

# NEWT GINGRICH VISITS A RESIDENTIAL YOUTH FACILITY NOT NEAR OMAHA

By Jonathan Dorf

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FACILITY NOT NEAR OMAHA**

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*(A small bedroom in a foster home; 1995. 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 are 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; 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.)*

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JASON: How come?

NICK: **(beat; looks out the window - it's dirty, so HE spits on his hand and rubs the window)** 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? **(spits on the sleeve of his blazer and scrubs the window with it)**

JASON: What are you doing? **(NICK ignores him.)** Nick!

NICK: **(turns his head momentarily, then returns to scrubbing the window with his blazer)** 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: Grownups, 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?

NICK: I'm pretty sure Newt Gingrich is from Georgia.

JASON: I thought Jesus was from somewhere else. I guess that was in the old days. Maybe he just got reborn in Georgia.

NICK: Where did he come from first?

JASON: I think somewhere Arab. I don't think he was American. But he is now.

NICK: **(beat)** How 'bout the poor?

JASON: The poor?

NICK: When he comes.

JASON: I guess they... they get the big bag of money. He opens it up and makes them not poor anymore. And I bet he teaches them stuff. I heard he used to teach history.

NICK: Jesus taught history?

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JASON: Maybe that was before he became Jesus.

NICK: Maybe.

JASON: What do you think'll happen when he gets here? (**NICK shrugs.**) Jeff stole my penknife. Think I'll get it back?

NICK: I guess.

JASON: And maybe I'll do better in school.

NICK: That's all you want?

JASON: That's not big?

NICK: Yeah, but... if it's Jesus...

JASON: Bigger. (**beat**) Parents. A car. A really fast car. A Lamborghini. No, a Ferrari. Cherry red. Zero to sixty faster than you can blink, so those girls at the diner that made fun of us 'cause we came in a van will choke on the exhaust. And a house with my own room. And my own bathroom. That's big - right? (**NICK stares out the window, nods vaguely.**) Do you think it's too big? I don't need a Ferrari. It'd be fun and all, but I don't need it. Not really. Anything that runs would be okay. (**beat**) What else do you think he's got in the bag? Besides money. (**beat**) You ever stick your head in a bag?

NICK: You mean like plastic?

JASON: Yeah.

NICK: Once.

JASON: Were you scared?

NICK: No.

JASON: Me neither. So maybe, when he comes, it's like our heads are in the bag. And it's good. (**beat; stands and holds the suit up against his body**) I'm gonna be stylin' in this suit. (**NICK continues to peer out the window. Sounds of cars, horns, patriotic music. JASON rushes to the window.**) He's here. That's the longest limo I've ever... no, *that's* the biggest limo... no, that one... That's the biggest umbrella I've ever seen. (**beat; in awe**) Is that him? Is that Newt Gingrich?

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