

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

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"1-800..."

(phone rings)

BABS

Hey Neil, you're phone's ringing again.

NEIL

Yup.

(phone rings)

BABS

Well.. aren't you gonna get it?

NEIL

Nope.

(phone rings)

BABS

Why not?

NEIL

Because that's exactly what they want me to do...

(phone rings; answering machine picks up)

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi, Neil here. Er..well, actually, not here. Leave a message. BEEP

COLLECTOR

This message is for Neil Bedwetter. Hi, this is Guy Fawkes from Parliament Sweepstakes, and you've just won one billion dollars! All you have to do to claim your prize is call us back at 1-800-382-5968. Hope to hear from you soon!

BABS

Whoa.. Neil, that's awesome! You're a billionaire! You'd better call back!

NEIL

Don't be a sap, Babs. That wasn't a sweepstakes representative, that was a bill collector from the credit card company. They're tricky bastards.

BABS

Bill collector?! Are you sure?

NEIL

Just wait. They'll call back in a second.

(phone rings)

NEIL

(continuing)

See?

(phone rings; answering machine picks up)

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi, Neil here. Er..well, actually, not here. Leave a message. BEEP

COLLECTOR

Neil.. this is your grandmother... I'm.. I'm in the hospital Neil. Doctor says I only have a few minutes left.. I've made my peace with God, and I wanted to share my dying words with you, so please call me back, at 1-800-382-5968. Please..gasp.. hurry.

BABS

Whoa.. Neil, man, you'd better call!

NEIL

Damn it, Babs! You were born stupid and you've been losing ground ever since. That wasn't my grandmother, that was the credit card people again.

BABS

Wow. You must owe a lot of money.

NEIL

Yup.

BABS

Do you have any?

NEIL

Sure. I've got plenty.

BABS

Why don't you pay them back then?

NEIL

Damn it, Babs! Did you drop out of kindergarten or did they kick you out?

BABS

I was just suggesttin--

(phone rings)

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi, Neil here. Er..well, actually, not here. Leave a message. BEEP

COLLECTOR

Do you like scary movies? If so, call 1-800-832--

NEIL

Oh, come on!

"1-800..." PART II

COLLECTOR

...so call us now, at 1-800-382-5968, or we'll be forced to club this adorable baby wookiee to death.

BABS

Man, they are persistent.

NEIL

Yup.

(knock at door)

NEIL

(continuing; urgently)

Shh!

BABS

But there's someone at the doo--

(Neil smacks him)

Ow! What the?!

NEIL

Shh!!

BABS

What's wrong with you, Neil?

(knock again)

COLLECTOR

Pizza!

BABS

You order a pizza, Neil?

NEIL

(whispering)

Hell no! Now shut up, before he hears you!

COLLECTOR

Pizza!

BABS

I'm gonna take a peek--

(smacked again)  
Ow!

NEIL  
(whispering)  
Babs, I will kill you. Don't ever doubt that.

(car drives off)

BABS  
Maybe he--

NEIL  
Shh!.... Okay. He's gone.

BABS  
Neil, that was just some lost pizza guy.

NEIL  
And I'm a chinese airline pilot.

BABS  
What are you saying Neil?

NEIL  
You'd better wise up, Babs. That was a bounty  
hunter.

BABS  
A bounty hunter?!

NEIL  
One of the most notorious in the world. We're lucky  
he didn't hear us.

BABS  
How much money do you owe?

NEIL  
About three hundred bucks.

BABS  
That's all? And they're sending bounty hunters?

NEIL  
These people don't play, Babs.  
(car pulls up)  
Shh!! Here he comes again!

COLLECTOR  
(knock knock)  
Strip-o-gram for Neil Bedwetter!

"1-800..." PART III

(car drives off)

BABS

Man, I thought that guy would never leave!

NEIL

Those credit card collectors will stop at nothing, absolutely nothing, to get that cash.

BABS

But Neil, is it worth that three hundred dollars to live in constant fear?

NEIL

It's the price we all must pay for financial irresponsibility.

BABS

But... can't they just take it right out of your bank account?

NEIL

Sure. That's why I keep it all on me, right here in my wallet, see?

BABS

Yes. I do.  
(click klak)

NEIL

Je.. Babs. Why do you have a gun?

BABS

The three hundred please, Mr. Bedwetter.

NEIL

I.. I don't believe it. You too! Oh, no, not you, Babs.

BABS

Save it for Mastercard, chump. Now give with the cash!

NEIL

Damn you, credit collectors! Is nothing sacred?!

BABS

Get generous quick, buddy. My trigger finger's got Turret's syndrome, and I feel an attack coming on...

FADE OUT:

"TACO BUCKET PROMO"

(taco bucket; commercial jingle plays  
in the background)

OWNER

Hey there, I'm Frank Farlington, owner of Taco

Bucket. You know, when I first got started in this business, all I had was one restaurant and a dream. A dream of starting a chain of Taco Buckets all operated on one simple principle: You bring the bucket, and we'll fill it with tacos. For \$5.99. Finally, you set the pace. No pre-fab cardboard boxes or unsanitary buffets determine the portions you will eat, and no hassle over the price. You bring the bucket and we'll fill it with tacos, for \$5.99!

It don't matter how big it is, or how many tacos it takes to fill it. And you will never pay more than \$5.99, guaranteed! We ain't never met the bucket that we would not fill to the brim with tacos for \$5.99! So when you're in the mood for a bucketful of tacos, and you don't want to pay more than \$5.99, then come on down to Taco Bucket! And remember: Be sure to bring your appetite and don't forget the bucket!

DISCLAIMOR GUY

Food can only be dispensed in FDA approved containers.

FADE OUT:

"BURGER BOY"

(burger boy; WALTER is behind the counter)

(CUSTOMER approaches)

WALTER

Welcome to Burger Boy. How can I help you?

CUSTOMER

Yeah, I'd like a burger...

WALTER

(disinterested)

One burger...

CUSTOMER

And some fries...

WALTER

And some fries?

CUSTOMER

Right.

WALTER

Um.. could you be a little more specific?

CUSTOMER

What do you mean?

WALTER

You said "and some fries."

CUSTOMER

Right.

WALTER

Well?

CUSTOMER

Well what?

WALTER

Well how many fries do you want?

CUSTOMER

Wha-- are you kidding me? Just give me a small fry man.

WALTER

(incredulously)

You just want one small french fry?

CUSTOMER

No! A small order of fries!

WALTER

You want me to arrange them in some kind of order? Using what parameters? Size? Saltiness?

CUSTOMER

(calmly)

Look... see those little cardboard boxes next to the fry machine?

WALTER

Yeah.

CUSTOMER

(calm before the storm)

Now take one of those little boxes...

(storm)

AND FILL IT WITH FRIES!

WALTER

(hesitant)

All right, if you insist. This is a little unorthodox, but--

CUSTOMER

Fries, Man!! Just get me some \*%\$#@! fries!!!

WALTER

Sir, need I remind you that this is a family establishment? I've filled your little box with

fries. Now, try to conduct yourself with a little more decorum.

CUSTOMER

And a large soda! Think you can handle that?

WALTER

I know what soda is sir.

CUSTOMER

Thank god!

WALTER

So, are you going to want that in a cup?

CUSTOMER

Ga-- wha-- ja-- ger--  
(continues spazzing as he squeals out of the parking lot)

BURGER BOY

Hey Walter! What's going on out there?

WALTER

Oh, hi boss. That was just some nut who wanted his soda in a cup.

BURGER BOY

My god. Can you believe they let people like that roam freely among us? There should be a law.

WALTER

Damn right. Say, you want a fry?

FADE OUT:

"DRIVE THROUGH, PLEASE"

(restaurant drive-thru; a new CUSTOMER pulls up)

BURGER BOY

(muffled)

Welcome to Burger Boy, can I take your order?

CUSTOMER

Yeah, I want a Burger Boy specialty meal, giganitsized, with a coke to drink.

BURGER BOY

And what would you like to drink with that?

CUSTOMER

(annoyed)  
A coke!

BURGER BOY

And what to drink with the meal?

CUSTOMER

A coke!

BURGER BOY

So you want a Burger Boy special with a coke to drink, and a coke on the side.

CUSTOMER

No, just the coke with the meal.

BURGER BOY

You can only get one coke with the meal now, sir.

CUSTOMER

I know, one coke is all I want!

BURGER BOY

So just the one coke, then.

CUSTOMER

Yeah!

BURGER BOY

And you don't want the Burger Boy special, then?

CUSTOMER

No, I want the Burger Boy meal! Gigantisized!

BURGER BOY

And what to drink with that?

CUSTOMER

A COKE!!! COCA COLA!! THE SINGLE MOST POPULAR SOFT DRINK IN THE FREE WORLD!! COKE COKE COKE!!!

BURGER BOY

And what sized coke do you want, sir?

CUSTOMER

Gigantisized!

BURGER BOY

Now you can only get it gigantisized if it comes with one of our specialty meals.

CUSTOMER

I know! That's what I want! A Burger Boy Special! Gigantisized!

BURGER BOY

And what would you like to drink with that, sir?

CUSTOMER

(out of control)

AHHHHHHH!!!!!! Forget it! FORGET IT FORGET IT

FORGET IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(he squeals off)

(drive thru window; the server listens  
as the customer squeals off)

BURGER BOY

Oh well.

WALTER

What was his problem?

BURGER BOY

Some people just can't figure out what they want.  
You're gonna discover that's the worst part of this  
job: The people you have to deal with.

WALTER

Yeah.

FADE OUT:

"HANGIN' JUDGE"

(Saloon; the crowd enjoys its usual  
revelry, until...)

JESSE

(angry)  
That's it, stranger! I'm sick of all yer big talk!  
I'm callin' you out!

(a hush falls over the crowd)

STRANGER

(calm)  
You sure you wanna do that, Jesse? I'm not sure you  
can handle that kind of embarrassment.

JESSE

I ain't afraid o' you! You been smackin' yer gums  
for the better part of an hour. Now we're gonna see  
if you can back up all that talk!

STRANGER

You're the one that needs to be backin' up, dude.  
You're apt to get yerself hurt.

JESSE

We'll see about that! Slappy, break out the chess  
set!

SLAPPY

(nervous)  
You sure, Jesse? He s'posed to be pretty good!

JESSE

We'll see 'bout that!

STRANGER

All right.

SLAPPY

Toby! Go run fetch the Judge! You tell him there's a chess match goin' on!

TOBY

Yes, sir!

(the boys runs off)

JESSE

Now we'll see if them stories you been tellin' is true! Make your move!

(Courthouse; the HANGIN' JUDGE is presiding)

HANGIN' JUDGE

Well, McGrady, you're a low-down, no-good, horse-thievin' son of a buck who I'd just as soon shoot in the face as think about. Ya done a lot o' bad things, boy, and I think what you really need is some serious time to think about what you've done. You should have all the time ya need while yer swingin' from a rope, waitin' ta hear the sound of your neck poppin'. So if there's no further business--

(Toby runs in)

TOBY

Judge! Judge! Slappy told me to come get ya!

HANGIN' JUDGE

(annoyed)

Boy, you know better than ta interrupt me when I'm in the middle of a hangin'.

(ominously)

Less'n ya want ta participate.

TOBY

Sorry, Judge! But they's a chess match goin' on at the saloon!

HANGIN' JUDGE

(excited)

Chess match! Why didn't ya say so, boy?

(to the SHERIFF)

Put that skunk back in his cage! We'll just have to hang 'im tomorrow!

(saloon; the crowd is hushed as the

Judge enters)

(the game continues)

JESSE

(outraged)

What'chu tryin' to pull here, stranger! I never seen that move before!

STRANGER

Put yer gun away, Jesse, 'fore you hurt yerself. It's called a castle move.

JESSE

I ain't never heard o' no castle move! You heard o' that move 'fore, Slappy?

SLAPPY

(uncertain)

It's a clean move, Jesse! I...think I seen it done in Philly once!

JESSE

Well, we ain't in Philly now, Stranger! You playin' by our rules!

HANGIN' JUDGE

Castle's a clean move, Jesse! He can flip his King and his Rook on the inside so long as nothin's in between 'em an' they ain't moved yet.

SLAPPY

An' if'n he don't do it to get outta check!

JESSE

(shocked)

Judge! I-I-I didn't see ya there! I was jus'--

HANGIN' JUDGE

You were just bellyachin' as usual. Now you gonna get back to that game, or do I have ta blow you outta yer buckskins?

JESSE

We playin'! We playin'!

STRANGER

(quietly)

Takes it mighty seriously, don't he?

JESSE

(whispering)

Judge never misses a game! Now mind yer playin', Stranger, 'fore ya rile him!

HANGIN' JUDGE

(across the room)

What's all that yappin' goin' on over there?

JESSE

(nervously)

Jus' findin' our place, Judge!

HANGIN' JUDGE

You'd best get to doin' it, then! Only two things I like to see in this world, and that's chess, an' hangin'! Now I'm gonna have me one, or I'm gonna see the other!

STRANGER

Can't rush a good chess match, Judge.

(a shudder falls over the crowd)

HANGIN' JUDGE

Mister, you're about ta take a five foot hop off a fifteen foot pole. Now do you get to playin', or do I get the rope?

STRANGER

You're the boss.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And it was in this way that the chess matches of the Old West blazed a trail of lawlessness and bloodshed across the frontier that would make it forever remembered as one of the darkest and most dangerous periods in American History!

FADE OUT:

"WALTER'S NEW JOB"

(Department Store, Photomat; WALTER leans on the counter. A customer comes in hurriedly.)

RUSHED CUSTOMER

I'm glad I caught you before you closed! Name's Callahan.

WALTER

(unenthused; retrieving the photos)

Oh yeah, you dropped these off at eleven.

RUSHED CUSTOMER

Well, you said one hour developing.

WALTER

(with sarcastic grin)

So you thought you'd drop them off an hour before close.

RUSHED CUSTOMER

(taken aback; casually)  
Sorry, I guess I'm just anxious to get them developed.

(To the customer's surprise, Walter starts taking the photos out of the envelope and examining them.)

WALTER

(facetiously)  
Oh, I can see why. Here we go, cover of next month's GQ, right? Love those swim trunks, guy.

RUSHED CUSTOMER

(surprised)  
Hey!

WALTER

Or here we go, how 'bout this?

(He pulls out another photo, this time of a little girl in a kiddie pool, wearing big green sunglasses and water wings.)

RUSHED CUSTOMER

(indignant)  
Now hold on -- !

WALTER

(ignoring his objection)  
Cracked the case with this one, huh McGruff? Let me guess, the little girl in the kiddie pool's the real killer, right? You can finally make that call to the governor, now that you've retrieved this crucial evidence!

(Before the customer can voice any further complaint, Walter produces another picture, this one of a dog on the living room floor, chewing on a pair of shoes.)

WALTER

(continuing; his sarcasm increasing)  
Wait! Stop the press! Here it is: Tomorrow's edition, front page. A dog chewing shoes. Story of the century, and you got it all on film. Better rush this to the tribune, I'm thinkin' Pulitzer here!

RUSHED CUSTOMER

(upset)  
All right, now--!

(Still ignoring him, Walter pulls out a picture of a house, half-obsured by

the thumb of the photographer.)

WALTER

I can see why this couldn't wait 'til tomorrow!  
Nice thumb! In fact, I think I'm gonna hold onto  
this one! It just became picture of the month! No,  
just for you: Best picture ever taken. Right here.

(The man angrily grabs the rest of the  
pictures and storms off.)

RUSHED CUSTOMER

Jerk!

WALTER

(calling after him)  
Don't forget to pay at the front desk!

FADE OUT:

"REPRESSED FEELINGS"

(psychiatrist's office; the  
PSYCHIATRIST is in mid-session with a  
patient. The patient is HUSBAND)

HUSBAND

So, uh...what can you tell me, Doctor? What's wrong  
with me?

PSYCHIATRIST

Well, to put it simply, you're crazy.  
(laughs)

I'm just kidding, of course. No, actually, your  
troubles are mostly derived from certain...repressed  
feelings you've had tucked away inside you.

HUSBAND

What kind of feelings?

PSYCHIATRIST

Before we get into that specifically, I want you to  
know that this is going to be the difficult part of  
the therapy. You're going to be facing some things  
about yourself that will be hard to accept at first.

HUSBAND

I'm ready, doctor.

PSYCHIATRIST

Glad to hear it. Now, I'm going to say some things  
that may shock you, but before you get offended,  
before you feel the need to get defensive, I want  
you to just think about it.

HUSBAND

Like what, Doctor?

PSYCHIATRIST

Well, think this over before you answer, but...how long have you been gay?

HUSBAND

(shocked)

What?

PSYCHIATRIST

How long have you been suppressing your desire to be with another man?

HUSBAND

I'm not suppressing any--What are you talking about?

PSYCHIATRIST

Oh dear. This is more serious than I thought.

HUSBAND

What?

PSYCHIATRIST

You're experiencing a classic case of denial.

HUSBAND

I'm not in denial! I'm not gay!

PSYCHIATRIST

See what I mean?

HUSBAND

What makes you think I'm gay?

PSYCHIATRIST

Oh come on. I mean, really. You reek of it.

HUSBAND

But, I'm married!

PSYCHIATRIST

A very common overcompensation technique of the latent homosexual. Some men engage in a number meaningless sexual relationships, others even go so far as to commit to long term relationships with members of the opposite sex, such as marriage.

HUSBAND

But I'm not gay! Why do keep saying I'm gay?

PSYCHIATRIST

Look, it's my job to recognize these things. And besides, you make it easier than most.

HUSBAND

How?

PSYCHIATRIST

Well, you're so obviously attracted to me.

HUSBAND

What?!

PSYCHIATRIST

You want to make sweet love to me. Come on, tell me you haven't been undressing with your eyes since the minute you walked in the door.

HUSBAND

No I haven't!!

PSYCHIATRIST

You can't deny the sexual tension between us. You want to put four on the floor and do the dog with me, right here in my office. Admit it; you'll feel better.

HUSBAND

But I don't! Stop saying that, Doctor! It's making me really gay--I mean angry!!

PSYCHIATRIST

Quite a Freudian slip. Looks like your true colors are starting to come out.

HUSBAND

Look, Doctor, I just came here to--

PSYCHIATRIST

(interrupting)

Come over here and sit on my lap.

HUSBAND

What?

PSYCHIATRIST

Give us a kiss. I won't tell.

HUSBAND

That's it! I'm outta here!

(he storms to the door)

PSYCHIATRIST

See you next week.

(he slams the door)

(house; Husband enters and is approached by WIFE)

WIFE

Hello, dear. How was your session?

HUSBAND

Terrible! Turns out I'm gay.

WIFE

(concerned)

Oh dear. Well, don't you worry, honey. You sit down and relax, and I'm gonna make a pot of tea.

HUSBAND

Thanks, honey. You're the best.

FADE OUT:

"TACO BUCKET"

(taco bucket; WALTER stands behind the counter)

(a CUSTOMER approaches)

WALTER

(unenthused)

Welcome to Taco Bucket. You bring the bucket, we'll fill it with tacos, for \$5.99.

CUSTOMER

Yeah, I want a bucket full of tacos.

WALTER

So where's the bucket.

CUSTOMER

Don't you have any?

WALTER

(sighs)

If we wanted to supply the bucket, do you think we'd say "you bring the bucket, we'll fill it with tacos"?

CUSTOMER

I thought that was just a gag.

WALTER

No, sir. We at taco bucket assume responsibility only for supplying the tacos. Where you get the bucket is your own affair.

CUSTOMER

(thinking)

Hmmm. Okay...well, that's my bucket parked right outside, then.

WALTER

(dubious)

Sir, that's not a bucket, that's a Yugo. I can see where you might get the two confused...

CUSTOMER

Okay, look, I'll be right back.

(customer leaves, then swiftly returns)

WALTER

(not recognizing him)

Welcome to Taco Bucket, you bring the--

CUSTOMER

(interrupting)

Yeah, I know. I was just here.

WALTER

Oh.

CUSTOMER

So...I want you to fill this bucket with tacos.

WALTER

(irritated)

Sir, that's not a bucket, that's a garbage pail.

CUSTOMER

I know, look, I'm really hungry, and all I want are some tacos--

WALTER

(interrupting)

I can't give you any tacos unless you bring me a bucket to put them in.

CUSTOMER

Come on, man. I don't even care about how many I get, just put some in my hat.

WALTER

What kind of establishment do you think this is? Board of Health regulations state that I cannot distribute any food items in anything other than an FDA approved container.

CUSTOMER

This is ridiculous! I want to see your manager!

WALTER

Why?

CUSTOMER

Because I'm the customer, and the customer is always right! And if I say this baseball cap is a bucket, then by God it's a bucket! Now I want you to fill this hat with tacos, or I'm going to have your job!

WALTER

(annoyed)

God, this sketch is stupid.

CUSTOMER

(taken aback)  
Uh...wha...I, I want to talk to your manager!

WALTER

(in resignation)  
Screw off, I quit.

CUSTOMER

(flabbergasted)  
Wha...you can't quit! We're in the middle of a sketch!

WALTER

Oh, who cares?

CUSTOMER

We can't leave it unfinished!

WALTER

(sarcastic)  
Ooh! Of course not! God forbid we should leave everyone hanging on what's gonna happen to the taco guy! "Did he ever get his tacos? Now we'll never know!"

CUSTOMER

(trying to recover)  
Look, I want you to fill this hat with tacos, or I'm going to report you to the management!

WALTER

Oh, fill your own hat, Mr. Taco Bucket! I'm outta here!

(he walks to the door)

CUSTOMER

Wait! Where are you going?

WALTER

(muttering to himself)  
Radio comedy. Hmmph! I should be doing film!

(he exits)

FADE OUT:

"CELEBRITY GUEST"

MR COOLER

Gentlemen! I can now officially say that this radio show is the most popular radio show in the world.

DALE

Well, that's not what our research shows Mr. Cooler.

According to these statistics, our ratings were minimal to begin with and have been dropping ever since--

MR COOLER

Shut up Dale! I've decided to introduce a new feature to our program.

BILL

And what would that be, sir?

MR COOLER

Celebrity guest stars!

JOE

Excellent idea, sir!

MR COOLER

I know. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present, the detective from America's favorite sitcom, "Happy Family."

JOE

That's my favorite show!

BROOKS

Hey everyone! I'm Brooks, I play the detective character on televisions Happy family.

BILL

What an honor! Thanks for coming down here!

BROOKS

Hey, it's no problem, guys! I'm glad to help!

MR COOLER

So Detective, have any good cases lately?

BROOKS

Please, call me Brooks. Well, actually, the writers of the show have--

MR COOLER

What ever happened to those Dirk and Stevie guys? Did you ever arrest them, Detective?

BROOKS

Well, the character I play hasn't caught them, but--

MR COOLER

Why don't you shoot that husband? I never liked him. And why don't you hook up with that bimchette? She's hot stuff, Detective!

BROOKS

I'm not Detective! I'm Brooks! Detective is just a character I play on TV!

MR COOLER

Not Detective! What the? Damnit, I wanted a real celebrity! You're fired Joe!

JOE

But sir!

MR COOLER

Security! Get this imposter out of here!

SECURITY

Right away sir!

BROOKS

But, hey let go of me!

SECURITY

(beating him up)

Nothing's worse than a fake celebrity, scumbag!

BILL

Mr. Cooler, I think you're making a mistake. You see--

MR COOLER

Oh, shut up and get on with the show.

"CLOSING TIME"

DALE

Well I don't want to talk to him about it!

BILL

Somebody needs to!

JOE

You do it Bill!

BILL

You're his nephew Dale, you should--

DALE

No way, he hates me!

JOE

He hates all of us!

MR. COOLER

Hey Bill! What are you guys conspiring about out there?

BILL

Um.. Mr. Cooler, uh.. Well, how should I put this? Me and the guys were kind of hoping you would let us go home.

MR. COOLER

Go home?! Why?

BILL

Well, we're tired, and we're getting kind of hungry.

DALE

Kind of hungry? We're starving!

JOE

My stomach is like an empty black hole! Not even light can escape!

MR. COOLER

It's not closing time yet! What are you talking about?

DALE

By our watches, we've been here for sixteen hours, sir.

MR. COOLER

Shut up Dale! My clock says that it's only 4:30, still half an hour left before closing time.

BILL

Um, sir, no disrespect intended, but--

MR. COOLER

But what?

DALE

Your "clock" is a sundial, sir.

MR. COOLER

So?

DALE

So the overhead light in your office never moves.

MR. COOLER

So?

BILL

(exasperated)  
So by your clock it will always be 4:30!

MR. COOLER

What are you driving at Bill?

BILL

Sir, we're leaving.

MR. COOLER

No.

DALE

But we fear for our lives sir!

JOE

My stomach is eating the rest of my body!

MR. COOLER

Okay, fine, I'm no slave driver! I'm not unsympathetic to the needs of the working class! I'm a twenty first century micro manager!

BILL

What are you getting at sir?

MR. COOLER

A compromise! No need to bring the unions into this!

BILL

Very well, sir. What do you suggest?

MR. COOLER

It's simple. I'll go home, and I'll eat some dinner. Settled?

DALE

Um.. sir, I fail to see how that will--

MR. COOLER

Good, than that's that. See you tomorrow boys!

(door shuts)

JOE

Oh my god! What are we going to do?

BILL

Calm down Joe, everything will be okay, it'll be--

DALE

Hey quit biting me! Let go of my arm.

BILL

Joe! What are you doing?

DALE

He's licking me!!!!

"NEVER SAY DIE KINDA GUY"

MR COOLER

I've read your resume, Charlie, and I must say, I am very excited. As far as I am concerned, this interview is merely a formality.

CHARLIE

That's great, Mr. Cooler! I look forward to working here!

MR COOLER

Yes, yes. I've spoken to your former bosses over at A Coming Storm Productions, and they say that you are a real go-getter! They say that you don't know the meaning of the word "quit."

CHARLIE

(confused)  
The meaning of what?

MR COOLER

They say that you're a "never say die" kinda guy.

CHARLIE

Oh! Well that's true! I take pride in that!

MR COOLER

Oh yeah? Well, tell me something Charlie, what happens at the end of your life?

CHARLIE

Well, I guess there would be a funeral--

MR COOLER

No, no, what would happen to you?

CHARLIE

Well, I'm not a religious man, but--

MR COOLER

No, no, scientifically speaking.

CHARLIE

My heart would stop beating, my brain would stop fun--

MR COOLER

Then what?

CHARLIE

Well, after a while I would start to decompose.

MR COOLER

No no, before the after a while. What would you do?

CHARLIE

Nothing.

MR COOLER

Why not?

CHARLIE

I wouldn't be alive.

MR COOLER

What would you be?

CHARLIE

Wormfood, I guess. Do you ask these kind of questions to everyone?

MR COOLER

Let's take a different track here. Suppose for a moment that you are in a car and you hit a speeding locomotive head on. What would happen?

CHARLIE

I'd probably fly through the windshield--

MR COOLER

Then what?

CHARLIE

I'd hit the train, I imagine.

MR COOLER

And what would happen to you?

CHARLIE

I'd explode into a million pieces, I guess.

MR COOLER

Then what would you be?

CHARLIE

A fine red mist floating around the scene, look Mr. Cooler I don't understand--

MR COOLER

What if you were walking down the street and some guy shot you in the head a hundred times. What would happen?

CHARLIE

Well, my brains would fly out like so much spaghetti. Is this some kind of creativity test?

MR COOLER

What would happen to your body?

CHARLIE

It would fall to the ground.

MR COOLER

Would you survive?

CHARLIE

I seriously doubt it.

MR COOLER

Then what would you be?

CHARLIE

A corpse.

MR COOLER

(getting angry)

No no no! What do you call it when you stop living?

CHARLIE

I wouldn't call it anything, I'd be--

MR COOLER

(excited)

What? What would you be?

CHARLIE

Deceased.

MR COOLER

Ga, wha-- aarrgrhh! Okay, try this one on for size.  
What do you use to color your hair? Eh? Heh heh.

CHARLIE

Clairol Nice'n'easy. Is it that obvious?

MR COOLER

Clairol Nice'n'easy hair what?

CHARLIE

Color?

MR COOLER

No, not color! What is it?

CHARLIE

Number 27, Tawny Auburn. Look Mr Cooler, I don't  
understand what this has to do with--

MR COOLER

Damn you Charlie! Say "die!" Say it! Die die die!

CHARLIE

Look! Behind you! It's Don Knotts!

MR COOLER

What? Where?

(Charlie runs away)

Hey, where are you going?

(outside office)

DALE

Hey Charlie! How did the interview go?

CHARLIE

I think that guy is crazy!

DALE

You should have heard my interview. He asked me  
what would happen if I were eaten by sharks, and

then he asked me to name every word I think of that starts with the letter "d" and rhymes with "fly."

CHARLIE

What a freak, let's get some tacos.

FADE OUT:

