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Samuel French Acting Edition

Judge Jackie: Disorder in the Court

Book & Lyrics by
Christopher Dimond

Music by
Michael Kooman

Based on a concept by
Van Kaplan

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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**Originally produced
By the Pittsburgh CLO, Pittsburgh, PA
Van Kaplan, Executive Director**

CHARACTERS

JACKIE – (forties/fifties) Sharp-witted, cynical television judge.

HENRY – (forties) Jackie's mild-mannered, insecure bailiff. Also plays:

JORGE DE AMORE – A sultry telenovela character from Jackie's childhood.

SHANE – (forties) Smarmy television executive. Also plays:

ALLISTER DICASTRO – Jackie's pompous ex-husband.

BOOMING VOICE – Of the Great Xantos on High.

MAN 1 AND WOMAN 1 – (twenties/thirties) who play:

RALPH & MARGE – Slovenly couch potatoes.

DUANE & LUANNE – Redneck Doomsday preppers.

TREAT & POO-BEAR – Privileged wannabe gangstas.

BRITLEY SPANX – An obnoxious teen pop star.

FRANK SPANX – Her indulgent father.

YOUNG ALLISTER – A kinder version of Allister.

MAMA – Henry's elderly mother.

DONOR MAN & DONOR WOMAN – A bitter elderly couple.

CATFISH GUY – A deluded man.

BUILDING LADY – A woman in love with a monument.

KITTY – A furry.

YOUNG JACKIE – Jackie in middle school.

YOUNG JORGE – A younger Jorge de Amore.

SETTING

A television studio in the city of the production. The present.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

The script includes a number of specific regional references. In this version of the script, they are in [brackets] and **bold**. It is the authors' intent that these sections of dialogue should be altered to give the show a local flavor particular to the specific region of each individual production.

(At rise: As the audience filters in, the actors mingle with them. HENRY, dressed in a bailiff's uniform, enters.)

HENRY. Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the *Judge Jackie Justice* show. If anyone is here for the taping of [**Local town with amusing name**] *Has Got Talent*, you're one theatre over. We're going to get started in just a couple of minutes, but before we do, we have a special treat for you tonight. Judge Jackie herself has graciously agreed to come out for a brief photo opportunity. So, ladies and gentlemen, please give a warm welcome to the acerbic star of NBS's long running smash sensation, the woman *TV Guide* once described as "a television judge," *Jackie Justice*.

(JACKIE enters.)

Would anyone like to have a picture taken with the judge? Don't be shy. Come on up, and I can snap a quick photo with your smart phone. Don't forget to hashtag *GreatestShowInTheHistoryOfBroadcastTelevision*.

(He lets this play out.)

Unfortunately, the judge has to get backstage to get ready for taping. Let's give her one more round of applause.

(JACKIE exits.)

I'd like to once again welcome you to our nationwide tour of the number one show on daytime television, *Judge Jackie Justice*.

For those of you who don't know me, which, judging from my fan mail is all of you, my name is Henry Winslow. I will be your humble bailiff and emcee this afternoon. So, good afternoon [**Local city**].

Now, jury duty in Judge Jackie's court doesn't work quite the way you may be used to. Jurors are often asked to serve the court in rather unconventional ways. For instance, Judge Jackie likes to begin each case with a burst of enthusiasm, so all jurors are expected to sing the *Judge Jackie* theme song. I'm sure most of you know it from the popular hip-hop dance remix, but in case you need a little brush up, our music director, [**Pianist's name**], is here to help. Here's how it goes. Judge Jackie will sing...

[MUSIC NO. 00 "LEARNING JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE"]

JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.

And you will echo her with...

JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.

Shall we try it? Hit it, [**Pianist's name**].

JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.

JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.

Oh, come on.

JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.

JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.

Excellent.

Alrighty then, we are ready to get started. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the number one show on daytime television.

[MUSIC NO. 01 "JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE"]

She's the quick-witted judge whose passion for justice took her from the mean streets of Brooklyn to the highest courts in the land. And now, she's bringing her patented brand of no-nonsense jurisprudence straight into your living room five days a week. She is...Judge Jackie Justice.

(Enter JACKIE.)

JACKIE.

TAKE YOUR SEATS AND PAY ATTENTION.
SHUT YOUR TRAP AND ZIP YOUR LIP.
COURT'S IN SESSION, NOW THERE'S NO REFUTIN'
JACKIE'S SHOOTIN' STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP.
THERE'S NO HIGHER COURT THAN MY COURT.
AT LEAST NOT ON YOUR TV.
I'M A TRUTH MACHINE, THERE'S NOT DENYING,
DON'T TRY LYING IN FRONT OF ME.
DON'T YOU GIVE ME NO PHONY BALONEY
'CAUSE FALSE TESTIMONY
WILL ALWAYS FAIL.
DON'T YOU GIVE ME NO SNARKY MALARKEY
OR I'LL THROW YOUR ASS
RIGHT IN JAIL.
HERE MY VERDICTS ALL ARE FINAL.
DON'T STAMMER HEM OR HAW.
IN MY COURTROOM CASES ARE ALL CIVIL,
DON'T YOU SNIFF AND SNIVEL,
SAVE YOUR DRIVEL, MY WORD IS LAW.
JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.
JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.
JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.
JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.

HENRY. What you are about to witness is real. Really real.
The participants are not actors, they are actual people.
They have agreed to come here today to air their very
real grievances and abide by the distinctly real decisions
of Judge Jackie Justice.

JACKIE.

SO YOU THINK THAT YOU'RE PRETTY DAMN WITTY,
WELL, HONEY, I PITY
STUPIDITY.
AND MY ONE SIXTY TWO POINT IQ SAYS THAT YOU
AIN'T GOT NOTHING ON ME.
I'M THE KING, THE QUEEN, THE SULTAN.

AND LIKE SPRINGSTEEN, I'M THE BOSS.
AND MY RULE HERE IS SO SUPREME THAT YOU WISH
YOU COULD BE THIS SHREWISH.
I'M THE JEWISH DIANA ROSS.

JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.
JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.
JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.
JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.
JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.

[MUSIC NO. 01A "FIRST CASE"]

HENRY. This is the plaintiff, Ralph Flunderstain. He claims that the defendant's negligence caused him severe bodily harm. He is suing for five thousand dollars.

(Enter RALPH, a slovenly, overweight man who perhaps speaks with a pronounced localized accent.)

This is the defendant, Marge Flunderstain. She is countersuing for a chance to appear on television. We now call to order The Case of the Piping Pizza Pie.

(Enter MARGE, who matches her husband.)

JACKIE. Mr. Flunderstain, why don't you start off by explaining why you're suing your wife?

RALPH. You mean you don't just, like, give me the money?

JACKIE. Not until you present your case.

RALPH. This numbnuts burned the roof a my mouth on the pizza cheese!

MARGE. Objection, Your Honorfulness.

JACKIE. On what grounds?

MARGE. On this grounds right here.

JACKIE. Which one of you ponderous twits is going to tell me what happened?

RALPH. Ugh. I guess I will, Your Honorship. I remember it like it was something I remember real well.

[MUSIC NO. 01B "RALPH AND MARGE"]

(Their flashback begins.)

It was a special night for us. We had just gotten back from our fancy anniversary dinner at [**Local town or local greasy spoon**] McDonald's.

(They sit and stare blankly at a TV. He lifts the remote control and changes the channel.)

MARGE. Hey! I was watching that.

RALPH. So?

MARGE. So, gimme the remote.

RALPH. No.

MARGE. Gimme.

RALPH. No.

MARGE. Gimme –

(They struggle for the remote. He drops it. They both look at it. Half-heartedly reach for it. Then give up.)

RALPH. Aw, man.

MARGE. All this exercise is making me hungry.

RALPH. We got a pizza in the freezer.

MARGE. Well, go on.

RALPH. The freezer's way over there.

MARGE. So?

RALPH. So you go on.

MARGE. You go on.

RALPH. You wanna rock paper scissors for it?

MARGE. Let's rock paper scissors for it.

RALPH. Loser makes the pizza.

MARGE. One.

RALPH. Two.

MARGE. This seems like a lot of effort.

RALPH. You wanna pay other people to rock paper scissors for it?

MARGE. Let's pay other people to rock paper scissors for it.

JACKIE. Are you telling me that you paid people to play rock paper scissors because you were too lazy to walk the six steps necessary to microwave a pizza?

MARGE. That's exactly what we're telling you.

RALPH. It was just a matter of finding a fierce and intimidating, grizzled rock paper scissors expert who would strike fear into the heart of his opponent. Aha!

(Selects an audience member.)

Here is my champion. His name is probably something really intimidating like Striker, or Dagger, or... What's your name?

(Gets the audience member to say his name.)

Yeah, very intimidating, Steve. Just look how fierce Steve's rock paper scissors technique is. Go ahead, Steve. Show her that incredibly intimidating rock paper technique of yours.

(He makes the audience member demonstrate his rock paper scissors technique.)

MARGE. Oh yeah? Well here is my champion.

(She selects an audience member.)

Her name is probably even more intimidating than Steve. It's...

(Gets the audience member to say her name.)

Agnes. And Agnes studied the ancient art of rock paper scissors under the greatest rock paper scissors master of all time. Go on and show us what you learned.

(She encourages her to do something.)

RALPH. Let the rock paper scissors battle for the pizza commence.

MARGE. One.

RALPH. Two.

MARGE. Three.

RALPH. Shoot!

(If MARGE's champion wins...)

MARGE. Haha!

RALPH. Aw, man.

MARGE. Great job, Agnes.

(They usher the audience members back to their seats.)

RALPH. And so, your Honordom, I was forced to nuke my own pizza.

(He takes a bite of the pizza.)

Ahhhhhhhhhh!

(He throws an over-the-top histrionic fit. It goes on a bit too long.)

The cheeth! It'th hot. It'th tho hot. The cheeeeeeeeeee
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeth!

JACKIE. Hold on, hold on just a minute, you fatuous oaf. You're telling me that you're suing your wife because you burned your mouth on pizza cheese that you microwaved yourself?

RALPH. Well, if she wouldn't of chosen such a good rock paper scissors champion, I wouldn't of messed it up and nuked it too long.

(Skip to "It's pizza cheese. It might be hot...")

(If RALPH's champion wins.)

RALPH. Yes! Well done, Steve.

(They usher their champions back to their seats.)

MARGE. And so, your Honorfulness, I nuked the tool his pizza.

(She presents him with the pizza. He takes a bite.)

RALPH. Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

(He throws an over-the-top histrionic fit. It goes on a bit too long.)

The cheeth! It'th hot. It'th tho hot. The cheeeeeeeeeee
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeth!

JACKIE. Hold on, hold on, hold on just a minute, you fatuous oaf. You're telling me that you're suing your wife because you burned your mouth on microwave pizza cheese?

RALPH. It was real hot.

JACKIE. It's pizza cheese. It might be hot. It's supposed to be hot, you slovenly lout!

RALPH. Hey now –

JACKIE. Ruling for the defendant!

MARGE. Haha!

JACKIE. Henry, get these lackadaisical lumps outta my courtroom. You've been burned and we're adjourned.

(HENRY ushers them out.)

HENRY. We're clear, your Honor. Would you like to take five before our next case?

JACKIE. You'd better believe it. I can hear my pastrami on rye calling from here.

(HENRY exits. Enter SHANE.)

SHANE. Ms. Justice? Wait a second...Justice? And you're a judge. Just got that.

JACKIE. Who the hell are you?

SHANE. I'm the man who's going to save your career.

JACKIE. I'm sorry?

SHANE. No need to apologize. Shane Shankleman. NBS's new Vice President of Reality Television and Online Videos of Adorable Cats.

JACKIE. I'm on my pre-lunch lunch.

SHANE. Jackie-cakes... Can I call you Jackie-cakes?

JACKIE. No.

SHANE. Jackie-cakes, there's been a bit of a dustup down at the network, and I'm afraid you're at the center of it.

JACKIE. How could I have caused any controversy? I haven't made anyone cry in weeks.

SHANE. You've seen the latest ratings?

JACKIE. No.

SHANE. It seems your show has suffered a rather sudden drop. In fact, you're now mired somewhere between *Rupaul's Literal Drag Race* and *Keeping Up with the Kevorkians*.

JACKIE. That's not possible.

SHANE. Most of the suits at NBS are throwing around big words like cancellization.

JACKIE. You're aware that that's not a word, correct?

SHANE. Nevertheless, they want to cancellize you.

JACKIE. They can't cancel me.

SHANE. They can. And they can. Because they lack my visionacity. I'm sure I don't have to tell you about the other shows I've visionacinated, what with the success of *Who Wants to Marry a Millionaire's Corpse*.

JACKIE. Tell me that's not a real thing.

SHANE. Or *America's Got Diabetes*.

JACKIE. What is wrong with you?

SHANE. Or my biggest hit, *Kitten Chews on Fork Stuck in Electrical Socket*.

(He pulls out an iPhone and shows her a short clip, from which we hear the horrifying soundtrack.)

JACKIE. Good God.

SHANE. I know. We're planning a spin-off. This little cat's gonna be a star. Well, a cat that looks a lot like this one.

[MUSIC NO. 02 "REALITY TV"]

JACKIE. What's your point?

SHANE.

FOLKS THINK REALITY IS SOME KIND OF BORE.
'CAUSE THEIR DAILY LIVES ARE A TOTAL SNORE.
BUT THANKS TO ME THAT ISN'T TRUE ANYMORE.
CREATIVE EDITS, BIG SPLASHY CREDITS.

NOW YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT THEY'RE DYING TO
SEE.

YOU'VE GOT REALITY TV.

JACKIE. Reality TV? My show is as real as it gets.

SHANE. But it's not real enough. These days, reality TV needs to be realer than real.

SPICE UP THE SHOW A BIT AND I GUARANTEE
YOU'LL HAVE "OOH" AND "AH," YOU'LL HAVE "O.M.G."
AND THEN THROW IN A DOSE OF CELEBRITY.
STARS ON THE DOCKET.
RATINGS SKYROCKET.

RAMP UP THE DRAMA AND I THINK YOU'LL AGREE,
YOU'VE GOT REALITY TV.

JACKIE. Get out of my courtroom.

SHANE.

BUSINESS IS SLOW.
SUFFICE TO SAY
YOUR SHOW IS LESS AND LESS SUCCESSFUL BY THE DAY.
AND EVERY YEAR
YOUR RATINGS DROP.
BUT SOMEONE'S HERE WHO KNOWS THE WAY TO MAKE IT
STOP.

The end of the day, Jackie-pie. I've got until the end of the day today to turn things around. If we can't boost ratings, your show is as dead as a kitten that chewed on a fork stuck in an electrical socket.

YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR NUMBERS START TO INFLATE?
EVERY NOW AND THEN YOU MUST EXAGGERATE.
WHAT JUICY EVIDENCE CAN YOU FIBRICATE?
THE NETWORK'S HITLESS,
MAKE UP A WITNESS.

SO, BID FAREWELL TO YOUR INTEGRITY.
ONLY LOSERS CLING TO LEGALITY.
THINGS LIKE MORALITY DON'T MATTER, YOU SEE.
BABY, YOU'LL MAKE IT
IF YOU JUST FAKE IT.
LET'S MAKE REALITY TV.

Yessir, I'm gonna put this show back on the map. It's merely a question of which ratings-boost technique

to employ. Ooh! Are you familiar with *Celebrity Couples Court*?

JACKIE. *Celebrity Couples Court*?

SHANE. Judge Allister something or other.

JACKIE. DiCastro.

SHANE. Hm?

JACKIE. Judge Allister DiCastro.

SHANE. See? Even an aging recluse like you knows who he is.

JACKIE. Oh, I know who the backstabbing word-I'm-not-allowed-to-say-on-TV-anymore is alright.

SHANE. Number one in your time slot, that's who he is. Across all demographicals. If we make your show more like CCC, we're sure to boost ratings. Do you know any celebrities?

JACKIE. Let me tell you something, Shane. Real courtroom drama comes from real people, not from a bunch of brain-dead spray-tan attention-starved movie stars. The only celebrity who appears on my show is me.

SHANE. I met Dave Coulier at a Burger King once, but I don't know if that's enough to get him on the show. Plus he forgot to put pickles on my Whopper. Has that Honey Boo Boo kid OD'd yet?

JACKIE. Is that a person?

SHANE. I wish she'd OD'd. Or had half the legal troubles of Britley Spanx. Wait a minute! Britley Spanx.

JACKIE. Who?

SHANE. Britley Spanx. Teen pop sensation and the mother of all celebrity controversy magnets. Why, she once got arrested at her own wedding, and then got divorced before she made bail.

JACKIE. Listen to me, Shane. I didn't grace the cover of *Small Claims Court Quarterly* twice just by being beautiful. I know what I'm doing. This show is about real people. And while real people may be simple-minded morons,

they're my simple-minded morons. I make a difference in real people's lives, just like Jorge de Amor.

[MUSIC NO. 03 "ALLISTER DREAM #1"]

SHANE. Who's Jorge de Amor?

JACKIE. What?

SHANE. You said you make a difference just like Jorge de Amor.

JACKIE. No I didn't. That would be ridiculous.

(Beat.)

The point is, I may not have much, Shane. I may not have "tact," or "social graces," or "close personal relationships." But I've got my pride. And my show is going to stay true to real Americans, unlike that sell-out sideshow *Celebrity Couples Court*.

SHANE. I'll tell you what: I'll watch this next little case of yours, and determinate exactly what it is that *Celebrity Couples Court* has that your show doesn't. Yessir, you could learn a lot from Judge Allister DiCastro.

(He exits. YOUNG ALLISTER appears.)

YOUNG ALLISTER. Did someone say my name?

JACKIE. Allister? What are you doing here?

YOUNG ALLISTER. May I have this dance?

JACKIE. Dance? After everything that happened, you really think I'm going to – Allister, you look so young.

YOUNG ALLISTER. I may be young, Jackie, I may be a poor law student who could barely get up the nerve to ask you out between Torts and Civil Procedure, but by gum, that doesn't mean that swearing to spend the rest of our lives together hasn't made today the best day of my life.

JACKIE. Did we really dance like this?

YOUNG ALLISTER. I swear, Jackie, even when you're a Supreme Court Justice and I'm a struggling yet spiritually fulfilled public defender, I will make sure that you remain supremely and inexhaustibly happy.

(An older version of ALLISTER appears.)

ALLISTER. Run along, sport. You don't quite know the steps.

JACKIE. Allister. Now there's the scum-sucking toad I remember.

(He cuts in. YOUNG ALLISTER exits.)

ALLISTER. You know, of all my ex-wives, you were always my favorite. Well, second favorite. Top three.

JACKIE. Forgive me if I tune this out, I have an aversion to the ramblings of chauvinist philanderers.

ALLISTER. What you should be tuning into is everything this Shane Shankleman fellow has to say. He's one sharp cookie. And roguishly handsome to boot. Take his advice, Jackie, and someday you'll be as happy as me.

(He disappears.)

JACKIE. I'm the highest paid personality on television, Allister. You think I won twenty-two Emmy Awards just by shaving Phil Donahue's eyebrows during sweeps? I worked my way up from nothing, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let you –

(Enter HENRY.)

HENRY. Your Honor?

JACKIE. Henry?

HENRY. You're shouting at no one.

JACKIE. Sometimes I shout at no one, Henry. It's part of my charm.

HENRY. Yes, your Honor.

JACKIE. Henry, at the risk of breaking my strict moratorium on the discussion of personal matters, have you ever felt as though there was something in your life that was somehow...missing?

HENRY. No, your Honor. I've never felt as though there were anything missing. From my life. Nothing at all.

JACKIE. Neither have I. I was only wondering.

HENRY. Of course, your Honor. How could there possibly be something missing from your life? You've got the number one show on daytime television.

JACKIE. You're right, Henry, a woman with the number one show on daytime television could never feel anything less than completely fulfilled, could she?

HENRY. Your Honor?

[MUSIC NO. 04 "I'LL GET IT BACK"]

JACKIE. If there's one thing I'm good at, Henry, it's making garishly dressed studio executives eat their words. I want you to find me the most sensational case we've got on the docket. Let's show that walking malaprop what this show is all about.

HENRY. Right away, your Honor.

(HENRY exits.)

JACKIE.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE DAYTIME DRAMA QUEEN.
THE BIGGEST TV STAR THE WORLD HAS SEEN.
IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO
GET IT BACK.

I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHAT WENT WRONG AND THEN
I'LL RULE THE NEILSEN RATINGS ONCE AGAIN.
YES, JUST YOU WAIT.
I'LL GET IT BACK.

I'M THE ONE WHO OUSTED POOR OLD OPRAH
AND MASSACRED MONTEL.
I BEAT THE PANTS OFF
SALLY JESSY RAPHAEL.
I HOISTED OUT GERALDO
SPRINGER GOT SPRUNG TOO.
AND NOW THIS *COUPLES COURT SHOW*
I'M COMING FOR YOU.

I'LL SIT ATOP THE LEGAL TV WORLD.
THERE ON MY THRONE, MY REGAL ROBES UNFURLED.

YES, SOMEDAY SOON
I'LL GET IT BACK.
'CAUSE JACKIE'S COMEBACK, IT HAS JUST BEGUN.
I WILL NOT STOP UNTIL I'M NUMBER ONE.
AND THERE I'LL BE
WITH EMMY TWENTY-THREE.
I GUARANTEE,
I'LL GET IT BACK.
JUST WATCH AND SEE,
I'LL GET IT BACK.

[MUSIC NO. 04A "JUDGE JACKIE – REPRISE
#1"]

(HENRY re-enters.)

HENRY. All rise. This court is now in session. The
Honorable Judge Jackie Justice presiding.

JACKIE & AUDIENCE.

JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.
JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.
JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.
JUDGE JACKIE JUSTICE.

(Enter DUANE and LUANNE, two shabbily-dressed
rednecks.)

HENRY. This is the plaintiff, Luanne Pumkinblotch. She
claims that the defendant misappropriated their
collective life savings. She is suing for two hundred
dollars. This is the defendant, Duane Duaneson. He
claims that *The Dukes of Hazard* is the greatest television
series of all time.

DUANE. Hey Mama!

HENRY. We now call to order The Case of the Peppered
Preppers.

JACKIE. Now this is what I'm talking about, Henry. Real,
salt of the Earth imbeciles. Ms. Pumpkinblotch?

LUANNE. Huh?

JACKIE. What is your relationship with this shabbily-clad
slugabed?

DUANE. She's my womern, yer Honor.

LUANNE. Nuh-uh. I dumped yer sorry behind.

DUANE. Well, I doesn't accept.

LUANNE. Y'all doesn't have to accept.

JACKIE. And I once again find myself in the midst of a walking advertisement for celibacy.

LUANNE. Say wut?

JACKIE. At the time of the alleged incident, were you and the defendant cohabitating?

LUANNE. Co-wut?

JACKIE. I'm sorry, let me translate into lackwit for you: Were you living together?

LUANNE. Oh yeah. We got us a nice double-wide right there on my grandaddy's pumpkin farm, between the meth lab and the other meth lab, so's we could save all a our money fer –

DUANE. Luanne, what is y'all –

JACKIE. Clam it, Cletus. You'll get your turn.

(To LUANNE.)

When did you notice that your money was missing?

[MUSIC NO. 05 "AIN'T NO DRILL – PART 1"]

LUANNE. Oh. It weren't missin'. I knowed right where it gone.

(The flashback begins.)

It wuz 'bout three o'clock in the mornin'.

I knowed cuz my favorite infomercial had jist 'bout finshed up. The one fer the knives wut slice bananas real good. That's when it happened.

(She enters the flashback.)

Wake up, Duane! Git yer lazy bones outta bed.

DUANE. Wut is it, Luanne?

LUANNE.

GO GIT YER GUN.

DUANE. My gun?

LUANNE.

GO GIT YER GUN.

DUANE. I got it.

LUANNE.

DON'T BE AN IJIT, NOT THAT GUN, GO GIT THE WAY BIGGER
ONE. AND THEM GRENADES.

DUANE. Grenades?

LUANNE.

YEAH, THEM GRENADES.

DUANE. Which grenades?

LUANNE.

THE ONES WE KEEP THERE 'NEATH OUR PILLOW, CASE THE
GUV'MENT INVADES.

Y'ALL GOT YER KNIFE?

DUANE. The guv'ment?

LUANNE.

YER BIG ASS KNIFE.

DUANE. The guv'ment's here?

LUANNE.

YER GONNA NEED IT, YEAH, YOU BET YER WORTHLESS LIFE.
SO GIT YER GUN AND HIDE THE STILL!
THIS AIN'T NO DRILL!

DUANE. Wut we gonna do, Luanne?

LUANNE.

WE GOTTA GIT TO THAT THERE BUNKER Y'ALL BILT.
THE ONE WUT I DONE TOLE YA TA BUILD.
THANK GOD WE BILT THAT BUNKER AND FILLED IT ALL UP,
NOW LET'S NOT STOP 'TIL THAT WHOLE GUV'MENT IS
KILLED.

DUANE. Yeah, 'bout that bunker, Luanne –

LUANNE.

CUZ IT IS ON.

DUANE. It's jist –

LUANNE.

THEY'S ON OUR LAWN.
THE BIGGEST GUV'MENT POSSE THAT YOU EVER SAWN.

SO GIT YER GUN AND FIRE AT WILL!

THIS AIN'T NO DRILL!

Cover me –

DUANE. Luanne!

(She runs. He chases.)

Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

(LUANNE gets shot by an invisible government agent.

She crumples to the floor. DUANE cradles her.)

LUANNE. They got me, Duane. Them guv'ment bastards got me.

DUANE. Hang on, Luanne. Hang on!

LUANNE. Jist git me ta that there bunker, Duane. Git me ta that there bunker.

DUANE. Yeah, the thing 'bout that there bunker is –

LUANNE.

CUZ IN OUR BUNKER,

OUR DOOMSDAY BUNKER,

WE'LL LIVE IN PARADISE BETWEEN THEM CONCRETE

WALLS.

WE'LL HAVE SOME FLASHLIGHTS.

AND CANNED TOMATOES.

WE'LL EAT MARSHMALLOW PEEPS WHILE CIV'LIZATION

FALLS.

DUANE. Oh, Luanne.

(DUANE looks around.)

Uh, Luanne?

LUANNE. Wut?

DUANE. That ain't no guv'ment. That there's a pumpkin patch.

LUANNE. Well, of course it's a pumpkin patch. This were a drill.

DUANE. But y'all said "This ain't no drill."

LUANNE. Wut would we say if it weren't no drill, huh? We'd say "This ain't no drill." So that's wut we gotta say when it are a drill.

DUANE. I reckon, it's jist...

[MUSIC NO. 05A "AIN'T NO DRILL – PART 2"]

LUANNE. Great balls 'a fire, Duane, a zombie!

(She selects an audience member to be the zombie.)

DUANE. Great balls 'a fire!

LUANNE. It's the zombie 'pocalypse, Duane. I done tole y'all it were comin'. And now here it be.

DUANE. Watch out, Luanne!

LUANNE. HE GOT MY ARM.

DUANE. I'll save y'all.

LUANNE.

SOUND THE ALARM.

WHERE IS THE FENCE WUT I DONE TOLE YOU TO BUILD
ALL ROUND THE FARM?

THIS HERE UNDEAD.

WILL EAT MY HEAD.

UNLESS Y'ALL FILL HIS ZOMBIE GUTS ALL FULL A
BUCKSHOT AND LEAD.

HE'LL EAT MY BRAINS.

DUANE. I'm comin', Luanne.

LUANNE.

DRINK FROM MY VEINS.

THEN MAKE A BIG OLE ZOMBIE MEAL A MY REMAINS.

SO GIT YER GUN AND SHOOT TA KILL.

THIS AIN'T NO DRILL!

DUANE. I'll save y'all, Luanne. Jist tell me wut ta do.

LUANNE.

IF WE COULD JIST GIT TA THAT BUNKER YA BILT.

WE COULD SHOW THEM ZOMBIES WE'S TOUGH.

CUZ WE WOULD BE THERE SAFELY EATIN' THEM PEEPS
WHILE ALL THE WORLD GITS ATE BY ZOMBIES 'N STUFF.

Y'ALL BETTER RACE.

DUANE. It's jist –

LUANNE.

TA GIT MY MACE.

DUANE. Ya see –

LUANNE.

AND BLAST THIS ZOMBIE BASTARD IN HIS STUPID FACE.

IT'S TIME FER ZOMBIE BLOOD TA SPILL.

THIS AIN'T NO DRILL!

Sweet mother of mercy, Duane. He bit me! He bit me,
and then he sat back down. But he definitely bit me
first. I'm done fer.

DUANE. Oh, Luanne.

LUANNE. Tell me 'bout that there bunker, Duane.

DUANE. See, Luanne, now that y'all mention it, there is
something I been meanin' ta tell y'all 'bout that there
bunker.

LUANNE. The light's fadin', Duane. Tell me how it's gone
be.

DUANE.

WELL, IN THAT BUNKER,

THE ONE I BILT Y'ALL,

THE ONE WUT DEFINITELY ISN'T BILT ON LIES.

WE'LL HAVE SOME FLASHLIGHTS.

AND CANNED TOMATOES.

WE'LL EAT MARSHMALLOW PEEPS WHILE EVERYBODY DIES.

LUANNE. Oh, Duane. It's beautiful.

DUANE. Yeah, it's jist –

LUANNE. Great Xantos on High, Duane. It's the Great
Xantos on High.

DUANE. Great Xantos on High! It is the Great Xantos on
High.

JACKIE. What in the name of Wapner is the Great Xantos
on High?

LUANNE. Y'all know, the Great Xantos on High, Almighty
Ruler wut created the world in two and a half hours,
'n requires that we wear pointy hats, so's that when
he returns to destroy the world in wind 'n fire, we kin

join him up there on Planet Xanotopia, jist like them prophets Jethro and Tull said.

JACKIE. And am I to understand that you and the lost Clampett cousin here run practice drills to prepare for the possibility that this Xantos shows up on your front lawn?

DUANE. Well, sure.

LUANNE. Only this weren't no drill. He were there.

JACKIE. Of course he were.

LUANNE. *(She selects an audience member.)* Y'all mind standin' in fer him? Y'all look kinda Xantos-y.

(She helps him onto stage.)

There he wuz, the Great Xantos on High in all his glory. And by "all his glory," I mean a [**Whatever audience member is wearing**] wut went outta style in the mid-nineties. And he opened up his mouth, and he spaketh unto us.

BOOMING VOICE.

IT IS I!

THE GREAT XANTOS ON HIGH.

LUANNE. Yup. His mouth was moving all outta sync with the words like that, and he says...

BOOMING VOICE.

I SHALT DESTROYETH THOSE WHO'VE SINNED AGAINST ME,
LIKE ALL THOSE LUTHERANS,
AND SILLY EPISCOPALIANS,
AND ALL LEFTHANDED BUDDHISTS,
AND MORMONS, AND SLUTS, AND GINGERS,
AND FANS OF [**RIVAL SPORTS FRANCHISE**],
AND DAVID HASSELHOFF.

LUANNE. Yeah, the Great Xantos on High hates David Hasselhoff. And then he says...

BOOMING VOICE.

BUT ALL YE,
MY CHOSEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS,
WHO HEARD OF MY COMING AND BELIEVED IT,

AND BUILT UP THY DOOMSDAY BUNKERS,
TO ESCAPE THE APOCALYPTIC STORMS OF GODLY WIND
AND FIRE,
YE SHALT BE SAVED.

AND ALSO,
A MESSAGE FOR THE GUY IN THE FIRST ROW,
MASTURBATION IS A SIN.

LUANNE. And jist like that, he wuz gone. And I says...

(Snaps back into flashback.)

Duane! Duane! Wut is y'all waitin' fer? Let's git to that
there bunker wut y'all bilt fer me 'fore the Great Xantos
on High destroys the world in wind 'n fire.

DUANE. Yeah. Okay, Luanne. Let's git to that there bunker.

LUANNE. And that's when I seen it, yer Honor.

JACKIE. That's when you seen what?

LUANNE.

THERE WEREN'T NO BUNKER.

DUANE. NEVER BILT ONE.

THAT STUPID IJIT IS A DIRTY FILTHY LIAR.

HE STOLE MY MONEY,

AND BILT A SPACESHIP.

AND NOW WE'ZE GONNA GIT DESTROYED IN WIND 'N FIRE!

DUANE. Y'all know wut? If y'all hadn't a been dumb 'nuff
to smash up my spaceship real good, I'd take that
spaceship and fly off to someplace far, like Mars or
[Nearby bucolic town with amusing name], jist so's I kin
git away from y'all.

LUANNE. Y'all better fly that spaceship straight up Uranus,
Duane, cuz that's 'bout as far as yer gone git bein' too
dumb to figger out a way to launch it.

JACKIE. I have never, in my life, seen two people more ill-
suited for one another, more ill-equipped to participate
in an adult relationship, or more likely to exacerbate
one another's dangerously paranoid delusions.

DUANE. Thank y'all, yer Honor.

LUANNE. That's mighty kind.

JACKIE. No. It is not mighty kind. But I'll tell you what is mighty kind, I am going to make sure that you two dental abominations never see one another again.

LUANNE. Say wut?

JACKIE. I am hereby issuing a restraining order on each of you.

DUANE. Y'all cain't do that. We'ze in love!

[MUSIC NO. 06 "IF YOU ONLY KNEW"]

JACKIE. You know something, Jethro? People wouldn't realize what a moron you were if you kept your mouth shut, you ever heard that before? Neither did I, I just made it up. I'm gonna put it on t-shirts and make a million dollars. Henry, you want to buy a t-shirt?

HENRY. No, your Honor.

JACKIE. Right, because you're not an absolute imbecile like redneck Romeo and Juliet over here. Love. Bah. Love'll make fools of them all, Henry. Everyone but you and me.

(Throughout the song, JACKIE continues to rant and rave at DUANE and LUANNE in slow-motion silence.)

HENRY.

IF YOU ONLY KNEW
THE SECRETS I'VE BEEN HIDING.
IF YOU COULD SEE THROUGH
TO THE TRUTH I'VE KEPT INSIDE.
WHEN I LOOK AT YOU, SEDUCTIVELY PRESIDING...
OH WHAT WOULD YOU DO
IF YOU ONLY KNEW?

JACKIE. Listen here, you castoff from the cast of *Deliverance*, if you don't cease your mangling of the English language, I'm gonna shove this gavel so far up your –

HENRY.

YOU HAVE GOT THIS WIT
THAT I'M UTTERLY DISARMED BY.
YOUR SARCASTIC LAUGH,

IT SETS MY HEART ON FIRE.
AND I MUST ADMIT, I FIND MYSELF QUITE CHARMED BY
YOUR CYNICAL WORLDVIEW.
IF YOU ONLY KNEW.

JACKIE. Until the handle breaks off and you're walking
like a duck for the rest of your life.

HENRY.

YOU SHOW THE WORLD THE STERN AND SOBER JUDGE.
I SEE THE GIRL THAT THEY DON'T SEE.
YOU SAY IT TAKES A FOOL TO FALL IN LOVE.
WELL, MAYBE THE REAL FOOL IS ME.

IF YOU ONLY KNEW
HOW A LOOK FROM YOU COULD PLEASE ME.
HOW I TRULY LIVE
FOR THAT WRY SARDONIC SMILE.

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO FIND OUT THAT WHEN YOU
TEASE ME
YOU'RE SAYING "I LOVE YOU."
IF YOU ONLY KNEW.

JACKIE. Henry, you want to quit daydreaming and get these
idiots out of here? You look like a love-sick moron.

HENRY.

IF YOU ONLY KNEW.

JACKIE. The restraining orders go into effect immediately.
You've been burned, and we're adjourned.

(HENRY ushers them out.)

HENRY. We're clear. That's a ten, your Honor.

JACKIE. I'm not sure ten minutes is enough time to recover
from prolonged exposure to that level of inanity,
Henry.

[MUSIC NO. 06A "SHANE'S ENTRANCE #2"]

(HENRY exits. Enter SHANE.)

SHANE. Jackie-ree, a word?

JACKIE. For you, Shane, I can think of two words.

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