

The Inhalers

THE INHALERS



NARR (V.O.)

As it is a well-established fact that both George Washington and Thomas Jefferson grew marijuana on their plantations, this is an objective and clinical dramatization of their lives as stoner Rastafarians...

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNT VERNON OUTSKIRTS- DAY

A sunny spring morning in 1776. Reverse on YOUNG BOY as he posts a wanted poster on a tree leading up to the Washington estate. It reads "REWARD OFFERED for the Capture, Dead or Alive, of the Bicycle Man, Wanted for Murder and High Crimes.

INT. STUDY - DAY

TOM and GEORGE' are smoking a joint in the study when Junior walks in. George is in dark John Lennon specs. Tom is in blue paisley breeches. Both are wearing powdered dreadlock wigs.

George's son JUNIOR, a boy of about 13, enters to inquire about his missing pet.

JUNIOR

Dad, have you seen Timmy? I knocked over his cage and I can't find him.

GEORGE

Sorry son. I'll let you know if I find your gerbil. Now close the door, son. We have important national affairs to conduct.

TOM

(taking a drag)

Yah mon. I's not seen Timmy eeh dah, Junior.

GEORGE

(irritated)

Tom, shut the fuck up with that ridiculous accent. We look stupid enough in these wigs without you trying to impress Sally Hemings.

(a beat)

You wanna impress her? Free the woman, you douche.

TOM

I's not fakin' no accent, mon, I's... I's... Eh, fuck it. You shut up, George!

JUNIOR

Please keep an eye out for him, 'kay?

No sooner does Junior close the door before Timmy the GERBIL scurries across the room and into a crack in the wall. George chases after it, and attempting to grab the gerbil, gets his arm stuck in the wainscoting CRACK.

As Tom smokes a joint in orgasmic bliss, George is grunting and heaving as he struggles to free his arm.

GEORGE

Tom, dammit, it's in too deep!

TOM

Pardon?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

As Martha passes by the room, she overhears the pair. She stops and draws her ear to the door. She can hear George grunting and heaving...

GEORGE (O.S.)

Tom, it's in too deep! The gerbil! It won't come out!

TOM (O.S.)

No shit?

GEORGE (O.S.)

Ow! The fucking gerbil is biting me from inside!

TOM (O.S.)

I told you they were a bad idea.
Now it's stuck, and I ain't
putting my hand in there!

Martha is now in shock as she misunderstands the conversation. She draws closer and puts her ear to the door, growing more livid by the second...

MARTHA

Cock goblins! I knew it!

INT. STUDY- DAY

Tom lights another joint as George struggles to free his arm.

TOM

(talking to his joint)
Oh yes! You are pure fucking bliss!

CUT TO:

MARTHA overhears Tom, mouth ajar. Ashen.

TOM exhales and passes George a hit, putting it to George's lips since both of his arms are indisposed in the attempt to free himself.

GEORGE

Fuck yes, this is pure ecstasy!

Tom takes another hit, and then pretends to pass George another hit. Then he pulls it away from his lips as he tries to inhale.

CUT TO:

MARTHA is now growing angrier by the second...

TOM (O.S.)

Bwahaha! beg for it!

GEORGE (O.S.)

Give it to me Tom!

TOM (O.S.)

Yeah, hold it in tight
man...yeah...

GEORGE (O.S.)

Stop pulling it out of my mouth!
Give it to me Tom! Give it to me
you fucking tease!

Martha is in tears, not realizing they're talking about a joint.

The DOOR breaks down. Martha has one hand to her eyes, afraid of what she might find. In the other hand is a machete. She starts screaming.

MARTHA

Die! Die you sick gerbil-killing bastards!

GEORGE

What the- Martha, you could have knocked dear.

TOM

Oh. Hi Martha. You ok?

Martha slowly opens her eyes and sees Tom kneeling by George, holding a joint to George's mouth as her husband struggles to free his arm from the crack in the wall, which he finally does moments after she enters.

CLOSE: In George's hand is Timmy the missing gerbil.

GEORGE

A-ha! I got him!

MARTHA

(sheepishly)

Oh... I, uh, thought I heard someone breaking in. Hey! Wait a minute George! Didn't I tell you not to smoke that shit in the house?

GEORGE

Yes dear. We were just stepping outside. Sorry!

Martha walks out, more relieved than angry.

EXT. MOUNT VERNON VERANDA- DAY

Tom and George walk over to the veranda, BONG in hand.

GEORGE

On a more serious note, Tom, I am flattered indeed that you would consult me in assisting you with writing the draft of our declaration of independence... but why?

TOM

Actually, I came here to discuss matters of far more importance than even national affairs !

GEORGE

Hmm. Operation Red Claw? Project Lobster Back?

TOM

No.

GEORGE

Project Joint Decision?

TOM

Yes.

GEORGE

I was wondering what that was.

Tom lights the bong and takes a deep drag. He coughs.

TOM

Ben Franklin's dealin' again, dude! Iron Lungs Ben just bought himself a half pound of killer pot!

GEORGE

(dreamily)

Maybe we can score ourselves a dime if he's home! My plants are still babies, you know! we can't smoke them yet!

TOM

And we'll smoke it in his new self igniting, super-hitting 15,000 volt Electrobong! Oh- I could roll around naked on that Thai weed!

GEORGE

I don't know about that thing. I know for a fact that at least five chickens have been killed this week because of his experiments with this nutty Electrobong thing.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BEN'S PLACE - DAY

A thunderstorm. Just outside his work shop, BEN is conducting yet another experiment with electricity as George watches. A CHICKEN, with tubing in its beak, is hooked up to a bong. A wire runs from the bong to a lightning rod.

LIGHTNING strikes the rod. The chicken bursts into flames. Ben and George barely escape electrocution.

GEORGE

Ben, ah, you were supposed to make a safe and effective water pipe. You burned that poor thing to cinders.

BEN

(grinning)

You might see it that way, being a critical dick. But I just found a new way to cook chicken!

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. MOUNT VERNON VERANDA- DAY

Tom whips out blueprint he conveniently carries with him. All it is is a huge bong with a fifty foot wire hooking the bowl up to a kite.

TOM

Bite your tongue! That's the old prototype! Electrobong is the wonder bong of the future! In thunderstorms all you have to do is hook up this kite to the specially fitted water pipe, and get the lightning to light the bowl! What could be easier?

GEORGE

Matches. Matches are easier and far cheaper, safer and more practical, Tom. You don't even have to wait for a thunderstorm.

Tom is crestfallen. George just threw him a major buzz-kill. Still, Tom defends the wacky idea.

TOM

But dude- you get a head rush so good it makes your hair stand on its ends, and it even works on anybody you touch!

GEORGE

That's all? Electrobong lights up a stupid bowl and that's it? What if somebody got electrocuted to cinders just because they went and tried to smoke weed from, of all things, a 15,000,000 volt electric water pipe?

TOM

Always ready to criticize, aren't you? We put a lot of time into it and we're gonna make millions. Electrobong will come with its own kite and weather barometer! Stoner connoisseurs will never leave home without it!

GEORGE

Very well. But go all the way to Iron Lungs' house for that homegrown rubbish? Besides, Ben's a walking pot vortex. Remember that drag he took off that Indica we had last week? He would've sucked in your Martha whole if she wasn't hanging on to the kitchen door frame for her dear life!

FLASHBACK:

A CYCLONE with Ben Franklin's house as the epicenter . Ben not only sucks in the roach, but everything around him—trees, carriages, people, are sucked in through his front door as Ben takes a huge drag off a joint.

EXT. MOUNT VERNON VERANDA- DAY

GEORGE

Fucker even sucked in Martha's diaphragm, And she wants it back. Corks that size aren't cheap, you know.

TOM

So what's the plan, dude?

GEORGE

Never fear. I just had my kid score a twenty-bag of Iroquois County Buds at Mount Vernon High. But I suspect he may have pinched some.

George turns around and points to his son.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

JUNIOR is playing chess with a cherry tree. His eyes are glazed red. He is growing impatient.

JUNIOR

Well? You gonna move or what, you lame bastard?

PAN to CHERRY TREE, which remains silent and immobile.

EXT. VERANDA- DAY

GEORGE

You're quite an effective role model.

TOM

At least he wins. But let's not smoke in the house. Martha might start some shit about the ten dollars I owe her. How did you get her to fork over the cash this time?

GEORGE

I told her my dentist prescribed it for my cavities.

TOM
Cavities? How do you get cavities
when you have wooden teeth, George?

GEORGE
Termites! I told her the pot helped
smoke them out.

They stand to stretch their arms and legs.

TOM
Where do you want to smoke it?

GEORGE
The barn should be just fine. Got
the eye drops?

TOM
Check. Got the bong?

GEORGE
Check. I got the matches.

TOM
And I've got the lacquer.

GEORGE
Lacquer? for what?

TOM
Mouthwash. Hahahahaah!

Our friend Jefferson was interrupted at this point by a swift
kick to the buttocks by an offended George. It was not a
love tap. George yanked his foot out of a prostrate Tom's
posterior and stares down at his feet.

GEORGE
My shoe buckle! Where did it go?

I/E. BARN - DAY

GEORGE
Our troops are quite capable,
indeed. I've trained them
extensively in Indian guerrilla
warfare- a deadly and effective
warfare alien to the traditional
British approach. A month from now
the Redcoats will be dusting our

furniture, doing our laundry, and getting their doughnuts glazed by Colonel Lubricante's Mercenary Death Squad and Ballet Berets Modern Dance Troupe.

Tom is pacing up and down the barn with a very noticeable, bowlegged limp from George's kick days prior. George is obviously remorseful.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey Tom, I'm sorry about that boot to your ass. I never meant to kick you that hard.

TOM

Sure you didn't. But never mind.

GEORGE

There are two victims here. I lost my shoe buckle and you lost your manhood.

TOM

George, fuck you and your shoe buckle. Listen, I shall finish the declaration immediately.

GEORGE

By all means. But, eh, I strongly suggest some revisions in your draft.

TOM

Did I forget something?

GEORGE

The title needs some work too. "Declaration of Autonomous Intent" is perhaps too ambiguous.

TOM

What do you suggest?

GEORGE

(rubs chins, gives it some serious thought)
How about the "Declaration of the Guy that Pistol Whipped Your Granny Whore"?

TOM

Hmm. I like that.

GEORGE

And as to your postscript addressed
to King George- what is this?

(reads draft aloud from
memory)

"Hey- I know you! I boned your
sister!" That's not the way you
spell "sister".

TOM

Whatever. C'mon- we're wasting
time, and we've important business
to attend to. We have a country to
run!

EXT. MOUNT VERNON, BACK YARD - DAY

George is walking a primitive bike up a hill; followed by
Tom. It has an electric motor with a lightning rod and
battery.

GEORGE

Think the nuns will mind that we
borrowed their new bike Ben made
for them?

TOM

Isn't that the Killer Bike that was
hexed by that witch doctor? The one
Ben gypped on a dope deal?

GEORGE

Hexed? Get real. Since when do
evil spirits possess inanimate
objects, ya moron?

TOM

Yeah, I suppose you're right.

GEORGE

So what did Ben do to this thing?

TOM

The booster motor makes the bike
hundreds of times faster. The only
drawback is that we have to wait

for lightning storms to recharge
the batteries.

(points to outside wall)
Hey look- we've got spectators!

EXT. BACK YARD WALL - DAY

PULL BACK TO REVEAL five Stoner Orphans as they jump over
wall into George's yard.

GEORGE

I go to trouble of putting up a
sign...

(points to sign on
marijuana plant: "Keep
Off the Grass")

And the first thing they do is
steal my buds before they get a
chance to grow!

George finally hops on the wooden wheeled bike and pops a
wheelie, growing bold and silly as his confidence swells.

TOM

About time!

GEORGE

That's right! I'm bad! See that?

TOM

Martha's tulip garden?

GEORGE

I betcha I can clear it! You're a
fag if I do! I'll jump clear over
it if we build a ramp!

TOM

You're on!

INT. GEORGE'S WORKSHOP - DAY

A ramp is speedily built by the stoned pair.

EXT. STEEP HILL - DAY

The garden is perfectly positioned below the hill, giving
George ample opportunity to gather the necessary speed for
the jump. At the top of a hill looking over a tulip garden,
George smiles confidently.

GEORGE

Thomas, you flatulent, jizz
bottomed sodomite, observe!

Down the hill he flies.

CLOSE on BLUE JAY flying as it approaches the speeding bike. George is yelping for joy... and he sees the beautiful blue bird.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Brother, we fly together- we fly as
one!

Opening his mouth while under the irreverent bird is a mistake George will regret for the rest of his life. The bird's aim is deadly and George gets a mouthful of bird shit before he knows what hit him.

George smiles no more as he tries to spit out the feces. His hands leave the handlebars when the ramp meets him but the bike drives on its own, the plank ramp making a dull thud before he is finally in the air.

Tom watches in amazement.

EXT. LANDING RAMP - DAY

Five Stoner Orphans all with gardening equipment and sinister intentions, are sitting on the lawn watching the jump near the landing ramp.

ORPHAN 1

Look at those crazy fuckers...
trying to go for our record!

ORPHAN 2

Oh shit- he's heading right for us!

George overshoots the ramp and ominously comes crashing down. He lands on Orphan 1 and flattens him. As if driven by an invisible demon, the Killer Bike drives on its own, and runs over the other four orphans in consecutive order as they vainly try to scatter for cover. Upon impact with the bike the boys explode, in SLOW MOTION, and the air is scattered with severed limbs and pieces of the victims in a ridiculous, graphic exaggeration of the gruesome freak accident. Before the bike finally stops, it runs over Orphan 1's torso as he lays on the ground, splitting him in half.

CLOSE on KILLER BIKE as it begins to chuckle demoniacally, and then inanimately falls over on a body.

A dazed and bloodstained George as he gets up from the ground, dusts himself, and in utter disgust, picks up what's left of the bike tangled in Orphan 2's intestines.

TITLES: Pot kills: stop legalization. A message from the DEA Marijuana Truth Commission and the International Coalition of Drug Cartels.

CLOSE: Tom has wet his pants.

George sees the devastation he has wrought but manages a weak grin.

GEORGE

I made it! You're a fag, Tom!

TOM

I told you it was hexed!

George walks the bike back up the hill.

GEORGE

You may have a point.

TOM

Oh well, let's pick up what's left of the bodies, and pile them with those you accidentally killed last week!

EXT. STEEP HILL - DAY

Moments later, Tom is debating whether or not to attempt the same jump to save face. George offers some gentle encouragement to his frightened best friend.

GEORGE

(pounding his fist into his palm)

Get on the bike before I beat you like a rented mule!

Tom is making calculations in his notebooks, betraying a look of horror.

TOM

Wait a minute. According to my

calculations the velocity attained
on the bike by the time you reach
the ramp could propel me into the
future by thousands of years!

GEORGE

Do you want to smoke my pot or
don't you?

A beat. George wins, Tom grudgingly gets on the bike.

TOM

You bastard. Watch out, chump. I'm
going for your record!

Martha arrives just in time to see Tom prepare for the jump.
He quickly figures out how to ride it.

Tom finds it necessary to impress Martha with his newfound
cycling skills. He takes his hands off the handlebars and
cruises over to her casually, smugly polishing his nails on
his silken blue vest.

He circles her, standing on the seat. Then he jumps off the
bike, and looks down at his crotch; meeting Martha's eyes
with a grin.

TOM (CONT'D)

Yeah- don't you wish?
(grabs his crotch)
And it's not wooden, either!

MARTHA

(looks at Tom's breeches)
Tom, did you piss your pants? You
think I'd want anything to do with
a bed-wetter?

TOM

(flustered)
Uh. No! What the hell are you
talking about?

MARTHA

Don't flatter yourself. You think
I'd want anything to do with a bed
wetting pot-head?

TOM

Actually, yes. I did piss my pants.

We accidentally saw you skinny dipping this morning. A statue would wet himself if he saw that scary fucking bush.

MARTHA

(beet red)

You going to let that doughnut glazer talk to me that way, George?

George isn't listening.

GEORGE

Go away, Martha. Can't you see we are in the midst of conducting important scientific research?

EXT. MOUNT VERNON GATE - DAY

An angry NUN from the orphanage arrives to retrieve her bike.

NUN

That's the last time they steal my bike! They're gonna get a piece of mind alright!

EXT. LANDING RAMP AREA- DAY

TOM

That's right. I'm about to break the sound barrier, and I'm gonna show George how to ride a bike without creating a fucking massacre! Make way!

EXT. HILL - DAY

Finally Tom goes speeding down the hill with a maniacal gleam in his eyes. ZOOM in on spinning front wheel. A SEVERED LUNG from one of George's victims becomes entangled in the spokes which locks the wheel half-way down and sends a screaming Tom headfirst into the Nun that was climbing up the hill.

TOM

Damn you, George, damn you!
(he kicks unconscious Nun
in the ribs))
When are you gonna put a lock on that fuckin' gate?

MARTHA

(ashen)

Murderers! Oh my God! I married a
butcher!! George- you're the
Bicycle Man! So are you Tom!

GEORGE

Wait, Martha, honey, we can
explain! It was an accident!

MARTHA

Get out! Get out of my house! Get
the hell out of my house before
they arrest and hang you two
morons!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNT VERNON ENTRANCE - DAY

Martha sees the boys go off and shakes her head woefully. In
her threatening hand is her omnipresent machete.

MARTHA'S P.O.V.

George's silver carriage in a distant cloud of smoke and dust
streaking a splendid green horizon.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

George's pride and joy- trimmed in gold with a red velvet
interior and a bar. George shows off the abundant luggage
space in the carriage.

GEORGE

Ahem- check out all this space- you
could fit Martha Mouth's toothbrush
in there.

TOM

Don't lie. It's not that roomy.

Tom amuses himself with the fuzzy dice in the carriage
interior, both are sipping bourbon.

George pulls back the crimson silk window curtain. Something
catches his attention.

GEORGE

Thomas, look at that maniac

running down the road in that
awful, undersized suit from Sears-
yelling at the top of his lungs!
Is that who I think it is?

TOM

He does look a bit familiar. Can
you hear him?

GEORGE

Barely.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

PAUL REVERE is trying to wave down carriage with a handful of
Watchtower literature.

PAUL

(at the top of his voice)
Fools! The Redcoats are coming! The
Redcoats are coming! Seriously, no
shit this time- the Redcoats are
coming! The Redcoats are coming-
with the Four Horsemen of the
Apocalypse! Repent!

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

TOM

Ohhhhh! I know him! It's that
eccentric silversmith Paul Revere!
I can spot a Jehova's Witness a
mile away! That'll be the fifth
time he does that this week,
George. He's been wrong every time.

GEORGE

I thought so. You know, Ben warned
him about that bunk English acid
they threw into the harbor but the
next day he went and hocked his
smithing kit for some diving gear.

TOM

That's the least of his problems.
I think he ought to find a tamer
group of friends other than his
pals at Ye Kingdom Hall.
I saw him walk out of one convinced
his reading chair talks dirty to

him because it's possessed by the devil.

GEORGE

Really?

TOM

Yeah. He said the chair told him in raspy, demonic voice to "Sit on me, baby! Put your hot pink butt against my throbbing cushions of delight!", and that it made some very obscene suggestions about the many things he could do with a lubricated candlestick and a drunken sheep!

GEORGE

Some people just don't know when to quit. It must be hell living the life an addict- to sell your soul to the drug dealer like that. I can't imagine myself being governed by some drug!

TOM

Yeah. Me too. You said it. Those junkies give us Stoners a bad rap.

GEORGE

So where's our first stop when we get to Philadelphia? The Constitutional Convention or Iron Lung Ben's to score some more pot?

TOM

Obviously we'd better get our priorities straight, my friend. We'll score first. We'll worry about that stupid convention some other time. They're just gonna nag me about finishing that declaration of independence.

INT. PHILADELPHIA STATE HOUSE - DAY

Patrick Henry is at the podium before a mesmerized audience. Tom and George walk in late, as usual, and take a seat.

PATRICK

My friends, we must make it clear to the Crown that taxation without representation mocks the very birthright of every American to escape oppression! Nay- for there is no compromise possible in the face of such tyranny, no compromise whatsoever unless of course... you give me liberty, or give me Sess!

Patrick takes a bong hit and the house roars with applause.

TOM

(taking drag, he rises)
What about the slaves, man? How can we cry oppression when a good deal of us in this very building own hundreds of slaves? including George and myself here, man?

PATRICK

Thomas, that's perhaps the most insightful, intelligent thing I've ever heard you say. Rebuttal?

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENTION - DAY

The sound of boot against ass.

TOM and GEORGE are booted out of the Constitutional Convention with two powerful Bouncers and Aaron Burr; both future presidents flying through the air and landing in big puddles of mud.

AARON BURR

That's right, homies, go peddle reality elsewhere. We were having a damn good time until you two came in and spoiled everything! Damned smegma-sucking hippies!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

A heavy fog over the sea. Or so it seems. It is actually a cloud of SMOKE. Tom and George are smoking from a hookah pipe, lost in a tiny boat.

GEORGE

Are you sure you remember coming to Philadelphia by boat, Tom?

TOM

Of course! Like we're gonna cross the Pacific in your carriage, George! Ya see, man, I told you that I didn't want to go to that stupid convention!

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN SHORE - DAY

They land finally, and pull the boat to shore. George sees some smoke in the distance.

GEORGE

(picks up telescope)

I've never seen the Iroquois dress this way before! And they're with some Spaniards!

TOM

How can you tell?

Some CONQUISTADORES are burning an AZTEC heretic at the stake some distance away.

GEORGE

They're roasting an Indian. The mere scent of lighter fluid gives them a hard-on! Why, some of the enthusiastic ones are even setting themselves on fire, heh heh!

TOM

I should've known.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - NIGHT

The docks. Some SPANIARDS from the warship TU PUTA MADRE are getting supplies for the voyage south. Tom is selling weed to the Spanish potheads.

TOM

Es muy bueno shit man!

SPANIARD 1

De veras? Cuanto pues?

TOM

(putting up ten fingers)
Ten pesos, man! Diez pesos!

SPANIARD 1

Esta bien.

Tom gives him a little baggy, takes the money, and beats a hasty retreat.

TOM

I have to go now! Adios! And don't open that baggy until you get back on the ship, you might get arrested!

SPANIARD 2

Gracias! Muchas gracias!

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - LATER

Back at the docks.

TOM

Hey George! I just sold some Conquistadors ten dime bags filled with pebbles, and the next day...

GEORGE

Do tell!

Before Tom can talk, both are confronted by the two Spaniards he sold the weed to hours earlier. Tom is of course, horrified.

SPANIARD 1

Hey man! What the fuck is this?

TOM

Oh that! What? hey man I-

SPANIARD 1

How the fuck are we supposed to smoke this shit?

SPANIARD 2

We need some matches!

SPANIARD 1

Yeah! And also... do you have
anymore weed?

BACK TO PRESENT

TOM

Yep! They came back for more
pebbles when they ran out of
matches!

GEORGE

(indignant)
Conquistadors? I remember it
differently, pal!

FLASHBACK

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - NIGHT

Tom is about to sell George some weed.

TOM

Trust me man, this is some good
shit! I got it from Spaniards
this morning!

Unfortunately, George is stoned enough to believe it.

GEORGE

In that case, sell me a pound!

BACK TO PRESENT

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That was me, you lying' bastard!
You told me it was petrified killer
weed meticulously disguised as
pebbles to fool customs agents and
sold me some, too! How could you do
that to a friend?

TOM

Of all the ungrateful- George, you
got a twenty percent discount!
Besides, that will teach you to
smoke rocks.

George instinctively bitch slaps Tom for the age old affront.

GEORGE

That's for the burn, and shitty pun.

TOM

Ok, ok, maybe I had that coming. Now if you ever touch me again I may have to hurt you George. Right now though, we have to find our way home!

Tom begins peering quixotically into his compass as they sit down in the sand.

GEORGE

Yes, I suppose you're right.

TOM

See that little "S" George? I think that's an abbreviation for North in Latin!

GEORGE

(taking a drag from hookah pipe they dragged onto beach)

Oh. Okay. Makes sense to me.

EXT. ANDES MOUNTAINS - MIDNIGHT

FIERCE BLIZZARD. They have landed upon another continent after an over-enthused "Eagle Scout" Tom wanted to show George how to use a compass.

Tom and George, wearing the rags of what's left of the clothing they wore into Philadelphia as they push forward through the snow.

They are both strapped to improvised sleds full of Columbian pot and strangely, some furniture. Both are obviously stoned and giggling uncontrollably...

TOM

Hey, George, let's switch for a while, you lazy bastard!

GEORGE

Nobody told you to buy all that shit, dude! The reading chair, for

instance. What do you need that for?

TOM

I'll have you know that is no ordinary reading chair, my friend! It's been blessed by a priest and dipped in holy water and is virtually demon proof! You think I'm going to take any chances after what happened to Paul Revere and his satanic reading chair?

GEORGE

I guess you're right. You've always been the deductive one.

(takes a hit from his joint)

TOM

Hey George! I woke up this morning and there was a splinter on my dick.

GEORGE

Oh yeah? Well, does your dad still fake his orgasms by spitting on your back?

TOM

Is it true the George Washington exhibit at Ye Wax Museum is the only one with adjustable knees?

GEORGE

(distracted)

Shut your hole! Look! Shelter!

EXT./INT. CAVE - DAY

Tom and George wearily stumble their way into a welcome shelter, absolutely freezing, pushing their junk in behind them and piling it inside the cave.

GEORGE

I can't believe our good fortune, Tom! Hurry up and light another doobie now that we're out of that wind!

TOM

(opens matchbox)

George! We're out of matches! We'll freeze to death!

GEORGE

Even worse- how in the fuck are we going to smoke our weed?

TOM

I don't know. But I gotta cut a fart.

Tom cuts an explosive fart. A shoe buckle ricochets off the cave hits George in the chest.

GEORGE

My shoe buckle!

George picks it up, polishes the buckle with Tom's jacket and puts it back on his shoe before retaliating with a thunderous barrage of devil wind.

CUT TO:

An AVALANCHE crashes down and traps both inside the cave.

COMPLETE DARKNESS now.

TOM

Damn, that one got the blue ribbon, asshole!

GEORGE

Yeah. That was a stinker, man. My eyes are watering! Now shut up! We've got to conserve our oxygen!

TOM

What oxygen? So- so this is the end.

GEORGE

The possibility exists.

A beat. George cuts another three minute fart.

TOM

You son of a bitch! You want to cause another fucking avalanche?

GEORGE

It slipped out, man! Besides, it's no use. It's no use ...we're dead. Look Tom, if you make it and I don't- I want you to keep my favorite little silver bong.

TOM

I'll smoke from no other pipe.

GEORGE

I know. Because you'll be dead too. Don't cry, chum.

TOM

Crying? I'm choking from the reek in here. I have to force myself to breathe, and then- then I'm weighed down by another concern...

GEORGE

What's that?

TOM

It is feasible to say I am responsible for this. George, I'm sorry.

GEORGE

Forget about it.

TOM

Are you bitter? It would kill me if you didn't tell me the truth.

GEORGE

But I did. Cheer up.

TOM

You're not bitter? You mean our friendship will endure longer than our very lives, my friend?

GEORGE

Yeah. I'm not bitter. Why should I be bitter? All you did was ruin my life forever, leave my wife a young widow, and a beautiful child

fatherless.

(anger rising)

No, I'm not bitter at all! I'm glad I was dumb enough to let you play with my compass, Eagle Scout stupid ass, motherfucking son-of-a bitch! Gimme back my pipe! C' mon! Give me back my pipe! You don't deserve it, swine!

TOM

Hey! I still have some matches! I wonder if it would be safe to light a match in here now that you've filled the whole cave with methane? Why, I think I'll light myself a doobie and not give you any for being such a grudge-bearing asshole.

GEORGE

It's cool, Tom! I'm sorry, dude, I'm stressed! Please give me a hit it's my dying wish, chum.

Tom lights a match and....

CUT TO:

EXT. EXPLODING MOUNTAINSIDE- DAY

A mushroom cloud. The terrific explosion shoots them out of the cave and sends them spiraling into...

SPACE. They soon re-enter and both land in some trees which miraculously breaks their fall.

EXT. COLOMBIAN FOREST - DAY

Tom and George dust themselves off, their clothing scorched. They glare at each other.

GEORGE

Idiot.

TOM

Your mom.

GEORGE

Shit. I don't think we'll ever get

back home.

EXT. COLOMBIAN ROAD - DAY

Again Tom and George are strangers in a foreign land, no one speaks their language. As Tom and George pass by COLOMBIANS and an occasional SPANIARD, they grow increasingly frustrated as they attempt to get directions.

They take a rest by the road but are soon surprised to see a black man in the distance, driving a cart full of what appears to be some kick ass weed, COLOMBIAN GOLD. Driving the cart is a dreadlocked CRISPUS ATTUCKS. Tom and George run up to meet him.

TOM

Crispus Attucks! How the hell are ya?

ATTUCKS

Alive, that's how I am! Thank God I was too stoned to protest against the British.

I heard about the Boston Massacre. I was supposed to be there with the bud but dude, I was so wasted I couldn't leave the house.

TOM

Well, I'm glad you made it.

ATTUCKS

Tom, what the hell are you doing way down here?

TOM

I was about to ask you the same thing!

GEORGE

I can see you're still dealing! Dude, ya gotta front me a joint or two!

TOM

Can we bum a ride back home with you?

ATTUCKS

Of course! Hop on!

EXT. COLOMBIAN DOCKS - DAWN

A SHIP is being loaded. Tom and George board with Attucks.

DISS. TO:

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

Tom, George, and Attucks are engaged in a lively conversation on the deck of the ship. They are all, of course, smoking huge blunts. Coughing.

TOM

Well, dude, there is no easy answer to deal with the slavery issue. The southern plantations are economically dependent on it, dude.

ATTUCKS

But you recognize the immorality of it?

A beat.

TOM

Yes, I do.

ATTUCKS

Both of you whistling twats are in a position to change the course of American history when you get to Philadelphia. Please don't throw that opportunity away.

GEORGE

I'm not whistling! Tom tried to tell them, dude, and they threw us out. We asked how can we cry oppression when a good deal of us in that very building own hundreds of slaves, including Tom and myself here?

Attucks is incredulous.

ATTUCKS

Really?

TOM

Yes, really.

GEORGE

We're telling the truth.

A smile crosses Attuck's face.

ATTUCKS

You're alright man, you're alright.

TITLES: Many days later...

EXT. MOUNT VERNON- DAY

Tom and George limp to the front door of George's pad. Martha walks out to greet them.

TOM

Ben won't believe how we finally managed to split the atom back in that cave!

MARTHA

Hey! Where's my odor eaters? I thought you two were going to the general store during your exile, and you've been gone for a whole damn year!

GEORGE

It sure seems like it when I'm away from you! How are you, honey?

MARTHA

Don't you honey me, you excrement! What was that strange new plant you planted in my tulip garden last year, George? And why is Junior suddenly interested in gardening? He's watering the plant as we speak!

GEORGE

That's my boy! Why, it's natural for a boy his age to be interested in tough, manly things like horticulture and flower trimming! It's just a phase!

MARTHA

How could you plant marijuana in my

beloved tulip garden, you, you
stoner! That Indica isn't only
choking your pothead son, but even
worse it's also choking my tulips!

TOM

Wow! Sounds like good shit, dude!

MARTHA

I mean it's strangling their roots,
you moron! Now both of you idiots
march right back there, dig up that
plant, and chastise Junior for
refusing to deal with reality
intelligently and maturely!

GEORGE

(reading between the
lines)

Look, don't gimme no lip, Martha!
I'm burned out! Spent! I just wanna
sleep. Besides, I couldn't get it
up with a crane!

MARTHA

Aren't we witty today! This will
not go unrewarded, my love.

INT. MOUNT VERNON - DAY

LIVING ROOM. BEN FRANKLIN is trying to play his new electric
cello sideways like an electric guitar.

Martha walks into the house and unplugs the cello from its
primitive amplifier in the living room. When she returns she
is wielding the large, heavy instrument like a bat.

Martha savagely attacks Tom and George as they weakly run
away and try to climb a tree to safety.

When she returns to the house she's holding the splintered
remains of Ben's new invention and hands it back to Ben. She
is soaked to the bone in blood.

MARTHA

What? You want some, too, you fat
motherfucker?

BEN

(near tears)

Now what did my electric cello ever

do to you?

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Tom and George are in intensive ward and look like they have just been stitched together limb by limb. In fact they were.

GEORGE

(studying his black eye)
How am I gonna explain this fat lip
and shiner to the guys?

TOM

The usual. We were ambushed by some
Tory sympathizers and dismembered
until some Boys Scouts came along
and reattached our limbs.

GEORGE

(reflecting)
But I whacked the bitch good,
didn't I? See that combination I
laid on her? I gave her so many
rights she was begging for a left!

TOM

Man, we could've whipped her ass
easily if it wasn't for the corn on
my toe and your sore thumb!

GEORGE

Yeah! She got lucky, that's all!

Ben enters. Slyly, he hooks up a joint to their respirator machine.

BEN

Humboldt, dudes! Wait 'til you
catch the first hit!

GEORGE

(inhales pot through
masks)
You're a pal, Ben!

TOM

I love you, Ben!

BEN

Look- I just came by to let you

know that I picked up your carriage
that you left parked in
Philadelphia. Here's your keys.
It's at your pad.

TOM

(stunned)

Wait a minute, George! We went
through a year of unending hell
looking for a ride home from
Philadelphia because you forgot we
had a carriage waiting for us in
the parking lot?

GEORGE

That's right! Blame it all on me!
Why did it take your brilliant self
until now to remember this? You're
the one that got us lost!

TOM

Alright! That's it! I'm never
smoking pot again! I'll bang
Martha before I touch another
fucking joint!

GEORGE

You said it, man! Never again!
Never again!

FAST FADE:

EXT. MOUNT VERNON - DAY

A perturbed George on his way into town with Tom chasing
after him afoot

TOM

George! George! Wait up- I have to
talk to you!

GEORGE

I need to be alone right now, Tom.

TOM

I'm worried about you, man.

GEORGE

What? Can't a grown man walk into
town with his trusty flintlock

musket without being questioned?

TOM

You've got a score to settle?

GEORGE

Yes...

TOM

Now look George- I'm hardly an expert on weaponry, but flintlock musket my ass! That green and brown totem pole is a bazooka if I ever saw one!

GEORGE

A gun is a gun. Everyone's a critic.

TOM

Alright. Spill it. Who burned you? Went and bought some more of that placebo weed from that piss-whip Benedict Arnold, didn't you?

GEORGE

No. Nobody burned me. I just have a little score to settle, that's all. And don't throw that episode in my face- I couldn't see that weed in the dark! How was I supposed to know that he only took a crayon and drew the weed on little slip of paper?

TOM

Hm. I never thought of that. But are you sure it was dark?

GEORGE

Anyway, I've got a score to settle

TOM

Well in that case...

Tom and George arrive to George's stake-out and take their positions in the cover of some nearby shrubbery.

GEORGE

Shhhh. Tom, pass me those

binoculars at your side. Thanks.

TOM

Do you see him?

GEORGE

Not just yet. Just his stupid-ass pigeon friends, doing what they do best- bobbing their heads.

(George paused for a vindictive thought.)

I'm sure they get a lot of practice on each other.

TOM

How do you know he's gonna be here? Does he come to the park to feed them?

GEORGE

We- THAT'S HIM! It just landed for a squat on that statue's shoulder-that 's the smiling little fucker that shit in my mouth!

George throws his binoculars to the side and a split second later the marble statue and the squatting bird disintegrates into a billion pieces.

Tom digs into his pocket.

CLOSE on Tom's pot stash. Tom rolls a joint.

TOM

We now have ample excuse to party again!

Since Thomas has all the weed, George can't help but encourage a celebration.

TOM (CONT'D)

George- Before you smoke this: watch where you cough the next time. Please. I've only got two eyes.

GEORGE

Eat me, Tom. You've done worse than that. I remember that scene you made when you drank all that forty

ouncer of Old English- your last
drink at Ye Velvet Turtle, the day
you had a fight with your woman and
she left you to foot the bill.

FLASHBACK:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A very fancy restaurant. Tom is at a table with George and
Martha. He is clearly drunk. Sally Hemings is leaving in a
huff.

TOM

Waiter- stop her! The bitch took
my wallet!

The waiter brings the check

WAITER

Your check sir. I hope you've
enjoyed your meal as much as we'll
enjoy seeing you leave.

TOM

What? I ain't gonna pay for this
shit! I just saw the chef scratch
his ass with the egg beater! Ughh-
I don't feel so good.

GEORGE

(to Waiter)

Don't mind him. I'll get it.

A LADY walks by with a baby in a stroller.

TOM

Say lady, that's a pretty little
baby... what's her name?

LADY

(with a hint of disdain)

Clara.

TOM

Hi Clara! Coochie coochie koo!
Coochie coochie koo! Coochie
coochie-BWAAAAAUGH i

Tom empties his stomach in the stroller.

LADY

MY BABY! That drunk motherfucker
puked on my baby!

TOM

I told you the food was bad!
Ooooh, look kiddo- chunky style!
Tee hee hee. Who wants to guess
what I had for lunch?

GEORGE

Not me, thanks.

An OFFICER approaches.

OFFICER

Are you old enough to drink, sir?

TOM

Oh. Hello officer. Of course I'm
old enough to drink, mother-

Tom is slapped silly.

BACK TO PRESENT

GEORGE

That cop kicked your ass so hard
your mother got the limp. So I
wouldn't talk, Little Miss Tommy
Manners. At least I've never puked
on a baby!

TOM

Hey Woody, that pipe doesn't smoke
itself. Do you want to smoke the
motherfucker or do you want us to
sit here and wait for our tits to
grow?

By the first hit George knows he's in trouble. His effort
to hold the smoke lasts for about half a second, and he
coughs his lungs into his hands before he quickly sucks them
back into his chest, chagrined.

George takes another deep drag and naturally coughs aplenty.
His jettisoned wonder choppers then hit Thomas in an eye the
flying dentures missed the last time.

TOM (CONT'D)

Ow! What the fuck man?! Cover your
damned mouth!

George gropes around the room looking for his wooden teeth.
He finally finds them and plops them back in.

GEORGE

Sorry dude.

TOM

Seriously man, I'm gonna get a
nail gun for those wooden dentures.
You're a hazard.

GEORGE

Sorry about the black eye.

TOM

Whatever.

GEORGE

Catch a buzz, Tom?

TOM

Yeah. You?

GEORGE

Yeah. Hey, you know what man?

TOM

What?

GEORGE

I caught a buzz, dude. Hey uhuh,
damn!

TOM

What?

George slaps himself on the brow.

GEORGE

What's your name again dude?

TOM

Bah hah hah hah! you forgot my
name, George! I'll tell you for the
last time so write it down.
My name is... got pencil and paper?

My name is William Jefferson- no,
wait a
minute- that's not it! It's- it's
uh. It's uh....Samantha Jeff- no,
that's not it, either. Roofus
Jeffer- no! that's not it! Damn!
what, in the fuck is my name, Jill?

GEORGE

It's George, dumb ass.

TOM

No. That's not it either, thank
goodness. Ah ha! write it down,
teeny-bopper- I remember now! It's
Thomas! Thomas Washington!

GEORGE

(a beat)

Faggot.

George rubs his chin thoughtfully and rambles
psychoanalytically.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

In your dreams, dude, I'm already
married. Your subconscious slip of
the tongue betrays a tacit longing
for my anaconda-like ambassador of
vaginal good cheer. It's
understandable. I have that effect.

TOM

(completely baffled)

What? What the fuck are you talking
about?

GEORGE

You better keep your maiden name.
Here, pass me that joint. And you
better stop looking at me that way

TOM

What way?

GEORGE

Queer.

EXT. JUNIOR'S HIGH SCHOOL- MORNING

Meanwhile, back inside the graffiti littered walls of Mount

Vernon High, it's 8: 39 a.m. second period wood shop for Junior. Tabitha passes Junior a note as he makes a wooden bong.

JUNIOR

(reading the note)

"Yeah dude, alright, I'll ditch third with you and get stoned in the forest. Rad. AND I'm protected."

Junior jumps up and clicks his heels in joy.

NARR. (V.O.)

Life was worth living again. He wanted to never die. Yes, everything was perfect until they came. Until THEY came... and sadistically bared his darkest secret. It was a secret that cost him the woman to whom his life should've been dedicated.

Suddenly, the door bursts open and class is interrupted. Junior is approached by an unruly, loud-mouthed gang of elderly musicians from the London Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. In saunters SIR BIG AND MEATY, violin in hand and a syringe stuck in his arm.

SIR BIG AND MEATY

Hey fellas! That's Junior- his mother plays the electric cello! Slap the pestilent little avant garde wanker for me!

The junkie leader of the gang, Sir Big and Meaty the violinist, breaks them all into cruel guffaws, immediately inciting the bored class to join in the derision.

In the meantime Sir Big and Meaty drops his violin case on the floor and takes the liberty of casually slamming a needle into his arm with an ecstatic grin.

SIR DICK CHEAS is carrying his own cello.

SIR DICK CHEAS

Hey little cello Man!

Cheas whacks Junior upside the head. He then lifts a leg and farts in Junior's mouth while Sir Plastipenis Enis holds him

down.

SIR DICK CHEAS (CONT'D)

Name that tune, Junior! That's your
mammy's song!

SIR PLASTIPENIS ENIS

Can she play Stairway to Heaven?

JUNIOR

No. She cannot.

SIR PLASTIPENIS ENIS

Can she do this?

Plastipenis Enis removes his dentures to bare his gums menacingly at the class before dipping his saliva glistening gray teeth into Tabitha's drink, and then plopping them back into his mouth. He tastes the soaked dentures.

SIR PLASTIPENIS ENIS (CONT'D)

It's Dr. Pepper!

Suddenly he takes an empty Geritol bottle from his pocket and smashes off its base on a table, newly armed with a piece of broken glass for anyone who wanted it.

Junior looks at his name tag.

JUNIOR

Sir Plastipenis Enis, please, I
don't want any trouble.

Sir Plastipenis turns to face the rest of the class.

SIR PLASTIPENIS ENIS

I dare you, any of you—to question
the implications of my name!

SIR OBONE McGRUNT turns his attention to the lovely TABITHA by Junior's side, and then to Junior.

SIR OBONE McGRUNT

And where does your mammy plug it
in, eh Socrates? A lightning rod?
Young lady, do you know this'
stupid-ass electric cello playin'
motherfucker?

NARR. (V.O.)

Junior always cringed at that remark. That one really hurt. The sarcastic bastards were right, and they knew it.

SIR BIG AND MEATY

Well, young lady, do you know this stupid ass electric cello playin' wanker?

TABITHA

(frantically shakes her head in shame)
You're sick- hell no!

Tabitha then turns to Junior for an emotional speech.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

I wanted so much for us. I thought you were special. I thought you wouldn't hurt me. But this.... What else does she play, huh Junior? What other electrical obscenity does she play with when you're off and gone to school, eh Junior? I hope you die, you cruel and vicious bastard! I hope you die for what you did to me, Junior!

SIR PLASTIPENIS ENIS

That's what I thought.

Enis wafts a charming little melody on his oboe.

SIR PLASTIPENIS ENIS (CONT'D)

Hello young lady.

(points to his friends)
These are my colleagues Sir Obone McGrunt, Sir Big and Meaty and Sir Dick Cheas. Why don't you join me over at my motel room in town, sweetheart? I'll show you how to play my obone- hah hah hah hah!

Plastipenis accidentally drops, then picks up his hand pump and takes his leave with Tabitha. The verbal abuse, however, continues...

EXT. MOUNT VERNON HIGH- DAY

The paramedics struggle to fit Junior into a straight-jacket and lift him into a screaming ambulance.

TEACHER 1 and TEACHER 2 discuss the situation.

TEACHER 1

What the hell happened?

TEACHER 2

He snapped. He thinks the London Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra is out to kill him.

TEACHER 1

That's pretty absurd.

TEACHER 2

I know. Because I want to kill him. That little bastard burned me on a dope deal.

EXT. YE ALLEDEWAY INN - DAY

Ye Alldeway Inn, a cheap and sleazy motel somewhere on the outskirts of town.

NARR. (V.O)

But Junior wasn't the only casualty in the horrific trail of destruction plowed by the traveling gang of musical Englishmen that day.

A nervous CROWD gathers at the foot of the stairs of the scene, but no further. The police have constructed a barrier which even the PRESS have difficulty penetrating. No one seems to know what's really going on, and they won't for another long while.

INT. YE ALLEDEWAY INN - DAY

ROOM 23. We step over the yellow ribbon to enter the room. As detectives examine a nude, strangled body on the floor and search for evidence in the tiny room, a young OFFICER discusses the matter with his SERGEANT, whom has just arrived from the station.

OFFICER

Sergeant- that's the fourth victim this week.

(The young recruit flips
open his note pad and
reads through his notes.)
We found a hypodermic needle in the
bathroom and traces of heroin,
along with a Stradivarius violin
and some unfinished sheet music for
a violin concerto titled "Yo' Momma
Calls Me Spanky in A Minor",
"Serenade to Your Granny the
Pregnant Coke Ho in D minor", and
finally, Sir Big and Meaty's
Symphony Number Seven in B minor
"Shall We Name it Ann Wanted?" The
handwriting is genuine, so is his
method of operation. Sir Big and
Meaty has struck again.

SERGEANT

What makes you so sure?

OFFICER

Like the others before her, the
girl was choked to death. And as
you can see, we found her with a
big smile on her face and a runny
nose. The forensic experts are
hoping that the slap marks of his
hand on her buttocks may yield
fingerprints.

(a beat)

What a waste.

SERGEANT

Yeah.

(shakes his head sadly)

She was only eighty-five.

EXT. TOWN STREET - DAY

The elderly but virile Sir Big and Meaty is wearing a black
shirt and tight leather breeches as he noisily makes his way
down the cobblestone street. He's riding a vintage 1776
wooden, iron-wheeled KICK SCOOTER. He puts a sign over the
handlebars that reads "Ye International Escort Agency". On
his back he carries a collapsible walker.

EXT. MOUNT VERNON - DAY

There is a knock on the door and Martha finds Sir Big and

Meaty.

SIR BIG AND MEATY

Thank you, Mrs. Washington. You've been referred to us a number of times.

MARTHA

I've been trying to find a date for my friend Tom... He has some very peculiar tastes...

SIR BIG AND MEATY

Super freak, say no more! I've got a teddy in my briefcase, and I'll be happy to put it on if you're into the kinky stuff.

MARTHA

That won't be necessary. You obviously won't do. I specifically ordered a female escort.

SIR BIG AND MEATY

(chagrined)

It's the walker isn't? Look, I can do it without the walker, I swear!

MARTHA

Yes, that may have something to do with it...

He's beaten but not about to accept it.

SIR BIG AND MEATY

Let me get to the point, then.

MARTHA

Ok.

SIR BIG AND MEATY

Statistics show that one in three women will be raped in her lifetime. We mean to eliminate these terrible odds.

MARTHA

I should hope so!

SIR BIG AND MEATY

Indeed, because for the fashionable sadomasochist, that's an awful long time to wait. And for only three installments of \$599.99...

MARTHA

That is incredibly offensive!

SIR BIG AND MEATY

Please! Please do not misunderstand. We always employ safe words for our geriatric rape fantasies. In your case, for instance, the safe words would be "I love you."

Martha is stunned, seems undecided, for a moment, then she slams the door in his face. Yet his boldness seems to have left an impression on her. She fans herself.

EXT. MOUNT VERNON BACK YARD - DAY

Tom and George are doing what they do best: getting high. This time it's 'shrooms.

TOM

George, man, these 'shrooms we got from Ben Franklin are turning my stomach. I-I think I'm gonna hurl man!

A sickly Tom gets on all fours and begins vomiting.

GEORGE

Ugh, sick man. You lightweight. You should catch a mean buzz though...

(looks around anxiously)

Damn, I gotta take a piss.

George spots a target by Tom, Martha's prize tulip garden. Mischievously, George waters the plants with a mighty stream of urine.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You look a little thirsty! Ha! This'll teach her to throw away my stash!

INT. MOUNT VERNON KITCHEN - DAY

As Martha Washington washes the dishes, she looks out the window and is surprised by the sight of what appears to be Tom and George in a homosexual act by the tulip garden.

From where she is standing, Tom is on his knees, in front of George, wiping his mouth with a hanky. George is standing over him, his fly open, a look of intense gratification as he faces up at the sky.

From a distance, the illusion is one of Tom giving George a blow job, but Tom is several feet from George.

MARTHA

(under her breath)

Ah ha! I knew it! I knew it! I
knew they were British!

EXT. MOUNT VERNON BACK YARD- DAY

Martha storms out of the kitchen and catches up with the two. Suddenly George finds himself confronted as he buttons up his breeches, and turns ashen.

GEORGE

Oh my God! I am so sorry Martha!
I am so sorry!

MARTHA

How long did you think you two
could hide this abomination from
me?

Tom quietly resumes drying his mouth, perplexed at the argument.

GEORGE

Don't blame Tom, it's me.

MARTHA

Both of you cock goblins must take
the blame!

GEORGE

No, Martha, no. I was the one
pissing in your tulip garden.

MARTHA

You wha—

A puzzled look shoots across Martha's face as she looks at her garden, a pool of piss drowning her poor, wilting tulips. Then she sniffs and grimaces, and looks down at her shoes. She is stepping in Tom's VOMIT; what's left of the morning's omelette. Quickly, her anger subsides to become a mixture of revulsion and relief.

GEORGE

Why are you here? What did I do now?

MARTHA

The question is what didn't you do. You haven't visited your son. He's been institutionalized for weeks now.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Walking down the corridors with George is Junior's doctor, a certain disheveled and unshaven Dr. LOUSE. He walks with a limp and a cane. (He's a mirror image and spoof of television's Dr. Gregory House, only in colonial garb.)

DR. LOUSE

I'm Dr. Louse. It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Mr. Washington. Well, actually it isn't. I should be on my lunch break.

GEORGE

So what's the diagnosis?

DR. LOUSE

Acute paranoia with schizo affective tendencies. The child thinks he's being stalked by members of an orchestra.

GEORGE

Maybe, but they were also seen by many witnesses at his school.

DR. LOUSE

Just because they were there doesn't mean they were stalking him, or want to kill him, as he now insists.

GEORGE

True. But, eh, but..

George remains skeptical, however.

DR. LOUSE

(notices the skepticism)

Mr. Washington, I can tell you we
boast the latest in medical
advances, treatment and technology.

Proudly, Dr. Louse pauses at the door of three rooms to show
him examples.

ROOM 501. DOCTOR 1 is screaming into the ear of PATIENT 1,
cruelly deriding him.

George peers in.

DOCTOR 1

You're worthless, you hear me?
Worthless! You should have killed
yourself when you had the chance!
You're explosive diarrhea on the
face of humanity!

Doctor 1 is oblivious to them, too lost in his work.

DR. HOUSE

As you can see, we offer the best
and latest in psychotherapy.

Dr. Louse continues on to the next room.

ROOM 502. A severe beating. PATIENT 2 is getting the mental
illness kicked out of him by an equally ill DOCTOR 2. The
patient is doubled over and being kicked.

DR. LOUSE

And here we have Physical Therapy.

PATIENT 2

Dr. Louse, make him stop! Please!

GEORGE

(to Dr. Louse)

I don't see how this could help the
patient any.

DR. LOUSE

Who said anything about the

patient?

ROOM 503, a much larger area, features electroconvulsive therapy. The machine is Ben Franklin's invention. A dazed and burned PATIENT 3 is being walked out by a NURSE, his hair is standing on end. His hair is smoking.

DR. LOUSE

This is our latest technology,
Electroconvulsive Therapy, or ECT.
On one end of the gurney is a
connection to a lightning rod that
is on the roof. It powers a new
high-tech treatment to zap mental
illness away.
Only drawback is we have to wait
for lightning storms for it to
work. Still, we're quite proud of
it.

GEORGE

Don't tell me, another of Ben
Franklin's inventions? This too
from his line of electric
accessories and innovations?

DR. LOUSE

(surprised)
How did you guess?

EXT. HOSPITAL GARDENS - DAY

An incongruous beauty compared to what we have just seen.

DR. LOUSE

And here we have your son Junior.

Junior is chained to a TREE. He's asleep, until Dr. Louse whacks him hard with his cane. Junior wakes up.

JUNIOR

Ow! What'd you do that for, you
dick?

DR. LOUSE

I thought it would be rude to yell.

A melancholy George struggles to contain his grief.

DR. LOUSE

Junior, you have a visitor, as you can see. But this one is actually real.

JUNIOR

Eat me, Dr. Louse.

George cautiously approaches his son, as the boy is obviously livid.

GEORGE

Hello son. How are they treating you? Good I hope.

DR. LOUSE

I'll leave you two alone now.

GEORGE

Bye Dr. Louse... thank you for everything you've done.

JUNIOR

(to Dr. Louse)

Fuck off, you wanna-be quack.

Dr. Louse nods and smiles, walks away to give them some privacy. Junior lunges at George but the chain is too short.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

How do you think I'm doing? I'm a sitting duck if those bastards come back!

GEORGE

What bastards?

JUNIOR

Those limey penguin orchestral bastards, that's who! What are they, if not agents of the Crown?

A beat. George seems to regret his visit for a moment.

GEORGE

Oh. Well, as long as I'm here, I need your advice, since you're the smart one in the family.

JUNIOR

(bitterly)

You don't deserve my wisdom.

GEORGE

Please. It's important. It's about the slaves.

The boy realizes he's serious. Junior looks at his dad suspiciously.

JUNIOR

What about them?

GEORGE

Tom and I have been debating if we should try to free the slaves somehow.

JUNIOR

You won't even free your own son.

GEORGE

(defensively)

I'm not allowed to. The local judge is in charge here, not me. I never would have agreed to this.

JUNIOR

Surely there some strings you can pull?

GEORGE

I'll try. I promise you, I'll try. Your mother and I just want you to get well.

Junior betrays a sliver of hope.

JUNIOR

You promise?

GEORGE

I promise. Now, please, help me out on this.

George waits anxiously as Junior takes a moment to think. Finally, the boy speaks.

JUNIOR

Dad, you propose a country in which everyone has equal and unalienable

rights. You should be true to what you say on paper. Otherwise, we cannot avoid a certain civil war. That, and you two looking like hypocritical douche bags.

GEORGE

Aren't you exaggerating a little bit?

JUNIOR

Not in the least. Eventually, the split will lead to civil war between those who will follow the letter of the law, and those who refuse. There is no mention of slavery in what you have written already. Therefore, the abolitionists have a case against the south, despite the fact southerners have become dependent on slave labor.

GEORGE

You make it sound so easy, like we ourselves don't own hundreds of slaves.

JUNIOR

I have a plan. Give me a day or two to write it up. It's a fool-proof way to get the other framers of the Constitution to go along with you.

GEORGE

Then I'll be back tomorrow, son.

JUNIOR

Dad, if you can't lead by example, then you should free the slaves upon your death. Try to convince the other founding fathers to do so also. It's the right thing to do. In fact, if there is one thing I would ever ask you to do, in terms of leaving a legacy, it's freeing the slaves. Whatever the case, like I said, I have a plan to free the slaves, and it will work. Trust me on this. Let me just get it out on

paper, and strike while the iron is hot.

GEORGE

Okay son. I trust you. Thanks for the advice. See you tomorrow.

As George leaves the hospital, we hear music. It's Bach's Cantata 29.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

An ORCHESTRA is giving a performance for the patients. Conducting them is Sir Dick Cheas. George doesn't notice it, but Cheas eyes George with evil intent.

INT. DR. LOUSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Louse has summoned two of his assistants, DR. FORESKIN and DR. LACE.

DR. LOUSE

Foreskin, Lace, I need you two to check out the Washington residence. See what you can find. If that boy's insane, it may be a poison or hallucinogen of some kind. Look for moldy bread. And panties.

The two nod obediently, and leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUCKINGHAM PLACE - DAY

KING GEORGE III is being advised on the situation in the colonies.

ADVISOR 1

Your majesty, your agents from the colonies have arrived.

KING GEORGE

Good. Let them in.

ADVISOR 1

Yes Your Majesty.

In walk two familiar faces. They kneel before the THRONE.

KING GEORGE

Well, what do you propose we do to the rebels?

SIR PLASTIPENIS ENIS

Your Majesty, we suggest you place a bounty on George Washington's head. In fact, place a bounty on the heads of all those who signed the Declaration of Independence. Let the bounty be a large one, perhaps 25,000 pounds per head. Dead or alive.

KING GEORGE

That's a lot of money.

SIR OBONE MCGRUNT

Yes, but that will bring out the greediest, and therefore most reliable and predictable, colonists. They won't be safe anywhere they turn.

KING GEORGE

That sounds like an excellent idea.

INT. MOUNT VERNON - DUSK

George comes home to find Martha weeping and ashamed.

GEORGE

Martha! What happened?

MARTHA

I was... I was violated.

GEORGE

Who did this? I'll kill him!

MARTHA

Some musician type! From an orchestra... looked like a junkie. Sir Big and Meaty...

GEORGE

I will find him if it's the last thing I do!

MARTHA

Yes, please do. Please do. No one stands me up!

GEORGE

What?!

MARTHA

George, I think I'm in love!

George is poker faced. We don't know if he wants to punch her in the mouth or burst into tears. Finally, he shrugs.

The he remembers what Junior told him about the musical stalkers that wanted to kill him. Panic sets in.

GEORGE

Did you say musician?

MARTHA

Yes .

GEORGE

Listen Martha, I have to get back to the hospital! I think Junior might be in danger!

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Dr. Louse meets George at the entrance to deliver some bad news.

DR. LOUSE

I'm afraid I have some bad news.
You may want to sit down.

GEORGE

No, I'll stand.

DR. LOUSE

Mr. Washington, Junior was found hanging soon after you left.

GEORGE

(stunned)

Are you sure it's my boy?

DR. LOUSE

I'm afraid so. On the bright side,
at least we know he wasn't crazy.

One look at George says it all...

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Louse is in surgery. His feet are up in stirrups, and he's knocked out.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. A primitive EKG.

The SURGEON is carefully removing a cane from Louse's ass.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Junior's FUNERAL. Tom is uncharacteristically quiet, knowing there is nothing he can say to comfort George. The CASKET is lowered.

TOM

What did Junior tell you? You said he spoke of a plan.

GEORGE

We have no plan. I don't know what Junior had planned. He said to come back later but he was dead by then. He said it was fool-proof.

AUTHORITIES arrive. George doesn't run, doesn't care.

OFFICER 1

George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, you are hereby under arrest for high treason and the wanton murder of five orphans and a nun.

INT. SEEDY BAR - DUSK

CLOSE on MONEY as it exchanges hands: 25,000 pounds. Doling it out is a ROYAL OFFICER, receiving it is TEACHER 2, whom we met earlier.

TEACHER 2

That'll teach them to burn me on a deal.

INT. TOWN JAIL - DAY

TWO GUARDS mock Tom and George, knowing they are to be hanged the next day.

The DOOR breaks down. It's Martha, and she's come to kick some ass. She drop-kicks both guards and knocks them unconscious.

Martha lifts one of them partially to retrieve the keys, and promptly unlocks the boys.

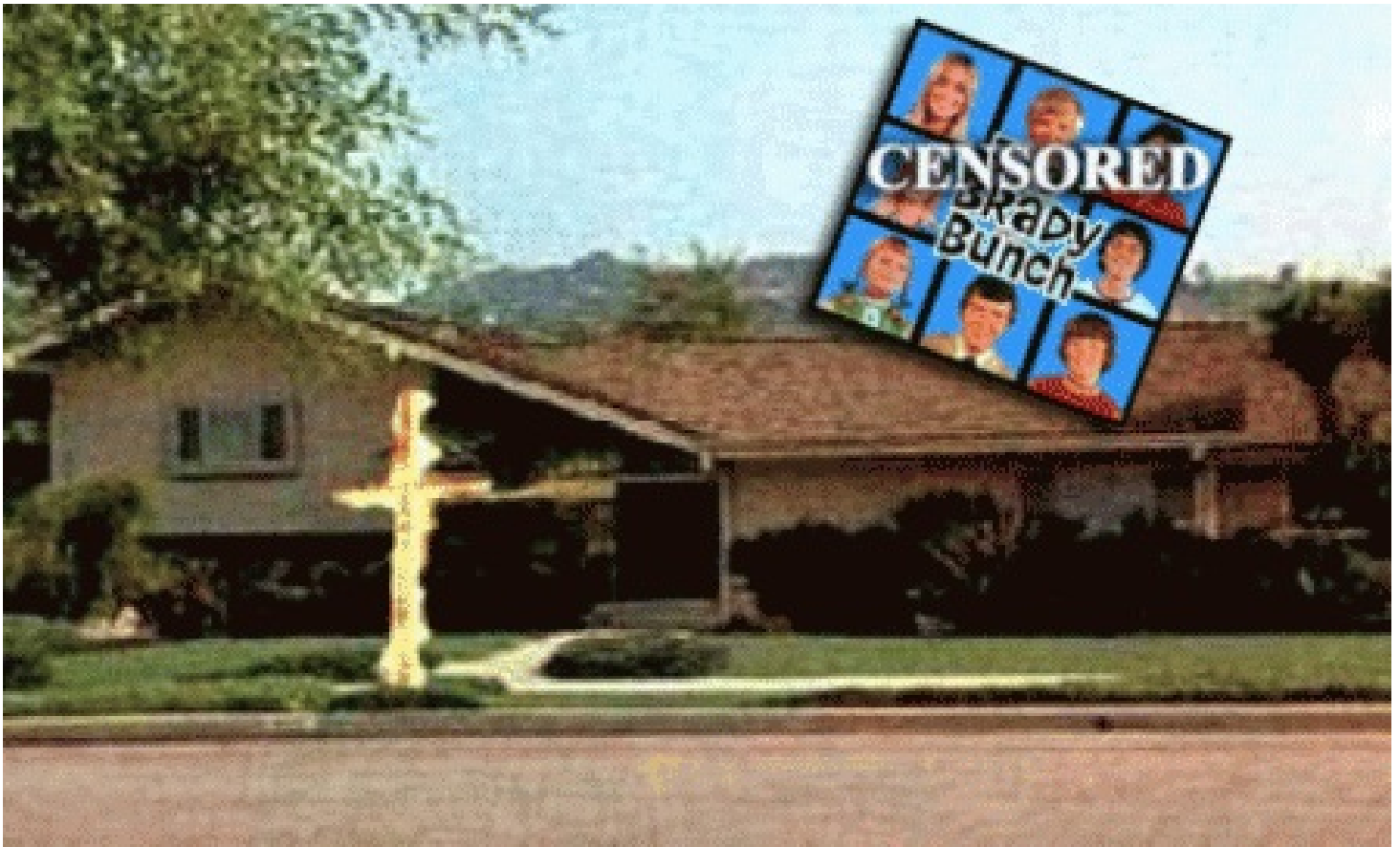
INT. PENNSYLVANIA STATE HOUSE - DAY

GEORGE

We are already divided because of the slavery issue, man. But stop and think. This is what England wants. She may not get all of the colonies back, but she can get either north or south once weakened. Once done, it is only a matter of time before we all become subjects of the Crown. It would mean we fought the Revolutionary War for nothing.

to be continued...

Censored Brady Bunch Episodes



Not every Brady Bunch episode made it past the zealous censors of 1970s television. Even this, the most innocent of shows, the most wholesome, managed to somehow offend the sensibilities of anal retentive network censors. Here now, for your perusal, the lost classics...

Mr. Brady's Best Friend- Batteries Not Included

Mr. Brady has some explaining to do when Bobby finds a sex toy in his briefcase while searching for cocaine money. Clueless, Bobby takes the device to school for Show and Tell, claiming it is one of his father's favorite architect tools. The boy is nearly expelled by his teacher, and is the butt of every joke to be told by the children for the rest of the semester. A script excerpt:

INT. CLASSROOM- DAY

Proudly, Bobby follows a classmate's boring ant farm exhibit with a blueprint container. He pops off the cap from one end of the tube and empties its contents on a desk. They are blueprints for an apartment complex. Then he empties the contents of a briefcase his dad was desperately looking for earlier.

BOBBY

And this is my dad's favorite architect tool. I think he uses it to hold the blueprints to the table while he examines them, but I must admit it might be hard to see anything with these on.

Bobby mounts a strap-on dildo to his head, the rubber penis facing forward. His eyes are obscured by two large rubber testicles. The room bursts into laughter. Bobby has no idea what they find so funny.

MRS. CRABSNATCH

Bobby, we need to talk.

Mrs. Crabsnatch is seething; she slides open a desk drawer, and pulls out a bat with the name "Bobby" written on it. Her intentions are anything but benign, but you would think so, as Bobby cheerfully approaches her.

In part two of the episode Bobby jumps headfirst into the path of a speeding wheelchair in a doomed suicide attempt.



"The Brady 666"

February 19, 1973 (partially censored, but aired) The Brady family makes a pact with the devil. In exchange for their souls, the Brady family's hitherto hopeless band, The Brady Six, will become world famous. Davey Jones makes a special appearance as Satan. An excerpt:

The contract signed in blood, Satan squats suddenly, and defecates on the living room floor..

JAN

What are you doing?

SATAN

Do not question me. This works every time. Quickly now, get me some staff paper.

When she returns, Satan dips the point of his tail in the watery excrement and uses it to pen the music and lyrics of a song. Greg walks to a piano he couldn't play just minutes earlier. Greg's eyes roll up to their whites, suddenly he is in a demonic trance. He takes the sheet music and plays effortlessly. Satan begins to sing.



INT. KITCHEN- DAY

Alice is cooking dinner and overhears the music. She covers her ears, each verse immediately driving her deeper and deeper into an abyss of incurable insanity.

SATAN (O.S.)

*I think I'll go for a walk outside
now, The summer sun's calling my
name, I hear it now. I just can't
stay inside all day, I've got to
get out, gimme some of those rays.*

*Everybody's smiling (sunshine day), Everybody's laughing
(sunshine day), Everybody seems so happy today in the
sunshine day.*

*Oooh. Can't you dig the sunshine? Feel the sun and the
rays.*

Can't you hear it calling your name?

EXT. DRIVEWAY BRADY RESIDENCE- DAY

Carol and Mike Brady arrive, the station wagon pulling up in the driveway. Their arms are loaded with groceries. She and Mike Brady are strangely immune to the evil sway of the music, and in fact, like it.

CAROL

What delightful music! Why, this morning none of them could read or write a note of music to save their lives!

MIKE

Catchy! I know. They couldn't even master a washboard and jug. Yes, I do believe the Brady Six have something going there!

(drops groceries, does awkward robot dance to cheesy pop song)

CAROL

(opens the sliding glass door)

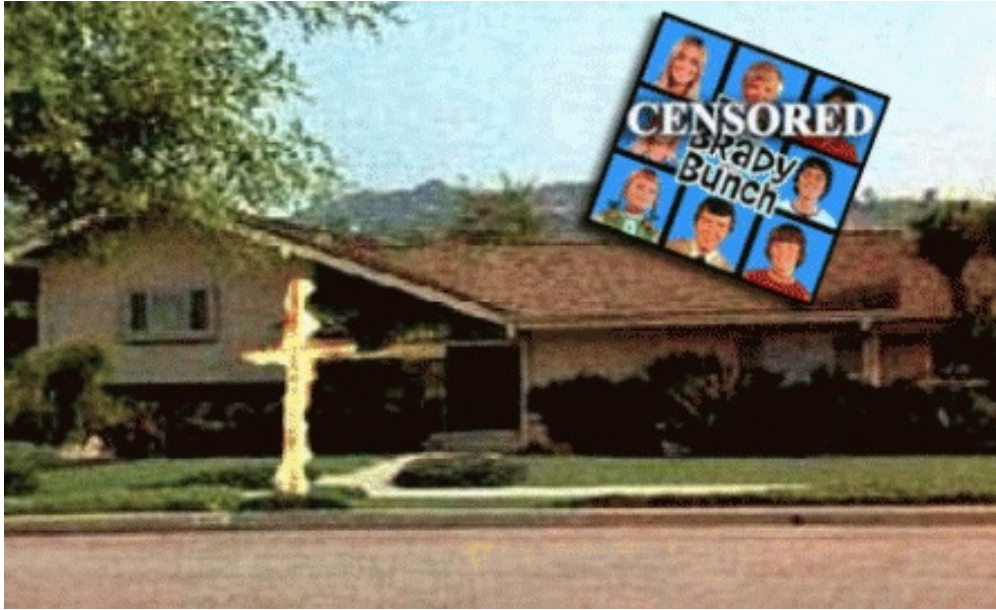
Alice, can you help me with the groceries please? Mike's having a seizure. Alice? Alice? Oh my God-- no Alice, no!

Carol finds Alice standing on a chair, a noose around her neck. An unspeakable agony contorts her face, the kitchen is scrawled all over with the words "Brady 666" and "Davey Jones is Satan" in black felt-tip marker.

ALICE

Don't try and stop me Mrs. Brady!.... can't you... can't you hear the sunshine calling your name?

Alice kicks the chair from under feet.



Grand Dragon Brady

March 11 1976 (censored, not aired) Mike Brady starts drinking again. He becomes convinced his curly-haired son Greg is an "albino Negro" and was planted by the Black Panthers to spy on his family. A script excerpt:

INT. KITCHEN

The family gathers around the birthday cake. Mr. Brady, in white Klan robe and hood, yanks out the birthday candles and plants a small burning cross on the cake. Greg is infuriated and then breaks into tears. He runs to his room. Mike, a beer in hand, giggles with sadistic abandon. Suddenly he notices the silent crowd glaring at him.

MIKE

(to crowd, in drunken
slur)

What? What are you looking at, race
traitors?

(burping the words aloud)
White power!



CAROL

Mike, oh dear, you're drunk again!

MIKE

You boned him didn't you, slut?

CAROL

What are you talking about?!

MIKE

You boned him, didn't you? you boned that- that- chocolate cyclops, that no-talent one-eyed Jew Negro!



(Mike points at Sammy Davis Jr., whom just happens to be at the birthday party.)

CAROL

Mike, please. He's a guest.
Besides, Greg was already born to
your late wife, before we even met!

SAMMY

(holding his latest album,
he approaches Carol, wary
of Mike)



It's ok Mrs. Brady, baby, I get it all the time. But, yeah man, it's time for me to leave. I'll just check you cats out later. Tell Greg the 4th track on side one is dedicated to him.

CAROL

(looks at back of album
and reads the track list
aloud)

Hmm. Side One... "Mr. Bojangles", "The Candy Man", "Midnight in Paraguay" and "Hey Greg Brady, Your Dad's a Stupid Motherfucker".

Carol's eyes grow misty, and she dabs a tear away as she walks Sammy to the door. Mike empties another can, goes to grab another beer.

CAROL (CONT.)

Oh Sammy, I am sure Greg will love

this present most of all! Thank
you!

SAMMY

Don't mention it. Bye Carol, baby!

Carol shuts the door softly and approaches with
obvious disappointment.

CAROL

I hope you're happy. You ruined it
for everybody again.

MIKE

That hair on Greg, that ain't
right. That ain't no son of mine,
that's no "natural perm", you lying
whore! that's an afro, and I'm
gonna prove it!

CAROL

Mike, how could you push away your
first-born son like that? bad
enough you always make him sit in
the back seat of the station wagon
and call you "Massah Brady" in
public, now you ruined his birthday
party! I- I hope you're happy, you
stupid bigot jerk!

Carol bursts into tears and runs upstairs to comfort Greg.
The festive mood gone, the party crowd begins to leave.

MIKE

Fine. be that way. I don't need
you. I'll eat the cake myself. I
paid for it!

Mike attempts to blow out the fiery cross on the cake. He
blows feebly, then suddenly vomits on the cake and table as
the room empties of the remaining guests.
Mike collapses to the floor. Two boys, Cornelius and Cletus,
approach him cautiously.

CORNELIUS

What an asshole. Remind me to kick
Greg's ass for inviting me to this
shit-fest.

CLETUS

At least they didn't hire a
magician this time.

CORNELIUS

I know. Brady parties always suck,
man. Let's go.

Mike is passed out in a pool of his own vomit. CORNELIUS stops over his body, nudges him with his foot. Mike begins to snore. The boy kicks him in the head and runs out the door. The fiery cross, however, was not extinguished with Mike's projectile vomiting. As Mike rubs his head and pulls himself up clumsily on the table, he slips, pulling the tablecloth. The cross on the cake falls on his robe, and Mike is soon on fire. Moments later, we find Mike Brady running down the street, Klan robe in flames.

A Brady Period Piece

May 9 1976 (censored, not aired) Cindy and her conceited junior cheerleader pals from middle school want to see if Cindy is worthy of their special company. After she fellates a moose, then holds up a liquor store and pistol-whips the manager in the usual cheerleader initiation ritual she is almost accepted. But then tragedy strikes. As they and their boyfriends relax in the Brady's new Jacuzzi, an excerpt from the final scenes in the script reads...

EXT. JACUZZI



The kids frolic in the new Jacuzzi for a few moments before Cindy makes an announcement they will never forget.

CINDY

The water feels fine and all, but I don't feel so well...my tummy hurts!

CHUCK

Ughhh! red tide! red tide! Look- the nasty bitch is bleeding, dudes!

SUE

Gross! Let's get out of here- she's having her period!

The kids all exit as the water churns a bubbly red, but Cindy stays put.

CINDY

(staring at bloody finger)
Mom, come quick- I'm bleeding! Mom!
I'm bleeding!
(gleefully)
How neat!

Shall We Name it Ann Wanted?

May 16, 1976

After a night of drinking and debauchery, Greg knocks up his sister Marsha Brady. Hilarity ensues after Greg and Marsha walk into an abortion clinic, only to bump into Mrs. Brady as she is just about to leave the office... escorted by Sammy Davis, Jr. (This one was so controversial it was the first sitcom with an X rating. Very little of the original script now exists.)

Banned House Episodes

Behold the banned House episodes, which by virtue of undue realism, were filmed but never aired.

In the featured episode, Foreman and Chase break into a patient's home for clues to a diagnosis. The hapless Foreman, for those unfamiliar with the hit television series, was a doctor hired by Dr. Gregory House to add to his elite diagnostic team, for of all things, Foreman's criminal record and expertise in breaking and entry. Of course, ever mindful of hurtful stereotypes, the producers made sure Foreman was played by a black man.



In this show House's team, in virtually every episode, has to break into the house or apartment of a dying patient unable to consent. They do this to look for clues in the home of the patient as to the condition now afflicting them, such as meds or toxic elements, etc. In one episode, for example, the culprit for a rare, deadly disease turned out to be pigeon droppings.

Unlike the countless scripts before, this time reality and probability set in. The home is not empty, and both Foreman and Chase are gunned down by a homeowner who naturally mistook them for burglars. Rushed to the hospital, resident diagnostic genius Dr. House dismisses the multiple gunshot wound theory and searches for clues pointing to SBPH, or "spontaneous bodily perforation and hemorrhaging," a rare if not unknown condition which even Cuddy has trouble swallowing.



Ever mindful of hurtful stereotypes, the producers made sure Foreman, the only doctor with a criminal record, was played by a black man.

Oh, and of course, the writer was shot.

Below are the first two acts from the show.

The Censored HOUSE Episodes
Episode#54 Foreman and Chase Get Shot
-- TEASER --

FADE IN:

EXT. SMITH RESIDENCE -- NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Foreman nervously cases the house, looking for a way to break in. Chase keeps watch while Foreman breaks a kitchen door window, and steps inside.

FOREMAN

House really does hate me.

CHASE

That's absurd.

FOREMAN

Really? How many times has he asked us to break into patient homes to help diagnose a case? Say we get caught one day. I could spend years in prison just for following a false lead.

CHASE

How can a man breaking and entering a home not arouse suspicion? We're doctors, that's why.

FOREMAN

Yes but it's still a felony. I really think he has it in for me. The other day I saw him betting on which one of us would get arrested first. He put all his money on me.

CHASE

He doesn't hate you. House told me so.

FOREMAN

Well I've had it. Why couldn't he ask us to do something more productive? Like shoplifting? Now, you get the bedroom and I'll check the bathroom.

CHASE

Ok, will do.

INT. SMITH BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chase goes to patient's closet and drawers to look for clues. He stops when he finds what he has been looking for. He focuses on a box of pills.

CHASE

A-ha! found them!

Chase studies them carefully, about to grab them..

INT. BATHROOM

Foreman is methodically searching, finishing at the medicine cabinet.

FOREMAN

Nothing in the medicine cabinet.
I'm gonna make myself a sandwich.

CHASE O.S.

Hey Foreman, check this out!

FOREMAN

In a minute.

INT. KITCHEN

Foreman grabs some mayo, tomatoes, bologna and lettuce. He slices the tomato and makes his sandwich when Chase calls for him again. He heads for the bedroom with a knife he was about to wash.

INT. SMITH BEDROOM

Chase is now in lingerie and lipstick. Foreman is soon at the door, shaking his head and turning away.

CHASE

(posing seductively)
Is this hot or what?

FOREMAN

Oh no Chase, I did not just see you with a rock hard boner! Please tell me I did not see you with a boner!

CHASE

You did not see me with a boner. Isn't it pretty, though? Cameron would love these. It's Victoria's Secret!

FOREMAN

Chase, you're one secret Victoria should have kept. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll check the other rooms. Maybe I'll find Miss Smith's diary, have a laugh or two.

As both are in the room, they hear a third person arrive and

turn around in horror. It's MR.SMITH, and seeing Foreman with a knife in hand, empties his clip into both of them.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

House walks with Cuddy, who's carrying a patient file.

CUDDY

What were they doing at your patient's house?

HOUSE

They were doing their job. I asked them to do it because I need clues for a diagnosis.

CUDDY

That's illegal. And look at them now. Foreman is clinging to his life and Chase is dead.

HOUSE

(rubbing his brow)

They contracted something there. Most will say they were mistaken for burglars or rapists and shot. It's not as simple as it seems.

CUDDY

Amazing.

HOUSE

Yes, I am. Now let me run a few tests for SBPH.

CUDDY

What the hell is SBPH? Is it viral?

HOUSE

Spontaneous Bodily Perforation and Hemorrhaging. The virus is rare and its ulcers are often mistaken for gunshot wounds. It is contagious in

it's early stage, and causes an autoimmune disorder that causes random bodily perforation and internal bleeding.

CUDDY

We have witness that say they were shot.

HOUSE

Are they doctors?

CUDDY

No, but --

HOUSE

Then why do you care?

INT. FOREMAN HOSPITAL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON EKG MONITOR and then PULL BACK TO REVEAL House and Cuddy standing at the foot of Foreman's bed.

CUDDY

SBPH huh?

HOUSE

Yes.

Cameron and Wilson enter.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

These should be the test results now.

CAMERON

X-rays show an unidentified mass in the shape of a bullet. We need to remove that mass, it is very near the heart.

HOUSE

Cameron, you're late. An hour late.

CAMERON

My car broke down on the freeway. None of the mechanics I went to can fix it.

HOUSE

My brother is a mechanic.

(House scribbles down a
number and gives it to
Cameron.)

Give him a call, he's the best there
is. Tell him I sent you.

WILSON

House, this isn't cancer. Tumors
can be ruled out. What's the
treatment for SBPH?

HOUSE

Start them on steroids and treat
the wounds with Vagisil.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP -- DAY

Cameron discusses her problem with the mechanic, Tim House.

CAMERON

How much do you think this will
cost me?

TIM

About twelve hundred if it what I
think it is.

CAMERON

I'm afraid that's a little steep
for an oil change and car therapy.
I try talking to my car all the
time and it doesn't talk back.

TIM

How can it? you don't know
Carspeak.

CAMERON

Twelve hundred huh?

TIM

Yes ma'am.

CAMERON

Did I mention your brother House sent me? Gregory House.

TIM

(demeanor changes at mention of House)
That will be \$3,000, cash.

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE -- DAY

House has his feet up on the desk, staring at the ceiling deep in thought. Cuddy and Cameron walk in, both really pissed.

CUDDY

House, the police are here. Again.

CAMERON

And your patient is dead.

HOUSE

I hate people. Did I ever tell you I really, really hate people?

CUDDY

Hate people on your own time.

HOUSE

Yes mommy.

CUDDY

You lost a patient over another false lead. I think you need some quiet time, House. You need a time out. Go stand in the corner for five minutes and think about what you just did. Think about your dislike for people and how it negatively affects their treatment and diagnosis.

House gets up, limps to the corner. He's furious.

HOUSE

You'll rue the day you did this, woman. Cuddy, I hate you!

(Tears are streaming down House's face as he goes

into a tantrum.)
I hate you I hate you I hate you!

CUDDY
(with a sigh hands him a
juice box from her purse)
Here. Stop whining.

House is soon quietly in the corner for his time-out,
drinking from his juice box.

INT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP -- DAY

Tim House is in a chair, talking notes as he talks to
Cameron's car. His friend Joe watches the Freud of mechanics.

TIM
Mr. Car, you said you feel
neglected. Do you want to talk
about it?

Complete silence. Not a word from the afflicted car. After a
long, quiet pause Joe chimes in.

JOE
Tim, are you sure psychological
counseling will work with an
automobile?

TIM
Something is causing this leak and
I must find it. As to your
question, yes. Sometimes cars talk
to me if I just listen hard enough.

JOE
What do they tell you? Where will
you look next?

TIM
Since the car won't talk to me
right now I have to opt for Plan B.

JOE
I'll grab my coat.

INT. CAMERON'S HOME- DAY

Tim has just broken in, looking for clues as to what ails the
car. Joe is right behind him.

JOE

And I'm supposed to look for what?

TIM

Anything that could be causing her
car trouble. Let's start with her
bedroom.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

America's Most Unwanted

With Pat Buchanan... an ode to reality television



EST. SHOT-- BORDER CROSSING- DAY

Border officers watch a dust cloud clear as rumbling tank, an M-1a slows. Los Angeles Cardinal Roger Mahony is driving tank into American territory. it stops. The tank hatch opens.

BORDER OFFICER

That was a quick trip. Cardinal. I hope you found that holy water you were looking for.

MAHONY

Yes. Too bad I have to return this rental so soon. Or I'd have time to chat with you about it. Peace be with you, my son.

The border officer smiles and waves goodbye

LAP DISS. TO-

INT. CATHEDRAL- DAY

Buchanan walks down the aisle of an empty cathedral before pausing to address the audience.

BUCHANAN

He is a cold blooded race traitor in shepard's clothing. He calls himself a son of God. But he didn't vote for me. Thus he treads boldly into blasphemy I say!

Pat's pocket phone rings. Sheepishly, he answers.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

MCI Friends and Family! Will you accept a collect call from Satan, the Prince of Darkness?

INT. HELL

As the devil sits on his throne talking on the phone, howling and cursing for Pat to shut up, the devil's minions express their displeasure with Pat.

DEMON 1

You're blowing it, Pat! You're blowing it. Man!

DEMON 2

Just wait until you get down here--

SATAN

(to DEMONS)

Shhh!!! I'm tryingt o talk!! Yes, hey- hey Pat! Is this Pat?

BUCHANAN

No. This Pedro. Yeah--

(nervously)

I Pedro! Pat not here.

SATAN

Pat not here alright, ya stupid motherfucker. You are so predictable-- stop making me look good.

BUCHANAN

Now you pissed me off! twice fallen angel-

SATAN

You arrogant fool! I taught you everything you know about evil, and in hell Satan is always employee of the month, ya hear me?! Gleaming with pride, Pat polishes a golden pitchfork award that he carries with him everywhere he goes. On it is a plaque that reads "Employee of the Month"

INT. CATHEDRAL- DAY

BUCHANAN

I don't see your name on that plaque-

Pat glances at camera, and embarrassed, he remembers he's on

television and hangs up.

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

Uh, I mean, our first case begins innocently enough Sunday. This is a true story.

LAP DISSOLVE: EXT. RACE TRACK-- DAY

Still clad in full clerical garb. Cardinal Roger Mahony races his tank through the parking for like a maniac- - driving on the sidewalk at 50 miles per hour. A woman he nearly hits stops him and complains after Mahony squashes her grocery cart.

WOMAN

Why don't you watch where you're going, creep?

An enraged Mahony suddenly grins maniacally. With the press of a button he swings the turret and knocks her out, essentially pimp slapping her with a tank turret. Then Mahony gleefully runs over the feet of a poor wino that was leaning against the wall fast asleep. Then he backs up and does it again.

MAHONY

And that's for not going to confession, sinner!

INT. TANK- DAY

Cardinal Mahony is smoking a joint and his stereo is blasting Oz's blasphemous "Turn the Cross Upside Down". He gags on the taste of the and then throws out the burning roach and a dime bag of pot from the speeding tank.

MAHONY

Curses! seeds again! The dealer must die!

Mahony says a brief prayer, and...

INT. DEALER'S HOUSE- DAY

A hippie is tripping on a Grateful Dead record when he struck by a bolt of lightning.

EXT. PARKING LOT- DAY

A ROBIN (an actor in a ridiculously misrepresentative bird

suit) sees the bag land nearby and starts pecking at the seeds that are spilling out of the bag.

BLINKING CAPTION: "DRAMATIZATION"

Suddenly the bird flies into a psychotic rage. It sets out to attack a school bus filled with children.

EXT. BUS STOP- DAY

A school bus is loading children when they receive an unexpected visitor.

INT. BUS- DAY

The ROBIN has acquired a machine gun and steps into the bus to address the driver.

ROBIN

Hey bitch! What'd you say about my mother?

The crazed robin steals her purse and beaks her repeatedly, then eyes the children menacingly.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Now I know y'all got some bird seed! The frightened children start crying.

EXT. RACE TRACK- DAY

Mahony searches for a parking spot. He finds a nice one in the handicapped zone, and he flips off a handicapped driver about to take that spot.

MAHONY

So you can read sign language! Ha! Everything is going according to plan! Now I can go to Mass and perform my liberal sacrilege with a clear conscience! Hah hah hah!

Cardinal Mahony stops the engine and gets out of the tank like John Gotti. 200 illegal aliens jump out of the tank and are armed with machine guns, grenades. several crates of dynamite, and welfare applications. The Cardinal blesses them.

(O.S. Spooky mood music.)

BUCHANAN V.O.

His name is Cardinal Roger Mahony of Los Angeles. In February of 1993, he endangered his fellow Americans by double parking at the Santa Anita Race Track. Luckily, there was no car parked in the other space, and lives were saved. This time he wasn't in the car, but what about next time? What if his niece isn't driving next time? What if it's a tank she's driving next time'? Yet the unmitigated blasphemy didn't stop there.

A traffic cop arrives to ticket the tank and the aliens scatter. She questions Mahony about the weapons, and writes the ticket as a pissed off guy in a wheelchair points him out.

TRAFFIC COP

MAHONY

You talkin' to me? I know, you ain't talkin' to me!

TRAFFIC COP

I'm talkin' to you, Cardinal!

MAHONY

Oh. I see. You want to burn in hell like a roast pig? today's your lucky day, copper!

Mahony jumps out of his tank with a flame-thrower strapped to his back, and he stuffs an apple in her mouth. Then he torches both. The Cardinal suddenly stands still.

XCS: His watch is beeping and a young voice comes through- it sounds like the little Japanese boy from the sci-fi classic "Johnny Sokko and His Giant Robot."

JOHNNY V.O.

Giant Robot! Giant Robot! come to me- - I've just been arrested at the border!

MAHONY

Oh no! It's Johnny-- he's in trouble again!

EXT. TIJUANA BORDER- DAY

A jet pack folds out of Mahony's back and he miraculously transforms in to a fifty foot tin robot with a pyramidal head and laser vision. Flying at supersonic speed, he lands back at the border.

In a rage he locks his arm, aims and shoots rockets out of his fingertips at immigration officers and buildings. Towering over terrified officers. Mahony crushes INS vehicles under his feet. Eventually, King Kong and Dracolon the Great Sea Monster come into the fray to do battle with the giant Cardinal. Both are sporting INS jackets, but are soundly defeated by the Cardinal's proficiency with the nun-chuks, drop kick and the rockets he's firing from his fingertips.

INT. POLICE STATION- DAY

Police Dispatcher at her terminal.

DISPATCHER

All points bulletin: officer down!
Repeat: officer down! Suspect last spotted in clerical garb distributing food to the needy!

BUCHANAN V.O.

While writing up his ticket an innocent traffic officer suffered a near fatal paper cut on her pinkie finger, and Officer Pebbly Poo was rushed to the hospital by helicopter for emergency blood transfusions. But there were complications: namely, hemorrhoid surgery. Officer Pebbly Poo was lucky. She pulled through miraculously with no visible scars from that incredible trauma. The only scar that remains is an emotional one. Critics claim her account is pure fiction. They cite her history of insanity and the fact that she never worked for any law enforcement agency nor suffered any burns whatsoever. But critics delude themselves.

(ominously))

Because they're beaners.

INT. CROWDED CATHEDRAL- DAY

Roger Mahony is speaking in tongues, his eyes are rolled up to their whites and he's levitating himself over the heads of bedazzled parishioners. Then he flies to a soup kitchen nearby, and begins feeding the poor.

BUCHANAN V.O.

It's English only here, Cardinal.
Speak in tongues somewhere else,
amigo! So remember- with your call,
we can put this beaner-lover Mahony
on the big green bus back to
Mexico: or whatever country he came
from.

TRACKING SHOT: Suddenly Buchanan is approached by police and questioned. They walk over to inspect the shows equipment van. They search Buchanan's pocket find the van keys. They let him go, and dejectedly, he walks away.

EXT. CITY PARK- DAY

Buchanan walks over to a nearby concession stand selling an assortment of rocks, bricks and rotten fruit. Democrats and Republicans line up for a bag or two. A banner over the stand has its motto: "He who hath not sinned among you, cast the first stone." Buchanan buys a bag and starts chucking rocks at a bag lady as she sits on a bench, dodging the missiles.

BAG LADY

Stop it! Can't you see I'm a human
being?

BUCHANAN

That bench is whites only! And I'm
not going to stop until you move!

She finally leaves and then he approaches a group of first grade youngsters on a field trip with a sweet blonde teacher, MS. DAVENPORT. He calls out to the minorities in the group: a Latino Child, BOY 1, then to an African American. BOY 2, and Asian, GIRL 1.

BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

(to BOY 1)

Hey you. Let me see your papers.
This swing is for citizens only,
and so are the monkey bars! Where
are your papers?

BOY 1

What papers?

BOY 2

Yeah- - what papers? What are you talking about? Rolling papers? I don't smoke that stuff. Who are you?

BUCHANAN

Who am I? I'm the biggest, baddest dude in town, and I say you don't pay taxes! So I'm going to deport each and every one of your little asses unless I see a green card soon.

While the teacher is still distracted with other children, Buchanan slaps BOY 1 upside the head.

BOY 1

What the hell? You hit me!

BUCHANAN

How many of your parents are in the Democratic Party? Raise your hands!

Two of the children do. Buchanan chuckles, grabs his pocket phone and starts dialing.

BOY 1

Sir. You needn't have slapped me upside the head. Surely you could have chosen a better means of expressing your frustration. You could have elevated this communication to the first grade level.

BUCHANAN

(cell phone to ear, with strained Southern accent)
Hello? INS. I have some Meshicans here under citizen's arrest none over ten. Some of them are even pregnant I reckon.

INS OFFICER V.O.

You again. Listen, Mr. Buchanan, I

know its you. Now, I told you to stop calling me here at home with tips on the next school yard I can raid. Besides, my wife notices the attention.....Frankly, Jane here's really getting jealous about the time we spend on the phone...

Buchanan hangs up in a rage. He grabs a pen and puts it on his shoulder.

BUCHANAN

(to children)

What are you looking' at? What? you think you're bad? Whoever doesn't like the fact I've just deported them-- I dare him knock this pen off my shoulder! (holds up his fist) Yeah. Thought so. And you'd better have a toothbrush for where you're going.

BOY

Ms. Davenport was this really a candidate for president?

MS. DAVENPORT

I'm afraid so.

BUCHANAN

Okay. Fine. As even you must certainly know, my campaign coffers are running low. This means we can make a deal. Maybe some of you won't get deported. Whomever has lunch money, that is.

The children are frightened and begin to cry as they empty their pockets. Buchanan chuckles demoniacally as he collects the loot ...and then explodes with laughter.

We see a man in the throes of mockery, falling to the ground and on his back like an overturned beetle, kicking his legs in the air, holding his guts together.

MS. DAVENPORT

This outrage will be dutifully noted by your superiors, Pat.

BUCHANAN

I would appreciate it. The prince

of darkness will eat his heart out.
But wait! don't go! You'll miss the
big green bus! The teacher can only
watch in pity as she leaves.

MS. DAVENPORT

Come children, we'll get your money
back later... and don't make eye
contact- - it'll only encourage
him!

She leads the children away as she does her best to calm
them.

BUCHANAN

Wait! Don't go yet-- don t forget
to tell your parents to vote for
me!

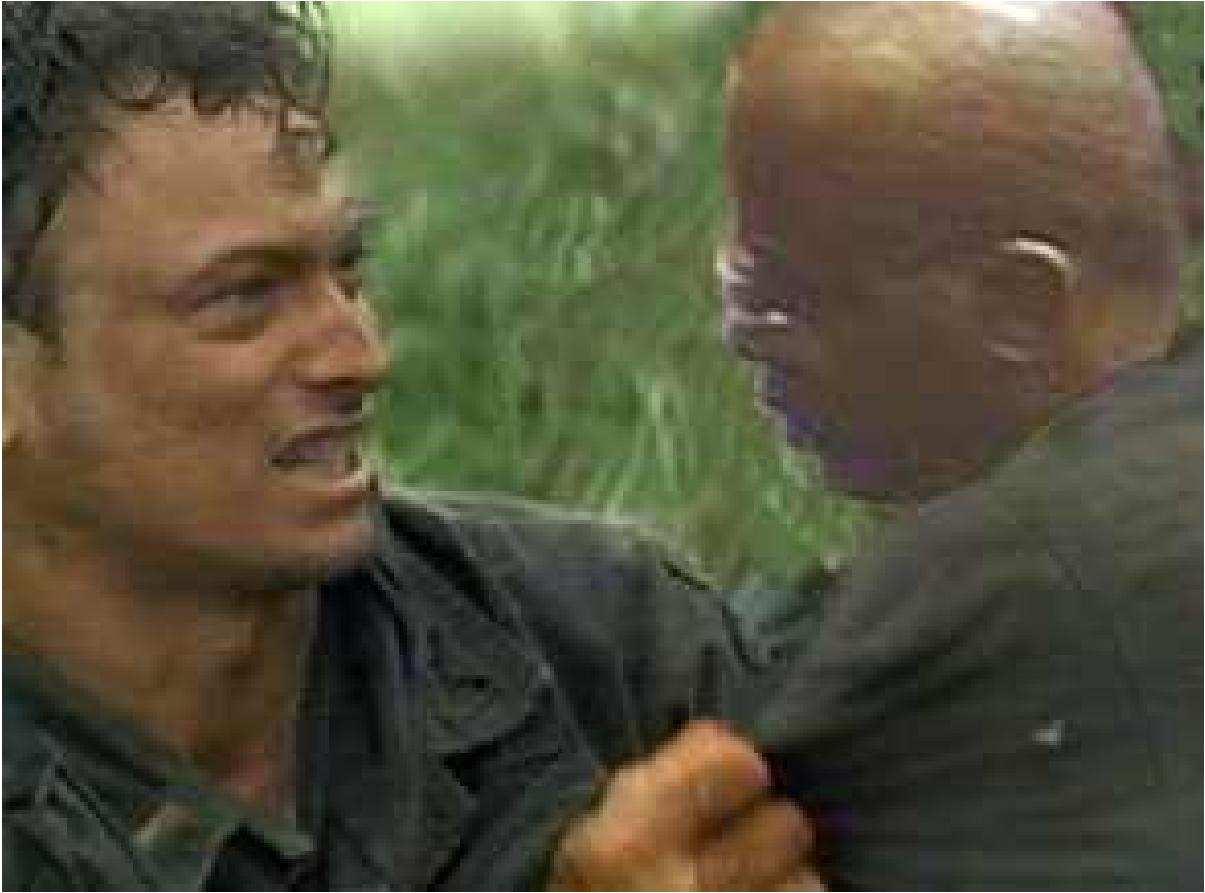
FADE OUT

Gump II- The Fuhrman Confession

The O.J. Simpson trial revisited. Here's some little known facts regarding this case: when the prosecution's star witness, Det. Mark Fuhrman, was asked by F. Lee Bailey whether or not he planted the infamous bloody glove at the crime scene, Fuhrman plead the fifth so as not to incriminate himself. Despite this, Judge Lance Ito forbade the jury from hearing this critical testimony. Two detectives admitted taking blood samples from the lab to the crime scene, with blood missing when those samples were returned. The "evidence" against Simpson had EDTA, a chemical preservative that keeps blood from clotting which is also found in the sample containers. When asked if they planted this DNA evidence, they plead the 5th too. Despite this, many in the media continue to malign the competency of the Simpson jury because they did not, clearly, bother to see the trial.

After watching Det. Mark Fuhrman plead the 5th when asked directly if he planted the bloody glove at the Simpson residence, it seemed a fatal blow to the prosecution's star witness. It wasn't. So we pose a simple question: what if Det. Mark Fuhrman confessed to framing O.J. Simpson at his murder trial? Would it matter? Would the prosecution drop or continue the case? After a careful psychological study of prosecuting attorneys Marcia Clarke and Chris Darden, the following outcome was predicted...





FADE IN

EXT. BUS STOP-DAY

The camera tracks a white feather as it slowly descends upon the barren, ebony scalp of O.J. Simpson prosecutor, Chris Darden. He is munching on some Oreos. He's clad Forrest Gump style. Sitting beside him is a woman attempting to read the paper. Darden picks up the feather curiously as he adjusts his granny glasses, and puts it in his briefcase. He then combs his imaginary hair before a pocket mirror, and continues to munch on his Oreos.

DARDEN

(leans over to offer a cookie,
with a lisp)

Ma'am, would you like an Oreo?

WOMAN

No thank you.

DARDEN

My momma says I'm just like an Oreo.
Black on the outside, white on the
inside. I never knew what she meant.

WOMAN

I think she meant you're ashamed of your
African American heritage.

DARDEN

She's insane! My flaxen blonde hair and
blue eyes betray her denial!

WOMAN

What I would like though, is for you to
keep your skanky ass breath away from me.
(She continues reading the
paper, trying to ignore him.)

LAP DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. SOUTHERN ESTATE—LATE AFTERNOON

Two parallel lanes of trees form a beautiful canopy of
foliage leading to a large white house, a former plantation.
A young Chris Darden is walking home from law school with
Marcia Clark. Darden is wearing orthopedic braces on his
legs, walking awkwardly. The town bully, a young Mark
Fuhrman, drives up in his old blue truck with a load of
friends. They start to chase Darden, and the passengers in
the back chuck rocks and garbage at him.

BULLY 1

Hey! It's that freshman retard from law
school. Don't let us catch ya man!

FUHRMAN

I just lost my job at the March of Dimes
for teasin' your cry-baby ass, and I
reckon a cripple whuppin' will just about
rectify this here injustice!

CUT TO-

CLARK

(terrified)
Run Chris! Run!



A frightened Darden runs with all his might, but is pitifully hampered by his leg braces as the truck bears down on him. Suddenly, in a newfound burst of energy, the braces fall off, and he runs like a gazelle, miraculously outrunning the truck. He looks back, the truck is stalling.

EXT. SKATING RINK

Outside a skating rink, a drunk French hockey player is about to drive home as his friends vainly plead for him to designate a driver. Moments later, Darden runs into the street nearby and is run down by the drunk hockey player's Zamboni as it hits speeds reaching up to 5 miles per hour.

INT. SLEAZY BAR, THE GARCETTI INN-- NIGHT

Marcia Clark, sitting butt naked on a stool playing folk guitar, entertains the rowdy guests as Darden walks in and is aghast. His granny glasses steam. Never had Bob Dylan ever been so bastardized. In the meantime Marcia is attempting to pass off as a study in dignity and grace. Her legs are crossed, she carefully shields her breasts with her guitar as she plays... terribly. A SLOW PAN reveals a few celebrities in the audience: Barbara Walters is moved to tears, throws her

panties. A tipsy Andy Rooney is on his knees before her,
bowing in homage before passing out on the floor.

MARCIA

(to Bob Dylan's "Blowin' in the
Wind")

How many times
must a man stab a heart
before it ceases to beat?
yes'm, how many times
must O.J. beat Nicole?.
before she runs down the street?
The answer my friend
is blowin' in the wind
the answer is blowin' in the wind



Darden picks her up against her will; one hand over his eyes to so as not to see her nakedness. He forces her into the truck and drives away...before stopping at a bridge...

DARDEN

I'm takin' you home, Marcia! We've got school tomorrow!

MARCIA

Let me out!

EXT. BRIDGE- NIGHT

Clark exits the vehicle totally enraged. He chases the troubled naked freak and grabs her by the arms.

DARDEN

I'm taking you home Marcia! I can't believe you forgot your clothes again!

MARCIA

Let me go! I was just about to land a contract with those Hard Crappy producers, you damned fool! How dare you embarrass me like that in front of them?

DARDEN

But we have a case tomorrow!

MARCIA

Let me go or I swear I'll kill you!

DARDEN

You're already killing me! With desire! With an unquenchable longing whose constant pangs are enough to make a grown man cry...and circumcise himself!

MARCIA

(pukes on his shirt)

L-Leave me alone, or I'll make sure that disgusting foreskin corsage you gave me is sent to the proper authorities, and the media!

DARDEN

See? You kept it! Don't deny your passion for me Never again shall a Negro woman

sully my lips! Once I thought I was a black man, so steeped in denial and white guilt was I! But you, my sweet Hebrew angel, you brought me to the light! Kiss me you fool!

(Darden closes his eyes and puckers his lips. Marcia slams her fist into his mouth.)

MARCIA

I told you I have a boyfriend! Tammy Bruce!

DARDEN

(hurt)

So maybe it is true. Maybe you are a slut! Maybe our tryst under Judge Ito's desk was not your first time!

MARCIA

(blushes crimson and slaps him)
How dare you impugn my integrity?

DARDEN

You're standing butt naked in the middle of the street, Madonnastyle, for all to see. Now my dog, chickens, and my houseplants may giggle when I call myself an attorney, granted, but you'd bring the house down when it comes to denial.

Marcia is simmering. A high school bus full of football players slams the brakes for a peek at Marcia's free vittles. She leaves Darden and finds her ride home. O.S. helicopter gunship

EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE-DAY

It's 1967. Darden hops off a Huey to join his platoon in the hot jungle brush, searching Charlie.

LT. DAN

Hey Darden, where's your helmet?

DARDEN

I threw it out, sir!

LT. DAN

You what?!

DARDEN

When I put it on again I realized someone took a crap in it again, sir! I think it was the Negroes, sir!

LT. DAN

(incredulous)

You're the only black man in this platoon ya moron! And you want to be an attorney?

DARDEN

But that's what Fuhrman said when he gave my helmet back to me

LT. DAN

When was that?

DARDEN

Right after he asked me for a roll of toilet paper.

LT. DAN

Hey Fuhrman! Who crapped in the "special" kid's helmet? You did didn't you?

Private Fuhrman is nearby, roasting marshmallows on a ten foot burning cross. He approaches them nervously and salutes. On his helmet he has scrawled white power and a swastika.

FUHRMAN

I must plead the fifth, sir! I refuse to answer on the grounds I may incriminate myself!

LT. DAN

Since you could have denied it, I'll take that as a yes. Just for that, I'm confiscating your Nazi polka record collection! Dismissed! And eh, by the way...gimmie your lunchbox.

FUHRMAN

No, please, not that...

LT. DAN

Gimmie. Now.

Fuhrman reluctantly fetches his "Hungry Hitler" lunchbox. LT. DAN proceeds to chuck it on the ground and urinate on it.

FUHRMAN

That was an heirloom from my grandpa in
the SS! How could you?

LT. DAN

How does it feel? Not to good, does it?
Now let that be a lesson to you!

Fuhrman is devastated, and forces back the tears, lips
quivering.

DARDEN

(indignantly)

But it was the Negroes sir! Private
Fuhrman told me that a white man would
never crap in my helmet, and I believe
him!

LT. DAN

Shut up, Darden, because I find myself
hungry for a moral and justifiable excuse
to slap the shit out of a retarded man
right now...and I think this is it!

DARDEN

Yes sir.

LT. DAN

Now put some camouflage on that shiny ass
scalp of yours! That infernal glare will
give us away to the enemy, ya hear me?

EXT. JUNGLE

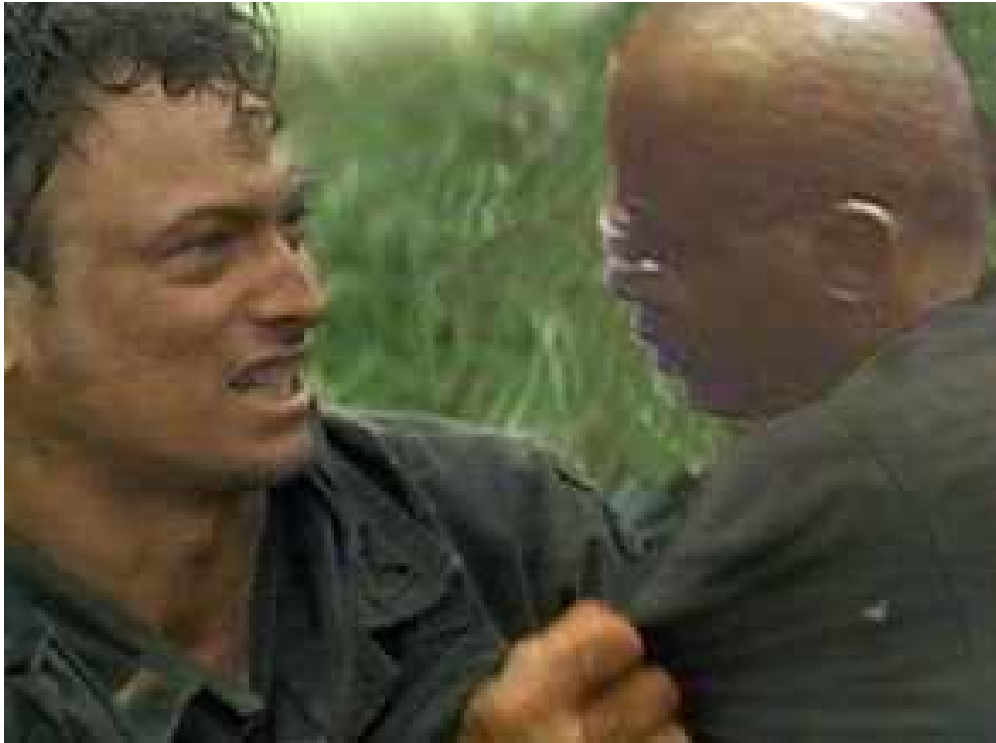
A Viet Cong spotter sees a bald scalp shining through the
thick jungle brush like a beacon. Immediately, Darden's
platoon is fired upon. A mortar round hits Lt. Dan and blows
off his legs. The radio man beside him is blown to bits.
Darden rushes to Lt. Dan.

DARDEN

I'll save you!

LT. DAN

Get away from me you freak, because if I
live I'm gonna court-martial your stupid
ass! This is all your fault! Do you know
how many men you've cost me? May you and
your brand new scalp buffer burn in hell,
my friend, burn in hell!!!



DARDEN

It's okay! You're gonna be alright! I'll save you!

LT. DAN

(fighting Darden as he struggles to lift him)

My legs! Oh my legs! Son of a bitch! My dreams...gone now! All gone! Now I'll never get to kick you in the face before this war is over!

Darden picks up Lt. Dan and runs to safety.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

TITLE CARD: MANY YEARS LATER....

L.A. CRIMINAL COURTS BLDG.-- DAY



INT. ITO'S COURTROOM

Marcia Clark walks up to the podium with the Sunday comics. She prepares a cartoon to argue her next motion.

CLARK

I understand it's unusual for an attorney to bring a newspaper to court, but sometimes even a cartoon can be edifying.

ITO

And this cartoon will support your motion to allow for the viewing of the autopsy photos again?

CLARK

(earnestly)

Indeed it will. Don't let appearances deceive you. Lizard Man is regarded by authorities as highly cerebral material.

ITO

Please present a copy of the cartoon in question to the defense. Proceed.

She gives the defense a copy, then puts the cartoon on a projector as she follows the cartoon frame by frame.

(O.S. cue Samuel Barber's
"Adagio for Strings")

CLARK

In the first frame, a little boy is watching the Simpson trial and wondering what the forbidden "N" word is. Finally he asks Lizard Man what it is and he says "Nicole".

(with an overt tug at the heart strings, she bursts into crocodile tears; her inanities underscored by her arms flailing and sweeping into air)

ITO

That cartoon is wearing thin. First it was with the Fuhrman tapes. Now what does this Lizard Man cartoon have to do with the autopsy photos?

CLARK

It puts the trial in perspective on a human level.

CUT TO

In the front row of the courtroom, Marcia has placed a STRING SECTION from an orchestra. LS: ITO flings his GAVEL at CONDUCTOR'S head.



ITO

(to Marcia's string section)

Will you shut up??!!!

(takes a deep breath)

Listen, Marcia, I don't want to see you come in here with the funny pages to argue your motions anymore; especially when you swipe them from my paper. Buy your own paper.

COCHRAN

Yeah, Marcia—I can assure you that your inane and transparent motions are funny enough as they are.

CLARK

That's totally unfair! We hear all this whining about the defendant's right to a fair trial. But don't the victims have rights? The Goldmans have a right to swim in Simpson's pool. They have a right to take his estate even before Simpson's guilt is determined.

Chris Darden reaches into his bag of tricks, get an onion, splits it, and rushes over to Marcia with a yellow rubber ducky. The prosecution lawyers huddle.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Your honor—could you give us a minute? Chris is having trouble assembling the tracks for his Hot Wheels...

ITO

Is this going to take forever? You know we have a jury waiting.

CLARK

It might.

ITO

Proceed.

DARDEN

(whispers into her ears, takes the split onion and rubs it under Marcia's eyes)

Here—try the duck! Gloria Allred says

the duck always works for her!
(Marcia grabs the duck, still
in its original carton, and
suddenly bursts into tears.)

CLARK

I-I'm very sorry your honor! I'm
watching a dream shatter before my very
eyes...and though that dream does not
belong to me, I bleed from every pore for
the surviving victims in question.

Marcia bursts into tears and clutching the duck, she wails
like a banshee, then writhes on the floor in agony. Then she
tears out her hair and rips her clothing, climaxed when she
walks over to a potted plant and symbolically throws soil
into her face...

CLARK (CONT'D)

Forgive me for this outburst, Your Honor.
(regains some of her composure)
But just look at the duck, Your Honor!
Still in its original package. By now it
should be in O.J.'s swimming pool; in the
loving hands of Kim Goldman! But no. We
had to be sidetracked with this non-issue
like the fact that O.J. is innocent.

F. Lee Bailey immediately rises; enraged. In fact, the whole
defense table except Cochran does. They have a copy of the
same paper, and instead of "Nicole" it reads the forbidden
"N" word is "Neilsens".

COCHRAN

Objection! Move to strike that comment!
We have the same paper and it reads
differently. It's supposed to read that
the forbidden "N" word is "Neilsens"!
As in Nielsen Ratings, which is basically
what this trial has boiled down to...

ITO

Johnny, that's an insult to this court
and to our honorable, chaste, and
dignified friends at NBC, "Dateline", and
"Hard Copy".

(flashes toothy grin as he
looks into the camera)
Yes folks, check your local listings!

COCHRAN

I object!

ITO

Ahem. I digress. Council, call your first witness.

Marcia Clark prepares to question Mark Fuhrman on his Klanmobile's "Jew Killer" license plate.



CU: We see exhibit 23- The KLANMOBILE is a white van with a burning cross on the roof. The doors have warning signs that read "White Onlee!" and a Confederate flag.

The witness takes the stand as prosecutor Marcia Clark prepares to question him.

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

FUHRMAN

Silly Negro, I am God. I am truth.

BAILIFF

(shaking head)

You may take the stand.

MARCIA

Good afternoon ladies and gentle of the jury. Good afternoon Detective Fuhrman.

(clears throat)

If you look on the monitor to your immediate right, you will notice a license plate on the rear of your van that reads "Jew Killer." Does this license plate belong to you, or was it placed there, perhaps, by some malicious advocate for the defendant?

CUT TO—

Defense attorney Johnny Cochran rises angrily.

COCHRAN

I object, your honor!

ITO

Sustained. Ms. Clark, please refrain from such prejudicial speculation. Please answer the question, Mr. Fuhrman.

FUHRMAN

Of course not. I wouldn't stick that racist garbage on my car. Mine just says "Aryan Power"

(suddenly grows pale, loses composure)

I mean it says "SHALOM!" No, wait, I don't even own a car, that's right!

MARCIA

(perplexed)

Det. Fuhrman, are you okay? Is something bothering you? Did Johnny Cochran threaten to make you his "deflowered Aryan bitch" again?

ITO

(impatiently)

Marcia...

MARCIA

Okay, sorry...strike that last comment.

FUHRMAN

(nervous and pale, he fidgets in his chair, and drops his

gaze)

It's the pressure. That bothers me. And the lies. Look, I can't take this anymore! Maybe I will tell the truth!

MARCIA

You know you don't have to do that. Just answer the questions

FUHRMAN

I know. But I want to tell the truth. Now is the chance for me to take a stand for the white race.

MARCIA

You can't be a racist. I'm a Jew, Darden is black, and we're your friends. We've always been friends.

FUHRMAN

Oh shut up you yammering heeb. You're both a couple of crooked-ass posers, and I'd hate you even if you were both Aryan.

MARCIA

As you can see, ladies and gentleman of the jury, Detective Fuhrman has a delightful sense of humor-

FUHRMAN

First of all, I accept full responsibility because it was my idea. The others, like Lange and Vanatter, they were dragged into it. Well, invited rather.

(Fuhrman stands, points at O.J. Simpson)

Judge Ito, you must free this man. Whether or not he was responsible in any way for the murders is no longer the question here, we may never know now...and that was the objective. I planted the glove. I framed him. The case was ruined from the start.

(Fuhrman slumps back into the witness chair)

MARCIA

Your honor, I move to strike...

ITO

On what grounds?

MARCIA

He's embarrassing me.

ITO

No shit. Proceed.

FUHRMAN

I planted the glove. I called Tracie Savage from KNBC and told her about the blood on the socks beings Simpson's...a week before the socks were even tested. I framed that jigaboo out of sheer malice, but I swear I'm not a racist!

A NETWORK EXECUTIVE shows her a chart with the latest Nielsen ratings. Seeing her Nielsen ratings are now in jeopardy, MARCIA becomes desperate and quickly interrupts.

MARCIA

Your honor, I move to strike, the witness clearly is delusional.

FUHRMAN

Oh, and I kicked his dog Kato too!!

COCHRAN

I object! The witness has just perjured himself, exonerated Simpson, and furthermore, admitted to cruelty to animals! Your honor, may I approach the bench?

ITO

Sustained. Yes, you may.

COCHRAN approaches FUHRMAN with some photographs handed to him by F. LEE BAILEY. Cochran checks Fuhrman's shoes and shoe size.

COCHRAN

He's not delusional! In fact, on June 13, 1995, a vet just happened to photograph a jackboot imprint on the dog's flank; imprints that match those on Fuhrman's shoes this very day! We submit that this fully explains why Kato the dog now walks with a permanent limp.

FUHRMAN

(reviewing pictures)

It's true. That steel toe imprint is mine The M.F. initial's—mine. I stamped them on that mutt with a swift and well aimed kick. But not all is lost, I think I know the true killers.

MARCIA

And how do you know your information is true? Where did you find them?

FUHRMAN

I was sent the bloody knives, some of Nicole's hair, and a business card. Would you like to see them?

MARCIA

No, we wouldn't. We know who the true killer is. It's Mr. Simpson, wife-beating demonic beast in the courtroom.

FUHRMAN

See, you're the one that's racist. Simpson couldn't have done it. The victims weren't speared or cannibalized.

COCHRAN

I object! We deeply resent that racist comment and the one before it, but grudgingly appreciate its impeachment value. Please ask counsel to continue that line of questioning.

ITO

Proceed.

FUHRMAN

Besides, there aren't any prints on the knives. The real killers videotaped the killing to document the hit for their boss, and OJ wasn't in it—he was on a plane by then. There was at least three—one was in charge of the videotaping. And they could afford to be sloppy because the hit was approved by the LAPD...and later, Garcetti.

MARCIA

Do you respect the respectable and intelligent people of the jury to believe that nonsense? Do you think you can fool these noble and selfless people of the jury?

The JURY FOREMAN is bored. He secretly grabs a pocket mirror and aims it at Darden's shiny bald scalp to deflect the bright camera lights. The foreman adjust the pocket mirror's angle...

CUT TO-

And Marcia is immediately blinded. She squints and stumbles; knocks over the court reporter.

She gets up, dusts herself, and points a bony, accusing finger at a wall.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

(squints)

Look at the jury, Mr. Fuhrman. Don't you know that angels walk with them in counsel? Don't you know that they, the honorable ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have nothing but contempt for liars?

The FOREMAN nods grimly, and gives her the finger. Then he furtively takes a rubber band, rolls up a tiny piece of paper, flattens it and forms it into a projectile. When MARCIA is close enough and facing DARDEN near the podium, Darden stands up to hand her some documents, and the foreman shoots her in the butt. Assuming Darden goosed her because of his proximity, she slaps him.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

Fresh! How dare you!

(under her breath)

Not now!

DARDEN

What the hell are you talking about?

FUHRMAN

But Marcia, did you guys see the tape of the killers? I gave it you this morning along with the bloody knives and fingerprint samples from the hit men, and I included their Interpol files,

confessions, resumes, and home and work numbers.

SHAPIRO

(rises from the Defense table)
Your honor, we were not presented with any of that exculpatory evidence! This is a gross miscarriage of justice! In the interests of common decency, please drop the case right now and stop this mockery of justice while we still can! Fuhrman already confessed!

XCU: Prosecutor CHERI LEWIS reaches into her briefcase and pulls out some files marked "INTERPOL." Meanwhile, DARDEN quietly sets up a paper shredder under their table and gets to work on the confessions, files. He hums loudly to drown out the shredder, unsuccessfully of course.

ITO

Well? What did you do with evidence, Counsel?

MARCIA

Uhhh...I'm glad you asked. Yes, Fuhrman did give us the aforementioned tape, but there was an unforeseen accident We sat down to watch it...

ITO

(heaves a deep sigh)
This better be good. This just better be good..

MARCIA

Actually, it was an accident very similar to what happened to you. We sat down to watch the tape and I accidentally pressed the record button., but I can assure you, your honor, there was absolutely no malice intended or wrought.

Marcia goes to retrieve the video.

PAN to Darden and Cheri at the prosecution table. He leans over to Cheri and asks her a question as she cleans the blood off the two knives.

DARDEN

(smoothly)

Hey Cheri, Marcia told me you can't get over my new cologne. It's called "Cruel Ambitions" for Men.

CHERI

(puts the knives and cleaner down, and bitterly points to the hives and scratches on her arms)

She's right. I can't get over the allergic reaction its giving me. I can't get rid of these damned hives!

DARDEN

Is that's what's bothering you? I'm here for you, pretty baby!

Marcia finds the video and approaches the bench. She returns to the podium.

ITO

Counsel, this is a how-to home video copy of "Mark Fuhrman's Framing and Perjury for Idiots."

MARCIA

No it's not!

ITO

And it's overdue at Blockbuster Video.

MARCIA.

Oh, wrong one. It's right here...
(quickly retrieves another)

Marcia approaches the bench, hands Ito the other video. He takes a brief recess in his chamber. Then walks out. Peeved.

ITO

Ms. Clark, please tell the court how you managed to erase the tape from beginning to end?

MARCIA

This happened to you with another tape in question, your honor. It's not like these things don't happen.

COCHRAN

I object! She erased the whole tape without knowing it? With all due respect your honor, this is preposterous! It was deliberate and malicious destruction of exculpatory evidence! You only erased a few seconds of the audio tape wherein Fuhrman bragged about setting up suspects and planting weapons and drugs on them! And you erased the copy, not the master!

ITO

(mulls it over)

Sorry, Johnny. She's got me there. A VCR can be pretty tricky nowadays., with all them buttons on them and stuff. My apologies, Counsel. Proceed.

(O.S. A grinding, loud rattle.)

The sound stuns the court. The proceedings are halted. Darden's portable paper shredder malfunctions because he tried to shred the two bloody knives. Cheri slaps him upside the head so hard she leaves a pale imprint of her hand.

CHERI

(seething)

You idiot! I said "I can't get rid of these hives," not "knives"!!! What did you think I meant?

DARDEN

(sheepishly)

What? You think I'm stupid?

ITO

Mr. Darden, what did I tell you about beepers and paper shredders in the courtroom?

CHERI

Your honor, Darden has a learning disability... you'll have to...

ITO

Darden can speak for himself. Theoretically. Now Chris, you've been warned. Proceed.

MARCIA

Thank your honor. Mr. Fuhrman, do you speak of your own free will and confess

to framing Simpson; or were you blackmailed by Cochran, Douglas, and Shapiro as they chased you down an alleyway with chains and bats when you refused to buy their crack?

FUHRMAN

Of my own free will. I framed him. I took some vials from the lab and planted the glove, and the drop on the back of the white bundy fence. Yes, and even the socks. That why there was no blood spatter.

MARCIA

And the footprints?

FUHRMAN

The photos you used of Simpson were doctored with a matte insert. I'm sure you know that. If they weren't, you'd have given access to the original negatives to the defense. You never did and will.

MARCIA

But that would make Simpson innocent of this murder. And that cannot be. The whole world knows that. Everyone knows he's guilty. I know that, you know that.

FUHRMAN

Don't you understand you simp? I set him up! There was no evidence linking Simpson directly to the crime! If there was, my services would never have asked for!

MARCIA

Move to strike as non-responsive, your honor.

ITO

Sustained.

MARCIA

Mr. Fuhrman, are you on any medication or street drugs right now that are affecting your cognitive abilities?

FUHRMAN

None, unless you count estrogen, which is none of your damned business anyways!

MARCIA

So what you're telling us is that you didn't frame Simpson.

FUHRMAN

No, you ignorant sow! I'm telling you I did! Can't you get through your thick, self-infatuated heeb skull?

MARCIA

I see. So let's say you're not stark raving mad, and did frame Simpson. Does that mean he's innocent?

FUHRMAN

Legally, yes.

The lights in the courtroom suddenly flicker and dim. To the amazement and terror of all, two ghosts appear in front of the jury. It's RON and NICOLE. It's a gory scene, both are hovering about a foot above the floor.

Nicole is almost decapitated, her head hangs to the side held only by a piece of flesh. Ron is drenched in blood, his throat slit also. Suddenly Nicole's eyes flicker and she begins to speak.

NICOLE

Don't you think I would remember the men who did this to me? Please don't let these repulsive hypocrites imprison a man I once loved so deeply simply to advance their careers! Please!

RON

She's right. How do they propose to honor us by imprisoning an innocent man?

MARCIA

Objection! Your honor, the testimony of spirit entities is not allowed in California courtrooms.

NICOLE

Do you know how far we've come to speak the truth? How dare you commit this

obscenity in our names?

ITO

I'm afraid she's right, Ms. Brown. We can't accept your testimony under California law. Bailiff, please call an exorcist to escort these sprits out.

MARCIA

Thank you, your honor. Besides, how do we know you're the real Ron and Nicole, and not some other ghosts looking for attention? It could happen?

RON

Ask us for details known only to the police. Like who destroyed my killer's fingerprints, and who shredded his file?

MARCIA

Okay wise guy. When Fuhrman went to plant the glove, what color panties was he wearing?

FURMAN

Hey!

RON

Pink with Garfield in a Klan robe on it. But what's the point in telling you? Even our testimony is worthless here.

COCHRAN

Your honor, the prosecution itself just admitted Fuhrman planted the glove! What more do you need?

ITO

A spine. Regardless, the question was, eh, posed as a hypothetical. Proceed.

NICOLE

Marcia Clark, you'll pay for this. I will not rest until I insure you pay dearly for convicting any innocents in my name, this while protecting killers you knew from the beginning.

RON

Would you like to know the latest

victims? The Spooks and cops who shot the people in the in LAPD crime lab? Or is it a trifle self-incriminating?

NICOLE

Marcia, Chris, Garcetti... you at the prosecution table, I promise you this... where your bloodstained cohorts go, you will follow.

Disgusted, Ron and Nicole disappear.

MARCIA

(smirks defiantly)

As you can see, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, unlike me; they're just here to confuse and mislead the jury. Now the defense has got the ghosts of Ron and Nicole to believe their ridiculous conspiracy theory! What's next? UFOs at the murder scene? Or how about their planting stories in the media about racist cops in law enforcement agencies like the ATF-

BAILEY

(rises from the defense table)

Objection! That story was covered before this trial began! Over 300 ATF agents were videotaped at a Tennessee gathering; some distributing "Nigger Hunting Licenses" and t-shirts of Simpson hanging from a noose!

FUHRMAN

You're making a big deal out of nothing. The shirts shrink and bleed when you wash 'em.

MARCIA

Just answer the questions, Mr. Fuhrman. Now on your way home from church last Sunday, when the Dream Team chased you with guns and bats...with ghetto blasters in hand blaring misogynist Snoop Doggy Dogg rap songs in tow....

FUHRMAN

What??

MARCIA

Did they blackmail you into confessing?

ITO

That's it! Ms. Clark, what did I tell you about personal attacks? Don't leave this courtroom without writing a check for \$250! Make it out to the Society for the Appreciation of Gangsta Rap!

MARCIA

(seething at the sanction, she is barely able to continue)
So, Mr. Fuhrman, you were telling us you didn't frame Simpson.

FUHRMAN

Judge Ito, can you translate "I framed Simpson" into words this self-deluded, vainglorious butt fungus can understand?

ITO

I could, but how many times should I stomp my foot on the ground?

MARCIA

Your honor, I think the jury has seen enough today to know we seek the truth, and come with noble heart and intentions. No further questions.

ITO

Good. Bailiff, arrest this repulsive disgrace to law enforcement..

The bailiff unclips his holster, grabs his handcuffs and heads to Fuhrman...

ITO (CONT'D)

No, not Fuhrman. I mean Ms. Clark. Fuhrman I need to talk to. Mr. Simpson, you're a free man on this annoying technicality we call justice.

(slams the gavel down)

Case dismissed!

Meanwhile, Judge Ito grimly walks up before a mounted camera and addresses the audience.

ITO (CONT. (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, I realize this may be the last televised murder trial in California. The medium has been terribly abused by those we relied upon for objectivity. Mere words cannot express my disappointment with the dehumanizing inclinations of the media...thus I must appeal to the last form of expression available to me...to any of us...Interpretive Dance!

Ito whips out a tape recorder and top hat from under his robe, slips in a cassette and starts dancing the Robot. He steals the show away from the victorious defense.

MARCIA

(as the bailiff drags her away)
Fools! He's guilty, I tell you! Guilty! I saw him do it, yeah! That's it! I saw him do it! He told me he did it!

DOLLY OUT: Suddenly the song segues into Sir Mix-a-Lot's "Baby Got Back." A spotlight falls on the judge. Ito tears off his robe to expose his gangsta rapper gold chains and jogging suit, and, suddenly accompanied by dancers, he breaks into a karaoke version of the rap classic...

ITO

"I like big butts and I cannot lie...
you other brothers can't deny...
that when a girl walks in
with an itty bitty waist
and a round thing in your face
you get sprung...
and wanna pull up stuff
cause you notice that butt was stuffed...
deep in the jeans she's wearing
I'm hooked and I can't stop staring
Oh baby, I wanna get with ya,
and take your picture
my homeboys tried to warn me
but that butt you got makin' me so
horny..."

FADE OUT

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 sailors 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