

Don't tell anyone I said this

(excerpt)

by

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Don't tell anyone I said this, but... was first performed at Jump-Start Performance Co.,
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Don't tell anyone I said this but... Jesus Christ lives. In my apartment building. That's right. Third street between B and C, New York City.

He's got a cover of course. Goes by the name of Jack Kelleher. 'JK' on the mailbox. He moved in a couple months ago. The first few weeks, I never saw Him. Never felt his presence or anything. But I *did* see his car parked out front though. White '64 Ford Falcon convertible. Illinois plates. Expired inspection sticker. Always managed to get a parking spot right in front of the building. *That* should have tipped me off.

I finally met him on a Monday night. Been a bad day. Got taken to Wall St. against my will on an express train masquerading as a local. Went into a corner store to make a routine low fat milk and a twix bar purchase. Shopkeeper ends up *screaming* at me. I have no idea *why*. Outside I give this panhandler a quarter. He follows me two blocks telling me I'm cheap and that one day I *will* pay!

Finally I get home, and *all* the dishes are dirty. Now I wasn't about to take any shit from inanimate objects so I start picking up plates and smashing em against the wall.

Around plate number ten, I hear a knock at the door. I walk over, open it up and there he is. Jesus Christ. Six foot three, 195 pound black guy -- standing there with a big can of Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. Looking at me with this half smile that seemed to say: *take it easy guy. You had a bad day. It's not the end of the world.*

A good looking fellow. Sharp cheeks. Short hair. Still has the beard though. Personally I think he'd look better if he shaved it off. But hell, guy's a grown man -- he can do whatever he wants.

You probably wouldn't recognize him if you just passed him on the street. It's only when you look really close that you can even tell it's him. It's those soft piercing charcoal eyes that give him away.

Finally he actually speaks. Says: "You got can opener?"

Well of course I do. I hand it to him. He does the soup can - hands back the opener and says: "Thanks, I owe ya one."

Imagine that.

Now I've never been a very religious person. I was raised an Episcopalian. But the very next morning, I called my boss and quit my job, effective immediately.

Now I spend all my time following Christ. Every morning I lurk in the vacant lot across the street -- waiting for Jesus to leave the building. I let him get a half block lead and then follow him -- hidden behind my JFK sunglasses. Put those babies on and *nobody* knows who I am.

First couple days -- all he did was wander -- all over town. Didn't talk to anyone, didn't eat, didn't even go to the bathroom.

Third day he got a bit more social. Mixing with people. Making a lot of calls from pay phones. Once I got into the next booth and listened in.

He was talking really softly -- speaking perfect Spanish -- good accent and everything.

I bet he speaks a lot of languages. It's not really fair when you think about it.

Now he always makes these calls at precisely five minutes after the hour. And my Spanish is a little shaky, but I get the impression that he's giving some kinda hourly report to somebody.

Recently I trailed him over to the basketball courts at Tompkins Square Park. Watched him get into a little five on five pickup game and I thought:

Okay, *this* is where the guy definitely blows his cover. Because you gotta figure that if you're God -- once you step on the court -- and you have the power to do all that top of the key liftoff, 360 tomahawk slamdunking Michael Jordan thing....

Gotta figure the temptation is powerful.

Didn't happen though. Guy played low key game. Tough defense, hard on the boards, hit the open man. His team won. And let's face it: the game's not about looking good. It's about winning.

I follow Jesus around at night too. A few steps behind him as he looks over the stolen sidewalk stuff on 2nd Avenue. Trail him into one of these little East Village cafes, sit on the far side of the room and watch him.

Turns out Jesus is a big wine drinker. White wine though. That's kinda weird huh? And

you know how these places always have the house wine and some six dollar glass-o-the-day? Jesus always gets the cheap stuff.

But once when he thought no one was looking, I saw him mumble something and quickly wave his hand over the glass.

Hard to know for sure what that was all about -- but Chardonay Upgrade is my guess. And why not? Gotta watch your money in this town. Doesn't just fall out of the blue sky.

Now you notice that I didn't tell you exactly *which* building I live in on 3rd Street. That's because I don't want forty or fifty of you running over there and making a big commotion trying to get in. Besides, Christ's buzzer is on the blink anyway. So you'd all end up out in the street, shouting up in the air to Jesus.

Mind you, there's weirder stuff happening on my block. But if your friends saw you, they'd never let you forget it.

(end of excerpt)