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Scaping the Goat

(Final Edition, Fourth Draft)

Timothy Thomas

SCENE I

(ROBBY is standing at the gates to what appears to be a concert. There is a large shady tree up stage left. He is the bouncer. VLODIA enters with his wife NATASHA. They are Russian.)

ROBBY

(bored and mumbling)

...search your bag...

VLODIA

Sorry?

ROBBY

Need to search it.

VLODIA

My bag?

ROBBY

Yeah. I have to search it.

VLODIA

Well, all right then.

ROBBY

It's the rules.

VLODIA

Well, no certainly I understand. It's the rules.

(VLODIA hands over his bag)

VLODIA (cont.)

Can't let just anything in.

ROBBY

People are always trying to break the rules.

VLODIA

Yes, that's always the way isn't it?

ROBBY

I need to take this.

NATASHA

Our chardonnay?

ROBBY

Yeah...

NATASHA

But why?

ROBBY

You can pick it up after the show.

VLODIA

But why?

ROBBY

Glass bottle.

VLODIA

What?

ROBBY

(in a tone of voice reserved for foreigners who speak perfect English but are having difficulty with the culture)

Yer WINE is IN A glass BOTTLE!

VLODIA

Oh. Well yes.

NATASHA

That's how it comes.

ROBBY

Sorry.

NATASHA

But that's how it comes.

ROBBY

(trying to be helpful)

Do you maybe have some paper cups you can put it in?

VLODIA

Certainly not, that would remove it's character.

NATASHA

That bottle you hold is of a racy vintage sir, and it would certainly not be done justice by a paper cup.

ROBBY

I'm sorry.

VLODIA

There's nothing you can do?

ROBBY

No. I'm sorry. (beat) You could go buy some paper cups.

VLODIA

What if we pour it into our flutes, and just take those in?

ROBBY

Aren't those glass also?

NATASHA

Yes. Yes, so they are.

VLODIA

Hmm....

NATASHA

(pleading)

Please...It just wouldn't be a rock concert without wine... we specially selected this one for its hard mineral characteristics...

(ROBBY stares blankly)

NATASHA (cont.)

That's a joke. Hard mineral characteristics.

(ROBBY blinks)

NATASHA (cont.)

Mineral. Rock? Mineral is synonym for rock. Hard rock, hard mineral... wine?

ROBBY

(confused)

Oh. Right. You can go in. I'm not saying you can't see the music, you just can't take the wine.

VLODIA

Or the flutes.

ROBBY

Right, or your wine glasses here.

VLODIA

Could you ask your manager?

ROBBY

I am my manager.

NATASHA

Oh. (pause) We could sit here.

ROBBY

No you can't do that.

NATASHA

(pointing to large tree)

How about under that tree?

ROBBY

No, I'm sorry...

NATASHA

We could sit there and listen to the music, and drink our wine. And everyone would be happy, yes?

ROBBY

No, I don't think that's...

VLODIA

(cutting him off)

That's a great idea! We'll have our picnic out here.

(VLODIA and NATASHA go under the tree and begin the business of setting up a picnic. They unfurl their blanket and lay it on the ground. They bring out a fantastic variety of stemware, a host of plates and bowls, and enough silverware to set a table that would do Emily Post proud.)

NATASHA

Would you like to join us?

ROBBY

How's that?

NATASHA

I said, "Would you like to join us?"

ROBBY

Uh, well...

VLODIA

Come on. There's no one else going in. The music's started.

ROBBY

That's true.

(ROBBY goes over and sits down on their blanket. Looking a bit like a deflated gorilla. VLODIA pulls out a bottle of wine and begins to pour a glass for ROBBY.)

VLODIA

This is fantastic, it is a bit tart and lacks any of that cloying sweetness you so often find in a summer wine.

(He hands the glass to ROBBY)

ROBBY

Thank you.

(they prepare some food. they all eat.)

ROBBY (cont.)

You know I've always been a beer man, but I must say this picnic is made by the Chardonnay.

SCENE II

(a loud explosion rocks the open air concert off stage. A seared leg [medium well] comes flying down and settles right onto the middle of VLODIA and Natasha's platter. VLODIA and ROBBY scream like little girls.)

NATASHA

Well this is not good.

VLODIA

Oh, my goodness! That's a leg, a human leg. Oh goodness.

ROBBY

Oh God, I was supposed to be in there. Or at least standing right next to it.

NATASHA

Shut up the both of you, and go see if you can find anyone alive in there. (beat) I'll pack up lunch.

VLODIA

Why do you get to pack up lunch?

ROBBY

I'd like to help you pack up lunch.

VLODIA

Well I'm definitely going to pack up lunch. I paid for it.

NATASHA

I made it. I unpacked it. I pack it. Now go be big hero helper mens.

VLODIA

I paid for it.

NATASHA

Both of you. Scats now! Be heroes.

(she makes hissing sounds, such as one would make at a cat, too shoo it away. But these are Eastern European cat shooing sounds, which sound odd and foreign by contrast to our American cat shooing sounds.)

VLODIA

I shall help clean up lunch.

ROBBY

And so will I.

VLODIA

We will both help clean up around the leg. Of the person. (breaking down) That has so, so, unfortunately landed here. In the middle of our deli platter.

ROBBY

Here.

VLODIA

In our deli platter. We will help here. There is carnage and death enough here. The rest will have to wait.

NATASHA

Oh fine.

(the sound of sirens on the horizon)

NATASHA (cont.)

Ah there comes help. All will be well.

VLODIA

I did not see Ozzie in 1989. Why did I try again?

NATASHA

Shut it Vlodia and give the Salami.

VLODIA

(handing over the salami)

Should I not have known it was never to be. Fate would stand forever against me.

(AIMEE enters, the sound of general rescue offstage. Murmurs, like "oh God" and "the Humanity".)

NATASHA

You were 12 Vlodia. Your parents would not let you go see such excess of capitalism. Such products in hair. Such bangs! Such excess! Is not your fault.

AIMEE

So, what happened here?

ROBBY

Why are you here?

AIMEE

I'm in charge.

ROBBY

Really?

AIMEE

Officially in charge.

ROBBY

I don't know why I'm surprised.

AIMEE

I'll ignore that. So what happened here?

ROBBY

Well, they were trying to bring glass into the show see...

VLODIA

and this leg, just came flying directly from inside, onto plate. Swoosh. (arm gestures, flying, hitting plate)
Just. like that.

ROBBY

And I said, "No, you can't bring that in the show."

VLODIA

And I was supposed to see Ozzie at the Moscow Peace Festival.

NATASHA

1989. That was in 1989. Glasnost. Gorbachev. You know. 1989. Very important year. I remember watching the Berlin Wall come down.

AIMEE

I've never been to Berlin. Haven't see the wall. Daddy didn't like to travel. Never will see it as I was 12 when they tore it down. Where were you going with that anyway- (to ROBBY) Why are you sitting out here on a picnic blanket? (to VLODIA and NATASHA) And why are they there?

ROBBY

That's what I'm trying to tell you. THEY TRIED TO BRING A BOTTLE, A GLASS BOTTLE, INTO THE CONCERT.

AIMEE

A bottle filled with explosives? Like a Molotov cocktail?

NATASHA

That's silly.

ROBBY

No. Knock, knock.

AIMEE

Who's there?

ROBBY

A person trying to go into a concert with a glass bottle.

AIMEE

Sorry, you can't come in.

ROBBY

Exactly.

VLODIA

Is, all my fault.

AIMEE

Wait. (speaking rapidly) Right have right to remain silent. Anything you say will be used against you. Right to a lawyer, lawyer present during questioning. If you cannot afford to, one will be provided. What was that?

VLODIA

Is all my fault. I should never have come here today.

AIMEE

You got that right Ruskie.

VLODIA

I just wanted to go to Moscow Music Peace Festival.

AIMEE

That was decades ago Red. They don't make music like that any more.

NATASHA

We are suspects, no?

AIMEE

You and your friend here. You seem to know a lot about this.

NATASHA

(pointing at ROBBY)

What about him?

AIMEE

Robby?

ROBBY

Yeah, what about me?

AIMEE

Oh, I know Robby. He's harmless. He's with Jorgenson Security. You know. Police for hire types. Isn't that right, Robby?

ROBBY

That is correct.

AIMEE

They always feel guilty when something goes down. But you know, they're not really police. They're just not trained for this stuff. They don't have the skills to route out terrorism. Their skills are mainly in the confiscating weed and glass bottles category.

NATASHA

But he saw us. He knows we weren't... He's been with us the entire time.

AIMEE

I have to advise you that anything you say...

VLODIA

Why, oh why, oh why...

NATASHA

Shut up, Vladimir. I have to tell you that it's very important you not be talking right now.

VLODIA

(singing)

Who and what's to blame, I'm going off the rails on a crazy train.

AIMEE

I think we're going to need to ask you a few more questions...

ROBBY

You want me to get their ID Aimee?

AIMEE

Yeah. Sure. Right. ID. That's good.

ROBBY

OK. Can I have any ID-

(VLODIA and NATASHA comply.)

AIMEE

Oh and Robby? Can you restrain them?

ROBBY

(a little confused. didn't realize it was that type of questioning)

OK. Right.

(ROBBY whips out plastic ties and ties their hands behind their backs.)

AIMEE

These sort of things wouldn't happen if everyone stayed in their own countries. But people always want to be where they're not... oh well, I'm sure this will all iron out in the wash.

NATASHA

Good.

ROBBY

Yup. We'll get to the bottom of this.

NATASHA

That's what we're hoping for.

AIMEE

OK, so to start off, I'm Aimee. You are (she looks at ID's) Natasha and... Vladamir?

ROBBY

Like Vladamir Illayvich Lenin?

AIMEE

Leader of the ultra-violent revolutionary terrorist group - the Bolsheviks?

ROBBY

Everyone in Russia is named Vlodia, Aimee.

AIMEE

OK. Right. I just have a few questions. Uh... when did you decide that you wanted to go to this concert?

NATASHA

Uh... for 3 months.

VLADAMIR

2 months 3 weeks ago exactly. From today. I was very excited.

AIMEE

I wonder if their visas are expired.

VLADAMIR

No.

NATASHA

No. That is not possible we just renewed them last week.

AIMEE

I bet they're expired. Check their visas Robby.

NATASHA

While I defer to you, since you probably have more up to date, and accurate information. I did just renew. It is not a simple process. It takes several weeks and is quite unpleasant so it is not something you forget quickly.

ROBBY

(looking at copies of their passports and visas in his folder)

She's right. These Visas were just renewed last week.

AIMEE

Ah.

ROBBY

Everything looks to be in order.

AIMEE

Right. Well you know. They say that a lot of these people are here on expired visas-

VLODIA

What people?

AIMEE

You know... people.

NATASHA

Which people?

AIMEE

You know.

NATASHA

Russians?

AIMEE

Well...

VLODIA

Foreigners?

AIMEE

I wouldn't have put it that bluntly. But sure.

NATASHA

Who says most foreigners are here on expired visas?

AIMEE

It's on the news all the time. I'm sure there are plenty of nice people visiting who are here perfectly legally. Just that whenever there's trouble there seems to be a foreigner with an expired passport involved.

NATASHA

But we're not.

AIMEE

Right. So um... Natasha, what is the highest level of education you've completed?

NATASHA

A masters degree. From Belgrade Polytechnic.

AIMEE

So chemicals.

NATASHA

Chemistry.

AIMEE

A chemistry degree would be awfully useful for making explosives.

ROBBY

Where are you going with this Aimee?

AIMEE

I think you know exactly where I'm going with this Robby.

NATASHA

I studied Pedagogy. I studied to be teacher.

AIMEE

Sounds like you were studying to train at terrorist camps. And- Vladamir?

VLADAMIR

Please to call me Vlodia.

AIMEE

You can't hide the fact that you're a Bolshevik.

ROBBY

(reprimanding)

For the love of Pete, Aimee! Vlodia, do you also have a degree from there? Also in Chemistry?

VLADAMIR

No I have a degree in poetry.

AIMEE

I suppose that would be revolutionary poetry?

VLADAMIR

Well, I suppose...

AIMEE

Poetry for exciting panic and palpitations in the public populace?

VLADAMIR

You have to understand. When I was at University, the entire country was still communist. Poetry of Revolution was the only one type of poetry we could study.

AIMEE

(in disbelief)

Right. Mark that down.

ROBBY

Sorry?

AIMEE

In the record. Mark that we are dealing with an explosions expert and a revolutionary poet.

VLADAMIR

No.

NATASHA

That is completely false.

ROBBY

We're not taping this Aimee, there is no "record".

AIMEE

Why not?

ROBBY

Because no one's been taping or writing anything down.

AIMEE

And you wonder why he's only a security guard.

ROBBY

Oh I'm sorry, I thought we were simply questioning two of the only survivors of a horrible tragedy.

(beat)

AIMEE

Can I see you outside?

ROBBY

Uh... We are outside.

AIMEE

(pointing at a spot about two feet away)

Robby, over here. You know what I'm saying.

ROBBY

Right.

(they step two feet away from Natasha and Vlodia)

AIMEE

Now, I realize that you have your sense of duty to police procedure and all, but we're dealing with terrorists here. And foreigners. At some point you've got to start thinking a little less about upholding the spirit of the law, and a little bit more about upholding the spirit of keeping your butt alive.

ROBBY

If they're guilty Aimee, I'm quite sure we'll be able to figure that out. We have an entire elaborate set of processes for that. I'm sure that-

AIMEE

Oh you're sure?

ROBBY

Yes.

AIMEE

Really? (beat) Fine. If you're sure... We'll do this your way.

ROBBY

My way?

AIMEE

But realize the stakes. Realize that if for some reason the system doesn't work. If some legal technicality sets them free. That they'll be able to blow up another couple thousand people. You going to be able to sleep at night?

ROBBY

Are you done?

AIMEE

Just think about it.

(they walk back two feet)

NATASHA

Would it be possible to know why you are thinking we have done this, this horrible thing?

AIMEE

We'll ask the questions here lady.

NATASHA

I was just hoping...

ROBBY

We're just asking questions here. We're trying to talk to everyone about what they saw-

AIMEE

And as you are the only ones who saw anything-

ROBBY

We are not trying to imply that you have done anything.

AIMEE

(glaring at Robby)

Yet. So where were you when the explosion went off?

NATASHA

We were in front of concert stadium.

VLADAMIR

Eating lunch on picnic blanket.

NATASHA

We had a rather nice bottle of wine.

AIMEE

Do you have anyone who can corroborate this?

NATASHA

He was there.

AIMEE

Who?

VLADAMIR

Robby.

AIMEE

Robby?

VLODIA

Right. He was sitting on the picnic blanket with us.

AIMEE

(disapproving)

You were on the picnic blanket Robby?

ROBBY

Well, not so much on it. They asked me if I wanted some wine, and then the leg-

AIMEE

So you were on the blanket.

ROBBY

Well sure. OK. Right. So I can corroborate that. The picnic blanket part.

AIMEE

Right. So how about before that?

NATASHA

How far back do we need to go?

AIMEE

How about around 2 o'clock?

NATASHA

What were you doing?

AIMEE

When?

VLADAMIR

At 2 o'clock?

AIMEE

What are you saying?

NATASHA

Well it's very convenient that we must know where we were at two o'clock. But you do not even know where you were at 2 o'clock.

AIMEE

(threatened)

What are you saying? Are you saying I was involved? Are you questioning me?

NATASHA

That was sarcasm. I apologize, I sometimes joke when uncomfortable.

AIMEE

But when you say convenient? Are you trying to insinuate that we somehow orchestrated this?

VLADAMIR

No. Not at all.

ROBBY

Aimee, where are you going with this?

AIMEE

But our country? Perhaps the American Government, as part of some elaborate conspiracy, did this. Built a bomb, put it in a packed stadium with the President's daughter, and set it off? All to inconvenience you?

(they all stare at each other uncomfortably in silence)

NATASHA

No, that was not really what I was trying to say at all.

ROBBY

(shocked)

The President's daughter?

AIMEE

Oldest daughter.

ROBBY

Oh... well obviously.

AIMEE

(rubbing it in)

That's what I heard. You know... (she hums a few bars) around.

(pause)

NATASHA (cont.)

Can we go?

AIMEE

No, I'm taking you all back to the White House with me.

ROBBY

Won't people ask-

AIMEE

Nope, nobody would ever think that we were detaining suspected terrorists in the White House.

VLODIA

But we have a campground rented for the weekend.

AIMEE

Yeah, well we have a campground rented for detaining potential terrorists...

NATASHA

(pleading)

No refunds.

AIMEE

You should have thought about that beforehand.

VLODIA

Before we came to the concert?

NATASHA

But that's why we rented the campground-

VLODIA

For the concert-

NATASHA

Which has blown up in such an untimely manner.

AIMEE

Sorry. We simply can't let you go. It would be... inopportune.

(AIMEE and ROBBY exit with VLODIA and NATASHA in tow)

SCENE III

(two pundits wander on stage and set up folding camp chairs. The kind that you buy from Wal*mart that have altogether too many gizmos and doodads. They place their coffee in the little drink holders, and sit down.)

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Can you believe this video?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

No, honestly, this is the most horrifying, most interesting, most realistic TV that I've seen in quite a while.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Makes me glad to be discussing the news.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Now where you'd get this tape again?

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Don't know. Got sent to the networks. One of those "Eyewitness with a Video Camera" stories.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Compelling, very compelling. Journalism of the people.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

By the people, of the people, for the people.

(CRAZY PUNDIT enters. He sets up his camp chair. His is camouflaged, and probably has more techno-wizardry than the rest.)

CRAZY PUNDIT

So where, and I mean this, where do I setup my cruise missile?

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Right.

CRAZY PUNDIT

And where, and I'm serious here, where should I be aiming it?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

From the looks of our tape somewhere in Eastern Europe. Hey do we have that taped cued?

PUNDIT PUNDIT

(to offstage)

Hey Bob, can you cue that tape?

(the 3 pundits watch as VLODIA, and NATASHA reenact scene I in fast forward. They get paused right before the explosion. They both should be making particularly constipated, "I'm enjoying my wine" faces. The three pundits turn to face the audience and start their show.)

RATIONAL PUNDIT

On this night of high sorrow we will attempt to help salve the open sores of the nation's psyche with information and conjecture on (cue cheesy theme music), the Candlebox Rectal Thermometer News Hour.

(all of a sudden the "video" with VLODIA and NATASHA starts, we hear the explosion and the leg comes flying on stage and lands in the middle of the platter.)

PUNDIT PUNDIT

That was a human leg.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Sorry we didn't warn you about that folks.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Hope you weren't eating. Hey can we play that again?

(the leg goes flying off stage in rewind. There is a loud explosion. The leg comes flying back on stage again and lands on the platter again.)

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Wow.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

I have never seen anything so horrific.

CRAZY PUNDIT

In all my years in journalism. And you know what? You know what? The thing that really terrifies me....

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Exactly.

CRAZY PUNDIT

I haven't said it yet you loon.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

No I follow you.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

100%

PUNDIT PUNDIT

On your trail.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Can we play that again? I need to set this back up.

(the leg goes flying off stage in rewind. There is a loud explosion. The leg comes flying back on stage again and lands on the platter again.)

CRAZY PUNDIT (cont.)

See that's just wrong. That's just. Can we have that...

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Again?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

I'm right with you. I really think, that we cannot truly understand...

PUNDIT PUNDIT

The horror

RATIONAL PUNDIT

The complete and abject horror...

(he's cut off as the leg yet again goes flying off the stage in rewind and comes flying back on. By now I'm thinking most of the stage will have been sprayed with cold cuts.)

CRAZY PUNDIT

Whoopsy daisy.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Oh God.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Uh waiter, could you ask this gentleman to take his foot out of my cheese plate.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Now that's too far.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Much too far.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Is there really a too far anymore? Can you really go too far? That (gesturing at the leg), that there is too far, my comment is not nearly as offensive as that.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

No, perhaps not.

CRAZY PUNDIT

No, everything's been put on the table. We can talk about everything. The age of political correctness is at an end. We can talk about the fact that we don't like those shifty Pollacks and always knew they were up to no good.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

That's jumping to conclusions, we don't know that they...

CRAZY PUNDIT

It's the Pollacks. I know my accents. The people on that video are Pollacks. I should know. Used to live next to a house full of 'em.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

But we don't know that they were involved.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

We don't?

CRAZY PUNDIT

Really, you think we don't...

PUNDIT PUNDIT

...have enough proof.

CRAZY PUNDIT

To say those Pollacks on a Picnic blanket had nothing to do with...

PUNDIT PUNDIT

I don't know about you America, but I see a leg on my TV.

(as if on cue the leg rewinds off the plate and comes flying back on, splattering more cold cuts around the stage.)

RATIONAL PUNDIT

While we cannot deny the threat. That we have been attacked, we should not...

CRAZY PUNDIT

This ain't a time for thought. We need to bomb the hell out of everything, and see what turns up after the dust settles.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Agreed.

CRAZY PUNDIT

And the worst thing is that they involved rent-a-cop.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Rent-a-cops.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Oh please, surely you can't blame him.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Now there's a subject we'll be going into in the second hour of hour coverage.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Rent-a-cops are the main reason I carry a concealed handgun. Keeping the neighborhood safe - my kiester - more like selling drugs to the kiddos!

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Why isn't he showing up in the video?

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Who?

CRAZY PUNDIT

Who are you talking about?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

The rent-a-cop.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Why would he be in the video?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Didn't you just say he was involved?

CRAZY PUNDIT

Did I? I don't know...

(squinting)

PUNDIT PUNDIT

The Teleprompter doesn't appear to have any more information on that subject, so...

CRAZY PUNDIT

Hmm... exactly. I don't really know why I brought him up in the first place. Must have been inaccurate information.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Nothing on the Teleprompter now...

RATIONAL PUNDIT

On that note, lets hear a message from our sponsors.

SCENE IV

(AIMEE, ROBBY, VLODIA, NATASHA, and BILL are on a train? A train? Yes a train. With BILL. BILL and ROBBY stand slightly down the compartment talking. AIMEE is reading the National Review. NATASHA and VLODIA are looking out the window nervously.)

BILL

So is she giving you back your job?

ROBBY

We haven't discussed it.

BILL

Yet?

ROBBY

Right. Yet. How could she not hire me back?

BILL

I'm sure she will.

ROBBY

But you brought it up.

BILL

I'm really glad you're getting another shot, Robby, but...

ROBBY

But?

BILL

I've never trusted her.

ROBBY

Secret Service, Bill.

BILL

I know.

ROBBY

I need the crowds Bill. The fast moving crowds. I need the excitement. The rush that anything could happen.

BILL

You've been working crowds Robby.

(AIMEE looks up from her National Review. She checks out ROBBY.)

ROBBY

Drunk crowds Bill. The worst that ever happens is some drunk chick falls over and breaks her leg.

(BILL notices AIMEE looking at ROBBY.)

BILL

So you going to help Robby get his old job back Aimee?

AIMEE

Oh you know how that is Bill, we can't just hire anyone.

ROBBY

Right.

BILL

Quit it Aimee. You know you want him back on the job as much as the rest of us.

AIMEE

Oh right.

BILL

You knew Robby was going to be there today, built a bomb and put it in that stadium, just so you could see him again.

AIMEE

(steely)

That's a completely disgusting thing to say Bill.

BILL

Sorry-

AIMEE

Sarah died today Bill.

BILL

Yes, I've heard.

NATASHA

If I can ask-

ROBBY

Your timing is impeccable.

NATASHA

-why are we taking a train?

ROBBY

I've thought the same thing.

AIMEE

It's ecologically sound.

(Bill snorts)

ROBBY

Aimee, you're reading the National Review.

BILL

Cars put out the same gas as trees, right Aimee?

AIMEE

(gesturing at Natasha)

I don't know, ask the Chemist.

BILL

Who?

NATASHA

Me. I am a chemist.

ROBBY

So do you know how she can prove her hypothesis?

BILL

That trees and cars emit the same gases?

NATASHA

Certainly. She can simply lock herself in her garage with a plant for two hours. Then do the same thing with her idling car.

ROBBY

So why aren't we taking a car Aimee?

AIMEE

I couldn't get a car on such short notice.

BILL

Really? Even to take suspected terrorists to Washington?

AIMEE

The uh... (hums) The President wants to talk to them immediately. He didn't want to wait for one of the rescue crews to head back to Washington.

BILL

We'd buy that if you weren't humming.

AIMEE

What? I'm just worried about what will happen to our, Russian friends.

ROBBY

(sarcastically)

That's more plausible.

AIMEE

Would you two just shut up. I'm tired of dealing with you today.

VLODIA

So how long have you known each other?

AIMEE

Too long.

ROBBY

4 years.

BILL

Robby here got himself fired for dating Aimee's sister.

NATASHA

Why would he be fired for that?

ROBBIE

Why would he be fired for that Aimee?

AIMEE

Well Robbie under normal circumstances-

BILL

-he wouldn't.

AIMEE

But I direct the Secret Service.

BILL

(under his breath)

And she's in love with Robby.

AIMEE

What?

BILL

Nothing.

AIMEE

Did I hear you say that you were resigning?

BILL

No.

AIMEE

Then shut up all of you.

(the train rolls on as the lights dim)

SCENE V

(lights quickly up on the Pundits coming back from commercials)

CRAZY PUNDIT

Why is this always about the white man? (looking up) Ah, welcome back.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

I hate to interrupt, but right now we have a message from our president. We're going to uh...

RATIONAL PUNDIT

We're going to be taking you live to the White House.

(lights up on a lectern in front of the Oval Office set)

RATIONAL PUNDIT

(voice over as she walks offstage)

We are at the oval office in the white house, where we've been told that in a moment, the President of our Nation will be talking to us about the days events. I'm sure everyone in the world is waiting to hear how he'll react to this horrible, horrible day.

(the president enters with a mixture of gloom and sadness on his face)

PRESIDENT

Good evening. My fellow Americans. Today, was a particularly hard day for me, and as I am sure it was for each and every one of you. I am sure you by now know, our nation has been attacked. Many people have been asking me why we were attacked. Who could have hated us this much? I have no easy answers....I myself today, lost my beautiful daughter Sarah. She was headstrong, and even though I wish she would not, choose to, as she did, to go to a heavy metal rock concert, as an adult child I did not have any control over her. (he starts to choke up) It is hard for me to talk about. It is hard for me to think that I could not protect her. But I will say this, the evil doers will be paying! This is not, our great Nation is not, a Nation of victims. For to the contrary, this is a nation of UN-victims. Of fighters, who when they get pushed to the ground, get up, and dust themselves off. They often get pushed down again. Sometimes as many as four or five times. But eventually they get up, and the pushing has stopped, and they go back to their jobs, confident in the great dream of our Nation. That if they work hard enough, if they are simply a

people of perseverance, they will be able to watch the coverage of the attacks on one of those 52" plasma TVs. Because they deserve it, and we deserve it, because we are a people of action. One unified nation of actionable people. I know many of us have been saddened. I have been saddened. But you must go to work tomorrow, as I will be going to work tomorrow, and let us prove that these terrorists have not been able to change our lives in the least. I will be at my office tomorrow, and I encourage each of you to go on with your daily lives. Earning money, spending money, and watching TV. Good night, God Bless you, and God Bless America.

(president looks like he's off camera. He sighs)

SCENE VI

(Aimee enters the oval office)

PRESIDENT

Good God Aimee, why Sarah?

AIMEE

Better angle. It's compelling. Better drama. Better story.

PRESIDENT

But why?

AIMEE

The people like it. It's all about the story arc to them. Makes the whole production more Orwellian.

PRESIDENT

Right.

AIMEE

Whatever that means, I'm just assuming it's Orwellian actually. I might actually be thinking of Shakespearean. I can never remember which is which. Hmm... let's say it's like Hinkley.

PRESIDENT

Damn Brady, and his bills, and his floppy legs.

AIMEE

Right, Brady's a compelling story, no one would listen to his hogwash about guns killing people...

PRESIDENT

People kill people.

AIMEE

Right. No one would listen to him if he hadn't been shot and paralyzed. That was a horrible day for every decent, law-abiding gun owner in this country, but let's be honest, it was also a great day for Reagan.

PRESIDENT

How so? I would chalk up any day that I received a sucking chest wound as being bad.

AIMEE

Right. OK. So that day sucked. I'll give you that, but Reagan enjoyed an enormous surge in popularity thanks to it.

PRESIDENT

True.

AIMEE

The entire nation was outraged that someone would shoot their President. It no longer mattered that Reagan was doing a piss-poor job of getting the economy out of the toilet or that we were still teetering on the edge of nuclear war with Russia, he was a President of the people. He was a man just like them who was vulnerable. Sarah was just insurance that they'd never suspect you.

PRESIDENT

It seems like perhaps there could have been some other sort of insurance.

AIMEE

There was another route. The crazy route. But they're pretty hard to find these days. Half have got Prozac-

PRESIDENT

Ah...

AIMEE

And the other half are just too good shots. The scopes they sell at Wal*mart are really top notch.

PRESIDENT

Well at least you're looking out for me still.

(a knock on the door)

PRESIDENT

Come in.

(ROBBY enters.)

ROBBY

Hello, sir. I'm sorry about Sarah-

PRESIDENT

So are they outside?

ROBBY

Who?

AIMEE

The Russians.

ROBBY

Vladimir and Natasha?

PRESIDENT

Right.

ROBBY

Yes, they're sitting out in the hall. Aren't people going to question where they've disappeared to?

PRESIDENT

No.

ROBBY

I don't understand.

PRESIDENT

Well, we have that videotape.

AIMEE

That was convenient wasn't it?

PRESIDENT

Nothing happens except that which happens on TV.

ROBBY

So why are we holding them?

PRESIDENT

We probably should have just killed them quickly.

AIMEE

They don't matter. The entire country knows who did this.

ROBBY

So you're saying it was Vladamir and Natasha?

AIMEE

No, not them. Their country. (beat) Poland.

ROBBY

Poland? Aren't they Russian?

AIMEE

Yes they're Russian.

PRESIDENT

But Poland?

AIMEE

Right.

PRESIDENT

OK.

AIMEE

Some news-anchor said they were Polish, so the country's decided its true. It's not really an important detail. Poland's a good target.

PRESIDENT

True.

AIMEE

People know the name of the country, people don't like them, and they talk funny. You can't wage a war against two people.

ROBBY

Hitler invaded Poland.

AIMEE

Poland rolled right over for him. Practically laid out the red carpet.

PRESIDENT

Mmmm... I like this. This is good. This is very good. War is good. And to have war, we need someone. Someone. Someone to express the culpability for this crime. Someone who will portray the target, if you will, of the Nation's aggressions.

AIMEE

Right, a patsy. We can't have them suspecting us.

ROBBY

Why would they be suspecting us?

AIMEE

Mmm... good point. Good point.

PRESIDENT

We must be vigilant.

AIMEE

Excellent point.

ROBBY

We'll keep our eyes peeled.

AIMEE

Peeled like grapes. Grapes of vigilancy.

PRESIDENT

Let us not, in this time of vigilantes[sic], forget about our duties to the Nation. Our duties to protect that which is good. That which is like pie. A nice fresh pie of the Republic. A pie made with cherries, like mama used to make. With cherries from a can, and a crust from the grocer's refrigerated food section. A pie that tastes like our Nation.

ROBBY

Do people make pies that way any more?

PRESIDENT

I don't know. You're out there everyday. With the people. Shouldn't you know?

AIMEE

I just buy the frozen pie in a box like everyone else. They don't bake me pies.

ROBBY

Can't say I've had a single pie baked for me.

PRESIDENT

That's a shame. It shows how far our nation has fallen. Why I remember grandmama baked a pie once a month for the local constabulary. And another for the firemen.

AIMEE

True heroes.

PRESIDENT

Nobody does that anymore. Because nobody believes in the family values of giving, and, and pie baking. Without giving and pie baking, our nation, a once great nation, has begun to decay. The cracks have begun to show, and our enemies have pounced.

AIMEE

I'm going to go home tonight and bake a pie.

ROBBY

As am I. I'm going to give mine to the homeless.

PRESIDENT

The homeless? Son, I hate to say this, but you have misplaced priorities. Who is it that keeps this country running every day? The homeless? I agree they provide an essential service by removing the loose change from the ashtrays in our cars. But is that heroic? Truly Heroic? How about this. Let me propose this.

ROBBY

OK.

PRESIDENT

Give it to a CEO. Who thanks them? They go to work every day. They create wealth. They create jobs. Let me tell you a story son- Do you know how many people it takes to build a Mercedes S600?

ROBBY

No.

PRESIDENT(cont.)

Neither do I. But I bet you it's a lot more people than go into building one of those cheap Japanese rice-burners.

(they laugh)

ROBBY

Some of them are crazy though. Some of them can't get jobs.

AIMEE

CEOs?

ROBBY

No.

AIMEE

Because they wouldn't really be CEOs if they weren't employed, would they?

ROBBY

No. I'm talking about the homeless.

AIMEE

I hardly think there are any homeless CEOs.

ROBBY

I was talking about the homeless who are mentally ill.

PRESIDENT(cont.)

(making air quotes)

Mentally Ill. Listen, just cause you're crazy. It doesn't give you a free pass to not get a job like everyone else.

AIMEE

Right I've got a job and I'm crazy.

PRESIDENT

Crazy like a beagle.

ROBBY

Like a beagle?

PRESIDENT

A beagle.

ROBBY

OK.

PRESIDENT

You ever had a beagle Robby?

ROBBY

No.

PRESIDENT

Crazy sum'bitches.

AIMEE

I guess we'd better start looking into getting the war drums beating.

ROBBY

I'm going to enlist tomorrow.

AIMEE

(a bit hurt)

Really?

ROBBY

(pointedly)

Unless something better turns up.

PRESIDENT

God Bless you and God Bless America.

AIMEE

Sorry?

PRESIDENT

Sorry, I end every conversation like that now. Occupational hazard. Like when I call Judy, my secretary, at home, and she says "Would you mind holding for the President?"

ROBBY

Isn't Judy your wife sir?

PRESIDENT

I didn't say she wasn't.

ROBBY

Right. Well, good night.

AIMEE

We'll get them yet. You'll see.

PRESIDENT

I've always hated those crazy pollack polookas.

(ROBBY exits. The PRESIDENT and AIMEE stay.)

SCENE VII

(we sitting outside the oval office. VLODIA is watching TV on a portable set sitting on a tray table. NATASHA enters with food on a tray and a bottle of wine. ROBBY comes out of the office.)

ROBBY

Vlodia... Natasha...

NATASHA

Hello, Robby.

(ROBBY walks down the hall and offstage)

NATASHA

You'd think someone would have asked me who I was taking this food to.

VLODIA

They probably think you're a cafeteria worker.

NATASHA

Ah...

VLODIA

Or translator. Someone just walked by and asked me if I could translate for the Czech ambassador.

(they start munching on the food NATASHA has found. After a minute...)

NATASHA

Oh, can we turn this off? How many times can you watch that leg. Fly forward, fly backward. Leg fly on, leg fly off, leg fly on, leg fly off. How does that help anything?

VLODIA

How could we have done such a thing?

NATASHA

Oh shut up Vlodia. You know we didn't do this. Your small brain is in action. You are too used to propaganda. Not everything that they say on TV, should you believe.

VLODIA

Oh God, we are such evil, evil people.

NATASHA

Vlodia, turn off that TV. We did not do this thing.

VLODIA

Now, Natasha, they are saying so on the news. The news reports the facts. They say that Vlodia and Natasha and the Polish people have constructed a bomb because of their hatred of American way of life.

NATASHA

Vlodia-

VLODIA

I must say, I experience occasional culture shock, as do others, but I sincerely am not hating this way of life. Especially not enough to be killing people.

NATASHA

Vlodia, they say that we are Polish-

VLODIA

We are Russian.

NATASHA

So that is not true. They are also saying that we will invade Poland, but that is obviously not true also. Why would we be invading Poland?

(VLODIA goes into a closet, just a random closet in the hall and rummages)

NATASHA (cont.)

Vlodia?

(VLODIA emerges from the closet with a typewriter)

VLODIA

Aha!

NATASHA

(under her breath)

This will end badly.

VLODIA

I shall write poem.

NATASHA

That's great. What a great idea.

VLODIA

I shall write poem about futility of the warring. And when that is done I shall walk into Mr. President's office. I shall say to Mr. President, please to not invade Poland. I shall say, Mr. President, I have a poem to read, and when I am done you will not longer be needing to invade Poland.

NATASHA

That's wonderful Vlodia.

VLODIA

Really? You think it's a good idea?

NATASHA

I don't see any better options.

SCENE VIII

(we are back in the oval office, AIMEE and the PRESIDENT sit around a telephone. The PRESIDENT lifts the receiver.)

PRESIDENT

Can you get me the Pollacks from out of the hall? I'm going to call Poland.

AIMEE

Sure thing.

(AIMEE comes back in with VLODIA and NATASHA. VLODIA is clutching a typewritten piece of paper.)

PRESIDENT

We need one of you to call Poland.

VLODIA

I should like to read a poem-

PRESIDENT

We are making a declaration of war.

NATASHA

Oh, God! It's true.

VLODIA

When I am done reading poem you will not want to declare war.

PRESIDENT

I'd love to hear your poem in a minute, but I need to call Poland right now. Would you like to call?

VLODIA

I do not speak Polish.

PRESIDENT

Hmm... that must be hard.

VLODIA

What?

PRESIDENT

Not speaking Polish in Poland.

VLODIA

I'm sure it is.

PRESIDENT

Yes.

VLODIA

I haven't been to Poland, though.

(the PRESIDENT looks at VLODIA as though he is perhaps insane)

PRESIDENT

(to NATASHA)

How 'bout you? Any Polish on ya?

NATASHA

I do speak Polish if that is what you are asking, yes.

PRESIDENT

Good.

(he pulls out a binder)

PRESIDENT (cont.)

OK... (flipping through binder) Poland... Poland... ah here we go Poland.

(he puts the phone up to NATASHA's face)

NATASHA

What should I say?

PRESIDENT

Our Nation is declaring war on your nation. Who's in charge there now anyhow?

VLODIA

Don't you have people to tell you these type of things?

PRESIDENT

No one seems to know. We've had a really tough time keeping up, what with all the leadership turnover around the world.

AIMEE

Well, I guess just ask for whoever is in charge.

PRESIDENT

That should work.

(the PRESIDENT punches some buttons on the phone)

NATASHA

- Hello?

-Oh? You speak English?

-May I speak to the person in charge?

-No. No. In charge of Poland.

-I am here with the President-

-He wants to declare war on you-

-No really. No, I am Russian-American. No, this is not a joke.

NATASHA

(covering phone with her hand)

They would like to speak to someone else who speaks English. They think I am Russian joker pulling their hind legs.

PRESIDENT

Fine. I'll take it.

(he takes the phone, puts it up to his chest to block out the noise, and waves the Russians off stage)

VLODIA

I should like to read you a poem!

AIMEE

Not now we're declaring war.

VLODIA

But...

PRESIDENT

Sorry, maybe in a little bit.

VLODIA

OK...

(on the way out the door NATASHA steals the President's book of phone numbers)

PRESIDENT (cont.)

- Hello? Poland?
- Oh, you're not Poland?
- Well, no, I realize you're not actually Poland.
- Right, right.
- Well, I was actually wanting to speak to whoever's in charge there.
- In charge of what? In charge of Poland.
- No, no. In charge, in charge of Poland.
- Do you have some sort of head poobah?
- This is the President of the United States. Yes, I'll hold.

PRESIDENT (cont.)

(to Aimee)

That was the cleaning lady. Apparently Russia and Germany are always prank calling them about invading.

AIMEE

Ah...

PRESIDENT

They're a bit cranky. (into the phone) Yes, yes. I'm still holding. Although, I think your leader may want to hear what I have to say before the bombs start dropping. (to Aimee) They're saying president. He's a president.

AIMEE

Like you.

PRESIDENT

Like me. A man, of, by, and for the people.

AIMEE

Perhaps not exactly like you.

PRESIDENT

(into phone)

- Yes?

- So you are the President?

- Right. Right. I am also the President.
- Well of course not of the same country you nitwit.
- No you are correct. I shouldn't have called you a nitwit.
- No, I wish I had something pleasant to talk about. We are probably not going to be working on that trade resolution anytime soon.
- No, I'm sorry I wish I had better news, but I was just calling to let you know that our Nation is declaring war on yours

(loud laughter can be heard from the phone)

PRESIDENT (cont.)

- No, I'm serious. We're declaring war.
- No wait.
- No.
- No. This is not Germany.
- No. This is not Russia, either. This is America and we will commence bombing tomorrow.
- No you can't do that!
- No, I absolutely will not accept that! That will not work at all.
- OK then. Well if that's the way you want it. I guess, I...
- Fine!

(PRESIDENT slams down the phone)

AIMEE

He outwitted you didn't he?

PRESIDENT

Damn Pollacks.

PRESIDENT

Said that he wouldn't accept the declaration of war.

AIMEE

How can you not accept a declaration of war? That's not sportsmanship.

PRESIDENT

He didn't even show up for the game. Said he surrendered right off the bat.

AIMEE

Always knew those Pickle eaters were pansies.

PRESIDENT

Well?

AIMEE

Well what?

PRESIDENT

What do we do now? I may be not as smart, and I realize this, I realize I am not as smart as some of the other leaders, but I do realize that you can't attack a country if they won't fight back. No point to that. Gets

ugly real quick.

AIMEE

Yup, everyone's a civilian. Hmm...

PRESIDENT

A country of peaceful civilians. Can't kill those.

AIMEE

We've gotta think of something. There's gotta be some fix for this. Something that will-

PRESIDENT

You mind if I watch TV?

AIMEE

What?

PRESIDENT

While you think.

AIMEE

Watch TV?

PRESIDENT

Yeah. You don't mind if I watch TV while you think do you?

AIMEE

Uh... no. No. Just keep the sound low.

(lights out. PRESIDENT'S feet up on desk, watching flickering TV. AIMEE facing the other direction looking perplexed)

ACT II

SCENE I

(as lights come back up we are back out on the lawn in front of the concert venue. The three pundits have again set up their chairs. The tape has again been "cued" on the stage next to them.)

RATIONAL PUNDIT

On this second night of our continuing Heavy Metal Massacre coverage we will again attempt to help salve the open pussing sores of the nation's mauled psyche with information and conjecture on (cue cheesy theme music), the Candlebox Rectal Thermometer News Hour.

(this time as the music plays the leg goes flying on and off stage in slow motion, keeping time with the music)

CRAZY PUNDIT

Every time I see that leg...

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Right.

CRAZY PUNDIT

I can't help but ask myself, "Self, why has the President not bombed Poland yet?"

PUNDIT PUNDIT

It's as though he-

CRAZY PUNDIT

-hasn't seen the footage.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Exactly!

CRAZY PUNDIT

We know those Pollacks on the picnic blanket were helping the bomb's targeting system!

PUNDIT PUNDIT

That's a human leg-

CRAZY PUNDIT

Oh sweet mercy.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Some of you may be asking yourselves why we are at the terrorist site on the one day anniversary of the Heavy Metal Massacre.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Nobody asked any questions. Who are you talking to?

PUNDIT PUNDIT

The viewers?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

I'm asking a question that our viewers undoubtedly-

PUNDIT PUNDIT

-have on their minds.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Right.

CRAZY PUNDIT

But what's the question?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Why we are still here-

PUNDIT PUNDIT

-on the one day anniversary-

RATIONAL PUNDIT

The one day anniversary of the Heavy Metal Massacre.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Ah....

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Stupidity.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Insanity.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Everyone's expecting a repeat performance. Another bombing the day after would definitely-

PUNDIT PUNDIT

-have a negative effect on the nation's psyche.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

(to CRAZY PUNDIT)

Your thoughts? Why are three pundits sitting at ground zero when another terror strike could be imminent?

CRAZY PUNDIT

Hey don't ask me, I'm crazy.

(they all laugh heartily)

PUNDIT PUNDIT

I gotta tell you, I'm a bit worried.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

But we're dedicated to bringing you the news, as it happens. And if it happens here, you'll see it here first. But now, let's take a call from one of our viewers.

(lights up on VLODIA sitting in the hallway of the White House again. He's talking quietly into a phone on the table. NATASHA is standing behind him with an accordian. She plays along to his poetry.)

VLODIA

Yes.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

(reading off of the teleprompter)

This is Vlodia from the White House. How can we help you Vlodia?

VLODIA

I'd like to read a poem, yes?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

A poem to soothe us.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

That sounds nice.

CRAZY PUNDIT

What did you say his name was?

VLODIA

Vlodia.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Like the crazy Pollack that planted the package that pulverized the concert venue behind us?

VLODIA

Yes, I mean no.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Your name's not Vlodia?

VLODIA

No. I mean, Vlodia is a Russian name.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Have it your way. That explosion was detonated by a Pollack. I can still smell the bratwurst and sauerkraut.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Go ahead and read your poem Vlodia.

VLODIA

Today on TV/
looks like Freddy movie/
blood splatter everywhere/
some in my hair.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Can't say I understand this...

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Shh....

VLODIA

Tonight news at 10/
news says bomb Poland/
I say peace/
they sneeze.

(NATASHA goes into a musical interlude)

PUNDIT PUNDIT

I'm not getting this.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

It's very deep. Very...

CRAZY PUNDIT

Artists are all the same. It's all about me... me... me...

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Shh!

VLODIA

You need a job/
like your friend Bob/
they buy a nice coffin/
to ship you off in.

CRAZY PUNDIT

That is true. Our nation does not scrimp on the coffins.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Top notch coffins.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Best that money can buy.

VLODIA

News should report truth/
Drinking vermouth/
the news makes more sense/
when drunk in your pants.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

I didn't get that.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

It didn't rhyme.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

A bit.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

OK, a bit. But most of it -

CRAZY PUNDIT

Nope, there was no -

RATIONAL PUNDIT

- absolutely -

PUNDIT PUNDIT

- no rhyming.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Can't be poem without rhymes.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Well, thanks for your weird foreign poem Vlodia, and we'll be back in a few minutes after a word from our sponsors.

SCENE II

(back in the oval office. AIMEE is sitting on the couch. The PRESIDENT is watching TV. He turns off the Pundits.)

PRESIDENT

So are we going to invade Poland or what?

AIMEE

I don't know. I just don't think I want to make that decision.

PRESIDENT

Listen, I know you're not a politician and all, but this is important to me.

AIMEE

I'm aware of your situation.

PRESIDENT

People are starting to question the size of the bulge in my briefs if you get what I'm saying.

AIMEE

There's a lot more to this than simply wanting to. The Vice President says that we need to, for instance, build our case to our allies.

PRESIDENT

So you're doing that?

AIMEE

No. Not that per say, uh... (hums) Well, we don't really have a case.

PRESIDENT

We don't have a case?

AIMEE

Our allies think we're bullying Poland around.

PRESIDENT

Well yes. It's Poland. That's all anyone does to Poland.

AIMEE

They're sick of it.

PRESIDENT

But that's what we do.

AIMEE

I know.

PRESIDENT

What purpose do foreigners serve otherwise?

AIMEE

I don't know. Can't say that I've met too many.

PRESIDENT

Had to go to dinner with the President of Russia last week. Moron couldn't even speak English.

AIMEE

Foreigners...

(pause as they contemplate those weirdos living in other countries)

PRESIDENT

OK. OK, here's a new idea.

AIMEE

OK.

PRESIDENT

How about we just bomb them?

AIMEE

I asked the Vice President that sir.

PRESIDENT

And...

AIMEE

He said that's the same idea.

PRESIDENT

OK. How about we bomb them without our allies?

AIMEE

Our allies live right next door. They might get suspicious when they hear the ruckus.

PRESIDENT

Hmm...

AIMEE

Yeah, it's a bit sticky.

PRESIDENT

Sticky like a horse in a glue factory.

AIMEE

Oh wait!

PRESIDENT

You've got it?

AIMEE

Right.

PRESIDENT

Well?

AIMEE

Well what?

PRESIDENT

What do you got?

AIMEE

OK, get this.... we bomb the Vatican.

PRESIDENT

The Vatican?

AIMEE

Right. Isn't the pope a Pole?

PRESIDENT

Well he's skinny. I don't know if you'd...

AIMEE

No, from Poland! A Pole! That's what they call people from Poland.

PRESIDENT

Oh. I guess so. I'll take your word on it. And this country, it's smallish right?

AIMEE

Less than 1000 people.

PRESIDENT

Wow. That's small. I don't see how we can lose. We won't have any trouble with the Catholics will we?

AIMEE

Oh, who cares? We shot the first Catholic elected president and they didn't complain much.

PRESIDENT

Oh, right. So, uh... what's the next step?

AIMEE

The next step?

PRESIDENT

I think we should get right on this. While the war fever's still boiling its way through our Nation's body.

AIMEE

I'll ask the Vice President if we can send up the bombers tonight, sir.

PRESIDENT

Tonight's no good Aimee.

AIMEE

Oh right.

PRESIDENT

Funeral tomorrow. (beat) Sarah.

AIMEE

Oh. Right. Right. Do I have to go to that?

PRESIDENT

I'd prefer if you did.

AIMEE

Oh, OK.

PRESIDENT

So-

AIMEE

How about tomorrow night.

PRESIDENT

Works for me.

AIMEE

Great.

PRESIDENT

They won't know what hit them. (sinister) God bless you, and God bless America.

AIMEE

I hope you're talking about the protestant God, sir.

(they laugh)

SCENE III

(BILL and AIMEE stand by the grave site. AIMEE places some flowers on the grave)

BILL

You don't seem that torn up.

AIMEE

We weren't that close.

BILL

Still...

AIMEE

We were never close.

BILL

OK... well if you want someone to talk to.

AIMEE

Thanks Bill.

BILL

You going to give Robby his old job back Aimee?

AIMEE

This is hardly the place Bill.

BILL

I thought you weren't close.

AIMEE

We weren't.

BILL

Robby and I are.

(ROBBY wanders on carrying flowers. He places them on the grave.)

AIMEE

Robby.

ROBBY

Aimee. You doing OK?

AIMEE

Yeah. Hey, Robby, we might have an opening coming up soon-

ROBBY

Really?

AIMEE

Yeah. So you know...

ROBBY

Be just like old times?

AIMEE

Like old times.

ROBBY

That'd be nice. Ummm... I don't suppose.

AIMEE

Hmm...

BILL

I need to go talk... to some people... about death and stuff.

(BILL wanders off.)

ROBBY

OK.

AIMEE

You were saying?

ROBBY

What?

AIMEE

You were just... it sounded like you were going to ask something.

ROBBY

I just was wondering. If tonight you were maybe free.

AIMEE

Sure.

ROBBY

To hang out. Like old times.

AIMEE

Sounds great.

ROBBY

(gesturing at the tombstone, but let's be honest he's gesturing at so much more...)

Before all this.

(she pulls ROBBY towards him and kisses him)

AIMEE

I've wanted to do that for quite a while.

ROBBY

(smiling broadly)

Me too.

AIMEE

(smiling broadly)

Me too.

(AIMEE puts her arm in ROBBY's. They stroll away from the gravesite.)

ROBBY

I've got to ask.

AIMEE

Hmm?

ROBBY

Why am I not in that video?

AIMEE

Which video?

ROBBY

The one in constant rotation on the news networks?

AIMEE

I don't watch much news.

ROBBY

With the leg?

AIMEE

Oh that video. What are you saying Robby?

ROBBY

I just... I just wondered why I wasn't in it... Because I was in it...

AIMEE

Oh so that's what this is about?

ROBBY

What?

AIMEE

This is all just some ploy to feed your ego? Prey on me when I'm feeling vulnerable?

ROBBY

No, that's not-

AIMEE

I can't help it that you weren't in the video. That the person who captured it choose to ignore you completely.

ROBBY

I'm sorry, I didn't...

AIMEE

That's all this is for you isn't it? Being in the most trusted security detail in America? Dating the director? It all just feeds your hero complex. Your enormous ego.

ROBBY

That's not it at all. I was just curious. I saw the video and was wondering why you didn't-

AIMEE

Me? You're saying I was involved? I'm not involved in any of this Robby. Why don't you go join the military and leave me alone.

ROBBY

OK fine!

AIMEE

Fine.

ROBBY

I'll stroke my hero complex there.

AIMEE

Stroke away!

ROBBY

Stroking!

AIMEE

FINE!

ROBBY

Fine!

(lights out)

Scene IV

(lights up on a desk with actor who plays BILL dressed in a military uniform as RECRUITER. He is a recruiter for whichever division of the armed forces has had it's panties aired in public most recently.)

RECRUITER

I can already tell that you've made the right choice.

ROBBY

I have.

RECRUITER

Ready, to serve your country as a man?

ROBBY

I am.

RECRUITER

You prepared to go to war son?

ROBBY

I am.

RECRUITER

Okay then.

ROBBY

Uh... don't I need to fill out some paperwork, or something like that?

RECRUITER

Right. But you seem bright...

ROBBY

OK.

RECRUITER

We just have a quick aptitude test.

ROBBY

OK.

RECRUITER

Right.

ROBBY

So I need to take that test.

RECRUITER

Right.

ROBBY

Now?

RECRUITER

No. It's not such a good time right now. Do you perhaps have some loved ones you need to say goodbye to?

ROBBY

Nope.

RECRUITER

No special girls?

ROBBY

Just one.

RECRUITER

Well go tell her goodbye, son.

ROBBY

I already did.

RECRUITER

Ah...

ROBBY

She's the reason I'm joining up.

RECRUITER

Well.

ROBBY

So I need to take that test?

RECRUITER

Right.

ROBBY

Now?

RECRUITER

No. It's not such a good time right now.

ROBBY

Ah... not giving the test right now?

RECRUITER

Actually, we're all out.

ROBBY

OK, can I enlist, and then come back and take the test later?

RECRUITER

No, uh...

ROBBY

They have to be taken at the same time?

RECRUITER

No, uh actually... Umm... this is kind of embarrassing. We're out of forms.

ROBBY

Wow.

RECRUITER

Brochures, T-Shirts, pins. Nothing. We've got nothing. Two weeks ago, I couldn't even get the people who were enlisting to take their free T-Shirt. I thought we had enough material to last us for 50 years. I kept asking them to stop sending more. I couldn't get rid of what I had. Yesterday I had an 8 year old boy take my last brochure. Wanted to start studying he said.

ROBBY

So...

RECRUITER

It's a great thing. People taking interest in the Armed Services.

ROBBY

I agree.

RECRUITER

So if you could just come back next week?

ROBBY

Could I just try another recruiting office?

RECRUITER

No, no. No need for that. We should have some forms in by next Monday at the latest.

ROBBY

But what if the war's over by then?

RECRUITER

True. That's a good point.

ROBBY

The last one was pretty quick. If this one's any shorter I wouldn't even be through basic training when the last shots are fired.

RECRUITER

Let me see if I can get one of the other offices to fax me over a form. Uh, while I do that can you take a seat over there for me.

ROBBY

Yes sir.

(ROBBY turns on a TV in the recruiting office.)

SCENE V

(as ROBBY turns on the TV, the Pundits are again illuminated in their chairs.)

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Welcome to the third night of our continuing Heavy Metal Massacre coverage. We will again attempt to help salve the open pussing sores of the nation's mauled psyche with information and conjecture on (cue cheesy theme music), the Candlebox Rectal Thermometer News Hour.

(this time as the music plays the leg goes flying on and off stage in slow motion, keeping time with the music)

CRAZY PUNDIT

Every time I see that leg...

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Which leg?

CRAZY PUNDIT

The one in the opening credits.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Oh. (beat) Who's leg?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

"The Leg"

CRAZY PUNDIT

In the opening credits.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

There's someone's leg in our opening credits?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

The leg that came flying through the air and landed on the cheese plate?

(blank stare from PUNDIT PUNDIT)

RATIONAL PUNDIT(cont.)

In the explosion two days ago?

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Oh... right, right.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Coming back to you now son?

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Yeah, yeah. That was two days ago? It seems like last year.

CRAZY PUNDIT

It was two days ago.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Sorry to interrupt, but we've just received some truly amazing news.

(the Pundit Three are straining to read off of their Teleprompter)

CRAZY PUNDIT

Hot diggity dog, is that true?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

You heard it hear first folks. The United States Air Force has just bombed Vatican City.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Vatican City!

PUNDIT PUNDIT

That's an interesting choice.

CRAZY PUNDIT

It's completely obvious you halfwit.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

How so?

CRAZY PUNDIT

They bombed it because the Pope is Polish. Why attack Poland?

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Right.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Ah, I've got ya-

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Too many people.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Right.

CRAZY PUNDIT

You could have another doubleyou-doubleyou-two on your hands. Polacks stopped tanks by just stacking up so many bodies that they got caught in the wheels and the drive shafts.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Do you see that line?

CRAZY PUNDIT

Which line?

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Line?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

That one right there?

CRAZY PUNDIT

I'll play along. Sure I see that line.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

You've officially dived headfirst across it.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Why thank you.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

(cheerfully and with only about a tenth of a brain)

You're welcome.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

So what were you saying when you started discussing mauling people with tank treads?

PUNDIT PUNDIT

I bought mine for three easy payments of \$19.95.

(they both stop and stare at Pundit Pundit. He shrugs.)

PUNDIT PUNDIT (cont.)

Well I thought it was a good deal.

CRAZY PUNDIT

OK. I was saying, "why attack Poland when you can go after its major source of funding?"

RATIONAL PUNDIT

They haven't had any real industry since the cold war ended...

PUNDIT PUNDIT

The Vatican is rich I take it?

CRAZY PUNDIT

Crazy rich.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Gets money from all over the world.

CRAZY PUNDIT

They fund the IRA. A major Irish terrorist network. Obviously the president felt it was time to go straight to the top.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Cut off the head of the beast, as it where.

CRAZY PUNDIT

And the beast's little white pointy hat.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

And his glass car.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

(a bit confused by the pointlessness of the Pundit Pundit's last comment)

Right. Right on the glass car note, let's take you to the man who never rides in a glass car, the President of our Nation.

(they pack up their chairs and head out. RATIONAL PUNDIT's voice over is again heard. We see the empty President set.)

RATIONAL PUNDIT

We are told at any moment, that we will, uh... That we will be told more about this particular development... at any moment the President... please remember to join us after the President's message for analysis of the message... OK here he is, let's listen

SCENE VI**PRESIDENT**

Good evening. My fellow Americans. This evening as you probably have heard while watching television, our Nation has scored, what we consider to be a major victory in the war on global terrorism. While in the past, we have often attacked small parts of the terrorist networks, tonight we went for the very top. The Polish Pontiff of the Roman Catholic church and his minions have been sent to meet their maker. We have destroyed all of the buildings in the capitol and our early reports are that very few made it out alive. Their assets have been frozen, and we will continue our search into the various cells, or "churches" as they are called, that may still exist here, in our great Nation.

I ask for restraint on your part, my fellow Americans. While it may seem that all Catholics are evil, this is simply not the case in all cases. Many Catholics had been aware of the evil growing in Vatican City for quite some time, and had been trying to slowly dislocate[sic] themselves. Have no fear that the Government will separate the good Catholics from the bad ones, and we will have peace once again. I urge you, even if you are one of those who is Catholic, to go about your daily lives. Earning money, spending money, and watching TV. Good night, God Bless you, and God bless America.

(the lights dim slightly to show we are off air. AIMEE is standing just out of view of the camera)

AIMEE

I'd like your permission for just one more thing?

PRESIDENT

OK?

AIMEE

Can I kill the Pollacks?

PRESIDENT

Hmm...

AIMEE

Please?

PRESIDENT

Well, OK. You've been so good up till now.

AIMEE

You're the best.

PRESIDENT

You've handled this so professionally. I will gladly do something to make you happy, after all the happiness you've brought to me.

AIMEE

(saluting)

Thank you sir.

PRESIDENT

I'll just tell you 'Goodnight'. I think I may stop saying 'God Bless'. I worry that God himself may become implicated in the Pope's terrorist network.

AIMEE

That seems wise.

PRESIDENT

Good night then.

AIMEE

Goodnight.

SCENE VII

(We are back in the hallway. VLODIA is again watching TV. NATASHA is noodling with her accordian.)

VLODIA

They have finally gone and done it. They have gone too far.

NATASHA

Oh, Vlodia, why don't you write a poem.

VLODIA

They have bombed the Vatican and assassinated the pope. I have written a poem called, "In Defense of a Great Man."

NATASHA

But Vlodia you are not Catholic.

VLODIA

I know.

NATASHA

You are an atheist. (beat) Oh God, the Pope?

VLODIA

There is no outcry, no one cares...

NATASHA

Except you.

VLODIA

Except me.

NATASHA

So there has been no mention of riots?

VLODIA

No.

NATASHA

Not even abroad?

VLODIA

No.

NATASHA

Surely now, that can't even be possible.

VLODIA

That is true. It must all be a hoax.

NATASHA

It must be a hoax.

VLODIA

There's no way they could kill the pope without having social turmoil.

NATASHA

But still... I wish that we could leave here and go back to Russia.

VLODIA

I don't think I want to be a part of a Nation that would even joke about killing the Pope.

NATASHA

I've got it.

VLODIA

What?

NATASHA

Your call in TV show!

VLODIA

Oh, Natasha, what good will that do?

NATASHA

We shall call up TV show. We shall say we are famous Polish terrorists Vlodia and Natasha-

VLODIA

But we are Russian.

NATASHA

But they think we are Polish, and so we shall be. We shall say that we have bombed the concert and the American government has been holding without trial so that they can bomb other countries.

VLODIA

Natasha?

NATASHA

Yes Vlodia?

VLODIA

That is a very good idea.

(AIMEE steps out of the oval office into the hall, she has a gun in her hand)

AIMEE

No I don't think that's a good idea.

VLODIA

What are you doing here?

NATASHA

Did you really kill the pope?

AIMEE

Is that really something you'd joke about?

VLODIA

So you killed the pope?

AIMEE

We killed the pope.

NATASHA

You came here with a gun to say that you killed the pope?

AIMEE

Yes. I mean, no. The gun's for something else.

VLODIA

But the Pope is dead.

AIMEE

Yes, but he was old. We probably only sped up that process but a few months at most.

NATASHA

So you have not say why the gun.

AIMEE

I need to kill you.

VLODIA

Kill us...

NATASHA

Are you saying that you will kill us?

AIMEE

Yeah. That's what I said.

NATASHA

What about a trial? We are guaranteed a trial. We are American citizens, we should get a trial.

AIMEE

Trials. The whole nation is sick to death of trials. We have trial after trial, after trial, and the writing's never as good as the movies. Everyone turned in to the O.J. Simpson trial, and that was a good show, but a lot of

people didn't like the ending.

VLODIA

So, did you really bomb the Vatican?

AIMEE

Yes. We did that this morning.

NATASHA

But, why is no one outraged?

AIMEE

Why would they be outraged?

VLODIA

You blew up the pope.

AIMEE

Oh, right right... but the TV said that he had become a fairly nefarious character. What with his drug trafficking and supporting those Catholic pedophilia and terror cells.

NATASHA

That's preposterous.

(ROBBY steps out of a doorway)

ROBBY

I agree

AIMEE

What are you doing here? I thought you were enlisting.

ROBBY

I am. I mean, I did.

AIMEE

(crestfallen)

Oh.

ROBBY

What?

AIMEE

You enlisted?

ROBBY

I thought you never wanted to see me again.

AIMEE

You're a jackass.

ROBBY

I realize that.

AIMEE

So you want to go on that date?

(NATASHA picks up the phone and starts dialing)

ROBBY

(gesturing at NATASHA)

Is this a good time to discuss that?

AIMEE

(handing ROBBY the gun)

Here Robby. I'll let you do this. Be the hero.

NATASHA

Hello. This is Natasha and Vlodia. The Polish terrorists.

ROBBY

I don't know Aimee, it seems un-American.

AIMEE

C'mon Robby. You'll be the one who brought the terrorists Natasha and Vlodia to justice. The greatest hero of our time.

ROBBY

Well that's true. But I enlisted.

NATASHA

Yes, I'll hold.

AIMEE

Don't worry about that. I can get you out of it.

VLODIA

Uh, Natasha, I think we need to run...

(VLODIA grabs her hand and sprints off stage, pulling NATASHA behind him.)

AIMEE

Follow them Robby!

(AIMEE and ROBBY run off after VLODIA and NATASHA. They run around the theater in 'American Tale' style. Somehow always just managing to miss encountering each other, but not in any logical sort of way. During this time, the lights come back up on only the three pundits.)

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Welcome to the first night of our War on Heaven coverage. We will again attempt to help salve the slowly healing sores of the nation's psyche with information and conjecture on (cue cheesy theme music), the Candlebox Rectal Thermometer News Hour.

(the leg goes flying up and down, possibly beating a picture of the Pope on the head)

CRAZY PUNDIT

You know what they say, people who drive in glass cars...

(all of a sudden VLODIA and NATASHA end up back in the main hallway. AIMEE is nowhere in sight. VLODIA picks up the phone.)

VLODIA

Hello?

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Let's take a caller... Hello caller. You're on the Candlebox Rectal Thermometer New Hour.

VLODIA

I should like to make a statement and read a poem.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

OK.

CRAZY PUNDIT

Forceful feller.

VLODIA

I am Vlodia. I was in leg video, on the TV. This is my poem.

NATASHA

Tell him about the President!

CRAZY PUNDIT

You heard it here first folks.

RATIONAL PUNDIT

Vlodia. Polish terrorist.

CRAZY PUNDIT

On our show.

VLODIA

I call it "In Defense of a Great Man".

I am strong/

I am powerful/

I feel small.

I like to crush spiders/

they are small/

they go crunch.

Crunch goes it all/

Crunch goes your house/

Crunch goes your mall.

I like that sound/

it makes me smile/

The crunching, crunching mile by mile.

I will not rest/

while something stands/

I only crunch and crunch again.

NATASHA

VLODIA TELL THEM ABOUT BEING HELD HERE. TELL THEM POPE WAS KILLED, AND WE ARE TRAPPED!

VLODIA

Some like to build/

I like to crunch/

I'll crunch until there's nothing left to much.

(AIMEE and ROBBY walk into the hall)

AIMEE

More poetry Vlodia? Do it Robby.

(ROBBY points the gun at VLODIA, his hand shakes a little)

AIMEE (cont.)

You look so hot like that. Like some idealized portrait of an American man.

ROBBY

Do we really need to kill them Aimee?

(AIMEE wraps her arm around ROBBY in that "I'll show you how to golf" way. She puts her hand over ROBBY's so that she can pull the trigger.)

AIMEE

C'mon Robby. Be a man.

ROBBY

I don't know Aimee-

(He's cutoff by a gunshot. NATASHA falls, and the phone falls with her. VLODIA kneels down and cradles her in his hands)

VLODIA

Natasha!

AIMEE

C'mon Robby. There's only one more. This one's for you. You'll be the biggest hero America has ever known. You'll be Davy Crockett at the Alamo.

ROBBY

But-

(Gunshot. AIMEE pulls ROBBY around and kisses him. he drops the gun. Lights out.)

CRAZY PUNDIT

Can you believe that, can you believe that folks? Have you ever heard anything...

RATIONAL PUNDIT

No. No I...

CRAZY PUNDIT

Never anything like it. On live TV.

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Heard it on our show...

RATIONAL PUNDIT

First.

CRAZY PUNDIT

I think we...

PUNDIT PUNDIT

Right.

CRAZY PUNDIT

(calling offstage)

Bob, can you cue that tape...

SCENE VIII

(AIMEE opens the door and steps into the oval office)

PRESIDENT

This stinks. I'm bored. (beat) Maybe we should invade Iraq.

AIMEE

Been there. Done that. You'll bore us all to tears.

PRESIDENT

True. That's true. It just went by so fast. I didn't really get to appreciate it.

AIMEE

These things always do.

PRESIDENT

Didn't really get a chance to savor. Savor the sweet taste of blood dripping from our Nation's open wounds. Savor the smells of gunsmoke, and the screams of limbs being ripped from the bodies to which they belong.

AIMEE

Modern warfare.

PRESIDENT

You know, it's kind of boring. Once you get past the lasers. (beat) Out of curiosity...

AIMEE

Yes?

PRESIDENT

Who did plant that bomb?

AIMEE

I did. I filmed the videotape too.

PRESIDENT

Mmm... I guess that makes sense. Why'd you do it?

IV

AIMEE

Sarah was a pain.

PRESIDENT

You killed a thousand people because your sister was a pain?

AIMEE

And I was in love with Robby. And I knew I'd at least see him at the funeral.

PRESIDENT

At the funeral.

AIMEE

None of my single friends are getting married anytime soon.

PRESIDENT

You killed your sister just to see an old boyfriend again?

AIMEE

Need I remind you that you've gone to war for less.

PRESIDENT

Over a man?

AIMEE

I don't want to talk about this.

PRESIDENT

Why couldn't you two just get along?

AIMEE

We're not having this conversation right now.

PRESIDENT

No I think we are. I think we should talk about this. About your violent tendencies.

AIMEE

Maybe we should talk about Mom and your frigid marriage.

PRESIDENT

You leave your mother out of this.

AIMEE

Oh, don't worry. She'll get hers.

PRESIDENT

You are not going near another member of this family.

(he jumps over the desk on top of AIMEE. She wrestles free of him, pulls her gun and shoots him in the leg)

AIMEE

Don't come near me. Listen, I've already got two dead bodies in the hall. It's not going to be hard to say that the two Polish terrorists stormed in here and shot you.

PRESIDENT

I'd tell them you were lying. I'd tell them everything.

AIMEE

No you won't.

PRESIDENT

I'll tell them how you blew up your sister, assassinated the Polish Pontiff and then murdered two innocent Pollack civilians.

AIMEE

I doubt it.

PRESIDENT

How are you going to stop me?

(At this precise moment ROBBY pops his head in the door.)

ROBBY

Hey Aimee I was just wondering uh... oh God...

(AIMEE pivots to aim at ROBBY even as he pulls his own gun on her)

AIMEE and ROBBY

Freeze...

ROBBY

You won't get away with this.

AIMEE

Oh really? I've already shot Vlodia and Natasha. Why do you care? Daddy here's always been a big fan of guns, and the founding fathers, and he said he wanted to be remembered, didn't he?

PRESIDENT

Not like this-

AIMEE

After all they're still talking about Lincoln-

(the PRESIDENT reaches up, grabs the gun out of AIMEE's hand and shoots AIMEE)

ROBBY

Sir, I don't think that was called for. Aimee are you all right?

(he runs over to her, and cradles her head)

AIMEE

(wheezing)

Kill him.

PRESIDENT

Son, sometimes when the young cub smells blood, well you got to put her down. For the sake of the entire litter.

ROBBY

I have no idea what you're talking about sir. We have courts to work through conflicts of this kind.

AIMEE

Robby, do you love me?

ROBBY

What? Well...

AIMEE

Kill him. He shot his own daughter Robby. Kill him... you'll be the biggest hero ever.

ROBBY

I need to call you an ambulance.

PRESIDENT

That sounds great Robby. Would you mind calling me one while you're at it?

AIMEE

Robby, I am not going to make it. If you ever loved me, shoot him. This is the only thing you can do for me to prove you love me...

PRESIDENT

(philosophically)

Tell me son, since it looks like pretty soon both of my daughters will be dead, with all the heavy thoughts I have upon my mind, it comes to mind that there are going to be a lot of things that I need done in the next few days and weeks. With that in mind I have to ask... have you ever given any thought to being a presidential aide? I know you're not a blood relative, but all of mine are dead. And well, I kind of see you like a son now, what with your saving my life and all.

AIMEE

He hasn't saved your life yet. Robby, do it.

PRESIDENT

It doesn't really matter what you do son. There are video cameras in here. There will be people here shortly. You shoot me, and I'm the biggest hero ever. I'll not only get away with it, I'll be immortalized for all time.

AIMEE

He's lying. You'll be the hero Robby. You'll be a hero like Woodward and Bernstein. Freeing the people from a farce.

ROBBY

No. (he drops the gun on ground, near AIMEE) I'm sorry, but... however it's going to be, is however it's

going to be.

AIMEE

No Robby-

(ROBBY walks out the door. PRESIDENT realizes he's been left alone in the room and his daughter still has a gun. He starts walking for the door.)

AIMEE (cont.)

No you don't.

(She shoots the PRESIDENT. Then slumps against his desk. BILL bursts through the door)

BILL

Argh! Damn the five minute security camera delay!

(BILL picks up the phone and dials out for help as music swirls up to envelope the action. Over the music we hear talking and sirens. Blackout.)