

# The Last Days of Judas Iscariot

## Production Meeting Report

**Day:** Friday

**Date:** October 23rd,  
2020

**Stage manager:** Jade  
Sibert

**Director:** Greg  
Trazaskoma

**Attendance:** Jeremy, Greg, Alan,  
Taylor, Jade, Seth, Preston,

**Start Time:** 1:00pm

**End Time:** 1:50pm

**Upcoming Meeting:** October 30th, 2020

### Costume

- `Jeremy made a timeline and noted bible verses
- Has pictures of scenic and characters for reference

### Lighting

- Taylor shows images
- Tones of blue
- Neutral and cool
- Isolation of lights and darkness
- Red Lights
- Haze in the lights

### Sound

- Preston presents
  - Infinite space and echoing sound
  - Flashback noises
  - Sounds that indicate the new location
  - Rain and talking sounds
  - Hip pop music and rock music
  -

### **Props**

- No notes for props

### **Scenic**

- Alan shared pictures
  - Blend of nature with unnatural elements
  - Use light as a technique to set up visual space
  - Open space with concrete
  - Light signifies different things
  - Audience close to the stage
  - Fog machine

### **Gregs Notes**

- Try not to imitate but draw some inspiration
- Greg likes the neutrality of space
- Hard sharp spaces
- Lights should look as if they exert pressure
- The downward thrust of lights for the witnesses
- More abstract
- Shadows from beyond should be in the lights
- Hear satan and hell- suffering eternal damnation
- Hear heaven and glory
- The sound should be directional
- Share the Latin wit the audience somehow

Production Analysis- The Last Days of Judas Iscariot

S#	Pg#	Props	Sound	Lighting	Costume	Scenic	Description
	1						
	2						
	3						
	4						
PRL	5						
PRL	6						
1.1	7	x	x		x		Jesus comes and kisses Henrietta. Lights on Henrietta and rain sounds
	8	x	x			x	Gavel and Wings (inside the courtroom)
	9						
	10		x	x			Yousef dramatically stands up
	11	x					EI-Fayoumy grabs license. Judge reads paper
	12						
	13	x	x	x		x	Blackout scene change/ Judas Monica/ music storm
	14	x		x			Gavel light on Monica
	15	x	x				Reads writing and intense monologue
	16	x		x	x		Pen, gavel, Loretta hospital gown
	17						
	18	x		x	x		Light on judas, Pen, gavel, Costume change
	19	x	x	x			Cigarette, lighter, gavel, Gloria freezes time
	20			x		x	Judas is 8 flashback
	21	x					Spinning top
	22						
	23	x	x	x	x		Mother Theresa. Gavel, cane, sari, watch headphones. Yelling
	24	x		x			Gavel, headphones, tissue, lights fade
	25						
	26	x					gavel

27						
28						
29	x		x			Gavel, earphones, lights shine
30						
31						
32						
33			x			El- Fay and Fabiana
34		x	x			Satan and Bailiff enter
35			x			Judas walks
36			x		x	Flashback judas and satan in a bar
37				x		Satan and judas switch shirts
38						
39						
40	x	x	x		x	Lights cross fade to stans lair. Jesus and his bucket, gavel
41						
42	x					Gavel bang
43						
44		x				Big yawn
45	x		x			Light on El-Fay, gavel
46						
47						
48						
49						
50						
51						
52						
53						
54						
55			x			Crossfade lights
56						
57			x	x	x	Squad room in Jerusalem. Soldier uniforms

58						
59						
60						
61						
62						
63						
64	x	x	x			Satan enters, gavel bang, others exit
65						
66						
67						
68						
69						
70	x		x			Jesus comes to Judas lights blackout then on Jesus speaks
71						
72						
73						
74	x	x	x			Time freezes, baseball cap, 12 pack of beer
75						
76						
77	x		x	x		Jesus washes feet with a bucket and takes off the shirt. Lights fade
78						
79						
80						

EL-FAYOUMY. Most reverent señor — with your magisterial permission — Prosecution now conjures Satan, Prince of Darkness, to the stand! (*Satan enters, waves amiably to the jury.*)  
JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. Name!  
SATAN. (*To Fabiana.*) Fabiana Aziza Cunningham, right?  
JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. Lou.  
SATAN. I been keeping the light on for ya, Cunningham.  
JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. C'mon now, Lou — why don't you take your seat and we can get started here?  
SATAN. You never change, Frank, do you?  
JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. I suppose I don't.  
SATAN. I like that about you. Now say, how's Wilhemina doing? And the girls?  
JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. I wouldn't know. Now, park your caboose in that chassy if you would, please?  
SATAN. I'm sorry. Of course. (*To El-Fayoumy.*) Fire away. (*To Judge Littlefield.*) My apologies, Frank. (*Bailiff enters.*)  
JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. Bailiff!  
BAILIFF. I was helping the elderly, sir!  
JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. Let's just proceed. El-Fayoumy — proceed!  
EL-FAYOUMY. Ah. Yes. Uh ... Yes ... Uh ... How are you today, Satan?  
SATAN. Well ... Long night, but uh, no regrets.  
EL-FAYOUMY. Up late partying with the decadent and debauched?  
SATAN. Oh, God, does it show?  
EL-FAYOUMY. Oh — No no, not at all.  
SATAN. I'll tell ya — I could barely make it through my double session pilares this morning — if it weren't for the good genes I'd be a raisin with tits and a perm.  
EL-FAYOUMY. Yes. Well you look very good. Sincerely, Really, Satan, you have an excellent physique.  
SATAN. Oh — Thank you. So do you.  
EL-FAYOUMY. Oh. Thank you too. Yes, I make exercises ... Anyway, so ... No horns and tail today, Prince of Evil?  
SATAN. No.  
EL-FAYOUMY. At the dry cleaners, I suppose.  
SATAN. Yes.  
EL-FAYOUMY. Yes ... I must say, Claimer of the Damned, your candor is quite refreshing.  
SATAN. As is yours.  
EL-FAYOUMY. Oh ... Thank you ... Yes ... Oh! Your jacket,

Satan, really, it is smart.  
SATAN. You like it?  
EL-FAYOUMY. Beautiful, really. Armani?  
SATAN. Gucci.  
EL-FAYOUMY. "Gucci." Yes, Elegant. Very. Yes ... So ... and your trousers, they are Gucci too?  
SATAN. Yeah.  
EL-FAYOUMY. They have a lovely sheen ... Anyway, Let's begin then, shall we?  
SATAN. I am at your service.  
EL-FAYOUMY. I appreciate that.  
SATAN. And I appreciate your appreciation.  
EL-FAYOUMY. Excellent ... So ... Dark One, tell me: Did you ever have any conversations with Judas Iscariot prior to his selling-out of Jesus Christ?  
SATAN. No, I did not.  
EL-FAYOUMY. Sure about that?  
SATAN. Quite sure, yes.  
EL-FAYOUMY. Never "entered into him" as I believe Saint Luke's Gospel puts it?  
SATAN. No.  
EL-FAYOUMY. And again, you are more or less sure of that?  
SATAN. Ask my main squeeze Sheila. If I had entered Judas Iscariot, trust me, he woulda felt my considerable "presence" — if you know what I mean.  
EL-FAYOUMY. Yes — you and Jimmy Woods — I've heard the rumors. So then, it would be safe to say that the "devil didn't make him do it?"  
SATAN. Absolutely — Unless, of course, there's some other devil runnin' around that I don't know about.  
EL-FAYOUMY. Very funny. Really, you are quite charming. Satan ... But let us be quite clear: You did nothing. Satan, nothing, to sway Judas Iscariot towards selling out Jesus of Nazareth, Prince of Peace? Correct?  
SATAN. Correct.  
EL-FAYOUMY. Not even a tiny nudg'g?  
SATAN. Honestly, he didn't require nudg'g. Judas was a gimme — it happens like that sometimes.  
EL-FAYOUMY. A "gimme," yes. A bad seed.  
SATAN. Yes.  
EL-FAYOUMY. Yes. Well then, how 'bout after he did the deadly

deed? Did you speak with the Savior, Betrayer then?

SATAN. I spoke to him, yeah.

EL-FAYOUDY. Care to share?

SATAN. Not a problem. I appeared to Mr. Iscariot at Bartheshech's Bar and Grill shortly after the night in question. I was actually in town for a guy named Abdul Mezzai-Hatten, but, he never showed. When I encountered Mr. Iscariot, he appeared to have already taken full advantage of the Happy Hour. *(Judas crosses to playing area. Satan meets him.)* Oh. Hello, friend. How are you this evening?

JUDAS. "How am I this evening?" — What are you, a fuckin' matre d', man?

SATAN. I'm Clementine, Clementine of Cappadocia.

JUDAS. Yeah? Well why don't you go home and fuck your mother, Cappa-douche-a, okay?!

SATAN. "Doe-sha" — Cappa-doe-sha.

JUDAS. What?!

SATAN. It's cappa-doe-sha.

JUDAS. Well lemme ask you something — Cappa-douche-sh— do I look like someone who gives a fuckin' fuck right now about where the fuck you're from?!

SATAN. I'm very sorry.

JUDAS. Sorry don't mean shit, dick! Take all the "sorrys" in the world, pile 'em on top of the other, ya know what you got, Cappa-douche?!

JUDAS. You got a big pile a fuckin' nuthin' is what you got! Okay?!

SATAN. You're right.

JUDAS. You wanna do somethin' about it?!

SATAN. No sir.

JUDAS. Then go fuck your mother and leave me the fuck alone!

SATAN. I will. Thanks for the advice.

JUDAS. Hey!!! ... Where you going?!

SATAN. It seems like you preferred to be alone.

JUDAS. Why would I prefer that? What're you saying? I look like some kinda Lone Wolf? Like a fuckin' piranha, bro?

SATAN. Do you mean Pariah?

JUDAS. I mean what I mean. Whaddy'a — need a light or some thing?

SATAN. Oh. Thanks.

JUDAS. Like this lighter?

SATAN. Very nice.

JUDAS. I bought it today, man. Expensive shit, but — I got it like that.

SATAN. I can see you're a man of wealth and substance, I admire that.

JUDAS. "Wealth and substance" — don't push it. So, what's your name?!

SATAN. ... Clementine, Clementine of Cappadocia.

JUDAS. Clementine? Isn't that a girl's name?!

SATAN. Not in Cappadocia.

JUDAS. Well, it is here, bro — you sure you aint a girl, man?

SATAN. Pretty sure, yeah.

JUDAS. I'm Judas, Judas Iscariot — maybe you heard of me?

SATAN. Nah, man — I'm from out of town.

JUDAS. You never heard of me?

SATAN. Nope.

JUDAS. You don't get around much, do ya Clementine? So whereabouts you from, man — Egypt?

SATAN. Cappadocia.

JUDAS. That's in Egypt though, right?

SATAN. No — Cappadocia is in Cappadocia.

JUDAS. I dig your pyramids, man — and the Sphinx? *(To bar tender.)* Bartender! Hey! More of that Mesopotamian wine for my Nubian friend! And some darts and figs too! *(To Satan.)* You smoke opium, Clem?

SATAN. Clem.

JUDAS. And some opium, bartender — the good stuff!

SATAN. You seem like a man on a mission.

JUDAS. Took this girl to a puppet show today, man.

SATAN. Yeah? How was it?

JUDAS. Fucked. Fucked. Puppets are bullshit, ya know?!

SATAN. In Cappadocia, we burn puppets!

JUDAS. Well, you people got the right idea over there — that Pharaoh, he's a smart man. Yeah, man. Hey, Clammy — Cheers!

SATAN. Cheers!

JUDAS. Yeah. — Whoa! Hey man, thass a nice shirt, what you pay for it?!

SATAN. Two pieces of silver.

JUDAS. Two pieces of silver? HA!!! I'll give you five. Here ya go, switch shirts with me.

SATAN. But, I'm rather fond of this shirt.

JUDAS. Cmon, man — switch shirts — switch shirts, we're buds

JUDAS. Ya think so?

SATAN. Yeah. I'm pretty sure.

JUDAS. I wanna 'nother fuckin' drink. Tonight man, I'm gonna drink this fuckin' bar!

SATAN. Hey, Judas, lemme ask you something. Who is this Jesus of Nazareth guy I've been hearing about?

JUDAS. Jesus of Nazareth?

SATAN. Yeah — I heard he's some kinda somebody.

JUDAS. Some kinda somebody?

SATAN. Yeah, that's what I heard.

JUDAS. Aw, fuck that guy, man — he's a bitch! *(Starts El-Fayoumy rises triumphantly.)*

EL-FAYOUMY. "FUCK THAT GUY, HES A BITCH"!!! Your Honor! *(Nothing further!)*

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. Cross?

CUNNINGHAM. ... Nor at this time.

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. Lou, stick around.

SATAN. I know the drill. *(The gavel bangs.)*

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. Meal break! Fifteen minutes!

EL-FAYOUMY. Fabiana, free for lunch? *(Gavel bangs. Cross-fade to Judas' hair. Jesus is there with his buckles, alone.)*

## ACT TWO

### "SIC DEUS DILEXIT MUNDUM"

SAINT MONICA. Hey y'all, this is Mary Mags — she the only bitch I let hang with me up here. Tell 'em whatchu gotta say.

MARY MAGDALENE. My name is Mary of Magdala. I was a disciple of Jesus, I was present at the crucifixion, and I was the first person He appeared to after the resurrection.

SAINT MONICA. Bitch got *chunt!*

MARY MAGDALENE. I was one of the founders of the Christian faith, and I was known for my ability, in times of difficulty, to be able to turn the hearts of the apostles towards the good.

SAINT MONICA. The good!

MARY MAGDALENE. Some people think I was a whore.

SAINT MONICA. Misogynist bitches!

MARY MAGDALENE. Other people think Jesus was my husband.

SAINT MONICA. Femin-o-ric bitches!

MARY MAGDALENE. I was not a whore.

SAINT MONICA. "Pimps up, hos *down!*"

MARY MAGDALENE. I was an unmarried woman in a town of ill repute.

SAINT MONICA. *Ill* repute!

MARY MAGDALENE. And also, I was not the wife of Jesus either.

SAINT MONICA. Still love ya!

MARY MAGDALENE. But, I am pretty sure that I was his best friend. We shared an intimacy that I cannot put to words except to say we saw into each other's hearts and were in love with what we found ...

SAINT MONICA. Love!

MARY MAGDALENE. I also knew Judas Iscariot very well.

SAINT MONICA. Gangstal

MARY MAGDALENE. Out of the twelve, he was the most moody and the most impetuous, and yet, he was my favorite.

LQ11

SATAN. Cunningham, please don't take this personally, but your father never really loved you or wanted you, right? And the only reason your mother didn't abort you was because she was afraid of scaring — I think she told you that once, didn't she —

CUNNINGHAM. Mr. Satan! —

SATAN. — Just because your parents resented you doesn't mean that God does.

CUNNINGHAM. — Mr. Satan, I asked you a direct question and I am demanding from you a direct answer!

SATAN. The direct answer is that you are completely wrong.

CUNNINGHAM. Is God powerless or spiteful — I am ordering you to answer!

SATAN. *(Not unkindly)* You're powerless and spiteful, Cunningham — not God.

CUNNINGHAM. Your Honor, he's not answering!

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. Whaddya want me to do about it?

CUNNINGHAM. But he's not answering!

SATAN. Open your heart to God, Cunningham.

CUNNINGHAM. Shut up! *(To Judge)* Your Honor!

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. I suggest you step down, Cunningham.

CUNNINGHAM. But I'm not finished!

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. Then finish!

CUNNINGHAM. But your Honor, this isn't fair!

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. It is what it is, Cunningham!

CUNNINGHAM. But your Honor —

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. Cunningham —

CUNNINGHAM. Your Honor —

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. What? Cunningham? What! *(Beat.)*

CUNNINGHAM. *(To Satan)* You're a fuckin' liar!

SATAN. I'm truly sorry you feel that way. *(Pause.)*

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. ... Nothing further.

CUNNINGHAM. ... Nothing further.

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. El-Fayoumy, cross? *(El-Fayoumy surveys Cunningham, then Satan, then back to Cunningham.)*

EL-FAYOUMY. No cross. No.

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. You're excused.

SATAN. Thanks, Frank. *(To the lawyers.)* Counselors: You availed yourselves as expected. And by the way, El-Fayoumy, you're completely wrong too. I'll be in touch. *(And he is gone.)*

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD. Next witness! *(Blanchet. A beat. Jesus makes his way to Judas. He speaks to us.)*

JESUS. Right now, I am in Fallujah. I am in Dairun. I am on 63rd

LQ audience  
spotlight

LQ11

and Park having dinner with Ellen Barkin and Ron Perlman ... Right now, I'm on Lafayette and Astor waiting to hit you up for change so I can get high. I'm taking a walk through the Rose Garden with George Bush. I'm helping Donald Rumsfeld get a good night's sleep ... I was in that cave with Osama, and on that plane with Mohammed Atta ... And what I want you to *know* is that your work has barely begun. And what I want you to *trust* is the efficacy of divine love if practiced consciously. And what I need you to *believe* is that if you hate who I love that you do not know me at all. And make no mistake. "Who I Love" is every last one. I *am* every last one. People ask of me: "Where are you? Where are you?" ... Verily I ask of you to ask yourself: "Where are you? Where are you?" ... Verily I ask of you to ask yourself: "Where are you? Where are you?" *(Beat.)*

JUDAS. Who's that?

JESUS. Is it ever anybody else, Judas? *(Pause.)* I miss you.

JUDAS. Uh-huh.

JESUS. I miss you, Judas. *(Jesus lays a hand on him.)*

JUDAS. DON'T FUCKIN' TOUCH ME!

JESUS. Judas.

JUDAS. I SAID TAKE YOUR FUCKIN' HANDS OFF ME —

TAKE 'EM OFF!

JESUS. I'm sorry. I'm —

JUDAS. — JUST BACK OFF MY GRILL, MAN! BACK OFF!

JESUS. I'm sorry.

JUDAS. BACK OFF MORE!

JESUS. I'm sorry. *(Pause.)* Judas: If a thousand strangers spit on me and kick me as they pass, I will smile. But if the brother of my heart gives me only a passing hard look, then Judas — I will not sleep that night, nor sleep — at all — 'til he will let me love him again.

JUDAS. NO!!!

JESUS. No, what?

JUDAS. No more fuckin' fortune cookies, that's what you wanna say something. I can't stop you — you wanna apologize, fine, apologize and go, just — for once — speak like a normal fuckin' person!

JESUS. I'm not a normal person Judas and I'm not here to apologize. I am who I am and not what you demand me to be. I'm always going to be who I am and what I am, and when have you ever heard me deliver my message any differently, Judas? When?

JUDAS. I ... Just, go away.

JESUS. I won't go away.

JUDAS. Well, that'd be a first.

LQ audience  
spotlight

• Blotch Home/Well enter with beer from uspage left  
• He walks towards a frozen Judas and speaks to him

JESUS. I have never gone away, Judas ... Look at me. (*Judas does.*)  
I love you, Judas. And all I want — all I want — is to be not just  
near you — but WITH you.

JUDAS. Shoulda thought of that before.

JESUS. Before what?

JUDAS. Just get the fuck outta here, okay?

JESUS. Judas — Don't fuckin' Judas me — you're not wanted here, okay,  
Me. Fuckin' Above It All!

JESUS. I'm not above it all — I'm right here in it, don't you see  
that?

JUDAS. *And don't you get that I don't fuckin' care!*  
JESUS. You think your suffering is a one-way street! It's not! It's  
the exact opposite of not!

JUDAS. You got a lot of fuckin' nerve —

JESUS. — and you've got no nerve at all! Where's your heart in all  
this, Judas! You think you were with me for any other reason than  
that? It was your heart, Judas. You were all heart. You were my  
heart! Don't you know that?

JUDAS. I'll tell you what I know: I watched you trip over your  
own dusty feet to heal the sick, the blind, the lame, the unclean —  
any two bit stranger stubbed their fuckin' toe! When some lowly dis-  
tant relative — too cheap to buy enough wine for his own fuckin'  
wedding suddenly runs out of booze — no problem, you just  
"Presto Change-O" — and it was fuckin' Miller time in Ol' Canaan  
again, wasn't it, bro? But when I fuckin' needed you — where the fuck  
were you, huh?

JESUS. Judas —

JUDAS. You forgave Peter and bullshit Thomas — you knocked  
Paul of Tarsus off a horse — you raised Lazarus from the fuckin'  
dead — but me? Me? Your "heart"? ... *What about me? What about  
me, Jesus? Huh? You just, you just — I made a mistake! And if that  
was wrong, then you should have told me! And if a broken heart  
wasn't sufficient reason to hang, THEN YOU SHOULD HAVE  
TOLD ME THAT TOO!*

JESUS. Don't you think ... that if I know that it would have  
changed your mind ... that I would have? (*Beat.*)

JUDAS. All I know is that you broke me unfixable — and that I'm  
here ... And, you wanna know when you delivered your message  
differently? At the Temple, Jesus — that's when. And you were  
beautiful there. And you left there three inches taller. And we all

saw it. I loved you. That's all I did. And that's the truth. And now  
I'm here.

JESUS. Judas — What if I were to tell you that you are not here?  
That you are with me in my kingdom even now, and that you have  
been there since the morning of my ascension and that you have  
never left? (*Judas spins in Jesus' face.*)

JUDAS. That's what I think about you. (*Jesus doesn't wipe it off.*)

JESUS. I love you, Judas. (*Beat.*) I love you.

JUDAS. *Just stop!*

JESUS. Don't you see me here, Judas?

JUDAS. *I see a lot of things!*

JESUS. You see a lotta things?

JUDAS. *That's right!*

JESUS. How about him? Do you see him? (*Satan appears.*) Do you  
know him? Call unto him. Touch him. He is not there. Because he  
does not exist, Judas. Rather they must conjure him, and still he is  
but a vapor blown away by a hummingbird's breath. He is false. He  
is a lie. He is not real. Touch him, go ahead.

JUDAS. I don't wanna touch him.

JESUS. Stand up, Judas.

JUDAS. You know I can't do that!

JESUS. No, What I know — is that you can.

JUDAS. Get the fuck over yourself!

JESUS. Will you feed my lambs, Judas? ... Will you take care of  
my little sheep? ... Will you feed my lambs?

JUDAS. "Feed your lambs."

JESUS. You know exactly what I'm asking you.

JUDAS. Go away!

JESUS. If you don't love me, Judas — then you're gonna have to  
look me in my eyes and say it.

JUDAS. I don't love you.

JESUS. If you don't love me, then why are you here?

JUDAS. God!

JESUS. Judas! ... Judas, don't you know what would happen the  
very instant you got down on your knees?

JUDAS. Why on my knees? They shoulda buried me standing up  
— cuz I been on my knees my whole life! You left me.

JESUS. I'm right here.

JUDAS. I would have never believed that you could have left me.

JESUS. I never left you.

JUDAS. That you didn't love me.

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COLO

SPOTTING THE  
LIVING AUDIENCE

JESUS. I do love you.  
JUDAS. Why ... didn't you make me good enough ... so that you could've loved me?  
JESUS. ... Please take my hands, Judas. Please.  
JUDAS. Where are they?  
JESUS. Right here.  
JUDAS. I can't see them.  
JESUS. They're right here.  
JUDAS. *Where are you going?*  
JESUS. I'm right here.  
JUDAS. *Don't leave me!*  
JESUS. I'm here.  
JUDAS. I can't hurt ...  
JESUS. I love you, Judas.  
JUDAS. I can't ...  
JESUS. Please stay.  
JUDAS. I can't hurt ...  
JESUS. Please love me, Judas.  
JUDAS. I can't.  
JESUS. *Judas is frozen again. A long beat. Butch Honeywell enters Judas' chair with a twelve-pack of Canadian beer. Butch looks around, clears his throat, takes off his cap.*  
BUTCH HONEYWELL. Um, uh, Mr. Iscarot? Uh, Mr. Iscarot, I uh, I don't know if you can hear me, but, I just — I just wanted to introduce myself, if, if I could. I'm, uh, Butch Honeywell. I was the foreman of the jury at your trial there ... and ... well: We found you guilty, Mr. Iscarot ... I'm real sorry about that ... Oh. Uh ... I brought you a twelve-pack of beer. Actually, guess it's a five-pack now, but, anyway ... Here. I don't know if you drink beer, but it's good stuff ... Anyways, I'll just set it down right beside you right here ... Okay then. *Butch goes to leave, then.* ... So ... I think I'm dead, Mr. Iscarot, and, I'm a little concerned about that cuz I don't think my soul's ready for judgment, but nobody else has so far corroborated that I'm dead so, I just don't bring it up, but, the fact is that if this is a dream, it's the longest damn dream I've ever endured — and really, I just ... I really miss my wife, Mr. Iscarot. Is it okay if I tell you that? *Butch pops a beer. Sips. Beats.* I remember, I was with these two gits that night when I first seen my wife, Mr. Iscarot. It was a party at Jimmy Rayburn's house cuz Jimmy's momma worked 'til midnight so he had the house to himself, and you know, me and these two gits — Suzie Heller and Della Mae Robbins — we were just talkin', smokin' cigarettes, out on Mrs.

Rayburn's deck away from the party. I was depressed over sumppin' or other — prolly cuz school was ending — plus I had just been in the school play — I had played Tom in *The Glass Menagerie* — it was the first time I had ever acted, and everyone said I was real good. But now, the play was over, and school was almost over, and, for the part in the play, they had given me this real short haircut — like 1940s style — and my ears, Mr. Iscarot, I don't know if you can notice, but, they stick out a little bit, so, with the short haircut and all, I was feeling a little self-conscious and dumb, and, anyway, just not too chitry ... So anyways, I'm out there on the deck talkin' to Suzie and Della — and all a the sudden I see this girl inside at the party. She had, I guess, just arrived, and she had on a red jacket, it was a cheerleading jacket from the high school just across the street line in Virginia — the Red Raiders — and I remember, all I saw was blonde hair, and a red jacket, and this smile that was — even from a distance — just kinda electrifying to the heart, ya know? Bout a minute later, the sliding door to the deck opens, and this girl, she comes out by herself, and she's heading towards us — turns out she's friends with Della from back in the day, from, I don't know, Girl Scouts, Brownies, sumppin like that. Anyways, she walks over — and she was so beautiful, that I remember thinkin' to myself — and this is exactly word for word what I thought — "I ain't even gonna bother talkin' to this girl." So she comes over, says hello, and I just excuse myself right off the deck and head back inside, fixin' ta say my goodbyes and skeddaddle ... And anyways, I try to leave, but then, Jimmy handed me a beer, and someone else started passin' a bottle of Rebel Yell, and before you know it, you know, bong hits and whatnot, and anyways, a little later I'm sittin' on the couch when this girl — my future wife — she just comes up to me by herself and she says, "I saw you in that play the other night. You made me cry" ... Two days later, we went out on a date ... On the way back, I was driving her home, and we passed by this house where my friend Dave Hogne used to live who had died ... I hadn't been by his house since he passed. The family didn't live there no more. But when I saw the house, I got struck with this feeling, and I asked her if she wouldn't mind if we just pulled up in front of that house and just sat for a moment. She said, "Sure." So I parked, and we just sat in the car for a while. Quiet. Not sayin' nothin. And before I knew it, Mr. Iscarot, I was tearing up — cuz this kid, he had been a real good friend of mine, ya know — and then, I just started crying. Mr. Iscarot, I couldn't help myself and I couldn't