

The Extreme Radio Comedy Danger Hour
Episode One

Written by Sean Gilbert and Brooks Robinson
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MY NADS!!!!

(Executive Office of Cooler Than You
Productions)

MR. COOLER

Awright, Gentlemen, I just want to begin this meeting by saying that Cooler Than You Productions has established a history of good, quality entertainment. The TV show was a great success; we had those Kung Fu Pillow Guys, Dirk & Stevie, the guy with the toilet...

BILL

The Turlet Guy.

MR. COOLER

Whatever. Anyway, that show had a brand of humor that appealed to both the intellectual and the juvenile. But this is radio, boys. It's time to take it to the next level. And I think I've got just the bit to do it. Allow me to present: The Nad Guy!

BILL

The Nad Guy? What's his gimmick?

MR. COOLER

Observe.

(He kicks the Nad Guy square in the nads. He screams in pain)

NAD GUY

My nads!!! Oooahhh!

(As the Nad Guy continue to groan pitifully in pain, Cooler and one of the executives laugh)

MR. COOLER

Now that's funny. What do you think, boys?

EXECUTIVE

(chuckling)
He kicked him in the nads.

MR. COOLER

Yeah. Pretty good, huh?

BILL

Mr. Cooler, do you seriously think this is funny?
Kicking a grown man in the nads and then laughing at
his pain?

MR. COOLER

Well, yeah.

(He and the other executive start to
laugh again)

BILL

(irritated)

Well, quite frankly, I'm appalled that you would
even suggest lowering our standard of excellence to
this level! This isn't funny, it's disturbing!
It's just juvenile, and it's mean!

MR. COOLER

Well, I'm sorry you feel that way, Janson. Maybe
you should try looking at it from this perspective.

(Cooler kicks Janson in the nads,
causing him to issue a pathetic shriek
of pain)

BILL

My naaaads!! Oh no, my nads!!!

(Cooler and the other executive laugh
some more)

MR. COOLER

Heh, heh...Now that's comedy.

FADE OUT:

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HOLD-UP

(Bank; middle of day)

JINGLE (V.O.)

(to music)

Local Bank, Local Bank, keeping your money for you!

(A BANK ROBBER storms in)

TELLER

Welcome to Local Bank, how can I help you today sir?

ROBBER

You can help me by GIVING ME THE MONEY! THIS IS A ROBBERY, EVERYBODY ON THE GROUND!

TELLER

(sounds of screaming)

Okay, okay, nobody panic!

ROBBER

On the ground!!! Everybody on the beep beeping ground, now!

CUSTOMER

Um, sir?

ROBBER

What?

CUSTOMER

Does that include me?

ROBBER

Well, yes that includes you! Get down now!

ANOTHER CUSTOMER

How about me?

ROBBER

Yes you! All of you! Now get down!

OLD MAN

Doctor says I shouldn't be bending over. Got bad knees.

ROBBER

Well... All right, you don't have to get down, but everybody else, on the ground now!

SLACKER

Um, dude, I don't even have an account here, I wuz juz usin the ATM, do I have to get down too?

ROBBER

Ga..wha... Yes!!! Yes yes yes! Everybody!

OLD MAN

But..

ROBBER

...except for the old man, every one else, every single solitary --

NASAL VOICE

Um, this may seem like an awkward time to ask, but, uh... may I have permission to visit the men's room?

ROBBER

What?!

NASAL VOICE

You see, I suffer from a certain degree of incontinence, and I've been taking these fiber supplements but--

ROBBER

Can't it wait?

NASAL VOICE

um, I'm afraid that under these circmstances it won't. It may already be too late.

ROBBER

Well, I guess, I mean--

POLICE

(with megaphone)

This is the police, we've got the building surrounded, throw down your weapon and come out peacefully!

CUSTOMER

Does that uh... does that include me?

POLICE

(confused)

What?

ANOTHER CUSTOMER

How about me?

POLICE

No, no, just the robber! Throw down your weapon
and--

SLACKER

Dude, I don't even have a weapon!

OLD MAN

My heart! My heart!!

NASAL VOICE

My pants! My pants!!

TELLER

Hey! Where did the robber go?

POLICE

That's it, take no chances! Take 'em down boys!

ANOTHER POLICE

Which one?

POLICE

All of them!

CUSTOMER

Does that include--

(he's interrupted by dozens of machine
guns firing full auto)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Isn't it time you banked with Citizen's Mutual?
Think about it.

(another gunshot)

FADE OUT:

STERN DAD, PT. I

DAD

(stern)

I'm not your fucking father! The fucking tests were
inconclusive! I'm just the only one of the many
potential fathers who wasn't too cheap to do the
honorable thing and spring for the fucking abortion!
But your fucking mother took the money and blew it
all on drugs, and that's why you're so fucking
stupid! So do the world a favor, do something right
for a change, and go upstairs to your room! And
don't come down until you can tell me what the fuck
good you are!

NARRATOR

(sympathetic)

When you have a problem with your kids, don't hit them. Talk it out. Take five, and tell them how you feel. Remember: Your kids are people, too.

DISCLAIMOR GUY

This has been a public service announcement from the Commission for Better Parenting.

FADE OUT:

NEIGHBORS

(Two people sit in a small apartment)

FRIEND

So...This is a pretty nice place you've got here.

RESIDENT

Can't complain.

(The sound of loud music can be heard through the walls)

FRIEND

Walls are kind of thin.

RESIDENT

Yeah.

FRIEND

What are you going to do?

RESIDENT

No law against playin' music.

FRIEND

Yeah, I guess. So listen--

(A door slams in the next apartment)

FRIEND

(continuing)

What was that?

RESIDENT

Neighbors.

FRIEND

Kinda loud.

RESIDENT

Yeah.

(There is a heated argument going on next door.)

FRIEND

Well, look, maybe we should just go out to eat
somewhere.

(A loud scream comes through the walls.)

FRIEND

(continuing)
Are you sure everything's okay over there?

RESIDENT

Just neighbors.

FRIEND

Don't you think we should call the police or
something?

RESIDENT

No law against screamin'.

FRIEND

But what if that wasn't the neighbors who were
screaming?

RESIDENT

Then why I'm gonna call the law on them, then?

FRIEND

Well, because maybe--

(There's a gunshot next door)

FRIEND

(continuing)
Oh my God!

RESIDENT

(casually)
Gettin' kinda loud tonight.

FRIEND

Don't you think we should do something?

RESIDENT

None of my business.

(The sound of a chainsaw comes through
the wall.)

FRIEND

Dear Lord!

RESIDENT

You're right. We should go out to eat. Neighbors
aren't usually this loud.

FRIEND

I'll get my coat.

(They exit the apartment, locking it behind them. The next door neighbor comes out at the same time, dragging a large garbage bag.)

RESIDENT

Evenin', Mrs. Hawkins. What'cha got there?

MRS. HAWKINS

Just takin' out the trash.

RESIDENT

Looks kinda heavy. Need any help with it?

MRS. HAWKINS

I can take care of it, boys. It shouldn't be bothering me anymore. Thanks.

(They walk down the hall)

FRIEND

Interesting neighbors you have.

RESIDENT

Yeah. Let's get some tacos.

FADE OUT:

PRE-PUBESCENT ADULTS PSA

STEVIE

Hi, I'm Stevie. I like science fiction, Star Wars, Star Trek, that stuff. My favorite movie is Highlander, my favorite TV show is Deep Space Nine. I like to play Dungeons & Dragons sometimes, but mostly I just like hanging out with my best friend Dirk. We met Mark Hamill one time, and tried to get him to teach us the ways of the force!

(laughs the Stevie laugh)

But the worst was one time, these guys stole my whole comic collection, and tried to hold it for ransom or they'd sell it to the highest bidder! So Dirk & I had to pool all our resources and lead a hard target search for ...

ANNOUNCER

Stevie is twenty nine years old. He has never kissed a girl, driven a car, or lived away from his parents. He is twenty nine years old.

(brief pause)

You know, most people in this country are tragically uneducated when it comes to the affliction of Adult Pre-Pubescence. In truth, at least one person in a generation suffers from this terrible ailment. We can help Stevie, and others like him, by understanding his condition. Remember, Education

and awareness are the keys to overcoming any obstacle. Thank you.

DISCLAIMOR GUY

This has been a public service announcement brought to you by the people who know better than you.

FADE OUT:

FREAKSHOW

(hospital sounds; doctor's office)

HUSBAND

So, is there a problem, Doctor? Is the baby all right?

DOCTOR

Oh, he's fine, fine; just fine. No, it's nothing like that. It's about his...physical complications.

WIFE

(distraught)
You mean--?

DOCTOR

That's right.

HUSBAND

Are they permanent, Doctor?

DOCTOR

It's too early to tell, we've got a few more tests to run, but I thought it would be prudent to discuss some of your options.

WIFE

Options? What do you mean?

DOCTOR

Well, there's still the possibility that if we just wait it out, it'll go away on its own. There are also certain medications I can prescribe to try and make it clear up. Not immediately, of course, but down the road we might also consider corrective surgery.

WIFE

(distraught)
Are those our only choices, Doctor?

HUSBAND

Isn't there anything else we can do?

DOCTOR

Well, it's a little unorthodox, but there is one other alternative. I hesitate even to mention it...

WIFE

What is it, Doctor?

HUSBAND

My wife and I are open to anything!

DOCTOR

That's what I like to hear.

WIFE

Please tell us, Doctor! We're desperate!

DOCTOR

Well, like I said, it's a little unorthodox, and I would only suggest it in the most extreme case, but...have you considered selling him to the freakshow?

HUSBAND

(angry)

What!?

WIFE

Freak show?

(she swoons)

HUSBAND

It's okay, honey.

(angrily; to Doctor)

Just what the hell is the matter with you, Doctor! You've got a pretty sick sense of humor!

DOCTOR

(calmly)

Now, your reluctance is understandable, believe me, but hear me out. I think it might be better if you heard from my associate, Mr. Barnum. He's the expert. Barnum?

BARNUM

Now there are many perks to selling your child to the freakshow.

HUSBAND

I can't believe we're listening to this!

BARNUM

You, sir, are a protective father and a tough sell! Both highly admirable traits, but wait 'til you've heard the advantages! Your child suffers from a very serious condition! He requires special treatment!

WIFE

And my husband and I are willing to do whatever it

takes!

BARNUM

And I'm sure you are, madam, which is why I expect you'll be pleasantly surprised when you see the amenities your boy will enjoy as he prepares for his career on the road.

HUSBAND

Career?

BARNUM

Why, yes, sir! And he'll want for nothing as he works to reach that goal. He'll have his very own cage--

DOCTOR

Cabin!

BARNUM

--Cabin to sleep in, he'll have the guidance of all the best trainers--

DOCTOR

Tutors, tutors!

BARNUM

Tutors, I meant to say tutors. He'll have all the best care that his affliction requires!

HUSBAND

Just what do you think you're trying to pull! This is our son you're talking about here!

DOCTOR

That's true, and no one's trying to push you into any decisions, but there's one thing you have to understand: Your son is a freak.

(Wife starts to cry)

BARNUM

That's true; he's an ugly, Godforsaken, pitiful excuse for a human being, a horrifying, repugnant monster of a creature who would have been murdered at birth in any other country. And even in a nation as great as ours, without being brought up in the proper environment all he'll have to look forward to is being stared at, laughed at, beaten by his friends and persecuted by his enemies. He'll learn a new definition of pain as he is accausted by superstitious townfolk who'd just as soon flay the flesh from his body with hot irons as look at him. They'll chase him through the streets with torches, casting stones at him as he's forced to seek refuge by crawling into a nearby sewer. He'll grow into a bitter, evil horror of a man, his body mangled, his

spirit broken, finding brief solace only in inflicting pain upon others. His reign of terror will be unparalleled in the history of humankind. All other evil will be eclipsed by his villainy until he is inevitably hunted down and destroyed like the vicious animal that he is.

(Wife's sobbing builds as Barnum's story gets worse and worse)

HUSBAND

(upset)
Good God, man! What are you trying to do?

DOCTOR

Mr. Barnum just wants you to understand the importance of raising your son in an understanding environment. He has to be around people that will accept him for the pitiable freak of nature he is.

BARNUM

There will, of course, be other benefits.

WIFE

(recovering)
What do you mean?

BARNUM

Well, a unique individual such as your son can be quite a sound investment. He could not only provide for his own future, such as a college fund and savings, but he could make life very comfortable for the two of you.

HUSBAND

(more forgiving)
Go on.

BARNUM

I see your son becoming a major circus star! He could easily be bringing in a six figure salary, a sizeable portion of which would be yours to provide for his future and...other expenses.

HUSBAND

I see.

WIFE

Well, if he would be well provided for...

HUSBAND

And if it's the best environment for him...

DOCTOR

Excellent! We thought you'd come around.

(Barnum rifles through his briefcase)

BARNUM

Now, I've just got a few papers for you sign.

(he pulls out the papers and they start
to sign them.)

DOCTOR

Oh, and there's just one other thing.

HUSBAND

What's that, Doctor?

(the doctor kicks him in the nads; he
wails miserably. Wife cries)

DOCTOR

Can't have you making any more freaks.

BARNUM

Yeah! But if you do, here's my card. Now if you'll
excuse me, I'll just get your son and be on my way.

FADE OUT:

FOUR SECONDS

NARRATOR

Every four seconds, a DJ says "four seconds"...every
four seconds...

FADE OUT:

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I HATE THAT GUY!

(talking in an office)

BILL

Well, looks like it's time to head on home. Man I love fridays, a whole weekend away from the office.

JOE

Man, you're not kidding Bill.

IRWIN

Yeah guys, TGIF!

BILL

Yeah, Irwin, tgif, that's right. That's a good one!

IRWIN

All of my favorite TV shows come on Friday night!

JOE

Yeah, mine too Irwin! Whew, look at that time! We'd better get going!

IRWIN

Yeah, I guess I'll see you guys Monday!

BILL

That's right! We'll see you then buddy!

JOE

Take it easy!

(door shuts)

BILL

Oh man, I can't believe he finally left! I hate that guy!

JOE

Oh, god, me too Bill. He is so annoying, I swear, it seems like he never leaves, he--

(door opens)

IRWIN

Hi guys!

BILL

Irwin! Back so soon?

IRWIN

Yeah, forgot my briefcase.

(Bill and Joe laugh)

JOE

Yeah, that will happen to the best of us, right Bill!

BILL

Hey, happened to me last week!

IRWIN

That's a pretty funny story guys. Oh, there it is, well... I guess I'll be see'in ya!

BILL

Yeah, see ya around Irwin!

JOE

Be careful on the way home!

IRWIN

You too, guys! See ya!

(door shuts)

BILL

Whew, that was close!

JOE

Man, Bill, we should probably wait a few minutes so we don't get stuck in the elevator with him.

BILL

Good call, Joe!

JOE

(mocking him)

"I forgot my briefcase," gimme a break.

BILL

Forgot his deodorant is more like it.

(they laugh, door opens)

IRWIN

Hey guys! Did I miss a good joke?

BILL

Irwin! No, I mean, not really, I mean...

IRWIN

Well, let's have it!

BILL

Um... tell him Joe.

JOE

Uh, why, uh, why did the chicken cross the road?

IRWIN

Beats me.

JOE

To, uh.. to get to the other side.

(Irwin bursts out laughing riotously)

IRWIN

Oh me oh my...

(catching his breath)

I haven't heard that one, that's a good one!

BILL

Um, say Irwin, I see you've got your briefcase there.

IRWIN

Yeah, but I forgot my umbrella.

JOE

Oh, can't go home without that!

IRWIN

Yup! Yessirree Bob Barker! Well, I'll see you guys!

BILL

Take care, man!

JOE

Yeah, bye Irwin!

(door shuts)

BILL

Man, can you believe that guy? "well, let's have it." I'll let him have it.

JOE

"Beats me." I'll beat him. Man, what a nut, we live in the desert, what's the umbrella for?

BILL

Man, I don't think I can take much more of him!

JOE

At least we don't have to deal with until Mon--

(door opens)

IRWIN

Hi guys!

JOE

(in disbelief)
Irwin! Forget your raincoat?

IRWIN

Nope.

BILL

Your wallet?

IRWIN

Wrong again. Forgot my stapler. Oh, there it is.
I'll see you guys Monday!

JOE

You bet! See you then, big guy!

(door shuts)

BILL

Stapler?! What the? Is he trying to kill us?

JOE

That boy's done slid off his rocker.

BILL

Oh no, keep your voice down Joe, there's a paperclip
on his desk, he may come back for it!

JOE

Hey Bill, maybe we should take the stairs.

BILL

If he comes back one more time, I swear, Joe, I'll
kill myself, I swear I will.

JOE

Oh, come on Bill, there's no way he'll come ba--

IRWIN

(from behind the door, approaching)
Hey guys!

BILL

That's it!
(sounds of sword being drawn)

JOE

Bill! Where did you get that sword?

BILL

(stabbing sound)
Oooooohhhhhh!

JOE

Bill! Billlllll!!!!!!

(door opens)

IRWIN

Hey guys! What's going on?

JOE

Um... oh, nothing.

BILL

Yeah, we're just, unghhhh... just talking.

IRWIN

Just came back for my paperclip. Almost forgot it. Say Bill, is that a sword in your stomach?

BILL

Ungg, uh, what, this? No, no, of course not, this is just a... letter opener.

IRWIN

You look like you're bleeding there. Are you sure you're okay?

BILL

Oh yeah, definitely! We're all fine here, now, thanks. How are you.

IRWIN

Oookaaaay. Well, I'll see you guys Monday.

JOE

Sure thing, Irwin! Monday it is!

BILL

Yeah Irwin, I'll...unghhhh... I'll see you Monday morning, bright and early!

IRWIN

(closing door, we go out with Irwin)
Toodleloo!

(door shuts)

BILL

(from behind the door)
Arrrrrggghhhhh!

JOE

Hang on Bill! Don't go into the light! I'll call an ambulance, hold on buddy--

IRWIN

Man, I hate those guys!
(walking off)
Wierdos....

FADE OUT:

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A DJ IS SHOT PSA

NARRATOR

Every seven seconds, a DJ is shot for no reason.
Won't you please...Oh God, no!

(someone shoots the DJ)

FADE OUT:

I'M DYIN'

(office; phone rings)

MR. COOLER

(answering phone)
Cooler Than You Productions.

ALBERT

Hey Mr. Cooler? It's me.

MR. COOLER

Well, hello Albert. I hope you're calling from a
car phone because your shift begins in seven minutes.

ALBERT

Well, that's just it. I was wondering if maybe I
could just not come in today.

MR. COOLER

Albert, how many times do we have to go through
this? Every day you call and ask if you have to
come to work and every day I tell you yes. Every
day you come up with another stupid excuse for not
coming in and every time you eventually tell the
truth and come in.

ALBERT

That's not true.

MR. COOLER

Yesterday it was that all of your shoes had been
stolen, the day before that you said your dog ate
your car keys.

ALBERT

All right, that one was pretty bad.

MR. COOLER

So I'll see you soon?

ALBERT

Well, the thing is...

MR. COOLER

No, no thing, there is no thing...

ALBERT

you see... I'm dyin.

MR. COOLER

(frustrated, incredulous)

What?!

ALBERT

I'm dyin. Doctor says I got five, maybe six hours left to live. Seven tops.

MR. COOLER

(losing patience)

Albert...

ALBERT

It's just, I wanted to spend my last few hours drinking life, doing all the things I never got a chance to do, not answering phones. I'm sure you understand.

MR. COOLER

Albert, you are not dying.

ALBERT

Ohh!!!

MR. COOLER

What?

ALBERT

Ahhh!!!

MR. COOLER

Albert, are you there?

ALBERT

(practically screaming in pain)

Oooooooooohhhhh!!!!

MR. COOLER

Albert! Albert!

ALBERT

Sorry. False alarm.

MR. COOLER

(patience gone)
Albert, get in here now.

ALBERT

I can't move. Doc's got me strapped down with IV's and stuff.

MR. COOLER

Albert, are you calling from your car phone?

ALBERT

No!.... yes.

MR. COOLER

See you soon.

ALBERT

Yeah. I'll see you, what the?!--

(tires squealing, sound of devastating crash)

MR. COOLER

Albert? ALBERT!!!!!!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Isn't it time you bank with Citizen's Mutual? Think about it.

MR. COOLER

Albert!!!

(crashing sound)

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GOIN' TO JAIL

(High School Gymnasium)

LEROY

Good Afternoon, Covington High School.

LESTER

Hey there, boys and girls.

LEROY

Well, you're not boys and girls anymore, you're young men and women, and you know what that makes some of you?

LESTER

Legal!

LEROY

I meant legally responsible for the choices you make!

LESTER

Oh yeah, that too.

LEROY

And that's what we're here to talk to you about today. This here's Lester, and I'm LeRoy, and we're here to talk you about the dangers of smoking marijuana.

LESTER

I know what you're thinkin': Nothin's gonna happen to me if I smoke a little wacky weed.

LEROY

But you know one thing that will happen: You gonna go to jail!

LESTER

Get sodomized.

LEROY

It's true.

LESTER

Happens upwards to five times a day.

LEROY

Every day.

LESTER

Happened to my brother.

LEROY

Sure did! You may think that peer pressure's kinda tough to deal with, but you don't know pressure 'til a six foot Indian is tryin' ta make you his girlfriend!

LESTER

Now that's a pressure that has no peer.

LEROY

It's true.

LESTER

Illicit relations with a member of the same sex.

LEROY

Nothin' nice about it.

LESTER

That's right. It ain't romantic, there ain't no TLC--

LEROY

And just what is TLC, Lester?

LESTER

--That's "tender lovin' care".

LEROY

None o' that.

LESTER

You'll be lucky if you see their face at all. You'll see someone across the lunchroom, and you'll say, "now see that guy? I think I had relations with him, and I don't even know his name!"

LEROY

It's true.

LESTER

Happened to my daddy.

LEROY

I heard about that!

LESTER

Ain't nothing you can do about it, either.

LEROY

You think the prison guards are gonna help you? Let me tell you: They don't call 'em screws for nothin'!

LESTER

Nothin' you can do but close your eyes and think of Christmas!

LEROY

Someone's comin' down the chimney, and it ain't Santa!

LESTER

And you don't want the presents he's got in his sack.

LEROY

It's true.

LESTER

Happened to me!

LEROY

I know, I was there!

LESTER

That's how we met!

LEROY

Happens every day.

LESTER

Upwards to five times a day.

LEROY

And just imagine: A two to five year sentence, five times a day, how many days in a year, Lester?

LESTER

Over a hundred!

LEROY

Maybe more! So that makes how many times total?

LESTER

About a hundred thousand!

LEROY

At least! And it never gets better.

LESTER

Never ever; the ten thousandth time's just as bad as the first.

LEROY

Over and over...

LESTER

(with emphasis)

Illicit relations...

LEROY

Day in, day out...

LESTER

(losin' it)
I ain't goin' back!

LEROY

It's okay, Lester! You ain't done nothin'...anybody
can prove!

LESTER

I mean it! I ain't goin' back!
(he pulls a gun and cocks it)
I'll shoot you all first!

LEROY

Just calm down, Lester! Everything's gonna be okay!
Just think of Christmas!

(security comes running in)

LEROY

(continuing)
Look out Lester! Security!

LESTER

Drop your guns!

LEROY

They ain't got guns, Lester!

LESTER

Then drop your pants!

LEROY

(quietly)
Lester, we ain't got time for that!

LESTER

It's to slow 'em down, LeRoy!

LEROY

Right! Good idea! Let's go!

LESTER

(to the crowd)
That's right! And don't even think about followin'
us, or I start shootin'!

LEROY

And remember kids: Don't do drugs!

(they exit, slamming the doors behind
them)

FADE OUT:

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STERN DAD, PT. 2

DAD

(mockingly)

Oh, you're gonna kill yourself? Well, don't let me stop you! Practice makes perfect, doesn't it? You've never done anything else right in your whole miserable fucking life, you pathetic waste of oxygen, why should this be any different? I gave you a loaded pistol for Christmas, you stupid little shit, what more do you need! Couldn't you figure out the directions? I'll give you a hint: Open mouth, insert barrel, pull trigger! And make sure those little holes in the chamber aren't empty this time!

(Brief pause.)

DAD

(continuing)

Aw, who am I kidding, you're too pathetic to die! Your mother tried to kill you in the womb every night with a rusty coat hanger, and you wouldn't fucking die! You just came out a deformed freak, and that's why you're so ugly! You're like Jason, you can't die! Or maybe you're more like Freddy, you bastard son of a hundred maniacs! But in your mother's case, that number would probably be a lot higher! And at least they did something with their lives! What have you done, except destroy my faith in God and humanity with the unprecedented monstrosity that is your existence! You haven't done shit!

FADE OUT:

BARNUM (V.O.)

Before you give in to the tragic cycle of abuse, consider selling your child to the freakshow. When you give a kid to the freakshow, you give a kid a chance.

DISCLAIMOR GUY (V.O.)

This message brought to you by People who've Completely Lost Touch with What the Hell is Going On.

FADE OUT:

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()

()

()

SANTA'S NOT REAL

(party sounds, christmas music playing
in the background)

JACK

Yeah I know! Oh, hey Diane, did I tell you? I think I might be getting that big screen TV this year!

DIANE

Awesome! I guess you've been pretty good this year, huh?

JACK

Yeah, I haven't cried or pouted in months! How about you, what did you ask for?

DIANE

I wished for that trip to Hawaii. I hope I got that letter in the mail soon enough.

JACK

Yeah, the north pole is a long way to go, and we are reaching his busy season!

BOB HUMBUG

Hey guys...

JACK

(with Diane)

Hey Bob!

(alone)

So what's Santa bringing you this year?

BOB HUMBUG

Santa?

DIANE

Yeah, what did you ask for?

BOB HUMBUG

Well, I don't have any kids so...

JACK

...so...

BOB HUMBUG

...so, I, uh... I didn't ask for anything.

DIANE

What? Art thou crazy?

JACK

He's checking his list twice, man! You're telling me you're not even going to be on it?

BOB HUMBUG

What are you talking about?

DIANE

Santa Claus! You didn't even write him a letter?

BOB HUMBUG

Don't tell me you guys believe in Santa Claus!

JACK

Well of course we believe in Santa Claus! Where do you think I got this watch? And this leather jacket!

BOB HUMBUG

You've got to be kidding me.

DIANE

Where do you think I got that porsche I've been driving all year? You think I bought it? On the salary we make?

BOB HUMBUG

What have you guys been drinking?

JACK

This is no laughing matter, Bob. This definitely puts you on the naughty list.

BOB HUMBUG

I hate to break it to you, guys, but there is no Santa Claus.

DIANE

(alarmed, looking around)
Shhhh! He might hear you!

JACK

(whispering)
Have you lost your mind, Bob?

BOB HUMBUG

Have I lost my... listen to what you are saying! Diane, Jack, there is no Santa! Do you understand me! No Santa! No Santa for you!

DIANE

For the love of Christmas Bob! Keep your voice down!

BOB HUMBUG

Do I have to spell it? N-O-S-A-N-T-A! No Claus! No north pole, no elves!

JACK

Now you're just being ridiculous, Bob.

BOB HUMBUG

No reindeer with shiny noses, no sleighs that fly at
the speed of light, no fat guys in the chimney! No
(ho ho ho in the background, getting closer,
people greeting Santa)
Santa No Santa No Santa! Do you understand? There
is no Santa! There is...
(pauses)

DIANE

Ahem.

JACK

Um...

BOB HUMBUG

..no..what. He, uh... he's right behind me, isn't
he.

DIANE

We gotta run, Bob.

JACK

Yeah, see ya.
(they scurry off)

BOB HUMBUG

Uh, Santa! I was, uh, just testing them, I mean,
uh, I...

SANTA

Ho ho ho!
(thump!)

BOB HUMBUG

My naaaaaaddddssss!

FADE OUT:

