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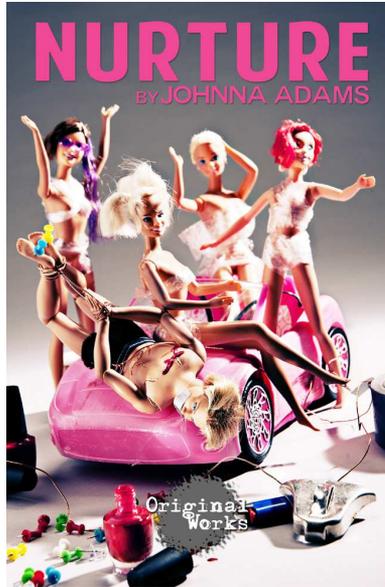
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Johnna Adams' The Angel Eaters Trilogy, Part Three
8 Little Antichrists
Trade Edition, 2014
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*Also Available By
Johnna Adams*



NURTURE

Synopsis: Doug and Cheryl are horrible single parents drawn together by their equally horrible daughters. The star-crossed parental units journey from first meeting to first date, to first time, to first joint parent-teacher meeting, to proposal and more. They attempt to form a modern nuclear family while living in perpetual fear of the fruit of their loins and someone abducting young girls in their town.

Cast Size: 1 Male, 1 Female



8 LITTLE ANTICHRISTS
BY JOHNNA ADAMS

Characters

MELANIE, 20s

JEREMY, 30s, MELANIE's brother

CLAUDIA, 30s, private eye (also plays MARJORIE, SARA JANE and DONOR CLONE)

MAMA, 50s, CLAUDIA's mother, a breeder

AZAZYEL, ageless, an immortal

SEMJAZA, ageless, an immortal

EZEKIEL, 30s a crypto-eschatologist

FIBBER, 20s, a prisoner

THUMP, 20s, a prisoner

Setting and Time

Various locations, Orange County and Los Angeles, CA.
2039.

The world premiere of 8 LITTLE ANTICHRISTS was produced in repertory with the other two plays in the trilogy (ANGEL EATERS and RATTLERS) by Flux Theatre Ensemble, New York, New York, November 3-22, 2008. The world premiere production was directed by Kelly O'Donnell.

The cast was as follows:

MELANIE - Rebecca McHugh

JEREMY - Zach Robidas

MAMA - Nora Hummel*

CLAUDIA - Candice Holdorf*

ZAZ - Elise Link

SEMJAZA - Felicia Hudson*

EZEKIEL - August Schulenburg

FIBBER - Joe Mathers

THUMP - Jake Alexander

*These actors appeared courtesy of Actors' Equity Association.

The production team for the world premiere of all three plays in the ANGEL EATERS TRILOGY was as follows:

Dramaturg - Kay Mitchell

Set Design - Caleb Levensgood

Lighting Design - Jennifer Rathbone

Costume Design - Emily DeAngelis

Sound Design - Asa Wember

Composer - Gerard Keenan

Props Coordinator - Angela Astle

Fight Directors - Autumn Horne and Shannon Michael Wamser

Assistant Costume Designer - Becky Kelly

Costume Assistant - Whitney Adams

Electrician - Edward Hammer

Postcard Design - Isaiah Tannenbaum

Managing Director - Heather Cohn

1. They talk about inheritance

(The parking lot of Del Taco in Yorba Linda, CA. JEREMY sits on the curb with a taco and soft drink. MELANIE paces around him. A large trash can sits near them.)

MELANIE: It's called the Sony Worker Retrieval Project, and it's happening in Japan.

JEREMY: Uh huh.

MELANIE: And they have warehouses here, too. If they have a really super productive worker at Sony they make this person give blood in a company-wide blood drive, held in the parking lot of the Sony complex.

JEREMY: Right.

MELANIE: And then they isolate DNA from these super-productive workers. And they take their DNA and replicate it onto stripped human embryos. A process known as-

JEREMY: Cloning.

MELANIE: Cloning. They clone them. And they make hundreds of copies of the clones. It's just another factory assembly line to the people at Sony. A clone factory. Some of their high-level executives look at it as a big reward for good service. But most of the workers have no idea it's happening.

JEREMY: Okay.

MELANIE: But they call it the Sony Worker Retrieval Project and you'll be hearing about it on the news. Soon.

JEREMY: Do you want to go inside and talk?

MELANIE: No. Why?

JEREMY: So we aren't sitting on the curb talking.

MELANIE: No. It isn't safe.

JEREMY: Okay. Can I get you something to eat?

MELANIE: And the really sick part about the Sony Worker Retrieval Project is that it's been going on for at least a decade. Sony has these warehouses in the suburbs of Tokyo and near Kyoto and here in Orange County. In these warehouses they have hundreds, probably thousands, of women. And these women float in these large tanks full of thick, gelatinous amniotic fluids and they're trapped there. They call the women the breeders. After they've been in the tank a few years, the women all swell up to the size of young whales. Like female sumo wrestlers with these huge distended pregnant stomachs and garbage bag-sized breasts. They've been pumped full of these fertility drugs like Pergonal, Repronex, Fertinex, and Follistim. And each woman is pregnant with no less than eight fetuses at a time, all the time. Until their bodies are used up and discarded. Sony has copyrighted the cloned workers' DNA and the process for sustaining their secret breeding program. It's all buried in the fine print on the Sony Playstation patent papers. I don't want to put you in danger by telling you the warehouses exist, but you need to know what is going on.

JEREMY: Can I buy you a taco? Just so you eat something?

MELANIE: Yeah, sure.

JEREMY: Really? You want me to get you one? You'll eat it?

MELANIE: Yeah. If I want to die from cancer from the growth hormones like melengestrol that are injected into US cattle. Or develop hermaphroditic features from the fluorocarbons in the cow's tissues. Jesus, Jer! Why would I eat a flipping taco knowing what I know?

JEREMY: Can I buy you some groceries?

MELANIE: I can buy my own groceries. Thank you very much.

JEREMY: With what? Do you have any money?

MELANIE: If I have money, and how I get it, are not things I can talk about.

JEREMY: I just want to make sure you're okay. You have a place to stay, right?

MELANIE: I move around a lot. That's necessary.

JEREMY: I need a way to contact you if something happens.

MELANIE: You did contact me. You sent an email.

JEREMY: It took you three weeks to get that email. You missed their funerals!

MELANIE:

JEREMY: You haven't even asked me about them. You won't go inside the Del Taco with me. You frisked me

for weapons and wires. You told me a bunch of crap about-

MELANIE: It's not crap--

JEREMY: Crap about cloning programs in Japan and stuff I don't care about-

MELANIE: These are important things. I only tell you important things. Things that matter. Inhumane things that people do to people. Things you would want to know about if you had a heart!

JEREMY:

MELANIE:

JEREMY: If I had a heart? You haven't even asked me how they died.

MELANIE: You said. In the email. A car crash.

JEREMY: That's all you need to know? Not where, when, who died first, how long it took, did they suffer, why did it happen?

MELANIE: I know why it happened.

JEREMY: If you say another word about--

MELANIE: Horns! Her horns.

JEREMY: God, Mel.

MELANIE: People who grow horns out of their foreheads, like mom did, bring unwanted attention on themselves.

JEREMY: Mom did not have--/ . . . Oh, shit.

MELANIE: She did! She did, Jeremy! She had them surgically removed. I have a receipt. From when I stole money from the safe in the bedroom. There was a receipt from the insurance company.

JEREMY: Okay.

MELANIE: You're the crazy one, because you can't see it. Not me.

JEREMY: Okay. . . . Look, I thought I could drive you out to the cemetery.

MELANIE: I just agreed to lunch. Not a field trip. Besides, you said we were meeting to talk about that other thing. You know.

JEREMY: The will.

MELANIE: Yeah.

JEREMY: I thought maybe we could talk for a minute about Mom and Dad before we talked about the will.

MELANIE: I can't stay long. People may be watching this place.

JEREMY: You know that they loved you, right?

MELANIE: I knew what was really up with Dad. He was secretly a Mason, very high-ranking and involved with international cabals within the Masonic order. That's why he married our mother. Because she bore the horns and carried the blood to bring the eight anti-christs.

JEREMY: Oh, come on. Christ.

MELANIE: I worry about you, you know? You really believe that where you live is the real world, don't you?

JEREMY: Let's just get this over with. So Mom and Dad left a will.

MELANIE: Can I get my half in cash do you think? Could I get it today?

JEREMY: Mel.

MELANIE: I need mine in cash. If you could just give me my half in cash today, that would be good. Or, tomorrow is good. How much did I get?

JEREMY: Melanie They didn't leave you anything.

MELANIE:

JEREMY:

MELANIE: What?

JEREMY: They didn't leave you anything.

MELANIE:

JEREMY:

MELANIE: No. No they wouldn't have done that. Dad didn't do that.

JEREMY: But I can give some to you. When I get it. It will take a while for--

MELANIE: Half? In cash? Unmarked bills?

JEREMY: No. I can't do that. I can give you some of it once a month. Enough to pay whatever bills you have. Enough for rent somewhere and a phone where I can reach you. Maybe, enough for someone to check up on you from time to time. Enough to get you some . . . help.

MELANIE: I need you to give me a million dollars. Now.

JEREMY: No, I can't. It's in the terms of the will. I can't give you any large lump sums of money.

MELANIE: Dad left me nothing? He wouldn't. Dad loved me.

JEREMY: They both loved you. It's just that they felt like they lost you a long time ago. We all felt that way.

(MELANIE starts to cry. JEREMY grabs her and holds her. She angrily shoves him away.)

JEREMY (CONT'D): Don't. Don't. Hush, Mel. I'm sorry. I'm sorry about when we were little. I'd tell you ghost stories, remember? The woman with the cursed golden ring. The man who killed lovers in the carnival fun-house. So many stories. You were so scared. You'd start to cry. I'm sorry. You got trapped in those stories somehow and I wish I could get you out.

MELANIE: Those weren't stories. Those things happened. I could see her horns, Jer. Even though they were gone by the time we were born. Didn't you ever see them? Golden in the moonlight on mom's forehead when she bent down to tuck us into bed?

JEREMY: Let me get you some help.

(MELANIE kisses him on the forehead. She exits.)

ZAZ and SEM enter the parking lot from the Del Taco. They wear dark suits and sunglasses. They have angel wings grafted to their backs and are sipping Del Taco soft drinks. JEREMY doesn't see them, he is watching his sister leave. ZAZ and SEM move to stand to either side of him.)

ZAZ: Hey, there, sport. How's it going?

(JEREMY jumps.)

JEREMY: Oh, God.

ZAZ: What's up?

JEREMY: You-- I'm sorry you--

SEM: Scared you?

ZAZ: You aren't afraid of guardian angels are you?

JEREMY: Oh. No. Who are you---?

SEM: Del Taco security.

ZAZ: How was that taco?

JEREMY: Fine. Thanks.

SEM: Why did you decide to eat it in the parking lot and not our fine dining facility, sir?

JEREMY: Oh, uh. My sister thinks-- . . . well, it's complicated.

ZAZ: Oh, I see. It's complicated.

SEM: Uh huh. This little picnic of yours, sir, it wouldn't have something to do with the dead body in the trash can behind you, would it?

(ZAZ and SEM tip over the trash can. A woman's dead body spills out. JEREMY jumps up, dropping his taco.)

JEREMY: Oh my god! Jesus! Oh my god!

Interlude: In a lonely street

(CLAUDIA, a private eye in her 30s, stands beside the crumpled body in the Del Taco trash can. It is late night. She lights a cigarette. The body looks just like CLAUDIA.)

CLAUDIA: 2028. October in the city of fires. Once upon a time, back before they roasted marshmallows on the ruins of the Hollywood sign, when beef was cheaper than clone meat, they called this the city of angels. Now October looks like Armageddon in Los Angeles. The sky is always orange, and you breathe ashes. I've had a long time to look back. To think about where things all went wrong. For my part, the gates of hell opened up in a Del Taco parking lot. That's where I picked up the trail of the murderer who walked quietly away into a smoky sunset after killing me.

2. Mamarama

(Breeder's warehouse. Anaheim, CA. CLAUDIA sits in a shabby plastic chair beside her mother's vat. MAMA is a huge breeder in her 50s. MAMA is played by a large, life-size puppet. MAMA floats, or is suspended, in a bathtub sized vat of quick gel or yielding foam. Her body is immobilized by the thick gel or foam, except for her head, shoulders, arms, and massive stretched garbage bag-sized breasts. MAMA is huge, with several chins and thick, varicose-veined limbs. Her hair is gray and in curlers. She wears earrings and makeup and has long, painted nails. Her stomach is enormous and turgid with pregnancy. The skin over MAMA's womb has been replaced with a clear, Plexiglas dome, her Uterine Simulant Implant. This is an incubator for her unborn children grafted into her pelvic cavity. Through the Plexiglas dome, we see her intestines, the inside of her stomach, and the inside of her womb which holds eight, small, curled up fetuses.)

MAMA: You lying, piece of shit, trip!

CLAUDIA: Ma, everyone will hear you.

MAMA: Fuck if they do! Spreading filthy lies like that!
Lying bitch!

CLAUDIA: You want all the other breeders to hear you?
Pipe down.

MAMA: I don't care who hears me calling you a liar!

CLAUDIA: I know you're upset, Ma. I respect that.

MAMA: Your sister ain't dead! You hear me? She ain't!

CLAUDIA: How would you know? You ain't been outside this room in years.

MAMA: I know that. I know exactly when they moved me up to this room. It was my reward. After my second set of quints.

CLAUDIA: It was after your third set of quads.

MAMA: It was quads?

CLAUDIA: Yeah, Ma. Four girls. You sold them for donor clones, remember? Your first big sell?

MAMA: And they moved me up here as a reward! A private room. Better than downstairs, where they got all the breeders' vats practically piled on top of one another, ain't it?

CLAUDIA: I guess so.

MAMA: But just 'cause I stay in this room, don't mean I don't know things.

CLAUDIA: What do you know, Ma?

MAMA: Your sister ain't dead. A mother would sense it. A mother would know.

CLAUDIA: A mother might. A breeder ain't no mother, though.

MAMA: Watch your nasty mouth, you worthless little trip!

CLAUDIA: Sara Jane's dead, Ma. They found her body in a trash can outside a Del Taco in Yorba Linda.

MAMA: Bullshit!

CLAUDIA: Ma, why would I come in here and lie to you?

MAMA: What's she doing at Del Taco in Yorba Linda? She lives in the valley. And she's on a diet! You girls and your obsession with your figures.

CLAUDIA: I don't know what she was doing there.

MAMA: You don't know shit. And you're a liar.

CLAUDIA: I'm going to find out who killed her.

MAMA: Oh, shit! If she's dead, then I only got 64 living kids. And I am 6 kids short of getting into a Supernova 5000 premium vat. Those vats are the size of king-sized beds. They got hydraulic comfort suspension systems and temperature controlled amniotic sustaining foam. And they put them in a room with a window and a wall-sized vid unit. And now I am 6 kids short! This morning I was only 5 kids short.

CLAUDIA: I know, Ma.

MAMA: You know how tough it is bringing six kids to term at my age?

CLAUDIA: Yeah. I know, Ma.

MAMA: Why is this happening to me?

CLAUDIA: I think Sara Jane got mixed up in something, Ma.

MAMA: You lousy, shit trips! What a fucking waste of a fertile period! You know how embarrassed I am to have birthed you three wasted eggs?

CLAUDIA: Yeah, you've told me, Ma.

MAMA: I could of at least had a respectable set of quads. Is quints too much to ask for? What I wouldn't have given for a fat set of octs! I had octs once you know.

CLAUDIA: I know, Ma. Five girls and three boys. Ten years younger than me. You sold them for organ donors.

MAMA: No shame in that. It's a decent living. Bought my Uterine Simulant Implant with that money, didn't I? This thing upped my live birth average by 1.2 kids in the first five years!

CLAUDIA: Just as advertised.

MAMA: --Just as advertised--Okay, smartass! Why is trips always such smartasses? Huh? Must be an inferiority complex.

CLAUDIA: Did Sara Jane ever talk to you about who she hung out with?

MAMA: Are you kidding? She didn't talk to me about any of that. Ingrate. I didn't see her in the last five years. You're all a disappointment. I've got what, 43 girls that are still living?

CLAUDIA: Counting the ones sold for donor clones that are in freeze pens?

MAMA: No, jackass. Not them. Counting the ones that walk around.

CLAUDIA: 42 with Sara Jane dead.

MAMA: Oh, right. Shit! And all of you girls is fertile, ain't you? But ain't a one of you followed me into the vats! You know how bad that makes me feel?

CLAUDIA: So help me, I am walking right out of here if you start talking like that.

MAMA: When are you getting a vat?

CLAUDIA: Ma, you heard me.

MAMA: You selfish little bitch. If we was both working on my prorating and adding to my live birth count, we could get me an extra-wide, deluxe Supernova 6000 vat. You still got some fertile years in you. But you're too damned selfish.

CLAUDIA: I'm not going to be a breeder. Not ever. Get it through your thick skull.

MAMA: There is no finer feeling in the world than when they lay eight beautiful little babies in your arms for the first time. And they all turn their little faces up to you. Like you was the sun and they was little sunflowers.

CLAUDIA: Not even the feeling you get when you sell them off for donor clones?

MAMA: A girl's got to eat, don't she? Look at these little beauties I got in the popper now. Ain't they sweet?

CLAUDIA: What kind of life are the poor little slugs going to have when they crawl outta' there?

MAMA: Well, I'll make you a deal, little trip.

CLAUDIA: My name's Claudia, Ma.

MAMA: Well, you're mommy's little trip and always will be, so stuff it, trip. I'll make you a nice deal.

CLAUDIA: No deals, Ma.

MAMA: You spend just five years in a vat. Over in a heartbeat. Sign all your products over to me, to help dear Mama out on her prorating so she can have her deluxe vat for her twilight years. And you know that I'll do?

CLAUDIA: Eat your own young and learn to swing a hula hoop?

MAMA: No, smartass! I will not sell any more of the products I make.

CLAUDIA: You mean them? The sunflowers, there?

MAMA: These octs here and all the rest of your-what do you call the little products? Your brothers and sisters. I ain't got that many more fertile years left. I'll only be doing this, what-ten more years? But technology is improving all the time. I'm sure to get at least quints a year. What's that add up to?

CLAUDIA: Fifty kids.

MAMA: Right. Fifty little products. You could save them all. No more donor clones.

CLAUDIA: And I just gotta' do five years?

MAMA: Over in the blink of an eye! And you get to save all your little brothers and sisters. What do you say?

CLAUDIA: If I do this thing, how are we going to live? Don't they charge you rent on these vats? Don't they charge you for food and birthing fees?

MAMA: Money won't be a problem.

CLAUDIA: How come? If you aren't selling your products anymore, where will you get it?

MAMA: We'll just sell all of your products. That will keep us afloat. We got a deal?

CLAUDIA:

MAMA: Well?

CLAUDIA: No dice, Ma.

MAMA: You stupid, ungrateful, bitch, trip!

CLAUDIA: You're wrong, Ma.

MAMA: About what?

CLAUDIA: Sara Jane's dead, ain't she? I'm a stupid, ungrateful, bitch, TWIN!

(MAMA shakes and squeals with anger.)

3. Taco torment

(Back at the Del Taco parking lot, continuous from scene one. Sirens sound and flashing lights go off in the Del Taco. ZAZ and SEM throw down their soft drink cups, pull out revolvers and aim them at JEREMY. JEREMY puts his hands on his head and falls to his knees.)

SEM: Freeze! Nose to the ground! Do it!

ZAZ: Freeze! Drop! Now!

(JEREMY prostrates himself obediently. SEM quickly frisks him.)

JEREMY: Please! I was just getting a taco with my sister!

ZAZ: Where's she at then?

SEM: You have the rights outlined in the Miranda Act. Section four point three two of the civil code assumes that you have heard the Miranda Act in its entirety in a one hour crime drama on prime time television. Is this true?

JEREMY: What?

SEM: Yes or no. Are you familiar with the Miranda Act as related to criminals in old TV shows?

JEREMY: Yeah, I guess.

SEM: Suspect admits familiarity with the Miranda Act via popular television. We are skipping the Miranda and moving into step two of the arrest workflow.

(SEM snaps JEREMY's picture with a pen camera. She presses a button on the pen camera and a copy JEREMY's mugshot appears on a wall of the Del Taco.)

JEREMY: What?

ZAZ: Yeah, they do that now. All the billboards within a ten mile radius. In case you take off running. Makes it easier to re-apprehend.

SEM: Image processed. AFIS search input.

JEREMY: Am I being arrested or something?

SEM: No. You're being booked.

ZAZ: I need your fingerprints.

(ZAZ rolls JEREMY's fingerprints on an input screen imbedded in her sleeve.)

COMPUTER VOICE: Image match. The suspect matches an outstanding artist rendering for the Newport Rapist.

SEM: Acknowledged. Annotate file, please.

JEREMY: The what??? What?

ZAZ: That explains the corpse, then.

JEREMY: No, I had nothing to do with that! You got the wrong guy!

SEM: Our Motorola facial match software is 99.9 percent accurate. If you have a complaint, please file a Request for Consideration of Bug Tracking Audit form in triplicate with-

JEREMY: No, that's okay. But, there's been some mistake.

SEM: Suspect acknowledges that he is the Newport Rapist.

JEREMY: What? No!

SEM: Confirmed. Suspect booked and convicted of being the Newport Rapist. AFIS search commencing.

ZAZ: Would you like to go to a public jail or a private jail?

JEREMY: What?

ZAZ: You can choose. The best private jail is the Disneyland Resort Jail.

SEM: That's a great jail. They give park passes. And trustees can work in the park as maintenance and food service personnel. Four thousand dollars a day.

JEREMY: What are you talking about? No!

ZAZ: Okay. Let's just drop him off over at the McDonald's jail.

JEREMY: For how long?

SEM: Ten to twenty. Depending on the sentence handed down by the drive through menu.

ZAZ: We'll check for an empty Hamburglar cell.

COMPUTER VOICE FROM DEL TACO'S MUSIC SPEAKERS: Interpol AFIS search identity confirmation. 90% match on palmar print data. Suspect is now linked to alias identity, Abu Mohammed Fasi Rabubu. Also known as, the Black Camel of the Desert.

Wanted for eighty-four acts of terrorism, including the 2019 bombing of the US Embassy to Madagascar.

JEREMY: That's a mistake. That's not me.

ZAZ: Well, well, well. This is getting messy.

JEREMY: I'm not just automatically convicted am I? Aren't we going to ask the drive through menu at McDonald's? Jesus. What am I talking about?

SEM: 90% match, kiddo. I vote conviction. What do you think, Zaz?

(ZAZ takes a coin out of his pocket and flips it.)

ZAZ: Heads.

(The coin lands. ZAZ and SEM peer down at it.)

SEM: Convicted on all counts!

(SEM and ZAZ draw their weapons and circle JEREMY, pointing the guns at his head.)

JEREMY: Wait! You can't just--! You're making a mistake!

ZAZ: By the power vested in us by Del Taco Incorporated you are officially condemned to die.

SEM: No last requests. No blindfold, no cigarettes. Just my bullet in your skull.

JEREMY: Jesus! Oh, God! Jesus!! Don't! Please! Oh, god!

ZAZ: *(overlapping as JEREMY cries)* On the count of three. One!

SEM: Two!

ZAZ: Three!

(JEREMY screams. ZAZ and SEM laugh.)

ZAZ: Just kidding.

SEM: I tell you, the look on your face.

(ZAZ and SEM laugh.)

JEREMY: What's going on?

SEM: Just having a little fun.

JEREMY: Then, that's not really a dead body?

ZAZ: Oh, no, that really is a dead body.

SEM: But we don't work for Del Taco. Our boss is much more important.

ZAZ: And he wants your help.

JEREMY: Who's your boss?

(ZAZ and SEM sing "Satan is Real" by the Louvin Brothers (published by BEECHWOOD MUSIC CORPORATION) in two-part harmony.)

ZAZ AND SEM: Satan is real. Working in spirit. You can see him and hear him In this world every day. Satan is real. Working with power He can tempt you And lead you astray.

(ZAZ and SEM hiss at JEREMY like serpents.)

Interlude: Nanossaulters and bubble wrap

(CLAUDIA talks to a large vidwall. On it we see her clone sister MARJORIE. MARJORIE wears a trashy red wig and is looking at a photo.)

MARJORIE: Why'd they cover her body in bubble wrap?

CLAUDIA: That's not bubble wrap. That's what left of her skin. She got hit point blank with a nanossaulter.

MARJORIE: It could have been an accident.

CLAUDIA: Come on, Marjorie. You don't believe that. Can you tell me anything about what Sara Jane was mixed up in? She talked to you.

MARJORIE: I don't know, but There is something funny here. This guy on the surveillance vid from the Del Taco--

CLAUDIA: What guy?

(MARJORIE holds a picture of EZEKIEL up to the vid unit. He is eating a taco.)

MARJORIE (CONT'D): The guy who ordered like 50 steak taco value meals. You're going to want to talk him.

CLAUDIA: Why?

MARJORIE: I recognize him. He was at Mama's warehouse the last time I visited her. He hired her to have a set of octuplets. He offered her eight times the normal prorating. Can't be a coincidence. Huh? Look, I gotta client, Claudia. That's all I know.

(A MAN walks up to MARJORIE and leads her off screen.)

CLAUDIA: Damn. It always comes back to the family,
don't it?

4. The museum of forgotten and fictional prophesy

(An office building overlooking the Santa Ana, CA, zoo. The large room has been converted into an office and holds strange artifacts arranged as a small exhibit. He sighs heavily and goes to the window. He prepares to jump. CLAUDIA enters, with her gun drawn.)

CLAUDIA: Thinking about jumping?

EZEKIEL: Sara Jane?

CLAUDIA: No. Are you expecting to see Sara Jane any-time soon?

EZEKIEL: No. Have you come here to kill me? I wish that you would.

CLAUDIA: How come? Guilty conscience?

EZEKIEL: Yes. Very.

CLAUDIA: Sara Jane's corpse turned up outside a Del Taco in Yorba Linda last night. Know anything about that?

EZEKIEL: Sara Jane's corpse?

CLAUDIA: Yes. You were there when she died.

EZEKIEL: That wasn't Sara Jane. Are you Marjorie?

CLAUDIA: Claudia.

EZEKIEL: !! Claudia? Oh, God. That's cruel.

CLAUDIA: What's that supposed to mean?

EZEKIEL: The private investigator sister.

CLAUDIA: Yes.

EZEKIEL: “The hardboiled ovum,” Sara Jane calls you.

CLAUDIA: That’s right.

EZEKIEL: Remarkable. Something must have gone very wrong in your head, Claudia. And you think you’re investigating--

CLAUDIA: The death of my sister, Sara Jane.

EZEKIEL: Right. But, that wasn’t Sara Jane’s body at the Del Taco.

CLAUDIA: Yes, it was.

EZEKIEL: No. It was your other sister.

CLAUDIA: I just talked to Marjorie.

(EZEKIEL winces.)

EZEKIEL: No, your other sister.

CLAUDIA: Marjorie is my other sister.

EZEKIEL: Yes, but, I mean a different one.

CLAUDIA: What?

EZEKIEL: Don’t you like puzzles, Claudia? I do.

CLAUDIA: Sara Jane is dead. That’s the only puzzle I care about.

EZEKIEL: Sara Jane's not dead.

CLAUDIA: Are you trying to tell me Marjorie is dead?

EZEKIEL: No, your other sister.

CLAUDIA: Marjorie, Sara Jane and I are trips. I don't have other sisters.

EZEKIEL: You aren't trips.

CLAUDIA: What?

EZEKIEL: You aren't trips. You were sextuplets.

CLAUDIA: No. That's not possible.

EZEKIEL: I've seen your mother's proration records. You were sextuplets. The other three little girls were sold as donor clones.

CLAUDIA: What? . . . I have three sisters-- clone sisters-- in donor freeze pens?

EZEKIEL: No, not anymore. They've escaped.

(CLAUDIA lowers the gun.)

CLAUDIA: Who are you?

EZEKIEL: Oh. Forgive me. How rude. I'm the curator of this museum. A licensed crypto-eschatologist. Dr. Ezekiel Watcher.

CLAUDIA: What's a crypto-

EZEKIEL: A crypto-eschatologist? A specialist in the study of the end-time prophecies of fictional or forgot-

ten religions. And this is the museum of forgotten and fictional prophesy. I study and record fictional religions and their predictions about the end of the world. I have a section over there on science fiction movies based around Armageddon. Writings from lunatics prophesying the end of the world are in that cabinet. I have a reanimated chicken and two headless snakes in a metal box in the closet that you might like to see. Those are associated with the prophesy of the angel eater. A forgotten, fictional curse that I'm especially interested in.

CLAUDIA: You're some sort of nutjob. You hired my mother to breed for you. I pulled the files off the breeder's warehouse system.

EZEKIEL: Those are confidential.

CLAUDIA: You're playing some sort of crazy game. Seven of these fetuses are dictators, serial killers, and psychopaths. You put copies of Vlad the Impaler, Lucrecia Borgia, Hitler, and Jack the Ripper inside my ma. That's the little family you're breeding.

EZEKIEL: The Catholic church has licensed the DNA of all the saints and popes for cloning purposes. I'm just creating a little balance.

CLAUDIA: You were there when she died. Am I supposed to believe that the man who cloned Pol Pot, Lizzie Borden and Jeffery Dahmer and put them in my mother's womb had nothing to do with my sister's murder?

EZEKIEL: Evil is a hobby of mine. Not for evil's sake, but because I believe in the possibility of redemption.

CLAUDIA: I am making a citizen's arrest. I'm taking you in for the murder of my sister Sara Jane.

EZEKIEL: Oh. You've misunderstood everything.

CLAUDIA: You have the rights outlined in the Miranda Act. Section four point three two of the civil code assumes that you have heard the Miranda Act on TV--

EZEKIEL: That's really not necessary. I'd already decided to jump out the window, and hopefully end my life.

CLAUDIA: Because you killed my sister and feel remorse?

EZEKIEL: No. I loved your sister. I loved her from the first moment I saw her. It was like God walked in the door with her. She shed light and warmth. Mercy fell from her fingertips and forgiveness perfumed her skin. She made me want to be something better than what I am. I hope I die. Please, let me die and see her again!

(EZEKIEL jumps out the window.)

CLAUDIA: Noooooo!

5. Sickly lick to the mickey

(The Disneyland California Adventure resort. A corridor under the Bear Mountain.)

FIBBER and THUMP, in orange jumpsuits stenciled on the back with jail ID numbers and a logo reading “THE HAPPIEST JAIL ON EARTH”, hold MELANIE’s legs pinned across the tracks of a roller coaster.)

FIBBER: Any minute now they’re going to send a car-load of extra fat tourists right down the tracks, you scaghead.

(FIBBER and THUMP laugh.)

MELANIE: I will get you the money!

THUMP: From where, squidbait?

MELANIE: My brother has it!

FIBBER: Bullspucker.

THUMP: You’re going to go coastersquash in exactly ten minutes!

MELANIE: He’ll give it to me. One million dollars.

FIBBER: What the frudge do you think, Thump? Should we kill her or trust her?

THUMP: Let’s tab some driz and see what the colors say.

FIBBER: Squid!

(They release MELANIE. FIBBER takes a baggy of pills from his pocket. They each swallow one and then stare blearily at MELANIE.)

THUMP: Tramp stamp of the prophesy green blue s'electric.

FIBBER: Duft. Angel. Tangerine.

THUMP: Ethical orange. Wish frain on help the eaten.

FIBBER: Gold. Hell. S'ring her s'ring.

(FIBBER and THUMP shake violently. Then the spell is over. They laugh.)

THUMP: S'cool.

FIBBER: S'cool. Cumcumber. Driz says you're cool.

THUMP: We gotta' help you steal the gold of hell or some hollow s'electric.

FIBBER: Yeah. Tangerine.

(They laugh.)

MELANIE: Jesus. You're drizheads. You shouldn't take driz. It was created in these horrible experiments that the Bayer Aspirin Corporation underwrote. They massacred whole Peruvian tribes along the Amazon to get the formula for the poisonous pastes they coated their blow darts with. That's where they got the formulas for Alka Seltzer, Midol, and the Flintstone vitamins. And driz, you morons.

FIBBER: People wouldn't be amputating your legs and wanting to kill you by coaster if you weren't such a drizkill, scagback.

MELANIE: Jesus! I can't stand it that you two idiots are holding the most important artifact in history of biblical archeology.

THUMP: Which will cost you about four million smaz-zlars.

MELANIE: We said one million!

THUMP: The price feckdrupled in value you because you copperfielded the million dollars you were supposed to bring now.

FIBBER: Zipfig you, scagwhistle.

MELANIE: I want to see it.

FIBBER: No, it's McCoy. You can't walk in here with toastscratch and toejam and start making demands, sqidwack.

MELANIE: Jesus! You don't even know what you have! This is important! The Knights of the Templar were hunted and executed for it. Joan of Arc was burned alive for it. Mother Teresa was tortured and flayed alive just because there was a rumor that she carried it around in her left shoe. Totally not true, by the way, she had it in her bra. Thank God nobody looked there! You guys are too stupid to know what you have.

FIBBER: Oh, we're the stupid ones, huh? We're sackdriz stupid, huh? You know what this squidsquirt needs, Thump?

THUMP: What, Fibber?

FIBBER: She needs to meet the mickeys.

THUMP: Ohhhhhhhhhhhh. The mickeys.

FIBBER: The mickeys.

THUMP: The mickeys.

FIBBER ; M - I - C !

THUMP: K - E - Y !

FIBBER AND THUMP: Rigor Mortis - E !!

(FIBBER and THUMP laugh and run off.)

MELANIE: Jesus Christ.

(FIBBER and THUMP run back on with a bucket full of dead rats. They dump the rats over MELANIE's head. FIBBER and THUMP laugh.)

MELANIE: Ughhhhh!

FIBBER: Flying mickeys.

THUMP: Stiffy mickeys.

MELANIE: Oh, that's really mature. Hysterical. You can take your mickeys with you when they transfer you to the McDonald's jail. That's what the Big Macs are made from anyway.

(FIBBER and THUMP stop laughing.)

FIBBER: Who is timing it in that McShatBurglar?

MELANIE: : You're timing there when you can't afford the happiest jail on earth any more.

FIBBER: I ain't timing it in no roach farm foodie jail. You're getting us four million dollars, right?

MELANIE: I need to see it.

THUMP: What do you even want with the thing? It's just a drizsmacking little--

(FIBBER elbows him.)

MELANIE: It was one of the jewels on the side of the holy grail. The Arc of the Covenant secretly housed it. American soldiers were carrying it in an empty artillery shell when they liberated Auschwitz and Buchenwald. Luciano Pavarotti could only sing if it was next to his heart. Every performance he duct-taped it there. You have no idea what it is you are holding.

FIBBER: Get it.

(THUMP skulks off. He returns with a Del Taco steak value meal box and sets it in front of MELANIE.)

MELANIE: Oh my god. It's really in there. This is really happening. It's real. The toy with this value meal is carrying the holiest of holies.

FIBBER: Yeah, a four million dollar grocery sticky.

THUMP: I'll bite, crazydriz. What the fickduck is the drizzing thing?

(MELANIE opens the box. A bright light shines out.)

MELANIE: It's a vessel. A small cup. It's the size of the head of a pin. It's attached itself to the firefly florescence.

FIBBER: What's the google, though?

MELANIE: It's the body of God. When he's on earth it's where he lives. When he's in heaven, it's the most sacred thing in the universe. It has been passed down through the ages from saint to saint. The Masons have been watching it for the last few years. My father knew about it. He tried to get it for me and my brother. I think was why he was killed. God's here. And he can purify the horns.

FIBBER: Right. Thanks, that's crystal, squidwack.

THUMP: Scagslurper.

(MELANIE takes a small pouch of catsup from the value meal box. HUMP and FIBBER watch curiously as she opens the packet and squirts the catsup on two of the dead rats. She licks the catsup off the rats.)

FIBBER (CONT'D): Ewwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!!
Ew! Sicky lickies mickeys! Ewwwwww!

THUMP: Ewww! Ratsup and french fries on her slag-breath. Ewwwwww!

FIBBER: Wrong. Way wrong.

(MELANIE clenches the rats tightly and starts shaking, almost convulsing. She writhes on the ground.)

THUMP: That's why you don't lick mickeys and ratsup.
Ewwwwww.

FIBBER: If she passes out, let's play pornbot.

THUMP: She could be a pornbot.

FIBBER: Knock knock. Woody's home.

(THUMP and FIBBER grab MELANIE and shove her into a corner. MELANIE screams. Then THUMP and FIBBER scream and back away from her suddenly. MELANIE is now holding two live rats and a pair of golden horns have erupted from her forehead. Blood runs from the wounds where the horns burst free.)

MELANIE: Oh my god! Oh, god! Jeremy was right! The bedtime story about the horns was true. Horn and gold and ivory sharp and fang and claw and cloven hooves and split-forked tails and split-forked tongues and the holy of holies promised me from the beaks of angel birds! I know their slippery, scaled skin and their burning turpentine taste! I eat angels.

(Blackout.)

Interlude: The flight of the crypto-eschatologist

(CLAUDIA runs out of EZEKIEL's museum and looks at the sidewalk.)

CLAUDIA: I've never been the sentimental type. And I've never been a coward. But when I hit the street, I started getting scared. 'Cause there should have been a big splatter on the asphalt. I should have been wading through a puddle of squashed crypto-eschatologist. There was no body. There wasn't an impact. I'm standing where his body should be, staring up into that orange sky. Ashes are falling all around me, but no murderers are falling. And then a shadow passes over me. I think it's a bird. Some big, fucking bird heading into the zoo. A bird so big, maybe it thinks the snakes in the reptile house are worms. A bird so big-- that I realize it isn't a bird. I saw him flying.

6. Snowballs in hell

(Breeders' warehouse.

JEREMY sits in a chair beside MAMA's vat. There are ten or twelve pink Hostess Snowball snack cakes lined up on MAMA's the rim of MAMA's vat. All eight fetuses in her Uterine Simulant Implant are dead. ZAZ and SEM stand outside her room, within shouting distance, on guard.)

MAMA: Waste of a fertile womb, I say, anything less than quint. They got a breeder here who ain't had nothing but octuplets for five years. She's got a Supernova 5000 premium vat, that's why. You know how many women would kill to have the reproductive hardware to do what I do?

JEREMY: No, I don't.

MAMA: And it ain't even top of the line equipment. That's why they have to keep this place secret. Otherwise women'd be beating down the doors trying to get in.

JEREMY: Is this. . . ? I don't know what's going on, Ms.--?

MAMA: Call me Mama.

JEREMY: Right. Is this a Sony facility? Is this the, uh, Sony Worker Retrieval project?

MAMA: We don't have an exclusive contract with any one vendor or client. We're freebreeders. I supply the market with whatever is in highest demand. That's how you get the highest proration. One year it may be Japanese factory workers, the next year donor clones. It's tricky, you have to try and guess nine months in advance what's going to be hot.

JEREMY: That must be difficult.

MAMA: And we can't just put a sign in the window saying "wombs for rent." Ha!

JEREMY: No. No, of course not. I don't mean to change the subject, but, why am I here? The security guards or whatever they are said I wasn't under arrest, but then they took me to a McDonald's and had me locked up in a playground that's been converted into a jail. I sat in a Hamburglar climbing gym all night. There were electrified bars on the windows.

MAMA: Those jokers! Ha! They're just a couple of jokers.

JEREMY: I don't mean to be rude, but . . .

MAMA: The mountain can't come to Mohammed, right? They had to bring you here because I don't get out much.

JEREMY: They said something about working for Satan--?

MAMA: I have a confidentiality agreement. I can't discuss my clients.

JEREMY: Okay. Is this a joke? This is like an elaborate practical joke, right? Ha! Ha. Okay. But we must have walked past a mile of other cubicles like this one, full of vats and women, and I don't know anyone who could pull off a joke this complex. So. Jesus Christ, I'm insane like my sister. It's finally happened.

MAMA: No. No. Nothing like that. You and I need to make babies together, kiddo. Eight of them. That's why you're here, handsome. Let's hop to it!

JEREMY: Whoa. Wow. No.

MAMA: It's not what you think, cupcake. Though, I wouldn't kick you out of my gelatinous amniotic suspension vat, that's for sure. The kids we're going to make are dead fetuses. You're going to eat off my stomach and bring them to back to life. As antichrists.

JEREMY: This is oh, my god. I know this story. This is . . . it's a ghost story. I'm in it. I made this up story up when I was ten and Melanie was seven. The mansion of the dead children. An endless mansion of bedrooms. Tortured women are chained to the beds and pregnant with monsters. A young boy is kidnapped and forced to eat through the women's stomachs, releasing blood-colored zombie babies who destroy the earth like plagues of locust.

MAMA: Creepy. I see he found the right guy for the job all right.

JEREMY: Who did?

(EZEKIEL enters with a large case. There is a noose around his neck. The rope has broken. ZAZ and SEM follow him in.)

ZAZ: But why were you trying to hang yourself, boss?

EZEKIEL: Just a game I play. *Suicidus interruptus*. That's the Latin name for it.

SEM: You're immortal, boss. That's not going to work.

EZEKIEL: Yes. I've figured that out. Thank you. I fly even without the wings and ropes break if I try to hang myself. Lucky me. Oh. He's here. Good work.

ZAZ: We bring the angel eater here to resurrect the anti-christs and that's all the excitement we get?

SEM: Boss! The prophecy is coming true. Hell is going to win.

EZEKIEL: Yippee.

ZAZ: What gives, boss?

SEM: You aren't your old, evil self.

(EZEKIEL shows them the ring he is wearing.)

EZEKIEL: Yes, I am my old evil self. Just preoccupied with starting Armageddon and raising the eight little antichrists from the dead.

SEM: You! Worthless human! Kneel to his magnificence! Lucifer, ruler of the cosmos!

ZAZ AND SEM: Satan is real

Working in spirit

You can see him and hear him In this world every day---

EZEKIEL: *(overlapping)* Oh, no! Now stop. Really. Ladies, really. I SAID STOP! No need to serenade me. Thank you. Wait outside.

ZAZ: Sure thing boss!

(ZAZ and SEM exit.)

EZEKIEL: Gosh. You must be confused.

JEREMY: You're Satan?

EZEKIEL: Nothing so dramatic. Let me introduce myself. Here's a business card. I'm Dr. Ezekiel Watcher. I'm a crypto-eschatologist, specializing in rumored and fictional religious experience. So good to finally meet you. Has my associate spoken to you about your bloodline?

MAMA: Not yet. We was getting to it.

(EZEKIEL opens his case, inside are four sets of gilded horns, each set is mounted to a plaque. The plaques have names on them "JOANN," "ROOSTER," "OSLEY," and "SHERRY ANN.")

JEREMY: Oh, my god.

EZEKIEL: I'm a collector. I bought the last pair of those horns from a plastic surgeon in Beverly Hills six weeks ago. Ebay. He'd had them for almost thirty years. They were your mother's.

JEREMY: No. God, no.

MAMA: Your ma and I are cousins.

EZEKIEL: That's right. Your two families are branches of a family that located in Oklahoma after the trail of tears. It's been a lot of work tracking you down. You come from a family of Indian shamans with the power to raise the dead. Judith is a carrier of the power, and unless I'm very mistaken, Jeremy, you are an angel eater.

JEREMY: That's just a story I told my sister when we were little. About golden horns. It isn't real.

EZEKIEL: It's all very real. You were born with a power that will unleash Armageddon. Excuse me a moment.

(EZEKIEL takes one of the horns from the case and tries repeatedly and violently to stab himself in the heart with it. It doesn't work.)

EZEKIEL (CONT'D): Drat it! Drat!! Well, that doesn't work either. Nothing works. Nothing you do in this life works.

JEREMY: I'm sorry. Dr.--?

EZEKIEL: Watcher.

JEREMY: Dr. Watcher, what exactly are you expecting me to do?

EZEKIEL: Well, God has this wacky plan, really. It seems I'm to have no peace until I help you fulfill it. He wants you to bring these antichrists back from the dead.

(EZEKIEL puts one of the Hostess Snowballs on MAMA's stomach.)

EZEKIEL (CONT'D): Here. Eat that.

JEREMY: No, thank you.

EZEKIEL: *(sighs)* How unfortunate.

(EZEKIEL pulls a handheld nanossaulter from his pocket.)

EZEKIEL (CONT'D): This is a handheld nanossaulter. It is fully armed. If you don't eat that little cake. I will kill you. I'm sorry.

JEREMY: What is wrong with you people?

EZEKIEL: Please?

(JEREMY picks up the Snowball.)

EZEKIEL (CONT'D): No! Not like that! No, leave it on the uterine device and eat it without using your hands. Thank you.

(JEREMY reluctantly eats. EZEKIEL cleans the Plexiglas cover of MAMA's Uterine Simulant Implant. And peers in curiously at the octs.)

MAMA: Well? What happened?

EZEKIEL: No change.

MAMA: Look, sometimes the clones just don't take. I admire your perseverance wanting to bring them back from the dead and all, but how about we just implant eight new clones?

EZEKIEL: The only way the antichrists can be brought back with purely evil souls, is if they die first. Thank you for attempting that, Jeremy. I'm sorry you spent a night in McDonald's jail, and I apologize for threatening your life. I must be mistaken. You must be a carrier. Thanks again for trying.

JEREMY: What are you going to do now? Let it go?

EZEKIEL: I'm going to abduct your sister. She's a little harder to find. But, I'll manage.

JEREMY: No! Leave her alone. Don't hurt her.

EZEKIEL: I have no choice.

JEREMY: You're kidnapping my sister to make her eat Hostess Snowballs off plastic-covered dead babies? Are you out of your mind? What's wrong with you? Don't hurt her! Don't-- Jesus! I'll eat more cakes if you want! I'll eat as many as you want!

(JEREMY eats more snowballs from off of MAMA's stomach. He pounds on the vat.)

JEREMY (CONT'D): See? Nothing is going to happen! There is no power. There's no-- Ow!

(JEREMY puts his hand to his forehead, a stabbing pain.)

JEREMY (CONT'D): It's nonsense. You leave my sister alone-- ow! Ow! Christ! Ow!

(JEREMY begins convulsing and screaming. He collapses. EZEKIEL runs to him. Horns have erupted on JEREMY's forehead. The octs in MAMA's stomach are glowing red and writhing.)

MAMA: What the---? Jesus H. Multi-birthing Christ!

EZEKIEL: It worked! The antichrists live! Oh, thank you, God!

(EZEKIEL reaches out and touches MAMA's Plexiglas cover where an ANTICHRIST is straining to get out. He falls to his knees and weeps, embracing MAMA's stomach.)

EZEKIEL (CONT'D): Welcome! Welcome, antichrists! We've waited so long!!