

**The Extreme Radio Comedy Danger Hour**  
**Episode Three**

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"ERROL'S COMET"

(Cooler Than You office; BILL, JOE and  
DALE meet with MR. COOLER)

MR. COOLER

Well, gentlemen, seeing as how it's February of  
1999, I think its high time that we here at Cooler  
Than You Productions took some precautions to  
account for this Y2K business I keep hearing so much  
about.

BILL

Sir...don't you think it's a little late to start  
worrying about that now?

MR. COOLER

Why? By my watch we've got a good nine months to  
come up with something.

BILL

(dubious)  
Okay...You're the boss, sir.

MR. COOLER

Yes I am. I want ideas, gentlemen, and I want them  
now! Joe, what've you got?

JOE

Well, sir. Seeing as how we have no computerized  
systems or date-dependent software, I don't think we  
have much to worry about.

MR. COOLER

Yeah, but I heard the elevators would stop working  
in the year 2000.

JOE

Well, seeing as how we're on the ground floor, I  
think we'll be all right.

MR. COOLER

Right. Good work, Joe.

JOE

Thank you, sir.

MR. COOLER

All right, Dale; time to start pulling your weight  
around here. We can't have Joe coming up with all

the ideas, can we? After all, he is only one man!

DALE

Right, sir. I figure we'll need to integrate all our systems with more date-compatible programming--

MR. COOLER

(interrupting)

Don't try to sidetrack with all that technical mumbo jumbo, Dale! This is a serious problem, and we need realistic solutions! Janson, what do you think?

BILL

I think it's a moot point anyway, sir, seeing as how we aren't going to make it to the year 2000.

MR. COOLER

Wait just a second, not make it to 2000! I am still the boss around here, people! I think this is something I ought to know about! What's he talking about, Joe?

JOE

News to me.

MR. COOLER

Dale?

DALE

Well sir, I believe he's referring to a massive stellar gas, rock and ice formation that's on a direct impact trajectory for the Earth--

MR. COOLER

(interrupting)

Shut up, Dale. What are you talking about, Janson?

BILL

I'm talking about Errol's Comet, sir! According to NASA scientists, it's going to smash right into the Earth before the end of the year!

MR. COOLER

Well, then! Move over, Y2K! What have we got on this comet situation, gentlemen? Joe?

JOE

We could blast it with lasers.

MR. COOLER

(intrigued)

Oooo...

BILL

(annoyed)

That'll never work! We don't have the technology!

MR. COOLER

He's got a point there, Joe.

DALE

Perhaps we could drill a hole in the surface of it, detonate a small nuclear charge inside it, causing it to split into two separate--

MR. COOLER

Good God, Dale, would you get a grip? This is a business meeting, not some fantasy role playing game!

DALE

Sorry, sir.

MR. COOLER

Well, all right, then. Any other ideas?

JOE

I say we wait it out and leave it to the super heroes to fix. That's their job, isn't it?

MR. COOLER

(enthusiastic)

Smacked another right out of the park, Joe! That's why I pay ya the big bucks!

BILL

(losin' it)

Are you all insane? What's wrong with you? There's no such thing as super heroes! That comet's going to smash right into us, and there's nothing we can do about it! WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!!! AAAAHHH!!!

JOE

Bill, stay away from that window!

(he runs to the other end of the office and jumps through the window)

JOE

(continuing)

No!!!!

(with an abundance of fanfare, Bill's cries are silenced as the SILVER STAR catches him and whisks him back into the office)

MR. COOLER

Oh my God! It's the Silver Star!

SILVER STAR

Greetings, citizens.

JOE

You saved my best friend's life!

SILVER STAR

Not really. You're only on the ground floor, after all.

JOE

Oh yeah.

BILL

Sorry, guys. I just lost it there for a second.

SILVER STAR

Well, fear not. I give you my solemn vow that the Super Citizens will not rest until this disaster has been averted! Now I must be off!

(he flies off through the window)

MR. COOLER

You see, Janson? You always obsess over the littlest things!

BILL

Sorry, sir.

MR. COOLER

Oh well, you live and you learn. Now, the next item on our agenda. I read in an article that the Earth will be too grossly overpopulated in the year 3000 to sustain human life. What have we got on that, Joe?

FADE OUT:

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"I COULD TELL YOU, BUT..."

(DAD comes home after a busy day at the office; KIDS rush up to greet him)

DAUGHTER

(way too happy)  
Daddy's home!

SON

Yay!!

DAD

Hey kids! How are my little munchkins?

DAUGHTER

I got a gold star from Mrs. Friedkin for spelling chrysanthemum right!

DAD

How do you spell it, princess?

DAUGHTER

C-h-r--

SON

(interrupting)  
What did you do today, Daddy?

DAD

Well, I negotiated a treaty with an alien civilization to cover up their cattle mutilations in exchange for a non-pollutant energy source.

DAUGHTER

What does non-pollutant mean?

DAD

(gasps)  
Whoops! Sorry, kids.

(he pulls out a gun with a silencer and shoots both of them)

MOM

(from the kitchen)  
Honey? That you?

DAD

(calling to her)  
Coming, dear!

(he walks on into the kitchen; MOM is cooking something)

MOM

Where are the kids?

DAD

They knew too much.

MOM

(shrugging it off with a nervous titter)  
Heh, heh...So how was work, Sweetey?

DAD

A complete nightmare. That idiot Jenkins released a virus on the Eastern Seaboard that makes the flesh-eating virus look like the measles.

MOM

What?

DAD

(frustrated)  
Dammit! Sorry, honey.

(he shoots her, too. Then, with a remorseful pause, he picks up the phone)

DAD

(continuing)  
Hello? Headquarters? I've had another...incident.

DISSOLVE TO:

(later, in the laboratory, the scientists run some tests on Dad)

PROFESSOR

Well, what do you think, Doctor?

DOCTOR

He seems to be in fine condition. I think he must not fully understand the procedure.

GENERAL STRYKER

Gentlemen, this just isn't acceptable! How do you propose we set this right?

PROFESSOR

I imagine he'll need a new wife.

DOCTOR

But no children this time. Not until he's adjusted.

GENERAL STRYKER

But can he be trusted not to crack under the pressure?

DOCTOR

Like I said, General Stryker: I can't find anything wrong with him. As far as I can tell, he just

doesn't have a complete understanding of what he's supposed to do.

GENERAL STRYKER

What are you getting at, Doctor?

DOCTOR

He's an idiot. Run him through the training again, and make sure he pays attention this time.

DISSOLVE TO:

(waiting room; GENERAL STRYKER briefs Dad)

GENERAL STRYKER

All right, Agent Pater! We've run you through the most intricate training program that the US government has to offer on Classified Information Dissemination Procedures. Are you sure you're ready for this?

DAD

Yes, sir! I won't let you down again.

GENERAL STRYKER

And you know what you're supposed to do?

DAD

Yes, sir!

GENERAL STRYKER

You sure?

DAD

Positive, sir! I'm ready!

GENERAL STRYKER

All right! Then get out there and make us proud!

DISSOLVE TO:

(suburban house; Dad comes home. HOUSEWIFE is in the kitchen, cooking)

DAD

Honey, I'm home!

(he walks into the kitchen)

HOUSEWIFE

Oh hey there, honey! What did you do at work today?

DAD

Well, I...

(he starts to answer, then his training kicks in; confidently)

I could tell you, but I'd have to kill you.

HOUSEWIFE

(laughs)

Oh, you! You're so crazy!

DAD

It's why you love me.

HOUSEWIFE

It sure is.

(they kiss; disaster is averted, and everything gets back to normal)

FADE OUT:

"NADS IN HISTORY"

(Olympic amphitheater, Ancient Greece;  
ANNOUNCER narrates the event)

ANNOUNCER

The setting: Ancient Greece. The event: The Olympic Games. A sporting event that would change the face of history. But this particular game would make its mark for a totally different reason, and the world of comedy would never be the same.

(the crowd cheers)

It was Nadmius the shotputter who single-handedly altered the course of comic history with but a single misguided throw...

(Nadmius heaves the heavy metal ball, and it strays unexpectedly into the crowd, nadding an unsuspecting SPECTATOR)

SPECTATOR

(in extreme pain)

By Zeus, MY NADS!!!!

(he doubles over in pain, to the amusement of the crowd)

ANNOUNCER

And history was made. Thanks to Nadmius' poor aim, the world of comedy has enjoyed his unintended innovation for over a thousand years. I'm Byron Beaumont with Cooler Than You Productions, and this has been a look at Nads in History.

FADE OUT:

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"THE LAST COOKIE"

(BILL and JOE stand around the office)

BILL

Last cookie.

JOE

Yeah.

BILL

We really shouldn't.

JOE

No.

(pause)

BILL

Maybe you should eat it.

JOE

You think so?

BILL

Well, she wouldn't have left it here if--

JOE

(interrupting)

Maybe she's coming back.

BILL

Yeah, that's true.

JOE

You shouldn't.

BILL

I shouldn't.

(Bill sighs)

JOE

I mean, it's Wanda's cookie, right? I mean, right?

BILL

Well yeah, it's gotta be--

JOE

(interrupting)

I mean, it's her office, right? I mean, she's gotta want the last cookie.

BILL

Well, sure.

JOE

Do you want it?

BILL

No, I don't like oatmeal.

JOE

Well, you shouldn't eat it, anyway.

BILL

No...

JOE

And neither should I.

BILL

Right.

JOE

Because it's Wanda's. It belongs to her.

BILL

Right.

(they pause a moment)

JOE

Dammit.

(door opens; DALE enters)

DALE

Hey, guys.

BILL & JOE

(in unison)

Hi, Dale.

DALE

Hey, a cookie.

JOE

(indignant)

It's Wanda's!

DALE

I don't see her around. Guess that makes it mine.

JOE

Hey! That's my cookie!

DALE

Since when? Hey, oatmeal!

JOE

Well, I've been sitting here looking at it for half an hour! I mean, if anybody's gonna eat that cookie, it's gonna be me!

DALE

You can't do that! That's the last cookie!! That's awful! I was just kidding.

JOE

Oh.

BILL

Are you going to eat the cookie?

DALE

No way. I mean, it's Wanda's cookie.

BILL

Right.

JOE

That's what I said.

(they pause again)

DALE

I'm gonna eat that cookie.

JOE

Wait a minute! Are you really gonna eat it?

DALE

Well, yeah.

JOE

Are you sure?

DALE

Well...why not?

JOE

Half it with me, then.

DALE

Okay. You want any, Bill?

BILL

No, I don't like oatmeal.

DALE

All right. Here goes.

JOE

I'm sure Wanda won't mind.

(they bite into the cookie. The door opens and WANDA enters)

WANDA

Hey guys, what's--

(livid)

What the hell do you think you're doing!!???

DALE

Wanda?

JOE

Hey, it's not what it--

WANDA

(in a rage)

That's my cookie!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(she pulls a machine gun and lets out  
a spray of bullets at them)

DISSOLVE TO:

(MR. COOLER's office)

MR. COOLER

We here at Cooler Than You Productions have become increasingly aware of our...unfortunate tendency to...well, tend to view senseless violence as an acceptable punchline to a comedy sketch. Obviously, we've taken note of this, and we've done our best to rectify the situation, but uh...I mean we're not proud of it or anything, but...I mean you come up with a good idea for a sketch...you stretch it out for two or three minutes, then...well, it's hard to find a good...that is, a funny way to...you have to go out with a--

(the door crashes open)

ASSAILANT

There's one! Let's get him!

(the mob beats the living crap out of  
him)

FADE OUT:

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"I DON'T LIKE SURPRISES!"

(a small crowd scrambles happily in the living room; phone rings)

BOB

Quiet, everybody! That must be Frank!  
(answering phone)  
Hello?

FRANK

Hey, Bob?

BOB

What's goin' on, Frank?

FRANK

Oh, hey Bob. I'm calling you from the car; I just wanted to make sure you were home.

BOB

Yeah, okay. I'll see you when you get here.

FRANK

Okay. See you in five, buddy.

(he hangs up)

BOB

(to everybody)  
Okay, everybody! Get in position! Is the cake ready?

JACK

We just need to light the candles!

BOB

Do it! Frank'll be here any minute! Get those presents out of sight!  
(a car pulls up outside; quietly)  
That must be him! Remember: On the third knock, I'll open the door, and everybody pop out at once!  
(someone walks up to the door; whispering)  
He's gonna be so surprised...

(outside, Frank comes up to the door, whistling; he knocks on the door)

FRANK

(pauses; confused)  
What the hell? I just talked to--!  
(he bangs on the door a little loudly; angry)  
Not home?! Nobody makes a fool outta me!!!

(he kicks the door in, storming into the house)

BOB

(shocked)  
Frank! What are you--?!

FRANK  
I see what you're up to, Bob! Tryin' to make me  
look stupid, huh?

BOB  
Frank, we were just trying to--!

(Frank interrupts by punching him hard  
in the stomach)

FRANK  
(on a rampage; smashing anything that will  
break)  
Nobody does that to me and lives to tell the tale!

(the party crowd scrambles for dear  
life, screaming and crying for help)

FRANK  
(continuing)  
What's all this? Everybody come to just have a big  
laugh at my expense!

JACK  
What's going on out here?

FRANK  
Jack, not you too!

JACK  
Frank, have you lost your mind!

(Frank punches him, too)

FRANK  
I won't be made a fool of, Jack! Not by my own  
brother! What are you hiding in the kitchen, Jack?  
(he tears the door off the hinges and goes  
inside; betrayed)  
A birthday cake?

JACK  
(recovering)  
Well, we thought--

FRANK  
(striking him again)  
You'd take your own brother's birthday cake! You're  
slime, man! You want the cake that bad, then COME  
HERE AND HAVE SOME!

(he shoves Jack into the cake, stuffing him  
with it)  
You like that, Jack-O? How's that cake? You want

some more?

(Jack struggles, smothered; Frank discards him  
on the floor and moves on)

Well, well, buddy! Looks you had yourselves quite  
a little party here before I came around to spoil  
things! Sorry to interrupt your fun!

BOB

(in absolute shock)

We were trying to surprise you!

FRANK

(completely gone)

Don't I look surprised! I got a little surprise for  
you too, pal!

(he throws Bill across the room to crash into  
a set of glass shelves)

What's all this? Presents?!

(he rips away at the paper)

And what do you know? They all have my name on  
them! Why not, you took the cake! Looks like  
everybody was invited to the party but me!

(he storms off)

That's it! As of now, we're no longer friends!

(he walks out the door; lamenting)

And on my birthday, too...

(he slams the door behind him)

FADE OUT:

"NADS IN HISTORY, PT. II"

(Amphitheater sounds; the announcer  
narrates once again)

ANNOUNCER

Once again: The Olympic Games, Ancient Greece.  
Pressured to give up the shotput, Nadmius sets his  
sights on a brand new passion: The javelin.

(Nadmius throws the javelin; audience  
member screams bloody murder, doubling  
over in excruciating pain)

ANNOUNCER

(continuing)

I'm Byron Beaumont with Cooler Than You Productions,  
and this has been another look at Nads in History.

FADE OUT:

"SHE'S REAL NICE"

(two old geezers, JACK & JIM, try  
really hard to have a normal

conversation; this proves difficult,  
since neither of them can hear)

JACK

I went out with Jill again last night.

JIM

(encouraging)

Oh, yeah! Jill? Hooo!

JACK

Yeah, I really think she--

JIM

(interrupting; enthusiastic)

Me too, man! Jill? She is hot!

JACK

I know; she's got the most beautiful eyes--

JIM

Damn right she does! She's like butter on toast!

JACK

What?

JIM

Jill, man! She's awesome! I mean, she's got it  
goin' on! You know what I'm sayin'! Eh?

JACK

(getting irritated)

What are you saying, Jim?

JIM

(taking it down a notch)

You know, she's...pretty.

JACK

She sure is.

JIM

And she's real nice, too.

JACK

Yeah--

JIM

(interrupting)

I mean, she is real nice! In all the right ways!

JACK

What's that supposed to mean?

JIM

She's a good person, man. She's a nice girl.

JACK

Oh.

JIM

She's the kind of girl who'd do anything for you!  
I mean anything!

JACK

What!

JIM

She's just eager to please, I guess.

JACK

What are you talking about?

JIM

I'm just saying she's got a good heart, that's all.

JACK

Oh, okay.

JIM

And the rest of her's not bad, either.

JACK

Look, man--

JIM

(interrupting)

I wouldn't mind stickin' my dentures in that! Heh  
heh heh!

JACK

That's it, man! If you don't stop talking about  
Jill like that--

JIM

(interrupting; defensive)

Like what? I'm just sayin' I'd like to meet someone  
like her, you know? She's smart, she's sweet, she's  
pretty, you're a lucky guy.

JACK

Oh, sorry. Thanks.

JIM

I did her, you know.

JACK

What?

FADE OUT:

"TV TELLS ME TO"

(IRWIN takes a moment to reflect)

IRWIN

(reflecting)

You know, I don't know why everybody's always so critical of television. I learned almost everything I know from TV. I respected my parents, just like TV told me to, I studied hard in school, just like TV told me to. When I got through High School I went off to college, just like TV told me to, I said no to drugs like TV told me to, I took a bite out of crime like TV told me to, I buckled up like TV told me to, I didn't let friends drive drunk like TV told me to, in fact, I did everything TV told me to.

(getting a little)

TV is my friend. Whenever I had trouble with life, all I had to do was take it to the TV. TV had all the answers. When I had trouble with the kids at school, I cut their brake line, just like TV told me to. When my dad wouldn't stop hassling me, I skewered him with a kitchen knife, just like TV told me to. That girl in my office won't return my phone calls, but that's okay: TV will tell me what to do. So don't jump on the anti-TV bandwagon. When you have problems, just ask TV what to do. It's always worked for me.

FADE OUT:

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"OUR HOUSE"

JOE

(opening door)

Well, here it is! It's not much, but I like to think of it as my little castle.

BILL

Hey Joe, this is a pretty nice house you got here.

JOE

Yeah, well, as you can see, this is the living room.

(door opens)

This is the bathroom.

BILL

Wow, so spacious.

JOE

That's the bedroom back there, and this

(opens door)

is the kitch--

(sounds of rustling around, fridge opening)

BILL

Whoa Joe, you didn't tell me that you had a roommate!

JOE

I don't. This is my neighbor, Leroy. Leroy, this is my friend Bill.

LEROY

Hmpth.

(gulp gulp, sound of milk carton being crumpled)

Out of milk, Joe. Better run to the store and buy some more.

BILL

Hey, I recognize him! That's Leroy Brown, star linebacker for the Big City Juggernauts.

JOE

Um, say Leroy, did you, uh, did you get locked out of your place or something?

LEROY

No I got in all right. You'd better leave that key before you go to the store, though. I don't want to have to break another window.

JOE

No, what I meant was your house next door--

(can being opened, gulp gulp, can being crushed)

LEROY

Out of cola too, Joe. Better go to the store soon.  
I like having something to drink when I watch my TV.

JOE

Um, Leroy, maybe all those tackles have got you a little bit confused, but that house next door is yours, and--

LEROY

I know. I keep all my weights and punching bags over there. I live here now. Which reminds me, before you go to the store, be sure to get all of your shit out of my room.

BILL

Wow, this is amazing! The Leroy Brown.

LEROY

Don't let me catch you taking any of my stuff, either.

JOE

Your stuff? I don't see anything but my stuff!

LEROY

My stuff.

JOE

Oh yeah? Well where did you get all of this stuff that just happens to look exactly like my stuff?

LEROY

Found it when I moved in.

JOE

I can't believe this. Look, Leroy, I--  
(phone rings)

Oh, I'd better get that, It's probably Karen--

LEROY

Don't you touch my phone.

(answering machine picks up)

ANSWERING MACHINE

This is Leroy's new house. Leave a message.

KAREN

Um, hi, Joe? This is Karen. Just reminding you that I'm coming over tonight. Bye.

LEROY

Hmm... Looks like my new girlfriend is coming over. You guys better leave.

JOE

New.. what?! That's it Leroy. It's you and me!

BILL

Joe! What are you doing?

JOE

C'mon Leroy! Come and get a little!

BILL

Joe, he's a professional line backer! Don't be a fool!

JOE

Let's get it on!

LEROY

That's it. I didn't want to bring the authorities into this, but...

(phone dialing)

JOE

Now bitch! Serve it up and get dealt with! I'm going to regulate, you feel me?

LEROY

Hello, police? Some crazy little man broke into my house and is threatening me with stupid urban lingo.

JOE

I'll give you the 411 on 187, be-itch. Pop a cap!

LEROY

Um hm, right. Okay. You sure? You think that'll work? Well, okay. Here goes.

(whoosh smack)

JOE

My nads! Oh, Bill dog, my nads!

BILL

Wow, Joe got nadded by the Leroy Brown. Wait'll I tell my wi--

(whoosh smack)

My nads! Oh.....

MR. COOLER

Sorry, it happened again; no punch line.

(assailants beat the crap out of him)

FADE OUT:

"YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM"

(the orbital satellite HQ of the SUPER CITIZENS hums with life as the intrepid heroes prepare for their next meeting)

ANNOUNCER

When last we saw the Super Citizens, the intrepid heroes had gathered in their orbital satellite headquarters to pool their efforts in an attempt to stop the disastrous collision course of Errol's comet, as it speedily soared through the stars, and straight for the Earth!

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

Well, I suppose we should get started.

MYSTERY MAIDEN

Shouldn't we wait for Slick Lad, Paragon?

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

We can wait, Mystery Maiden, but will that comet? Will it be as willing to work around our young friend's schedule? Can the Earth afford to take that chance?

MYSTERY MAIDEN

Well, I guess not.

GRIM VINDICATOR

Look, let's just blast that space rock into stardust!

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

If only being a hero were that simple, Grim Vindicator, but without knowing--

(the electric doors open and Slick Lad enters)

MYSTERY MAIDEN

Slick Lad! Glad you could make it.

SLICK LAD

(not at all well)

Sorry I'm late. I...lost the directions to the satellite.

GRIM VINDICATOR

You move faster than the speed of light, how lost could you have been?

SLICK LAD

Back off, Vindicator! I don't need you giving me the third degree!

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

Right. Well, now that we're all here, why don't we take a look at--

SLICK LAD

Mind if I sit down? I don't feel so good.

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

(a little annoyed)

Go ahead. Anyway, as we know, Errol's Comet was spotted a little over a month ago, and the probability of collision with the Earth was estimated to be within eighty to ninety percent. It's safe to say at this point that--

(Slick Lad horks his guts up all over the grated floor of the satellite)

GRIM VINDICATOR

(disgusted)

Oh my God!

MYSTERY MAIDEN

Are you all right, Slick Lad?

SLICK LAD

(wiping his mouth off and trying to recover)

I'm okay...

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

Are you all right to continue the briefing?

SLICK LAD

Yeah, iss okay...

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

All right, then. NASA scientists have theorized that a strong enough blast to the front right corner--

(Slick Lad loses more of his lunch, spewing on the floor)

GRIM VINDICATOR

Good Lord! How are we supposed to work like this, Paragon?

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

Take it to the bathroom, Slick Lad!

SLICK LAD

Okay...

(he runs off, dropping and puking up a storm)

SLICK LAD

(continuing; from across the room)

Sorry.

(he runs off again)

GRIM VINDICATOR

And bring back a towel, Puke Lad!

(in the bathroom, Slick Lad pukes again. He flushes the toilet and turns on the faucet)

SLICK LAD

(to himself)  
Pull it together, man. You've gotta save the world.

(the door opens and Patriotic Paragon enters)

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

You're not looking so good out there, son.  
Everything all right?

SLICK LAD

Sure.

(he pukes again)

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

Look, Slick Lad, I didn't want to say this in front of the others, but I think you've got a problem.

SLICK LAD

(finishing up)  
What do you mean?

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

It's the drinking, son. You're going out of control.

SLICK LAD

I don't have a problem, Patriotic Paragon! I can quit whenever I want!

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

Who are you kidding? With your accelerated metabolism, do you realize how much alcohol you would have to consume to get this sick?

SLICK LAD

Ninety metric tons.

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

Great Gatsby! How does one come to acquire ninety metric tons of alcohol all at once?

SLICK LAD

It gets to be an expensive habit.

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

Not to mention the hangover!

SLICK LAD

Don't remind me.

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

Drinking ninety metric tons of alcohol all at once  
can't be good for you.

SLICK LAD

I'm just under a lot of pressure, that's all.

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

No one said saving the world would be easy. But  
first you have to save yourself.

SLICK LAD

What do I do?

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

The first step is admitting you have a problem. if  
you can do that, we can help you with the rest.  
Let's get you to the infirmary.

DISSOLVE TO:

(Paragon re-enters the conference room)

MYSTERY MAIDEN

How's Slick Lad?

PATRIOTIC PARAGON

He should be all right. Some people just aren't cut  
out for this line of work. Now let's get back to  
what we're going to do about that comet!

ANNOUNCER

And with that, the Patriotic Paragon, America's Most  
Concerned Citizen, managed to convince Slick Lad to  
seek help for his terrible affliction. But would  
the Super Citizens be able to make up for the  
temporary loss of their trusted ally, or could this  
mean the end of life on Earth?

FADE OUT:

