

ACTION

By Murray Mednick

--Here's a play, Charles.

--He should have been killed twenty years ago.

--Somebody close puts a bullet in his head.

--Not now.

--Why not now?

--You can't get close.

--So that's why you're here, sir.

--What the fuck is he here for?

--My name is mister Wilson. You could call me a mediator.

--You're a perp Mr. Wilson. You're a villain. We can strangle you right now or a minute from now.

--Please don't say that.

--I'll say whatever I fucking want to say.

--There you go.

--Jingle jangle joey.

--Simmer down.

--Let's make a deal.

--A deal?

--Okay we're on.

--We're on.

--Call me Charles.

--Let's stay on the subject.

--What's the subject?

--Mr. Wilson to you.

--What am I?

--You are nothing.

--No offense, Charlie.

--None taken. We'll decide. A way out of this situation.

--That would be murder.

--Correct.

--How old are you Mr. Wilson?

--I'm over forty.

--Can you run and jump and shoot a gun?

--The answer is Yes.

--How so?

--A bullet through his forehead through empty space into the wall, blood on the ceiling, blood on the floor.

--There you go.

--What do you say, Mr. Wilson?

--I have nothing to say.

--The man's a piece of shit.

--We need proof.

--I got one right here. It's a wiretap. It's about a judge.

--And?

--The system is corrupt, and the head man is insane. Here it is on paper. He needs a straitjacket and a mouth plug.

--There you go.

--We must decide.

--The judge?

--Am I talking to the wall?

--Take on the dog-whistler.

--What the fuck is a dog-whistler?

--The judge?

--Yes, the judge you dickhead.

--Mr. Wilson?

--I have nothing to say at this point.

--Don't say things.

--I just said.

--Not you.

--Don't call me names. You're not better than me. You are not superior. You are an empty bag.

--Okay.

--Of shit, okay?

--I'm leaving.

--Wait a minute. What happens with the judge?

--Like I said.

--Say again.

--Whether to defend the prisoner who has done no wrong.

--Nobody ever has ever done anything wrong.

--Thank you, Mr. Wilson.

--You're welcome, Ted.

--He was not charged. They put him on a plane to Never-never land.

--Disney Land.

--Ha, ha.

--And now he's lost in the prison population. They shave your head there and remove tattoos. He will never be seen again, not by his lawyer or anybody else.

--What's with the Judge?

--You know he's Spanish.

--The Judge?

--Not the judge, the prisoner.

--Garcia or Hernandez or Rodriguez, they all have the same name.

--I thought you were leaving.

--I changed my mind.

--H's not Spanish, he's Puerto Rican.

--You know what I mean.

--It's not the same kind of individual.

--The question is whether he has cojones.

--Resistance.

--That's what I'm saying. Because the motherfucker is taking over the world.

--Charlie?

--He's got this bullshit vendetta going, it has no end. He cannot stop. He needs a bullet through the head.

--That's what I'm saying.

--I'd think it over if I was you.

--Get lost.

--He is guarded up the kazoo.

--We know that. Think harder. Think what we can do.

--There is nothing to be done.

--The judge, Judge Harris is his name, he could take a stand.

--I'll talk to him. A gun could be persuasive.

--You could put poison in his diet coke.

--The judge?

--You know who we're talking about here – the ultra-pig, draped in purple, head of the farm.

--He doesn't know he's alive. He thinks he's dead.

--No, no, no.

--The judge?

--Not the Judge.

--He has no real thoughts. It's all moving air around. That's all it is.

--Exactly. He's historical.

--That's how you get elected in this country, on the air waves.

--Right.

--Social media.

--Right.

--First you get millions from the Dork. Pay the piper. Everyone gets a taste.

--The Dork.

--Let's kill the Dork.

--Drones and satellites falling from the sky.

--Mr. Wilson?

--I don't know the Dork. I know the Judge, but I don't know the Dork or why the nickname at all.

--The Dork is one of those kids gets expelled in third grade for picking his nose and scratching his ass and spitting on the teacher.

--You don't know.

--I do know. I've seen him petting the Pig.

--Never washes his hands. He thinks money is dirt.

--Oh, come on.

--He's got all the money now.

--Come on.

--All the money on the earth.

--No way.

--That's the plan.

--We too need a plan.

--That's why we have convened, to save the money supply and cleanse the system.

--Say more about the Judge. Judge Harris.

--He's willing to sanction. He's willing to censure.

--That's not enough. We need to kill right there.

--Where?

--In the court. The court of public opinion.

--Come on.

--No, with a bullet through his head.

--You conferred with the Judge?

--I have. He's white and tall and in excellent shape for his age.

--Not that.

--He's willing to participate.

--And the Dork?

--We jam the communications. We get him into space and cut the wires.

--That is fantastic.

--We cut the tubes.

--That is a dream, a dream come true.

--We blow up the launch pads.

--Enough. Its fantasy and wishful thinking. What happened to Charlie?

--Here I am.

--Do you have a plan?

--I have no plan.

--So what is he doing here?

--Take it easy, Bill.

--I don't think so. I don't want to. What's Mr. Wilson doing here?

--He's a witness.

--To what?

--We don't know yet.

--Back to the third grade.

--I don't think so.

--Wanting to castrate the bully and cut his tongue out.

--There you go.

--I don't like that kind of thought.

--Who asked you?

--The Dork wanted to hang me once.

--Not again.

--Continue Ted.

--I was going to say.

--Go on.

--I was giving a talk at my school when a net came down from the ceiling and ensnared me and pulled me off the stage and into a crowd of anti-life marauders wanting to hang me and kill all the students for a good day's work. Mr. Wilson here saved my bacon.

--Oh, come on.

--How'd you do that, mister?

--He made it all up.

--I had an army ranger patrol with me. We were heading for the capital, and they were in the way. We opened fire immediately.

--And you know Judge Harris?

--I do.

--I'd cut your dick off in a minute, mister, if you lie.

--Ted.

--Yeah?

--Slow down. Charlie?

-- I would hang him from the highest cable in the city.

--Like Mussolini.

--And then I'd make a speech.

--Best to throw him out of a plane.

--Yeah.

--I'd run for Governor.

--That's a joke.

--And I'd confiscate all his money. And I would buy a yacht and have a party. We get some young Spanish girls on board and have a party.

--Bind the prisoner. Tie him up,

--I'm not your prisoner. I'm a volunteer. I'm here to help.

--We punch him in the mouth and tie him up and then you will see him cringe. And then you stuff a cheeseburger in his mouth.

--Charlie 's back.

--Charles to you. I'd go around the world and see what I could stir up. It all depends on how you talk to people. They can't worry about anything. You must keep them calm, talk softly, tell them the facts, they'll usually come along. People are not too bright as a rule. They want to come along, not to think too much. They want to survive. They'll come along for the ride.

--You're way over your skis, Charlie.

--The thing is hypnosis. You dangle a golden object before their eyes, and they will go along. Remember what happened. How our neighbors turned on us. Remember?

--Take a moment.

--Yes.

--You see how that worked. Neighbors for a hundred years, they turn on you with axes and knives and take your money and your house.

--What about the Dork?

--Fuck the Dork.

--We hijack him.

--We send a drone and swoop him up. We get steel claws upon him. We put earplugs on him and play Bach 24/7. Not Bach. Some punk assembly. A screamer.

--There you go.

--We are going to get the Dork and then what?

--We bring him before the judge.

--We converted the motherfucker. Why Mister Wilson is here.

--I have nothing.

--Judge Harris? Where is he?

--What I'm saying -- We declare a coup.

--I don't think so.

--Then what.

--Drop him into a sinkhole in Alaska.

--Let's bring back Poncho first. The delinquent.

--We bring him home. And then a declaration in front of the cameras.

--So, who's in charge of that end? Charlie?

--I said already. We land on the beaches and give no quarter and then we hold a press conference with the Judge and this Mister Wilson right here.

--That's not what I agreed to.

--You're a total pain in the ass. At least go along with the story.

--There is no story.

--Come on.

--I don't feel so good.

-- Your brain is rattling right now chattering away how can I get out of here how I can I change skins how did all this happen I hate these sons of bitches and so on and so forth. And your hands are shaking, and saliva is oozing from your mouth and your lips are purple.

--Actually, I'm as cool as a statue. A marble stone is at my back. A gravestone. I want to make sure that things are done right, according to Law, and nobody gets hurt.

--For the sake of the Republic.

--Ted? Do you trust this man? I don't trust this man.

--No.

--Let's kill him.

--Wait for the Judge.

--Where'd you go, Charlie?

--When?

--Before.

--The roof. I went up to the roof. Check on things, breathe fresh air. The sky is a beautiful gray and blue, below people marching and yelling and waving flags – the Ultra pig and the Dork.

--Time was, we didn't have those things, none of that flag waving or jingo shouting or military parades, none of those bullshit jingo-jangle exhortations.

--Brilliant.

--Get used to it.

--Anything else? Charlie?

--No. (*Pause*) I think it's a trap.

--Bill?

--I don't know.

--Mister Wilson.

--That would be contrary to our objectives.

--I don't like the way he said that.

--Common sense.

--Too unshattered to me. The man should be shattered; he should be trembling in his boots.

--I agree.

--It's unrealistic to think you can get to these people or that policies will change. They will not change. And the prisoner will not be released.

--Wait for the Judge.

--While they shove batons up his ass and scrape the tattoos off him and shave his head. Not the Judge. The kid they have in prison in Spanish gang warfare land in the South.

--I didn't get that.

--Calm down.

--It's like psychotic.

--You can't follow a simple thought.

--Okay. Never mind.

--Who is this kid?

--He's a lawnmower, he blows the leaves around.

--Still. It's the principle. There will always be hard-ons, super bullies and sick boys who think they are god's gift to mankind. They love power and they love putting one over on you, that will never pass.

--Especially Real Estate. I mean, come on.

--They must be drowned at birth.

--Okay, that's enough.

--It is not enough. Look how much damage these sick people do once they're in power. You test the mother. Genetics. There are distinctive characteristics. I'm talking about the genes. Colored strands of DNA.

--We invent a test like the TV show. What the baby's proclivities are. And then we drown that baby.

--And spare us from heartache and grief.

--Okay that's enough.

--I don't think that's enough.

--Sit down, Bill.

--I'm sick and tired of living with these brutes, these know-nothing idiots ruining our lives.

--Who is this fucking judge?

--Jehovah!

--Quiet you!

--Harris.

--Let me finish my thought. It's insidious what the production of a certain kind of human. Is. They know no bounds; there are no bounds. And to think you're godlike, or think you are God, we have a problem right there.

--We are aggressive. We are aggressive by nature. We need a shooter not a judge. A sniper. Get a rifle, range of a mile or more.

--You will never reach the perimeter.

--Get past the perimeter. Maybe a drone.

--There you go.

--Maybe a bribe.

--Wait for the Judge.

--Fuck the Judge.

--There is no Judge. They hung him on a balcony. They hung him from a balcony, or he hung himself, like with neckties.

--Jeez.

--Dressed in the colors, the U S of A.

--Get up Mr. Wilson.

--Why?

--Just stand up Ok. Here's a hundred-dollar bill. Ok? And I want you to eat it, Ok?

--Eat the hundred-dollar bill?

--Am I talking to the wall?

--And then what?

--Then I will give you another one to eat. I'll make you rich. Ok?

--Not ok.

--And then we're going to hang you, and your dung will be full of coins, dollar bill coins, we have thousands.

--Crypto coins.

--Like seeds. Like seeds all over the city.

--Bring out the coins, Ted.

--Sure thing.

--You are going to die from money poisoning.

--I came here to help you people.

--You've been no help at all, Mr. Wilson.

--I can tell you things.

--Too late now.

--What he does in the morning, where he goes, how you can trick him.

--Okay, how?

--You let him know what a good con he is, he could sell you the Brooklyn Bridge. Like...Okay... Picture this –There is an old lady in a nursing home – You tell her she's won a prize, a hundred thousand dollars, a home in the middle east, guaranteed, an endowment, a ticket to Cairo –

--Cairo?

--Send him a congratulation on his achievements – like getting rid of the Spanish and the Blacks and the Jews and the natives and you got a nice white Christian community that does the right thing and kisses his ring. Then ask for an audience with the Dork.

--What for?

--You want to shake his hand and ask for his favor, ask for his blessing, ask for his money.

--Get down on your knees and beg.

--You know what to do, Charlie.

--Yes. Beg for his forgiveness and forbearance. He does not understand the way of things, how a man should behave and be in the world, how to hold himself steady in the stormy world and understand the nature of man and the true meaning of wealth –

--Oh, for God sakes shut up already. *It* has no meaning, it's a bag of shit –talk how money holds the world up – Like the Mighty Atom, he could pull a firetruck tied to his head –

--See – the man is deranged. Money and the Mighty Atom.

--I've told it many times.

--Too many.

--Stop interrupting.

--And praise him for his virility and his charm and his fourteen kids bred to dominate – praise him hourly and give your daughters for the Cause –I'm talking the Dork.

--Okay, Charlie.

--They will hold you responsible and hunt you down. They will let the dogs loose. They have spies and assassins. They are everywhere.

--I'm ready.

--Stuff his mouth the boy wonder. Who can't keep his mouth shut. The prodigy. He figured it out.

--Ok, step over here, Mr. Wilson. Find your light.

--Make him look nice.

--You got it.

--He's so handsome, with his hair parted.

--He's shat his pants.

--He stinks.

--Get him away from me.

--UUGGH

--Throw him out the window.

--Lift!

--No!

--There he goes.

--Fluttering to the ground.

--Whoosh!

--Smash!

--Bang!

2.

--They dinged the Dude's ear and gave the shooter a condo in Hawaii.

--It's a set up.

--You're darn right.

---Like you never hear about the guy. They pounced on him, gave hm a ham sandwich –

--Yeah!

--And said bye-.bye motherfucker. There you go! Have a nice day! Good-bye and good luck! Sayonara!

--Bill?

--Yes?

--Why do you act like you do?

--I don't know why.

--It could be genetic, okay.

--It could.

--It's like call and response with you.

--So what?

--We're not in church.

--Yes, we are, Ted, we are in church here, we are doing work, the Lord's work.

--Oh, come on.

--For no fucking reason.

--Now he must suffer the truth of that.

--Of what?

--His duty as a Christian.

--Let me out of this.

--Wait, Charlie.

--The enemies of God! Motherfuckers!

--Please don't shout.

--I'll shout if I want to.

--Hey, come on, relax, sit down, relax for a minute.

--Okay. But fuck you.

--Like it never happened. Like nothing ever happened.

--It's odd.

--The inevitable happens.

--But it's odd. Here gone nothing left.

--What?

--You heard me.

--I don't understand.

--Am I talking to the wall?

--So that's the question.

--What's the question?

--Very Zen. We go on. We continue—we fight. It's false Christianity. It's Moloch. Who gets richer than the next guy while the people sit in front of the program going along with the program are the filthiest are jerking off or dreaming something about Florida,

--Why Florida?

--I don't know why. You could be on TV you know. Nobody knows anything so you could say anything.

--Time to rape grandma.

--Like, nothing exists except what's going on in his head.

--Whose head?

--We are speaking, gentlemen, of the President of the United States.

--It's a show. Like it doesn't matter. You could be the worst piece of shit, and it would not be written down, nobody knows anything about it.

--It's not written down.

--That's what I'm saying.

--Don't say power to the people.

--I'm not saying.

--It's bullshit. Because the people like the shmuck, the Dude, they like the guy. They like how he's dumbed like them and doesn't give a shit. He just wants them to watch his show. They like his plastic haircut. They like his tan, like he lies down under a lamp twelve hours a day. I wouldn't be surprised. And underneath he's white as snow. He's a bro. He beat you to it. All 's fair, it's like a war, anything goes. You never know. What the people like, what they understand, how 'll they vote. They like the white guy who's a racist and doesn't give a shit if you like it or not. They love that.

--Let's decide.

--I thought we did that already.

--No, we have not.

--Where have you been, Ted?

--Texas.

--Ted. He's up in his head. He's dreaming about the wife and girlfriend he will no longer have.

--Shut up about that.

--We have decided. We must push. We get down there on the road and push, we push anything in front of us and some of us will die, but we push. We push everyone in front of the motorcade.

--We block the road.

--We circle the caravan, and we charge. We open fire and charge. Many will die.

--It's like the little big horn.

--Don't say things. It's a jinx. Don't jinx us by saying shit.

--Sorry.

--It's like telepathy. There's a wire, like a thread.

--Never mind.

--A material exchange.

--You don't know.

--I do know.

--What's in the manifesto?

--Everybody signs the manifesto.

--What's in it?

--Everyone signed.

--What's in the manifesto?

--Bye-bye blackbird.

--Where is this jerk coming from?

--He's humorous.

--Jerk land, America.

--Houston, Texas.

--Phoenix, Arizona.

--Down home, Maine.

--Australia.

--Okay. Line up. Here we go.

3.

--He's slipped away.

--He's slipped away in his armored car.

--Dwarfs with machine guns.

--White old ladies throwing bombs.

--Midgets with machetes.

--Drunks with swords.

--Preachers with grenades.

--Christians with – I could go on.

--Never mind. We take our losses, and we continue. We retire and rebuild.

--Where to?

--The mountains.

---It's so strange, how they like their Maga thing.

--It absolves them from reality. Facts are not facts, nothing is true. You have a laugh and a beer and it's all roses, roses. And they're not too bright, as a rule, they don't read books, they like the thrill of being right.

--It's like pus from a wound. The maggots gather round, the flies feed on it.

--Harsh.

--The dead eaters.

--And so how to proceed.

--Quietly. We disperse in pairs or threes and go into hiding and stay low until we meet again.

--When?

--I'm getting to that.

--Because time is passing, and damage is done daily with his fucking declarations and directives.

--Why should we care? I don't give a damn anymore what happens to their stupid white holy shit Christianity or race laws and exiles and false imprisonment and lies – they love that shit, the all-American jingoes, jingle jangle Jimmies and Johns.

--You got a hit right there, James.

--And the bros.

--And no naming names. The Billie's and Johnie's.

--Okay, where in the mountains?

--I thought my old region, not too far from the action, up in the Adirondacks.

--I don't think so. I'm done.

--I know a cave formation there.

-- I want to sleep in my bed at night, not in some creepy cave with bats flying in and out and dropping shit on you.

--We can re-arm and re-organize and fight a guerilla war.

--Go on ahead with the boys, but count me out, Charles.

--All right. Go on home, Bill.

--You don't have a chance, not in the mountains, not nowhere. Because the people are not with you. They don't have the same values. They like the shit they're getting, they like their shows and their whiteness -- like I been trying to tell you -- They don't want to save the wetbacks. They don't want no war for freedom and democracy, or justice, they just want to eat their popcorn and watch their lives go by and their children grow up nice without being bugged by a bunch of intellectuals. Intellectuals are to be scorned. Maybe even murdered after the books are burned -- Okay, I'll stop right here.

--He has a point, Ted. Ted has a point.

--I know he does.

--But I could go on.

--Go on.

--We've lost. We've lost the high ground. They've got a Salvation, and it isn't us; it's the suntanned con and his golf courses and his money, and his plastic hair, whose won. It's them, the stupid and the dim-witted who've won. The bros. The bible thumpers. The doomsdayers. They've won.

--It's an illusion.

--The billionaire preachers in the monstrous money-making caverns who've won. They are basking in glory as they count their dough.

--As we nurse our wounds.

--It's money, it's all about money, that's all it is.

--I'd just as soon fight. I'd just as soon get ready to smite them in their homes.

--No. We wait.

--How long?

--Another generation.

--Come on.

--Maybe never.

--Go after them, one by one, in the night.

--You're dreaming--

--Let's not quit now. The man must be killed.

--How?

--I don't know how.

--The dogs are at the door.

--Head for the mountains.

--I will slip away. I'll find the prick and drive a stake into his heart; he's a devil straight from Hell.

--Good luck on that.

--Yeah, yeah. Go for it.

--I'm on my way. Not even the Lord will stop me now.

--Snake eyes, Pal.

The look of the American Street in the American town sad lonely abandoned wilted trees rundown houses sinking into the earth or crushed by a meteor sagging telephone poles rusting wires and empty lots or the big dark houses on the hills

you can't get there from here as though all the aggression and all the money has petered out down the railroad tracks the gas stations the massive plastic food products for white metallic robotic civilians red sores on their knees red dust on their lungs red scabs on their faces they look like clowns or lepers they cry in their sleep they don't know they're going to die they have murdered their own a false god rules over them.

End ACTION

