

PERUSAL SCRIPT

STAND

by Matthew Ivan Bennett

Episode 12 of the **RADIO HOUR**



Newport, Maine

© 2018 by Matthew Ivan Bennett
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION:

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that

STAND

being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States Of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion Of Canada, and the other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to royalty. Anyone presenting the play without the express written permission of the Copyright owners and/or their authorized agent will be liable to the penalties provided by law.

Script and music copies must be rented from the Publisher and Royalty must be paid to the publisher for each and every performance before an audience whether or not admission is charged. A performance license must first be obtained from the publisher prior to any performance(s.)

Federal Copyright Law -- 17 U.S.C. section 504 -- allows for a recovery of a minimum of \$250 and a maximum of \$50,000 *for each infringement*, plus attorney fees.

The professional and amateur rights to the performance of this play along with the lecturing, recitation, and public reading rights, are administered exclusively through LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be made. For all other rights, inquiries may be made to the authors through LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS. Any adaptation or arrangement of this work without the author's written permission is an infringement of copyright. **Unauthorized duplication by any means is also an infringement.**

FOR PUBLIC PERFORMANCE RIGHTS YOU MUST APPLY TO THE PUBLISHER OR YOU ARE BREAKING THE LAW!

The possession of this PERUSAL SCRIPT, does not constitute permission to perform the work herein contained, in public or in private, for gain or charity. Proper prior application must be made, license granted and royalty paid before a performance may be given. Copies of this SCRIPT and all other rehearsal materials may be rented from:

LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS
P.O. Box 536 Newport, ME 04953-0536
www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com
Printed in the United States Of America

THIS NOTICE MUST APPEAR IN ALL PROGRAMS, ON ALL POSTERS AND PUBLICITY MATERIALS AND INTERNET ADVERTISING/WEBPAGES FOR THE PLAY:

“Stand’ is presented through special arrangement with Leicester Bay Theatricals. All authorized materials are also supplied by LBT, www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com”

NOTE: Your contract with Leicester Bay Theatricals limits you to making copies of this document for persons directly connected with your production. Do not distribute outside of your cast and crew. Following your performance run you must destroy all photocopies, preferably by shredding them. If we sent you the document in printed format, you must return that document to us. If we provided you with an electronic PDF file, simply trash that on your computer so that it cannot be recovered. The electronic document may only be on ONE computer -- it may NOT be duplicated. This is also a part of your contract with Leicester Bay Theatricals.

RADIO HOUR EPISODE 12: STAND by *Matthew Ivan Bennett* received its world premiere April 26, 2018 at Plan-B Theatre Company in a live radio broadcast, a co-production with KUER 90.1's RadioWest. Directed and designed by Cheryl Cluff with original music by David Evanoff and eFoley by Joe Killian. Featuring *Shane Mozaffari* as Lee/Gilani, *Jay Perry* as Russo/Griswell/Enforcer/Concerned Citizen/SWAT Leader and *Isabella Reeder* as Mora.

CAST OF CHARACTERS — 7 characters can be doubled to 3 performers (2m 1f), or ideally to 4 (3m 1f)

THREE PERFORMER DOUBLING (2m 1f)

ACTOR 1 (M) —Russo/Griswell/Enforcer/Concerned Citizen

ACTOR 2 (F) —Mora

ACTOR 3 (M) —Lee/Gilani

Ideally, Russo and Griswell would be played by different actors

FOUR PERFORMER DOUBLING (3m 1f)

ACTOR 1 (M) —Russo/Concerned Citizen

ACTOR 2 (M) —Griswell/Enforcer

ACTOR 3 (F) —Mora

ACTOR 4 (M) —Lee/Gilani

Costumes: optional street clothes (carefully chosen, of course) or fully costumed for live performance.

Setting: Should either be a 'radio station' setting, or use virtual projection scenery for a full production.

Sound Effects required (can be Foley, recorded, or a mix of both. Music required.)

DISCLAIMER:

The options to fully stage or to stage for radio is left to the producer. The option to simulcast from the live performance on radio, or to record the performance for later broadcast must be specified in your licensing agreement with Leicester Bay Theatricals, and if EQUITY actors are used must be approved by EQUITY. A fully staged play may not be broadcast without Virtual Licensing Rights, which must also be obtained from the publisher, with permission from EQUITY.

STAND Episode 12 of RADIO HOUR Series by Matthew Ivan Bennett. 7 Characters (1f 2m OR 1f 3m with doubling) (51 minutes) Simple costumes and setting. SFX essential. Staged Radio Drama, Radio Broadcast, Fully-Staged Production, or Virtual Theatre. What if the Pledge of Allegiance ended with "liberty and justice for all ... citizens"? In the year 2050 — after California has seceded, and church and state bleed together — Agent Alicia Mora is approached by "Gilani," a resistance spy with word of Mora's estranged sister. Her sister has risen high in the American insurgency, is planning a large-scale attack, and wants to get Mora to a safe zone. But before Mora can make up her mind, she and the spy are cornered by immigration cops, and the spy kills them. On the run with a man she scarcely trusts, Mora must decide where her allegiance lies — with the flawed regime or the flawed resistance. **STAND** was a co-production between Salt Lake City's Plan-B Theatre Company and the University of Utah's Public Radio station KUER's Radio West. **ORDER #3244**

MATTHEW IVAN BENNETT is a resident of Plan-B Theatre, listed by American Theater magazine as one of 14 companies nationwide exemplifying social action and civic engagement. At Plan-B, he's premiered several stage and radio plays, including an adaptation of "*Frankenstein*" that won a Utah Broadcasters Association award, and "*Eric(a)*" — which won Best Drama at the United Solo festival in New York. He received the Holland New Voices award from the Great Plains Theatre Commons, has twice been a finalist in screenwriting at Austin Film Festival, and in 2016 was an O'Neill finalist. His short plays have appeared at Chicago's Circle Theatre, Rising Sun in New York, Monkeyman in Toronto, and the Source Festival in DC. Matt is a member of the Dramatists' Guild.

STAND

PART ONE

F/X: Mic feedback.

GRISWELL: *(over an intercom)* Good morning, agents, welcome back for the new year. I hope 2050 will treat you like a lady. Please stand for the Pledge of Allegiance.

F/X: Chairs scoot.

MORA & MANY OTHERS: I pledge allegiance to the flag, of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, under God, with liberty and justice for all citizens.

GRISWELL: *(over an intercom)* Not your best, agents, but you have my blessing. Your feeds will go live in sixty. Log in now. Priority one remains unchanged.

F/X: Digital touchscreens.

RUSSO: Yay, another day of flagging anti-administration rhetoric on Hash-It. Bring it on, Millennials! Wrinkly old crabapples.

MORA: Russo, it's a little early to relay your bitterness to the entire office, OK?

RUSSO: I'm not bitter: I'm looking forward to this. *(low)* I can catch up on the second season of Inquisition on my new iSpecs while I report every other post.

MORA: Sounds responsible.

RUSSO: It's lenient. Did you even bother with the unadjusted numbers this morning? Van Zomeren has an 89% unfavorable hanging over him across all demos over 35. So screw you.

MORA: Disapproving of the President's performance is not the same as planning violence.

RUSSO: I'm not saying they all plan violence, I'm saying this demographic hates Van Zomeren. Second only to God. I'm saying statistically these Millennial whinging cucks are the ones crowd-funding the so-called Resistance.

MORA: Less than one percent.

RUSSO: But somebody funds them - and all signs point to ye olde feminazis or their beta-male lap-warmers who have a low rate of faith-based verbiage on social media and incidentally have darker skin than me. No offense.

F/X: A buzzer.

RUSSO: Let the bugging begin!

F/X: Touchscreens.

MORA: *(sighs)* OK, Mr. Cham, what have you written today?

(speed-reads under HER breath)

'The flag is just a piece of fabric. Obviously, it's a symbol, but for what exactly? The Anthem clearly

connects it to soldiery, but which soldiers shall I honor? Those responsible for the massacre —?’

RUSSO: Are you kidding?! Send it up.

MORA: Would you respect my cubicle? You review your targets, I’ll review mine.

RUSSO: You’re not sending that up?

MORA: I’m still reading.

RUSSO: That is textbook liberalina.

MORA: The manual states that political orientation does not, by itself, warrant L2 surveillance.

RUSSO: No, but two iconoclasm do.

MORA: The criteria for an iconoclasm -

GRISWELL: *(over an intercom)* Agent Mora, see me in my office immediately.

RUSSO: *(laughs)* I told you!

MORA: Probably it’s unrelated.

RUSSO: Wanna bet me fifty bucks, peaches? You know he listens.

MORA: *(sighs)* Stay away from my console, Russo. Be right back.

RUSSO: You hope.

SCENE BREAK

F/X: Crickets; knocking (without)

GRISWELL: Enter.

F/X: Door opens.

MORA: Mr. Griswell?

GRISWELL: I said enter. Just two steps in and stand still, please. Your eyes will adjust to the darkness.

F/X: Door closes.

Thank you, Agent. You’ll have my full attention momentarily. I forgot to feed my little friends here before the holiday.

F/X: A glass tank lid.

Breathe through your mouth if the smell bothers you. God is great.

MORA: God is great.

GRISWELL: Fetching sweater.

MORA: Thank you, Sir — and the smell doesn’t bother me at all. My Dad raised crickets for my family

during the Tribulation.

GRISWELL: Did he? What species?

MORA: They were Mormons, Sir.

GRISWELL: Ah, yes, you're from Vegas, aren't you, and the Anabrus simplex are well adapted to urban living, as well as beautiful in their own way. The black herringbone pattern can be dazzling. What did your father feed them?

MORA: Leftovers - and sometimes ...

GRISWELL: Sometimes what?

MORA: Just, those tropical fish flakes. Sir.

GRISWELL: (*chuckles*) Really? How inventive. My Field crickets here, they love orange peels. I drop in my peels every morning and they sing in gratitude. Do you still partake, Agent Mora?

MORA: Excuse me?

GRISWELL: Do you still eat crickets? To remind you of girlhood?

MORA: I stick to commercial powders now.

GRISWELL: Would you care for one? For nostalgia's sake? You can taste the orange.

(HE eats a cricket)

Try one.

MORA: I'm full from breakfast, Sir.

GRISWELL: I insist. Try one. I had my colony tested last month and they're very high in calcium, vitamin B12, fatty acids. Let me pick one out for you. Here you go.

MORA: Thank you, Mr. Griswell.

(MORA eats a cricket)

GRISWELL: Can you taste the orange?

MORA: I can. Faintly. Well done.

GRISWELL: It's just a hobby. Shall we sit? Let's sit. Sit in my chair.

MORA: You want me in your chair?

GRISWELL: Yes, Agent, sit in my chair.

MORA: I would rather not do that, Sir.

GRISWELL: Do you think I'm testing you?

MORA: It occurred to me.

GRISWELL: It occurred to you.

MORA: Yes, Sir.

GRISWELL: So you haven't decided.

MORA: No, Sir.

GRISWELL: Good. I like that. About you. But I'm still going to order you to sit in my chair. Do it now.

MORA: If you demand it, Sir.

F/X: Chair scrape; sitting.

GRISWELL: How does it feel? Gut answer. What's your gut say?

MORA: My gut says ... your chair is better than mine.

GRISWELL: (*chuckles*) Well, it better be! I'm a Level Four, you're a Level One. Is the light bothering you?

MORA: Sir, if this is about Mr. Cham, then allow me to explain my thoughts. I -

GRISWELL: (*mild*) I asked you about the light, Agent.

MORA: Neither the smell nor the light bothers me, Sir. But —

GRISWELL: My wife calls it mood lighting. Have you met Mrs. Griswell?

MORA: I haven't. Am I being evaluated, Sir?

GRISWELL: We are all being evaluated, Agent, by the minute.

(casual?)

Have you been to California?

MORA: Of course not. Why would I mix with traitors? Just the act of crossing would —

GRISWELL: I didn't ask if you approved of secession or democratic socialism, I asked if you had been to the place. Say for the beaches, the sun. You must have family there, with a name like Mora.

MORA: There's plenty of sun in the States, Sir, and all my family and friends live here.

GRISWELL: (*cutting off*) Yes, we have sun here, but over there ... the sun seems brighter.

MORA: I would not know.

GRISWELL: You look like you spend some time in the sun. You have beautiful skin.

MORA: Thank you.

GRISWELL: I bet you have the Dark Continent in you.

MORA: My mother's father.

GRISWELL: That explains it. Beautiful. Mrs. Griswell is beyond the DMZ right now. San Diego. I suppose that might shock you, but moving up in the Agency has its privileges.

MORA: They let you vacation in California?

GRISWELL: Nobody 'lets' us; we go because our loyalty has been tested and proven; we go because we

want to. As could you, if you ... accept your promotion to L2!

MORA: I'm sorry?

GRISWELL: (*chuckles*) I'm promoting you! You're far too sharp for L1! Congratulations! ...
(*snaps his fingers*)

Hello? You're not dreaming, Agent. This is 100% reality.

MORA: I know, I know, thank you. You just ... caught me unawares. Gee, L2. I had begun to think -

GRISWELL: Hush. Whatever you were thinking was wrong. You're a credit to your country, Agent Mora, you deserve this. I'll be making the big announcement at 1700, with champagne. The non-alcoholic variety for me.

(*GRISWELL chuckles*)

SCENE BREAK

F/X: Party horns; cheering.

RUSSO: Speech! Speech!

MORA: I'm not giving a speech.

RUSSO: Oh come on, inspire us! Spe-ee-ech! Mora, Mora, Mora!

(*OTHERS chant too*)

MORA: Okay! Okay! If I inspire any of you, I hope it will be with my example. Democracy can only be as good as its people, so we have a duty to be good - to be caring and rational; to avoid one-sidedness and black-and-white views; to not generalize; to dig deep for explanations and put the shovel to old discredited theories. All of which requires courage. But as our Founding Father, Thomas Jefferson said: 'One man with courage is a majority.'

F/X: Some polite clapping.

MORA: Thank you, Mr. Griswell!

GRISWELL: (*across the room*) The glory belongs to you, dear!

MORA: Thank you, everyone. I'm sure we'll be seeing each other. To Level One.

GRISWELL & MANY OTHERS: Level One!

F/X: Hub-ubbing (throughout.)

RUSSO: (*privately*) Jefferson? Really? He's not exactly in vogue, you know.

MORA: He was our third president, Russo.

RUSSO: I'm just surprised you would quote him in particular.

MORA: Are you? Elaborate, if you would.

LEE: (*butting in*) Well, you have a high score on the melanin index. I think that's his thesis. Hi, I'm Agent Gilani. God is great.

MORA: God is great. Hi.

(*MORA shakes hands with HIM*)

LEE: Congratulations.

MORA: Thank you.

LEE: Sincerely.

RUSSO: Okay, hold it: I wasn't saying she can't like Jefferson because of her ancestry. I was just -

LEE: Reminding her, and by extension me, of a trifling biological difference that is totally unimportant to a mid-21st man like you, correct?

RUSSO: ... You said it.

LEE: You look at her, at me, and see two Americans. Correct?

RUSSO: Got it in one. You must be some kind of savant at reading people. You just started, right, back in the corner?

LEE: I just started here. Before this I served in The Philippines. Green Berets.

RUSSO: The Green Berets to this slop, huh? I guess you didn't get the MVP award.

LEE: And I guess you didn't have the mettle to serve at all.

RUSSO: (*blows his lips*) Hey, you don't want to be friendly, pal, fine by me. So Mora: good knowing you, besta luck in L2 - although you may want to start on some wrist exercises: I hear there's a lotta ... typing up there. Later.

(*RUSSO leaves*)

MORA: (*to LEE*) Sorry about that.

LEE: Why are you sorry? He's a vulgarian. I saw him drooling over your cubicle wall today.

MORA: All day for three years. I turn him down for a date on my first shift, he's still getting his revenge.

LEE: My first shift I overheard him on the escalator bragging how he clipped a homeless woman with a rock.

MORA: Sounds like Russo.

LEE: (*low*) Sounds like our whole country.

MORA: ... Do you think so.

LEE: (*low*) Listen: that speech of yours, you have a gift.

MORA: A gift you apparently have to praise with a whisper?

LEE: (*low; coded flirtation*) I don't have to, but I've been told I whisper pretty well.

MORA: Good for you. Bye now.

LEE: (*low*) Wait, Mora, that wasn't ... Sorry. I just ... wanted to give you a friendly warning after your speech. I may have only been around since Monday, but I can already advise you not to stick out so much.

MORA: I have a grip on the sociology here, thank you.

LEE: (*low*) I believe you, but —

MORA: I know what I've gotten into.

LEE: I don't think you do. And I'd very much like to discuss it. Elsewhere.

MORA: Like a bar?

LEE: I'm not flirting with you, Agent. I might like to, but that's far from my intent. I —

MORA: You seem a nice guy, Gilani, but in my experience that means very little. What do you want?

GRISWELL: (*across the room*) Agent Mora! Skip on over here, meet a new peer of yours!

MORA: (*to LEE*) Excuse me.

(*calling across the room*)

Coming, Mr. Griswell!

LEE: Alicia, wait.

MORA: Do not call me by my Christian name without permission. Good day.

LEE: I'm sorry. I just ... can we please go somewhere? Five minutes tops.

MORA: Be upfront with me and I may consider it. What are you itching to school me about?

LEE: (*low*) Your sister. Okay? Zariah. She asked me to tell you she's all right. We got out her of the camp. If you want more information, meet me at The Periwig when you're done glad-handing for Mr. Griswell. If you try to turn me in, I guarantee you'll regret it.

(*LEE leaves*)

GRISWELL: (*across the room*) Agent Mora, are you climbing up or down this ladder?!

MUSICAL STING

SCENE BREAK

F/X: Piano; ice in a tumbler.

LEE: So.

MORA: You have five minutes, Gilani.

LEE: I can get you out of here in four - as long as you read this.

F/X: Paper sliding.

MORA: A newspaper? From 2019?

LEE: Read the article at the bottom.

MORA: I went to grade school, Gilani; we all know what happened in 2019.

LEE: Until you read it, Agent Mora, I'm just going to drink my so-called bourbon.

(MORA sighs; takes the paper, reads the bottom; digs out HER comm and places it under the paper with a rustle)

MORA: There. My comm is under your fake newspaper. What now?

LEE: Now we can talk freely; it's smartpaper: an app has just been loaded onto your comm to filter out our voices but feed any ambient noise into the mic. If anyone other than a subroutine on a CPU is listening - which may be the case with you - I'm drinking, and your lips remain zipped.

MORA: Won't they hear me putting my comm under the paper?

LEE: We thought of that. We aren't amateurs. They won't hear anything except your apparently conscientious move to put a comm on the table. The app will delete itself in twelve hours. When you leave the bar the GPS will read you as going home. No matter where you go.

MORA: Who is 'we'?

LEE: I'm sure you have a more useful question than that.

MORA: Okay. What about your comm?

LEE: *(smiling)* Mine has better anti-spyware than yours. Now we have to establish some basis of trust or we'll talk ourselves into trouble.

MORA: So give me proof you met Zariah.

LEE: She knew you were careful enough to ask so she came up with a password.

MORA: She and I never had a password.

LEE: I know. But she said this would work.

MORA: On a word she wants me to trust you?

LEE: It's the best we could do with the time we had. I show you a pic, it could have been doctored, right? I play a voice message for you, it could have been auto-genned. If you don't want to hear the password, Mora, I won't say it. I only approached you tonight because of the promotion.

MORA: Why does it worry you that I got promoted?

LEE: The only reason I'm at the Agency is contact with you. If they put you in a higher-security room that I'm not privy to, then I have far fewer chances of casually making your acquaintance.

MORA: Why do you need to?

LEE: Well ... after your sister got out of the camp, she got a promotion of her own.

MORA: Go on.

LEE: She also cares about you and wants you safe - on account of what she has planned.

MORA: She's planning something here?

LEE: Yeah - and you could be directly in danger, so -

MORA: The only danger I'm in is from her allegedly reaching out to me.

LEE: That's debatable at best, Mora, and delusional in one crucial sense: you just became one of Mr. Griswell's favorites at the Agency and you know what happens to those women.

MORA: He gave me his address today and I emphatically promised I'd never need it. I'm nowhere near his mistress.

LEE: He'll try to make you one.

MORA: Unsuccessfully.

LEE: And then what? You never noticed how a number of his pets tend to 'leave town'?

MORA: They tend to get transferred.

LEE: Yeah: to the tri-city landfill. According to three different sources. All they find are parts: a foot, a finger, an ear. Are there no rumors, even at the Agency?

MORA: I've heard of his affairs, but -

LEE: (*whistles*) Hot damn. They have a tighter lid on you goons than I thought.

MORA: I'm not a goon.

LEE: No? You get paid to do overtly political police work. You just got a raise.

MORA: For being fair-minded.

LEE: Okay, pretend that is the reason, we still both know the system is not fair-minded; we know Old Tom Jefferson's 'one man with courage' can be easily waterboarded and broken into a naked humiliated mess. More easily than he can become a 'majority.' You are much too smart, Mora, to think one man or woman will do a little dance and rain down equal protection on this country.

MORA: You sound like her.

LEE: I sound like sense. Do you want to hear the password or not?

MORA: Yes, I do. Just don't expect me to join your club. What is it?

LEE: (*drinks*) Apricot.

MORA: Apricot?

LEE: Yeah, that's what she said. Apricot. I don't know what it means. You?

MORA: (*emotional*) Yes. That came from her.

LEE: Okay then. You all right?

MORA: Yeah. I just ... didn't expect it to be that. What now?

F/X: Bell (over the door); boots; the live piano stops.

LEE: Ah Hell. Now we run - before we get made by those enforcers. You got a gun?

MUSIC

STATION BREAK

PART TWO

F/X: Hub-ubbing (nervous.)

ENFORCER (to the bar; across the room) Ladies and gentlemen, please stand for a status check.

F/X: Chairs scraping; standing.

Only sit down after you've been scanned. Any resistance will be interpreted as aggression.

F/X: Scanning (under the following.)

LEE: (*low*) I apologize in advance, Mora. I was led to believe this bar was only scanned on the weekends.

MORA: (*low*) You've snuck into the Agency every day for a week. What's it matter if they ret-scan you here?

LEE: (*low*) I'm not concerned with our retinas coming up illegal. That enforcer has a Veritas device. Left hip. Confirm in your peripheral. Do not look dead on.

MORA: (*low*) Okay, they have a Veritas. So what? Your ret-scan is going to be green: you're posing as an Agent.

LEE: (*low*) My scan is going to be green, but yours isn't.

MORA: (*low*) I'm sorry?

LEE: (*low*) You have a loyalty score of 42%. Both of us will scan as legit, but when they see your 42 out of a 100 they're going to draw the Veritas and ask you what you're doing here tonight and that will inevitably lead to mentioning your sister and her plans. Did you think it was chance how many times you got detained for lie detection lately?

MORA: (*low*) I've been unlucky, but -

LEE: (*low*) I saw your score two nights ago; it's not bad luck — and unless you can cheat a Veritas, which I very much doubt from the sweat on your upper lip, then I suggest you hand yourself in right now or show some aggression.

F/X: Scanning (closer.)

MORA: (*low*) What if they scan me and let it go at that?

LEE: (*low*) You made the call to meet with me, Mora, and I'm sorry but you have to make another call now: either you get arrested or I help you out of here. You don't have to hang out with me once we get to the sidewalk. You have three ... two ... one.

ENFORCER: Evening. God is great.

LEE: Good evening, God is great. How goes the hunt, officer?

ENFORCER: Busy. Some lady saw a Mexican without a digi-band on this street. Now we gotta go door to door. Hold still for the scanner.

LEE: Sure. How's this?

F/X: A holster and two gunshots: bang, bang; screaming.

MUSIC

(to MORA)

Are you coming?!

F/X: Alarm.

MORA: You just killed them!

LEE: I saved you from a work camp!

MORA: You don't know that! You shot two policemen because they might have - !

LEE: Get down!

(LEE pulls HER down)

F/X: Semi-automatic gunfire.

CONCERNED CITIZEN: *(across the room; Western accent)* Cop-killers!

LEE: I missed the concerned citizen. Pale face, red cap. You get a look?

MORA: *(shock)* Their blood's on my coat.

LEE: At the bar, can you see them?

MORA: Barely.

F/X: Semi-automatic gunfire; empty clicks.

They're out.

LEE: They're reloading. I'll get 'em if they pop up again. You find the manager's office and wipe the servers. We've been caught on camera.

MORA: I'm not a hacker. I can't just -

LEE: Use this.

MORA: A cigarette lighter?

LEE: Compact EMP, just point and click.

F/X: Rising electronic whine.

Here.

(hands her the EMP)

I'll lay down some -

F/X: Semi-automatic gunfire.

I'll lay down some cover. Go when I start shooting.

MORA: Go where?!

LEE: I counted two doors in the back hall beyond the restrooms: one of them's an office. Run.

F/X: Handgun shots; screaming (with a fade out.)

MUSIC

SCENE BREAK

F/X: Showering.

MORA: *(shallow, quick breaths)*

F/X: Knocking; door cracks.

I'm almost done.

LEE: No need to hurry. I just thought you'd like to know that we're not on the ten o'clock news.

MORA: That's great.

LEE: They're calling us 'two colored insurgents.' Turns out the street cams in that sector are just décor.
(chuckles)

No IDs yet. The mayor was just on the auto-cast stuttering about cutbacks. We should assume the satellites got us, but so far it looks like they lost us in the park -

MORA: Do you mind, Gilani? I'm not comfortable with you in here.

LEE: I can't see.

MORA: I don't care.

F/X: Faucet; water stops; dripping.

You killed three people.

LEE: You kill people all the time, Agent Mora. You just do it through a screen.

MORA: Fine, yes, we're both murderers; get out of here.

LEE: Whoa, hold on, they're interning people without a trial, OK? They're -

MORA: You were laughing.

LEE: When?

MORA: Just now, when you said they hadn't ID'd us. Yet!

LEE: Yes, I did. And I apologize. I ... You get a dark sense of humor from doing this.

MORA: Apparently. Now can I please rinse my hair out in private?

LEE: Of course you can. Sorry. I'll be in the living room, listening for police chatter. Don't open the blinds.

F/X: Door shuts; the faucet again, but - the shower curtain slowly slides opens; police radio (in the other room.)

MORA: *(a quick steadying breath, then)*

MUSIC

*F/X: Phone dialing; ringing ... ringing ...
(to herself)*

Yes, it's me, pick up. I know you want this. You are dying to answer and do whatever I say.

F/X: Someone picks up.

RUSSO: *(through the phone, half-asleep)* Hello?

MORA: *(low)* Russo, hi. God is great.

RUSSO: *(through the phone)* Who the hell is this?

MORA: *(low)* It's me. Alicia Mora from L1. I sit next to you. Sat.

RUSSO: *(through the phone)* How'd you get my private number?

MORA: *(low)* You gave it to me, when I first started, remember?

RUSSO: *(through the phone)* No, I don't. Are you in the shower?

MORA: *(low)* I'm pretending. I —

RUSSO: *(through the phone)* Ohh, you want some make-believe.

MORA: *(low)* I've been kidnapped, Russo. By the Resistance.

RUSSO: *(through the phone)* I like it.

MORA: *(low)* I'm serious! I'm in one of their safe houses right now and I only have seconds. I would've called Mr. Griswell, but I don't know whether I can trust him. I don't want to freak out my family and by the numbers at least half my friends are informants for the Agency. This is not make-believe, I need you.

RUSSO: *(through the phone)* Holy Father.

MORA: *(low)* I'm going to share my location to your comm; it may not work; they installed some sort of app but it's all I can think of. Hold on a sec. Here I go.

F/X: A tone.

Did you get it?

RUSSO: *(through the phone)* I got it.

MORA: *(low)* Yes. Good. Now please, please, please do not alert or involve Mr. Griswell. Tip off the police. Just the locals. I can reward you.

RUSSO: *(through the phone)* What's wrong with Griswell?

MORA: *(low)* I don't have time, Russo. Just call the cops so I don't have to dodge a hellfire missile to get out of here.

RUSSO *(through the phone)* You're Level Two at the Agency, they wouldn't do that.

F/X: Knocking.

LEE: *(outside the door)* Hey Mora?

RUSSO: *(through the phone)* Is that one of 'em?

F/X: MORA hangs up (with a different tone.)

MORA: What is it now?!

LEE: *(outside the door)* I forgot to mention there's a spray under the sink - to break down the DNA on the tub. Pour at least a cup down the drain too.

MUSICAL STING

SCENE BREAK

F/X: Chopping veggies; police radio (a second or so and then turned down.)

LEE: Hey.

MORA: Hey.

LEE: I'm starting you some dinner. Hope you like potatoes. You doin' alright?

MORA: Yeah, never been better.

LEE: Right. Sorry. Again. Obviously, I'm not a recruiter for the Resistance, okay? Public Relations is not my specialty.

MORA: What is?

LEE: *(hems)* Let's just say I've spent a lot of my life in barracks - crowded ones, men-women-gay-straight-trans; midnight drills, people on edge, never enough bunks, no privacy. Even in the shower. Which is no excuse, I'm just ... I didn't mean to creep you out - and, for the record, the State of Arkansas castrated me at nineteen. How do your clothes fit?

MORA: Badly.

LEE: Yeah, those belonged to my friend Rozella. Six foot one, out of Yuma.

MORA: What happened to her?

LEE: Died at the western border.

F/X: Chopping veggies ...

MORA: If they sterilized you, it must have been a second felony, what'd you do?

LEE: I'd rather not re-live it. Especially if you're not going to stand with us.

MORA: I don't know that I'm not going to, Gilani. I came here.

LEE: Because you were spooked, not committed - and my name's not Gilani.

MORA: What is it?

LEE: Just call me Lee.

MORA: OK, Lee, at the bar you said -

LEE: That you didn't have to hang out with me once we got to the sidewalk. But now you're at one of our safe houses.

MORA: So I have to pick sides?

LEE: You have to pick something pretty damn quick. I have an errand to run in two minutes and I'd like to know whether I can come back here tonight.

MORA: Where are you going? It's after curfew.

LEE: I have to check in.

MORA: But they'll be out in force. You should wait until —

LEE: I have to be somewhere at a set time; I should go now; the kitchen's yours. Betray me and your sister if you want.

F/X: The knife clatters down.

MORA: Hey. Wait. Who says I'm going to squeal?

LEE: (*in her face*) You're not Zariah. I get it. You look like her, you smell like her, but you're not her. She misjudged.

MORA: Meaning what? She wants to recruit me?

LEE: Of course she does. But I can see you don't have the stomach for it.

MORA: Lee, wait - Are you limping?

LEE: It's nothing. Bye.

MORA: You took a bullet.

LEE: I was grazed, back at the bar.

MORA: Where?

LEE: Right thigh. Get out of my way.

MORA: Lee, tell me what her plan is and maybe I can assist—

LEE: Not a chance; I only wait if you say what 'apricot' is.

MORA: The password? Why? Why are you interested—?

LEE: I'm not. But whatever her password means, it made you care - and I can only know where you and I stand if I know what you care about.

(forceful)

What's apricot'?

15 MORE PAGES TO THE END OF THE SCRIPT

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

auto-genned: automatically generated, by software

auto-cast: a remotely initiated automatic broadcast on a home media machine

bot: animal-like drones with weak artificial intelligence; a killing machine

comm: a telecommunications device

cuck: a right-wing derogatory term roughly meaning ‘an unmanly person’ (cuckhold)

digi-band: a digital identifier, worn as a bracelet, signaling citizenship to others

DMZ: demilitarized zone

EMP: electromagnetic pulse weapon

Hash-It: a social networking site

holopic: a holographic movie

iconoclasm: a verbal or written attack on a beloved image of Americana

infodig: a euphemism for interrogation, or information gathering, carried out while the target is disoriented by a combination of virtual reality, drugs, sleep deprivation, etc.

iSpecs: smart glasses

liberalina: a derogatory term for a member of the political left

ret-scan: a retinal eye scan

soy boy: a right-wing term for so-called feminized men, whose testosterone levels (supposedly) have dropped from eating soy

Tribulation: a period of food insecurity following the secession of California