

The Extreme Radio Comedy Danger Hour
Episode Five

Written by Sean Gilbert and Brooks Robinson
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"A DIFFERENT APPROACH"

(Cooler Than You boardroom; MR. COOLER
addresses BILL, JOE, and DALE)

MR. COOLER

All right, Gentlemen: I think you know what I want
to talk to you about today.

JIM

It's Boney, isn't it?

MR. COOLER

(disconcerted)
Boney? Where?!

JIM

No, I mean you want to talk about Boney.

MR. COOLER

Oh, right. Indeed I do.

JOE

I have to say, the phone's been ringing off the hook
since his show premiered. The good news is, no
one's going to sue.

JIM

And I don't mind saying that if I never get another
death threat, that'll be fine with me.

MR. COOLER

People have been calling you with death threats, Jim?

JIM

I was talking about Boney, sir.

MR. COOLER

Right. I've been meaning to talk to him about that.

JOE

Not to mention what he did to Bill.

JIM

Don't remind me! I'm still having nightmares about
it!

MR. COOLER

Anyway, we need to come up with a different

approach. Ideas?

DALE

Well, maybe we could survey our prospective demographic audiences to see--

MR. COOLER

Shut up, Dale. What do you think, Joe?

JOE

Uh...more nads?

MR. COOLER

Now you're talkin'!

JIM

Sir, when are you going to get over this nad fixation? It's not funny!

JOE

Actually, Jim, our research indicates that nad jokes are very popular with our audience. Some people laugh no matter what the joke is, just to hear the word nads!

JIM

But--

MR. COOLER

(giggling)
"Nads"...

(he laughs harder)

JIM

Okay; whatever.

MR. COOLER

(still laughing)
Heh, heh, heh...now that's funny.

FADE OUT:

"NADS IN HISTORY"

(Nazi Germany; Hitler's troops march in preparation to coming domination of the world)

BYRON BEAUMONT

Germany, 1938: Hitler oversees the march of his army in training to carry out his plans for global domination. When an overzealous soldier marches a little too close, however, Hitler's dreams of siring an heir to his thousand year reign are unexpectedly crushed with but a single off-kilter goose step...

(one of the soldiers marches too close,
and clips Hitler in the jimmies)

HITLER

(in pain)
Gott in Himmel! Meinen Naden!

BYRON BEAUMONT

(almost apologetic)
Well, it could have happened that way. In any
event, Hitler never did sire an heir. I'm Byron
Beaumont with Cooler Than You Productions, and this
has been a look at NADS IN HISTORY!!

FADE OUT:

"TALK SHOW BULLY"

ANGEL MCLLOUD

(audience claps)
Welcome to the Angel McCloud show. I'm angel, and
today we're going to talk about bulllys.

(audience boos)

ANGEL MCLLOUD

(continuing)
Our first story is about a little girl named Mary.

(audience awwwws)

ANGEL MCLLOUD

(continuing)
Little Mary says her mean older brother Tim picks on
her.

(audience boos)

ANGEL MCLLOUD

(continuing)
She says that he calls her "fat" and "ugly."

(audience boos)

ANGEL MCLLOUD

(continuing)
Tim even says that little Mary is so ugly... that
she looks like a boy.

(audience boos with disgust)

ANGEL MCLLOUD

(continuing)
Let's bring our first guest out.

MARY

Hey, my name is--

(audience boos with rage)

AUDIENCE MEMBER

I can't believe you'd make fun of your little sister Mary!

(audience says "yeah")

MARY

(sheepishly)

But, I am Mary.

ANOTHER AUDIENCE MEMBER

Yeah! How could you make fun of little Mary? You ain't all that!

(audience screams yeah)

THIRD AUDIENCE MEMBER

Yeah, c'mon, look at you! Calling your little sister fat and ugly! You look pretty fat yourself, Shamu!

MARY

But, I am the little sister.

FOURTH AUDIENCE MEMBER

And you call her ugly? I've never seen anyone as ugly as you!

FIFTH AUDIENCE MEMBER

Get that fat ugly bully out of here!

SIXTH AUDIENCE MEMBER

(with extreme melodrama, drawing it out)

Tear him apart!

WHOLE AUDIENCE TOGETHER

Kill the bully! Kill the bully!

MARY

Help!

(insert punchline here...)

FADE OUT:

"WHO'S MY BABY'S DADDY"

(social gathering; JIM approaches DIANE and JACK)

JIM

(sounds of baby cooing)

Diane! Jack! I haven't seen you two since the wedding! How have you been?

DIANE

Oh, we've been wonderful, just wonderful. Um...are you a friend of Mary's?

JIM

Wha...no, I'm Jim. Mary's husband.

DIANE

Oh of course! I'm sorry James, I didn't recognize you!

JIM

It's Jim--

MARY

Jim! For god's sake, move out of the way and let Diane and Jack inside so they can see the new baby!

DIANE

Oh Mary! What a precious little boy! Isn't he just darling, Jack?

JACK

Damn, that kid is cute.

JIM

Yeah we're really proud, he was--

DIANE

What's his name?

MARY

Zachary. He's named after his father.

JIM

(a little perplexed)

But...my name is Jim.

DIANE

And what beautiful blue eyes he has! Isn't that right, Jack?

JACK

Damn, those eyes are cute.

MARY

He has his father's eyes.

JIM

But, my eyes are brown.

MARY

Oh, here comes our poolboy Zack! You've just got to meet him!

ZACK

Well! Hello everyone!

DIANE

My my, what a handsome young man!

JACK

Damn, that man is sexy.

MARY

Come over here and give me a kiss, Zack!

ZACK

I'd love to.

JIM

Just wait one minute! I mean, I don't want to jump to any conclusions, but I'm starting to feel a little suspicious about a few things, and--

ZACK

Oh John! I didn't even see you there! Do us a favor big guy, why don't you run out and pick up some pizza for everyone!

JIM

My name is jim...

MARY

Oh, what a wonderful idea! You heard the man; run along, Joey!

JIM

Jim.

ZACK

Oh, and Jamie?

JIM

Um.. what?

ZACK

Pepperoni.

JIM

Um...well. Okay. But when I get back, I'm going to want to discuss this.

FADE OUT:

"NADS IN MUSIC"

(concert; SOUL BROTHA performs on stage)

BYRON BEAUMONT

Memphis, 1972: To the excitement of the raving crowd, blues master Soul Brotha changes the way audiences would look at music by taking his performance to the next level at the expense of personal injury...

(audience cheers)

SOUL BROTHA

(singing)

Yeah! Jump!! Jumpin' up! Hunnh!! Jumpin' out!!
Hyeuh! Uh huh! Jumpin' down! Owwww!! Jumpin'
back! Hurt my sack!!

(pained)

Papa needs a brand new bag!

(audience applauds)

BYRON BEAUMONT

And the music industry was never quite the same.
I'm Byron Beaumont with Cooler Than You Productions,
and this has been a look at NADS IN MUSIC!

FADE OUT:

"JACK SAVAGE"

AGENT SMITHERS

Ah! Come in Mr. Brown! So glad you could make it.

JACK SAVAGE

Please, please, call me Dave. Here's my resume.

AGENT SMITHERS

(flipping hastily and carelessly through pages)
Yes, yes, very impressive.

JACK SAVAGE

Well, I've always been interested in real estate,
and when I saw your ad in the classifieds saying
that you were looking for new agents, I thought I'd
give it a try, even though I have no experience
selling--

AGENT SMITHERS

Yes, yes, that's wonderful. You're hired.

JACK SAVAGE

Wha.. well, great! When can I start?

AGENT SMITHERS

Right now. First things first. You are no longer
Dave Brown, you are now Agent Jack Savage number 7.

JACK SAVAGE

I have to change my name to Jack Savage number 7?

AGENT SMITHERS

Here's a tuxedo. Put it on immediately.

JACK SAVAGE

Well, okay, though it seems a little dressy for real estate.

AGENT SMITHERS

Time is of the essence, Agent Savage.

JACK SAVAGE

I don't understand this whole "7" thing.

AGENT SMITHERS

It's a sequential code name, it's how we keep track of our agents. Here, let me help you with that bow tie.

JACK SAVAGE

Sequential code name? Where are Jack Savages 1 through 6?

AGENT SMITHERS

They..uh... retired early. Be careful with that cumberbund, it's highly explosive.

JACK SAVAGE

Come again?!

AGENT SMITHERS

Try to pay attention, Savage. I don't have much time, I've got another appointment in five minutes.

JACK SAVAGE

What, with that guy out there in the waiting room? Who is that guy? What's going on here?

AGENT SMITHERS

That guy will be Jack Savage number 8. What size shoe do you wear?

JACK SAVAGE

Agent number 8? Why number 8?

AGENT SMITHERS

Don't worry about that right now, Agent 7. Concentrate on your mission.

JACK SAVAGE

Mission? Look, I just want to sell real estate!

AGENT SMITHERS

How experienced are you at jumping out of airplanes?

JACK SAVAGE

What the hell are you talking about?

AGENT SMITHERS

Ok, underwater insertion will just have to do.
Here, put these cuff links on, and be careful not to
aim them at me.

(buzzes Stryker on intercom)

Stryker? The agent is ready.

STRYKER

Right.

(door opens, soldiers enter)

STRYKER

(continuing)

Come on, son! The clock is ticking! Take him to
the submarine, asap!

SOLDIERS

Yes sir!

JACK SAVAGE

But, wait a minute, hey! Let go of me!

(being dragged off)

I change my mind! I don't want the job! I quit!

I quiiiiiii--

STRYKER

God, how I miss the cold war.

AGENT SMITHERS

No kidding. These budget cuts have been hell on my
department. Bring in the next one!

STRYKER

Uh oh, he's not out there!

AGENT SMITHERS

Damn it, Stryker! What did I tell you about
escorting the new agents through the waiting room!
Always use the back door!

STRYKER

(on radio)

Attention all strike teams! This is General
Stryker! Seal off everything in a two mile radius
around the real estate office. I want it air tight.
Nobody gets out alive, understand?

SOLDIERS

(on radio)

Yes sir!

AGENT SMITHERS

Hey, jarhead, that includes us!

STRYKER

Acceptable losses.

AGENT SMITHERS
Give me that radio!

STRYKER
No way, it's mine!

AGENT SMITHERS
Give it to me!
(they start to play tug of war with the radio)

STRYKER
Let go! It's mine!

AGENT SMITHERS
Nuh unh!

STRYKER
It's an army radio! You can't play with it!

AGENT SMITHERS
All right, G.I. Schmoe, you'd better let go!

STRYKER
That's it, civilian! I'm telling!

FADE OUT:

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"ORGAN DONOR"

(chapel; wedding music plays on an organ)

PREACHERMAN
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to get through this thing called life--

GROOM
(under his breath, coughing it out)

Ahem-- sir, wrong speech, ahem--

PREACHERMAN

Oh yes, and also to join these two young people in the bonds of holy matrimony!

(polite applause)

Yes, yes...long have they loved one another, and now it is time to clasp hands, and be forever--

MOVER

(from distance)

There it is! Come on boys!

(organ stops playing abruptly, everyone gasps)

PREACHERMAN

Dear sirs! Can I help you?

MOVER

Wha? Oh no! Don't mind us, carry on! We've just come for the organ! Back that truck up, boys!

ORGAN PLAYER

Oh dear!

PREACHERMAN

The organ? Why, that belongs to the church! You can't do that! We're in the middle of a wedding here!

MOVER

Well don't let us stop you! Carry on, just pretend we're not here! Yo Bill!

BILL

Yeah!

MOVER

Get a tape measure in here. And some thermite. We may have to take out that back wall!

BILL

Right.

GROOM

What the--?

PREACHERMAN

This is absurd!

GROOM

Absurd?! This is my wedding, for god's sake!

PREACHERMAN

Look you, you can't just march in here and take away

our organ! It's...it's...it's just not right!

MOVER

Aw jeez, here we go. Bill? You got that permit on ya?

BILL

Right here.

MOVER

So...

(flipping papers)

You're Reverend Preacherman, right?

PREACHERMAN

Wha...well, yes, but--

MOVER

Well it says here that you signed an organ donor card. Isn't that what it says, Bill?

BILL

Yep. Says so right there.

PREACHERMAN

Organ donor card?!

GROOM

I don't believe this!

PREACHERMAN

You guys have it all wrong! That's not what that card is for!

MOVER

Since when?

PREACHERMAN

You're supposed to take my liver, or my spleen, or even my eyes!

MOVER

(shocked)

Oh my god.

BILL

Man...that is sick.

PREACHERMAN

You are not taking the organ, and that is final.

MOVER

All right, all right, have it your way. We'll just take the groom instead.

PREACHERMAN

What?

GROOM

What?!?

MOVER

Says right here, in between the lines of the fine print, and I quote: "in the unlikely event that an irate minister does not allow the removal of said organ, the closest groom must be substituted."

BILL

Yep. Says so right there.

PREACHERMAN

I've never heard of such a thing.

MOVER

Hey, you signed it. Grab him, Bill.

BILL

Right.

GROOM

Wha--unhand me! Help! Heeeeelllllpppp...
(gets quieter as he is dragged away)

MOVER

Well, that's it. Sorry to disturb you folks. Carry on with the service....

BYRON BEAUMONT

Another innocent unsuspecting groom, taken away from his bride on the most important day of his life, and shipped to the cubic zirconium mines of the peoples republic of bohemia where he is then bartered and sold into the underground horror that is groom slavery. All because of an outdated organ donation law. Please, write to your local representatives and insist that this law be repealed in the next congressional session. Write them today, before it is too late. Remember, the next groom taken might be your own...

"ER PIZZA"

NURSE

All right, what's the bullet here, people?

PARAMEDIC

A .45 caliber, right in the heart!

NURSE

Yikes! Ok, let's see...give me 30 cc's of annie-on-a-trampoline, stat!

PARAMEDIC

You got it! And what should I give the patient?

NURSE

Beats me. We'd better find the doctor.

PARAMEDIC

Where is he?

NURSE

There he is! Over there! Doctor!

DOCTOR

(dramatically)

Yes! Put as much of it on there as you can!

NURSE

Doctor!

DOCTOR

One sec, Nurse. Right. Well, it needs more! Damn the procedure! No, I don't have time to go through the proper channels!

NURSE

Doctor!

DOCTOR

Be right with you, Nurse! Damn it, man! This is not a game! No, that is not acceptable!

PARAMEDIC

Oh my god! He's flatlining!

DOCTOR

Hey, could you guys keep it down over there? What do you mean you don't have the authority to do that? I don't have time for your bureaucratic bull shit, just give me as much of it as you can!

NURSE

Doctor! We're losing this--

DOCTOR

For the love of GOD PEOPLE!! Can't you see I'm on the phone? How about a little common courtesy, huh? No, I'm still here. Listen, I want you to put extra cheese on it, no matter what the special is. Understand? Good. Do you deliver? Ok, I'll send an ambulance to pick it up. And it better have extra cheese, or that ambulance will be picking you up too, understand? Ok, bye.

(hangs up)

PARAMEDIC

We've lost him!

DOCTOR

My god, people? What is all the racket about over

here? Who's this guy?

PARAMEDIC

(angrily)
He's dead!

DOCTOR

Eww! Get him out of here, then! What's wrong with you people?

NURSE

But--

DOCTOR

Send the ambulance to Puffy's pizza! Pronto!

PARAMEDIC

But we only have one ambulance! It's for emergencies!

DOCTOR

What, like bringing in dead people? This is an emergency! I haven't eaten in almost an hour!

NURSE

Mmmm.. pizza does sound good. Did you get extra cheese on it?

DOCTOR

You know I did!

PARAMEDIC

Why didn't you say so? I'll be right back!
(ambulance squeals away)

FADE OUT:

"NADS IN CINEMA"

(Tokyo; citizens flee as NADZILLA destroys the city)

BYRON BEAUMONT

Tokyo, 1969: A panicked citizenry flees the streets in terror as the radioactive monstrosity that is Nadzilla stomps the surroundings into rubble. But the groaning gargantuan's rampage was stopped short by a lucky shot from one of the Japanese air force's kamikazi pilots...

(a plane crashes into the monster's nads, causing it issue a horrible pained bellow)

PANICKED CITIZEN

His nads!

PANICKED CITIZEN 2

We are saved!

BYRON BEAUMONT

And...I'm sorry...What the hell was that?
(irritated)
This is the dumbest load of crap I've ever...
Nadzilla? Come on!

MR. COOLER

(distant)
Just say the line!

BYRON BEAUMONT

You say the line! This is just stupid!

(he leaves)

MR. COOLER

(stepping up to the mic)
What? I thought it was funny! Huh? Oh. "I'm
Byron Beaumont with Cooler Than You Productions, and
this has been a look at NADS IN CINEMA!" Heh,
heh...nads...

FADE OUT:

"HE'S GONNA BLOW"

WAITER

Well sir, how was everything?

DINER

Wonderful, just great!

WAITER

Can I interest you in some desert, then?

DINER

Oh, I'd love to, but I don't think I can. I'm
stuffed.

WAITER

Oh, surely you can find some room for a piece of pie.

DINER

No, I'm sorry, but if I eat one more bite I think
I'll explode!

WAITER

(screaming)
Oh my god! Everybody run! He's gonna blow!!!

(everybody runs in a screaming panic)

DINER

Wha.. no, come back everyone! It's just a figure of speech!

WAITER

Save yourselves! Run for your lives!

DINER

No really, it's okay! Watch, I'll eat a french fry.
(munches down a fry)
See? It's fine! It's just a figure of spee--

(he explodes)

ANNOUNCER

The next time you eat too much, remember, don't take that last bite, risking not only your life, but the lives of everyone else around you. Next time, just ask for a to-go box.

SECOND ANNOUNCER

This message brought to you by the Citizens for safer restaurants and Lifeco Insurance. Lifeco Insurance-- we're into saving lives and money.

FADE OUT:

"THE SECONDARY CITIZENS"

(super citizens satellite; SILVER STAR and MYSTERY MAIDEN plan their attack)

SILVER STAR

Ye Gods! With Patriotic Paragon out fighting the evil cyborg clone of General Menace and Slick Lad in rehab, we're left horribly undermanned if anything should happen!

MYSTERY MAIDEN

We'll just have to hope that nothing does happen, Silver Star!

SILVER STAR

I suppose you're right, Mystery Maiden. All we can do is sit here...and wait.

(a distress signal beeps from the communications console)

MYSTERY MAIDEN

Distress signal! What do we do?

SILVER STAR

Answer it!

MYSTERY MAIDEN

Good idea.
(answering the signal)

Super Citizens, what is the nature of your emergency?

GENERAL STRYKER

Super Citizens! This is General Stryker! The Black Panzer is leading a direct assault on NORAD!

MYSTERY MAIDEN

The Black Panzer!

SILVER STAR

The deuce you say!

GENERAL STRYKER

I'm afraid it is! He's bombarding us with swarms of his killer robot bees! I don't know how long we can hold them off!

SILVER STAR

(nervously)

Well, uh...We'll have to get back to you!

GENERAL STRYKER

But wait--!

(they end the signal with a beep)

COMPUTER VOICE

End transmission.

MYSTERY MAIDEN

What do we do, Silver Star? We can't leave the satellite unmanned!

SILVER STAR

Yes, but we can't allow the Black Panzer to succeed, either! What timing! Almost as if he and General Menace had coordinated their attacks!

(after a pause, he and Mystery Maiden burst out laughing)

MYSTERY MAIDEN

Like supervillains are ever that organized!

SILVER STAR

(still laughing)

I know! I'm sorry! I don't know what I was thinking!

MYSTERY MAIDEN

But seriously, Silver Star, what are we going to do?

SILVER STAR

We have to go, Mystery Maiden. We can't leave NORAD undefended.

MYSTERY MAIDEN

But we can't leave the satellite unmanned!

SILVER STAR

We're not going to leave it unmanned.

MYSTERY MAIDEN

Gods of Olympus! You can't mean--!

SILVER STAR

That's exactly what I mean. I'm calling in...Team Two!

MYSTERY MAIDEN

You mean...?

SILVER STAR

That's right...the Secondary Citizens!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And with that, the Silver Star put out the call to the Secondary Citizens, the world's second most reliable line of defense! Among them are the Somnambulist, a chronic narcoleptic who can sleep undisturbed through all forms of torture and attack...

(phone rings, SOMNAMBULIST answers)

SOMNAMBULIST

(sleepy; irritable)

What?

(suddenly awake)

NORAD's in trouble! What can I...

(disappointed)

Oh. Yeah, sure. I'll watch the satellite. I'll...

(yawns)

be right there.

(he falls back asleep, snoring loudly)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Then there's the Amnesiac. A man without a past, he can be trusted not to reveal even the most sensitive information. He can't be bought, he can't be bribed, and he can't be coerced!

(phone rings, AMNESIAC answers)

AMNESIAC

Hello? Who? No, I'm sorry, I don't remember you. That's okay, I'll take your word for it.

You want me to go where? Hold on a sec; let me write this down.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And let's not forget the Super Conductor, a mild

mannered music composer who has harnessed his uncanny ability to attract static electricity and uses it in his fight against evil!

(phone rings)

(SUPER CONDUCTOR tries to answer it, but shocks himself)

SUPER CONDUCTOR

Ow!

(it rings again)

(trying again to answer it, he shocks himself again)

SUPER CONDUCTOR

(continuing)

Ow!

(a third time the phone rings, and again he shocks himself trying to answer it)

SUPER CONDUCTOR

(continuing)

Ow!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But unfortunately, he is not immune to the effects of his own abilities.

(a final time the phone rings, and he shocks himself on it)

SUPER CONDUCTOR

Ow!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And lastly, we have the Laughing Fool.

(LAUGHING FOOL hops around like an idiot, giggling with glee)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

Possessed of no super powers or compulsion to fight crime, Laughing Fool is, however, virtually invincible.

His innate good nature and likeability make it impossible for any villain to bring him to harm.

(MR. MOROSE holds Laughing Fool at gunpoint)

MR. MOROSE

Your shenanigans have come to an end, Laughing Fool!
Let's see if you can charm your way out of a bullet!

(Laughing Fool whines fearfully)

MR. MOROSE

(continuing)
Don't do that! Don't give me the puppy dog eyes!

LAUGHING FOOL

(whining pitifully)
Don't hurt me...

MR. MOROSE

Oh, curse you and your innate cuteness! I'll see
the end of both, I swear it!

LAUGHING FOOL

(meekly)
I love you...

MR. MOROSE

(torn)
Nooooo!

(phone rings)

LAUGHING FOOL

(back to his old self)
Phone!

MR. MOROSE

Hey!

LAUGHING FOOL

(picking up the phone)
Hello? Mmm hmm...okay. 'Bye!

(he hangs up)

MR. MOROSE

Look, Laughing Fool! I--

LAUGHING FOOL

(interrupting)
Gotta go!

(he happily hops away out the window
and into the night)

MR. MOROSE

Huh, wha--? Curse you, Laughing Fool! Next time we
meet, I will not be so lenient with you! Next time,
you will be mine! So swears...Mr. Morose!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so it was that the Silver Star entrusted the welfare of the Super Citizens' Satellite and indeed the future of life on Earth to these intrepid heroes, the Secondary Citizens. But will they be up to the task? And what dangers will they face? Only time will tell...

FADE OUT:

