

EXCERPT

H E A R T L A N D

a stage play

by
Robert Myers

Copyright, 1999
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CHARACTERS

J.C. Defoe - 40. Male.

Father Roy - 40. Male.

James - 30. Male.

Elizabeth Anne - 25. Female.

Andy - 7. Male.

Mary Catherine - 10. Female.

Dr. Richard Littlewhite - Male silhouette and a voice.

John - 30ish. Male.

Earl - 25. Male.

Margaret Marie - 20ish. Female.

Duke - 30. Female.

Vicky - 25. Female.

Christine - 35. Female.

Francisco - 7. Male.

Militia Children - Various ages.

Director

Camera Operator

Militia Children should be played by actors doubling. **Director** and **Camera Operator** can also be played by actors doubling.

Heartland was developed with the New York Theatre Workshop and the Drama 65 class at Dartmouth College in the summer of 1996. The play was developed with the members of the class and Tim Raphael, who created the course and directed the subsequent production. His assistance and that of Michael Keck, the production's musical director and an actor who played J.C. Defoe, and the members of the class were indispensable ingredients in the play's creation. We were fortunate to benefit from the participation of Kaipō Schwab, who played the role of Dr. Little Richard Littlewhite, and Dale Soules, who played Vicky. The play was produced on August 18, 19 and 20, 1996 at the Bentley Theater in the Hopkins Center at Dartmouth. The play subsequently received a reading at Imua Theatre in 1999, directed by the Theatre's founder, Kaipō Schwab.

Set

The action takes place in the Gan-Eden City militia compound in Kansas on April 19th and on the following day. The compound requires an area for a picnic table, a farmhouse porch and kitchen and a rifle range. Other playing areas include Littlewhite's radio booth, Defoe's chair, John's truck bomb and Christine's car.

ACT I

(An eerie, almost extra-terrestrial light shines on a MAN seated Upstage in an armchair. Part Old Testament prophet, part overweight, unshaven Midwestern farmer, the man, J.C. DEFOE, sits as if attached to the chair, his head shaven. TAPED, WHISPERED VOICES--INDICATED IN ITALICS--ARE HEARD FROM VARIOUS LOCATIONS AROUND HIM AND THE AUDIENCE. AS THE VOICES BEGIN, THREE MILITIA MEMBERS--EARL, DUKE, FATHER ROY--dressed in camouflage uniforms and carrying weapons, slither on the ground toward J.C.)

VOICES

The Freemasons, the Illuminati, the Rothschilds, the Rosicrucians, the Jewish Pope, the gold standard, the Federal Reserve, Bernard Baruch, the League of Nations...

J.C.

Who is worthy to open scroll,

(Reaches down and pets an unseen animal)

to reveal the mystery of the inner workings, of the cabal that is History? The snarled, elaborate explanation of everything.

(Continuing the list offered by VOICES)

Weaver and Waco, the ATF, the Brady Bill.

(Gesturing and speaking to the animal)

Worthy is the lamb who is slain, for it shall receive all wisdom. See it with its seven horns and seven eyes, its seven

VOICES (Contd)

...the monkey trial, the closed casket of Franklin Roosevelt, the United Nations, Alger Hiss, the Rosenbergs, the names of 201 known Communists, George Wallace shot in a shopping center, the Council of 300, the Bildebergers, the Trilateral Commission, the Council on Foreign Affairs

(VOICES ACCELERATE)

Numbers painted on the back of highway roadsigns, soldiers in the backwoods of Montana, blue UN helmets, unmarked black helicopters, Soviet tanks in Indiana, Russian troops beneath Detroit.

J.C. (Contd)

...spirits which are God.
Unseal the first four
seals. The four horsemen,
hooded knights dressed
in white.

(THE THREE MILITIA MEMBERS assume the
positions of guards around J.C.)

J.C. (Contd)

(Gesturing toward
MILITIA MEMBERS)

The conqueror, the swords-
man, the bearer of scales,
(Then indicating
himself)
Death.

VOICES (Contd)

...*Gerald L. K. Smith,*
Joseph McCarthy, Robert
Welch, George Lincoln
Rockwell.

J.C. (Contd)

The four angels standing
at the four corners of
the earth holding back
the four winds. Unseal
the other seals, little
lamb, and reveal all
mysteries, the great
conspiracy that is
History.

(Lights fade on J.C. In the
darkness, MILITIA MEMBERS
exit. WIND BLOWS, not
howling, but loud enough to be
clearly discerned. Lights up
on the kitchen and living room
of a farmhouse in the Gan-
Eden City compound in the
middle of the heartland.
ELIZABETH ANNE, a woman in her
late twenties, sits at the
kitchen table preparing food,
her figure and demeanor
reminiscent of an ideal
Midwestern housewife, circa
1955. The house is also picture
perfect, except for an
enormous mahogany coffin on a
table Downstage. The SOUND OF
A GATE CREAKING AS IT IS BLOWN
BY THE WIND.)

ELIZABETH ANNE

Is that you, James?

(JAMES, thirtyish, stands out on the porch adjoining the kitchen, looking up at the sky. At first glance, he looks as if he's been hunting, but it becomes apparent that his cast is more military since he is equipped with a two-way radio and binoculars and the weapon he is carrying is an assault rifle. ELIZABETH ANNE walks to the door between the kitchen and porch.)

ELIZABETH ANNE (Contd)

You're certainly up mighty early this morning.

JAMES

Storm's brewing.

ELIZABETH ANNE

I know.

JAMES

How?

ELIZABETH ANNE

I heard on the radio. They said a front's set to move through the listening area later today. I figured since I was listening, they must mean me.

(JAMES enters the kitchen, sets his gun down and places binoculars on the table. ELIZABETH ANNE sits across from him at the kitchen table, continuing her food preparation, chopping on a board.)

ELIZABETH ANNE (Contd)

I sure hope it doesn't ruin the picnic. Andy and Mary Catherine have their hearts set on it. I'm trying two new recipes, cherry coke jell-o and...

(Holding up a hot dog that she is preparing to slice)

...hot dog tacos.

JAMES

Hot dog tacos?

ELIZABETH ANNE

Something wrong with that? It's two things the kids love. Hot dogs and tacos.

JAMES

Why do you have to mix things up, Elizabeth Anne? Just stick to American.

ELIZABETH ANNE

Tacos isn't American?

JAMES

Does it sound American? Ta-co?

ELIZABETH ANNE

Sounds like Waco. Nothing more American than that.

JAMES

This isn't just a regular picnic. It's a commemoration, honoring the war dead. Our nation's finest patriots who gave their lives that the country might live.

ELIZABETH ANNE

When I think about it, you know what I see? The little ones. Laughing and singing and reciting Bible verses, playing with their toys on the grounds of the compound. They have no idea what's coming. And then all of a sudden they're covered in a cloud of black smoke, coughing their little lungs out, consumed in the flames being spewed out by the nozzle of that armored truck, immersed in a giant fireball, the conflagration so hot it singes the skin right off their faces and melts their tiny little eyeballs as if they were made of wax.

JAMES

The psychological warfare was even worse. For six weeks, day and night, blaring full blast on loudspeakers right outside the compound, they played Tibetan chants and Karen Carpenter songs and the sound of rabbits being slaughtered.

(SINGING)

"On the day that you were born... O-o-o-m, e-e-e-k... The angels got together and... O-o-o-m, e-e-e-k... And decided to create a dream come true.. O-o-o-m, e-e-e-k."

ELIZABETH ANNE

It's too horrible to think about.

JAMES

(Aiming at an unseen enemy)

What goes around comes around. And sometimes sooner than you think.

(SOUND OF THUNDER RUMBLING WAY OFF IN THE DISTANCE.)

JAMES (Contd)

(Startled)

Hear that?

(Reaching for his binoculars)

Sounds like choppers.

(He runs out on the porch and looks up.
She follows him.)

ELIZABETH ANNE

It's thunder, James.

(Pause)

I really hope it doesn't rain. You want some breakfast?

JAMES

I ate already. With the squadron. Before they went out on maneuvers.

ELIZABETH ANNE

Kind of early for practice maneuvers, isn't it?

JAMES

Who said anything about practice?

(They re-enter the kitchen.)

ELIZABETH ANNE

It's real?

JAMES

Possible helicopter sighting. Half a dozen of them. Over the eastern edge of the compound, almost directly above Earl's house last night.

ELIZABETH ANNE

Were they black?

JAMES

What do you think? He alerted the entire squad and we mustered at HQ at zero five hundred hours. Father Roy instructed me to maintain base command here.

ELIZABETH ANNE

So that's what you're so excited about. Have there been more sightings?

JAMES

I'm not at liberty to say.

ELIZABETH ANNE

There have been more.

JAMES

Everything's on a need-to-know basis.

ELIZABETH ANNE

They're UN, aren't they?

JAMES

I'd like to tell you, Elizabeth Anne, but then I'd have to kill you.

ELIZABETH ANNE

(She walks over to the coffin and looks in it)

Do we really need to keep this out here?

(He nods)

It might get kind of weird during home schooling.

JAMES

(Thinks for a second)

Use it as a teaching tool. As a means to convey a little American history to the kids. Get Vicky to tell 'em it's the future tomb of a great patriot like Thomas Jefferson or Thomas Paine. Tell 'em he's a legendary outlaw like Jesse James or Billy the Kid, except instead of robbing banks and shooting people for money or just for the hell of it, he did it to fund the fight for the rights of his race.

(She sits at the table and resumes her hot dog chopping)

Tell 'em he's a true American hero. Someone who's not afraid to stand up and be counted. Tell 'em about the Brethren. Say it was a group of men who committed their lives to insure the survival of our people and he was its leader. Tell 'em our very existence depends on courageous men like J.C. Defoe, which is why the shadow occupation so-called government is so intent on eliminating him.

ELIZABETH ANNE

Fine. But can't we just put it in the tool shed or somewhere for the time being... Until it... until he....arrives.

JAMES

(Walks toward coffin, speaking with great reverence)

It's staying right where it is. Facing north. Towards Iceland.

ELIZABETH ANNE

Iceland?

JAMES

That's right. Iceland, the only totally white country left on this planet. And Valhalla, too.

(He looks of in the distance.)

Which just happens to be in exactly the same direction. J.C. gave me very explicit instructions about what he wanted when I visited him in prison. You know, when they arrested him, they tried to burn him out, and it got so hot in the house where he was hiding that his *Bruder Schweigen* melted into his flesh.

(Lays his two-way radio down by the coffin)

Can you imagine the pain? Now that medal's literally part of him. He made me swear I would watch over his corpse after his death, and when he did, he unbuttoned his shirt and showed me the medal melted into his sternum and made me rub my hand on it. Then he got this twinkle in his eyes, and you know what he said, Elizabeth Anne? He said, "I am the vine."

ELIZABETH ANNE

Which vine?

JAMES

The vine. From the Book of John. "You are the branches. I am the vine." The words of Jesus just before he's crucified.

ELIZABETH ANNE

Are you implying that J.C. Defoe is...

FATHER ROY

(ON RADIO, HIS VOICE CRACKLING)

Unit A to base command. Unit A to base command.

(JAMES retrieves the radio.)

JAMES

(Into radio)

This is base command. I read you loud and clear, Father Roy.

FATHER ROY

(ON RADIO)

We are unable to confirm the presence of NWO choppers at this time. I repeat, we are unable to confirm the presence of NWO choppers at this time. We are leaving sector three and proceeding to the shooting range where we will rendezvous at O-eight hundred hours. Do you copy, base command?

JAMES

(Into radio, looking at the map)

I copy Unit A.

FATHER ROY

(ON RADIO)

We will require the following additional ordnance at the shooting range, Corporal King. Two flare guns retrofitted for surface to air and one box of standard ammo for mini-14s.

JAMES

(Into radio)

Ten-four, Father Roy. Ten-four.

ELIZABETH ANNE

No helicopters after all?

JAMES

I told you. It's classified.

ELIZABETH ANNE

Sometimes I feel like you're married to Father Roy instead of me.

JAMES

Father Roy served two tours in Vietnam. He received a purple heart, a silver star and had over two hundred confirmed kills in a guerilla war. As a hand-to-hand fighter he's been compared to Bo Gritz, and when "Soldier of Fortune" ran an article about him, Chuck Norris called him personally to discuss the movie rights to his life. When he says something's on a need to know basis, that's exactly what he means.

ELIZABETH ANNE

What about NWO. What's that? Or is that classified too?

JAMES

New World Order, Elizabeth Anne. Use your brain.

(CHILDREN'S VOICES OFF.)

ELIZABETH ANNE

Sounds like the kids are up.

(She continues preparing her food.
JAMES pulls out a wooden crate marked "U.S. ARMY" and begins to pry it open with a bayonet.)

ELIZABETH ANNE (Contd)

(Seeing a note she wrote)

Oh, I forgot to tell you. Christine called. She arrived in St. Louis last night. She'll be here sometime this morning.

JAMES

Did she say how long she's staying?

ELIZABETH ANNE

I didn't ask. I told her she was welcome to stay as long as she liked.

JAMES

I hope she's not planning on staying overnight.

ELIZABETH ANNE

That's not very hospitable, James. She's your sister.

JAMES

Is she bringing the kid?

ELIZABETH ANNE

I guess so. They're moving.

JAMES

The father's a Mexican. You know that.

ELIZABETH ANNE

I believe he's actually Puerto Rican.

JAMES

Is there a difference?

ELIZABETH ANNE

Puerto Ricans are Americans, sort of. Aren't they? I think they broke up anyhow.

JAMES

Yeah. My dad said she was shackled up with a lawyer from Brooklyn. Not too hard to figure out what he is.

ELIZABETH ANNE

It's really none of our business, James.

JAMES

Miscegenation's everybody's business, Elizabeth Anne. Everybody white, that is.

ELIZABETH ANNE

I'm just asking you to try to be civil. She's obviously reaching out to you. I don't think they're staying long. She left New Jersey on Friday and her new job starts next week in LA.

JAMES

Out of the frying pan into the fire.

ELIZABETH ANNE

Does Father Roy know she's coming?

JAMES

I don't think so. Why?

ELIZABETH ANNE

Weren't they..? I mean, didn't they used to be...?

JAMES

That was years ago. In high school.

ELIZABETH ANNE

(Looking at the note)

There was also a call from some guy named John.

JAMES

John who?

ELIZABETH ANNE

Just John. No last name.

JAMES

What did he say?

ELIZABETH ANNE

Not much. Something about "leaderless action" and an "elfer." Here, I wrote it down.

(She hands him the note.)

JAMES

(Reading)

"Leaderless Action. Elfer."

(Speaking)

What's that supposed to mean?

ELIZABETH ANNE

Beats me. You're the one who walks around talking in secret code.

JAMES

Did he ask to speak to anybody in particular?

ELIZABETH ANNE

John Wayne.

JAMES

John Wayne?

ELIZABETH ANNE

That's what he said, James. Maybe it was a wrong number.

(ANDY, seven, and MARY CATHERINE, five, enter in their pajamas. James tears up the note.)

ELIZABETH ANNE (Contd)

Well, good morning, sleepy heads. Y'all ready for some breakfast?

MARY CATHERINE

Morning, daddy.

JAMES

(Swinging her around)

Morning, Mary Catherine. How's my cutie on duty?

(He puts her down and carries a crate of flare guns and puts it on the table next to his gun and walkie-talkie. While MARY CATHERINE examines one of the crates of weapons, ANDY eyes the coffin.)

ELIZABETH ANNE

(To JAMES)

Could you move this stuff so I can feed them some breakfast and we can get ready for school.

(To MARY CATHERINE)

Stop fooling with your daddy's hand grenades, Mary Catherine.

(ANDY continues looking in the coffin.)

JAMES

(As he moves his weapons and walkie-talkie from the table, to ELIZABETH ANNE)

Turn on the radio. I want to hear what's going on with the execution.

ELIZABETH ANNE

What time is it scheduled for?

JAMES

Eleven.

ELIZABETH ANNE

(Turning the RADIO ON)

Any chance he'll get a stay?

JAMES

No way in hell. Decision's already been made at the upper echelons of ZOG.

MARY CATHERINE

What's ZOG?

ANDY

(Authoritatively)

Zionist Occupation Government.

(MUSIC UP: "VERITAS THEME," AN INNOCUOUS COWPOKE THEME. DR. RICHARD LITTLEWHITE is seen only in silhouette behind the glass of a radio booth. As he begins to speak, a sign with bright red letters flashes on: "ON THE AIR." ALL OF DR. LITTLEWHITE'S LINES ARE ON THE RADIO. HIS VOICE EMANATES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, AS IF TO EMPHASIZE THE FACT THAT IT IS "IN THE AIR," EXCEPT AT THOSE POINTS WHERE A SPECIFIC SOURCE FOR HIS VOICE IS INDICATED.)

DR. LITTLEWHITE

(In an authoritative but eerie, almost hypnotic, tone)

Hello, Heartland. This is Veritas. And I'm the host of the show, Dr. Richard Littlewhite. Are you concerned that we're living in the final days? We'll look at that question from a scientific perspective this morning here on America's AM Kaffeeklatsch, but before we get started I'd like to observe a moment of silence for the victims, the men and women and tiny little children who gave their lives in the ATF raid on the Branch-Davidian compound in Waco, Texas.

(JAMES grabs ANDY and MARY CATHERINE, who are curiously eyeing the coffin. He puts his arms around their shoulders as they obediently stand at attention, observing a moment of silence. ELIZABETH ANNE stops her food preparation.)

DR. LITTLEWHITE (Contd)

This is a very sad and sickening anniversary indeed, my friends, but there is a lesson here. The only thing standing between you and the system is your guns. They're the only protection you've got, and don't you ever forget it. I'd like to start out this morning with a song off a new album by a group called Iron Rood, some of our healthy young kinsmen from up in Washington state. The song, a very timely one, off the album "My Skin is My Uniform," is entitled "Crux of the Matter."

ANDY

(Looking at the coffin)

What's this for, mama?

ELIZABETH ANNE

It belongs to a friend of your father's.

(MUSIC UP: INTRO TO "CRUX OF THE MATTER"
by IRON ROOD, A POUNDING SKINHEAD HEAVY
METAL BEAT.)

ANDY

What is it, daddy?

JAMES

It's for a little short term R and R.

MARY CATHERINE

What's R and R?

JAMES

Resurrection and revolution.

ELIZABETH ANNE

Don't confuse them, James.

JAMES

It's for J.C. Defoe. One of the great heroes of the white race. Have you kids ever heard of a *Bruder Schweigen* medal?

(MUSIC UP ON THE RADIO: "CRUX OF THE
MATTER." AS THE MUSIC PLAYS, CHILDREN
SING ALONG, dance and play with black toy
helicopters. ELIZABETH ANNE and JAMES
look on proudly.)

IRON ROOD

(ON RADIO, SUNG)

Ice and rice and snow and sheets and me!
Things that are white!
Things that I like!
Things like me!

Lilies and clouds and bones and Norwegians and Swedes!
Things that are white!
Things that I like!
Things like me!

Bloodcells and mothballs and whitewash and t-shirts and
briefs!
Things that are white!
Things that I like!
Things like me!

Iceland and ice cream and Oslo and Christmas and me!
Things that are white!
Things that I like!
Things like me!

(As MUSIC ENDS, LIGHTS FADE on ELIZABETH
ANNE, JAMES, ANDY and MARY CATHERINE.)

DR. LITTLEWHITE

We have an exciting and informative program planned for you this morning, and, as always, we'll be taking your calls throughout the day here on W-A-R-N about the scientific basis of Armageddon. But, first, I wonder how many of you saw this report on television last night about the so-called black nationalist from San Francisco, Abu Kareem Salam, who was convicted of shooting two white police officers to death.

(LIGHTS UP on VICKY, mid 30's, dressed in boots and camouflage, and MARGARET MARIE, early 20's, visibly pregnant. They enter carrying a laundry basket and a radio, from which the SOUND OF LITTLEWHITE'S VOICE EMANATES. As they hang the laundry on the line they listen attentively to LITTLEWHITE.)

DR. LITTLEWHITE (Contd)

If you did, you know that Mr. Salam, who was on death row, just three days away from the gas chamber, has received a new trial. There's certainly nothing unusual about that, and, of course, the anchorman, who isn't even an American citizen, which is no surprise since the folks who own the media would love to see this country flooded with foreigners, was grinning from ear to ear. Another victory for our suicidal legal system. One more assassin africanus set free. Not exactly a rare breed on the streets of our major cities these days, thus hardly worthy of our attention, though wouldn't it be a wonderful irony if his next victim was one of those white homosexual activists who worked so hard to save him. No, people, my interest is in a case much closer to home, and my concern is about double standards. I'm speaking, of course, about the case of J.C. Defoe...

(VICKY stands at reverent attention at the mention of the name of J.C. DEFOE.)

...commandant of the Brethren, a courageous hero of his race, who's scheduled to die today at noon in Kansas in the electric chair. I know if J.C. had his way, he'd choose to be executed by firing squad like the patriot that he is. J.C., are you out there? If you're listening and the state will allow you to speak before they murder you, give us a call here at 1-800-6-6-6-W-A-R-N.

(Beat)

I notice the board is lit up like a Christmas tree with your calls from all over the heartland. Let's hear what you have to say about J.C. Defoe. Good morning, you're on Veritas.

("BRAD" IS A VOICE OFF.)

BRAD

Dr. Littlewhite?

DR. LITTLEWHITE

Yes. Go ahead, caller.

(As "BRAD" speaks to LITTLEWHITE, LIGHTS UP ON JOHN, who looks like an intelligence agent. He is also listening to LITTLEWHITE as he stacks bags of fertilizer in the back of a truck beside the highway.)

BRAD

My name is Brad. And I just want to say that I agree with everything you say, Dr. Littlewhite. One hundred percent. There are a lot of people where I live who understand exactly what you're telling us about the One World Government and Waco and Ruby Ridge and the campaign to take our guns away, but they say, well, J.C. Defoe murdered a white man, so he's got to pay. Granted when he went into the pawnshop he just assumed the owner was a Jew and it turned out he wasn't. What would you say to those people?

(JOHN goes to a payphone beside the truck and dials.)

DR. LITTLEWHITE

I would say that if someone acts like a duck and walks like a duck and talks like a duck, as far as I'm concerned he's a duck. And that, of course, goes for the actors in the white coon show you see everyday on MTV. Young aryan's acting like they're black. In my book, there's nothing worse than a traitor, and certainly someone who makes a living in parasitical talmudic fashion, living off the sweat of his own kith and kin, is the worst kind of traitor: a traitor to his race. So, I would say to your friends that when the revolution comes in this country there won't be enough rope to hang all the race traitors.

(VICKY AND MARGARET MARIE, who have finished hanging the laundry, exit.)

DR. LITTLEWHITE (Contd)

Thanks for your call, Brad.

(Lights up on CHRISTINE, a woman in her twenties, and her son FRANCISCO, seven years old. They are in the front seat of a car, driving through Kansas.)

DR. LITTLEWHITE

(Punches the board)

Go ahead, caller. You're on Veritas.

JOHN

Dr. Littlewhite?

DR. LITTLEWHITE

Yes. You're on the air.

(JOHN stands at the payphone. IN THE BACKGROUND, HIGHWAY SOUNDS. CHRISTINE, behind the wheel of her car, TURNS ON THE CAR RADIO. VARIOUS STATIONS PLAY FOR A MOMENT UNTIL SHE SETTLES ON "VERITAS.")

DR. LITTLEWHITE

(Contd)

What's your name, caller?

JOHN

John.

DR. LITTLEWHITE

Can you speak up, John. We can barely hear you.

JOHN

(Reciting a passage from memory)

"As I strode through the rubble surveying the damage, the reinforced concrete reaching almost to the top of my boots, I could see the giant computer spools strewn about in the street, the contents of intelligence files still fluttering in the courtyard like blue and white butterflies, the arms and legs and mangled, broken bodies of the agents of the Dominion hanging from the offices of the shattered façade like freshly slaughtered carcasses in the window of a butcher shop. I felt an abiding sympathy for the blameless ones...

FRANCISCO

(To CHRISTINE)

What does blameless mean, mom?

CHRISTINE

It means someone who didn't do anything wrong, Francisco.

JOHN (Contd)

...who had perished in the blast, the smiling, pink-cheeked girls whose only sin was to have found gainful employment as secretaries in the intelligence office, but I realize if we are to succeed, millions of innocent whites will have to die. I looked at the Capitol Building glistening like alabaster in the morning sun, thinking of all the other true American patriots who had at other decisive moments also found the courage to do what needed to be done to save our nation. I looked at my watch, exactly eleven-ten, and then I turned for one last fleeting glance at my handiwork. With only two and a half tons of fertilizer seasoned with a little fuel oil, a couple of sticks of dynamite and a

JOHN (Contd)

rental truck, I, Eric Cooper, had managed to reduce what ten minutes before had been the site of the most sophisticated intelligence operation in the Western world into a tangle of wires shooting sparks into the air and a giant heap of jutting rubble. The hint of a smile crossed my lips and the warm internal glow of one who knows he has done his duty and done it well.

DR. LITTLEWHITE

I'm flattered. That was from memory, wasn't it, John? Very impressive.

JOHN

Literary genius is what's impressive, sir. It's as good as "Mein Kampf." And you've got the gift of prophecy, too.

DR. LITTLEWHITE

I'm certainly not Nostradamus or the führer, John. If I am a prophet at all I suppose it's more in the vein of Jeremiah, warning my people to change their ways before it's too late. But the truth is I'm just a biology professor, trying to lay some very basic facts out and let our race decide whether we really want to commit suicide or not. I wish everyone understood my message as well as you seem to, John.

JOHN

That message is being delivered right now, sir.
(Mumbling)
It's in the mail.

DR. LITTLEWHITE

I beg your pardon, John. We really can't hear you here.

JOHN

I said, Long live the Brethren, sir.

DR. LITTLEWHITE

Yes. Long live the Brethren, and thank you for calling.
(JOHN hangs ups and resumes loading bags of fertilizer into the back of the truck.)

If you enjoyed John's recitation you can purchase a copy of my novel "The Cooper Journals," for just \$14.95. It's printed on acid-free paper, so it'll still be around long after the race war's over. It's available by mail here at the station and at gun shows everywhere. Now, let me make one prediction I'm certain will come true. We'll be right back to talk about the end of the world and gun control and one world government right after this message from the Utah

DR. LITTLEWHITE (Contd)

Gold and Silver Company, your hard currency headquarters and the perfect place to put your savings if, like me, you don't want to feed the vultures on Wall Street and you don't trust the banks.

(CHRISTINE TURNS THE RADIO DIAL. VARIOUS STATIONS ARE HEARD. MUSIC UP: "THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET." Lights fade on CHRISTINE'S car and the radio booth.)

(FATHER ROY, dressed in a preacher's smock and camouflage pants enters. He leads his troops, DUKE, EARL and JAMES onto the rifle range. They face Upstage in a line, their weapons raised, aimed at targets on the FACES OF GOLDA MEIR, ALBERT EINSTEIN, RINGO STARR, DORIS DAY and JESUS. As the MUSIC FADES, FATHER ROY, who is standing at the end of the line, lowers his arm, giving the signal to "Open Fire." THE SOUND OF SUSTAINED AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE as the Militia Members spray the targets.)

FATHER ROY

(Raising his hand in the air)

Hold your fire.

(Turning, angrily)

I said, hold your fire!

(THE GUNFIRE STOPS. He walks toward the target of JESUS.)

FATHER ROY (Contd)

(Arriving at the target)

Who's this?

(Looking at each of the Militia Members. There is no response. To EARL)

Do you know who this is?

EARL

I'm not certain, sir.

FATHER ROY

Well, who does it look like?

EARL

(Mumbling)

It looks like Jesus, Father Roy.

FATHER ROY

I can't hear you, soldier!

EARL

I said, it looks like Jesus, sir.

FATHER ROY

Y'shua! Here at Gan-Eden City, we refer to Jesus as Y'shua, Private Phillips. Would you like to explain to us why we are shooting our Mini-14s at the messiah?

EARL

You requested me to make targets of Jews, sir, so I found a book called "Famous Jews in History" and had the pictures blown up. I didn't actually notice it was Jesus. I mean Y'shua, sir.

FATHER ROY

Who did you think it was?

EARL

I don't know. I guess I thought it was just like a garden variety type Jew, sir.

FATHER ROY

A famous garden variety type Jew? Is that what you thought, Private Phillips?

DUKE

I didn't know who it was either, sir. I thought maybe it was a banker.

FATHER ROY

(Indicating JESUS target)

Does this look like any banker you've ever seen, corporal?

DUKE

No, sir, it doesn't. But part of that's the way he's dressed.

EARL

(Beat)

Jesus... that is, Y'shua... is a Jew, isn't he, Father Roy?

FATHER ROY

He's what?

EARL

I said, he's Jewish, sir.

FATHER ROY

Y'shua's not Jewish, private.

EARL

But his mother and father and the twelve disciples... I thought they were all Jewish.

FATHER ROY

I said he's not Jewish. Nobody in the Bible is Jewish. Except for Cain.

(Walking back toward the targets)

That's where all the so-called Jews come from. Don't you understand Identity Christianity? You may have to go to home schooling tomorrow instead of out on maneuvers.

(He stops suddenly at the DORIS DAY target)

Who's this?

EARL

Doris Day.

FATHER ROY

What?

EARL

The actress. Doris Day.

FATHER ROY

I know who she is. I've seen all her films. What's that one with Rock Hudson, where she calls up her poodles on the phone. I love that movie. She's Jewish?

EARL

Apparently so, sir. She was in the book.

DUKE

Doris Day's Jewish. Rock Hudson's a fag. What's the world coming to?

FATHER ROY

(Looking at the DORIS DAY target)

Let's leave her out, too. At least for the time being. Take five, soldiers.

DUKE

(Looking at the target of RINGO, whose face has been shot out)

Is that Ringo Starr?

JAMES

I think so. It's hard to tell with his face all shot up like that.

(They approach the targets.)

DUKE

Are all the Beatles Jewish?

JAMES

I don't know. I think Lennon's Jewish, too, isn't he? He sure looks Jewish.

FATHER ROY

(Catching the tail end of the conversation)

All Communists are Jews.

JAMES

We're talking about John Lennon, sir.

EARL

I thought the Jews were capitalists.

FATHER ROY

They're both. Hadn't you figured that out yet, soldier.

DUKE

They're behind the whole kit and kaboodle, Earl.

JAMES

They're definitely the ones responsible for sending our jobs overseas. The very same day I got my pink slip, Midwest Can announced it was moving operations to the Mexico. That was three months after NAFTA passed, and when Wall Street caught wind of it the stock price shot up twenty-two percent in one day. It don't take a rocket scientist to figure out who ended up with all that money in their pockets while Duke and I ended up on our asses out on the street. We got downsized by the New Fucking World Order.

FATHER ROY

(To EARL)

Who do you think it was that foreclosed on your farm, Private Phillips?

EARL

Southwestern Missouri Savings and Loan.

FATHER ROY

And who do you think owns Southwestern Missouri Savings and Loan? The same folks who run the Federal Reserve, which is an illegal private corporation formed in Jekyll Island, Georgia in 1913 that controls the entire money supply of the U.S. Treasury and uses the I.R.S. as its private collection agency, and whose stock is owned by the Warburgs, the Rothschilds and a cartel of European banks.

(Takes out a dollar bill)

Have you ever taken a close look at the back of a dollar bill? Didn't you ever wonder what this pyramid with the eye hovering above it is doing on our money. I'll tell you what it's doing there. This is the sign of the Illuminati, a secret Bavarian society formed in the eighteenth century. And you can trace a direct line from the Illuminati to the Free Masons through to the Rothschild Banks of London and Berlin and the Federal Reserve System to the folks who foreclosed on your farm.

EARL

Yeah, that makes sense, Father Roy. I just wonder how you can tell if someone's actually Jewish.

FATHER ROY

That's part of the problem. You don't always know.

EARL

You mean like Doris Day?

FATHER ROY

Exactly.

EARL

You think she's involved in this business with the banks?

FATHER ROY

You're getting off the track, private. The point is people don't exactly advertise the fact that they're Jews. I mean, would you? So sometimes it's a little hard to spot 'em.

DUKE

It's like queers, Earl, unless they're really obvious about it.

JAMES

One way you can tell is they're always circumcised.

EARL

That doesn't do much good if they got their pants on.
Or if it's a woman. Besides, we're all circumcised.
We shower together after maneuvers every day.

(Beat)

Are you telling me I'm the only one who ever noticed?

(The others all nod ominously.)

DUKE

(To EARL)

I never noticed.

(Threateningly)

You know what "Don't ask, don't tell" means in this unit?
If I catch anybody sneaking a peak at my sidearm in the
shower I don't ask if they're a fruit. I just tell 'em to
bend over and I empty my clip right up their ass.

JAMES

You know another way you can spot a Jew is a lot of 'em got
big noses. And kinky hair. I saw where in South Africa they
used to have a test to divide the whites from the coloreds
and the blacks by placing a pencil in your hair and making
you shake your head. If it fell out real fast it meant you
were white. If it fell out after a minute or so it meant
you were colored. And if you stood there shaking your head
and nothing happened it meant you were black. Only problem
was a lot of Jews had hair that was so kinky the pencil
wouldn't fall out either. So they had to drop the whole
test completely.

DUKE

Makes sense. They're all mud people.

EARL

But that's exactly what I'm talking about. With Jews
there's no surefire way of telling. With whites, it's
simple. If you can blush. If you get blood in the face, it
means you're white.

FATHER ROY

That's right, Private. That's what separates us from the
other races on the face of the Earth. We're the only ones
that still have a conscience. The only ones left with any
shame.

(Beat)

Back to work, soldiers. Resume firing positions.

(To EARL)

Set us up some new targets. And make sure there's no
Y'shua... no Jesus... this time. You got that?

EARL

Yes, sir.

(Preparing targets)

Let's see. We got Ted Koppel...

(Holds it up)

...and Roseanne

(Holds it up)

JAMES

She's mine.

EARL

Steven Spielberg.

(Holds it up).

Hillary Clinton...

(Holds it up in front and places an "ATF" hat on it)

...and Janet Reno

(Places it next to HILLARY target and also places an "ATF" hat on it)

DUKE

(Meaning HILLARY CLINTON and JANET RENO)

Are they Jewish?

FATHER ROY

(Loading)

Agents of ZOG.

JAMES

(Preparing to fire)

Lesbians, too.

DUKE

They're even harder to recognize.

JAMES

No they're easy to spot.

(Aiming his gun)

They're the ones with the bullet holes in their heads.

FATHER ROY

(Loudly)

Commence firing at will, gentlemen.

(AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE as they begin shooting at the targets. Lights fade.)