

NEWT GINGRICH VISITS A RESIDENTIAL YOUTH FACILITY NOT NEAR OMAHA
Jonathan Dorf

(Sometime in 1995. A small bedroom in a foster home. JASON, early to mid-teens, in worn jeans and a T-shirt, sits on a bed by the door. NICK, same age, in a T-shirt and sweat pants, kneels by the other bed, by the window. Both are foster children. A small dresser is between the two beds. On each bed is a suit, dress shirt and socks, and on the floor, dress shoes. SOUND of RAIN.)

NICK

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women. Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death...

(Jason, tapping his feet impatiently and then eyeing the clothing, watches Nick, who might repeat the Hail Mary.)

JASON

What are the clothes for?

NICK

Amen.

JASON

What are the clothes for?

(Beat. Jason goes through the clothing.)

Do you think everybody got new clothes?

NICK

They're not new. They look new but they're not.

JASON

How do you know?

NICK

Mine's got one black button. All the other buttons are gold.

JASON

(examines his blazer)

All my buttons are the same. Maybe it's just yours. I never met anybody famous before.

(beat)

I met a Power Ranger once. I don't think it was a real Power Ranger.

NICK

I put my finger on the President's face. I put my finger right on his face.

JASON

Yeah right.

NICK

I did.

JASON

How?

NICK

I walked up to the TV in the lounge, and he's sitting at his desk, and I put my pinkie on his face and wiped it like this,
(makes a slashing motion with his pinkie)
right across his face. I swear to God he turned his head after I did it.

JASON

No way.

NICK

He did. Ask anybody who was there.

JASON

(beat)

I hear he's bringing money. A big bag of money. How come you're praying?

(Nick gets up and sits on his bed.)

How come?

(Beat. Nick looks out the window: dirty. He spits on his hand and rubs the window.)

NICK

I don't know. Him coming just makes me want to.

JASON

Did you hear anything about the money?

NICK

How come the window's so dirty?

(Nick spits on the sleeve of his blazer and scrubs the window with it.)

What are you doing?
Nick!

JASON
(Nick ignores him.)
(Nick turns his head momentarily, then returns to scrubbing the window with his blazer.)

NICK
I'm not going.

JASON
Why not?
(Nick shrugs.)
I hear he tells the truth.

NICK
He does?

JASON
Yeah. I saw it under a picture of him. It said, "he tells the truth." And there's peace.

NICK
Kids stop fighting?

JASON
Grown-ups too. Everywhere. I mean the big fights, between countries. But there wouldn't be any small fights either. And crime-forget it. Like muggings...

NICK
And rapes?

JASON
And no murder. Nobody hurts anybody. Nobody gets beat up.

NICK
Or drunk, right?

JASON
Nobody ever gets drunk. Not even once. And they never smack your face and say they love you.

NICK
Sounds like Jesus.

JASON
I guess. A little.

NICK
You know what that means?

JASON
What?

NICK
Jesus is from Georgia.

JASON
I guess.

NICK
Jesus Christ is from Georgia.

JASON
I don't think that's right.
(beat)
Really?

Like what you see? Hit the back button and follow the instructions to order a perusal copy of the full script!