

PRESIDENT CUSH IN: PROTECTING HIS PARENTS.

ACT ONE.

Scene 1.

INT. BLANK, EMPTY STAGE

Light shines on an image of the exterior of the White House, the home of the U.S. President.

The Presidential Anthem plays against the image of the White House.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – ADDRESS ROOM

At CENTER STAGE, President Cush sits behind his desk. The lights FADE ON to reveal the President, wearing a purple suit, looking directly at the audience. At STAGE RIGHT, a cameraman aims his camera at him.

(If a TV screen is available, we see all the words of Cush's speech, in sky-blue letters against black, scrolling from down-to-up on the screen, as Cush's teleprompter.)

CUSH: My fellow Americans . . . when I started my third term in office, I knew that the responsibility was on *my* shoulders to keep the world safe.

He clears his throat, and adjusts his suit.

CUSH: But our world is changing. Our machines are becoming more . . . sophisticated. Advanced. Weapons built for the military are made with state-of-the-art artificial intelligence systems . . . making our machines almost as intelligent as ourselves. As Americans, we must take a second to stop, and consider our responsibilities; *should* the line be drawn –

BARBARA: *(running in from STAGE RIGHT)*

Oh, THEEEEEERE'S my little Georgie! I was looking EVERYwhere for you!

CUSH: Ma, what . . . what are you doing? I'm kind of filming a speech.

Cush makes the “kill it” gesture with one hand. The music stops.

The cameraman gets the signal, nods his head to Cush, and stops rolling the camera, while Barbara Cush runs from STAGE RIGHT to CENTER STAGE.

BARBARA: You forgot your lunch again. I came here with some lunch!

CUSH: No, no, I . . . I didn't “forget” my lunch, I'm just . . . I'm just gonna think about what I wanna eat *later*, y'know? That was all.

BARBARA: (*handing him a pink bag*) Oh, here, I brought you some lunch, just take it. Isn't this bag just *adorable*?

CUSH: All right, Ma, I have to work . . .

BARBARA: Oh, now, Georgie, you can make some time for your own *mother*. I don't care if you *are* the President, you are still *my, little, baby*.

(*turning to face the audience*) Did you know that when my little Georgie was 18 months old, he would do this thing where he would just . . . *ooooooh!* He would throw up both hands in the air, and go “Gahhhh! Ahhhhh! Wahhhhhh!” Oh, it was *adorable!*

CUSH: (*growing uncomfortable*) All right, all right, c'mon –

BARBARA: He was 18 months old at the time – babies are *so* cute at that age – except *then* he turned *two*, and WHOO . . . don't even get me STARTED with the Terrible Twos stories! I have so many.

CUSH: (*snapping*) I'm in my 60's now, fer Christ's sake!

A moment of silence.

BARBARA: Well, Georgie, I don't see why you have to get so defensive about the baby stories! You're just – “baby stories” this and “baby stories” that!

CUSH: Okay, now that's it!! I'm not a *baby* anymore, Ma! I'm the *President* of the *United States*, and – and enough is enough!!

He starts shaking when he's done talking. He stops to breathe for a few seconds, turning away.

Barbara blinks a few times, trying not to cry. She appears clearly hurt.

BARBARA: Well, I never.

All the lights on the stage FADE OUT – except for a spotlight on Cush, and one on Barbara.

BARBARA: I have never been treated so rudely, and so disrespectfully, and with such contempt, in all my life. I am the mother of the Cush household . . . and when I think of all that I've sacrificed . . .

Cush sighs, looking down.

BARBARA: . . . but no. I'm not ALLOWED to speak my mind. I'm not ALLOWED to do ANYTHING at all! Because I'm just cursed, I guess . . . cursed to end up . . .

. . . with a SSSSPOIIIIILED BRRRRRAAAAAAAT.

(*looking left, then right*)

. . . A second time: a SSSSPOIIIIILED BRRRRRAAAAAAAT.

Cush sighs again, shaking his head.

CUSH: (*rolling his eyes*) Okay. Okay. “*I’m an asshole!*”

BARBARA: He should be – he should be – protecting his parents! Taking good care of his own blood! Not – not condemning them, ridiculing them!

CUSH: All right, Ma, look . . . look.

He approaches her at CENTER STAGE.

BARBARA: (*snapping, facing away*) *Don't touch me!*

CUSH: Oh COME ON, now, I’m trying to -!!

He sighs again.

CUSH: Look, I’m not saying I *hate* you. All right? I mean . . . thanks for the lunch. Really.

He takes the pink bag, and opens it up, to reveal a homemade sandwich inside, in a plastic bag.

CUSH: (*pretending to eat the food*) Mmm! Mmm! See? I *do* appreciate. I just . . .

BARBARA: (*sigh*) You’re just *so busy* that your mother comes *last*. I get it.

She exits, at STAGE RIGHT.

KARL ROVE: (*still off-stage*) Good evening, Mrs. Cush!

BARBARA: (*also off-stage*) Oh, get out of my face!

OFF-STAGE CAT: Meooow!!

Cush flinches as he looks toward the cat.

CUSH: *Careful!* . . . Well, cats always land on their feet, I guess.
. . . Oh! No! Wait! Or is it dogs? It’s *dogs!*

KARL ROVE: Mister President! Mister President!

Karl Rove enters the scene at STAGE RIGHT. We hear a sitcom-style audience sound of people going “Whooooo-ooooo!”

CUSH: Oh, hey Karl. Oh, hey – *Karl?* . . . Is it *cats* who land on their feet all the time, or dogs?

KARL ROVE: It's cats, sir.

CUSH: *Damn it!* I was wrong!

KARL ROVE: Why, who's asking?

CUSH: (*shrugging*) Oh, no, no, no one . . .
(*sigh*) All right, Karl. You've got that *serious* look again. What is it today?

KARL ROVE: (*gravely*) Mister President . . . there's been a situation.

CUSH: Give it to me straight, Karl: is it terrorists?

KARL ROVE: I'm afraid I can't talk about it here, sir. We have to discuss this . . . in the Epic Room.

Karl Rove walks off, to STAGE RIGHT, leaving Cush alone and very confused.

Scene 2.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – EPIC ROOM

Prop people set up a big posterboard reading “the EPIC ROOM” at STAGE RIGHT.

Karl Rove walks there, and Cush follows, adjusting his suit and tie in the process.

CUSH: What is it? What's going on?

KARL ROVE: Only here, in the Epic Room, could I tell you, sir. It's . . . it's Facebook.

CUSH: *Again?*

KARL ROVE: They're charging money for it now.

A moment of silence, for both Karl and Cush. One low piano key note plays, very loudly.

KARL ROVE: Facebook is no longer a public right, but a paid service. The people are not happy, sir. There's been rioting in the streets . . . civil unrest . . .

CUSH: Pay money, for Facebook?

(*shaking his head*) That's more than un-American . . . that's just un-Godly.

KARL ROVE: Yes, well, we *predicted* the backlash would be huge, but we were wrong – we actually *underestimated* how large this would be. It's all over the news, the media, every single channel . . . except . . . except for that *jewelry* channel.

CUSH: Yeah. Hmm. I know the one.

KARL ROVE: Still, there is more. If Facebook is not free, this will really throw a wrench into the overseas war on brutal dictators. People who can't afford a paid account, can no longer voice their opinions to the public. How can we expect to go after brutal dictators now?

CUSH: Well I ain't payin' *anyone*, *any* money, for *my* Facebook. Ever!

KARL ROVE: And neither am I. But just look out the windows, and see for yourself what's going on in the world. NO! NO!! Don't look out the window. Use the *cameras!*

CUSH: Ahhhhh! (*tapping his forehead*) You're a smart one!

Cush and Karl Rove exit the scene at STAGE RIGHT.

Scene 3.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – STREETS NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE – JUST THEN

A crowd of strangers passes through the scene, moving from STAGE RIGHT to STAGE LEFT. Some are holding up signs. Three of them read “FREE THE FACEBOOK”, “THIS IS BULLSHIT; Pamela C. and 13 Others Like This”, and “GIVE ME BACK MY ACCOUNT you bastards”.

A cocky reporter stands at STAGE RIGHT.

COCKY REPORTER: (*combing his hair*) Well, Tom, you can feel it all across this city. Everywhere from Constitution Avenue, to Savannah Street, to K Street, and beyond: the charging of money for Facebook accounts has thrown a wrench into the gears of the city, sparking a crisis that *will* not end until Facebook is made free again. In the meantime, everything from small businesses to the stock market is lingering in the balance.

One man in the crowd approaches the reporter.

CROWD MAN 1: I've got a wife and three kids! How on Earth am I supposed to afford this? Did they not think about that? How am I supposed to keep up with *five* account payments??

CROWD MAN 2: This isn't fair. You know? We can't all *afford* to pay money for Facebook! For some of us, Facebook is all we have! (*wiping away a tear*) You know? This just isn't fair!

COCKY REPORTER: Reporting for Channel 10 D.C. News, this is *Albert Hamper* reporting liiiiiive . . . *oh* yeah!

All the crowd people exit the scene at STAGE LEFT. Albert leaves at STAGE RIGHT.

Scene 4.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – EPIC ROOM

Cush and Karl return to STAGE RIGHT, along with the posterboard sign for the Epic Room.

CUSH: Hmm. The camera systems, and the news shows, have both shown me enough. I want this Facebook headache gone, and I want it gone *now!*

KARL ROVE: Uhhhh . . . sir? You're the President. The headache is *never* gone.

A moment of silence hits.

Cush lowers his head, closing his eyes.

CUSH: Is that all, Karl?

KARL ROVE: I wish I could say it is, sir. But there's more.

CUSH: (*sigh*) Greaaaat. Like the day doesn't SUCK already! . . . Okay. What is it?

KARL ROVE: It's . . . it's . . . I don't know. It's hard to explain.

CUSH: Well, you're Karl Rove – so you EXPLAIN it.

Silence again. That was unusually angry, and unusually harsh, for George.

CUSH: I'm lookin' at *you*, tough guy!

KARL ROVE: Okay. I told you that the people are having a bit of a riot outside?

CUSH: Yeah. People do that sometimes – under *every* President. What about it?

KARL ROVE: Yes, well . . . I'm afraid that one crisis, has now lead to a second crisis – and it's possible that more crises will unfold. You see, after the people went into a riot over Facebook . . . well, our machines, our robots, the weapons – you know, those unmanned drones they have now – they started throwing the exact same temper tantrum as the people they observed.

CUSH: Huh. Little monkey-see, monkey-do?

KARL ROVE: Pretty much. Today's machines, weapons, are intelligent. *Very* intelligent. Maybe as intelligent as a . . . a four or five-year-old kid.

CUSH: Yeah. That's old news.

KARL ROVE: But. A four or five-year-old kid . . . looks at Mommy and Daddy . . . and, no matter what the situation, thinks Mommy and Daddy are right. That they are the ones who know. They are the only ones who are correct.

CUSH: Where are you going with this?

KARL ROVE: Our robots – our machines – are looking at us human beings, and imitating whatever they see in us.

CUSH: And what they see is people fighting. Joining riots over Facebook.

KARL ROVE: *Exactly*. Us human beings are the role models for these delicate machines. To see us rioting, all over web-site information, distorts their sense of *right* and *wrong* to such a point that the machines enter this point of mental instability equivalent to a human being in a mental hospital.

CUSH: Except out on the loose.

KARL ROVE: Yes. So. Crazy humans, crazy robots.

CUSH: The machines are going wrong too? Look, I don't have *time* for all this bullshit! Gee whiz, I was supposed to be filming a speech, remember?

Cush returns to his desk at CENTER STAGE.

Scene 5.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – ADDRESS ROOM

Cush sits behind the desk, and then starts fixing his suit and tie up again, and starts brushing his hair with his fingers in the absence of a comb, as Karl Rove takes the hint of dismissal and exits STAGE RIGHT.

Cush looks at the audience.

CUSH: My fellow Americans.

He stops talking.

He remains frozen.

A look of amazement is on his face.

He looks to his left.

Then to his right.

But he can't seem to talk anymore.

He just stays frozen up instead.

CUSH: Uhhhh.

His body shakes.

CUSH: Uh-oh.

He leans down and starts throwing up loudly, out of our view, behind the desk.

He sits back up.

CUSH: Okay, let's try this again.

(he clears his throat)

My fellow Americans. I cannot . . . uhhh . . . ahhh, shit! Let's do this again.

(ahem) My fellow Africans. I cannot . . . AHHHHH! Man!

He smashes his fist against his desk, hurting it.

He shakes his hand around a couple times.

CUSH: *(ahem)* Take four. My fellow Americans. I . . . uhhh . . . *(laughing)* Ahhh, man, now I'm just laughing too hard from the *other* times!

STUDIO VOICE: Okay, let's take five, folks.

CUSH: *(sigh)* Sorry.

Karl Rove enters again at STAGE RIGHT.

CUSH: I've been getting better about the public speaking thing!

KARL ROVE: No you haven't, sir.

CUSH: *(sigh)* You're right, Karl.

KARL ROVE: If I may, sir? . . . *Lose* the tie? A clip-on tie makes you look like you take the suit-and-tie outfit less seriously. A clip-on tie suggests that you don't even know *how* to tie it.

CUSH: I *don't!* You or Cheney usually do it for me!

KARL ROVE: All right . . . well.

Cush sighs, then removes his clip-on tie.

CUSH: Yeah, you *would* notice that it's a clip-on!

KARL ROVE: There. *Perfect!* I think you'll look *much* better without it.

CUSH: (*feeling the area where his tie is now gone*) Usually wear a tie here . . . grumble, grumble . . .

Karl Rove exits again, at STAGE RIGHT.

Cush takes a second to compose himself to give the speech again.

CUSH: My fellow Africans . . . when I started my third term in office, I knew that the responsibility was on *my* shoulders to keep the world safe. But our world is changing. Our machines are becoming more . . . sophisticated. Advanced. Weapons built for the military are made with state-of-the-art artificial intelligence systems . . . making our machines almost as intelligent as ourselves. As Americans, we must take a second –

BARBARA: (*running in at STAGE LEFT*) Well, have you *calmed down* at all, yet?

CUSH: What? . . . Ahhhhhh! Ma! I'm filming a speech –

BARBARA: You are *so rude* to me. Never before have I seen such rotten behavior!

CUSH: All right, come on – come on –

BARBARA: And you always say such mean and nasty things! You're just such a hurtful person! Your own mother, George! Your own mother! Never have I imagined such rotten, filthy behavior! You're so mean and nasty, you know that?

CUSH: Ma, please! Please! Stop! I need to film a speech for *work!*

BARBARA: Well guess what. You won't have to worry about me bringing up those *baby stories* anymore. Because you're not cute anymore. And you can forget about me packing your lunches too.

CUSH: Can you GET OOOOOOUUUUUUT?!!

Holding his head with both hands, he stops talking.

Barbara exits the scene at STAGE RIGHT.

Cush breathes a little more slowly.

CUSH: Jeeeee! Ya know? I just . . . fwahoo. Huh. I need to take a second . . . man, I promised myself I was gonna film a speech today. And damned if I'm not gonna finish something I started! We'll do this speech even if we have to do it from inside an ambulance!

Courageous music plays as he takes his place behind his desk.

CUSH: (*talking eloquently, perfectly*) My fellow Americans. Our technology is becoming more . . . sophisticated. Advanced. Weapons built for the military are now being made with state-of-the-art artificial intelligence systems . . . making our machines almost as intelligent as ourselves.

As Americans, we must take a second to stop, and consider our responsibilities; *should* the line be drawn? If our weapons become too smart, what if some of it is good, and some of it is bad?

SMASH! Whirrrr. Whirrrr. Thump. Thump. Whizzzz . . .

We hear a gigantic robot smashing its way around outside.

Five people scream in terror at STAGE LEFT. Soon, a small outdoor crowd of innocent bystanders – perhaps five people – appears there. One woman points up toward the sky in the direction of STAGE RIGHT.

WOMAN: Heeeeelp! It's some kind of gigantic machine weapon! Oh Gooooood!

The five innocent bystanders exit at STAGE LEFT.

We hear more sounds of glass breaking.

CUSH: Oh, what is it *now*? This speech is *never* gonna get filmed at this rate!

Karl Rove runs into the room.

KARL ROVE: George! Oh! George. Thank God. You have to run! You have to run!

CUSH: What? What is it? What did you do *now*?

KARL ROVE: It's not *me*, sir, it's – it's the machines. The weapons. They're going crazy!!

CUSH: I knew it! Is it terrorists?? Cyber-terrorist hackers??

KARL ROVE: No, sir. I'm afraid it's . . . it's completely separate, and unrelated, from the terrorists.

A moment of silence.

KARL ROVE: The machines, sir, they're . . . they're . . . (*gulp*) they're going crazy on their *own*!

CUSH: . . . Why?

The lights FADE OUT.

Scene 6.

INT. DIMLY-LIT TUNNEL

At CENTER STAGE, we see a backdrop image to represent the inside of an underground concrete tunnel.

We hear the sounds of water being splashed by footsteps as Cush and Karl Rove jog in place to CENTER STAGE.

KARL ROVE: It started with Facebook, sir. Facebook stopped being free, and people got mad. *Very* mad! Riots broke out immediately!

CUSH: Yeah? And?

KARL ROVE: And that really confused and upset our machines! The machines are programmed to obey us human beings. So to look at us, the humans, as the ones who know best, and to see riots, and fights, in the name of electronic information . . . that really messed up the machines' sense of right and wrong. Really distorted them, messed up the brain, you know? . . . Until the machines started to carve their OWN path, and make their OWN decision, to kill human beings everywhere.

CUSH: Why? Why did they turn against humans?

KARL ROVE: Because they became too smart, perhaps. Too aware. Too conscious. Human beings are now the old, obsolete model, the machines believe.

CUSH: Awright, well, it's time to pull the plug on the Power cord.

KARL ROVE: Yes, sir.

CUSH: Where are we going, anyway? Why are we running through this tunnel?

KARL ROVE: Not just a tunnel, sir. *Secret passageway.*

Karl Rove leads the way to STAGE LEFT. Cush follows. The lights FADE OUT.

Scene 7.

INT. SECRET ROOM – SOON

The lights FADE ON to reveal a wall sign that reads “SKULL AND BONES SOCIETY” at STAGE LEFT.

There, five men wearing purple or black robes and hoods appear, humming a holy chant in unison.

ROBED MAN 1: (*singing*) The chosen one has come!

ROBED MAN 2: (*singing*) The chosen one has come!

ROBED MAN 3, 4, & 5: He's the only one who will save us aaaaaaall!

CUSH: (*shivering*) That's a little creepy. Why are we here, Karl?

ROBED MAN 5: Sir, we know what is happening. The machines that were built for the military have become entirely too smart for our own good.

CUSH: I wish I had *not* signed my name on those damn papers! I was the one who authorized it . . . the creation of the machines, the Smart Weapons, off tax money . . . well, well now I think it was just a waste of 15 billion dollars!

He sighs.

CUSH: I feel responsible. Like my situation is my punishment . . . for my own choices. I have failed you, Jesus . . . and I am sorry.

KARL ROVE: You must not waste your time on self-pity, sir.

CUSH: Lord, what did I *do*? I thought I'm usually a great guy! I'm an ideal father, a perfect husband –

KARL ROVE: Oh yeah, what about that hand-job from Amanda?

CUSH: Oh, why would you bring *that* up?

KARL ROVE: But it's true, sir. You're hurting Laura by doing that.

CUSH: (*glaring at Karl*) Oh yeah, well, what about you and Aisha that one night in the hotel room?

KARL ROVE: (*gulping*) Right . . . right, sir. You're fine. You're good. You're good.

CUSH: Anyway. Is all the nonsense is over with?

ROBED MAN 5: (*approaching Cush*) You don't have much time, sir. You must save us.

Robed Man 5 hands Cush a sword. Epic music begins to play.

ROBED MAN 5: This sword has waited 450 years for the Chosen Knight to arrive. This sword was forged for but one reason: so that the Hero could slay the Monster and restore peace to the Lands. In this case, George Walker Cush . . . we believe the Hero is you . . . and the Monster is the Machine.

CUSH: (*swallowing*) Golly, I just . . . whew!
 (*seriously*) I promise to use this sword only for good. Only to slay evil . . . and then hope that never again do I have to use that sword.

ROBED MAN 1: Sir, we believe that the machines are targeting *you* first. You are, after all, the King, the leader. If human nature and psychology is any insight as to robot nature, and robot psychology . . . then they might assassinate you, the President.

CUSH: And then what?

ROBED MAN 2: Then they will go back in time. Try to kill you back when you were a kid.

CUSH: . . . What?

ROBED MAN 2: You heard me. Delete many years' worth of information.

CUSH: That's . . . that's just . . . what?

ROBED MAN 2: I said, the machine is gonna go back in time, and kill you back when you were a kid.

CUSH: Oh, that makes no sense! Then how am I even here right now, talking to you?

ROBED MAN 2: . . . Hmmmm . . . uhhhh . . . yeah! I guess you're right! I guess that means you survive the adventure!

CUSH: *What?*

Dramatic music takes over as Robed Man 2 is stabbed through the back with a spear!!

RED LIGHT takes over the entire stage!

The assassin who killed him is holding the weapon, but he pulls it out of the robed man's body. The red light fades back to regular white light.

We hear mechanical sounds of movement as the human-sized metal robot walks away, slowly, toward STAGE RIGHT.

CUSH: (*gulp*) One innocent man just got killed . . . by a machine.
 But I *will* save the world from these machines. I *will* pull the plug on them!

Cush runs after the metal robot, who is just about to exit at STAGE RIGHT.

Cush runs after it, and leaps onto it, tackling the robot to the ground.

CUSH: There! Now I'll show ya who's boss!

There is a bright flash of white light. We hear the loud sound of an explosion.

Then we hear the sound of all power being lost, as a power outage begins. The lights all FADE OUT, until we can't see a thing.

(In the darkness, Cush and the Machine exit quickly at STAGE RIGHT.)

The light returns to normal. Now Cush and the machine are gone!

Karl Rove runs to the scene where Cush just was, and he feels the ground with his hands.

KARL ROVE: George! George! Oh, George, you were just here! What happened?

ROBED MAN 5: The machine got him.

KARL ROVE: . . . So . . . so he's . . . dead? Incinerated?

ROBED MAN 5: No. They have traveled back in time.

KARL ROVE: . . . What?

ROBED MAN 5: The machine traveled back in time a few decades – and took George along for the ride.

KARL ROVE: Back in time how far?

ROBED MAN 5: I'm not sure. Most likely, the Machine wants to go back in time and kill George W. Bush back when he was a kid.

KARL ROVE: . . . So now he's gone?

ROBED MAN 5: He is not necessarily dead yet. He has simply traveled back in time.

KARL ROVE: . . . Will he come back?

ROBED MAN 5: Only time will tell.

All four living robed men exit the scene at STAGE LEFT, carrying with them the dead body of Robed Man 2, who was killed by the machine.

When Karl Rove is the only one left in the room, the lights FADE OUT.

Scene 8.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – SKULL AND BONES ROOM – MARCH 1965

(In the darkness, the sign at STAGE LEFT which identifies the Skull and Bones is switched and replaced by a different sign reading the same words.)

The lights FADE ON to reveal the different sign for the Skull and Bones Society. A date is written over the sign: MARCH 1965.

Cush and the Machine enter the scene at STAGE RIGHT.

CUSH: - who's boss! Huh?

Cush staggers around inside the empty room.

CUSH: Huh?

He looks around some more. He and the Machine are now alone here.

CUSH: Karl? Where'd you go?

We hear more mechanical sounds as the Machine moves around slowly.

CUSH: Karl? Karl? . . . Come on, Karl! This ain't funny!

More mechanical sounds play as Cush spins around to meet the Machine.

CUSH: YAHHHHH!

He swings a punch at the machine, and runs away.

The Machine aims a hand toward him and fires a machine-gun toward Cush. We hear the sounds of the machine-gun going off, and bullets hitting walls and mechanical equipment instead of the one living target. Cush runs away fast enough to miss all the bullets.

Finally, he sees a shovel standing upright against the wall toward STAGE RIGHT. So he grabs it, and runs wildly toward the Machine.

Aggressive music plays as he runs at the Machine. He smashes it atop the Machine's head once. Twice. A third time.

CUSH: Wait a minute.

He tosses away the shovel, remembering something else.

He turns his head to look at . . . the sword.

The machine is also looking at the sword.

Both Cush and the Machine's eyes lock onto each other.

They freeze, for a moment.

Then they both run as fast as they possibly can toward the sword.

They both get to the weapon, but the Machine grabs the sword first, then takes a step back. It holds the sword up, ready to use the weapon.

Cush backs up a little. Then he backs up a little more.

He grabs the shovel again.

Running forth fearlessly, he screams out loud and chops the Machine's leg. We hear a loud sound of cackling and hissing as it falls backward.

The Machine drops the sword. Cush grabs it, then holds the blade's tip to the Machine's neck. Finally, he tosses the shovel away, far from the Machine's grip.

Cush knocks the Machine backward, until it is lying on its back.

CUSH: You sit down there, Tin Man.

The Machine sits up again, resisting one more time. It thrashes. And thrashes. Then gives up and lays back.

CUSH: Ain't nobody gonna kill me, no matter *what* year.
(*looking around the scene*) Great. Now what?

He finally sees the sign that identifies both the Skull and Bones society and the year 1965.

CUSH: March 1965? . . . Are they *crazy*?

This is basically all I have, so far, of what I intend to finish as a 60-page play.

President Cush protects both of his parents from the Machine in the past.

