

JESUS CHRIST TERRORIST 2005


a Cowpasture Production

www.reaganbabies.com

The Cast:

Jesus
King George
Herod Powell
Pontious Ashcroft
FBI
Sister Mary Fagdellan
FOX Newscaster
Doctor Cheney
Mary Magdellan
FOX News Camera man
Sister of Mercy
Consumer Slut
Student/Whore/Dancer
Student/Whore/Dancer
Old Testament Prophet

ACT 1
Scene 1

	MUSIC	DIALOUGE	NOTES
Intro to JCT	<p>Church Music and Heavenly Choir Keyboard</p> <p><u>Sound of TV</u></p>	<p>as homeless prophet ranting</p>  <p>NEWSCASTER (Front and Center Stage) The story's black and white, but the blood is red Oppose this government and they'll kill you dead Oh Jesus Christ, now we must insist Answer us for real. Are you a Terrorist? We need you crucified and on that very note We need you crucified John Ashcroft needs a goat</p>	<p>eventually dragged away</p>
Cast Intro	<p>JCT RIFF <i>Guitar</i> <i>Bass, Keys</i> <i>Drum</i></p> <p><u>into:></u></p>	<p>CAST (Marching from Lobby to Stage into 1/2 Circle) Jesus Christ Terrorist, Do you think your name's on Ashcroft's list? (repeat 4x)</p> <p>OHHHHMMMMMMMMMMMM.....20 sec</p>	

**Heaven on
Their Minds**

Guitar

Bass

Keyboard

Drum

JCT (SUNG OVER RIFF)



My mind is clearer now.

At last, all too well, I can see

Where we all soon will be.

If you strip away, the myth, from the man

You will see, where we all, soon will be.

King George!

You've started to believe

The things they say of you. You really do believe

This talk of you as King is true.

Cheered on by your cronies... all their wild applause.

In your mind you matter more than the death you cause.

Listen King George I don't like what I see.

All I ask is that you listen to me.

You're pre-occupied.

You're still mad they tried to kill your Pa

All your followers are blind

Too much heaven on their minds

You were pitiful but now you're just scary

Texas'es most famous son

Should have stayed a great unknown

Like his father's CIA, he'd have made good pay

Keg parties and titty fests would have suited Dubyah best

He'd've caused no Iraqis harm, no one alarm

Listen Dubyah, do you care for your place?

Don't you see that we have to save face?

But it's sad to see your chances weakening with every hour

Every word you say today, you act just the other way

What you gonna do with all that power?

Yes, it's all gone sour. Dubbyah, it's all gone sour


Listen King George, to the warning I give

So come on, come on, Dubbyah, listen to me.


**With Video Projections on
Screen**

ACT 1
Scene 2

news bulletin
sound

NEWSCASTER 
Way, way back in 2001, when the War on
Terror had just begun
Jesus was a lowly teacher, a rouge scholar,
patriot preacher

**Girl in Bikini holds
up BIG sign "2001"**

JCT 
So you see kids, last year's election was rigged....
completely illegitimate. King George the First
had some of his old buddies there pull a coup
on American democracy. Bastards probably had
it planned for years.
And as if that weren't bad enough, the king's brother
and first cousin at FOX calls the election in his favor,
before the votes are even counted... shit, our president
would've been the guy who
spearheaded the Kyoto Accords. Instead we're stuck with
the moron who backed out of them. But hey, look at the
bright side kids... at least he's a do-nothing president.
Maybe we'll get lucky and cruise through the next four
years no worse for the wear...

**Talking to audience as if a ck
Talking over heads of student**

cell phone rings

oh, excuse me... yes, what is it? Oh, oh no... how awful,
two planes?... oh, God... what's that? The Patriot Act?
They're using the tragedy to forward their agenda... not good

Batman Theme
Bass

My activist senses are tingling. (JC EXIT)

**students do (Spin around)
see, hear, speak no evil**



news bulletin

What's the Buzz?

Keys
Guitar
Bass
Drum



NEWSCASTER

Our mild-mannered professor receives a call
A tip, telling him Baghdad will fall.
But this is no ordinary college professor
It's Jesus Christ come to play confessor.
Over the next and coming years
It just may happen as we fear
He'll end up on Ashcroft's list
Condemned as a modern-day terrorist.

CAST AND AUDIENCE AS STUDENTS (SUNG)

What's the buzz tell me what's a-happening?
(repeat 8x)

JCT

Why should you want to know?
Don't you mind about the future
Don't you try to think ahead
Save tomorrow for tomorrow
Think about today instead

CAST (while jc sings next three lines)

When do we move on the Capital? (repeat 8x)

JCT

I could give you facts and figures
I could give you plans and forecasts
Those madmen don't know what they're starting

JCT

Why should you want to know?
Why are you obsessed with fightin?
Times and fates you can't defy?
If Dubbya's this intent on warring
We better start to organize!



Audience Cast should be dancing

Robyn exit

**Abrupt end
cast to floor
all Exit**

news bulletin

ACT 1
Scene 3

Mr. Rogers Theme
Keyboard

NEWSCASTER 

we interrupt this program for this late breaking news: the FBI and the CIA are on the lookout for a known terrorist... ah, sympathizer, but definitely terrorist... very... extremely dangerous. Do not, I repeat, do NOT attempt to communicate with the suspect yourself. True patriotic citizens are ordered to report all suspicious-looking, towel-headed, sand-niggers to the federal authorities immediately. (Repeat) Now, stay tuned for the hip new kid's show, King George's Neighborhood.

Robyn holds sign reads "present day"

finger ear

KING GEORGE  **(In V-Neck Sweater)**

It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood, A beautiful day for a neighbor... would you be mine? Could you be mine? Won't you be my neighbor?

CAST AND AUDIENCE (Audience Cast as well)

Yeay! Hooray!

King Gerorge

Good Morning Boys and Girls. I have something very special for you today. Today we're going to learn all about war. But don't think of war as killing... with all those bloody, nasty mutilated bodies. Today we're going to talk about how war can be your friend... and my friend too. You see boys and girls today's wars are different than they used to be. When you're fighting an enemy who has no compassion, liberation has to come from confrontation. So in the end, war is pea

Bikini Girl with APPLAUSE Sign

Shoot gun in air

Knock
drum

KING GEORGE (PARANOID) (CONT'D)

Who could that be boys and girls? We weren't expecting any dissent... err, I mean "visitors" today? Hum, let's go see. Jesus Christ! Who the hell are you?

Opens Door

JCT (CALM, COLLECTED)



I am Jesus Christ...you know, son of man your savior?...never mind we gotta talk.

KING GEORGE

Come on in and join us, because we're all neighbors here and free and white and pure So what do you want to talk about? Cool tanks, or fighter planes? Stuff like that?

**airplane
play around**

JCT

For starters you've really got to stop using me as a reference. I mean, nobody's twisted my message as bad as you in two thousand years! You're WAYYY off...

KING GEORGE

I'm gonna blow up the axis of evil with my new... nu-cular, earth-penetrating mini-bomb! Finally found them weapons of maaaass destruction! Yeehaww!

Shoots Guns

Spit on the Ground quietly*Bass**Guitar***JCT (INTERRUPTING)**

Don't try and change the subject you little worm!
 My children are dying because of your insatiable
 hunger for power and revenge. Now, I know you're
 mad at Saddam for trying to cap your dad, but
 you've got to fight those urges. Look at me, I'm
 pissed off at you right now, but do you see me
 calling down the heavenly wrath?

KING GEORGE (INTERRUPTING NERVOUSLY)

Ahemm... Oh my... now remember where we are
 Jesus. These are children we're talking to and you
 mustn't confuse them with facts and things of that nature.

JCT (BLOWN AWAY)

Yeah... OK, King George... whatever, you're clearly
 out of your mind. The parents watching today can
 surely tell that.

KING GEORGE

Oh Yes... they should watch! They should never
 turn off the TV! Especially Fox Channel! I really
 like them!

JCT

And they should be informed.

KING GEORGE (EMPHATIC AND IRRITATED)

Informed? About What? The subliminimal
(stumbling over words) messages? Jeepers Crow,
 Jesus, these children know that if one is to be a real
 patriotic patriot they never EVER question what the King says.

JCT

For your information Mr. Good Christian President, people have been known to address Me as "King" too.

KING GEORGE (GETTING INCREASINGLY ANGRY)

Gosh Darn, you! Now hold on! This here's the reason I had my other neighbor, Pontious Ashcroft, draw up careful guidelines... so that people would know how to think and speak and act like real patriotic patriots.

JCT

Are you saying people aren't free to think for themselves?

KING GEORGE (BEAMING NOW WITH IDIOTIC ABANDON)

That's the funny thing about being king... um, I mean president. Someone might have to explain to me why they say something, but I don't feel like I owe anyone an explanation of why I say things.

JCT

But you're supposed to represent the people! You're eventually gonna have to answer to them!

KING GEORGE (MORE ANGRY THAN EVER)

Gosh, ding, dang! Don't you say that! The kids are gonna hear you and then the other neighbors might hear you and people won't be thinking right. Now you're a guest, so... so you best start acting like one. I mean you're starting to sound like... one of them.

JCT (A LAST-DITCH EFFORT TO GIVE THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT)

You mean one of our neighbors?

KING GEORGE (NOW IN THE GRIPS OF A FULL-ON RAGE)

No, you idiot! One of the dang terrorists!

music getting intense

Overlapping Monologues**KING GEORGE**

Ha, you're the son of god...

yeah right and my wife sells dime bags...

no, I mean...

(fingering a noticeable mic in his ear)

she don't anymore...not since college...

oh, just forget about it.

Weapons of maaaas destruction! Yeehaww! Maaaaas

destruction! Yeehaww! Weapons of maaaas destruction!

Yeehaww! Maaaaaaaaaasss...

(gallops off stage)

JCT

Moloch, who entered my soul early
Moloch in whom I am consciousness
without a body.

Moloch in whom I sit lonely

Moloch in whom I dream angels

Moloch who murders the world

Crazy in Moloch

Cocksucker in Moloch

Lacklove and manless in Moloch

Wake up in Moloch

music ends

JCT

Light streaming out of the sky

ACT 1
Scene 4

Try not to Get Worried

Guitar

Bass

Drum

keyboard

Whores Singing

Try not to get worried,
Try not to turn on to
problems that upset you.....ahhh...
Don't you know
Everything's all right, yes, everything's fine
And we want you to sleep well tonight..
Let the world turn without you tonight..
If we try
we'll get high
so forget all about us tonight

Band singing

Everything's all right, yes, Everything's all right, yes

Whores Singing

Come and I shall soothe you
Comfort and anoint you
Mhyrr for your hot forehead....ahhh...
Don't you know
Everything's all right, yes, everything's fine
and it's cool and the ointments sweet
for the fire in your head and feet
Close your eyes, close your eyes, and relax
think of nothing tonight

**enter whores
with ganga
and oils:**

JCT

Fuck all these fine ointments
 Brand new and expensive
 Should be used to protest the war
 Why has it been wasted?
 We could have reached maybe
 Three hundred people or more
 People who are struggling
 People who are resisting
 Matter more than your feast and fame

Whores again

Try not to get worried,
 Try not to turn on to
 problems that upset you.....ahhh...
 Don't you know
 Everything's all right, yes, everything's fine
 And we want you to sleep well tonight..
 Let the world turn without you tonight..
 If we try ...we'll get high..
 so forget all about us tonight

Music Stops**One Remaining Whore**

If we try ...we'll get high..
 so forget all about us tonight

ACT 1 King Bleeds Oil**Scene 5**

Drums
Guitar
Bass

Randy

Follow your Leaders to War and then back
Just give us what we want and we won't attack.
Don't ask questions, but believe it no doubt
We'll kill the ones we can and we'll buy the
rest out!

**Cast as robots passing consu
props thru assembly line**

CAST

Doo da Doo...Doo da Doo...Doo Da Do.

Randy

The King's got you sold that God wants war
He's backed up by the TV anchor media whore
You've got to go along, you've got to be loyal
But when you cut him open the King bleeds oil

**Pass Geroge
thru line then
rest of cast**

CAST

Doo da Doo...Doo da Doo...Doo Da Do.

Randy

Hey kid, don't believe in the lies
Moloch the great has got you hypnotized
Asylums, Courtrooms a shot to your Vein
They're the one's that are insane (8 Xs)

**ORGY
CLIMAX
COLLAPSE**

music intensifies

Audience Cast goes crazy

KING GEORGE (SOUNDING WAY HUNG-OVER)

Oh, my head! Hey, what happened?
Where's all my money? My billions in surplus?
Trillion dollar what? But, how'm I 'sposed ta beat
the bad guys...What's that?
Hey guys, I just got a great idea!
Let's blame it on Jesus!

**Fingering
Earpiece
Smiling Wide**

CAST

Yeah, awesome! Let's get 'em! Yeah, Nuke 'em!

**rising up from
floor, breath heavily**

ACT 1
Scene 6

Street sounds
like cars,
trains, horns,
shuffling....

Bag Lady w/Shopping Cart



I can't watch my television with
threats of terrorism and Iraq
I see a man with a hand in his back as
he yaks Cuz ventriloquism is a popular act
Distributing crap as if it's crack
And those who can't afford on their
own accord are picking up the slack
For a war without facts
While the elite is kicking up stacks of
Benjamins in the resonance of war machine's
engines Fueled by a vengeance,
Killing without sentence, unwilling of repentence
My father the reverand, a veteran whose
Pensions are lessened from Vietnam's
unmentioned dimensions in a young man's
brain His repressions of fire and pain
Leave him praying for rain
But depression's blaze still burns the same
As he is daily reminded by TV
Like a movie rewinded to its most
graphic scene Play it back with the crap
for all of the phenes
My father finds it again haunting his dreams
Bidding farewell to soldiers no older than teens
Who don't know what it means
To purge art from the heart, expose light from the dark,
To sift through perception until they
find a spark And feed to the fire
Ambition and desire to become what they aspire
Who's gonna save them
When the government mentally bathes
them and enslaves them in their schemes? Pushed off stage
We're creating a hellish environment in earth, man, and dreams

**cast walks
around like
in a hurry,
brushing by
her, like she's
nuts, tossing
pennies at
her**

**Money Don't
Matter**

Guitar

Bass

Drums

JCT



Oh, Father. Help me. I'm so weak.

My patience is waning. I wanted to slap the ignorant dickhead.... abusing my name, lying to children! But that's just my ego now, isn't it?

I know there's good in him somewhere, Father.

But I'll be damned for all time if I can find it. Man,

I need to chill out... I'm freaking here. Remember

breathe, breathe... deep breaths. Shit, I need to get

away... somewhere, anywhere. Ah, the temple.

That's it... the perfect place to relax and reflect. **exit**

King George



Beware of the leader who bangs the drums of war in order to whip the citizenry into a patriotic fervour, because patriotism is indeed a double edged sword, it emboldens the blood, just as it narrows the mind.

And when the drums of war have reached their fever pitch and the blood boils with hatred and the mind has closed, the leader will have no need to seize the rights of the citizenry for confused with fear and blinded by patriotism, they shall offer them freely unto him. How do I know this? For this is what I have done...and I am King George the Second.

ACT 1

Scene 7**Absolution***Guitar**Bass**Drums**Keyboards***Audience Cast as Barkers**

Get your "Jesus died on the cross for my sins"

T-shirts right here

Left over Reagan baby CD's cheap

3 balls for a buck, one in to win, you gotta

get it up to get it in!

You can't win if you don't play!

C'mon in..the price is right

Who wants to be a millionaire?

RANDY (Like Elvis in front of stage)

I was thinking the other day,

bout being an American

How stopping in at the Dunkin Donuts

is just like scoring heroin

How they built malls, golf courses,

and cemeteries all over this beautiful land

Somehow I just don't believe that this

was all in the plan...

**JC enters
builds disgust
at the scene****D minor****JCT (screaming)**

My temple should be a house of prayer

But you have made it a den of thieves. Get out!

American**Mess***Guitar**Drums**Bass**Keyboards***JC and cast and band**

These are the confessions of an American Mess

Send my list of questions out to the candidates address

Like whose on first and whose on lockdown

Whose for real and whose a fake clown

Who'll rewrite the constitution

To legalize summery execution

The innocent attest, it's an american mess

These are the confessions of an American mess

Mail my list of grievances to the president's address

Like you're a liar and you're a war criminal

You're a drunk and you can't say subliminal

You're the big con, whoring for Enron

You've been dropping bombs for Raytheon

All of which attests, to this american mess, mess

all an American mess, an american mess, mess,

all an American mess..mama mama mama mama

it ain't me..mama this my corporation tis of thee

Mama I'm living in a fake-ass democracy

hey,hey,hey,hey,hey,hey hey,hey

hey,hey,hey,hey,hey,hey hey,hey

all cast members on stage**Intermission****15 minutes**

Act II
Scene 1

Missionary
Eyes
Guitar
Bass

music ends

pep rally theme 4x

I Don't Know How to Love Him
guitar

 **Stage Cast (Leaving Stage)** **Da Vinci Pose (Front and Center)**

Jonathan (Leaving Stage)

With a sawed off shotgun and clarity to see
Like every good Christian man he's just trying to protect me
With sins of omission not his only crime
He's just daddy's little red-necked boy trying to
make it here in the big time
With his missionary eyes and his missionary zeal
The only thing that's sacred is the light that he could steal
With his missionary guns and certainty of god
Salvation ain't something you earn, these days
it's just something that's bought
Some folks are born peasants and some folks
are born kings
Some people just wander the earth never
knowing whose pulling the strings
If somebody asks me just where I stand
Just stay away from anyone born with a
silver spoon in their hand
And their missionary eyes and their missionary zeal
The only thing that's sacred is the light that he could steal
With their missionary guns and the certainty of god
Salvation ain't something you earn, these day's
it's just something that's bought

FBI

get out! Get outta here...move it, now!!!

moans and groans from under blanket

Fagdellan (revealing her/himself)

I don't know how to love him
What to do, how to move him

king george
in audience

cast sing
back up part

Groping begins

Jesus and Mary Fag exit
Hide under table

FBI barges
in...all exit

JC and Fag exposed on stage
as table moved away

fondeling

I've been changed, yes really changed
 In these past few days
 When I've seen myself
 I seem like someone else
 I don't know how to take this
 I don't see why he moves me
 He's a man, he's just a man
 And I've had so many Men before
 In very many ways
 He's just one more
 Should I bring him down
 Should I scream and shout
 Should I speak of love
 Let my feelings out?
 I never thought I'd come to this
 What's it all about?
 Don't you think it's rather funny
 I should be in this position?
 I'm the one who's always been
 So calm so cool, no lover's fool
 Running every show
 He scares me so
 I want him so. I love him so.

sleeping JC

**getting very
sexually
arousing**

**Enter FBI to beat Mary Fag
and arrest JCT**

Doctor Cheney

Holy Jesus, Mary and ...Fagdellan?

FAG (TERRIFIED)

No, please. Don't hurt me, please. Not again.

FBI

Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Terrorist, but we've got
someone we want you to meet!

And when he's done with you I'm going to be very, very wet

**lifting JC
at the chin**

DOCTOR CHENEY

Oh wait! First let me check his hair for Lice!! !
 Get a camera. Film it! Ohh this will be hot!
 Film me checking his hair! Yeah... film it Baby

Camera Guy

Yeah... that's it. Check him like that! Ok. Let me
 see your face! That's it! Yeah... that's real nice, now show me
 that cute face! This is gonna be great!
 Now we can show everyone that you're nothing but our
 sad little slave!

FBI

Ok, ok... That's enough. Take him to Pontious Ashcroft!

CAST (SEVERAL TIMES) (Heavenly Choir)

Hosana, Heysana, Sana, Sana Ho
 Sana Hey, Sana Ho Sana
 Hey JCT, JCT Won't you die for me
 Sana Hey, Sana Ho, Terrorist.

HOOD JCT - Put on Box

ACT 2
Scene 2

Pontious
Song
Guitar
Keys
bass
drums

PONTIOUS ASHCROFT

Who. Is, this broken man, cluttering up my office?
 Who, is this unfortunate?

leaning over desk at office

(Audience Cast)

Someone Jesus Christ Terrorist!

PONTIOUS ASHCROFT

Ohh so this is the terrorist?
 I am really not impressed
 You look small. Not a threat at all.
 We've all heard that you are pissed
 But are you really a Terrorist?

ACT 2
Scene 3

Herod Song
keys

JCT

That's what you say

PONTIOUS ASHCROFT

What, do, you mean by that?

That is not an answer.

Your deep in trouble friend

Someone Jesus Christ Terrorist.

How can someone in your state.

Be so cool about his fate?

An amazing thing....This Terrorist King.

But since you come from overseas

Then you need not come to me your Powell's Race

Your Powell's Case!

Take him to Powell!

(Heavenly Choir)

Hosanna Heysana, Sana, Sana Ho

Sana Hey Sana Ho San

Hey JCT, JCT Won't you please tell me

You had everything where is it now?



Herod Powell

Jesus, I am overjoyed to meet you face to face

You've been getting quite a name

All around the place

Resisting CAFTA

Fighting with your words

Now your are a terrorist

At least that's what I've heard

So, you are the Christ, Jesus Christ Terrorist

Prove to me that you're hard-line

Change my water into wine

FBI

HOOD JC

march thru

crowd again

Dancers in

Background

tharah,

robin,

barbara

slide whistles

That's all you need do
 And I'll know it's all true
 C'mon, you liberal!
 Jesus you just won't believe the hit You've made 'round here.
 You are all we talk about, the wonder of The year.
 Oh, what a pity, if it's all a lie
 Still, I'm sure that you could rock the senate if you try
 So, you are the Christ, Jesus Christ Terrorist
 Prove to me that reggae rules
 Scank across my swimming pool
 Jah, do that for me, than I'll let you go Free
 C'mon, you liberal
 I only ask things I'd ask any terrorist
 What is it, that you did
 To get on Ashcroft's list?
 I am waiting, yes I'm a captive fan
 I'm dying to be shown that you have got Yourself a plan
 So if you are the Christ, Jesus Christ Terrorist
 Feed my household with this bread
 Fuckin' do it, or your dead!
 Or has something gone wrong
 Why do you take so long?
 You fucking liberal!
 Hey, ain't ya scared of me Christ?
 Mr. Dangerous Christ
 You're a joke you ain't so bad
 Man, we've all been had
 Take him away, he's got nothing to say
 Get out you bleeding heart!
 Get out you liberal!
 Get out you anarchist!
 Get out you terrorist!
 Get out of my life!

**FBI cuff
 JC and take
 him away**

**ACT 2
 Scene 4**



Pontious Song

bass
drums
keys

PONTIOUS ASHCROFT

And so the terrorist is once again my guest.
 And why is this? Was Powell unimpressed?

**cast disperse
 into crowd**

King George

Return to Homeland, to sentence terrorists!
 We need more laws to put a man to death.
 We need him crucified; it's all you have to do
 I need him crucified; it's all you have to do

PONTIOUS ASHCROFT

Talk to me JCT. You have been brought here
 Manacled, Beaten, by your own people
 Do you have the first idea why you deserve this?
 Listen Mr. Terrorist. Where is your Kingdom?
 Look at me. Do I scare you?

JCT

I have got no Kingdom in this world I'm
 Through, through, through

King George

Talk to me Jesus Christ

JCT

There may be a kingdom for me somewhere
 If I only knew, knew, knew

PONTIOUS ASHCROFT

But you're a Terrorist!

JCT

It's you that say I am
 I look for truth
 And find that I get damned

PONTIOUS ASHCROFT

But what is truth? Is truth-unchanging law? We all have truths
Are mine the same as yours?

CAST

Crucify him!, Crucify Him!

**enter and
circle behind
King George
evil smile**

PONTIOUS ASHCROFT

Whadya Mean?
You'd crucify your King?

CAST

We have no King but George Bush!

PONTIOUS ASHCROFT

He's done no wrong..no, not the slightest thing.

CAST

We have no King but George Bush.
Crucify Him
Crucify Him


Pontious Ashcroft

I see no reason
I see no evil
This man is harmless, so why does he upset you?
He's just misguided
Think's he's important
But to keep you vulture's happy
I will Flog Him!

CAST

Crucify! (pause)
Crucify! (pause)

**whisper 1st
louder 2nd**

		Crucify! Crucify! Crucify! Crucify! (repeat 3x)	shout 3rd
JCT riff full band		JC moaning	Political Prisoner Montage
		PONTIOUS ASHCROFT 1..2..3..4..5..6..7..8..9..10..11..12..13..14..15..16 17..18..19..20..21..22..23..24..25..26..27..28..29 ..30..31..32..33..34..35..36..37..38..39.....	FBI whips him erotically while cast hovers like vultures
	with pontious	Where are you from Jesus? What do you want Jesus Tell me You better be careful You could be dead soon, could well be Why do you not speak when I hold your life in my hands? How can you stay quiet? I don't believe you understand	
Beginning of the End	Soul is in the Shoe full band muted	JCT (MONOLOGUE)  You're the one who doesn't understand... Any power you have will slip like grains of sand between your fingers. Empires rise and fall, but the mountains and rivers remain, And my spirit is older than the mountains it flows in every river, The only power you have is death, But why should I fear death? Cut down my body and my spirit will be reborn again in all who resist, My words will come again from their mouths. Cut out their tongues and slit their throats And the very rocks and stones will sing out the truth. You can kill but you cannot destroy.	

Nail me to your cross if you want to,

PONTIOUS ASHCROFT

Crucify him!

Cast

Crucify Him!!

D into The End

guitar

bass

keys

JCT

This is the end, my only friend, the end

This is the end, my only friend, the end

Oh, Father, who art in heaven

Hallowed by thy name

Father, please help King George get his Head out of his ass.

Help him to respect Your myriad forms.

Show him the Light of Your compassion

And The strength and unity in diversity.

Thy kingdom come, Thy Will be done

On earth as it is in heaven

Abandon us not to these war-mongering,

religious fanatical maniacs

Help them understand that Yeehaw!

Is NOT a acceptable foreign policy

Father, lead us not into temptation

Of Holier-than-thou attitudes

From the temptations of power and glory,

the temptation to pursue this insane

Quest for global domination,

But deliver us from evil father

The evil of unchecked global capitalism

The evil of free-trade, pre-emptive wars

Bigotry, racism, sexism, ageism, homophobia,

conformity, hypocrisy, privilege, the elite...

All of which are American dreams!

JC gets

screwed to

cross by FBI

pontious and cheney wrap

JCT into corporate flag and

drag him away to back of

stage

ACT 2
Scene 5

music ends

Amen
Guitar
Bass

All of which are American dreams!
All of which... are American dreams

Father... into your hands
I commend my Spirit

Heavenly Choir

Saint Cincinnati
Called a meeting in the rain
As he fell down to his knees and told his story
all were temporarily entertained
He said, been down here so long, it ain't funny
And I just can't pretend,
'Cuz when the guard dogs shoot you down in dark alleys
What's there left to defend?
Can I get an Amen?
Can I get an Amen?
Sometimes I just wanna cry
Can I get an Amen?
Can I get an Amen?
Sometimes I just wanna cry
Sometimes I just wanna
Flood the gates of heaven
And liberate all my friends
Sometimes I just wanna
Call you up late at night
Just to hear you again...
Can I get an Amen
Can I get an Amen
Sometimes I just wanna cry
Can I get an Amen
Please, Can I get an Amen
Sometimes I just wanna cry
Can I get an Amen

heard from
afar

Sister of Mercy
Hope: dance
amanda

crying Marys
DA,catriona

dancer
runs to JC
and releases
him from
cross
pulling him
back to life

D

JC theme (Gospel Style)

guitar

bass

keys

END

Heavenly Choir

Jesus Christ, Terrorist, Do you think your names on Ashcroft's List

ass
s

mer

5