

(Lights up. DOTTORE and PANTALONE enter. They begin to sing “Jackson, the Beautiful” - sung to the tune of “America the Beautiful”.)

PANTALONE

OH, BEAUTIFUL FOR SPACIOUS SKIES, FOR AMBER WAVES OF GRAIN

DOTTORE

FOR PURPLE MOUNTAINS MAJESTIES ABOVE THE FRUITED PLAIN!

DOTTORE and PANTALONE

OH, JACKSON! OH, JACKSON! GOD SHED HIS GRACE ON THEE  
AND CROWN THY HOOD WITH BROTHERHOOD AROUND THE RESEVOIR!

PANTALONE

I really like that song; kind of grows on you.

DOTTORE

Yes, although I have to say, it doesn't do Jackson that much justice.

PANTALONE

I didn't say I was infatuated with the song, it just grows on you. I don't believe the greatest poet on Earth could fully capture the essence of this city we call Jackson.

DOTTORE

That is what we mortals call this place at this present moment. If there ever was an accurate description of Jackson, it was in Samuel Coleridge's poem “Xanadu”. ‘...as holy and enchanted as e'er beneath a waning moon...’

PANTALONE

That sounds like Jackson. You don't think that Coleridge fellow wrote that poem after visiting here, do you?

DOTTORE

It is a theory I have postulated, yes.

PANTALONE

Incredible! I'll have to give that poem a read; what was it called? Xana don't?

DOTTORE

Xanadu. But why would you invest valuable time reading when you're already here. Let us inhale the air instead.

(DOTTORE and PANTALONE inhale, and then exhale.)

PANTALONE

It was over a hundred years ago when my great-great-great grandfather moved to Jackson from some other lesser place.

DOTTORE

He made a wise decision.

PANTALONE

Yes, sir, he did. In fact, we have a picture of him on my mantle. By moving here, that made him the greatest member my family ever had; if he was still alive today, he'd be 174.

DOTTORE

I only wish I could say my great-great-great grandfather had done the same thing; who knows how much more knowledgeable I would be now if that would have been the case.

PANTALONE

I'm sorry to hear that.

DOTTORE

In a fashion similar to you, I have a picture of my great-great-great grandfather hanging over my mantle, but it is not out of reverence. It is used as a dartboard. However, on the opposite wall hangs a picture of my great-great grandfather, the man who moved my family to this utopia!

PANTALONE

And for that, you should be proud.

DOTTORE

I am.

PANTALONE

I'm not what you would call a well-traveled man, but I've read enough stories and seen enough news to know that I'm better off living here than anywhere else in this fallen world.

DOTTORE

There is merit to what you say. One of the many differences between you and me is that I have traveled, and everything that this world would label as quality, those things would be viewed as sub-par in Jackson.

PANTALONE

Here's a perfect example! Egypt. Granted, they do have those pyramids, which Jackson doesn't, but Jackson don't have a bunch a smelly, dead kings either. What irks me about that river they got; what's it called?

DOTTORE

The Nile.

PANTALONE

The Nile? What kind of a dumb name is that? Anyway, they claim it's longest river in the world, when everyone knows the Mississippi is bigger.

DOTTORE

Well, I think it is technically.

PANTALONE

How do you figure?

DOTTORE

It's a sort of strange loophole, but I believe the Nile is lengthier in terms of feet, but that is the only reason it's the longest. There are more credible ways to determine a river's length.

PANTALONE

Tell me this, Dottore; have you ever eaten a Nile Mud Pie? It doesn't really matter which one's longer, because the origin of the Mississippi is the Pearl River, and we all know what city sits on the Mighty Pearl...Jackson.