

THE LAST TEMPTATION OF BILL HICKS

By Brandon Bruce

CHARACTERS

Possible Doubling

ACTOR 1: BILL HICKS – man, any ethnicity, 30s

ACTOR 2: BIANCA PETERSON, BILL HICKS #3 – woman, any ethnicity, 20s to 30s

ACTOR 3: LENNY BRUCE, JOVE, ANGEL, THAD, BILL HICKS #2 – man, any ethnicity, 20s to 40s

ACTOR 4: ENTITY, DESIREE – any gender, any ethnicity, any age

SYNOPSIS

The Last Temptation of Bill Hicks begins at the end of the infamous comedian's short life. The edgy, avant garde comedian is offered an opportunity to return to his life on earth. Once there, Hicks engages in an existential battle for truth and meaning. A drama about the seriousness of comedy, and a comedy about the pointlessness of drama, this incisive play is one part a search for the self and a search for the collective consciousness. Hicks, who died at roughly the same age as Jesus of Nazareth, is resurrected to usher darkness back to a world choking in light.

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PROLOGUE

LENNY BRUCE stands onstage in a sharp, stark spotlight. He is unkempt, disheveled and defeated. He stands still onstage for a long time. We hear an announcement.

LENNY BRUCE

What do you want? (*pause*) What do you all want? (*pause*) You take one look at me and say “come on, clown, make with the funny now.” You want some jokes about broads? Maybe some jokes about sex? How about something innocuous like dogs and cats? Maybe some airplane food jokes? Or how about some jokes about how we treat people who aren’t lily white? Jokes about how the “haves” are trying to silence us “have nots?” How about some Christian vs. Jew jokes? Those are always a hoot.

No...you want dick jokes. You want fart jokes and big bouncing titty jokes, don’t you?

I’m afraid. There, I said it. I’ve always been afraid. You all like to sit out there and say “oh, that Lenny Bruce, he’s fearless.” Oh sure. Yeah, it looks like I’m fearless. But I’m scared. I’m scared shitless. But I’m not afraid of you. I’m not afraid of losing my career. I’m not afraid of losing my reputation. No. I’m afraid of the blinding light.

They’re closing in on me. Not just the conspirators, the ones who want me silenced. No, those jackoffs just give me extra fuel. It’s the ghosts. They’re all around us. I see them everywhere. They’re right here looking at us, watching us slurp up our martinis, our old-fashioned. They didn’t get it all done – not the way they wanted to. So, they’re screaming at us. They keep telling us to push as hard as we can, to scream as loud as we can, to cut as deep as we can...but we don’t listen, do we? We shut them out.

The thing is...I’m at the end here. I know my time on this earth won’t last much longer. So, I can’t shut them out anymore. I can tell you this – there *IS* a hell. But there certainly ain’t no heaven. When you die, you see all of those who came before you. All of the ones who watched you fail – just the way they did. And then you see the people who came before the others, the ones who came before them...and so forth. They all have one thing in common: they’re disappointed in everyone who followed them. They’re all disappointed we aren’t stronger than them.

Listen, I’ve lost my funny. I know it and so do all of you. You’re all here to watch me shrivel up and die – just like a car crash. I’m just glad I’m able to bring you some kind of happiness in the end. But I can tell you this – they’re watching you, too. They’re disappointed in you, too. You’re every bit as much of a failure as I am.

So, even if I've lost my funny, I've gained the truth. No...I've *earned* the truth. I earned it by opening my eyes and ears to these ghosts. Soon, I'll be one of these ghosts. You'll feel me when you take a shot, when you hit on that blonde across the room, when you flip off a cop. I'll be there. But before then, allow me to be a kind of Jewish John the Baptist. Nevermind the fact that John the Baptist was Jewish. I'm talking about a strung out, foul-mouthed Jew with a nasty hooker habit and a bad case of herpes. Like John the Baptist, I am a kind of herald.

He's coming.

He's coming to deliver wisdom to those who wish to remain stupid. He's coming to preach acceptance to those who hate. He's coming to scream at you. He's coming to harass you. He's coming to berate you. He's coming to assassinate your precious, bourgeois sensibilities – to drop an H-bomb on your cul de sacs. He'll run streaking and masturbating through your PTA meetings and flip the tables of the money changers on Wall Street.

And yes, he'll be funny. But you won't care. And neither will he. He'll kill. He'll dominate every room he's in. And then...just like me...he'll become a ghost...and you'll all do every single thing you can to ignore him.

Long pause

Sorry I didn't have any dick jokes tonight. Tip your waitress.

1. THE LIGHT AND THE DARK

A liminal space. BILL HICKS sits in a chair at a small table with a chess board atop it. When he speaks, he has a faint Texas accent. He is dressed as a dark knight cowboy (the way he is dressed in his special entitled "Revelations") and is playing chess by himself. After a bit, he makes a move. After finishing the move, he spins the board so the other side is facing him. He plays that side of the board, as well. Enter THE ENTITY. Silence and stillness.

BILL

Yes?

ENTITY

Enjoying your game?

BILL

Am I enjoying my game? Am I enjoying it? I don't know that I could respond to that question, I must say.

ENTITY

Perhaps a better line of questioning is in order?

BILL HICKS

If you like.

ENTITY

Who are you playing against?

BILL HICKS

No one and everyone.

BILL makes a move on the chess board and spins the board around again.

ENTITY

So, you're just playing yourself, then?

BILL HICKS

I suppose it may seem like that to an outsider's perspective.

ENTITY

Maybe we could join you? And then you'd have a partner?

BILL HICKS

We?

ENTITY

Yes, perhaps we could join you? We quite enjoy games, you know.

BILL HICKS

(looking around) I'm sorry, bud, am I getting the DTs or something?

ENTITY

We beg your pardon?

BILL HICKS

Yeah, um...what...um who else is here? 'Cause I'm only seeing one of you.

ENTITY

Indeed.

BILL HICKS

But you said "we." Is there like a 2-way mirror somewhere and you're playing good weirdo/bad weirdo?

ENTITY

Ah, yes. We see.

BILL HICKS

Who's we?

ENTITY

We are we.

BILL HICKS

Am I playing "Who's on first" here? What are you talking about?

ENTITY

Ah, of course. Allow us to explain.

BILL HICKS

Cool, I get an explanation in stereo.

ENTITY

What you see before you is one entity. However, there are legion within this form. That is why we refer to ourselves as “we.” We can see how that can be confusing.

BILL HICKS

Are you like a king or something?

ENTITY

Far from it.

Pause

So?

BILL HICKS

So?

ENTITY

How about that game? We’d love to join you.

BILL HICKS

Well, that would change the whole dynamic of the game, wouldn’t it? I’d have an actual partner with a different soul and point of view and the entire existential battle of the self would cease.

ENTITY

Well, we have more than one –

BILL HICKS

Yeah, yeah. You have more than one soul. Give a guy a break. I’ve never spoken with a legion before. I have been drunk in an American Legion, though.

ENTITY

Well, perhaps we could just have a bit of fun with a friendly game of chess and enjoy each other’s company?

BILL HICKS is silent for a moment. He makes a move on the chess board and spins the board back around.

ENTITY

You're not one for casual conversation, are you?

BILL HICKS

Oh you mean small talk? Like how are the kids? How about this weather? Did you catch the game last night? That sort of thing?

ENTITY

Yes. Precisely that sort of thing.

BILL HICKS

No.

ENTITY

So, are we to gather that you don't wish to speak with anyone?

BILL HICKS

That's not at all the case. I just long for meaning. Don't you?

ENTITY

All we are is meaning.

BILL HICKS stops. For the first time, he looks up and away from the board. He regards THE ENTITY.

BILL HICKS

And just...just what does that mean?

ENTITY

We are composed entirely of meaning and significance. We are the alpha and the omega. We are the serpent. We are the knowledge of good and evil.

BILL HICKS

You're a lot of fun at parties, aren't ya?

ENTITY

Mr. Hicks, do you know where you are?

BILL HICKS

Honestly, I haven't given it much thought.

ENTITY

Do you want to know where you are?

BILL HICKS

Will I regret that knowledge later?

ENTITY

Well, now that the question has been planted in you, you won't be able to stop asking where you are.

BILL HICKS

You mean, now that you've planted the question, right?

ENTITY

Of course.

BILL HICKS

So, I'll just obsess over the question incessantly until I eventually go insane?

ENTITY

Well, insanity is really possible here. It's much more arduous than insanity here.

BILL HICKS

Yikes.

ENTITY

Indeed.

BILL HICKS

So, you've cursed me with that question, then?

ENTITY

Who's winning?

BILL HICKS

This is a win/lose situation?

ENTITY

No – your chess match.

BILL HICKS

Oh...well, you do see there's not a second chair here, right?

ENTITY

Oh, we do. We just wanted to know if the light or the shadow was winning.

BILL HICKS

Are you referring to the color of the chess pieces? Or the light and the shadow of my soul?

ENTITY

Bill, are you sure you really want to be here?

BILL HICKS

First, I would need to know where I am.

ENTITY

It would probably be easier to simply say where you are not.

BILL HICKS

And where am I not?

ENTITY

Earth.

BILL HICKS

So, I've transported to Mars like Dr. Manhattan, then?

ENTITY

You are dead, Bill.

BILL HICKS

(After a pause) I suppose that would explain why I'm not hankering for pussy or booze anymore.

ENTITY

Indeed.

BILL HICKS

And so, what? I'm in heaven or hell now?

ENTITY

You don't really buy into all of that light vs. dark binary, do you, Bill?

BILL HICKS

I do if that's the way things are after I die.

ENTITY

And if we told you you were in heaven, would you believe us?

BILL HICKS

Probably no more than I would believe you if you told me I was in hell.

ENTITY

So, you can see we've reached the impasse we anticipated we'd reach only moments ago.

BILL HICKS

Then why have you come here? I was playing chess. I was contemplating existence. I was searching for truth and nothingness. I was meditating on the contradictions of faith and philosophy. Why would you disrupt such bliss?

ENTITY

We have a proposition for you, Bill.

BILL

Oh shit, I knew it. I am in hell. Do at least get knee pads?

ENTITY

Bill, we're here because it's time for us to be here.

BILL

It's time for you to be here? You have punch clocks in the afterlife?

ENTITY

Bill, it's time for us to talk once again.

BILL

We've spoken before?

ENTITY

We've spoken many times.

BILL HICKS

And when we have spoken, does it usually go like this?

ENTITY

Exactly like this.

BILL HICKS

So, then, it's less a conversation and more of a recreation of past events.

ENTITY

Except it's not a recreation. You have the ability to change this narrative at any time.

BILL HICKS

But, despite having free will, I can't change the narrative since it's already pre-determined.

ENTITY

I suppose.

BILL HICKS

So, why do we do this?

ENTITY

Bill, we need to send you back.

BILL HICKS

Back?

ENTITY

Back.

BILL HICKS

Back to what?

ENTITY

(Pause) Bill, all meaning is lost.

BILL HICKS

I'm going to need a few more context clues, my friend. Or should I say friends?

ENTITY

The world has been plunged into light. Everything has been bathed in so much light that darkness has been banished. The light must be balanced by dark, however. Without the dark, the light becomes corrosive. It eats away at all meaning. Pain is chased away with medication. Boredom is swept away with constant distraction. And when the dark is cast away, the light becomes monstrous.

BILL HICKS

And what of death?

ENTITY

I'm sorry, Bill. You can't languish in death. You're not supposed to be here.

BILL HICKS

Then why am I here?

ENTITY

To be honest, I really don't know. Perhaps the light sent you here...fearing you as a threat.

BILL HICKS

So...now what? Want me to do some more stand-up in the middle of nowhere Arkansas?

ENTITY

Don't you feel like you needed to do more?

BILL HICKS

I suppose, yeah. But doesn't everyone feel that way?

ENTITY

What if we gave you the opportunity to do just that?

BILL HICKS

Are you Clarence and I'm George Bailey now?

ENTITY

Bill, you thought you could change the world. You thought you could ignite passions and challenge perceptions. You wanted to shatter the status quo, to give a voice to the cosmic. Well, Bill, you are among the cosmos right now. You can go back fully enlightened – a cosmic being brought back to the flesh. You *can* change the world, Bill. And this time, people will listen.

BILL HICKS

Why do I feel like this is some kind of Faustian bargain?

ENTITY

That's understandable that you feel that way. But ask yourself this – what are you giving up?

BILL HICKS

I don't know...but it feels like something is lost. Like I'm lost.

ENTITY

Listen, Bill. You don't have to take this offer. But you can effect real change now. You can actually change the world now. You can actually awaken them from their stupor. And you don't owe anyone a thing.

BILL HICKS

And what stupor might that be?

ENTITY

The light has blinded them, Bill. You, however, break that light with darkness.

BILL HICKS

So, I'm like the prince of darkness?

ENTITY

The fan fiction that is John Milton doesn't really suit you, Bill.

BILL HICKS

And how will this darkness I possess be good for this world?

ENTITY

Bill, good and evil are a frustrating binary. Good and evil are constantly on the move, after all.

BILL HICKS

Must you obfuscate so? Just tell me why I should go back.

ENTITY

The truth has been lost, Bill. It has been drowned in the light. There is no darkness to create the requisite contrast that's needed for one to see. Can you imagine looking at a world in which no shadow exists? It would be maddening to behold a world in which everything is elevated to the same level of significance. There are forces in the world laboring to eliminate all darkness. And when that darkness disappears, only the powerful will know what should be emphasized and what should be hidden. You see, when everything is a priority...nothing is.

BILL HICKS

OK, let's do it.

ENTITY

Amen.

INTERLUDE

ANGEL

Duck and cover.
That's all I could remember.
Duck and cover...
Just like the old bomb drills
Duck and cover will save your neck.
Kids believe the darndest things
 This will go on your permanent record
 Drinking coffee stunts your growth
 Gum takes 7 years to digest
 Everything will be all right

Prom is in a few weeks.
I finally found my dress.
I just hope I can still fit in it
Duck and cover will save your neck
Too bad it won't save mine

I am the falling man.
I am the flying man.
The wind blasting through my hair.
The street below getting closer and closer.
The crisp, late summer morning air filled coffee and jet fuel.
 My hopes and dreams? Unknown.
 My fears and worries? Annihilated.
 My loved ones? Even they don't see me dance in the sky.
 My past? Erased.
 My future? Neverending.

I am the nameless.
I am the most human and the most superhuman.
I am frozen in time, my identity never known.
I am perfect.
I am the falling man.
I am the flying man.

You are the soldier...or you were.
You are a poor kid with no prospects.
You joined the Marines to prove something
 To prove you weren't a fuck up.
You didn't know how great you were.
You were never allowed to know.
Some comedian is here with the USO.
 Some clown brought in to make you laugh.
 But they don't know what happens when you laugh.
You thought this clown died when you were in middle school

But here he is.
He's not really that funny.
He acts like he's leading a revolution.
He's kinda angry.
You're kinda angry.
You're a soldier – he's a comedian.
Someone's about to kill...and someone's about to die.

2. “ANYONE DUMB ENOUGH TO WANT TO JOIN THE MILITARY SHOULD BE ALLOWED IN.”

It is early 2002. BILL HICKS appears, dressed as a US Marines Private. He runs in, panicked. He looks around for a place to hide. He sees a dumpster and hides in it. Enter BIANCA PETERSON. She is armed with an assault rifle, among other things on her person. She should look very intimidating. Her face is painted with heavy warpaint. She stalks the space. Silence.

BIANCA

Come on out Gl...

Silence

It's all over, funny man. (*Silence*) You just come outta there and I'll keep you safe.

Silence. BIANCA approaches the dumpster. She bangs on the side of it.

I know where you are, mister comedian. I can smell you shitting yourself in that dumpster.

BILL HICKS

I can't.

BIANCA

You know you're fucked, right?

BILL HICKS

I'm not supposed to be here.

BIANCA

You don't get to just waltz into this compound in that uniform and then walk out of here of your own free will.

BILL HICKS

Please listen to me.

BIANCA

We have questions.

BILL HICKS

And I'll be happy to answer your questions...from inside here.

BIANCA

Fat chance of that happening.

BILL HICKS

I'm not really in the Army.

BIANCA

Army? Your uniform says you're in the Marines.

BILL HICKS

Exactly! I don't even know which branch I belong to.

BIANCA

So, what? Is this Halloween? You just decided to trick or treat at the most heavily fortified anti-US government compound in the country?

BILL HICKS

As I've been trying to tell you, I don't belong here.

BIANCA

You armed?

BILL HICKS

No! Definitely not. I'm not armed. I'm perfectly harmless.

BIANCA

(laughs) The last thing someone hears before getting murdered by a Marine.

BILL HICKS

I swear...I got nothin.

BIANCA

You come out of that dumpster. Hands up.

BILL HICKS

Please. I really can't.

BIANCA

You come out of that dumpster or you'll have a grenade in there to keep you company.

BILL HICKS

OK. Yeah. OK. I'm coming out.

*BILL HICKS starts to slowly climb out of the dumpster, with his hands up.
BIANCA holds him at gun point.*

Please, don't shoot me.

BIANCA

Just climb on out, GI Joe.

*BILL HICKS continues to climb out. He lands on the ground, not so gracefully,
soiled in garbage.*

Jesus, did you really shit yourself?

BILL HICKS

Honestly, I don't know.

BIANCA

All right. You have 60 seconds.

BILL HICKS

60 seconds? For what?

BIANCA

You have 60 seconds to explain why you're here. And why I shouldn't kill you. And if any of it sounds like bullshit, you die.

BILL HICKS

Well, I'm definitely dead, then.

BIANCA

55 seconds.

BILL HICKS

OK, well...I'm a comedian. A famous comedian. (*Pause. BILL waits for BIANCA to recognize him. She doesn't.*) So, yeah. I've been a kinda edgy comedian. I get onstage and attack a lot of people and ideas. I'm pretty anti-government, so you'd like that (*BILL laughs...BIANCA does not*) Anyway, yeah, I played all over the place, in all sorts of places. I was on Letterman a couple times. I used to perform with Sam Kinison, until he fucked me over. I struggled for a long time and then I finally started to catch fire...and then I got sick. Really, really sick. (*Silence*)

BIANCA

Great. So you got sick. Then what?

BILL HICKS

Well, you know what happens to people when they get sick?

BIANCA

What is this, charades? I don't know. They get better?

BILL HICKS

No. I didn't get better.

BIANCA

(*A moment of realization*) Horse. Shit. You are not gonna try to tell me you're dead.

BILL HICKS

Please don't kill me.

BIANCA

You better have another story.

BILL HICKS

You have no idea how much I wish I had another story.

BIANCA

Who are you?

BILL HICKS

Bill Hicks.

BIANCA

Then why does your uniform say "Tillman" on it?

BILL HICKS

Beats the hell outta me.

BIANCA

Bill Hicks? I've never heard of a comedian named Bill Hicks before. I thought you said you were famous.

BILL HICKS

I'm not really famous in the US. I made it big in the UK, though.

BIANCA

That hillbilly ass accent and you made it big in England? The fuck they want with some trailer park trash like you over there?

BILL HICKS

I don't know.

BIANCA

(Aiming her weapon at BILL) Aw come on, now, Uncle Billy. Don't clam up on me now. I was so looking forward to your nice bedtime story.

BILL HICKS

I guess my act was just too smart for Americans. It took the English and Scots to appreciate my brand of satire.

BIANCA

Too smart.

BILL HICKS

Please. I'm doing everything you asked. Can't I just go?

BIANCA

You think you're smart?

BILL HICKS

Oh Jesus.

BIANCA

You think you're smart...AND you think you're dead.

BILL HICKS

Well, I'm not really sure I'm dead. I don't feel dead right now. I feel very much alive.

BIANCA

A lot of people think they're smart. A lot of people think they know better than us. They think they know what's best for us and our children.

BILL HICKS

I swear to you. I don't think I'm better than you. I just don't belong here.

BIANCA

Well, you got that last part right at least.

BILL HICKS

So, if it's all right with you, I'm just gonna split, OK? (*He tries to leave*)

BIANCA

As a matter of fact, it isn't all right with me.

BILL HICKS

So, what do you want from me? You gonna take me to your leader or something?

BIANCA

What makes you think I'm not the leader?

BILL HICKS

Centuries of sexism.

BIANCA

Funny. (*pause*) Yeah, I think I just might take you to my leader.

BILL HICKS

And then what?

BIANCA

And then what?! You want an itinerary now?

BILL HICKS

What happens after you take me to your leader? You gonna kill me or something? Chop my head off on camera?

BIANCA

Well, let's see, you just suddenly appeared in my bedroom at 2 AM, standing right at the foot of my bed. You just stood there and stared at me, wearing that Marines uniform. You made a series of squirrely statements to me when I flipped on the lights, trying to get out of the shit you're in. And when I tried to have a normal conversation with you, you ran like hell and hid in a dumpster. Then I chase you down and you tell me you're a famous comedian I've never heard of that's dead. How you think that's gonna sit with the rest of the folks in this compound?

BILL HICKS

Yeah, you see? I just appeared there! I didn't break in to your compound. I wouldn't even know how. And I don't have a clue how I got this uniform. I hate the military, everyone knows that.

BIANCA

All your adoring English fans, you mean.

BILL HICKS

Listen, I know you're confused...and maybe a little scared.

BIANCA

Do I look scared to you?

BILL HICKS

No. No, you don't. But I'm definitely scared...and I'm very confused. All I know is I just came to consciousness standing in your bedroom, wearing this uniform. It's some sick joke that they'd do this to me.

BIANCA

They? You got a talent agency sending you on gigs at heavily fortified, anti-federal government compounds now?

BILL HICKS

Look, I was playing chess. And then somebody told me they wanted to send me back.

BIANCA

Back? To what? The future? You Marty McFly now?

BILL HICKS

I mean, maybe. What year is it?

BIANCA

I'd say your time is up. Any last words before I take you to our leader?

BILL HICKS

Please! They told me I'm supposed to come back here to help. I'm supposed to bring darkness to the world.

BIANCA

(Taken aback) Darkness?

BILL HICKS

Yeah, they asked if I wanted to go and said I needed to re-introduce darkness to a world drowning in light.

BIANCA

Well, that sounds pretty...dark.

BILL HICKS

Hey, I don't know what it means either. I didn't even know I was dead until right before they sent me here. Which, by the way, where am I anyway?

BIANCA

Montana.

BILL HICKS

Fuck.

BIANCA

So, you're playing chess in heaven and then some guy tells you to break into our compound?

BILL HICKS

I don't know if it was heaven. Hell, I don't even know if it was hell. And I'm not even sure it was a guy...just some kind of entity. He said he was legion and kept referring to himself as "we."

BIANCA

You should've cast him into a bunch of pigs, then.

BILL HICKS

Pardon?

BIANCA

In the Bible? When Jesus exorcises a man and sends a bunch of demons into a herd of pigs? They call themselves "Legion."

BILL HICKS

So, I was talking to a bunch of demons?

BIANCA

Beats the shit outta me, man. You're the time-traveling dead comedian no one's ever heard of here. I just woke up and I'm not even sure this isn't a dream.

BILL HICKS

Oh, how I wish this was a dream.

BIANCA

And you have no idea why you're here?

BILL HICKS

No, not a clue.

BIANCA

Well, I'm gonna have to search you for weapons and cameras. I at least gotta do that.

BILL HICKS

So, you believe me?

BIANCA

That you're a time-traveling famous comedian come back from the dead? Totally. Yeah, that's real easy to swallow.

THAD

(Off) Hey Bianca? You out there?

BIANCA

Fuck! Hide. Back in the dumpster.

BILL HICKS

Who's Bianca? You?

BIANCA

You're a goddamn genius, now get in the dumpster.

BILL HICKS does so. THAD enters, also heavily armed.

THAD

Who you talking to?

BIANCA

What?

THAD

I heard you talking before. You had to be talking to someone.

BIANCA

Oh yeah, I just came out here to call my mom.

THAD

Your mom's awake at 2:30 in the morning?

BIANCA

Yeah, she's upset. I was just trying to talk her down.

THAD

Upset?

BIANCA

Yeah, you know. She's just worried about me.

THAD

Oh, she's worried now, huh?

BIANCA

C'mon, Thad, don't make a big deal out of it, OK? She's my mom. She's just concerned and me and Charlie.

THAD

Right.

BIANCA

Seriously, it's not a big deal. She's just being a mom, all right?

THAD

Yeah, it's cool. I get it.

BIANCA

Yeah?

THAD

Yeah, it's cool.

BIANCA

Cool.

A pause. Suddenly, THAD seizes AMANDA, his hunting knife at her neck. They stay frozen in this position for a stillness that is too long.

THAD

Listen, baby, I don't want to do this. I really don't. But you can't be doing this, Binky. You can't be listening to the outside anymore. I'm the only one that can keep you safe now. I've tried reasoning with you. I've tried being nice, but it seems like I have to resort to other tactics now. You understand?

BIANCA

(Struggling to speak through the terror) Mmm...

THAD

I'm sorry, honey. I can't hear too good. Can you repeat that?

BIANCA

I understand.

THAD

You know, one of these days, you're gonna be hailed as the founding mother of our new nation. You know that? It will be you and me on our own Mount Rushmore. Charlie will be on of the new ruling class. Can't you imagine that? That sweet little girl standing on the necks of our oppressors? Our grandchildren will look up at us and swell with pride,

knowing that we are their progenitors. We are their illustrious ancestors. A new is dawning, baby. You and I are making that new day. You believe me?

BIANCA

I believe you.

THAD slowly releases BIANCA.

THAD

So, let's keep the conversations with your mom to a minimum, OK?

BIANCA

Yes, Thad.

THAD

Just birthdays and mother's day, OK?

BIANCA

Yes, Thad.

THAD

Good. Why don't we hit the hay, huh? I got a nice, warm bed waiting for us. Waiting for us to usher in the new dawn.

BIANCA

Who's gonna cover patrol?

THAD

Don't you worry about patrol. I always have eyes on this compound. You know that. Nothing and no one gets in without my knowledge.

BIANCA

Yeah.