

THE SECOND CLONING OF JESUS

Written by

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INT. CLONING LAB - NIGHT

DR. MARIANNE JOACHIM (35) anxiously paces a stark white, windowless room in her lab coat, caressing the gold cross on the chain around her neck.

A large hanging curtain is pulled across the center of the room, keeping something out of sight, though it looks like someone is gleefully kicking their legs into it from behind.

The door to the room opens as a BISHOP (40) in a red hooded robe enters, offering a giddy smile and wave to Marianne.

She gives a half-hearted, befuddled wave in return as the Bishop keeps smiling from ear to ear and waving.

A hand grabs the Bishop's shoulder and pushes him aside.

CARDINAL CAIN (65), in a more ornate red and black robe, steps around the Bishop, turning to him with disdain.

CARDINAL CAIN

You walk in and then step to the side to allow for my entrance. How hard is that?

The Bishop shrugs his shoulders, his happy demeanor quickly turning to a frown.

CARDINAL CAIN (CONT'D)

Why do we even practice?

The Cardinal turns his attention to Marianne, leaving the Bishop to dip his head in sadness.

CARDINAL CAIN (CONT'D)

Doctor Joachim. Good to see you again. I was so pleased to hear that our boy is ready for the world.

MARIANNE

It's very exciting, sir.

CARDINAL CAIN

So where is he?

Marianne excitedly grabs the curtain hanging across the room, holding it with an eager smile.

MARIANNE

Let me introduce you to--

Marianne pulls the curtain back, revealing a Middle Eastern man (30) with dark hair and a beard in a long white robe sitting on an exam table.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ.

Jesus happily smiles and waves.

JESUS  
Hello, Cardinal Cain.

The Cardinal's eyes widen in horror. He quickly turns to Marianne, ignoring Jesus as he points over his shoulder toward him.

CARDINAL CAIN  
That's not Jesus.

JESUS (O.S.)  
Yes, I am.

Nobody acknowledges Jesus.

MARIANNE  
It most definitely is, sir. He is a one hundred percent DNA match.

Marianne points to a small end table next to Jesus. On it, a clear water pitcher is filled with red wine.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
He turned his water into wine.

JESUS  
A heavenly vintage.

Cain leans in close to Marianne, continuing to ignore Jesus.

CARDINAL CAIN  
(whispering)  
He's not white.

JESUS (O.S.)  
God hears all.

MARIANNE  
Jesus was born in Palestine, sir. He was never white. That was simply a misrepresentation perpetuated by the church.

The Cardinal looks to his Bishop, throwing up his arms in frustration.

CARDINAL CAIN  
This is what we've been talking  
about!

The Bishop smiles and affirmatively nods while offering a  
shaming hand gesture.

CARDINAL CAIN (CONT'D)  
Fuckin' internet!

The Cardinal shakes his head as he turns back to look at  
Jesus, motioning toward him with his hand.

CARDINAL CAIN (CONT'D)  
This is all wrong... Do it again,  
and make him white this time.

MARIANNE  
Excuse me?

JESUS  
That sounds like a bad idea.

CARDINAL CAIN  
The average Catholic wants their  
Jesus to be a white Jesus. I've  
seen 'em all. Black Jesus, Korean  
Jesus, Mexican Jesus. The numbers  
don't lie.

Cain points to Jesus.

CARDINAL CAIN (CONT'D)  
So kill this one, manipulate the  
DNA, or whatever it is that you do,  
and give me a white one.

Marianne's eyes dart between Jesus and Cain as she tries to  
process the order.

MARIANNE  
You want me to kill Jesus?

The Cardinal rolls his eyes.

CARDINAL CAIN  
It's not like you have to crucify  
him. Just take him out back.

Cain makes a gun with his hand and fingers.

CARDINAL CAIN (CONT'D)  
You know.

He motions as if firing his finger gun, leaving Marianne mortified.

The Cardinal motions to his Bishop to get the door, but the Bishop doesn't move.

CARDINAL CAIN (CONT'D)  
Call me when the real Jesus is  
ready. And don't burn this one.

Cain walks to the closed door, where he stops and waits, giving a side eye to the Bishop.

After a moment, he smacks the Bishop on the arm and points to the door. The Bishop jumps into action, opening the door as the Cardinal angrily points toward him.

CARDINAL CAIN (CONT'D)  
You're kneeling on chalk when we  
get home. Maybe even a flogging.

The Cardinal exits as the Bishop turns to Marianne, pumping his arm in excitement and mouthing "yes" before exiting.

Marianne looks at Jesus smiling innocently on the table, kicking his legs like a kid at the doctor.

MARIANNE  
Shit.

Jesus smiles and gives her an awkward thumbs up.

JESUS  
Love conquers all.

INT. CLONING LAB - NIGHT

SUPER: "ONE MONTH LATER"

Marianne is seated in the center of the stark white room, looking at two men seated on opposite exam tables.

On the left is Jesus, the original clone, sitting peacefully in his white robe.

On the right is J2 (30), the new clone. He looks like an entirely different Caucasian man with long hair and a beard. He sits calmly in his black robe and smirks devilishly.

MARIANNE  
I would like to perform an  
assessment.

Marianne turns her attention to Jesus.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Jesus. What message do you have for the world?

Jesus smiles with an almost infectious grace.

JESUS

Treat one another the way you wish to be treated. God loves all his children, as you are all created equally.

Marianne smiles as she points to Jesus.

MARIANNE

Fantastic! That's what I'm looking for.

Marianne turns her attention to J2.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Alright... New... Jesus... We have to figure that out. How about J2 for right now?

J2

So he gets to be Jesus, and I have to be J2? Sounds like the type of thing a parent doesn't put enough thought into, leading to irreversible psychological trauma built up through years of cruelty from others and my own perceptions of inadequacy. I'll probably develop some sort of complex, forcing myself to strive to be more than the number two attempts to pigeonhole me as. But what do I know? I was born yesterday.

MARIANNE

I'm sorry. I meant no offense. You can pick your own name if you want.

J2

And fuck it up! No thanks. At least this way, I get to blame you.

Marianne seems concerned, holding her tongue as she nods.

MARIANNE

Alright, fine. Let's just move on.  
J2, what message do you have for  
the world?

J2

Hitler had some good ideas!

Marianne recoils.

MARIANNE

That's going to be a problem.

J2

And lets be real, despite its  
perceived problems, slavery is  
actually a really profitable  
business model.

MARIANNE

Okay! That's enough out of you.

J2 stands up and looks to the door, pushing out his chest to  
enhance his presence as he places a fist over his heart.

J2

Nonsense! I know I've been brought  
here for a purpose... To fulfill a  
destiny. It's as clear as day... I  
am going to be the President of the  
United States.

J2 looks to Marianne, easing his confident stature.

J2 (CONT'D)

Let's face it, if Trump could do  
it, I'm a shoo-in.

J2 looks back to the door, snapping his chest back it's  
protruding, boastful pose as he holds his head high and  
marches out of the room.

Marianne watches him leave as Jesus leans in and waves  
goodbye.

Marianne turns to Jesus and points toward the door.

MARIANNE

I think that may require your  
attention.

Jesus immediately looks saddened and upset.

JESUS  
Why's it always have to be me!?

Jesus turns and walks away, throwing his arms about.

JESUS (CONT'D)  
(sarcastically)  
Please, Jesus, save us.

Jesus looks up, angrily pointing toward the heavens.

JESUS (CONT'D)  
This is child abuse by the way.

Jesus exits the room in a huff.

MARIANNE  
Shit.

FADE TO BLACK