



Part 1

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CAST

Saddam Hussein (played by woman)

Once and future President of Iraq, lounge singer extraordinaire, devoted patron of the Lap-Dancing Arts and all-around rico suave muchacho. *D.I.V. Status: Negative*

Jacob Santa Maria ar-Rahman (Jake)

The elegant, charming and somewhat wistful owner and operator of the Ambassador Hotel.

Marina Oswald Jr.

Yes, that one. Daughter of Marina and Lee Harvey Oswald. Part-time exotic dancer and self-taught chemist. *D.I.V. Status: Positive*

S.W. Anil (a woman)

A highly ambivalent war correspondent in a race against gravity. *D.I.V. Status: Untested*

Jesus Angel Amador (Spanish pronunciation: "Hesus")

19 year old Mexican - United States Marine Corp private. Has suffered severe abdominal wounds and bleeds profusely at all times. *D.I.V. Status: Negative*

Morfia

A white powder that Jesus cooks up and shots into his veins.

Rasheed X

A very big black brother you don't wanna mess with. Minister of Hospitality and Hotel Border Security. Wears a cool looking skull cap. *D.I.V. Status: Unknown*

Sirhan Sirhan

Palestinian. Assassinated Bobby Kennedy in the Ambassador Hotel kitchen - June 5, 1968. *D.I.V. Status: Positive*

Juan Romero

Tijuana native. Former Ambassador Hotel room service waiter. *D.I.V. Status: Positive* - but consumed with regret.

The Rebbe Menachem Schneerson

Spiritual leader of the ultra-orthodox Chabad Lubavitcher movement. *D.I.V. Status: Negative* - but not forgotten.

Dixie

As in...the cup. A disembodied voice from beyond the wall. *D.I.V. Status: none*

A Woman

who we never see and who counts backwards from 110, 109, 108...

Setting: The Ambassador Hotel / Club Purgatory

A hotel, night-club and strip-bar for the end of the days - where strange and wondrous things happen and then happen again, and again and again.

Imagine a place with a lost in time, crumbling Havana-esque splendor. Enormous rooms with high ceilings that seem to have been dripping water since the beginning of time. Picture jerry-rigged wiring, forgiving lighting, and shadows from which strange characters float out of and then fade away back into again as if you'd merely dreamed them.

Ideally this "play" would be staged in an actual grand old hotel that is about to be demolished.

The Action:

is sometimes ethereal and dreamlike - but mostly fast and manic as if everyone's mother drank way too much espresso during the pregnancy. Scenes ricochet into each other without a pause, driving relentlessly towards....

PART I

Occupied Territories

Prelude

Before the actual spectacle begins, the "audience" makes its way to the performance space - reaching...

a massive wall that surrounds the hotel - sealing it off from the outside world. You arrive at "Checkpoint Carlos" - manned by heavily armed paramilitary thugs who check your I.D., intimately frisk you and waive you on towards the entrance.

*There are distant strains of the song:
Dream a Little Dream of Me.
Link:*

Then from over the public address system (or bullhorn) we hear:

RASHEED (P.A.)

Ladies and gentlemen, please have some form of government issued or cleverly forged identification ready. Drivers license, passport, or certificate of positivity. Then proceed to the nearest D.I.V. testing station.

You approach a table staffed by some provocatively dressed nurses.

RASHEED (P.A.)

Please do not offer money to the D.I.V. testers. Other kinds of illicit favors, however, will be very much appreciated.

An array of shady looking characters swarm around you, offering all manner of illicit substances and services:

SHADY 1

I know of a tunnel out of here. Wanna see it?

SHADY 2

Is it true that they're draining people's blood outside?

SHADY 3

I've hidden 33 grams of gold on me. Can you guess where?

SHADY 4

I can make you forget you ever saw me.

SHADY 5

Are you The One?

And here's Rasheed with another announcement:

RASHEED (P.A.)

Please note we have a variety of luxury suites available tonight. We got the *End of the Line Suite*, the *How Did We Get Here Suite* - and the *You Can Check Out Anytime But Never Leave Suite*. If you'd care to upgrade, please speak to your nearest pleasure attendant.

And here comes another cluster of shady characters:

SHADY 6

Got freeze-dried blood - all types and colors.

SHADY 7

I can turn a positive into a negative.

Shady 8 has a handful of 1960's postcards.

SHADY 8

Would you like to write a messge to Juan Romero?

You reach the testing center. A cross-dressing nurse rolls up your sleeve - then grabs an ominous gizmo that's like an electric drill crossed with a test tube.

NURSE

This might sting a little.....in a good way.

She zaps your arm with the gizmo. Ouch! A drop of blood falls into the test tube which starts to spin and glow - red and black lights flashing...

NURSE

Round and round she goes, where she stops...

It stops on a glowing black light.

Looks like we've got another winner.

She stamps the inside of your forearm with a PLUS sign - then hands you a vial filled with viscous radioactive red fluid.

One thousand cc's of B negative...positive. Good for a drink at the bar or two if it's Hora Feliz. -- Then again, the way things are going you might just wanna hang on it.... Enjoy your stay. Next!!

As you make your way to the hotel entrance - you hear...

RASHEED (bullhorn)

Do not make any attempt to alter your D.I.V. Test result tattoo. Tattoo forgery will result in immediate deportation from the Hotel.

You enter the hotel - a forbidden netherworld of dreams, desires and delusions - lurid lights and sights - all set to ethereal apocalyptic rhythms.

Deliciously dressed waitresses and cigarette boys float by. Pole-dancers appear, flirting with gravity. Ladies and ladyboys of the evening emerge from the shadows - offering fleeting glimpses of their darkness.

SHADY 9

You like a little positive company?

SHADY 10

Absolutely positively positive?

Shady 11 shows you her "+" tattoo.

SHADY 11

I got tested only an hour ago....and been looking for your fine ass ever since.

A dazed looking Shady Character appears, holding an old tattered photograph.

SHADY 13

Have you seen the woman in the polka dot dress?

The same black and photo appears projected on the walls: a woman standing on a dimly lit balcony, her

face hidden in shadows.

The Maitre D seats you at your small candlelit table and waitress serves you a glowing blood red cocktail.

On the screen/walls: a dreamlike montage of old movie clips and photos: the Ambassador Hotel in its heyday, footage of Robert Kennedy campaigning for president, combat footage from Vietnam, then Iraq, Hurricane Katrina, a man and woman in a polka dot dress slow dancing in the moonlight and....

Then the lights dim and...

THE SHOW PROPER BEGINS

Scene 1

Onscreen: the pace of the video montage speeds up until you see staccato flashes of random numbers, airplanes, a bikini lying on the sand, a cell phone soaring through the air, the sun sinking into the ocean....

We hear a woman's voice, soothing, hypnotic - seeming to come from everywhere and nowhere.

WOMAN

The following takes place in the 110 fleeting moments leading up to the 2020 California presidential primary. 109...108...107....

Onscreen: the numbers 109...108...107... which slowly fade to...

Grainy black and white live feed of ANIL reporting from outside the hotel walls.

ANIL

....in election news - the D.I.V. anti-virus is quickly turning a medical crisis into a complete political circus. It seems that the only name that's been allowed on tomorrow's Democratic primary ballot will be El Presidente. (beat) Which is pretty fucking weird - cuz I know the man and he ain't no Democrat. But hey - this is S.T. Anil and we're coming to you live from outside the famed Ambassador Hotel. There's a huge crowd of people fighting to get inside...

Onscreen footage: glimpses of the road to Woodstock, a crowd outside the American embassy in Saigon, and assylum seekers at the US./Mexican border.

...both in anticipation of tomorrow's vote but also trying to escape the de-pandemic and the ongoing waves of violence rocking LA and the entire nation as...

*Onscreen: the signal fades -
Onstage: and so do the lights as...*

RASHEED (over the P.A.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the Ambassador Hotel is proud to present the star of this evening's show. Making his post-war debut here on the Club Purgatory stage. Let's give a warm round of applause for the Badboy from Baghdad - SAAAADDAAAM HUUSSEEIIN!

*Lights up on SADDAM looking super suave in his Armani suit - and a hangman's noose around his neck. Sips his scotch and starts in on that bossa nova classic, The Girl from Ipanema.
Link:*

SADDAM (sings)

*Tall and tan and veiled and smoking
The Girl from Sadr City goes walking...
and when she passes, each one she passes goes....
Aahh-laaannnn, baby....*

He saunters toward the front row.

SADDAM

Tell you what...
(*grabs his crotch*)
here's the WMD y'all were looking for.

Saddam flirts with a woman in the audience.

What'chu doin' after the show, luscious? Why don't you and me have ourselves a little midnight at the oasis - put my camel to bed.

He continues....

SADDAM (sings)

*Oh but I watch her so sadly...
How can I tell her I love her?
Yes, I would give my heart madly.
But each day when she walks home to pray...
She looks straight ahead, not my way*

Saddam resumes flirting with the woman:

SADDAM

But you're sure looking my way.

He finishes the song with a flourish:

SADDAM (SING)

*Tall and tan and wrapped in dynamite,
The Girl from Sadr City goes walking,
and when she passes, each one she passes goes....*

*He makes an exploding sound into the mic - which
morphs into a massive bomb detonating.
Saddam fades away and...*

*JAKE appears - dressed in white formal dinner
jacket - a la Humphrey Bogart in Casablanca.*

JAKE

Welcome to the Ambassador Hotel and the New Ground Zero.
My name is Jacob Santa Maria Ar-Rahman.
Sorry about the mess, but it's been a baaad century.

If you sensed something strange when you arrived, it's not just
that pervy guy you're sitting next to. What you might have felt
is the ever so faint echo of history ricocheting off these walls
- because this is the very spot where Robert F. Kennedy was
assassinated. June 5, 1968.
Right...about...here.

*He stands over a chalked off shape of a body on the
floor.*

JAKE

I bought this place a few years ago, with eyes wide shut and
praying for a miracle. Unfortunately ever since the D.I.V. anti-
virus swept across the country, we've been way short of miracles
and way over-occupied. The good news is we've got some very
important VIP-s in the house:

*Lights up on the REBBE - an ancient orthodox rabbi
- reclining in an easy chair and reading a
dimestore novel. Jake makes the introductions like
a Vegas boxing announcer:*

In the lazyboy recliner, out of Crown Heights Brooklyn,
negative but not forgotten...the undisputed heavyweight champion
of the Chabad Lubavitcher.....The
Rocking....rolling....Rebbe!!!!

REBBE (waves)

Erev tov, Jake. Mah shlom-hah?

JAKE

Col beseder. Ve atta?

REBBE

Super maqsim, baruk ha shem.

*Jake turns to a nervous WAITER ** in an ill-fitting white uniform struggling with a tray tiny cups and saucers.*

JAKE

And in the white jacket - positive and positively...

(crazy whistle)

Out of Jerusalem, Palestine.

The Assassin so nice they named him twice. Mr. Sirhan Sirhan!

Sirhan bows and almost loses the drinks on the tray.

JAKE

Whatcha got there, Sirhan?

SIRHAN

Oh....just an order of 33 triple espressos.

JAKE

This for consumption?

SIRHAN

Mmmm....maybe.

Jake turns to us.

JAKE

It was Sirhan here who pulled the trigger that sent Bobby off to that Casablanca in the sky.

SIRHAN (to us)

On the advice of counsel, I have no idea what he's talking about.

Jake shrugs to us: "see what I mean?"

JAKE

Sirhan was tried by a jury of his "peers" and sentenced to life in Soledad State Penitentiary. But after fifty years of solitude, he was furloughed into our custody.

Jake sends Sirhan on his way and Rasheed rushes in excited.

RASHEED

Jake, we found a new tunnel under the pool!

(sees us)

Excuse me.

JAKE

Ladies and gentleman in the super stylin skullcap, straight out of the mean streets of south Philly, the Minister of Hospitality - Mr. Rasheed Double-X!

RASHEED (to us)

Peace be upon y'all. *(to Jake)* Gardener discovered the tunnel when he was fertilizing the grass. Lawn caved in right underneath him.

JAKE

Anyone inside?

RASHEED

'bout a dozen people.

JAKE

You think they're El Presidente's?

RASHEED

Nah, these folks are definitely refugees. They're all positive.

JAKE

Well let's get 'em their complimentary check-in drink.

RASHEED

Roger that. *(races off)* Secure the tunnels!!

JAKE

Ahhh the tunnels. That's how they come... and one day that's how they'll go. Some lead to the basements of bombed out buildings in the surrounding neighborhood. And some go all the way to the Promised Land, south of the border.... Speaking of which, also back after 50 years, in the black trunks, out of Tijuana,

Mexico, positive if somewhat melancholic, Mr. Juan Romero.

JUAN wanders in - an angelic creature with a dark cloud of regret hovering over him. He is sifting through a small stack of old postcards, We hear the voice of the little girl who has written...

LITTLE GIRL

Hola Juan. Me llamo Mirella. Tengo 10 anos y vivo en Oaxaca. Por favor ayuda Bobby. Le extraño mucho.

JAKE

Como estas, Juan?

JUAN (miles away)

Aqui no mas.

Juan looks at another postcard. We hear the voice of a man speaking Vietnamese - recorded a long time ago.

VIET MAN

Comrade Juan. When the motherland calls we must be ready to give up everything. Please. We're running out of time.

Jake tries again to pull Juan out of her reverie.

JAKE

Can I buy you a beer?

JUAN (dazed)

That would be nice. I'll have a Bud Light.

JAKE (pained)

You sure? We got Corona.

JUAN

Bud's fine.

Jake seems pained by this answer.

JAKE (to us)

You've seen Juan before, you just don't remember where. But before the night's out, it'll come back to you.

Juan drifts off and...

Lights come up on an EXOTIC DANCER - moving to the rhythm in her makeshift chemistry lab, complete with bunson burners, centrifuges, test tubes.

JAKE

And last but not least, performing her world-famous Lonely Gunman Dance - out of Dallas, Texas, the positively enigmatic riddle wrapped in a lovely mystery, ladies and gentlemen, Miss Marina Oswald...Junior.

Marina performs her routine - somehow incorporating various lab equipment and an Italian bolt action rifle. You gotta see it to believe it.

DRUNK CUSTOMER

That's Marina Oswald! Damn, she's gotta be like eighty years old by now. Yo, Marina - looking good, girl!

JAKE (edge)

That's Marina Oswald Junior.

DRUNK CUSTOMER

Ahhhhh -

(thinks is over)

Hey still looking good.

And we fade right into...

Scene 2

*Jesus stands next to Saddam who sits on a bench -
the two of them waiting... and waiting... and...*

JAKE (to us)

Cut off from the outside world, we've been forced to provide our guests with psychological counseling, worship services for religions you've never ever heard of - and yes - a branch office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

P.A. VOICE

Number 22,496.

JAKE

Saddam's friend here has recently shipped back from Anbar province Iraq. Also out of Tijuana, weighing in at a lean mean 133 pounds, Private First Class in *YOUR United States Marines....* Jesus Angel Amadoooooor.

Jesus has a severe abdominal wound and is practically holding his insides in. Blood pours continuously through his fingers. He's so weak that he can barely stand up under the weight of the assault rifle and combat gear.

VOICE (over P.A.)

Number 22,497.

SADDAM (exasperated)

Yalla - and I thought *Iraqi* bureaucracy was bad.

JESUS (*delirious*)

What, it's worse here?

SADDAM

Let's just say that back home our immigration office is pretty (arabic) quiet/rai-ah. About the only undocumented aliens we got in Iraq are Isis, I-ranians and U.S. military personnel like yourself / mitlak.

A Bureaucrat walks by.

SADDAM

Hey Rochester! Who we gotta fuck to get a green card around here?

BUREAUCRAT (exiting)

Not me.

SADDAM (seductive)

You're playing hard to get now, but next time I go to prison...
Enta u ana, habibi - making the kabob with two backs.

Saddam turns back to Jesus - ponders him.

Just for the record - I cannot get my mind around why you even
wanna become a citizen of this punkass country.

JESUS

Because here...

(wracked by a spasm of pain)

aqui, soy libre.

SADDAM (pleads to heaven)

(Arabic) Laaa - not this again.

(rija ala l'ishrit)

JESUS

Ever been to Tijuana?

SADDAM (suggestive)

I spent a night or two there if you know / (izza tarif **)
what I'm sayin.

JESUS

Try spending 17 years there. - You look at el futuro, y no ves
nada. So I came here. 33 dollars, two camisas and a pair of
jeans. Three days later, I'm bussing tables and sending
dinero back home a mi madre.

A wave of pain sweeps over Jesus.

He pauses... gets his breath back.

Only problem - I was always looking over my shoulder por
La Migra. Then on my eighteenth birthday, I walk past this
window with...

*Onscreen: a poster a buff Latino Marine. Suddenly
the poster comes to life - the marine leaping
forward and aiming his rifle at the Jesus.*

MARINE (video)

Be all that you can be, hway - con papeles y todo.

JESUS

So I walked in and signed up and....

(swooning with pain)

pues, now it's time for me to join my huerro people.

SADDAM (cheery)

Well, that's all very...

(strums a "guitar" and sings)

Kumbaya my Lord...

(shouts)

but you're NEGATIVE!

Jesus struggles to read his bloody application paperwork.

JESUS

"Non-citizen active-duty service members who become negative while serving *honorably* during Operation Iraqi Freedom - are eligible for posthumous naturalization."

SADDAM (scoffs)

"Posthumous naturalization." That's just about the dumbest dumbass shit I ever heard...and I've heard a lot of dumbass shit.

JESUS

Mira - you think it's so dumb - pues vayate!

SADDAM

Oh believe me, I would bas....

Saddam grabs the blood application - reads:

"Application for must be filed by the next-of-kin or another representative." -- That would be ana (thumps his chest) "If approved, the individual will be declared a U.S. Citizen retroactively to the moment of his death."

He raises his hands to the heavens evangelically.

Well PRAISE Jeeesus!

JESUS

You know, that mala attitude - that's why we kicked your ass.

SADDAM

Oh yeah? So what's *you guys'* mala excuse for Iran kicking your ass?

VOICE (over P.A.)

Number 23,271. 23,271.

SADDAM

Fuuuck me - I'm *dying* here!

JESUS

Te dije que we was gonna have to wait.

SADDAM

Yeah well tell me *this*, Private Greencard: why would any Mexican in his right cabeza leave California Dreaming here - and go somewhere that's 50 degrees in the shade and full of crazy A-rabs who wanna blow your brown ass up?!! I thought you wetbacks were trying to *improve* your lives - not chinga-les for good.

JESUS

Well, they did give me a ten thousand dollar signing bonus.

SADDAM (*finally*)

Now we're getting somewhere.

JESUS

Fifteen hundred a month, mas free medical y dental.

SADDAM

No shit? Dental? I've got this wisdom tooth that's like an oral IED. Maybe *I* should sign up for a hitch. I mean hell, I got experience.

JESUS

Chale! They'd never take a jota like you.

SADDAM

From what I hear they're so desperate for warm bodies, they'll take any high school dropout ex-con crack-head trannie they can lay their hands on.

(*to audience*)

No offense to our crack-head trannies in the house tonight.

(*snaps a salute*)

Private Hussein, reporting for duty!

Scene 3

Onscreen: Our roving reporter ANIL broadcasting live from outside Hotel.

ANIL

In the lead up to the California Presidential primary - the Army Corp of Engineers have just completed an impregnable wall around the Ambassador Hotel. El Presidente has designated the surrounding neighborhood a free-fire zone and ordered U.S. Forces to shoot anyone trying to enter the grounds.

Sounds of approaching aircraft.

Onscreen: Anil looks up into the sky - oh shit! A machine gun opens fire. Anil takes off running - and we fade to...

ONSTAGE: Jake looking out over the hotel grounds. Rasheed enters.

RASHEED

Jake, this is the last bunch. *(shouts into bullhorn)*
Last call! Last call! Close the gates and lock it down!

From OFFSTAGE:

ANIL

Waaaaaaaiiiiiit!!!!

From offstage: a huge SOLID steel door booms shut.

Anil stumbles on with a beat up suitcase and a camera bag. It takes Rasheed about 1.7 seconds to decide he does NOT like the looks of her one little bit.

RASHEED

Identification.

Anil hands over her passport.

S.W. Anil. So what's the "S .W." stand for?

ANIL

I know this'll sound strange....but my parents never actually told me.

RASHEED

Well *isn't that* convenient? Open up those bags for me.

Rasheed finds a Bolex movie camera, an old manual typewriter, a World War II era wireless transmitter, a tickertape, etc.

RASHEED

Purpose of your visit.

ANIL

I am a foot-loose and fancy free roving reporter - covering the pandemic presidential primary and the 52nd anniversary of Bobby Kennedy's assassination.

*She hands over her press card.
(Visible onscreen.)
Rasheed glares at it awhile.*

ANIL

Ground Zero News.

RASHEED

I can read, Missy.

*Marina joins Jake - watching from the wings.
Marina seems deeply unsettled by Anil's appearance
and slips off into the shadows.*

RASHEED (to Anil)

I'm sorry but the hotel has a strict policy prohibiting all journa...

*Jake clears his throat - gettting Rasheed's
attention - and nods faintly.
Rasheed turns back to Anil - seething.*

RASHEED

Welcome to the Hotel Ambassador. We sure hope enjoy your stay.

*Not exactly the most sincere welcome.
Anil wanders off. Rasheed joins Jake.*

RASHEED

This one feels like 95 pounds of bad news, Jake.

JAKE

We'll survive.

RASHEED

You sure about that?

JAKE

I'm not sure about *anything*.

RASHEED

So why risk it?

JAKE

Woman's intuition.

RASHEED (to Heaven)

(Arabic) Lord, give me strength.

Rasheed wanders off.

A rumble of thunder...rain falling.

JAKE (to us)

The thing about disaster is: when it rains it pours. In the months after September 11th, America became completely and insatiably addicted to Middle East blood. Finally El Presidente decided to go from *using* to *dealing* - and ordered the invasion of Iraq. Within days, millions of otherwise healthy Americans began to test negative for D.I.V....

Onscreen - letters typed: D.I.V.-

...and slowly bleed themselves dry. Purgatory wasn't prepared to deal with the deluge and was forced to open up temporary detention centers - kind of like the one you've found yourself in....tonight.

Lights up on MARINA in her laboratory - doing some elaborate experiment - centrifuges spinning, bunson burners firing, a cloud of noxious looking gas rising up over everything.

It used to be that the only Positives we'd get here were the ones like yourselves who came looking for a titillating brush with the other side. But now they come looking for sanctuary. Because outside these walls, America is quickly running out of blood...and time.

JAKE

Our only hope now is that before we reach zero...
The One will appear and deliver us from...

*A SCREAM of excruciating pain comes from the
distance.*

Scene 4

INS waiting room.

It's Jesus who is crying out and writhing in pain. Saddam holds a lighter under a spoon - cooking up some morfia. Draws some into a syringe, taps it - and thrusts it into the wreckage of Jesus' viscera.

JESUS

Aaaaahhhhhhh.

Jesus falls back in ecstatic relief. Saddam starts pacing.... then yanks his noose over his head like he's on a suspension wire.

SADDAM

You know, sometimes... I just wanna fly. Play Peter Pan - waaayyy waaayyy waaayyy off Broadway.... Seriously though, when I was young, I wanted to be an actor. But when my stepfather found out, he beat the ever living shit out of me. Told me that actors were all lawaat. (faggots)

JESUS (high)

Lawaat?

SADDAM

Yeah, you know, lawaat - yahney...

He makes a lewd gesture - banging his fists together.

Man-man backdoor love.

JESUS

Ah - maricon.

SADDAM (savors it)

Maricooooon. -- I like how that rolls off the tongue. Walla, it almost makes you wanna be one. -- Anyway I didn't want my stepfather to think I was one of these lawaat maricones, so I gave up my dream. Which is (Arabic) too bad because I am a fine looking muchacho, if I do say so myself. I mean if I were a chick, I'd definitely do me. Hell, even if I were a *dude*, I'd touch my toes and take one for the team.

JESUS (*amused*)

Es cierto, tu eres muy guapo.

Saddam shows off his backside.

SADDAM

Check it out. The ass that launched a thousand airstrikes.

VOICE

Number 22,533. 22,533. Going once, going twice....

*Saddam checks his ticket - rushes to the window -
Jesus stumbles after him - his gear clattering
everywhere. They look up to a INS Agent leaning out
of the light booth. Saddam appeals to him while
Jesus swoons and nods off.*

SADDAM

Yeah so, my name is Saddam Hussein and I'm honored to be here today...

AGENT

Whoa whoa, time the fuck out!

(he does a Time-Out gesture)

You're Saddam Hussein?!

SADDAM (not this again!)

Eh eh barif - I get that all the time. Check the white pages, there's tons of us in the valley. -- But as I was saying, I'm here on behalf of my young compadre Jesus Angel Amador who tested negative while serving this great nation, fighting for...

Ohhhh, it PAINS him to say it:

...the Liberation of Iraq. -- We're here to submit his Triple-X J-33 application for post-negative citizenship.

AGENT

Let's have a look at his test results.

SADDAM

Thing of it is there was a little ghalat (mixup) when they were stuffing this young man in the old body bag. Seems that Jesus here ended up getting the paperwork of one....

Saddam reads from paperwork:

Davis T. Jackson, a pimply whiteboy from West Virginia, who kinda looks like his parents might have been brother and sister at some point. -- Long story short, your honor, we don't have the actual test results - but as you see - my client is clearly negative.

AGENT

Look, you're not a *lawyer* and I'm not a *judge*, so you can drop the "your honor" routine. And I'm sorry, but I'm gonna need some documentation of negativity.

JESUS

Ensenyale la DVD. **

AGENT

WHAT did he say?!!

SADDAM

My client has a home movie that was taken of his return home - hence its "home movie" classification.

Onscreen: flag-draped coffins rolling off a plane.

JESUS

Eso, that's me. The second from *la derecha*. *Espera, espera*. No, *that* one. Recuerdo que the flag was a little torcido y...

AGENT

I'm sorry but you're gonna have come back when you've got some actual paperwork. And I'm gonna have to confiscate this DVD because it is muy depressing. And you two are *really* depressing.

SADDAM

Now wait a goddamn minute! This kid's been fighting Charlie over in Anbar just to keep your fat ass full of super-unleaded!

AGENT

Well on behalf of my fat ass, muchas fucking gracias.

And he's gone.
Jesus is devastated.

SADDAM (to Jesus)

I don't suppose I could interest you in some posthumous *Iraqi* citizenship. Or we call it back home: post-hummus.

*A drum goes: ba-dum-bum.
Saddam turns to the audience.*

SADDAM

Thank you.

Jesus glares at Saddam.

C'mon Jesus, lighten up. We'll go back to the bar,
I'll buy you a drink.

JESUS

I can't drink. I'm not 21.

SADDAM

No, and you never will be.

Scene 5

Anil has set up all her gear in an improvised broadcast booth and is ready to go live:

CUT FIRST LINE? **

ANIL *(news flash)*

This is Ground Zero News and we are coming to you en vivo from the Ambassador Hotel.

We hear that 1940's beep beep beep late-breaking news flash sound effect. You know the one.

ANIL

Just moments ago Canada and Mexico completed construction of a 33 foot high walls along their borders with the United States - to seal themselves off from America's ongoing D.I.V. crisis. Residents from both countries say they they feel.....

(sexual relief)

aaahhhh...much better.

Meanwhile In Tehran - the Organization of Blood Exporting Countries has announced a complete transfusion embargo on the United States. OBEC's spokesman said that beginning at midnight tonight, no ships carrying blood products will be allowed to dock in American ports.

Lights up on Saddam in some dark corner, searching, searching. Looks up and....

A DIXIECUP appears floating high in the air - attached to an invisible thread stretching up into the heavens. The cup floats down and Saddam grabs it and puts it to his ear.

DIXIE

Hello.

SADDAM

Yeah, what's up? Over.

DIXIE

Identification code.

SADDAM

Oh shit.

Saddam checks his palm - reads what's written there.

J-33. Over.

DIXIE

This is a phone, J-33, not a walkie talkie. You don't have to keep saying 'over'.

SADDAM

For real, I don't have to say 'over'? Over.

DIXIE

I'm not going to tell you again. Please proceed.

SADDAM

Yeah so, I'm calling in with my report.

DIXIE

If you think you have unlimited anytime minutes, J-33, you are sadly mistaken. *Talk.*

SADDAM

A reporter has arrived.

DIXIE

We're aware of that.

SADDAM

Are you aware that she is *smoking hot!!!*

DIXIE

Stay focused, J-33.

SADDAM

Focused? I am *the insta-picture* of focused.

DIXIE

Any chance that this reporter is The One in drag?

SADDAM (shrugs)

My gay-dar got knocked out back in '91.....

(*lusty*)

but this chick can drag me anywhere she wants.

DIXIE

Easy, big fella. You get any of those kind of urges - stick with the lap dancers. And make sure you get receipts. Dixie out.

Scene 6

Anil broadcasting live:

ANIL

And the Ground Zero Newsbombs just keep on coming.

Onscreen: we see...

What you're seeing happened exactly 33 seconds ago - a Kurdish registered tanker - Al Wahid - pulling anchor and sailing out of the southern Iraqi port of Uum Qasar....

Everyone in the hotel seems to emerge from the shadows to see and hear all about...

ANIL

...carrying a full shipment of positive blood.

Destination: Los Angeles.

Fade to Marina - some incandescent glow emitting from her eyes as she gazes at Al Wahid. Whether it's hope or dread is hard to say.

ANIL

The Al Wahid ran the OBEC blockade and is headed right for the Straight of Hormuz. Meanwhile, the fabulous drag queen of Hormuz wants the world to know that this snub...

(snaps fabulously - then wags her finger)

...will - not - stand.

Scene 7

Some old school reggae plays: The World is Upside Down.

*Lights up on Rasheed at the front desk.
As the song ends - he pick up his P.A. mic.*

RASHEED (over P.A.)

Yah man - that was the late and great Joe Higgs from Trenchtown Jamaica via paradise. (*Looks up to heaven.*) Skank it easy in peace, I-Brother.

Jake - off in the wings - gives us a little background on Rasheed.

JAKE

Rasheed's an old pro. Used to have a hit radio show back in Philly - Roots Reggae and the Jamaican Jihad. Think Malcolm X holed up in a DJ booth with a pound of dope and very big record collection.

RASHEED (over P.A.)

Attention, your attention please. Guests are advised to exercise extreme caution when buying any blood products from black market back alley wheeler-dealers. We've had numerous reports of virus-free chicken blood being substituted for the real thing. And we're NOT talking any free-range free-love Zen Buddhist chickens either - so know before you go and try it before you buy it.

JAKE

Another thing you should know about Rasheed is that his positive-negative status is a complete mystery. Nobody knows because nobody has the courage to ask him. -- Just hours after I got the keys to this place, he turned up seeking political asylum. So naturally I gave him a job on the spot.

Fade to Anil shooting Rasheed with her camera.

ANIL

Political asylum?

RASHEED (testy)

That's right. I am presently wanted in the great state of Pennsylvania on two counts of aggravated murder.

ANIL (cynical)

But naturally you're innocent.

RASHEED

Oh I definitely killed those boys.

And I was *pretty aggravated* when I did it.

ANIL

So in your own words - what exactly happened?

Rasheed clams up.

I don't suppose I could interest you in a bootleg copy of Bob Marley Live in Pyongyang?

Anil pulls out a CD. Rasheed hungrily reaches for it. Anil pulls it away - gestures for Rasheed to keep talking.

RASHEED

What happened was: it's around midnight and I'm at home drinking some of that sleepy time tea and watching "The Brain Killer" starring Roosevelt Grear.

ANIL

The football player?

RASHEED (impressed)

Well look at Miss Thing.

ANIL

Wasn't he with Bobby Kennedy when he was running for president?

RASHEED

Not just with him. Rosie was Bobby's one-man security team. -- So anyway, I'm watching the film... (*spooked*) and it dawns on me how much I look like Rosie. And I don't mean just kinda sorta vaguely *resemble* - I mean that brother and me are the kinda identical twins that look ex-actly ab-solutely alike - 'cept born thirty-three years apart.

ANIL

So this movie...The Brain Killer - what was it about?

RASHEED

I have no idea - 'cause just a couple of minutes into it, my front door comes crashing down and these two big whiteboys in black suits start walking my way and making themselves right at home. -- Fortunately I'd installed my place with the very latest in high-tech home security.

Rasheed Pulls out a huge pistol - casually aims it at Anil's heart.

The Glock 9 millimeter. 18 rounds of home protection.

ANIL (anxious)

Oookay.

RASHEED

Smoke clears - I check these boys' I.D.-s and see that I shot myself a couple'a undercover PO-lice. And did I mention they were whiteboys?

ANIL

I seem to recall. -- So if you were just minding your own business, why did these uh...

RASHEED

Whiteboys in black undercover PO-lice...

ANIL

break into your house?

RASHEED

I got an even better question: why did the big tall whiteboy have a big tall bag of white undercover cocaine tucked in his jacket pocket? Cocaine that got all shot up and scattered all over my brand new burgandy shag carpet? PO-lice supposed to take that cocaine *outta* your house, *not* bring it *in*.

ANIL

That *is* how they're supposed to do it.

RASHEED

After I clip them pasty-ass niggers - sorry, pasty-ass N-words - I'm thinking: chhhaaa, I don't get my righteous self outta Phila-delph-I-a, I'm either looking at 10 cc's of lethal injection... or a couple'a consecutive life sentences.

ANIL

You know, that consecutive life sentence thing has always kinda confused me.

RASHEED (counts if off)

Oh it's reeeaaaal simple: You go to prison. You die.
They slap your black ass in jail aaalll over again.

Fade to JESUS across the stage. He's got his morfia works and is desperately trying to scoop out spoonful of powder - but he drops it and it scatters onto the ground. He looks up to the heavens in anguish:

JESUS

Madre, porque me abandonaste?!

Back to Rasheed and Anil.

ANIL

You know... there's a rumor going around - that you never really made it out of Philly. That one of those whiteboy undercover police, just before he went belly up - got off a lucky shot that caught you...right...here.

*Anil touches a finger to the left part of her head.
Rasheed points to same spot under his skullcap.*

RASHEED

Here?

ANIL

There....right about where Bobby got hit.

RASHEED (cryptic)

Well.....I did not know that.

ANIL

Mind if I ask you one more question?

Rasheed certainly does mind but...

RASHEED

Shoot.

ANIL

What are you really doing here?

Rasheed seethes....and breathes.

RASHEED

I just work for my brother Jake.

Lights slowly fade and...

*Onscreen: Bobby Kennedy's victory speech at the
Ambassador after winning the California primary.*

BOBBY (onscreen)

...and I'd like to give a special thanks to Rosie Grear.
Rosie's said that anybody who didn't vote for me - he'd
take care of personally.

*Onscreen: Shot zooms in on Rosie. And it's true.
He's like Rasheed's twin. Thunder rolls in from the
distance.*

Scene 8

Lights up on MARINA working away madly in her jerry-rigged laboratory.

We hear the soothing unseen woman continuing her countdown....

WOMAN (o.s.)

93...92...91..

And fade in on Anil:

ANIL

With the anti-virus continuing its relentless sweep across America, plasma futures were selling at all time highs today on the Shanghai exchange and the price of a Barrel of Type O positive crude rose to 1.2 million Yuan. The Department of Homeland Circulation announced that the nation's Strategic Blood Reserve is - and I quote - "Bone F-ing Dry".

We hear an ominous dry wind blowing through a ghost town - then a distant rumble of thunder.

Scene 9

*Saddam and the Rebbe play cards.
Saddam slaps one down.*

SADDAM

Got you on the run now, punk. (oops) Sorry, Rebbe.

Fade to JAKE - watching them from the wings.

JAKE (to us)

Couple of things you should know about the Rebbe. The first is that he is our only guest to have successfully made it to Paradise... but then voluntarily returned to Purgatory.

The second is that towards the end of his life, there was a swirl of speculation that the Rebbe wasn't just *any old Rebbe* - but in fact, *the Messiah* - and that any day he would make a prophesy-fulfilling return to Jerusalem...

Onscreen: a glimpse of the Actual Rebbe standing on his balcon in Brooklyn - waving to his followers below.

JAKE

As the debate raged all around him, the Rebbe was... curiously noncommittal. He didn't say yes...

(smiles)

but he didn't say no.

SADDAM

Hey Rebbe, I don't blame you. If millions of people'd been lining up asking ME if I was the Messiah, I'd'a been like: "You're goddamn right I am!"

REBBE

Frankly, it was a little embarrassing. I kept thinking: all this Messiah talk is meshuga. *(Does the "loco" sign)* I've got to tell these majnunis to knock it off and get back to work. But every time I opened my mouth to say something...

SADDAM

Yeees?

REBBE

...the words just wouldn't come out.

SADDAM (hah!)

Yeah, I *bet* they wouldn't.

REBBE (irritated)

So sue me - I'm human. And when you're human, the thought of being the Messiah *can be veeery.....tempting.*

SADDAM

Especially if you've got a sneaky suspicion that you really are....The One.

REBBE

Sounds like somebody's speaking from experience.

SADDAM

Hey, you don't build a thousand palaces in your honor if you're suffering from low self-esteem.

REBBE

You certainly knew how to burn through the shekels. Where did all the dinero go?

SADDAM (defeated)

Everywhere but here.

REBBE

Seriously, what *happened* to your country, Hajji?

SADDAM

Things were going pretty good there for awhile - but then I went and got myself a second wife. A *blonde*.

REBBE (got it)

(Hebrew:) Say no more.

SADDAM

What was I *thinking*?

REBBE

I got a couple of theories.

Saddam loses.

SADDAM

(Arabic) Fuck!

Saddam angrily sweeps all the cards off the table.

The Rebbe calmly takes out another deck from his coat and starts dealing. They play a bit...

Anil comes in over the airwaves with a Ground Zero NewsBomb.

ANIL

In election news, a massive write-in campaign for The One is shaking up the California Democratic presidential primary. Though relentlessly pursued by federal authorities - The One has recently been sighted all over the country - mesmerizing huge crowds with his soaring silence.... Supporters are encouraging everyone to hit the polls on Tuesday. Vote early, vote often, and vote El Uno.

Saddam considers that bit of news - a little peeved for some reason. Then he turns back to the Rebbe.

SADDAM

You know what I can't figure out about you?

REBBE

I give up, what?

SADDAM

You did all the right things in life. You landed in Paradise and had it all. The eternal happy hour, the chicks, the free wifi... So what the hell are you doing hanging around in this dump?

REBBE *(looks around)*

The dirty little secret about Heaven...
it is *spectacularly* boring.

SADDAM

I *knew* it!

REBBE

Sure, the ladies look great, there's free Netflix and they serve this matza ball soup that is to die for - but nobody ever argues or kvetches about anything. There's no action, no...

(raps his knuckles together)

You feel me?

SADDAM

You *know* I do.

REBBE

It's like living with a bunch of cross-dressing Stepford wives.

Saddam contemplates that - intrigued.

SADDAM

That actually sounds kinda interesting... but I get your point. And that's *exactly* why I tried to be as bad to the bone as I could while I was alive. Hell, I figured if I was good, they'd send my fine ass to Paradise and the place would friggin bore me to death.

REBBE

Well hamdulilah you dodged *that* bullet.

SADDAM (agreeing)

Right?

They play a little more.

Beep beep beep beep....

Anil goes live with:

ANIL

As D.I.V. dis-infection numbers soar by the hour, the CDOC is estimating that there are only 87 thousand postive Americans left in the entire country.

Onscreen: a battered tanker at sea.

ANIL

Meanwhile, the Kurdish blood tanker - Al Wahid - has just been sighted steaming off the coast of Pearl Harbor, continuing to make its way to the Port of Los Angeles. A veritable glimmer of Hope floating on the horizon.

Back to Saddam and the Rebbe.

SADDAM

You believe in reincarnation, Rebbe?

REBBE

Nah. (*shrugs*) But hey, *who the heck knows?*

SADDAM

Know what I'd like to come back as?

Without missing a beat and deadpan:

REBBE

The string bikini of a beautiful young Brazilian woman who likes to go swimming every day?

*Saddam mouths an amazed: "fuuuuuuuuuuck".
Looks at the audience - hooks a thumb at the Rebbe
and nods appreciatively.*

SADDAM

Well aren't you a dark horse?

The Rebbe just shrugs and plops down a card.

Scene 10

Onscreen: archival footage of Bobby Kennedy shaking hands with a crowd of supporters.

*Then fades to...
Anil filming Juan.*

ANIL

When was it that you first saw Senator Kennedy?

JUAN

The day before the California Primary. The Senator and his staff were staying in the Presidents Suite. They call room service and order a dozen hamburgers. It's Ramon's turn but I give him ten dollars to me take up the order. -- I knock on 707 and the door opens...

(with wonderment)
and *there* Senator Kennedy is.

Onscreen: bobby appears - smiling slightly and listening intently - feeling everything.

When he sees me he stops what he's doing and just... talks to me.

ANIL

About what?

JUAN

Just cosas normales - tu sabes? -- He asks me if it was hard to leave my family and come to America. And does the boss treat me okay? And does the hotel me enough to live on? Then he looks at me - all serio and says: what do you dream of Juan? Por tu vida. And I say: Bueno, I'm saving my money to buy a una casita back in Tijuana, marry mi novia y.... pues, vivir - tu sabes. Just live.

And he says: "That's a terrible idea. What you *should* do is bring your novia *here* and become Americanos. And see if you can do it before tomorrow morning because I'm going to need all the votes I can get." *(smiles)* I say: I'll do my best. And he says...

Juan's smile fades - and from some other dimension - Jake speaks for Bobby.

BOBBY

I'm counting on you, Juan.
We all are.

As Juan fades - so does Bobby (onscreen).

WOMAN (voiceover)

88.....87...86....

Scene 11

Thunder, heavy rain.

JAKE

D.I.V. doesn't roll like any virus you've ever seen.
The Death Immuno-Sufficiency Virus...

Onscreen Text: Death Immuno-Sufficiency Virus

D.I.V.

a thumbs up emoji

JAKE

...is exactly what it sounds like. It makes you immune to death.
It's the cure that kills you. See, if you let your guard down
and get dis-infected - become D.I.V. negative....

Onscreen Text: D.I.V. Negative.

And: Thumb down.

JAKE

then just like that - your biological time-bomb starts going...
tick...tock.

*Jake looks up into the air - sees a speck of light
flickering high in the sky.*

*Rasheed joins Jake - looks out over the compound at
the falling rain.*

RASHEED

What's up with all this rain? You think El Presidente's behind
this? Putting B-52's up there, dropping this deluge down on I?

JAKE *(shakes head)*

He doesn't have the air power anymore.
And the Weathermen say: it's raining *all over the world.*

They look out at...

*Lights up on ANIL - across stage, walking around,
filming.*

*Onscreen: Archival film of The Ambassador's
historic kitchen.*

Then we hear the mysterios woman...

WOMAN (v.o.)

85...84...83...

Back to Jake and Rasheed.

JAKE

So what's your read on her so far?

RASHEED

My read is there's something this girl's not telling us.

JAKE

Keep your eyes open.

RASHEED

Oh they never close.

Rasheed leaves. Jake watches him go.

JAKE (to us)

It is written that if The One should ever fall into eternal sleep, *we shall dream The End of Time.*

Scene 12

Anil continuing her walkabout in the kitchen - almost in a trance.

WOMAN (v.o.)

82...81...80...

Anil suddenly snaps out of her trance state and...

ANIL (to us)

Rasheed is right. There's a lot I'm not telling them.
For one thing - I didn't always look this good.

Gestures to her super fine self.

I used to look like this:

Projection: a passport photo of your typical East Village whiteboy.

Have you ever had your phone ring and...

*Her cell phone rings.
Anil takes it out, answers.*

Hey hey hey.

She listens and...

But they don't answer and after a few seconds you realize that they don't even know they're calling you...

We hear the muffled sounds of a pocket call.

but that maybe they just saved your life.

She tucks her phone away.

ANIL

So it's early fall, I'm on a packed sweltering subway car and I am aaaalllll hung over. But I just ride with it because I know that soon I will step into my house of worship and attain a state of grace. See, in my religion, salvation comes in the form of a piping hot triple shot capuccino. And I'm not talking some decaf nonfat soy abomination. I'm talking all-milk all-caffeine all-the-time.

33 minutes and 33 seconds until I've gotta be at my one-day one-time temp job downtown. I've been doing temp work for seven years but I keep calling it "temp" so that I don't have to make any kind of serious commitment to it. This somehow gets me thinking about my girlfriend.... who at that exact moment is not *technically* my girlfriend because I have this genetic condition that makes it impossible for me to make - up - my - fucking - mind.

But as the train reaches my final destination, I decide to *decide* - and choose a life - and that my life will be *her*. Forever.

Across the stage - the lights come up on MARINA working in her laboratory - but somehow viscerally tuned into Anil's story.

And further away - hidden in the shadows - Jake watches Marina watching Anil.

ANIL

And just as I reach the street and walk into this glorious fall morning my phone rings and it's my life calling...

takes out her cell phone...

and I know that....

sings to the Bob Marley ring

every little thing is gonna be alright....

answers phone

Hey hey hey.

and waits.... and then turns back to us

ANIL

But after a few seconds I realize that she *probably* didn't mean to call me *right then*. She probably would have waited until she wasn't...

She holds the phone out and we hear the muffled sound of two people fucking like there's no tomorrow.

To MARINA - Across the stage. The sounds from the phone trigger a Rapture of Anguish in her.

ANIL

It's like listening to a slow motion one-car crash...
and I am that car.

*Marina mouths these words and we hear them urgently
whispered over the sound system:*

MARINA (v.o.)

Pochemu ty brosil menya?

ANIL

You see I know I *deserve* this.
I just don't deserve it *today*.

*She folds up her phone, silencing the fucking -
then tucks it away.*

I reach my church - but now I don't really need a triple shot
capuccino anymore because... I am *wide - the fuck - awake*.
And now that I'm making decisions - I *decide* that I am way too
old for this not-so-temporary job of mine. So I skip the
caffeine and go straight to the 32 ounce can of ice cold Corona
- *MUCH BETTER IDEA* - and leisurely make my way down to Battery
Park. Lean against the railing, crack open that badboy, soak up
the sun and the breeze that blows in off the water....the Statue
of Liberty... saying

(reverie)

bienvenidos to Amreeka, baby.

And I close my eyes and this feeling of complete and absolute
presence comes over me. *Here* I am - in this place and moment.
Born again at the dawn of Day Zero.

(beat....beat)

Then I open my eyes and look up at the glorious Manhattan
skyline...just in time to see American Airlines Flight 11
heading right for the 86th floor of World Trade Center One...
exactly where I'm supposed to be sitting...
right.... about.... now.

*Onscreen: in slow slow slow motion, Flight 11
gently enters the World Trade Center.... and fade.*

Video/Sound: People in Lower Manhattan looking up in horror.

Onstage: Marina watching along with the masses. Her neck arching back - her mouth open - all that anguish flooding silently into her. As if she is being raped by history.

Anil's phone rings. S/he takes it out.

Onscreen - the CALLER'S NUMBER: 000-000-0000. Anil hurls the phone as far away as s/he can.

Onscreen: the cell phone soars through the air and shoots into the water with a surreal splash - then sinking down to the unseeable primordial depths.

ANIL

I'm hoping that'll throw them off my trail and buy me a little time. -- Then I look up again to see....

Onscreen: the second plane flies into World Trade Center Two.

Onscreen: Anil looking up at...

The Burning Tower. In the upper floors, a black SPECK of humanity appears in a window and then steps out into the air and gently gently gently floats downward.

Onscreen: close on Anil's eyes - the reflection of the jumper reflected there - growing larger and larger and.... Anil clamps her eyes shut.

There is a faint rumbling sound....slowly growing louder...and louder...like an earthquake. Anil Opens her eyes again and sees...

The World Trade Center exploding into itself and falling to earth.

Anil gazes at it - spellbound - as if waiting for some kind of divine revelation.

A gentle cloud of virgin white dust rolls down the street, enveloping Anil and the entire theater until everything vanishes.

When the dust settles - Anil stands in a wasteland, shrouded in white.

The Towers are only memory.

Anil reaches down and scoops up some of the white dust and rubs it into her face.

ANIL

I don't go home. I always carry my passport with me because... you never know. -- I take a cab to Grand Central and catch the last train leaving for Canada. Three days after that, I check into this little Palestinian hotel in East Jerusalem.

Onscreen: we see WHITEBOY ANIL - looking at himself in the bathroom mirror - his face covered in white dust. He leans down to the sink and...

ANIL

Wash the dust off my face...

Onscreen: the Whiteboy washing the dust off his face...

...look in the mirror...

Onscreen: the Whiteboy lifts his head up again...

...and this is who I see.

Onscreen: The whiteboy has become Anil. She fades away and...

Scene 13

Across the stage - dim lights come up to reveal Saddam - hidden in shadows, where he was listening to Anil's story all along. The DIXIE CUP floats down from heaven and into Saddam's hand.

DIXIE (off)

Yes.

SADDAM

So dude...

DIXIE

My name is *not* dude.

SADDAM (*whatever*)

So... Not Dude - this reporter - I'm telling you, there is kteer mucho more to that chick than meets the naked eye.

DIXIE

Stay on her.

SADDAM

Oh I'm all over her like coconut oil on a sweet 17 year old....

DIXIE (admonishing)

Agent J-33.

SADDAM

Alright alright - Jesus.

DIXIE (*casual*)

By the way, you haven't happened to see anyone named Marina, have you?

SADDAM (*suggestive/lusty*)

I dunno. What's she wearing?

DIXIE

Just keep your eyes open.

SADDAM

Open on what? Will someone please explain to me shu the fuck I'm doing here?

DIXIE

Sure..... but not right now.

Dialtone. Saddam pissed.

But then he looks across stage at...

Scene 14 cut

Scene 15

WOMAN (v.o.)

79...78...77...

And Anil goes live:

ANIL (on air)

Djibouti became the latest and last country to join a worldwide quarantine of all American citizens as the international community tries to contain the anti-virus within the U.S. borders. -- And if you don't know where Djibouti is - then guess what: the feeling is mutual.

SCENE 16

As Sirhan helps Jesus into his waiter jacket costume - Saddam directs them in the world premier of...

SADDAM

Okay quiet on the set! The effect we're going for on this number is: "Bobby K. Buys the Farm - The Love Story" - I finish my California Primary victory speech veil dance with the strapping male stripper.

Saddam sings to the tune "Hey Jude":

SADDAM

*Hey Dude, don't let me down.
take a bad song and make it better*

*remember to let me into your sin
then you begin to make me
wetter wetter wetter wetter
YES! yes yes yes-ah yes yes
Hey Dude*

(stop singing / aside)

Okay, this song is super/kteer gay, bas whatever.

Juan appears - unseen by the others - and watches from a distance, horrified by this abomination.

SADDAM

And then the hardest working busboy in show business comes over to congratulate me (*shakes Jesus' hand*) and...

Saddam waits expectantly - but Sirhan is standing off to one side - asleep on his feet - missing his cue.

Yo! Wake up, Sirhan!

Sirhan comes to - pulls out a big orange squirt gun....

SIRHAN

Forgive me baba.

He pulls the trigger and water hits Saddam in the face. Saddam looks to the heavens: "Lord, give me strength".

SADDAM

So then I begin my balletic descent...

Saddam brings his hands up to his head a la Bobby and collapses into Jesus's arms. But Jesus is too weak so they tumble to the floor in a heap.

SADDAM

mas o menos like that.

Jesus cradles Saddam's head.

Then I look up as if in a dream and I see you there and

The Roberta Flack accompaniment comes up. Saddam sings to Jesus. It is both wildly sacrilegious and ethereally beautiful.

SADDAM (sings)

*The first time ever I saw your face
I felt your heart so close to mine
And I knew our joy would fill the earth
And last till the end of time*

*Juan - looking on - can't take it anymore.
He storms in shouting:*

JUAN

Que barbaridad!!!

Sirhan sees Juan and runs off in terror.

SADDAM (to Juan)

Well, to what do we owe this honor?

*Juan furiously yanks Jesus up off his feet.
Jesus drops Saddam's head. Bang!
Juan starts harranguing Jesus.*

JUAN

Que estas haciendo con este hijo-e....!!

JESUS

El no es tan malo.

JUAN

Como que no tan malo? He's a murderer.

JESUS

Y yo, que? I killed people too. Mucha gente.

JUAN (thrown)

Si pero, tu eres un soldier. No es lo mismo.

JESUS

Ah no? Digame pues: que es la diferencia?

This outburst takes all Jesus' strength and he collapses to the floor again.

SADDAM (comes over)

Hey amigos - all this bonding in the barrio es muy Kodak Momento, but if you two wanna get ahead of the curve, learning a little ingles would be a bueno place to start.

JUAN (to Saddam)

What do you think you're doing con este muchacho?

SADDAM

Just taking him under my wing.

JUAN

Under *your* wing? Malcriada - tu no eres un ejemplo para nadie. Look at you!

SADDAM (explodes)

No, look at *YOU!!!*

(jabs a finger right between Juan's eyes)

You're so worried about this kid because he's *tu gente*? Yeah well maybe if some *concerned gente* had taken him under their wing a long time ago, he never would'a come to mi pais and fucked with mi gente - waving his gun around at a bunch of people who just wished he'd go back to whatever (arabic) shithole he came from.

(calms, smiles)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm late for my 2:30 pedicure.

Saddam saunters off - leaving Juan there smoldering.

Scene 17

*Onscreen: archival footage of phone operators manually connecting lines. (See film: Bobby **)*

Onstage: The Rebbe sits at a booth writing on a poster board with a magic marker.

RASHEED (over P.A.)

Ladies and the rest of you... it's Hora Loca here at the Ambassador Hotel. Please make your way to our world-famous Purgatory Bar because the Rebbe....is in like Flynn.

The Rebbe flips the posterboard down - it's a like a kid's lemonade stand sign:

Rappin with the Rebbe.

1 Session = 1 Drink Token

RASHEED

Available now for semi-discrete counseling and confessional services. And if you buy a session during Hora Loca you can discuss one real problem... and then bitch and moan about the rest of your crazy life for absolutely free.

Sounds good, but nobody is showing up.

The Rebbe looks around - clandestinely pulls out a plate of nachos - pops one in his mouth - and discretely chews.

Scene 18

*We hear thunder outside.
Then lights up on...*

ANIL (v.o.)

India announced that it will no longer take customer service calls from the United States due to concerns that the D.I.V. anti-virus might be transmitted over the phone lines.

Onscreen: a man tries to swim in flood waters.

ANIL (v.o.)

As the California Presidential Primary draws near - there was a possible sighting of The One swimming laps across the Mississippi River. However, heavy rains struck before there could be any confirmation.

Saddam and Anil sit across from each other in a makeshift interview studio. Marina is putting the finishing touches on Saddam's makeup.

ANIL (v.o.)

And tonight - The world-wide premiere of the Saddam Sessions: Confessions of a Stunt Double Dictator. Live in 3, 2, 1...

Marina steps back and checks out her handiwork.

SADDAM

How do I look?

MARINA

Fabulous.

Homage to Blanche du Bois:

SADDAM

God love you for a liar.

*Saddam and Anil watch Marina leave.
Both seem very interested in her backside.*

SADDAM

Nice (arabic) ass/teez for a white chick - mah hek?

Anil just hakes her head - not even dignifying the comment.

ANIL

You ready?

SADDAM

Hell yeah - let's roll this badboy.

ANIL (*starts taping*)

So Saddam--

SADDAM (*pissed*)

Shu khare haida? You don't know me, you little twat. I killed a dozen men before you'd even poked your head outta your mama's kiss and tell - so that's *MR. PRESIDENT* to you. Or *Hazrat*. Or *Hajj Hussein*.

ANIL

Hajj? You made the pilgrimage to Mecca?

SADDAM (*cagey*)

Yes I did. -- I went incognito.

ANIL

Incognito?

SADDAM

You know - like in disguise.

ANIL (*steamed*)

Yeah, I know what the word means.

SADDAM

One of those college girls, huh?

ANIL (*regroups*)

You actually made the Hajj...

SADDAM

Under the radar.

ANIL

And when was this?

SADDAM

2006.

ANIL (disbelief)

Really? During the middle of your trial?!

(Sadam shrugs)

Let me get this straight...

Now Saddam practically oozes with lust.

SADDAM

Oh be my guest.

ANIL

You're saying that over some 3-day weekend recess - the Americans let you traipse off to Mecca - and then instead of running off to Switzerland - you *came back* so that they could finish the trial and execute you?

SADDAM

Unlike some people, I hold up my end of a bargain.

(smiles seductively)

How about you, (arabic) beautiful?

ANIL

You and me don't *have* a bargain.

SADDAM

Oh we'll negotiate *something*.

ANIL

Don't hold your breath.

Saddam takes a deep deep breath and holds it.

Anil looks at Saddam like he's six years old - and shakes her head.

ANIL

So what's your opinion of Osama bin Laden?

Saddam exhales suggestively.

SADDAM

Mama's boy. -- Osama's problem he never laid eyes on a single chick til he was like thirty years old. See THAT'S why they need to open up some boobie bars in Saudi. Take these young men's minds off'a blowing shit up - get 'em thinking about pussy again.

ANIL (*plowing ahead*)

They say that part of Osama's appeal is the poetry of his language which speaks to the illiterate and the scholar alike. Captivating millions almost the way Martin Luther King did in his time.

SADDAM (*over-sweetly*)

Well isn't that beautiful?

ANIL

Whereas *your* speeches are full of grammatical errors and are coarse and completely devoid of poetry.

SADDAM (*cheerful*)

Interesting you mention that. It just so happens that I write a little poetry in my free time. If you'd like, I'll recite one for you. Ready?

(angelic)

(Arabic) When I look into the bottomless depths of your exquisite eyes, I want to say.....

He thrusts his middle finger in her face.

(Arabic) FUUUUUUUUUUUCK YOU!

(laman itla be-ayumik el-halebiin, badi uul....fikeh-aereh!!!!)

You get all that? And while we're on the subject of "coarse" - I might not sound like I graduated from Vassar with an MFA in Lesbian Intuition Studies, but I know a pathological liar when he's standing there pathologically LYING TO ME. Whereas you Golly Gee Gomers - your Presidente goes on national TV and says Osama bin Laden is my booty-buddy and YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE HIM!!!! (beat) How's that college degree working for you NOW, girlfriend?!

Saddam snaps his fingers fabulously.

ANIL (*gathers herself*)

So basically you're saying that you had absolutely no connection whatsoever to bin Laden?

SADDAM

I'm saying that after 9-11, you should have put ME in charge of tracking his skinny ass down. -- I mean the brother's six foot five, loves the outdoors and comes out with a new camping video every month. How hard can it be to FUCKING FIND HIM?!!

Scene 19

*We hear distant strains of:
Dream a little Dream of Me....then*

*Lights up on: Rasheed and the Rebbe sit at the
latter's counselling station - chilling.
Rasheed smokes a join.*

RASHEED

I didn't think you jew brothers went in for the confession thing, Rebbe.

REBBE

We jew brothers - genereally speaking - do not. In fact, we jew brothers think that the whole idea of going into a dark closet to tell some old geezer your deepest darkest secrets is....kitsat creepy.

Rasheed nods. They chill some more.

RASHEED (mischievous)

Bet you hear some juicy stories though.

REBBE (enthused)

You cannot imagine. -- But enough about me.
Been having any weird dreams lately, Rasheed?

RASHEED

How'd you know?!

REBBE (modest shrug)

Rabbinical intuition.

Rasheed excitedly tells his story.

RASHEED

Okay check *this* out. -- I'm lying face down on the sidewalk in a big pool of blood - then all the sudden I fly up into the air - ascending past all the windows of this enormous apartment building. Then these two big whiteboys catch me and pull me into one of the windows and gently set me down onto the couch. Then they pick the smashed in front door up off the floor - put it back onto the hinges and leave quietly. I take a sip of hot tea and watch some movie playing on my tv and see that... *I'm in the movie.*

REBBE (impressed)

Jesus, that must be some serious spliff you're smoking.

RASHEED (worked up)

So what d'ya think it means?

REBBE

The dream? *(shrugs)* I haven't a clue.

Rasheed deflates.

But I did come across a fascinating passage that speaks to this.

He pulls out a paperback.

A real page turner I found in the hotel library.

*Onscreen: we see the book cover: The Buddha
flashing a gangster sign.*

REBBE

"Keeping It Real with your boy da Buddha".

(finds the page)

Here we are: "It is written that when time finally reaches the end of its timeless journey, the highest shall become the lowest...and the lowest shall become the highest."

Rasheed takes a long meditative hit off his joint.

RASHEED

That Buddha said some deep shit.

REBBE

That he did. Some very deep shit.

Scene 20

Jesus and Saddam sit at a table in the bar.

SADDAM

Hey - take it easy with that shit.

Jesus is heating up a spoonful of morfia - shaking in pain from his wounds and his craving for the drug.

SADDAM

It leads to the hard stuff.
I know cuz I read it in Cosmo.

Jesus draws the morfia into syringe - shoots up.

You know the first time I saw you, I thought: daaaamn - that boy's ME fifty years ago. Young and dumb and packing a gun. And that - my friend - is a baaad combo plate.

Jesus nods off. Saddam whacks his head.

Hey! Dwarf Number 7! We gotta find you a (arabic) chica before you're completely out of gas. But when we do - don't make the same mistake I did.

JESUS

Que mistake hiciste?

SADDAM

When I was strong young buck like you, every woman who walked past I was like: "Nahh this one's a little too gorda...and that one's just a little too....

(gestures "skinny")

shu isma?

JESUS

Flaca.

SADDAM

Masbut. And this one, she's not quite there up north.

(cups his breasts)

And that one's southside's a little too east-west.

(holds hands apart wide: a big butt)

And then the years pass you by and you see those same women walk down the street and you're like: damn girl - (arabic) looking

gooooood. -- But by then, your gun's all outta (arabic) bullets / alrasas, if you comprende the metaphoro.

*Lights up on MARINA dancing in the distance.
Jesus gazes longingly at her. In his morfia
enhanced state - she shimmers.*

WOMAN (v.o.)

76...75...74...

JESUS (mesmerized)

Ay que lliiindaaa.

SADDAM

Looks like you've gotten old before your time.
Ah well, you're dead, and that's as adeem as it gets.
Khallas, leave the negotiations to me.

JESUS (offended)

What're you talking about? She'd never go with me for money!

SADDAM

Don't kid yourself, kid. These chicks fall in love at the drop
of a Benjamin. Or if it's closing time, a mere hams-talef might
just seal the deal.

*Jesus lunges for Saddam with the syringe but
falls to the floor, and passes out.*

SADDAM

I take it back. The woman is obviously una Santa de....
mah barif shu.

He looks down at Jesus, unconscious.

You really gotta pull yourself together, habibi.

Scene 21

Anil goes live with...

ANIL

As the D.I.V. anti-virus continues to wreak havoc on U.S. markets, the price of the Nicaraguan Peso rose to 3333 dollars in afternoon trading. Which means that the dollar is worth about as much as your average square of low-grade toilet paper.

To Saddam and Jake huddled together - negotiating - as Marina dances in distance.

SADDAM

So here's the Art of Dealio - I wanna hook this chico up with the Mother of all Pipe Cleanings.

Saddam nods to Jesus - still passed out on the floor.

How much to get my amigo in a dark room, mano a mano with Miss Sniper Babe 1963 there?

He nods to Marina. Jake hesitates - not so sure he really wants to make this particular deal. Then...

JAKE

Two vials of B-Positive and two billion Lebanese Lire.

SADDAM (scoffs)

Lebanese Lire?! Talk about low-grade toilet paper.

Drum: badumbum

SADDAM

So I take it that's for the whole soiree - which is frenchy for
(sings)
all night long

JAKE

Well, you take it wrong. That's for all hour long.

SADDAM (outraged!)

Thou shalt not steal, Jake!!!

JAKE

And thou shall not get all Moses on me. That's Marina Oswald

Junior we're talking about. You wanna pinch pesos, go down to Safeway City - do the slow dance with one of those negative gals - next thing you know, your ass is in the hamra.

SADDAM

Alright already! You know you can be so Rotary Club sometimes, Jake.

JAKE

Yeah, I get that a lot.

SADDAM (*checks out Marina*)

So what's the skinny on this chick - is she really Marina Oswald Junior?

Jake ponders that. Maybe he knows - or maybe he just wishes he knew.

JAKE

I have no idea.

SADDAM

What'dya mean you have *no idea*?!

JAKE

All I know is *that's* what it says on her Mexican driver's license.

SADDAM

What the hell's a broad like that doing with a Mexican driver's license?

JAKE

Driving in Mexico, I guess.

Jake is visibly entranced by Marina.

SADDAM

Well, well, well - looks like Jesus ain't the only sucker smitten with the Ruskee. Jeez Jake, what're ya, falling for the help now?

JAKE (*snaps out of it*)

Are we gonna do some business here or just crack wise all night?

SADDAM

Hey Pussy Word first!

(takes out wallet)

I don't suppose you guys take old Iraqi dinars, do you?

JAKE

Anything but American dollars and American Express.

*Saddam hands Jake two blood vials, a wad of
tattered bills and leaves.*

*Jake gazes at Marina. She looks back at him -
something beyond words passing between them.*

JAKE

When guests arrive at the Hotel, I never ask them where they've been or where they're going. In Marina's case, I was pretty sure she wasn't here for the dancing work, but because she'd run outta places to run to.

*Lights illuminate ANIL in the distance, watching
and filming this interplay between Jake and Marina.
And now the rain starts in again and continues
into...*

Scene 22

The Rebbe appears in some nowhere.

REBBE

I'm just an old rabbi-shrink - so I can't acutally see into the future....but I can tell you that this next bit is a little flash forward preview from Part II, in which our heroine recalls her childhood growing up in Dallas, Texas.

The Rebbe vanishes and we fade in to Marina.

MARINA

I didn't grow up in Dallas.
I grew old in Dallas.

Onscreen: quick glimpses of the Zapruder fim - John Kennedy shot in Dallas. Then Lee Oswald shot in the Dallas Police Station.

MARINA

And then I ran.

Graduated from high school - moved to Austin and enrolled at UT. Studied genetic biology with a particular focus on...blood transfusion.

I was fascinated with what happens on a cellular level
When you mix your blood with someone else's
and create a one of kind plasmic DNA cocktail.

Onscreen: we see dreamlike images of what she's describing. And hear sounds of things bubbling in the lab.

And the moment your veins take a sip of that cocktail you become a new person. Born again. Biologically speaking, that is.

My professors loved me.....right up until they found out whose DNA was flowing through my veins.... and then they flunked my Ruskie ass right out of school.

After that I had to make some money so I got myself a job tending bar. Every night I would descend into my laboratory and search for the cure.

Only problem...I had no idea what the malady was.

But I was in heaven.
 Happiest nine months of my life.

Then one night I'm driving home from the bar,
 smoking a joint and listening to...

Marina sings along with Doris Day...

MARINA / DORIS

Stars shining bright above you
 night breeze seems to whisper I love you
 birds singing in a sycamore tree
 dream a little dream of me

and stop singing as...

MARINA

When out of nowhere this blood red Mercedes convertible flies
 through a red light,

Onscreen: a flash of red light,
 Sound: impact...

clips my front fender and suddenly I'm spinning round and round
 and round - this one streetlight flashing before my eyes....

*A light illuminates her face - then goes dark
 then...*

light, dark, light, dark....

*This darkness flirting with her soul - pulling he
 closer and closer and....*

light..... dark.....

She summons the strength to land on...

light.

And I see that the Mercedes has wrapped itself around a
 telephone pole - like a lover holding on for dear life.

There's fine mist of Stolychnaya floating in the air.
 I know that smell. My mother used to drink it in deepest darkest
 nightwhen the past came calling for her.

I reach the Mercedes. The driver's face is pale, almost like a clown's. Then I realize that he's covered in a thin coat of virgin white powder.

She reaches down and...

I run my finger across it...

and brings it to her lips...

and taste the jungles of Colombia...
and the pho ga the villagers were cooking that beautiful spring morning in My Lai when the GI's marched into their lives and never marched out...

And something else that...

I can't quite place.
Something far away....
that hasn't even happened yet.

We hear a deep rumbling sound - a kind of earthquake in the distance....coming closer and closer and...suddenly -

She is in bed with Jesus - caressing him - surrounded by her laboratory. An awkward silence. Marina starts to undress. He stops her.

JESUS

Espera. Quiero hablar primero.

MARINA

Esta bien. What do you want to talk about?

She waits for him to say something but he just stares at her, captivated.

MARINA

Cuando veniste aca - al hotel?

*Jesus fades off to sleep.
Then violently jerks awake again.*

Were you dreaming?

JESUS (nods)

Sometimes when I close my eyes, yo les veo.

MARINA

Who do you see?

JESUS (*fading away*)

La familia esa.... They look like mexicanos, no?

He sleeps. A sparkling light flickers across his face. Jesus wakes... more peaceful this time.

MARINA

Did you see them again?

JESUS

No, this time I saw mi novia.

MARINA

What's your novia's name?

JESUS

Maria.

MARINA

That's almost my name. I'm Marina. *Maria con un ene.*

JESUS

Ah si. You are una casualty.

MARINA

Una que?

JESUS

Casualidad.

MARINA

Coincidence.

JESUS

Eso.

*Jesus is suddenly gripped by excruciating pain.
Marine panics.*

MARINA

Tell me what to do!

JESUS

Damela!

MARINA

Que?

JESUS

Ella!

*Jesus points to his backpack.
Marina dumps out the contents - grabs a syringe.*

Si, eso!

*Marina hands syringe to Jesus. He poises it before
his stomach like some kind of Hari Kari sword.*

*Onscreen: LA VIRGEN appears to Jesus - bathed in an
ethereal white light. She looks like the angelic
version of Marina.*

JESUS

Mira La Virgin de Adios.

LA VIRGEN

Shoot this in remembrance of me.

*Jesus violently plunges the syringe into his
ravaged abdomen - then leans back in ecstasy as the
morfia hits his veins. La Virgen fades away.*

Scene 23

Saddam finds the DIXIE CUP hanging from the sky and calls....

DIXIE (off)

Yeees?

SADDAM

You'll be happy to know that I just sent my boy Jesus off for a little dip in the old Rio Dulce....if you get the double-entenderizer.

DIXIECUP

We're not interested in *your boy Jesus*.

SADDAM

Are you majnoon?! Don't you think there's a decent chance that maybe he's The One? - I mean that's why you put me in this nuthouse. To ID The One - right?

*Ominous silence. Saddam's cocky attitude fades.
Dixie addresses him with lethal calm.*

DIXIE

Okay, two things. First - shut the fuck up. Second - has it ever occurred to you that if The One is trying to lay low, then giving himself a fatal abdominal wound and calling himself Jesus is so obvious it's like totally fucking retarded?

SADDAM

Well has it ever occurred to you that acting like a total fucking retard is the best way to fly under the radar?

DIXIE (enough!)

Look - *fuck Jesus!* All we want to know is: have you had any sightings of a woman named Marina?

SADDAM

See *that's* what I'm trying to tell you I....

*The lights dim slightly - spookily isolating
Saddam. From far away - a mournful cathedral bell
tolls. Saddam shudders with memory and foreboding.*

DIXIE

Yes?

Saddam reeling: what to tell Dixie?

SADDAM

I...ah...haven't actually seen any sign of her.

DIXIE

So basically you're wasting perfectly good anytime minutes again.

SADDAM

Why d'ya wanna find this broad anyway?

DIXIE

Don't think about *why*. In fact - *don't think*. Just tell us if she turns up.

Click. Dialtone.

SADDAM (*annoyed*)

Next time, I hang up on YOU. Over!

Rain.... and thunder....gently morphing distant artillery fire.

Scene 24

*Marina holding Jesus, who is floating in time,
riding a sweet morfia wave.*

MARINA

How long were you gone?

JESUS (disoriented)

Como que gone? Yo siempre estoy here.

MARINA

Por cuanto tiempo estuviste en Iraq?

JESUS (*swooning*)

7 months, 3 days, 19 hours, 13 minutes and three seconds.....
Mas o menos o....

*We hear more strains of the song:
Dream a little Dream of me.*

Jesus starts to drift off again.

MARINA

Jesus.

*Suddenly we enter...
JESUS' MORFIA DREAM.*

*He hops up, not wounded - a young, healthy,
strapping warrior.*

JESUS

... at Highway 3 - searching all the cars leaving town.
Just after sunset, this viejo Mercedes shows up - Tommy waves
for them to halt. But they keep on coming and Tommy's screaming
- Yo Fucking Stop Bitch! But they cross the 100 foot line - so
we open up. I'm just like....

*Jesus starts shooting - possessed - a thunderous
explosion of gunfire coming from everywhere....*

JESUS

put my whole mag into that puta coche!

*Shouts of "hold your fire!!!"
The shooting finally stops.*

JESUS

I run over - yank the door open y.....

Jesus aims gun into the car and - oh fuck - sees....

This familia inside. A man and his esposa, two girls and a tiny muchachito in the back. Todos muertos. All of them but the boy. And then a few seconds later el se fue tambien. -- The car was packed con todos sus cosas. They must have been heading al norte - a la frontera. I know what that's like.

After that.... I couldn't sleep. Ni por un segundo. Every time I closed my eyes, I'd see their faces again.

MARINA *(from the darkness)*

Those faces fade away with time.

JESUS

Maybe - pero yo no tengo time.

Without leaving Marina and Jesus - on another part of the stage we also see Anil resuming her earlier interview with Juan, telling us his Bobby story.

JUAN

After he finishes his speech, Senator Kennedy comes downstairs into the basement and through the kitchen - and when he sees me he gives me this big smile and says: *Hey, Juan. Ganamos!* We won.

Resuming Jesus' Morfia dream...

Onscreen: a convoy of armored cars on the move.

JESUS

A few days later, we pull a patrol in Sadr City - one serious barrio chingado - tu sabes? We come up on a buncha kids playing and waving at us. I go over to chat con ellos. Then one of them gives me this can of Coca Cola and I say gracias but he's already walking away. And I feel the metal, ice cold like hielo in my hand, rojo y blanco just like the coca here but it's got all that crazy writing on it....

He dreamily traces the Arabic letters in the air. Onscreen: the letters briefly appear in the air and...

Fade back to Juan:

JUAN

Then Kennedy holds out his hand to me...
(holds out his hand)
 and just as I take it....

Fade back to Jesus:

JESUS

...I open the coke and there's this bright beautiful silent flash of light that's...

....almost like the La Virgen's light...along with an explosion that sounds that's almost soothing - and...

Fade to Juan.
A gunshot explodes and...
a tremor passes through him that's...

JUAN

like an earthquake passing between us -

JESUS

...and I sink slowly to the ground but it's soft like mantequilla and....

Jesus slowly collapses into Marina's arms.
She holds him. La Nueva Pieta.

JUAN

...then Kennedy slowly falls into to my arms and...

Juan sinks to the floor where the chalk mark is - his arms up as if he's cradling Bobby.

PHOTOS / VIDEO: iconic shots of a young Juan - holding a dying Bobby Kennedy in his arms.

When Jesus resumes the story - he is once again mortally wounded, drifting gently thorough a narcotic netherworld.

JESUS

And this time when I close my eyes, no veo nada... I just breathe in el aire dulce that smells just like it does blowing into my novia's bedroom window back in East L.A. and...

JUAN

(and) He stares up at the ceiling - as if he sees someone up there that he recognizes y...

JESUS

...y estoy contento because I know that tonight...I'm finally gonna get some sleep.

JUAN

Then he turns back to me says: *is everybody okay?*

Onscreen: Bobby's face fades away.

Everything fades away except Jake - something fading away in him as well.

JAKE

But those weren't Bobby's last words.
His last words were.....*don't lift me.*

And it rains.

(end of excerpt)