

Last Night A DJ Saved My Life
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*To each side, a pedestal: one holds a glass bowl full of water; the other a stereo.
A mannequin in lingerie.*

The Virgin Mary asleep on the floor.

*Center: a cross. A man pounds the final nail into the cross-beam and lifts it up.
He is JESUS CHRIST, your savior and mine.
Or HAROLD. Whoever he is. Either way, he's there.*

HAROLD/JESUS:

It is finished.
Now leave me alone.

*HAROLD goes thru his morning routine:
He stretches: legs, arms, chest, neck. He wakes up his face.
Jumping Jacks, crunches, weights. Dances. Headstand.
50 pushups.
In the midst of this Mary wakes and watches; she is careful not be caught awake.*

HAROLD/JESUS:

I am poured out like water.
My heart is like wax
I am a worm, and no man.
All who see me make mouths at me,
Heal me, Lord, my bones are troubled. I am weary with moaning
Be not far from me: Make me lie down in green pastures. Lead me beside still waters.
Send goodness and mercy to hunt me all my days.
The lord is my shepherd.
The wolf is here.
The lord is my shepherd.
I. Shall. Not. Want.

(Finishes push-ups.)

I want.
I want to know.
"Take up your pallet and walk. Put on your red shoes and dance the blues."
I seek not my will. I seek...
Shall I drink? What is the cup which the father has given me?
I want to know.

Mom?
Mom I know you're awake.
Mom can you hear me?
Mother is the name for god on the lips and hearts of all children.

HAROLD/JESUS (cont'd):

(He shadow boxes with the mannequin, then the cross. It scares him.)

You talking to me? You talking to me?

Okay-okay. Okay...

So...maybe yes, maybe no.

Fight it out, man, fight it out.

So there's a chance. What if there is.

If there's a chance, you got to dance.

I'm either the Messiah or the town Cri-ah

I'm either the messiah. Or I am very unwell.

Ok ok.

(glances at Mom.)

Our body prays to you. Every atom dancing. Every atom prays.

Let your body join the sky in prayer. Your body is the beat.

Shake your flesh.

Shake your flesh – watch yourself!

God is your DJ. The lord compels you to DANCE!

Are you talking to me? Are you?

I heard a voice.

Don't hide now, come out. Come on!

Take up your pallet and dance – that's what you said?

What's my pallet? Which one. Don't hide from me.

Now who's scared?

MARY:

You heard it?

HAROLD/JESUS:

Mom, you're awake?

MARY:

You finally built it.

Come here – my baby built his cross. Come here Jesus.

HAROLD/JESUS:

Mom you promised not to call me that. Get off me. I want to show you something –

MARY:

I see it.

HAROLD/JESUS:

No! My magic. I have a trick I've been working on. Sit down.

HAROLD puts on a bathrobe that says "Hallelujah Harry" bedazzled on the back.

MARY:

You bedazzled my bathrobe?

HAROLD/JESUS:

You don't wear it.

MARY:

And why is that mannequin wearing my teddy?

HAROLD/JESUS:

You don't need a teddy, mom

MARY:

The hell I don't. I work up some interest.

HAROLD/JESUS:

Ugh! – Mo-om! That's nasty.

MARY:

I spread the nasty.

HAROLD/JESUS:

Well stop. Now hush, I'm doing my trick.

MARY:

Don't tell me to hush up, Jesus.

HAROLD/JESUS:

Stop calling me that!

MARY:

That's your name.

HAROLD/JESUS:

My name is Harold. Harry, mom.

MARY:

That's not the name I gave you. Jesus is who you *are*.

HAROLD/JESUS:

Dr. Bradford says you need to stop talking like that –

MARY:

I don't care what Dr. 'Bad-for-me' says and nor should you.

HAROLD/JESUS:

You're so much better since-

MARY:

No. No! I have not gotten *better*.
I am good as I am, Jesus.

HAROLD/JESUS:

Mom...

MARY:

Harold...

HAROLD/JESUS:

You are a little whacked, mom.

MARY:

You steal your mother's lingerie for a mannequin but I'M whacked?

HAROLD/JESUS:

I learned it by watching you, okay?!
(They laugh.)

MARY:

You really don't see it.
Who you are?

HAROLD/JESUS:

I do, mom. Do you?

MARY:

I see the connections—

HAROLD/JESUS:

NOT connections –

MARY:

I've seen all along.

HAROLD/JESUS:

Which is why you spend so much time with Dr. Bradford –

MARY

You remember Barbara?

Do you, Jesus.

HAROLD/JESUS:

Harold.

Yes. Yes I remember Barbara.

MARY:

Well?

HAROLD/JESUS:

Well people come out of comas.

MARY:

Yes! Yes, they do. But not after twenty years. And it just happens to be the moment a child – a little six year old boy – of his own will – climbs onto their chest and holds their face and says “wake up please”.

HAROLD/JESUS:

It was a coincidence!

MARY:

No. If you had known the twenty years leading to that moment you would know better. What about Doug?

HAROLD/JESUS:

What about Doug!? No. No no no no no – coincidences Mom, they don't mean anything – it's NOT Proof. There is NO PROOF!!

MARY:

Proof? You want proof?

Jesus look at your life.

I see the way your heart comes out of your eyes on the train and I see strangers who smile because you looked at them.

HAROLD/JESUS:

That's nothing to –

MARY:

It ain't nothing. It's a beginning.

You do magic like him.

HAROLD/JESUS:

Jesus did NOT do magic.

MARY:

Sure he did. It's that instinct, to do unbelievable things. That instinct is in you.

HAROLD/JESUS:

Nothing you've said makes me Jesus any more than it makes me Harry Potter.

MARY:

And you were born on Xmas day –

HAROLD/JESUS:

So was Jimmy Buffet!

MARY:

You make people feel better!

HAROLD/JESUS:

So does Jimmy Buffet!

MARY:

I heard you.
You're starting to wonder.

HAROLD/JESUS:

What?

MARY:

You thought I was sleeping.

HAROLD/JESUS:

So what?
So I talk to myself, so what?

MARY:

“Messiah or Town Cri-ah.”
You're not normal, son. You never were.

I want to try this, Jesus.
I think we should try.
Can we try?
I know you're scared.

HAROLD/JESUS:

I'm not scared – It's a dumb idea.

MARY:

You said you want to know.
There is that chance.
Besides, we had a deal. You can keep your magic ...

MARY and HAROLD/JESUS:

If I try some of yours.

MARY:

Jesus, please ...

HAROLD/JESUS:

Don't call me that!

MARY:

Ok. Ok. Harry. Harold. I will call you Harold and if this – if we do this and it doesn't work the way – the way I believe it will then I will only call you Harry.

HAROLD/JESUS:

For the rest of my life?

MARY:

Yes, Harold.

HAROLD/JESUS:

You'll let me forget this.

MARY:

Yes, Harold.

HAROLD/JESUS:

You'll forget it?

MARY:

Uh huh.
Terrifying, I know.

HAROLD/JESUS:

You don't understand this –

MARY:

Honey? I have believed this about you all your life. If I'm wrong you think that's easy for me?

We gonna do this together or not?

All right.

HAROLD/JESUS:

Father forgive us for we know not what we do.

*HAROLD and MARY dance to the music.
As they do, the words begin to come out...and she leads him to the cross where
she washes his body and feet.*

MARY:

And Mary said My soul glorifies the Lord...

HAROLD:

Jesus said to her "I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in me will live...

MARY:

...And my spirit rejoices in God my Savior, for he has been mindful of the humble state of his servant...

HAROLD:

...Even though he dies. And whoever lives and believes in me will never die...

MARY:

From now on all generations will call me blessed, for the mighty one has done great things for me
– holy is the name.

HAROLD:

Do you believe this?

MARY:

Take up your pallet and dance.

HAROLD/JESUS:

I'm thirsty.

MARY:

It's time.

*She sings a lullaby to him. He joins her, and she puts him on the cross.
His breathing slows, his singing becomes more powerful and Mary's falls away.*

He ends the song. They hold each other's eyes for a long moment.

HAROLD/JESUS:

It is beginning.

End.