

# On the Execution of Gilligan

Behold Gilligan's Island according to stark reality and probability. After fucking up every opportunity to get off the island, the castaways (unless they were as retarded as Gilligan himself) would eventually decide to get medieval on the dumb bastard.

He ruined every chance the castaways had to get off the island. He even ruined my career. He did it with an unholy idiocy that bordered on malice or sadism. After the first two or maybe three times, I could see Gilligan being excused on grounds of diminished capacity, but every week, for years, he managed to find new ways to ruin the lives and hopes of the castaways. My contention was that Gilligan's fuck-ups would soon cost him his life, and that the castaways would find him anything but funny. Or cute.



Thus came the following script, which producer Sidney Sheldon laughed at and spat upon before calling in an assistant to wipe his ass with it. Fool!" he said, "don't you know his failure is the whole point of the show?"

"Yes," said I, "but watching the gimpy bastard die would at least be a great way to end the show."

He did not agree, and thus ensued a fight which left his assistant with a shoe for a colon, and a producer deaf in one ear from my dissenting ejaculations. Security arrived, and I was escorted from the premises. And Bob Denver, the actor who played Gilligan, laughed at me as I was led out.

"Hugh, you really didn't think dad would fire me, did you? Muaahahahah!"

Some witnesses disagreed, saying all they saw was me cursing at a promotional cardboard cut-out of Gilligan. I don't know whose side they're on.

Since then, I became Hugh Janus, the Bitter and Unemployed Nihilist Sit-Com Screenwriter. Dear reader, sample my literary wares, won't you? I do believe you might see things my way...

---

by Hugh Janus

EXT. ISLAND SHORE- DAY

GILLIGAN is about to go fishing when he notices a huge crate washes ashore. He pulls it to dry land and as he examines it, he reads aloud...

GILLIGAN

Hm. "DANGER! Nuclear explosives!"  
How neat!

Gilligan begins opening it with a bamboo crow bar. The PROFESSOR and SKIPPER arrive as Gilligan begins to take the crate apart, exposing a missile warhead. The Skipper mistakes the tagged metallic warhead for a giant Hershey's Kiss. Meanwhile, a surprised PROFESSOR takes out a bamboo Geiger counter he conveniently carries with him for just this kind of predicament. It starts clicking.

PROFESSOR  
Yep, it's real. This missile is radioactive.

SKIPPER  
Can I see lil' buddy?

GILLIGAN  
It's an atomic warhead, I think.  
Isn't this neat? here, catch!

SKIPPER  
(catches the warhead)  
But that looks more like a  
Hershey's Kiss than a...

Quickly the SKIPPER grabs it greedily and shovels it down his throat. The SKIPPER rubs his belly affectionately and braces his waist like a pregnant woman. He notices some uncomfortable attention, and becomes defensive.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)  
Baby's hungry! We're feeding two  
now!

PROFESSOR  
Men can't get pregnant!

SKIPPER  
(bursts into tears  
suddenly)  
You bastards! Who are you to judge  
me? Men do, too, get pregnant! Long  
three shot as Skipper storms away.

INT. PROFESSOR'S HUT- DAY

The Professor is in his hammock reading DISARMING NUCLEAR WARHEADS FOR DUMMIES. As Gilligan walks in, he notices a

remote control with a sign placed over it, reading in bold letters:  
"REMOTE NUCLEAR WARHEAD DETONATOR! Keep away from Gilligan!"

GILLIGAN

Oooh, neat! A walkie talkie! The Professor rises from the hammock to stretch. Professor, what exactly did he swallow?

PROFESSOR

(gravely)

More than enough to blow this island clean off the face of this earth. Didn't you hear my Geiger counter go off?

GILLIGAN

Now I'm worried! He shouldn't be eating junk food if he's pregnant! It's bad for baby!

PROFESSOR

Gilligan, shoo! Go away! I have to read undisturbed.

GILLIGAN

What's wrong with him, Professor?

PROFESSOR

(lights pipe and assumes his armchair psychologist persona)

Hmm. His second personality, Mrs. Howell, is jealous of Ginger and Mary Anne's babies because he knows he can't have any of his own. He's acting out the role of motherhood to conform to his own counterfeit version of reality. Merely a guess, I assure you. But take Ginger for instance. That, and those poisonous island mushrooms you put in our salads left Howell, Mary Anne and Skipper permanently insane.

DISSOLVE TO  
FLASHBACK

EXT. ISLAND JUNGLE- DAY

GILLIGAN tries to help MARY ANNE look for mushrooms to add to the salad she's making for the castaways.

MARY ANNE

(doubles over in pain, as  
she looks for some leaves  
to wipe with)

Gilligan, can you be a dear and  
take the basket to camp? I have to  
tend to some private issues and it  
maybe a while.

GILLIGAN

(takes basket eagerly)  
Okay. No problem! I'll tell them  
you might be late for dinner.

MARY ANNE

Thanks!

GILLIGAN heads back to camp. In his haste he trips over a  
vine and the basket's contents fly into some foliage. He  
dusts himself off and is about to look for them when he  
notices that nearby is a patch of mushrooms.

GILLIGAN

Hmmm. These mushrooms are even  
prettier and bigger than those  
plain little ones Mary Anne  
insisted we get. I'll just pick  
these instead.

CASTAWAYS are eating dinner and MARY ANNE finally returns.  
She sees the salad has already been prepared and most  
everyone has started eating. She takes a seat and serves  
herself a plate. After a few bites she notices an odd flavor,  
and looks at her fork. Then her face turns deathly pale.

MARY ANNE

These aren't the mushrooms I  
picked!

GILLIGAN

(proudly)  
I know. I picked them. I dropped  
the basket and found some better  
ones to bring back.

The PROFESSOR hadn't touched his salad, and after a brief  
glance at mushrooms he instinctively slapped the salad off  
the table.

PROFESSOR

(seething)

Oh fuck me! Amanita phalloides...  
the Death Cap. Gilligan, you  
fucking moron! These are poisonous  
mushrooms! Now you did it!

(addressing table)

Every body who ate this shit raise  
their hand!

All but GINGER and GILLIGAN, MRS. HOWELL raise their hand.  
All eyes are now on GILLIGAN. Before they can say another  
word GILLIGAN is running for his life. No one bothers to  
chase him. All are in shock.

SKIPPER

What does that mean, Professor?

PROFESSOR

Certain death at the onset of  
symptoms, which anywhere from 6 to  
24 hours . By then the toxins have  
been fully absorbed, and it is too  
late. Only an immediate liver  
and/or kidney transplant could save  
you at this stage.

MR. HOWELL

(somberly)

Professor, I'm afraid I finished my  
serving. Would \$5,000,000 cash help  
you--

PROFESSOR

Shut the fuck up, oil man. What am  
I gonna buy with it? A yacht? I  
hope you die first.

SKIPPER

(terrified)

Won't an emetic help?

PROFESSOR

I was just getting to that. Yes, we  
have to induce vomiting immediately  
to have any chance of saving those  
who ate the salad.

(to HOWELL)

Howell, go fetch that nudie of your  
wife. It's even good for a dry

heave, and this is urgent.  
Meanwhile, I'll go make an emetic  
in my lab. Hopefully I can make an  
antidote too.

DISSOLVE BACK TO

PROFESSOR

They survived, my antidote cleansed  
their systems but not without  
price. It had some unexpected side  
effects: insanity and severe  
hormonal imbalances.

GILLIGAN

You mean brain damage?

PROFESSOR

Possibly. But it is clearly an  
indefinite madness. The hormonal  
side effects show no signs of  
abating either.

GILLIGAN

What's hormonal imbalances?

PROFESSOR

Testosterone and estrogen  
imbalances. Men have testosterone  
and women have estrogen. When the  
hormones are reversed, men grow  
breasts and women grow beards.  
Women grow more aggressive and men  
more feminine.

GILLIGAN

That explains the Skipper's new man  
boobs.

PROFESSOR

And Mary Anne's sideburns. Now,  
Ginger wouldn't have been as  
affected. She was already cracked  
before she got on the boat. The  
Skipper's got a screw loose, sure,  
but Ginger's head rattles every  
time she walks. She thinks, heh  
heh, that she can act! And I  
thought Skipper was a dreamer...

GINGER comes in with the wash and hears the PROFESSOR'S last remark. She craters her washboard over his face in a rage, leaving an imprint deep enough to make Professor cookies.

GINGER

(sweetly)

What else did he tell you,  
Gilligan?

The PROFESSOR is dazed, and staggering in pain.

PROFESSOR

(pleadingly)

Nothing, huh, Gilligan?

GILLIGAN

That's right, Ginger. He says  
you're nothing! Have you learned  
how to act your way out of a soap  
bubble yet? It's easy! All you have  
to do is poke your hand in the air,  
like this!

(shows example)

GINGER

(coolly)

Well, I prefer a more challenging  
role. My specialty is playing the  
cold and spiteful bitch. The  
Professor can tell you all about my  
performance tonight, because hell  
be sleeping in your hut!

GINGER gives the PROFESSOR two middle fingers and storms  
out.

PROFESSOR

(bitterly)

Since I'm staying at your place  
tonight, you may as well know that  
I'm going to boink your woman. Mary  
Anne has my bun in her oven, and  
it's time we told you that a beer  
belly can't kick.

GILLIGAN

What?!

PROFESSOR

So I'm afraid you'll have to sleep

on the floor, Gilligan. And if you don't like it, I'll beat the shit out of your spindly little ass!

GILLIGAN

NAY! I don't believe it! Mary Anne loves me! I can feel it deep in my heart of hearts!

CUT TO

EXT. ISLAND JUNGLE- DAY

The whole island breaks into hysterical laughter at the remark, both trees and jungle birds are beside themselves with laughter. Meanwhile, the SKIPPER secretly wanders off to a secluded area of the island carrying a large polka dotted purse...

EXT. ISLAND CLIFF-DAY

The PROFESSOR sets up his new bamboo movie camera in a secret location in a cliff overlooking a field of opium poppies one fine afternoon.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING- DAY

The SKIPPER opens the missing purse he brought along which he has stolen from Mrs. Howell....

EXT. ISLAND CLIFF- DAY

GINGER, and MRS. HOWELL crowding around the PROFESSOR. MARY ANNE and GILLIGAN arrive late. MARY ANNE is dressed in a rhine-stone studded white leather Elvis costume.

PROFESSOR

Hi Mary Anne! Hi Gilligan!

MARY ANNE is holding a cheap bamboo guitar, she takes a drag from her cigarette and swaggers in a practiced Elvis drawl

MARY ANNE

I'm not Mary Anne, you fool! I'm Elvis- the King! Why is everybody calling me Mary Anne? That doesn't even sound like Elvis, and I'm a gettin' tired of all those hound dawgs out there impersonating me! Say, watcha doin' there, funny



buns? You know how many people say they've found me, lil' teddy bear?

PROFESSOR

(in a whisper)

Tell me later, Elvis.  
Now everybody must be as quiet as a cricket in a wheelchair if you want to see this. If the Skipper hears us he is liable to develop a deep seated neurosis to compound an already deviated psychological condition. For his own sake I implore you not to reveal yourselves under any circumstances- even when he thinks he's Mrs. Howell and he's having a baby! Is that clear?

All solemnly agree.

GINGER

(sprightly, beautiful as ever)

Are you making a movie, Professor? Oh- I want to be 'in it! I want to be in it! I'll help Mr. Howell with counting the Skipper's contraptions!

PROFESSOR

You mean contractions, Miss Webster.

GINGER

No. I mean his sex props. He's always losing them in the bushes, and he offers a handsome reward for every one I find.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING- DAY

MR. HOWELL comforts the SKIPPER and times his contractions.

MR. HOWELL

(smoking his hash pipe)

That's right, my fat little teddy bear, breathe deeply! I'm counting!

SKIPPER

(panting)  
Oh honey- I think he's kicking  
again! Oh- hold me, Thurston! I  
feel faint!

EXT. ISLAND CLIFF- DAY

Long shot of all five around the camera.

GILLIGAN  
(peering into camera)  
Gee, Professor, I didn't know you  
could get pregnant through anal  
sex!

PROFESSOR  
Why, sure you can Gilligan! But,  
heh heh, your kid will be born shit  
faced.

GINGER  
(enthusiastically)  
I was once in a movie called Pillow  
Babies, and it was all about  
pregnant transvestites, you know!  
Are you making another movie?

PROFESSOR  
(adjusting the lens to his  
camera)  
Yes, crazy lady, I'm making a  
movie. I'm filming a documentary on  
sexual deviation stemming from  
chronic societal isolation for my  
psychology paper on human  
sexuality. You've seen what I'm  
talking about. Remember when I  
filmed you and Mary Anne diving for  
clams-

GINGER  
(curiously)  
I didn't know we had clams in the  
island! I haven't- YOU WHAT?

PROFESSOR  
(panics, then briskly  
changes subject)  
Ahem. That was strictly  
hypothetical. As I was saying, the

Methusela Troposphere, uh, is highly volatile under any atmospherically variations in the non-linear equation of the behavior of the trajectory of it's predicted mass- But I digress. You were saying?

GINGER

But my hair and mascara looked just awful when you filmed our porno last week from under Mary Anne's bed! What if somebody important back in Hollywood should notice?

PROFESSOR

(relieved)

I had a very good reason for doing what I did. Your porno just might get us off the island! You see, I put the finished film in an old plastic container from the Minnow, and wrote "Pleasure Island- Rated XXX" on the outside cover. Then I cast it adrift with directions on how to get here. If you know sailers like I do,

(blushes)

we'll be rescued within twenty-four hours! I told them that the first one to find this island gets a free Don Ho Blow from the star.

GINGER

Oh, Professor, you do know how to flatter a woman!

MARY ANNE

(jealously pushes Ginger away)

Go drain a boil, you pompous B list pig! Your time clock is running on the street corner and you're losing customers, honey!

GINGER

I'll drain my boils when you find a way to shave that hair off your lip! Even Yosemite Sam trembles at that rampant growth of fur you call

an upper lip!

MARY ANNE

Eat shit, dike! you should know  
what you're eating before you put  
it in your mouth, you tramp!

(amiably)

Oh, excuse me Professor! Do you  
think I could sleep with you  
tonight? Please?

Gilligan just peed in his pants  
again when he saw me naked!

Professor looks over to Gilligan, who has indeed wet his  
pants. He is presently sucking his thumb, in shock.

PROFESSOR

Gilligan! Go change! I thought it  
smelled funky here.

MARY ANNE

I don't think this marriage with  
Gilligan is gonna work out! Such  
are the trials and tribulations of  
super-stardom, my friend!

GINGER, observing the scene, shakes her head and snaps. She  
screams and grabs at her hair.

GINGER

We're all doomed! First came the  
Skipper, then Mr. Howell, and now  
Gilligan's driven Mary Anne into  
the most twisted outer limits of  
insanity! Is it any surprise? She  
married him!

MARY ANNE

This Mary Anne chick sounds like  
quite a nutty bimbo if you ask me.  
Where is her hut?

PROFESSOR

I'm not the only man on this  
island! Elvis, I mean, Mary Anne,  
why do you think I built you that  
marital aid?

MARY ANNE

What marital aid?

PROFESSOR

That nifty single piston bamboo dildo I just built for you out of that old exercise bike- didn't I tell you that you have to remove the seat? Does the simple logic defy you?

MARY ANNE

Well, it was thoughtful of you, but it's not very romantic and it leaves painful splinters since Ginger wore off the lacquer. She always hogs it and now the bamboo's down to a stump. And besides, the twine chain is broken again.

PROFESSOR

Oh- well alright I suppose I can squeeze you in my hammock again.

GILLIGAN

(peering in camera)

Hey Professor! Why is the Skipper slow dancing in the poppy field with Mr. Howell while dressed in Mrs. Howell's pink lingerie? Why doesn't he buy his own?

PROFESSOR

Because he's gay, dumb ass.

GILLIGAN

Does this explain why every morning I wake from the top hammock my back is all wet and gooey, Professor?

PROFESSOR

(rubs his chin in reflection)

Does the Skipper still sleep in the bottom hammock?

GILLIGAN

Sure does. Every time my hammock ends start bouncing up and down I know he's having another one of those awful dreams with Mr. Howell,

because he's always moaning and calling his name.

PROFESSOR

Oh really?

GILLIGAN

Yeah! But every time I try to wake him up he says not to look down or I'll have bad luck. I tried that once.

PROFESSOR

And what happened?

GILLIGAN

I had bad luck. When I woke up again I had a huge purple bruise on my jaw and it was twelve hours later. The Skipper said I fell off my hammock and hit my head on his fist about fifteen times.

PROFESSOR

(giggles)

Thank him for me.

GILLIGAN

Hey Professor- why is Mr. Howell chasing after the Skipper with a big wad of money trying to buy a feel on his coconut breasts? Coconuts are free on this island!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN- FLEET OF AMERICAN SHIPS- DAY

To the climactic tune of "1812 Overture".

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Captain Jack on the telephone with the President.

CAP. JACK

Yes, we've found the missing movie star through our satellites and have her on film "Pleasure Island" Yes, I enjoyed

it, too, sir. I'm sure we all wish to thank Ginger for such a wonderful come-back performance! Operation Clitty Woman is near completed, and please send our thanks and regards to the C.I.A. for helping locate the real Elvis!

EXT. POPPY FIELD- DAY

Medium two shot. MR. HOWELL and SKIPPER.

SKIPPER

What do you want to name the baby?

MR. HOWELL

I don't know, lovey dear. How about Excrementia if it's a girl, and Bowelofficus if it's a boy?

SKIPPER

Oh no! I think the baby's coming for real this time!

The SKIPPER farts explosively and knocks down several trees, killing all the nearby birds.

EXT. ISLAND CLIFF- DAY

MRS. HOWELL

(at wit's end and in tears)

I knew it! I knew it! He always had a fondness for hairy breasts and beer bellies, the queer bahstard! That explains it all, my heavens! Just last week Thurston and I had our biggest fight because I didn't want to grow a beard!

GILLIGAN

(squinting in the sun)

Boy, I sure wish I' had my lucky telescope. I can't figure out what crazy new object Mr. Howell just stuck up the Skipper's butt for the baby to play with!

PROFESSOR

(peers into camera lens)

Take a wild guess, Gilligan. Mr. Howell is holding one end of the long, tubular object to his eye and squinting with the other. Sounds like an optical instrument to me. Say Gilligan, where's your telescope, by the way? I believe Mr. Howell is looking for Ginger's bamboo garden rake which just fell inside the abysmal Black Hole of the Skipper's whale-like gluteus maximus. However, Mr. Howell may search in vain; for this Black Hole also prevents the escaping of light.

(soberly)

Even light cannot escape its extraordinary pull! But gas is another matter, and that's why any fire is prohibited on this island after our hefty chum has finished off another school of sperm whale appetizers. The mixture of both his super-concentrated methane gas, his digesting uranium, and a burning match could ignite a nuclear explosion that would wipe this island clean off the face of the earth!

EXT. ISLAND JUNGLE- DAY

Watching from a closer angle, he loses control at the mistreatment of his telescope, he jumps up and throws a spear at the two love birds.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING- DAY

The spear hits Mr. Howell on his foot. Still enraged, GILLIGAN gets an idea, and exits. SKIPPER and MR. HOWELL try to figure where the spear came from as Howell screams in pain.

MR. HOWELL

(shouting nervously into  
the air)

Lovey, dear, was that you darling? We were just fitting your bra to test it for its flexibility and strength! Don't be upset! Well get



them back!

SKIPPER

(punching threateningly  
into his hand)

Gilligan, little buddy, have you  
been spying on me again? You know  
that brings bad luck!

EXT. ISLAND JUNGLE- DAY

Gilligan angrily fiddles with the remote detonator.

GILLIGAN

This walkie-talkie must have  
someone I can talk to on the other  
end! I'm going to report Skipper  
for sailing under the influence  
when we went down on the Minnow!

EXT. ATOMIC EXPLOSION- DAY

Immediately there is the blinding light of an atomic  
explosion and the entire island is leveled under a white  
mushroom.

EXT. FLEET SEES BLAST

CAP. JACK

(through binoculars on  
deck)

Oh my God! It's a trap! Retreat! We  
must retreat!

EXT. FLEET TURNS TAIL INSTANTANEOUSLY

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. SURVIVOR'S CAMP- DAY

In the barren devastation a long shot of hairless, gloomy and  
crispy survivors of the blast huddled around a campfire:  
PROFESSOR, MARY ANNE, MRS. HOWELL, and GINGER.

PROFESSOR

(thoughtfully poking his  
stick in the sand)

You know, I've just about had it

with Gilligan fucking everything up  
whenever we get our hopes up! As  
long as that mutant jinx is still  
alive we'll never get off this  
island!

GINGER

(mournfully caressing her  
charred bald scalp) )  
He must die! The spindly bastard  
must die!

Two shot as she carefully embraces GINGER reassuringly,  
applying what's left of her sunburn lotion on her shoulder.

MARY ANNE

I say we hang him! We're all going  
to die soon, anyway. Hey Ginger,  
think positive. It may be a nuclear  
tan, but it's the best tan you ever  
got!

MRS. HOWELL

(gazing vacantly into  
flames)  
We can't. There's not a tree left  
standing.

PROFESSOR

(grimly)  
She's right. Hanging is not the  
answer. This pointless act of  
barbarity would also be very  
unfair. I vote we crucify the  
bastard.

The cast agrees with simple nods

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

(sits up)  
Alright then. Now I'm going to  
excuse myself for a more cheerful  
occupation. Anybody else care to  
join me in horse-whipping Gilligan  
some more?

The enthused cast stands instantly at the offer to join him.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING- DAY

Cast members set up a charred bamboo cross on which Gilligan has been nailed.

GILLIGAN

(in excruciating pain as  
the cross is lifted and  
planted upside down)

Hey fellas, you can't do this to me! The show revolves around me! This is my island! I'm supposed to make predictable mistakes- that's the whole purpose of the show!

PROFESSOR

Well Gilligan, if it will make you feel any better, where you're going you'll have plenty of company with people who made mistakes. That's all there is in the fiery depths of hell. That's why we planted your cross upside down.

According to my ancient Roman crucifixion scroll which I happened to bring along on our ill-fated cruise, this ancient tradition was started by several fanatical Satan worshippers who specifically demanded that they be crucified upside down because of their religious convictions. When the demons came around to fetch them they wanted to make sure they wouldn't be forgotten for their sins in their eager rush for the burning gates of hell.

GINGER

(emotionally)

Bye Gilligan. Do you have a last wish before we leave you here to rot and die for the buzzards?

GILLIGAN

(in a final plea)

Yes! Yes- of course! Before I go, I wish Ginger could name her baby after me to keep my memory alive- as long as it doesn't come out deformed, that is. That's not too much to ask, is it?

GINGER

That's your last wish? Alright. I think I can grant that.

GILLIGAN

(gratefully)

Thank you, Ginger! Those were the nicest words anyone ever said to me!

GINGER

(chuckling)

Hah! psyche! Now somebody get me that horse-whip for this wise-ass! I think I see a clean spot on his back that can still feel pain!

GILLIGAN

(in tears)

B-bitch!

ZOOM OUT as Ginger lashes him heartily as they dance and laugh merrily about at Ginger's final tease.

FADE OUT