

MARY

Or

Come Again

by

David Simpatico

"A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower
and Agamemnon dead."

"Leda and the Swan"
W.B. Yeats

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**To Samuel Atticus Arkin
Born
March 26th, 1998
with
Love and Hope
for a
Wondrous, Full Life
in
The Age of Miracles**

PROLOGUE: REV. JIMMY

Times Square: The corner of Broadway and 45th Street. Outside the mammoth Marriott Marquis Hotel.

Hordes of people jam the street, each pursuing their own urgent agendas. Tourists clog the sidewalks like blood-clots in the arteries of the city: gawking at the buildings, staring at foldout maps, racing to see THE LION KING.

Police barricades barely reign in the loud mix of protesting groups: Pro Israeli, Pro Palestinian, Pro War, Pro Peace, Preachers, Racist Hate Groups, Anti-Abortion Groups, Gay Activist Groups and an endless assortment of GROUPS WITH A MESSAGE bombard the sound-scape like a chaotic symphony of social unrest.

In the middle of the chaos, stands REV. JIMMY, a lone man lost deep in concentration. He holds a Mr. Microphone, attached to his portable luggage carrier. A large cardboard sign behind him reads "CAN YOU HEAR ME, LORD?" A sudden burst of inspiration and the Rev. Jimmy wails into the microphone, talking to the curious tourists. His descant rises above the chaos.

REV. JIMMY

Calling all sinners, calling all sinners, be on the look-out for one Jesus H. Christ, male Caucasian, 33 years of age, brown hair, brown eyes, brown beard, brown mustache, holes in hands and feet. Is said to be the one true source of hope that can free you from the shackles of your current sinning ways. Sing praises hallelujah Amen.

Brothers and Sisters, I am here to tell you all plainly that all notions and theories about God being merciful apart from and except through Christ are merely the deluded justifications of the morally bankrupt, and to them, I must say, "LIAR LIAR SOUL ON FIRE."

Praise God

Now, sinners want to believe that Christ is all forgiving, but all I can say to that is NO HE IS NOT. And why should he

be. I certainly am not. And I am made in his divine image.
This is the blessed Law of Heavenly Logic.

Praise God.

Yes, Christ is love, brothers and sisters, but Christ is also hate. He is vile, eternally scorching hate that rots the soul and blisters the flesh like a salacious strip of Sizzlelean until the very Day of Judgment. Sinners have got to understand that without the love of Christ, they are booked into reservations on the Lake of Fire, doomed to spend all eternity in the bungalows of Satan's Swinging Singles' Celebrity Shake 'N Bake Shack.

Hallelujah.

The Hate of Christ was born as he hung suspended on the Tree of Pain, on the Hill of Golgotha, on the Mount of Calvary. His hairless swimmer's body was spiked into the cross, his skull pierced by a crown of thorns, his shoulders dislocated, his ribcage punctured and smothered his lungs. Streams of blood oozed forth from the wounds in his side, it flowed down his bronzed and sweat-drenched body, down over the meager loin cloth covering his unsullied sexual organ, down over his moderately well-built thighs, and come to rest in the holes of his proportionately large, stigmated feet. The Hate of Christ was born as he hung suspended in pain, staring into the faces of the Children of Satan, into the faces of the killers and haters of Christ, into the faces of Alcoholics, Drug Addicts, Abortionists, Lesbians, and Homosexuals.

Each time Rev. Jimmy says the word, "homosexual" he pounds his chest. Sing praises.

Each drop of Boonesfarm Plum Apple Wine Cooler brings
the alcoholic that much closer to an early and open
grave,no deposit, no return.

Each needle in the arm dangles the drug addict that much
more precariously over the ever-widening Crack 'O Doom.

Each scrape scrape scrape of the Abortionist's tool nullifies
and eradicates the Heavenly inspired fission of egg and
yolk.

Each lesbianic womb that lies fallow and unused insults the
blessed sacrament of thy womb Jesus' own Holy Mother
Mary's Immaculate Conception.

And each monstrous homosexual union not only wastes the
divine gift of semen on the filthy reservoir of a fellow
man's heine bone bowels, but also spreads the plague of
AIDS further and further and further into our own
communities,sending the Angel of Death after our children
like some ravenous Vulture at Beefsteak Charlie's All You
Can Eat Shrimp and Salad Bar.Of all the sinners,Christ
hates the homosexual most of all because the homosexual
is unnatural and is obsessed with fine haircuts and fancy
sofas and will not ask for Christ's divine absolution. The
homosexual has no hope in heaven and so he spends his
days and he spends his nights drinking tea in Key West
and on Fire Island in the midst of further debauchery. But
soon, praise God, the homosexual will get the tan line of
his life, for he has a non-refundable reservation on the Lake
of Fire, where he will burn in righteous torment screaming

the screams of the justifiably damned forever and ever, sing praises to God Lord Jesus in Heaven forever and ever.

Right this very moment, Brothers and Sisters, Christ is sitting on his plush velveteen Lazy-Boy throne, looking down upon us his only begotted children, and he is vomiting up the half digested Eucharist from his sickened Christian entrails. He is filled with hate and sickness, for what does he see as he surfs the 9 billion channels of God?

He sees the 14 year old girly girls with the plastic lips and manufactured bosoms of your common divorcee, dancing about with snakes on MTV like the whore of Bablyon, flapping their tender budding bikini waxed coopappies for all the world to see

He sees the 10 year old boys with bad teeth and comic books and explosive bombs strapped inside their Pokemon T shirts, blowing up busses and bad teeth in the illegitimate name of God

He sees the CEOs storming into oil fields and sacrificing the blood of innocents for the ultimate victory of their privately held conglomerate entities

He sees the Politicians, abusing their power and authority for the capricious whims of their over-inflated genitalia, holding our lives and the fate of the very world in the palms of their sweaty, love-soaked hands.

Christ sees the entire self-absorbed populace ripping apart the fragile axis of the spiritual world all in the name of immediate gratification.

Yes, Brothers and Sisters, we have forsaken the love of
 Jesus Christ Almighty. as foretold in the books of
 prophecy, Matthew 5:12: 003-42 sub paragraph 4A: And I
 quote, Woe unto ye who forsake the lord Christ Jesus for ye
 shall surely burn like a Tater Tot in Hell. End quote.

The Second Coming at the eve of the end of the world is
 nigh upon us. Love me Christ, for the sinner that I am, and
 end my suffering now.

Gospel music pours out of the sky, as if in a divine wind.

Rev.Jimmy sings with mounting flagellant fury.

LIFT ME UP

I wish the wind would lift me,

Yes I wish the wind would lift me,

Like a Dove, like a Dove.

Oh I wish the wind would lift me

and I'd look through the eyes of an Angel

for the Child that I love.

Oh I wish the Lord would hide me,

yes I wish the Lord would hide me,

In a cloud, in a cloud.

Oh I wish the lord would hide me,

and I'd fall like a rain of fire, and Lie

Lie lie like a shroud.

Lift me up...lift me up...

Now there are many sinners out there who will never know the love of Christ for reasons that are already too obvious. And they are, to name but a few: All Devil Worshipers including but not exclusively:

Barbara Bush

Ben Affleck

Jennifer Lopez

Osama Bin Laden

Anita Hill

OJ Simpson

Sharon Stone

Ariel Sharon

Yassar Arafat

Mr. Harvey Fierstein

Martha Stewart

Steven Spielberg

Whoopi Goldberg

Ellen Degeneras

Sarah Jessica Parker

Miss Madonna

Magic Johnson

Groucho Marx

Harpo Marx

Chico Marx

Karl Marx

Lucille Ball

Ethel Merman
Ernest Borgnine
Emeril Lagasse
Elizabeth Taylor
And most especially...Mr. Michael Jackson!!

He works himself into a flagellant fury until his eyes glaze over and he speaks in tongues.

Lights fade to black.

MARY

A deluxe suite at the very top of the Marriott Marquis, in the heart of Times Square.

Music filters through the air; a faraway mix of Bach's Magnificat and aboriginal didjeridoo music.

The room is regulation neat and unexceptionably beige. Mirrors and benign art depicting idyllic gardens hang on the walls. A king-size bed dominates the center of the room.

An open laptop powerbook sits on a table near the window. On the laptop is a bold White House Insignia.

THE PRESIDENT, a handsome, masculine man in his mid-to-late 30's, stands at the window, waiting. Dressed in a smart, conservative suit, he checks his watch. He looks at the wall and points at the watch, as if communicating his impatience to someone on the other side of the wall.

He opens the blinds on the window, which looks out over the top of the skyline. As he opens the blinds, street noise drifts up from the world below, a faint, familiar urban blend of sirens, street preachers, radio stations and clogged traffic.

One voice lifts above the din. The plaintive howl of REV. JIMMY JAMES snakes up from the streets into the window and fills the ears of the President. The President closes the curtains, instantly shutting out all sound from outside. The President clears his throat, takes notes out of his pocket, and practices a portion of his upcoming speech.

PRESIDENT

"Citizens of the world, having successfully navigated the crossroads of the recently shifting millennia, we must ask ourselves one simple question: Do we live or do we die. We must answer this question wisely and with great care, for upon our response hangs not only the fate of our children, but also the fate of all the future generations yet to come.

A great man once said that life is nothing but a series of conflicts and resolutions from the moment we are born. We have gathered together at today's world summit to bear witness to the truth of those words, as we attempt the reconciliation of two opposing sides, each armed with an

ancient, unshakable belief in the justness of their cause, a deep sense of historic mandate, and enough nuclear capabilities to end life as we know it on this planet.

Never before has the world been so filled with promise and potential. Never before has paradise been so near at hand. Surely now, in this, the Age of Virtual Miracles, now with the flow of information and communication approaching the instantaneous, now more than ever can we choose to enter the gates of paradise *together*, instead of pushing aside the battered, bruised, burnt, bleeding, broken bodies of our mangled neighbors, in a desperate attempt to stake the claim to paradise for ourselves."

He puts his notes down, rubs his neck.

(rubs his neck) Uch. It stinks. What's the point.

He lights a cigarette. Talks to the Men Behind the Wall.

I'm having a cigarette. Because I *can*, that's why.

She's late. She's three minutes late. Does she know who I am? Does she know how important this is? Does she know what hangs in the balance? Does she care? She doesn't care. Nobody cares, that's the problem. Used to be you could count on fear-driven respect, a little terror of the Absolute. Forget it.

Nobody listens anymore. Not to each other. Certainly not to me. I'm invisible. Figurehead. Soundbyte. Symbol. Empty.

The same mistakes, over and over and over again. I should let them wipe each other out, clean slate it. Let the future happen on its own. My head is pounding. She's not coming, where the hell is she--

He picks his notes up, then tosses them back on the bed, improvising, more sour than before.

"Having stumbled through the crucial crossroads of the trembling millennia, we must ask ourselves one, simple question : What is the point? Life is nothing but a series of border wars and territorial encroachments that reach back 5,000 years into the forgotten origins of time and property. The promise of a paradise has been exchanged

for a purgatory of frustration and failure. The future is blocked behind the veiled anxiety that the best years of our lives will never come, and all everyone seems to want to do anymore is pound their point into their neighbor's skull in order to make themselves right. "

He smashes out his cigarette.

Oh, my head.

Goes to the laptop. Talks to the Men Behind the Wall.

Boys, listen, what do you say I just press the little red button, do the old boom crash thunder and lightning thing. Reflection of the People's Will, right? End it all, right here, right now. Bing bang boom.

Kidding.

My head is going to explode, make a mess of this rug. Every inch, stiff, ready to snap. So hard, they have no idea how hard it is. My neck, my skull, my blood pounding, throbbing, exploding. Where the hell is she, I need her now, damn it, I need her now--

Practices his speech again, barely containing his frustrations.

"Life is a stinking cesspool of decay from the moment we are born, the vain resistance to sagging flesh and rotting joints and prostate cancer and fetid breath and" blah blah blah blah--

" Our hearts are swollen and bloody with a vague anxiety that the best years of our lives have passed us by without even stopping. The future is blocked and sticky inside a dripping membrane of despair and isolation, left to bubble and fizz and go flat and spill on the floor before it has a chance to fully come into its own. Trapped and soft behind the flaccid prison of our own frustrations, the future has become nothing more than the solitary beating of time until we die. And so, Citizens of the World, as we wrap our shaking, sweaty, desperate thighs around that massive, throbbing future about to come, I ask and ask you yet again, What the hell is the big goddamn point, anyway?"

The door slams.

MARY ENTERS. She is an attractive woman in a plaid skirt and simple white blouse, almost a grown up version of a Catholic School Girl.

She is breathless and nervous

MARY

Oh my God, I am so sorry, it's not my fault, oh my God, I am so sorry--

PRESIDENT

You--

MARY

Oh my god, I am so most heartily sorry, I mean I have never been late ever and of course here it is tonight only the most vital moment in all my whole entire life that I have been waiting for since forever and I thought actually like I wasn't going to make it, like I thought the universe was converging to conspire against my eventual outcome but I'm here now so okay let me take a breath here before I mean oh my God--

PRESIDENT

I--

MARY

I mean all I did I mean I was running 9 minutes ahead like always and I thought hey, I have time to stop at the Korean on the corner for an eensy box of non-fat hooies but you know what, it's like I'm not kidding you here parting the Red Sea with the cops and the barricades of course because of the Big Summit I guess--

PRESIDENT

We--

MARY

--and half the people are climbing over each other trying to leave the city because of all the anthrax and nerve gas threats connected directly to the Summit and in the opposite direction you got all those German tourists who have just got to see "The Lion King" before they die and right outside the hotel there's this huge crowd getting righteous and loud with the Knights of Shabaz in the bad Sinbad costumes screaming for the blood of the so-called white man and faggots and Jews and somehow blaming it all on women, and right next to them this sad, deluded

preacher is screaming about the Lake of Fire, but now I finally get inside and I'm pushing my way into the lobby, and I mean it's packed I mean with wall to wall Hasidim all out on a huge group first date, I guess before they can marry and propagate they have to do the old public courtship thing where the girls pick out their best shoes and the boys wax their hooahas and from the lobby to the 8th floor of this hotel, they hold hands and look in shop windows and plant the seeds of Israel and all I can think is get the hell out of my way, I am now running officially late and I push my way through bad wigs and black coats and I get inside the glass see-through elevator and my heart is bursting and I take off alone up the 50 stories and suddenly it is so quiet, so cut off from the rest of the world, gliding up above all the tumult by myself like on the backs of angels all the way to the top I'm thinking, pulled up to the very top with such gentle power and I'm thinking to myself, what a wonderful world we live in, where you can find 15 seconds of sudden, immaculate peace behind the doors of an elevator.

Pause.

PRESIDENT

You must be Mary.

MARY

Hi.

PRESIDENT

You're late.

MARY

Sorry.

PRESIDENT

You do know why you're here. You know why you've been chosen.

MARY

Yes. I mean no.

PRESIDENT

You've been singled out for a very special assignment.

MARY

And I can't believe how honored I am, let me tell you, oh my God, it's like--

PRESIDENT

Stop.

MARY

You look so young.

PRESIDENT

What?

MARY

I've been singled out--

PRESIDENT

You've been chosen from all the young people this year for a very special assignment that should have started more than three minutes ago.

MARY

Right.

PRESIDENT

We are completely and hermetically alone. This room is sealed off from the rest of the world. For the next 56 minutes, this hotel room will be our little island in the center of the universe.

MARY

Cool.

PRESIDENT

Totally. Would you like a cigarette?

MARY

I think it's a non-smoking, I mean, it's New York, right, it's definitely a non-smoking kind of--

PRESIDENT

We're hermetic, Mary. We get to break the rules.

MARY

Right. Anyway, no thanks.

PRESIDENT

Relax, Mary. It's just you and me.

MARY

Oh my God, I know, I mean, right--

PRESIDENT

It's cool, Mary, it's cool.

MARY

Totally. It's just you know what though, I'm getting the creepiest--it's nothing.

PRESIDENT

What.

MARY

Forget it, don't mind me. Like I'm being watched.

PRESIDENT

Well you know what they say.

MARY

Yeah, right? *(pause)* Uhm, no, what.

PRESIDENT

The walls have ears.

MARY

Ah.

PRESIDENT

And eyes.

MARY

Oh.

PRESIDENT

And recording devices.

MARY

(gets it) Oooooooooohh. Right.

PRESIDENT

Right. So, please, no proper pronouns. We'll make it our little game. Implication prevents incrimination.

MARY

Got it. So what, is this a research thing, I mean I excel at --

PRESIDENT

The assignment today is focused on a very specific urgency directly related to the events escalating in the Middle East.

MARY

Fabulous. I have three degrees in International Diplomacy and Comparative Religion, with a concentration in Middle Eastern History and the Social Polarities of the Fertile Crescent.

PRESIDENT

That's very nice, but--

MARY

I'm yours, whatever you need.

PRESIDENT

Mary, in less than an hour, I have to speak at what may be the most important Summit Meeting in the history of mankind. Age old pressures are asserting themselves in the hands of nuclear despots who seek to fan the flames of eternal dispute into a raging inferno, an inferno whose rapacious appetite threatens to engulf the very Earth itself.

MARY

So you want to work on the speech?

PRESIDENT

In a sense, yes. You see, Mary, the paths of history intersect at today's Summit. Depending on the fluid juncture of that intersection, well, it could go either way. Do you follow me?

MARY

Uh huh.

PRESIDENT

My participation at this meeting will determine the immediate and lasting future of the entire planet. My actions touch the global village. Little children dying in Africa. No one is spared. Do you follow me?

MARY

Uhm, I think so.

PRESIDENT

Your assignment requires you to appreciate the scope of the Big Picture, Mary. The Big Picture is really, really big. The power in this teeny tiny lap top is infinite.

MARY

Size really doesn't matter anymore.

PRESIDENT

Mary, these shoulders carry the weight of the virtual world upon them. There is no respite. 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 52 weeks of the year. The pressure is beyond calculation.

MARY

It must be so hard.

PRESIDENT

It's hard, Mary, it's very very hard. The 10 billion eyes of Mankind are focused on me. My every action is scrutinized for hidden meaning, my every gesture takes on iconic importance. The way my hair falls effects fashion trends for months and months.

MARY

That's because of cable.

PRESIDENT

Exactly. Simply taking off my jacket now carries a covert, subliminal implication. By the way, do you mind if I--

MARY

Oh my God, no, I mean, yes, go ahead, it's a little hot in here right? Whew uch right?

PRESIDENT

The burden is tremendous, Mary. I am only a man.

MARY

Yeah, but you're prime real estate.

PRESIDENT

This little finger could press this little button that could bring about the end of the world.

MARY

All that power in one little finger.

PRESIDENT

These shoulders are but flesh and blood, Mary. Can you imagine the terrible difficulty of trying to scratch even the tiniest itch with the universe pressing down upon these shoulders?

MARY

I'm sure it's immense.

PRESIDENT

And how.

MARY

Oh my God I can't believe this is happening I mean I know what's coming--

PRESIDENT

You were chosen for your intelligence, your compassion and your keen intuition.

MARY

My heart--

PRESIDENT

I am a man, given to the common needs and dictates of other men. It is crucial to the future of mankind that I am tension-free going into this Summit, Mary. Do you follow me?

MARY

We're talking the Big Picture, right?

PRESIDENT

Exactly. Though I am exceptional, I am not an exception. The fate of your country depends on my sense of inner peace and complete lack of physical tension. Do you follow me?

MARY

I've dreamed and dreamed and dreamed of this exact moment and now here it is--

PRESIDENT

And now, here it is--

MARY

It's a little awesome, I mean, I'm all up, you know, there's no going back, absolutely no going back--

PRESIDENT

I need you to focus on the Big Picture, Mary. You must choose to accept your role as fulcrum, you must put aside the useful limitations of social dogma and make the active choice to affect the future of life on earth.

MARY

I mean I *want* to but--

PRESIDENT

Step inside the swirling center of the universe and help me shrug the world for the barest sliver of time so that I might take it up once again with the renewed clarity and strength that the current situation demands.

MARY

God, my heart--

PRESIDENT

Tell me you will take the future into your hands and relieve the tension in my shoulders and in my head and in my little finger. Tell me you will help me make the right decision, Mary. Tell me you will help save the world.

MARY

Oh God. Oh my God.
(*pause*)
Yes. Yes, I'll do it.

He claps his hands and bounces in his chair like a happy little boy.

PRESIDENT

Goody! Rub me!

MARY

I'm sorry?

PRESIDENT

Rub me! It's fuzzy time, rub me hurry rub me--

Mary gets up, walks behind the President. Rubs her hands, places them gently on his shoulders.

MARY

Oh, okay well I mean--

PRESIDENT

Be gentle, Mary. I'm very very--

She rubs the back of his neck.

Owww--

MARY

Tense?

PRESIDENT

I said be gentle, goddamnit.

MARY

Relax your shoulders. They're so big. You must be strong. All that football in college I guess. Do you still, uhm, you know, oh God, work out?

PRESIDENT

Well, I'm trying to lose a little weight. Now and then. Not as much as I'd like.

MARY

God, you look so much younger. I mean in the good way.

PRESIDENT

In 90 minutes I'll look 20 years older. Whatever they need to see. We can do anything these days. It's easy.

MARY

You look good, that's all.

PRESIDENT

Really?

MARY

No, really.

PRESIDENT

Thank you.

MARY

You're welcome. I can't believe I'm doing this.

PRESIDENT

You're a very special young woman, Mary. Absolute cream of the crop.

MARY

No, I mean I can't believe I'm *doing* this. I dreamed about this exact moment, what happens and might happen in this

moment and what I can do to help this moment happen, I've dreamed about this moment for years and years and years and now here it is, *happening*--

PRESIDENT

Uhmnnnn, that's nice yayayayayayayayayayaaaa--

MARY

Little things, though. The wall paper is different. I've always seen it like paisley, like little fractal swirls.

PRESIDENT

fuzzyfuzzyfuzzyfuzzyfuzzy...

MARY

And the window. I never see the window.

PRESIDENT

Look, there it is.

MARY

In my dreams I mean. Everything else is scary it's so exactly the same.

PRESIDENT

Dreams are nice, aren't they Mary?

MARY

Except there's no talking ever, it's always so quiet. Lot of humming, low buzzy Aborigine hummybuzzy stuff--

PRESIDENT

Fuzzywuzzypuzzycuzzymuzzyfuzzyyayayaya--

MARY

Hummybuzzy and one word--

PRESIDENT

Yessssss--

MARY

Oh my god, that's right, that's exactly right.

PRESIDENT

Oh yessss--

MARY

That's the only word. Over and over. In my dream. Yes.

PRESIDENT

Goody--

MARY

Too cool--

PRESIDENT

Too cool, Mary. Oh, that feels soooo nice--

She stops rubbing.

MARY

So uhm, what's your speech?

PRESIDENT

(yelling) Keep rubbing!!

MARY

I'm rubbing, I'm rubbing. Tell me your speech. I want to hear it.

PRESIDENT

Reflection of the people's will, Mary. That's all I really am. I have very little say in the matter.

MARY

But you're the leader.

PRESIDENT

Yeah yeah yeah. Leader, reflection, same thing. I didn't even write it.

MARY

So go ahead anyway. Look at me, I'm all ears.

PRESIDENT

ooooooooo Mary yes--

MARY

Pleeeeeease--

PRESIDENT

Basic state of the world, where are we headed, paradise or purgatory thing, you know, Jonathan Edwards end of the world stuff. Oh yes, yes, oh goody goody good good--

MARY

Uh huh and then what--

PRESIDENT

Let's see, big global intro then a bunch of stuff--Crossroads of the millennium yadda yadda yadda--and then basically like this--

He blows through the speech by rote, as she massages him. During the speech, she reaches around, unties his tie, unbuttons his shirt.

" Life is decay from the moment we are born, the vain resistance to sagging flesh and rotting joints and prostate cancer and territorial encroachments and border wars that reach back 5,000 years into the forgotten origins of time and property."

Blah blah blah history of man, then--

" Our hearts are swollen and bloody with a vague anxiety that the best years of our lives have passed us by without even stopping. The future is blocked and sticky inside a dripping membrane of despair and isolation, left to bubble and fizz and go flat and spill on the floor before it has a chance to fully come into its own. Trapped and soft behind the flaccid prison of our own frustrations, the future has become nothing more than the solitary beating of time until we die."

Stuff like that. It goes on.

MARY

Uh huh.

Pause.

PRESIDENT

So?

MARY

Keep breathing.

PRESIDENT

Not that I need your validation.

MARY

No, it's good.

PRESIDENT

Really? You really think so?

MARY

No, it's good.

PRESIDENT

You don't like it.

MARY

Little dark, huh?

PRESIDENT

Keep rubbing!

MARY

I mean it's good, it's just a little dark.

PRESIDENT

I don't care if you like it, I really don't.

MARY

It's good. Who wrote it.

PRESIDENT

Usual bunch of losers.

MARY

Yeah, no, it's a little dark.

She pulls his shirt out of his pants. Keeps rubbing his head and neck.

PRESIDENT

What the hell do you know about it?

MARY

Nothing, I'm just saying--

PRESIDENT

That's right, nothing. You know nothing about it, little girl.
Nothing.

MARY

It's just a little dark, that's all.

PRESIDENT

No, *Mary*, what it is is a direct reflection of the state of the world in which we live.

MARY

According to those guys, anyway.

PRESIDENT

They're professionals, I think they know a little bit more about the state of the world than you do.

She works a thick knot.

PRESIDENT

Owwwwww--

MARY

Hey, everybody's got a right to her opinion--

PRESIDENT

And everybody's got a right to keep it to herself.

MARY

Hello, I thought you reflected the will of the people.

PRESIDENT

Public opinion changes every four seconds, *Mary*, the people don't know what the hell they want and I'm supposed to listen to all the cries for help all the pleas for mercy all the protests and mandates and try to make sense of it all and activate an agenda of actions based upon the whim of public opinion and I am so goddamn tired I should quit and let you do it yourselves I'd like to see that I'd like to see you do it yourselves without me to make the decisions you'd go down in flames in 30 seconds down in flames I am so tired of it all, so goddamn tired I'm tempted to end it all, once and for all, so just let me do my job and keep your ignorant goddamn mouths shut --

MARY

Keep breathing--

PRESIDENT

(screams) Not so hard, you fucking idiot!!

MARY

Hey, calm down, you, right now! Who do you think you're talking to?

PRESIDENT

Excuse me. I'm a little tense.

MARY

I don't care what you are, you don't talk like that to me, understand--Nobody talks like that to me, I don't let them--

PRESIDENT

(baby talk) Bunny sorry fuzzy mommy--

MARY

I'm not a function, I'm a *person*, I have feelings, understand?

PRESIDENT

Bunny sorry, Mommy, MommyMary special--

MARY

I don't need you to tell me I'm special, I know how special I am I know how special this night is, nobody knows better than me--Just stop calling me names, it's rude.

PRESIDENT

Mommy right. Bunny sorry.

MARY

Behave now. Promise me.

PRESIDENT

Me pwomise you. Wub me?

MARY

(rubbing again) Well, alright.

PRESIDENT

Happy boy!

MARY

Breathe, keep breathing then.

PRESIDENT

Keep wubbing.

MARY

Keep bweathing.

PRESIDENT

(playful) Keep wubbing.

MARY

Keep bweathing--

PRESIDENT

Yay!

MARY

There's my good boy.

PRESIDENT

Good. Relax. Both relax. Easy. Just you and me.

MARY

Just you and me.

PRESIDENT

This is a very special moment in your life. I want it to be like you always dreamed it would be. You're a very special young woman.

MARY

I know. Really?

PRESIDENT

Very, very special. All of you, Mary, the magnificent whole of you. The strength of your hands, the rub of your flesh, the slight smell of sweat rising on the base of your spine above the pale pink linen of your panties.

MARY

Gee that's some nose you got there.

PRESIDENT

So warm in here. Feel free to undo whatever you feel the need to undo.

MARY

Thanks.

PRESIDENT

I want you to feel absolutely comfortable. Remember, Mary, we're hermetic.

MARY

And fuzzy.

PRESIDENT

That's right, hermetic and fuzzy.

She works exclusively on his head and face. She rocks his head back and forth, but he is stiff and resistant, like a block of wood.

MARY

Release the head, let me control the movement.

MARY

The world *lives* on dreams, did you know that, yes it does--

PRESIDENT

Dreamzzzzzzzzzz...

MARY

When you dream about something, somewhere in some part of your brain inside your head underneath the tiniest root of hair you create the image of that thing and then suddenly that thing actually exists in real life but only in another universe that we can't see yet.

Points to his forehead.

PRESIDENT

Here--

She rubs it.

Oh Mary Mommy yes yes fuzzzzzzzzzzz--

He goes into a sleepy dream state. She continues gently into his ear.

MARY

That's how things get created, like Emily Dickinson's poetry and Einstein's Theory of Relativity and Popiel's Pocket-Fisherman--

PRESIDENT

Fuzzzzzzzzzzz---

MARY

And Thomas Alva Edison who used to sit staring at a blank piece of paper for three weeks staring into that blank piece of paper staring but really seeing through the paper into that universe beyond the paper where the electric light bulb was burning and waiting and calling for him to reach through that paper and pull it back into our own universe and change the world as we know it.

PRESIDENT

Lighty brighty nighty night--

MARY

Good boy, there's my good boy--

PRESIDENT

Mommy face nipplehead fuzzyboybizzybuzzyfuzzzzzzz--

She stands in front of him, works his face with the tips of her fingers. Something inside the President strains to resist Mary's soothing words.

MARY

Good boy yes good boy, and that's why dreams are so important because they give you windows into the universe of the possible--

PRESIDENT

Bunny stop Mommy no nunfuzzy no--

MARY

Yes, yes and all you have to do is let go--

PRESIDENT

No--

MARY

Let go and focus on the possibility in that dream long and hard and focused enough and you'll see that possibility come through the window and live here with us in our own little universe--

PRESIDENT

Mommy tummy dippy do no no--

MARY

Yes and that's how dreams come true--

PRESIDENT

No--

MARY

Like how I've been dreaming of this exact moment for the past how many years the exact shirt, the exact color hair, the exact size pants I've been dreaming about all this time right here in the room right now. The world is *made of* dreams.

Suddenly, his eyes open and he wakes up, back in control.

PRESIDENT

No. The world is made of will. Do my lower back.

He opens his belt and pants. Lies on the bed.

MARY

Uhm okay. Sure.

She straddles and sits on his butt, rubs his lower back.

PRESIDENT

Rub me. Hard

Once on his back, she continues.

MARY

So okay I mean you don't need to get your whole hooaha out of whack here, I mean all I mean is the dreams we choose to dream can become the world we choose to see if we choose to see those dreams clearly enough, that's all I mean and it could maybe help the speech a little bit if you could maybe throw in a few *positive* notes here and there, I don't know, what do I know, I know what I'm talking about anyway--

PRESIDENT

The world is made of will. Dreams are made of dreams--oh nipplehead Mommy lick, rub me, rub me harder---

MARY

I am already--

PRESIDENT

Yes good I create the world that I want, the real world that functions and moves from day to night to day and contains billions of needs that go unsatisfied. Don't delude yourself--harder--dreams have nothing to do with the real world--harder oh--

MARY

If I believed that I wouldn't be here.

PRESIDENT

Will creates the world. Will is the articulate outward expression of the individual--Mommy yes--The stronger the individual, the stronger the will, the stronger the individual will's imprint on the rest of the universe. Adolph Hitler. Charles Manson. Madonna.

MARY

Oh my God, her new hair--

PRESIDENT

Pure will. The laws of society at large are dictated by the collective will of the people--harder, harder--the people will the world into existence. And out. That's why we

have laws, to oversee that the collective will does not expand into collective chaos. Harder harder rub me harder goddamnit HARDER!

MARY

Relax! You're getting all tense again.

PRESIDENT

Oh. Right. Sorry.

MARY

Fuzzy time, remember--

PRESIDENT

Oh yes, Mary more, do it, do it, crush bubba bear do it...

Mary puts her hands on his flesh, underneath his shirt. Presses her full weight, balancing on the balls of her hands, pressing her breasts into his back.

MARY

You know what though--

PRESIDENT

No what though oh yes yes oh yes--

MARY

Sometimes you have to break the law in order to create the future you want to create. Even if they're laws you believe in with all your heart.

PRESIDENT

Law is law--oh moomoo babytongue yes--

MARY

Laws change. I mean, like the law used to demand and validate that the essential nature of human interaction was based on a genital master/slave relationship.

PRESIDENT

Because it is--Mommy nipple-head yes yes yes--

MARY

Oh, please, like what, the main difference between people is their gender, and women are defined by their uterus? Doubt it!

PRESIDENT

Think again, Mary. Way of the world. Oh so goood ouch--

She presses her knee into his back, raises his arms behind him.

MARY

God, can you imagine, living in a world with laws that support that kind of stuff?

PRESIDENT

Yes good hurt good ouch yes good ouch wait ouch--

MARY

I mean like where you can beat me and rape me and slash me with a machete and leave me for dead just because you have a big whomping pener and I have a vagie and that was the end of our identities and the law said you could get away with it?

PRESIDENT

Good from bad. Price to pay. Made us what we are, country great. Mary, ouch ouch ouch enough, stop, thank you ouch ouch--

MARY

Sometimes you just have to break the law in order to follow the higher law you see in your heart and in your dreams if you want to change the world. Sometimes you have to take control--

PRESIDENT

STOP!

MARY

Oh. Sorry.

She gets off him. He sits up on the edge of the bed.

PRESIDENT

The world works in mysterious ways, Mary, but it doesn't make mistakes. Earthquakes. Famine. The Bay City Rollers.

MARY

There's no reason--

PRESIDENT

Cosmic balance, Mary. Good balances bad. Just have faith.

MARY

Uh huh.

PRESIDENT

You're very strong.

MARY

I know.

PRESIDENT

I like that.

MARY

I know.

PRESIDENT

I like strong women.

MARY

I know.

PRESIDENT

It's hot in this room.

MARY

I know.

PRESIDENT

You're very smart for your height and weight.

MARY

I know.

She stands in front of him.

MARY

Here. Let me see your hand.

He gives her his hand. She gives him a hand massage.

PRESIDENT

Oh, you have no idea, keep going, yes, deeper deeper,
Mommy--

MARY

Anyway, I'm not telling you anything new, I mean I know exactly what's happening and will probably happen and have for a long time now because I see it in my dreams

every night and now here it is because I want it so much to happen and even still it's scary.

PRESIDENT

Things happen for a reason, Mary--oh ouch ouch good ouch--

MARY

Which is why I guess if I have to break a few personal rules I kind of wouldn't want to ordinarily, well, what are you going to do?

PRESIDENT

Concession rules the world.

MARY

I guess.

PRESIDENT

That's good, that's so good. (*surprised by a twinge in his neck*) Oh, my neck--

MARY

Did you just--

PRESIDENT

Right here. Do it again.

MARY

I know, watch.

She presses his palm again, he grabs his neck.

PRESIDENT

How about that.

MARY

It's all connected. Like the phone company. I press here, I get long-distance to the back of your neck.

PRESIDENT

Don't oh yes--

MARY

Funny about that, how like if a little girl stamps her foot in China, somehow somewhere down the line we feel it, it's the same thing, right--

PRESIDENT

Girl yes foot--

MARY

All connected, look--

She rubs another spot in his palm.

He looks surprised, holds his stomach, giggles. She continues to rub.

PRESIDENT

Stop, that tickles--

MARY

The world works in mysterious ways--

PRESIDENT

Gigglepuss--

She blows on the spot she was rubbing. He laughs hard.

PRESIDENT

You're killing me, stop, good great great, oh Mary, don't--

MARY

Such a palm, such a wide strong expansive palm, so much power--

PRESIDENT

Stop-

MARY

Look at this life line, it never stops, on and on and on and on--

PRESIDENT

Don't stop--

MARY

This hand to the world, connected, decisions, actions--

PRESIDENT

Hard job hard--

MARY

This finger--

PRESIDENT

So hard--

MARY

This beautiful finger--

She rubs his index finger. His eyes glaze over as he feels the rub in his groin.

PRESIDENT

Oh baby baby baby--

MARY

This finger to the world--

PRESIDENT

Mary--

MARY

So thick.

PRESIDENT

Mary--

MARY

Hairy. Warm. Strong.

PRESIDENT

Mary--

MARY

So strong--

She licks his finger.

PRESIDENT

Oh God--

MARY

God, yes, oh God yes--

PRESIDENT

Mary yes oh baby sister mother yes--

MARY

All connected, feel, can you feel it flow through your body,
can you feel the warmth of my tongue on your skin tingle
through the weight of your clothes?

PRESIDENT

I'm feeling something, yes, I'm definitely feeling--

MARY

Feel it rise up between your legs to your chest to the backs of your ears to the top of your head to tips of your hair to the walls of the room?

PRESIDENT

Tension release need release--

MARY

To the men in the street to the women at work to the children in bed to the cliffs and hills and valleys and mountains and birds and clouds in the sky--

PRESIDENT

Mounting pressure mounting need--

MARY

To the tides in the ocean, the phases of the moon, the pulse of the universe--

PRESIDENT

Release universe needs yes yes yes oceans tides pulse--

MARY

This finger this room this world connected like my dream to this room to my tongue on your finger to the pain in your neck to the tension in your back to your speech at the Summit to the children in Africa to the stars in the night to the future of the world.

PRESIDENT

The Big Picture. I knew you'd understand.

MARY

I do, I understand, I do. That's why I'm here, to help the children in Africa.

PRESIDENT

China don't forget about China. Keep rubbing. Millions of children in China oh yeah baby--

MARY

These hands hold the future and I hold these hands.

PRESIDENT

I've had my eye on you, Mary, long ago, the right choice a very special oooooooooooooo yes yes--

MARY

These fingers, the dreams, my tongue, the power, so much power in these fingers my God--

Mary fully sucks deep and hard on his finger, as well as tracing it along her eyes and neck and face and breast.

PRESIDENT

This finger snuff out Earth life on Earth with merest flick can choose the flower just coming into bloom you Mary bloom Mary, for this moment this fuzzy moment time and space waiting watching--

MARY

You watched me, chose me, years ago, I could feel it, could feel your eyes--

PRESIDENT

Watched you, saw destiny pull you to this room—oh Mary hurry do my feet do my feet, hurry feet destiny --

They are both fairly panting now. He kicks off his shoes , she places his foot in her crotch, rubs his foot, gradually working the rub up his calf and thighs.

MARY

Destiny, terrible destiny such terrible--

PRESIDENT

Pain, the trials, centuries of pain oh Mommy--

MARY

Always there for mercy to help to give them something anything to give them hope--

PRESIDENT

Ready eager yes yes to give yourself yes to those in pain in despair every time all through the years--

MARY

Thousands and thousands and thousands and thousands--

PRESIDENT

Crying for you, needing you, praying for you, the people left in pain Mary oh Mary--

MARY

Dying, burning, bleeding, barely breathing calling, covered
with blood, with pain, crying for me--

She works up his legs.

PRESIDENT

Mary so young and pure and good and whole and holy oly
oh oh oh--

MARY

All that sadness all that pain and death and crying--

PRESIDENT

Mary yes--

MARY

The blinding light, the waves of heat, the sickness and
lesions and steaming dark blood pouring out of innocent
children, the cities destroyed, the women turned to ash and
salt and cinders, the men ripped limb from limb and fed to
animals and drowning alone away from their homes and
calling my name--

PRESIDENT

Mary Mary oh God in heaven Mary--

MARY

The fields of fallen soldiers thousands upon thousands upon
thousands of children battered by destiny dying in beds in
hospitals in rooms calling my name--

PRESIDENT

Mother of God, yes yes yes--

MARY

And each time I was there giving them hope and mercy and
love--and now I'm here in this room rubbing your thighs
the massive thighs that support the world rubbing them
through your pants and hair and my hands on your thighs at
this moment in this room as the universe holds its breath
outside the window and waits for us to finish what we
started what you started years ago what I waited all my life
to finish what I saved myself for why I am here--

PRESIDENT

The world Mary, volcanoes the world over are exploding,
tides are draining into this room, straining for release, it's
all here now the future hanging rising in the air--

MARY

I saved myself for this moment because I know who I am
not because I don't--

PRESIDENT

Your dream yes, follow your dream--

MARY

Kept myself whole for this moment for all of it in my
dreams I've seen it already I know what happens I want it
to happen I need it to happen--

PRESIDENT

Children are dying in Africa, Mary, follow your dream--

MARY

The world needs it to happen--

PRESIDENT

Next, what comes next in your dream, next, what comes--

MARY

Inside me I want you inside me I saved myself for you
inside me now wanted you to be the first--

PRESIDENT

What no, your dream Mary your *dream*--

MARY

In my dream you come inside me I embrace your seed the
future springs ahead from this moment--

PRESIDENT

Wrong dream, sorry--

MARY

I see it, every night--

PRESIDENT

No, wrong dream, not how it supposed to go not this time
not what happens tampered someone changed dream--

MARY

I saved myself for you, don't you need this doesn't the universe need this the world is standing still, waiting for action--

PRESIDENT

Oh Mary yes no I mean no I can't inside you not right, merely reflection, can't allow possibility, disaster if the wrong person, the cells can't be allowed, not again, not like last time, no--

MARY

I need you now inside me now--

PRESIDENT

NO not the plan not the dream not this time can't allow, breach in--must have release, not inside, not again--no no no--

MARY

Want your child--

PRESIDENT

Can't have him--

MARY

I need him, the world needs him--

PRESIDENT

Not this time, not again, not again, don't stop--

MARY

But my dreams--

PRESIDENT

Dream wrong--Intimate yes, obligation no, entangle no, unique yes, special yes special you me special secret intimate special unique yes yes yes help me Mary exploding please--

MARY

Then what, if not, I don't--

PRESIDENT

Then what if not hurry, come, what I want like special you me fuzzy need hurry--

He whispers in her ear.

MARY

In my what?

PRESIDENT

Ssshhh, the walls--

MARY

No way. I'm sorry, no--

PRESIDENT

Mary, please, exploding, need to be satisfied, the world, the children, the children are dying--

MARY

Sorry, you are not coming in my ear.

PRESIDENT

Pweeeeeease Mommy--

MARY

Nuh uh, forget it, oh my God--

PRESIDENT

Intimate sexy unique special outside safe safe safe--

MARY

Kinky--

PRESIDENT

Special--

MARY

No way--

PRESIDENT

Seed safe ear your ear delicate gentle inviting soul special--

MARY

My dream, I don't understand--

PRESIDENT

Hurry something Mary please--

MARY

No, not enough--

PRESIDENT

Something hurry--

MARY

I want you inside--

They negotiate even as they continue to stimulate each other

PRESIDENT

Concession compromise half way--

MARY

Half way--

PRESIDENT

Half way--

MARY

Inside--

PRESIDENT

Concession--

MARY

Compromise--

PRESIDENT

Inside--

MARY

Compromise--

PRESIDENT

The world, concession, compromise--

MARY

Compromise concession *conception* concession
compromise--

PRESIDENT

The world--

MARY

Miracle--

PRESIDENT

Age of Miracles--

MARY

A miracle--

Way of the world--
PRESIDENT

Age of Miracles--
MARY

Concession--
PRESIDENT

Yes--
MARY

Yes--
PRESIDENT

Yes--
MARY

Yes--
PRESIDENT

Yes--
MARY

Concession!
PRESIDENT

Compromise!
MARY

And then spit it out, all of it, I have a bag--hurry, the tides,
the universe, the children--
PRESIDENT

The children--
MARY

They need you, Mary, suck it--
PRESIDENT

Then play with me, give me that--
MARY

Spanky Spank!?
PRESIDENT

No--
MARY

PRESIDENT

Oh--

MARY

Help me, we're sealed off, no one will know, let me at least have the dream give me that much--

PRESIDENT

Fine, anything, hurry, the meeting, minutes left, exploding-

-

She puts her mouth on his crotch through his pants, starts to pull his zipper apart.

MARY

The center of the universe, the swirling center--

PRESIDENT

Under sheet, the walls, Mary the walls, the sheet--

MARY

You wanted to come in my ear and now you worry about who sees your hoohoo?

PRESIDENT

Complicated man. Hurry--

MARY

Then tell me, the children, let me know--

He holds up the sheet from the bed; she goes under the sheet and starts giving him a blow job.

PRESIDENT

Little, children little, cute, what them about them what ohhhhh--

MARY

The world, their future, tell me they'll be happy--

PRESIDENT

They will be soooooooo happy--

MARY

Tell me--

PRESIDENT

happy happy happy happy-

She stops blowing him. Pokes her head up from the sheet.

MARY

You tell me they have a future to look forward to, you tell me the miracle I see in my dreams is possible or you can suck it yourself and see if *that's* possible--

PRESIDENT

Yes, I understand, anything, paint the picture, yes, keep going, I understand, please hurry the world--

MARY

Tell me, promise me, promise me they have a future, I need to believe, I need to hear--

She goes back under the sheets, working him to a magnificent climax.

PRESIDENT

Hope renewal promise of the unexpected--

MARY

Unexpected what--

PRESIDENT

Generosity, kindness--oh Mary--the promise of love, the chance to feel to love express love to share love the promise of time with love with sharing time on earth with others in im im--

MARY

More, don't stop, good--

PRESIDENT

Improvement, upon upon the previous, mistakes, miracle, chance to improve to learn to correct to spread love to help me Mary oh Mary yes yes yes--

MARY

Yes oh God yes miracle right you're right promise me they can--

PRESIDENT

Improve the world, spin the world with grace humanity compassion learn from mistakes seize the future join their hands and and and and very close very close I'm going to--

MARY

Not yet--

PRESIDENT

Going to--

MARY

Tell me now, the future, the crossroads--

PRESIDENT

Crossroads--

MARY

Hurry--

PRESIDENT

Crossroads--

MARY

Yes, say it--

PRESIDENT

Crossroads the crossroads we the crossroads as we
embrace the crossroads of the trembling millennia we must
ask ourselves What is point, point of living, living in world,
world bereft, of love of hope of promise realize the point
we must realize the hope the joy the promise the miracle is
right there in laps, sitting drooling looking up trusting eyes
and grasping hands and open hearts that bathe us in oh oh
oh oceans of unconditional love--

MARY

Yes, love--life—love--

PRESIDENT

Yes good love that love fills the essential spirit of man with
the breath it needs to go on to grow to learn to to to to oh
oh Mary to open the doors of the possible within each to
open the eyes of the blind the disenchanting the outcast the
exiled millions to open to open open open the gates the
gates to open the gates of--

MARY

Paradise--

PRESIDENT

Paradise our choice our simple future our love our life at the
end of life there is still future at the end of life there is still love
there is still loving there is still heaven still heaven still to come
come coming still coming to heaven come to heaven come to--

MARY

Heaven--

PRESIDENT

Oh yes oh God oh Mary oh yes--

MARY

Yes--

PRESIDENT

Heaven God love choice miracle heaven Mary yes--

MARY

Yes yes--

PRESIDENT

Yes yes love Mary love fuck yes oh yes oh fuck oh yes oh
yes oh Mary oh God oh Jesus Christ--

He shakes on his knees, grasping the sheet as if everything he ever was and ever will be pumps through him and funnels into Mary.

What remains is a very relaxed, very drained husk. His happy, satisfied smile sits on a cloud. He owns the world.

Mary stays beneath the sheets.

PRESIDENT

How about that.

That was good

That was very good.

Wasn't that good?

That was very good.

"That love fills the essential spirit of man with the breath it needs to go on, to grow, to learn, to open the doors of the possible within each of us, to open the eyes of the blind, the disenfranchised, the outcast, exiled millions--"

I think they'll like that. That should make them happy. For now. Very very good.

Thank you, Mary. That was good.

Did you think that was good, Mary?

Mary, didn't you think that was good?

Mary?

Mary?

Mary pops her head up from beneath the sheet. Her mouth is still full of his Presidential Seed.

He pulls away quickly. Zips up his pants.

PRESIDENT

Now you spit that out. Fuzzy time is over, Mary, I have to go. Here, I have a bag.

He hurries to the desk, pulls out a Hefty One Zip plastic bag with the Presidential Seal on it. Holds it out to her.

She shakes her head "no", backs away from him.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Now you listen to me, young woman, that is my personal property which you have unfairly appropriated. It's mine, it belongs to me. I want it all in this bag. Spit.

She shakes her head "no".

It's bad, Mary, contaminated, poisoned. So many others, somewhere it went bad. It lives within my cells like a cancer, waiting to erupt. And now it's in your mouth, seeping through the cracks in your cheeks and into your bloodstream. Save yourself before it's too late, Mary--spit.

Mary, please, you are not seeing the Big Picture. Can you imagine the disaster if even one tiny seed finds its way into the wrong hands, hands that decode my information and recreate it to their own heinous specifications? Can you envision the end of the world, Mary, can you hear the cries of the children dying at the hands of my Dark Self? For the sake of the children, Mary, for the sake of the world, spit it out!!

Backed against the wall, Mary shakes her head "no".

Gimme gimme gimme!

With a loud "gulp", Mary swallows the Presidential Sperm.

Immediately, she gasps as a hot white light begins its desperate, miraculous search within her body.

MARY

Oh my God--

PRESIDENT

Oh no.

MARY

Oh my God--Wow!

PRESIDENT

Mary, you don't know what you've done.

MARY

No--I do. I do. I'm making it happen, my dream--oh--my--
God--

The hotel phone rings. The President answers it, speaks to the Men Behind the Wall.

PRESIDENT

Yes. I know. Two minutes. I'm ready. And yes, I know.
No. Let me handle this.

He hangs up the phone. Very efficiently and very quickly, he dresses.

Mary sits on the edge of the bed, not merely tracking the seed's interior journey, but actually pulling it through her body.

PRESIDENT

You've disobeyed me, Mary. You've created a Situation.
Now what do you suggest I do about it.

MARY

Help me, hot, so hot--wind, perfect grace, dream burning
racing, searching--pull pulling it through me, into me,
dream inside me--

PRESIDENT

Mary, enough already, I know all about your dreams. We
planted them inside you years ago and they have nothing
whatsoever to do with depositing any part of myself into
your trust.

MARY

You planted?--

PRESIDENT

Years ago, and I *thought* I was very clear to the boys in the lab--No Situations, please, no Big Events..

MARY

You know, you knew--

PRESIDENT

We live in the Age of Miracles, Mary. I know everything.

MARY

No, don't, you don't know how it ends--

PRESIDENT

I know how it's *supposed* to end, tension release smile speech happy happy--

MARY

Miracle--

PRESIDENT

Miracles don't matter anymore, Mary. No one notices.

MARY

They do, they matter, I matter--the future immaculate clean miracle racing inside me coming-- The best part of you, every ounce of you bursting with love poured into me-- cells molecules atoms aligned imprinted trembling desperate for life--The barest chance racing through me, flying down my esophagus, leaping through membranes, searching through canals--Tracking sensing searching--

(speaking to the light inside her)

Don't stop, keep going, follow my voice, faster, go through, pass through, open, I'll open the walls--faster, through the lining, across the organs, I'm here impossible journey miracle intestines faster faster pancreas oceans of blood faster I'm here miracle burning--

PRESIDENT

Someone in this room is sounding just a little bit like a nutjob, Mary.

MARY

It's happening right now and you can't stop it--

PRESIDENT

No? Well, I could let you live like a drug-clouded schizophrenic, mumbling virgin birth bullshit to underpaid orderlies in New Jersey. That's one option.

MARY

Child miracle future searching inside me so close so close--
(talking to the seed inside her)
 Yes, don't be afraid, I'm here, it's safe keep looking, go up
 go up faster I'm here right here yes safe come to me
 come through come home safe--

PRESIDENT

I could have you killed. I could have your head ripped from your body in broad daylight in front of millions of people and make it look like an accident. That's easy!

MARY

Future child moments away racing coming about to come--

PRESIDENT

Of course, I could have *it* killed. Down the line. Whenever I like. Never see it coming--

MARY

No a father would never, a father couldn't, a father would love--

PRESIDENT

Have it killed inside you. Make it look natural. Wouldn't be the first time. Hurry now, I've got a speech to give.

MARY

Words, don't you listen, don't you *believe*, —the world is hanging by a thread, damnit. If you walk out that door without believing your own words, you'll walk away with our only hope.

PRESIDENT

My words have nothing whatsoever to do with anything--

MARY

Did you mean them, or were they only what you thought I needed to hear in order to get what you needed, filling me with lies with blanks with empty words--

PRESIDENT

The point is not the words but the meaning behind the words--

MARY

Words have no meaning if you don't mean what you say--

PRESIDENT

The world needs more than words--

MARY

The world needs hope--your own words--

PRESIDENT

The world needs a symbol, a scapegoat, someone to suffer and die and do all their work for them, and they still don't learn, they don't listen, it's no use--

MARY

No, no one dies this time, no one has to die--

PRESIDENT

They never learn, let them do it for themselves this time--

MARY

Yes, yes this time is different, ourselves, we save ourselves, no one has to die, no one has to suffer, they only have to love, your own words, listen--

PRESIDENT

My words are only the--

MARY

"Hope the joy the miracle is right there in our laps, sitting drooling looking up trusting eyes grasping hands and and and what and what and--

PRESIDENT

And open hearts Mary, yes but you don't understand--

MARY

And open hearts that bathe us in oceans of unconditional love--

PRESIDENT

Very good, very powerful I like it yes it works but--

MARY

Must believe, in your heart, miracle words believe do you believe your own words--

PRESIDENT

Yes of course but I just meant that--

MARY

Love fills the essential--what, the essential what--

PRESIDENT

Essential spirit yes absolutely the essential spirit but--

MARY

Have to *believe*--with breath it needs, breath it needs to to to--

PRESIDENT

Breath it needs to open the eyes--of course I believe my own--

MARY

Open the eyes of the blind, the outcast, the exiled exiled exiled oh God help me exiled--

PRESIDENT

Exiled millions--

MARY

Say it *mean* it--

PRESIDENT

The outcast, exiled millions yes--

MARY

Believe listen mean it now in your heart say it--

PRESIDENT

To open the eyes--

MARY

Now hurry miracle needs you--

PRESIDENT

Yes to open the eyes yes--

MARY

Make me *believe*--

PRESIDENT

To open the eyes of the blind, the disenchanted, the outcast,
exiled millions yes--

MARY

Yes from your heart the future depends--

PRESIDENT

The blind, the disenchanted, the outcast, exiled millions--

MARY

Open--

PRESIDENT

To open the gates of Paradise now, here on Earth, with
each other, the possibility, the simple choice--

MARY

Yes about to--

PRESIDENT

Open the Gates of Paradise now here with each other--

MARY

About to--

PRESIDENT

Our simple choice, our only choice, our only future, to teach
our children how to love, to love each other, to love
themselves, to show them by our words--

MARY

Yes--

PRESIDENT

And by our actions--

MARY

Yes--

PRESIDENT

And by our love--

MARY

Yes now--

PRESIDENT

How to open--

Inside Mary, the inspired sperm finally finds the beckoning egg.

MARY

Yes the gates now yes opening yes now--

PRESIDENT

Yes--

MARY

Now the gates now the door now the window inside me
safe home now--

PRESIDENT

Yes--

MARY

Cell dividing, life beginning, first breath first step division
of cell tiny steps God walks in tiny steps lives in tiny
breaths--history begins again--

PRESIDENT

Yes yes--

MARY

The child our child our dream will lead them in love will
tip the balance will make the difference will save the world
the hope the miracle the dream yes--

PRESIDENT

Yes--

MARY

Yes--

PRESIDENT

Mary--

MARY

Oh God--
(*in a gasp and a whisper*) Yes.

She sits, stunned, thrilled at the miracle of life inside her.

After a beat, the President emits a little grunt--

PRESIDENT

Huh.

History begins again--

MARY

Yes.

PRESIDENT

I like that. Very hopeful

MARY

Yes.

PRESIDENT

Very catchy.

MARY

Yes.

PRESIDENT

Well then. There's no harm in dreams, I suppose.

MARY

Yes--

PRESIDENT

I'd better get a move on.

MARY

Yes--

PRESIDENT

Tie, check. Belt, check. Shoes, check.

MARY

Yes--

PRESIDENT

Wallet, check. Watch, check.

MARY

Yes--

PRESIDENT

Laptop, check.

MARY

Yes--

PRESIDENT

Hair, check. Good. All in order.

He turns, nods that he is ready to the Men Behind the Wall.

Ready.

(to Mary)

The speech sounds better, I don't know, more up, don't you think?.

MARY

Yes--

PRESIDENT

You've done a great thing for your country today, Mary.
For the world. For me.

MARY

Yes--

PRESIDENT

Let's see what comes out when I open my mouth. You
never know, at least now I have options.

MARY

Yes.

PRESIDENT

Thank you. Don't be long, we only have the room for a few
more minutes.

He catches himself at the door.

Oh. Mary. Whatever you do, wherever you go, remember,
I'll be watching.

Always.

The President leaves the hotel suite. A serene quiet falls into the room.

Mary holds her hands to her belly as the miracle grows within her.

MARY

A miracle.

The Age of Miracles.

She talks to her belly.

Hello.

Slowly pulls her blouse on, looks out the window. The faint sounds of street noise once again filter into the silence.

MARY

The hope of the world.

The Second Coming.

A second chance. She takes a sharp breath, puts her hand on her belly.

MARY

Oh my God--

I think it's a girl.

Her smile fills the room. Lights fade to black.

The End.