

SCENE THREE

(We hear Russian monks chanting and perhaps see a projection of crucifix topped domes shining in the first light of day. It is just before dawn at the Hermitage of Saint Nicodemus outside Moscow. Suddenly, A BELL CLANGS! Brothers Igor and Dimitri, dressed in their sleeping robes and carrying flashlights, hurry in from opposite sides of the stage and meet in the middle.)

DIMITRI

What is it, Brother?

IGOR

Holy Father needs us!

DIMITRI

Has he had another dream?

IGOR

Dear Lord Jesus, I hope not. Come!

(They hurry off...)

Lights up in the Patriarch's bedchamber. The long bearded Patriarch, ninety years old, sits up in bed, ringing his bell. The two monks enter and stand dutifully by his bedside.)

IGOR (Cont'd)

Yes, Holy Father?

PATRIARCH

Brothers, I have had a terrible dream.

(Dimitri flashes Igor a "told you" look. They listen intently.)

PATRIARCH (Cont'd)

More terrible than the one I had the night before Cherynoble.

(beat)

Stalin has escaped from Hell.

(They all cross themselves and mumble a prayer.)

PATRIARCH (Cont'd)

I saw him in the bowels of perdition, watching pretty blonde woman talking about money on tv. Suddenly, he was gone!

IGOR

Where did he go, Holy Father?

PATRIARCH

I don't know, but I saw great buildings, and bright yellow taxis, and people from all over the world rushing, rushing... but getting nowhere.

DIMITRI

New York.

PATRIARCH

Brothers, you must go there, and find him, before he returns to power and destroys us again.

IGOR

Yes, Holy Father.

DIMITRI

Yes, Holy Father.

PATRIARCH

Go! And do not fail.

(Lights down on the Patriarch, as the monks turn and walk briskly out.)

DIMITRI

(beside himself)

Igor... we are going to New York!

IGOR

Brother, contain yourself.

(darkly)

Stalin is back.

(They exit. *We hear bar music...*)

Lights up on David and Stacy, sitting at the bar in a New York singles joint. They're both a little drunk, drinking vodka. Stacy, now possessed by Stalin, speaks with a heavy Russian accent.)

STACY

Russian vodka. Still the best.

DAVID

Listen, Joe...

STACY

You call me Joe. I like that.

(And we'll call her Joe from now on, too.)

DAVID

Wouldn't you happier in a different body? You know, something more macho and authoritarian.

JOE

I don't know. This is Age of Woman... and being woman feels...

(touching her arms)

Very nice.

DAVID

Hey, watch the hands.

(She laughs, shoots down her vodka.)

DAVID (Cont'd)

(turning red, changing the subject)

So... what are your plans?

JOE

To get drunk...

(looking around the bar)

Then... who knows?

(to bartender)

Two more, comrade.

BARTENDER

You got it, baby.

DAVID

Are you going to bring back communism?

JOE

Bah! Screw communism... Fucking Lenin. You Americans had it right all along. Capitalism rocks. Communism sucks... so this time... I will take over America.

DAVID

Oh really? And how are you going to do that?

JOE

By gaining control of media, of course.

DAVID

It's been tried before.

JOE

This time it will succeed.

DAVID

Is that right? Well maybe not--because you'll have to get past me first--and I will NOT let you enslave my country.

JOE

David, you are showing some guts. And I thought you were just insipid bourgeois twerp.

(after a moment, surprised)

Oh my God.

DAVID

What?

JOE

I am finding myself sexually appealed by you. This is most interesting. I have never liked guys before, but you are so soft and sweet, like a boy woman.

(touches his cheek)

DAVID

Cut it out.

(But she does it again.)

DAVID (Cont'd)

(smacks her hand away)

Okay, that's it.

(tosses money on the bar)

You're shut off. We're going home.

JOE

'Kay.

(David pulls her out.)

JOE (Cont'd)

(to bartender)

Bye.

BARTENDER

Bye, baby.

(Lights down on the bar...)

END OF SAMPLE