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Portrait of the Virgin Mary

Feeding the Dinosaurs

© Jeff Goode

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The Portrait of the Virgin Mary Feeding the Dinosaurs

by Jeff Goode

Opus 1 - ballet for actors and audience

**inspired by Avy Claire's painting:
“But you said this was a peace offering”**

A workshop production of *The Portrait of the Virgin Mary Feeding the Dinosaurs* opened June 8th, 1996 at the Organic Theatre in Chicago, a production of the Dolphinback Theatre Company.

Directed by Jemal Diamond

Jeff - Gregory Werstler

Leveaux - Isi Geller

Jack - Jennifer Shepard

Phil - Brett Neveu

Rafael - Ian Christopher

Mary - Daniele O'Laughlin

Jesus - Krystopher Drogoszewski

Lisa - Melissa Lawson

Rex - Gregory Werstler

Mephistopheles - David Solovieff

Puppets by Kristen Rengren

The first full production of *The Portrait of the Virgin Mary Feeding the Dinosaurs* opened January 29th, 2004 at the Strayer-Wood Theatre in Cedar Falls, Iowa, a production of the University of Northern Iowa Student Theatre Association.

Directed by Jeff Johnson

Jeff - Aaron DeYoung
Leveaux - Luke Pingel
Jack - Josh Visnapuu
Phil - Jessica Olsen
Rafael - Mike Foley
Mary - Cinnamon Kleeman
Jesus - Nate Maly
Lisa - Crystal Grayle Schneider
Rex - Ben Layne
Mephistopheles - Josh McGrane

Dancers - Brian McCarty, Tanya Simchuk, Brina Smith, Becca Wagoner, Jessica Walstrom

Stage Manager - Kelly Kuhn
Tech Coordinator - Dave A. Myrick
Lighting Designer - Carson Gross
Choreographer - Kate Fowler
Costume Coordinator - Ashley Feht
Props Master - Brina Smith
Weapons Captain - Andy Johnson
House Manager - Dana Baranowski
Sound Board Op - Rob Schneider
Light Board Op - Leo Murzenko

**THE PORTRAIT OF THE VIRGIN MARY
FEEDING THE DINOSAURS**

Disclaimer

(enter Jeff, a small man with big glasses, dressed in a white lab coat, like a scientist.)

JEFF: Before we begin, I would like to say that God asked me to write this play.

Or rather - because that would be a lie - God knew about this play, I tried to keep in touch while I was working on it, and - while this play will not please some of his servants - I have tried NOT to offend Our Lord nor Our Savior.

...And I think, from the response I've gotten, that I have succeeded as much as possible, in that respect.

(emphatically): There is nothing in this play that will offend pious people and Christians. There is quite a bit in this play that will offend religious people and those who call themselves Christians. Religion is an unfortunate side effect of God's worship.

(suddenly): **HERETICS! SINNERS! YOU WILL BURN IN HELL!**

There, I've said it, so you don't have to. Now please leave quietly through the entrance doors at the back of the theatre.

(he exits.)

(he comes back.)

(sincerely): I hope that the world becomes a better place shortly after the final curtain tonight. Or even, if possible, by the first intermission - because we've got a lot of work ahead of us.

The Portrait of the Virgin Mary Feeding the Dinosaurs

(lights up on Leveaux, like a lecturer, with a pointer. He speaks to an imaginary audience seated beside the actual audience.)

LEVEAUX: "The Portrait of the Virgin Mary Feeding the Dinosaurs" -- Or, as we like to call it, "The P. of the V.M. F-ing the Dinosaurs" -- circa verified: 1520 is the correct date, that puts it near the end of Raphael's life 1520.

This little known work by one of the Early Renaissance Masters great verify: Early Renaissance Master (or should it just be Renaissance Masters) Renaissance Masters 68 expresses a love of the natural which is nurtured by an understanding of the supernatural. An ironic reconciliation of science and theology during a period notorious for its religious intolerance, witchhunts and other ethical recriminations.

"The P. of the V.M.---"

I'm sorry, "of the Virgin Mary Feeding the Dinosaurs" is a wonderful folkloric image.

The Virgin, awash with inspirational glow, extends a palmful of lifegiving manna toward the Tyrannosaurus. Cherubim and shepherds hover about the docile T. Rex, perhaps soothing it, perhaps feeding off of its raw animal energy, while other Dinosaurs -- here an Allosaurus, here an Iguanodon, and this possibly a Pterodactyl -- gather to feed at the well of her generosity.

Note the graceful contrapunto of the Virgin, later appropriated by Michelangelo later appropriated by Michelangelo 68. And the exquisite detail in the features of the central dinosaur. Structurally, the composition is similar to The Nativity with the Mother at its center and the animals surrounding as witnesses to the heavenly moment.

But here, the Christ child is replaced with the most terrible of the terrible lizards, **Tyrannosaurus Rex!**

(lights out)

(the sound of a garage door opening as:)

(a screen rises to reveal two guys at a cafe, they are wearing Godzilla costumes and little green vests)

The Cafe Saurus

PHIL: Mary said something to me today.

JACK: What's that?

PHIL: "You're not going to live forever"

JACK: Me or you?

PHIL: Everyone.

JACK: Phil, Nobody lives forever.

PHIL: I know.

JACK: Then why did she think everyone was gonna live forever?

PHIL: She doesn't.

JACK: Then why did she say we weren't gonna live forever?

PHIL: We aren't, are we?

JACK: We're not?

PHIL: That's what you said.

JACK: About what?

PHIL: Living forever.

JACK: What about it?

PHIL: We're not gonna do it!!

(pause)

JACK: *(testy)* Well, who died and made you God?

PHIL: *(offended)* Excuse me?

JACK: What?

PHIL: What did I say?

JACK: When?

PHIL: Just now.

JACK: Just now sitting here?

PHIL: Yes!

JACK: You don't remember?

PHIL: Yes, I remember!

JACK: Then why are you asking me?

PHIL: I don't wanna know what I said, I wanna know what I said.

JACK: You do, or you don't?

PHIL: What are we talking about?

JACK: I don't remember.

PHIL: Maybe we should start over.

(sound of a garage door closing on the scene)

Still Life by Rafael

(enter Rafael, reverently, with a bowl of fruit.)

(when he reaches center stage, a pedestal rises out of the floor for him to set it on.)

(a dancer appears and hands Rafael a palette.)

(Rafael takes his place at the easel.)

(dramatically, he begins. The instant he sets brush to canvas, underscoring begins.)

RAFAEL: Orange.

Apple.

Baa-naa-naa...

Grapegrapegrapegrapegrapegrape.

BOOOOOOOOWL.

(a brilliant light appears under the bowl, transforming the simple earthenware vessel into a scintillating goblet of gold and gems)

Mmm.

(as Rafael passionately applies a few more colors, the whole stage, and particularly the bowl of fruit begins to glow with pulsing colored lights.)

Unh.

(with a slash of his brush, Rafael causes a gigantic platinum stalagmite to erupt out of the ground. With a few more strokes, three more stalagmites emerge through the floor.)

Ah mmm.

(as he continues to paint, the pulsing lights begin to flash more wildly.)

(the music swells.)

(with a synthetic screech, two meteors soar across the stage and off. Their glittering tails remain suspended in the air like patterns of frost on a window.)

(large pastel blobs - like bean bag chairs - fall from above, plummeting to the stage and landing with the sound of tympani.)

(a huge wave of water billows in from the side stage. It crests and then crashes in front of the bowl of fruit. It rises again, and billows about the stage, rising and falling, rising and falling as the music thrashes dramatically.)

(Finally, in a cataclysmic display, everything onstage bursts into flames. Music climaxes suddenly. Lights scream.)

(...as the music quickly ebbs, the lights begin to recede. The wave vanishes in a squirt of foam. The pastel blobs get up and saunter off the stage.)

(as Rafael leaves his easel, a final scurry of dancers bearing large plastic bananas and oranges cross the stage behind him and exit.)

(Rafael walks to the bowl of fruit, exhausted.)

I need a woman.

(Blackout)

Eat your Cheerios, Jesus

(lights up on Mary and Jesus at the breakfast table. Jesus playing with his food.)

MARY: Eat your Cheerios, Jesus.

(he eats)

Did you clean your room?

(silence)

I'm going to be worshipped someday too, you know. A warped sect of Romans is going to pray to me for favors from God.

And you know what I'm going to say?

"You want me to pull strings for you? I couldn't even get him to eat his Cheerios. I couldn't get him to clean his room. Don't talk to me about intercession."

"Jesus", I said "Don't talk back to the Romans, you'll get yourself killed---"

JESUS: *(completely taken aback)* What!!

MARY: What does he do? "They'll crucify you," I said. Does it do any good? No, it doesn't do any good. "Jesus," I said, "stay away from that Judas boy, he's no good---"

JESUS: What!?

MARY: What does he do? "He's no good", I said. Does he listen? No!

(Jesus, stunned, just stares at her)

What are you looking at?

JESUS: Mother, how do you know these things? Is this a prophecy?

MARY: Son, history puts words in your mouth. Look, who said, "I cannot tell a lie"?

JESUS: George Washington.

MARY: WRONG! George Washington's biographer said, "I cannot tell a lie." George Washington never said it. He never

chopped down a cherry tree. He lied to his father all the time.
But history likes a good story, and now the cherry tree is just
as real as his wooden teeth.

(Jesus digests this idea)

You wanna hear a prophecy?

What if I told you that 2000 years from now an overweight
woman who looks nothing like me, in a dress I wouldn't be
caught dead in, will sit in front of thirty morons, claiming to
be me, ranting and spouting language that would make me
spin in my grave, that would make me blush to hear it - IF I
understood English, which I don't.

And what if I said she'll do this:

(she does something uncharacteristic)

And this:

(does something else)

And what if I said she'd do this:

(does a handspring)

And what if I told you her name was...

*(she grabs a program out of the audience and reads the name of
the actor playing Mary:)*

...Daniele O'Laughlin.

You'd say it was preposterous!

(points at audience:)

They'll say it was prophecy!

"That Virgin Mary," they'll say, "what a woman! I used to
think she was milk toast, but now I have new insight! Now I
understand her a little better! Now, after seeing this travesty, I
think I like her! She had spunk. And what a visionary! Her
prophecies were so accurate! Down to the letter! Did you
know she predicted the crucifixion?"

JESUS: *(flabbergasted)* I - I don't know what to say.

MARY: Then shut up and eat your Cheerios.

(Blackout)

Rex!

(In the darkness, slowly, thunderous footsteps approach)

(Lights: a slow sunrise)

(In the dim light, the silhouette of a Tyrannosaurus Rex)

(The rumble of a low growl, and the sound of its breathing)

(pause)

(lights continue to rise, slowly, until we see that the gigantic silhouette is merely the shadow of a seven foot tall dinosaur figurine backlit so as to cast a large shadow on a scrim.)

(The scrim flies out. Sunrise has become full daylight. Although it is a very good figurine, it seems somehow paltry compared to our first impression.)

(Then it turns its head toward the audience and lets out a roar. The sound is incredible. Deafening. Terrifying. Painful.)

(blackout.)

Jesus hears Ave Maria

(music: Schubert's Ave Maria)

(lights slowly rise on Jesus sitting on a rock.)

(Jesus is listening to the music, he seems transported, or maybe puzzled.)

(long pause)

(Mary enters with a load of laundry, she crosses the stage and exits.)

(Jesus still listening to the music)

(long pause)

(offstage, the sound of a car horn, honking)

(enter MARY: Jesus still listening to the music.)

MARY: Turn off that crap and help your father with the groceries!

(blackout)

(the sound of a garage door opening as:)

(a screen rises to reveal two guys in Godzilla suits with little green vests)

The Cafe Saurus

PHIL: Mary said something to me the other day.

JACK: What's that?

(As they continue to talk, a dancer comes by to refill their coffee.)

PHIL: We're not gonna live forever.

JACK: Me and you?

PHIL: Yes.

JACK: Or was she using the royal we?

PHIL: All of us.

JACK: All three of us?

PHIL: Everyone.

JACK: Everyone in this room or everyone in the world.

PHIL: Everyone. Every person, everywhere. Everyone.

JACK: Y'don't need to bite my head off.

PHIL: Everyone.

JACK: What about 'em?

PHIL: They're all gonna die.

JACK: You can say that again.

PHIL: *(thoughtful)* We're all gonna die.

JACK: You can say that again.

PHIL: And y'know what? It made me think.

JACK: Had you stopped?

PHIL: Stopped what?

JACK: Had you stopped thinking?

PHIL: No.

JACK: Were you thinking before?

PHIL: Before what?

JACK: Before Mary talked to you.

PHIL: Was I thinking?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: I think so.

JACK: And she said to you...

PHIL: "We're not gonna live forever."

JACK: And you didn't stop thinking?

PHIL: No, it made me think.

JACK: It couldn't have made you think.

(triumphant summation, like Perry Mason:)

If you were thinking before and you appear to be thinking now. And you haven't stopped. Then you must have been thinking all along, maybe even thinking straight through. So what Mary said couldn't have made you think. There must have been something farther back that made you think. Possibly something from your childhood. What is your earliest memory?

PHIL: Why do I talk to you?

(sound of a garage door slamming shut)

Nude Descending a Staircase

(enter Rafael, reverently, with a bowl of condoms)

(when he reaches center stage, a pedestal rises out of the floor for him to set it on.)

(sound of a knock at the door)

RAFAEL: Come in.

(door opens, Lisa pokes her head in.)

LISA: Hi.

RAFAEL: Come in, I said.

(Enter Lisa, an attractive young woman with a portfolio under one arm. Rafael surveys her lustfully.)

RAFAEL: They call you Mona?

LISA: Lisa.

(Rafael gives her a quizzical look.)

RAFAEL: Lisa?

LISA: I hope I'm not disturbing you.

(Rafael throws a cloth over the bowl of condoms. He looks at her again.)

RAFAEL: I was expecting someone else.

LISA: Oh, I'm sorry! I can come another time.

(Rafael shuts the door.)

RAFAEL: No. You will come now.

(He circles her like a predator. Lisa is uneasy, but tries not to show it.)

RAFAEL: I hope I'm not disturbing you.

LISA: No, it's just... Well, I've never been this close to an artist of your... magnitude.

RAFAEL: *(pleased)* You know about my magnitude?

LISA: Yes! You're RAFAEL:

RAFAEL: Master.

LISA: Master RAFAEL: The great painter.

RAFAEL: Artist.

LISA: I saw you at the exhibition.

RAFAEL: You followed me from the marketplace? What do you want from me?

LISA: Master RAFAEL: I want you... to teach me.

RAFAEL: Teach?

LISA: I'm an artist, too. Well, not like you. I guess I shouldn't even call myself an artist. But I'm very serious. These are some of my paintings.

(She hands him the portfolio. Rafael looks at her paintings.)

RAFAEL: I am not a teacher. I am an artist.

LISA: But I think there's so much I could learn from you. I've studied your work. You're a genius. Everything you do is a masterpiece. Please consider it, Master Rafael? You have so much to offer.

RAFAEL: And what do you have to offer me?

(She was afraid he'd ask.)

LISA: I'm not wealthy, but I'll give you what I have. Or I could apprentice, or I'll do anything. It would be such a privilege for me. I'd give anything.

RAFAEL: I will ask only one thing.

LISA: Anything.

RAFAEL: Mona...

LISA: Lisa.

RAFAEL: Do you believe in me?

LISA: Yes, of cour--

(Rafael tears one of her paintings in half.)

LISA: Oh!

RAFAEL: Destroy these.

LISA: Wh--?

RAFAEL: You cannot move forward while you cling to what you are.

(Lisa doesn't know what to say. Pause.)

LISA: But--

RAFAEL: *(suddenly)* Get out of my sight!

LISA: What--?

RAFAEL: You do not trust me. How can you learn?

(Pause.)

(One by one, Lisa destroys all of her paintings.)

RAFAEL: Too little too late.

LISA: But--

RAFAEL: You cannot believe in me after the fact. You do not trust me. You've shown me that.

LISA: I do. I do trust you, and I believe in you.

RAFAEL: I do not have time for games.

LISA: It's not a game for me. Please, Master Rafael.

(Pause.)

RAFAEL: Do you know that this is what you want?

LISA: More than anything.

(He considers her for a long time.)

RAFAEL: I do not need a student.

(Pause. Lisa is crushed.)

RAFAEL: I need a subject.

LISA: ...For one of your paintings?

RAFAEL: Yes, of course what did you think?

LISA: You want to paint me?

RAFAEL: With every inch of my being.

LISA: I've never sat for a portrait before.

RAFAEL: It is an experience you will never forget.

LISA: I... Yes... Thank you... Yes, thank you, Master
RAFAEL:

RAFAEL: Don't be so formal. You may call me Master.

LISA: Yes, Master.

(She sits.)

LISA: How do I...?

RAFAEL: You cannot wear that.

(He tosses her a gown, and gestures toward the changing room.)

LISA: No, of course not. I'm sorry.

(she goes into the changing room. when she turns on the light, Rafael can see her silhouette.)

(While Rafael watches her undress, dancers come in and whisk away most of the furniture, and props. As they carry off the torn remnants of Lisa's paintings, we see that they were modern classics - Monet's, Picasso's, etc.)

(When Lisa comes out of the changing room, the studio is empty except for the painter's easel and a small step unit for the model to pose on.)

(She is wearing a beautiful kimono.)

LISA: This gown is wonderful.

RAFAEL: It is a kimono, from the Orient. This was worn by the Contessa di Medici Contessa di Medici 68 when she sat for her portrait.

LISA: How do I look?

RAFAEL: I think you will satisfy.

LISA: This is such a thrill to be here watching you create first-hand.

RAFAEL: You must not distract me with your...

(He gestures as if to say, "whatever that is you're doing".)

(He sits her down and shapes her into various poses, running his hands along her limbs and across her body.)

RAFAEL: Such potential.

LISA: Thank you, I--

RAFAEL: Ssh.

(Rafael begins applying paint to her, like makeup.)

LISA: What are you doing?

RAFAEL: You are very beautiful. But to pose for a Master, you must be perfect. Your cheek, your eyes, your... lip.

(He crosses to the steps.)

RAFAEL: Come here, Mona.

LISA: LISA:

RAFAEL: Whatever.

(Lisa crosses to him. Rafael studies her briefly, then throws open the kimono. Lisa screams and covers herself.)

LISA: *(horrificed)* Master Rafael!

RAFAEL: *(horrificed)* What is this???

LISA: You animal! *(she slaps him)*

RAFAEL: You fool! *(he slaps her)* Why do you continue to waste my time? This is a nude. You are to pose naked! Do you think I need your help to paint a kimono? A kimono that hangs in my studio every day, that I can throw over a chair any time I want to paint a kimono. This is a nude. Must I earn every inch of your cooperation? I give you the chance to breathe life into my vision, and you spit in my eye. Do you think this is a game that you may tease me with a bit of compliance here, a hint of inspiration there? If you cannot give yourself over to a great work, as I have done, as I do daily, then you will never call yourself an artist. Everything you touch will be cheapened by your maiden virtue, and your feigned naiveté. You let your virgin propriety hinder a work that you are barely worthy to gaze upon. I will make you immortal and you dare to hold anything back from me? Who do you think you are? Are you any more than clay in the hands of the sculptor? And if you cannot submit to me like the clay, then I will not sully my hands with you. Get out of my studio. Get out of my sight. You have soiled an artist's vision.

(Lisa is in tears, petrified.)

(pause)

LISA: I am ready.

RAFAEL: Come here, Mona.

(he puts makeup on her cleavage. he opens her kimono, this time she does not object.)

Sit down.

(she sits. He applies rouge to her nipples)

Lie back.

(lights slowly fade)

Mephistopheles

(very slowly, lights up to an infernal red glow. music, a primeval drumbeat.)

(dancers enter, primitives dressed in loin cloths and other aboriginal garments sewn from old catholic religious vestments.)

(they perform an unholy ritual. Drums, dancing.)

(a volcano erupts out of the center of the stage. the dancers flee in panic.)

(Mephistopheles, a gigantic man in red body paint, leaps out of the volcano. He dances.)

(the primitives return carrying a young woman, her skin is white. They throw her down before him. Mephistopheles falls upon her to rape her.)

(the lights swirl and disappear.)

(in the darkness, garbled sounds of voices and static. the voices change - like a radio trying to find the right station - to music, such as "Dream Weaver" and Aerosmith's "Dream On", then the radio station changes again to a reading from Revelations)

(a dim light comes up on Mary, in bed, dreaming)

(the radio station changes again and again, to music, to Martin Luther King's "I have a dream" speech, to Joseph's dream to get out of Egypt, to Nostradamus' writings, etc.)

(Finally, the radio tunes in on the sound of thunderous footsteps approaching)

The Virgin Mary's Dream

(lights rise slowly on Rex. the sound of thunderous footsteps and breathing continues as in his previous scene, but each footstep is echoed by tympani and several other drumbeats. And there is a faint dreamlike babble of voices as well, seldom intelligible.)

(Rex is standing next to a large - one foot tall - crucifix. He looks at it. In the babble of voices, "Forgive them for they know not what they do" can be heard, and possibly the conversation with the thieves.)

(the sounds grow louder and louder, drumbeats and footsteps and many voices talking at once. As the sound begins to crescendo, Rex starts to growl - which also crescendos)

REX: grrrrrrrrrrRrrRrrRrRrRRRRRRRRR-CHOMP!

(Rex eats the crucifix. Blackout. Silence.)

(Mary sits bolt upright in bed)

(She looks around frantically)

MARY: Jesus? Jesus! Jesus! JESUS!!

(She sits in bed, glancing about fearfully as the lights slowly fade to black.)

(but just before the scene ends, the phone rings)

MARY: *(answers the phone, puzzled)* Hello?

(pause)

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN !?!?!

(blackout)

Stegosaurus and the Virgin Mary

(Leveaux holds up a toy replica of a stegosaurus.)

LEVEAUX: The Stegosaurus Stegosaurus 68 is an early Cretaceous early Cretaceous VERIFIED: Stegosaurus is dinosaur from "Jurassic and Cretaceous periods" 68herbivore. It feeds on rough grasses and other grazeable plantlife. The large vertical plates along its spine are either for heat storage, or for

defense. Conversely, its tail spikes are its offensive attack against the larger carnivores. Note that the Stegosaur is a quadruped, its neck and tail are slung very low to the ground, and it can attain speeds of only 10 to 15 miles per hour. Its skin is hand-painted fiberglass over a thin aluminum endoskeleton. This makes it relatively sturdy, though still fragile and susceptible to damage from sharp objects or crushing blows.

(he takes out a Virgin Mary icon)

The Virgin Mary, on the other hand, is made of plastic and should be kept away from open flames.

(sound of a garage door opening)

The Cafe Saurus

PHIL: She said something to me the other day.

JACK: What's that?

PHIL: People don't live forever.

JACK: They don't?

PHIL: No.

JACK: That's strange, I thought they did.

PHIL: You did???

JACK: (a bit offended:) I did not!

PHIL: You said you did.

JACK: No, I didn't, they did.

PHIL: They did?

JACK: I thought they did.

PHIL: You thought they lived forever?

JACK: I thought they did.

PHIL: You didn't.

JACK: Didn't you?

PHIL: No, I didn't.

JACK: That's strange, I thought you would.

PHIL: Why would you think that?

JACK: You seem like the type.

PHIL: You think I seem like the type who thinks people live forever?

JACK: Good God, no! What gives you that idea?

PHIL: That's what you said.

JACK: Why would you think people lived forever?

PHIL: I don't.

JACK: Then why did you say it?

PHIL: I didn't say any such thing.

JACK: People don't live forever.

PHIL: I know.

JACK: You do?

PHIL: That's what I said in the first place.

JACK: Are you sure?

PHIL: Yes.

JACK: Oh. Then, I must have misunderstood you.

PHIL: What did you think we were talking about?

JACK: I don't remember now.

(sound of a garage door closing)

(sound of a garage door opening)

(A dancer is refilling their coffee.)

PHIL: So the other day she says to me "Nobody lives forever"

JACK: Oh, I know.

PHIL: And it made me think.

JACK: Everybody's gonna die.

PHIL: Exactly.

JACK: The mind just reels.

PHIL: Exactly. ...what do you mean?

JACK: Well, you had such hopes, such aspirations...

PHIL: Exactly.

JACK: I mean, what's the point if it all just ends.

PHIL: Is something wrong? I feel like we're on the same wave-length.

(garage door closes and opens)

PHIL: She said something last week that really made me think.

JACK: Really?

PHIL: "You're not gonna live forever."

JACK: Don't threaten me, Phil.

PHIL: Nobody lives forever.

JACK: Nobody?

PHIL: Nobody.

JACK: That hardly seems fair.

PHIL: If it was fair, it wouldn't be life.

JACK: What would it be?

PHIL: Everything is transient.

JACK: No, seriously, what would it be, 'cause I wanna get some.

PHIL: It's mind boggling when you think about it.

JACK: I'd rather not think about it.

PHIL: Our... everything, our -- what do you call this? Our race.

JACK: We're going to die

PHIL: We're going to die out.

JACK: Scary.

PHIL: It gives one pause.

(The following speeches are simultaneous.)

PHIL: I mean, look at us, Jack.

What do we do? We work, we try to... what? Make money, I guess. And why? Why do we need money? To buy things? Household appliances. A new car.

Maybe save up for that vacation. Then summer comes and fall, and that vacation's behind us. And we start saving for next summer. It all goes by so fast. So maybe you play it smart, plan ahead. Work harder, try to put something away for retirement. Work and save, work and save. But it doesn't matter, because you can't take it with you. And we're all gonna die. It isn't fair. We want something... a legacy, a future.

So maybe you have children. Two or three, maybe five. And now your life has meaning, something to live for. For the kids, for their trust fund. Their college fund. To make sure they get something in the will. So the grandkids have something. Something to remember you by. And the great Grandchildren. But maybe you don't have grandchildren. Maybe your kids don't want kids. Or maybe, God forbid, something happens. Nobody lives forever, you know.

How many family trees have been cut off at the trunk? So what do you do? Still you work, struggle to... Make a mark. Have an impact on society as a whole, or maybe you wanna go down in history. Something, whatever, something to live on after we're gone and after our kids and their kids are gone.

Something eternal. But what if that dies? What if civilization as we know it just dies out, or self destructs, or inbreeds to the point that roaches become the dominant species, or dolphins. And Lord knows a dolphin doesn't care if you wrote the definitive text on cross-training. What do you do then?

JACK: When you think about it, it's really a helluva coincidence. I mean, how many of us are there? Millions? Or is it billions? And how many are going to live forever? You would think there would be at least two or three.

But no, every single time: Born, dead. Born, dead. Born, dead.

What are the odds of that?

You know, the more I think about it, the more preposterous it sounds.

Everybody can't die. That's too much of a coincidence. There must be someone.

Well, look at us!

We're not dead yet. How do we know we're not gonna live forever?

Maybe I'm the one. Maybe I'm that one in a million who just happens to live forever.

Like winning the lottery. It's possible.

No, it's not possible. Who am I kidding? I've never won anything in my life.

You might live, but I'm dead.

I may as well give it up right now. And throw myself in a tarpit. This is so depressing. I can't believe I've wasted my life.

I don't even own a digital watch.

Maybe I should donate my body to science.

(End of overlap.)

(Phil pauses, Jack looks at his paws.)

JACK: You really wanna know?

PHIL: Yes.

JACK: Are you buying lunch? 'Cause if I give you the answer to this one, I expect at least a sandwich.

(sound of a garage door closing with a resounding slam)

(Jesus sitting on a tree stump)

The Parable of the Brontosaurus

JESUS: A farmer had three sons. And when it came to pass that he was on his deathbed, he called them to him to settle his estate. The farmer's estate came to 300 talents, some grazing land and a small herd of dinosaurs, which he had kept secretly for many years, and the sons, not knowing what they were, divided the herd between them.

The eldest son was something of a fool, and he thought that the Brontosaurus must be very large sheep, so he let them graze in his fields, and every year he tried to shear them, but they never yielded him even a handful of wool. He spent the money his father had left him tending these sheep, and his family began to starve.

The second son was even more of a fool than his brother, for he believed the Brontosaurus were a herd of oxen. He yoked one of them to his plow and to his surprise, the mighty Brontosaurus pulled it so well, that the young farmer was able to till and sow his fields in half the normal time. He rented other fields from his brother the sheep herder and planted them as well. He was looking forward to a bountiful harvest, when he was accidentally crushed while trying to milk one of the cows.

The third son was considered the greatest fool of all, for he believed the Brontosaurus were chickens. He worked for forty days to build a coop for the enormous flock. He had to sell his land to buy feed for them. But when they began to lay gigantic eggs, he was able to sell them at great profit in the market place, and he grew to be a very wealthy man, although he was still considered a great oaf.

...Who is the greater fool?

The son who treated his dinosaurs like hens and died rich?
Or the son who treated them like cattle and died young? Or
the son who treated them like sheep and went on welfare?

Or was it their father, the old farmer, who knew what the animals were, but forgot to share that wisdom with his sons?

(lights slowly fade)

Movie Review

(a light snaps up on Leveaux, the clack of an old movie projector, the light flickers like a projector's beam.)

LEVEAUX: The Brontosaurus walked the earth between 165 million and 140 million BC million and 140 million BC 68, notice how its long neck enables it to reach grazeable foliage even at the tops of trees. The Brontosaurus' arch enemy was the Allosaurus Brontosaurus' arch enemy was the Allosaurus 68, a bipedal carnivore, smaller than the Tyrannosaurus, but also faster and nimbler. As you can see, the Allosaurus can make vertical leaps of up to... that must have been 30 feet, wouldn't you say? And then, oh.

(The film Leveaux is watching has cut to a different scene. He waits.)

...That's Marshall, Will and Holly.

(The film returns to dinosaurs.)

The triceratops grew to between 18 and 25 VERIFIED: Triceratops is 20 feet in length. This specimen looks to be a young adult about 7 years old. Although it did not live at the same time as the Allosaurus, you can see how it might have used its horns for defense. Now, um...

(The film returns to Will and Holly. Leveaux waits.)

...Oh, if you look over Holly's shoulder you can see a pteranodon. Not a pterodactyl.

Notice how it glides and doesn't fly, as we will see later with the archaeopteryx.

...uh, well, let's fast forward past the scene with the Sleestaks.

(He fast forwards the tape via remote control. The clack of the projector speeds up, the light flickers faster.)

Scientists believed dinosaurs were relatively unintelligent, but you can see by the way they repeatedly thwart the evil Sleestaks that they were really quite cunning.

(growing impatient, he tries to use the remote control to make the film go faster)

I wanted to get to the scene where the little girl rides the tricerat

(sound of the film breaking. The light flicker a moment longer, but then turn into a solid square beam on Leveaux)

Well, this is embarrassing.

(pause, he looks about nervously.)

Lights please.

(lights snap on, but a fuse blows and everything goes black)
(pause)

...Jesus Christ!

(a match striking, lights a candle)

(light dimly up on Lisa holding a candle. She is in modern dress, like a dancer, but with a white sequined scarf. Many years have passed.)

Lisa's Song

LISA: Remember when you were fifteen? The songs you heard on the radio, about men and lovers and how they would do you wrong?

(Lisa sings:)

***They tell you that he'll hurt you
He'll deceive you and desert you.
But they never say you'll never be the same.***

***They say he'll bring you pain
And leave you crying in the rain.
But they never say you'll never be the same.***

***A broken bone might heal itself,
a broken glass cannot. (trust)
And innocence can't be unlost,
or fears once learned, untaught.***

(A female dancer enters. She would like to dance. She moves about.)

(A male dancer enters. He dances his part of a pas de deux. She circles about the perimeter of the dance. He is beautiful, dynamic.)

(He dances around the edges of the stage. She watches him from center.)

(They dance together. They waltz, without touching. They dance.)

(Their finale is an acrobatic lift. His hands leave a bloody imprint. He exits.)

(Gradually, she stops dancing, and her light fades.)

***They say that he'll reject you
He'll despise and disrespect you.
But they never say you'll never be the same.***

***They tell you you'll be blue
And all the wrong a man can do.
But they never say you'll never be the same.***

***A broken glass can be replaced,
A broken trust cannot.
And innocence can't be unlost,
And tears you've shed undroptor fears once learned, untaught.***

***He'll take you by the heart
And he will tear your world apart
And you will never never never be the same.***

(the stage is dark)

(slide up: The Mona Lisa, projected onto a blank canvas.slide up: The Mona Lisa, projected onto a blank canvas.)

(Leveaux's voice can be heard from the darkness:)

LEVEAUX: The Mona Lisa, Leonardo da Vinci, circa 1505

(a dancer exits with the canvas and another dancer enters with another blank canvas onto which Botticelli's Birth of Venus is projected.)

The Birth of Venus, Botticelli, 1480

(and another dancer enters for a slide of The Venus de Milo)

Venus de Milo

(another dancer for a slide of the Virgin Mary)

The Virgin Mary, 1542

(and another slide)

Olympia, 1863

(and another)

Virgin Mary

(and another)

Venus

(a trio of dancers enter for three slides all at once)

Mary. Mary. Mary.

(a new slide)

Mona Lisa

(new slide)

Virgin Mary

(new slide)

Virgin and Child

(new slide)

Virgin and Two Children

(new slide)

Olympia

(new slide)

Venus

(new slide)

and Mary.

(pause, silence)

(from the darkness, another voice:)

Mary is a cunt.

(lights up on Mephistopheles)

MEPHISTOPHELES: I bet you've always wanted to say that.

(he is sitting cross-legged on the floor, or behind a desk, red body paint, wearing only a loincloth of some kind)

Well, maybe not, but it got your attention.

(evil grin)

Temptation

Let's play a game.

(he takes out a hotdog, and a doughnut, puts the hotdog through the doughnut)

What are you thinking?

Aha! I thought so.

(he takes out a Barbie doll.)

Let's do another one.

(He hums striptease music as he removes her clothing.)

(When Barbie is naked, he says:)

Now, be honest, are you disappointed?

Wait, I wanna give everyone a chance.

(He quickly repeats the striptease with a Ken doll.)

You gotta admit you were hoping for something more... specific.

Hey, what does this make you think of?

(He puts Ken and Barbie in the missionary position)

And this?

(puts them in 69 position)

Shall I make slurping sounds?

(He makes slurping sounds)

And which is naughtier? This or this?

(He puts Ken and Barbie in doggie position, first with Barbie on top, then switching so Ken is on top.)

That's strange...

(he indicates the dolls' neutral plastic pubes)

...because they're both the same!

You see, it's all in the mind.

F-U-C-K, I wonder what that spells. Gotcha.

A friend of mine once said, A man who sins in his heart has already committed that sin. That makes my job so much easier. Let's try another.

(he stands up. He is dressed only in a loin cloth with a red phallic prosthesis attached. The phallus is large enough to be unreal, realistic enough to be obscene.)

What part of my anatomy were you thinking about? No, you don't have to tell me. We all know.

(pulses his pelvis a bit)

Now just suppose... I was to invite one of you up onto the stage. Just try to imagine this. And suppose you came up here and stood in front of me, about there. And I placed my hand on your crotch. And gave it a little squeeze. Nothing special, just a gentle little "hi, how are you" kind of tickle. And just suppose while I'm standing here with my hand on your, you know. My thumb gently brushing against your pubic hair. That you were to become slightly aroused. We're just supposing now. I know that none of you would be turned on by this at all. But just suppose you were just slightly aroused. And if at that moment of arousal, I were to ask you. "Are you slightly aroused?" Would you lie and say you weren't?

I wonder how many of you thought about lying. I wonder how many are lying to yourself right now. You see, it's that easy. That's all I'm asking. Is that so wrong? I'm not asking you to kill Jews or anything.

That can come later.

(slow blackout.)

"Jack, I need a new model"

(the darkness, sounds of a telephone call:)

(ring)

(ring)

(cl-click)

(sleepy female voice:) Hello?

(Rafael's voice:) Is this Mona?

(Lisa's voice:) Who?

(Rafael's voice:) Mona?

(Lisa's voice:) There's no one here by that name.

(Rafael's voice:) ...oh...

(click)

(dial tone)

(lights up on Rafael with a telephone. He is wearing the kimono from before. On an easel near him is an unfinished painting. The painting is so rough that it would be unrecognizable as a human figure, except that it has a pair of breasts and maybe a pubic area rendered in explicit detail)

(he dials the phone)

(ring)

(ring)

(cl-click)

(Lisa's voice:) *(pause)* Hello?

RAFAEL: Is this 555-4124?

(Lisa's voice:) Yes.

Is this Mona?

(Lisa's voice:) ... No.

I recognize your voice, Mona.

(Lisa's voice:) Who is this?

Listen, I've got this painting of you...

(Lisa's voice:) Painting of me?

We started it a couple months ago and I thought I could finish it this weekend, or at least work on it some more.

(Lisa's voice:) Rafael?

I know I probably should have called sooner, but it's busy work being a Great Master.

(Lisa's voice:) Oh my...

Listen, why don't I come over. I'll pick up a bottle of wine on the way. I could look at some of your paintings. And then maybe I could, y'know, sketch you. Maybe do a study. You paint, right?

(Lisa's voice:) Why are you calling me?

Well, I was looking through my portfolio and I found your portrait. And I thought, it's too bad I didn't go further with this one. It has potential.

(Lisa's voice:) I don't want to see you.

Now, don't be shy.

(Lisa' voice:) I'm not shy, I don't want to see you.

Of course you do.

(Lisa's voice:) What makes you think I would ever be alone with you again?

Because you are a woman.

(Click)

(dial tone)

(Rafael dials again)

(ring)

(ring)

(ring)

(ring)

(cl-click)

You hung up on me.

(silence)

You are beautiful in my painting.

I think it is going to be a masterpiece.

You would like that, wouldn't you?

(silence)

Mona?

(Lisa's voice:) My name is LISA:

I'm sorry. LISA: A beautiful name. A beautiful woman.

You are an artist, aren't you? You must see that this is something that was meant to be. You must know that it is... wrong... to leave a great work unfinished. I am the man who can... complete you. You need me, I need you. I love you, Lisa.

(Lisa's voice:) You fuck! You fuck! I trusted you, I put myself in your hands and you... you used me like paint! You treat me like dirt. I feel like dirt. I called you, you didn't want to talk. You wanted to fuck. Well, fuck you. I don't know who I am. I can't work. All I see is my heart in your fists and I...
(sobs) ...dammit I hate you.

(click)

(dial tone)

(Rafael dials again, as he talks on the phone this time, he crudely sketches in the rest of the painting.)

(ring)

(ring)

(ring)

(ring)

(cl-click)

(Lisa's voice:) Hi!

Hello, Mona--

(Lisa's voice:) This is LISA: I'm not in right now, but leave your name at the beep. Bye.

(beep)

Listen, frankly, I don't need you. I think I got what I wanted and I'll probably be able to finish without you, so forget I called. Don't worry, the Renaissance will go on without you. Thanks for nothing. Don't call me. Don't speak to me. Don't talk to me. Don't think about me. I don't need you. ...I don't need you! I don't need you!! I don't need you!!!

(Rafael hangs up, slams the phone down.)

(he looks at the finished painting, it looks terrible)

(Rafael picks up the phone, dials again)

(ring)

(cl-click)

Hello, Jack, I need a new model.

(lights up on Mary, ironing the clothes Mary, ironing the clothes)

(Mary irons)

MARY: Someone oughta write a book about me...

They could call it "The Woman Behind the Man"

But then you could say that about every woman.

Maybe they should call it that. "Everywoman". Heck, let's not be sexist, you can call it "Everyman".

"Everyman: The Virgin Mary Story"

No, no it's definitely a woman thing.

You don't see Joseph in here ironing the Messiah's underwear.

He's out building a toolshed.

Not for the Messiah. For himself.

He wants a toolshed, so he builds one. I want new curtains, so I iron the clothes.

Do you think I want to be ironing the clothes? You think I need this much underwear? Men's underwear?

I don't need this.

(picking up a pair of underwear)

I don't need this.

(picking up a pair of Bermuda shorts)

I don't need one of these.

(picking up a sweatshirt)

I need one of these, but this one's too big for me. I don't need this one.

I don't need any of this!

Joseph wants a new toolshed, Joseph builds a new toolshed.

Mary wants a new toolshed, Mary irons clothes.

Mary asks Joseph for a new toolshed, Joseph says, "Not now, I'm building my own toolshed."

Mary asks Jesus for a new toolshed, Jesus says, "Mom, I'm the Savior of Mankind. I don't know anything about construction work." What did you learn from your father??"

I could build a toolshed. If I had the time.

I don't even want a toolshed...

(she notices something in the pile of laundry.)

What the...?

(calling offstage:)

JESUS EMMANUEL CHRIST! GET IN HERE!

(enter Jesus)

What is this?

(she holds up a piece of fabric. It's the Shroud of Turin.)

JESUS: *(evasive)* Nothin'.

(Exasperated, Mary throws up her hands and rolls her eyes.)

(Freeze)

(slide: a famous painting of The Virgin Mary in the same position as Mary, but in the painting the pose reads as supplication to the heavens.)

(lights fade on Mary and Jesus, but the slide stays up)

The Temptation of Tyrannosaurus Rex

(Rex onstage, looking at the slide of the Virgin Mary)

(enter Mephistopheles out of a flaming pyre.)

(he swirls and dances about the dinosaur as he tempts it)

MEPHISTOPHELES: She's hot, isn't she? Wouldn't you like to get you some juicy virgin cootchie? Get your hot dino patty into some milky white Hebrew Poonjabba? You're the King! You're the King, my friend. T.Rex, and you know what the "Rex" stands for.

(rubs Rex's nipples)

You can almost see her breasts through the traditional Hebrew garb. Just thinkin' 'bout those nipples is making your nipples hard. Here, let me grease you down. Take her. Take her, my friend. Who's gonna stop you? You're 20 feet tall! You weigh 12,000 pounds! You weigh 16,000 pounds—verify weight of Tyrannosaurus 68. You can rip off her panties in the streets of Jerusalem and there ain't no Roman Army gonna stop you.

(Rex roars, Mephistopheles is deafened, jumps back)

Ow!

(Rex looks at Meph, growls)

Is that a "yes"?

(blackout)

(sound of a garage door opening, screen rises on two guys in Godzilla costumes with green vests, sitting at a café.)

The Cafe Saurus

PHIL: Yes!

JACK: No!

PHIL: Yes!

JACK: No!

PHIL: Yes!

JACK: No, it's not.

PHIL: Yes, it is!

JACK: No, it's not!

PHIL: How can you say "no" when you haven't tried it?

JACK: How do you know I haven't tried it?

PHIL: I asked you first.

JACK: None of your beeswax.

(enter Jeff. Jack and Phil look at him quizzically)

JEFF: *(to the reader, sheepishly)* I think I'm going to skip over this scene for now and we'll get back to it later when I figure out what these guys are talking about.

(Jeff exits)

(pause)

(Phil looks at his watch, taps it, listens to it.)

PHIL: I gotta get a digital watch.

(Jack takes a pocket watch out of his vest)

PHIL: What time do you got?

JACK: Late Jurassic.

PHIL: Late Jurassic?? I gotta get outta here.

(Phil runs out.)

(pause)

JACK: Check, please!

(screen drops, garage door closes)

(Leveaux has several back issues of Popular Mechanics or Popular Science which he shows as he recites the cover topics:)

LEVEAUX: Genetic Engineering. Stealth Technology. Cold Fusion - nuclear reactions you can make in your kitchen sink. Computers. More computers. Computers capable of storing billions of pieces of information in the space of a small briefcase. The entire operating system can be pressed into a silicon chip the size of a cockroach.

Mankind has been around for one million years. Recorded history, and hence, technology as we know it, goes back only 20,000 years. All our technology, all of this, has been developed in 20,000 years. We've gone from stone wheels to space travel in that amount of time.

Now, let's look at another factor. We call it "the bomb". We have the power to destroy our planet. And to some extent we've started to do that: Air pollution, Water pollution, Radiation leaks, Acid rain, clear cutting the rain forests. Depleting the ozone layer. All this environmental destruction, plus the possibility of an atomic apocalypse looming on the horizon. The future looks bleak.

But, we're not stupid! We've come a long way since the grunting

retarded half apes who came out of the trees to invent real estate. We recognize that we're ruining our environment, and we're working on it. Emission restrictions, bans on fluorocarbons and nuclear testing, recycling, composting, everything is biodegradable, phasing out the use of plastics, biodegradable plastics. In fact, the only environmentally hazardous thing that we insist on keeping around is the atomic bomb.

Okay, we always talk about "where will our technology be" in 10 or 20 years, or in a century. But I wanna ask you, where will our technology be in a thousand years or ten thousand years. Remember, all of our technology is only 20,000 years old. The computer is only 50 years old 50 years old 68. From a calculator the size of a small factory to a semi-intelligent cockroach in 50 years! Where will our technology be in another 50,000 years? How about a million years? How about a HUNDRED million years, where will our technology be? Ill

tell you. Tiny minuscule supercomputers inscribed on silicon atoms. Machines capable of doing anything we 20th Century Neanderthals could even imagine in the blink of an eye. Faster than that. Tiny invisible uber-brains capable of fulfilling our slightest whim before we even think it. Go anywhere. Do anything. Be anyone.

And... AND... All of it Biodegradable. All of it completely environmentally, globally compatible.

...Except for the atomic bomb.

(significant pause)

The Dinosaurs walked the Earth for 180 million years 180180 million years is correct. (Glut says, 120 million) million years 68.

If they had language, culture, you're not gonna find a fossil of it.

If they developed biodegradable computers the size of an ants' eggs, you're not gonna find a fossil of it.

If, after struggling to preserve their environment for 180 million years, they finally wiped themselves out in a nuclear holocaust because none of them had the courage to live without the "security" of the bomb, you're not gonna find a fossil of it.

But you might find dead bodies.
And a whole lot of sand.

You tell me what happened to the dinosaurs.

Dance of Destruction

(Dancers enter and perform the "Dance of Destruction". No props. Only lights and sound, maybe slides)

(Images of Martyrs burned, Leaders assassinated. Images of Great Cathedrals being built up and slowly falling into decay and ruin. Dreams becoming corrupt. Empires falling. Creations on the brink of completion, destroyed. Flags proudly raised, then burned.)

(Some of the destruction is sudden, but much of it occurs slowly.)

(Virtues - Justice, Truth, etc. - like monumental marble Venuses. Time and the elements erode their features. They lose their arms, their noses, their faces. Eventually they stand as sooty crumbling torsos which collapse into rubble, and dust drifting away on the wind.)

(Finally everything is dead. And the sun goes down.)

(blackout)

A VOICE IN THE DARKNESS *(Add dancers to this scene. Standing around, being the voices)*

I am.

Therefore... I think.

Therefore...

I think.

(Lights slowly up on Rex, his lips do not move, but the voice is his, his thoughts)

Therefore... I am.

(Lights are up. A Mesozoic desert landscape.)

REX'S VOICE: I was standing in the desert.

Someone was walking toward me.

I did not know his name. But he seemed eager to see me.

Stranger, I said, do you know me?

REX's VOICE: *(same voice, but coming from a different amplifier)*

I know you, he said, you are the brother-slayer, the One who Kills.

REX's VOICE: And I asked him, how do you know this to be true?

REX's VOICE: It is true, he said, because I believe it.

REX's VOICE: Am I a figment of your imagination?

STRANGER's VOICE: *(second voice is different now, perhaps Leveaux's)* You are a figment of scientific fact.

REX's VOICE: Have you seen me kill? Have you seen blood on my teeth?

STRANGER's VOICE: I have seen your teeth. And they are good for only one thing. You are good for only one thing.

REX's VOICE: Am I good then?

STRANGER's VOICE: You are murder. You are evil.

REX's VOICE: That is not my intent.

STRANGER's VOICE: You cannot escape your biology.

(pause, Rex contemplates this)

REX's VOICE: I think.
...Therefore... I can.

(music swells, blackout)

(lights up on Phil and Jack, not at the Cafe Saurus, they may have top hats or canes)

JACK: Hi, I'm Jack and this is Phil, and we thought, it's such a shame to end the act on kind of a down note, so we thought we'd come out and entertain you a bit. Phil?

PHIL: This is a number from our nightclub act a number from our nightclub act, which is not in the show, so we thought we'd share it with you now. Maestro?

(music starts, they tap dance)
(then they vamp while they talk)

JACK: Dinosaur goes into a confessional. He says, "Bless me father, for I have sinned. It's been 100 million years since my last confession"

PHIL: Priest says, "100 million years! What have you been doing for 100 million years?"

JACK: Dinosaur says, "Waiting for someone to build a church!"
(they tap dance)

(they vamp)

JACK: Pterodactyl walks into a bar. Bartender says, "Long time no see"

PHIL: Pterodactyl says, "Yeah, I just flew in from the Coast"

JACK: Bartender says, "You look tired."

PHIL: Pterodactyl says, "Just my arms."

(they tap dance, something a bit fancier)
(they vamp)

PHIL: Say, Jack, why are we wearing these stupid suits?

(Jack stops dancing, music stops)

JACK: I thought you wanted to wear 'em.

PHIL: I thought you wanted to wear 'em.

(they look at themselves, they are wearing Godzilla suits with little green vests and top hats)

JACK: Well, let's take 'em off.

PHIL: Okay.

*(they take off their little green vests, and throw them away.)
(music resumes and they start dancing again.)*

PHIL: Well, folks, thanks for joining us. We hope you'll be back for the second act. We've got a lot of fun in store for you.

JACK: We'll take another look at the high fashion world of Renaissance modeling. And we're gonna go behind the scenes on Phil's new talk show.

PHIL: My special guest tonight will be The Virgin Mary.

JACK: We've got some excitement ahead of us with Mephistopheles still out there.

PHIL: And in the second act, somebody dies! We won't say who, but it's not who you think.

JACK: Also the talking T. Rex, the P.V.M. dancers, and more from someone who we haven't really seen much of in the first act.

PHIL: That's true. In fact, why don't we bring him out here right now?

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen... You know him, you love him...

PHIL: And he loves you...

JACK: The Lamb of God, The Son of Man...

PHIL: The Hostess with the Mostest...

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, Jesus of Nazareth!

(they applaud, Jesus enters, he tap dances with them. He's better than they are.)

(they vamp)

PHIL: Will you be performing one of your numbers for us tonight, Jesus? Jesus. I thought I'd do something from the book of Matthew.

JACK: Number one in England this week.

PHIL: All this and more after intermission.

(the three of them perform a 180 degree line rotation and dance off together a la "Off to See the Wizard".)

(music fades)

(sound of two or three large switches being thrown and the house lights come on, also a faint annoying electronic buzz - like the hum of large incandescents - which continues throughout the intermission.)

(end of Act One)