

# THE OUTSOURCING JESUS

(a postmodern -- or post mortem -- parable)

by Ron Micci

In a world of shrinking job expectations, our Lord and Savior  
is always available for free consultations.

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FADE IN:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A great glass structure in the big city that has come to symbolize the Corporate Entity.

INT. OFFICE

A series of shots of office drones busy in their little cubicles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the new, more progressive open-source scheme of office politics, where management and rank and file were encouraged to mingle freely, the great jackboot of the Corporate Entity was omnipresent -- and, I might add, not entirely friendly.

CLOSE ON a large, menacing man -- THE BOSS -- as he appears and approaches the desk of one of his minions, ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

The Boss taps him on the shoulder.

THE BOSS

Pack up your crayons, sweetheart, you're fired.

(gloating)

I hope you enjoyed your vacation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Stunned if not shocked into the terrifying realization that he was being flung into the mean streets, Mac operator Alexander the Great displays a look of bewilderment and confusion.

THE BOSS

Of course, "fired" might not be the proper word. We prefer to use the term "outsourced." Your job is being shipped to some underpaid office slave in Southeast Asia. It's different there -- they eat breadsticks. Goodbye.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT - LIBERTY STATE PARK

LONG SHOT from behind of Alex standing at the edge of the water, gazing forlornly into the distance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bereft, adrift, our highly skilled Mac operator knows not what to do, compelled as he must now be to search for answers, and so he turns for guidance to a higher force -- the God he believes to be his creator. Not entirely oblivious, of course, to the fact that he was more probably the product of a night of fevered carnal fornication.

Alex cups his hands in prayer, mumbles "Our Father," etc.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yes, poised at the edge of the waterfront, he confronts his great and benevolent maker -- not on some sacred, olive-groved mount, but rather on the unseemly banks of none other than Jersey City, New Jersey, which, I might add, is not exactly the Garden of Eden.

CLOSE-UP SHOOTING FROM SLIGHTLY BELOW of Alex's face staring numbly into the distance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But his prayers and beseechments such as they are appear to fall upon deaf ears, as instead of the Lord and Savior he had hoped to kibitz with, he is confronted by what would appear to be none other than a mountebank impersonating our Lord and Savior, dressed however smartly in flowing robes.

Alex turns, confronts the OUTSOURCING JESUS. This guy is the spitting image of our Lord and Savior, dressed in sweeping white robes.

OUTSOURCING JESUS

(re: robes)

Nice, huh?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Indeed, rather than our Lord and Savior and miraculous champion of the poor and meek, the person he now confronts would seem to be some lunatic imposter lately escaped from an insane asylum. But unlikely as it may seem, our Jesus wannabe was no crazy man after all, dressed though he was for a costume ball some 2,000 years too late. No, before our humble Mac operator now stood the one and only great god of his hopes and dreams -- the Outsourcing Jesus.

OUTSOURCING JESUS

(Cheshire smile)

And ah'm just loaded with sage advice.

ALEX

This is weird -- this is freakin' weird.

OUTSOURCING JESUS

I may look like some escapee from a lunatic asylum, but I'm not. I am the Great God of Outsourcing -- your own personal Outsourcing Jesus. To wit, ah'm da man.

Several beats.

ALEX

Look, bad things are happening, real bad things, and I don't have time for quacks.

OUTSOURCING JESUS

I wouldn't dream of wasting your time, baby. Be not afraid.

(off a skeptical look)

Yes, bad things will happen to you. To wit, your wife will be outsourced -- your children. Your toiletries, and everything you hold dear -- the hasps on your doors, your underwear, even your dirty socks will be shipped to a foreign land. Indeed, everything you cherish and hold dear will be stripped away. Of course, much of this could easily be replaced by a trip to your local Army and Navy store.

(MORE)

OUTSOURCING JESUS (cont'd)

Even the old photographs of your Aunt Mabel that you hold dear will be crated and carted to a far-off land. You'll be left naked and abandoned, a pathetic and lonely mortal, but not to worry. No, be not afraid, my child, for you're in luck -- your own personal Outsourcing Jesus is here. I'm more dependable than Midas Mufflers at half the price.

ALEX

But -- ???

OUTSOURCING JESUS

If you're wondering where your entire life is being shipped, think Bangladesh.

A contemplative pause.

ALEX

Look, these things shouldn't be happening to me -- I've always been a good person.

OUTSOURCING JESUS

True, but need I remind you that no good deed goes unpunished. If you're wondering what the climate is like over there, think rain, lots of rain.

A pause.

ALEX

What am I going to do?

OUTSOURCING JESUS

You're going to take advantage of the benefits of my wisdom courtesy of a free consultation. Well, not exactly free -- I take cash, checks and American Express. But not to worry -- my advice, sage beyond reason, will lead you out of the darkness into the light of a new day. I also do a mean Groucho imitation.

(a beat)

Yes, I am the great god of outsourcing, your own personal Outsourcing Jesus.

(MORE)

OUTSOURCING JESUS (cont'd)

Together, we shall go into the wilderness and seek the answers to your questions. The wilderness, in this case, being the Dunkin' Donuts on Journal Square. Shall we?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so, into the wilderness they would go. The wilderness as it were smack dab in the squalid midst of downtown Jersey City, New Jersey.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LUNCH COUNTER - DUNKIN' DONUTS

Alex and the Outsourcing Jesus talk, over donuts and coffee.

ALEX

They said I'm being outsourced -- is that like some sort of out of body experience? I mean, if the job I'm performing is somehow being shipped over there, but my physical vehicle remains here -- doesn't that mean I'm having an out-of-body experience?

This elicits an amused smile.

OUTSOURCING JESUS

I don't know about you, but it's been a long time since I -- dunked -- my donuts.

Several beats as they dunk their donuts, shove them in their mouths.

OUTSOURCING JESUS

Now, where were we?

ALEX

I have bills to pay. If this keeps up, I'll lose my wife and children and be forced to wander the land. My whole life has been destroyed by some idiotic jerk in a business suit.

OUTSOURCING JESUS

Indeed, the Corporate Entity, an outsized jerk who learned to steal and swindle long before he learned his ABCs, has made a move against

(MORE)

OUTSOURCING JESUS (cont'd)  
 your person. But be not afraid, my  
 child -- your Lord and Savior, who  
 works in mysterious ways, has come  
 to your aid.

(re: donut)

Mmmmm, these are delicious. No more  
 moldy crusts of bread for me. . .  
 Don't worry, the entity who lately  
 showed you your walking papers, like  
 many another overpaid incompetent  
 corporate jerk, has endured a sudden  
 and paralyzing stroke. His brain is  
 now a pulp of useless vegetable  
 matter. The company is being sold.  
 But it can't be sold unless it  
 possesses value -- and that value  
 can only be equated in human capital,  
 and that means you. Check your  
 answering machine -- you've been  
 hired back at twice the pay. You'll  
 have to clean up your act, though,  
 and learn how to suck up to corporate  
 idiots. As for the poor fellow in  
 Bangladesh from whom you've stolen  
 back your job, he shall live out his  
 life in a meager and desperate way,  
 kneading rice patties in a meat  
 processing plant. Your Outsourcing  
 Jesus may be just, but he's not THAT  
 just.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT - LIBERTY STATE PARK

Once again, the lone figure of Alex can be seen standing in  
 the distance by the waterfront. It is late in the afternoon.  
 His hands are humbly folded in prayer.

ALEX

Was this all a dream? . . .  
 Bangladesh? My door hinges being  
 stolen? The world has gone crazy --  
 or is it merely populated by a bunch  
 of rich, greedy, godless corporate  
 idiots?

OUTSOURCING JESUS (V.O.)

The latter, my friend. The latter.

Alex whips out his cell phone, punches in.

ALEX  
(into phone)  
Judy?

JUDY (V.O.)  
Alex, baby, we've been trying to reach you, where have you been? You're back, baby, you're in. Fatso croaked. We got your desk cleaned up, ready and waiting. It's gonna be different from now on, very different. Come home to mama, baby.

ALEX  
It's true!

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And so it was written on the winds of a Dunkin' Donuts counter in the Year of Our Lord 2021 -- that in the great scheme of human enterprise, what goes around comes around. Indeed, owing to the great wheel of karmic destiny, a man's dignity is still worth more than that of some heartless, privileged asshole whose only concern is getting his kid into Yale. The Outsourcing Jesus had delivered a message of hope and dignity to a poor, blighted mankind once again.

OUTSOURCING JESUS  
That'll be fifty bucks, please -- cash on the barrel.

Alex turns, confronts the Outsourcing Jesus, whose hand is outstretched. Alex roots for the money in his pocket, slaps the cash in Jesus's hand.

OUTSOURCING JESUS  
(Cheshire grin)  
We don't charge extra for tax.

He bows, vanishes in a poof of smoke. Alex throws subtle, suspicious looks left and right. Turns out his empty pockets. Shrugs.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal his lone figure on the waterfront, a mere silhouette in the distance.

FADE OUT.

-THE END-