

BIG OIL'S BIG PROBLEM

Lights up on an OIL TYCOON talking on the phone in his office.

TYCOON

I don't care if you have malaria; you're not getting a penny until you come back to work!... This is an oil business, not the welfare office! (hangs up) Freeloaders... Now where did I put that bailout check?

Tycoon rummages through his desk. Enter EMPLOYEE.

EMPLOYEE

Mr. Raper, I've got terrible news! I've just come from the research facility, and... and...

TYCOON

What is it, Johnson; can't you see I'm busy?

EMPLOYEE

(Still out of breathe)

It's Jackson, sir; I've been your assistant for four years.

TYCOON

Oh, Braxton, my mistake. Now, what's so important that you had to interrupt my phone call with my son?

EMPLOYEE

Sir; we've got the results from the Gallop Poll.

TYCOON

And?

EMPLOYEE

And... I stubbed my toe while I was running up here.

TYCOON

No, Saxton; I don't give a shit about you're toe; what are the results?

EMPLOYEE

Not good, sir; it seems that we're ranked last in the area of national popularity.

TYCOON

(Surprised)

No?!

EMPLOYEE

It's true, sir; we're ranked even lower than sex predators and terrorists. Apparently people don't appreciate your cut throat, impersonal way of business and they find you quite alienating.

TYCOON

Are you still talking, Mackson... or is it McCsonne?

EMPLOYEE

Neither, sir; it's Jackson.

TYCOON

Damnit, I can't believe this, Nixon. What's the point of being rich if nobody likes you? That's why I became an oil tycoon in the first place... well, that and the strong possibility of running for presidential office.... and winning.

EMPLOYEE

Sir, I hate to say it, but maybe the oil business isn't the best place to make friends.

TYCOON

You may be right, Jenson... I've become one of the bad guys.

EMPLOYEE

No, that's not true, sir; you're a great, kind man. *(Aside)* Ugh, I need a shower.

TYCOON

Yes, I too need to cleanse myself of big oil. From this day hence, our company will sell

TYCOON (CONT'D)
a product that makes everyone happy; we're
going to sell...

Tycoon looks to Employee for a suggestion.

EMPLOYEE
Ice cream sandwiches?

TYCOON
Ice cream sandwiches!

EMPLOYEE
Yes, sir; fantastic idea, a lucrative market
indeed. When shall we start?

TYCOON
Right now; tell me, Mr. Mackey, what's the
going rate for an average ice cream
sandwich these days?

EMPLOYEE
Hard to say, sir... maybe \$3.00 a box, 50
cents for an individual.

TYCOON
Uh huh, and the average temperature during
the month of June?

EMPLOYEE
I would say about 85 degrees.

TYCOON
Perfect. Malloy, I want you to buy out
every ice cream company in the business
and increase the earth's average temperature
by 30 degrees Celsius.

EMPLOYEE
Mr. Raper, I don't want to tell you how to
run your business, but I believe that an
increase in temperature of that magnitude
would kill all living things on earth, not to
mention we don't even have the technology
to do that if we wanted.

TYCOON

Damn those scientists! Ok, Plan B: stop drilling immediately, sell the equipment and liquidate the remaining oil at cost... and the temperature thing should just take care of itself. Moving on, you said the average price of an ice cream sandwich was...

EMPLOYEE

\$3.00 a box, 50 cent for an individual.

TYCOON

Excellent. Our first order of business is to raise the average price to \$30 a box and \$5 an individual. We'll say that the increase is due to damage of the ice cream transport pipeline in the Gulf or something.

EMPLOYEE

Yes sir, brilliant sir. One question: if you buy out all the other ice cream companies in the country and put them out of business, then where will you get yours?

TYCOON

Overseas, of course.

EMPLOYEE

Foreign ice cream, sir?

TYCOON

Yes, foreign ice cream, everything is cheaper overseas; it's practically a steal!

EMPLOYEE

Practically, sir?

TYCOON

Well, yes... until you go over there and get it yourself! *(he laughs)*

EMPLOYEE

Sir, I'm not sure if monopolizing the American dairy industry by way of outsourcing and imperialism is the best way to get people to like you. A lot of people

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

will lose their jobs. Not to mention; who will do something about global warming, oil spills and a national dependency of foreign imports? Those are all products of the oil trade.

TYCOON

What the hell do I care about the oil trade?
I'm just a harmless ice cream salesman.

(reaches in his pocket)

Hey, there's that bailout check.

Lights down.

NTTS SPECIAL REPORT #1 (film)

Opening credits roll with voice over in an extremely outdated fashion.

VO

Welcome to the six o'clock news on NTTS
with lead anchor, Marty O'Brien...

Shot of Marty delivering a monologue on stage, wearing a black turtle neck.

VO (cont'd)

Co anchor, Patty Lumnols...

Shot of Patty in a kitchen with a milk mustache, smiling.

VO (cont'd)

Field reporter, Josie Wales...

Josie undercover on a street corner dressed as a prostitute.

VO (cont'd)

Weather with Titus Mohican...

Titus in front of a weather map.

VO (cont'd)

And hurricane correspondent, Brent
Brozner.

Brent clenching a microphone, trying to hold his ground in a hurricane.

VO (cont'd)

This is the six o'clock news on NTTS.

Marty O'Brien and Patty Lumnols sit at the desk.

MARTY O'BRIEN

Our top story tonight; ice cream sandwich
crisis: day 1. Field reporter, Josie Wales has
more; Josie...

Josie stands outside the door of a local grocery store where patrons are pushing each other over for ice cream sandwiches.

JOSIE WALES

Thank you, Patty; I'm here at a local grocery store where panic has just erupted due to the severe increase in ice cream sandwich prices. People are literally killing each other for a last taste of these delicious ice cream deserts.

Behind Josie, a man shoots another patron in the head and absconds with his box of ice cream sandwiches.

JOSIE WALES

The human race is quite disgusting. People all over America and Europe are flocking to grocers' freezers to stock pile on the frozen treats.

PATTY LUMNOLS

It sounds like a horrible ordeal, Josie.

JOSIE WALES

It sure is, Patty; riots have begun to break out in New York and Los Angeles. I have word that there have been hundreds of deaths so far over these cold, creamy, chocolaty cookies that were once readily available.

MARTY O'BRIEN

Just think; riots and casualties over ice cream sandwiches.

JOSIE WALES

Yes, Marty; and more deaths are sure to come. Earlier today a crazy homeless man told me that before midnight, cities will crumble, empires will fall and worlds will collide... and then he pissed on my shoe.

MARTY O'BRIEN

At least we're safe here in Washington.

JOSIE WALES

On the contrary, Marty; the violence has spread from neighboring states and the ice

JOSIE WALES (CONT'D)

cream sandwich shortage is beginning to affect our own supermarkets... and the worst part is; they're melting.

PATTY LUMNOLS

Josie, what has the police force done thus far to stop the violence and smooth out the situation?

JOSIE WALES

Not much, I'm afraid. The recent spike in ice cream prices has sent the economy into a downward spiral, leaving many business owners no choice but to close their doors and lay off their employees, and government jobs are no different; the local police department has had to shut it's doors due to budget cuts, causing many now ex-police officers to look for work in other areas.

DETECTIVE INTIMIDATE INTERVIEWS FOR A JOB

Lights up on the supervisor of a mall security office sitting at his desk reading papers.
Detective Intimidate storms in and slams his resume on the desk.

DETECTIVE INTIMIDATE

(Intense, raspy voice)

Where's the supervisor, I'm here to
interview for the mall security position!

SUPERVISOR

(Stands and shakes the Detective's hand)

Yes, I'm supervisor Gordon, Mr.
Intimidate... is it?

DETECTIVE

*(Squeezing the Supervisor's hand so hard he
buckles)*

That's right, Detective Intimidate; you got a
problem with that?

SUPERVISOR

(Shaking his hand out to relieve the pain)

No, I don't; for this line of work it was nice
to see an applicant with a background of
hand crushing and criminal interrogation
experience.

DETECTIVE

(Leaning towards the Supervisor)

Yeah, I got experience; I've been busting
snob nosed punks like yourself since you
were shitting short britches! I even worked
in the Bay for a while.

SUPERVISOR

San Francisco?

DETECTIVE

No, Guantanamo.

SUPERVISOR

(Nervous)

Oh, God... well, I didn't mean anything by
it, I was just...

DETECTIVE

You were just what... opening old wounds, probing for answers; well how about I strap you down and waterboard you until you sing like a canary? ... or a pelican, something with water in it's mouth!

SUPERVISOR

(Standing up for himself)

Now look here, you may have been a big-shot, ill-tempered, play by your own rules detective out there, but in this interview, I'm the boss and I'll be asking the questions!

DETECTIVE

I'm sorry, I've just been a cop for so long, sometimes I forget where I am and it just switches on, like some kind of ass-kicking muscle memory. It won't happen again.

SUPERVISOR

(Looking at the application)

Good, now tell me...

DETECTIVE

(Stands up and slams his fists on the desk)

No, you tell me, where are the diamonds?!

SUPERVISOR

(Frightened and extremely confused)

What? What diamonds?

DETECTIVE

(Yelling)

You know damn well what diamonds... are you expecting them in the next shipment?

SUPERVISOR

What are you talking about?

DETECTIVE

The shipment, at the docks... *(Grabs Supervisor by his collar)* is that where you're keeping the girl?

SUPERVISOR

I don't know any girls... and we don't even have a docks!

DETECTIVE

(Screaming in the Supervisor's face)
Don't play coy with me, sweetcakes!

SUPERVISOR

I don't know anything!

DETECTIVE

Maybe this'll jog your memory.

Detective grabs the Supervisor's head and slams it against the desk a few times.

SUPERVISOR

(screaming)

You're crazy; snap out of it and get the hell out of here!

DETECTIVE

(Exiting)

Fuck you, Mahoney; I'm gonna bust this case wide open!

Detective Intimidate leaves, slamming the door and the supervisor sits in disbelief until the detective sticks his head back through the door.

DETECTIVE

So, you'll call me about the job?

SUPERVISOR

Yeah, we'll be in touch.

Lights down.

VIVA EL MEXICO

Lights up on the Presidential Cabinet meeting about the recent economic crisis.

PRESIDENT

I've called this emergency meeting of the cabinet to tackle the recent economic crisis head on... I'm now going to open the floor for suggestions of possible scapegoats.

President inconspicuously nods to Mr. Raper who returns the gesture.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Mr. President, the unemployment rate is absolutely atrocious and if things keep going the way they are, Americans will become even fatter and lazier.

The Cabinet ensues with an astonished hush.

SEC OF DEF (CONT'D)

Terrifying, I know. Now, we can't do anything about outsourcing, we all know that... *(Cabinet agrees)* So I propose that we place all the blame on illegal immigration!

The Cabinet agrees enthusiastically, "Here, here" etc...

MR. RAPER

This sounds all well and good, Secretary Jackson, but...

SEC OF DEF

It's Warhol, Raper; I've known you for ten years!

MR. RAPER

My mistake; this sounds all well and good, Secretary Worrel, but words alone will not fix the problems of our nation.

VICE PRESIDENT

He's right, Mr. Secretary; we don't need rhetoric, we need actions, we need a brilliant scheme!

Cabinet agrees.

SEC OF DEF

I have a brilliant scheme; one so brilliant that it is neither illegal nor irrational in any way...

Sec of Def waits for approval, but does not receive it. Cabinet is disaapointed.

SEC OF DEF (CONT'D)

Ok, I lied; it is most definitely illegal and completely irrational!

The Cabinet goes wild with approval.

VICE PRESIDENT

I second this ad lib plan and insist we act upon it immediately without thinking of the consequences!

GENERAL

Third!

Cabinet members celebrate as a sign comes down from the ceiling that reads "Mission Accomplished."

MR. RAPER

(stopping the party)

Um, can we hear the plan first?

PRESIDENT

Oh, yeah, very well; Secretary Jackson, you may indulge the Cabinet with your irrational, ill prepared strategy.

SEC OF DEF

Thank you, Mr. President; now, what do illegal immigrants want from our country?

MR. RAPER

Our jobs!

Cabinet agrees, "Yeah!"

GENERAL

Our freedom!

Cabinet agrees.

VICE PRESIDENT

Our women!

Cabinet agrees enthusiastically.

SEC OF DEF

Yes, Mr. Vice President, you're all right!
You see, illegal immigrants simply desire
what ordinary American citizens have
previously obtained.

Cabinet members looked confused.

SEC OF DEF (CONT'D)

They just want what we have, so let's take
what they have, then, they'll want what we
took, and we'll get our jobs back. How
'bout we beat them at their own game?
Let's send in the boys!

Cabinet agrees excitedly, "Yeah!"

PRESIDENT

So we're sending in the army?

SEC OF DEF

No.

Cabinet members look confused as their heads follow whoever is speaking
at that particular moment.

VICE PRESIDENT

The National Guard?

SEC OF DEF

No.

PRESIDENT

Oh, I read you; the best of the best. General,
get your Marines ready; tonight we invade
Mexico!

GENERAL

Sir, yes sir! You don't know how long I've
been waiting to receive that order sir. My
men will be ready; Semper Fi, Semper Fi!

SEC OF DEF

No, I'm not talking about a military invasion; I'm simply suggesting that we send our own hard working, lazy American citizens to Mexico to work for low pay. We're gonna steal their jobs!

VICE PRESIDENT

But Mr. Secretary, where will we find men to volunteer for such a dangerous mission?

SEC OF DEF

Volunteer? No, we'll just reinstate the draft.

Lights down.

NTTS SPECIAL REPORT #2 (Film)

Opening credits.

VO

This is an NTTS special report.

Josie Wales stands near US troops at a Mexican-American border tourist trap. Detective Intimidate stands in the background holding a sign that reads, "Will Interrogate 4 Food."

JOSIE WALES

The draft process was a long and arduous one, but it has been completed and now I am here live at the popular tourist destination North of the Border in Texas. Soldiers stop here to regroup and load up on food and munitions. They are also able to purchase various novelty gifts such as oversized sunglasses and "I'm with stupid" t-shirts.

Two soldiers are seen behind Josie wearing these exact items. Josie notices them.

JOSIE WALES

(chuckling)

Classic, classic. However all things are not fun and games as many Americans back home are becoming increasingly worried about their jobs and financial status. We have confirmed reports of local American businesses having to close their doors or sell because of an insufficient workforce due to the recent draft. Foreign nations have begun to buy out American companies, reshaping them into a more compatible example of their culture. I've just gotten word that the Mexican government has bought the entire American entertainment industry...

A title screen appears showing a more foreign version of the news channel logo.

VO

We interrupt this news cast to bring you the overdramatic Mexican drama, *Hacer o Morir*.

Hacer o Morir immediately follows.

HACER O MORIR

Translated by Reagin McCammon

Scene opens on a Man in a store taking some items up to the cashier to purchase them. Another man waits behind him in line.

MAN

Hola.
“Hello”

CASHIER

Hola, como estas?
“Hello, how are you?”

MAN

Bien, gracias.
“I’m well, thank you.”

CASHIER

Cuesta diez y siete dolares y noventa y cinco centavos.
“That will be \$17.95.”

MAN

Bueno.
“Ok.”

He begins to write a check.

CASHIER

Lo siento senior, pero no aceptamos los cheques.
“I’m sorry sir, but we don’t accept checks.”

Dramatic music, close-ups of Man & Man 2 who overheard.

MAN

Pero, es todo que tango.
“But, this is all I have.”

Dramatic music and close-ups.

CASHIER

Solamente aceptamos el dinero en efectivo.
“We will except cash.”

MAN

No tengo ningun dinero.
 “I don’t have any cash.”

CASHIER

Hay un banco en el otro lado del calle donde
 puedes cobrar un cheque.
 “Well, there is a bank across the street who
 will gladly cash a check for you.”

Extremely overdramatic close-ups and music.

MAN

(Gasp)

Pero, yo no uso aquel banco.
 “But that is not my bank!”

Man 2 screams.

CASHIER

Pues, me parece que tangas un acertijo.
 “Well it seems we’re in quite the
 conundrum.”

MAN 2

Y, como!
 “And how!”

Enter Girl and Man 3.

GIRL

Que esta ocurriendo?
 “What’s happening?”

MAN 3

Si. Cual es el problema?
 “Yes, what’s the problem?”

CASHIER

Esta hombre quiere pagar para estas cosas
 con cheque.
 “This man wishes to purchase these items,
 but only has a checkbook.”

MAN 3

(To Man) No tienes una tarjeta de credito?

“You don’t have a credit card?”

MAN

(On knees, screaming)

No!

Dramatic music.

GIRL

Bueno, hay una cosa que podemos hacer...

“Well, there is only one thing we can do...”

MAN 3

Si, vamos a pagar para sus articulos.

“Yes, we will pay for your items.”

MAN

(Backing away)

No, no, no!

“No, no, no!”

MAN 2

Espera, tengo una idea mejor. Podemos prestarte el dinero y tu puedes regresarlo.

“Wait, I have a better idea. I could lend you the money and you could pay me back.”

Intense silence, Sergio Leone style close-ups between characters.

MAN

Si.

“Ok.”

Man 3 pays Cashier and Man exits, intense triumphant music.

CASHIER

Gracias, buenas tardes.

“Thank you, Have a good day.”

End.

CALLOUT BOY

Scene opens on a group of people standing around at a party.

PHILANTHROPIST

So then I says to him, I says, hey buddy,
what's a dingo anyway and why's it always
running around eating people's babies?

Everyone laughs hysterically.

FEMALE SUGERON

(Swatting Drake's shoulder)

Oh, Drake, you're so funny.

FEMALE PEACE CORP VOLUNTEER

...And such a philanthropist.

PHILANTHROPIST

Well, I do what I can.

CALLOUT BOY

Oh, you do what you can... you're a not a
saint, you're a philanthropist, which is really
just a big word for a rich asshole *(he points
to the Philanthropist)* who gives money to
some needy charity just to help boost your
own ego and your chances of finger banging
recently divorced trophy wives. You make
me sick!

SURGEON

Hey, hey, give the guy a break, I mean not
every profession is as noble as mine.

CALLOUT BOY

Oh yeah, and what dignified position do you
hold that makes you better than everyone
else, your Majesty?

SURGEON

I'm a transplant surgeon.

CALLOUT BOY

Oh, so you're the pompous prick who
chooses who's expendable and who's not

CALLOUT BOY (CONT'D)

based on their monetary and social background while you slowly kill off the American lower class and collect oversize checks with all your fat cat, sophisticated, cigar smoking friends.

PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEER

(To Surgeon)

He's right; you are part of the problem.

CALLOUT BOY

Oh, and what do you do miss righteous loudmouth?

PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEER

I'm a Peace Corps Volunteer.

CALLOUT BOY

So what you're telling me is that you're just some punk college graduate who wasn't contributing anything to society, so you decided to make yourself feel better by moving to the Congo to help build a fucking aqueduct?

PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEER

Hey, that's not nice!

CALLOUT BOY

Yeah, well neither is peddling your fancy Western ideas and flying machines to a perfectly happy, self sustained group of individuals! Now where is that girl you came in here with, what does she do?

PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEER

She's in the bathroom, and she's an exotic dancer.

CALLOUT BOY

(About to say something mean)

Wait, that one's too easy.

He spots Wolverine and advances towards him.

CALLOUT BOY

Well look at you, standing over here by yourself. What makes you so much better than everyone else that you don't need their ordinary company.

WOLVERINE

(Turning to audience)

I'm a superhero.

CALLOUT BOY

Give me a break, that's just a fancy word for mutant. You make me sick, you think just because you were the subject of a governmental experiment that you can just go around saving people's lives? I could wake up in the sewer covered in radioactive ooze; would that make me a superhero?

WOLVERINE

Yes, yes it would.

CALLOUT BOY

That's exactly what I'm talking about you arrogant bastard! I'd tell you to go jump off a bridge right now if I wasn't so sure that your freak of nature anatomy would crack you back together like an on sale pop up tent!

Enter New Guy.

NEW GUY

Oh, and who are you; just that cynical asshole who makes himself feel better about his own life failings and insecurities by putting other honest, hard working average Joe's down with your slanderous tongue?

CALLOUT BOY

Oh, and what are you; just the guy who gets his jollies by going around and calling people out for calling other people out at parties and other public functions?

NEW GUY

Yeah, what if I am? It's still better than being the guy who gets called out for calling other people out and then tries to call out the guy who called him out in the first place!

CALLOUT BOY

Oh, so just because you called someone out for calling you out after you called them out for calling out other people; that gives you the right call them out again?

NEW GUY

Yeah, pretty much.

CALLOUT BOY

Well played. You want to go tear into the caterer?

NEW GUY

Yeah, who the hell does she think she is putting a cube of cheddar and a grape on a goddamned toothpick, Martha Stewart?

CALLOUT BOY

Ugh, I hate those glorified egotistical housewives; the only time they're the least bit creative is when they're hopped up on Xanax or living the high from some money they just made with insider trader information! Let's get her!

Exit Callout Boy and New Guy.

Lights Down.

Audio Clip

JOSIE WALES (VO)

Not only are people becoming less tolerant, but they are becoming more suspicious as well. Local self help groups such as Conspiracy Theorists Anonymous meet on a weekly basis to discuss their fears and hopefully overcome them.

CONSPIRACY THEORISTS ANONYMOUS

Scene opens on a group of five people sitting in chairs in a semicircle, drinking coffee.

JOSHUA

Welcome to Conspiracy Theorists Anonymous; I am the group facilitator, Joshua. I know there's a lot of suspicious things going on right now with the ice cream shortage and everything, but let's leave that outside and start the meeting off with a good note; Michael has now been Conspiracy Theory free for six weeks. Congratulations, Michael.

He applauds Michael and hands him a medal.

MICHAEL

Thank you, thank you all. I couldn't have done it without you, really.

MARK

(To John) Man, that's complete bullshit; I bet Michael dosed Joshua with an obedience serum to get that medal.

JOHN

(To Mark) Yeah, or he kidnapped Josh and replaced him with an identical cyborg.

They laugh then looked freaked out and paranoid.

JOSHUA

Mark, John, you know the rules; no conspirarizing at any time; especially while other members are talking! Now, we have a new member joining us tonight, why don't you go ahead and introduce yourself.

JANINE

Hello, my name is Janine and I'm a conspiracy theorist.

ALL

Hi, "Janine."

JANINE

(Uneasily) Hello.

JOSHUA

Ok Janine, why don't you go ahead and tell us a little about how conspiracy theory has hindered your ideal life path.

JANINE

It all started with the Kennedy assassination; too many loose ends. Then I hit the harder stuff, the moon landing, Roswell, WWII. After that, I had nothing else to do. I started coming up with conspiracy theories for everything, the skin on homemade pudding, lunch ladies doubling as nurses; I was even convinced that Bill Cosby was putting Girl Scouts in the Girl Scout cookies! Ah, I'm fucking crazy!

She falls to her knees, weeping.

MICHAEL

Have you considered Scientology?

JANINE

(Still crying)

I'm not that fucking crazy!

JOSHUA

(Consoling Janine)

It's alright Janine, we've all been there; this is good, this is the first step towards recovery. These meetings will help.

MARK

Yeah, help the government. Don't you know that we've all been sent here just to get us off the streets? They don't want us out there spreading the word! We need to get out there and shove it up their asses!

Everybody gets riled up.

JOSHUA

We're not shoving anything up anybody's asses; everyone sit down! We are here to cure ourselves of this disease! Now, repeat after me: Everything is as it seems, there's no one out to get me. *(They repeat)* There, now isn't that better?

The members are not enthused.

MICHAEL

Hey, Joshua, can I say something?

JOSHUA

Sure Michael, go ahead.

MICHAEL

Well, as you know, I've been conspiracy theory free for six weeks now. *(The members sigh)* Well, when I was really jonesin' I would just go to the supermarket and pick up a bottle of Mr. Bubbles and go home and take a nice hot bath.

JOHN

You idiot, didn't you stop to think even for a minute about why that supermarket is able to stay open all night when nobody goes there? Nobody goes grocery shopping at three in the morning, nobody!

MARK

Yeah, and what about the water; don't you think that it's just a little too convenient to turn your facet to the left to get hot water? Come on man, don't be so naive!

JANINE

And are you trying to tell me that bubbles weren't introduced by the US government to turn kids into homosexuals?

JOSHUA

This is exactly what I'm talking about! These little paranoid schemes that you guys

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

are coming up with are crazy! (*Calming himself*) But that's why you're here, to help you get out of that addiction and that whole state of mind. Now, let's try something, let's just have a normal conversation; say about... movies. Alright... (*Looking around*) Michael; who's your favorite actor?

MICHAEL

Great question, Josh; I would have to go with Mel Gibson.

JOSHUA

Mel Gibson, yeah, a fabulous actor. Janine, what's your favorite Mel Gibson movie?

JANINE

Um...

MARK

(*Interrupting*)

Conspiracy Theory!

Everyone is very enthused.

ALL

Yeah that movie was great! My favorite part was when...

JOSHUA

Enough! Stop it; this is not healthy! God damn it, Michael, look what you did!

MICHAEL

(*Distract*)

But I just like Mel Gibson!

JOSHUA

Mel Gibson sucks and you know it! You just planned that out to get everyone to rise against me and riot! You're just like the agency that assassinated the greatest American president of all time and lied about it to the people.

JANINE

(Cutting in)

That's bull shit Joshua, if that is your real name. Everybody knows that Kennedy assassinated himself in his prime so that Americans would love him forever. He wasn't that great!

JOSHUA

Excuse me? Are you telling me that you have a conspiracy theory on the conspiracy theory covering up the Kennedy assassination?

JANINE

Hundreds.

JOSHUA

Oh my. Are the legends true? The Master Conspirator?

MICHAEL

(Yelling) Come on, Josh; you know that's a conspiracy! Take a deep breathe. You've been on the wagon for two years; don't fall off now. Everything is as it seems, there's no one out to get me...

JOSHUA

Quiet, you! We all know the metaphor of the wagon is just a cover up of the Trail of Tears. Get the hell out of here now or we'll carry you out... in a body bag!

JOHN

(Matter-of-factly) No, actually body bags are just a big scam; *(Intensely)* let's roll him up in the carpet!

JOSHUA

Ok, but we can't take it to the dry cleaners on Patton to get the blood out, they like to say that they "lost" your stuff, but really they just keep it in their own house.

MARK

Those dry cleaning, corporate fat cats; I bet their having a good laugh right now, smoking their Cuban cigars.

JOHN

Yeah, and who rolled those cigars? Not any Cubans I bet you. Let's get him!

The members and Joshua advance toward Michael menacingly.

MICHAEL

(Scared) This is absolutely ridiculous! You guys are crazy! Ahhh! *(Michael escapes)*

Michael escapes. The group sits in awkward silence for a moment.

JOSHUA

Well, what do you guys want to do now? Watch JFK?

MARK

I love that movie, but my DVD player is broken. And do you really think that I'm going to buy a new one?

JOHN

Are you kidding me? You'd have to be an idiot, or a sucker!

Everyone laughs then sits in awkward silence.

JOSHUA

Well, can you think of anything else to do?

JANINE

Not anything that wouldn't make us Patsies.

MARK

We can't do anything! Maybe we do have a problem.

JOSHUA

No, that's just what they want you to think!

La Resistance (Musical Guest)

VO

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome,
from Paris, France, hardrock sensation, La
Resistance!

Oui, oui. Oui merci. Poli veux Frances
Oui, oui. Oui merci. Poli veux Frances all day!

We are La Resistance
And we are here to stay
We will eat French pastries
And we will dress real gay
But you can't stop Napoleon!
Except in the bitter winter
We will march to Moscow!
But we won't be the victor
But we are not the French Army!
We are the Revolution
Grab your bread and hold it high!
La Resistance is solution

Oui, oui. Oui merci. Poli veux Frances
Oui, oui. Oui merci. Poli veux Frances all day!

Who's that in my peripherals?
Oh wait, it's La Resistance
Ascot wrapped, around my neck
We're pussies with persistence
And we don't want your Freedom Fries!
We have wine and brie
We will shit in buckets! In the corner
Like Sun King Louie
So look outside for the van!
We'll be there any day
Soon your time will shortly come!
We're just a barras away
We're just a barras away

Oui, oui. Oui merci. Poli veux Frances
Oui, oui. Oui merci. Poli veux Frances all day!

Audio Clip

JOSIE WALES (VO)

After members of Conspiracy Theorists Anonymous incited a riot at the recent La Resistance concert, the US government has taken military precautions by apprehending them and keeping them in a military compound. The government has hired veteran agent, Detective Intimidate to interrogate the individuals responsible in order to get to the reasoning behind the disturbance. Meanwhile, many Americans become increasingly anxious about the future of this nation due to Mexican invasion. As this crisis continues, many citizens have forgotten about the actual war that is going on as we speak.

CONVENTIONAL COMPANY

Lights up. Sound cue- helicopter and jungle sounds.

A group of 6 soldiers convene. Each soldier acknowledges his introduction.

SEBASTIAN (VO)

I remember it like I was reminiscing it right now. We were all there; Les, explosives expert and map detail; Shultz, funny guy and radio man; the tough guy, Cougar Face; the ill-tempered Sergeant who gallantly gives his own life for his platoon's, and me, Sebastian, the pretty boy protagonist... and there were one or two random soldiers who died without causing maximum emotional resonance.

SERGEANT

Now, this is not going to be an easy mission, in fact it really is a deathtrap, it makes for the best action... but Operation Generic War Ops. is crucial to the outcome of this war. I'm going to need from all of you your utmost obedience along with the occasional witty remark or one-liner!

COUGAR FACE

Let's stir fry these rice patties!

SERGEANT

That's what I'm talking about; let's go kick some generic opponent ass!
(Screaming) You can't tread on me!

Company goes nuts hooting and hollering, "USA, USA, USA!" Their chant tapers off when they realize no one is going anywhere.

LES

Um, are we gonna charge, sir or...?

SERGEANT

No, and we should probably stay quiet because we are behind enemy lines.

Conventional Company hits the deck.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

I just thought that it was an appropriate time for an inspiring monologue. We stay put until we hear from HQ; you two scout around.

RANDOM SOLDIERS 1 & 2 scout the perimeter.

COUGAR FACE

Then we can sour those Krauts!

LES

Relax Cougar Face; you'll get your chance to massacre many an assorted enemy.

SHULTZY

(John Wayne impression)

That's right pilgrim, you'll get to kill many a injun.

Everyone laughs except Sebastian who is looking forlornly at a picture.

LES

Hey, what's eating Sebastian?

SHULTZY

Probably his sister; he is from West Virginia!

Cougar Face and Sergeant laugh.

LES

Cool your jets Shultzy; he's thinking bout his girl back home, ain't ya, Sebass? Don't worry, you'll be out in two weeks on that section 8, this is your last mission.

SEBASTIAN

You think she'll still love me, Sarge, after all these years?

SERGEANT

I hope she does, kid, I hope she does.

Sergeant affectionately punches on Sebastian's chin.

RANDOM SOLDIER 1

(Running on stage)

Sir, we've got a couple of bogies approaching at our 6.

SERGEANT

Those bastards think they can come in our rear, without even buying us dinner? Lock and load Marines!

Marines throw clips to each other and load their guns repeatedly.

Sound cue- guns cocking and intense rock music. Music stops abruptly.

COUGAR FACE

I think its bout time for a shooting montage...

Eerie silence. Sound cue- screaming bullet.

Random Soldier 1 gets hit in the head.

SEBASTIAN

Sniper!

Sound cue- barrage of gun fire.

Conventional Company shoots madly in every direction. One at a time, the marines yell "Cease Fire, cease fire, cease fire!" until the bullets taper off.

LES

(Freaking out)

Holy shit! Where is he?

SERGEANT

Relax Marines. Shultz, get HQ on the radio; tell them we need immediate air support on the west flank of the east gully!

SHULTZY

Aye, aye, sir! *(On radio)* HQ this is Alpha Dog Beta Cast Omega Trans Fatty Acids, do you read? Over. I repeat, this is...

Sound cue- whizzing bullet. Shultz goes down.

SEBASTIAN

Shultzzy, no!

Sebastian runs to Shultzzy's aid.

SHULTZYZ

(Dying)

Don't let my formulated banter and sarcastic remarks go forgotten Sebass... and make sure they bury my Rodney Dangerfield VHS collection with me.

SEBASTIAN

(Crying)

I promise pilgrim, I promise.

COUGAR FACE

Goddamnit! I'm gonna get that sniper bastard!

SERGEANT

Stand down soldier; that's a direct order!

COUGAR FACE

No offense sir, but fuck your orders.
(Ready to charge) Bullets and testosterone!

Cougar Face runs off screaming. Sound cue- machine guns. Cougar face screams in agony.

SERGEANT

They got him. Damnit Cougar face!

LES

Sir, we're surrounded! They're everywhere!

SEBASTIAN

It's been an honor to serve you Sergeant Hardass.

SERGEANT

Don't talk to me like it's over, Marine; let's show these bastards what the United States of America is made of!

Conventional Company shoots madly in all directions. Sound cue- barrage of bullets.

Company begins to shoot in slow motion. Sound cue- violin music fades in.

Les advances to front stage and acts like he is slowly being shot by a machine gun. Sergeant runs to him in slow motion and kneels beside his dying body.

SERGEANT

Nooooooo!

Sergeant gets up and shoots like a mad man. A RIVAL SOLDIER runs in and tries to blow up Sebastian with a grenade.

LES

Watch out, he's got a grenade!

Sergeant gallantly steals the grenade and shields it with his body. He explodes in slow motion.

SEBASTIAN

You bastards!

Rival Soldier comes at Sebastian again. Just before Sebastian is stabbed, Cougar Face runs in and shoots the Rival Soldier. Sound cue- gunfire and triumphant music.

COUGAR FACE

You miss me?

SEBASTIAN

Cougar Face? But I thought you were...

COUGAR FACE

Hungry? We all did. Now let's get these bastards... for the Sarge.

SEBASTIAN

For the Sarge!

Sebastian and Cougar Face tap the butts of their guns and start shooting something wicked.

Sound cue- barrage of bullets and triumphant rock music.

Marines freeze frame.

Lights down.

THE AUCTION

Lights up.

The PRESIDENT sits in his office. The GENERAL bursts in.

GENERAL

Mr. President, there's a problem with the invasion of Mexico. We've hit a wall.

PRESIDENT

Ok, what is it?

GENERAL

It's a wall. Apparently there is a big one between Mexico and America... who knew.

PRESIDENT

Alright, well, blow it up.

GENERAL

That's the other problem, sir; we sort of used our entire military budget on the training and unnecessary attacks on Middle Eastern nations and what not.

PRESIDENT

What do you suggest we do?

GENERAL

Well, we don't want another Vietnam on our hands; I think we should cut our losses.

PRESIDENT

We don't want the country to be broke either.

GENERAL

I'm sorry to tell you this, sir; but we are broke, and we need money fast.

PRESIDENT

Any ideas, General?

GENERAL

We could have an auction; that's usually a good way for once rich people who are recently broke to get money.

PRESIDENT

Hmmm...

Lights down.

VO

One hour later...

Lights up.

An AUCTIONER stands at a podium. Seated are the President, the General, the ICE CREAM SANDWICH TYCOON (Mr. Raper), a TERRORIST, and a COMMUNIST.

AUCTIONER

The first item up for bid is the United States of America. The bidding will start at 100 billion dollars. Do I hear a hundred?

Everyone in the room is silent.

AUCTIONER

No one has a hundred? Communist nations, I'm looking in your direction.

COMMUNIST

We don't want it that bad.

AUCTIONER

Fair enough; I will re-start the bidding at one billion dollars. Do I hear one billion?

Terrorist raises his card.

AUCTIONER

I have one billion from Al Qaeda.

PRESIDENT

(to General)

Where'd they get that kind of money?

GENERAL

I loaned it to them.

AUCTIONER

Do I hear two billion?

Communist scratches his beard.

AUCTIONER

Do I hear three?

TERRORIST

Three billion.

PRESIDENT

(to General)

Jesus, how much did you give them?

General shrugs.

AUCTIONER

The bid is three billion, do I hear four?

MR. RAPER

Four billion.

AUCTIONER

Four billion, to the new bidder, the ice cream sandwich tycoon, who is apparently back on top. Do I hear five?

No one bids.

AUCTIONER

Going once, twice, thrice, sold to the slightly different looking prominent white male! Congratulations, you're Excellency. Next item up for bid is a beautiful Ming vase from the JFK collection.

MR. RAPER

I'll take that too. Now, there are going to be some major changes around here!

An astonished hush falls over the room.

MR. RAPER

No, I'm just kidding; everything is going to stay exactly the same.

PRESIDENT

Oh, thank God.

Curtain.