

stage play::: WACO

It's June 2001, and Chick, worker bee at a dry ice production facility, finds herself alone tonight, blown off by work friends.

It's not the first night alone - it's one of a string of lousy nights. And it's one of the nights on the weekend before McVeigh's execution. She watches the coverage on TV. She's ice-sculpting some dry ice in her studio apartment as she watches. She decides to Google McVeigh.

Days later, she meets a group of women gathered in Terre Haute to watch the media's coverage of Execution Morning. Convened by a paralegal who served on McVeigh's appellate team, the night attracts women with a variety of reasons for attending. They all speak their minds as to what made them come out and what their connection is to him.

Here are a couple of ideas as to why him, why now, why them ...

THE PARALEGAL CONVENES:
MEET JENNIFER BARRETT

(She is calmly seated in one of the chairs, gesturing to the women coming in from offstage. Pen and clipboard in hand.)

JENNIFER BARRETT

So. Welcome. I'm glad you all made it. My name is Jennifer Barrett.

(She goes to shake everyone's hand as seated in a chair. Only 4 of the 6 people are present.)

I was the one you talked to on the phone.

As stated in the ad, this is a one time thing. We'll meet only this once. All contact regarding this meeting outside of tonight is discouraged. Any of us in attendance, anything that is said or witnessed in this room, stays in this room. Alright? Tonight is a secret.


I organized this meeting for this, Execution Morning, as a social memorial. A way to keep from forgetting what the hell is going on. When a government kills a man, the people should know why. When a man kills 168, people should know why. That's what this morning is. Watching a man die. The first federal execution since 1963. And the first televised killing - lucky us! (A beat. She refers to her Clipboard.)

Total body count: 169.

Let me get a few things straight: I am not on McVeigh's case, either literally or philosophically. Well, not anymore. I am not a militant, radical, gun enthusiast. I'm not even a vegetarian.

Ok, well, I was on McVeigh's team, for, oh, about nine months, back during the trial. But I want to make this clear -- I never talked to him. Nope, nope, my job is paper, research and policies. What I am is your garden variety paralegal for the criminal defense who's just bored. The people I deal with are the no-brainers. I put rapists, drug lords, pedophiles in jail - try to convince juries that death isn't the answer. I buy time. Personally I am not on either side of the capital punishment fence. I'm on the fence. It is not mine to choose if capital punishment is right/wrong, ordained by God/ordained by man, natural law/man's law. Not my problem. Not my job.

But what intrigues me about McVeigh is: He's an Ideologist. Not just evil or



chemically imbalanced or son of a pedophilic father. He's not twisted and gnarled in a way that I can recognize. He's an ideologist. An American. And we wouldn't have America if Timothy McVeigh's prototype didn't come over on the Mayflower. That's why I'm here.

Now you, you're here because maybe you have some McVeigh in your life. And you want to figure out how close to building a 7000 lbs bomb he is? Or maybe it's you. Maybe you're the one who's hatching a plan, hmmm?

In any event, let's open it up. Who's here?

(pops up from her chair in reaction to Jennifer Barrett's words)

GIRL Q

Shit! Hey - call me Girl Q - so, hey, shit, I thought you said you were gonna have us into the death chamber? This is just CNN! This is a rip, man, I had a guy in Maryland that was gonna get me teleconferenced in and I came here instead. I thought you were some sort of official chick on the case!

(Referring to the TV)

Dammit, if I leave now, I can get on -- What time is it?

ABIGAIL

Ummmmmm, I'd like to just listen for a while. Would you mind? I mean, I just...well, everyone seems to...so... is that okay? Till I get an idea of the kinda things you're looking for...?

(she sinks back and then remembers-)

Oh, I'm Abigail.

SPHINXFOX

Abigail? That's your real name, I'll bet. I just really advise against that. My webname is SphinxFox. I think it's a good idea, not to use real names. You know, 'dissociate from'. So we can share with more honesty. (to Girl Q)

Hey hey, and you - if you want, my website is www.prisonpuss.com, it's where my poems and chat rooms on Tim are at. I update it weekly.



CHICK

Oh! Uh....me? I (she shrugs) I'm just a Chick who couldn't get a date.

JENNIFER BARRETT

OOOOOKay, then. Maybe I didn't make myself clear. I'm looking for a little more protracted divulging here. Girl Q, are you staying or what? Then, have a seat.

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GIRL Q

Omigod, I hate that shit! Feeling sorry for Tim?! Man, you are so cracked! It's holes like you that give women a bad name. You're like all those greasy 80s sweater wearing nerdos and talking heads blabbing out all those conspiracy theories. Making him out to be some Middle East patsy - a JFK, Lee Harvey Oswald, pre-fab dealie for the Turban Heads and Sandy Toes?! Like the Iraqis aren't gonna take us down with their own bare hands??!

God! And man, it's the Alfred P. MurrAH Building, not "Murray". Get your facts straight before you come in here all Dr. Phil on us.

Give a man some credit! This was his war. And he fought it like a man. Like a American Man. Mmf! Naw, see I think Tim McVeigh is hot!


What's not to like: He's good looking but not all that. He knows his shit. He talks the talk and walks the walk. He's a THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND THIS LAND IS MY LAND kind of standup guy. When the whole world's gone stupid, he's the only with the balls enough to stand for something.

(responding to a question that's interrupting her tirade)

WACO? Awww, you gonna bring up Waco, now see here now. I'll tell you what Waco was about. Standing in front of a TV and seeing a building on fire. That's what Waco's about. That's women and children dying to him, don't you see that? That's church and state, that's freedom of privacy, freedom of speech, free to bear some motherfucking arms. So they were some aimless God worshippers. What? You're not aimless?

Waco. Don't go throwing Waco around like you know some shit. Cuz ya don't.

And the government is going to kill him for believing in himself. Sign the death certificate with a big ole Homicide Hancock. Assholes.



He's different from any other guy I've dated.

My last boyfriend was Ted Kaczinski. Heady Teddy. He hated that.

(beat)

Yeah, I date bombers, okay? I like boys who blow shit up. You got some dissertation on that? You go off and make a list of all the boys you put down, and then we'll see who looks better, huh?

Teddy could talk for hours about the trees and the paper that I used to fill out my timecard on, where paper came from, how they mashed it, burned it, bleached it so that we could have sticky notes we never use. How they tortured a tree for our fag lawyers to encrypt their lies on. Aw, he could sometimes be such a blowhard.

Tim talked more about mama deer and baby deer and how he's seen papa deer go far away from the deer nest to go find food and fight other deer and lion, protecting a far reaching circle around the family of deer. Teddy never talked about children. I think he was sterile. Tim, well, Timmy wasn't very sterile. That's for sure. No, Tim is more like ... a husband. And a warrior.

I understand he killed a lot of people. And yeah, I think that's stupid. And I'm angry with him about that. I don't know how to talk to or about Tim any more because of that. Everyone hates him so much now.

(Beat)

Before the accident, no one knew but me.

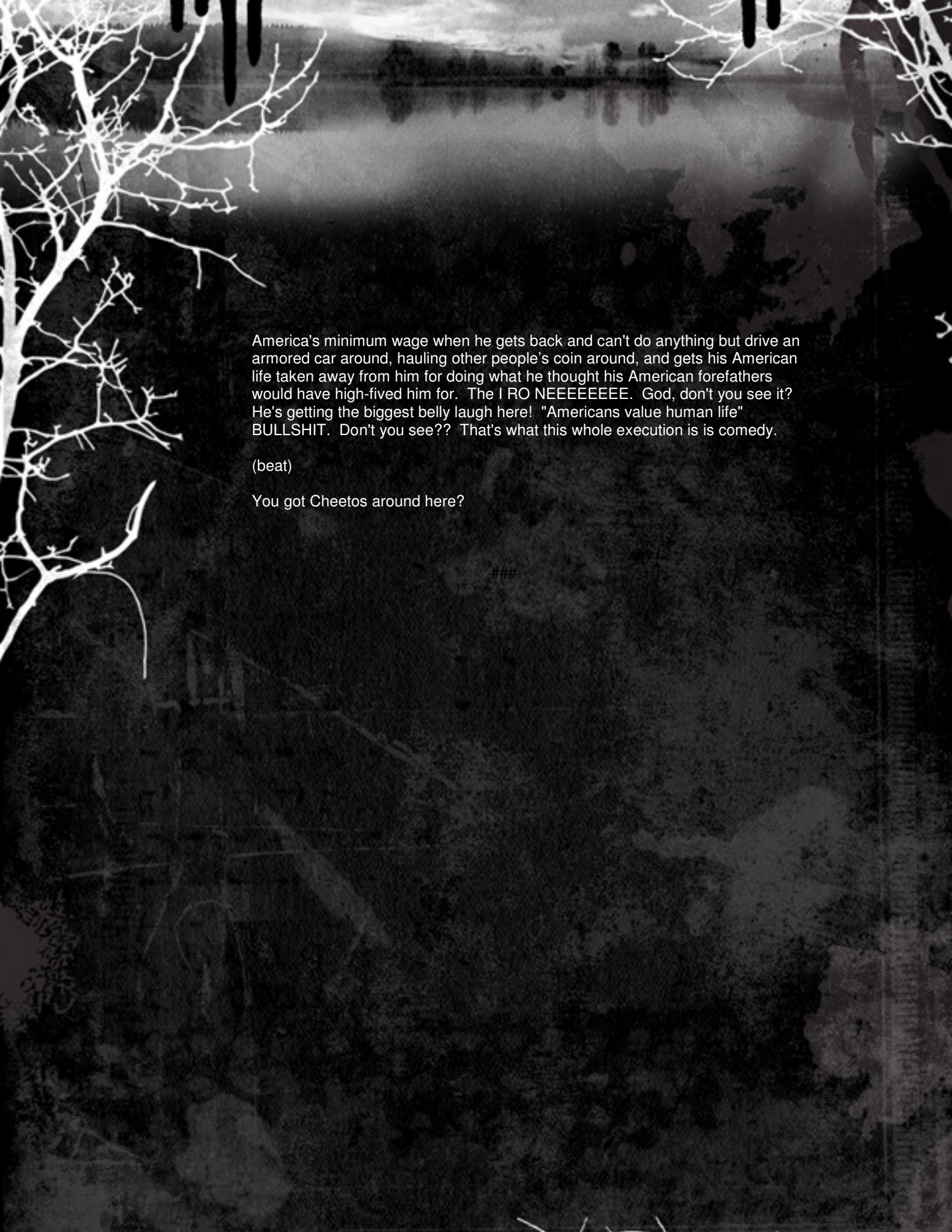
(beat)

But you know? I can't help but thinking about how true he was. True to himself. True to his beliefs. How many men do you know who take out the garbage when you tell him to? So Tim thought he was dealing with the garbage of the world! So he's a little messed up. Give a man a chance to prove himself worthy in this world. Give a man a little room to be heard.

So, they're gonna kill another man that is too sensitive for the world.

Because he reached out and changed it.

That's the irony of this whole thing. They're killing a man who believes in America, who gets American haircuts, who fights American wars, and gets paid



America's minimum wage when he gets back and can't do anything but drive an armored car around, hauling other people's coin around, and gets his American life taken away from him for doing what he thought his American forefathers would have high-fived him for. The I RO NEEEEEEEE. God, don't you see it? He's getting the biggest belly laugh here! "Americans value human life" BULLSHIT. Don't you see?? That's what this whole execution is is comedy.

(beat)

You got Cheetos around here?

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