

THE 911 PROJECT

A Musical Play in
Three Acts

by

Dennis A. Smith

Copyright 2014
By D. A. Smith

635-165th Street
Hammond, IN 46324-1336
Phone: (219) 932-5531
Email: dasmith@lionsquarter.com
<http://www.lionsquarter.com/>

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Interviewer: August Estell Anderson, writer, interviewing a group of soldiers that served in Iraq and Afghanistan for his book.

SOLDIERS (Being interviewed):

Thomas: Veteran. Fervently Agnostic.

Darrell: Veteran being interviewed. From the same unit.

Rodger: Veteran being interviewed. From the same unit.

Joey Allen Pacini: Italian-American ladies' man. Prejudiced. Learned some hard life lessons in the Army.

Marcus: Veteran, African-American.

Jerome: Veteran. The joker of the group.

Andrew: Veteran. Amputee and son of a Chicago mega-church pastor.

Adam: Veteran being interviewed. From the same unit.

James: Veteran being interviewed. From the same unit.

OTHER MEMBERS OF THEIR UNIT (Iraq)

Muhammed: US soldier, Muslim-American.

Leroy: Corporal, Fmr. Welterweight prize boxer.

Sergeant Smith: U. S. Army Drill Instructor

Corporal Harris: Smith's Assistant

Brian "The Kidd:" 19-year old soldier. At 19 years

old Brian is one of the youngest recruits who volunteered for the U.S. army after 9/11.

Javier: Older soldier, takes Brian under his wing.

MP (unnamed)

Paramedics

Other soldiers in the Unit

THE ONES AT HOME:

Sheryl: Marcus' girlfriend, later wife.
Mother of Ashley.

Ashley: Sheryl and Marcus' daughter.
Two years old in 2001.

Nikki: Joey's Girlfriend

Janice: Joey's Other Girlfriend

THE WHITE HOUSE:

President George W. Bush: 43rd President of the United States

Dick Cheney: Bush's Vice President

Condoleeza Rice: National Security Advisor

Karl Rove: Political Puppet Master Extra-ordinaire

Gen. Colin Powell: Secretary of State

White House Press Corps

OTHERS:

Sal: Bartender at "Lions Quarter" Bar and Grill

Squad of soldiers (not in unit interviewed)

Saddam Hussein: Former Iraqi dictator

"Joey Too:" Joey's 9-year-old nephew, victim of sexual abuse by Father Murphy

Father Murphy: A catholic priest and pedophile

Murphy's Parishoners: All those keep Joey from killing Murphy with his bare hands

Lawson: Veteran with PTSD and possible schizophrenia.

Dr. Levington: Staff Psychiatrist at the State mental hospital.

Dr. Weslen: Another staff Psychiatrist at the State hospital.

Male Nurses

Female Nurse

Other Hospital Staff

Carla: Lawson's younger sister, visiting Lawson at the hospital.

Elaine: Lawson's mother, also visiting Lawson.

Erick Hanson: Another patient at the State hospital, being treated for PTSD. Currently in a fugue state.

Beth Hanson: Erick's wife. Mother of Calvin, Julie and Jeffrey.

Granny Bell: Beth's mother. Calvin, Julie and Jeffrey's grandmother. Erick's mother-in-law.

Calvin Hanson: Erick and Beth's son, 9 years old.

Julie Hanson: Erick and Beth's daughter, 11.

Jeffrey Hanson: Julie's twin brother, 11.

"Occupy Wall Street" Protestors

"Occupy" Speaker

Rachael a young, widowed mother

Christy her daughter, 11 years old.

Alex her son, 9 years old.

"Edward" A fallen soldier from the Afghanistan war. Alex and Christy's father. Deceased at 34 yrs.

Singer

Scene

Various locations in the United States, Washington, DC, Iraq

Time

Present Day with flashbacks to 2001-2011 decade

ACT I:
"Shock and Awe"

Scene 1

SETTING/AT RISE: On an otherwise "bare" stage
INTERVIEWER is with several
seated SOLDIERS, including
THOMAS, DARRELL, RODGER, JOEY
and MARCUS.

INTERVIEWER

Hi, and good day to everyone! I'm glad so many of you could make it. My name is August Estell Anderson.

As you all know I'm a writer and I'm writing a book on 9/11--The September 11, 2001 tragedy, and I have a particular interest in the soldiers and your families--The effects the war had on your lives as individuals and as a group. I understand some of you were already enlisted in military service when the attacks took place but most of you enlisted soon after.

What I'm really interested in and want to get across to the American people through your stories is a sense of what you--a soldier--goes through in time of war and hopefully give the American people a reference with the "911 Project" as a go-to place for dialogue, patriotism, activism, and healing.

Believe it or not, there are still some people who have not gotten over 9/11; and on a personal note I can say for myself that I'm a little disappointed that the American psyche, or culture has gone back to "bitches and bling:" soap operas, reality T.V. and sensationalist tabloids. Every time September 11 rolls around on the calendar we get news stories full of patriotic talk or, how we'll "never forget" but what I was really hoping for as an American myself was that as a country, and as a people we would have a stronger sense of solidarity and focus combined with a social awareness about how 9/11 came to be and how we might divert similar attacks in the future.

9/11 was a big deal to me and I knew the nation I call home was going to change--never be the same. And yet really today the only thing that I can pinpoint as a major change in society is the way they strip us down at airports and tap our

phones as a result of the Homeland Security legislation or PATRIOT Act.

I want all of you guys to feel free in giving me your honest response to any and all questions--don't hold anything back. Again, I'm trying to tell your stories--your experience to the public so America can have a greater appreciation and understanding of what it means to be a soldier.

O.K. I want to start off with this one question that I'm sure every one will never forget. Where were you on September 11, 2001?

(Several guys raise their hands and give a brief testimony)

THOMAS

I was half asleep on the sofa and the T.V. was on. My dad came into the living room from his bedroom, and said some fool ran a big ass jetliner into the World Trade Center and he hoped it wasn't the terrorist again. I thought I was watching a movie when I saw the first tower on fire. I dozed off again and my father came yelling back into the room. He said "Another plane just hit the other World Trade Center building! This is an attack! This shit is going to start a war! Look at this fucking shit! America is going to war!" I got scarred and mad at the same time and I felt if America is supposed to be the mightiest military in the world--Let's find out who did this, and fire up the engines.

DARRELL

I'd like to claim that my awakening of 9/11 was noble in some kind of way, but to tell you the truth I was in bed that morning with a woman who was not my wife and my sister was covering for me when my wife kept calling for me to go get the kids out of school. I had my phone off but the woman I was with one of her co-workers called her to tell her to turn on the T.V. and that's how we both found out.

RODGER

I had signed up at the recruiter's office a week earlier and September 11, 2001 was supposed to be the day I got my orders and itinerary for boot camp. I backed out. I knew we were going to war--How could we not with those buildings coming

down and the attack on the Pentagon too? Shit, that's war city right there in Washington. There was a part of me that said "Fuck! I was enlisting for the benefits and the scholarship money--not to fucking risk my life and go to war," but September 13, 2001 I reported for duty. I just couldn't get over those mother-fuckers knocking those buildings down and when I heard about those passengers in that flight over Pennsylvania, I thought, "This is what you do. You stand up to your house--your homeland when it's under attack. Other people--other citizens have lived and died for this country for our freedom, for my freedom." I talked with my dad who was a Korean war vet and let him know I was still going ahead with it.

JOEY

(raises his hand)

I was working for the railroad. I had just gotten off the midnight shift and hanging out with some friends at "Lions Quarter," it's a bar and grill that sells liquor and food 24/7. I had just walked in when everybody was starrng and pointing at the T.V. some guy made a comment to me. "Some dumbass ran a plane into the World Trade Center--How fucking stupid could you be?" We all knew it wasn't an accident when the second plane hit and the fuckin' bar went ballistic me and everyone in it. We knew then it was a terrorist attack, most likely the al-Qaeda who had tried to bomb the World Trade Center in '98 and failed. Right then and there about seven of us had decided to go sign up at the army recruiter's office the next day. We were all screaming--"Hell, yeah! Show me how to use an M-16 so I can kick some desert-nigger ass!"

(God Bless) America

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Fast-paced rock)

America, the land I love
We stand beside you, when your heart's in pain
We Stand United, 'cause we know in time we'll gain
By holding on to what we believe
Life, Liberty, and the right to be free
God Bless America!!!
God Bless America!!!
God Bless America!!!
God Bless America!!!

America, you're my only home
There's many nations where I have roamed
No doubt about it
'Cause you know it's true
I stand up for the Red, White and Blue.
Yeah!
God Bless America!!!
God Bless America!!!
God Bless America!!!
God Bless America!!!

America, the land I love
So beautiful in every way!
And I don't know why someone would want to destroy her
But if you don't care what we're about--
Well, then get the hell out!
(That's right, you got to love it or leave it!!!)
God Bless America!!!
God Bless America!!!
God Bless America!!!
God Bless America!!!

God Bless America!!!
God Bless America!!!
God Bless America!!!
God Bless America!!!

Time 2 Kick Some Ass

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Hard Driving Rock)

You're the one who threw the first punch
You're the one who crossed that line
You're the one who drew first blood
You started it and I'm gonna finish it!

Hell Yeah! Time 2 Kick Some Ass
Oh, Yeah! Time 2 Kick Some Ass
Oh, Oh, Yeah--You started it! You started it!

Who taught you how to fight like that
Hit and run--Sucker punch attack
Like a boomerang--I intend to share this pain
And give it right back to you--OOOh!

Oh, Yeah! Time 2 Kick Some Ass
I'm gonna make you think twice next time
before you fuck with me!

Where'd you get that bogus right
Where'd you get that sloppy left
You're drowning in your own existence--
All the lies you were fed are worthless--
'Cause no one's standing in your corner but a clown--
And now he's dancing to my tune!

Oh Yeah! Time 2 Kick Some Ass
Oh Yeah! Time 2 Share This Pain
Oh Yeah! Show You How It Feels
Here's a taste of your own medicine!

Oh yeah, starting to have some fun--
Got you on the run--
I won't let up until I'm done--

'Til the message is clear--
It's big trouble--
Big, BIG trouble--When you fuck with me!

You're the one who threw the first punch
You're the one who crossed that line
You're the one who drew first blood
You started it and I'm gonna finish it!

Oh Yeah! Time 2 Kick Some Ass
Oh Yeah! Time 2 Share This Pain
Oh Yeah! Time 2 Kick Some Ass
YOU started it! YOU started it!

Oh Yeah! Time 2 Kick Some Ass
Oh Yeah! Time 2 Kick Some Ass
Oh Yeah! Time 2 Kick Some Ass
YOU started it! YOU started it!

MARCUS

I'm from a military family. I was living in a one bedroom apartment with my girlfriend Sheryl, and our two year old daughter named Ashley.

(MARCUS gets up and starts to re-enact the September 11 day he told SHERYL he had already enlisted into the military. He is also childhood friends with JOEY. SHERYL is a waitress--still in her pink and white frilly dress uniform, she is holding their daughter ASHLEY on the sofa, her eyes glued to the T.V. screen she barely notices as MARCUS kisses her on the side of the face and sits down next to her on the sofa.)

MARCUS (To SHERYL)

I talked with Joey and Tony and some other guys at the job-- We're going to enlist in the army today to get these mother-fuckers.

SHERYL

What?! Whoa!! What?! Babe, what the fuck would I do without you here? What would I do with Ashley here but fuckin' worry about you all day?

MARCUS

You've got your family--Your mom and your dad, both your sisters, and your brother. They'll help you take care of Ashley and you'll give me every reason to get back home as soon as I can--As soon as possible after--

SHERYL

After what Marcus?!! You don't know how long this is going to take! It could take years out of our lives! Years we'll never get back. Years with our daughter growing up, years of us being together.

(MARCUS' head leans toward the ground as he nods his head in agreement with SHERYL'S words.)

SHERYL

Why don't we talk about this? You act like you've already decided no matter what I say.

(SHERYL caresses MARCUS' knee and speaks in a soft voice.)

I want Ashley to know her father.

MARCUS

What do you mean?! --She knows me!!!

SHERYL

She's a child! --Two years old! What about me?! Have you thought about how fuckin' lonely I will be? This is crazy! I know this is all crazy--I've been crying at work for nothing--just remembering seeing those people jump out of the window at the World Trade Center and how the buildings came down. And now you want to leave. I understand it, but now I feel like this tragedy is tearing up my life too.

(MARCUS warmly embraces SHERYL and gives her a sustained hug then kisses her three times on the lips.)

MARCUS

(Trying to reassure SHERYL, holds her face in his hands.)

It's going to be alright babe. Everything is going to be alright. America is about to change and change comes about by two ways--by will or by force. This attack has got a lot of guys signing up for the armed services and even veterans of other wars or people too old or too young to enlist are trying to get in because they feel like I do--Whoever did this to our country we want to strap on a military uniform and go over there--Wherever the fuck they are and beat their fuckin' ass. If America doesn't stand up now--If we let whoever did this get away with it--

(SHERYL breaks away from MARCUS)

SHERYL

I know--I know what your saying but--

MARCUS

If we let them get away with it and turn the other cheek or whatever, then they'll be shooting Americans in the street and we'll be living in fear every day like a third world country. You gotta' understand that I have to go.

SHERYL

(Speaks sadly holding back tears)

You think you have to go because your family was in the military and you'd be considered some type of coward if you flinched and didn't think about this decision, or how it might change our lives forever. You're doing this to be some type of fuckin' hero.

MARCUS

(Half jokingly--assuredly and kind of cocky--trying to defuse SHERYL'S anger)

You're right! That's the only reason I would want to do it -
You're right!

Hero

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Alternative feel; First time: fast, driving.)

I wanna be your hero
 I wanna be the one you can't live without
 I wanna be the one you stand up and shout for
 I wanna be your hero!!

I wanna be your hero
 I wanna be the one who comes through when you're in doubt
 I wanna save your world in the nick of time
 Be there when you're short--of just a dime
 I wanna be your hero!!

Crash into me!!

And I want our love to be stronger than life
 If I go before you,
 I'll be your angel in life
 Keep you safe from harm
 When you get that warm feeling inside
 You know it's me, your guide
 Our love will never die!!
 'Cause I'm your hero!!

I wanna be your hero
 I wanna be the love of your life
 I wanna be your friend when all hope dies
 I wanna be your hero!!!

Crash into me!!

I wanna be your hero!!!
 I'm qualified to stand the test of time
 There's no way you could say no
 I'm gonna love you wherever you go
 'Cause I'm your hero!!!
 Crash into me!!
 Crash into me!!
 No matter what you say, I'm gonna love you anyway
 'Cause I'm your hero!
 Crash into me!!
 Crash into me!!
 Crash into me!!

I'm your hero...

(As the song plays MARCUS follows SHERYL around the apartment in a sensual dance where several times SHERYL breaks away from MARCUS' loving embrace that leads to them making out on the sofa. A two year old comes out on stage and says "Momma?")

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 2

SETTING: White House Oval Office

AT RISE: President GEORGE W. BUSH, Vice President DICK CHENEY, National Security Advisor CONDOLEEZZA RICE, Secretary of State GEN. COLIN POWELL, and puppet master extraordinaire KARL ROVE are prepping the President for an imminent press conference.

PRESIDENT BUSH

Hey Condi! How about a little nip-nip!

CONDOLEEZZA RICE
(Shoots back)

Nothing doing, Mr. President!

PRESIDENT BUSH
(Mildly disappointed but persistent)

Just enough to wet my whistle and take the edge off.

CONDOLEEZZA RICE
(Shoots back again)

Nothing doing, Mr. President!

KARL ROVE
(Picks his head up from a finished text and dictates to the PRESIDENT.)

OK, Mr. President! The media and the press is due here any minute now, we need you looking sharp and ready. You remember about the Q&A answers regarding the importance of preventing a possible nuclear attack from terrorist cells in Iraq?

PRESIDENT BUSH
(Breathes a heavy sigh)
Yes, Karl. Well,
(hesitant)
What am I supposed to tell them again?

KARL ROVE

(KARL ROVE repeats his instructions
to PRESIDENT BUSH again.)

If any one in the press or media alludes in any way or
suggests that we're only invading Iraq to take Saddam
Hussein's oil with no regard for the lives of American
soldiers that will be put in jeopardy because of U.S.
corporate greed--

(KARL ROVE examines the perplexed
look on PRESIDENT BUSH'S face.)

KARL ROVE (cont.)

Just avoid the question Mr. President--(Laugh)--Give them a
chuckle and proclaim that "America is at war with terror!"

(PRESIDENT BUSH is comfortable with
Rove's last statement and repeats it
several times confidently.)

PRESIDENT BUSH

"America is at war with terror."
"America is at war with terror."
"America is at war with terror."

(PRESIDENT BUSH begins to speak as
if he is a scholar reciting a
Shakespearian play.)

PRESIDENT BUSH (cont.)

"America--Is--At war--With terror!"
"America! --Is--At--War! --With Terror!"

KARL ROVE

Yes sir, Very good sir and--

PRESIDENT BUSH and KARL ROVE
(in unison.)

"If you're not with us--you're against us."

KARL ROVE

Excellent, sir. Excellent, Mr. President--That will shut them up every time.

PRESIDENT BUSH
(A little pensive and unsure.)

You think so Karl?

KARL ROVE

Absolutely, Mr. President--There is no more time, the press is here.

(Music for "Dangerous Man" starts, frantic press and media enter Oval office with a barrage of questions. "Mr. President! Mr. President!" PRESIDENT BUSH is propped up by CONDOLEEZZA RICE; VICE PRESIDENT CHENEY answers some of the questions with "None of your goddamn business!" CONDOLEEZZA RICE just barely stops the PRESIDENT from pouring a glass of whisky. PRESIDENT BUSH stops amid the questions and sings-- "I have angels! I have demons! There are curves in the road and sometimes I might make a mistake!"

A Dangerous Man

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(For Fmr. President G. W. Bush)

Got that walk
Got that swagger
Got that talk
All the right words!
Push the buttons
Dot the I's and cross the T's
What's better than a masterpiece
Ooh fuck me!!!

You could be, You could be, You could be *Dangerous...*
You could be, You could be, You could be *Dangerous...*
You could be, You could be, You could be *Dangerous...*
You could be, You could be, You could be, *A Dangerous Man.*

Got that charisma
Mass Appeal
Charming hearts
Lady killer
Can't do no wrong
Put your life in a song
What goes on behind closed doors?
Do you really want to know?

You could be... *A Dangerous Man.*

The people are behind you
Right or wrong
Following blindly
Siren song
Some by Faith!
Some by Fear!
So much power
Trusted in your hands

You could be... *A Dangerous Man.*

I am human
I have demons
I have angels
There are curves in the road and sometimes
I might make a mistake!

You could be... *A Dangerous Man!*

KARL ROVE excitedly turns to the media making a frantic "cut off" motion at his throat. The media frantically continues to take notes along with using their mini recorders and high quality cameras to take pictures as CONDOLEEZZA, CHENEY, POWELL, and ROVE pull PRESIDENT BUSH away and out of sight of the press. The press and media sing the last chorus into a fade. "You could be--a dangerous man")

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 3

SETTING: "Lions Quarter" Bar and Grill.

AT RISE: JOEY stands at the bar with THOMAS, MARCUS and DAVE. Joey's girlfriends NIKKI and JANICE are present. SAL is the bartender.

They are watching the recurring news of the twin towers' demise, the attack on the Pentagon and the heroic passengers on United flight 93 who forced a plane to crash instead of succeeding at hitting another target.

JOEY ALLEN PACINI
(exuberant with joy and anger.)

See that's why we have to go beat their fuckin' rag-tag ass!
For people like that who fuckin' stand up for America!

(THOMAS, MARCUS, and
DAVE raise their beers
to salute in agreement.)

Gave their fuckin' lives fought those mother fucker's--You think they weren't scared?! Fuck yeah, I'm tellin' you man, my Sergeant, my commanding officer better be behind my ass every minute of the fucking day because I catch one of them fuckin' mop heads I'm gonna just blow his fuckin' head off for the hell of it! I'm not kidding! Man, this shit makes me so mad just continually seeing this shit on T.V. 24-fuckin'-7.

SAL

When do you guys head out?

THOMAS

Nine days we head out to boot camp.

SAL

All I can say is God be with you, and I want to thank you guys in advance. Somebody's gotta show these mother fucker's they done pissed up the wrong tree. I just wish I was young enough to enlist--Believe me I'd be right along side you.

JOEY

Hey, Sal, you did your service in Viet Nam you're too fuckin' old to be strapping up an M-16!

SAL

I'm telling you, you're never too old to do something for the homeland. The greatest country on earth, that's what America is, and Viet Nam was different--all wars are different--but this one mother fucker's right here in our house--on our land--learned to fly our planes, trained in American flight training schools and pulled some shit like this?! Man all I got to say is Bush better make 'em hurt from all sides so them Muslims or, Osama-Ladens or whatever the hell his name is, never thinks of doing this shit again.

(NIKKI, a young attractive girl comes over and squeezes her way in between JOEY and THOMAS to talk with JOEY.)

NIKKI

I don't want you to go Joey. I'm gonna' miss you so much. Who's gonna' drive your car. You can leave it with me and I'll keep it nice and warm for ya' every time you come home for a break from killing all those bad guys.

JOEY

Nikki you're like crazy right now! --Like a dog in heat or something! Nobody's getting my fuckin' car! My car's gonna be parked at my mother's garage until I come home and drive it in the streets again.

(NIKKI takes JOEY'S beer out his hand and turns

and backs her buttocks
up to his crotch as she
sips his beer.)

NIKKI
(speaks seductively)

I bet you're gonna miss me when you're all sweaty in that ol'
hot desert wishing for a cold glass of water or some air
conditioning to cool you down.

JOEY
(Guides NIKKI away from his crotch)

Yeah, Nikki, I'm gonna miss you, that's why I'm bringin' a
whole jar of Vaseline so me, Rosie Palmer and her four sisters
can get the poison out while I keep my mind on business, okay?

(JANICE, another
attractive young lady
walks up to JOEY and
gives him a hug.)

JANICE

Oh, Joey, I'm gonna miss you so much. We're all gonna miss
you so much. Things just aren't going to be the same, and I'm
gonna be praying for ya, to come home safe everyday.

JOEY
(speaks lovingly)

Ahhh, Janice, sweetheart, you are definitely a memory I will
be taking with me to the depths of my journey, and I'll be
asking God Himself to keep me alive just so I can come back
home and tap that ass!

(There is hooping and
hollering in the bar as
JOEY makes an announce-
ment--music begins to
play)

Who wants to come with us to Afghanistan and beat some fuckin'
Taliban--Al Qaeda--Jihad ass?!!!

(BLACKOUT after song)

(END OF SCENE)

Lover Not a Fighter

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Reggae style)

Always one to keep up with the honey
 Fast cars diamond in my ear
 You know we got the life
 But 9/11--man that wasn't so funny
 You take a life--now it's time to take a life
 That's the way I see it

I'm a lover not a fighter
 I'm a lover not a fighter
 Yeah, I'm a lover not a fighter
 But I gotta do what I got to do

Hey! You want to sit around in a cave and scandal my name
 Nope! You don't want to do dat
 Wanna come to my country and cause bloodshed and pain!
 Nope! You don't want to do dat
 You don't want to do dat
 You don't want to do dat
 You don't want to do dat...

I'm a lover not a fighter...
 But I gotta do what I got to do

Strip me down 'til I'm just a man
 Bells and whistles--see you when I can
 I'm a soldier, got my mission
 Dead or Alive!
 I'm a warrior
 I'm a warrior!
 This means war
 This means war
 This means war
 This means war...

I'm a bloodhound bin Laden bound
 You want to come to my country and scandal my name
 Nope! You don't want to do dat
 Mess with Americans--you know, we get a little insane
 Nope! You don't want to do dat
 You don't want to do dat
 You don't want to do dat
 You don't want to do dat...

Osama bin Laden, see me in your dreams
American soldier, it's as real as it seems
You've been betrayed
The choice is made
It's Judgment Day
And now it's time to hang!
Say hello to Saddam Hussein...

I'm a lover not a fighter
I'm a lover not a fighter
But I had to do what I had to do
HEY!!!

Scene 4

SETTING: Army Boot Camp Barracks

AT RISE: It is the first day of boot camp. Everyone in the unit is getting acquainted with each other and arranging their personal effects in the barracks in accordance with military rules. JOEY observes a fellow soldier named MUHAMMED on his sajjāda, or prayer mat practicing Muslim prayer. He interrupts him.)

JOEY

What the fuck are you doing?!

MUHAMMED

You have a problem with me?

JOEY

Yeah, I gotta fuckin' problem with you! We're here to kill the fuckin' enemy--Not pray to them!!

MUHAMMED

I was a Muslim three years ago before this war started. I was born and raised in America just like you. I have a right to practice my religion just like you have a right to practice what ever religion you choose.

JOEY

Fuck that, man! This shit is not right! --You think if I was born and raised in a Muslim country and Muslims sent you to America to fight they wouldn't have a problem with you practicing Christianity?! Fuck that man! This is fuckin' retarded! What the fuck are you doing here?! What are you, like a spy?!!

LEROY

Leave him alone man! He's got his right to practice his own religion!

JOEY

(looks at LEROY pissed)

Fuck you Nigger!

(There is a silence in the room as LEROY walks over to JOEY. JOEY stands firm with his fist in guard position, ready to fight. LEROY punches JOEY in the eye so quickly he doesn't see it coming. JOEY knocks a bunk bed sideways as he reels from the punch and tries to distance himself from LEROY. LEROY walks slowly and methodically towards JOEY. JOEY takes two or three steps back for every step LEROY takes toward him.)

Didn't yo' momma teach you no manners? --If I'm a nigger--You a nigger too. You think only white people died in them twin towers, and the Pentagon and that flight over Pennsylvania? You think we fighting this war for white people? This ain't the 50's and 60's motha-fucka' I will beat yo' motha-fuckin' ass white boy!

SERGEANT SMITH

Attention!

(It is Drill Instructor SERGEANT SMITH and his assistant CORPORAL HARRIS. All the soldiers stand at attention in front of their bunks

including JOEY and LEROY. SERGEANT SMITH walks slowly past each of the soldiers giving a glance inspection as passes by. He reaches the out of place bunk bed as he approaches LEROY.)

SGT. SMITH

What happened here?

LEROY

Uh, sir! We were just cleaning under it when you walked into the unit, sir!

(SGT. SMITH eyes LEROY with suspicion and authoritative doubt--He knows LEROY is lying. He takes another step and notices JOEY standing at attention next to LEROY with a bruised eye.)

SGT. SMITH

(To JOEY)

What happened to your eye, soldier?

JOEY

Sir! I tripped sir.

(SGT. SMITH turns his head sideways, puts his finger on his ear lobe and speaks in an agitated and stern voice.)

SGT. SMITH

You wanna' try that again?

JOEY

Sir! Horse-play sir!

SGT. SMITH
(Loud and agitated)

What?!!

JOEY

Sir! Horse-play sir, I was playing around, sir.

SGT. SMITH
(Speaking loudly and
talking at everyone in
the room.)

Let's get something straight soldier! You don't horse-play! -
-You don't horse around! You don't horse shit! --In my unit--
You understand me?!!

JOEY

Sir! Yes sir!

SGT. SMITH
(Speaking to everyone)

Does everyone understand me?!!!

EVERYONE
(Everyone sounds off in agreement.)

Sir! Yes sir!!!

SGT. SMITH
(To JOEY)

Now get down, and give me fifty.

(JOEY hits the floor and
begins fifty push-ups.
When he gets to thirty-
eight SERGEANT SMITH
makes a statement to his

assistant CORPORAL
HARRIS.)

SGT. SMITH

You know Cpl. Harris, my math skills aren't that sharp today.
What number is he on?

CPL. HARRIS
(fakes bewilderment.)

I--I don't quite remember sir.

SGT. SMITH

Oh, yeah, now I remember. --Three--Four--Five--Six--Seven

(JOEY ends up doing 105
push ups as his fellow
soldiers stand at
attention. When he is
back standing in
formation SGT. SMITH
looks at JOEY face to
face and eye to eye he
speaks calmly, and
quietly.)

SGT. SMITH

There will be no bullshit in my platoon, do you hear me?

JOEY
(Responds quietly)

Yes sir.

SGT. SMITH

If you got a valid issue, you will bring it up to the officer
in charge--that would be me, and go through the proper
grievance procedure, or I'll make you wish you never stepped
foot in that uniform. Do you understand me soldier?

JOEY

Sir! Yes sir!

SGT. SMITH

Good.

(As SGT. SMITH and CPL.
HARRIS quickly walk
toward the exit SGT.
SMITH yells 'Move 'em
out!!')

Who Do You Trust

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Alternative rock)

Yeah we got our plans
We got our orders
Another mission on the ground
To bring law and order
Gotta do what you must
Lead or follow--Who do you trust?
I trust America!
Who do you love?
I love America!

A blind screeching fear
Here we go again!
A roller coaster ride
My fault is near
Feelings just below the surface
They're true, I don't ask them to hide
Everyone's got fear
Everyone wants to live--make it home alive

Who do you trust?
I trust America!
Who do you trust?
I trust America!

This much terror
This much pride
Once you stretch the mind this far
You wonder what's left inside
I see dead people
Forced into the spirit world
I see living things
And know in an instant I could take a life

Who do you trust
I trust America
Who do you love
I love America

A faith
A belief
In beautiful things
A desire to be whole
In all that I am...

If I die today
I know it is not in vain
For my country I give my life
For my God, I don't think twice

In a storm, we're all soldiers...
In a storm, we're all soldiers...

Who do you trust?
I trust America
Who do you love?
I love America
Who do you trust?
I trust America
Who do you love?
I love America...

(After six weeks of boot camp and partnered skill training JOEY is still suspicious of MUHAMMED but becomes close friends with LEROY. "In a storm were all soldiers.")

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Hero

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Alternative feel; slower, with feeling.)

I wanna be your hero
 I wanna be the one you can't live without
 I wanna be the one you stand up and shout for
 I wanna be your hero!!

I wanna be your hero
 I wanna be the one who comes through when you're in doubt
 I wanna save your world in the nick of time
 Be there when you're short--of just a dime
 I wanna be your hero!!

Crash into me!!

And I want our love to be stronger than life
 If I go before you,
 I'll be your angel in life
 Keep you safe from harm
 When you get that warm feeling inside
 You know it's me, your guide
 Our love will never die!!
 'Cause I'm your hero!!

I wanna be your hero
 I wanna be the love of your life
 I wanna be your friend when all hope dies
 I wanna be your hero!!!

Crash into me!!

I wanna be your hero!!!
 I'm qualified to stand the test of time
 There's no way you could say no
 I'm gonna love you wherever you go
 'Cause I'm your hero!!!
 Crash into me!!
 Crash into me!!
 No matter what you say, I'm gonna love you anyway
 'Cause I'm your hero!
 Crash into me!!
 Crash into me!!
 Crash into me!!

I'm your hero...

Scene 6

SETTING: (White House Oval office --
PRESIDENT BUSH; VICE PRESIDENT
CHENEY, CONDOLEEZZA RICE, KARL
ROVE, and General COLIN POWELL
are in the room.

AT RISE: CHENEY is the first to comment
on how he thought the
PRESIDENT'S Q&A with the PRESS
went.

CHENEY

Well, that was a fuckin' disaster--Do you think they'll print
it?

KARL ROVE

Of course--the liberal media is not going to miss the chance
to make the President look like a fool. We've got to get ahead
of it and spin it in a way that's it's perceived that
uncertainty is not what the President meant, and the Media is
the paranoid one--The villain, trying to install fear into the
consciousness of the American people by misleading them.

(ROVE looks over to
CONDOLEEZZA RICE with a
confident stare.)

CONDOLEEZZA RICE

Yes! I'll get the publicity team on it, right away sir.

(PRESIDENT BUSH is
looking at the T.V. and
watching the potential
candidates for President
gain steam.)

PRESIDENT BUSH

(Half jokingly)

Has anyone been paying attention to this Afro-American guy
Barrack Obama? He could be my successor--Our next President.

CHENEY

He won't make it--Someone will take him out before his first term.

PRESIDENT BUSH

Can't talk like that, Dick. We've got to give him a chance. Everything I see or have heard of him says "He's the man." -- "It's his time" -- "He's a good man for the job." And you know what's weird, the more I hear him, listen to him talk he reminds me of a young Martin Luther King. If anyone killed him we might as well go back to Europe and give the land back to the Indians because it sure wouldn't be fit for a white man to live here in America. No blacks would trust another white for one thousand years and we'd have civil war in this country worse than the Confederate and Union--Worse than the religious nut cases we control and manipulate in the Middle East. No, let him prove himself. He's idealistic, and he's got a lot to learn about getting things done, and how they are done. And it's all gonna be interesting how this all plays out. I'm just glad I'm not running up against him, especially after that Katrina thing. I don't think even Dad or Jed could have saved me in the polls.

KARL ROVE

Mr. President. --Think positive.

PRESIDENT BUSH

That's right! Let's keep our eyes on the here and right now!-- This instant! I'm the man! You hear me?!!

(CHENEY rolls his eyes,
He knows what's coming.)

CHENEY

Oh, brother.

(CHENEY, CONDOLEEZZA,
ROVE, and POWELL answer
in unison.)

Yes, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT BUSH

I didn't hear you?!!!

(CHENEY, CONDOLEEZZA,
ROVE and POWELL all
answer again with a
little bit more
enthusiasm.)

Yes, Mr. President--You're the man.

(PRESIDENT BUSH still
trying to rally up his crew.)

PRESIDENT BUSH

Get off your asses! --I still can't hear you!

(CHENEY, CONDOLEEZZA,
ROVE and POWELL all yell
out loud and clear this
time.)

Mr. President! --You're the man!!!

(PRESIDENT BUSH speaks
confidently)

That's right! --My daddy was a pistol, and that makes me a son
of a gun!

Son of a Gun

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(For Fmr. President G. W. Bush)

(med. alternative rock; imitating G. W. Bush)

OK Everybody! I'm the chief!
So take your places
Condoleezza, Powell, Cheney and all other faces
Doesn't matter if you're black or white
I'm the President!
I'm the Decider!
In other words, this song is called
"I'm Gonna Do Whatever The Hell I Want!"

Cause I'm a Son of a Gun!

Son of a Gun...

You Son of a Gun...

Son of a Gun...

I'm a Son of a Gun!

Son of a Gun...

You Son of a Gun...

I'm a Son of a Gun!

Son of a Gun!...

You Son of a Gun...

I'm a Son of a Gun!

Son of a Gun...

You Son of a Gun...

I'm a Son of a Gun!

Well, no, we didn't find any weapons of mass destruction,
But we rocked Saddam Hussein!
Said he wanted to kill my daddy?
Rot in hell you psychotic bastard!

Well I know the economy got a little screwed
And the housing crisis made a little more insane
For all the folks who got caught with their pants down
I want to say "Sorry."
And next time start carrying a little jar of Vaseline with you
So it won't hurt so bad

Cause I'm a Son of a Gun... !

Everybody knows it! I'm a Son of a Gun!
Sing bitches!
Just like James Brown used to say,

"To the Bridge!"
You may not like me now
You may not like me for a while
--But who gives a shit!
(Hey, Cheney, watch your language!)

I'm a Son of a Gun...!

Now, Osama bin Laden
I got my sights on you
You think it's over
But it's just beginning, fool!
Even if you die
I'll dig you up and put you in trial for 9/11
September 11th really ruined my day
I'm gonna make you pay

'Cause I'm a Son of a Gun... !

I love this country
I love where I am and where I'm from
Heart as big as Texas
I keep 'em on the run!
God Bless America!
Now let's get them sons of bitches!

I'm a Son of a Gun... !

Hey Kanye West!--Kiss My White Ass!
OK, everybody--that's a wrap!
Where's my ten-gallon hat
We're all headed to the Ranch
For some alcohol-free margaritas!

ROVE

We still do not have enough votes in the House and the Senate to procure a preemptive strike against Saddam, and public opinion is sitting on the fence, Yea or Nay depending on which day you check the polls. We have to get it across to the American people that their deepest fears of a nuclear attack from the Middle East would likely be imminent if we don't strike first. Hussein is already restricting access to certain areas of Iraq to UN inspectors which would lead the global world to believe he has something to hide.

CHENEY

Fuck 'em!--You're the President of the United States, order up the Navy and the Air Force and carpet bomb his ass!

ROVE

No, that would be political suicide. Even though we don't much need the UN findings--whether they find WMD's or not because he committed acts of genocide when he used mustard gas to kill the Kurds, his own people. So there will be no global political backlash from bringing down a tyrant. But we have to at least make it appear to the global community that we gave him a chance to come clean and prove he has no weapons of mass destruction. And in the meantime we need someone to convince the people; we have to win the public over and once we win the public over we'll get the votes we need in Congress, from the Republicans as well as the Democrats. But we need someone to convince the people--A public hearing to state our case, and it has to come from someone the public respects; Someone the public trusts--Someone the public--loves.

(ROVE looks over to
Secretary of State COLIN
POWELL.)

(PRESIDENT BUSH sits
behind the desk in the
Oval office, relieved as
he pours himself a tall
glass of whisky.)

GEN. POWELL

Don't you think it would be prudent to wait for the outcome of the UN inspections to determine how to move forward on Hussein, and whether the WMD is truth or fabrication?

CHENEY

(angrily)

What?!

POWELL

I know what our intelligence, and our sources say, I get regular briefings at those meetings the same as you do and the intel is contradictory and inconclusive at best.

CHENEY

(angrily)

What is your job, General?

POWELL

(irritated)

What?

CHENEY

(indignant and persistent,
walks up to POWELL and speaks
very close to his face.)

What is your job as a General in the United States Army?

(POWELL is not
intimidated by CHENEY.
Still, he answers the
question.)

POWELL

"To execute the demands of the President--Commander and Chief of the United States."

CHENEY

(satisfied)

That's right. And you do it without question. Intelligence has reported back to us in classified document after classified document that this mother fucker Saddam Hussein has weapons of mass destruction which the American people--The American government cannot and will not allow to get into the hands of terrorists. That could potentially make 9/11 look like a picnic compared to the damage a nuclear bomb or a "dirty bomb" would cause if detonated in any U.S. city.

(CHENEY and POWELL glare at each other as if in a "stare down" competition.)

CHENEY

You're either with us or against us.

(Rove steps in between them.)

ROVE

(Speaks with a calm demeanor.)

We need you to speak to the American people at the upcoming Congressional hearing. You're our best card to play--You're our best hand. You're loved, admired, and respected across the board among black and white; even poll numbers at different times have shown you to be more popular than the President. Your career is stellar and impeccable. The American people will listen to you. We need you to sell the war in Iraq.

(PRESIDENT BUSH fills his glass with another round of whisky and raises his glass to GENERAL POWELL.)

PRESIDENT BUSH

Do this for me Colin. Do it for the U-S- of A!!

ROVE

(Speaking across the room to the President and shouts in agreement.)

ROVE (cont.)

That's right Mr. President - For the good ol' U-S- of A!!

GEN. POWELL
(short hesitation then speaks)

O.K., Mr. President I'll do it.

CHENEY
(Victorious)

Yes!!! We're going to rip the fuckin' nuts right from under them!!!

GEN. POWELL

But if after we invade Iraq and no weapons of mass destruction are found I will not be seeking to be a part of this administration if you are re-elected for a second term.

PRESIDENT BUSH

Fair enough Colin. That's fair enough.

ROVE
(Turns to POWELL)

In all seriousness Colin, I have nothing to hide.

(Spotlight shines on
KARL ROVE as the room
goes dark and he begins
to sing.)

Something to Hide

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(For Karl Rove)

(Mid '20s style jazz vamp, lots of brass)

Intuitions stirring
Elements of things
You can feel it through the walls and everything
Something's not right
Something's so wrong
Ooh, ooh, I've got something to hide

Passions surface
No matter how you try
Suppress one feeling
It comes out the other side
The right time, the right place--
You can let it go with a sigh
Mmm, mmm, I've got something to hide...

Business as usual
But take a closer look inside
The eyes, the hands tremble
The excitement--the pride
Whichever way you get fucked
I hope that you survive!
Ooh, ooh, I've got something to hide...

Somebody in the room
Planning the thoughts of doom
Tricks and kicks and clever dicks
Right before your eyes!!!

Ooh, ooh, I've got something to hide...

Love and peace and war
Right outside your door
Which one will you choose?
Pick the wrong one and you lose!!!
Walk with me into the secret room
Lust and all
Rise and fall
My success, my personal best
The good and the bad
You see I'm human after all

Ooh, ooh, I've got something...
Ooh, ooh, I've got something...
Ooh, ooh, I've got something to hide

(COLIN POWELL sells the nuclear arms threat to Congress and to the American people. PRESIDENT BUSH is given the O.K. to invade Iraq on the grounds of bringing SADDAM HUSSEIN to justice for crimes against humanity and possible nuclear weapons violations. Many of America's sons and daughters are heading off to war zones in Iraq and Afghanistan and the heart song of prayers and duty for the love of country trails their passage across a far and distant land.

"To Love You" plays.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

To Love You

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

*Nothing but the softest words can reach me now.
Nothing but the kindest touch can reach me now.
Thank you, Yoko Ono.*

(sung a capella)

Yesterday,
As I watched your frame disappear in a crowd
I began to wonder like on an autumn day
What would I do if you were gone
Today,
As I hold your face in the memory of my mind
I feel your touch--I hear your voice--
But your voice is not enough--
These memories are not enough

To love you so much, it scares me
To lose you I would surely die, alive
You feel a part inside me
I don't know death--but I do wonder why

If the first lovers would have refused
Moving pictures we all would be
Just like in a cartoon--forever and again--alive

To love you so much, it scares me...

There'll be flowers on the table when you get home--
all the news that's new--
good food, and the song of me dancing!
dancing!
dancing!

Scene 7

(JEROME is a young black guy "from the ghetto streets of the South Side of Chicago." He is almost always in a playful mood, and kidding with street-wise humor. And as his fellow comrades have come to know; once Jerome get's on a roll--there's no stopping him.)

SETTING: The Base Cafeteria (Flashback).

AT RISE: JEROME walks in carrying his lunch tray. JOEY and LEROY are sitting across from each other, eating and talking. OTHER SOLDIERS are in the room, eating and conversing with each other.

JEROME
(addressing everyone in the cafeteria.)

What's up my Nigga's!!!--Hey Carl, what you got on that Lakers' game?! Shaq and Coby gonna tear that ass up! Straight to a tournament win--Come on Now!!! You like them long shots!-
-How much money you want to loose? I know you good for it, cause Uncle Sam ain't bouncing no checks!

(He looks over to JOEY sitting across from LEROY.)

JEROME (cont.)
Hey Joey, got any more Nigger jokes?!!

(JOEY lifts his head back in surprise looks at JEROME and gives a slight grin. JEROME slaps one of his fellow soldiers' with a high five.)

Leroy tapped that ass and you all quiet now huh?! Didn't know you was fuckin' with a prize winning boxer when you got diarrhea at the mouth huh?

LEROY

Jerome - Shut the fuck up man!

(JEROME is surprised at LEROY'S response as several of the soldiers laugh.)

JEROME

Oh, Oh!--Oh! I get it now! That's why ya'll sitting across from each other! Ya'll done kissed and made up! I get it now! Ya'll like two peas in a pod now. Like Ebony and Ivory, Like Ike and Tina Turner! Better not get outta line anymore with the "N word" or, Leroy gone beat ya' again! Ain't that right Master Leroy?!!

(LEROY shakes his head from side to side and tries to keep from cracking up.)

Uh, huh--Keep 'em on a short leash Leroy! If he so much as say anything that begins with the letter "N" get on him! Tighten that ass up Leroy! "Nuts! --Nappy! --Nantucket! --Nightmares! --Nazi! --None of that shit!"

JEROME

(faking seriousness.)

But you my Nigga Joey. From now on Joey, I mean it! I'll say it in Ebonics so you can understand--Jo-ey-you-my Nig-ga!

(JEROME laughs heartily. LEROY and JOEY both try and hold back from laughing. LEROY shakes his head from side to side again.)

JEROME

(Yells out to everyone
in the cafeteria.)

I got a question!!! What the fuck are we here for?!!!

RANDOM SOLDIER

(yells back)

To eat in peace!!!

(JEROME is unfazed. He
continues with his
speech.)

I reiterate my question before I was so rudely interrupted! --
What the fuck are we here for?!!!

(Several soldiers yell
out to answer JEROME'S
question half out of
wanting to play along;
the others out of
wanting him to finish
and shut up.)

RANDOM SOLDIERS

For God and Country!
For America and the victims of 9/11!
For the Taliban!
Osama Bin Laden!

JEROME (cont.)

That all sounds good and I'm sure half of ya'll really mean it
when you say "God and Country!"

(Some of the soldiers
throw food at JEROME and
tell him to sit down.)

JEROME

But wait! --Wait! --Wait! Just one cotton pickin'--Blue Blood-
-All American minute! The truth hurts! And if you really

want to know the truth! The reason we're all here?! It's for the MONEY!

(Again some of the soldiers throw food at JEROME and some of them start booing him and giving him the thumbs down sign. JEROME is undeterred as some of the soldiers repeat their reason for service.)

RANDOM SOLDIERS

For God and Country!
For America and victim's of 9/11!
For the Taliban!
Osama Bin Laden!

JEROME

No! Really! Think about it! Wars make money for big business, and it trickles down to us in this job of being an American soldier where even if we don't make it home alive our families and our children still get paid--still get some type of financial benefit for the home--education--job training whatever! For me personally I'm just trying to keep our eye on the prize of Osama Bin Laden--That's the money shot! Just like in a porno! That's the money shot! That's why were here! --That's why were here!
Osama Bin Laden!
Osama Bin Laden!!
Osama Bin Laden!!!

(BLACKOUT after song)

(END OF SCENE)

CURTAINS CLOSE

All for the Money

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Lively barroom romp)

We do it all for the money, honey
That's just the way we are
Sights on a future, honey
Will we stay here or go far

We do it all for the money, honey
Trained to kill or die
We do it all for the money, honey
Right before your eyes

(Instrumental with bagpipes)

We do it all for the money, honey
For God and country we try
Walk proud--face the good and the bad
We don't blink an eye!

I got love--I got courage!
I've got a courageous heart
We do it all for the money, honey
'Cause that's just what fools we are!

ACT II
"This Means War"

Scene 1

SETTING: The "bare" stage, Present Day.

AT RISE: INTERVIEWER is fielding questions on the Iraq war. JEROME, MARCUS, ANDREW, and ADAM are present.

INTERVIEWER

What was your initial feelings or thoughts about the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq, and how do you feel about them today?

JEROME

We knew we had to go to Afghanistan because that's where Bin Laden was at the time. And as far as Saddam Hussein goes you can compare it to like when somebody in the house breaks yo' momma's favorite lamp and your momma get's both of you in the room and says "Who broke my fuckin' lamp?!! There's only two of you in the house!--Speak up motha-fucka!!!" And both kids point at each other 'cause they don't want the hellified ass whopping that's gonna follow. Shit, "Mother Liberty" is already screaming and, yelling with smoke coming out her ears, and I'M GOING TO ADMIT SOME SHIT THAT I KNOW IS GONNA GET MY ASS TORE UP?--I DON'T THINK SO! So what happens? "Mother Liberty" whoops both they asses! 'Cause she know one of you mother fucker's broke her lamp. This way she know whichever of the two that did it or had anything to do with it --She's guaranteed to say before she goes to bed at night--"I got yo' ass."

MARCUS

It falls along the line of what you said earlier about the American people appreciating men and women in the armed services. I just want the American people to appreciate what a soldier is--What he goes through--How he risks his or her life when they're on duty in a live war zone. Where the fuck else you gonna go to work everyday dodging bullets and snipers to get a paycheck?! But I know if we hadn't gone to Afghanistan and even Iraq--Fuck Saddam Hussein! Killing his own people with mustard gas--So what if America invaded Iraq

just to get his oil, so we could get cheaper oil for America in the future! I don't care! What, you want to be at the mercy of a psychopathic tyrant and, his rapist, murderous drugged out sons hoping for some type of diplomacy?! It's not going to happen!

We put him in power. We put him there. Take his ass out. --That's what President Bush, Cheney, and Karl Rove were thinking--"Yeah, I'm a thief, but I'm a thief for my country--for America." That's why President Bush made that statement "History will forgive the administration for invading Iraq."

It's just like how some people will lie, cheat, and steal and give part of their money to the church and rationalize "Yeah I lie, cheat and, steal but I give part of it to God--to Jesus" whatever.

But Bush was a dumb-fuck--That statement "Bring 'em on!" Man, we were in the middle of the Taliban and Alqueeda trying to kill us and this mother fucker's going to insight them to want to kill us even more. That's about the time the mother fucker's started dressing up as women in those veils, or waving their hands up like they were surrendering and as soon as your driving past they turn around and start shooting at you with machine guns.--Fucked up man.

JEROME

Thanks Jed!

MARCUS

Hell, Yeah!! Backward ass--Dumb ass--Billy-Hill mother fuckers!! Ain't even smart enough to be called a hillbilly! And that mother fucker became President of the United States!

JEROME

His family--His brother was the governor in Florida. That's how they stole it from Al Gore.

(ANDREW raises his hand
and offers a statement
about President Bush.)

ANDREW

I voted for him--Twice. What is a President? He's a man. And until they put an Intel chip in his ass to perform above human then that's what were gonna get making decisions. A man who is not perfect.

ADAM

You know, you go over there to liberate a people; Liberate a country, and they fall back into the hands of another dictator who wants to put his foot on their throat because of his ego, or he can't grasp the idea of what "freedom" is, what "democracy" is, what "fairness" is, what "civil rights" is--Self respect or, self respect of others. The people themselves don't know! It's just some shiny new thing they always heard the Americans had or what makes us so powerful. Then you got the allegiance to a religion that damn near guarantees that in time they'll be set back a few hundred years when a new military regime comes in reinstating the status quo of the same thing they had. Just as violent--Just as deadly and corrupt. You have a culture, a country of people who don't know what "freedom" is, or what to do with it once they overthrow their oppressor--The dictator out of power. They're not aware for "freedom" and "democracy" to work it has to be something that is believed by the people. That is practiced by the people. That's why basically, politically they're predictable sitting targets. When we would go into well to do homes you'd notice all the "Western" things they tell their people to despise--they love, like porn; White women, nice clothes, cars, an education for their daughters--It's hypocritical, but they keep the peoples' nose so close to the grind stone, or a whip at their back--It works to mentally enslave generations.

(It's) Time for a Revolution

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

Have you had enough?
 Have you had enough?
 Have you had enough?
 Have you had enough?

It's time!
 It's time!
 It's time!
 It's time!
 It's time!--It's time for a revolution!

It's time!
 It's time!
 It's time!
 It's time!
 It's time!--It's time for a revolution!

Too many broken hearts
 Too many broken dreams
 By intimidation and fear you keep the truth at bay
 They covered your eyes and led you blind--
 "Do what I say!"
 Dare to live--Dare to breathe--freedom!

It's time!... It's time for a revolution!
 It's time!... It's time for a revolution!

Generations of pain
 That's all I've known
 Your foot on my throat
 After the Tyrant is gone
 How will I find my way?
 How will I know I am worthy?
 Learn to give, learn to take
 Somebody tell me what respect is!

It's time!... It's time for a revolution!
 It's time!... It's time for a revolution!

I many not know where I am going
 But I know I'm not going back to the past
 These broken pieces, these broken lives
 Will heal with time
 And our stories of survival

Will guide our children!
YEAHH!

It's time!... It's time for a revolution!
It's time!... It's time for a revolution!
It's time!... It's time for a revolution!

(As the INTERVIEWER asks
his question music
starts playing for the
start of the next song
"Suicide Bomber")

INTERVIEWER

When did the realization of Suicide Bombers become a viable threat and how did it change your tactics in dealing with native Iraqis?

ADAM

Well, they had suicide bombers long before we got there, but the spike of suicide bombers arose because of Hussein loyalists trying desperately to take back the country after the Americans had arrived. Some would say President Bush's "Bring 'em on!" statement didn't help. It seemed to spear a backlash to win against the Americans at all cost and by any means necessary. There was confirmation also that insurgents were coming from Iran and Syria with weapons, and ammunition supplied by their governments.

(After "Suicide Bomber" plays,
BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Suicide Bomber

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Alternate hard rock, strong bass line)

Suicide Bomber
 Sending love from Osama
 Takes up arms for his God
 One hell of a spiritual *jihād*
 Won't give up my life
 Won't give up my land
 Won't give up my pride
 With a bomb strapped to his side
 He says, "I'm ready to die!!!"

Suicide Bomber
 They got 'em wound up like a hammer
 Full of propaganda he thinks is true
 And he's coming straight at you
 Ready to give you a hug and whisper
 "It's a good day to die!!!"

Praise Allah!

Here comes the pain again
 Knocking at your door
 Here comes the pain again
 Beating at your core
 And your mothers, fathers, sons and daughters
 I hear them cry from so far away--
 I told you not to fuck with me!
 I told you not to fuck with me!
 Yeah, it's a good day to die!

Suicide Bomber
 Got his mind on big drama
 Wanna keep your heart in fear
 And destroy what you hold dear
 Got your attention
 Maybe now you'll listen
Praise Allah!

Here comes the pain again
 Knocking at your door
 Here comes the pain again
 Beating at your core
 And your mothers, fathers, sons and daughters
 I hear them cry from so far away--

I told you not to fuck with me!
I told you not to fuck with me!
Yeah, it's a good day to die!

It's a good day to die!
It's a good day to die!
It's a good day to die!

Praise Allah!

Guns Rule the World

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Rap/Alt Rock, fast)

Press your luck and wind up Six Feet Under
You don't play with fire
You don't want this thunder
I'll wreck your house
Put a gun in your mouth
Why you lookin' so surprised
When you know it
You know it!
You know it!
Guns rule the world!
Guns rule the world!

Yeah I'm ten feet tall
I'm on top of the world
My dick is ten feet long
No one can stop me now
Anger and chaos as the problem gets bigger
In an instant you realize
In an instant you wish you tried
To make this world so much better
Guns rule the world!
Guns rule the world!

RAT-TAT-TAT MUTHAFUCKA!!!

It's my security
It's my retirement
It's my Wall Street Bailout
Nothing's left for me in your trickle down world
And watch your dumb ass on TV
You couldn't survive without your lies
So My philosophy?
Guns rule the world!
Guns rule the world!
Guns rule the world!
Guns rule the world!

RAT-TAT-TAT MUTHAFUCKA!!!

Scene 2

SETTING: The base camp in Iraq
(flashback).

AT RISE: A tragedy is unfolding. People are being shot as they sleep. Others are running for their lives and being shot down as they go from one village hut to another. Pvt. Samuel, a lone military soldier has walked off a military base at night to a nearby village and killed fifteen people from the same family. Mothers, fathers, sons and daughters; Grandfathers and Grandmothers. Three generations murdered. The song "Guns Rule the World" plays throughout. The next day SERGEANT SMITH gathers all the men in his unit for an acknowledgement, and a briefing on how to move forward with their mission.

SGT. SMITH

As most of you know Private Samuel is under military custody for alleged crimes that were committed against a group of villagers less than five kilometers from this base. The alleged crimes against Private Samuel are heinous, despicable, and in no way are to reflect the standard expected of any individual representing the United States Military. It goes without saying that in this world of the internet this is a global disgrace to America and a sad day for the men, and women in uniform who fight for freedom, democracy, and human dignity around the world. I will say from a military perspective and a personal note that this is not how we fight wars. This is not how we win wars. These acts are nothing less than cowardly. I have heard of anger issues arising from the rise in suicide attacks, and ambushes that have left some of our fellow soldiers fallen or injured, and I can understand that, in a war zone that is to be expected, and there are counselors and specific help anyone here can get for this problem if you just ask. But this type of vigilante behavior

is not, and will not be tolerated in any branch of the United States military without severe consequences.

(LEROY is just coming into base from field duty when JEROME stops him near the internet café/supply room where other soldiers are sending e-mails or Skypeing family members.

JEROME

You hear the news?

LEROY

What?

JEROME

One of our own went to a nearby village and killed up a bunch of people. A whole family! Some bullshit like three generations in this whole family, dog!

LEROY

Who was it?

JEROME

They say it was Samuel!

LEROY

Samuel?!--Quiet Samuel or loud Samuel?

JEROME

Quiet-ass Samuel! The one who never talks! Damn near never say a fuckin' word, unless you light his fuckin' feet on fire! Quiet-ass Samuel, Leroy! Can you believe this shit?!!

LEROY

Yeah, that's not good, boss. That's not good on us--our unit--on Washington--on America. And it gives the enemy, the Taliban and, Alqueeda an opportunity to recruit more fighters against us and propagandize us--the American soldier as savages.

JEROME

It is savage what he did!

LEROY

Yeah, I totally fuckin' agree. There's no downplaying that--That's sick. But I already know what our Sergeant and Commanding leaders are going to say at the next unit or group meeting--Try and regain the trust of the natives. Try and get it across that this was like a rogue soldier with mental problems or something. Try and deal with it, and keep our focus on the reason where here to liberate the Iraqi people and find Saddam Hussein.

(At 19 years old BRIAN is one of the youngest recruits who volunteered for the U.S. army after 9/11. Even though he considers himself "A well grounded person who isn't fazed by anything." He lies on the top bunk staring at the ceiling. Samuel's violent rampage and carnage has left him with questions. He talks with his bunk mate JAVIER who is 28 years old.)

BRIAN

I wonder why Samuel did what he did?

JAVIER

Who knows, "Kidd." We're in war--All kinds of crazy shit is bound to happen in war, and believe me, it's not the last of the crazy shit that you will hear about, or that will blow your mind before all this shit is said and done--Not by a long shot.

You got some crazy mother fuckers who joined the military just so they can feel they got back at the people who caused 9/11 but they don't want to play by the rules of war, like we're taught and take a oath to do. They got nothing but revenge and hate in their heart. Some of 'em--It was already there! This war just gives them an excuse to kill legally. It's sick--But there's sick fucks everywhere. You just try and keep your sanity. Make it home in one piece, with all your body parts and your nuts intact, so one day you can tell stories to your grandkids how you survived this madness.

BRIAN

But Sammy, I'm surprised! He was so quiet, and kinda cool. Never messed with anybody, and kept to himself. They'll court-martial him now, won't they?

JAVIER

Yep! If they prove what they say he did then he will definitely be court-martialed.

BRIAN

Wow! Just like that, he ruins his career--ruins his life. And instead of us putting the enemy in prison, we have to jail one of our own guys.

JAVIER

Yep! Call it the stress of war kid. Call it the casualty of war, but some people just can't handle all the death and chaos. They just snap. They'll give him a mental evaluation before they give him a lethal injection.

BRIAN

You think so?!

JAVIER

Yeah, I can't even see him getting away with life in prison--
Unless.

BRIAN

Unless what?

JAVIER

--Unless he's got a damn good lawyer.

(JEROME and some OTHER
SOLDIERS approach BRIAN
and JAVIER as they're
talking.)

BRIAN

Do you think they'll ever be another war?

JAVIER

Fuck yeah!!

BRIAN

Why?

JAVIER

Because Man is a mother-fucker!!!

BRIAN
(Sits up on his elbow as
JEROME and OTHERS stand
near.)

I don't know what you mean?

JEROME
(Answers BRIAN'S question)

Because as long as you got something I want, or something I
need, I'm willing to start a fight with you and take it!

(BRIAN looks perplexed
as JEROME starts to sing
the song "There Will
Always Be a War")

(BLACKOUT after song)

(END OF SCENE)

There Will Always Be a War

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Hard Blues/Rock)

Can't mind your own business
 Keep your hands in the cookie jar
 Stirring up the madness
 Don't matter if you're near or far
 I've been trying to make it work
 But you won't leave me alone!

There will always be a war
 There will always be a war
 There will always be a war
 Cause you won't stop fuckin' with me!

Behind the scenes
 Behind my back
 You keep talking that yakety yak
 I can't wait for the day when I can
 Close you out of my life
 Tried to get some rest
 But you keep knocking at my door
 Another round of bullshit
 Tryin' to rock me to the core
 Still...

There will always be a war... 'cause you won't stop fuckin'
 with me!
 AAAHHHHH!

Instrumental

What about a little respect?
 A little R-E-S-P-E-C-T!
 But I know that's only a dream
 For me, it's only a fantasy
 You can't live in peace
 You've got to feed the beast
 It's the only life you've known
 That's why you won't leave me alone
 So...

There will always be a war... 'cause you won't stop fuckin'
 with me!

Scene 3

SETTING: 0300 hours at a small village town 30 miles outside of Baghdad, about that same time.

AT RISE: It is 0300 hours when American soldiers reach a small village town about 30 miles outside of Baghdad. They have been tipped off of a potential "high level target" living in an underground bunker on a small farm. As their headlamps scour the grounds for booby-traps, land mines, and other improvised explosive devices their rifles stand in their arms ready for potential conflict. They reach the trap door that leads to an underground cellar. A soldier violently knocks on the door with the butt of his rifle and shouts a command.

SOLDIER

This is the United States Army!! Come out with your hands up, or we're coming to get you!!!

(A few seconds later an Iraqi translator repeats the American soldiers' statement in Arabic. There is a rumbling from below the trap door, and the sound of locks being unlocked and a latch opened free. As the soldiers all aim their rifles at the door, a grey and disheveled man in his late fifties appears as he swings the door open and raises his hands. His first words

are later recorded for history.)

SADDAM HUSSEIN

I am Saddam Hussein, and I want to negotiate!

(PRESIDENT BUSH has decided that the "new" Iraqi justice system and the Iraqi people will decide what to do with SADDAM HUSSEIN, thereby ensuring his swift execution. There will be a series of mock trials and outbursts from SADDAM and an attempt on his lawyer's part to delay the inevitable but within six short months SADDAM HUSSEIN will be sentenced to death by hanging. No endless appeals as in the American justice system. The very next day after SADDAM HUSSEIN is found guilty of crimes against humanity he is executed.

(There is a sense of jubilation and victory for the American soldiers who risked their lives to bring a new hope to Iraq and its people. There is a definite sense of pride and accomplishment in feeling like you succeeded in the mission you were assigned for. For some people that's a source of humbling pride; for others like JOEY it is a reason to boast, and rub it "in your face!" "Saddam Hussein" plays.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Saddam Hussein

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Alt rock; motif plays throughout)

Pull your life right outta the socket
A king falls amidst a storm of rockets
The big bluff--found you in a rat hole
Not so tough--AK-47 pointing at your head!!

First comes the rain
Then comes the pain
Saddam Hussein

Rapist
Murderous sons you guarded
Ego stolen from King Kong when he farted
Bye-Bye Edi & Kosai
Spread them out like fish on a hot day!
No, it's not OK to kill your people
'Cause they won't bow down and treat you like a god!!!
You've got to treat me like a god!

First comes the rain
Then comes the pain
Oooohh...Saddam Hussein

It's that day
Judgment is calling
War crimes--high time your crown is fallin'
Cry, spit and scream that last rebel yell!
Kicking and screaming on your way to Motel Hell!

First comes the rain
Then comes the pain
Aaahh...Saddam Hussein

Hit you like a tsunami
Rockets comin' down like stormy weather
Saddam Hussein

Scene 4

SETTING: Base Camp barracks in Iraq
(flashback, cont.)

AT RISE: JOEY has finished his breakfast,
and when he comes back into the
barracks MUHAMMED is neatly
folding up his sajjāda--finished
with his morning prayer. He
lies down on his bottom bunk.)

(JOEY takes a white sock
and a large wooden cross
out of his foot locker and
begins a makeshift puppet
show by imitating a
confrontation between a
"Christian God" on his
right and a "Muslim God" on
his left. He ties the long
end of the sock to look
like a turban head dress
and speaking frantically
depicts the "Muslim God" as
a deranged psychotic,
homicidal caricature.
Reminiscent of a frantic
speech by Adolf Hitler.
All well within earshot of
MUHAMMED'S bunk.)

JOEY

Yatty!--Yatty!--Yatty! --Must kill Americans!
Yatty!--Yatty!--Yatty! --Must knock down more buildings!
Yatty!--Yatty!--Yatty! --More fuckin' Taliban!
Yatty! --Yatty! --Yatty! --More fuckin' Alqueeda!
Yatty! --Yatty! --Yatty! --I want a fuckin' Jihad!!!

(As JOEY holds the cross
in his right hand
representing the
"Christian God" he
speaks with calm
reassurance and reason.)

No, Ali, War and murder is not the way! You must sow love in your heart for all mankind to get along.

(Again JOEY goes into the 'Muslim God' rant as the sock fashioned like a turban begins to unravel from JOEY'S wild movements.)

Yatty! --Yatty! --Yatty! --I want a fuckin' Jihad!
Yatty! --Yatty! --Yatty! --Tear down more buildings!
Yatty! --Yatty! --Yatty! --Kill more Americans!
Yatty! --Yatty! --Yatty! --Death to America!!!

(MUHAMMED adjusts his pillow and briefly glances over to JOEY before burying his head under his sheets. JOEY makes an even bigger game of it when SEVERAL GUYS walk into the room and he ask them for starting bets of \$20 as to who will win the fight of "My God Vs. Your God")

My God vs. Your God

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Fast Alt. Rock)

Your vision
 Your view
 Your theory
 Your truth
 Can't see past the ordinary
 Think your god is extraordinary
 Already in my territory
 Believe what you live and die for--
 These are fighting words!

My god vs. your god
 My god vs. your god
 My god vs. your god
 My god vs. your god

War and blood
 Death brings you peace
 Until another dictator rises from the ashes
 Flesh it smells freakish
 Freakish like a barbecue
 Mixed with propane
 Fire in the streets
 THIS IS WAR!

My god vs. your god...

My theory, your life
 Your theory, my time to die
 Love and hate
 Discriminate with your feeling
 Put my god and your god in each corner of the world
 Come out swinging!

My god vs. your god...

A peaceful soul
 Like an ocean
 Bodies lying dead on the ground
 as far as the eye can see
 Mass destruction
 The aftermath from the theory
 The decision made by you and me
 The common threat

The value of every human life
Is all that's left to believe in
And the pain that hurts so much
It hurts to breathe
There's no solution

My god vs. your god...

I'm going to kill you
In the name of the Father
I'm going to kill you
In the name of the Lord
I'm going to kill you
In the name of the Higher Power
I'm going to kill you
In the name of God

My god vs. your god...

Hear the screams?
These are fighting words!

JOEY (cont.)

(After JOEY is finished with his song he fakes a mourning voice.)

JOEY (cont.)

Sorry fellas - Looks like Allah didn't make it.

(Starts to rejoice.)

And once again The One! --The Only! --Undisputed King of Kings! Our Christian God! --Along with our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ has put to rest any doubt about who The True God Is!!!

(JOEY unravels the sock from his left hand and walks over to the trash can.)

JOEY

Time to give Allah a proper burial.

(He drops the sock into the trash can as he imitates a loud farting noise. Then walks over to his foot locker and places his cross among his personal items and closes it.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 5

SETTING: Base Camp barracks & latrine
(flashback, cont.)

AT RISE: Another warm night falls on the city of Baghdad, and JOEY has been woken up by the need to urinate. It has been a long day. Most soldiers are asleep and the still and quiet evening is a great relief from the chaos and dangers that surround them. JOEY is in his boxer shorts and T-shirt, he puts on his Army boots and straps his military issued supply belt that carries his 9mm pistol and ammunition clip. As he walks past the toward the exit one the soldiers reading a book looks up at him and gives a comment.

SOLDIER

Where you headed, cowboy?!

JOEY

To take a shit! You wanna wipe my ass!

(As JOEY is standing at the urinal a grenade blast from inside his unit brings the tent on top of his head. Pandemonium and chaos once more grip the war zone. JOEY runs the short distance back into his unit as some soldiers stumble out of the barracks bloody and wounded.)

JOEY

What the fuck happened?!!!

SOLDIER

Some mother fucker set off a grenade in the unit man!!!

(JOEY helps the SOLDIER towards the exit and into the arms of army paramedics, all available military are rushing towards the site of the explosion to help the dead and wounded. It is then when he notices MUHAMMED walk between two tents. He quickly catches up to him and as MUHAMMED turns to look at the person approaching him from behind, JOEY is certain in that moment he has caught a look of self righteous indifference on his face. In that instant he punches MUHAMMED in the face and knocks his feet from under him.)

JOEY

(yelling, he is face to face with MUHAMMED.)

Did you do this?!!! Did you do this?!!! I swear if I find out in any way you had anything to do with this I will beat your fucking ass!!! I will kill you right here Muhammed!!

(MUHAMMED looks at JOEY with contempt and smiles. JOEY takes his elbow and violently slams it into MUHAMMED'S face, breaking his nose, his lips, and dislodging a tooth.)

JOEY

Did you do this mother fucker?!!! I bet you did!!! I bet my fucking life--You are the mother fucker behind this!

(MUHAMMED catches his breath and spits a mouth full of blood that includes his knocked out tooth at JOEY'S T-shirt and says three words. JOEY can barely believe his ears, and pulls out his 9mm US government issued pistol and points it at MUHAMMED'S face just as LEROY and an MP yell at him to put the gun down.)

LEROY

Put the gun down Joey!!!

JOEY

Did you hear what that mother fucker said?!!!

MP

(Pointing his gun at JOEY.)

Put the gun down, soldier!!!

JOEY

Did you hear what that mother fucker just said?!!!

MP

(Still pointing his gun at JOEY)

I said, put the gun down soldier!!!

LEROY

(Reaching his hand to JOEY)

Give me the gun Joey, I'm going to take the gun.

(LEROY takes the 9mm pistol from JOEY and lifts him to his feet. The MP turns MUHAMMED on his stomach and puts him in handcuffs. JOEY begins to cry.)

JOEY

Did you hear what he said Leroy?!! Did you hear him? You were right there!

LEROY

We heard him Joey.

JOEY (distraught)

What did he say Leroy! You tell me now!

LEROY

"Death to America." We heard him, Joey. We both heard him.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

INTERMISSION

Scene 6

SETTING: The interview (Present Day).

AT RISE: INTERVIEWER is fielding questions on the Iraq war. JEROME, THOMAS and ANDREW are among those present.

INTERVIEWER

So what happened after the Muhammed incident?

THOMAS

They brought in the Shrinks.

INTERVIEWER

The Shrinks? For trauma counseling? How did they find out it was Muhammed who discharged the grenade?

THOMAS

Two soldiers saw him. First they thought it was a joke because he threw it on top of Joey's bunk! He didn't know Joey had gone to the shitter. Later they checked his laptop at home and found out he had been communicating with a jihad type web site. How did the NSA miss that one, huh?

INTERVIEWER

How many people died from the grenade?

THOMAS

Two killed, fourteen injured. Our Sergeant and other commanding officers brought in two psychiatrists, and gave each unit info on how to ask for help with anxiety; depression, or if we miss our "mommy."

INTERVIEWER

"If we miss our mommy." You want to elaborate on that?

THOMAS

I think the pharmaceutical companies are in cahoots with the Government to get as many people as they can strung out on these fuckin' prescription pills so they can keep the masses-- the poor people, and the middle class under their control! And I also am one of those who believe the Bush administration planted a bomb, or several bombs in the World Trade Center to make the buildings come down so we would have to go to war in the Middle East 'cause the world is running out of oil.

JEROME

(In his typical joking fashion
edges Thomas on.)

Oops! There it is!! You can't handle the truth!!!

INTERVIEWER

You really believe that?

THOMAS

Fuck yeah, I do! I believe Bush, and Cheney, Karl Rove, Colin Powell, Condoleezza Rice--They should all be arrested and tried for war crimes.

JEROME

(Still half joking)

Hey, Hoss, don't say that too loud, they might prescribe you some pills.

THOMAS

I don't give a fuck! Try and give me a pill and see if I won't spit it back in your face! I have a legal right to voice my opinion! Freedom of speech!

JEROME

(Still joking--Trying to
calm Thomas down with humor)

Yo, Hoss! Slow your row, Champ! Slow your row! We hear you! We feel you! But just for my own sense of safety and satisfaction you ain't got no firearms, knives, chemical explosives, or weapons of mass destruction on you now, do you?

THOMAS
(Slightly agitated)

See that's what I'm saying?! I'm tired of people thinking I'm crazy! I went through some extreme shit! We all went through some extreme shit. My thing that irks me so bad is, I don't like being lied to--That's the deal breaker with me. And I feel like I was lied to, and used by Bush and his administration to basically go over to the Mid-East and kill innocent people for their oil, and it pisses me off.

ANDREW

It is part of being a soldier; It's the legal pledge we are bound to as United States soldiers to follow the commands of the President, whether we agree with his decisions, or not. We are under contract with the government to follow orders, and the penalties for not following through on that contract can range from anything like a dishonorable discharge, imprisonment, court-martial, to a sentence of death.

INTERVIEWER

How many of you are religious, or follow a religious faith, and think it helped you through the ups and downs of your war experience, and still helps you today?

(As the majority of hands raise, THOMAS gives a striking comment.)

THOMAS

Fuck religion!

INTERVIEWER
(A little surprised.)

"Fuck religion!" I'll tell you the fun never stops around here! Thomas, would you like to elaborate on that?

THOMAS

I think it's a good part of the reason that led us into war, by cultivating an "us versus them" mentality. The media

played into it. The Bush administration definitely used it to push their agenda. I don't mind what I've been through--What I survived in Afghanistan, and Iraq wars, the experience has made me stronger in every way!--In more ways than I can count. But I will never be manipulated again by religion as the guiding force of my actions.

ANDREW

Don't you believe that Jesus Christ died for your sins?

THOMAS

Hell no! Every sin I ever committed, or will commit in my future, I've paid for with my own blood, sweat, tears, and energy--Including ignorance! That's the thing people don't want to challenge--their religion. Don't want to look into the details of the mythology, or the theology of religion. They want to take the Bible as Gospel, or the Koran as "The Truth"--Both of their followers think those books are the words of God and they're not. They're the word of Man. I don't believe a man can walk on water unless it's frozen, and if a woman comes home and says "I'm pregnant by divine intervention" she needs her ass whooped!

ANDREW

Do you think Jesus is real?

THOMAS

Yes! I believe he was a real man who walked the Earth, and was a prophet in the most organic sense of the word. A decent and simple man, and all this garbage that history has rewritten him to be over the ages is just a lie.

And to me religion is nothing more than a manipulative tool to get what you want out of people. Jim Jones! Does anyone remember that guy?! He took hundreds of Americans over to Guyana as a religious holy "Nirvana", and what happened shortly after they got there? He killed them all. November 18, 1978--Google it! Men, women, and children--Those were all Americans! And every year when the November 18th Anniversary of their deaths comes around there is not a word in the press, or news media about it because big money--religious, corporate, and political interests--doesn't want people to think about how they could possibly be manipulated again by religion.--

Which is exactly what it's doing to people every Sunday, and every day of their lives. Religion survives today by three things, Guilt, Threats, and Fear. From who to vote for, where to shop, and spend their money--standing in the way of a women's right to control her reproductive organs, gays in the military, or gay marriage. If you're not taught your history, or remember it, then you're bound to repeat it.

The churches don't want the individual to think! They want you to fall for this "What Would Jesus Do?" Well whatever Jesus did got his ass hammered onto a wooden cross so whatever he did, maybe he should have thought it through again, don't you think?

INTERVIEWER

So would you say, you're Atheist? Agnostic? a Satanist? None of the above? or "Other?"

THOMAS

I'm agnostic. I consider myself agnostic.

INTERVIEWER

Anybody else want to add to what Thomas has said?

ANDREW

See, I'm from Chicago, I'm a pastor's son, and where I come from, and what I was taught, if you don't accept Jesus Christ into your life as your Lord and Savior, you're going to hell, and I wish my brother Thomas redemption, and to find his way back to the church. I understand how people can get lost through different personal mishaps or bad experiences with certain bad people in the church. But God is always willing and able to forgive and forget and start a new day--A new beginning for anyone who will listen and accept his word.

INTERVIEWER

What do you have to say about Andrew's comments Thomas?

THOMAS

I'm not bitter. I don't regret my religious upbringing. I just outgrew the theology of organized religion. I consider

myself spiritual, and I believe in a higher power greater than Man. I'm not lost. I'm centered. I'm a whole person. I don't need his version of "God" or what "God" is or isn't. I'm a grown man who has experienced enough of the human condition of what life and death is about to live freely of his ideology.

Tell me something Andrew. How many people are in your church?

ANDREW

About twelve thousand.

THOMAS

See to me that's ridiculous. That's like taking Jesus Christ and McDonald-sizing him. The "Word" is free but each one of his churchgoers are expected to pay tithes or give some type of money or offering each time they go to church--it's expected. You think Jesus would be charging tithes to come here and speak? And does your pastor drive a Lexus?

ANDREW

(Speaks proudly)

He and his wife, they both have matching Mercedes, a private jet, and a 21-room mansion!

THOMAS

Yeah, and what do you have?

ANDREW

I've got Jesus!

THOMAS

Yeah, right.--Exactly. I rest my case.

Plastic Jesus

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

Jesus was a long haired hippie
 Jesus was a pussy--A man of peace
 Long haired hippie who just wanted some relief
 Saw through your bullshit and described what was plain to see
 Then you hung him up like a nigga on a cross for all the world
 to see
 Now he's someone you aspire to be?

Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus
 Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus
 Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus
 I don't believe

Fuck you and your plastic smile
 Your hand shake so insincere
 Fuck you and arrogance all the while
 Hiding behind your religious shield
 Wanna steal from me in the name of the Lord
 Wanna discriminate in the name of God
 Wanna believe that you are a little bit better
 'Cause you've been fed a pack of lies

Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus...
 I don't believe

If He walked the Earth today,
 He'd show you the way you've been poisoned
 He'd clear your mind
He'd clear your mind!
 Big business, big religion would start to say
 "Hey hold on this Jesus freak thing is blowing my mind!
 This prophet is cutting into our profits,
 fucking up the bottom line!"
 "I know what the people want
 I know how to work the popular polls
 We got to make him look as bad as Osama Bin Laden--
 We'll turn the masses against him--
 We'll make them sell their own souls!"
 "Think they'll fall for it?"
 "Believe me son, build the cross and he will burn."

So fuck you and your Plastic Jesus
 Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus
 Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus

Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus
 You don't believe
 You don't believe

Die for me? (I don't believe it)
 Set my soul free? (I don't believe it)
 Divine conception? (I don't believe it)
 Resurrection? (I don't believe it)
 Son of God?
 No more than you or I am

Hey I believe in a higher power--it's true
 But I don't believe another man, woman, child or beast
 Has come closer to God than me or you
 So fuck you and your Plastic Jesus
 Fuck you and your religious faith
 Fuck you for being so stupid
 You can't see it keeps you a racist

My god vs. Your god -- And better is my faith
 And those wise men who taught you your prejudiced lie
 Who you steal, kill and die for today--Stupid fuck!
 Stuck on sucking your religious theological cock--
 Like a 'ho sucking a crack pipe
 Generations of lies!

Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus
 Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus
 Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus
 I don't believe it
 You don't believe it
 I don't believe it
 You don't believe it

Standing on a pack of lies
 Never challenging what you've been taught
 What if you were taught a lie?
 If it was the truth it would stand up to this song
 If it's wrong to kill your brother or sister in the name of
 religion
 Then that means there will never be another war!
 I love you can't you see
 You were born perfect just like me
 They just packaged your life and sold it like MTV
 It should never take this long to find out who you really are

So Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus

Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus
Fuck you and your Plastic Jesus
For holding on to a lie

(Immediately after
THOMAS finishes his song
ANDREW gives his
interpretation of
Jesus.)

ANDREW

Come one! Come all! Bring your tired!--Your weary! The ones
who just need a change of pace from the madness of this life.
Because tonight we having church! Did you hear me?!

(As ANDREW heats up the
crowd some of the
soldiers yell out "Sing
it Andrew! Play it
Rev!")

Time to rejoice in the Lord, and our Savior Jesus Christ--
Amen--Can I get an Amen?!

(Soldiers yell out
"Amen!" ANDREW asks for
an "Amen" again and the
soldiers oblige. ANDREW
begins a slow intro into
his song.)

I Be - live - In - The - Power!
I Be - live - In - The - Lord!
I Be - live - In - Son of God!
I Be - live - In - Blessings from Above! -
That's why I have to Say!!!

(ANDREW sings "God is Good.")

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

God is Good

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Gospel: Moderate tempo, vibrant, energetic)

God is good all the time!!!
 All the time God is good!!!
 God is good all the time!!!
 All the time God is good!!!

Have you ever felt used
 Used and abused
 I was oh so, so, so, so lost
 I didn't know if I could find my way
 But I knew
 All the time--
 All the time--
 God is good!
 God is good all the time!!!
 All the time God is good!!!

Friends tried to warn me
 Family tried to scorn me
 The devil was in the middle
 Trying to keep me deaf, dumb and blind
 But I knew
 All the time...God is good!!!

I believe in the Power
 I believe in the Lord
 I believe in the Son of God
 I believe in blessings from above
 That's why I have to say
 All the time...God is good!!!

I'm here to make you see
 What the Lord has done to set me free
 And I won't be selfish
 I'll tell the truth
 He'll do the same for you and you and you and YOU!
 Cause I Know!
 God is good all the time!!!
 All the time God is good!!!
 God is good all the time!!!
 All the time God is good!!!
 God is good!!! God is good!!!
 God is good!!! God is good!!!
 God is good all the time!!!

All the time God is good!!!
God is good all the time!!!
All the time God is good!!!

Scene 7

SETTING: Base Camp in Iraq (Flashback).

AT RISE: JAVIER and BRIAN "THE KIDD" are on guard duty. Their job for the night is to serve as military guard for the various entrances that lead to the main Iraq compound occupied by American soldiers. Each group of checkpoints are manned by two soldiers. With no one expected to arrive until late morning, JAVIER and BRIAN are hoping for a no-surprise, drama-free night.)

BRIAN

It is so fucked up with what Muhammed did. First Samuel, then Muhammed. Some people were saying that he was on the Middle East side all along. Like they planted him like a spy. Do you believe that?

JAVIER

Who the fuck knows, Kidd? Maybe the government will find out. One way or, the other it wouldn't surprise me, because his actions are what's gonna give him the death penalty. Not even a damn good lawyer can save his ass from that.

BRIAN

Wow Javier, This shit is playing out like a horror movie, like who do you trust! Who can you trust?! With people in your own unit trying to kill you.

JAVIER

What did I tell you Kidd? This shit is crazy. War is madness. How old are you?

BRIAN

Nineteen.

JAVIER

Shit! You're just a pup, and in the middle of two fuckin' wars! Ha, Ha, Ha! Well like I said earlier, try and get out with your faculties intact. Unless you want to make it a career, and end up a Lieutenant, Major, Captain, or General or, something.

(JAVIER places his rifle in a corner of the glass enclosure and stretches his legs on the bench seat and tries to get comfortable.)

JAVIER

O.K. Kidd, I'm gonna take a nap. You keep your eye on the perimeter. Anybody approaches too fast you fire a warning shot. They keep coming we call it in, and blast they ass with all we got 'cause those are likely to be the suicide bomber mother fuckers. And if I'm out you carry on, you understand?

(KIDD looks at JAVIER with a mixture of confusion and sadness.)

JAVIER

Why the fuck you looking at me like you're retarded?! This is the fuckin' game you're in son! If some sniper takes me out, and blows my brains and body matter all over you--You've got to be able to keep focused, and get the job done. Whatever that job may be--And if you can if you can make it back home, they'll call you a hero!

(KIDD and JAVIER both laugh.)

JAVIER

Seriously, Kidd,--One thing--You're young--Don't let anybody fuck with your head. Guys are always going to try that, just because you're young--That's a given. Don't get too cocky, and don't fuckin' let these assholes make a fool outta you either. The thing is to learn how to balance the bullshit. It's the same with life. I always say you don't have to win

every fight--just the important ones, and the ones that are most important are the ones you stand for as a man. The ones you live by, or your principles--You know what I'm saying?

(KIDD nods his head
"Yes")

Stand up for your principles, and always keep your self respect, and basic respect for others, and you should do all right. And after this bullshit is over--If and when you make it back home--Don't forget how to love. Don't forget how to care. And never lose the ability to smile and laugh, because with you or without you there's always gonna be some asshole in some part of the world destroying people. But there are still good people in the world--All over the world! And if you're basically a good and decent person who respects yourself and others you'll have a much better chance of running into them, befriending them and keeping them in your life.

(JAVIER closes his eyes,
and after close to three
hours is sound asleep.
In the still of a lonely
night BRIAN begins to
talk out loud to
himself, and says a
prayer to God.)

BRIAN (THE "KIDD")

Dear God, Dear Lord, if you're listening--I'm scared. I know I'm here for my country. I know I'm here for the right thing, but I have to admit I'm scared because I don't want to die. I want to make it back home to my family, and my girl. Please tell me I'm not a coward for saying this. Please protect me from all the bullets that are going to be flying around. I want to fight, and shoot, and kill the enemy like anybody else because of what they did to my country, but as proud as my family or friends might be to say I died young defending my country--Defending America's freedom in the war, I want to make it home alive. I've got so much to live for--So much to give--So much love I want to receive, and give. So much work I want to do; A family of my own to build, like any man. I want to live God. I want to survive the madness of this fucking war in one piece, and if you can't save all my body

BRIAN THE "KIDD" (cont.)

parts--If you can't save my life--At least save my mind if I make it out of here. Don't put me in pieces. Don't get me addicted to any of these doctor's pills. Please don't let them pimp me like that, I'd rather be dead. Thanks for listening, God.

(Brian sings
"War is Madness")

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

War is Madness

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Mid-tempo arpeggiate rock ballad)

How did I get so far from my home
I'm with a band of brothers but I can still feel alone
Like running for cover
Like a baby to his own mother

War -- War Is Madness

What can prepare you for the pulling of all sides
Hold on to your faith--It's going to be a bumpy ride
God have mercy on me for the things that I've seen
For the things I have done and seen

War--War Is Madness...

(Stump!)

Don't you know we're a band of brothers!
Fight like a bull--We're a fearless, fearless team
Crush you with logistics--We'll track you down
Locked in my target--Your children scream

(Instrumental)

I'm a soldier...
I'm a soldier...

Is it ego or pride or just plain greed
Behind closed doors they're deciding history
Who knows who's wrong or right
I'm fighting for my country
I'm fighting for my life!

(Stump!)

Don't you know we're a band of brothers...

I'm a soldier...
I'm a soldier...

War -- War Is Madness...

Scene 8

SETTING: The interview, Present Day.

AT RISE: INTERVIEWER is once more fielding questions to SOLDIERS. JOEY, ANDREW, THOMAS, LEROY and JEROME are among those present.

INTERVIEWER

O.K. here's another question I know it's highly likely that you all will remember. Where were you the night you heard Osama Bin Laden had been killed?

JOEY

I was in Washington DC, with a girl I was dating and a few other friends. Glad to be home on leave, and doing the fuckin' tourist thing. Trying to get a sense of why, and for what purpose am I even putting my ass on the line in military service. We had visited the Washington monument. Went to the building that houses the Declaration of Independence, stopped by the Treasury to see where they make all the money, and we were going to hit the White House the next day. The news comes on about a "Special Report" from the President, Barack Obama and my mind is racing. I'm thinking Sunday--The President is making a big speech on Sunday! I hope none of our embassies got bombed or, anything like that. So Barack Obama--President Barack Obama, he's so cool, he just walks up to the podium shaking hands, and smiling and he points to Petraeus and says "Good job tonight." And I thought what the fuck they probably got some big Government bill passed or something and then the President starts talking and he's so calm it's like he said "Oh, and by the way we captured, killed Osama Bin Laden tonight." I fuckin' stopped in my tracks. I stood up and started clapping slowly, then a little faster, then a little louder, and a little louder and faster, and I let out a yell so fuckin' loud it was like someone was giving me a fuckin' exorcism!!!! I swear, I came in my fuckin' pants--right there! I just couldn't fuckin' believe it!!! I was so fuckin' happy, and I knew I wasn't just hearing things because I started hearing other people in the hotel yelling, and screaming in their rooms and down the halls. Someone knocked on my hotel room door and I opened it but there was nobody there. I told the people I was with-- "Fuck this! I want to go down to the White House now! There has got to be more

mother fuckers who feel just like us and I want to be right in the center of 'em and get a fuckin' beer." When we got down there, there was already a few hundred people celebrating in front of the White House gates. We all joined with people chanting--"U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!"

ANDREW

Yeah, just like Joey described--Jubilation, and a feeling that we finally got him--The guy responsible for so much pain and suffering. And it gave a profound sense of purpose and accomplishment for the military and, the American people and a sense of closure and justice for our country and the victims of 9/11. It was awesome the way Special Ops caught his ass with the computer hard drives and all that information at his compound. And to add to that they had his corpse in U.S. custody. Excellent--Just fucking excellent. I wanted to know where he was hiding, and in what country. I never thought he was living in a cave somewhere in the mountains of Tora Bora--that just didn't make sense. I thought he was more likely some guest in some Sheik's palace with all the women, goats, sheep, or little boys, and girls he could fuck. Anyway just glad the mother fucker was dead.

THOMAS

Just glad the garbage had finally been taken out.

Osama bin Laden is Dead

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Hard Driving Rock Rant)

It took a while but we still got you
 It took a while but we still got you
 It took a while but we still got you
 YEAAAAAAAAH!!!!!

It took a while but we still got you
 It took a while but we still got you
 It took a while but we still got you
 YEAAAAAAAAH!!!!!

Fuck with me and try to destroy my country
 Fuck with me and all I stand for
 Fuck with the true Red, White and Blue
 And this is what you get--
 This is what you get--
 Dead!

It took a while but we still got you...
 YEAAAAAAAAH!!!!!

So funny, yeah you laughed 'til you cried
 But that was just to hide the fear you had inside
 We were gonna get your ass--dead or alive
 Headline: OSAMA BIN LADEN IS DEAD!

It took a while but we still got you...
 YEAAAAAAAAH!!!!!

It took a while but we still got you...
 YEAAAAAAAAH!!!!!

Don't fuck with America!

Brought down the twin towers
 Brought down a tsunami of tears
 Where were you hiding you coward?
 Hiding all those years
 We never forgot about you
 Followed the blood from your shoes
 And hunted you down like a bloodhound
 Now we're dancin ' in the streets!

It took a while but we still got you...

YEAAAAAAH!!!!

It took a while but we still got you...

YEAAAAAAH!!!!

I am an American
That's where my heart is
I am an American
That's what I know
That's what I trust

Osama Bin Laden Is Dead
USA!
USA!
USA....

INTERVIEWER

What did you think when America elected the first black President to the White House?

LEROY

Beautiful--Just beautiful, man, and he's a good man. Well educated--good family life. I'm telling you I can't see myself voting for another white man again for President of the United States unless he's something like Bill Clinton, The Kennedys, or Abraham Lincoln or something. Either that, or he got to have somebody black or brown as a Vice President, or in major parts of his team before I consider voting for another white man for President. And I know that Barack Obama is not going to be the first, last, and only Black American President because he's inspired too many people. Young black kids in Political Science class right now are not just dreaming about becoming the second Black American President, but strategizing their careers so that becomes a reality.

Really man, I'm telling you President Barack Obama, and his wife Michelle Obama have upped the value of black, and as far as I'm concerned he is as good a President as any that have been before him; From George Washington and Abraham Lincoln on up to now. He's setting too good an example for his Presidency to be a one-time thing, and I'm proud more than you know, and more than I can express that in my life time I played my part and got to vote for him, and see this as a reality. I just wish my mother, and my father could have been alive to witness it, and be able to talk with them about it. It's great. It's wonderful. We shall overcome! --Let's all sing Kumbaya!

(JEROME--Always one to add a comical street wise wisdom to his words adds on to LEROY'S enthusiasm.)

JEROME

Yeah, for me it's just like Leroy said, and as far as I'm concerned they need to get a hammer and chisel and start carving out Barack's face on Mount Rushmore--get some body who knows how to carve a afro out of stone with all those little nappy curls in it, and that's the sculptor America needs to

hire to put President Barack Obama's face up on Mount Rushmore.

INTERVIEWER

So in your eyes he can do no wrong?

JEROME

I'm not saying he's perfect, because nobody is perfect. But I'm glad like you wouldn't believe that in my life time I could not see just a black man, but a good black man qualified!--Who intends to make good for all American people. I think the Republicans don't want him to succeed because they don't want history to show that it took a black man to clean up a white man's mess. Bush has this economy so screwed up, and white people would rather see a Martian come down from outer space, and start eating people alive in the middle of the street, in broad daylight in the middle of Times Square blocking up traffic for four or five hours before history gives this black man credit for straightening out the economy--Bring good jobs back from overseas, straighten out this housing mess, or straighten out the auto industry, and keep those jobs. I'm not saying all white people are crazy, but some of 'em are just evil.

Barack Obama is the first Black Afro-American President of the United States of America!--Deal with it!--It's about time!

THOMAS

I'm white, and I voted for him.

INTERVIEWER

Why?

THOMAS

Why?--Because he's the right man for the job. He's got heart. He's got smarts--Well educated at Ivy League schools. And he's got a disposition to be of service TO THE PEOPLE--How many career politicians in Washington can honestly say that?

(They sing "Justice has
Come to America.")

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

CURTAINS CLOSE

Justice has Come to America

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(In honor of Pres. Barack Obama)

(Mid-tempo pop rock)

Never thought you'd see it in your lifetime
Never thought the day would come
Out of the shadows
Straight from the streets
A warrior took a challenge for us all to meet

It's one thing to bring a people together
It's one thing to bring us hope again
It's one thing when you bring new life into a dream
It all adds up to so much more:
When you inspire a people,
You inspire a country

Justice, Justice has come to America
Justice, Justice has come to America

Knock, knock
Door's wide open
No need to bust it down
Thank you sir I got no more excuses
My old hat--you can give that to a clown
'Cause hopes and dreams are coming true
My hopes and dreams are so alive
I've got love for me,
And respect for you and you
The audacity of courage!

Justice, Justice has come to America
Justice, sweet Justice has come to America

No need to hold a grudge on History
Don't need to hold on to the past
The good and the bad--I'll never forget it
But there's so much better ahead
C'mon now--

Justice ... has come to America
Justice ... has come to America

We showed the world
A glimpse of how great we are!

We showed the world
That we want to live and be free!
We showed the world
I've got love and respect for you and me

Justice ... has come to America
Justice ... has come to America

Everybody lend a hand
Everybody play a part
Everybody come together
And feel the power of a new America!

Justice has come to America
Justice, sweet Justice has come to America

Act III
"The God Files [DECLASSIFIED]"

Scene 1

SETTING: Simultaneously, there are two scenes being played out on stage: one on a public street and one in Our Lady of Divinity Catholic Church.

AT RISE: LAWSON, a former soldier in the US military is naked on a busy public street shortly before 11 am. He is shouting at the top of his lungs about an epiphany, and a warning he's had concerning mankind.

(simultaneously)
 JOEY is with his nine-year-old nephew "JOEY TOO" (Who is named after Joey), frantically walking, leading him through the streets of Boston, where they reach their destination and quickly climb the stairs of Our Lady of Divinity Catholic Church.

LAWSON

People of the world!!! I'm here in the flesh! I'm here as God made me to come to you and tell you and warn you about this dangerous path we're on as human beings and how to save ourselves, and our children--Our loved ones before it's too late. The Truth is we don't need anything but God! We don't need clothes! We don't need food! We don't need water! We just need to trust and believe in God! Breathe God! Breathe eternal life into your lungs, and you will live just like me in eternal light and salvation!

If you're sick of Man's greed! If you're sick of Man's money! If you're sick of what they're teaching our children to be in this country! A country that does not know how to love!--Or how to grow! I'm sick of Geico!--Even more than McDonald's! The commercialization! Trying to tell me what to think! --How

to be! --Trying to tell me what's important, or not important in my life! You don't need religion, any more than you need clothes! You don't need to hide behind the lies and half truths they try and force down your throat every day. Listen people! You're all just fools for the system. And if you'd only stop for 90 days! --120 days! 6 months! A year!--One year! Like heroin! You would be free!

(FATHER MURPHY is serving Communion, putting wafers on the tongues of parishioners as "JOEY TOO" points him out as the man who "put his tongue on my pee-pee." JOEY walks with "JOEY TOO" to the front of the line, up the three short steps to FATHER MURPHY, and knocks him down with several punches to the face, and body.)

JOEY
(belligerent, loud and angry)

If I ever hear of you touching my nephew again I will kill you where you stand mother fucker! You hear me!

(Some men in the congregation have pulled Joey off of FATHER MURPHY, and are in shock at JOEY'S allegations and FATHER MURPHY'S reaction. He is on the floor of the pulpit in a fetal position with his arms shielding his head and face. JOEY is able to kick FATHER MURPHY one last time as the parishioners pull him further away.)

JOEY

You're lucky I didn't bring my gun! I would blow your fucking brains out right here in this goddamn church! Do you hear me! You sick mother fucker!!!

(Some other parishioners try and help FATHER MURPHY to his feet but he insists on resting in an upright position on the floor. His mouth is bleeding, and he has a cut under his left eye. As JOEY breaks away from the men holding him, they let him go and guard the path toward the pulpit. Several people witnessing the attack have recorded it on their Smart phones, and are still recording JOEY as he takes the hand of "JOEY TOO" and start to walk down the aisle toward the exit.)

JOEY

(Proudly)

That's right! Call the police! Call 911! You all know me! My name is Joey Allen Picini!--And you know where to find me!

(JOEY looks back, and spits towards FATHER MURPHY'S direction.)

Just like God told you it was O.K. for you to touch my nephew, the same God told me it was O.K. to come here and beat your fuckin' ass!!!

(As "God Told Me to do it" plays JOEY and "JOEY TOO" make their way out of the church and back onto the street.)

LAWSON is approached by
the police. When he does
not comply with law
enforcement he's tasered,
and put under arrest.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

God Told Me to Do It

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

You can justify it--just to please you
 It makes no sense--but still you call it truth
 And there are so many who don't understand
 What's happening to me and you
 The leader had a *vision*--
 He said--"God told him to do it"
 That's right--"God told him to do it"

Wash your hands of the insanity
 And they throw dirt at your face
 How can you leave this chaos?
 It's all that you've known
 And I can't live without you
 And I'll take your life as my own
 There's no where you can run

God told me that you are mine
 God told me 'til the end of time
 We'll keep repeating the same mistakes
 Until we lose our minds
 That's right--God told me

Just like a pill
 Just like a drug
 Want to kill
 Want to hug
 Zombie state
 Here comes a sober face
 Humanity so pure
 "Catch me--I'm lost!"

----- *"Wake Up!!!"* -----

God told me that you are mine
 God told me 'til the end of time
 We'll keep repeating the same mistakes
 Until we lose our minds
 That's right--God told me

God told me there's no defense
 God told me this shit don't make sense
 God told me to clean this bad
 God told me to kick yo' ass--

That's right--God told me to do it
That's right--God told me to do it
That's right--God told me to do it

Scene 2

SETTING: Back to the Interview.

AT RISE: INTERVIEWER and SOLDIERS. JOEY, LEROY, THOMAS, ANDREW, JAMES, JEROME and OTHER SOLDIERS are present.

INTERVIEWER

Joey what happened after you assaulted the priest? Did you go to jail?

JOEY (Dismissive)

Yeah, they came to my sister's house the next day, and arrested me. I had my lawyer right there when the cops came. Soon as the paperwork was done I bonded out in two hours.

INTERVIEWER

Did they file charges?

JOEY

Yeah, they did, and then they dropped them. Fuckin' hypocrites didn't want the publicity 'cause I was gonna tell everything that "Joey-too" told me about that frontin' ass pedophile priest, and throw in some other shit just for the hell of it!

INTERVIEWER

What happened to "Joey-too" after the incident? Is he still an altar boy at the church?

JOEY

No! Fuck that! I signed him up for Little League!

INTERVIEWER

This is more of a question for you, Joey, and Leroy. During the break one of the surprising things some of the guys have asked me to ask you two about is the "Bromance."

(Some of the soldiers
jeer and laugh. Both
JOEY and LEROY smile.)

JOEY

Hey! Hey! Hey! Haters gonna hate! What can I say?!?! (Joey laughs) No, I know the one thing I gained unexpectedly from the army besides the tactical stuff is that it made me fearless. I wasn't afraid to die, and more importantly--I wasn't afraid to live--to take chances. I didn't know Leroy, and he didn't know me, but we had respect for each other, and one time on leave I asked him if he wanted to get a drink, and we went to this bar and started talking all night, and we basically have been friends since then.

INTERVIEWER

But how did it become this legendary "Bromance" that everyone's talking about?

JOEY

Well fuck! It's been over ten years that I've known this guy, and we went through a lot of shit together. It just came out of nowhere; We were sitting at a bar--shoulder to shoulder, and we both said it at the same time "You know you're the best friend I have." It freaked us both out! You know time proved our friendship the ups, and downs--I was there for him, and he was there for me.

INTERVIEWER

Give us a few examples of how you were there for each other.

JOEY

A few examples?! There's a ton of shit I could talk about but I don't want to get anyone in trouble 'cause Leroy's married now. But the fun shit you know--

Better Than God

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

Roll the dice and takin' chances
 Two-headed coins watching the girls that dances
 Shadows fall and the sun comes out again
 Show me that trick and I'll be your best friend

Better than sex,
 Better than drugs,
 Better than your favorite addiction,
 Better than God...

What you pray,
 What you raise,
 What you believe,
 What you conceive,
 Science will prove it was all a lie!

Better than your perfection,
 Better than your prepackaged religious conviction,
 Better than your past or present situation,
 Better than God...

Fighting for what is a truth or a lie,
 Constant reality takes a flight
 The tug and pull, who will turn out the light?
 When your life is up for grabs,
 Every man for himself!

Better than chaos
 Better than fear,
 Better than your worthless heaven,
 Better than the lies you tell,
 Better than the souls you save,
 Better than your twisted faith,

Better than God...

I got something for your ass right here...

FEARLESS!!!

Better than sex,
 Better than drugs,
 Better than your favorite addiction,
 Better than God...

Better than God...
Better than God...
Better than God!

JOEY (cont.)

Fighting our way out of black bars, or white bars; Threesomes with the same girl, staying all night at each other's houses. All kinds of sporting events! Basketball, Football, Baseball, Hockey, Soccer, The race track, Poker! Shit! I could go on, and on! Meeting each other's parents, and family, smoking weed together, --One Christmas I sent him a card as a surprise, but I didn't know it he sent me a card too. His card said "Friend for Life," my card said "Fearless-Friendship-Freedom" --We only had one fight. Leroy is really ambitious, and hates to lose. He had never been smelt fishing before but he liked it when I would cook 'em when a game is on, so I invited him to go smelt fishing with me. We got a net to catch the smelt and he seemed happy we were catching a few smelt when we pulled up the net. But then these guys come a few yards down from us, and set up their net, and they start catching, twenty, thirty, forty, smelt at a time he's like "Why the fuck are they beating us hands down, and catching all these fish compared to our net?!" I say "Well they got a finer net--It traps more fish then the one we bought." And he's like "Well fuck this! I don't want to keep looking up, and seeing these mother-fucker's take all the fish! Let's go back to the bait shop and get a better fuckin' net!" I say, "Can't do that--The bait shop is closed." Man, he got so pissed! Called me a loser, and all kinds of off the wall shit, and almost left me out there! In fact Leroy if you remember you walked to your car, and got in.

(Leroy smiles and nods
his head "yes")

JOEY (cont.)

But that was it--the only argument we had. Now Leroy is married to Stacey, a white woman, and they have two kids--a boy and a girl who call me Uncle Joey. We're still close. I have a key to his house.

INTERVIEWER

Leroy what is the biggest thing you think you got out of your friendship with Joey, or vice versa?

LEROY

I think I taught him that there are some people you can trust in the world. And he taught me to get my hands dirty, to get off my high horse and make things happen--No excuses. We have been a motivating force in each other's lives.

INTERVIEWER

There seems to be an unspoken rule with people in the military that you don't talk about the horrors of war. Who you killed--or, how many people you've killed for your country. What you've witnessed--Death of your comrades, and the like... All contributing factors of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, or "PTSD." How do you find peace and productivity in your daily life.

(Several soldiers speak
out at the same time.)

SOLDIERS

"You just do it."

"Nothing to it, but to do it!"

"We're already doing it!"

THOMAS

(Matter of factly.)

I talk to my kids about it.

INTERVIEWER

Really?!

THOMAS

Fuck yeah! I talk to both my sons, and my daughter. I talk to all three of them--fuck that! It's no fuckin' different than the fucked up video games they play with their friends, or at home. I want them to know what the fuck their signing up for when they call themselves following in my shoes, and join the fuckin' military. It's true, I loved my fuckin' time in the service, and it's beyond a fuckin' miracle that I fuckin' survived, and I think the reason I didn't have fuckin' PTSD is

because I fuckin' talk about every thing with my wife, and family--especially my kids. I fuckin' want them to understand me! And I didn't want to be on any fuckin' drugs, or antidepressants, and all that bullshit. I'm already fuckin' crazy, I know that! But it's a crazy I can understand and control, and besides that it's within the perimeters of the law. My wife we've been together since high school so she fuckin' understands me. Fuck! Out of nowhere she might just unzip my fuckin' pants and give me a fuckin' blow job to calm my ass down! That's how fuckin' wonderful she is! But I resent to this day the bullshit the doctors, or the examiners tried to pull, and insist I get on some fuckin' medication I did not need, or want--That their fuckin' diagnosis of my condition warranted that I get pimped by some fuckin' white coat who was handing out prescriptions for narcotics like jelly beans. Fuck that, I'll keep my head in reality, and work my way through from the ups, and downs--But a "Code of Silence", and all that bullshit?! I tell my kids every fucking thing!

I don't want any body pulling the wool over their eyes, or lying to them about anything that's so important. I want them to know just what their putting their life on the line for, and it's not guaranteed that their coming back home alive when they sign up for active duty.

(ANDREW, an amputee
throws his prosthetic
arm on the table next to
THOMAS.)

ANDREW

And there's no guarantee you comin' back in one piece!

THOMAS

That's right. And they're fuckin' stronger for it! - I can see that!

JAMES (A fellow soldier)

Hey Thomas! Can you fit one more "fuck" into that conversation!

(One of the other
soldiers takes ANDREW'S

prosthetic arm and
jokingly drapes it
around JAMES' shoulder.)

JAMES

Hey! Dinner, and a movie first!

INTERVIEWER

Thomas, besides your wife giving you a BJ; How else do you deal with stress?

THOMAS

I go to the lake!--Or if the kids are out of school I take 'em camping.--Or I might take my dogs for a long walk--Nature cleanses, dude.

JEROME

Far as PTSD, and all that shit--I came from the ghetto!--I expected to see blood and guts and motherfuckers getting they head blown off! I WANTED to see it! Fuck it! I'm telling you the truth! I WANTED TO SEE IT! And I tell you now that I've seen it, and lived through it! And survived it?! I have a greater appreciation for life that could never be taken away from me, or preached to me 'cause I saw it first hand. I was in the middle of it. I was one of the motha-fucka's who could have been sent home in a body bag. But now that I survived it what the fuck do I have to live in fear and anxiety for?! The fuckin' stress of waking up in a war zone everyday is gone! It's like going to a doctor, and saying--"Give me some fuckin' pills for the boogie-man." Fuck that! I Ain't about to get hooked on some bullshit. If I wanted that I could go to the drug dealer on the street corner, and buy my shit direct without worrying about a co-pay! You know what I'm saying?!

But I don't have any regrets about what I went through or for my service in the military. But the thing I'll say about the Arab people, and the people in the Middle East in general-- They are beautiful people. A beautiful people--Intelligent!-- The men are beautiful. The women are beautiful. The children are beautiful. In fact I'd marry one of them women if you could take her away from that fanatical religion.

(JEROME makes a wild noise, imitating a woman speaking in tongues.)

"Dirty American fuck me in the booty! Allah, say it's time to die!" Who wants to wake up to some shit like that?! And they got this thing about tribes, or one group of people more favored by God than the other--You know like a class system--that's bullshit.

It will take a long time for Americans to get over 9/11 but it will happen. It will take generations, but people in general will get over this. Just like they did with the Germans in World War I; You think Americans are still mad about Hitler?! We beat his fuckin' ass!

The same with the Japanese in World War II--Today when Americans think of Japan they think Sony T.V., Video games, Toyota, and high quality electronics. And at one time it was the opposite, when Japan was most known for cheap trinkets and knick knock shit that broke easily.

Same with the Korean War--Most Americans don't ever talk about the Korean War 'cause they barely remember it. Koreans today are trying to graduate from some Ivy League school, or Computer Tech Institute, studying advanced algorithms.

And look at Viet Nam! As devastating as that war was in our history, and the many lives it scared to this day, what is it now? A new hip tourist destination for Americans! There was a show on cable where this former American soldier was giving a tour about different parts of the country where he specifically remembered his battles with the Viet Cong. Today Viet Cong is a memory! Only thing they want to kill over there is to make a killing in getting American dollars!

Time heals all wounds--It's true. History has proven this. And the ones who don't want to move on, and forgive?--I don't think you should FORGET, but you gotta FORGIVE, because otherwise you're creating--fostering cancer, and disease in your body, and mind.

The Ayatollahs, and them Shamans, and those religious leaders in the Middle East they need to get on a new tip! Instead of strapping a bomb to their people they need to listen to what Obama said at his Inauguration. "History will judge you by what you build, not by what you tear down, or destroy." All

these religious leaders--These dictators have to say is "O.K. no more fuckin' jihad. I want everybody to get a fuckin' job, or create something! Anybody caught talking about a jihad, or making a suicide vest we gone cut your dick off!" That's how it was in Japan. The Emperor just decided O.K. fuck all the dumb shit! I don't want anyone flying no more planes into American war ships on a suicide mission; I want everybody working to increase the GDP!

INTERVIEWER

Jerome, those were interesting points. You sound like a philosopher.

JEROME

Well thank you sir! I do have a PhD in motha-fucka's, and a Masters' from the School of Hard Knocks!

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Peace Dogg

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

If I take your fuckin' pill, can I have it now?

War of words
World view
Argue 'til you're black and blue
Trying to confuse the people till they don't know who's
telling the truth!
Immigration
Complication
Drug war
Big score

And it all comes out so twisted
You thought you were in control--
But now you're addicted

I need some Peace Dogg
Why can't I get some Peace?
I need some Peace Dogg
Why can't I get some Peace?

Where do our dreams go?
When we look around and there's no answer
Where do our dreams go?
Get it together in another life
Where do our dreams go?
When we look around and there's no answer

If I take a pill can I have it now?

Politicians
Ammunition
Same old situation
A dictator kills his people as the world sits on their hands
and watches
Right time
Wrong time
Just enough to blow your mind

Birth and Death!
Beginnings and Endings

I need some Peace Dogg
Why can't I get some Peace?

I need some Peace Dogg
Why can't I get some Peace?

Where do our dreams go?
When we look around and there's no answer
Where do our dreams go?
Get it together in another life
Where do our dreams go?
When we look around and there's no answer

If I take a pill can I have it now?

I need some Peace Dogg
I need some Peace
I need some Peace Dogg
Why can't I get some Peace?
I need some Peace Dogg
Why can't I get some Peace?

Scene 3

SETTING: An examination room at the State mental facility.

AT RISE: LAWSON has been moved from the county jail to the state mental facility. A female doctor comes in the examination room to assess his condition. LAWSON'S hands and ankles are strapped to a chair. He is in a less than agreeable mood.

DOCTOR LEVINGTON

Mr. Lawson, how are you today? I hear you had quite an episode yesterday! Would you like to talk about it?

LAWSON
(Distant and slightly tugging away at the wrist locks.)

No.

DOCTOR LEVINGTON
(With childlike surprise)

No? Well, how can we help you if you won't open up, and let us fix what's wrong?

LAWSON
(suspicion in his voice.)

I've been betrayed.

DOCTOR LEVINGTON
(With concern)

By who, Mr. Lawson? Who has betrayed you?

LAWSON

(Speaks in a normal voice,
then begins to shout)

You! This facility!, This country! This world! God was your
whore before! Now he's mine! Mine!

DOCTOR LEVINGTON

(In a calm voice.)

Mr. Lawson, would you like to talk today?

LAWSON

(Angrily)

Fuck you!!!

(As LAWSON is wheeled
back to his hospital
room he sings
"Religion is the
Culprit.")

(BLACKOUT after song)

(END OF SCENE)

Religion is the Culprit

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

You can justify it, I know you can
 Got a thousand ways to hide it
 But there's really no way to deny it
 Religion is the culprit!

Religion is the culprit that keeps us blind so we can't see
 Religion is the culprit that keeps you from lovin' me
 Religion! Religion! Religion!
Fuck Religion!
Fuck Religion!

Us and them
 Believers and sinners
 Hypocrites and lost souls
 My lust and religion as I tell you how to live your life
 My advice:

Religion is the culprit...*Fuck Religion!*

Bring down your doctrine
 Soldier, tear down that wall
 The tool to rule the weak and desperate
 A warrior--a man--he walks by faith alone
 Believe me--
 Believe me--

Religion is the culprit...*Fuck Religion!*

Your mind--the key--unlock humanity
 Your mind--be free--live in the balance
 Come with me
 Come with me
 With enough discipline to see thru the lie!

Religion is the culprit...*Fuck Religion!*

Con Artists
 Haters
 Hypocrites that be
 It takes a love soldier to clean the streets
 A lifelong job for you and me
 Today if Jesus was alive
 He'd be crucified again--

Religion is the culprit that keeps us blind so we can't see
Religion is the culprit that keeps you from lovin' me
Religion! Religion! Religion!

Fuck Religion!

Fuck Religion!

Fuck Religion!

Fuck Religion!

Scene 3 (cont.)

SETTING: Same place; the following day.

AT RISE: LAWSON is being wheeled to the examiner's room for a visit with a different doctor named DR. WESLEN to discuss some black crayon drawings. He is in a straitjacket, and it has quickly become known as the "rule" to get LAWSON to talk, or cooperate--bargain with his need to smoke a cigarette. Two MALE NURSES are in the room.

DR. WESLEN

Mr. Lawson, I'm Doctor Weslen. I have a few questions I need you to answer for me today.

LAWSON

(A look of non-interest
and disdain.)

Can I have it now?

DR. WESLEN

Mr. Lawson, You know the rules.

LAWSON

(Grimaces, frustrated,
and more determined)

Can I have it now?

DR. WESLEN

(Looks up to Lawson over
his eye glasses while
holding his notepad.)

Lawson you KNOW the rules.

(A MALE NURSE holds a
glass of water, while
holding a blue pill in

front of LAWSON'S face.
LAWSON sticks out his
tongue, and accepts the
pill with the water, and
opens his mouth swirling
his tongue around to
prove he swallowed it.

(The MALE NURSE lights
him a cigarette, and
puts it to his lips.
LAWSON takes a few puffs
off the cigarette then
DR. WESLEN motions for
the NURSE to take it
away.)

LAWSON

(Disappointment,
disgust, feeling
manipulated)

I fuckin' hate you. I fuckin' hate you, and your fuckin' clip
board; Observing me, judging me--Like a fuckin' animal in a
zoo.

DR. WESLEN

We have to make sure your behavior is suitable enough for you
to participate in society. And that you can follow the laws
of society by making the right choices.

LAWSON

When am I getting out of here?

DR. WESLEN

You can't be a danger to yourself, or others.

LAWSON

(Repeats part of the
doctor's statement.)

"A danger to myself or others?" You've got me in a
straitjacket, you mother-fucker!!! I'm a Sergeant in the

United States Army! (Speaks with disbelief.) You know what?! Fuck you! Fuck you! You should be happy! You're nothing but a fuckin' whore! You fuckin' whore! You should be happy! You got me all doped up, so you can keep an easy paycheck coming! I know what you want me to do!--Climb up on that table, take a shit and make sand castles out of it to keep your easy paycheck coming! You fuckin' pill pushin' white collar pimp!!! You're not even worthy of sucking my balls! You're just a low level prick! I want to talk to the President of the United States!

(LAWSON rapidly spits across the table at DR. WESLEN, just missing him as the two MALE NURSES put a spit bag over his face and restrain him. DR. WESLEN, now standing, makes a call on his cell phone, and quietly states "I'm going to need your assistance." A FEMALE NURSE comes in behind LAWSON as the MALE NURSES expose a small patch of skin on LAWSON'S buttocks. They hold him still as the FEMALE NURSE uses an alcohol swab to clean the area, shoot LAWSON with a barbiturate. He seems to calm down almost instantly as the NURSES seat him again.)

LAWSON
(Speaking calmly now, almost comical, defeated? Leaning gradually toward DR. WESLEN as he speaks.)

O.K. Listen, I've got some top secret, Classified information-intel, and I'll sell it to you for the amazing price of only \$29.95.

(One of the MALE NURSES shoves him back.)

LAWSON
(Irritated, undeterred,
quieter, as if telling
a secret.)

O.K.! \$19.95, because I like you.

(winks and nods at DR. WESLEN.)

DR. WESLEN

And why would I need this secret, and classified information?

LAWSON

To save yourself--Your family, and the people you love.

(DR. WESLEN places
several black crayon
drawings in front of
LAWSON on the table that
he had drawn the night
before.)

DR. WESLEN

These pictures you've drawn Lawson, of God as a monster and a
cannibal--Eating the heads off of humans. Where did these
ideas come from?

LAWSON (calmly)

Can I have another cigarette?

DR. WESLEN

Answer the question, Lawson.

LAWSON
(Calmly, insistent)

Can I have another cigarette?

DR. WESLEN
(Insistent, with warning
in his voice.)

Answer the question, Lawson.

LAWSON
(Defeated, Puzzled,
Puzzling, Calmly)

They come from the Truth. From the opposite side of your
lies. People are praying for the wrong thing! To the wrong
thing! God IS a cannibal! He IS a monster!

DR. WESLEN

And what, or who, should people be praying to instead, Lawson?

(DR. WESLEN waits for an
answer from LAWSON but
he does not give one.)

DR. WESLEN (cont.)

Are you sure you don't have God confused with demons, or the
Devil?

LAWSON (Quietly)

They're one and the same.

DR. WESLEN

How do you mean?

LAWSON

Man made both of them.

DR. WESLEN

How do you mean Lawson, when you say God and the Devil are one
and the same, and that Man made both of them?

LAWSON

Can I have another cigarette?

DR. WESLEN

Answer the question, Lawson.

LAWSON
(More persistent)

Can I have another cigarette?

DR. WESLEN (Irritated.)

Answer the question, Lawson!

LAWSON (Angrily)

Fuck You!!!

DR. WESLEN
(Back to normal--calm)

Answer the question, Lawson.

LAWSON
(calmly, leans in toward
DR. WESLEN)

God is not something to run to. God is something to run from.

DR. WESLEN

When did God first appear as a monster to you, Lawson? Was it before your term of service or after?

LAWSON
(Smiles, a hard grin, leans forward and whispers to DR. WESLEN.)

LAWSON

"I had to do this in Secret--The way I brought you here."

(As the song "God Is Dangerous" starts the audience is taken into the illusional world of

what LAWSON'S "God" is. Behind a silk screen there is a larger than life figure with horns, and a large head like a bull--Large reddish-yellow eyes, with the body of a man. Heavy black, and white, grey clouds surround this creature as he sits on a mountain. Humans scramble below him--trying to get out of his way as he randomly picks them up kicking and screaming and bites off their heads, then sets them back down on the ground bleeding to death while running around like a chicken with it's head cut off. Some other humans "God" picks up and like butterfly wings plucks various limbs--arms and legs from their body, and tosses them in a pile were hundreds of thousands of other limbs lay beneath them.--Evidence of "God's play.")

God is Dangerous

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Futuristic rock/alternative)

I had to do this in secret--

The way I brought you here

Eyes above ground in the sky between your tears

The truth will be told right between your ears

God is dangerous

Madness and deception

Sanity and delusion

Interweave your DNA

A wicked joke under his sleeve

You think you're living day by day

You think it's air you breathe

Believe me, my friend

God is dangerous

I can't count to 1-2-3

I can't see the forest for the trees

The lies I tell

The truth you see

You find me on bended knee

I pray to the Universe

I pray to dream in peace!

A million, a dozen, or only one

How many lives do you want to be

You make the choice of birth and death--

Your role is like TV

A happy ending or a tragic fall

No--No one leaves

Until God decides to take us all

I'm telling you my friend

God is dangerous

God is dangerous

God is dangerous

God is dangerous

These are things that you need to know!

Open that door! You always wanted to know the answer!
And when you find the truth
You black out to the beginning--
Searching again for the answer
So elusive--all over again
You live a lifetime repeating--
Open the fuckin' door!

And take a good look this time you coward!!!

Open the fuckin' door!

And take a good look this time you coward!!!

*I had to do this in secret--
The way I brought you here*

(LAWSON has a mother named ELAINE, and a younger sister named CARLA. Unknown to him they have been witness to his behavioral examinations through a one-way glass mirror, with video and audio recording the session from start to finish just like in a police interrogation room.)

ELAINE

(Highly distressed)

That's not my son. That's not Lawson. I don't know who he is anymore. I'm not comfortable. I don't feel safe around him here.--Just looking at him through the glass! How could I ever feel safe with him at home?

(ELAINE starts to cry, and CARLA hugs her mother trying to console her.)

CARLA

It will be O.K. mom. We will get through this. God will help us get through all of this. And we'll get Lawson back.

(CARLA pulls away from ELAINE, and grabs her mother by the arms, gives her a little shake and looks her in the eyes, and speaks firmly.)

You're going to get your son back. And I'm going to get my brother back. We just have to have faith, mom. We just have to pray that all this will work out.

(ELAINE nods her head "Yes", CARLA and ELAINE sit at the table with

Dr. WESLEN and MEDICAL STAFF to discuss LAWSON'S condition. Nearly an hour into their conversation about treatment options, a MEMBER OF THE STAFF interrupts their meeting, and informs them that LAWSON has escaped the mental facility. ELAINE is so distraught she collapses onto the floor, and is admitted into the hospital.)

After the Rain Falls

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

Shock like disbelief
Shook me to the core
Hurt through the streets of my city
Out of nowhere
Here comes a war
And I'm rolling with pain
My heart and mind are trying to comprehend
How long will it take to heal
From the aftershock
After the rain falls
After the smoke clears
After my heart stops aching

Drumming up for war
Beat our chest so loud
Mighty military power--
You've woken a giant
Our sons and daughters
Gladly sign up to be soldiers
And a new pain begins
When you know so many
Won't come back
After the rain falls
After the smoke clears
After my heart stops aching
After my heart stops breaking

Breathe, baby
Breathe, baby, breathe

Man of the hour
They call you a hero
Dress you up in medals
And give you a parade
You know it's a personal battle
You've got your own demons to fight
Trying to keep your life balanced
Move forward in the world
After the rain falls
After the smoke clears
After my heart stops aching
After my heart stops breaking

Breathe, baby
Breathe, baby, breathe

(Simultaneously there are three things going on; ELAINE is admitted into a hospital bed. A YOUNG EXPECTANT MOTHER is about to deliver her baby, and LAWSON has found his way to a child's play yard. He is still in his hospital gown. He plays on the swing. Rides around on the merry-go-round. He finds a jump rope some child has left behind, and starts to skip rope. He ties the rope into a hangman's knot. --Climbs up to the highest area of a tree and hangs himself. As all this unfolds simultaneously, DR. WESLEN is standing by ELAINE'S hospital bed when he pronounces her dead, and a NURSE places a white sheet over her face. While CARLA sits in a chair with her hands over her eyes, her head moving from side to side. And the YOUNG WOMAN gives birth to a healthy baby boy.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 4

SETTING:

Another area of the same hospital.

AT RISE:

In another area of the hospital a different scenario is being played out. ELISABETH, "BETH," is married to ERICK, a soldier who is in treatment for PTSD. This will be the third visit to the hospital to see him, and even though in her mind ERICK didn't seem at all himself at the last two visits BETH just knows and can feel that today is going to be different because all day and all night for the last seventy-two hours, herself, with their three kids--CALVIN, 9 yrs, and the two older twins, JEFFERY and JULIE, 11 yrs--Along with everyone at Community Baptist Church have been praying for "nothing less than a full recovery." The children wait in a guarded play area as BETH awaits ERICK, DR. WESLEN, and Dr. LEVINGTON to get a status update on ERICK'S condition. As a MALE NURSE wheels Erick into the room, DR. WESLEN and DR. LEVINGTON follow. BETH glances over to ERICK across the table from her, and as the DOCTORS seem to talk among themselves about ERICK'S condition as if neither BETH nor ERICK are in the room she begins to cry. She puts her hand to her forehead and then both hands on her face, and wipes her tears away.

BETH

(Distraught, but strong)

So what you're sayin'... I've been... This is the third time I've come here, and today I brought the children because I knew he was going to be better. But when you wheeled him in here--I--I hate to say it but I didn't want to hug him because he looks like he's getting worse.

DR. LEVINGTON

Well the effects of his medication could have a disorienting effect on personality traits that you are familiar with, in time...

BETH

(Sarcastic, cuts DR. LEVINGTON off)

So what you're saying, in time you'll dope him up so much that one day I'll come in here, and I won't even recognize him?

DR. WESLEN

(With authority)

Mrs. Hanson, mental illness and emotional trauma is not an exact science. Treatment is tailored and administered towards the needs of the individual.

BETH

(angrily)

That's something else I don't like about you guys. He's right here--Sitting in this room, and you talk like he's not here--Like he's invisible--Like he's a child.

DR. WESLEN

Well, Mrs. Hanson we're just working as a bridge to answer all the questions you have until he...

BETH

(Cuts DR. WESLEN off)

Erick! His name is Erick.

DR. WESLEN

(Apologetic)

Until Erick can answer questions on his own.

DR. LEVINGTON
(Apologetic)

We're sorry, Mrs. Hanson, if we seem a little distracted it's been a busy day. And on top of all of it we had a patient commit suicide so I hope you will forgive us if we seem not to have all the answers to your questions.

BETH
(With mild surprise)

Did he have this PTSD thing?!

DR. LEVINGTON
(Nods her head and answers.)

Yes.

BETH

Was he being treated? Why would he do something like that if he was taking his meds?

DR. LEVINGTON
(reluctant)

We don't know. Everything right now is under investigation.

BETH
(With concern to both DR.
LEVINGTON, and DR. WESLEN.)

I hear on these commercials all the time, one of the side effects of these antidepressants is that they can cause feelings of suicide. Why would the FDA even approve a drug that would make you want to kill yourself, or get violent with someone else?

DR. WESLEN

Good question, but were not the ones who can answer that for you. The short answer is that for a large number of people the drugs work effectively, and there's always going to be

some patients who experience unexpected side effects, or dramatic episodes from the norm.

BETH

My Erick, is he on the same drugs, and antidepressants as this person who committed suicide?

DR. WESLEN

(With authority)

Ma'am we aren't at liberty to say, or speak about another patient's information, or medical records--That's confidential.

BETH

(More persistent, angry)

Yes you can. You can tell me something. Tell me this much: the medications Erick is on right now that you gave him this morning --On any of the prescription labels, or fine, fine print does it say or mention that a side effect of his drugs might cause thoughts of suicide, or violence towards himself, or someone else?

DR. WESLEN

(reluctantly nods his head)

Yes.

BETH

How many of the pills that he takes daily have those potential side effects?

DR. WESLEN

(Again, reluctantly answers)

Uh, three.

BETH

(Feeling defeated, betrayed, speaks silently)

Three. Three. Oh, my God. Three.

(BETH clenches her fist,
and looks at both DR.
WESLEN, and DR.
LEVINGTON, and the MALE
NURSE standing behind
ERICK in his wheel
chair. She is hurt and
angry.)

BETH (cont.)

I trusted you.--I trusted you guys. I thought, "You're the doctors--Let them do what they have to do," and today I brought the kids because I just knew Erick was going to be better. But now he's like a ship floating farther and farther out to sea. I feel now like when I first saw him, I should have gone out to him. Swam out to him, and gathered up the rope and pulled it ashore, or at least put on a anchor, because he just seems lost. At least he wouldn't have drifted away. At least he wouldn't have gotten worse.

DR. WESLEN

Well as we stated earlier...

BETH
(Interrupts DR. WESLEN,
and looks directly at
ERICK.)

I want to speak to my husband alone.

(Both DR. WESLEN and DR.
LEVINGTON seem uncomfort-
able with her request.)

DR. WESLEN
(Hesitant, cautious)

Well um, O.K. Dr. Levington and I will leave you with Mr. Hanson, and we'll leave the male nurse with you in case you have any need.

BETH

(Defiant, standing strong)

No! I want to be with my husband alone, thank you! Take the nurse, and anybody else with you! I have to talk with my husband alone. I may not know everything, but I know him. I don't know you, you, or you! But I am his wife!--We have three beautiful kids together! And they need their father--Not some lab experiment!

(Both DR. WESLEN, and DR. LEVINGTON fall silent, and leave the conference room with the MALE NURSE.)

(ERICK glances over at BETH, with a blank stare, and then starts blinking his eyes--three, four, now five different times. He shifts himself in his seat, and sits up a little. He whispers two words.

ERICK

Thank you.

BETH

(In shock, puts her hand over her mouth, and starts to cry. She speaks slowly just above a whisper.)

BETH (cont.)

Look at us. Look at us. Look at this thing--This life--Where we're at right now. We have three beautiful children, who love us, and want to see their father home--Not in a mental hospital.

(BETH pauses, as ERICK looks down at his hands.)

I'm not judging you Erick. I'm not trying to give you some bullshit speech about "Man up!" and just go on, and live past the trauma but I love you!

(ERICK looks over to
BETH and can see she's
in pain.)

I love you Erick. And in my mind--In my heart--Love should be enough to get you past this limbo stage. Love should be enough to bridge your sanity!--To choose this reality! --This time! --This place! --This moment!

(BETH starts crying, and
speaks softly.)

I do--I do--I do--I do--That was our vows--For richer, for poorer, in sickness, and in health--Until death do us part. I believe that--I still believe that until the day I die, but I need you. I don't care if it sounds selfish because it's true. And the kids need you. I need you to rock me. I don't want another man, and I don't want another man around our children. And when these doctor's talk about your stress, or what you've been through with you right here it makes you look like a child.

Tell me now if you can make it. Tell me now if you can see your way through this, and make it home again.

(There is an awkward
silence of ERICK, and
BETH looking at each
other then ERICK jumps
out of his wheel chair,
and reaches across the
table to hold BETH'S
face with both of his
hands, and kisses her
passionately on the
lips. ERICK has come to
life, and speaks
clearly.)

ERICK

(Smiling)

That's why I married you. That's why I married you.

(ERICK walks around the table and sits in a chair next to BETH face to face. Holding her hands--Stroking her arms.)

BETH

(With love and concern--
Hoping the "awakening" is
permanent.)

Tell me, Erick, tell me the worst of it, and the darkest part, and the most upsetting part of it. So it's not on your mind alone. I'm your wife.--I'm your partner.--I'm your lover, and we will share this pain together, and what we can't handle we will put into the hands of God, and leave it with Jesus. It will be alright.--Whatever it is, God will make it alright.

(ERICK still holding
BETH'S hand starts to
sing.)

Pressure (I Just Snapped)

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Moderate Tempo Ballad)

There was a knock on the door
That pulled me from all sides
Someone penetrated the core
And fucked up my mind
Now I'm trying to get back and heal those scars
I got pressure...
So much pressure...
Pressure...
So much pressure...

I know secrets, they can kill you
But I don't know who to trust
And so now they're holding me like a hostage
Because I don't have the courage to tell
I can't pay this ransom
I can't pay this price
And it's fucking up my life!
Pressure...
I'm under so much pressure...
I just snapped.

If there was a God
I believe he'd show me the way
If there was an end to this pain
That shadows me both night and day
I'd give my blood
I'd give my money
Anything for just a little peace
Pressure...
I'm under so much pressure...

Man enough to kill a man
Man enough to stand up for my country
Man enough to say "I love you"
But who can help me?
Who can read my mind?
Who can see my troubles?
Pressure...
I'm under so much pressure...
I just snapped.

I just snapped.

I need to find a way to speak
I need to clear my head
I need to step out of this box
Pressure...
I'm under so much pressure...

Gotta repair the damage,
Rewrite the script
I believe I can face the fear
No more triggers
No more guilt
No more
No more
I will be free
I will learn to live again

I will be free
I will learn to live again

Pressure...
I was under so much pressure...
Pressure...
I was under so much pressure....

(After ERICK finishes the song the DOCTORS and the MALE NURSE come back into the room. ERICK stands next to BETH with his arms around her, and speaks clearly, and matter-of-factly.)

ERICK

I want to go home.

(DR. LEVINGTON and DR. WESLEN look at each other bewildered. ERICK restates his words more confidently.)

I'm going home today.

(ERICK turns to BETH)

And I want to see my children.

(BETH wiping her tears nods "yes")

ERICK

But not like this--In this hospital gown. I want to come out wearing my uniform.

(BETH looks up at ERICK, and nods her head, and silently says "Yes," then hugs her husband generously.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 5

SETTING: The HANSON family home.

AT RISE: ERICK, BETH and THE CHILDREN have made it home. News of their arrival sparked BETH'S mother "GRANNY BELL" to have a holiday style dinner ready for them as they walked in the door. After dinner the kids, CALVIN 9 yrs, and the older twins JEFFERY and JULIE, 11 yrs, play from room to room in the house. BETH is in the kitchen, talking with her MOTHER "GRANNY BELL" when "GRANNY BELL" gives a command to THE CHILDREN:

GRANNY BELL
(to CHILDREN)

Stop making all that noise, put your dishes in the sink, and go wash your hands!

(ERICK comes on stage wearing his military suit looking like the pride of an American soldier. He stretches out his arms, and speaks to his mother-in-law.)

ERICK
(Joyfully)

Man, Granny Bell! That's was delicious!!! That's why they call it soul food 'cause that meal was awesome from start to finish! Especially the macaroni and cheese! And home made biscuits--Oh, my God! And a baked turkey! It ain't even Thanksgiving yet, and we got a turkey in the summer! --Wow!

(ERICK hugs "GRANNY BELL" and gives her a kiss on the side of her cheek.)

"GRANNY BELL"

Oh, thank you Erick! It's just lovely to see you back home. I thank God for that! God knows we all been praying hard for this day just for you to come home and in one piece is a blessing. So we gotta be thankful, and make the most of our days 'cause God could have took you from us, but it's a blessing you're here 'cause we need you around--The kids need you. Beth needs you. And I'm happy to see you when ever I can.

(CALVIN walks into the kitchen and presents ERICK with a drawing made from a picture in the house of ERICK in his military uniform.)

CALVIN

This is a picture I made of you Dad from the picture on the bookshelf.

ERICK

(surprised, and delighted.)

Wow! Thank you Calvin! That's really good! You're really talented! There's a lot of good details in this picture!

CALVIN

(modestly)

Thanks Dad. I want to be an artist when I grow up, and make my own Super Hero cartoons, and make paintings like Picasso.

ERICK

That's great Calvin, You've got the determination like your mother so I know what ever you put your mind to you will make it happen. Thank you again, buddy. The picture is really nice.

(JULIE walks into the kitchen, and quietly takes her DAD by the hand from the kitchen to the living room as

JEFFERY and CALVIN
follow and they all sit
on the couch)

"GRANNY BELL"
(yells out a warning)

Don't be worrying your daddy with a bunch of needless
questions now!"

(JULIE sits to ERICK'S
right, JEFFERY sits to
his left, and CALVIN
sits on his knees in
front of ERICK lightly
tapping his leg like
he's playing a drum.)

JULIE
(Inquisitive)

Daddy, tell us about the war--Did you have to kill people?

("GRANNY BELL" and BETH
are out of ear shot
washing dishes.)

ERICK
(Speaks optimistic, but
with regret)

Yes, Julie, That's the bad part of all war, is that you kill
people, or someone kills you.

JULIE

How many people did you kill?

JEFFERY
(Cuts her off)

Julie, "Granny Bell" just said don't be asking Daddy any off
the wall--Crazy questions! He just got home! I don't know why
you even want to ask a question like that! You get scared when
you see a spider in the sink!

JULIE

O.K. Sorry Daddy. I don't need to know that any way. It would probably give me nightmares.

(Erick grins, and
chuckles. Lovingly pats
Julie on the arm.)

JEFFERY

What I'm glad about is out of all the stuff you went through-- you didn't die--You survived. You survived so you could come home and be our dad.

ERICK

Yeah, that's a good way of looking at it Jeff, 'cause I love you guys a whole lot.

CALVIN

Why do you think you survived, daddy?

ERICK

I don't know. I'm just glad to see your mother--glad for us to be a family again.

(CALVIN stands up, and
sits in ERICK'S lap, and
rocks from side to
side.)

CALVIN

(Inquisitive)

Did you have any lucky charms while you were at war?

ERICK

(A little puzzled)

Lucky charms?! What do you mean?

CALVIN
(Still rocking back and
forth on ERICK'S leg)

Um, like a rabbit foot, or a cross around your neck or something like that.

ERICK

No, I didn't have a rabbit's foot. I didn't ever wear a cross, but I did have my Bible, and my prayer that I used to sing.

JULIE (Excited)

Oh, a prayer song Daddy?! --Will you sing it to us?! Can we hear it? What's it called?

(JEFFERY takes off his gold cross from around his neck, and puts it around ERICK'S neck. JULIE takes her white "lucky" rabbits' foot, and put it in ERICK'S top pocket.)

JEFFERY

Now Dad, You can survive anything! You have Super Powers!

ERICK
(Gracious and loving)

Thank you, Jeffery, Thank you Julie, This is like Christmas, and from now on I'll keep my "lucky charms" with me all the time.

JULIE

Daddy, you didn't say the name of your prayer song.

ERICK

Oh, it's called "Angels, Spirit Guides, and Protectors"

JEFFERY

It sounds like a song so Angels can watch over you, and protect you in trouble.

ERICK

Yeah, that's about exactly why I wrote it. And it kept me company, and helped me get back to you guys who I love so much!

JULIE

Daddy, sing it! - Can we hear it?!

ERICK

(Confidently)

Sure!

(ERICK sings "Angels,
Spirit Guides, &
Protectors.")

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Angels, Spirit Guides and Protectors

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

Watch over me
And keep me from falling
Don't let me bleed
Unless it's for the protection of a child

Guide what I say
And when I drive
Please help me along my way

Angels, Spirit Guides and Protectors,
Watch over me...

Hold my hand
Give me reasons when I don't understand
Help my heart give peace a chance
When I'm so angry

Soothe my soul
Take this violence from my heart
Take it far, far, far away
Until I see that love is the only way to go

Angels, Spirit Guides and Protectors,
Watch over me...

Watch over me...

I been knocked around
I been forced to fight
Made me stronger
Now I know I can trust myself if no one else
I know my heart is true!

I never walk alone
I always feel your love
I always live my life
Like it is worth living...

I never fail to see
When I help you, I help me
Gotta tell you, it took a while to see
We are all one of the same

Gotta admit it's so wonderful to live

Wonderful to learn what life has to give
It's so great to live past this fear
It's no crime to live forward in time
Don't cry from the past
Let it go...
When it's time, let it go.
Let it go...

So much to appreciate on this day
Every day above ground is a beautiful day

Let's give praise!
Angels, Spirit Guides and Protectors
Angels, Spirit Guides and Protectors
Angels, Spirit Guides and Protectors
Angels, Spirit Guides and Protectors

Scene 6

SETTING: A public park just three city blocks from the financial district of Wall Street.

AT RISE: A CROWD is gathered outside in a public park just three city blocks from the financial district of Wall Street. They are waiting for the SPEAKER to lead them in a non-violent, peaceful but resistant protest concerning the global financial crisis that deceitful banking and lending institutions have constructed to the public, and have now crashed the economy into a recession/depression that has not been witnessed in over seventy years. People are mad as hell, and chanting loudly in the streets.)

Fool me once! --Shame on you!
Fool me twice! --Shame on me!
Shame on you! --Shame on you!
Shame on you! --Shame on you!

(They are carrying signs with different caricatures and photos of corporate CEOs and politicians. Some of them read--"Send the carpet baggers to jail!" "Where's MY bailout?!!!" "Corporate America Stole My Retirement!!!" "Children of Madoff--The End is Near!!!" and "Send the S.O.B's to Jail!!!" They start to cheer as the SPEAKER they have been waiting for approaches the

stand. The crowd starts
to chant again.)

Fool me once! --Shame on you!
Fool me twice! --Shame on me!
Shame on you! --Shame on you!
Shame on you! --Shame on you!

(The SPEAKER begins his
speech with energy and
passion, speaking
directly to the anger
and cause of the
financial crisis created
by corporate greed,
deception, and global
fraudulent practices.
With nearly every
statement he says the
crowd jeers in arousal,
and agreement.)

SPEAKER

They have taken our money!
They have taken our future!
They have taken our retirement!
They have taken our children's college fund!
They have taken our homes!

But they have not taken away our desire, or our will, or our
demand for justice! They can only hide behind those glass and
steel walls until "Lady Justice" sorts out the paper trail and
e-mails of all their lies and deceit. Then it will be exposed
to the world how this house of cards was perpetrated on the
middle class as a way to pay for the excessive and wasteful
"Lie-Style" of the rich and stupid.

And as Americans, we will, and we must stick together, and
pressure every Senator, every Congressman, every President,
and lawmaker to hold them accountable for this financial
Holocaust that they have spread like a disease across the
world.

(The CROWD cheers again,
and repeats their
slogan.)

Fool me once! --Shame on you!
Fool me twice! --Shame on me!
Shame on you! --Shame on you!
Shame on you! --Shame on you!

SPEAKER (cont.)

Let's travel these few blocks in Solidarity to the doors of Wall Street, and show the world by example how the American people stand up to power, when power tries to screw the people! We won't rest! We won't stop! Until all the Bernie Madoff wanna-bes are in jail. Until all the cheating, swindling Hedge fund savages are behind bars, and stripped of their licenses to do business. We won't stop until Justice, and compensation has been repaid to the American people, and legislation is passed into law so these crooks are never allowed to play Russian roulette, and gamble recklessly with our money, and our future like this ever again!!!

(The CROWD cheers in agreement as the speaker steps down from the podium, and leads the crowd toward Wall Street. The CROWD repeats their slogan as they near closer to their destination.)

Something Beautiful

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Uptempo Pop)

Raped a country
 Raped the world
 Greed smiles on a hillside, amazed they pulled it off
 Perverse with wonder of the human condition
 Playing people like a chess game
 You must divide and conquer

I want something beautiful to happen...
 I want something beautiful.

Protest--chaos--mayhem in the streets
 And the ones who started it
 Hide like cowards behind a brick wall
 Silence the sounds with a brutal show of force
 Put fear in the crowd and make them all back down

I want something beautiful to happen...
 I want something beautiful.

Just say NO!
 Hell, no we won't go!
 Just say NO!
 Oh, no--you don't move me!
 NO!
 Oh, no, we won't go!

Not until justice arrives!
 Not until you pay for your crimes!
 We remember our power
 We remember our rights
 Not to let you walk on our spirits
 And stand up past fear
 One man can make a difference
 As every woman and child
 Educate yourself
 Don't ever let them lead you blind

Just say NO!
 Oh, no we won't go!
 NO!
 Oh, no--you don't move me!
 Say NO!
 Oh, no--you don't move me!

Not until justice arrives!
Not until you pay for your crimes!

I just want more love and understanding
Less pollution, less confusion in the air
I just want you to see that we're connected, you and me
I just want people to care

I want something beautiful to happen...
I want something beautiful.

(As the song ends the
PROTESTERS lock arm and
arm on Wall Street
blocking traffic. They
are met with POLICE,
some in riot gear as
they stage their
peaceful sit-in protest.
They are arrested one by
one by the hundreds but
not without getting
world wide attention,
and news coverage of
their cause and support.
The news of protestors
occupying Wall Street
for justice reaches the
White House and
President Obama mentions
the Wall Street protest
in his State of The
Union Address, and
commits a special task
force to investigate how
the global financial,
and housing crisis came
about, and states that
all corporate entities
found guilty of fraud or
deceptive business
practices will be held
legally accountable to
their victims.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Scene 7

SETTING: A family home on Veteran's Day. RACHEL, a young mother, is in the house. Her two children, ALEX and CHRISTA are outside planting a blue spruce in the back yard.

AT RISE: RACHAEL is walking through the house calling out to her two children, ALEX, a boy, 9 yrs. -- And her daughter, CHRISTA, 11yrs. She has everything in the car for a beautiful summer day picnic in the park, after the veteran's day parade downtown, they will visit the cemetery of their father EDWARD, deceased at 34 yrs. A fallen soldier from the Afghanistan war. She finds her kids in the back yard, hands muddy and a little dirty from planting a tree--a Colorado blue spruce.)

RACHAEL

Alex! Christa! What are you guys doing?! I've got everything in the car. The parade starts in less than a half hour. What is that?

ALEX

It's a tree. Remember Dad said he wanted to plant a Colorado Blue Spruce in the yard before he died?

(RACHAEL is quiet. ALEX and CHRISTA are not sure that their mother approves or disapproves.)

CHRISTA

We bought it with our own money from the hardware store. We even saved five dollars because it was on sale.

ALEX (worried)

Do you like it, Mom? We gave it enough room to grow and put it in the same place Dad said he wanted to put it. Is it alright? Can we keep it?

(RACHAEL puts her hands over her mouth, and cannot hold back her tears as she begins to cry, she kneels down to hug her children.)

RACHAEL

Of course you can keep it. --It's beautiful. It's beautiful Alex. It's beautiful Christa. And I know your Dad is very happy, and proud that you both thought of him this way.

(After more hugs, and kisses RACHAEL helps with shoveling some fresh dirt under the tree.)

RACHAEL

O.K. kids let's go! And on the way back from the parade and the picnic and seeing Daddy we'll stop by the hardware store again, and pick up some mulch, fertilizer, and some stone to circle around the bottom area so it will have everything it needs to grow big and strong. Now go wash your hands so we can leave!

(As the kids leave the stage to wash their hands, A lone spotlight shines on RACHAEL. RACHAEL walks over to a picture of "EDWARD" and herself. As RACHAEL holds the picture close to her chest, EDWARD, in full military uniform, appears behind her and holds her in his arms,

rocking her gently in
his arms. She kisses
the picture softly, and
lays it back on a shelf.
The kids yell out to
her, and break her
daze.)

CHRISTY AND ALEX

Mom, we're ready! Come on, let's go!

("Don't Forget a
Soldier" plays.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Don't Forget a Soldier

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Mid-Tempo Rock)

Don't forget a soldier
When you say "I'm free"
They are men who died
Just like Jesus Christ
To protect the lives of you and me

Don't forget a soldier
When you're walking down the street
Gotta keep the pride
Keep hope and dreams alive
And help others in their fight to be free

FREEDOM!!!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Hoorah! Hoorah!

Don't forget a soldier
As they fight for freedom and liberty
Proudly sacrifice so we can live a life that is true
Stand up now for the Red, White and Blue

FREEDOM!!!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Hoorah! Hoorah!

Don't forget a soldier!
Don't forget a soldier!
Don't forget a soldier
When you say "I'm free."

Scene 8

SETTING: The Interview. Present Day.

AT RISE: INTERVIEWER is again with
SOLDIERS. JEROME, THOMAS and
ANDREW are among those present.
SINGER waits in the wings.

INTERVIEWER

How have you guys been received by the public on your return home, by your families, and your communities?

JEROME

You mean like compared to other wars like Viet Nam or something?

INTERVIEWER

Yeah, how would you say the public treats you, or what you think their perception is of you as a soldier in the U.S. military?

JEROME

First of all if someone were to spit in my face for all I've been through in my military service I would take my gun out, and shoot 'em in the face!

(The soldiers laugh)

JEROME (cont.)

No, plain and simple! There are some people you can get away with something like that! I'm not one of them! --No, I'm only half kidding it's been wonderful, It's really been positive! The patriotism. The pride. The reason we went over to Afghanistan, and Iraq. The American people most of them don't care if Iraq was questionable. What they care about generally is that we went over there and kicked some ass for what happened on 9/11.

INTERVIEWER

What do you guys think about gays in the military?

THOMAS

They were always there, now they can serve openly.

ANDREW

Fuck yeah! We protect their freedoms just like everybody else. Let them serve, and get shot at, and die for their country like we all do, or have. What's the difference, when you're in the military we all got a job to do and certain conduct that we're all accountable for. They can put their pumps back on when their on leave.

JEROME

I don't think it makes any difference--Not to me anyway. I mean I kid around a lot--just about all the time but I'm not homophobic. It's like, I'm good looking! I know I'm good looking, and if a guy approaches me for contact like man on man I feel all I got to tell them is no--I don't get down like that--Thanks for the compliment, but I like women. My fire hose is for women only. --Period, end of story. But in time it won't make a difference at all. Just like at one time the same thing, the same issue was said about black people joining the military. That it was going to screw up morale, or weaken the military, basically a bunch of B.S. from some people who can't stand the world when it's time to make a change or move forward. And the same concern was brought up about women in the military.

They're like "Blacks in the military! Women in the military! Gays in the military! A Catholic President! What's this world coming too?!" Tomorrow it won't even matter. They'll be judged like everybody else on their service, and conduct--The same standards we're all held to.

(Someone yells out
"They'll just know how
to shoot better when
they get out!")

INTERVIEWER

I really appreciate your honesty, and forthrightness in answering all my questions, and sharing your wonderful and outstanding stories, and of course I also appreciate your

INTERVIEWER (cont.)

service in the military. Is there anything you guys want to add, or say besides the questions that I've asked?

THOMAS

No, just get it right. You know, don't have us thinking that you're writing something good about me, and my brothers and sisters in the service, then when we read your book it's a bunch of bullshit, and half truths. We don't want to come after you--You don't want us coming after you!

(The SINGER for "freedom" starts the song off slowly as ALL THE ACTORS gather on the stage for the finale.)

SINGER

When this war is over, I'm comin' home
When this war is over, I'm comin' home
When this war is over! I'm comin' home--I'm comin' home

("Freedom" is sung.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

CURTAINS CLOSE

Freedom

Words and Music ©2012 by Dennis A. Smith. All Rights Reserved.

(Gospel, moderately fast)

You take this cause with all your heart
 You take this stand for the love of your country
 Pride and honor is just part of my service
 Where I come from,
 We live and die for these things
 I'm talking about Freedom!
 Freedom!
 Freedom!
 I'm talking about Freedom...

Seen life and death under a dictator's rule
 Seen dreams and hope crushed by the gun
 It makes you think so much is taken for granted
 It makes me proud of the land that I come from
 The land of Freedom!
 I'm talking about the land of Freedom!
 Freedom!
 Freedom!
 I'm talking about the land of Freedom...

When this war is over I'm coming home...
 When this war is over I'm coming home...
 When this war is over I'm coming home...
 I'm coming home!
 I'm coming home!!
 I'm coming home!!!
 To my country
 I'm coming home
 To my family
 I'm coming home
 To a nation that believes in me
 I'm coming home to Freedom!
 Freedom!
 Freedom!
 I'm coming home to Freedom!

Everybody!!!
 "I'm proud to be an American"
 "I stand proud for God and country"
 "No one can shake my faith in you and me"
 "To live and give like we're supposed to do"
 I'm talking about Freedom!!!
 Freedom!!!

Freedom!!!
I'm talking about Freedom!!!
Freedom!!!
Freedom!!!
Heyyy!!!
Freedom!!!
Freedom!!!
I'm talking about Freedom!!!
Freedom!!!
Freedom!!!