

Love and Death

SCENE 1A

[Courthouse steps on a town square with road in front of the courthouse. A statue of a long dead ancient warrior is adjacent to the courthouse. A mob has gathered and hot dog vendors and coffee carts are plying their wares. Ticket scalpers are selling courtroom seats. News channel crews for TV and you-tube are set up for best camera angles. The mood is jovial but ugly. It has recently rained and rain puddles are around. A red carpet leads up the steps to the door of the courthouse. Many security agents can be seen in the background. Two beautiful young Nuns are also in the background]

Statue of Mofo the Brave – ancient warrior of the revolution

Limo – prosecutors and judge ride together

Prison Van – for Little Ben

[Characters in the Scene]

LITTLE BEN

JUDGE NETHERBOTTOM

TELEVISION CREWS FROM SEVERAL STATIONS (CHANEL 3 AND 9)

KATTIE URGIC – HARD HITTING REPORTER FOR CHANEL 3

A MOB

A SMALL CHILD

TICKET VENDORS AND SCALPERS

SECURITY (Dark suited men and women)

MR PIPPS - HEAD OF SECURITY

THE SCENE

URGIC: (speaking to the news camera and jostled by the mob)

Welcome to our unending coverage of the trial of the century. We are standing here today on the steps of the Veterinarians of Domestic Wars Courthouse in Sonogno and we will bring you wall to wall coverage of this shocking trial – the trial of Little Ben for treason against our great country. As you can see it has been raining all morning...

MOB: Here she comes. There she is. Its show time. Lemmie see, lemmie see.

TICKET SCALPERS: Get your front row seats. Front row seats now. Only 1000 lindens. Get your front row seats.

URGIC: Yes we can see the limousines coming into view at this time. They are arriving now. Yes, there is the limousine of the Judge and of the Prosecutors. And following it the prison van of the guilty one – Little Ben – who will stand trial today before this honorable court.

As many of you know our brave land has been under threat by the dark forces of Clissa and our youth have rallied to the cause of the defense of the homeland, all except Little Ben, the ungrateful orphan who has had the nerve to commit treason by falling in love with an enemy combatant.

MOB: Hooray for the Judge. Stick it to her judge.

JUDGE: [Exiting the limo] Thank you, thank you. Justice will be done today. Yes it will, I assure you all.

TICKET SCALPERS: Front row seats, only 1500 lindens. Get 'em now. Only 1500 lindens.

URGIC: Yes, the honorable Judge Millicent Netherbottom is a graduate of the Second Life's School for Wayward Girls and the holder of the prestigious GED equivalency has arrived. She is dressed today in a magnificent gown by Oscar de la Rental. See how the red gown drapes across her shoulders and falls to the red carpet revealing her magnificent assets. And those shoes must be by Manolo, yes they are. Lovely little things with tassels and delightful four inch stiletto heels. And that clutch, she is clutching, must be by Mr. Bag, yes it is.

MOB: [as Little Ben is pulled from the prison van] Boo, There she is. How ungrateful. How guilty. Hang her, I say hang her now.

URGIC: Yes, there is the guilty accused. Little Ben exiting the prison wagon. She's dressed in a tattered uniform complete with filth and lovely stains by Diane Von Funstenburf. The crowd is greeting her now. I can't see her shoes.

The rains of this morning have done nothing to dampen the festive mood here on the courthouse steps. And the coffee vendors are offering free shots of rum in every cappuccino as a demonstration of civic pride and support for the community. A community on the edge of war with evil Clissa.

LITTLE BEN: [hands tied, falls into a muddy puddle and is yanked up by security men] Ohh!

MOB: [Surges forward] Hang her. Hahaha. Look at her, she's guilty.

URGIC: Judge Neterbottom, over here, over her. Yes a few words for the press please.

JUDGE: Ah Ms Urgic, yes I'm always pleased to talk to the fourth estate.

URGIC: That's de la Rental isn't it? And those are Manolos?

JUDGE: Why yes, Oscar is such a dear friend, and when he heard about the trial he insisted that I wear one of his gowns. Yes he did, he insisted. And these are not Manolo's, that's so yesterday. No these are by my dear friend Ferraguno. Spectacular, are they not? Just lovely.

URGIC: Why yes. Will you attend the Oscars this year?

JUDGE: Oh, Katie, it's just too early to tell, yes it is.

URGIC: Now this trial is a little different than say the OJ trial. Can you explain to our viewers the differences?

JUDGE: Why yes, I would be happy to. This is a military tribunal, and the guilty defendant has no rights. No rights at all. After the case is presented, in a fair manner, I assure you, the prosecutors and I shall meet and decide her fate, which surely must be guilty given all the recent press coverage.

URGIC: There's no jury in a military tribunal is that correct?

JUDGE: That's true, and as it should be. Our security depends on an orderly militia and the guilty party gave up her rights when she was drafted into our brave fighting force.

Justice, sweet justice, the justice of our foremothers will be done this day. Yes, and an example to all Second Life's recumbent youth, with their hippy hoppy ways, and their bing bing. Yes they will see what happens when they fail to respond to Second Life's sacred call for sacrifice, duty, and a glorious death.

MOB (chanting) Jus-Tice, Jus-Tice, Jus-Tice.

URGIC: Will we have a perp walk? Oh please, our viewers will love it.

JUDGE: (laughing) Of course, of course.

URGIC: One last question please Judge Netherbottom.

JUDGE: Why yes Katie.

URGIC: We all loved your centerfold spread in Hit Man Magazine. Do you intend to reveal more of your charms in future editions?

JUDGE: Katie that's for the fans to determine. I'm always happy to give the public what it wants. And besides the election for Judgeship is only two months away. And I'm confident of re-election because I know the people's hearts.

Mr. PIPPS, its time for the perp walk.

MR PIPPS: Perpetrators Walk! Get Ben on the walk now!

[Little Ben is dragged by security very slowly up the red carpet in full view of the cameras]

MOB: Guilty. Traitor. Hang her high

TICKET SCAPLERS: Balcony seats only. 1000
lindens. Balcony seats.

URGIC: What do you have to say for your
despicable acts Ben? How can you justify your
neglect of duty? How? You ingrate!

LITTLE BEN: (Silence)

JUDGE: How was that Katie, did you get the
angles you needed? We can shoot it again.

URGIC: Why yes, let's do it again.

SMALL CHILD: Ropes, I have ropes for sale.
Only 200 lindens. Ropes for sale.

[Little Ben is dragged back to the sidewalk and the
entire spectacle is about to begin again.]

End

SCENE 1B

[A conventional court room crowded by a mob. Many are holding ropes or torches in anticipation of a lynching. TV and you-tube anchors and television cameras are obtrusively present. The MOB is noisy with hubbub]

JUDGE NETHERBOTTOM

PROSECUTOR - MR PHENOL

COURT CLERK

KATIE URGIC (channel 3 anchor)

KARL GROVE (commentator for channel 3)

TAFFY DUNST – DEFENSE COUNCIL –
(drunk)

LITTLE BEN

MOB

URGIC: A hush has fallen over the justice seeking citizenry, as they scramble to find their seats in the crowded court room here in Sonogno. There has been some fisticuffs and difficulties and a great deal of confusion over seating today, but the bailiffs have restored order and the trial is about to begin.

For our viewers just tuning in let me recall the dramatic events of few moments ago. Little Ben arrived in a defiant mood, and refused to admit her guilt on the court house steps. As the only private in the enormous army of Second Life, she clearly failed to understand the enormity of her crimes.

Oh, the Clerk as entered, and were about to begin. I turn you over now to our floor correspondent Karl Grove.

GROVE: Yes the clerk is about to call the court to order, let's listen.

CLERK: Oyez, oyez, oyez. All rise for this honorable tribunal, Judge Millicent Netherbottom, presiding. May the gods, spirits, kami, and totems of Second Life protect this honorable court and all who testify here, excepting of course the guilty accused.

MOB [half stand, the other half remains seated]
Hooray for the judge. Yip yip. Play ball!

JUDGE [enters]

MOB: Cheers. Let the games begin. Justice. I need a drink.

JUDGE: Quiet. All quiet in the court room. The defendant will rise.

How do you plea Little Ben to the crime of treason?

LITTLE BEN: I plea guilty, but not really.

JUDGE: How dare you! Dunst! Taffy Dunst, your client is pleading guilty. How could you allow this after all the witnesses have come such a long distance and the you tube crews gone to such expense! No to mention this mob.

MOB: Boo. Justice. We want a trial.

DUNST: Hic.

JUDGE: This will not do. You cannot plead guilty. Where will be all the drama of having a meaningless trial? And what about the witnesses, rumor mongers, and political hacks that have come such a long distance to testify against you. Not to mention the generals resplendent in their crisp uniforms, with braid and stars,

and heavy weights of medals, and their new Manolo Blahnik's purchased just for this festive occasion. No! This will not do, I enter a plea for you of 'Not Guilty'.

MOB: Hooray. Lets hear it for Nethebottom. I need a rope, anyone got a rope. Justice.

DUNST: [rousing himself from inebriation] Objection! Objection! [Dunst passes out]

JUDGE: Overruled, you're in contempt Taffy. 30 days in the county jail. Lead him away.

KARL: [Whispering] They are dragging away the defense council now and Little Ben is all alone at the bar of justice. The judge is now reading the rules of the court and I can summarize them for you.

Privates have no rights in this courthouse, and although generals are given medals for treason, they are Generals, and it is their patriotic duty. The fact that officers are admired and rewarded for cavorting with the enemy is no excuse for wanton disregard of the rules of the lower ranks, and in particular by the privates.

The severity of this crime cannot be overstated. No, it cannot. And now back to the courtroom.

JUDGE: The Prosecutor, the handsome and talented Mr, Phenol will now present the case against the guilty Little Ben.

PROS: Ahmmm. May it please the court I shall make my opening and closing statement now.

Little Ben has chosen to accept the affections of our enemies. The enemies of all that we hold sacred and honorable. Since the founding of the Republic of Second Life we have never had such a heinous crime committed such as that by Little Ben.

Look at her. Guilt written all over her face and with a smirk also. I spy a hint of lipstick on her once proud uniform. Undoubtedly from offering comfort and aid to the fiends who would ravage our lands, enslave our children, and raise our taxes.

NO! I say NO! This will never be allowed. NEVER!

Guilty must be the verdict. I for one intend to vote for her Guilt!

MOB: Hooray. I need a rope. Anyone got a match my torch just went out. I need a drink. You're sitting in my seat.

PROS: The prosecution rests your honor.

JUDGE: That was so well spoken Mr Phenol. So excellent. I'm at a loss as to why we should continue, but the wheels of justice must grind. And grind they will.
[Chuckle]

And now for the Defense. What have you to say Taffy and don't ask for any favors like last week at the Judges and Attorneys Ball of Tears at the Melodrome.

[Silence]

JUDGE: Well I guess that sums it up very well. Now the court is adjourned as the tribunal sits, has lunch, and considers its verdict.

Lunch today is provided by Chef Coli of the famed gastronomic establishment Diarrhe'e located in Capital City and providing fine dining after 6 Tuesdays through Sunday. And don't forget the all you can nibble brunch on Sunday.

This court is adjourned. But don't leave. We will be back with our guilty verdict at about 3 o'clock.

CLERK: All rise, this court is adjourned until after lunch. The luncheon special in the cafeteria is hot dogs on a bun with ersatz kraut and bunny burgers for the youngsters.

URGIC: And what a dramatic scene we have seen today in this ancient seat of Justice here in Sonogno. I have with me here our judicial correspondent Karl Grove who has been covering all the drama and pathos of this courtroom from the floor. Welcome Karl.

KARL: Thank you Katie and what a day this has been. The dramatic events of this day have certainly held our viewers and ourselves gripped in the intensity of these proceedings. Don't you just love the gown worn by the Clerk. The taffeta and yellow chintz of her flowing empires style dress was just stunning.

URGIC: Yes they were Karl. And those shoes. Were they Santorini's?

GROVE: Why yes Katie, you're as sharp and witty as ever.

URGIC: Karl, how has the crowd taken these shocking events today? What's the tenor of the courtroom?

KARL: Well it has been a full day which began early this morning in the rain. I remember one scene as a small child looked into the skies as Little Ben was escorted to the courthouse. The little darling said the rain was 'like the tears of heaven' falling upon this aggrieved nation. It was so memorable.

I also remember watching a small furrie passing through the security station with a set of old worn out three section chain whips. The security person, a kindly

elderly woman, told the little furrie that the chain whip would not do. And then security guard offered her own tiger fork in substitution with the kind words 'Here please take my tiger fork, it more fully accessorizes your look. Three section chain whips are so yesterday.'

I was so touched.

And of course we had the insulting drunken out bursts of the Defense and what a shocker that was. Imagine, how did he think that such disrespect for the court could go unchallenged. Well he got 30 days for that.

But now the court has adjourned and is considering the fate of Little Ben. Guilty or Guilty is the question Will Little Ben pay the ultimate sacrifice or merely be sentenced to death. Only time shall tell.

URGIC: Wait, what's this. The Clerk is re-entering the court room. Oh my. They must have reached a verdict before the desert, or perhaps they want to make sure they can enjoy the wine without disruption.

CLERK: Oyez, oyez, oyez, Sit down, shut up, sober up, and be quiet. Here's the judge.

MOB: Hooray. Get that pitchfork out of my tush. I need a drink. Anyone got a light.

JUDGE: The guilty will stand.

Has the tribunal deliberated and achieved a verdict?

Yes we have.

And that verdict is?

Guilty, guilty, guilty.

MOB [bursts into cheering]

PROS: Ha, I told you so. Most Guilty.

CLERK: Very guilty indeed.

URGIC: Wow what a surprise, a guilty verdict. What will the Judge determine the penalty to be?

JUDGE: Order, Order.

Little Ben I sentence you to death by hanging,

MOB: Hooray, that's too good for her. No it must be more. I've had too much to drink.

JUDGE: and then by drawing and quartering, electrocution, running of the bulls, and by witches dunking chair. This verdict shall be carried out as soon as the television rights can be auctioned off to the highest bidder and we can ensure a sold out crowd at the Capital City Stadium to ensure no you-tube black outs.

There shall be no appeal to the verdict of this military tribunal, so don't get your hopes up Ben.

This court is adjourned.

URGIC: Well Karl, that's sounds final [chuckle].

KARL: Yes and what a wonderful conclusion to this day of justice and excellent retribution.

MOB [Begins to riot and fight]

KARL: We have seen justice done today. Katie do you think Chanel 3 cover the execution?

URGIC: [Laughing], Well I'm certain its going to cost a bundle for TV rights, but I'm certain we will be there with all the hoopla and spectacle attending such a special

event, which is bound to be sold out. Besides we are getting a seventeen rating and I'm getting my face done in preparation. And now a word from our sponsors.

end

SCENE 2A

[A wide road leads to the Capital City Stadium in the distance. The road is the Via of the Aqueduct, and there is an ancient aqueduct parallel to the road. Mobs line the roadside and you-tube crews are covering the procession of Little Ben to her execution. A festival air surrounds the scene as marching bands, cheer leaders, and special garbage hurling zones are provided – all for the benefit of the television crews. Ticket scalpers lead the procession selling expensive tickets. At the end of the procession are other ticket scalpers selling discounted tickets. The Druid Shock Troops in their Nuns Garb form a marching square to protect Little Ben.]

PROPS

A sign that says “Hurl Here”

A sign that says “Insult Here”

Television cameras

[Characters in Scene]

LITTLE BEN (Silent)

SISTER LETUM

NUN SHOCK TROOPS AS GUARDS

MOB

CHEERLEADERS

TV CREWS

KATIE URGIC (NEWS ANCHOR)

KARL GROVE (FIELD TV REPORTER)

JERRY RIBBERS (ANCHOR OF ANOTHER NETWORK)

RACHAEL LOON – MEMBER OF THE MOB

HOOFEL LOON – 5 YEAR OLD CHILD

Scene 2A
PROCESSION

URGIC: We continue with our wall to wall coverage of the unfolding trial and execution of the convicted Little Ben. It's a festive day today, here on the outskirts of Capital City. In the distance you can see the Capital City Thunder Dome where the expectant crowds are gathering for this exciting event.

The procession is moving slowly now and we can see the lead guards approaching. Thousands of avatars, men, women, children, and furies have joined this joyous occasion of patriotic fervor. Yes, Yes, I can see the procession now.

TICKET SCALPERS [IN BACKGROUND]

Fifty Yard Line Seats, 10,000 lindens. Get your 50 yard line seats. There going fast. Best seats in the house. 10,000 lindens.

URGIC:

Is that? Yes it is! It's the Drum and Bugle Corps of the School For Wayward Girls all the way from Sonogno province.

And following them is the Cheer Leading Squad of the famous Capital City Pre-Teen Correctional Facility and Auto Shop.

Let's go to Karl Grove who is on the line of march.
Karl?

KARL: Yes Katie this is truly a magnificent event today.
Let's listen in.

CHEERLEADERS:

Gimmie a D

Gimmie an O

Gimmie an O

Gimmie a M

What's that spell?

What's that spell?"

MOB: DOOM! [Laughter and yelling]

KARL:

Yes and now we can see the smart security detail approaching. They are keeping order here today and security has been provided by the wonderful Sisters of Order of the Bloody Stain of Saint Hymenos the Benighted - Mothers of Earth Druids Reformed. They are dressed in their smart leather habits with Kevlar wimples and a few are carrying tazers by Gnocchi.

URGIC: Karl can you see the condemned, that vile Little Ben?

KARL: Not yet Katie, oh... There she is. Yes I can see her now.

MOB: [Surges forward shouting epithets and throwing garbage as the procession passes the sign "Hurl Here" and "Insults Here"]

LITTLE BEN [Falls to her knees exhausted, and the procession halts in the Hurl Here Zone. TV crews are staged in this area for the best shots of the angry crowds]

KARL: The procession has halted here Katie for a brief rest. The sun is shining along this ancient road and officials tell us that thousands have gathered for this historic occasion.

URGIC: And how are ticket sales Karl, can you provide us with any insight?

KARL: The stadium is close to being sold out we hear, and we are assured that the event will be televised for those who cannot make it to the Capital City Thunder Dome. However, the procession is running late given the crowds, and I've heard a rumor that the beer has already sold out at the stadium, as well as tee shirts, and obscene

finger gestures. You know those giant rubber hands with the finger upraised in salute?

URGIC: Oh my. Well, there will be a lot of disappointed fans that's for sure.

[In the background can be seen Jerry Ribbers and his camera crew. Jerry is the anchor for a competing network. He cannot be heard, but he is ranting and raving before the camera and drooling. He is completely insane]

KARL: Yes Katie, but on a fine day like this, I'm sure that many fans have brought their own bottles and thermos of refreshing beverages. And as for the fingers, (Chuckle) I'm sure they will find suitable substitutes.

URGIC: Karl can you give our viewers a feel for the excitement of the crowd.

KARL: Yes Katie, I'm standing here with Rachael Loon and her 5 year old daughter Hoofel. Tell us Rachel, why you're here.

RACHAEL: Karl am I on TV? Oh my. Well. I wanted my daughter to be here on this wonderful occasion to listen and learn. Our youth need to learn responsibility and be more respectful of authority and their elders.

I love this land, and we need a greater spirit of sacrifice, yes we do. I am a firm believer in Life. Yes I support Life. And capital punishment too. Yes I do. We need more Life and more capital punishment. That will fix our problems of high taxes, bad school marks, and that horrible new music.

HOOFEL: Mommy, Why, why are they doing this to Little Ben?

RACHAEL: Shut up. If you don't eat your broccoli you'll end up in the same place, you horrible child.

Now Karl, I just want to say to my husband, Lucer, Hi and happy birthday!

KARL: Oh it's your husband's birthday?

RACHAEL: No.

KARL: Back to you Katie.

URGIC: Well the procession is about to move again toward its rendezvous with destiny.

And now a word from our sponsors.

HOOFEL: [facing away from the procession, pointing] What's that in the sky?

RACHEL: [facing the procession] Didn't I tell you to shut up and mind!

SCENE 2B RESCUE

[Punky Pugilist and her crew are about to descend on the line of march in the dirigible HMS Dread, and snatch Little Ben and carry her away to safety in the distant province of Clissa. The guards and mob do not see the rapidly descending blimp until it is almost on top of them and then the guards and mob panic, giving the blip team just the time needed to grab little Ben.]

*Blimp exterior and interior control room
Blimp has cannon in nose which is fired in this scene.
Blimp is steam powered and has lots of smoke*

[Characters in this Scene]
SAME AS SCENE 2A
PUNKY PUGILIST
KEES KEPLER (GOOD GUY COMMANDO)
CO PILOT

Blimp Interior- Punky in pilots seat, Kees standing next to her in a commando suit.

PUNKY: There, there they are. See. [pointing]

KEES: Ah yes. Little Ben must be in that square of marching troopers, the nuns, yes. There she is. I can see her.

PUNKY: We snatch her here and now. You ready Kees?

KEES: Yup, the ropes are ready, and I've got the hatch open.

PUNKY: [shouts] I want full pressure on the steam engines. Now! I want red line. Kees call out the speed and altitude.

[The blimp begins a rapid descent toward the center of the square of guarding nuns]

KEES: 400 meters, 20 knotts

[wind and engines roar]

KEES: [yelling to be heard]

325 meters, 22 knotts

250 meters, 25 knotts

100 meters, 30 knotts

PUNKY: Here goes nothing. Let's give them a little spectacle for the you-tube scum. I'm firing the cannon into that grove of trees over there. It will get their attention.

KEES: 50 meters, 30 knotts.

PUNKY: Air brakes now!

[Punky fires the cannon and a grove of trees on the side of the road, (no avatars are there) erupts in explosions, flying dirt, and flying trees. The mob panics and the guards hit the ground. Only Sister Letum stands.]

Away the rescue team!

KEES: Out!

[Kees slides down the rope from the bottom of the blimp toward Little Ben]

Umph!. Don't worry Little Ben, I've got you.

[Kees grabs Little Ben and the Rope is pulled up and back into the blimp]

SISTER LETUM:

[only sister standing - pulls out a revolver, takes careful aim and fires repeatedly until the magazine is empty.]

[The blimp rises swiftly into the skies and is gone]

