

SAMPLES OF

SKETCH COMEDY

BY

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"MURDER BY SHARING"

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM

(THE LEADER IS DISTRACTED
BY ONE OF THE GROUP
MEMBERS HOLDING A
NEWSPAPER WHICH READS:
"PSYCHO KILLER ESCAPEE
STILL AT LARGE.")

TOM

All this psycho-babble about your
childhood problems is like
diarrhea of the mouth. I feel
like the "Tidy Bowl" man in a
tourist toilet in Tijuana.

LEADER

"Adult Children of Dysfunctional
Families" is a 12-Step therapy
group. Why do you keep coming?

TOM

My wife said she'd leave me unless
I did some work on my "inner
child."

LEADER

Don't you care about solving your
adult problems that are rooted in
traumatic childhood experiences?

TOM

I care that the numb-nuts judge
made therapy a mandatory part of
my spousal abuse sentence.

LEADER

Well, either you pay attention
while the group is sharing, or you
have to leave.

TOM

See you weak suckers later.

"MURDER BY SHARING"
(CONT'D)

(TOM GETS UP IN A HUFF TO EXIT. SUDDENLY A CRAZED-LOOKING MAN RUSHES IN AND DRAGS TOM TO THE FRONT OF THE GROUP AT GUNPOINT.)

PSYCHO

Listen up, I escaped from death row in a maximum security psycho ward last week. I've missed 2 group therapy sessions and I need a fix. Now.

TOM

Please don't kill me!

PSYCHO

Shut up. I just want you to listen to my childhood problems. And nobody better laugh or I'll--

(HE FIRES HIS GUN AT THE CEILING.)

LEADER

Okay, okay. We'll listen.

PSYCHO

First, tell me why they use the term "Adult Children?"

LEADER

Each traumatic episode of your childhood drama is still with you, unconsciously shaping the way you, now an adult, treat yourself and other people.

PSYCHO

Well, I hate it. I don't want to cure my inner child. I may lose the desire to suck on women's breasts.

TOM

Oh, please.

"MURDER BY SHARING"
(CONT'D)

PSYCHO

Shut up and listen to ME. It's MY time. You LISTEN.

TOM

I'm listening, I'm listening.

PSYCHO

My parents were alcoholics and druggies. The people I needed love and affection from the most weren't emotionally there for me.

(TOM ROLLS HIS EYES IN BORED AGONY.)

PSYCHO

After watching "Star Trek" I wanted a goodnight kiss from my mom here on the planet's surface... but she was hanging out on the teleporter with Scotty. She got "Jim Beamed" up.

(TOM IS DYING.)

PSYCHO

Dr. Heckle at the state pen says I overindulge in drinking, drugs and violent behavior to fill an emotional void. Because I never got enough love in my parents' home. Where do you think I fell in love with alcohol, drugs and kickin' ass?

(TOM CAN'T HANDLE IT ANY LONGER.)

TOM

Just shoot me already, okay? I can't listen to any more sharing.

"MURDER BY SHARING"
(CONT'D)

PSYCHO

Everybody else but Tom can leave.
Never thought I'd find another way
to torture somebody. Buddy, I'm
going to share you to death.

(EVERYONE RUSHES OUT AS
PSYCHO SITS, GUN AIMED.)

TOM

No more. Please, no more.

PSYCHO

You like girls or guys?

TOM

(THINKING ALOUD) If I say girls,
he may try to prison rape me to
teach me some sick lesson.
(TO PSYCHO) Guys. I like guys.

PSYCHO

(SMILING) You look that way.
(SUDDENLY SERIOUS) Anyway, I was
diagnosed with both anorexia and
bulimia at the same time when I
was eleven. I'd stick my fingers
down my throat to throw up food I
never ate. Couldn't take any
chances.

(TOM CONVULSES AND KEELS
OVER, UNCONSCIOUS. PSYCHO
LEANS CLOSER TO TOM'S
EAR.)

PSYCHO

You know, my screwed up relation-
ship with my parents made me seek
affection in the bed of woman
after woman. For twenty years, I
was a sexaholic for a short
moment. Well, each woman said it
was a short moment.

"MURDER BY SHARING"
(CONT'D)

(TOM'S LIMP BODY BEGINS
TO CONVULSE AGAIN; CAMERA
MOVES OUT.)

PSYCHO
Say, Buddy. You dead yet? Boy,
this is more fun than hackin'
elbows with a chainsaw!

THE END

"SPERM COURT"

INT. COURTROOM

(WALTER CASH, A BILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST, CONFERS WITH HIS ATTORNEY, CLYDE COUNSEL. THE PROSECUTOR, NED NAILEM APPROACHES JUDGE ED GAVEL AS A COURT REPORTER AND TWO BAILIFFS TAKE THEIR PLACES.)

CASH

(SECRETLY TO COUNSEL) If we lose, I'm out of 6 billion dollars. My entire corporate empire, gone in one ejaculation.

COUNSEL

Don't worry, I've moved all your money into unnumbered offshore accounts, just in case.

CASH

How could this happen? I only made one deposit at that crooked sperm bank.

COUNSEL

Well, there are millions of sperm cells in one healthy shot. Just stick to the strategy.

BAILIFF

The people versus Walter Cash.

JUDGE GAVEL

How does the defendant plead?

CASH

Absolutely, positively, one hundred percent: "not guilty."

JUDGE GAVEL

Heard that before. The prosecution's opening remarks?

"SPERM COURT"
(CONT'D)

NAILEM

Your Honor, on behalf of the underprivileged victims, we intend to sue billionaire industrialist Walter Cash for paternity obligations and child support.

COUNSEL

I object.

JUDGE GAVEL

To what? We haven't gotten past the preliminary procedures.

COUNSEL

Your Honor, this whole case should be thrown out. It's a scheme by opportunists and extortionists.

NAILEM

I object.

JUDGE GAVEL

Sustained.

COUNSEL

His objection or mine?

JUDGE GAVEL

His. 'Cause I object to you.

NAILEM

Thank you, Judge Gavel. The prosecution would like to call Walter Cash.

(CASH GOES TO THE STAND.)

BAILIFF

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

CASH

I do.

"SPERM COURT"
(CONT'D)

NAILEM

Mr. Cash, did you or did you not make a deposit at the ACME international sperm bank?

CASH

Yes, but that's because I want a child someday. I'm getting a vasectomy soon and--

NAILEM

And didn't you stipulate in this contract -- let the record show I'm holding Exhibit A-- that any child resulting from your sperm would equally split your entire estate with you, even while you are alive?

COUNSEL

I object. When my client signed that, he didn't know the technology existed to separate, store and internationally distribute individual sperm cells.

JUDGE GAVEL

Denied. Any more interruptions and you'll be fined for contempt, counselor. The defendant will answer the question.

CASH

Yes, but--

NAILEM

But nothing. Exhibits B thru ZZZZZ show usage agreements with the ACME sperm bank, detailing intro-uterine fertilization and conception with YOUR sperm by 933,652 women from Peoria to Pretoria; Boston to Bangkok; Sunnyvale to Sarajevo.

"SPERM COURT"
(CONT 'D)

CASH

Those sperm bank scam artists are only using those poor, naive women around the world to bilk me out of my money. My private investigators and attorneys know it's a sophisticated kickback scheme.

NAILEM

Hah. You wish. No further questions.

JUDGE GAVEL

Mr. Counsel, your witness.

COUNSEL

Mr. Cash, what is your net worth today (WINKS), here in American banks and holdings?

CASH

Zip, zilch. Lint pockets.

NAILEM

I object. This is the owner and CEO of Cashheavy Multinational Industries. He's worth over six billion dollars.

JUDGE GAVEL

Mr. Counsel?

COUNSEL

Not anymore. As of last week's Dow closing, bad investments have rendered Mr. Cash broke, bankrupt, busted, destitute, indigent, poor, homeless, "on E"....

JUDGE GAVEL

We get it. Objection overruled. But this all seems so coincidental. Will the defendant please continue?

"SPERM COURT"
(CONT 'D)

CASH

(FEIGNS SOBS) Now I have to scratch a lottery card and hope I win gas and groceries. I'm applying for a busboy job to keep a Hyundai roof over my head. The shrink at the free clinic says the loss of self esteem has made me impotent. I may never find a wife now, since I'm only a crumb-winner.

JUDGE

Are you trying to insult the intelligence of this court by trying to make us believe you have absolutely no money?

CASH

Got a time deposit account left.

NAILEM

Aha. Knew it. If you're so broke, what does it mean you have a time deposit account?

CASH

As any working American knows, a time deposit account means that the checks you wrote last week for rent and utilities haven't cleared yet. But in time....

NAILEM

They're lying. Your Honor.

JUDGE GAVEL

And if he really has no money?

NAILEM

(LOOKS AT WATCH) Our firm and client only have time for lucrative litigations. We'd drop the suit.

"SPERM COURT"
(CONT 'D)

JUDGE GAVEL

Then the court rules: case closed."

(HE SLAMS HIS GAVEL AS
NAILEM ANGRILY EXITS. CASH
STEPS DOWN.)

COUNSEL

I knew it. They were just
discriminating against my client
because he's rich. Oops!

JUDGE GAVEL

Mr. Counsel. In this courtroom,
equal justice is guaranteed for
all without regard to financial
status.

COUNSEL

With all due respect, Your Honor,
we don't live in this courtroom.
Now, do we?

JUDGE GAVEL

Don't go quoting movie lines on
me. I saw Denzel Washington in
"Philadelphia." (BEAT) Hey, what
was that you just said about your
client being rich?

COUNSEL

Er, uh--

JUDGE GAVEL

Perjury and contempt! I sentence
you both to thirty days in jail.
You're out of order. (HITS GAVEL)

(CASH, LIVID, LUNGES AT
COUNSEL AS BAILIFFS CUFF
AND DRAG THEM BOTH OUT.
COUNSEL KICKS AND
SCREAMS.)

"SPERM COURT"
(CONT 'D)

COUNSEL

I'm out of order? No, you're out of order! This whole court is out of order!

JUDGE GAVEL

(SMUG) Pacino: "And Justice For All." Make that sixty days, you Netflix-Blockbuster.

COUNSEL

If I was half the man I was ten years ago, I'd set a flame-thrower to this place!

JUDGE GAVEL

Almost Pacino again: "Scent of a Woman." Ninety days.

CASH

Ninety days in jail? Shut up, Clyde, or you're fired.

COUNSEL

(SECRETLY) You can't fire me. I'm the only one who knows where all your money is. Go jerk yourself off.

CASH

That's how I got into this mess in the first place.

THE END

"FORREST GUMP'S BOX"

EXT. ALLEY

(AT THE GARBAGE DUMPSTER OF A BUILDING MARKED "SEE'S CANDIES FACTORY," A COLD, HOMELESS "FORREST GUMP"-LOOKING MAN TRIES TO FIND SHELTER IN ONE OF THREE LARGE CARDBOARD BOXES. HE LEANS INTO THE FIRST ONE, BUT IS STOPPED BY A MAN INSIDE.)

BOX MAN #1

(ALABAMA DRAWL) This box is taken.

("FORREST GUMP" SADLY GOES TO THE NEXT BOX, WHERE HE'S STOPPED BY ANOTHER MAN WHO'S ALREADY INSIDE.)

BOX MAN #2

(ALABAMA DRAWL) Can't come in here.

("FORREST GUMP" IS DESPONDENT AS HE SHEEPISHLY APPROACHES THE THIRD BOX. HE'S SUDDENLY SURPRISED BY A SEXY YOUNG STREET WOMAN WHO SENSUALLY BECKONS HIM.)

BOX WOMAN

(ALABAMA DRAWL) You can come in and keep me warm, if you want.

("FORREST GUMP" LOOKS AT THE CAMERA, SMILES AND WINKS.)

"FORREST"

(ALABAMA DRAWL) My momma always used to say: "Life is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're gonna get."

THE END

"REMOTE GENIE"

INT. LIVING ROOM

(LARRY LOOKS ASTONISHED AT HIS TV REMOTE CONTROL AS A GENIE ON HIS TV SCREEN SMILES AND NODS.)

LARRY

So, let me get this straight. You're saying my TV remote is like a high-tech "Aladdin's lamp" and I can get three wishes with it?

GENIE

Three wishes. But you must be careful what you wish for. You just might get it.

LARRY

(EXCITED) I'm going to the bank after work. Gonna be rich!!

(DISSOLVE TO:)

INT. OFFICE

(IN A BUSINESS MEETING, LARRY IS BEING YELLED AT BY FRANCINE, HIS BOSS. OTHER WORKERS, RON AND PAULA LOOK ON.)

FRANCINE

Larry, your work isn't cutting it anymore, and you're taking way too many breaks.

LARRY

Francine, you got something personal against me? I wish you'd jump on somebody else's back.

"REMOTE GENIE"
(CONT'D)

(SUDDENLY, FRANCINE GOES INTO A TRANCE AND THEN LEAPS ONTO RON'S BACK. LARRY TAKES THE REMOTE OUT OF HIS POCKET AND STUDIES IT, A LITTLE DISTURBED. WHEN FRANCINE REGAINS CONTROL OF HERSELF, SHE GOES BACK TO HER SEAT, EMBARRASSED.)

RON

That was sure weird. Say, Larry, it's almost lunch time. Can I borrow five bucks?

LARRY

Ron, I loaned you five yesterday, and the day before that and the day before that. I wish you'd pay me back what you owe me right now.

(SUDDENLY, RON GOES INTO A TRANCE AND POUNCES ON LARRY, BEATING HIM TO A PULP. WHEN THE OTHERS PULL HIM OFF, HE REGAINS CONTROL OF HIMSELF. HE'S EMBARRASSED AND CONFUSED AS HE SITS.)

LARRY

Why did you do that?

RON

You slept with my girlfriend last year when we were split up.

(LARRY TAKES THE REMOTE OUT OF HIS POCKET AND LOOKS AT IT, TERRIFIED.)

LARRY

(TO HIMSELF) I'd better get to the bank fast, before I blow the last wish.

"REMOTE GENIE"
(CONT'D)

(HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR
WHEN PAULA STOPS HIM.)

PAULA

(IN A HUFF) Larry, why did you
change your home phone number?
Why don't you want to see me
outside of work anymore? Why!?

LARRY

Paula, you were fun, but like I
told you, it's over. I wish you'd
just give me a break, already.

(HE'S HORRIFIED AS SHE
GOES INTO A TRANCE.)

PAULA

I'll give you more than a break.
How about multiple fractures!?

(SHE GRABS A NEARBY VASE
AND CHASES HIM OUT.)

THE END

"RESTROOM HANDS"

INT. OFFICE BLDG. HALLWAY

(JERRY EXITS THE MEN'S ROOM OF A MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING LOOKING DISTURBED. HE MEETS ANDY, WHO STOPS HIM.)

ANDY

Hey, Jerry. Why the long face?

JERRY

It bothers me how some people don't wash their hands after using the urinal or the toilet.

(JERRY GESTURES TOWARD TIM, WHO JUST EXITS THE RESTROOM.)

ANDY

(DISBELIEF) But we're all medical professionals. And he's always so damn touchy-feely.

(TIM APPROACHES.)

TIM

Jerry, Andy. What's up? Hey, "high-five."

(DISGUSTED AS THEY LOOK AT HIS HANDS, JERRY AND ANDY MISS CONTACT ON PURPOSE.)

TIM

Guess you'll have to work on that. Look, I'll bet you each a hundred dollars I can score with that new bombshell receptionist by Friday.

ANDY

In your dreams. I'm on.

JERRY

Me, too. Here's my money.

"RESTROOM HANDS"
(CONT'D)

(BUT WHEN TIM REACHES OUT FOR HANDSHAKES, THEY BOTH KEEP THEIR HANDS IN THEIR POCKETS.)

TIM

What is this? What's wrong?

(HE MOVES IN BETWEEN THEM, AND THE MORE HE TRIES TO PUT HIS HANDS ON THEIR SHOULDERS, THE MORE THEY SQUEAMISHLY CRINGE AWAY.)

TIM

Guys, I'm your landlord but I'm your bud, too. Am I a leper all of a sudden?

(JERRY AND ANDY SHEEPISHLY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER UNTIL JERRY GETS BRAVE).

JERRY

Tim. The urinal. You didn't wash your hands afterwards. I saw--

TIM

(RELIEVED) Is that all? Well ease your minds. I always wash my hands-- before using the restroom. After touching other people all day long, I don't want get germs on "Mr. Happy."

(HE WALKS AWAY, OBLIVIOUSLY SMILING. JERRY AND ANDY LOOK SAD AND SHAKE HANDS.)

JERRY

Going to his barbecue on the holiday?

"RESTROOM HANDS"
(CONT'D)

(ANDY SHAKES HEAD "NO" AS
HE FEELS PAIN IN A TOOTH.)

ANDY

And I had an appointment with him
tomorrow. Who else is good with
fillings and crowns?

THE END

"NICE NO-NO"

INT./EXT. PARKED CAR

(BERTHA, IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, AND DOUG, IN THE PASSENGER SEAT, SIT AT LOVER'S LANE. DOUG ROLLS HIS WINDOW DOWN.)

BERTHA

I was always too nice to boy-friends in the past. They took it as a sign of weakness.

DOUG

My girlfriends, too. You know that saying, "Nice guys finish last?" Me. End of the line.

BERTHA

Being nice sucks.

DOUG

Never again.

BERTHA

You're nice, though.
(AMOROUS) But I'm not as nice as you, Doug.

DOUG

(SUAVE) You're nicer.

BERTHA

(SERIOUS) I don't think so.

DOUG

(ALSO SERIOUS) So, now I'm a liar?

BERTHA

(PEEVED) Being nice isn't a bad thing. You should be glad I feel good about you.

DOUG

(PISSSED) Look, I don't have to listen to this crap. (SHOUTING) I know for a fact that you are much,

"NICE NO-NO"
(CONT'D)

(THAT WAS THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK FOR BERTHA, WHO FLIES INTO A FIT OF RAGE, SLAPPING AND PUNCHING DOUG. TO TRY AND DEFEND HIMSELF, HE SWINGS BACK AT HER.)

BERTHA

Listen, you. I'm the one who asked you out. I drove, I paid for dinner because you are the nicest friggin' man I've met in ten years. So you just accept it because I'm not going to change my mind.

DOUG

That's it, I'm walking home. You're the one who's nicer than me and I'm not going to change my feelings for you.

(HE BEGINS TO EXIT THE CAR, BUT SHE STOPS HIM.)

BERTHA

(SCREAMING) Wait, Andy.

(HE STOPS AND SCREAMS BACK AT HER.)

DOUG

What?

(WITH FLUSHED FACES, VEINS POPPING OUT OF THEIR HEADS AND BEADS OF SWEAT DRIPPING FROM THEIR FOREHEADS, THEY GLARE AT EACH OTHER IN SILENCE FOR A FEW BEATS. SUDDENLY, THEY EACH MELT INTO MUTUAL AFFECTION AND SENSUAL PASSION.)

"NICE NO-NO"
(CONT 'D)

BERTHA

(SULTRY WHISPER) Doug, you are so-o much of a jerk. You're a pig. Ummm!

DOUG

(ALSO WHISPERING) Bertha, baby! Ummm, you're the worst bitch I've ever gone out with. Baby, yeah, oh-h-h-h.

(THEY KISS, SWEETLY, THEN PASSIONATELY. THEY SEPARATE, LOVINGLY TOUCH EACH OTHER ON THE NOSE AND WINK AT EACH OTHER.)

THE END

"TOO MUCH PRIDE"

INT. TWO BEDROOMS

(SPLIT SCREEN: ON ONE SIDE IS MICHELLE, WHO WAITS BY HER PHONE IN ANTICIPATION.

JACK IS ON THE OTHER SIDE, ANXIOUSLY WAITING BY HIS PHONE AS WELL.)

(THEY EACH SAY THE SAME LINES IN UNISON, EXCEPT THAT MICHELLE REFERS TO "HE" AND "HIM" WHILE JACK REFERS TO "SHE" AND "HER.")

MICHELLE/JACK

I'm comfortable with the breakup. Hmmph! Who does s/he think s/he is anyway? Too much pride, that's her/his problem. Just too much pride. I know s/he's waiting for me to call first; all my friends've told me. But I'm not going to. I'm comfortable the way things are. At least I don't have to be so worried that s/he's going to screw with my emotions with juvenile head games and power playing. That's what her/his problem is. Just too much pride. S/he wants to have all the power in the relationship. I think s/he's so insecure that s/he wants to hear that I need him/her more than s/he needs me. But that's not going to happen. I'm more comfortable now.

(BOTH LOVINGLY STROKE THEIR PHONES, EACH REALLY WANTING TO CALL THE OTHER.)

"TOO MUCH PRIDE"
(CONT'D)

MICHELLE/JACK

I guess I could be the more mature one and make the first move. It would make me look stronger. No, it wouldn't. I'd seem weak. Then s/he will always remember this moment and hold it over me like a blackmailer. S/he's got too much pride. I was right about-- Funny, I can't even remember what our break-up fight was about. To tell the truth I really miss him/her. Screw it, I'm gonna call.

(EACH DIALS THE OTHER SIMULTANEOUSLY).

MICHELLE/JACK

Jack/Michelle? I just thought I'd call to see how you were doing, I didn't really want anything. I would have called sooner but my phone has had some problems. Actually, my call waiting is beeping, hold on.

(EACH ONE CHECKS THEIR OTHER LINE.)

MICHELLE/JACK

Hello? Jack/Michelle? (VICTORY GESTURES, HAUGHTINESS) I knew you would call me.

(BOTH BEGIN TO FEEL A STING OF DEFEAT. FEAR GIVES WAY TO A PATRONIZING, CONDESCENDING ATTITUDE.)

"TOO MUCH PRIDE"
(CONT'D)

MICHELLE/JACK

Well, great. Thanks for checking up on me; I appreciate it. But the truth is, I have company over and he/she needs to use the phone to order dinner. Nice hearing from you, and thanks again for calling.

MICHELLE/JACK

Busy? Wonder who s/he's got over there? Maybe s/he's getting off the phone so s/he can start making it with this somebody else, this "company." Oh no, I can't be seen like this! I'm not hooked up with anybody new yet, and if s/he is, I come out of this thing looking like the loser. That bitch/bastard. Get over me so soon, I don't think so. After being with me, every other guy/girl has got to seem weak by comparison. S/he'll never find what s/he had in me. S/he's just going out with someone else to save face. Too much pride. That's been his/her problem all along. Hey, I don't care. I can find someone else any day. I'm comfortable with the breakup.

(THEY EACH STARE AT THEIR PHONES FOR A BEAT. THEN EACH ONE MAKES SURE THE POWER CORD IS PLUGGED IN, AND EACH ONE TURNS UP THE RINGER VOLUME. NEXT, THEY EACH BEGIN TO CARESS, CUDDLE AND GENTLY ROCK THEIR PHONES.)

"TOO MUCH PRIDE"
(CONT'D)

MICHELLE/JACK
(SAD TEARS) S/he's got too much
pride. But I'm comfortable with
the break up. Yeah, I'm
comfortable.

THE END

"NAKED BODY SPRAY"

INT. TV STUDIO

(SCREEN SHOWS TV
COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING
DISCLAIMER.)

WARNING:

The Broadcast Council prohibits any display of frontal nudity or private parts on broadcast television. All private areas must be covered up with opaque garments or similarly blocked from view, so as not to suggest the explicit outline, shape or color of the body parts thereunder.

(TV MONITOR SHOWS: WEARING A BUSINESS SUIT, GAIL LETHARGICALLY READS THE SCRIPT FOR A BODY SPRAY COMMERCIAL. THE EDITORS HAVE SUPERIMPOSED A MOVING BLACK RECTANGLE TO COVER HER BREAST AND CROTCH AREAS.)

DIRECTOR

(VOICE OVER) Let's run down your lines, Gail. This is a dressed rehearsal. The editor needs to see how you're going to move so we can block out the private areas when you take your clothes off.

GAIL

(SARCASTIC AND LETHARGIC) Ooh, aah, ohh, yeahhh. (ANGRY) Hey, this is demeaning. It's bad enough I've gotta practically get naked on broadcast TV. But all this sighing and moaning make me look like an airheaded bimbo.

"NAKED BODY SPRAY"
(CONT'D)

DIRECTOR

(VOICE OVER) Listen, doll. I'm as much a sensitive caring male feminist as the next guy, but time is money, here. Didn't your agent tell you if we go national you could make more than twenty-five?

GAIL

Twenty-five hundred dollars is not enough for me to sell out the dignity and respect my sisters before me have fought so hard to attain in this chauvinistic industry.

DIRECTOR

Twenty-five hundred? This gig pays twenty-five grand, babe.

(GAIL IS SHOCKED FOR A COUPLE OF BEATS, THEN TOTALLY CHANGES HER ATTITUDE AND BEGINS TO MOVE AND TAKE OFF HER CLOTHES PIECE BY PIECE AS SHE SPRAYS THE PRODUCT. SHE COOS AND SQUEALS AS SHE BOUNCES LIKE A CHEERLEADER AT TRYOUTS.)

GAIL

Ooh, ahhh, yeahhh, oh...!

DIRECTOR

That's what I need. But wait until we finish lighting to get naked, eh, toots?

CUT TO:

(GAIL, NOW NAKED, IS BOUNCING AS SHE COYLY USES A SPRAY PRODUCT ON HER PRIVATE AREAS, WHICH ARE COVERED BY EDITOR-INSERTED

"NAKED BODY SPRAY"
(CONT'D)

ANNOUNCER
(CENSORED VOICE OVER) Try Designer
Imposter Body Spray on your arms.
Then try some on your (BEEP) and
your stomach and your legs and
your (BEEP.)

(THE NAKED GAIL TEASINGLY
FEIGNS EMBARRASSEMENT.)

ANNOUNCER
(VOICE OVER) Only from "Parfums
Decor".
(TO HIMSELF) "Dignity?" Yeah,
right.

CUT TO:

(GAIL'S GONE, BUT NOW
THERE'S A NAKED MAN WITH A
BLACK RECTANGLE COVERING
HIS PRIVATE PARTS.)

ANNOUNCER
(VOICE OVER) Also available for
men.

THE END

"TEXTBOOK FASHIONS"

INT. CLASSROOM

(A STERN TEACHER IS AT HIS BLACKBOARD WHICH IS SCRAWLED UP WITH ALGEBRA EQUATIONS WHEN ONE OF THE STUDENTS THROWS A HUGE WAD OF PAPER AT HIM. HE ANGRILY TURNS AT THE CLASS AND POINTS AT ONE STUDENT, JOEY, WHO SITS "NAKED" AT HIS DESK BEHIND A FEMALE CLASSMATE.)

TEACHER
(MENACING) You!

(CLOSE ON JOEY, WHO IS SHOCKED AND AFRAID.)

JOEY
Who, me?

TEACHER
Yes, you! Solve this problem!

(JOEY TAKES A TEXTBOOK AND USES IT TO COVER HIS PRIVATE PARTS AS HE STANDS AND WALKS TO THE BLACKBOARD WHILE HIS CLASSMATES LAUGH HYSTERICALLY AT HIM.)

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

(JOEY IN BED WAKING UP, STARTLED, SWEATING, AFRAID. WHEN HE REALIZES IT WAS ALL JUST A DREAM, HE'S RELIEVED.)

CUT TO:

"TEXTBOOK FASHIONS"
(CONT'D)

(BLACK SCREEN WITH BOLD
WHITE BLOCK LETTERING, IN
CAPS, MATCHING AN
ANNOUNCER'S DEEP MALE
VOICE.)

MALE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(VOICE OVER) It's eleven p.m. Do
you know what you're wearing
tomorrow?

DISSOLVE TO:

(JOEY DASHES TO HIS CLOSET
AND OPENS IT, REVEALING AT
LEAST TWENTY BOOKS OF
VARIOUS COLORS, SIZES AND
TYPES. HE SCREAMS IN
HORROR, FLIPPING WILDLY
THROUGH THE HANGARS. WHEN
HE SEES A PARTICULAR ONE,
HE SUDDENLY BREATHES A
SIGH OF RELIEF. TAKING THE
BOOK OFF THE HANGER, HE
PUTS IT IN FRONT OF HIS
PRIVATE PARTS AND CHECKS
HIMSELF OUT IN A MIRROR,
SMILING.)

CUT TO:

(BLACK SCREEN WITH BOLD
WHITE BLOCK LETTERING, IN
CAPS: "FUN CLOTHES FOR
GUYS AND GIRLS--
FROM THE BEST FASHION
BOOKS.")

FEMALE ANNOUNCER
(VOICE OVER) Now available at
Barnes and Noble, Borders, and
Amazon.com.

THE END

"PSYCHIC PSYCHIATRIST"

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

(WITH HIS CREDENTIALS AS BOTH A PSYCHIC AND A PSYCHIATRIST ON THE WALL BEHIND HIM, DR. WILD PREPARES FOR HIS NEXT CLIENT. RON ENTERS, DISMAYED.)

WILD

So, Ron. First time, eh?

RON

Listen, Dr. Wild. With all due respect, I've never heard of a psychiatrist who was also a psychic.

DR. WILD

Best of both worlds, my boy. As a psychiatrist, I can see the patterns of your past. And as a psychic--

RON

You can see the patterns of my future? Okay, what do you see?

DR. WILD

Your demeanor lets me know that you've suffered deep emotional trauma in the past. Perhaps a loss of trust.

RON

You hit the nail on the head. And my future?

DR. WILD

It's funny you mentioned hitting the nail on the head. Because I see more loss of trust and extremely destructive verbal abuse by someone very close to you.

RON

"PSYCHIC PSYCHIATRIST"
(CONT'D)

DR. WILD

No, closer.

RON

I can't imagine who that would be.
I'm not closer to anyone than I am
with my wife.

DR. WILD

Is your *#@!@-ing wife in this
*&%^\$#-ing room you ugly, sack of
*\$#@!@? You're a #@!\$% damn poor
excuse for a human being. You
never should have even been born.

RON

What? Why are you attacking me
like this?

DR. WILD

Don't take it personally, you
idiot. It's your future; I only
predict it.

RON

Then let me predict your future,
you %\$#@!-ing \$#@%! You will soon
receive the ass-whipping of your
life.

(RON RISES, DIVES OVER THE
DESK AND BEGINS SLUGGING
DR. WILD.)

DR. WILD

Stop, you're not a professional.
You can't see what's written in
the stars.

RON

But I can make you see stars!

(HE CONTINUES PUNCHING DR.
WILD. THEN HE STOPS AND
TURNS TO EXIT.)

"PSYCHIC PSYCHIATRIST"
(CONT'D)

RON

You know, I feel a lot better than
when I came in. This is good
therapy for me.

DR. WILD

(ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS) But--

RON

You're welcome, Doc. See you next
session!

(DR. WILD GESTURES IN
PROTEST, BUT SUDDENLY
PASSES OUT.)

THE END

"NO HELP NEEDED"

INT. APARTMENT

(THE ELDERLY, WOBBLING APARTMENT BUILDING OWNER, MR. WOODY, DRAGGING A STEP LADDER, ENTERS THE BEDROOM OF BRAD, A YUPPY PLAYBOY.)

MR. WOODY

That beeping sound you reported means your smoke alarm battery is low. Not to worry, though, I've changed them all over the years at one time or another.

(BRAD IS WORRIED AS THE RICKETY OLD MAN DANGEROUSLY WOBBLER AND SWAYS UP THE STEP LADDER, REACHING FOR THE SMOKE ALARM ON THE CEILING. HE RUSHES UNDER THE TEETER-TOTTERING GEEZER, ANXIOUSLY PREPARING TO CATCH HIM IF HE FALLS.)

BRAD

Can I help you? You seem a bit--

MR. WOODY

Old? I'm tired of people saying that. I'm not going to pay some handyman to fix my property when I can do just as good myself.

(HE REALLY LOOKS AS IF HE'LL FALL ANY MOMENT, BUT FINISHES AND STEPS DOWN. BRAD IS RELIEVED.)

BRAD

Can I help you change the light bulb? It seems so out of your--

MR. WOODY

Out of my reach? I'm tired of people thinking I'm so old that

"NO HELP NEEDED"
(CONT'D)

(HE SHOOS BRAD OUT OF HIS WAY AND DRAGS THE LADDER UNDER A LIGHT BULB. AS HE CLIMBS, HE PULLS A NEW BULB FROM HIS POCKET AND IT TRULY APPEARS THAT HE WILL FALL AS HE SWAYS AND SHAKES. BRAD IS TERRIFIED FOR MR. WOODY'S SAFETY AND ONCE AGAIN RUSHES TO POSITION HIMSELF TO CATCH THE OLD MAN, SHOULD HE FALL.)

(SUDDENLY, THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND RANDI, A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN ENTERS. BRAD'S MOUTH DROPS, AS MR. WOODY STEPS DOWN.)

RANDI

Hi, I'm Randi. Which one of you is Mr. Woody?

BRAD

I am.

(MR. WOODY SLAPS HIM.)

MR. WOODY

Brad, here's my tenant, Miss. I'm Mr. Woody, the owner.

RANDI

Well, I just moved in upstairs and I need a strong man to help me put my bed together. That mattress and the headboard are so heavy.

BRAD

(BEGGING, BUT INSECURE) Mr. Woody, can I help you this time? Please?

MR. WOODY

(LOOKS PHYSICALLY DRAINED) Oh, alright. (TO RANDI) Meet you

"NO HELP NEEDED"
(CONT'D)

(SHE SMILES AND EXITS
QUICKLY. MR. WOODY PUTS
HIS HAND ON BRAD'S
SHOULDER, SEEMING TO NEED
SUPPORT.)

BRAD
What do you want me to do?

MR. WOODY
I can't walk all the way to the
corner drug store. I need you to
pick something up for me.

BRAD
(CONCERNED) What, your medication?

MR. WOODY
(SHAKES HEAD, "NO.") Condoms. In
case she wants to me to take a
test ride after I put that bed
together.

(BRAD SHAKES IN DISMAY HIS
HEAD AND EXITS.)

BRAD
(TO SELF) Mr. Woody!

THE END

"SAUDI ARABIAN CENTERFOLDS"

EXT. NEW YORK STREET

(CAN BE DONE WITH ACTORS
OR WITH VOICES OVER CLOSE
SHOT INSERTS OF THE
MAGAZINES.)

(CHESTER, A SLEAZY
AMERICAN, TRIES TO SELL
EROTIC MAGAZINES TO ABDUL
AND RAZI, A COUPLE OF
SAUDI ARABIAN GUYS.)

CHESTER

Hey, Abdul; hey, Razi. Take a
look at these jugs, eh? And these
butts.

ABDUL

(ARAB ACCENT, BORED) Since I've
been in America, I've seen
hundreds of these Playboy,
Penthouse--

RAZI

(ARAB ACCENT, ALSO BORED) Hustler,
Big Jugs. These girls are a dime
a dozen. You've seen one, you've
seen them all.

CHESTER

Okay, how about this!?

(CLOSE INSERT OF A GIRLY
MAGAZINE WITH BLONDES,
REDHEADS, BRUNETTES,
HISPANIC, AFRICAN-AMERICAN
AND ORIENTAL GIRLS WEARING
TOTALLY COVERING MUSLIM
CLOTHES, COMPLETE WITH HEAD
GARB VEILS. SOME OF THE
GIRLS HAVE PULLED THEIR
HEMS UP SO THAT THEIR
ANKLES ARE VISIBLE. OTHERS
HAVE THEIR SLEEVES PULLED
UP AND THEIR ELBOWS EXPOSED
ARE COYLY EXPOSED.)

"SAUDI ARABIAN CENTERFOLDS"
(CONT'D)

ABDUL
(EXCITED NOW) Ooh, Razi, did you
see that girl's ankle?

RAZI
(ALSO THRILLED) Yes, man. And
such elbows? Incredible!

THE END

"MEN ARE DOGS"

INT. OF TWO LIVING ROOMS

(SPLIT SCREEN: ON ONE SIDE IS COLD, ANGRY MADDIE, WHO THROWS DARTS AT PICTURES OF MEN ON HER WALL AS SHE TALKS ON THE PHONE WITH SWEET, SEXY INGA.)

MADDIE

I don't care how much you think you have your husband trained, Inga. All men are dogs.

(INGA'S BRUTISH-LOOKING HUSBAND, SPIKE, LOVINGLY HANDS HER A NEWSPAPER AND HER SLIPPERS AS HE SITS AT HER FEET WITH HIS HEAD ON HER THIGHS.)

INGA

Keep that attitude and you'll always be alone, Maddie.

MADDIE

Let me tell you about this last canine who hounded me then dumped me for some other bitch in heat.

INGA

Maybe later. I don't want Spike to bark at me when his snacks aren't ready for the football game.

MADDIE

Why do you cater to him like that? Girlfriend, I'm telling you, he's just a dog like the rest of them.

INGA

(LAUGHS) Not my man.

"MEN ARE DOGS"
(CONT'D)

(INCA FILLS A DOUBLE-SIDED
DOG FEEDER WITH BEER AND
PRETZELS IN FRONT OF A TV
SET SHOWING A FOOTBALL
GAME. SPIKE PANTS WITH
UNCONTROLLABLE
EXCITEMENT.)

MADDIE

(NOTICES INGA'S PREOCCUPATION)
Inga? Inga? Who's more
important, your bff or that animal
in your house?

(WHEN SPIKE CLIMBS UP TO
LICK INGA'S FACE, SHE
TAKES A LEASH FROM AROUND
HIS NECK AND RUBS HIS HAIR
AS SHE GUIDES HIS HEAD TO
THE BOWL.)

INCA

Maddie, you are my bff,
girlfriend. But later tonight,
when you're all alone in your bed,
me and Spike will be "knocking"
boots, shoes and maybe even some
slippers.

SHE HANGS THE PHONE UP AND
LOVINGLY WATCHES SPIKE LAP
DOWN HIS BEER AS HE ENJOYS
THE GAME.)

SPIKE

(YELPS OF PLEASURE)

INGA

(BABY TALK) That's right, poopsie.
You've been a good boy. I like
when you do it "doggie-style!"

THE END

"BLACKBERRY SNEAKERS"

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT

(GERALD, PRESTON AND RAHIM ARE AT AN OUTDOOR BASKETBALL COURT COMPARING SNEAKERS. RAHIM IS THE ONLY ONE THAT DOESN'T HAVE A BLACKBERRY ATTACHED TO HIS BELT OR POCKET.)

GERALD

Yo, Rahim. Man, them is the ugliest athletic shoes I ever seen.

(WHEN GERALD'S BLACKBERRY RINGS, HE AND PRESTON CHECK THEIR UNITS. RAHIM LOOKS AT HIS HEELS, WORRIEDLY.)

GERALD

That's my girl calling me. Guess I must have lost track of time wearing you chumps out on the court.

RAHIM

Man, you let your girl tell you when you gotta stop playing?

(GERALD LOOKS EMBARRASSED, BUT BEFORE HE ANSWERS, PRESTON'S BLACKBERRY RINGS. HE AND GERALD CHECK THEIR UNITS WHILE RAHIM LOOKS AT HIS HEELS, CONCERNED.)

PRESTON

My, boss. I'm on call tonight at the courier service.

RAHIM

If my job texted me after hours, I'd turn it off and say they must have dialed the wrong number.

"BLACKBERRY SNEAKERS"
(CONT'D)

(PRESTON LOOKS SOMEWHAT
ASHAMED, BUT RETALIATES BY
DOGGING RAHIM'S SHOES.)

PRESTON

Man, those are some ugly shoes.

RAHIM

What's so special about yours?

PRESTON

Hey, man, I got the pump to add
cushion for coming back to earth
after my skyscraper vertical
leaps.

(GERALD "HIGH-FIVES" HIM
AND THEY BOTH EXCITEDLY
GANG UP ON RAHIM.)

GERALD

Mine light up on the heels so
planes won't crash into me while
I'm flying through the air.

RAHIM

(UPSET) Well, mine's got built-in
text messaging, so my coach can
get NASA to tell the space shuttle
astronauts to text me to come back
down to the court after my jumper.

(GERALD AND PRESTON ARE
DUMBFOUNDED, AND NOW FEEL
INFERIOR. SUDDENLY,
RAHIM'S SHOE STARTS
BEEPING, CAUSING THEM ALL
TO LOOK AT THEIR UNITS
AGAIN.)

RAHIM

(EMBARRASSED) My Mom's finished
cooking dinner. See y'all!

"BLACKBERRY SNEAKERS"
(CONT'D)

(AS HIS HARD, MACHO
ATTITUDE BECOMES WIMPY,
RAHIM HE RUNS AWAY. THE
OTHER TWO GUYS MARVEL,
THEN FALL OVER LAUGHNG.)

THE END

"QUANTITY TV"

INT. LIVING ROOM

(BRUNO, A COUCH POTATO SLOB, SITS FLIPPING HIS REMOTE CONTROL FROM CHANNEL TO CHANNEL, BORED OUT OF HIS WITS.)

BRUNO

I can't friggin' believe it. Ten channels and nothing's worth watching.

(HE'S PRESSED THE BUTTON SO MUCH THAT HIS THUMB ACHES; HE RUBS IT TO MASSAGE THE PAIN AWAY.)

BRUNO

(IDEA) I'll get a satellite dish.

DISSOLVE TO:

(BRUNO, AN EVEN WORSE COUCH POTATO SLOB, SITS FLIPPING HIS REMOTE CONTROL, EVEN MORE BORED OUT OF HIS WITS. BUT NOW A HUMONGOUS SPLINT AND BANDAGE COVERS HIS REMOTE THUMB. HE STOPS FOR A MOMENT TO WILDLY GAZE AROUND THE ROOM IN A TRANCE, HIS EYES BLINKING AND FLICKERING AS IF REALITY IS CHANGING CHANNELS BEFORE HIM. NOW HE GOES BACK TO FLIPPING HIS REMOTE.)

BRUNO

I can't believe it. Five hundred channels and nothing's worth watching.

THE END

"PIGS GET THIRSTIER"

INT. TRENDY BAR

(A BAR IS PEPPERED WITH NORMAL, INTELLIGENT LOOKING WOMEN DRESSED IN CONSERVATIVE BUSINESS ATTIRE, SOME WEARING GLASSES, SOME WITH THEIR HAIR UP. AL, THE BARTENDER, HOLDS UP BOTTLES AND A PITCHER OF BEER TOWARDS A GROUP OF YOUNG MEN BUT THEY ALL GESTURE, "NO.")

(AL ANGRILY TURNS TO GLORIA, THE BAR'S ULTRA-FEMINIST OWNER.)

AL

I don't care if you are the owner. Your feminist crap's gonna put us both out work.

GLORIA

(RESOLUTE) Okay, you can go back to what seems to sell beer. But I don't see why men are such pigs.

AL

Hey, this is a business.

(HE GOES TO A BACK DOOR, YELLING AND BECKONING.)

AL

Okay, girls. Let's sell some brew the old fashioned way!

"PIGS GET THIRSTIER"
(CONT'D)

(HE SNAPS HIS FINGERS, AND
SUDDENLY A COUPLE OF BEAUTIFUL
SCANTILY-CLAD GIRLS BOUNCE OUT TO
LOUD ROCK MUSIC, FAKE SNOW FALLING
AND THE CAMERA'S PERSPECTIVE
BEGINS ZOOMING AND WILDLY PANNING.
IMMEDIATELY, ALL THE MEN ARE
ORDERING BEER AND DRINKING UP AS
IF DYING OF THIRST. AL SMILES AT
GLORIA, WHO'S DUMBFOUNDED.

GLORIA

I can't believe these pigs.
(ANGRY) Why?

AL

(CELEBRATING) Why ask why?

THE END

"EAT WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU"

INT. POSH MEXICAN RESTAURANT

(KATHY, A MOUSEY WOMAN, IS ON A DATE WITH SHELDON, AN ANAL RETENTIVE BUT NERDY CONSUMER ADVOCATE. MARIO THE WAITER LISTENS.)

KATHY

(EXASPERATED) Sheldon, I know we're here to celebrate you winning the "Consumer Affairs Advocate of the Year" award, but will you stop telling me how my favorite foods are bad for me?

SHELDON

Kathy, I just couldn't let you eat that popcorn at the movie theater. A recent health report shows that coconut popping oil has enough fat and cholesterol to kill a--

KATHY

Okay, okay. But I'm so hungry now I could eat ten burritos.

SHELDON

Um, not a good idea.

KATHY

Now what?

SHELDON

The latest report indicates that Mexican food is so full of saturated fats that--

KATHY

Sheldon! What kind of food can I eat without your job ruining it for me?

"EAT WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU"
(CONT'D)

SHELDON

(WHISPERS) We're not supposed to alarm the public, but this week's tests have determined that just putting food and beverages in your mouth, chewing and then swallowing will eventually result in death.

KATHY

(SCREAMING) Any food?

SHELDON

(CONTINUES ANAL RETENTIVE DRONE) It might take the rest of your life, but if you continue to eat even good food, laboratory tests have proven that eventually you will die.

KATHY

(FED UP) I'm going to the ladies' room. When I get back you'd better order something for me to eat, buster.

(WHEN SHE LEAVES, MARIO
THE WAITER APPROACHES
SHELDON AT THE TABLE.)

MARIO

Yo, dude, when was your last date?

SHELDON

(EMBARRASSED) What business is that of yours?

MARIO

When was the last time you were with a woman?

SHELDON

(NERVOUS) What are you trying to imply?

MARIO

You're never gonna get any if you keep this up.

"EAT WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU"
(CONT'D)

(SHELDON THINKS ABOUT IT
AS MARIO PREPARES TO TAKE
HIS ORDER. KATHY RETURNS,
AND SITS, STILL UPSET.)

KATHY

Well?

SHELDON

(TO MARIO) We'll both have the
burrito, taco and enchilada
combination.

(MARIO SMILES AND TURNS TO
LEAVE AS THE PLEASANTLY
SURPRISED KATHY BECOMES
PHYSICALLY AMOROUS WITH
SHELDON.)

KATHY

Sheldon!

SHELDON

(AROUSSED; YELLS TO MARIO) Yo,
dude, heavy on the refried beans.

(HE ASSUMES A COOL,
CONFIDENT, MACHO POSTURE.)

THE END

"COMPUTER SHOPPING VIRUS"

INT. LIVING ROOM

(KEN AND JILL ARE EXCITED AS THEY SIT IN FRONT OF THEIR TV SET WITH A COMPLICATED REMOTE CONTROL APPARATUS.)

JILL

So what's the difference between this new interactive computer shopping and the regular cable shopping channels?

KEN

Watch. I'll just push a few buttons, and get ready to have dinner and a movie delivered from the mall in twenty minutes.

(HE PUSHES BUTTONS ON THE REMOTE, WHICH CAUSES THE TV SCREEN TO MAKE ALARMING SOUNDS AND WILDLY FLASH THE DISPLAY: "UNKNOWN COMPUTER VIRUS IN SYSTEM.")

COMPUTER VOICE

(FILTERED VOICE OVER) Warning! Unknown computer virus in system.

JILL

(CONCERNED) What's that?

KEN

(OVERLY CONFIDENT) Don't worry, Jill. All new systems have a few bugs.

DISSOLVE TO:

(SAME SCENE LATER. THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. JILL LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW.)

JILL

"COMPUTER SHOPPING VIRUS"
(CONT'D)

(PREOCCUPIED, KEN
CONTINUES TO FIDDLE WITH
THE COMPUTER AND TV
CONNECTIONS.)

KEN
Busy, Jill. Can you get it?

(JILL OPENS THE DOOR AND
IS STAMPEDED BY A HERD OF
PEOPLE RUSHING INTO THE
LIVING ROOM, QUICKLY
OVERTAKING THE COUPLE WITH
SALES INVOICES AND
PRODUCTS FROM HOME
SHOPPING CLUBS, CHINESE
RESTAURANTS, PIZZA
PARLORS, VIDEOSTORES, BIKE
SHOPS, ADULT TOY STORES,
VICTORIA'S SECRET, AND
MUFFLER SHOP, ETC.)

(HORRIFIED, KEN AND JILL
STRUGGLE TO BREATHE
DESPITE THE PRESS OF THE
CROWD.)

KEN
Boy! Better update my anti-virus
protection... now!

THE END

"THE STONES' NEW CREW"
(CONT'D)

INT. MUSIC BOOKING AGENT'S OFFICE

(JASON, THE ROLLING
STONE'S ROAD MANAGER, IS
IN THE OFFICE OF MUSIC
BOOKING AGENT, NEIL.)

NEIL

Jason, you lucky dog. How'd you
get to be road manager for Mick
Jagger and the Rolling Stones?

JASON

Same way you became the biggest
music booking agent in the States,
Neil.

NEIL & JASON

(UNISON; LAUGHING) Right place,
right time!

NEIL

So, what can I do you for today?

JASON

We need to set up expense accounts
for two new members of the Stones'
entourage.

(NEIL BEGINS TO PUNCH HIS
COMPUTER KEYBOARD.)

NEIL

Names?

JASON

Dr. Scholl and Pope Benedict.

NEIL

Now, I've never questioned any
rock stars' weird requests from
booze to bimbos. But can you run
that by me again?

JASON

You heard me. Dr. Scholl and Pope

"THE STONES' NEW CREW"
(CONT'D)

NEIL

I can understand them needing a
foot doctor, the way they dance
and jump around at their age...
but the Pope draws an entirely
different stadium crowd. Why him?

JASON

'Cause any moment now The Stones'
other foot'll be in the grave,
too.

(NEIL LAUGHS, THEN
PONDERES, POIGNANTLY.)

THE END