

## EXCERPT: Act 1, Scene 1

*A cheer goes up from the crowd and we hear an instrumental rendition of “Happy Days are Here Again” as he makes his way to the podium, shaking hands and kissing babies as he continues to make his way to the stage where Marco, Bruno, Cassie, Jessie, and other members of the Council and his entourage await.*

BIG JULES:

(At the Mic) Hello New Roma! What a crowd. Your boy is back! They thought they could take what’s ours—our homes, our streets, our future. But we showed ‘em who’s boss! They say I’m dangerous. Dangerous! Me! I’m just a guy who wants what’s right, what’s fair. And now I’m back, better than ever. And I promise you, it’s just the beginning. I got plans, big plans! Are you with me?

MARCO:

(Taking the mic) We need a big man to run this city, and who’s bigger than Big Jules Xavier? I know him like a brother. Okay, half-brother. (Laughs, back-slapping) But there’s no one in our family I hold closer in my heart. One leader, to cut through the stagnation and bureaucracy and corruption. One great man! Big Jules Xavier!

BIG JULES:

What a guy! Isn’t he something? Marco Antonio. He’s a keeper. And Camilla, my queen, and my partner in crime—just kidding. Isn’t she beautiful? (She waves, and blows kisses) I’m a lucky man. And I know what you’re all thinking...

*BAND begins a hot Gospel Vamp*

(Spoken) I knooooow what you’re thinking! You’re thinkin’...Big Jules, you’re the man!

*JULES raps-sings, backed up by his entourage.*

**“NOW AND FOREVER”** (In the style of a Gospel Preacher)

(Sings) You took the heat, for us all  
And you’re right. That’s me.  
I was glad to take the Fall.

That’s just the way I’m built,  
To never, ever quit.  
When you wonder who to turn to  
Just look at me, cause I’m IT!

I never run for cover  
Or back down from a fight  
I never bend or bow down low  
Or forget what’s wrong and right

*BAND vamps while JULES preaches*

*Now there's two kinds of people in this world. Two kinds of people on the Streets of New Roma. One kind wants to bleed you dry of every last drop of blood in your body, every last piece of gold in your pocket, every last honest thought in your brain! And the other kind wants to lift you up, wants to load your empty plates with the bounty that is yours, wants to set you free from the tyranny of the bureaucrats. The tyranny of the fat cats who pull the strings. Who want to fill up their pockets with what you've got in yours! Now I have three questions for you.*

Do I belong to the bureaucrats?  
 (Crowd: NO!!!)  
 Do I belong to the boys who pull the strings?  
 (Crowd: NOO!!!)  
 Do I belong to those who fill up their pockets  
 With the *spoils* their *corruption* brings?  
 (Crowd: NOOOO!!!)  
*That's right!!!*

*(Sings)* I belong to those who hustle,  
 The ones who grind it out!  
 In the streets and in the alleys, to live,  
 To fight another bout.

*JULES speaks over the BAND solo verse*

This town is your town. This town is my town.  
 And it's always gonna stay that way

Give me the power!  
 Give me your trust!  
 We'll make this city rise up  
 From the ashes and the dust.

Greater than ever.  
 Now and forever,  
 New Roma, forever!  
 New Roma forevermore!  
 New Roma forevermore!  
 New Roma forevermore!  
*BAND ends with big finish*

BIG JULES:  
 God bless you! And God bless New Roma!

*(Reprise of music) Jules moves from the podium toward the audience, arms raised,*

*soaking in the adoration of the crowd. Suddenly, he stiffens and he falls, shaking, in a seizure, foaming at the mouth.*

*Camilla kneels by his side, cradling his head, while the others gather around. The lights fade on the scene as we hear Susie's voice in the scene change.*

SUSIE (V.O.):

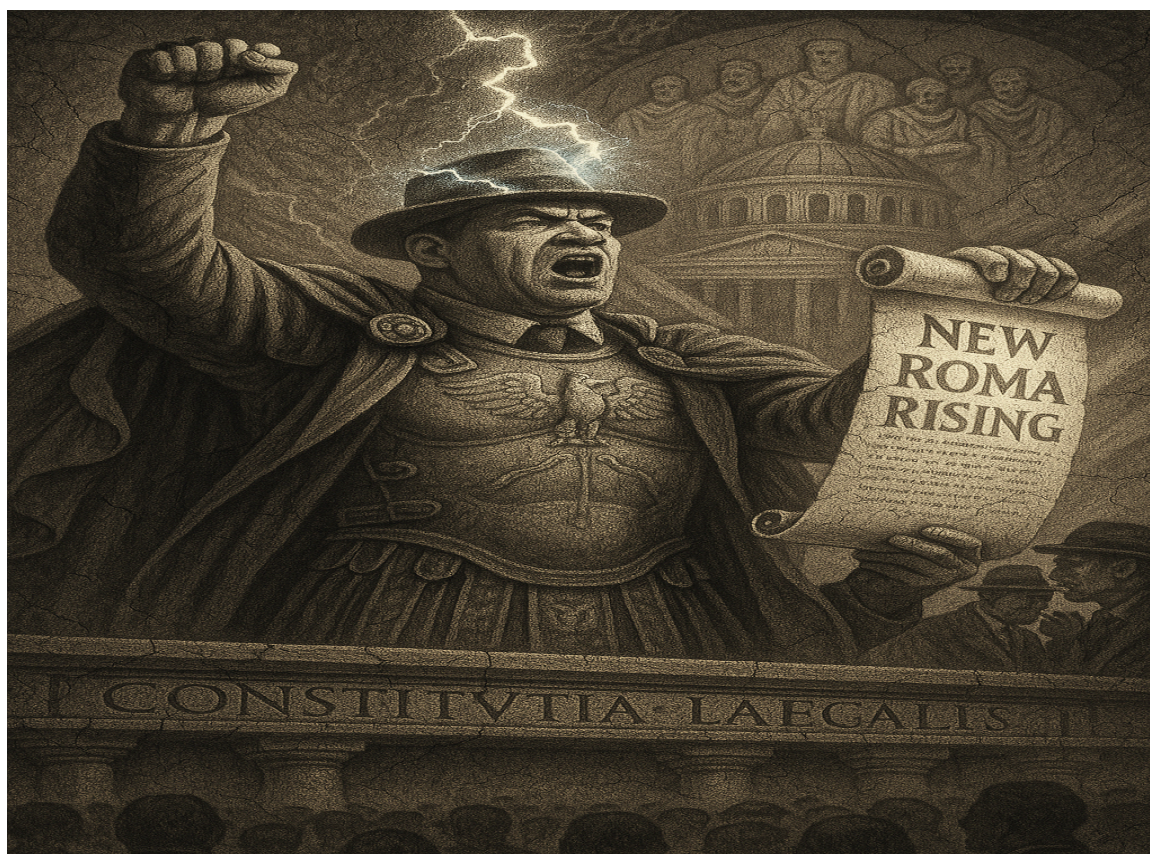
The wheel keeps on turning, it doesn't take sides,  
It lifts and it crushes, it rolls and it grinds.  
None can escape it, though many have tried,  
The wheel keeps on turning, on the wind and the tide

*Full Script and Music available at [creative.conspiracy.productions@gmail.com](mailto:creative.conspiracy.productions@gmail.com)*

*Call direct phone/text CCP Literary:*

*(770)578-6542*

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*Power corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely.  
-Lord Acton & Bruno Dahl - New Roma Rising!*