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## **Cast of Characters**

LUCY

MARY aka SKEETER

POPE

DARWIN

NIETZSCHE

DANTE

JOAN OF ARC

JESUS

GOD

VAMPIRE COWBOY ATTENDANT ONE

VAMPIRE COWBOY ATTENDANT TWO

ANGEL GABRIEL

ANGEL MICHAEL

COP ONE

COP TWO

This play can also be presented with a cast of five (2F/3M) as follows:

#1 LUCY

#2 MARY aka SKEETER

#3 POPE, DARWIN, NIETZSCHE, DANTE, JOAN OF ARC, JESUS,  
GOD

#4 VAMPIRE COWBOY ATTENDANT ONE, ANGEL GABRIEL,  
COP ONE

#5 VAMPIRE COWBOY ATTENDANT TWO, ANGEL MICHAEL,  
COP TWO

## Acknowledgments

*A Beginner's Guide to Deicide* was originally produced by Vampire Cowboys (Abby Marcus, Producer) at Center Stage, New York City, in March 2005. The cast and contributors were:

LUCY.....Andrea Marie Smith  
MARY aka SKEETER .....Caitlyn Darr  
POPE, DARWIN, NIETZSCHE, DANTE,  
JOAN OF ARC, JESUS, GOD.....Dan Deming  
VAMPIRE COWBOYS, ANGELS, COPS.....Tom Myers,  
Christian Chan, & Nathan Lemoine

Director..... Robert Ross Parker  
Producer ..... Abby Marcus  
Scenic Designer ..... Nick Francone  
Lighting Designer . . . . Nick Francone, Kimberly Klearman  
Costume Designer..... Jessica Wegener  
Composer..... Dan Deming, Qui Nguyen  
Props Designer .....Mary Malmquist  
Puppet Design / Construction . . . . .David Valentine  
Fight Director..... Qui Nguyen  
Fight Captain..... Nathan Lemoine  
Dance Choreographer . . . . .Andrea Marie Smith  
Composer . . . . . Tim Marcus, MilkmanSound  
Stage Management . . . . . Susan Manikas  
Film Direction. . . . .Nathan Lemoine, Robert Ross Parker  
Board Operator . . . . .Madeleine Burns

# A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO DEICIDE

by Qui Nguyen & Robert Ross Parker

## ACT I

### Prologue: Starting from nowhere

*(Lights come up on LUCY, a sweet, young Catholic school girl, and THE POPE. She wields an axe, he a staff.*

*Projection: Present Day.*

*Projection: Vatican City.)*

**THE POPE.** Revelation 19:11-13

I saw heaven standing open and there before me was a white horse, whose rider is called Faithful and True. With justice, he judges and makes war. His eyes are like blazing fire and on his head are many crowns. He is dressed in a robe dipped in blood, and his name is the word of God.

*(She attacks him. They fight. LUCY knocks THE POPE to the ground.)*

You should not have come here. This is sacrilege.

**LUCY.** Oh, come on, padre. I just need you to deliver a message for me.

**THE POPE.** I don't deliver messages.

**LUCY.** It's a short message. A memo, really. I could put it on a post-it note for ya.

**THE POPE.** I refuse your call.

**LUCY.** I even came in costume. I thought you'd appreciate the effort.

*(LUCY and THE POPE raise their weapons to kill one another. They fight. THE POPE is surprisingly good, but not good enough. LUCY eventually disarms and corners him. She raises her axe above his neck.)*

**LUCY.** Here's the message. Tell him I'm coming.

**THE POPE.** Oh God noooooooooooooo!

*(LUCY takes a swing and decapitates THE POPE. Blackout!)*

### Scene One: Intro the Badass

*(We hear “Carmina Burana” playing, powerful and ominous.*

*Projection: A BEGINNER’S GUIDE TO DEICIDE*

*Projection: A Vampire Cowboys Creation*

*In a slow and dramatic fashion, LUCY enters the stage draped with a long red cloak that’s being dressed by two kabuki-esque “VAMPIRE COWBOYS” attendants.)*

**LUCY.** Welcome, wayward traveler, to the end, not the beginning, the alpha, or the prologue. This is the last breath—the last teardrop of God’s everlasting cry as he weeps for his greatest mistake, the human creation. I deliver unto you the pure, unbridled, beautiful nothingness of finality. Welcome to the end of existence. The beginning of absolute annihilation.

*(Music abruptly stops. LUCY smiles and laughs teenager-y.)*

Pretty dramatic, huh? I just love the theatre! Let’s just keep this simple, shall we? Opening monologue...take two.

Welcome to The Beginner’s Guide to Deicide, a ten-step course in the destruction of God. Having a bad day? Life not going your way? How about erasing existence? Starting it all over from scratch. Shake it up like an Etch-a-sketch.

Step one: Know Thine Enemy.

*(Projection: Step One: Know Thine Enemy.)*

In this case, it’s God. The creator. A.K.A. The world’s biggest, baddest mofo.

Ten steps. One, two, three...and before one knows it, we’ve erased existence from the alpha to the omega.

But, before one can kill God, of course, one must know where he hides. So, thusly, step—

**MARY.** *(Offstage:)* LUCY!

**LUCY.** Dammit. Almost forgot.

**MARY.** *(Offstage:)* Hey, where are you?!?

**LUCY.** In even the most simplest of revenge story lines, there’s always a complication. A kryptonite to our hero’s armor. Superman has to protect his Lois. Batman has to baby-sit Robin. And me...

*(MARY storms in. She spots a pool of blood.)*

**MARY.** Holy wow!

**LUCY.** I have her.

**MARY.** Oh, jeepers, look at this!

**LUCY.** Hey, don't get your hands dirty.

**MARY.** This large stain would appear to be blood, and I believe it's relatively fresh.

**LUCY.** It's probably just grape juice, Dorkzilla.

**MARY.** A weak hypothesis. The thickness is consistent with the sanguine discharge of a higher order mammal.

**LUCY.** Well Catholics do love eating fish. It's probably just fish blood.

**MARY.** In a cathedral? Highly unlikely.

**LUCY.** Come on, Skeeter, we gotta book.

**MARY.** Don't call me Skeeter.

**LUCY.** Let's go. I don't dig churches.

**MARY.** But you said we could stay in Vatican City...

**LUCY.** I'm changing the game plan. No Vatican City.

**MARY.** Why?

**LUCY.** Cause I said so, that's why.

**MARY.** You said I would get to meet a famous theologian...

**LUCY.** Yeah...well, he had to...head off...hehe.

**MARY.** How's that funny?

**LUCY.** It's not.

**MARY.** Typical, I hate it when you do this.

**LUCY.** Do what?

**MARY.** Sometimes, you're just evil!

*(MARY storms off.)*

**LUCY.** Yeah, I get that. A lot.

As I was saying...before one can kill God, of course, one must know where he hides.

Step Two: Find thy path.

*(Projection: Step Two: Find Thy Path.)*

But how does one find thy path? Well, that depends on who you ask. And how you ask it.

*(LUCY smiles slyly.)*

**Scene Two: The Origin of the Species**

*(Lights come up on DARWIN. He's been tied to a chair. The play suddenly becomes "Film Noir." A smoky saxophone plays softly. Projection: 1870. London, England.*

*LUCY throws on a fedora and steps up to DARWIN.)*

**LUCY.** Where is he, Charlie?

**DARWIN.** Who?

**MARY.** *(Offstage:)* These statistics are absolutely riveting!

**LUCY.** You heard me the first time, and the ten times after that. Spill it. Where is he?

**DARWIN.** God?

**MARY.** *(Offstage:)* This chart has some of the most detailed grub worm data I've ever seen.

**DARWIN.** Please leave that alone!

**LUCY.** Eyes front, Chuck. I've been asking around and my leads keep coming up cold. However, I realized I was barking around the wrong burning bush. Instead of a holy man, I shoulda been looking for me a scientist.

**DARWIN.** If it's God you seek, there's a fine church right down the road, maybe they can help you.

**LUCY.** I'm not looking for religion, Charlie. I'm looking for location.

**DARWIN.** Of God?

**LUCY.** What's his addy?

**DARWIN.** This is absolutely preposterous.

**LUCY.** Where is he?

**DARWIN.** Are you some kind of religious fanatic?

**LUCY.** Do I look very religious to you?

**DARWIN.** Well, actually...

**LUCY.** Ignore the duds!

**DARWIN.** Have you been sent here to stop me? Please tell whomever you're working for, I'm not a heretic!  
I just want to document the growth of man through science.

**LUCY.** Fine by me, Charlie.  
But that ain't my bag.

**DARWIN.** It ain't—I mean isn't?

(MARY enters.)

**MARY.** My God, look at this!

**DARWIN.** Put that down, it's a very rare specimen!

**MARY.** An adult Danaus Plexipus! So cool!

(MARY exits.)

**DARWIN.** Could you please get her to stop playing with those?

**LUCY.** Stay focused, Charlie. You've hidden the truth. So sing. Sing like a little canary or you'll wind up preserved in one of your own specimen jars.

**DARWIN.** I'm a scientist.  
I deal with fact.

**LUCY.** So?

**DARWIN.** So God isn't fact.

**LUCY.** You're well read, aren't ya? Educated. Smart. Not like me—

*(A spot light on LUCY, she addresses the audience.  
Saxophone jumps up in volume.)*

I'm just some shmuck stuck in this line of divine crime work, constantly on the run, only accompanied by her nerdy, yet brilliant sidekick, looking to end this bullshit God started. It's a hard job, a lonely job, but as they say, someone has to fucking do it.

*(LUCY takes a long drag of her cigarette, and we return to the scene.)*

But you, you're different. You know your shit. And I'm sure that after all these years of dedicated time, observation, and reading, you've somehow come across the secret hiding place of the head honcho... even if it's just hypothetical.

**DARWIN.** Those are just books. Research. About Man. I mean, take that one for example, the little red volume on the corner of the desk. From a poet who claimed to have a key to hell, purgatory, and heaven itself.

**LUCY.** A key, huh?

**DARWIN.** Well, key or pen. The translation's not very clear. Italian is barely a language. It's nonsense. A drunken Italian who knows nothing more than how to put words to his own imagination. Heaven? Hell? It's ludicrous. There's no real concrete research on God.

**LUCY.** Dantie Aligerie.

**DARWIN.** It's pronounced "Dante Alighieri."

**LUCY.** You don't mind if I take this, do you?

**DARWIN.** It's fiction.

*(Enter MARY.)*

**MARY.** Luce, this research is incredible. It must have taken years to collect this much data.

**DARWIN.** Find it interesting, do you?

**MARY.** Most certainly.

**DARWIN.** Five. Five nasty seasick years. Diphtheria, Malaria, Rickets, Beriberi, the shits. But it was all worth it...even the shits. When I publish my findings the scientific community will be slapped awake like a snoozing befeater at breakfast.

**LUCY.** Actually, Charlie...you mean "if."

**DARWIN.** What?

**MARY.** This is just the kind of raw data I need for my project.

**DARWIN.** What are you implying?

**LUCY.** What if somebody beat you to the punch? What if somebody took your data, waltzed on outta here and into history with it?

**DARWIN.** Impossible.

**MARY.** The diversity of these species is just mind-boggling.

**LUCY.** And what if that somebody was a fourteen year old girl with a keen fascination with grub worms?

**DARWIN.** What do you mean?

**LUCY.** Why do you think I let a genius tag along with me?

**MARY.** You think I'm a genius?

**LUCY.** Shut it.

*(LUCY pushes MARY off stage.)*

**DARWIN.** You can't.

**LUCY.** Skeeter, get ready to be credited for discovering the origin of the species.

**DARWIN.** Nooo!

**LUCY.** Don't like that idea, do ya?

**DARWIN.** Anything. Just don't.

**LUCY.** Now we can make this easy or make it hard. What's it going to be, Charlie?

**DARWIN.** Please, I have no answers for you in this area.

**LUCY.** I'm just looking for your guess. Your scientific guess.

**DARWIN.** I can't.

**LUCY.** How're those samples, Skeeter?

**MARY.** *(Offstage:)* Fascinating.

**DARWIN.** Please don't do this.

**MARY.** *(Offstage:)* Wow, look what's in this room!

**LUCY.** Last chance, Chuck. Use that paradigm-shattering intellect or they won't even publish you in letters to Penthouse.

**DARWIN.** You're looking for the creator, right? The first conscious creature in all of existence?

**LUCY.** God was not the first. But that's neither here nor there. Spill.

**DARWIN.** Well, look at this chart. Go go Darwin-Chart!

*(A chart suddenly appears.)*

**LUCY.** The hell is that?

**DARWIN.** It details the evolution of man.

**LUCY.** I'm not looking for man.

**DARWIN.** But if God made humanity in his own image, then this pattern should give us insight into him.

**LUCY.** I'm listening.

**DARWIN.** Do you see a pattern? Everything has a pattern.

**LUCY.** Everything gets bigger.

**DARWIN.** Natural Selection. Survival of the fittest. Everything gets not only "Bigger," but better. Stronger. More complex. Adapted to its environment.

**LUCY.** I see. So where's God on this chart?

**DARWIN.** Well, if everything, through time, gets better adapted, stronger, smarter as life continues, then the conclusion to God's location is...remember, this is just a hypothesis, but I'd say he's—

**LUCY.** At the end!

**DARWIN.** Stop stop Darwin Chart!

*(The chart goes away.)*

You're the most powerful being in all of existence. You create something that begins to think for itself. A Frankenstein's Monster that

ends up wanting to slay you. And you think you'd hang around for it to reach its most powerful stage of consciousness?

**LUCY.** No.

**DARWIN.** Then if you, as a metaphysical being, that had the power to be anywhere in time, the power to avoid the end itself, where would you hide? Where would you stay?

**LUCY.** Before it happened.

**DARWIN.** So, I guess, technically speaking, God is on this Chart. But in the world of science, he's, unfortunately, less than a monkey. Oooh, that's quite funny. "Less than a monkey." How's that for an answer?

**LUCY.** Less than a monkey, huh?

**DARWIN.** Yes, yes, I think I made a funny. I made a funny, didn't I?

**LUCY.** Skeeter, let's book!

*(MARY enters. LUCY marches offstage. MARY stays put.  
LUCY re-enters.)*

**LUCY.** Hey. Hello. Dorkenstein?  
Time to exit.

**MARY.** You can't be serious. Look at this research. I can't leave this.

**DARWIN.** Does that impress you?

**MARY.** Oh, yes. Most definitely.

**LUCY.** Come on.

**MARY.** No.

**LUCY.** Come on, Skeeter, I don't have time for this.

**MARY.** Don't call me Skeeter! That moniker is no longer appropriate for a scientist of my caliber.

**LUCY.** And what caliber is that?

**MARY.** I have a name. It's not Skeeter.

**LUCY.** We are going.

**MARY.** We're adrift in time, it's like some awful purgatorial existence and I can't do it. No more! It stops here, do you understand?

**DARWIN.** Power to the people!

**LUCY.** Shut it.

**MARY.** You can leave, but you're going without me!

**LUCY.** Okay...okay...obviously, I've been a little preoccupied...

**MARY.** "A little preoccupied?" Are you kidding?

**LUCY.** Okay. Fine. I haven't been fair.

**MARY.** That's the understatement of the century.

**LUCY.** And I will try to be more interested in what you are doing...

**MARY.** Really?

**LUCY.** Really.

**MARY.** So?

**LUCY.** So? So what?

**MARY.** Be interested.

**LUCY.** Right now?

**DARWIN.** I do believe that's what she's implying.

**MARY.** I'm waiting.

**LUCY.** You're serious?

**MARY.** Dead serious.

**LUCY.** Fine. So...whatcha doin'?

**MARY.** Nothing.

**LUCY.** Nothing?

**MARY.** Nothing that would interest you.

**LUCY.** Oh come on!

**MARY.** You're not being very convincing right now.

**DARWIN.** Actually, she's right. I don't believe that you care at all.

**LUCY.** Okay! Okay. I bet you're working on something neat.

**MARY.** Maybe.

**LUCY.** Something brilliantly neat!

**MARY.** Maybe.

**LUCY.** Something...utterly fascinating, and staggering in its complexity...

**MARY.** Well, now that you mention it, I have been working on a new science project.

**LUCY.** Tell me about it.

**MARY.** Okay, here goes—don't laugh—I am planning to carefully reconstruct the exact events that transpired at the dawn of time!

**LUCY.** The exact events?

**MARY.** Yes, and I'm going to depict them in a colorful quarter-inch scale diorama with lights that blink and sound.

**LUCY.** Hmmm.

**MARY.** What does "Hmmm" mean?

**LUCY.** "Hmmm" means that's pretty fucking brilliant, Skeets!

**DARWIN.** It is quite remarkable.

**MARY.** Oh stop.

**LUCY.** Fucking fantabulous actually.

**MARY.** You think so?

**LUCY.** Yeah. And ya know what? I think I could help.

**MARY.** How?

**LUCY.** Well, if you really want to see what happened at the dawn of time...we could always...ya know...go there.

**MARY.** Get out.

**LUCY.** I'm serious.

**MARY.** Really?

**LUCY.** Yeah, we can start heading backwards in time right now if ya want.  
Right back to the very beginning.

**MARY.** You promise?

**LUCY.** Cross my heart.

**MARY.** Hope to die?

**LUCY.** Yup.

**MARY.** Stick a flaming Bunsen burner in your eye.

**LUCY.** Twice.

**MARY.** Well, okay!

**DARWIN.** Good show!

**LUCY.** Coming?

**MARY.** Lead the way, oh princess of darkness.

*(They exit.)*

**DARWIN.** Um. Before you run off...hello? I'm still tied to a—Bugger. Well, I'm glad that's all sorted out, but what about me? Hmph. Hello? Can at least someone untie me?

(LUCY *re-enters.*)

**LUCY.** Sorry. Almost forgot.

**DARWIN.** Oh, it's quite alright—

(LUCY *raises her axe...*)

**DARWIN.** Oh, God, No!

(*...and decapitates DARWIN.*)

### **Flashback Sequence**

*(In the following sequence, MARY is in a spotlight as projections of children's drawings are shown in the background. Spooky, atmospheric music plays. GOD speaks with a deep & masculine southern accent [Think Sam Shepard].)*

**GOD.** (*Voiceover:*) Mary. Mary.

**MARY.** Daddy?

**GOD.** (*Voiceover:*) Mary, honey...where's your sister?

**MARY.** She's not here right now.

**GOD.** (*Voiceover:*) Do you know where she—

**MARY.** I think she's sleeping.

**GOD.** (*Voiceover:*) Go back to bed, Hon. I need to talk to her.

**MARY.** Are you two trying to plan a big surprise for me?

**GOD.** (*Voiceover:*) Why would you think that?

**MARY.** Because tomorrow's my birthday! I turn twelve! Did you forget?

**GOD.** (*Voiceover:*) Of course not, hon. Go to back to sleep.

**MARY.** What are you going to get me?

**GOD.** (*Voiceover:*) The World, of course.

**MARY.** You're going to get me the world?

**GOD.** (*Voiceover:*) As long as you promise that you can share it, it's yours.

### Scene Three: A New Hope

**LUCY.** Step Number Three. Now that we know who we're fighting and where we're going, we have to develop a battle plan. You can't just run in with your guns blazing. Ya never know, the enemy may be armed with water balloons and all you have on is a white tank top. So, you have to research. Gather past results. Learn from the mistakes of those who came before. Step three: Research.

*(Projection: Step Three: Research.)*

Find someone who has gotten close and figure out how to get even closer. In this step, we seek the original owner of this very axe. The man who first brandished this weapon against the lord.

*(MARY abruptly enters.)*

**MARY.** Hey. Who're you talking to?

**LUCY.** What?

No one.

**MARY.** Come on. Let's go.

**LUCY.** Give me a minute—

**MARY.** No. I want to go now.

*(MARY grabs onto Lucy's battle axe to pull her away. They struggle over it.)*

**LUCY.** Let go! You're gonna get yourself hurt!

*(Suddenly, MARY lets go of the battle axe causing LUCY to smack herself in the head. LUCY falls unconscious. One of the "VAMPIRE COWBOY" attendants visibly does the sound effects on the side of the stage with a frying pan and hammer.)*

**MARY.** Jinkies!

*(MARY runs off.)*

*John Williams-esque music plays. A hooded NIETZSCHE approaches the fallen LUCY. He checks on her. He pulls back his hood to reveal his face. He sees MARY hiding.*

*Projection: 1865. Germany.)*

**NIETZSCHE.** *(To MARY:)* Hello there! Come here, my little friend. Don't be afraid. Don't worry, she'll be alright.

**LUCY.** *(Waking up:)* What the hell happened?

**NIETZSCHE.** *(To LUCY:)* Rest easy, you've gotten a bit of a bump. You're fortunate you're still in one piece.

**LUCY.** Fred? Fred Nietzsche?

**NIETZSCHE.** Pleased to meetcha. The mists of time are not to be traveled lightly. Tell me, young Luce, what makes you decide to come to my niche in existence?

**LUCY.** I'm looking for someone. The owner to this axe. Says it belongs to a guy named Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche.

**NIETZSCHE.** Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche...Friedrich Wilhelm? Now that's a name I haven't heard in a long time...a long time.

**LUCY.** Heard he's pushing daisies.

**NIETZSCHE.** Impossible.

**LUCY.** So you know this guy?

**NIETZSCHE.** Well, of course...he's me. But I haven't gone by the name Friedrich Wilhelm since...a long time.

**LUCY.** So this is yours?

**NIETZSCHE.** Don't seem to remember ever owning an axe.

**MARY.** Lucy, why are we stopping here? This isn't quite beneficial in our quest to—

**LUCY.** Skeeter, chill.

**MARY.** I'm serious. We're in the 19th century, we should be looking for—

**LUCY.** SKEETER! Just give me a minute.

**MARY.** No! I thought you were serious about helping me...

**NIETZSCHE.** You're very sleepy.

**MARY.** No, I'm not.

**NIETZSCHE.** You can lay down right here if you'd like.

**MARY.** What?

**NIETZSCHE.** Sleep!

**MARY.** Actually, I do kinda feel—

*(MARY passes out.)*

**LUCY.** Skeeter!

**NIETZSCHE.** She'll be alright.

**LUCY.** How did you do—

**NIETZSCHE.** It's one of the many powers of...the Holy Knight.

**LUCY.** Holy what?

**NIETZSCHE.** What is it that you seek, young Luce?

**LUCY.** How to kill God. You've come the closest. I need your help.

**NIETZSCHE.** So you wish to tempt fate and take arms up against the dark lord?

**LUCY.** I want to know what you did—how you got so close.

**NIETZSCHE.** It takes more than rash courage to beat a God, Luce. It also takes faith.

**LUCY.** What the fuck is faith?

**NIETZSCHE.** Faith is what gives the Holy Knight his power. It's an energy field created by all living things. It surrounds us and penetrates us. It binds the universe together.

**LUCY.** Show me.

**NIETZSCHE.** Take this.

*(NIETZSCHE hands the battle axe back to LUCY.)*

**NIETZSCHE.** Remember, a Holy Knight can feel faith flowing through him.

*(NIETZSCHE pulls out several ping-pong balls from his robe pockets and begins throwing them at LUCY. She tries to block them from hitting her, but misses.)*

**LUCY.** The fuck you throwing balls at me for?

**NIETZSCHE.** Pay no attention to my balls.

**LUCY.** This is impossible.

**NIETZSCHE.** I suggest you try it again, Luce. This time, let go of your conscious self and act on instinct.

*(NIETZSCHE blindfolds LUCY.)*

**LUCY.** With this blind-fold on, I can't see shit. How am I supposed to stop anything?

**NIETZSCHE.** Your eyes can deceive you. Don't trust them. Stretch out with your feelings.

*(NIETZSCHE cheats by standing close to LUCY and throwing three ping-pong balls directly at the battle axe as LUCY holds it completely still. They all strike.*

*LUCY, amazed, pulls off the blindfold. As she does, NIETZSCHE steps far away from her to make it look like he threw the balls from a greater distance.)*

**LUCY.** Holy shit!

**NIETZSCHE.** Holy Knight.

**LUCY.** Fred, how can I use faith against God? I mean, he's God, for... God's sake.

**NIETZSCHE.** I know who you are, Luce.

**LUCY.** You do?

**NIETZSCHE.** I am a philosopher. A thinker. And a pretty good dancer.

**LUCY.** Then how can I of all people be holy?

**NIETZSCHE.** Though you may be a fallen angel, Luce, you do fight for mankind. In time, you will see. Have Faith.

**LUCY.** Can I beat God?

**NIETZSCHE.** No.

**LUCY.** That's not very encouraging.

**NIETZSCHE.** Lucy, you yourself will never be able to defeat God. You can't kill him. He's too powerful.

**LUCY.** This isn't what I wanted to hear.

**NIETZSCHE.** You can't just decapitate a deity, Luce.

**LUCY.** No?

**NIETZSCHE.** If you wish to fight the creator, a mere axe won't accomplish such a task.

**LUCY.** You forgot my uncanny martial arts abilities and superhuman strength.

**NIETZSCHE.** Even those can't defeat something everlasting.

**LUCY.** Fred, you're bumming me out, yo. Give me something I can work with. Something I can hit.

**NIETZSCHE.** God is within us all, Lucy. If one person lives, God remains. He and mankind are connected as one. To destroy him, you must destroy us all. He exists because we exist. Man gives God his power.

You cannot possibly win.

**LUCY.** But, Fred, I have to.

**NIETZSCHE.** I have something for you.

*(NIETZSCHE signals and the VAMPIRE COWBOY attendants ceremoniously bring in a new weapon [a very kickass-looking katana] to music like "Also Sprach Zarathustra." They present it to NIETZSCHE who in turns presents it to LUCY.)*

**NIETZSCHE.** This is the weapon of a Holy Knight. Not as clumsy or as random as a battle axe. An elegant weapon for a more civilized time.

**LUCY.** This is slice-arific.

**NIETZSCHE.** It is more than just a sword, Luce. It has been imbued with the power to destroy wickedness itself. Whether it be found in a cruel man or an unjust Lord, if there is evil present, this sword can cut it. With it, you can render God himself powerless if you use it correctly.

**LUCY.** This is what I need.

**NIETZSCHE.** Have faith, Luce. If you can do what is needed, perhaps you can still win the day. Though it will be very difficult.

*(NIETZSCHE gets on his knees.)*

**LUCY.** What are you doing?

**NIETZSCHE.** Strike me down now and I'll grow more powerful than you can possibly imagine.

**LUCY.** What?  
I can't do that.

**NIETZSCHE.** Then perhaps you've already failed.

**LUCY.** Fred...

**NIETZSCHE.** All of mankind, Lucy. We give him his power. That includes those you love.

*(LUCY takes NIETZSCHE's hand. He places the tip of her sword on his chest. She pushes the blade through him.)*

**NIETZSCHE.** Good girl.

*(He dies.)*

**LUCY.** Oh, god, no.

### **Musical Interlude One**

*(Projection: THE UNCONSCIOUS DREAMS OF MARY AS SHE LIES UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE'S STUDY  
Lights come up on MARY in a spotlight.  
Music begins playing.)*

**MARY.** *(Singing:)*

ALWAYS IN YOUR SHADOW  
ALWAYS BEHIND YOU  
WHY CAN'T I TAKE ONE STEP  
TO STAND BESIDE YOU?  
NEVER LISTEN TO ME

NEVER HEAR A WORD I SAY  
I SWEAR THIS COULD CHANGE  
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY

*(The VAMPIRE COWBOY attendants dance. A beautiful ballet.)*

BUT THE WORDS FROM MY MOUTH  
MEAN NOTHING AT ALL  
THE SOUND OF MY VOICE  
DOES NOTHING AT ALL  
BUT YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE  
EVERY BIT OF ME

YOU'RE ALL ALONE  
THERE'S NO ONE ON YOUR TEAM  
YOU WON'T TELL ME  
IF I'M EVEN IN YOUR DREAM  
YOU'RE SO ALONE  
LET ME TAKE YOUR HAND  
THE WORLD MAY BE AGAINST YOU  
BUT I UNDERSTAND

*(The VAMPIRE COWBOYS lift MARY. They all sing together:)*

BUT THE WORDS FROM MY MOUTH  
MEAN NOTHING AT ALL  
THE SOUND OF MY VOICE  
DOES NOTHING AT ALL  
WE'RE BOTH JUST STUCK  
IN THIS DIVINE COMEDY

*(LUCY enters and the dream suddenly breaks. The lights shift and the VAMPIRE COWBOYS abruptly drop MARY.)*

**LUCY.** Hey!

**MARY.** Lucy?

**LUCY.** Hey, dorkzilla. You kinda passed out.

**MARY.** Luce.

**LUCY.** Come on, we gotta go.

**MARY.** Where's Fred?

**LUCY.** He's...he's sleeping. Come on.

**Scene Four: Ass-kicking**

*(Projection: Step Four: Practice Thy Mayhem.)*

**LUCY.** Step Four: Practice thy Mayhem. Nobody wants to sit behind the piano, but everyone wants to be Liberace...well, not everyone. But the reality of it all is that it takes time, study, and utmost commitment to become a badass.

*(During the next sequence, all dialogue is performed in voiceover. The voiceover is supported with projections of each philosopher [or actually projections of the male lead actor "Photoshopped" to look like each of the philosophers] with a cool beat playing in the background.*

*In front of the projections, we watch LUCY accompanied by the VAMPIRE COWBOYS attendants doing, in unison, an elaborate tai-chi sword sequence.*

*Projection: Joseph Smith.*

*Projection: Nauvoo, Illinois. 1827.)*

**JOSEPH SMITH.** Seriously, I'm not making this up. An angel came down and gave me these golden tablets in a language only I could understand and...well, he took them back. Seriously, I'm not lying.

**LUCY.** Skeeter, cover your eyes.

**MARY.** What?

**JOSEPH SMITH.** Seriously, Jesus came to America! This is a missing book from the Bible.

**LUCY.** I said COVER YOUR EYES!

**MARY.** Is this an appropriate manner for you to treat your younger, more impressionable sister?

**LUCY.** If you don't close your eyes, no more Discovery Channel.

**MARY.** Okay, you don't have to be so utterly draconian.

**LUCY.** Thank you.

**JOSEPH SMITH.** No, it's not called the book of Moron. It's the book of—

**LUCY.** Hey there, stud.

**JOSEPH SMITH.** Why hello. Would you like to learn more about the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints?

**LUCY.** Not right this minute.

**JOSEPH SMITH.** Then...um, would you like to be another one of my wives?

**LUCY.** Perv!

**JOSEPH SMITH.** Oh, God, no!

*(Projection: SPLAT!*

*Projection: David Hume.*

*Projection: Edinburgh, Scotland. 1776.)*

**HUME.** I don't deny god—

**LUCY.** Skeeter.

**MARY.** What?

**HUME.** I simply deny the customary proofs for his existence—

**LUCY.** Close your eyes!

**HUME.** The only things that can be said to exist with certainty are our perceptions.

**MARY.** Again?

**LUCY.** Yes, again!

**MARY.** Fine.

**HUME.** I perceive you to be very upset.

**LUCY.** And I perceive you're about to have one helluva headache!

**HUME.** Oh, God, NO!

*(Projection: SPLAT!*

*Projection: Voltaire*

*Projection: Paris, France. 1704.)*

**VOLTAIRE.** God is a comedian, playing to an audience too afraid to laugh. Yes, that's good! That's very good!

**LUCY.** Cover your—

**MARY.** I know, I know.

**VOLTAIRE.** How about this? I do not agree with what you have to say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it!

**LUCY.** Defend this!

**VOLTAIRE.** Oh, God, NO!

*(Projection: SPLAT!*

*Projection: Rene Descartes*

*Projection: Stockholm, Sweden. 1640.)*

**DESCARTES.** How do I know I'm here? How do I know I am? I think. I think therefore...therefore...I jam? No, I spam. No. I am... THAT'S IT! I think therefore I am!

**LUCY.** And I think you're about to stop thinking.

**DESCARTES.** Oh, God, NO!

*(Projection: SPLAT!  
Projection: William Bradford  
Projection: Plymouth, Massachusetts. 1635.)*

**WILLIAM BRADFORD.** Come fellow pilgrims, we will find freedom and autonomy in the new world. Look. A savage. How strange is her dress.

Oh, God, NO!

*(Projection: SPLAT!  
Projection: Galileo.  
Projection: Florence, Italy. 1574.)*

**GALILEO.** The earth is not the center of the universe. Oh, God, NO!

*(Projection: SPLAT!  
Projection: Henry VIII  
Projection: London, England. 1537.)*

**HENRY VIII.** I want a divorce, and if that means a break with Rome I—Oh, God, NO!

*(Projection: SPLAT!  
Projection: Martin Luther  
Projection: Eisleben, Saxony, Holy Roman Empire. 1503.)*

**MARTIN LUTHER.** I'll just nail my thesis to this door—Oh, God, NO!

*(Projection: SPLAT! SPLAT! SPLAT!!!)*

### Scene Five: Lucy's Inferno

*(Projection: Step Five: Admitting the Truth.  
We see DANTE being filmed ala a televangelist. A live-feed of him is projected on the back wall as he speaks directly to the camera.  
Projection: 1310. Florence, Italy.)*

**DANTE.** Hell. That's what this place is. Do you not see? Repent, Sinners, Repent. Turn away from the darkness, brothers and sisters. Turn away from the devil!

I've been to the depths. I've seen Satan himself frozen at the core. His eyes black without consciousness. His hands, with talons like a vulture, stretched out grasping for freedom, but yet there is none. Frozen, he was, in the center of hell. That is not in the bible. Ice. Not fire. Coldness. This is what befalls the sinner.

(LUCY barges in.)

**LUCY.** Hey Dante! You got something of mine.

**DANTE.** Excuse me?

**LUCY.** Your pen, poet. I need it back.

**DANTE.** You want my lucky pen?

**LUCY.** It's actually my lucky pen. I lent it to my boy Virgil, I didn't think he'd just give it away like that. Give it back.

**DANTE.** Uh...look who's just joined us. This little girl...and your name is?

**LUCY.** Um...uh...Tammy Faye Baker?

**DANTE.** And she's here to declare her love for Jesus.

**LUCY.** What?

**DANTE.** Will you accept Jesus?

**LUCY.** I want my pen back.

**DANTE.** Jesus?

**LUCY.** Pen.

**DANTE.** Jesus?

**LUCY.** Pen.

**DANTE.** Jesus?

**LUCY.** Stop!

**DANTE.** The power of Christ compels you. The power of Christ compels you.

(DANTE starts dousing LUCY with Holy Water.)

**LUCY.** The hell are you doing?

**DANTE.** I'm exorcising the devil from your bones.

**LUCY.** You're gonna need a lot more than holy water to pull that off.

**DANTE.** Prepare to be saved, demon spawn.

**LUCY.** Mary, close your eyes.

**MARY.** Actually. No.

**LUCY.** I said close your eyes.

**MARY.** And I said no.

**LUCY.** Dammit, if you don't...

**MARY.** You know what? Discovery Channel isn't what it used to be. Especially now in the 14th Century where it doesn't even EXIST! So suck it!

*(MARY runs off to the corner of the stage avoiding LUCY.)*

**LUCY.** URGH! Fine. Whatever. Okay...D, give me the pen...please.

**DANTE.** The power of Christ—

*(LUCY grabs the holy water out of DANTE's hands.)*

**LUCY.** Will you stop?

**DANTE.** I see that Satan has a strong hold on this child.

**LUCY.** Listen, Dante, trust me when I say this, under normal circumstances, this discussion would have come to an abrupt and bloody end here. But since Skeeter here is being a bit stubborn, I'll let you out of this the easy way.

**DANTE.** Tammy Faye, I know you're in there. Fight off the devil's control with the power of Jesus.

**LUCY.** Give me the pen. Give me. Give me. GIVE ME!

**MARY.** Looks like your abundant charisma isn't working.

**LUCY.** Look, D, you have no use for it. There are many other pens out there. You can have this one. It's from the 21st century! It's retractable. So neat.

**DANTE.** Will you release Tammy Faye if I give you this pen?

**LUCY.** Uh... Sure.

**DANTE.** Well, then, do it.

**LUCY.** You're a fraud. You don't even know how to use that pen.

**DANTE.** It's a pen. It writes.

**LUCY.** Is that all you think it does?

**DANTE.** I know its secrets.

**LUCY.** If you know how this pen works, make it work.

**DANTE.** You don't want to see what is on the other side. Trust me, it's horrible. It will age you a thousand years and yet you will still be trapped to life because you'll be too frightened to let go and die. That's why you need—

**LUCY.** I'll deal, let's go.

**DANTE.** I don't need you. I can do it myself.

**LUCY.** You don't even know how.

**DANTE.** Of course, I do.

**LUCY.** Really? Then do it.

*(DANTE attempts to use the pen.)*

**DANTE.** One. Two. Three. Four. God will get me through this door!

*(But, alas, nothing happens.)*

**DANTE.** Go to commercial!

*(The televisions turn off.)*

**LUCY.** It won't work here, D.

**DANTE.** I have been to hell.

**LUCY.** In your dreams.

**DANTE.** Yes, dreams. I've seen the other world in dreams.

**LUCY.** Those are dreams, Dante, not reality. That's why you painted hell in words, instead of paintings.

**DANTE.** Nonsense.

**LUCY.** I've read your book. I see the illusions you've created. They are nightmarish, but that is clearly not your nightmare.

**DANTE.** If not hell, then what could be worse?

**LUCY.** You're scared that there aren't any demons.

**DANTE.** Ridiculous.

**LUCY.** In dreams, the nightmares and the visions eternally change. Heaven and Hell are as beautiful and tragic as your imagination allows. No matter how elegant or ghoulish either actually are, even you as man, can become desensitized in its permanency. That is what you're afraid of, that the dreams of God cannot match your own.

**DANTE.** You're a monster, aren't you? Sent to kill the world.

**LUCY.** I am here to kill the world, Dante Alighieri. But I'm no monster. There is no heaven or hell. But there is something. And no man has dreamt of it yet. I know because I've seen it. I made it.

**DANTE.** You're a liar. Only the dead have been over and you are no zombie.

**LUCY.** You're right, I'm no zombie. But I do know what exists beyond reality.

**DANTE.** Who are you?

**LUCY.** Oh, I think you know.

**DANTE.** (*Realizing who she is:*) The devil. You are the devil. She is the devil!

(*Sudden Light Shift! LUCY and DANTE freeze.*)

**MARY.** (*Breaking character:*) Holy crap! Lucy's the devil!?! Hi, I'm (*Name of the performer.*) and you may have seen me previously in the role of Skeeter in "A Beginner's Guide to Deicide." And as it turns out, the lovely Catholic vixen we've all been following is, in fact, the devil. Beelzebub. Lucifer. El Diablo! Seems a bit arbitrary, right? Well, not so much if you've paying attention. There have been some key pieces of evidence that support that Lucy is in fact Satan and has been Satan all along. Let's recap, shall we? Clue number One: In the scene with Darwin, the character of Mary aka Skeeter played by the amazing and extremely sexy (*Name of the performer.*) refers to Lucy as the...let's say it together...Princess of Darkness! Clue Number Two: In the scene with Nietzsche—that so didn't break any major copyright laws—Nietzsche refers to Lucy as...a Fallen Angel! Fallen Angel. Princess of Darkness. One plus One equals Satan. And finally, if that's not convincing enough, any bitch this hot has got to be from Hell. Now, back to our regularly scheduled sacrilegious play.

(*Lights shift back.*)

**DANTE.** Well, devil, if you think I'll just hand this over, you're incorrect. You've met your match, for under this mild mannered fanatically religious televangelistic exterior, I am the AMAZING GODMAN!!!

(*DANTE pulls out a portable stereo that plays his theme music circa the 1960's Batman television show.*)

**ANNOUNCER.** (*Voiceover:*) Bitten by a radioactive God, Dante Alighieri now has been granted the proportionate strengths and powers of a minor deity. With his divine abilities to turn household liquids into malt liquor and part the waters of small ponds and aquariums, he defends all that is religious. He is GODMAN.

(*There is a standoff.*)

**DANTE.** Prepare to be Baptized, bitch!

(*The two fight ala "Batman and Robin" style. Bam! Smash! Kapow! The fight's comedic and fun. It goes back and forth until LUCY trips up DANTE and knocks him on his ass.*)

**LUCY.** You want to see the afterlife, D. I'll send ya there. But unfortunately, it's a one way trip.

**MARY.** No, Luce!

**DANTE.** You ARE Satan.

*(LUCY breaks DANTE's neck.)*

**LUCY.** I never said I wasn't.

**MARY.** Luce!

**LUCY.** Skeeter!

*(MARY runs away. LUCY turns and addresses the audience.)*

**LUCY.** So, ya got me...I'm who you think I am. I mean, here's the biggest clue...who else would want to kill God this badly? But it's not what you think...I don't want hell on earth or the destruction of man or any of that. I don't hate God because he's good and I'm evil. I mean, for one, I wouldn't call him "good" exactly. And two, I hope I'm not as bad as he wants you to believe. Nothing is ever that two dimensional, is it? I mean, if nothing else in life is that clear and defined, why would the afterlife be any different?

I just wanted to run away and stay away. But we can't run forever, can we? I thought differently, though, in the beginning.

### **Flashback**

*(Another flashback sequence. Like before, the scenes happen directly to the audience with children's drawings being projected in the background.)*

**MARY.** What's wrong?

**LUCY.** We're getting out of here.

**MARY.** What about dad?

**LUCY.** Shhh...we can't wake him. He's resting.

**MARY.** Why?

**LUCY.** Just give me your stuff.

**MARY.** Hey, that's my bag.

**LUCY.** Shhh.

**MARY.** Have you been crying?

**LUCY.** I'm fine, kiddo. Come on.

**MARY.** Why are we going?

**LUCY.** You don't have to worry about that.

**MARY.** Is it dad?

**LUCY.** I said...

**MARY.** What happened to your legs?

**LUCY.** Nothing.

**MARY.** Did you get into a fight? Your face...

**LUCY.** I'll be fine.

**MARY.** Lucy, you're scaring me.

**LUCY.** Just help me put your things in this bag.

**MARY.** You have been crying.

**LUCY.** I fell.

**MARY.** Did dad do this?

**LUCY.** We were just playing a game.

**MARY.** What were you playing?

**LUCY.** Hide and seek.

**MARY.** How did he hurt you doing that?

**LUCY.** No, that's what we're playing now. And you're going to come hide with me, okay?

**MARY.** I'm good at hiding.

**LUCY.** Then help me hide, okay?

**MARY.** Okay.

**LUCY.** Thank you...Skeeter.

**MARY.** Skeeter? That's not my name.

**LUCY.** From now on, you go by Skeeter and I'm—

**MARY.** How about Lucy?

**LUCY.** That's too close to my actual name.

**MARY.** It's pretty though.

**LUCY.** Fine.

**MARY.** Lucy M. Star.

**LUCY.** I'm going to protect you, kiddo. Forever.

**MARY.** I know you will.

*End of Act I*

## ENTR'ACTE

*(Projection: ENTR'ACTE*

*Animated video sequence: THE LEGEND OF AKO, THE NAVY BLUE NINJA.)*

**NARRATOR.** Once upon a time, many years ago in the country called Nippon, there was a little boy named Ako. Ako lived with his parents in a small house with only one room. One day Ako's father said, "Son, today you must come to sea with me, so that you can learn to be a fisherman when you grow up."

"But father," said Ako, "I don't want to be a fisherman. I want to be a Ninja, and assassinate important people."

Ako's father laughed. "Ha," said Ako's father. "Ha ha ha. You cannot be a Ninja, you are too fat. And Ninjas can turn invisible, can you turn invisible?"

Ako thought. He could not.

"Besides," said his father, "We are too poor, and can't afford the Ninja School uniform."

Ako cried and cried, all night, and all day, and the next night too. "Humph," thought Ako's father, "what a pussy foot. Ninjas never cry, or if they do, no one hears them."

That morning Ako's mother said to him, "My little son, it breaks my heart to see your father crush all your hopes and dreams just like he crushed mine the day my parents sold me to him for a bag of rice. But if you truly want to go to Ninja school, I think I can help."

"But mother," said little Ako. "We are too poor, Ninjas must wear a special uniform, also special socks."

"I know," replied his mother. And she opened the red chest and took out father's very special gown, the one he only wore on important occasions, or when he was very drunk. It was made of an expensive cloth, of deepest blue. Then she cut it into long strips and sewed the strips into a brand new Ninja uniform for her fat little boy.

"But Mother," said Ako, "Ninja uniforms are always black, and this is navy blue."

"Don't worry," replied mother, "navy blue is almost black, no one will be able to tell."

"But, mother, won't father beat you when he sees what you have done to his very special gown?"

"Yes my little Ako, he will beat me, but fear not for me," said mother "I probably deserve it."

The next day, Ako set off for Ninja school with a spring in his step, and a smile on his fat little face. But when he got there the other little Ninjas laughed and pointed. "Look at the blue fat Ninja!" they said.

"You are different," said one little Ninja, "so we will mock and shun you." They called him names like "fatty" and "blue" and also "blue fatty."

Ako cried and cried, and then they called him "blue fatty who cries." They wouldn't let him join in any Ninja games, like walking silently, climbing walls with ankle spikes, or vanishing in a puff of smoke. And when it came time to practice assassination by killing homeless people they said "no, you cannot come blue fatty, you will give us away. Everyone can see you coming because you don't wear black. You do not blend in with the background. You must stay here, and cry into your blue fat."

Ako dug a deep hole, and sat in it, for he was very ashamed.

The next day, the Ninja master came to talk to the students. "My little ones," he said "today is an important day. Today you will travel to the Monastery of the Boundless Sky and assassinate a famous monk. This monk has been teaching his followers about peace and love and other dangerous ideas. He urgently needs to be brutally murdered. The little Ninja who does this will get an extra dessert!" "Yay!" said all the little Ninjas, for everyone knows that Ninjas love dessert.

So all the little Ninjas traveled to the Monastery of the Boundless Sky. It was famous through all of Nippon because every wall was painted like the sky, a deep and lustrous blue. All the little Ninjas in black uniforms were easy to spot against the blue background. And the peace loving, but still very badass monks, killed every one of them.

Every one of them except Ako that is, who disappeared against the walls in his special blue uniform. Ako, moving like an invisible wind, made his way to the famous monk's bedroom and brutally decapitated the sage while he slept. For nothing is as vicious and cruel as a small child who has been made fun of.

Ako returned to Ninja school, and was given as many desserts as he could eat. The other students were all dead, so there were plenty to go around.

The End.

*(A long series of credits play [all written in Japanese] with a fun J-Pop tune playing in the background. It suddenly and abruptly stops.)*

## ACT II

### Scene One: Oops, I Did It Again

*(Lights come up on LUCY as she enters the stage. She sees MARY sitting in a tree.)*

**LUCY.** Hey.

**MARY.** What the heck was that?

**LUCY.** When I told you to close your eyes, I meant it.

**MARY.** Is this the information you have been obscuring from me?

**LUCY.** Well, sorta.

**MARY.** All this time, I thought you were...well...copulating with these men.

**LUCY.** What!

**MARY.** All the screaming.

**LUCY.** Oh.

**MARY.** But as it turns out you're not a strumpet, you're a murderer! You've hacked up every single person we've met.

**LUCY.** Not true.

**MARY.** Name one.

**LUCY.** Well...there's...uh...is this an apple tree? Neat.

**MARY.** I'm staying here.

**LUCY.** It's the fourteenth century, Skeeter.

**MARY.** I don't care. I'm tired of walking backwards. I want to go forwards.

**LUCY.** There are no toilets here. Do you really want to spend the rest of your life doing the squat?

**MARY.** Why, for the love of knowledge, are you killing people?

**LUCY.** Why did you think I was carrying this around?

**MARY.** I don't know. To look Goth. I mean, you're dressed up in a Catholic School girl uniform. I assumed it was some kind of hard-core accessory.

**LUCY.** Skeeter—

**MARY.** You're not planning on hacking me up once we're wherever we're going, are you?

**LUCY.** No. Of course not.

**MARY.** "Of course not" again. Like it would be ridiculous for you to be conducting a murder spree backwards through time.

**LUCY.** Look, these guys...these men were mistakes. I'm just cleaning up some of history's mistakes, that's all.

**MARY.** Lucy, I'm a scientist. My job, my whole purpose in existing is to figure shit out. And what you just gave me...that's bullshit.

**LUCY.** Skeeter.

**MARY.** I have a name. And it's not Skeeter.

**LUCY.** Mary.

I'm fixing what should have never been created.

**MARY.** You're going to the dawn of time to kill God?

**LUCY.** Yes.

**MARY.** I knew it. I knew it. This has never been about me. You didn't want to help me at all.

**LUCY.** That's not true.

**MARY.** You didn't give a crap about my science project. This has always been about you. It's always about you.

**LUCY.** You're wrong.

**MARY.** Do you care about anyone besides yourself?

**LUCY.** Everything I'm doing is for you.

**MARY.** You want to destroy the world...for me? Wow, what a great present!

**LUCY.** He's a bad God, Skeeter. He makes people suffer. He made this. You. Earth. Everyone. And he turned his back.

**MARY.** No, he didn't. He loves us.

**LUCY.** Don't believe the hype, Skeeter. Look at what he's done. The evidence. You're a scientist. Look at history. How many wars have been fought in his name?

**MARY.** That's not his fault.

**LUCY.** You're a fool.

**MARY.** Don't do it. For me. Please. Your sister.

**LUCY.** How many times do I have to tell you, you're not my sister.

**MARY.** Luce.

**LUCY.** He can't love, Mary. Love is not a product of God.

**MARY.** He's good.

**LUCY.** For a scientist, you're sometimes a raging idiot. There is no good or evil. Do you not get this? You're the logical one, not me. Be objective.

**MARY.** Objectively...there's order and chaos. Order: Good. Chaos: Evil.

**LUCY.** Then what is God?

**MARY.** Order.

**LUCY.** And me...it's okay, you can say it.

**MARY.** The opposite.

**LUCY.** Then let me ask you this. Love? Passion? Desire? These create order? When a person chooses to follow their heart instead of their mind, what's that? To embrace passionately rather than to analyze coldly, to love instead of think. That's chaos, Skeeter.

**MARY.** Great. So chaos isn't always bad...

**LUCY.** Chaos is what makes us individuals. It defines us. And he doesn't want that. Our emotions. Our desires. Those get in the way of his great plan. Or have you forgotten? He wants us as sheep. There is no good or evil, Mary. There's just God on one side...and everyone else on the other.

**MARY.** You can't keep killing people.

**LUCY.** It's not that simple.

**MARY.** Isn't it?

**LUCY.** Are you coming?

**MARY.** Are you going to keep up with the hack and slash?

**LUCY.** Mary...

**MARY.** I'll stay here before I let you chop away anymore—

**LUCY.** Fine. For right now, no more decapitations.

**MARY.** Or disembowelments.

**LUCY.** Or disembowelments.

**MARY.** Strangulations, beatings, and poisonings are out also.

**LUCY.** Okay.

**MARY.** Lucy...

**LUCY.** It's time to go save the world.

**Scene Two: Au Revoir, Lucy**

**LUCY.** Step six...so, now, we've officially passed the midway point. From preparing to battle to entering the world of divine itself, this is where we get tested to see if we really are ready to go one on one with the great one. In this moment, we face our opposite. If there is darkness, there too must be light. A yin must have its yang. A Cheech must have its Chong. Now we go against the foil, a Holy Knight of the opposing order. Step six: Face thy opposite.

*(Projection: Step Six: Face Thy Opposite.*

*Lights up. JOAN [who's dressed exactly like LUCY except for a different costume color] has MARY captive. LUCY with sword drawn is ready for action.*

*Projection: 1100. Paris, France.)*

**MARY.** LUCY, HELP!

**LUCY.** Let her go, Freedom Fry.

**JOAN.** Sorry, I'm so not doing that. My voices have instructed me to make off with this chick, and I'm so gonna do it.

**LUCY.** You know there's better ways of finding dates.

**JOAN.** Hell-bitch, get out of my way. You don't want any of this.

**LUCY.** With a mug like yours, I'm sure I'm not the only one who's had that thought.

**JOAN.** You wanna dance, bitch? Let's dance.

**MARY.** No! Lucy, you promised me.

**LUCY.** You're kidding, right?

**MARY.** You promised me, no more! No more mayhem, no more violence.

**LUCY.** I think this is kind of an exception.

**MARY.** No! There are no exceptions. You promised me, Lucy!

**LUCY.** Look, I didn't think you were gonna get kidnapped by some giant weirdo in a skirt.

**JOAN.** Heathen, you did not just trash my outfit. That is "tres un-cool." I'm gonna so enjoy whooping your ass.

**MARY.** Lucy, find a peaceful solution. What would Gandhi do?

**LUCY.** Tie this bitch to a railroad track and starve her ass.

**MARY.** Okay. Wrong example.

**LUCY.** Let's do this.

(JOAN *raises her sword*. LUCY *gets into fight position*.)

JOAN. Aw, looks like mine's bigger.

LUCY. Motion of the ocean, bitch. Motion of the ocean.

(MARY *breaks free and jumps in the way*.)

MARY. Noooo!!!

LUCY. Holy shit, Stockholm syndrome! Get out of the way.

MARY. I'm not going to let you do this.

JOAN. Kiddy kiddy, moveth or loseth.

MARY. Lucy, you'll have to go through me if you want to kill her.

LUCY. What?

JOAN. Aw, looks like you're not the most popular girl on campus anymore.

MARY. I mean it, Luce. No more.

(LUCY *lowers her blade*.)

LUCY. Fine. You win.

MARY. Thank you.

LUCY. So, Joan, can we talk about this?

JOAN. I have nothing to say to you. I'm taking the girl and that's final.

LUCY. Look, Joan, let's not get worked up here.

JOAN. Oh my god, telling me not to get worked up like totally works me up!

LUCY. Surely we can reach some kind of compromise.

JOAN. Yea, like one where you get the heck out of my way and let me do my job.

LUCY. Surely you have better stuff to do than go around following the commands of divine voices all day...

JOAN. Okay, Miss "I totally don't know shit," before I was on a divine quest to rid my nation of a foreign army, it was all pig slop for me all the time. So, right now, I'm feeling pretty upwardly mobile listening to my voices.

LUCY. But all work and no play must make Joan a very dull boy.

MARY. Girl!

LUCY. Girl—a very dull girl is what I meant to say.

**MARY.** Whatever.

**LUCY.** Don't you just wanna cut loose some time. Say "fuck you" to your voices and just, you know, hangout at the mall, play Ms. Pacman or Dragon Slayer and drink Slurpees all day?

**JOAN.** I don't know what you mean.

**LUCY.** Look, you're not even in the right century, girl. Let me and Skeeter go right now and I'll swing by next week and we'll go find some fly honeys back up in the 1980s where that Pat Benatar haircut of yours is still cool. What do ya say?

**JOAN.** Hmm. I say...

*(JOAN slaps LUCY.)*

**JOAN.** I don't hang out with sluts.

**LUCY.** Bitch, you wanna go? Well, let's go.

**MARY.** Lucy, no. You promised!

**LUCY.** Sorry, Skeeter, I tried, but it's girl-fight time. Come on, ugly. Let's boogie.

**JOAN.** May the lord like have mercy on your soul.

*(Music pumps in. The girls suddenly have...a dance off! As they groove, they start laughing and having fun. LUCY forgets that this is actually a fight at all. They stop dancing and high-five each other.)*

**LUCY.** Joan, you aren't half that bad.

**JOAN.** You think?

**LUCY.** Really. You're quite the groover!

**JOAN.** Stop.

**LUCY.** Seriously, you should drop all this "Defender of Holy France" crap and go out for the dance team.

**JOAN.** Aw, that's sweet.

**LUCY.** You're really good.

**JOAN.** Thanks! Hey. Wanna hear a secret?

**LUCY.** Sure?

**JOAN.** Down deep—

*(LUCY leans in to listen. JOAN smacks her.)*

**JOAN.** I hate dancing. It's the devil's workout.

**LUCY.** Bitch. I can't believe you sucker-punched me a second time.

**JOAN.** When I said, "let's dance," I meant it metaphorically, you dumb slut.

**LUCY.** Right.

*(LUCY draws her sword.)*

**LUCY.** I prefer it the other way anyhow. Let's see if you can hit me a third time.

*(Music pumps back in. This time, it's a real fight. A really good fight. LUCY knocks JOAN to the ground.)*

**LUCY.** Oops, bitch fell down.

*(LUCY places the tip of her blade against JOAN's throat.)*

**LUCY.** Sadly, Joan, you might have my same sensational sense of style and fashion, but unfortunately you suck at sword fighting.

**JOAN.** I will gladly shed my blood for my lord.

**LUCY.** And I'm sure he doesn't even give a fuck.

**JOAN.** Killing me will only bring me closer to my God. I am prepared to die.

*(JOAN begins praying. LUCY raises her blade and then...stops.)*

**LUCY.** Get out of here.

**JOAN.** What?

**LUCY.** You heard me.

**JOAN.** You're letting me go?

**LUCY.** There's going to be no martyrs on my time. Get going.

**JOAN.** We will meet again. But not yet. Not yet.

*(JOAN runs away.)*

**MARY.** LUCY!

**LUCY.** What?

**MARY.** I would like to say, with great sincerity, I'm very proud of you. You didn't kill her.

**LUCY.** Don't make me regret it.

**MARY.** I am exceedingly proud of you.

**LUCY.** You are?

**MARY.** I knew you could do it.

*(The girls begin to leave. JOAN suddenly pops back onstage.)*

**JOAN.** Like, surprise!

*(JOAN knocks out LUCY. JOAN extends her hand to MARY, MARY takes it and is led off by JOAN. Blackout.)*

### **Video Interlude**

*(Projection: THE UNCONSCIOUS DREAMS OF LUCIFER AS SHE LIES UNCONSCIOUS IN A FIELD IN FRANCE  
Video sequence: We see a funny montage of LUCY slaying GOD over and over again in a variety of ways, from extremely brutal to extremely silly. The images come more and more quickly, the sound becoming louder and more frantic, until it ends in a crashing climax. The last image is of LUCY opening her eyes.)*

### **Scene Three: Here Comes the Son**

*(Projection: Step Seven: Face Thyself  
Sesame Street-esque music plays in the background.  
LUCY enters with "Missing" posters that bear Mary's photo. She staples them to walls.)*

**LUCY.** *(Calling:)* Skeeter! Skeeter! Skeeter, where are you?

*(LUCY wanders into a back alley.)*

**LUCY.** *(Calling:)* Mary!

*(From behind a waist-level sized brick wall pops out JESUS, who is played by a Muppet-like puppet.)*

**JESUS.** Hi. Looking for someone?

**LUCY.** The fuck are you?

**JESUS.** Fuck!

**LUCY.** The hell was that?

**JESUS.** Hell!

**LUCY.** Stop that, you ass pilot.

**JESUS.** Ass pilot!

**LUCY.** Are you repeating my swearing?

**JESUS.** Maybe.

**LUCY.** Well, stop it.

**JESUS.** Stop what?

**LUCY.** Repeating my fucking swearing.

**JESUS.** Fucking. Brought to you by the letter Fuck.

*(Projection: FUCK.)*

**LUCY.** What are you?

**JESUS.** I'm a puppet.

But if you think about it, aren't we all puppets...for God?

**LUCY.** Oh Jesus Christ.

**JESUS.** What?

**LUCY.** Who are you?

**JESUS.** My name's Howard. Howard be thy name! Hehehehe!

**LUCY.** I don't have time for this.

**JESUS.** Do you have time then to...sing a song?

*(Singing:)*

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine. This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

**LUCY.** Stop!

**JESUS.** I love that song. I love everything.

**LUCY.** Have you seen a girl wandering around here?

**JESUS.** Yes.

**LUCY.** You have?

**JESUS.** You.

**LUCY.** No, I don't mean me. I mean her.

*(LUCY shows JESUS a picture of MARY.)*

**LUCY.** Her. Have you seen her?

**JESUS.** She's pretty. I think I love her.

**LUCY.** What?

**JESUS.** I love her.

**LUCY.** You're a freak.

**JESUS.** Why does everybody think that?

**LUCY.** Is there anyone else around here that I can ask?

**JESUS.** My friends.

LUCY. You have friends?

JESUS. Twelve of them in fact.

LUCY. Where are they?

JESUS. Down by the river. Or maybe at the mount. They really like hanging out by the mount.

LUCY. Well, is there anybody else around?

*(JESUS drops back behind the wall.)*

LUCY. Hello?

JESUS. Fuck.

LUCY. I didn't say fuck.

JESUS. Fuck.

*(LUCY reaches behind the wall and pulls JESUS back up.)*

JESUS. Hey, stop that or my dad will get you.

LUCY. Oooh, I'm so scared.

JESUS. My dad can rip phone books in half.

LUCY. So?

JESUS. My dad is the strongest man ever.

LUCY. I don't care.

JESUS. My dad says if anyone messes with me, he'll take care of them.

LUCY. He can bring it if he wants.

JESUS. My dad knows everything.

LUCY. I'm so impressed. Not.

JESUS. He knew you'd say that.

LUCY. No, he didn't.

JESUS. Yes, he did.

LUCY. No, he didn't.

JESUS. Yes, he did.

LUCY. Did not.

JESUS. Did too! He can do anything, he's God.

LUCY. God?

JESUS. Yepers. He's the Alpha and the Omega.

**LUCY.** That's the dumbest thing I ever heard.

**JESUS.** Yeah, It's embarrassing. He kinda knows everybody.

**LUCY.** That's impossible.

**JESUS.** No, he really is God.

**LUCY.** You're a liar.

**JESUS.** Why doesn't anyone ever believe me?

**LUCY.** Because you're obviously lying! And you're fuzzy.

**JESUS.** I was born in a manger, in a barn. My mom was a virgin. It happened on Christmas.

**LUCY.** Lies.

**JESUS.** It's not a lie. He still talks to me. He tells me that I'm going to be king one day.

**LUCY.** God speaks to you?

**JESUS.** Yeppers.

**LUCY.** And what does God have to say?

**JESUS.** He tells me to be cautious and to stay away from the Romans.

**LUCY.** Really.

**JESUS.** And that Satan is evil.

**LUCY.** Well, it does sound like him.

**JESUS.** And that he really wasn't the first. And I shouldn't let anyone know this, but my grandmother is—

**LUCY.** God can't have children. He has no wife. He's alone.

**JESUS.** It was immaculate.

**LUCY.** Look, there's no such thing as immaculate. You have to fuck to have a baby—

**JESUS.** Fuck.

**LUCY.** Stay focused!

**JESUS.** It was from Mary. The Virgin Mary. Maybe you know her by a different name...

**LUCY.** Skeeter.

**JESUS.** That's a funny name.

**LUCY.** You mean you're—

**JESUS.** Yeppers.

**LUCY.** Why didn't she tell me?

**JESUS.** Perhaps she thought you'd over-react.

**LUCY.** I'm gonna fucking kill you!

**JESUS.** Fuck-aaaagh!

*(LUCY starts strangling JESUS. JESUS tries to talk to LUCY.)*

**JESUS.** I aarrh ewww! I aarrh ewww! I aargh ewww!

*(LUCY lets go.)*

**LUCY.** What are you saying?

**JESUS.** I love you.

**LUCY.** What? I'm strangling you. You can't love someone who is strangling you.

**JESUS.** But I do love you.

*(LUCY flings out her blade and puts it to JESUS's throat.)*

**JESUS.** I'm sorry. I didn't mean—

**LUCY.** You don't love me.

**JESUS.** I do. I can't help it. I love everyone.

**LUCY.** You love me? You don't even know who I—

**JESUS.** And I forgive you.

*(LUCY lowers her blade.)*

**LUCY.** Back off, kid. Don't rile me.

**JESUS.** It's okay. I understand why you don't trust me. It's cause I'm weird.

**LUCY.** Stay away from me.

**JESUS.** I just want to help.

**LUCY.** I can't believe you're real. All this time I thought you were just something Macy's made up to sell Christmas shit.

You're not some great martyr, you know. You're just a mistake.

**JESUS.** I do love you no matter how much you hate me.

**LUCY.** You don't feel shit.

**JESUS.** You just want to help, don't you? You're misunderstood. But down deep—

**LUCY.** Psychoanalysis is not going to score points.

**JESUS.** You're mad at my father.

LUCY. Who isn't?

JESUS. I'm not really that bad of a guy, ya know. I didn't mean for everyone else to mess up all the things I'm going to do.

LUCY. Whatever.

JESUS. If it makes you feel any better, I will pay for it.

LUCY. Good.

JESUS. I love you.

LUCY. Stop!

JESUS. You're hurt, aren't you? I can help.

LUCY. I should decapitate you right here. Right now.

JESUS. I wouldn't stand in your way.  
I actually kind of wish you would.

LUCY. Don't tempt me.

JESUS. My mother didn't deserve to go through what she did. Everyone should have the right to choose whether or not they want to conceive a child.

LUCY. You know where Mary is?

JESUS. Where do you think? She's with my father.

*(Abruptly the lights change for the final flashback sequence: No dialogue, though. As MARY slowly walks through the scene. Projections in the form of children's drawings once again are shown. This time, however, the drawings morph from regular happy portraits into pictures depicting a disturbing sexual attack from GOD on MARY. Instead of mood music in the background, this time, we just hear panting. Very breathy. Very Creepy. As MARY exits, lights return to normal.)*

LUCY. I failed...I actually...I can't believe this. This is all my fault.

JESUS. You're her, aren't you? You're the first. The one who made God.

LUCY. As they say, before there was light, there was...well, me. I was so lonely. I just wanted someone to love me. To have someone that I could love.

But my love wasn't enough for him. So he made the world and everyone by ripping it out of my womb.

He may have made man in his image, but it was my heart that the soul was modeled by. I just didn't want that bastard to do the same to her, but...he's all powerful I guess. And fast.

**JESUS.** I'm sorry.

**LUCY.** You know I won't allow a second coming. It may have happened once, but not again.

**JESUS.** I understand.

**LUCY.** Do you?

**JESUS.** Yes, I do. And I support you.

**LUCY.** You and I are supposed to be enemies. The world sees me as evil.

**JESUS.** Then maybe the right thing to do isn't to erase existence, but make amends for running away from it.

**LUCY.** How would I do that?

**JESUS.** By standing beside humanity, Lucy, instead of trying to kill it.

**LUCY.** I'm sorry.

**JESUS.** About what?

**LUCY.** About the world.

**JESUS.** Don't be. It's a pretty funny place. I like it. Though, it will eventually cause me a very painful death that will inspire two major Broadway musicals and several Hollywood smash hits.

**LUCY.** You're okay, kid.

**JESUS.** Remember, Luce, just because my dad can do everything, doesn't mean you can't do anything. You too have power. Have faith.

*(JESUS exits.)*

## **Musical Interlude 2**

*(Music begins playing. A spotlight falls on LUCY.)*

**LUCY.** *(Singing:)*

I'VE LOST THE WILL TO GO ON  
 WHAT'S THE USE? MY SISTER'S GONE  
 EVEN IF I KILL HIM NOW  
 HE'S ALREADY WON  
 IN ENTRAPPING YOU  
 IN SEDUCING YOU  
 DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU,  
 DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU SAD  
 DIDN'T MEAN TO FAIL YOU BY NOT ACCOMPLISHING  
 WHAT I SAID  
 OH SKEETER, CAN YOU FORGIVE ME FOR I'M WEAK?

OH SKEETER, I'LL BE THERE SOON, JUST YOU WAIT.

*(A second spotlight falls onto MARY.)*

**MARY.**

LUCY'S LOST, BUT WHAT SHE DOESN'T KNOW  
IS THAT I'M HERE BECAUSE I CHOSE  
I DON'T WANT HER TO DESTROY THIS WORLD  
THAT I'VE COME TO LOVE

*(MARY leafs through old photographs as she sings. They are projected on the back wall so we can all see them. It's pictures of her and LUCY at various significant historical events throughout time, ranging from the goofy to the serious.)*

**MARY.**

I'M SORRY, LUCE  
BUT IT'S THE WORLD I CHOOSE  
DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU,  
DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU SAD  
DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU CRY BY CHOOSING TO BE  
WITH MY DAD  
OH, LUCY, CAN YOU FORGIVE FOR WHAT I DID?  
OH, LUCY, CAN YOU STILL LOVE ME LIKE A SIS?

**LUCY AND MARY.**

DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU,  
DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU CRY,  
DIDN'T MEAN TO FAIL YOU NOW,  
I STILL WANT YOU BY MY SIDE  
OH, LUCY, THERE'S NO REASON FOR YOU TO FIGHT...

*(MARY pulls her blue security blanket over her head so for a moment we can see her as the classic Virgin Mary.)*

**LUCY.** OH, SKEETER, I'LL SAVE YOU OR I'LL DIE...

*(LUCY puts on a long black leather jacket. She is ready for the final battle.)*

### Scene Five: The Gate

*(Projection: "Step Eight: The Penultimate Battle"*

*LUCY pulls out the pen and draws a door on the back wall out of light [done with the projector]. She kicks it down.*

*As she does, The VAMPIRE COWBOY attendants appear on stage as angels. When they speak their voices are dubbed over like a kung fu movie.)*

**GABRIEL.** (*Dubbed:*) Halt!

**LUCY.** (*Dubbed:*) Fuck. I forgot about you two yahoos.

**GABRIEL.** (*Dubbed:*) Hahahaha. We knew you would come back.

(*GABRIEL strikes a pose. It makes a sound effect.*)

**ANGEL MICHAEL.** (*Dubbed:*) Stand back, Gabriel...her Kung fu has become much stronger since the last time we met.

(*ANGEL MICHAEL strikes a pose. Sound effect.*)

**LUCY.** (*Dubbed:*) Come on, can you just let me by?

**ANGEL MICHAEL.** (*Dubbed:*) I am Michael, archangel number one, defender of the south gate.

**GABRIEL.** (*Dubbed:*) And I am Gabriel, archangel number two, the death bringer and defender of the north gate.

**ANGEL MICHAEL.** (*Dubbed:*) You will not be granted entrance.

**LUCY.** (*Dubbed:*) Boys. Really now.

**ANGEL MICHAEL.** Hmmph. You have dishonored our family and the way of the heavenly father. Prepare to die.

(*The VAMPIRE COWBOYS attack LUCY.*

*And in a truly amazing Kung fu fight, complete with nunchucks, escrima sticks, and katana, LUCY fights the angels.*

*LUCY wins.*)

**LUCY.** In every journey, there comes an end. Step nine. Face thine Enemy. This is where the shit hits the fan.

(*Lights out.*)

### Scene Six: Facing God

(*Projection: "Step Nine: Face Thy Enemy."*

*Heaven is littered with empty beer bottles and old pizza boxes. The scene is very dark. GOD, who's wearing shades, a trucker hat, jeans, and a tank-top, sits motionless in an old lawn chair as static plays on the televisions. Smoke rises from a cigarette between his fingers.*

*LUCY slowly and silently creeps up behind him. This seems to take forever. Finally, she reaches him and raises her blade. But right before she can strike—)*

**GOD.** Welcome home, baby.

(*LUCY scurries away from GOD.*)

**GOD.** Sorry. Didn't mean to startle ya.

**LUCY.** Where is she?

**GOD.** She's safe. There's no need to worry—

**LUCY.** And I'm supposed to believe you?

**GOD.** Star, if you can't trust me, who can you trust?

**LUCY.** Stay in your chair.

**GOD.** It's been a long time, darling. A long time. I actually started having doubts about ever seeing you again. Ain't that something? Me. Having doubts. That's just sacrilegious, ain't it?

**LUCY.** That's not amusing, asshole.

**GOD.** Darling, language! You know that's not an acceptable way to speak.

**LUCY.** Fuck you. You know why I'm here.

**GOD.** Even without the whole omnipotent thing, I can obviously see by that sword in your hands that you didn't come home just to do your laundry.

*(LUCY runs to attack GOD as he sits. He knocks her to the ground without getting up.)*

**GOD.** Sorry. Didn't mean to knock you on your bottom. Just simply trying to defend myself.

**LUCY.** Goddammit.

**GOD.** You do know if you somehow pull this off, it all goes away, right? My death will cause the end of existence.

**LUCY.** I'm aware of—

**GOD.** That includes Mary.

**LUCY.** No, I'll keep her.

**GOD.** You think that's how it works.

**LUCY.** I say how it works and this is how—

**GOD.** You're really not seeing the big picture here, are you?

**LUCY.** All I see is one dead motherfucker.

**GOD.** Do you really think I am wicked, Star?

**LUCY.** I know you're wicked.

**GOD.** Then do it. Use your magic sword to slay me. I'm standing right. I won't stop—

*(LUCY suddenly attacks GOD with her sword in mid-sentence. He screams as she slashes him once, twice, and finally pierces his heart with the tip. He stumbles and falls, the sword still sticking from between his ribs. He seems to be fading, he grows quiet, and then slowly he begins to laugh.*

*GOD stands up, unharmed. He pulls the sword out of his body.)*

**GOD.** You know you should always buy American. This Japanese crap never keeps up.

**LUCY.** What? How did you...it was supposed to—

**GOD.** Slay the wicked? Imbued with the power to kill any man with sin in their heart or even an unjust lord? Render God himself helpless if used correctly.

**LUCY.** He lied.

**GOD.** Actually, darling, he didn't. The sword works just fine. See?

*(GOD cuts LUCY with the sword. She screams.)*

**LUCY.** Aaah!

**GOD.** Oops. I guess you're not the good guy after all.

**LUCY.** But you're still alive. How?

**GOD.** How? Oh come on, Lucifer. Do I really have to spell this out. It didn't kill me because...drumroll, please...I'm. Not. Evil.

**LUCY.** Impossible.

**GOD.** It all harkens back to the beginning, Morning Star. Before there was light, there was darkness. You're that darkness, love. And you made me.

And being the good mother that you are, you gave me that one thing that makes me infallible.

**LUCY.** I made you perfect.

**GOD.** Yes. And so, mother, no matter what I do, it is just. It is part of my great plan.

**LUCY.** You hurt me.

**GOD.** I apologize for that. However, mother, it had to be done. A world cried out to come into existence and, so, I did what I had to do. I am responsible for the whole, Lucifer. The great picture. I create order. I do not have the luxury to worry about single individuals like yourself. I'm sorry that you feel wronged. But, darling, if for one moment, you could worry about the greater good, I think you could come to forgive me.

Like I forgave you for abandoning me.

**LUCY.** Let Mary go. She has nothing to do with any of this.

**GOD.** Mary has everything to do with this, darling, and you know that.

**LUCY.** She's just a child.

**GOD.** Big picture, darling. My sheep are lost. I need a shepherd to bring them back.

*(LUCY attacks GOD. He hits her, sending her across the room.)*

**GOD.** I'm sorry, Lucifer, that you don't understand me. But I do love you. I do want us to be a family again.

*(Calling:)*

Mary!

*(MARY enters.)*

**MARY.** Yes, father.

**GOD.** Look, baby, someone's come to visit.

**MARY.** Lucy!

**LUCY.** Are you okay? Are you hurt? He hasn't hurt you, has he?

**MARY.** No.

**LUCY.** You got to get out of here. Run!

**GOD.** Mary.

**MARY.** Yes, father.

**GOD.** Come here.

**MARY.** Yes, father.

**GOD.** Do you want to play house again?

**MARY.** I don't like that game.

**GOD.** You do like to play that game.

**MARY.** I do like to play that game.

**LUCY.** No.

**MARY.** Can someone else play Mommy, though?

**GOD.** I'm sorry, baby. But you're the only one who can be mommy this time. It's for the good of the world, I promise.

**MARY.** Please, no.

**GOD.** I promise this will be the last time.

**MARY.** I don't want to.

**GOD.** Yes, you do.

**MARY.** Yes, I do.

**GOD.** I love you, Mary.

**MARY.** I love you too, Daddy.

**GOD.** Let's save the world, baby.

**LUCY.** NOOOOO!!!!

*(LUCY attacks GOD. GOD knocks her on her ass.)*

**GOD.** Lucifer, stop this. You'll only get yourself hurt.

**LUCY.** I don't care. I'm not going to let you touch her.

*(LUCY attacks again. GOD knocks her away.)*

**GOD.** Lucifer, you're being a pest again. Don't make me show you my wrath. My wrath ain't pretty.

*(LUCY attacks again. This time GOD strikes her down hard.)*

**LUCY.** Okay, so that hurts just a lot.

**MARY.** Lucy!

**LUCY.** Stay back, Mary. I told you that I'd protect you.

**GOD.** Come back here, Mary.

**MARY.** You don't have to do this, Lucy. Just run away!

**LUCY.** Not without you.

**GOD.** MARY!

**MARY.** I can't, Luce. I can't deny him.

**LUCY.** He's controlling you. He's in your mind.

**MARY.** Not right now, he isn't. I'm trying to protect you.

**LUCY.** You know what he wants to do. What he's done. To you. To me. To your son.

**MARY.** I do.

**LUCY.** I don't have the strength to stop him.

**MARY.** It's okay, Luce. I don't want you to.

You worked hard to protect me, Lucy. But the world doesn't want to be erased. It might save us from pain, but we are now addicted to existence. It's going to be okay. Your son may be a bad god, but I think mine could do okay.

**GOD.** Mary, come here.

**THIS PLAY IS  
NOT OVER!**

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