

DOMINATOR

by

RAY MOONEY

Copyright 2000.

EULOGY FOR A FRIEND

THE DOMINATOR IS MALE 25-30

THE DOMINATOR, IN LEATHER JACKET AND JEANS BUT MINUS HELMET, CRASHES HIS MOTOR BIKE THROUGH THE LOCKED DOORS OF A LARGE BUILDING. (THE BUILDING IS THE MAIN ACTIVITIES ROOM OF A CATHOLIC BOYS HOME THAT HAS BEEN CLOSED FOR SOME YEARS. ALTHOUGH NOW DERELICT IT BEARS THE HALLMARKS OF HAVING BEEN USED FOR CHURCH SERVICES, MEETINGS AND ACTIVITIES.)

HE ZOOMS AROUND THE ROOM.

(CONT'D)

WE SEE A ROOM OFF THAT WAS USED AS A CLASSROOM, I.E. A BLACKBOARD ON THE END WALL, AND ANOTHER ROOM OFF THAT WAS A DORMITORY.

THEN, LIKE THE LEGENDARY ROGUE OF HISTORY WHO TRUSTED ONLY HIS STEED, THIS MODERN HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE PERFORMS A SERIES OF 'DONUTS' BEFORE DISMOUNTING.

RELIGIOUS MUSIC PLAYS AS HE GLANCES ROUND THE ROOM WHICH HAS RELIGIOUS MURALS ON THE WALLS.

HE TURNS THE BIKE OFF AND HOLDING A BIG MAC AND A CAN OF BEER SLOWLY WALKS AROUND THE ROOM BEFORE APPROACHING A MURAL OF THE VIRGIN MARY HOLDING HER ARMS OUTSTRETCHED TOWARDS A SMALL CHILD.

HE CONTEMPTUOUSLY SCRAPES THE LETTUCE OFF THE BIG MAC, GRINS AT THE DRAWING OF MARY AND LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY. HIS LAUGHTER BLENDS WITH THE RELIGIOUS MUSIC AS HE CHOMPS SAVAGELY INTO THE BIG MAC.

HE THROWS THE REMAINDER OF THE BIG MAC ON THE FLOOR, DRINKS HALF THE CAN, ALLOWING SOME TO DRIBBLE DOWN HIS NECK. AS HE CONTINUES DRINKING HE GLANCES OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE AT THE HEAD OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

A BEAM OF LIGHT THROUGH A HIGH WINDOW FRAMES THE ANGELIC PORTRAIT. SUDDENLY HE SCREAMS, THROWS THE CAN IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION TO THE MURAL AND THEN CHARGES AT THE MURAL WITH THE INTENTION OF VICIOUSLY KING-HITTING THE FACE. BUT HE PULLS HIS FIST UP MILLIMETRES FROM THE VIRGIN'S FACE. HE STEPS BACK.

DOMINATOR

No one's protected. If yer gonna
king someone it's gotta be the best
one yer got. Don't matter who it
is. That's why I practice me king
hits on the drunks in Fitzroy
street.

HE PRETENDS TO HOLD MONEY OUT.

This your ten bucks, mate?

THEN THROWS A MASSIVE KING HIT.

Bop! Hah, ha, ha...Yer gotta get
'em off guard. I learned that at
the Underground.

WE HEAR DISCO MUSIC. THE DOMINATOR TAPS HIS FEET THEN BREAKS
INTO HIS OWN VERSION OF SLAM DISCO BY JUMPING HIGH AND
HEADBUTTING HIS HEAD TO AND FRO. HE SLOWS BUT MOVES AROUND.

Dogs! Some meathead at the door
reckons they're full, see.
(SNEERING)
I don't wanta go in...Pox
joint...But I don't like being told
I ain't welcome, see.
(SHAPING UP)
I got one of the bouncers lined up,
ready for the sneak go...when
suddenly...

SF/X EXAGGERATED PUNCH. HE REELS AWAY HOLDING HIS HEAD FROM
THE FORCE OF THE PUNCH. HE STAGGERS, HALF CONSCIOUS, FALLING
TO HIS KNEES.

SX/F BOXING SOUNDS AND KIDS SCREAMING FOR DOMINATOR TO 'GET
UP'.

HE PULLS HIMSELF UP AND RUNS AROUND WIDLY SCREAMING AND
THROWING PUNCHES TO THE POINT OF EXHAUSTION.

SF/X BELL. HE CONTINUES PUNCHING AS THE CROWD NOISE DIES.
EXHAUSTED HE STAGGERS ROUND. BLOOD TRICKLES DOWN HIS CHIN. HE
WIPES IT WITH THE BACK OF HIS HAND.

(PUFFING)
That first one has to do the
damage. It's like Omo'd say. Omo's
what the family called me brother.
I call him Omo because he's always
bluing.

HE THROWS A COUPLE OF FRESH AIR PUNCHES THEN IMITATES OMO.

OMO
Practice yer king hits. Sneak go's
the go, mate. Don't matter how weak
they look, always sneak go...and
remember...no one's protected.
Remember that. No one's protected.

HE GRABS AN IMAGINARY BEER JUG AND SMASHES SOMEONE ON THE HEAD.

If there's a beer jug on the table better still...And there's no good jabbing a glass in a dog's face if yer not gonna follow through with the grind.

HE MIMES TWISTING A GLASS INTO SOMEONE'S FACE.

DOMINATOR

Gees he could fight. Couldn't yer, mate? Should've been a champ, too. Cept he had this disease thing. Synarfuckengism or whatever. When yer add sugar and salt together like.....Bang! He'd go right off. Gees he could fight.

HE LOOKS AT HIS HANDS AND WE SEE HE HAS 'LOVE' AND 'HATE' TATTOOED ON HIS FINGERS.

(SNEERING))

Me...I get the same effect, synawhatever, me own way.

HE TAKES A CAN OF SPRAY PAINT FROM HIS SADDLEBAG AND PUTS IT ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO HIS BIKE. HE THEN REMOVES HIS LEATHER JACKET AND DROPS IT, COVERING THE PAINT CAN.

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A SCHOOL BELL AND DOMINATOR SUDDENLY STANDS TO ATTENTION.

Y'sir.

HE IMMEDIATELY DROPS TO THE FLOOR INTO A SERIES OF PUSH-UPS ON HIS THUMBS TO THE SF/X OF SCHOOL CHILDREN PLAYING.

THE SF/X STOP AND DOMINATOR, PUFFING, CAUTIOUSLY RISES. HE LOOKS AROUND AND SATISFIED THERE'S NO ONE THERE TENSES HIS FISTS AND ADMIRES HIS TATTOOS.

Eh? Sugar and salt. Same thing isn't it? Sweet and sour. Never let's yer forget..

HE ENTERS A SMALL ROOM WHICH HAS BEEN USED AS AN OFFICE. IT'S BARE EXCEPT FOR A DESK, BUT ON THE WALL IS A ROSTER BOARD FOR OFFICERS AND INMATES (WITHOUT NAMES). HE OPENS THE EMPTY DRAWS, DUMPING THEM ON THE FLOOR.

I admire someone with good tattts. It's a real art. Not the ones yer put on yerself. Though I got some.

(POINTING TO HIS LEG)
 Got the names of all the guys who escaped from this stinkhole when I was here. I don't show it cos it's a bit of a mess. But I've got a top one on me cock. (GRABBING HIS COCK)
 A cobra. I was gonna get a boa constrictor but I was a bit young at the time.

HE LEAVES THE ROOM BUT REMAINS IN THE DOORWAY.

Sockets's got a top tatt. (LAUGHS)
 Yer'd love it: A pair of glasses.
 Yeah, Sockets. Drinks with us at The Waterside each morning. They call him Dole Office cos he's always full by ten. (SNEERING) I call 'im Sockets.

HE CLENCHES HIS FIST AND EXERCISES HIS THUMBS, ADMIRING THEIR STRENGTH.

Hah, he's tellin' us about the fight he had last night...

IMITATING SOCKETS.

SOCKETS

I give it to this Greaser, see...A bouncer, see. I give him three to the throat. Couldn't reach his head, could I? He hits the deck. I see his mates comin' with beer glasses and chairs. I look for a jug but there's none is there? So I rip his eye out. (THRUSTING HIS FINGER OUT) You can still see the blood. His so-called mates shit 'emselves. Hah!

DOMINATOR

How'd yer do it?

SOCKETS

What?

DOMINATOR

The eye dickhead? How'd yer rip the eye out?

SOCKETS

Easy, just ripped it out.

DOMINATOR

How I said?

SOCKETS
 (HOLDING HIS FIRST FINGER CROOKED)
 With this finger. Just ripped it
 out.

DOMINATOR
 Well, rip mine out!

SOCKETS
 What?

DOMINATOR
 I said rip mine out.

SOCKETS
 Ar, come on, Dominator. You're a
 sorta mate.

HE EXPLODES FORWARD GRABBING SOCKETS BY THE THROAT.

DOMINATOR
 Get this right, Dole Office....I
 ain't got mates. Right?

HE PUSHES SOCKETS AWAY AND RETURNS TO THE ACTIVITIES ROOM. AS
 IF A VOICE IS SWIRLING IN DOMINATOR'S HEAD THE ROOM SWIRLS
 AROUND HIM. HE TAKES ON OMO'S VOICE.

OMO
 No one's yer mate, Dominator.
 That's how we'll survive, Brother.
 Don't ever forget that. Yer ain't
 got mates. They'll bring yer
 undone. Yer got that? They'll use
 'em to get at yer.

THE DOMINATOR SMILES - A RECOGNITION TO OMO'S ADVICE.

DOMINATOR
 Good one, Omo.

DOMINATOR JUMPS UP AND GRABS SOCKETS BY THE 'THROAT'.

DOMINATOR
 I said rip me eye out, Dole Office!
 Carn, you're so good at it.

SOCKETS
 What's wrong Dominator?

DOMINATOR
 You're a liar, that's what!

SOCKETS
 Dead set, mate. I didn't mean
 t'have a go at yer.

DOMINATOR

I'm not yer mate, liar. Yer don't
rip an eye out. That's all shit...

HE PUSHES HARD INTO SOCKET'S EYES WITH HIS THUMBS.

Yer pop 'em out, Sockeeeeeets.

DOMINATOR LAUGHS AS WE HEAR THE SCREAMS OF A CHILD BEING
PUNISHED.

HE LOOKS DOWN AND NOTICES AN OLD TOOTHBRUSH ON THE WOODEN
FLOOR. HE TAKES ON THE VOICE OF FATHER GERRARD AS HE CUPS HIS
HANDS IN PRAYER AND HOLDS HIS NECK ON AN ANGLE.

GERRARD

(OFFICIOUS) Who told you you could
stop?

DOMINATOR DROPS TO THE FLOOR AND GRABS THE TOOTHBRUSH. HE
SCRUBS THE FLOOR WITH IT.

HE CAUTIOUSLY LOOKS AROUND AS HE SCRUBS AND RECEIVES A 'KICK'
IN THE FACE. BLOOD FROM HIS NOSE TRICKLES TO THE FLOOR. HE
SCRUBS THE BLOOD INTO THE FLOOR. SOUND EFFECTS CREATE THE
IMPRESSION THAT HE'S BACK IN THE BOYS HOME . RELIGIOUS MUSIC
SUBTLY UNDERSCORES THE SCENE.

GERRARD

(ON HIS KNEES) We'll make men of
you yet. If your parents haven't
the gumption then by jove we'll
show you how it should be done. I
don't want to see anything but
backsides till that whole yard's
scrubbed. Do I make myself clear?
Do I?

DOMINATOR

Yes Sir.

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF KIDS PLAYING.

GERRARD

Quiet!

THE SOUNDS IMMEDIATELY STOP. DOMINATOR KEEPS SCRUBBING.

HE REACTS AS IF SOMEONE'S SCRUBBING NEXT TO HIM. HE TALKS TO
HIM, CAREFUL GERRARD CAN'T SEE OR HEAR.

DOMINATOR

Piss off! I don't wanta know yer.
Yer got it, Kid? Eh? I'll talk with
yer and sit with yer and that. But
that's a front see. Same as takin'
communion each morning.

Cos if they think I'm yer mate and they're crook on you...they'll bash me to get at you, see. Don't ever forget that, Kid. It's a weakness to have friends. Isn't that right, Omo?

DOMINATOR DROPS THE TOOTH BRUSH AND IMMEDIATELY STANDS TO ATTENTION.

Dominator, Sir! Yes, Sir. Ah, in the cupboard, Sir.

HE IMMEDIATELY QUICK MARCHES TO HIS BIKE AND REMOVES A CLEANING RAG. HE CLEANS THE BIKE WITH THE RAG.

Survival what's important, not friends. Here's me friend now. (REFERRING TO HIS BIKE) Aren't yer, mate? You wouldn't give a bloke up, eh? Sign a statement against him. Run out on 'im. Eh, mate? And they can't bash yer to get at me, can they, eh?

HE DROPS THE RAG AND REMOVES A BUNDLE OF OLD NEWSPAPERS TIED WITH HAY TWINE. HE HOLDS THEM TIGHTLY TO HIS CHEST AND AS HE GAZES STRAIGHT AHEAD HIS EYES FOCUS UPON THE BLACKBOARD IN ANOTHER ROOM.

HE SLOWLY WALKS INTO THE CLASSROOM AND PUTS THE NEWSPAPERS ON THE TEACHER'S DESK. THE HEADLINE ON THE TOP NEWSPAPER READS: "YOUTH DIES".

A ROW OF DUST-COVERED BIBLES ARE ON A SHELF. HE PICKS ONE UP.

Gees people write shit. What would these pickles know about fightin'. Yer'd think they invented it the way they talk. I should've been writin' for these idiots. "Do the right thing." Hah! What would they know about how yer really put the shits up someone, eh? Or the best way to back up and that. That's what people wanta read. Not this crap.

HE FLINGS THE BIBLES AROUND THE ROOM.

Yer can't buy that in a book, eh? Yer can get plenty of stuff on mountains and whales and all that shit, but when it comes to somethin' worthwhile, forget it.

Like how to explode with a head butt. (HE DEMONSTRATES). Or how to bite a nose off. (DEMONSTRATES) Why didn't that pickle just bite Moses' nose off? I could show yer how to do it. Like the best guy to fight's the one that's good lookin' or thinks he is. Cos he don't wanta get his face cut. And the harder yer give it to someone the less likely he is to back up. That's important that. Father Gerrard sure proved that to me eh, didn't yer? And as Omo'd say, who wants to fight a guy when yer know the guy'll back up and sneak go yer...?

HE ANGRILY STEPS FORWARD HOLDING A BIBLE. HEAVY METAL MUSIC PLAYS.

I said to that bouncer. "What's wrong with the gear, eh? Like the sandshoes are a hundred bucks worth...And that poof yer lettin' in's got Hush Puppies and a bit of lace ribbon. Yer just crook on tatts yer maggot. (PAUSE) Anyway they're the ones missing out...Because I wouldn't go there. Not even to burn the joint down. (PAUSE) Remember when the chapel went up in flames, Omo? And Gerrard thought it was me. Hah, ha, ha..

GERRARD

Yer a germ, Son..A germ. And society must be protected against bacteria. Society don't want germs who masquerade as humans...wantonly destroy property because they've nothing better to do. People want a nice clean..a nice clean law-abiding society. Understand, Germ? Understand?

HE LOOKS AT THE BUNDLE OF NEWSPAPERS AND FOCUSES UPON THE FRONT PAGE HEADLINE. THERE IS ALSO A PHOTO OF A BARE BREASTED WOMAN. HE UNDOES THE TWINE AND FLICKS THROUGH THE NEWSPAPER. HE IS LOOKING AT PHOTOS OF GIRLS.

WE SEE ANOTHER HEADLINE: INQUIRY INTO BOYS HOME AS HE RUNS INTO THE ACTIVITIES ROOM.

THE DOMINATOR SMILES AT THE MURAL OF THE VIRGIN AS IF HE'S CHECKING OUT A GIRL. HE LOOKS FOR THE SPRAY CAN AND MOMENTARILY REVEALS FRUSTRATION UNTIL HE REALISES IT'S UNDER HIS JACKET.

HE SPRAYS A PORNOGRAPHIC DRAWING OF A NAKED GIRL AND AN ENORMOUS PENIS ON THE WALL NEXT TO THE VIRGIN. LAUGHING HE DROPS THE CAN.

(TO THE MURAL OF THE VIRGIN)
 Hey...? (GRABBING HIS GROIN) Hey, Sweets? Yer wanta munch on this for a while? (REACTING AS IF THE GIRL IS WALKING PAST) Omo'll look after yer kids. Won't yer, mate?....G'on yer stuck up slut.....(HE REACTS AS IF SOMEONE'S STARING AT HIM)
 What're you staring at, Kactus? Eh? Yer havin' a go are yer, eh? Yer havin' a go? Cos if I thought you were. Hah, on yer way, Bubbleguts. Ha, ha...Coward. (SEES ANOTHER GIRL) Get a look at that, Omo.

HEAVY METAL MUSIC PLAYS AND DOMINATOR MOVES TO IT.

Where's the action, Sweets?....Oooooooooouugh, like that is it? Yer hear that, Omo...? She's one of 'em in...telly...lectuals. Well you don't look so smart yerself. I bet yer wouldn't know how to address a magistrate in the lower court. Course yer wouldn't, yer moll. (SHOUTING) Anyway, I've kicked better than you outa bed. Let's find some action.

HE GOES TO THE DORMITORY.

(SNEERS)Don't worry about me, Gerrard. I get plenty. Heaps, whenever I want it.

HE PICKS UP THE FRAME OF A BED AND HEAVES IT AS FAR AS HE CAN.

I got sick of the Broadmedows train. Too easy to terrorise the squareheads. Then all that crap in the papers, scared the cowards away. You'd only end up fighting people yer knew. No thrill in that is there, eh? The real rush comes when yer hurt someone yer don't know. Hey, I don't want it being said I'm thankless and that, because that's shit.

Because I certainly owe you something don't I, Gerrard? Like you taught me what life's about , didn't yer?

GERRARD

(SENDING UP GERRARD) Boys, the good lord'll provide. If you pray to the good lord and the blessed virgin...

DOMINATOR

You was real keen on the Virgin, wasn't yer?

GERRARD

...then yer prayers'll be answered."

DOMINATOR

Well I didn't pray for shit things, like gettin outa the home and that. Be stupid to expect that. I prayed for me own two wheeler. All the kids had their own bikes. I prayed every bloody night. I knew the other pickle was too busy so I'd ask the Virgin to get the old Lady to send us a bike...Two years...Each week I'd wait as the van came in...Like a bloody stupe. That taught me about life.(LAUGHS)

RETURNS TO THE ACTIVITIES ROOM AND LOOKS AT HIS BIKE.

First thing I knocked when I got out? Yeah, Gerrard, I owe yer for that, mate.

LOOKS AT THE OUTSTRETCHED ARMS OF THE VIRGIN.

So don't hold yer hand out to me because I don't give a stuff. Like why should I? Yer never gave a stuff for me Old Lady when she was sick and couldn't work. So why should I give a stuff....for pensioners and all that shit? I couldn't give a stuff if the government don't give 'em enough... 'cept if I can rob 'em. No one's protected. Ain't that right, Omo? Never give yerself a weakness. The moment yer start caring for them they've got yer. I know yer ain't fairdinkum. Where was yer when I was in the nick, eh? Trying to get up me Old Lady that's where!

HE STARTS THE BIKE AND RIDES IT INTO THE CLASSROOM.

HE TURNS IT OFF AND FURIOUSLY WRITES THE WORD HOSPITAL IN LARGE LETTERS CROSS THE BLACKBOARD WITH CHALK.

Law of survival see. It's finding someone yer can take it out on. Always someone weaker than yer, isn't there? Eh, Gerrard? Remember how yer used to make Omo stand all day under the the big sign so Maton Peeinherpants could keep an eye on 'im? "HOSPITAL" it read. Or when we used to play up you'd make us stand behind the television set while all the sucks and dogs'd be watching Fonzie or Cop Shop. But Omo, no, he'd be out in the cold, under the sign. Hey, don't cry, mate. Don't give 'em the satisfaction. I know you weren't crying, mate. I know it was just a front. Gees, he could fight, Omo...And when he wasn't standing under the sign he'd be pacing the yards, lookin' for things...paper, leaves, leather, anything he could rip with his hands or teeth.

GERRARD

I told you to stand under the middle of the sign, you little bastard. Bop. Bop. Bop.

HE TEARS AN ARTICLE FROM ONE OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

DOMINATOR

Because you was always standing a bit to the left, wasn't yer, mate? Under the "I".

HE STICKS THE ARTICLE WITH SPIT ON THE BLACKBOARD UNDER THE "I". IT READS : "YOUTH HANGS HIMSELF". HE GRABS THE SPRAY CAN AND RACES INTO THE DORMITORY WHERE HE SPRAYS HOSPITAL ACROSS THE WALL.

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF CHILDREN TALKING. THE SOUNDS INCREASE TO CHILDREN MUCKING AROUND. SUDDENLY THEY STOP.

GERRARD

Dominator here's in league with the devil, boys. We know what happens with boys who're in league with the devil, eh boys? When I turn the lights out I want yer to show Dominator the error of his ways.

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF CHILDREN ATTACKING DOMINATOR AS
DOMINATOR RELIVES THE EXPERIENCE.

DOMINATOR SLOWLY MOVES TO A SMALL BARE ROOM OFF THE
DORMITORY. (GERRARD'S ROOM). THERE'S A BED FRAME AND SMALL
DESK WITH A BIBLE ON IT.

GERRARD

Now why're yer crying, son. Come
here. Come on. Hop in here. Come
on. That's it. That's better now,
isn't it? Course it is. There now,
don't worry, you'll enjoy it. It'll
just be our little secret. You
wanta make me happy don't yer? Here
then, put yer hand here.

WE SEE THE IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN MARY AS GERRARD TALKS.

You understand this must be out
little secret, don't yer? Why are
yer crying? Come on, why are yer
crying? You mustn't cry. It's what
god wants. That's why he put yer in
the boy's home. That's why he's put
you here with me. Now let me get my
hands under here.

DOMINATOR

(PAUSE) Hey Gerrard? Did yer ever
find out who put sodium bicarbonate
in yer foot dip, eh? (LAUGHS) And
that rat yer found nailed under yer
bed? And I bet yer never knew it
was me who shit in yer rotten
mattress and sowed it back up. You
thought it was Omo, didn't yer?
(SHOUTING) Remember that, Omo? Hey
mate, what about that grouse party
we went to in that real flash joint
with them waiters and that? And all
the priests and teachers were
sittin at the top table and some
low down swine shit in the
champagne bucket? Eh? Eh? What a
low act. I wonder who it was, mate.
And it wasn't noticed till they
were makin' the big speeches.

HE GOES TO THE NEWSPAPERS.

Eh, no one's protected. Isn't that
right, Omo? Yer see, Gerrard, it's
real important yer don't let anyone
getaway with yer. That's when yer
lose respect. Always back up. It
sorts 'em out.

HE SEARCHES THROUGH THE PAPERS FOR AN ARTICLE.

If you'd of read Tuesday's paper,
Gerrard...

HIS SEARCH BECOMES DESPERATE.

...you'd of seen Omo. They gave him
fifteen days for beggin' fifty
cents....to buy a small cartoon of
milk...St Kilda Magistrate's
Court...Workshop something or
other. Next to that article on them
doctors and antique dealers gettin
busted for heroin.....

HE CAN'T FIND THE ARTICLE AND FURIOUSLY RIPS THE PAPERS TO
SHREDS.

HE RACES INTO THE ACTIVITIES ROOM AND WE SEE A HEADLINE ON
ONE OF THE TORN NEWSPAPERS : "BOY'S HOME FORCED TO CLOSE :
ALLEGATIONS OF BRUTALITY".

HE SPRAYS: HOS PTAL IN GIANT LETTERS ON THE WALL AND THEN
SPRAYS A DOT ABOVE THE SPACEWHERE THE I WOULD'VE BEEN.

HE REMOVES A CONTAINER OF ASH (OMO'S) FROM HIS BIKE.

It was easy bustin' in to the
Crematorium. It's always easy
gettin' in...Cept to the
Underground. There's all these
chicks...in long black robes...and
some pickle nailed to a
cross...real S & M stuff...And a
Virgin...

WITH THE ASH FROM THE CONTAINER HE USES HIS HAND TO DRAW THE
"I" TO COMPLETE THE WORD HOSPITAL.

This is what I've always wanted to
do, Gerrard...in front of the whole
world....Stick it up yer Blessed
Virgin...

HE THEN COLOURS THE PENIS IN WITH THE ASH.

...You'd know all about that
wouldn't yer, Gerrard? About how
yer gotta find someone
weaker....Come on Mary, where's
that bloody bike? I tried to tell
them about Omo...but they had other
things on their mind, didn't they?
I tried to tell the Big Wigs,
Omo.... the judges, the lawyers,
the politicians, the scum in the
schools, parking inspectors.

I tried to tell them why you were standing to the left of the sign, under the "I". But what would they know about rippin' an eye out, Omo? Don't cry, mate. You are important. I told them that. That you were standing under the "I"...to let 'em know you're important. But they couldn't understand, mate. too fucken stupid!

HE PUTS THE CONTAINER OF ASHES UNDER THE "I" AND THEN GRABS THE TORN NEWSPAPERS AND PUTS THEM UNDER THE MURAL OF THE VIRGIN.

HE STANDS UNDER THE "I" AND AS WE HEAR RELIGIOUS MUSIC HE FLICKS A LIGHTED MATCH AMONG THE NEWSPAPER AND GRINS AS THE FLAMES BURN THE MURAL OF THE VIRGIN.

HE LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY AND THE MUSIC INCREASES AS THE FLAMES DEVOUR THE WORD HOSPITAL.

THE DOMINATOR RIDES HIS BIKE THROUGH THE BURNING DOOR.

THE END