

## So Jesus Christ Walks into a Bar...

Brett- a bartender

Owen - a regular

Jesus Christ-a visitor

Place- A tavern, unidentified city in USA

Time- The end of the world, summer 2012

(LIGHTS COME ON abruptly at an almost empty bar. There is a TV on the bar, but it is off. A jukebox also starts abruptly playing an upbeat song—something akin to “Sunshine, Lollipops, and Rainbows” by Leslie Gore. OWEN REYNOLDS and BRETT MACKEY are under a table with paper bags over their heads. There are orange flashes outside and constant screams of terror and agony. In short, it sounds like hell has broken loose outside. OWEN and BRETT are silent for a while. At last, BRETT looks over at OWEN.)

BRETT

Hey, Owen?

OWEN

Yeah?

BRETT

What exactly...what exactly is this supposed to accomplish?

OWEN

What?

BRETT

Sitting here with bags over our heads?

OWEN

I heard it helps.

BRETT

Helps what?

OWEN

Well, you know...it's supposed to make it easier.

BRETT

Make *what* easier?

OWEN

The end.

BRETT

And where did you hear this little factoid? The Book of Revelations?

OWEN

Don't be stupid, Brett. Weren't no paper bags in Bible times!

BRETT

For Christsake...

(BRETT tears the bag off his head and gets to his feet. He goes over to the window and looks out and then goes to the bar. He pours himself a shot of something and takes it. He then looks down at OWEN.)

BRETT

You look like a damn idiot, Owen. Get up.

OWEN

But...

BRETT

Owen, if this really is the end of everything, I'm not going to spend the last moments of life with you lying on the floor with a damn paper bag over your head.

OWEN

Who are you to tell me what to do, Brett? If I want to lie here with a bag over my head, I have the right to do it. It's my life.

BRETT

It's my place.

OWEN

Well, I feel just fine where I'm at.

(BRETT crosses over to OWEN and takes his bag off.)

OWEN

Hey!

BRETT

Get up.

OWEN

Okay, okay. Jesus.

(OWEN gets up, brushes himself off, and goes to the bar. BRETT walks over to the window again and looks out. OWEN fixes himself a drink and crosses over to where BRETT is standing and drinks his drink.)

OWEN

How's it looking out there?

BRETT

Black clouds. Fire falling from the sky. People running around. The ground cracking. Cars piled up. The 7-11 across the street closed. You know...your typical Armageddon forecast.

(OWEN looks out the window. There's an explosion and both shield their eyes from the intense flame.)

OWEN

Brett?

BRETT

Yeah?

OWEN

I'd like my bag back, please.

(BRETT hands OWEN the bag and he puts it on his head. He starts to move, decides he can't see where he's going, and takes it off again.)

OWEN

I just don't get it, man.

BRETT

Just don't get what?

OWEN

I thought the world was supposed to end in December.

BRETT

December?

OWEN

Yeah. That's what the Mayan calendar said anyway. I think. Didn't pay it too much mind.

BRETT

That would've been a helluva Christmas present, wouldn't it? Merry Christmas! Boom!

OWEN

I wish it would've been right and the end *did* come in December. It would've given me more time to prepare.

BRETT

How would you have prepared for this? I don't think there's a way to get ready for fire falling from the sky.

OWEN

I dunno. Maybe I would've bought an umbrella?

(Beat. They actually laugh at this. There's a loud explosion outside and an agonized scream. OWEN drops to ground and covers his head. BRETT looks out the window. After a moment, OWEN gets up again. He goes to the bar again and pours another drink. He drinks.)

OWEN

This isn't really how I thought it would end. Did you?

BRETT

Nah.

OWEN

How'd you think it was gonna end?

BRETT

Well, I didn't expect it to happen in my lifetime, that's for damn sure.

OWEN

Me neither.

BRETT

I guess I thought it would end when the sun went supernova. That wasn't supposed to happen for, you know, thousands of years. Like maybe during whatever time the Jetsons take place or something. When we are all long dead.

OWEN

I always thought that it would've been something to do with the polar ice caps. You know, like that Waterworld movie with the fish guy? I thought it'd be like that, except no dry land left at all.

(Pause.)

OWEN

Though, I guess that would've been gradual, wouldn't it? I mean, ice melting takes a bit of time. It doesn't all just happen at once. I think that'd be worse than a supernova. That'd be quick, I'd imagine—it's an explosion, right? But with the ice caps, it would've been a lot of waiting. Hey! You know something, Brett? Maybe that Waterworld movie wasn't so bad. Maybe it was scientifically accurate. You think?

BRETT

It was still a pretty bad movie.

OWEN

Yeah, but maybe Kevin Costner was on to something. Maybe we would've all lived on boats and stuff.

BRETT

Well, we would've died sooner or later. We can't just live on boats forever.

OWEN

Why not? There'd be plenty of fish. Plenty of water...

BRETT

...Salt water.

OWEN

Well, um, that can be filtered out, can't it? So maybe a Waterworld was a very strong possibility.

BRETT

Well, we'll never know. That's the real tragedy, ain't it? Mankind won't live long enough to see how accurate Waterworld was.

OWEN

So do you think this is happening everywhere?

BRETT

That's what it sounded like before all the stations went out.

OWEN

Are they still out, you think?

BRETT

Check.



(OWEN goes behind the bar, picks up a remote. He turns the TV on to static. He flips through for a little bit before he turns it off again and puts the remote back where he found it.)

OWEN

Still out.

BRETT

And I doubt we'll be getting it back. Huh. It's funny, you know. I never thought the last show I'd ever see would be a rerun of *Everybody Loves Raymond*.

OWEN

We didn't even see how it ended.

BRETT

That makes it even worse, doesn't it?

OWEN

Damn Emergency Broadcast thing.

BRETT

Well, I wasn't really a fan anyway. I was just waiting for *Seinfeld* to come on.

(BRETT goes to the bar and fixes himself another drink. A bright white light comes through the window. BRETT and OWEN don't notice, but continue to drink their drinks. A version of "What a Wonderful World" or a similar song begins to play over the speakers.)

OWEN

Oh, for Christsake...

BRETT

What?

OWEN

That's just cruel, man.

BRETT

It's on shuffle.

OWEN

I know, but...what the hell?

BRETT

I'll turn it off.

(BRETT goes behind the bar and ducks down. The door flies open and bright light pours into the room. JESUS CHRIST enters. He has long hair, a beard, and is dressed in a white robe and sandals.)

OWEN

Jesus Christ.

JESUS

Hello, my son.

(The music stops. The door closes behind JESUS. )

BRETT

There.

(BRETT gets up, sees JESUS.)

BRETT

Oh, great...

JESUS

Hello, my son.

(BRETT acknowledges him. He speaks  
aside to OWEN.)

BRETT

I shouldn't be surprised. Of course the whackjobs are gonna come out on a day like this.

(BRETT looks at JESUS.)

BRETT

Let me guess? Jesus Christ, right?

JESUS

You are correct, my child. You know what day it is today, of course.

BRETT

Well, that's all fine and good. Can I get you anything?

JESUS

Yes, all this work has made me a bit thirsty.

(JESUS goes to the bar.)

BRETT

And what's your pleasure, JC—I *can* call you JC, right?

JESUS

Lots of people do.

BRETT

Well? Name your poison, JC.

JESUS

Oh, just water, please.

BRETT

You got it. Now, that would typically be a dollar.

(JESUS reaches into his robe.)

BRETT

Don't worry about it, buddy. It's on the house. I won't be able to spend it anyway.

JESUS

Quite right. Quite right.

(BRETT ducks down. OWEN keeps staring at JESUS. BRETT comes back up, holding a bottle of water with the water replaced with wine. BRETT doesn't notice it.)

JESUS

Thank you, my son.

BRETT

How are things going out there?

JESUS

Oh, you know. Hell on Earth. It *is* as bad as it looks.

BRETT

Lucky you came in then, huh?

JESUS

There was a group of people looting the electronics store down the block. You know, I really just don't understand that. Whenever there's any kind of disaster, people start looting. It's an inevitable fact. You really see the worst in people at times of disaster. You would think people would check their priorities, right? Does that plasma screen TV or iPod or Nintendo really look so appealing that you just have to risk your life for it? Geeze Louise, it is really just pathetic sometimes. I mean, when you see FIRE falling from the sky of all things! If it were me, I'd dive for cover! I'd run away! My first instinct wouldn't be to pick up a trash can and throw it through a window. I can tell you that much. No surprise all those looters are dead now.

OWEN

So this really is...the end, huh?

JESUS

Why else would I be here, my son?

BRETT

Oh, come off it.

JESUS

What?

OWEN

Brett!

BRETT

I mean, come on, Owen. You're not buying this, are ya? I'm sure there are thousands of people who are dressed like this right now. Telling everyone to repent and see the error of their ways. Spouting gospel and shit.

JESUS

I haven't spouted any gospel.

BRETT

Yeah, well, are you going to start?

JESUS

No no no. That's not my style. But I assure you, my child, I am the "real deal."

BRETT

Riiiiight.

JESUS

Would you be convinced if I let you put your finger in the wounds in my hands and my side?

(JESUS holds up his hands.)

JESUS

Don't have them anymore, I'm afraid. I'm the son of God. I should be able to heal something like that.

BRETT

How convenient.

JESUS

I can tell you're an atheist, Brett.

OWEN

He knows your name, Brett...

BRETT

The place is *called* Brett's.

OWEN

Well, how'd he know I wasn't Brett? We're both behind the bar.

BRETT

Because I gave him his...

(BRETT notices the bottle of wine.)

BRETT

Oh, very funny!

OWEN

Oh ho ho!

JESUS

Impressed?

BRETT

Yeah, I'm very impressed that you slipped Kool-Aid in your bottle of water while I wasn't looking.

JESUS

Have a taste. I haven't touched it yet. It isn't even open.

(BRETT takes the bottle and twists it open. He takes a sip and another.)

JESUS

Well?

BRETT

Well, it's definitely wine...

JESUS

Why don't you get another bottle, Brett? Get one for Owen as well, please.

OWEN

He knows my name, too. How would he know that, huh?

(BRETT slowly goes under the bar. He comes back up with two bottles with the water replaced with wine. BRETT puts them on the table and looks at them for a moment.)

BRETT

Well, I'll be goddamned...

(BRETT looks at JESUS.)

BRETT

Sorry.