Give Us Barabbas
A Fractured Bible Fairy Tale
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EXT. - NIGHT - BRANDY TOWERS - SOHO - NEW YORK CITY

LUC BARABBAS, 57 a former stand up comedian giant, turned PR plutocrat, lays face down on the pavement outside, his, Brandy Towers, apartment vestibule, having just performed that most unthinkable last act. His image appears superimposed, as if he were a ghost over his ghastly, remains. He turns to his side, cuddles into a fetal position and faces our P.O.V

The SOUNDS OF TRAFFIC swell up from the city street intermingled with SOUNDS OF DISTRAUGHT PEOPLE passing by

LUC BARABBAS

Yea, it's finally come to this, had a feeling it would. I mean I'd thought about it before. Haven't you? Oh, come on! Well, I guess, I nev'a thought I really, well you know, would've had the guts...

EXT. - NIGHT - EARLIER - BUILDING LEDGE - BRANDY TOWERS

Luc, on the ledge edge outside his window looking a bit edgy himself as he attempts to balance himself and kick pidgin's obstructing his narrow walkway. He peers down. Affirmed, it's dark, deep and windy.

LUC BARABBAS O.S
That's right! It took, a lot of,
guts ta do what I just did.
(PASSIONATELY) God, I was so, high
up and so scared. Gives me the
creepy shiver's, just thinking
about it. I hate heights, always
have, but when I well, you know. It
was so exhilarating!

INT.- NIGHT - EARLIER - LUC'S - FLAT - BRANDY TOWERS

Inside very posh, decked out in brilliant, hip furniture and finery, accouterments ala Mode. In an office, oodles of illustrious, life achievements awards.

Intimate photos, of him coupled, snogging with young beauties and boozing with passed Comedic heros of renown are set about a splendid baby Grand and along wall shelves layered with rare books and whimsical bric-a-brac such as a, drunken rosy cheeked fellow sitting on a lieu holding a fishing rod.

V.O LUC BARABBAS O.S Fascinating really. I was flying man, flying! I never felt so alive! Every cut and parcel of me was alive, then but; now?

EXT. - NIGHT - EARLIER - BUILDING LEDGE - BRANDY TOWERS

Luc, take's the plunge and is hurled outward, by the gusts of the winds. He sails, falling, screaming, eyes bugged and beatific..

Luc, descends downward, almost as if he is flying, bird like, arms outstretched. A few floors below passing a couple in the throes of passionate love making. A few floors further down a small child smiles and waves, he returns the salutation, smiles, then, rapidly crashes with a THUMP, first hitting a deli awning then, a mound of fruit, flowers and onto the pavement below. Luc, appears beatific like something straight off the pages of a Hari Krishna's hymn book.

LUC BARABBAS O.S I can't feel nothing. I can't see nothing

A YOUNG GIRL ELLA and YOUNG MAN STEW are standing at the front of a large gathering crowd of on lookers. She is visibly, emotionally upset

YOUNG GIRL ELLA
Oh, God! Stew, it's just
horrible!

LUC BARABBAS O.S but; from the sound of that Bird, dribbling on, I must look an awful sight.

YOUNG MAN STEW
It'll be all right love! Nothing we can do now, right?

A ghost like Luc, in a fetal position flickers like an expiring florescent bulb.

LUC BARABBAS

Poor bastard, sorry, I upset your supper plans for the evening. Guess ain't gonna be any 'o that Chicken delight, in your Stew pot tonight.

(MORE)

LUC BARABBAS (CONT'D) Then again, a little bit of the macabre can stir the juices.

INT. - NIGHT -SEAN VANITY AND ALAN TOMBS ABODE SIX WEEKS EARLIER HALLOWEEN

Luc, is attending a masquerade party. He wears a handsome Red Devil, costume and is accompanied by his girl friend, ANNIE FOULTER, 27, Conservative Republican, best selling author and talk show pundit, a plain yet stunning blonde, she is dressed as a scantily clad angel. They stand before another couple, SEAN VANITY, 45 and Alan Tombs, 47, of Faux News Channels, top rated news show, Vanity & Tombs.

ANNIE FOULTER

Anywise, it will all be over soon enough. I mean, God did give us the earth. We have dominion over the plants, the animals, the trees. Why not some of it's mud snout occupant's.

LUC BARABBAS

Right, 'Earth is ours. Grab it. Rape it. It's ours. Why not go to war just for the oil?

SEAN VANITY

The Left may think they're sincere, but they're sincerely wrong. And they must be challenged and defeated by any means, if we are to win this war on terror and preserve our way of life for this and future generations.

Sean, pat's the bottom of a passing young male intern wearing a very short, pleated, plaid Catholic school girls uniform, white blouse invitingly unbuttoned. He is dressed in a Roman Gladiator costume he raises his sword above his head for emphasis. ALAN TOMBS is attached to a Bull dog's spiked collar and leash, dressed as a Roman Plebeian slave but wearing chaps.

ALAN TOMBS

Oh, Sean, comes from a long line of brutish dominators. Summon the barkeep. Surmount, you, beast. To the victor, goes the spoils.

The two scamper off into the crowd, as they intermingle, regrettably, we notice Tombs, in his, ancient Roman version of chaps, his, hairy, bare, bottom, reveled to all.

INT. - NIGHT - LUC'S APARTMENT SOME HOURS LATER

Annie, in a long stunning pink, silk, bath robe ever so tight still damp and clinging to all the right places. Luc's eyes are wide she appears stunning. He hands her a drink, they sit together at the edge of the bed. Luc, produces a note book and a pen and begins to draw a vertical line

LUC BARABBAS

What does this make you think of?

ANNIE FOULTER

Oh, darling! Are you playing doctor with me? OK I'll bite. Sex!

She bat's her eye's

He draws a triangle on the paper and hands it to her.

LUC BARABBAS

And this?

ANNIE FOULTER

Sex!

Luc, light's a smoke then draws a square.

LUC BARABBAS

And this?

ANNIE FOULTER

Sex, sex and more sex!

Annie coo's and snuggles closer still

Luc, places the smoke in an ashtray and puts the pencil down upon the night table to his side. Still in his Red Devil costume he squeezes Annie

LUC BARABBAS

It's, ahem, my, professional opinion, kid, you got an obsession, with sex.

Annie, begins to giggle and try's to escape

ANNIE FOULTER

I have an obsession with sex? Sweet Luc, you're the one drawing the dirty pictures!

The light's go out as they embrace and fall to the bed.

ANNIE FOULTER (CONT'D) Oh, Luc, your so Manley!.

V.O. LUC BARABBAS
Call me the fool but; I'm about to
find out what's behind curtain
number one and I just bet my total
swag that it ain't a new Hummer,
know what I mean?

EXT - NIGHT - BRANDY TOWERS - SIDEWALK PAVEMENT - NEW YORK CITY

Faint sound of sirens in the distance. Luc a flickering fetus.

LUC BARABBAS

They're coming. Damn! Rapid response team's, couldn't be dozing off at some, "Have a Donut." Rapid response! Well, it won't be long before they get here. They'll try and put me back together again. God only knows what state I'll end up in.

The young girl starts SOBBING again.

YOUNG GIRL ELLA

What, caused him, to go do that to himself? Bet, he wishes he hadn't done it now! Didn't he know that it's sacred? It's supposed to be sacred, life is!

The young girl starts screaming and kicking at the pavement, where Luc, is laying.

YOUNG GIRL ELLA (CONT'D) It's sacred, you fake you

EXT.- NIGHT - NEW YORK CITY STREET SOME HOURS LATER .

Ella and Stew are walking home leaving behind Luc's muddled body. Ella, deeply disturbed by the "quietus arena" and a precipitant decision, that happened earlier in her day, has caused her emotions to breach.

YOUNG MAN STEW
Everything alright love? That was a nasty bit a work ah?

(MORE)

YOUNG MAN STEW (CONT'D)
Imagine, a geezer, like that,
living in, them posh digs? Now, why
you think I mean, like you said,
baby doll (pause) why you think
someone, with that kind a swag,
would do him self, like that?

Stew, look's over to Ella deep in her thought's

YOUNG MAN STEW (CONT'D) Ah, what's up with you? Funny ain't it, I mean, how a geezer like that... Brandy Towers.... must cost a pretty penny to dig up there, am I right, ah?

YOUNG GIRL ELLA
That ain't what I said Stew. You
don't know a thing about me do you?
Only been, screwing me and we're
living together, let's see, how
long is it been?...Screwing, living.

She shouts at him.

YOUNG GIRL ELLA (CONT'D) In your, world. The world according to, Stew, ah? Nev'a seeing nothing, even when it's right, in front of your, face. Nothing but Stew, this and Stew, that Stew, Stew, and more Stew. Go Stew, yourself!

YOUNG MAN STEW Wow! Where did all that come from love? All's I was saying is that geezer had it all and..

She, stop's her, shouting and speaks. Now, in an eerily calm manner.

YOUNG GIRL ELLA

It ain't that, alright, he was a grown geezer, who dealt, with his own problems, right! But, what we, did today,... Stew, what we, did she or he ain't nev'a going to forgive that.

YOUNG MAN STEW What we, did? How can you say that? What we, did. I thought you, wanted (pause) or rather didn't want.

CONTINUED: (2)

YOUNG GIRL ELLA
You see Stew? That right there.
That's your, problem and you, don't
see it. Right in front (YELLS) 'O

your, big, Casper, face.

Now, in an eerily calm manner again.

YOUNG GIRL ELLA (CONT'D)
The problem is it wasn't our,
decision to make was it? That one,
it nev'a even had the chance to
make it's own, decisions, for it's
self, for right or wrong, nev'a
Stew, you get that. Nev'a!

EXT. - NIGHT - STEWS APT - STEPS

They come to their door

YOUNG MAN STEW

We're home sweet pea, let's get us upstairs and I'll make us, a nice cup 'o tea, alright a cup 'o tea will make it all seem right!

INT. - NIGHT - STEWS APT.- LIVING ROOM

Inside the apartment moments later.

YOUNG MAN STEW

Have a seat and get yer feet up, me sweet's, I'll go, put the kettle on

Stew, walks to the kitchen we can only hear his voice Ella, plops down in an over stuffed chair outstretched arms and hands face upwards she faces our P.O.V stares out, glazed eyes, muttering to herself. Just behind her, a window with staid curtains we also see off color peeling wall paper a dim painting.

YOUNG MAN STEW O.S
That's right, nice cup a tea will
make it all seem right

Talking more for her own sake in her, eerie calm voice.

YOUNG GIRL ELLA

Stew, listen up, cause I'm only, going say this once.

INT. - NIGHT - STEWS APT. KITCHEN

Stew, runs the water faucet.

YOUNG MAN STEW What's that baby doll?

INT. - NIGHT - STEWS APT. - LIVING ROOM

Ella, continues her monologue.

YOUNG GIRL ELLA
See, like, I said, what we did, we
didn't have the right, see, didn't
have no right and, it's not like,
it even had a chance, or a
choice... and, it's like, it came
so far, got over all those
hurdles...hell, it's like winning a
the lotto and then, snuff. Somebody
must pay right? I mean, like a
person wouldn't even, do up a
pooch, like that, and seeing, as, I
was, or, would a been. Some body,
must pay! Right?

Ella, stands slowly walks to the window opens it, a GUST OF WIND, blows her hair. A pair of staid curtains flutter. She calmly places one leg over the window sill, followed by the other. Ella, ducks under the window frame and leaps. HUDDLED DISTRAUGHT VOICES, from down below emerge and blend with the SOUND OF TRAFFIC.

YOUNG MAN STEW O.S
My mama used to say (MIMICS MAMA)
'have a nice cup 'o tea, son, it'll
make the world seem right. Hey,
sweet pea, see what's on the TV
(MIMICS MAMA AND SING'S) 'a cup 'o
tea will stop the fight and
everything's going to be o' right

INT. - NIGHT - STEWS FOLKS HOME - SOME WEEKS LATER

Stews, Mom and Dad's, a typical old back country home, we see a small dinner table, a glass menagerie with nick knacks, an old wooden wall case, with various, hunting guns and knives. To the side, a rather large, Boars head, grimaces on the wall, behind, which his Dad, is seated

Enters from the kitchen.

MAMA

Now, Big Stew, don't be fill-in the boy's head wit Mill gossip, look at em! Didn't they feed ya at that hospital?

STEW

I'm all right Mama, didn't need to be, in that place anyway

MAMA

Now, Stewart, I know we hadn't the chance, ta talk and well, with all that's happened, well, it's just, yer, dad...

Looks over at Dad, he's staring out, playing with his food apparently in his thoughts.

MAMA (CONT'D)

and me, wanted ta say ...and, I'll only speak of this just this once, that, what happened, ta sweet Ella, rest her soul,...

Mama, makes the sign of the cross, kissing her fingers up to God.

MAMA (CONT'D)

....like, ...well, it's just that, sometimes, when a girl, does...well, does, what a girls gotta do,...

Mama's face is convoluting with the perplexity of the dilemma.

MAMA (CONT'D)

... sometimes. Well, some girls, that is and it's, just that there's these chemicals like, that can go off in the head. I know, cause, on my shows they talked about it once. Well, it's just that it's not yer fault son.

Mama, seem's more then relieved with her pep talk she looks over at Dad, apparently for an affirmation but to no avail, his vision seems affixed to a singular pea upon his plate. Stew is reading the New York Post, the head line in bold letters reads: CONTRA COSTA NOSTRA JESUS LANGLEY FOUND DEAD

CONTINUED: (2)

LUC BARABBAS O.S

Ever notice, how, it's always the living, that knock this death thing the hardest. Can't really blame her though. So young, what does she know? For that matter what do any of you know?

EXT. - NIGHT - BRANDY TOWERS - SIDEWALK PAVEMENT NEW YORK CTTY

YOUNG MAN STEW Now, then, come on love.

He, begins to pull Ella, away.

INT.- GODS HAVEN - DAY- ESTABLISHING

A rich traditional English garden library, decked out, in Victorian splendor. A sign on the door reads: Gods Haven No SOLICITORS. GOD occupies a fine high back leather chair, the glow from a fire, causes a shadow to obscure His face.

We see his image from shoulders down. He, is wearing a splendid Victorian smoking jacket, silk pajama pants and open back slipper's

LUC BARABBAS O.S

Ya see, there's the rub, pity the poor bastard but; not one of ya knows or even cares ta. Me, on the other hand, I've given the whole amount much thought. I've examined,

all sides of, the equation. Studied the whole, nut, inside and out.

MOHAMMED, God's golden, coyote like dog lounges lethargically on a Persian throw rug. Facing two chairs a 1950 style console television displays images while playing dreamy music.

However something that is unreal, or perhaps merely imagined, occurs as the TV tunes in and out of stations present, past and future.

EXT. - NIGHT - TV IMAGE - A GARBAGE DUMPSTER

Luc Barabbas looking apparently very well all things considered He is wearing a dark 60s style suit with a white shirt and thin black tie in need of a shave, smoking a cigarette, otherwise looking quite well for a man who just fell 12 stories very well indeed.

LUC BARABBAS

JESUS LANGLEY, 38, ex CIA
Operative, Middle East arena is
wreathing in pain, from a threestory fall after getting drunk
while pilfering the bar of the CFO
of DRUID Air's corporate branch
offices, in Gary Indiana, on what
should have been a perfectly
mundane, black bag job, simply
swiping an unpublished copy of
DRUID AIR'S Bimonthly Report

Jesus, mutters, as two guards, VIC, 28, and RON LONDON, 31, a former Bristol street thug, turned solder, during The Gulf War and now, head of security, approach.

Ron, climbs on top of the dumpster bin and peers in at Jesus, who is coated in bloody garbage.

RON LONDON

Right, what's this now? Better get on the horn to the Doc. This don't look Kosher.

Vic, takes out his cell phone and start's pressing the number..

VIC

Hey, ya think this is him?

RON LONDON

Don't know but Doc, will.

INT. - NIGHT - TV - UNDISCLOSED US FED. PRISON ESTABLISHING

Luc, is now standing outside a federal prison facility

LUC BARABBAS

Dr. Carrion Crawford, 78 debonair French, English, cocks man, born in Paris. An Oxford graduate Doctor of Psychology, Professor and Cofounder, of the World Renown Terror Institute, reputed as the worlds eminent Terror Expert, author of countless CIA, Defense Psych-OPs, Terrorist Interrogation manuals.

Standing outside the cell, Ron, brings him up to speed.

RON LONDON

He's been like this for three days now, sir

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION Has he said anything? Anything, at all?

RON LONDON

Nay sir, just sits, stares and mutters, like, to his' self....It's quite pathetic.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION Mutters? What ever, do you mean, mutters?

Light pours through a small window in the cell, where Langley sits and stares out despondently muttering.

JESUS LANGLEY

Ohooo! Ab! Abo! Abo! Aaaa,...bom, bomb, in,...nation, abloom, in...nation!...Make, make it de...solo...

RON LONDON

Keeps saying the same thing over and over, like,..like that sir!

Ron, nods his head in Langleys direction.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION A..bom..in...nation! What on earth?

RON LONDON

Don't know sir. He's a bit daffy, loose in the head, three story's, whizz, bang, took a nasty fall, that one, he did. Sir.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION What could it mean? Perhaps it is a code of sort's?

RON

Like, Da Vince, sir?

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION
Da Vince? Whatever, do you mean?

CONTINUED: (2)

RON

Da Vince, like da one who dun up all da codes in da Bible. Da Vince!

Carrion, gives Ron, an incredulous look.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION
Are you perhaps referring to, Da
Vinci? Leonardo Da Vinci, The Da
Vinci Code? The book/movie?

RON

Yea, that da one sir

INT. - NIGHT - TV IMAGE - UNDISCLOSED US FED PRISON

Carrion, mouth's Jesus's words, like a person who is deaf and mute.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION
A bomb. A bomb!...In action? A bomb
in nation!...A bomb? In? Nation? A
bomb! In a nation? A...Bomb...(Shouts)
"A" BOMB! "A" BOMB"! "A"... BOMB.
Atomic bomb! In a nation? But
which? Where? Here?, Europe,
Middle -East?

EXT.- DAY 1986 BAGDAD MARKET

A younger, Jesus Langley, 21, now, seeing better day's, in the prime of life, He's sporting a very fit body, and wears a splendid light tan suit, brown and tan, two tone shoes, Borsalino, beaver felt, fedora, dark sunglasses. He sits in an outdoor, Bagdad, cafe, sipping tea, reading a copy of the International Herald Tribune. We read the head line: "Iran-Contra Evidence of Washington's Double-Dealing. The left column head line: "Panel To Quiz Carrion Crow on Shadowy Deals in Death Trade" story line reads: "Sir Crawford Carrion, known as "The Carrion Crow" or "Death Vader", because of alleged, shadowy dealings in British, French, US, defense trade will appear before....

V.O. DR. CRAWFORD CARRION Nothing get's by the sapphire jeweled, mind of Sir Crawford Carrion, you see I have a complete dossier and I know he is up to something.

EXT. - DAY 1986 BAGDAD MARKET

As Jesus, sit's the cafe begins to turn, like an old, carnival carousel, but; Jesus, remains sitting, only the background landmarks change, Paris, London, Tehran, Bagdad, Washington New York. He sit's, constant, along side an older, debonair, well dressed gentlemen, obscured from our P.O.V. When the gentlemen is reveled we see that it is Dr. Crawford Carrion, "The CARRION CROW" renown for his shadowy dealings in the death trade of British, French and United, States arms sales.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION
People like us, must fall on our
swords from time to time. In
ancient Rome, one, took a blood
bath and then was hung out to dry..

Langley appears upset.

JESUS LANGLEY
I don't kiss and tell if that's what yer getting at Carrion.

Carrion, waves his hand..

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION How is that beautiful wife, Mary, I believe...

JESUS LANGLEY
What's yer concern? Ya never asked
before. Carrion, If you ever....

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION
Now, now my boy, not to worry your
little pumpkin head. Here they
come. Round and round, and round we
go where she stop's nobody knows.

The two remain seated the carousel starts spinning again as a series of shady characters sit down, get up, continuing, on and on in a speed frame animatedly harrowing out apparent arms trade negotiations.

EXT.- NIGHT - TV - IMAGE - IRANIAN, IRAQI, SALVADORIAN FREIGHTERS IN SEA PORT'S.

Cargo ships, teamed with men, running off freighted crates, with black stenciled words Property of France, Britain, USA.:

SIREN'S are getting louder in the distance

*

CONTINUED:

V.O LUC BARABBAS

It won't be long now! I gotta be gone before they arrive before they stick their needles and tubes in my muddled flesh they'll invade this tranquility!

A SIREN AND WHEELS, SCREECHING to a halt. VOICES calling out orders franticly

V.O. LUC BARABBAS This deep, tranquilizing, tranquility. They'll try ta 354 responding we have a 611 repair all that I've accomplished. All my success! unit's to respond Oh, what to do?

V.O. EMS RESPONDER # 1 ON RADIO Brandy Towers calling all

EMS # 1 speaks to the young man.

EMS # 1 Did you see anything?

YOUNG MAN STEW He was like this when I arrived.

He point's up to the Brandy Towers.

YOUNG MAN Must of gone off one of those. Pretty posh ah, whiz bang!

V.O. LUC BARABBAS Yea, rent is due tomorrow.

INT. -NIGHT - TV IMAGE AN UNDISCLOSED US FEDERAL PRISONER HOLDING FACILITY

> V.O. DR. CRAWFORD CARRION Jesus Langley, age 38, Covert Operations, Mid-east arena, later brought into disrepute, and so and so, early retirement and so and so, ... scandals broke da, da, da, in the... national press, dum, dum, doodle dum,...

EXT.- DAY 1986 BAGDAD MARKET

Across the street from the cafe, where the two sit, a flock of Carrion Crows hiss and runt. They begin to pick and tear, furiously fighting over pieces of flesh thrown away by butchers.

They leap from one cart to another, helping themselves. Hundreds of them are, about. They alight on the roofs and chimney-tops. Others wait the skinning of a lamb, kid, or calf, they devour its flesh, in the company of hungry dogs fighting with each other, leaping about and tugging in hurry and confusion.

V.O DR. CRAWFORD CARRION related to the Iran Contra hearings dip, da, dip, da, day, Jesus, did time in a fed house near, Las Vegas, ahem, what happens in ...stays in... and so and so and as a result became "Born Again."

EXT. - DAY - 1986 BAGDAD MARKET

A flock of eagles make their appearance, the Carrion Crows retire, and patiently wait until their betters are satisfied, but they pay little regard to the dogs.

Carrion, places his hand on his chin.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION
What was that? He said "Make it.
De... solo." Make it ..De solo Solo?
Dr. Hans Solo? The "Evil One!" Make
it..Make it! Make it Dr.. Solo.."A"
bomb in nation make it Dr..Solo..... I
must....I must know everything!

EXT. - NIGHT - SOHO SIDEWALK PAVEMENT NEW YORK CITY

EMS #2 With EKG devise

EMS RESPONDER #2 Step back everyone. (ZAP) Step back. (ZAP) Step back. (ZAP)

INT. -NIGHT - TV IMAGE AN UNDISCLOSED US FEDERAL PRISONER HOLDING FACILITY

Carrion, looks and points to Langleys head, a familiar object is sitting upon it, caked in garbage and blood.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION What is that on his head? It appears......It appears to be a small child's, Poopy, potty!

RON LONDON

EMS, said, if it weren't for that potty, he'd have broke his crown, sir. The CFO's, office, was three floors up, sir! That and the fact that he fell into the veggie & cheese bin, outside the Piggy Wiggly Super Market, I reckon.

Carrion, takes a whiff.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION Smell's a bit ripe!

Ron, laugh's

RON LONDON

They's old Brussels sprouts and Brie cheese, me think's. Sir!

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION

Hmmm

Carrion, takes another whiff.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D) Rather!...Well, you had better clean him up. Have him in my office

Carrion, looks at his wrist watch.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D) In two hours we must find out why he was stealing these.

He holds up garbage coated files that read: DRUID AIR: CONFIDENTIAL

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D) and I must know more about this. Ababa...Whatever. Whoever. Wherever. We must be clever! Understand?

Carrion, begins pacing, back and forth, hands behind his back.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D) Go over everything. Check and recheck the trash bin. Scour it if need be but

Carrion, stops in mid sentence, turns to Ron.

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

(Shouts) Find something! CENT COM say's, he was once one of us. Now, he has become one of them!

Carrion, back to his pacing.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

Sort of a rouge elephant, with a lumpy past,..

Carrion, mime's, air writing, then he lip sinks, CIA.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D) He has sharp tusks and deep ties to that fiendish evil mister Dr. Hans Solo.

Carrion, apparently pleased that Ron, is convinced with his assessment, stops again and raises his finger for emphasis, deep in thought, he speaks, as if addressing a vast theater audience.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)
I'll crack this case, crack it like
an egg! I'll crack it wide open or
my name isn't

Carrion, cocks his head and struts his chin out.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)
Dr. Crawford Carrion, '49,53'55'
Oxford graduate, Doctor of
Psychology, Professor and founder
of the world renown, Terror
Institute at Langley, Virginia.

Carrion, once again, mimes, lip sinks and air writes the letters CIA

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

reputed as the worlds eminent "Terror Expert" author of countless

Carrion, makes another cheeky reference and comical attempt to veil in secrecy the letters CIA.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)
You know who and Defense Psych-OPs
as well as volumes of Terrorist
Interrogation manuals

CONTINUED: (3)

Carrion, is in extremely rare form and so pleased with himself.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION.
Now, the darling of the morning TV circuit, author of, 03 's best selling non-fiction "Terrorize This! The Guide to Happy Living in This Modern Age. In English and French, Harper's press!

Carrion, snaps out of his monologue and turns to, Ron.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION Well, chop, chop! Top priority! Tip top secret and all that

EXT. - ANCIENT GLACIAL VALLEY - 40,000 BC.

A small band of hunter gathers are seen in the distance, they walk one after other each other in a line following a narrow mountain path. Suddenly an Avalanche occurs and they all scatter to avoid being crushed and buried. Later in a dusky snow swill one walks alone apparently freezing to death he falls and gets up falls and gets up.

V.O YOUNG GIRL ELLA
He's shivering like a wet pooch
dear, put your coat ova him please!
I can't look at the poor bastard,
it's disgusting.

Now the lone tribes man begins running we see his face icesickled but smiling he runs and falls and remains down the wind wisps around and as we pull back our P.O.V becomes aerial there is ice for as far as the eye can see but then a very lush green area along it's edges begins to emerge.

V.O YOUNG MAN STEW Alright babe.

Stew, hovering above Luc removes his jacket and places it upon him.

STEW

There you go, EMS will be here soon, try to hold on, alright!

CONTINUED: (4)

V.O. LUC BARABBAS
Well, this is it folks.
Sorry, no grand finally here.
No hero, to brake, the run
away wagon. No prattling boy
and collie, to save the day.
This is it! I can feel it,
oozing out of me. It's really
not so bad, kind of like
running out the credits on a
long tedious, movie, that
you've been induced to watch.

EMS RESPONDER #2
Step back everyone. (ZAP)
Step back. (ZAP) Step back.
(ZAP)

4

*

INT GODS HAVEN

God s extends his hand, reaches down and pat's Mohammed's head but; He is unresponsive.

GOD

Good boy, that's a good little boy. Oh! By the way, did I mention, that, Michael and Patrick are bringing Luc, up from the Cold Cellar? He will be here shortly.

V.O LUC BARABBAS
The film's, expired, yet I'm
sublimely filled. Without qualm,
without remorse, now, simply
without life.

INT. - DAY - GODS HAVEN

God is sitting in his high back chair, a shadow hides his face from our view. We see his image from shoulders down. He is wearing a splendid Victorian smoking jacket, silk pajama pants and open back slipper's

TV Playing music THE GRATEFUL DEAD, Mountains of the moon, lyrics Robert Hunter music Jerry Garcia

O.S MUSIC THE GRATEFUL DEAD COLD MOUNTAIN WATER, THE JADE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON, ELECTRA, BOW AND BEND TO ME. HI-HO, THE CARRION CROW, FOLDEROL-DE-RIDDLE. HI-HO, THE CARRION CROW, BOW AND BEND TO ME. HEY, TOM BANJO. HEY, A LAUREL. MORE THAN LAUREL YOU MAY SOW. MORE THAN LAUREL YOU MAY SOW. HEY, THE LAUREL, HEY, THE CITY IN THE RAIN. (MORE)

O.S MUSIC THE GRATEFUL DEAD (CONT'D)

HEY, HEY, THE WILD WHEAT WAVING IN THE WIND. TWENTY DEGREES OF SOLITUDE, TWENTY DEGREES IN ALL

God watch's the TV and commenting on it's erratic behavior. He speak's in a perky, English, over the top, thespian accent.

O.S MUSIC THE GRATEFUL DEAD (CONT'D)
.ALL THE DANCING KINGS AND WIVES
ASSEMBLED IN THE HALL. LOST IS THE
LONG AND LONELIEST TIME, FAIRY
SYBIL FLYING. ALL ALONG THE, ALL
ALONG THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

GOD

Papa's play is about to begin and you know how Papa, loves His play.

TV static and fades in and out and then changes to new music The BEATLES, I Am The Walrus. The music play's over a video showing a collage of scenes depicting the "Human Condition" throughout history, a stream of violent images, mixed with poignant beauty spanning all age's

O.S THE BEATLES
I AM HE AS YOU ARE HE AS YOU ARE ME
AND WE ARE ALL TOGETHER SEE HOW
THEY RUN, LIKE PIGS FROM A GUN, SEE
HOW THEY FLY I'M CRYING.

EXT/INT TV IMAGES CONTINUOUS

Various war images from early history to the present and then the future. Solders, in military gear, Greek, Persian, Babylonian, Roman, Spanish, French, English, American, Chinese. Iconic images of empires past, present and future..

O.S THE BEATLES (CONT'D) SITTING ON A CORNFLAKE, WAITING FOR THE VAN TO COME

Iconic images of prison complex's and mental hospitals throughout the ages. Some noted "Mad" geniuses throughout history "The Dangerous Minds" being carted away.

O.S THE BEATLES (CONT'D) CORPORATION TEE-SHIRT, STUPID BLOODY TUESDAY MAN, YOU BEEN A NAUGHTY BOY, YOU LET YOUR FACE GROW LONG. CONTINUED: (2)

CEO' Enron types being "Perp walked" and led away to jail hand cuffed before throng's of adoring news reporters prostrating before them.

O.S THE BEATLES (CONT'D)
I AM THE "EGG MAN", THEY ARE THE
EGG MEN I AM THE WALRUS. MISTER
CITY POLICEMAN SITTING PRETTY
LITTLE POLICEMEN IN A ROW. SEE HOW
THEY FLY, LIKE LUCY IN THE SKY, SEE
HOW THEY RUN. I'M CRYING, I'M
CRYING I'M CRYING, I'M CRYING

DEA insignia on a long van of police cars. Police batterramming ghetto house doors. DEA Helicopters spraying agent
Orange on Columbian Coca plant's. A close up of a peasant
farmer with ten ragged big eyed children with hunger tears
dripping and a scorched landscape behind. Sate prison convict
work gangs toil in a North Carolina tobacco field. An image
of a gaggle of yuppies snorting coke, white powder on their
noses one looks up and stares with a stupid grin. We
recognize the person. Image changes to His father as Vice
President with Ronald and Nancy Reagan all standing on a
platform addressing the nation, a banner reads "Just say no"

O.S THE BEATLES (CONT'D)
YELLOW MATTER CUSTARD, DRIPPING
FROM A DEAD DOG'S EYE

A parade of giant Hummer stretch limos, all with massive Oil tanks attached to their hoods, on the tanks, in big block letters "Opiate of the People" they encircle a play ground where a small child and her mother swings unconcerned

O.S THE BEATLES (CONT'D) CRABALOCKER FISHWIFE, PORNOGRAPHIC PRIESTESS, BOY, YOU BEEN A NAUGHTY GIRL YOU LET YOUR KNICKERS DOWN

Roman Catholic priest's being "Perp" walked, with purple cloth covering their faces, before screaming mother's in aprons, beating them with dead loaves and fish's, held in left hands and holding crucifixes in the right hand. Leering, sneering news reporters, with cameras, wearing crucifixes hanging around their necks, like neck ties. The Popes funeral with adoring crowds. The new Pope followed by a procession of Cardinals all wearing decadent robes encrusted with jewels. All too familiar Heads of State, viewing a parade of children, who are marching with brown shirts and arm bands with corporate type logos which read MOLOCH.

CONTINUED: (3)

As the children pass by they turn into armed solders and march into a great mouth with fire, which is faced on the head of a maniacally crazed Uncle Sam.

O.S THE BEATLES (CONT'D) I AM THE EGG MAN, THEY ARE THE EGG MEN I AM THE WALRUS, GOO G'JOOB. SITTING IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN WAITING FOR THE SUN.

The throne of God, empty, in a torrent of bloody rain. Sitting on an English hill side. The words "Empire Lost" flashing in neon. Images of famine, hunger unimaginable human cruelty in Africa, The World. Starving Aids Orphans. An image of a brand new "Hummer" being introduced by "Price is Right" type hostesses. Followed by irate drivers in long snarly LA. Traffic jams. They look up to the heavens and see mammoth bill boards flashing the words: "This is your life"

O.S THE BEATLES (CONT'D)
IF THE SUN DON'T COME, YOU GET A
TAN FROM STANDING IN THE ENGLISH
RAIN.

The crucifixion, three on a hill, with dark ominous clouds in background.

O.S THE BEATLES (CONT'D) I AM THE EGG MAN, THEY ARE THE EGG MEN. I AM THE WALRUS, GOO G'JOOB G'GOO GOO G'JOOB. EXPERT TEXTPERT CHOKING SMOKERS, DON'T YOU THING THE JOKER LAUGHS AT YOU?

Early images of industrialization. Smoke stacks a la Charles Dickens London. Mean Robber Barons, watching over legions of sooty faced factory workers each carrying signs which read: "MOLOCH The Plutocracy" images, cut to a modern corporate office another sign: 'Boredom comes and goes but this job last's forever".in smaller letters down below: "At least, we hope!"

More images, a Chinese, Donald Trump, hosting a Chinese version of "The Apprentice," Hindu MTV "The Real Life" and an incessant stream of celebrity gossip show's tongued by all to familiar commercials of all sorts, selling fast food, prescription drugs, unceasingly hawked by innumerable infomercial hucksters, in every conceivable, language.

CONTINUED: (4)

Wal Marts, Mac Donald 's, Auto land dealerships and an endless stream of shopping malls, drawing SUV, driving shoppers, over a million each day, a jumble of Disneyland and Las Vegas, a shoppers version of paradise and hell, all wrapped in one - nearly three times the size of the massive Mall of America in Minnesota.

The Great Malls, replace The Great Wall and begin to clutter the landscape, super imposed over a map of China.

O.S THE BEATLES (CONT'D) SEE HOW THEY SMILE, LIKE PIGS IN A STY, SEE HOW THEY SNIDE. I'M CRYING.

The map and clutter spreads, cloning itself, out westward, with new massive, major world cities, in formerly under developed nations like India, the former Soviet Republics, South East Asia and the Middle East, begin to pop up one by one.

Each are emitting belching fire and smoke. The belching fire becomes an image of MOLOCH, the god of subservience.

O.S THE BEATLES (CONT'D)
SEMOLINA PILCHARD, CLIMBING UP THE
EIFEL TOWER. ELEMENTARY PENGUIN
SINGING HARI KRISHNA. MAN, YOU
SHOULD HAVE SEEN THEM KICKING EDGAR
ALLAN POE. I AM THE EGG MAN, THEY
ARE THE EGG MEN. I AM THE WALRUS,
GOO G'JOOB G'GOO GOO G'JOOB GOO
G'JOOB G'GOO GOO G'JOOB G'GOO.I AM
THE WALRUS, GOO G'JOOBZ

The sun begins to rise on China's, horizon, it turns into faces we recognize immediately as lord Krishna, the Buddha, Oris and then Adonis Syrian god of love the faces ascend unto the heavens followed by a massive, fire belching cloud.

The music video ends.

INT GODS HAVEN

GOD

There goes that confounded contraption again. It does have a mind of it's own. Always flitting about with endless stream's of dribble! How I long for those golden days of silence. When I was alone. Just me, myself and I.

CONTINUED: (5)

Mohammed, sigh's.

GOD (CONT'D)

But now the voices, and ghastly images of those creatures that I did fashion, have encroached, even here upon my Haven. Oh, but how could you, simple minded creatures, ever know the great traumas and burdens, that I must endure.

CARRION, a large, black, crow, hunkers down on the back of a empty, high back, leather, chair, awaiting the expected guest to arrive. To his side an open large voluminous black book is positioned on top of a wooden lectern. Just above his head, on a table, a pot of steaming tea with two cups, a tray of biscuits.

CARRION

Apparently, not so simple minded that we create creatures that we've come to despise and then are clueless, as to, what to do with them.

GOD

Shush up! You old crow.

INT.- NIGHT - TV IMAGE THE OFFICE OF DR. CRAWFORD CARRION

Dr. Carrion, seated at his desk and upon it a sign reads: "Jesus, kick's it, old school!" Along side it, encased, in a Plexiglas, book stand, a first edition copy of: "Terrorize this! The Guide to Happy Living in This Modern Age" On the cover appears the all to familiar AP photo from 9/11, George W. Bush, mega phone in hand standing on top a pile of debris, arm around a fireman. Carrion's face, curiously, superimposed.

He picks open a Fed Ex box and on opening, two, action figures, W, in a flight suit and an ANNE FOULTER, look-a-like BARBIE doll from a series) "Madam Barbie Media Pundit, meets The Presidents.

Each figure has a pull string. Behind him in an enclosed glass menagerie. The series, Jimmy Carter and toddler girl, Annie Barbie with matching striped sweater's

Ronald Reagan, fondly patting head of Annie Barbie Teen. Annie Barbie, collegiate, enraptured with George H Bush.

Bill Clinton, eating pizza, talking on the phone, chasing twenty one year old, White House, Intern Annie Barbie around a desk. Carrion, pulls W DOLL's string

W DOLL

Mission accomplished, accomplished! All evildoers must die! God told me to strike at al-Qaeda. I struck at them, then he instructed me to strike at Saddam, which I did, now I am determined to solve the problem of the Middle East (Sings) Oh, it's a hard. Oh, yes it's a hard, it's a hard rain gonna fall!

Carrion, pull's ANNIE BARBIE DOLL's string.

ANNIE BARBIE DOLL Liberal's get my gout let's give them all the route. Liberal's don't have thinking mind's just mental disorder's and smelly behind's Oh, I kid those liberal's.

INT. -NIGHT - AN UNDISCLOSED US FEDERAL PRISONER HOLDING FACILITY

Ron yell's out to Harry who has been sneaking a nap in the back room.

RON LONDON

Come on Harry, give us a hand.

Ron moves toward the, cell door Jesus, is still muttering and staring out, baby's potty on head, a disheveled suit, coated in Brie cheese and Sprout garbage.

RON LONDON (CONT'D)
That's right, you'll be as right as rain, won't cha!

HARRY 46, a portly, Irish fellow, enters through a side door awakened from sleep..

HARRY

What's tis all about now? Tis a sad day fer ta working Mon' When he can't saw a log and at tis early time of ta afternoon no less!

Ron, turns his head, his hand reaching out for Langley's cell door and stops.

RON LONDON

Shut yer considerable pie hole. Quit yer considerable belly-aching. Doc...wants this one

Ron, nods to Langley.

RON LONDON (CONT'D) All dun up like a kipper and smelling like a sweet rose.

Harry's, P.O.V. Langley, lathered, in garbage looks pathetically, anything but.

RON LONDON (CONT'D)
Doc, say's, it's top priority,
finding out what's in this
cracker's head? Do what! I could
dub told him, ain't nutting in
that, pumpkin head.

HARRY

Hey, Ron, did ya here ta one about da old judge tat sentences tree guy's ta tree year's in ta Skookum Slammer?

Ron is about to open the door and enter the cell where Jesus, is sitting. He stops and turns facing Harry, who is standing, wearing a wife beater t shirt and a red striped, sleep cap. Harry, scratches his belly as he tells his joke.

HARRY (CONT'D)

One, fer smoking, in da bed, ta second, fer beating his poor, old, wife. And ta turd fer just being plain stupid. Well, when it comes time ta go before da judge, ta judge say's...

INT.- NIGHT OLD BURLESQUE THEATER 1913

Three immigrant buffoons, stand, on a stage, before an equally buffoonish judge with an over sized gavel.

V.O. HARRY

Yer, each sentenced, like, ta tree year's in da can, yea, and I'm gonna give ya, a wee bit of da bitter's, something ta take with ya, ta teach ya a lesson.

(MORE)

V.O. HARRY (CONT'D) So ta da first say's he, fer

smoking in da bed, yer taking tree hundred cartons of cigarettes.

Buffoon #1 is loaded down with a huge, sack of smokes and carted off by bailiffs, to the slam of a gavel.

V.O. HARRY (CONT'D)

da second, fer beating yer, poor, old, wife ya can take her with ya into ta can.

An extremely large, ogreish women, she towers over buffoon #2 is brought before the judge and as both are carted off to the slam of a gavel, Ogre Woman, beats her husbands noggin with her purse...

V.O. HARRY (CONT'D) ta da turd he say's, fer being plain stupid, ya can take the whole Encyclopaedia Britannic, maybe yer'll learn's a tin or two. So when they each get out da one who beat his wife, comes ta da judge, say's

Buffoon #2 appears before the judge with a stunning, honey of a blonde, they are passionately infatuated.

V.O, HARRY

Thanks judge me and me wife have been getting along so well we're thinking about having a wee baby

Buffoon #3 appears in a gentlemanly, three piece, suit, monocle in eye, large book under arm

V.O. HARRY

When da one who was sentenced fer being plain stupid comes before him he say's tank's yer honorableness now I think's I know every ting there is ta be learnt

Buffoon #1 appears as before with the sack of smokes over his shoulders.

V.O. HARRY (CONT'D)

And when the bed smoker appears he places a smoke in between his lips places hands on his hips say's, hey, judge! Gotta match!

CONTINUED: (2)

Guards laugh.

HARRY

Alright where's da key?

RON

Dun need, it's open.

HARRY

How you expect a prisoner ta be dat if ya don't lock him up, proper now?

RON

Ay! Dun know; but dun look like he's going too far,...ah, me babber, know what I mean?

HARRY

Reckon you're right. Easy does it now, tat's right.

Pinches his nose.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Whew! Tat's awful ripe cheese! Jesus and Mary, ta mutter of God! I hate tis f@#\$%^\$\$#@ Shit.

RON

Check ta dumpster, scour it, if must be,Doc said!

HARRY

Oy! What's tat on his head?

RON

Potty Har! Doc wants it off. So....I...take's it off, nice 'n easy like, nobody gets hurt righty'0

Ron, removes the potty from his head blood squirts and sprays out profusely..

RON (CONT'D)

Oh Shit, get back, f@#\$!...Better get back, Har, ya dun want ta upset your sup! Bloody hell!

INT LIBRAY TV IMAGE

CONTINUED: (3)

TV video changes: (NBC CHIMES PLAYED BY ORCHESTRA) a debonair looking gentlemen, dressed in a grey flannel suit with a pipe in hand, sitting cross legged, in a comfy, over stuffed, leather chair, a vast row of book's behind him.

V.O ANNOUNCER Sir Crawford Carrion Presents

TV MUSIC: Theme - Then Under

V.O ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Through the facilities of the
Independent Broadcasting Company
and it's independent affiliated
stations; presents Crawford
Carrion's a radio version of Leo
Tolstoy's tragedy "Redemption". And
here is Sir Carrion, in person, too
speak to you.

INT GODS HAVEN

GOD

Oh, goody, Sir Crawford Carrion, has such a charming voice!
Mohammed, do you not agree?

MOHAMMED

Sigh!

GOD

Pure! Like my own, I might say! Do you remember how my voice, traveled across the void, so dark, so shadowy, and cold? Ah! But, of course not! How could you? For I was alone then! "Alone in the wilderness".

INT -NIGHT - TV IMAGE - A GRAND STAGE

Sir Crawford Carrion, standing behind a wooden lectern, upon it a large voluminous black book on a grand stage addressing an audience.

SIR CRAWFORD CARRION
Ladies and gentlemen, this
performance is our tribute to John
Barrymore who created the part of
Fédya in English.

He, pauses for reflection.

CONTINUED: (4)

SIR CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

It was the first of his appearances, under my direction, followed by "Richard III" and " Hamlet." This was the period that raised him to great heights, a giant among men. A hero of great renowned then he renounced the crown. The inner reason, for this abdication, we shall never know. It was not vanity, because, he had no vanity. But, the one unbearable penalty, of success, to him was repetition. His whole interest, in the theater, was creating character. But once the Character had been created he lost interest.

INT GODS HAVEN - NIGHT

GOD

Yes! I too created the most extraordinary characters and then my interest quickly faded. Actually, I thought it would all end rather quickity split.

EXT. - DAY -FERTILE CRESCENT RIVER BASIN 10,000 BC

Straggles of small hunter, gatherer tribes, having a rough time of it dealing with all of natures hairiness, they begin to band along the basin.

V.O GOD

I made it rather tough on them, I must say, flood's famine, pestilence, locust, that nasty sort of thing.

EXT. - DAY -FERTILE CRESCENT RIVER BASIN 10,000 BC

The forces of nature wreak havoc on the Pleistocene hunter-gatherers.

INT. GODS HAVEN - NIGHT

Mohammed snaps his head up and ...

MOHAMMED

sigh!.

GOD

Great travail in pregnancy. Ha! They breed and breed! And now have become more cunning by the day!

INT TV IMAGE GRAND STAGE.

SIR CRAWFORD CARRION
He will long live as the artist
above all others who exalted our
theater. The actor who touched
immortality and made it visible to
mere anxious mortals. His greatness
will be remembered. The rest is
silence. And, now, we begin our
play.

O.S An Organ plays softly.

INT - DAY - TV IMAGE- RUSSIAN PARLOR

Close up of ANNA PAVLOVNA a plump grand motherly women, wearing high neck, ruffled period dress, sitting in a eighteen century Russian parlour. She speaks in a New York, Jewish accent.

ANNA PÁVLOVNA Sasha how is your sister?

SASHA, a young, plain but stunning girl, dressed prim and proper in period clothes, dawdling about the parlour room. Her voice is soft and sweet.

SASHA

She's been writing something And crying all the time.

ANNA PÁVLOVNA

Why can't she try and calm herself a little?

SASHA

Mother, you're amazing. How can you expect her to behave as if nothing had happened?

ANNA PÁVLOVNA

Well, I don't exactly, But It's all over with now. She has no reason to be miserable. On the contrary, she ought to be delighted at being freed from that wretch, Fédya.

INT. GODS HAVEN - NIGHT

God is throwing bit's of biscuit's to Mohammed, stuffing most of the bit's into his own mouth, garbling his speech as he intermittently watches and comment's on his show.

GOD

My word! A wretch indeed! Good boy, Mohammed. To the victor go the spoils.

Carrion, hunkered and perched on the back of the empty high back leather chair. He is, very large and shiny black with a long pencil, tucked deep, toward the back of his beak, it protrudes from both sides. Ben Franklin type reading glasses hang like an adorning necklace around his neck.

CARRION

Then they, spoil's the victor!

GOD

I told you to Shush!

Carrion starts to flick furiously through the thick, black, book, at his side.

INT - DAY - TV IMAGE RUSSIAN PARLOR

In the TV play: Anna, turns her back to Sasha. She picks up an unfinished SWEATER, the little bitsy matching striped sweater that Little toddler Annie Barbie and Jimmy Carter share, from the series "Madam Barbie Media Pundit, Meets The Presidents Now, she picks up knitting needles she begins to knit

ANNA PÁVLOVNA

If I'd been Lisa, I'd have left him year's ago. I can see through him if you can't.

Sasha turns abruptly toward her mother.

SASHA

You speak very easily of serious things mother.

She continues to knit ignoring Sasha.

ANNA PÁVLOVNA

Not at all. Do you think It's agreeable to me to have my daughter admit her marriage a failure?

(MORE)

ANNA PÁVLOVNA (CONT'D) Anything's better than for her to throw her life away. Well, thank heaven; she's through with him for good.

INT GODS HAVEN

God s extends his hand, reaches down and pat's Mohammed's head but he is unresponsive.

GOD

Yes, he's a bloody fool of a man so good riddance. Good boy, that's a good little boy. Carrion Shush up! I can't hear. Oh! By the way, did I mention, that, Michael and Patrick are bringing Luc, up from the Cold Cellar? He will be here shortly

MOHAMMED

Yowl

GOD

What's the matter Mohammed? Oh, I know he can be such a sod sometimes, but never a dull moment! I do, so hope that he has no ill will toward me. Perhaps, I was, a bit, rash in my punishment? But, he gets me so angry. I do have a temper! However, I must convince him to do this, the last of my bidding, for he alone possesses the cunning skills that will be needed.

Carrion with reading glasses on he begins to poke at his thick black book with the pencil.

CARRTON

I have it! I have it, right here, my search turns up the name's Jesus son of a Carpenter and Barabbas the son of a wealthy Jewish jade merchant, a nice kid, decided to form a band called "The Insurgents". They had a following over in Judea, mostly small gig's, say's, he's good with the "mike", you know, stand up, that sort of thing! He'll be perfect! Look, say's, he wants to get in to management!

CONTINUED: (2)

GOD

I said to shush up you old crow. Oh, why did I, ever, go down to that, garden, that sweet... ah... so very... sweet...garden.

TV static then music changes to, The Beatles I am the walrus.

TV O.S

THE BEATLES

Pornographic priestess, boy, you been naughty, girl, you let your knickers down. I am the Egg man, they are the egg men I am the Walrus, goo g'joob. Sitting in an English Garden waiting for the sun. If the sun don't come, you get a tan From standing in the English rain.

INT GODS HAVEN

God start's clenching His fist's and begins to pound the air.

GOD

Ohhhhhh! There it goes again!

Carrion is reading from his thick black book again.

CARRION

Hey! Say's here that this Barabbbas guy played The Temple Mont and Caesar's, in Rome, that ain't no small change!

TV begins to static and the image changes to inside a church, where a Bible thumping, Sean Vanity as the VANITY PREACHER MAN, stands before a pulpit.

INT DAY -TV IMAGE A CHURCH ESTABLISHING

VANITY PREACHER MAN
"From The Songs of Solomon" Arise,
my love, my fair one, and come
away! For her taste is that of milk
and honey.

Preacher man raises his hand to heaven holding an open Bible.

CONTINUED: (3)

VANITY PREACHER MAN (CONT'D) From the book of Genesis. And, it came to pass, when the children of men had multiplied that, in those days were born, unto them, beautiful and comely daughters.

EXT. - DAY - ANCIENT MIDDLE EASTERN RIVER BASIN 1,000 BC

A rough group of women toiling in the hot sun separating wheat from chaff. Grinding on primitive stone tools with rough, hairy, leather like hands.

INT. ANCIENT JADE MERCHANTS ABODE

A jade merchant works in a room at a desk table with primitive scales weighing jades and placing them into leather pouches. A group of, illuminatingly lovely, young, girls, sitting, by a fountain. They are bathing. A herd of handsome Satyrs begin to charm them with harps, whistles and drums. They pour red wine from casks and smoke hookah pipes. The girls give in to the charms and embrace them.

V.O VANITY PREACHER MAN And, those of the heaven's, saw and lusted after them. And said to one another: 'Come, let us choose us wives from among the children of men"

INT. - TV IMAGE - DAY - CHURCH

Preacher closes his bible puts it down on the pulpit and closes his eyes and recites from memory.

VANITY PREACHER MAN
And, they began to go, in unto
them, and they committed
fornication. And, they taught them
charms and enchantments and
knowledge, about the cutting of
roots, and, made them acquainted
with the herbs. And, when they
became pregnant they bare great
giants, who consumed all the spoils
of the earth. And, when men could
no longer sustain them, the giants
turned against them, and began to
devour mankind.

Preacher man, eyes still shut, raises both arm's he, starts swaying.

CONTINUED:

VANITY PREACHER MAN (CONT'D) "And then the LORD God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man. And while he slept..

EXT. ANCIENT JADE MERCHANTS ABODE

A handsome Satyr and one of the girls become passionate. She rides his back and he gallops off to a meadow, where they embrace and frolic. Nearby, a rough, hairy, toil sodden, Alan Tombs as Adam, sleeps in the dirt. An ancient, sickle, lies before his dirty, calloused, out sketched hand.

V.O VANITY PREACHER MAN God took one of his ribs. And closed up its place with flesh; and the Lord said. This at last, is bone of my bones, flesh of my flesh; He said she shall be called Woman. Because she was taken out of Man.

EXT. - DAY - ANCIENT MIDDLE EASTERN RIVER BASIN 1,000 BC.

Two young boys one hairy and soiled with earth the other a handsome Satyr stand before each other. A snake coils ready to attack the soiled one. The Satyr, raises his hoof. The soiled one, swings his sharp sickle and slays the Satyr. The Snake slickers off..

V.O VANITY PREACHER MAN And Eve, conceived, and bore Cain, and said, I have acquired a man with God. And she further bore his brother Abel. But then the serpent said "Can not thou eat of, all the fruit, of the trees in the garden?"

INT. - DAY A CHURCH

Preacher man's body is swaying side to side arm's fully extended to the heavens.

VANITY PREACHER MAN
And Eve said "We may eat of most of
the fruit of the trees of the
garden; But of the fruit of the two
tree's that are in the midst of the
garden, God has said, ye shall not
eat from them, and ye shall not,
even touch them, lest ye die."

CONTINUED:

INT - DAY - 2005 AN URBAN INDUSTRIAL LOFT APARTMENT ESTABLISHING

TV image changes to a young, handsome Adam living in a twenty first century urban loft. He awakes from sleep and head's to the kitchen leaving a sleeping beauty, Eve alone in his bed. As we view the interior of the loft apartment it appears to be furnished in a de-constructive punk feng shui, manner that boggles the linear mind. A sofa hacked in half, a set of drawers, lying on it's back fastened to the floor, a type writer fastened to the ceiling. He prepares egg's sunny side up, cracking them into three frying pan's which are fastened in a row to a vertically slanted, kitchen table. The egg's Slide downward from one pan to the other finally landing on the floor. Adam seems unconcerned.

V.O VANITY PREACHER MAN
But then the serpent, cunningly,
said 'Little fool ye shall not
certainly die; for God knows that
in the day ye eat of the one, your
eyes will be opened, and ye will be
as god's, knowing both good and
evil and the other ye shall have
eternal life.

Eve, awakes from her slumber, stretch's and rises from the bed. She, is naked. She, stands in front of a, full length mirror, she, happily caresses her, breast's and with smiles admires her, nakedness and beauty. There is much to be admired. She, begins to adorn her, nakedness with a Victorian corset. She, now appears sad, tears run down from her, eyes, smearing her, mascara. She, looks to Adam's, image, through the mirror, sitting in the kitchen staring at the floored egg's. His, image appear's vague and distorted. Eve, walks slowly to the bed and lays face down on the bed exposing her, bare bottom, half naked and half clothed with the corset, Eve, falls again to sleep forever alone.

INT DAY TV IMAGE A CHURCH

VANITY PREACHER MAN
And the woman, saw that both of the
tree's, fruit was good for food and
that they, were a pleasure for the
eyes. And that the tree's, were
both to be desired for the one,
gave intelligence; And the other
gave eternal life.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

VANITY PREACHER MAN (CONT'D) So, she, took the fruit, of tree, that gave knowledge and ate, and gave also to her, husband with her, and he, also ate.

Preacher mans, swaying, start's to become more erratic and frenzied, he, appear's to be in a trance.

EXT.- DAY - ANCIENT MIDDLE EASTERN RIVER BASIN 1,000 BC.

A small tribe of hunters, roam a region in the middle east. Slowly they multiply, they settle in a location by a river bank. They begin to create large fire pits. They begin to fashion huts from mud. They clear an area, on the land with primitive hoes. From small leather pouches they produce seed, which they sow and grasses, wheat and barley grow. It is harvested and straw is added to the mud to form brick and soon more elaborate buildings are constructed. Inside these buildings we see an array of craftsmen and artisans creating every kind of accoutrement. As thousands of years speed frame by the area grows into the modern day Middle East, where on an Arab street, five, women scuttle by, wearing Burkas.

V.O. VANITY PREACHER MAN
And they heard the Voice walking in
the garden in the cool of the day.
The man and his wife hid themselves
from its presence, in the midst of
the trees of the garden. And the
Voice called to the man and woman
and said to them, where art thou?
Art thou hiding? And the man said,
We heard thy Voice in the garden,
and we feared thy anger and so we
hid.

OS LOVE YOU TO THE BEATLES REVOLVER

THE BEATLES

EACH DAY JUST GOES SO FAST I TURN AROUND IT'S PAST YOU DON'T GET TIME TO HANG A SIGN ON ME LOVE ME WHILE YOU CAN BEFORE I'M A DEAD OLD MAN. (MORE) CONTINUED: (3)

THE BEATLES (CONT'D)

A LIFE TIME IS SO SHORT A NEW ONE
CAN'T BE BOUGHT BUT WHAT YOU GOT
MEANS SUCH A LOT TO ME MAKE LOVE
ALL DAY LONG MAKE LOVE SINGING
SONG'S (REPEAT) MAKE LOVE ALL DAY
LONG MAKE LOVE SINGING SONG'S
THERE'S PEOPLE STANDING AROUND
THEY'LL SCREW YOU IN THE GROUND
THEY'LL FILL YOU IN WITH ALL THERE
SIN'S YOU'LL SEE I'LL MAKE LOVE TO
YOU IF YOU WANT ME TO

V.O VANITY PREACHER
For the man and his wife were both naked, but unlike before, now they were both ashamed.

EXT. - DAY - A MODERN MIDDLE EASTERN ARAB STREET

The women go into a belly dance rendition, dis-robing, throwing the Burkas aside, reveling blonde hair, bejeweled, gyrating, belly buttons on Mod Minnie Skirted, mad swinging hips. They dance, wrapping themselves around descending stripper poles before swarthy leering Sheiks sitting in posh outdoor cafes.

EXT.- DAY- 2005 A BAGDAD STREET

A group of American solders hand candy out to an ever growing group of Iraqi children. A Jeep rolls around the corner reveling turbaned youths. They shout Jihad slogans. The Jeep detonates killing and maiming. Later, mothers scream HARROWING, SOUL PIERCING, SQUEALS

INT. - DAY - A CHURCH

Preacher Man open's his eye's they appear demonic, his face all flushed and perspiring.

VANITY PREACHER MAN Thank you Jesus, Thank you lord.

A loud knock on the door

INT.- NIGHT - TV IMAGE THE OFFICE OF DR. CRAWFORD CARRION

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION

Enter!

The door opens the two guards Ron and Harry flank the prisoner, both blood soaked, strewn in garbage, we see the whites of there blinking eyes.

CONTINUED:

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D) Did you find anything?

The guards, hand him a tape recorder, found in the dumpster

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

Take leave.

Blinking, the guards start to leave, as they get to the door.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

Wait outside!

Ron and Harry turn looking pathetic all blood soaked they both stumble through the door side by side, like buffoons they cannot fit. They backup together give it another go and in a classic Laurel and Hardy maneuver get stuck again, they fuss about and finally exit.

Carrion, holds up the tape recorder.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D) I'll have a go at this but first thing's first

He grasps Langleys arm firmly.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

Well, then there you are ole chap, take a seat.

He escorts him to a seat and pours tea from a kettle.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)
There, that's much better, feeling

alright now? Cup o' tea? Mum always said that there's nothing like a good 'cup o' tea to make it all seem right' There now, ahem.

Carrion, leans very close, peering in to Jesus's eye's. As his eye's dart to and fro he grimaces. Carrion, rather sheepishly and awkwardly moves around Langley's, chair, to his desk and sits on top facing him, he stares deeply into his eye's.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

Yes and, now then I am going to ask you a few simple questions and you will calmly answer.

Jesus, looks down with sad eyes motioning his shackled hands.

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)
Of course how rude of me let me

just

He unlocks the cuffs.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

...There much better

Jesus, rubbing wrists, then starts to raise the cup to his lips

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

Everything alright then, . Jesus?.

Carrion, places, what appears to be a 1950 style TV with Jack rabbit ears on the desk in front of, Jesus.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

My disconbobulator, never fails to wring out the truth!

He jerks forward abruptly and grabs Jesus, by the lapels of his garbage coated slimy suit.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

Alright! Pusillanimous, Poppy- Pig, try to wiggle out of this, ah? I'll get to the bottom of this or my name is not!

He cocks his chin.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

Dr. Crawford Carrion, foremost and eminent terror Psychologist and author of Terrorize This! A guide to Happy Living in This Modern Age

He begins to strangle Jesus, now.

DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)

Speak! I say ole boy speak..(Desperately) Now, please! Please speak to me! (Begins to shout) You Must! You Must! Speeeeeeak.

The tape recorder drops to the floor and starts to play we hear the voice of a drunken LANGLEY, he was recording drunken excerpts for "Abomination" his book, while pilfering the bar of DRUID Air's C.F.O, on his ill fated black bag caper.

INT.- NIGHT - C.F.O OFFICE - CORPORATE BRANCH DRUID AIR. GARY INDIANA

In a conservatively, posh office, Jesus, sit's in a high back chair, feet propped up comfortably on desk, leaning precariously, an open window, directly behind him. He is fiddling with a tape recorder

TAPE O.S. VOICE OF JESUS LANGLEY Dame F@#king tape! If I was to dish the dirt. ...I could really make yer reel's spin. Bring down the whole, F\$%@##\$, rotten stink-hole.

Begins to pour a drink from a bottle of Scotch. Jesus, sing's a drunken diddy.

TAPE O.S. VOICE OF JESUS LANGLEY (CONT'D)

Oh 'down to the core of the Old f@#king whore.. we go, we go and nobody know's the woe, the woe

His drunken revelry changes.

JESUS LANGLEY V.O
Oh, politicos crimes, enabled by,
corporate,...slime - Core-pus - Kind
o' Guy. Shit!.

The glass is knocked over. He takes a swig straight from the bottle.

JESUS LANGLEY V.O (CONT'D) Corpus Habana era ! Habeas Corpus! The great Jesus Langley, class of 79' arm's fir hostages, gun running for pompous pimp daddy, Saudi's politicos in the White House

Jesus, Shouts.

JESUS LANGLEY V.O (CONT'D)
Contra Costa Nostrum's...Banana
Republican's.. now, once again I'm
reduced to committing your immoral
act's

He produces a pocket Bible.

CONTINUED:

JESUS LANGLEY V.O (CONT'D) I (hiccup) read: Daniel 11:31 - And arms shall stand, in Babylon and they shall pollute the sanctuary of strength, and shall take away the daily sacrifice, and put forth the abomination that maketh desolate. And fire will come down from heaven and consume them. The devil, who misled them, will be thrown into the lake of fire and sulfur, where the beast and false prophet are, and the torture will not stop, day or night. Forever and ever.

Jesus, begins to sing again as before.

JESUS LANGLEY V.O (CONT'D) Oh, corporate crimes, Oh, corporate crimes, Replicons love corporate crimes! Crimes against nature, crimes against, the little people, the poor itsy, bitsy, little people., DRUID Air, poppy-cock. Abomination! Abomination thus saith the Lord!

The tape speeds up.

V.O. JESUS LANGLEY
What's the matter... Babylon! Baby?
Talk to me Babylon... can you here
me? Babylon, Babylon. I need you.
You dame F@#ing tape!

Jesus, in over reaching for the tape, looses balance the high back chair falls backward, hitting the window ledge, catapulting him out the window. He lands in a dumpster on top of rapidly decaying veggie's and Brie cheese. A neon sign flashes Piggy Wiggly

V.O. JESUS LANGLEY (CONT'D) Oh, shit F@#k Yeow! Oh, shiiiiit!

END TAPE

Carrion, stop's strangling Langley, He turns on the Disconbobulator and a black and white spiral begins twirling

V.O DR. CRAWFORD CARRION
Yes that's right, RELAX! It will
feel good to RELAX, Jesus!
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

V.O DR. CRAWFORD CARRION (CONT'D)
RELAX and get it off your chest, SO
HEAVY, SO HEAVY, I FEEL, SO
HEAVY..speak to me... It is rather
funny, you know, Jesus, how we hold
on so tight, RELAX! Sometimes.... it
is, SO EASY, to SIMPLY RELAX, just
let go! Well, then, LET GO.....go on,
have a sip, it will make everything

A knock on Gods Haven's door.

all right.

Two very young and well hung "Tom of Finland" type boy's with long blonde hair, shirtless, Chippendale string bow ties, dressed in riding gear, high polo boots, wide belt and buckle and angel wings. They flank and frog carry an unkempt, unshaven Luc Barabbas, His, suit very worn, rumpled and soiled in blood. He, is, shivering, hacking, coughing and he appears pale and sickly, slightly frosted.

GOD

Set him there, on the chair, easy does it, boy's

The angel's seem to be highly amused at disobeying God's command as they roughly plop Luc, down into the seat making an extra effort to rumple his poor excuse for a suit.

LUC

Hey, gees, fer crying out-loud, watch the suit will ya? Jeepers Creeper's! Look watcher doing, with the... gees! Come on now! Awe, look at that, will ya look at that. They messed up my new suit

Luc, turns his head to the door and shout's.

LUC (CONT'D)

Ya know, I just got this suit, only a few thousand years ago. It's not even paid fer.

He turns his head and leans toward God. He places one hand covering his mouth ignoring the two angels and in a false attempt, to keep his secret, he whispers loud enough for the angles to hear.

LUC (CONT'D)

Ya know, Pop's, ya ought to, keep an eye on those two.

He nods to angles and shouts

CONTINUED: (3)

LUC (CONT'D)

Eh, boys? Michael fits Patrick and Patrick fits Michael

GOD

Now, Luc! You know my policy, one doesn't ask and one doesn't tell. Run along now boys.

The angels look around in all directions, like excited puppies not often allowed in the main house.

GOD (CONT'D)

I said run along boy's.

The angels scurry off skipping hand in hand and then they vanish into cloud's. Luc, is fidgeting around with the thing's on the table.

LUC

Got any smokes?

GOD

Why of course!

God's hands reaches out and he fumbles with a cigar box set in a drawer under the table. He hands Luc, a cigar. Luc, runs the cigar under his nose.

LUC

Nice stogie! Cuban? Hey Ain't these still illegal?

GOD

I know someone.

God's hand's begins to place the cigar box, back under the table, when Luc, stop's him and grab's a few extra cigar's. God, allow's this and set's the box back.

GOD (CONT'D)

Everything comfy? Now, Luc, my boy. I know that we have had, shall we say, our differences in the past. But...

As God speaks Luc, is fiddling with the cigar's trying to find pocket's in his badly worn and tattered, bloody, suit. He settle's for the best of the few options. He begins clipping the ends, fussing about, generally, in an annoying manner. He places one in his mouth like a gangster and smiles broadly.

CONTINUED: (4)

LUC

Gotta light?

God, once again must fumble for a light. His hand extend's the offer.

GOD

There you go. Enjoy! I would myself but my doctor told me to quit. Thought about taking up the pipe.

Luc, inhales smoke then exhales toward the shadow obscuring Gods face, violently coughing and hacking. God's hand's are waving away the smoke.

GOD (CONT'D)

My word! My boy, you really must take better care of yourself.

LUC

Gees! (Hacking) That's really rich Pop's.. take better care...ya Lock me up in that freezer cellar fer a couple of thousand year's (Hacking) that's really rich.

Luc, is shivering.

LUC (CONT'D)

Why's it so cold in here?

He, leans closer to the fire and is rubbing his hand's.

LUC (CONT'D)

Oh yea! That feels so good, ya know I could really get used to this. Oh yea!

GOD

Hmm! Soon enough my boy soon enough. Now, as I was saying, I am truly sorry... ahem..look I know that we have had our squabbles in the past..

LUC

Squabbles? Hate to break the news, to ya, Pop's. But, throwing, yer own kid, the fruit of yer loin's, down a cold dark cellar and then, chaining and locking em up fer a few thousand years, Eh! Squabbles?

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (5)

LUC (CONT'D)

That's, a bit fluky, wouldn't ya say, ya know what I mean Pop's? I mean, I think, I'd call that sadomasochistic.

GOD

I said I was sorry. It's, just that, I get so angry.

LUC

Well, ya ought a see some body, about that, Pop's.

GOD

(Sheepishly) I know.

LUC

I mean, really!

GOD

(Even more timidly) I know.

LUC

Take a course, in anger management or something.

God, shouts like a child having a tantrum.

GOD

I said, I know, I know already, for my sake, I know.

LUC

Oh, all right! So what's the matter now? It's that earth place again, right? I knew it! Why didn't ya, just, destroy it a long time ago?

GOD

I suppose, I hoped, that they would do it, for me themselves!

CARRION

It was a part of the, original, design.

Luc, turns his head a half notch and squints at Carrion, perched above on the seat behind him.

LUC

I see ya still got the pidgin.

CONTINUED: (6)

CARRION

Douche bag.

Luc, smiles roguishly.

LUC

Ya ought a try using one once in a while. Ya smelly pidgin!

GOD

Rather!

LUC

Well, I could a told youse! It's that broad. Am I right? I knew it! Couldn't keep your hands off the candy!

GOD

Believe me, I tried. Oh, how I tried. But she tasted like milk and honey! They are becoming, ever more, cunning, Luc, for, they have become, like us, made in our image and likeness, possessing the knowledge of good and evil.

EXT DAY - TV IMAGE BAGDAD ESTABLISHING

TV images of Bagdad. Truck's with UN logos, UN inspector's, Dr. Hans Blix, scouring the countryside, seeking the missing nuke's. A barrage of Tomahawk missiles firing from Battle ships at sea and F 16 Fighting Falcons in the air. Operation Iraqi freedom, a vast display of military hardware, hundreds of troops searching house to house. Car bombs igniting, looting of documents from the Hall of Records. Iraqi children crying mothers and fathers screaming holding they're dead and maimed.

EXT DAY USS. Lincoln - May. 2, 2003

George W. Bush in a flight suit on the USS. Lincoln air craft carrier. Over head the notorious banner read's "Mission accomplished" Back to Bagdad: More air raids, smoldering buildings, maimed, dead and crying children. The words "a message from our sponsor" An Exxon/Mobile Logo superimposed on an AMERICAN FLAG. TIE RIBBON with The words "Support our vital interests"

CONTINUED: (7)

GOD V.O.

They have become an Abomination. Soon, they will come upon the Tree of Life and if they should eat of it, they will become eternal. Then there will be no rest for me! Have you any idea, Luc, how their voices ascend, unto my ears, day after day with their endless petitions? Their pathetic plans for the future!

INT GODS HAVEN

Close up of the shadowy face of God, we can almost see it.

GOD

(Mimics Darth Vader) You must go Luc. Go! And, may the force be with you! Feel the force Luc. Feel the force. Go! Unto thy brother Jesus, he is fasting in the high desert. Help him Luc! To show them my Redemption. Help him to stop this Abomination that maketh desolate.

LUC

What's this Abomination thing? Which is it Pop's, redemption or this Abomination that maketh desolate thing that ya want?. I ain't too clear on that one.

God pull's out a folder and takes out a large stack of legal documents, holding them up for Luc to see. He is waving them franticly.

GOD

Look I have all the paper work here, I had my attorney Abe, draw up the contract's, look, right here, look (He reads) I, God the Father, creator of all thing's in Heaven and Earth, and so on, and so on, do here wish to redeem and absolve myself from all further obligation's to said earthling's, here forth referred to as "Them" and to release myself from all due negligence. From all my abominable creation and they're Abominations that maketh desolate etc., etc.,....

CONTINUED: (8)

LUC

Oh boy!

GOD

Show them the way Luc. The way to go!. Your very cunning and possess great political skills. Your funny, witty, charming,..and.. did I say charming?

LUC

Yea, Yea!

GOD

And, this time, you may take on a human form. Look! Where is it? Oh, where...Carrion, you useless hunk of feather's posing as a bird, where did you put the list...the list with the name..oh,...

Carrion, abruptly tear's off a page from his book, with his beak, then hop's on to the back of God's chair and drop's the page in his lap.

CARRION

(As it float's gently downward.)

Old blind fool, lose your head if it wasn't....

Carrion, peer's down and look's into the shadowy void where God's head is obscured.

CARRION (CONT'D)

Ahem, never mind!

GOD

There it is, let's see. His name is Jesus, Jesus Barabbas. Jesus? Now that's strange! Hmm, must be a very popular name these day's. He is a very popular fellow, I understand, likes the throng of the crowd, so to speak. Look he writes "I am good with.. the mike? Hmm! Seems like a very kind sort of fellow, I wonder? Who's this, Mike person? Oh, look. (MORE)

CONTINUED: (9)

GOD (CONT'D)

He write's "I would like to get into management." Well, that's the stuff empire's are forged on...very ambitious fellow..indeed, "I formed a band called "The Insurgent's"... Well, I have always said that youth is wasted on the young. Must of been when he was in college. He does have, a bit of, a spotty past, but; So do you, ha, ha,.. ahem. I am sorry. I mean, who doesn't now days? Well? Will you do it?

God is tightly ringing his hand's together.

GOD (CONT'D)

Oh, please! Please! Pretty please! Say yes! Pretty please with gooey sweetie's on top. Luc, I am at my wit's end. Do this for me, Do it for the Old Gipper. Luc, do this one last thing for me and I will be forever grateful. You will sit at my right hand. You will mingle, always in my heat, and be forever tranquil.

Luc is shivering cold again.

LUC

Alright Pop's. I'll go, I'll do it. Did you say desert? Beats freezing around here. How can I be sure, this time that I get to be this Barabbas guy, I mean the last time I ended up crawling on my belly in the cold, slimy, mud of that garden I mean, I think yer getting a little bit senile in yer old age, know what I mean Pop's.

GOD

Oh, goody, goody gum drops. So you will go, do not worry your little pumpkin head, Carrion has worked out all the finite details, Carrion, is that contraption of yours ready?

Carrion, smiling roguishly pulls a lever

CONTINUED: (10)

LUC

Hey, this Barabbas guy, how's he do with the ladies?

A puff of smoke and Luc is gone.

INT.- DAY - TV IMAGE OLD RIBALD - AN ANCIENT ROMAN PRISON COMPLEX

News reporter ROGER TURGID, a little, bloated, middle aged, British, man is standing in a dark, sweltering, dungeon like facility wearing a sear sucker, suit, bow tie, glasses and a laurel branch crown upon his head. He is sweating profusely and speaking in a hush tone, as if he were announcing a golf tournament. He is speaking to Sean Vanity and Alan Tombs head anchors of THE HOLY CHANNELS (THC) number one rated news talk show "Vanity and Tombs" He is holding a mike with the THC logo visible.

ROGER TURGID

This is Roger Turgid reporting for The Holy Channel. I am inside 'Old Ribald". One of the more nefarious of these, multitudinous Roman prison complex's, slung throughout this stupendous world Empire. I am standing directly outside a holding cell where I can see Jesus, Sean. He's with this Barabbas chap and "The Insurrection".

O.S Boisterous sounds of prisoners squabbling.

ROGER TURGID (CONT'D)
They're bound together, by the
wrist's, to a rather rough looking
bunch of Zealot's and they look in
pretty bad shape, indeed, Sean..
All of them have bruises, and cuts,
sitting in a row with their back's
propped up against a wall.

The sweat begins to pour down his face.

ROGER

Holy cow! One of the Zealot's, he's rather, big, a tough burly looking fellow, Sean, appear's to be blaming Jesus, for something. Oh wait! What's this?

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (11)

ROGER (CONT'D)

He appears to be saying something, something about the ensuing wrath and revenge of the, Imperial Roman Authority. This doesn't look good, Sean.

He takes a hanky protruding from his, suit jacket pocket and begin's to wipe away the perspiration but the endeavour is futile.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Look's like this Barabbas, chap is defending Jesus. Oh, my gosh! a fight is breaking out. Good Lord! It appears that this burly Zealot fellow has just been killed by Barabbas, in the rough and tumble, But it was clearly an act of self-defense. Oh, wait...

Roger turns and look's in the other direction

ROGER.

Sean, I can see, two, Roman centurion guards, they're approaching, from down the corridor. Hold on! What the heck!.. They're, now, telling Barabbas, that he's been reprieved and is going to be released. The other Zealot's, are getting loud, complaining, about something. They're accusing, Barabbas, of their comrade's murder.

OS. Boisterous havoc, object's being thrown behind Roger. He ducks as a large leather boot barely misses his head.

ROGER

Wow! What's this? Jesus is stepping up and he appears to be accepting the blame. This is unbelievable, Sean. Now, they're putting Jesus, into his own private holding cell. Look's like Barabbas, is being released, Sean, oh, wait Barabbas, is asking the guards, if he can be allowed one last word with the condemned prisoner, Sean. They're complying and they're about to have they're last conversation. Back to you, Sean.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (12)

ROGER (CONT'D)
This has been Roger Turgid
reporting for The Holy Channel..

INT. - THC- NEWS ROOM - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SEAN VANITY, ANNIE FOULTER and ALAN TOMBS are discussing the day's unfolding events. Sean, is wearing a gladiators, breast plate, over his conservative, grey flannel suit, matching leather helmet, with a designer chin strap, he keep's a gladiators sword on top of his desk. A seemingly, demur but verbally ruthless, Annie, is to his right. She wears a couture, baby-Jane style Roman Chiton, a Dior, golden, laurel branch crown upon her long, blonde, hair. A lollipop protrudes from her mouth, incessantly sucking. To Vanity's left sits an unkempt, possibly smelly, probably stoned, wild haired and bearded, middle aged, Alan Tomb's, in the peasant garb of a Plebeian, he speaks in an annoying California, surfer lingo.

SEAN VANITY
Jesus is under attack again.

Sean, pick's up his sword and waves it for effect and then places it back down upon his desk.

SEAN VANITY (CONT'D)
On April 18, Jesus tried to tell a parable, at the Temple Mont, in Jerusalem. He was jeered and taunted by the audience. Critics immediately labeled it a hate speech and the High Priest Chiapas even weighed in, saying that Jesus, crossed the line and may have violated Temple policy. So is free speech under attack at Religious Institutions, across this, Great Roman empire? Is it time to get tough on Zealot hecklers?

A close up of ANNIE CULTURE she appears demur, smiling angelically, her golden, Dior, laurel branch crown looks like a halo.

SEAN VANITY (CONT'D)
Annie Foulter, joins us, the author of, what, her now fourth best-selling book, "How to beat the poop out of a crappy, Zealot." First of all, we have a bigger story about what happened last night. Some video clip's.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SEAN VANITY (CONT'D)

We're going to get to that in just a second here, because last night was probably the worst of...

ANNIE FOULTER

Not, really, not at all.

Vanity, appears infatuated with her lollipop sucking.

FOULTER

Not really? Last night was one of the best ones, I'd say. Yes! One of the best.

Vanity, pumps his chest, a gesture, apparently to impress Foulter.

VANITY

I do occasional hate speeches.

Vanity pick's up the sword again and waves it in the air above his head.

VANITY (CONT'D)

But when I go in there, I know exactly what I'm getting into.

He twist's and jabs the sword as if he were making a kill.

VANITY (CONT'D)

You expect the heckling. You expect the protesting. You expect the controversy.

Foulter, is visually amused and excited by Sean's antics, her eye's brighten, jumping up and down in her seat as she squeals.

FOULTER

Oh, it's a lot of fun!

Vanity, smiles, eyes lingering, he is obviously smitten by the little tyke.

VANITY

We thrive on this. We love this stuff.

FOULTER

A good time is had by all.

CONTINUED: (2)

He put's the sword down, and keeping his body posture erect, chest pumped, he leans closer onto his elbow nearest to Annie and now eyeing Alan Tombs in a manner that reads possessive...

VANITY

Last night was really particularly vulgar. And we'll get to that in a second. Why is this happening, though, Annie, generally speaking?

CULTURE

That's a great question, Sean.

Vanity's eyes visibly light up

FOULTER.

And I have to say, I would not be very happy if I were a Zealot right now.

Vanity is shaking his head in agreement.

VANITY

And you know, it used to be that they would stand up and try to trap you in a question, some sort of hypocrisy or something, or spring something on you, you haven't thought of before.

FOULTER

Your absolutely right, Sean.

Vanity, gives her another broad smile, like a puppy dog being told how much of a good boy he's been.

FOULTER

In the old school way at least there was some linear thinking involved. It is so far beyond that now. They're like children having tantrums.

Annie gives a sly smile, then clucks the lollipop.

ALAN TOMBS is holding up his hand with the index finger erect. Waving it, trying to get around, Vanity's imposing posture. He begins poking his finger very close to Annie's face in a aggressive, erratic and repugnant manner.

CONTINUED: (3)

ALAN TOMBS

On behalf of Zealot's everywhere, I can speak for myself at least. They should of let the dude, speak because, when he speak's, the better my side looks. So I would rather have let that dude speak.

Vanity, is giving Tombs, a constant, hostile look. His hand is slowly searching for the sword handle, on the desk, off to the side, while never taking his eye's from Tombs, who stands then sits and then stands again, arms waving with "in your face" gestures..

TOMBS.

It is wrong to attack anybody, certainly physically. The dude was on that stage. He's not a large person, you know? Something comes at you man, it's dark. Having been on stages myself, you know, I used ta roady for, The Fatally Dead, man and people get, like totally, bogus. They don't understand what it's like when you're on a stage. You don't know what's happening man! You don't know what's coming!. Whiz, bang it was a sucker punch.

Firmly grasping the sword handle now, he moves his body in front of Foulter's in a attempt to shield her from the wild man, Tombs.

VANITY

But, the High Priest says, Jesus, violated the controversial issues policy, stating that members and guests are expected to treat each other with dignity. And that's what he is claiming about what happened there. I wasn't there, I don't know what that means.

Vanity looks to Annie, as if, for moral support.

VANITY (CONT'D)

Do you Annie?

FOULTER

I don't either, but neither was, Chiapas.

CONTINUED: (4)

TOMBS

Did he not treat fellow audience members with dignity in His responses?

Foulter, pokes her head out from the protective enclosure of Vanity's body, embolden.

FOULTER

Far more dignity than their crude jokes merited. For instance I'm much nicer to younger Zealot's than I am to you, for example, because I figure you're a grown idiot, these are just young kids.

Tombs smiles slyly wild eyes beaming.

TOMBS

Yea, I can take it. I can handle it. Right?

FOULTER

Right, and your mentally challenged. So in general, I am much politer to them and it seems that their jokes were not well thought out. Stupid really. But I think there really is a problem and if dummies like you want Zealot's to continue in this empire- I don't

Annie takes a tongue swipe on the lollipop.

FOULTER (CONT'D)

Just to give you a little tip: They are being let down by their leaders.

Annie takes another tongue swipe on the lollie

FOULTER (CONT'D)

I mean, they're buffeted along by a Zealot media.

Tongue swipe.

FOULTER (CONT'D)

They have Zealot public school teachers. They go to college.

Swipes her lollipop

CONTINUED: (5)

FOULTER (CONT'D)

They have Zealot professors. They don't know how to express themselves without resorting to crude and obscene jokes.

Annie holds the lollipop in her cheek and shrugs, her shoulders rise fore arms and hands unfurl, palms up like "What's up with that"

FOULTER (CONT'D)

They can't put together a logical thought, whereas you could put a Roman Republican on TV right now and he can debate you...

Vanity's eye's are drinking in the gleaming expression of her wit.

VANITY

Yes, they're very, very, good. Fine, very, fine. As, are you my dearest.

FOULTER

... and they do a credible job. But Zealot's, they throw thing's, they curse.

Vanity snaps out of his suave temperament.

VANITY

Last night, it got particularly ugly. And we actually even have some video.

Two scantily clad and pretty young girl interns, dressed in Chiton's, heads adorned with grape, laurel's roll out a nineteen fifties style TV set with rabbit ear antenna's. They present it as if they were air line hostesses or the girl's on the "The Price is Right".

(BEGIN VIDEO CLIP)

INT. TEMPLE MONT -NIGHT ESTABLISHING

A view of the audience, a rough bunch, like biker's but all dressed in a mismatched array of Roman period toga's, gladiator garb sporting tatoos and O-ring's in the strangest of places, some with shaved heads others Mohawks some with laurel branch crowns others with leather gladiator helmets. They are ranting, raving and roaring in laughter.

CONTINUED:

AUDIENCE

Give us Barabbas! Give us Barabbas!

An argument begins among them. A fight breaks out chairs fly the temple police and some Roman centurions try to gain order two pudgy Scribes run out (To tell Chiapas the High Priest) An obscured view of Barabbas and Jesus, along with some rowdy Zealot's arrested and rushed away by the centurions along with The Insurgents.

An unidentified female sitting on top of the shoulders of a shaven headed biker type, wearing cut-off leather toga and colors that read Hells Angels Judea. She removes her sweat soaked T- Tunic, now bare breasted, she swings it over her head, like a helicopter propeller.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE
Let him go! Let Barabbas go!
Crucify the cowboy king! Shame!
Shame!

The audience begins to chant, like British, football hooligans.

AUDIENCE

Give us Barabbas! Our jolly, goodbabber's. Snuff the cowboy, Jesus, and send him to the gallows! Oh, Barabbas! Barabbas! He's the one for we! He's funny for our money so let Barabbas free! Don't hang him on a tree. Do what? Say what? Don't hang him on a tree. (Fade)

(END VIDEO CLIP)

INT - DAY - THC. STUDIO

The debate get's heated as Tombs and Culture, verbally spar and battle it out like modern day gladiators. Tomb's with his in your face gestures. Annie appearing demure but; a cut to the throat with a verbal slash followed by her interminable sucking and clucking delivers the death blow.

TOMBS

The dude was arrested, like, for what, for telling an obscene parable? Totally bogus! I mean, whoever told it, what did he do that earned him an arrest?

FOULTER

The parable was foul, crude, and unthoughtful... It clearly violated Temple policy.

TOMBS

Not from what I read, nothing we could not repeat, here on cable, man, it's totally bogus.

FOULTER

No, that's not right.

Tombs stands turns around pulls his tattered, peasant pants, down and "moon's" Annie. Vanity, swiftly swings the flat side of the sword, smacking his rear end. Tombs, then runs around the desk, holding his red bottom, one time and returns to his seat. He grimaces as he descends.

TOMBS

But it..(A bit out of breath and smarting from the slap) was.. not an.. obscene parable. It was (A California emphasis) totally, within Temple policy. Why was he escorted out? Why was he arrested, man?

FOULTER

I don't know. I don't work for Temple police.

TOMBS

There were no like, f-words or a-words used in his parable. He said nothing about sodomy. Nothing against the sanctity of marriage or that kind of thing, ya know. He didn't say anything immoral, because if he had ... he would of been struck down by God, Right? Like he totally stood up and...it doesn't make any sense. Oh, and the thing is, the dudes so righteous, Did you see that suit he was wearing? That must of cost a pretty penny, Right?

CONTINUED: (2)

FOULTER

Here is my advice to Zealot's: They should watch the way I destroy your arguments every time you come on this show and they would be fine. I was making this point during the break, to, Sean..

Annie, gives Sean, an affectionate twinkle, with her eye's.

FOULTER (CONT'D)

I think we have got to get Roman Republicans to start putting up their best debater's to show Zealot's and introduce them to the process of linear thinking and logical thought.

TOMBS

I can see the headlines in the conservative Roman press, "Jesus Loses to some Roman Republican."

FOULTER

Roman Republicans are good debaters.

VANITY

Apparently some guy's had interrupted the parable, correct? There were heckler's? A bunch of rebel rouser's, troublemakers? Darn leftist's. I can't tell them apart. I say jail time!

FOULTER

Challenging questions are a little more fun than someone standing up and engaging in a Tourette's Syndrome at the mike. According to eyewitnesses I talked to, someone got a broken shoulder and another got a broken nose. And as I mentioned again, neither of their sucker-punch surprise missiles really hit the mark. They throw like girls.

VANITY

Who told the crude and obscene parable? Who is this Barabbas character anyway?

CONTINUED: (3)

TOMBS

We don't know who did it. We don't know if it was Jesus or this Barabbas fellow or other Zealot's or Roman republicans. It shouldn't happen.

VANITY

Your right.

They both speak in unison.

VANITY AND TOMBS
Thanks for listening. Stay safe.
Stay away from far flung object's.

TOMBS

And flat ended swords. Ouch!.

VANITY AND TOMBS Good Night and have a pleasant tomorrow.

INT. - NIGHT - FAUX NEWS SEAN VANITY'S OFFICE

Vanity, awakes screaming and perspired he reaches for a wet piece of gauze in a bowl and wipes his brow. He lifts a pipe lights it inhales several puffs, his head slowly lowers back on to the table, the pipe smoulders disengaged from his fingers.

INT. - NIGHT - THC NEWS ROOM

The THC logo appears and Sean Vanity sits behind a desk with a guest FABULOUS FLAVOURLESS (FAB) Fab is dressed in a regal Roman Centurion military suit of armor to his left side. Vanity, dressed as before seem's pathetic by comparison.

VANITY

Tonight's great guest is a noted political commentator on our station, a noted author and my dear friend, if I may be so bold, Your Excellence, allow me to introduce to the listening audience the magnificent, the majestic, Fabulous Flavourless welcome Fab to this evenings show.

FAB

Thank you, Sean, it is a pleasure to be here tonight.

CONTINUED:

VANITY

The Great Jewish Revolt what can you tell us?

FAB

Well, Sean it was, really, the first of three rebellions against the Nobel Roman Empire, hallowed be it's name, by those Jews of Judea.

He Chuckles and then he Laugh's.

FAB (CONT'D)

It began, sparked by religious violence, between the Jews and the local Greeks; And it ended when the mighty legions under Titus captured Jerusalem, looted and burned the second temple massacred or enslaved a large part of the Jewish populace. We showed them!

O.S Audience laughing and clapping and hooting..

FAB (CONT'D)

Of course pocketing any amount above the tax quota had been a regular practice.

OS. Audience big laugh and hooting.

FAB (CONT'D)

Which by the way, led to some minor abuse. The tensions rose higher when Rome, oh, how illustrious that she be, took over the appointment of the High Priest.

Fab is looking real pious now.

FAB (CONT'D)

And, lets not forget Sean, when Great Emperor Caligula, may the god's attend to His every command and bidding, in the here after, declared himself a god and ordered his statues to be set up at every temple, the Jews refused, alone in the whole Empire, preparing for armed revolt.

CONTINUED: (2)

A brief cut to the audience all dressed in ancient Roman military attire. Smile's beaming.

FAB (CONT'D)

Only Caligula's death ended the disturbance. The theft of a large amount of money from the Temple treasury by the procurator, who by the way indulged, in every kind of robbery and violence.

A cut to audience shocked in awe.

FAB (CONT'D)

This, of course, contributed to the radicalization and increased the popularity of Zealots, some of whom believed, that, any means were justified, in order, to attain political, and religious independence from Rome.

O.S. Audience sound of laughing and big round of applause.

Vanity, he has been chatting up one of his more comely and extremely young interns, not paying attention to Fab. He seem's overly interested in her very pleasing and pert breast's, which are bulging out of her unbuttoned white toga. He act's befuddled when he realizes he is on camera.

VANITY

Er ..we have to cut to a commercial now. But we will return and continue this most fascinating subject.

INT GODS HAVEN

GOD

Voodoo! I hate these abominable commercials.

EXT - DAY - TV IMAGE - A MEADOW - ESTABLISHING

An alluring women running in a meadow naked, her hair flowing, topped with a laurel branch crown.

V.O. ALLURING WOMAN Get all the attention that you deserve. Be envied and desired Aurora, has the "Body"

CONTINUED: (3)

INT - DAY - TV IMAGE - SEEDY BAR ROOM ESTABLISHING

TV statics and then changes to a scene from the movie "A Midnight Cowboy" Buck and Ratso both sitting on bar stool's in a bar watching a TV hanging on the wall on which an old time salesman speaks.

INT TV STUDIO

OLD TIME SALESMAN

You see, it ain't the product and it ain't the price, no sir, and it ain't even what you sell, it's yer personality it's pure and simple. Why I ain't shined my own shoes or shaved my own beard in forty years,

Old salesman rubs his chin for emphasis.

OLD TIME SALESMAN (CONT'D) How's that? Ain't bad fer a kid ain't graduated high school! And so's that's my golden rule. Make em's love you. Put yourself over and ...why if's they like you, you'll sell em horse shit and they'll think it taste like Prime beef. Yes sir ain't the product and it ain't the..

INT GODS HAVEN

Furling his hand's around a Virgin Mother Mary statue, as if it were a remote control, God is franticly pressing to no avail.

GOD

Please! Make it stop. Somebody make it stop! I want my play!

TV play's music I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN A heavenly host of scantily clad Angel's and Satyrs both young and old, male and female, gather around God and Carrion and the two chair's, Mohammed, moves to the center and sit's up. The shadowy veil is lifted and God's face is discovered, his face interchanges and blink's like a Broadway neon sign first Frank Sinatra with piecing blue eye's and then Bono from U2 with sun glasses, and then again, an apparent, Casper, The Friendly Ghost; But with an uncanny resemblance to good ole George Walker Bush, forever smirking. A splendid golden Victorian frame appears, encasing all, creating a Tableau Vivant.

CONTINUED: (4)

Music play,s O.S. I"VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN Music and Lyrics by: Cole Porter Performed by Frank Sinatra and Bono, Duet's.

MUSIC

I HAVE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN. I'VE GOT YOU DEEP IN THE HEART OF ME. SO DEEP IN MY HEART YOU'RE REALLY A PART OF ME. I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN I HAVE TRIED SO NOT TO GIVE IN

All begin to put arms around each other; s shoulders.

MUSIC (CONT'D)

I HAVE SAID TO MYSELF: THIS AFFAIR AIN'T NEVER GONNA GO SO WELL BUT WHY SHOULD I TRY TO RESIST WHEN BABY I KNOW SO WELL THAT I GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN

They all sway from side to side.

MUSIC (CONT'D)
I WOULD SACRIFICE ANYTHING COME

WHAT MIGHT FOR THE SAKE OF HOLDING YOU NEAR IN SPITE OF A WARNING VOICE THAT REPEAT'S AND REPEAT'S IN MY EAR. DON'T YOU KNOW, BLUE EYE'S, LITTLE FOOL YOU NEVER CAN WIN? USE YOUR MENTALITY, WAKE UP TO REALITY.

Each of Gods eyes beam out rays of blue light.

MUSIC (CONT'D)

BUT EACH TIME I DO JUST THE THOUGHT OF YOU MAKES ME STOP BEFORE I BEGIN WHY SHOULD I TRY TO RESIST WHEN, BABY, I KNOW SO WELL I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN CAUSE I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN YES! I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN.

EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT ESTABLISHING

A young, JESUS Langley, 21, is sitting around a fire, He's dressed up in a gorgeous pearl white, studded cowboy suit, a ten gallon hat, chap's and a full length leather coat. He Is making coffee in a pot. O.S. The music to A Midnight Cowboy is playing. He begins to pray.

CONTINUED: (5)

JESUS

Our Father, Who art in his Haven, and right by his side, that big black raven, hallow be thy name's. Thy kingdom come err (Beat) and that redemption thing be done.

O.S A sound in the dark.

BARABBAS (LUC) is standing in the dark cold and shivering. He is still wearing his tattered, worn and soiled suit.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Who goes?

BARABBAS

Me Jesus.

Jesus turns and stares out into the darkness

JESUS

Who?

Hopping up and down Barabbas is attempting to stay warm.

BARABBAS

Me , Jesus come on kid, it's cold out here, fer crying out loud! Yer faddy sent me!

JESUS

Now, wait just a gosh dang moment Ya said yer name is Jesus, Right?

BARABBAS

Oh boy, a chip off the shoulder, smell the brain smolder, yea kid that's what I said, now, come on, it's cold out here. (To himself) Why is it always so cold?

JESUS

Hold yer horses, and ya said that ya come from my father, right?

Teeth beginning to chatter Barabbas, is frantic.

BARABBAS

Yea kid that's what I said, it's frigging freezing out here, I'm begging ya, have a heart kid. I'm coming to the fire.

CONTINUED: (6)

JESUS

Well alright but move real slow, into the light, and keep yer hand's where,s I can see em.

Barabbas run's to the fire and immediately, in his annoying manner, begins rubbing his hand's and then fishing about looking through some of Jesus's camping gear.

BARABBAS

Hey! That's a magnificent outfit, ya got on there very snazzy, I bet that cost ya a pretty penny.

JESUS

Yaw, might say. But; I don't like to wear nut tin cheap on my back, yaw know? I mean, well, it's just that, my father always said it's the mans cloth, that make's the feller. Yaw see?

BARABBAS

Yea sure kid, hey got any smokes?

JESUS

Nope, but there's some coffee and I bagged me a rabbit, sure is tasty want some?

Eyeing the roasting rabbit Barabbas, is on it in a flash ripping away the major portion.

BARABBAS

Yea, sure thank's kid. Your a real sport.

Jesus, pour's Barabbas a cup of coffee. He looks over at him and grins.

JESUS

Ain't they been feeding ya, where ya come from? So what's this about ya being sent from my Father?

Gnawing away at the meat, Barabbas, is hunched down like a China man, on his hind legs..

BARABBAS

Yea, sure, kid, He just sent me to, err, kind of well like. Kind, of like, to check up on ya.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (7)

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

Yea, that's it, to check up and see how ya do'in that's all.

Jesus, is staring at Barabbas, giving him a look over. It last's for an uncomfortable moment.

Without stopping his, eating even to glance to look over at Jesus.

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

Well, what's up with you kid?

JESUS

Well, ain't yaw gonna ask me?

BARABBAS

Ask ya what?

JESUS

Ask me how I'm doing, silly bean, yaw said my Father sent you to check up on me and to see how I'm doing right?

BARABBAS

Yea, sure, how ya do'in.

Jesus is all excited now.

JESUS

Well, I'm doing pretty fine, thank you. I'm getting ready to go down, at that, big city, down there.

He points to the town light's below

JESUS (CONT'D)

Gonna show everybody just a how they can go get a redemption, from my Father!

Barabbas is still eating, seemingly unconcerned.

BARABBAS

Yea? How's that kid?

JESUS

Well, yaw see I got this act I do right? I tell a story, like.

Barabbas gives Jesus a slight side glance.

CONTINUED: (8)

BARABBAS

Like, a story or an actual story which is it kid?

Jesus, is overly excited now, speaking real fast. He is so intent on what he's saying that he doesn't notice that Barabbas, is mocking him, playfully, using his face to mimic him with comical gesture's.

JESUS

Like that, excepts, I leave out the meaning of the story and I, just kind of, give them a story about how bad they been and let them stew in their sin, fer a while, so to speak. Then, I say he who has ears to here let em here. Sometimes, I'd x-plain it, I mean, the meaning, ya know? But mostly, I'd just say, well, you know, he who has ears to hear. What da ya think? It went, over, really big in Antioch!

Barabbas, stop's abruptly and stand's up confronting Jesus.

BARABBAS

Antioch! Who has ears? Oh boy! Kid, you need management! Sin may draw them in at first, but the real pay dirt's always in the redemption! That's a rough crowd down there! They'll eat ya alive! I mean these guys will chew down on ya, eat ya up, then spit ya out, just fer the entertainment value!

JESUS

Really?

Barabbas, is raising his hand's, in the air. Pacing back and forth. He is shouting.

BARABBAS

Yea sure! They'll make minced meat out of ya! I mean, these guy's are tough and they ain't playing around, ya know? Their robbers and thieve's murders I tell ya. Zealot rabble rouser's, ya know, all out general bad guys.

CONTINUED: (9)

JESUS

Really! Wow, I never thought of that.

BARABBAS

That's the trouble with ya, yunger generation types, youse don't think it threw and that's, exactly, where I come in. Management!

JESUS

Management! Really? How?

BARABBAS

Ya know, I've been around the block, a few times, I didn't fall off some donkey-butt yesterday, I mean, I youst 'ta do stand up in Jerusalem, drew some pretty big crowds too. Played the Palladium, Temple Mont, even Caesar's I know some people. People, that could help ya. People, that could help ya, get yer act together.

JESUS

Yea? Like who?

BARABBAS

Like who? Like, whom don't I know? Ya see, I know these three brothers Andrew, James and John, the Dead Seabed brothers see, and their like, well, their only like the most fantastic PR guys in all of Galilee these guy's

Barabbas, start's to laugh.

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

They Once, drew this crowd, to a leper colony right. And they had this other sap put dark clay all over his body, right? Like a leper, right? And..and, then, they make like there healing him and throw him in the sea, right?

He, laugh's uncontrollably now

CONTINUED: (10)

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

Oh, Lord! And, the crowd thinks that they healed him, right? They had people following them, from miles around! They was renowned! Heroes! Giants, among men I tell ya! Now, that's what I call good PR!

JESUS

Wow! Recon, I could use some, that PR., Stuff. Hey! ? Do yaw, think you could introduce me to these three fellers? I mean, I know that, I mean, err

Barabbas's, facial expression say's "Got ya!"

BARABBAS

Sure kid! Say no more, that's why, ya faddy in His,... ahem,

He look's up, to God's haven with a roguish smile.

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

In all his "Infinite Wisdom" asked me to help ya. The first thing we do in the morning, is we'll go down to Galilee and pay old A.J & J a visit. Yea, sure kid, ain't got nut tin ta worry about, nut tin at all, better get some sleep kid. We start at cock's crow.

Barabbas, starts to shiver and shake.

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

I got, a lotta, ideas. Why's it always so cold?

Jesus, removes his long leather coat and place's it over his shoulder's and sing's Barabbas to sleep.

Music: LITTLE ONE'S SEA CHANGE BECK

JESUS

GO TO SLEEP. WE'RE SO TIRED NOW. ALTOGETHER IN A SNAKE PIT OF SOULS. NEW DAYS, THROW YOUR CHAINS AWAY, TRY TO HANG YOUR HOPES ON THE WIND. EXT. - NIGHT A HIGH PLATEAU -

Barabbas and Jesus stand side by side looking down at the town light's below. They start their decent.

EXT. - DAWN- A MOUNTAIN PATH

Jesus and Barabbas are walking down the path down to the Sea of Galilee separating the desert from the town of Galilee.

JESUS

LITTLE ONE, JUST A LITTLE WAY TODAY ALL WE NEED IS WAITING. NIGHT RISE LIKE THE EVENING PRIZE IN A TURNSTILE BACKWARDS WE FLY. COLD BONES TIED TOGETHER BY BLACK ROPES WE PULLED FROM A SWING LITTLE ONE JUST A LITTLE WAY TODAY ALL OF OUR DREAMS ARE WAKING CAN'T STAND ON CROOKED LEGS I'M CROSS-EYED TO THE WALL.

EXT. - DAWN - THE SEA SHORE

Jesus and Barabbas are stealing a boat to cross the sea.

JESUS

IN THESE HARBOR LIGHTS SATELLITES EXPLODE. DOWN, DROWN SAILORS RUN AGROUND IN A SEA CHANGE NOTHING IS SAFE. STRANGE WAVES PUSH US EVERY WAY IN A STOLEN BOAT WE'LL FLOAT AWAY

EXT. DAWN -THE SEA OF GALILEE

Jesus and Barabbas are in the small boat, which is being rocked by the swell of the wave's on the water. The fog rises from the water.

JESUS

LITTLE ONE JUST A LITTLE WAY TODAY ALL WE NEED IS WAITING LITTLE ONE JUST A LITTLE WAY TODAY ALL OF OUR DREAMS ARE WAKING LITTLE ONE HOLD ON ALL OUR DREAMS ARE

INT. - DAY - DEAD SEA BROTHERS PLACE OF BUSINESS ESTABLISHING

The brothers, ANDREW, JAMES AND JOHN are seated at a long table. Andrew is the eldest, very thin and lanky with long curly red hair.

CONTINUED:

His two brothers, James and John are twins, both very short and pudgy with curly Afro, hair styles and FOO-MAN-CHOO, beards, shirtless wearing matching leather vest,s, pant's and sandals. Also seated, at the far end of the table, is their father, the notorious, Papa "D." He is very bald and sleeping, leaning back in a chair, snoring loudly. The brothers speak in a Yapese, New York, Yiddish accent similar to geese honking. There is a loud knock on the door.

ANDREW

So? What da they vant? An in'va'tation? Come in already.

Jesus and Barabbas enter.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Barabb's! So? Ya nev'a heard of a pen?! James! John! Its Barabbas! Look! And he's brought a friend?

JAMES & JOHN

He's been away so long, nev'a heard of a pen; and now, he's brought a friend?

ANDREW

Barabbas? How long's it been? So who's counting? Aha! Aha! So who's the cowboy? Wow! What a suit!? Not in this life have I ever seen such a suit! James! John! Did ya ever?

JAMES AND JOHN

Look at da cowboy suit! Must a cost a pretty penny.

ANDREW

And the taxes! The taxes alone, could a bought you, three suit's.

BARABBAS

This here's my...ahem... client, who I am pleased to rep. Alleged, in his own mind, to be the next.. ahem.. new sensation. He's going to take this town by storm. The one the only Jesus! King of The Story Teller's.

Everyone start's clapping.

ANDREW

So what do ya do?

CONTINUED: (2)

BARABBAS

I already told ya, he's a story teller!

ANDREW

So? He ain't got a tongue?

James and John begin to and snicker and giggle.

JAMES & JOHN

Yea, ain't got no tongue?

BARABBAS

Go ahead kid, tell them a story

JESUS

Well, yaw see, there was this farmer feller, who had a heap of work ta do, seein as it was the harvest and all. And so, he goes out, look-in fer some workers.

The fellow's settle in. Each intent on understanding the hidden meaning

JESUS (CONT'D)

And, they agree on a wage, of, er, about one penny a day! Which was a, very, fair wage, back then. And so, they start's a work-in, bright and early the next morning. Just a baling hay and milking the cows and such.

One by one they each begin to loose attention.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Well! That afternoon, the farmer happens to see a man standing idol. Yaw see, cause he, had no chores. And the farmer, say's to the feller, "why not go into my field and do some chores for me and after yaw done tell me what your wage is" yaw know, "fir the day" And so at the end of the day the farmer, went into his, field and asked the man, what his wage was and the man said "one penny".

Barabbas, looks around the room. John and James, appear catatonic. Andrew, begins to nod.

CONTINUED: (3)

JESUS (CONT'D)

And when the farmer, gave it to him, the others, got real sore like because he, had only worked a short day and they had worked a long one. And the farmer, said to them "did you not agree on a fair wage?" And "have I not the right to do as I please in my, own field?" For them's first shall be last and them's last shall be first. He who has ear's.

There is a long uncomfortable silence.

ANDREW

Who has ear's? What's this about ear's. And last first? First's last? One work's long? Another work's short?

JAMES & JOHN Nice story kid, but what's up with ear's already?

Barabbas, whisper's an aside to Jesus.

BARABBAS

I told ya ta quit it with that ear's thing!

ANDREW

Jazz it up a little, make em laugh, it ain't funny! Give em the punch line kid, the one two you'll kill em.

JESUS

Well, I suppose

Andrew, get's up and moves to the center of the room. He has on a nice, black, suit and a white, shirt with a thin, black, neck tie, which he purposely unloosen's around the neck. Then he take's a bit of time to tighten the tie, for effect. After this bit of business he, begin's.

ANDREW

There were these two farmer's, and they started to converse one morning.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

The first say's "My Darn donkey got the fits this morn'in what ya give yer"s when it had em last time? The utter farmer, sez "arsenic and hemlock" The next day the first farmer see's the utter farmer sez "I gave my donkey that mixture of arsenic and hemlock like ya told me, but he dropped dead." The utter farmer sez; "Yep killed mine too!"

BARABBAS

That's why I came here, remember the bit with the leper's? I really got ta hand it to ya on that one.

ANDREW

Mud and water?

JAMES & JOHN

Yea! Mud and water

ANDREW

Actually that one was Papa D"s, number. Kicking it old school, right?

JAMES & JOHN

Yea, kicking it old school.

BARABBAS

How's ya faddy anyway?

They both look over to Papa D, at the end of the table snoring away. The leaning chair look's a bit precarious.

ANDREW

I think he'd sleep through his own funeral.

BARABBAS

Well I just thought, that we would add some special effect's

ANDREW

There's always the wedding circuit, turn some water into wine.

JAMES & JOHN

A real crowed pleaser!

CONTINUED: (5)

ANDREW

Cast out a few demon's while ya at it why don't Ya? Nev'a hurt's.

Barabbas, begins to pace the room, back and forth, hand's behind him,. At one point he bump's into Jesus, who appear's baffled by the whole scene. He lift's his head look's up, and stares Jesus in the face and then turn's to Andrew.

BARABBAS

I had my eye on Temple Mont;

ANDREW

Oh! Temple Mont, fancy sha-mancy. He'll need a pimp ride. I can get him a spot on Good Morning Empire, that Mat Louder, kid owes my pop's a favour.

BARABBAS

I was thinking a donkey?

The brother's jaw's drop, eye's bug out.
(All in unison shout)

ANDREW JAMES AND JOHN

A donkey!

BARABBAS

Well...er..It's just that...

ANDREW JAMES AND JOHN

We love it!

All are talking together planning the next phase they talk over each other.

JAMES & JOHN

Hey, what's the name of that leper colony?

BARABBBAS

Yea I figured youse would get it..donkey-butt's understated ain't too bling.

ANDREW

I heard that da Insurgents are back in town, but we need ta work on his act.

CONTINUED: (6)

Andrew, look's at Jesus, he's playing with a finch in a cage, seemingly unconcerned with the situation.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Boy do we need to work on his act. And we need something big, some thing big for the grand finally. Wait I can feel it, it's coming, something.

Suddenly a loud boom at the end of the table Papa D, fall's back in his chair and is having convulsion's on the floor.

PAPA D

Raise da dead! Why Don't cha raise da dead! Ya vant a grand finale? Den why don't cha (shout's) RAISE THE DEAD!

Everyone turn's and then they all shout in unison.

AT₁T₁

Get LAZARUS

INT. TEMPLE MONT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Jesus, is standing up on a stage accompanied by a four piece band called the Insurgent's they look a lot like the Beatles but a bit more pop punk, hair wise, dressed in togas, with olive branch crowns.

They are playing music. A young Mary Magdelene sits cross legged on the floor, strumming a guitar. Jesus is dressed in his best pearl white cowboy suit looking real fine and dandy, a bit scared, overwhelmed at the size of the unrefined audience the brother's have produced.

The crowd all dressed in roman period is made up of a rough bunch of zealots, robbers, thieves, the dregs of humanity. He raises his arm in an effort to see out into the crowd, lights too bright shine in his eyes. He is visibly sweating. This is a rough crowd. The unruliest of the unruly.

The preceding burlesque act, has gotten the crowd in a heated frenzy. They are making fun of the way he's dressed and challenging his masculinity, making wise cracks and throwing stuff. He sing's a little song and then begins a story in his "yaw shuk's" way. But the crowd ain't having it tonight. They are about to attack him.

INSURGENTS playing I WANT TO TELL YOU THE BEATLES REVOLVER

THE INSURGENTS

I WANT TO TELL YOU, MY HEAD IS FILLED WITH THING'S TO SAY. WHEN YOUR HERE, ALL THOSE WORD'S THEY SEEM TO SLIP AWAY. WHEN I GET NEAR YOU, THE GAMES BEGIN TO DRAG ME DOWN, BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT I'LL MAKE YOU MAYBE NEXT TIME AROUND. BUT IF I SEEM TO, ACT UNKIND, IT'S ONLY ME IT'S NOT MY MIND, THAT IS CONFUSING THING'S. I WANT TO TELL YOU, I FEEL HUNG UP AND I DON'T KNOW WHY. I DON'T MIND, I COULD WAIT FOREVER, I GOT TIME SOMETIME'S I WISH I KNEW YOU WELL, THEN I COULD SPEAK MY MIND AND TELL YOU. MAYBE YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND. I WANT TO TELL YOU, I FEEL HUNG UP AND I DON'T KNOW WHY. I DON'T MIND I COULD WAIT FOREVER I GOT TIME

The Insurgents play IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND: BECK ALBUM: SEA CHANGE YEAR: 2002 TITLE: Jesus step's up to the mike.

JESUS SING'S

"WELL, IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND. IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND. WELL, IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND. AND I WANTED TO BE I WANTED TO BE, YOUR GOOD FRIEND. WELL, I CANNOT BELIEVE, YOU GOT A DEVIL UP YOUR SLEEVE. AND, HE'S TALKING TO YOU AND, I CANNOT BELIEVE. AND, I WANTED TO BE, I WANTED TO BE YOUR GOOD FRIEND. YOU'RE ALL SCARED AND STIFF LIKE A SICK STOLEN GIFT AND THE PEOPLE YOU'RE WITH THEY'RE ALL SCARED AND STIFF. AND I WANTED TO BE, I WANTED TO BE YOUR GOOD FRIEND.

JESUS

Thank yaw Thank yaw very much …er my name's Jesus …err …the king….. yaw see this farmer..er feller..like ..er.. now he was a sowing some seed's and

A ZEALOT in the crowd starts heckling.

CONTINUED: (2)

ZEALOT

This guy's, such, a loser when he's making love, ta a beautiful women, he fantasizes, that, he's someone else .His bride showed up, at his own wedding with a date. (Drum beat) He, went, to an orgy, and all he did, was, eat the grapes!

Jesus, like a deer caught in a head light begins to freak.

ZEALOT (CONT'D)

When he calls, a porn line service, da girl, say's, not tonight Bozo, I got an earache. Yea! He's, such, a loser, he can't eat Jell-O, wit, out fondling it first. Dial -A-Prayer, hangs up on him.

The audience is laughing, hooting and howling.

JESUS

Now hold on, just a good dang ...I came here from my father ..ta tell ya some stories ya see and...

A group of RABBLE ROUSER'S start in.

RABBLE ROUSER'S

Ya fadda wear's ya mudda's army boot's. Hey I, heard, they gotta Dial-A-Prayer, fir atheists now. You, call up and, it rings and rings, but, nobody answers.

Crowd, start's stamping their feet and chanting.

CROWD

Rouser's, rouser's, rouser's

Jesus, is shocked and angry at the insensitivity of the uncouth audience and he respond's in kind.

JESUS

Alright, ya want ta play like that. If ignorance is yer bliss then why ain't yaw'll happy?

The crowd is angry and they begin to get violent and crude a PISSED OFF WOMEN take's off her wet, sweaty, Toga shirt and fling's it at the stage shouting vulgarities and does a little dancing jig taunting him.

CONTINUED: (3)

PISSED OFF WOMEN

What, an idiot, Adam, was, God gave him a delicious women. And, all, he ate was, the delicious apple

Some large biker looking Zealot's who accompanied the charming lady, all in full rig with tatoo's and adorned with O-rings in the strangest of place's begin to rush the stage Barabbas, who has been standing behind the stage curtain, coaxing Jesus, run's out and try's to ensue for peace in the only way that he knows. He tell's a joke

BARABBAS

What's the difference between a tax collector and a leech? At least a leech stop's sucking yer blood after ya die.

The biker's, stop dead in their track's and the pissed off women also stop's dancing her jig.

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

And what's the difference between a tax collector and a donkey? A donkey's, got skid mark's around it.

The Insurgents, start up an impromptu version Tax Man THE BEATLES

INSURGENTS

I'LL TELL YOU HOW IT WILL BE IT'S TEN FOR YOU AND NINETEEN FOR ME CAUSE, I'M THE TAX MAN, I'M THE TAX MAN AND YOUR WORKING FOR NO ONE BUT ME.(FADE MUSIC)

The audience, begin's to laugh and to settle down and watch as Barabbas, continues.

BARABBAS

And Roman, lawyers, oy! The utter day I get a bill, from my Roman, lawyer, right? Fifty smacker's, he usually charge's, a hundred.

Audience murmurs in agreement

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

I write him back and say, hey please explain this bill. Well five day's latter, oy!

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (4)

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

The Roman Postal Service, don't get me started, and it said; For crossing the street, the utter day, last week, to speak to you, thinking that it was you but then discovering that, it was not you, fifty buck's.

Everyone, is roaring in laughter.

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

Now take my wife!

Audience, yell's back in unison.

AUDIENCE

Please!

He, smile's slyly, he, know's, he's "got em".

BARABBAS

My wife call's our water bed the Dead Seabed..the last time we had sex she hadda call in a Roman Pentecostal faith healer,...no really,...we still have tremendous sex,...tremendous! (Shouts)...ALMOST every night of the week.

Audience, all fill in the line together.

AUDIENCE

Almost on Monday, almost on Tuesday...

Barabbas, tries to slip away but the crowd cheer's him back.

BARABBAS

Alright OK! OK! Ahem...OK, a Greek Orthodox, a Roman Catholic Priest and a Pharisee,...right? Are taking a walk, down the block, they pass a crowded bar and the Roman Catholic priest sez's boy's, I sure could use a drink.

A drunk man in the audience shout's out.

DRUNK MAN

Yea! I'll second that.

His, just barely less drunken comrades pull him back down into his seat.

CONTINUED: (5)

BARRABAS

He look's in his pocket's and he turns up no dough. The others also have none. So he sez's, I got an idea wait here. He goes into the bar and sets down. Bartender sez's "what ya having father" and the priest orders a whiskey. When its time to pay up the bartender asks for payment And the priest sez's, "Oh! I already paid you son". The bartender sez's, "oh, sorry father, I don't know what's come over me must be that, I'm so busy." And...the priest sez's, "think nothing of it, son." He leaves. When he goes out side and tells the other's.

The drunk man stands up again.

DRUNK MAN

Where's my drink?

Once again he's, not so gently coaxed, to sit down by his, unshapely mates

BARABBAS

They each go in. The Greek comes out and then the Pharisee goes in. When it becomes time to receive payment the Pharisee sez's "Oh! I already paid you son." The bartender apologizes And sez's "sorry Rabbi, I honestly don't know what has come over me today. You're the third man, of the cloth that, I've made this mistake with today." The Pharisee sez, "that's alright son must be the rush, now could ya give me my change from the hundred!"

Loud up roar's and laughter but a few murmur's of disagreement. Their are two pudgy, little, Pharisee's, who work for the High Priest, Chiapas, in the audience writing down every word. Also some of the Roman's are showing disfavor with his lumping them in with what they wrongly, perceive to be a catlike addiction. However The Zealot's are having a hoot.

CONTINUED: (6)

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

Ahem,...I saw old Chiapas out walking the utter day I sez High Rabbi why are we not allowed to eat pork? The Rabbi, he sez. "We're not? Huh oh!"

A drum beat.

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

So, Chiapas, the High Priest he dies right And he goes ta hell. That's if they'll take him right? And ole Satan's there ta meet him. Satan sez's we only got three room's in this joint, to choose from. He show's him room number one, it's huge, has a concrete floor and everyone inside is standing on their head's. Old Chiapas sez's, "well I think the floor's to hard in that one."

Barabbas looks up and see's that a few in the audience are getting offended he presses on.

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

So Satan show's him room number two. He look's in this one and the floor's made of wood, everyone's standing on their head's just like the utter one.

The two pudgy scribes stand up and walk hurriedly towards the back.

BARABBAS

Old Chiapas sez's I don't know, ya see, I may get splinter's in my head.

The two pudgy scribes are talking to the Temple Police.

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

So Satan, shows him room number three, the floor is six inches deep covered from wall to wall in shit, and everyone is sitting in wooden chair's, eating sandwiches. So he sez's "OK I'll choose this one.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (7)

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

At least I get to sit in a chair, like a human being, and eat something." So he goes in, the door lock's behind him, a demon yell's out. "Alright people! Yer, break is over! Everyone! Back, on yer head's!."

Roaring laughter argument's among the crowd. A fight break's out, chair's fly, the Centurions and the Temple Police try to gain some order. The two pudgy Scribes run out to tell Chiapas, the High Priest. Jesus and Barabbas, along with the rowdy biker Zealot's are arrested and led off by the Centurions, along with the Insurgents The remaining audience members begin to chant and demand that they be let go

A WOMAN

Let him go! Let Barabbas go! Crucify the cowboy! Shame! Shame!

AUDIENCE

Give us Barabbas, he;s the one for me, crucify, the cowboy, Jesus and hang him, on a tree. Say what? Do what? Hang him on a tree. Oh, Barabbas, Barabbas, he's the one for me he's funny, for the money, so set Barabbas free, don't hang him on a tree. (Fade Out)

INT - DAY -OLD RIBALD - ROMAN PRISON COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Jesus is laying on his back, head resting in hands, elbows out-stretched He appears as though he were relaxing on a floating raft, in the center of a pool. He is calm and seems to be lost in thought. Barabbas is pacing back and forth ranting on about the apparent injustice of the current situation they find themselves in at the moment. They are having "The Last Conversation"

MUSIC O.S

Artist: Beck Album: SEA CHANGE YEAR: 2002 TITLE: ALREADY DEAD:

O.S MUSIC

TIME WEARS AWAY ALL THE PLEASURES
OF THE DAY. ALL THE TREASURES YOU
COULD HOLD. DAYS TURN TO SAND
LOSING STRENGTH IN EVERY HAND. THEY
CAN'T HOLD YOU ANYMORE.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (8)

O.S MUSIC (CONT'D)
ALREADY DEAD TO ME NOW (REPEAT)
CAUSE IT FEELS LIKE I'M WATCHING
SOMETHING DIE. LOVE LOOKS AWAY IN
THE HARSH LIGHT OF THE DAY. ON THE
EDGE OF NOTHING MORE. DAYS FADE TO
BLACK, IN THE LIGHT OF WHAT THEY
LACK NOTHING'S MEASURED BUT WHAT IT
NEEDS. ALREADY DEAD TO ME NOW
BECAUSE IT FEELS LIKE I'M WATCHING
SOMETHING DYING

BARABBAS

It ain't fair, it just ain't fair, I tell ya! That guy had it coming am I right? He was a big baboon who had it coming! And they know it! Am I right? Hey! What's up with you?

Barabbas, looks over to Jesus who is staring up at the ceiling

JESUS

Oh! Nothing I was just thinking, that's all.

Jesus, continues to stare upwards. Barabbas, begins to speak very gently and with great empathy.

BARRABAS

So what's ta think about? Oh! Yea sure (beat) this is a bit of a.. pickle, ahem,.. yer a real stand up kind a guy, I mean... I suppose ya got a lot ta think about I'll leave, if ya want. I don't know, kid, that's why's I'm asking, really, I'm here for ya!

JESUS

Oh! OK well did yaw ever notice that when a ceiling cracks up like, it never follows a straight line? They always, the cracks that is, seem to go here, there, an every which way; But never in a straight line. Now, ain't that funny?

Barabbas, gives Jesus a look, that reads "Duh!" He speaks sardonically.

BARABBAS

Remind me again why I should care about this new revelation.

CONTINUED: (9)

Jesus, still staring upward.

JESUS

Oh! I didn't say nothing about you should care, Barabbas. Just said it cause, yaw asked me and cause it's the truth!

BARABBAS

Oh, now we get a few thing's about the truth. Hey, who's truth are we talking about here.

JESUS

Silly bean, my Father's truth, there, ain't none other!

BARABBAS

Oh! Yer fadda's truth! That's a good one (scoffs) I could tell ya few things about yer faddy, so, what did he tell ya? Just, what, exactly, did he say ta get ya down here ? I mean what's in this fer you

JESUS

Silly bean, I, already, told yaw, tell stories and show them,

His eyes flick toward the other cell holding the Zealots

JESUS (CONT'D)

the "Way" that, they should go and, get that, thaw, Redemption. I gotta admit, though, that's, the part I don't get; But, I recon, that, He knows,

His, eyes and head nod to indicate up above.

JESUS (CONT'D)

I mean, in His Infinite Wisdom and all right?

BARRABAS

Boy kid, He's really got the wool twisted, over, yer eyes. So, again I said what, do ya get outta this?

CONTINUED: (10)

JESUS

He said, I get's ta sit right at the foot of His Throne and 'Dwell in His heat and be forever tranguil!" Ain't that nice?

BARABBAS

"You will mingle always in my heat And be forever tranquil" Gees! That's, what, He promised me! I hate ta be the one, ta break, the news kid; But there's, a great big "Were Wolf"

A wolf howl's O.S

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

sitting at the foot of His Throne and it ain't too friendly neither. Look,

Barabbas, moves close and looks Jesus square in the eyes.

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

I guess, I should a told ya this back when we first met, see, yer fadda, sent me here ta take care a thing's cause he didn't think ya could do it! Do ya see where this is going? He just wants ta stop feeling guilty, fer all the pain, and suffering He's created. I mean, how ya gonna tell stories, hanging, from a tree?

Jesus, without batting an eye.

JESUS

Yea, I guess I should of figured as much. Hey! Barabbas?

Barabbas, almost tearing up.

BARABBAS

Yea, sure what's it now, kid.

Jesus, is all excited again.

JESUS

Yaw, could tell the stories, I mean, that is, if yaw want.

CONTINUED: (11)

BARABBAS

That's it! (SHOUTS) I could tell the stories. It'll be the greatest story ever told! I'll make that "Haven" of His sound so great everybody...they'll be dying ta get in. (LAUGHS) Now, we need, something big, here I mean, every acts gotta have a gimmick, right!

JESUS

Thar's that LAZARUS feller, Papa "D" mentioned, when we was back in Galilee, Remember, he said "Raise da dead "

BARABBAS

Raise da dead! Why didn't I think of that? They're gonna be saying your name from here till kingdom come kid. I'm gonna take the Avocado seed and nail it to the roof! That'll fix Him! Come-on we ain't got time ta spare!

Barabbas, is crazily searching for a pen.

BARABBAS (CONT'D)

We gotta get this stuff down on paper! Oh! Where's, a pen, when ya need it!

A loud RUSTLE outside Carrion, has landed outside on a window ledge he has a smaller version, a travel companion, of his large black book and a shiny new, black pen to match.

CARRION

Let's, get ready, to rumble

Uncle John's Band Lyrics: Robert Hunter Music: Jerry Garcia

CARRION (CONT'D)

WELL THE FIRST DAYS ARE THE HARDEST DAYS, DON'T YOU WORRY ANY MORE CAUSE WHEN LIFE LOOKS LIKE EASY STREET, THERE IS DANGER AT YOUR DOOR. THINK THIS THROUGH WITH ME, LET ME KNOW YOUR MIND. OH, OH, WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, ARE YOU KIND?

Barabbas and Jesus are smiling they hug and begin to dance.

CONTINUED: (12)

CARRION.

IT'S A BUCK DANCER'S CHOICE MY FRIEND, BETTER TAKE MY ADVICE. YOU KNOW ALL THE RULES BY NOW, AND THE FIRE FROM THE ICE. WILL YOU COME WITH ME, WON'T YOU COME WITH ME? WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, WILL YOU COME WITH ME.

Carrion is tapping his claw and swaying with the beat poking his head, back and forth, in a jerky motion, he's kicking it old School.

CARRION

GOD DAMN, WELL I DECLARE, HAVE YOU SEEN THE LIKE? THEIR WALLS ARE BUILT OF CANNON BALLS THEIR MOTTO IS "DON'T" TREAD ON ME" COME HEAR UNCLE JOHN'S BAND, PLAYING TO THE TIDE COME WITH ME OR GO ALONE HE'S COME TO TAKE HIS CHILDREN HOME

As Carrion, sings both Jesus and Barabbas point fingers at him in time to the music, they're laughing hysterical a cut to the beat up Zealots propped up against the wall they're growling

CARRION (CONT'D) IT'S THE SAME STORY THE CROW TOLD ME, IT'S THE ONLY ONE HE KNOW'S LIKE THE MORNING SUN YOU COME AND LIKE THE WIND YOU GO AIN'T NO TIME TO HATE, BARELY TIME TO WAIT. OH, OH, WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, WHERE DOES THE TIME GO? I LIVE IN A SILVER MINE AND I CALL IT BEGGARS TOMB I GOT ME A VIOLIN AND I BEG YOU CALL THE TUNE ANYBODY'S CHOICE I CAN HEAR YOUR VOICE OH, OH, WHAT I WANT TO KNOW HOW DOES THE SONG GO COME HEAR UNCLE JOHN'S BAND, PLAYING TO THE TIDE COME WITH ME OR GO ALONE HE'S COME TO TAKE HIS CHILDREN HOME [THE END]

(EXIT MUSIC BEGINS) "HEROES" - THE SONG

WORDS BY DAVID BOWIE. MUSIC BY DAVID BOWIE AND BRIAN ENO.

LYRICS

I, I WISH YOU COULD SWIM

CONTINUED: (13)

LIKE THE DOLPHINS, LIKE, DOLPHINS CAN SWIM

THOUGH NOTHING, NOTHING, WILL KEEP US TOGETHER

WE, CAN BEAT THEM, FOREVER AND EVER

OH, WE CAN BE HEROES, JUST FOR ONE DAY

I, I WILL BE KING AND, YOU, YOU WILL BE QUEEN.

THOUGH, NOTHING, WILL DRIVE THEM AWAY

WE CAN BE HEROES, JUST FOR ONE DAY

WE CAN BE US, JUST FOR ONE DAY

I, I CAN REMEMBER (I REMEMBER)

STANDING, BY THE WALL (BY THE WALL)

AND THE GUNS, SHOT OVER OUR HEADS (OVER OUR HEAD'S)

AND WE KISSED, AS THOUGH NOTHING WOULD FALL (NOTHING WOULD FALL)

AND THE SHAME, WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE

OH WE CAN BEAT THEM, FOREVER AND EVER

THEN WE COULD BE HEROES, JUST FOR ONE DAY

WE CAN BE HEROES

WE CAN BE HEROES

WE CAN BE HEROES

JUST FOR ONE DAY

WE CAN BE HEROES

WE'RE NOTHING, AND NOTHING WILL HELP US

MAYBE WE'RE LYING, THEN YOU BETTER NOT STAY

BUT WE COULD BE SAFER, JUST FOR ONE DAY OH-OH OHOO

[EXIT MUSIC] TOUCH OF GREY GRATEFUL DEAD

MUST BE GETTING EARLY, CLOCKS ARE RUNNING LATE. PAINT MY LOVE A MORNING SKY, LOOK'S SO PHONEY. DAWN IS BREAKING EVERYWHERE, LIGHT A CANDLE, CURSE THE GLARE. CONTINUED: (14)

DRAW THE CURTAINS I DON'T CARE, CAUSE IT'S ALL RIGHT. I WILL GET BY, I WILL GET BY, I WILL GET BY, I WILL SURVIVE. I SEE YOU'VE GOT YOUR LIST OUT, SAY YOUR PIECE AND GET OUT. GUESS I GET THE GIST OF IT, BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT SORRY THAT YOU FEEL THAT WAY. THE ONLY THING THERE IS TO SAY. EVERY SILVER LININGS GOT A TOUCH OF GREY. I WILL GET BY, I WILL GET BY, I WILL GET BY, I

IT'S A LESSON TO ME, THE EAGLE'S THE BEGGARS AND THE THIEVES.

THE A B C'S WE ALL MUST FACE, JUST TRY TO KEEP A LITTLE GRACE. IT'S A LESSON TO ME, THE DELTA'S IN THE EAST AND THE FREE'S

THE A B C' S WE ALL THINK OF, JUST TRY TO WIN A LITTLE LOVE.

I KNOW THE RENT IS IN ARREARS, THE DOG HAS NOT BEEN FED IN YEARS IT'S EVEN WORSE THAN IT APPEARS, BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT. COW IS GIVING KEROSENE, KID CAN'T READ AT SEVENTEEN. THE WORDS HE KNOWS ARE ALL OBSCENE, BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT I WILL GET BY, I WILL GET BY, I WILL SURVIVE. SHOE IS ON THE HAND THAT FITS, THAT'S ALL THERE REALLY IS TO IT. WHISTLE THROUGH YOUR TEETH AND SPIT, BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT OH WELL A TOUCH OF GREY, KIND A SUITS YOU ANYWAY, THAT'S ALL I HAD TO SAY, BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT I WILL GET BY, I WILL GET BY, I WILL GET BY, I WILL GET BY, WE WILL GET

All complaints and or criticism may be mailed directly with a self addressed, stamped envelope, there fore assuring the utmost confidentiality. How ever, all adoration to Blew Karma Publications:

The Author is currently in hiding.