy  
So soon,

Duke  
Yeah.

Will (from Sally's  
Change the channel.

Sally  
You're wife's

Will  
She's not my

Sally  
I thought you got

Will  
No. I wanted to about six times. But not yet. But yeah. SHE's

Sally  
Her plane was supposed to be here

Will  
Yeah. But it never left the ground in Denver. I can't get through to her

Sally  
Oh.

Will  
Is this a studio

Sally  
yeah. What do you mean, this is a studio

Will  
This is the only room,

Sally  
Yeah. I mean there's a

Will  
How big is the bathroom?

Sally  
It's really small. There's no tub its just a shower.

Will

I can't stand up.

Sally

I want to try to stay close to the ground.

Will

Do you think they'll wake up?

Sally

I can be

Will

Me too.

Sally

I had sex on a plane once. Right there in the seats. We had three seats and two of those blankets. They turned all the lights off in the plane. Most people were watching the movie or asleep. Its amazing what you can do when people are wrapped up in a movie or asleep.

(They look back at the

Will

Yeah. I guess

(EXPLOSION of movement and sound. Violence, tenderness, anger. Will and Sally go into the bed with everyone else and get under the covers to have sex.)

Savannah

(responding to panicked incomprehensible sound over phone)

I'm fine.

I'm fine.

I'm fine.

Hezekiah (voice over)

Do you get it now? Are you hearing a word I'm saying? Ask a pacifist what they would have done to stop Hitler. Peace and Love are all very fine ideas but when you have a madman on the loose, we have to step up to our responsibilities. Are we not living in the greatest nation in the world?!!

Savanah

I can't believe you buy that shit about the Palestinians dancing in the streets. And so what if they were? Don't you think they have a good enough reason? God is NOT a real estate agent. This country will never be secure as long as we force the rest of the world to live in poverty so we can drive SUV's and have nice running

Do you get it now? Air conditioning? Fucking air conditioning?

(People on the streets, at home, in the bar begin to

Jimmy

I won't tolerate injustice. You're right. But for how long How long won't you tolerate injustice? An hour? Two hours? You see you never thought of that though it's very important. You never thought of that, though it's very important, because it's miserable when one day it suddenly dawns on you that you can tolerate injustice. They blow up our buildings and people, we blow up their buildings and people. They blow up our buildings and people, we blow up their buildings and people. But this isn't us. This isn't us. We don't do shit like this. We don't know anything about it. We don't know anything about it. Now we know about it. Now we know about it. Now we know what it feels like. Return to

P-Rod

Look at this shit, these mothafuckas come into this country and do this to us. After we let them in. We gotta go BOMB these douchebags.

Oppy

That's right.

P-Rod

We feed them and clothe them and look what happens. We gotta send all these towelheads back to their fuckin

Oppy

Survival of the Fittest. Are you familiar with

P-Rod

Yeah, yeah I heard of him.

Oppy

The strongest survive,

P-Rod

That's right.

Oppy

The strongest destroy the weak - that's the only way we will survive. If you are not with the strongest, you are the weak and you will be exterminated. It's all part of evolution,

P-Rod

Yeah. We gotta go for the jugular and nuke them, you know what I'm saying? We gotta go and get this Bin Laden mothafuck and execute him here in the streets.

Oppy

Yeah, but you gotta start right HERE. Look around you. The weak are everywhere. Are you ready to fight? Are you ready to destroy the weak so you can

P-Rod

Yeah, but, uh, what, what are you tellin' me to do? Are you tellin me to go around KILLING people?

Oppy

YOU HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE! Come on, hit

P-Rod

What? No, Why should I hit you? I have nothing against you..

Oppy hits P-Rod

P-Rod

What the fuck?

Oppy

Comeone, hit me. Now you got a reason to hit me, Come on.

P-Rod

No, what's wrong with you,

Oppy hits P-Rod again. P-Rod grabs Oppy, and pulls his arm back, ready to hit, but he catches himself.

P-Rod

Whoah, this is fucked, man, you are fucking CRAZY, this is fuckin'

Oppy

What's wrong, come on, you too weak to fight?!

P-Rod

You're fucking crazy.

Oppy

Yeah I thought so. Pussy.

Tim:

[multiple narrative equation

(the ensemble begins to clear the stage, transforming the space to an empty black void. Hezekiah sits playing a wine glass. near the bar. Will and Sally are in bed.)

Jimmy

What if the truth were monstrous? The very condition. The very form. Everything monstrous, everything deformed. Monstrous in its very essence. What if there were within the very essence

of truth something essentially other than truth? A divergence of nature within nature. True monstrosity. What if when we die, we just die, there's no god? Good and evil is up to us. Sometimes that makes more sense than anything else. But if there is, then death is good, right? What if it's good? I left all my keys on the window sill, you saw me, all of them. You saw me. Oops. I guess that was a choice. If there's life after death, then why is it a secret?

Hez  
It's gotta be a secret.

Sally  
I can;t do this

It's OK.

Jimmy  
Why?

Hezekiah  
otherwise Life wouldn't be any

Will  
Can I stay here again tonight. I don't want to be

Sally  
I don;t want to be alone either.

Ikuko  
I don;t want to be alone either.

Jimmy  
You got a

Hez  
It's like a love affair, once the mystery goes, the love's not far behind.

Jimmy  
I know how that

Hez  
Cheat on your girlfriend

Jimmy  
We both

Hez  
How'd that work

Jimmy  
It might

Will  
Where the hell is

Sally  
Its right there (pointing to

Hez  
Anything's possible in the Big Apple.

Jimmy  
Oh shit.

*Jimmy, who has been suspended high in the air suddenly begins to fall out of the sky. The stage goes to black, then bright lights come up. Jimmy has landed at his own wedding in Afghanistan. Dancing, swirling, vibrant colors, wedding preparations. Culminates in the wedding ritual. Black out. Lights up on Sally and Will in bed, watching*

Sally  
Do you believe in a soul mate? ...like a twin. What IS a soul

Will  
You mean like a past life kinda

Sally  
I just think that in order to have a soul mate you have to beleive in it. So it's very easy if you don't beleive in it not to have it. But I wonder sometimes, if someone goes through life and they don't beleive it exists and they walk around not beleiving in it then it can't exist for them, right? Or do you think that maybe we can be surprised? Or is something about storytelling, like fiction they can create a

*Behind Sally's bed, the scene in Afghanistan takes place. Jimmy circles his new bride, they play a cat-and-mouse game, ending in an embrace. (throughout this section, Sally describes the movie as it is played out behind .)*

Sally  
I keep thinking about this movie I saw the other night. It was this incredible movie and it starts with this georgreous wedding, and the bride and the groom have never met. They have never even seen each other before the wedding day, but when they get home from the wedding it's like they're completely, completely in love. (sally and Will mimc the Afghanistan

Will  
Oh shit, I'm vibrating! Hello. You're back! Oh no, I'll be over right away, of course. bye, I love

you too. I gotta go.

Sally

It's okay. (Will leaves. Adam falls into Sally's

Adam

Do you think somebody has to be your soul mate in order for you to get married?

Sally

I used to think that love was just the feeling of love and that feeling would be so deep and profound everything else would have to make sense within it. But that always seems to burn away. I don't think I'll ever get married at least not if it means I can't fall in love. I don't know. I feel like such a novice.

Adam

Then what

Sally

Well, then it turns out that she can't have kids, it's her, she's barren. So get this, she tells him to get another wife, a second wife so he can have kids. It's so cool, right? And then they could still be in love.

Adam

I don't think I could do that.

Sally

Wait, wait there's more.

Hez

What happens?

Sally

Wanna hear the rest of the movie?...Are you

Hez

Yes.

Sally

Well, the man is standing out in the desert, and the music comes in and the wind starts to blow, and he's got this expression on his face. It's like he can see forever and ever and at the same time like he's completely blind. It's like he stepped out of his house to ask God a question and God was just there, but had no answer. God was just God, completely and utterly beautiful and without answers to these kinds of questions. And then the camera moves beyond his gaze to far far away across the desert. And then you see this caravan moving along. And then two lovers in the back of the caravan and they're in hiding, they're love is a secret, and you can see it in they're eyes it's not a mere love affair, nothing like that at all, but love itself. And the moon is out. And

the driver of the caravan is thinking of his true love who is far far away. And then the women in the back of the caravan starts to cry because it turns out her marriage has been arranged to someone else.

*Oppy and Jean appear in the caravan as the two lovers. They lip-synch a scene in Arabic. They are separated. The caravan disappears into the desert, leaving Jean with Jimmy, as his second wife. When he makes advances, she pulls out a knife. He backs off.*

Sally

Did you ever see anything so beautiful, the desert? Have you ever been there? It's a beautiful place.

Hez

Baby, to me the mid-east is Madison

You only get one shot.

Sally

I just want to fall in love over and over again. Why does it have to happen only one

Adam

I gotta go sweetie. (Adam leaves, Mr. America falls into Sally's

Sally

There are all kinds of love. It happens to you. you never decide to fall in love. IT happens to you.

So what happens next

he goes out. he goes out and gets drunk.

*The Afghanistan movie transforms into a raucous bordello. There is a drinking contest going on a la Raiders of the Lost Ark. The movie is bursting with stereotypical romanticized arabs.*

Mr.

This is a terrible

Sally

What?

Mr.

Movie-making is a trick. If it's done really well, the trick works if not you can see through it right away

Sally

why do you have to be so critical

Mr.

It's offensive! They try to trick you so they can walk all over you

Sally

Shut up! This is the best part!

*Jimmy falls in love with his friend's wife. They play a tantalizing seductive game in the shadows. The music climaxes, the veil falls. They are face to face. At the height of the romance, they climb onto a magic carpet together. Behind them, colorful belly dancers appear, dancing*

Mr.

What the hell kind of movie is

Sally

open you mind. it's

Mr.

yeah, it's sexy if you're a 12 year old

Sally

I'm not a 12 year old

Mr.

what are they doing on that

Sally

It's a magic Carpet, you

Mr.

This is like a soft core Chitty-Chitty Bang-Bang. Cue the flying

Sally

Shut Up! it's

Mr.

Are you sure this move is about

Sally

No.

Mr.

Do you know ANYTHING about

Sally

Yes I do! but THIS is about

This has nothing to do with bombings and war and anyof that. And it would be good for you to listen to me about this. Because people who experience and can imagine different kinds of love are less likely to kill

Mr.

Have you seen this, this "Behind the veil?" It's a documentary about women in

Sally

no

*(during the next speech, the huge veil is dropped and then lifted, revealing the Taliban. The belly dancers now wear burqas. Jimmy's lover, Francoise, is torn away from him. Francoise and Jean are thrown down side by side, on their knees. Two Taliban executioners stand behind them, guns pointed at the back of their heads, ready to*

Mr.

Well there is this one amazing scene where the journalists have somehow found their way into the office of the Minister of culture. Yep. the Taliban's Minster of CULTURE. And he says, in a plain non-selfconscioius kinda way, so here is where we do the executions. And he explains that the way they do them is they line the people up on the ground, the murderers or the infidels or whatever they are and they run them over with trucks and crush them to death. And the journalists say something like, and what kind of cultural value does this have, and he says, well you know, most of the time it's pretty boring but sometimes the people who are on the ground try to escape so the people driving the trucks have to get out of their trucks and chase them down with their guns, and shoot them in the back of their heads, and that can get pretty exciting. But wait wait it gets better... So the Journalist says something to the effect of, you know, um, the United Nations built this Stadium for you guys because, spent millions of dollars on this stadium for you guys to play Soccer here. doesn't you think that is a different sort of activity than the United Nations intended? And, I kid you not, this guy says, with a totally straight face, no irony here at all, he says, Well If the United Nations will build us a proper stadium with which to have our executions then we will be happy to play soccer here... I mean , shoot him, right?! Shoot him, right there. Just have one of the Journalists pull out a gun and shoot him right there. THAT would make a great movie! That they could sell the shit out of.

*BANG. Executioners shoot Jean and Francoise.*

Sally

You think I don't know what's going on?

Mr.

You don't!

*(during Sally's next speech, a plane flies over the Afghanistan stadium, shooting, dropping bombs. Everyone falls to the ground except for Jimmy, who carries a dead Oppy in his*

Sally

I was watching CNN and this reporter in the cockpit of a B-52 interviewing the pilot, the American pilot as he's on one of the bombing runs from 5 miles up in the air. You know, he's just flying this plane up there, no chance whatsoever of getting shot down, no risk at all, of combat, like he's just flying this plane, and they are talking about daisy cutters, these huge huge bombs, and the idiot American 18 year old kid pilot says, "yeah we've got a bomb back there that is the size of a Volkswagen Bug. Pretty cool huh? IF that isn't cool I don't know what is" . Again, the same complete lack of irony, of compassion of humanity. Of any semblance of a notion of what he was at that moment. What he was doing. Who he might be blowing up. No gravity, no sense of importance. No sense at all in fact of WAR. It's like Pearl Harbor being fought by Ben Affleck. Which is offensive, right? But Pearl Harbor IS being fought by BEN AFFLECK. And you can't see his face because of that air mask thing. BUT you can hear that tone, that tone of voice that says, like surf's up dude. Like Rad. He may as well have said Hot Tub. Yeah, like, yeah we've got a Hot Tub back there that is the size of a V-Dubya Bug. SHoot him. Right?! That's what you're saying? Shoot him, for the lack of irony.

Mr.  
I'm going out.

*The stage is once again New York. Oppy, dressed as a homeless person, is lying on Bob's front stoop. Mr. America leaves bedroom and goes out onto the street. He bumps into*

Watch where you're going, you

Bob  
Hi

Oppy  
Fuck OFF

Bob  
I'm sorry.

Oppy  
You live here?

Bob  
Yes.

Oppy  
Well don't mind me I'm just enjoying the beautiful view of dog shit from your lovely

Bob

Are you

Oppy

No shit. (pause) Go on, go inside to the wife and TV and your meatloaf dinner.

Bob

You have a place to go?

Oppy

Look if you're going to shoo me off your steps, there's no need to be polite about it. Get to the point will

Bob

Would you like to come inside?

Oppy

What?

Bob

Would you like to

Oppy

I heard you. What, are you trying to make yourself feel good by playing the good samaritan? Or are you some kind of pervert-psychopath, luring your unsuspecting victim into the clutches of your unassuming torture chamber-studio?

Bob

I'm Bob. (offers his hand to shake) It's a one-bedroom

### **Inside Bob's**

Bob

Chips?

Oppy

So this is your evening, huh? Sinking into an mind-numbing stupor parked in front of some hollywood blow em up- video with a beer and 3 bags of junk

Bob

It's a way of life. (he opens his brief case)

Oppy

That's pretty fucking depressing if you ask me. Can I smoke in

Bob

No

Oppy  
Fuck. What's all this?

Bob  
Policies. Fire, liability, theft, life, though usually I recommend an umbrella package. That's the only way to cover all the bases.

Oppy  
Insurance

Bob  
I help

Oppy  
How? By dragging them off the streets into this hovel of

Bob  
By offering them assurance that their families will be provided for in case they

Oppy  
And are

Bob  
In most cases, Yes.

Oppy  
Is it comforting to have security from death strewn around the house, or is this a tornado damage study?

Bob  
I'm up for review. I have to defend my

Oppy  
Your security.

Bob  
If you want to put it that

Oppy  
Who's the dish?

*Referring to Sophie who is standing in the corner of the room behind a frame*

Bob  
My

Oppy  
Is she around or did she run away with the spoon?

Bob  
Technically speaking I'm a widower.

Oppy  
Was she insured?

Bob  
Yes. I sold myself the

Oppy  
Shoulda paid off why are you living in this

Bob  
Her death wasn't covered. It was an act of god.

Oppy  
Always read the fine print.

Bob  
Get up Let's go.

Oppy  
I only just got

Bob  
We'll come back if you want. I have to move my car

Oppy  
At midnight?

Bob  
Precisely at midnight. Nighttime

Oppy  
City never sleeps. Mind if I take this

Bob  
It might increase your respect for life

Oppy  
Mine doesn;t

**In Bob's Car.**

Bob  
Seat

Oppy  
Can I smoke in h ere?

Bob  
No

Oppy  
Fuck. So what exactly qualifies as an act of god?

Bob  
Earthquakes, tornadoes, war

Oppy  
They're not

Bob  
No

Oppy  
There's one

Bob  
Hydrant

Oppy  
So don't you feel like a bit

Bob  
What do you

Oppy  
There's one

Bob  
Garage. Could you calm down?

Oppy  
It's been a long time since I was in a car. There's

Bob  
Police Zone

Oppy  
This

Bob  
Actually I quite like it. Gives me the time to

Oppy  
And what do you think

Bob  
The future.

Oppy  
Trying to escape are

Bob  
No not at all.

Oppy  
And what kind of glorious plans might you have for your

Bob  
A lot. I've got a lot of plans. Thinking about my future is a very interesting activity. My life may seem boring to you now, but believe me, in the future, the very near future,

Oppy  
You know what, Bob? I'd like to buy some insurance.

Bob  
You would?

Oppy  
Sure.

Bob  
What kind?

Oppy  
LIFE I WANT YOU TO INSURE MY LIFE

Bob  
You wanna be insured?

Oppy  
Yup

Bob  
And who would be your beneficiary.

Oppy  
Hmm. You.

Bob  
Me?

Oppy  
That's right.

Bob  
Why

Oppy  
Why the fuck not?

Bob  
Okayyyy... For how

Oppy  
A million

Bob  
Well, for a policy of that scale, your monthly premium is going to be a bit pricey. Are you employed?

Oppy  
Nope.

Bob  
Do you have any savings, credit, do you own any

Oppy  
Nope.

Bob  
Well, then, it's going to be a bit difficult for you to get insured.

Oppy  
You're saying I'm fucked, more or less.

Bob  
It's never too late to make changes. Get a job now, and in a few years you'll be able to afford the

insurance.

Oppy  
It's never too late to make changes, huh,

Bob  
exactly.

Oppy  
So how do you defend the coming

Bpob  
Excuse

Oppy  
you know, the apocalypse, the end of the world, armageddon, revelations, the promised end, doomsday? How do you work out that little loop

Bob  
Work it

Oppy  
Uh yeah, Been working on it WHITE

bob  
Excuse

Oppy  
What you're not worried white

Bob  
There's no need to bring that kind of thing

Oppy  
I'm sorry did I say something white

Bob  
What are you

Oppy  
The end of the fucking world. Been working on it? I mean, no? How do you reckon we're getting out of this mess Bob? How do you reckon we're gonna get out of it? I mean, it makes your whole profession into a bit of a sham doesn't it. Did you know Muslim's don't buy insurance? It's against their

Bob

Yes I know

Oppy  
Market research - the great cultural

bob  
It's no crime to be good at your

Oppy  
Unless your job is

Bob  
What's criminal about

Oppy  
False hope. Acts of God are on their way. Your own white boy prophecies forecast it you know. There's one.

Bob  
Police Zone.

Oppy  
Or perhaps your not familiar with the book of revelations then are you Bobby white

Bob  
Yes. NOW STOP!

Oppy  
Keep your eyes on the road, you're gonna get us killed Whitey.

Bob  
You can get out of the car if you keep saying that.

Oppy  
That scares you. Bob, c'mon man. Just pointing out the

Bob  
To what

Oppy  
Well Mr. Middle aged white insurance guy who picks up bleeding women off the streets, You don't seem to be too up on THE

BOB  
What is so obvious?

Oppy

when was the last time you had a good earth-shattering FUCK? (pause) Is that an embarrassing question?

Bob

It is,

Oppy

So may I ask you, what exactly are you looking forward to, Bobby? Look at yourself in the mirror. You're a man, aren't you? Yes, a man. Capable of brilliance and cruelty, just like any other man. And what are you doing about it? Are you staying up, tearing your hair out late worrying about the end of the world? Naw, you're just looking for a parking space that's good for tomorrow. Fact. Sixty tons of weapons grade Uranium has been lost or stolen since the break up of the Soviet Union. FACT. It only took 19 men to orchestrate the september 11 attacks. It would only take 11 more, with small nuclear devices, carefully placed, to destroy America as we know it. FACT. The Taliban didn't lose, they just disappeared into holes and caves where they are plotting their revenge. you don't see it coming,

Bob

It's over. We're going to win. We always win.

Oppy

What is this about man? Why am I in your

Bob

I was trying to

Oppy

Would you help

Bob

I don't

Oppy

You don't have too many friends, then do you

Bob

...

Oppy

Wanna make some? you play

***THE CHESS SHOP. A room full of people playing chess. There are all sorts of characters from previous parts of the play. Sweepers sweep slowly, in synchronicity. bob and Oppy***

Oppy

new white guy!

Mercer  
all

Others: Hi!

Virgil  
Hey great to have you, white

Tim  
Hey, how's it going. (shakes Bob's hand) I used to be the white

Bob  
Hi?

Oppy  
(to bob) so? you wanna play?

Bob  
uh,

Oppy  
we usually play by different rules here. But we'll play the way you like to

(everyone gathers around the chess board, smiling, curious what bob will

Bob  
whaddayay mean, it's chess, right?

Oppy  
Sure. OK. Let's go

Bob moves . crowd laughs.

Bob  
Is that okay?

Tim  
Yeah, yeah sure.... sure that's fine, that's great that's great.

4 quick moves and

Oppy  
Checkmate

Bob  
um no wait

Mercer  
Mate, Check

Bob  
Again

Oppy  
WAIT. (crosses arms over board) OK SO. You're the US. I knock out both your towers.  
What do you

Bob  
I bomb the shit out of you. You're dead. You haven't made a video tape in

Oppy  
Very clever, but. I have anticipated this move so I skipped town a week  
before.

Wes  
I'm in Russia buying

Oppy  
While you're busy checking for nail clippers on airplanes, that, I take your

Bob  
You can't do that. You don't have the

Ravi  
It doesn;t matter

Oppy  
I get a guy whose  
family's been killed on one of your bombing raids on Kandahar, or Baghdad or  
wherever, I train him in hand to hand combat, and get him  
ram the plane into Indian Point.

Hezekiah  
Which for some reason is still

Savannah  
New York City is evacuated.

Adam  
hundreds of thousands

Bob  
The US will nuke

Oppy  
Where? You don;t know where I am!

Bob  
We'll nuke Saddam

Oppy  
Exactly what I wanted you to do. I nuke New York and LA and Washington  
and some other place

All  
Chicago, Seattle, etc...

Oppy  
Whatever! And I am justified becuse you started

Bob  
You started it

Oppy  
You started it.

Bob  
You started it.

Oppy  
It doesn't fucking matter who started it Bob. You lost. white boy, 500  
million

Bob  
Stop calling me that

Oppy  
stop thinking like that and I'll stop calling you that.

Bob  
I'm am

Ravi

Hey hey. I stop it, ok. Ok. Sit down sit down, you're not a white boy. All these people here, there're not white boys, so just calm down , sit down. Let me explain something to you

Bob

Hey guys, could you just, uh Back off, okay?

Floyd

The diagonal attack. Watch. In this position, white has sacrificed the Exchange, trading one of his rooks for an opposing minor piece. Materially, therefore, Black-- which is you cause you're not a white boy-- has the advantage

Adam

The soviets had battlefield nukes disguised as boulders and golf bags and suitcases.

Hezekiah

Do you know where those bombs are now, they're in places like Fanatistan, Paranoiastan, and i hate americanistan(a variety of stans)

Dario

Al Qaeda history teaches us that attacks occur 12 to 24 months

Caroline

Only 2 percent of all incoming ship cargo is inspected

Ravi

Airport security is still controlled by Rent-a- cops making six bukcs an hour. Are you paying attention?

Bob

How do you guys know all of these things...

Maha

Have you picked up the

Will

It's all public knowledge

Marcus

GQ Magazine

Gina

Guy Pierce exposes himself, what a dreamboat.

KAthryn

It's not hard to see. You just gotta look.

Eve  
There are hundreds of ways to

Randi  
Complacency is sinking

Oppy  
Have you thought about why they're doing

Sarah  
Have you thought about why we're doing this?

Rory  
Is that your K-Car outside?

Rachel  
They're known for their fuel efficiency

Deborah  
Its getting a ticket

Rachel  
Not that hard to connect these dots.

Gina  
The strong possibility of conspiracy

Bob  
Bullshit!

ALL HOLD UP NEW YORK POST WITH "BUSH KNEW"

Tim  
It's not that hard to imagine Bob. Buncha Oil guys fueling the fire. I mean we never did get Kennedy's magic bullet figured

All  
AAWWW, not today, Tim

Tim  
OK, OK, It is not possible that there was only one gunman but I am not gonna get into that today. Think about it Bob, think about it. We don't know what it is exactly that they are not telling

Gina

Its incredibly insulting how stupid they think we are

Adam  
We are that

Marcus  
Hey watch who you're calling

Bob  
Watch you you're calling

Will  
Who are "we" then goddamnit?

Bob  
I know who you are. You're a bunch of nihilists. I've read about you

Oppy  
I'm a realist. I'm a pragmatist. I'm a fucking weather forecaster. Wake up and smell the coffee, Bob, the jig is up.

Ravi  
Checkmate

Oppy  
Listen. its not inconceivable the people of Japan thought they were going to win the war up until the last day. Inside the country they had no idea what was actually going on. Then the bombs dropped, the Emperor comes on the radio and says that's it we've lost and the Americans are coming in. I mean they were blind. They were warned, they were told to surrender, they were told to stop the war. They were out of control. It would be foolish to assume that it can;t happen

Eve  
It was called the manhattan project after all

Dario  
(sitting down to play with Bob) But I don't think its exactly going out on a limb here to say that everybody, everybody is enveloped in this cloud of uncertainty and confusion. I know I know "people have to watch what they say and watch what they do" and all but, do you?

Jimmy  
Watch it!

Dario  
Is that unpatriotic to say that? That nobody knows their ass from the elbow in this thing at all.

I mean, this thing, its like a 38 thousand Karat diamond, in every way that you look at it its got a shine. I mean, you watch TV and it looks good, you see pictures of women getting stoned and shot in stadiums and how the Taliban outlawed music and how the threat to our security and blah blah blah, the only way to win is...and you think, yeah absolutely go kill them,

Bob  
Right.

Dario, but you gotta be careful, because In America, if you open that door just a little bit that door that says, YES! GO FOR IT-- these people are OK to kill. KILL EM ALL KILL EM ALL! People in this country are all so pent up and crazy and ready to scream for any reason at all I mean, we're ready to shoot each other because someone is blocking the commuter lane, people are reaching in their dashboards for the colt 45 if you leave your blinker on too long on an exit ramp on the Garden State Parkway. Or that Guy in LA that threw that lady's dog into the highway in the middle of a fender bender. He's ready to kill the Taliban. So, you now, when they open that door even just a crack in your sensibility and you feel this rush inside of you like YEEEEAAAAWW (ALL join  
USA USA USA

Dario  
But then you turn the diamond again and you see these caves and people living in caves for god's sake in the wintertime in the freezing cold with Walkie-Talkies deep in these caves and you gotta have a respect for that right? People living in caves? I'm sorry but would you live in a cave for what you believe in?

Oppy  
He does man. I been to his

Dario  
And then you turn the diamond again and you read the left wing press and the whole country starts to look like this horrible tyrannical bag of shit with spikes all over it just running the world over and leaving a trail of blood and toxic waste, like the last days of the Roman Empire except with Michael Jordan and Britney Spears playing the fiddle while it all burns and you get sick to your stomach of all this that is representing you outside of the country and how the real world isn't here at all the real world is NOT AMERICA, and if you have a roof over your head you're like in the top 15% of the people of the world and you keep turning it and turning it, this diamond, and you get confused, cause it looks good from every angle, you agree at every turn of the thing so its just like leave me alone, I'm only a temporary citizen of the United States!

Will  
The board contains millions of possibilities, each move creating a whole new universe, each time something is altered the entire culture of the board is

Maha  
We create new enemies, attack, counterattack, action knee-jerk reaction

Deborah  
You're cut off it's a checkmate

Eve  
Everymove is a trap. You got a death wish, Bob

Bob  
That's it. I'm leaving.

Gina  
You're

Bob  
I am leaving. THIS IS NOT CHESS. I came here to play

Tim  
yeah bob. We don't really play chess here

BOB  
You don't

Tim (and  
Aw no, not realy

Bob  
What do you do then

Tim  
We talk about the white guy quite a bit. Wanna play chess though, Bob? Here catch. That's the white guy. That's the whole ballgame, that is the whole country. In chess you gotta protect this white guy at all costs, there is only one game, one story, one protagonist, and that is America, that is YOU, right

Bob  
Sure

Tim  
But the white guy has got a problem. Its like an equation, like an X and the whole point of the equation is to find out what happens to X. (he throws the white king to

Dario  
X is driving you crazy. You can't even cross the street until you find out what X wants you to do. (throws the king to

Will

I'm getting the fuck out of town because X will behave this way. (throws the king to

Ravi

Or I'll kill these people because X will mean what I want it to mean. (throws the king to

Eve

X is driving you nuts, X will make you jump out a window. (throws to

Aaron

Its true

Hezekiah

X will keep you from seeing what's right in front of you. (throws the king back to BOB. Bob looks and sees that it is the BLACK king)

Bob

Wait a second, I thought I was the white guy, how did I get to be the brown guy?

All

AH-HA!

Bob

You people are nuts if you think I can figure it out. OK so I'm not very good at chess. OK? You brown guy, you be the brown guy

Ravi

Hey I am not the fucking brown guy. In this type of thing, you cant solve for X because you can't isolate it.

Tim

The white guy thinks he's only playing on one board and that there's only one X.

Ravi

No. It just changed. there are seven boards, seven X's

Gina

Or a hundred or a thousand, and at each stage of this equation, X is jumping from one column to the next, and at each stage of this multi-linear narratives, one affects the others so that the narratives themselves multiply, and you have a hundred other possible narratives at each move.

Adam

You can't play play from just this perspective, Bob. Not anymore. You have to take the rest of the equation into account.

Ravi

There's no way for the white guy to win if hes playing on this many boards at once. There are too many variables. Its messy, compeltely unpredictable

Jimmy knocks over chess board

Francoise  
Fuck Jimmy!

Wes  
Its highly unstable

Caroline  
There is no one in control. No one is looking out for you.

Bob  
What are you

Tim  
There's no strategy for defense.

Bob  
Then why are you people so

Sally  
The only way out is a kind of

Will  
Bob, you don't have to be the white

Sally  
We're opening a window for you

Maha  
Stop playing. Walk away.

Aaron  
Change the rules.

Eve  
Make some friends.

Deb  
We're at critical mass. In any unstable system, a reaction will occur to stabilize it. The balance of power will be restored. It's scary to think that we might not be in charge any more. But if it doesn't change, things are going to get a lot scarier.

Jean

The world doesn't work the way it used to. We are getting dangerously close to it never working again. You've got to start thinking about something other than your life. This is not about you. The future is not secure. Because you're not even this guy (indicating King). You're this guy. (Everyone reveals pawn)

Mercer

I'm sorry Bob. I'm not saying it's the easiest thing in the world to be honest. But I wouldn't stand here and try to pull the wool over your eyes neither.

Oppy drops open briefcase, reveals bomb.

Blackout. This stage swirls. Loud sounds.

in the black, voiceover:

Mercer:

Hey Sally?

Sally

Yeah?

Mercer

You ever watch your lover while they're sleeping?

Sally

I used to.

Mercer

I heard on the radio that that's the most intimate thing you can do.

Sally

Yeah? I heard on the radio that there's more people alive than on the planet right now, than in all of human history combined. that means there are more people alive than

Mercer

wow is that

Sally

Yeah. 6 billion people

The horizon

Francoise (in silhouette, to

I think you're



ANOTHER THING:

This Text was in the original production, performed by Patrick McCaffrey near the end of the original Act Two. It was chopped up and sprinkled through Act 2 and done by Sally and Hezekiah and others in the second production.

### **Bomb in the Briefcase**

*Patrick sits in a bar populated by women under burkhas. He moves from stool to stool talking only to Ikuko who moves along with him and drinks as well. At the end she jumps into his arms.*

Patrick

Have you seen this? This behind the veil, that documentary about women in Afghanistan? It's mostly crap – it's mostly that kind of not good enough kinda crap where you wish they had more balls than they have on the Discovery channel – where they have just enough actual information and shit mixed in there so you can sorta get the gist of where the truth might be located underneath all that garbage that they pile on top of it. But what are you gonna do, READ? Right. You can't go to Afghanistan and find out for yourself and you watch what is out there 'cause you've got to keep up with this kinda latest information otherwise you... you're... what are you? You don't even know what the kind of bullshit is that they're shoveling you to keep the homefires burning. But what am I talking about? Yeah, oh yeah, behind the veil... but there is this one incredible scene where these journalists somehow find their way into the offices of the Minister of Culture, yep, the Taliban minister of culture – I know, what could the programs, the cultural programs that he is implementing be? He takes them to the stadium where they do the executions. And he explains that they way they do them is they line the people up on the ground the murderers or the infidels or whatever they are and then they drive over them with trucks and crush them to death. And the Journalists are like... what kind of cultural value does this have? And he says, well, you know, most of the time its pretty boring but sometimes the people who are on the ground try to escape so the people driving the trucks have to kind of run them down with the trucks and that can get pretty exciting. But wait, wait, it gets better... So the journalist says something to the effect of, you know, the United Nations built this stadium for you guys, because, spent millions of dollars on this stadium for you guys to play soccer here. So do you think this is a proper use of this stadium which was intended for soccer? And the minister of culture says, well we have to have our executions. And the journalist asks again, but don't you think that is a different sort of activity than the United Nations intended?

And, I kid you not, this guy says, with a totally straight face, no irony

here at all, he says, “Well... if the United Nations will build us a proper stadium with which to have our executions then we will be happy to play soccer here. Shoot him, right? Just have one of the Journalists pull out a gun and shoot him right there. That would make good television. But then, the other incredible thing I saw was on the CNN this Journalist in the cockpit of a B-52 interviewing the pilot, the American pilot as he’s on one of the bombing runs from 5 miles up in the air. You know, he’s just flying this plane up there, no chance whatsoever of getting shot down, no risk at all, of combat, like he’s just flying this plane and they are talking about daisy cutters, these huge huge bombs, and the idiot American 18 year old kid pilot says, “yeah we’ve got a bomb back there that is the size of a Volkswagen Bug. Pretty cool hunh? If that isn’t cool, I don’t know what is.” Again, the complete lack of irony, of compassion of humanity. Of any semblance of a notion of what he was at that moment. What he was doing. Who he might be blowing up. No gravity, no sense of importance. No sense at all, in fact, of WAR. It’s like Pearl Harbor being fought by Ben Affleck, which is offensive, right? except Pearl Harbor is being fought by Ben Affleck! This guy is just flying his plane and he’s on TV. Like that’s all I know about it. And you can’t see his face because of that air mask thing, but you can hear that tone, that tone of voice that says, “like surfs up dude,” like “Rad.” He may as well have said Hot Tub. Yeah, like we got a Hot tub back there that’s the size of a V-Dubya Bug. Shoot him, right? Shoot him right there.

But, and I don’t mean to be or sound eurocentric or whatever about this, but do you know what they’ve turned these stadiums back into now that the executions aren’t top-billing anymore, now that the Taliban are all daisy-cut to hell? What we’ve restored to these stadiums? It’s not soccer. It’s this ancient Persian game or something, and I read about this in the New York Times, but its this game where you have all of these teams on horseback armed with these long wooden pikes which are made of wood, but you know they’re sharp. And they’re all in the corners of the stadium, all of these teams, and the object of the game is there’s get this, dead goat and they put it in the middle of the stadium on the dirt ground and on a cue they rush each other and stab at the dead goat trying to get it back to their corner because the first team to get the dead goat back to their corner of the stadium wins. And, you know, officially, I guess, the rules of the game say you’re not supposed to stab at the other team with your long sharp wooden pike, but you know, hey, that’s the game and sometimes, you know, they miss the goat. So there are these pictures coming out of Kandahar of this game and these horse guys with their pikes and people with, you know, accidentally, Pikes stabbed through them, and these people cheering and fighting over this dead goat. And do you know what the prize is? The prize for winning? The prize for getting the goat back to your corner of the stadium? YOU GET TO KEEP IT! Your team gets to keep the dead goat. Which by the time they get it its been ripped into

tiny pieces and is completely covered in dirt. So this is what we are fighting for, making the world safe for goat carcass games.

You can't do much until you're actually not guilty anymore, and as an American you can't ever really say you're innocent.

I mean, there's nothing wrong with the market model, no that's not true, but I mean, there's nothing inherently wrong with cultural supremacy and there would be nothing wrong with pure capitalism if it were sustainable, I mean – it could work! With just the slightest revision of our economic division of profit we could all be happy, we could all be taken care of and housed and have enough to eat and so on...

But its got a problem at the center of it. You're ascribing moral value to profit making. So value becomes this weird kind of sliding scale and human concerns aren't central to the model at all. They're not there.

Human needs don't factor into the equation.

But you don't look panicked to me. Oh I forgot, this is the "new normal" right? I heard that the "new normal" has set in. They declared the new normal. I heard that on TV.

But I don't think its exactly going out on a limb here to say that everybody, everybody is enveloped in this cloud of uncertainty and confusion. I know people have to watch what they say and watch what they do and all but... do you? Is it unpatriotic to say that? That nobody knows their ass from their elbow in this whole thing. I mean, this whole thing is like a 38 thousand karat diamond, in every way you look at it it's got a shine. I mean you watch TV and it looks good, you see pictures of women getting stoned and shot in stadiums and how the Taliban outlawed music and how the threat to our security and blah blah blah, the only way to win is... and you think, yeah absolutely, go kill them. But in America, you have to be careful because if you open that door just a little bit, that door that says, Yes! GO FOR IT – THESE PEOPLE ARE OK TO KILL. BE VIOLENT! Americans are all so pent up and crazy and ready to scream for any reason at all, I mean we're ready to shoot each other because someone is blocking the commuter lane, people are reaching under their dashboards for their colt 45 if you leave your blinker on too long on the Garden State Parkway. Or that Guy in LA that threw that lady's dog into the highway in the middle of a fender bender. He's ready to kill the Taliban. So, you know, when they open that door even just a crack in your sensibility and you feel this rush inside of you like YEEEEAAAWW KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL! KILL THEM ALL, KILL THEM ALL FUCK THEM... But then you turn the diamond again and you see these caves and people living in caves for God's sake in the wintertime in the freezing cold with Walkie-Talkies deep in these caves and you've got to have respect for that, right? People living in caves? By choice? I'm sorry but would you live in a cave for what you believe in? Right? And then you turn the diamond again and you read the left wing press and the whole country starts to look like this horrible tyrannical bag of shit with spikes all over it just running the world over and leaving a trail of blood and toxic waste, and it feels like the last

days of the Roman Empire – except with Michael Jordan and Brittany Spears playing the fiddle while it all burns and you get sick to your stomach of all this that is representing you outside of the country and how the real world isn't here at all, the real world is not America and if you've got a roof over your head, congratulations, you're in like the top 5% of the people in the world and we don't deserve to live the way we do and somebody should kill us and you keep turning and turning this diamond and you get confused, cause it looks good from every angle, you agree at every turn of the thing so its just like leave me alone, I'm only a temp. I want to be considered a temporary citizen of the...

Jeez, you've got beautiful eyes, you know that? You got a lovely smile.

Let's sing. Let's sing a song. (sings) "Do you remember the kind of September when grass was green and trees were yellow?"

How about this. See this? It's my briefcase. Now I came in from Teaneck, New Jersey today into the city, I drove in, I parked, I got on the subway, you know, I commuted in and this is my briefcase and I haven't opened it – not even once today. And more importantly, nobody has asked me to open it. And if they did I probably would have put up a fuss and said that I didn't want to open it and yadda yadda, fourth amendment yadda yadda. But that's beside the point, really, fourth amendment. Now maybe I have a Texas Instruments scientific calculator in here and a legal pad and my fucking Con Ed bill and a spare pair of eye-glasses and a Dictaphone machine and some gum and a few pens and some binderclips and the manual for my new digital answering machine that I was going to read on the train and a copy of the USA today. But maybe I don't have any of those things. Maybe I have a nuclear bomb in here. Because I could. I make \$125,000 a year after taxes and I went to Kazakhstan last year for vacation and maybe I bought something over there and mailed it to myself back here and put something together in my basement with instructions I downloaded from the internet onto my Gateway 2000 and if I am that kind of person that is exactly what I will do. If I have been bred on this sick to my stomach hatred of the United States and even though New York is not really representative of the United states, its still the big enchilada, right? And, anyway, I don't care, I've got this briefcase nuke and I'm gonna blow it, blow it all to smithereens, right. Which is why.... I am not at home with my fat complaining wife right now who wants a divorce anyway and wants a trial separation and a divorce but I won't let her, who knows why even after 2 years of failed marriage counseling I still refuse to divorce her.

So I am here to enjoy this moment of my life with you and maybe the nuke in my briefcase is just an excuse to get up the courage to talk to you because I love you. I love you you are so incredible to me the way your face has so much light in it and I have fallen hopelessly in love with you at this instant. At this drop of a hat. I would do anything to go home with you and love you love you love you till the morning light. Because at any moment, its... the whole ball of wax could be going up like

a... like a... like a... right? It's now, no warning, no more thirty minutes before the ICBMs get here from Russia. Its right here in my briefcase and in the briefcases of the other seventeen guys across the country waiting for a signal to light these boxes up and play ball.

So, in a way, we've already lost the war, you see? We've lost. Just look look at all those briefcases. A whole sea of em. Its over. We lost.

Let's lose and go home together and make love. Isn't that a fabulous idea? A fabulous outcome to this war?

Japan knew they had lost the war when Nuclear weapons had rendered their cities indefensible. They realized that and they gave up and figured out that they better try to do this all another way. But what I am saying is, they didn't check. And they can't check. They can't possibly check all the briefcases in New York city. That's 25 million briefcases a day or something. You wanna open it? Heck, I don't even want to now. I have such trivial shit in there by comparison I'm almost embarrassed not to have a nuclear device in there. Or at least a fucking Sony digital camera, something Japanese. Actually all I have in there is a tuna-fish sandwich that my wife made for me for lunch. But I went out for sushi instead. HAHHAHAHAHA. I fuckin love sushi. You wanna go for sushi with me? I love you. Do you love me too? I'm gonna have sushi every day for lunch until they nuke New York City off the map or until you can smell the rotting pile of my wife's tuna fish sandwiches all the way from Staten Island to the George Washington Bridge 'cause I'm gonna live. I'm gonna live my life.

But... am I responsible? Are you? Am I? Are they? Is everybody? Because if everybody's responsible then who do you shoot? Everybody? Nobody? Is that possible... shoot nobody?

Nobody ASKED ME! I'm not gonna die for something that nobody asked me about what I would do! That's not democratic! Is this working? Will you come home with me now? We'll think about it in the morning. What do you think we should do?