

KININIGIN

A.K.A. The Flat Earther

A Stage-Play by Alan Holman

There are parts of this script where actors who are on the stage do not have written stage directions. Actors, exercise your freedom to figure out your own “blocking” before or unless a director steps in and tells you what to do.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PAUL THORNFIELD – Age: 68. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Average-to-below-average sized man who has some decent musculature in his upper-body, arms, and legs, but he also has a bit of a pot-belly.

MERIDETH THORNFIELD – Age: 42. Short woman, who is neither fat nor thin, and her face at rest almost smiles, so she always looks happy or upbeat, even when she's sad.

AMBER THORNFIELD – Age: 1.

KYLE THORNFIELD -- Age: 15. Hybrid of nerd and athlete.

MALLORY THORNFIELD -- Age: 17. Developing into an attractive young woman.

MEG SCHLESSER -- Attractive, full-figured woman

PAULINE -- Stewardess.

DAVE RANDY -- Rude sceptic.

CAPTAIN LAYLA CLAYTON -- Pilot.

BARTENDER -- Tends bar.

PATRON -- Attends bar.

BARRON -- Age: 15.

CHUCK -- Age: 15.

MR. BRUTUS -- High School Principal.

CAP -- Age: 15. A bit chubby.

REBECCA -- Age: 14. An whorish hussy.

JOE -- Age: 77.

ROB -- Glorified extra.

LOGAN MACPHEE -- Age: 25-to-65. Late night talk show host.

DONALD -- Age: Around 74. President of the United States.

MIKE -- Vice President.

ALANA -- Health Care Policy Advisor to the President of the United States.

GILL -- Senior Policy Advisor to the President of the United States.

RACHEL -- Age: 15. Brown hair, green eyes. Prefers loose clothes so that the largeness of her breasts isn't so apparent.

DORNUS -- Big lug.

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS -- ?

MELANIA -- First Lady.

DR. DAVIS -- Human female.

MRS. BASTITCH -- Librarian. Another human female.

CLIVE -- White House Chief of Staff.

CARSON -- He's like a used car salesman.

FATHER RALPH -- Roman Catholic Priest.

BISHOP JAMES -- Roman Catholic Bishop.

LACY -- Teenage girl.

LOTTIE -- Teenage girl.

GINA -- FBI Special Agent.

JOHN -- Head of FBI.

STEVE -- Counsellor to the President.

TREVOR SAN DIABLO -- Television personality.

DEEK -- Stoner.

THE KEVMEISTER -- Stoner.

SATAN -- The Devil.

ZETON -- Reptilian humanoid.

ZELCH -- Reptilian humanoid.

Scene 1

*Dining room in the household of the reasonably well-off Thornfield family. Around the table sit **PAUL THORNFIELD** (age 68), **MERIDETH THORNFIELD** (age 42), **AMBER THORNFIELD** (age 1) [in a high-chair, beside her mom], **KYLE THORNFIELD** (age 15), and **MALLORY THORNFIELD** (age 17).*

*The entire family has blonde hair and blue eyes. They eat pancakes, eggs, toast, and sausages, for breakfast. **Paul** and **Merideth** are married, but they don't wear rings.*

***PAUL THORNFIELD** is an average-to-below-average sized man who has some good musculature in his upper-body, arms, and legs, but he also has a bit of a pot-belly. He wears a t-shirt and sweatpants at the breakfast table.*

***MERIDETH THORNFIELD** is a short woman, who is neither fat nor thin, and her face at rest almost smiles, so she always looks happy or upbeat, even when she's sad. She wears pyjamas at the breakfast table.*

***KYLE THORNFIELD** is a hybrid of nerd and athlete. He wears a t-shirt (with the phrase "Free Palestine") and jeans to the breakfast table.*

***MALLORY THORNFIELD** is developing into an attractive young woman. She wears whatever's in style when this play is produced.*

KYLE

(proudly pointing his thumb at his shirt, reading the slogan.)

Free Palestine! This message has been brought to you by the U.N. General Assembly Comedy Club.

PAUL

Wear it proudly, son. Although I must argue with the sentiment of your statement. Although I want Palestine freed, it's no joke.

MALLORY

I showed him a few viral videos about how unfair to the Palestinians the whole Israel and Palestine struggle is last week, and now he's got the shirt!

KYLE

I can't wear Flat Earth shirts every day.

PAUL

The past 500 years, and up until however long it lasts, will be referred to as The Great Confusion by historians in the future who knew all-along that the Earth is Flat.

MALLORY

The Great Deception. Or even better, The Great Decepticon!

PAUL

Yeah, either/or.

MERIDETH

Paul, you should have called-in.

PAUL

What?

MERIDETH

This morning on the radio, remember?

PAUL

Why did we have the radio dial on the local newstalk station anyway? In fact, why did we even have the local radio on? It's usually such a downer. We're an internet-based alternative media family!

MERIDETH

You should have called in.

PAUL

I don't know why you insist on listening to that station in the morning.

MERIDETH

At least wake up the announcers.

PAUL

Mainstream radio calls me a moonbat. Something against people who have the capacity to think outside the five-sense reality.

KYLE

Mom, why should dad have called? What were they talking about?

MERIDETH

Global warming. Reducing carbon footprints.

KYLE

Dad, I'm with mom on this. You should have called. Firstly, you should have corrected them about Earth being a globe. You should have Flat Smacked them!

PAUL

Any of you could have called too, you know.

MALLORY

Dad, you're the one who knows exactly what to say.

PAUL

If you'd all actually read my entire books, you'd know the key facts too.

KYLE

If we all didn't each at least know key facts ourselves, we wouldn't also be the Flat Earth Family who we are.

PAUL

You could have done well on the radio, my children. And my wife: Merideth, you were so persistent about getting me to call, but you could have spent that time calling.

MERIDETH

You're the underground celebrity.

PAUL

In the alternative media, yeah. But these guys ...

KYLE

Why's it called "alternative" when all the best information is there?

PAUL

Yup.

MALLORY

Mom, if you called, what would you have said?

MERIDETH

I would have told them about Maurice Cotterell's discovery of 187 year sunspot cycles that cause the warming cycles they're so worried about.

PAUL

They wouldn't believe you. Some of them would google Cotterell and agree with the first criticism they see, without looking at his work.

MALLORY

Well, what would you have said, dad?

PAUL

I'd tell them that politicians should never speak on behalf of scientists. And that, in this issue, the politicians are saying the exact opposite of what the scientists are saying, because Gore is making a lot of money in running a company that sells carbon credits. Gore's movie AN INCONVENIENT TRUTH reports on the beginning of an ongoing study of ice core samples. As that study progressed, it became clear the scientists that carbon emissions do not contribute to the warming in any significant way. Plants need carbon dioxide, and we need plants. 'Nuff said.

KYLE

Thus the Nobel Prize lost its final shred of credibility.

MALLORY

We're out of apricot kernels. Buy more apricot kernels.

MERIDETH

A few companies sell apricot kernels online, I found.

PAUL stands up.

PAUL

I have an announcement to make.

KYLE

It's usually something world-changing, but you can only tell us, because everyone else is stupid and they say stuff like, "You're crazy! Stop wasting your time with this crap, and think about things that matter!" Little do they know it DOES matter! But the masses will remain asses and won't know what hit 'em until long after it does.

PAUL

That's right son. And the hundreds of thousands who buy my books try to wake people up, but unless you're jolted awake, most people can only sleep.

MERIDETH

And that's why we self-publish. But it's not all bad -- we get most of the profit, and you get butter on your toast.

MALLORY

Yeah, margarine sucks.

KYLE

If people knew anything about how margarine is manufactured, they'd boycott margarine.

MERIDETH

Mallory, you'll make sure your kids eat all their vegetables, and you'll never buy margarine, only butter.

MALLORY

I don't even want to think about kids. A girl in my class got pregnant, and she's got ...

MERIDETH

Oh no, in your class? So she's ... how old? Seventeen like you?

MALLORY

Yeah. So she's got morning sickness, and her doctor said that because her body's not fully developed, she'll be calcium deficient for the rest of her life.

KYLE

Lucky guy, though.

MALLORY

(swats *Kyle* playfully, with a giggle)

Shut up, brat!

PAUL

I have a flat-earth shattering announcement to make, and it's neither almonds nor avocados (which are delicious), nor pregnancy.

MALLORY

Dad. One of the teachers in my school – Mr. Burr – called your books “spurious nonsense”. I got really angry and I presented a lot of facts, but he didn't even listen! I called him stupid and picked-on the fact that he's always talking about dumb TV shows and quoting pointless idiots like Perez Hilton, and not to mention his tendency to get the class to discuss football rather than history. He's a history teacher, and he sucks!

PAUL

Yes, Mallory. It takes forever to learn all the stuff that people really need to know about this world, and yet they don't start with the fundamentals – such as the fact that the earth is flat -- in grade school so that the complex stuff is covered in high school. Instead, the masses are so uninformed that the tiniest tidbit of actual information causes them to storm off in anger! Anyway, I have an announcement, so listen up, and listen good.

KYLE

We will listen awesome.

MALLORY

(to *Kyle*)

Nerd.

KYLE

(to *Mallory*)

Chemtrailed, fluoride drinker.

PAUL

Mark called last night.

MERIDETH

(gasps)

Mark called!?! That's great news! Did he plan something?!

KYLE

Who the dual is Mark?

PAUL

Mark Eschron tracks my book sales. And he plans publicity. Mark is a publicist who's brave enough to represent me. And he says that my book "Reptilian Blood-Drinkers From Beyond The Antarctic Ice Wall Rule The Flat Earth" surprisingly isn't doing very well here in North America, but its sales have picked up throughout Europe, Japan, New Zealand, Thailand, the Middle-East, and Australia.

The family applauds and cheers.

PAUL

(smiles)

Thank you. Don't call me a god, call me a writer ... who is god-like ... in stature ... and phallus.

Uncomfortable silence.

PAUL

(smiles)

We're going to get a lot of money this month!

The family applauds and cheers.

PAUL

But it also means I have to ...

KYLE

Dad, I need some advice. You're a successful guy. Can you ...

PAUL

What is it, Kyle?

KYLE

I like this girl Rachel. I want to ...

PAUL

What's the deal? Does this girl like you back?

KYLE

No. She hates me. And that's the problem.

PAUL

Kyle. I was expecting you to someday have this problem, although I didn't expect you to be so open about it. I'm going to give you a book that I wish my father would have given to me when I was your age.

MERIDETH

Hey! What book!?! If you had a girl when you were a teenager, you might not have met me when you were a dorky twenty-something!

PAUL

I don't want you to have the awkward teen years that I had, scared to even talk to the most attractive girls. So right now go to the shoebox under my bed. Open that shoebox, and you'll see an e-book reader in a box that is labelled Kyle's thirteenth birthday, but you can have it now.

KYLE

I'll be turning sixteen, not thirteen.

PAUL

Whatever. The device is filled with books by a brilliant pick-up artist.

KYLE

Wow, Thanks.

MERIDETH

You should have consulted me first about such a gift for our son.

PAUL

Merideth. This is important to me. I searched a long time for the right e-book for him.

MERIDETH

But a PUA?

PAUL

Trust me. He'll have a girlfriend in no time. Then he'll be married and out of the house.

After a short pause, PAUL's entire family laughs while he stares at them blankly.

PAUL and MERIDETH embrace, and kiss.

MERIDETH

Remember when we used to go dancing?

PAUL

Yes. I'll never forget. It was the first place I felt your tits.

MERIDETH

I fell in love with you on the dance floor.

PAUL

... which was convenient for my boner.

MERIDETH playfully swats PAUL's arm.

MERIDETH

Let's go dancing tonight.

PAUL

I have to go on a book tour. That's my announcement. I have to leave tonight.

MERIDETH

Oh that's good, but why wasn't I the first you told?

PAUL

All of you are the first I'm telling.

MERIDETH

Okay. I love you.

KYLE

Where will you go?

MALLORY

Can we come?

PAUL

I wish I could take all of you, especially you Merideth. But ...

MALLORY

Dad. I need \$120 for a baby-sitting course.

PAUL

(points at Amber)

What about her? She's a baby-sitting course.

MALLORY

Please!

PAUL

I spoil you.

(gives her \$120)

And because I spoil you guys, that's why the budget is such that only the breadwinner can go on the trip. Besides, the schedule wouldn't agree with you guys anyway.

KYLE

Okay. Where are you going?

PAUL

Throughout Europe, Japan, New Zealand, Thailand, the Middle-East, and Australia.

KYLE

Wow.

PAUL

I know. I said “wow” too, but there’s a strict schedule, and I don’t have time to explore. I’ll mainly be seeing only book-stores. There are a few talk-shows, on TV and radio, and I’ll bring home the recordings. I am excited about this, but not so excited to miss you guys.

MERIDETH

And we’re proud of you.

MALLORY

Yeah dad, we’re proud of you.

KYLE

Proud.

MERIDETH

Everyone hug!

Everyone hugs PAUL.

Scene 2

Two airplane seats. MEG SCHLESSER sits in the aisle seat. PAUL has the window seat.

MEG SCHLESSER is an attractive, full-figured woman, wearing a red dress.

PAUL

I auth.

MEG

An author?

PAUL

Uh-huh.

MEG

I doct.

PAUL

I'd wait for you.

MEG

Down doggie. What do you write?

PAUL

Veterinarian?

MEG

Vegetarian veterinarian.

PAUL

Sex Christ.

MEG

Divorced Sex Christ?

PAUL

Married Sex Christ.

MEG

And dishonourable. How would your wife feel if she knew you were flirting with me? And that you're not wearing your ring, no less?

PAUL

We keep our rings in a box.

MEG

Yeah right.

PAUL

Merideth and I believe that rings are a ...

A stewardess named PAULINE approaches.

PAULINE

I'm sorry for interrupting, but I'm taking beverage orders if you'd like something to drink right now.

MEG

Sure, I'll have a diet ...

PAUL

(loud)

ASPARTAME!

MEG

What?

PAUL

For a doctor, you should know what aspartame is.

MEG

I'm a veterinarian, I said.

PAUL

Aspartame is a substance in diet sodas. It's not good for your brain. It increases your chances of developing dementia and Alzheimer's when you're older.

MEG

Is coffee good?

PAUL

It's good for head-aches.

MEG

(to *Pauline*)

I'd like a coffee, please.

PAULINE

(to *Paul*)

And for you?

PAUL

Diet Pepsi.

MEG

(hits *Paul's arm slightly*)

Dementia and Alzheimer's?

PAUL

I was joking about the Diet Pepsi. I wouldn't touch that shit if it had tits. Coffee, please.

PAULINE

(to *Meg*)

So ... coffee for you?

MEG

Yes.

PAULINE

Good choice. I'll be right back with your coffees.

PAUL
Yup.

PAULINE
I'll go get your drinks.

PAULINE exits.

A guy named **DAVE RANDY** approaches them.

DAVE
You're that conspiracy nut!

PAUL
Name-calling is the ineffective catchphrase of the alcohol and fluoride soaked brain of a chemtrail sucker.

DAVE
Your books are full of crap.

PAUL
So you've come to present a higher truth?

DAVE
You are an asshole.

PAUL
You are in a soul.

DAVE
Get back to reality, you crazy nut!

PAUL
There are more things in heaven and earth, sir, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

DAVE
Yeah, but I've heard about you and your Reptilians from the infinite plane. Come on. Get some common sense.

PAUL
The common sense is characterized by imperfect reason.

DAVE
What the hell are you saying?

PAUL

Albert Pike said, "The truth must be kept secret, and the masses need a teaching proportioned to their imperfect reason."

DAVE

Who the hell's Albert Pike?

PAUL

Hell, precisely. You know, they say he had a ring that could control demons. He's a jerk, and there's a statue of him outside the Washington D.C. Police Dept. So it's conceivable that, as a matter of national policy, our schools teach in proportion to an imperfect ability to reason that our society imposes through religion, entertainment, school, etc.

DAVE

That's just a fucking conspiracy theory.

PAUL

Although I disagree with his science, Einstein actually said, "Condemnation without investigation is the height of ignorance."

DAVE

You're fuckin' obsessed with guys named Albert.

PAUL

Read the book *The Deliberate Dumbing Down of America*, by Charlotte T. Iserbyt.

DAVE

Do you honestly believe in reptilian rulers who control the world?

PAUL

I believe they exist, yes.

DAVE

There is no evidence for or against it, so it cannot be proven true or false.

PAUL

If there was no evidence, I wouldn't be convinced of it, but I'm convinced of it, so of course there's evidence. Instead of jumping to conclusions, you should ask what evidence I can present.

DAVE

What evidence do you have? I need bodily remains to be convinced of such an outlandish claim.

PAUL

It would be impossible to produce one of their bodies as evidence because the electrons around the atoms that make up their world encircle the atoms in their world at a different uniform distance. The reptilians in question work from an interspace between this dimension and theirs.

DAVE

You speak of dimensional frequencies, and yet you would have me believe they lead a corporeal existence on Earth ruling over us? Bah!

PAUL

Royal blood contains an ability to be influenced by the reptilians from the interspace where they reside. And in return for obeying the reptilians, members of the hybrid bloodlines get certain worldly rewards.

DAVE

Hybrid bloodlines?

PAUL

The Royal family of Zimbabwe claim their bloodline began when “serpent gods” came from the sky and mated with humans. The Hopi Indians claim their culture began when sky gods, whom they call their Snake Brothers, bred with their women. The word Iroquois means serpents. The word Sioux means Snakes. The Mayans call their ancestors the “People of the Serpent.” The Aztecs say they were created by a Serpent Woman. In China, they believe a Serpent Queen interbred with man. Japanese Emperors claim descent from Dragon gods who come from the sky. In India, they claim serpents seeded their royal families. Australian Aborigines claim that the dragons who govern over men live underground. Michael Tsarion compared the different calendars and determined that these myths about serpents and dragons who came from the sky and gave royalty their divine right to rule can be traced back to roughly the same time period worldwide, and many of the myths include parts where the so-called “gods” warn the people against depicting them in their true form. Snakes and dragons are reptiles, so their true form is undoubtedly reptilian. Royalty interbreeds and inbreeds to keep a particular genetic code within their bloodstream that allows them to be influenced by these reptilians who now reside in an interspace between this dimension and another.

DAVE

Your theory is no more or less fundable than anything else. Except, I saw a youtube video where you mentioned “reptilian shape-shifters.” Shape-shifting is impossible!

PAUL

I agree. But what has the appearance of shape-shifting is actually a tweak in our perceptions or a tweak in their projections or a meeting half way.

DAVE

Fuck you.

PAUL

You’re being very impolite. What’s gotten into you?

DAVE

... cancer.

PAULINE

Poor dear.

PAUL

My daughter overcame cancer.

DAVE

How, with a conspiracy theory?

PAUL

Yes. The drug companies frequently suppress cancer cures, such as the three-prong strategy of body alkalization, candida cleansing, and digestive enzyme supplements. Hell, people have been murdered over glyco-protein macrophage activating factor. Then there's that whole misinformation scandal about sodium dichloroacetate, and there's the chemical process which laetrile has against tumors ... uhh, did I mention Pau d-arco?

DAVE

You're no doctor.

PAUL

... because I don't trust the reptilian *caduceus*.

A quick thump noise hits a side of the plane.

PAUL, MEG, and DAVE, look at each-other, with concerned expressions.

PAUL

The captain should tell us what it was.

Uncomfortable silence.

DAVE

Maybe I won't have to wait for the cancer to kill me.

PAUL

You're too negative. Your negative attitude is what'll do you in, not anything else.

DAVE

Bullshit.

CAPTAIN LAYLA CLAYTON'S VOICE (ON SPEAKERS)

Hi. It's your Captain Layla Clayton speaking. Flight control has confirmed that the thump we heard was an anti-aircraft device that punctured our gas tank because the earth is flat and reptilians control it, and one of our passengers is trying to let the world know those things. What

luck! So now we're leaking gas. Don't panic. The flight attendants will offer assistance with the emergency equipment.

DAVE

Holy shit!

MEG

Guess what, Paul ... I have a secret. I'm your biggest fan!

DAVE

This is crazy!

PAUL

When the cancer's eliminated from your system, you need to change the habits that brought upon the cancer, or it'll come back!

CAPTAIN LAYLA CLAYTON'S VOICE (ON SPEAKERS)

Hi. It's your Captain Layla Clayton speaking. Yeah, we're gonna crash. Them's the breaks, I guess.

PAUL

The only reason why allopathic medicine is mainstream is because the AMA was set up as a union with the specific goal of putting the homeopathic and nutritional practitioners out of business because the practitioners of the original techniques were getting better results than the practitioners of the modern techniques. So as a result, chemotherapy and radiation are only beneficial against 3% of cancers, whereas a suppressed three-prong technique I write about is beneficial against 100% of cancers, but chemo and radio are promoted solely because of monetary concerns for the fat cats who run the allopathic monopoly!

Scene 3

AMSTERDAM. 2016. AIRPORT BAR. BARTENDER TALKS WITH A PATRON. PEOPLE SIT THROUGHOUT THE BAR.

BARTENDER: (to Patron) People have been coming in here all day, talking about how Thornfield woke them up to reptilians who control us, and the fact that the earth is flat, but I haven't seen anything about it on the news.

PATRON: That's true. But all over the internet is that cell-phone video some guy took from his fishing boat of that device hitting the plane Paul Thornfield was on.

BARTENDER: I've got an awake and determined anti-reptilian, Flat-Earther patronage filling the bar today just because his plane got taken down by a world shadow-government who didn't like what he said.

PATRON: I have faith that the man who gave us all that information about the reptilians in government and the flat earth is actually alive on a desert island somewhere.

BARTENDER: Yes, he did give the world a lot of information through that thing his e-mails were programmed to do in the case of his plane being shot down by the government.

PATRON: Well, Thornfield's books, man.

BARTENDER: Oh yeah, of course. Me too, man. Me too.

PATRON: I like this bar because it's open all night.

BARTENDER: Yeah, we close when the busses start running in the morning. Safety first.

PATRON: In Canada, where I'm from, it's different. Bars close at the worst possible time.

BARTENDER: Oh yeah, why's that?

PATRON: Civic governments; in Canada they decide when bars close, whereas logically it should be determined by the bars themselves. It's a law that actually endangers the public safety. So I tend to believe Thornfield's books, because his books talk about a reptilian infiltration of civic governments who are interested in depopulation. I believe the people who are in positions to make the key decisions are influenced by a reptilian aspect of themselves. Thornfield's books say that the ancient Sumerians were among the first to try to convince people of the heliocentric model; they had maps of the solar system that reflect the lies we're told by NASA. The mystery surround that has always been that the ancient Sumerians didn't have complex radio telescopes, but then everyone woke up to the flat earth, so we all know now that those ancient sumerians were just part of that ancient boy's club. And they're reptilians, just like the ones who seeded the royal bloodlines in Thornfield's books. These reptoids created the structure of Royalty -- kings, queens, princes, princesses, etc. There are over 7000 languages in the world, each with their own myth structure. And only 80 languages are in the mainstream media worldwide. THOUSANDS of myth structures mention these reptilians.

BARTENDER: You're apt.

PATRON: I think I've had enough to drink.

BARTENDER: Good night.

PATRON: You too.

PATRON LEAVES.

ENTER BARRON AND CHUCK, TWO FIFTEEN YEAR OLD BOYS.

BARRON: Bartend! Beer me! Now!

BARTENDER: Sure thing, kid.

CHUCK: Wow, I can't believe it!

BARRON: Believe it! Libation liberation here in the land of no "Legal Drinking Age"! And the strip clubs have family rates!

BARTENDER: The drinking age is eighteen, actually, but I serve to minors until someone complains.

BARRON: Does anyone ever complain?

BARTENDER: Not here, no. But there is one lady who frequents this place who would have complained with you acting the way you did. Don't be childish. Just ask for a drink and act natural, like you do it all the time.

BARRON: Understood.

CHUCK: We're Americans! We're fifteen! And we're drinking beer in a bar! This is so the awesome!

BARTENDER: [To Barron] Hey, yeah now I know where I've seen you before! You're the famous kid who runs that anime blog! That means you're Donald Trump's son! You're the son of the President of the United States!

BARRON: Congrats. But shush. We're traveling inognito. We just shook off our Secret Service escort and our CIA tail. Keep it down.

BARTENDER: You shaved your head. I almost didn't recognize you.

BARRON: You're the first. I'm amazed you knew about my anime blog! Do you watch anime?

BARTENDER: Yes. It's practically all I ever do when I'm not working or doing one of the many other things I end up doing that suck because they take time away from watching anime.

BARRON: On second thought, I don't want an alcoholic drink here, or any debauchery during this trip abroad. True anime fans aren't like that!

BARTENDER: Then get out of here.

BARRON LEAVES.

Scene 4

WASHINGTON D.C. WEST POINT HIGH SCHOOL MAIN OFFICE. PRINCIPAL BRUTUS IS FURIOUS WITH BARRON.

BARRON: Hey, motherfucker! Nice to see me again, ain-tit!

MR. BRUTUS: Indeed.

BARRON: You look angry.

MR. BRUTUS: Angry is an understatement.

BARRON: Gleep!

MR. BRUTUS: You're in trouble.

BARRON: Yerp!

MR. BRUTUS: Charming monosyllabic utterings won't help this time, Barron.

BARRON: Yarg!

MR. BRUTUS: You were downtown yesterday.

BARRON: I'm always downtown. I live in the White House. My dad's the President of the United States of America.

MR. BRUTUS: I was phoned about your visit to the office of the School Board. The day has not been pleasant for me, and soon it will not be pleasant for you either.

BARRON: Do you want a hug?

MR. BRUTUS: The fact that your dad is the President doesn't change the fact that I've been charged with the responsibility of keeping all of my students in order, Barron, including -- and perhaps especially -- you.

BARRON: I can't believe this. You're actually mad at me because I was off in the real world, questioning rules! Actually, I can believe it, come to think of it. Funny.

MR. BRUTUS: You went over my head, Barron.

BARRON: That's pretty easy, because you're pretty dumb.

MR. BRUTUS: You should have brought your grievance to me before bringing it to them.

BARRON: I did, but you shrugged me off, acting as if it wasn't important.

MR. BRUTUS: It didn't seem important.

BARRON: You saw that I was sad, and yet you didn't think it was important to try to make me happy. I don't think that anyone in the world should be sad. If someone who's sad approaches you with their problem, it's because they think you can help them. If you don't at least try to help someone who's sad to become happy, you are an asshole.

MR. BRUTUS: Playing *World of Warcraft* on the school computers is against policy. I can't allow it. I cannot see any educational benefit.

BARRON: The effect *World of Warcraft* had on my imagination is a big part of why I passed Drama with a 98%. I want others in the school to have that chance. I know, I know: "We can't go off giving students opportunities, Barron – we're a high school; we don't do that sort of thing!"

MR. BRUTUS: I didn't know you were really that passionate about this. So here's what I'll do. I'll bring the matter up at a staff meeting. I'll hold an in-session with the game, and I'll see what the other staff members think. But I could be risking my job by holding an in-session with a video game. Barron, I'm going to go out on a limb for you. Please appreciate me for it. And the next time you have a problem with the library rules, take it up with Mrs. Bastitch first, okay?

BARRON: I did, and she was just a bitch.

MR. BRUTUS: Barron!

BARRON: Goddamn it! Won't you just shut up?! So like I went to the School Board office, and I told them that I wanted to see the rules. They asked me "what rules?" I said "the rules that are stopping me from using *World of Warcraft* in the library in the lunch hour and after school, and before school." And they said they'd get back to me if I left my name and school. So I left my name and school, and I'm waiting. They obviously called you, which means they're lying assholes who don't intend to get back to me like they said they would. Well I'll still wait, because I want to believe they're not lying assholes.

MR. BRUTUS: Well, there's still the unresolved issue about that rude e-mail you sent to Mrs. Bastitch and four others.

BARRON: I have every right to express honest human emotion without being called rude. If they're assholes or bitches, it's not rude to call them such. They're the rude ones for being assholes and bitches! And that's exactly what my father – The President of these Holy United States – would have done! In fact, I showed him that e-mail. And in fact, he laughed his ass off, you fucker!

MR. BRUTUS: We had people study it, and some of the things you said are tantamount to harassment.

BARRON: That's because the establishment hates honest human expression. I don't need to take this crap from you, and you can't do anything to me! I'm leaving, and fuck you Mr. Brutus!

BARRON STANDS UP, AND EXTENDS HIS HAND FOR A HANDSHAKE.

MR. BRUTUS DOES NOT SHAKE BARRON'S HAND.

BARRON: I love you.

MR. BRUTUS: Just go.

BARRON: Umm ... k. Thanks.

BARRON EXITS, MEETING CAP IN THE HALLWAY.

CAP: So how was it with "The Brute", Bare?

BARRON: Same old. And your name?

CAP: I'm the kid who's paid to be your best friend. Cap. I'm a Captain in a youth program that grooms people to staff an Information Technology department of a particular Federal Agency. It's actually clandestine, but I'm allowed to tell you that much.

BARRON: I may be your best friend. But you're not my best friend, Lard Lad.

CAP: My girlfriend is only my girlfriend because I hang out with you, Barron.

BARRON: I made you, and I can break you. Always remember. Get me a Coke.

CAP: Yes, sir. But first, may I ask: How'd it go with "The Brute"?

BARRON: Well, when you consider that his job was at stake, it's kind of surprising that he wouldn't even shake my hand.

CAP: Fierce.

BARRON: Yeah, he could've shown a little respect.

CAP: Hey, you know the Yacht Club?

BARRON: I'm familiar with it – why?

CAP: The cops think it was Chuck's girlfriend's parents who stole those boats.

BARRON: Correct me if I'm wrong, but Chuck's your friend, right?

CAP: That is a fact.

BARRON: Does this have anything to do with why you're latching onto me?

CAP: What?

BARRON: I'm immensely rich and powerful, and you want me to get my dad to get your friend's girlfriend's parents pardoned, right?

CAP: Is that possible?

BARRON: Maybe. If you get me that coke. And if it isn't warm. But first: What kinda' stupid name is Cap?

CAP: It's smarter than a reptilian who's tricked into saying "kininigin."

BARRON: I don't get it.

CAP: If you ever meet a lizard who can talk, try to get him to say "kininigin."

BARRON: It's a deal.

Scene 5

Deserted Island.

24 suitcases in all.

There is a "chair" that is actually a pile of three suitcases. There is a "bed" made of eight suitcases (two rows of four), with a ninth suitcase as the "pillow". There is a square-ish "table" made of twelve suitcases (four piles of three).

Paul has arranged a notebook, a pen, and nine full bottles of Diet Pepsi, on the "table".

Paul opens the notebook, and writes on a page.

PAUL

"To anyone: HELP! I know the old 'message in a bottle' cliché is a bit over-used by now, but this isn't a joke. My name is Paul Thornfield, and I'm stranded on an island somewhere between North America and ... well, I could be anywhere. My agent Mark gave me the airline tickets at

the airport and lead me directly to my plane. I'm a writer and I'm supposed to be on a promotional tour for my latest book. People from my company were supposed to accompany me to-and-from each plane, to each destination, so I don't know if I was going to London first, or Tokyo first. If I was going to Tokyo first, the plane went across one ocean. But if I was going to London first, the plane went across the other ocean. So I can't even tell you what ocean I'm stranded in the middle of. But my name is Paul Thornfield, and please look-up my company Gate of Death Books, and tell them of my plight. They will know where to direct emergency personnel. Or just check the news web-sites for any recent plane crashes, and chances are I'm somewhere around there. I'm a survivor, look for me. Signed, Paul Thornfield."

Paul rips the page out of the notebook, looks at the pile of Diet Pepsi, sighs.

The lights go out.

The lights go back on. There are now eight bottles of Diet Pepsi.

On the front of the stage is a Diet Pepsi bottle, with a note in it; Paul notices it.

PAUL

Shit! It floated back.

Paul walks towards it, and realizes ...

PAUL

What? That's a different piece of paper.

Paul picks up, and opens, the bottle, removes the note, and reads it ...

PAUL

(reading the note)

"Dear Paul Thornfield. I'm Meg, from the plane, and I'm also stranded on an island. Only, I'm stranded on a different island. That much is obvious because as soon as I found this note from you, I searched the island. And you weren't here. I haven't been here too long. As I said on the plane, I'm your biggest fan, so your signature on the bottom of your previous note will be cherished for as long as I have left in this life."

Paul puts the note on his "table", opens the notebook, and writes a new note ...

PAUL

(writing a note)

"Meg, please don't save my note for the selfish sake of having an autograph! Write about your own plight on the back of it, and then throw it into the sea, from a different side of your island!"

Paul rips what he just wrote out of his notebook, and puts it in the empty bottle that he had just received.

The lights go out.

The lights go back on. There are still eight bottles of Diet Pepsi ... although now, three are empty.

On the front of the stage is a Diet Pepsi bottle, with a note in it; Paul notices it.

PAUL

Time for Paul T's Mailbag.

Paul walks towards the bottle, picks it up, opens it, and extracts the note from it, and reads ...

PAUL

(reading)

"To anyone: HELP! I know the old 'message in a bottle' cliché is a bit over-used by now, but this isn't a joke. My name is Paul Thornfield, and I'm stranded on an ..."

(frustrated)

GOD FUCKING DAMN!

(turns the note around, reads)

"I'm also stranded, but on a different island. I found this note from *THE* Paul Thornfield, and now I'm writing my own note here on this other side of the page, and I'm sending it out. If anyone finds it, Paul and I are stranded on separate islands. My name is Meg Schlessler, and I may not be an important author like Paul, but I'm also human, so that makes me just as important. We're all equal, and save us both. S.O.S.-ly yours, Meg Schlessler."

(frustrated)

GOD FUCKING DAMN!

Scene 6

BACKSTAGE AT A 2020 CAMPAIGN SPEECH FOR DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE JOE BIDEN.

REBECCA: Declassify UFOs if you become President!

JOE: I can't beat the incumbent.

REBECCA: Trump is popular among deplorables.

JOE: We have to rise above deploring any citizen of our country. And to you, privately, I express pessimism. I'm optimistic in public.

REBECCA: This pessimism is rare from you.

JOE: At the Bilderberg meeting, I was taken into a back room, and shown a slide-show. If I play along, they'll take care of me, you, and everyone I love. If I don't play along, me, you, and everyone I love, dies.

REBECCA: You're scaring me – what are you talking about?

JOE: Donald Trump is a direct descendant of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, the ancient Roman Politician who organized the writing of The New Testament.

REBECCA: "... who organized the writing of The New Testament?" Jesus isn't a myth. Jesus is Our Savior.

JOE: The Jesus story you know is a myth, based on Nimrod and Tammuz, a Babylonian duality. A fictional story.

REBECCA: Has your mother heard this crap?

JOE: I'm not saying that Jesus is fake.

REBECCA: Well that's what it sounds like you're saying, and it's making me pretty damn angry at you!

JOE: This is too complicated of a story to go into right now, but listen: Donald Trump, and every American President throughout history, is part of the aristocratic bloodline that's been controlling the part of our wide world that laypeople call Earth, and hiding behind orchestrated political soap-operas, and religions that amount to Live Action Role Playing Games. And because I'm not part of that bloodline, I have no hope of winning the election. But we're supposed to make it look like I'm going to win. A virus in the memory cards of the voting machines arranges the vote-count. The election is fixed. Before voting machines, the elections were rigged by other methods. America has always been under the control of the British Crown. The compliance with the agenda of the Crown is managed by Secret Societies. We only pretended to win independence as pabulum for the masses.

REBECCA: That's unpatriotic bullshit. And you're changing the topic. I want to know what you were talking about when you said that Jesus is fake.

JOE: Astrotheology was invented in Babylon, and a worldwide brotherhood of politicians have been using it as a control mechanism ever since.

REBECCA: Astro-what?

JOE: It's complicated. But the main point is that Muslims also believe in Jesus, and their version of his life story isn't as doctored by ancient Astrotheologists, meaning that his life story is more accurately portrayed in the Qu'ran than in the Bible.

REBECCA: Wait a minute. Does that mean you're converting to a Muslim?

JOE: I don't know. I don't think a Muslim candidate would go very far in this country. All I know is that the only reason I made it this far is because I agreed to answer to the same contributors as my opponent.

REBECCA: What are you talking about?

JOE: Both parties are controlled by the same agenda. Regardless, I want the title, and I have to give a speech very soon.

REBECCA: You'll do great out there, Joe. We Dems got the House in 2018; that's a very good sign! And you know you got my vote.

JOE: Well, that's great, considering that your boyfriend's friend's friend is Barron Trump whose father is the incumbent candidate. It's nice to know that your loyalties aren't being divided.

REBECCA: It's a small world.

JOE: That kid Barron ... I hear he's good at ... I wish there were a better way of putting this, but I hear he's good at scheming.

REBECCA: In the scheme of things, we've gotta watch out on all sides during this election, so that's why I'm not only your wife, but I'm also Chuck's much older MILF girlfriend ... Chuck being Barron's best friend. Chuck's the sounding-board for Barron's plots, and I'm the sounding board when Chuck vents about Barron's plots. That's the theory anyway. So if he plans anything, you'll hear it from me.

JOE: Well, it's a paranoid angle to cover anyway, because it's ludicrous to think Barron's dad would get Barron – his fifteen year old son – to do background dirty-work for him. There are more qualified people for that sort of thing. But Barron doesn't yet know the truth about his bloodline, so he might act alone and ... no, I'm being paranoid.

REBECCA: Paranoia might shield you from conspiracy. Or it might add unnecessary complication to your life. Regardless, I did see Barron steal boats from the Yacht Club. My parents were blamed, and I have no proof it was Barron, but I saw him. But if I tell people that I saw him, I'll have to explain why I was there, and I was there because Chuck was losing his virginity ... to me. And that's supposed to be a secret ... and I'd actually prefer if it's kept secret. And although the boat theft may not be related to the election anyway, if we can prove that Barron stole the boats, maybe enough people won't vote for Barron's dad that his win in the election – because you say it's rigged – will cause so much suspicion that the public will investigate and reveal the fraud, and you might end up winning despite the fact that you're not in that bloodline that you were talking about!

JOE: You're dreaming, sugarplum.

ENTER ROB.

ROB: One minute 'till ShowTime, Mr. Biden.

JOE: [Kisses Rebecca] Bye honey. I've got a Presidential Campaign Speech to deliver.

Scene 7

Same island as before.

Now a television talk-show setting is added, including the host's desk, the guest's couch, microphones, and an electric applause sign.

*The host is **LOGAN MACPHEE**.*

***PAUL** is the guest.*

LOGAN

I'll tell ya. I've had a lot of authors come on my show. And you are by far the best, and most brilliant. Your work has literally changed the world. You've exposed the real source of corruption within the so-called "global frame-works." You either saved the puddle we call earth from reptilian invasion, or tricked the author of this stage-play into revealing the method. You've won many honours and accolades. That's what happens if you stay in school, kids!

PAUL

Actually, school's a left-brain trap. I didn't go to university. I've lectured at some universities as a guest, but I didn't attend as a student.

LOGAN

So your work isn't to be taken seriously, because you're not educated.

PAUL

To call me not educated is to call the pope a porn star: wrong.

LOGAN

You hold no degrees, so why should anyone listen to you?

PAUL

You yourself called me the best and most brilliant author you've had on your show.

LOGAN

That's true. My question was meant to identify the source of that brilliance. If not school, where did you learn?

PAUL

Everywhere I've been, everything I've done. The mind always registers new information. To suggest that school is a requirement for learning is preposterous and elitist.

LOGAN

I've read your books, and they're fascinating.

PAUL

Yes. I pieced together, and connected the dots within, the credible chunks from the fringe sciences, and mythologies – most of which haven't been taught in schools until ... well ... my books changed all that.

LOGAN

I know, but now school is good. It wasn't as good, but now it's worthwhile.

PAUL

Oh yes, definitely. Sorry, I misinterpreted your meaning.

LOGAN

You're great! You've exposed the truth about Global Warming!

PAUL

Yes, the sun causes it, and emissions don't, but we should still limit emissions because of health risks – particularly to the lungs -- and acid rain.

LOGAN

Reptilians aren't trying to change the climate of our pond so that it becomes more like their home?

PAUL

No, that was a mistake I made in my first book about Reptilians. Further research made it clear that the climate change deception is part of their agenda for centralization of power. I over-assumed in my youth, when I wrote my first book.

LOGAN

And that was cleared up in your new book. Your new book rocks! I want you to marry my daughter.

The applause sign lights up for a couple of seconds.

PAUL

This is a dream, isn't it?

LOGAN

Yes.

Scene 8

THE OFFICE OF VICE PRESIDENT MIKE PENCE. 8:30AM. PRESIDENT DONALD TRUMP IS HERE, HOLDING A TUBE CALLED A “WHITE HOUSE NEWS SUMMARY” WHICH CONTAINS MANY ROLLED-UP NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

DONALD: Crooked Hillary lost to me last time. Who’s going to lose to me this time?

MIKE: Yo.

DONALD: Yeah, I’m the President. You’re just my dumb VP.

MIKE: True.

DONALD: Well, I’d love to stay and take a shit while twittering, but I’m almost late for a national security briefing.

MIKE: Donald. I love you, man.

DONALD: I love you too, my old friend. Gill’s probably screaming at the POTUS monitor right this second, so I’d better get a move on.

MIKE: Bobo’s looking out for you, buddy.

DONALD: Mr. Vice President. Flubjub is looking out for you. Hey, on average, can it be determined where a majority of the current threats to America are coming from?

MIKE: The East.

DONALD: The Middle East?

MIKE: Yeah.

ENTER ALANA PABLUM, THE HEALTH CARE POLICY ADVISOR.

ALANA: Donald Trump, you self-centered prick!

MIKE: Who is mean lady?

DONALD: Mike, meet Alana Pablum, the new Health Care Policy Advisor. I fired the previous one.

MIKE: Pleasure.

ALANA: I’m sure.

DONALD: I didn't hire her. Someone in admin-admin hired her. Alana, I'm glad to see you.

ALANA: I knew you would be.

DONALD: That's right. You borrowed my copy of Sim City for Super Nintendo from me years ago, and then you moved away without giving it back to me. I want it back, Alana.

ALANA: We'll discuss that later. Hey Donald, I saw you at that social event last night. What were you doing letting that Russian guy get you so drunk like that?

DONALD: Diplomacy!

ALANA: He was the janitor!

DONALD: You also borrowed Total Carnage.

ALANA: Anyway, it turns out Dr. C. actually did figure out how to cure cancer, but the method isn't as profitable to big pharma as poisoning stupid people.

DONALD: Can the information, about how to cure cancer, be slipped into a high school curriculum? Will kids understand it?

ALANA: It would tumble a huge house of cards if we did that, but ultimately it would be for the best. I'll talk with the education guy tomorrow.

DONALD: Great. And, by the way, I just figured out that McDonald's has Donald in it. That was a joke. Tell me: What's the cure for cancer?

ALANA: An inexpensive three-prong strategy that involves body-alkalization, a candida cleanse, and digestive enzyme supplementation.

ENTER BARRON.

BARRON: Hey dad, it's that woman who borrowed our video games and then moved!

DONALD: I'm dealing with it, son. Come high noon, we'll have retribution.

ALANA: I lost your games, Mr. President.

ENTER MR. GILL, THE SENIOR POLICY ADVISOR.

GILL: What's this about games, Mr. President? This is no time for playing games.

DONALD: Hi Gill. Hey, do you remember that time in 2018 when I ordered the use of a Directed Energy Weapon on Paradise, California?

GILL: Yes. But I still don't understand why you did that.

DONALD: And even after burning that city to the ground, Alex Jones continued calling me a "good guy."

GILL: Sir. As you know, the reps from the DOD, CIA, and FBI, are waiting for you in the other room. And I also need you to sign off on some official rhetoric regarding those deported Iraqis.

DONALD: Before I do any of that, Gill, I want an update on The Project For The New Trump Century.

GILL: Sir?

DONALD: It's okay. You can talk about it around my son, and around this new girl Alana.

GILL: The logistics of depopulating this flat plane we call Earth requires complex mathematics. Today our progresses have been in the areas of mass-producing plastic caskets, and formulating methods for sorting the ...

DONALD: Red, blue, green, yellow, black.

GILL: It's not that easy. We need strong workers. In a country of obesity, the rare muscle-bound drones are an asset.

BARRON: They call it labor camps because the people aren't strong enough to do it!

GILL: Strong people will get the job done faster. And that's important.

BARRON: I guess.

Scene 9

Dining room, Thornfield household.

MERIDETH (wearing a t-shirt and suit-pants), **AMBER**, **MALLORY** (wearing whatever's in-style when this play is produced), **KYLE** (wearing a shirt that says "Horny Little Bastard"), and **Kyle's** girlfriend **RACHEL** (age 15 – she's a brown-haired, green eyed, kid, dressed in a loose-sweater and jeans) sit around the table. **KYLE** sits beside **RACHEL**.

And, of course, Amber sits on a high-chair beside Merideth.

They're eating KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN.

KYLE – looking at his girlfriend RACHEL – points his thumb to his shirt, and announces ...

KYLE

Horny Little Bastard!

RACHEL removes her sweater, revealing a t-shirt that says “Abstinence Pledge.” She points her thumb to her shirt, and announces ...

RACHEL

Abstinence Pledge!

KYLE frowns.

MERIDETH and MALLORY laugh.

PAUL enters.

PAUL

Why weren't you guys at the airport? And I don't remember that girl – who is she?

MERIDETH

Our Kyle has a girlfriend!

KYLE blushes.

RACHEL stands up, approaches PAUL, and extends her hand for a hand-shake ...

PAUL gives RACHEL's hand a brief shake.

PAUL

I like your shirt. I'll bet Kyle could do without it. I mean ...

(laughs)

Why weren't you guys at the airport?

RACHEL returns to her seat at the table.

MERIDETH

That was quick. A one and a half week book tour throughout Europe? That seems unusual. But I'm glad you're back.

MERIDETH hugs PAUL.

PAUL

Someone's gonna get fired. You don't even know what happened, do you?

MALLORY

The plane didn't crash or anything, so what's the deal?

PAUL laughs.

PAUL sits at the table, and MERIDETH dishes-up food for him, then she returns to sit at her spot at the table.

MERIDETH

So, tell us about your trip. Why was it only a week?

PAUL

Did the phone ring or anything? Did people come to the door?

MERIDETH

Oh Paul, you know we ignore the door and calls when we play Risk as a family. We started a game when you left, and it just went on and on, and after the second day the kids started skipping school so we could finish it; that's when I met Rachel. We did finish it that day, but then we started a new game with Rachel, and her parents trusted her and us enough that she's been staying over, and we basically didn't finish our second game until about an hour ago.

PAUL

So you mean to tell me that in one week, you played two games of Risk, totally ignoring the outside world – the door, the phone, everything?

MERIDETH

Mostly.

PAUL

Wow.

MERIDETH

But you should understand. Your books do predict the end of the world, so we should do more things with family, the ones we love.

PAUL

My books are unpopular. And just because all the evidence points towards me being right, doesn't mean that I'm not just convinced that the evidence points to me being right and in fact deluded.

MERIDETH

Paul. Are you frustrated about something?

PAUL

Yes Merideth, I am.

KYLE

Dad! Your books aren't bullshit! You've convinced me!

PAUL

Cults convince people of all sorts of things.

MALLORY

No! You have documents!

PAUL

Maybe they were made by crazies.

RACHEL

You're your own worst critic.

PAUL

I survived a plane crash! My book tour was cancelled, and there's no way in hell that I'm ever travelling in an airplane ever again, in my entire life!

MERIDETH, MALLORY, and KYLE, hug PAUL.

RACHEL

I sympathize, so I should join the hug.

MERIDETH

The more, the merrier.

RACHEL joins the hug.

MERIDETH

Paul, I want to go dancing.

The land-line phone rings.

PAUL

That's enough. Thanks.

PAUL extracts himself from the hugging bodies; they return to their seats and continue eating, as Paul walks towards the phone.

PAUL

New house rule: Even during games of Risk, we pick up the phone and answer the door.

MERIDETH

Okay.

PAUL answers the phone.

The lights turn off.

*The lights turn on, and **PAUL** is back at the table, eating.*

PAUL

Good news, gang! That was Mark on the phone!

MALLORY

Dad, I need \$600 to buy a tuba.

PAUL

A tuba?

MALLORY

It's for the school's marching band. I want to join, but I want a particular tuba.

PAUL

Not so long ago, I gave you an excruciating amount of money so that you could take a baby-sitting course.

MALLORY

I quit.

PAUL

I bought you tennis stuff, then you quit. I bought you Wushu stuff, then you quit. I bought you all that football gear, but it wasn't even for you; it was for that boy you liked, then you dumped him. I kind of think I should probably maybe hold back on the money.

MALLORY

(cutesy)

Oh please, daddy.

PAUL

(smiles)

Here you go.

***PAUL** takes out his wallet and gives \$600 to **Mallory**.*

MERIDETH

What did Mark say?

PAUL

Mark planned a way how I can go on my book tour without ever leaving the house! There are these computer terminals that have robotic arms attached. I stick my arm in a special glove that's attached to a computer that I'll have here, and I can look at what I'm doing through special

glasses, and I can sign autographs on any object that people bring to a companion computer anywhere else in the world! So basically, I give a live speech from our living-room, to a book store in freaking Tokyo, man! And then I sign whatever those Japanese people have in Japan, but I sign that stuff that's in Japan, from the comfort of my own home!

KYLE

Dad! That is impressive!

MERIDETH

It's a shame that you're afraid of planes now, though.

PAUL

You'd be afraid of planes too, if you were trapped on a deserted island, sending notes to ... by the way, this woman named Meg will be calling, and we'll be making arrangements for her to come over for dinner.

MERIDETH

Who's Meg?

PAUL

A fan of my books who I met on the plane. The only other survivor of the crash, actually.

Scene 10

Dining room, Thornfield household.

PAUL, MERIDETH, AMBER, MALLORY, KYLE (wearing a t-shirt that says "Precocious and Promiscuous"), and **RACHEL** (wearing a baggy sweater), sit around the table, eating a big turkey dinner.

MERIDETH

(feeding spoonfuls of food to **AMBER**)

Babies are so innocent. Or so we think. And I envy her. When has she seen anything disturbing or off-putting or traumatic?

PAUL

Light. I imagine it was disconcerting – to say the least – when she squeezed into the world and saw the bright lights of the delivery room.

KYLE

Or when the doctor smacked her so she'd breathe.

MALLORY

Or when the doctor shoved his finger in her mouth to scoop out a greasy glob of mucus.

MERIDETH

Even babies aren't innocent.

PAUL

Yes, they are. Babies aren't without trauma, you mean.

MERIDETH

I love you.

PAUL

I love you too.

MERIDETH and **PAUL** kiss.

MERIDETH

It'll be interesting to meet your friend Meg. I'll bet she has quite a story.

PAUL

Not much different from mine, I imagine.

The doorbell rings.

MERIDETH

Your friend Meg is punctual.

PAUL

You've been calling her my "friend Meg" all day. It's almost as if you're jealous.

MERIDETH

I don't know.

PAUL

Don't be. I love you, and only you, Merideth.

KYLE

Only mom? What about your kids? Don't you love us?

PAUL

Go to your room.

KYLE

No.

PAUL

Merideth ...

MERIDETH

Yes, Paul?

PAUL

You're the apple of my eye. And I love apples.

PAUL and MERIDETH kiss again.

PAUL and MERIDETH open the door, revealing MEG – she wears the same red dress she wore in the plane.

PAUL and MEG immediately hug each-other.

PAUL

It's great to see you again!

MEG

You too!

PAUL leads MEG to the table.

PAUL

Come! We're eating turkey!

MEG takes a seat beside PAUL's seat. MERIDETH returns to her seat on the other side of PAUL.

PAUL

So you're a doctor, you said? -- on the plane?

MEG

No. I play Doctor. I'm an ass-model, a porn-star.

RACHEL

I'm going home.

RACHEL stands up, and heads towards the door. She looks at KYLE, and she makes a disappointed grin when she sees that KYLE is paying attention to MEG, and not her.

RACHEL exits.

PAUL

You said you're a vet.

RACHEL

The men I work with are animals.

PAUL

(smiling, blushing)

We sure do have immediate chemistry now, don't we!

RACHEL and PAUL laugh.

MERIDETH has an extremely jealous expression on her face.

MERIDETH extracts a butcher's knife from the turkey pot, shouts ...

MERIDETH

DIE, BITCH! DIE!

MERIDETH plunges the knife into MEG's chest.

MEG vomits some blood, and immediately dies, falling onto the floor.

KYLE

MOM!

(crying)

Holy fuck, mom!

KYLE picks up baby AMBER, and runs out the exit.

MALLORY follows, running out the exit.

PAUL shoots an angry, betrayed, stone-cold gaze towards MERIDETH.

MERIDETH bursts into tears, and cries into her hands ...

MERIDETH

(crying)

Oh Paul, I love you so much!

MERIDETH approaches PAUL, but PAUL takes a few steps back and shakes his head "no".

MERIDETH

(crying)

Paul?

PAUL – looking sad, disappointed, angry, betrayed ... words can't express it – glares at MERIDETH for a few moments, and then runs out the exit.

MERIDETH pulls the knife out of MEG's chest, and she stabs herself in the chest.

*After an excruciating and rough minute of agonizing screams, wails, and cries, **MERIDETH** dies on the floor.*

Scene 11

8:30PM. DORNUS' BACK YARD. THE SOUND OF A PARTY COMES FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE. TWO BOATS ARE BESIDE THE HOUSE, STOLEN BOATS FROM THE YACHT CLUB. DORNUS ADMIRES THE BOATS WHILE BARRON TALKS TO HIM.

DORNUS: These boats will have to be re-painted, or something, before they're of any use to my operation, but the gesture is highly appreciated, Barron.

BARRON: It's called plannin' fer the future.

DORNUS: That, it is called, Barron. That, it is called. Hey ... ya wanna come in and spend five hours reading my book?

BARRON: I have absolutely no interest in your fiction, Dornus. I'm sorry, but non-fiction is all I read ... when I'm not watching anime or playing *World of Warcraft* or helping my dad to take over the world ... with warcraft ... to create a totalitarian New World Order. But there is writing of yours that I'm highly interested in, Dornus. Did you finish that "Letter to the Editor" for USA Today?

DORNUS: Y'know, I'm glad that you're interested in one of my writings. I just wish the writing you were interested in weren't the one thing I was doing under a pseudonym.

BARRON: I need to know how you worded the threat.

DORNUS: I just told them that if they don't print all the letters, I'll blow up the USA Today building, and Joe Biden's house, and all of his campaign offices.

BARRON: Where are the letters?

DORNUS: Oh, they're just by the fridge.

BARRON REVEALS A GUN, AND POINTS IT AT DORNUS.

DORNUS: I don't understand. You're my friend. Barron, you're my friend. I'm your friend! We're tight!

BARRON: It's called plannin' fer the future.

BARRON SHOOTS DORNUS DEAD.

Scene 12

6:00AM. WHITE HOUSE BREAKFAST TABLE. DONALD SITS AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE, EATING CEREAL, DRINKING COFFEE, AND READING THE NEWSPAPER. BARRON SITS AT DONALD'S RIGHT HAND SIDE. TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS GUARD THE DOORWAY.

DONALD: I think I've got a Donald-over from what that Russian janitor called Blueberry juice last night.

BARRON: You partied with him again?

DONALD: Speaking of partying, son – if I ever see a straw and white powder anywhere near you, you'd damn well better be in college.

BARRON: Go fuck an intern, dad.

DONALD: Don't mind if I do! Anyway, I tire of this paper. Someone get me the "White House News Summary".

BARRON: I saw it on your desk.

DONALD: I'll read it later. Hey Barron, there was a story about Dornus on the radio.

BARRON: I know. He died. It's sad.

DONALD: He was your friend, but the Machiavellian in me can see how this takes the blame off of your friend Chuck's much older MILF girlfriend Rebecca regarding those stolen boats. Speaking of her, I saw her on a video – she was in attendance at a Joe Biden rally, because she's also his wife. Imagine that.

BARRON: Dad. Speaking of Joe Biden: How about tone down all the smear campaigns?

DONALD: Naw. It's fun to have people hate me.

BARRON: That's true.

DONALD: Yeah ... and I'm gonna be the President who changed the face of the earth.

BARRON: I know, I know. The Project For The New Trump Century.

DONALD: That's a cover story. The real plot: I'm going to destroy Nicaragua.

BARRON: And why the hell would you do that?

DONALD: To change the face of the earth. The Caribbean will flow into the Pacific, and I'll have changed the face of the earth!

BARRON: But dad! All those people!

DONALD: Barron. You're okay with killing billions of people for the New Trump Century, but killing one little country makes you a little girl?

BARRON: No. I was being sarcastic. I don't care – as long as our family is safe.

DONALD: That's the spirit.

BARRON: I know I should care, and I try to care, but it's just not in me ... anywhere.

DONALD: Where did you get this "know I should care" crap?

BARRON: Society.

DONALD: Ignore society.

BARRON: k. Hey dad ... ?

DONALD: Yeah, son?

BARRON: Bomb 'em at night, so they don't have any unnecessary fear.

DONALD: Okay, son.

BARRON: Thanks dad. You're the best.

DONALD: But it won't be a bomb. It'll be a ... but never mind now. I won't be doing this until my very last day anyway. Call it a going away present, on my final day. False flag terror attacks have given me the authority to do anything!

BARRON: Skylines are a thing of the past.

DONALD: After Nicaragua, I'll blitz Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Belize, and Honduras. By the end, they'll all be States of Trump! And you can have them when you become Emperor!

BARRON: I love you, dad!

DONALD: I love you too, son. Now I missed my morning jog two days in a row, so I'm a bit off-balance ... but a long way from crazy. [laughs]

ENTER FIRST LADY MELANIA TRUMP. SHE WEARS A SWEATSUIT, A STOPWATCH, AND A TOWEL OVER HER SHOULDER. SHE HAD OBVIOUSLY JUST RETURNED FROM JOGGING.

MELANIA: Donald. When you married me, you promised me the world. What's taking so damn long?

DONALD: I will take over the world. And I will give it to you, my love. This I have always vowed.

DONALD AND MELANIA KISS.

Scene 13

PAUL (wearing a full suit), KYLE (wearing a white dress-shirt, and dress-pants), and MALLORY (wearing a long black dress, black lipstick), speak with a Family Therapist named DOCTOR ANGELINA DAVIS.

DR. DAVIS

Hi, I'm Dr. Angelina Davis. I assume you're the Thornfield family?

PAUL

Yes. Minus baby Amber; she's with a sitter.

DR. DAVIS

Paul. I understand you've convinced legions of fans of your ... literature ... that the few control the many, and said few are shape-shifting reptiles. I'm going to be totally blunt here, Mr. Thornfield, but unless you convince me in this session that such outlandish things are true ...

KYLE

What the hell are you suggesting about my dad?

DR. DAVIS

That he's a crackpot.

KYLE

Dad, why did a professional intelligent person use a childish insult?

PAUL

Speak in your turn, kids. I'll handle this. Good Doctor -- and I use the term "good" loosely -- my wife, the mother of my children, passed on recently because of a random aneurysm. It's a tragic thing that we're here because we haven't fully recovered from it yet.

MALLORY

Doctor. Please don't pick on my dad, or any of us. I'm the one that wanted to come here. Dad doesn't even believe in psychology.

PAUL

It's true I don't. Psychologists try to define you, whereas we're all infinitely evolving consciousnesses, capable of remarkable things. Definitions are useless for people because we change every moment. Psychology forces people to conform to definitions or diagnoses that are mere snapshots that get outdated immediately. And if one accepts his diagnoses, his snapshot, he conforms to it by seeking treatment for it. But the longer you conform to a snapshot of who you were the moment of the diagnoses, the more frustrated and maligned and farther from knowing yourself and farther from being sound and sovereign, you get! So I told my daughter that we should avoid psychologists, and focus on our hearts; that's how we'll find peace in your minds. I mean no offense or disrespect.

DR. DAVIS

I beg to differ. Your books are highly offensive and disrespectful.

PAUL

What? The topic of my books is an inconsequential tangent, unrelated to why we've sought your services.

DR. DAVIS

Delusions can have many consequences.

PAUL

Damn right! -- it's called religion! The crusades, wars, et cetera -- all because of mass-delusions known as mind-trap religions. Did you know that the Piso family -- whose bloodline includes Cleopatra, the Bush family, and our current President Donald Trump -- perverted history when they wrote The New Testament!?!

DR. DAVIS

You can't back that up. I'm a Christian, so I know that you're lying to me.

PAUL

No, I don't lie. Fatima was a lie -- an illusion with fiber-optics, lasers, holograms, and stuff. But I don't lie. A reasonable historian would go through the proper channels and research and come to the conclusion that I'm telling the truth.

MALLORY

I've had enough with your goddamn conspiracy theories, dad! None of this would have happened if you would have never written that goddamn book!

PAUL

Which one? I've authored several books.

MALLORY

All of them! Even that bedtime story you wrote for me ... the novel you used to read me a chapter of each night before bed. I liked it then, but now I know better.

PAUL

"The Esoteric Adventures of Moloch: The Thrice Stupid, Thrice Pathetic, Thrice Dumb, Dust-For-Brains Owl" Oh how you used to laugh as he fumbled through his misadventures! Wise owl, indeed. Gosh, he was dumb; it's pathetic!

MALLORY

You're pathetic! And your stupid make-believe Reptilians!

KYLE

Shut up, Mallory! You know Reptilians exist!

MALLORY

We've never seen one!

KYLE

Dad has! He told us the story! You weren't lying, right dad?

PAUL

No, I did see one. He was a police officer giving me a ticket. I was briefly able to see the reptilian who was standing in the same space as him. I was stunned. A few months later, I heard that the Mormons believe they got some of their texts from a giant salamander, and some African tribes believe that ...

MALLORY

Yadda yadda, and the Egyptians, and the ... BULL-SHIT! You can find anyone saying anything if you look hard enough! There are crazy people who say all variations of everything! You believe too much of what they say! Why can't we be Christians like a normal family?!

PAUL

Because Roman politicians combined local oral traditions with myths from their private library and used a secret ingredient called Astrotheology, which includes the "Sun God" archetype, when they perverted history into the cult of Christianity in around 330AD, at the Council of Nicea.

MALLORY

What "roving politicians"? You got any meat to back up these potatoes?

PAUL

I said Roman politicians. Around 50 CE, Roman aristocracy -- specifically the Calpurnius Piso family -- were threatened by the power of the faiths within their surrounding regions, so they decided to write a New Testament. Around 60AD, wealthy politician and writer Lucius Piso applied the "sun god" story, originally written in Babylon for a character named Nimrod, to Jesus. Lucius Piso wrote an astrological allegory called "Ur Marcus" which became "The Gospel According To Mark", and then his son Arius Piso completed his father's legacy by penning the remainder of the "Gospels", with a cast of characters who were a clever mix of astrological allegory with personalities from his own experience. Arius completed his works around 90AD. Two hundred and forty years later, the Council of Nicea re-branded those works into the Christian faith.

MALLORY

Cite your sources, dad!

PAUL

History!

MALLORY

Sources!

PAUL

Abelard Reuchlin, bless his soul! And he cites primary sources.

DR. DAVIS

All religions in the world mention the existence of Jesus, even Muslims and Jews. The only question worth pondering is whether he was the son of God or not.

PAUL

Find me a single mention of Jesus in the dogma of the following religions: Anago, Ainu, Batuque, Candomblé, Cree, Kumina ... too many to mention. Find me a single mention of Jesus in the religions of Aboriginal peoples from North America, New Zealand, Africa, or Japan. The commonality in the myths of every aboriginal culture worldwide is the wisdom of VISITORS who looked like Reptiles. The Sumerians call them the Annunaki, and the Africans call them the Chitauri. Many "Indian" tribes of Native Americans call them by other names. So what are they? And what right do you have to call me a "conspiracy theorist" for believing something that Crusades fought in the name of your religion killed millions of people to suppress? None. They are reptilian humanoids who first appeared in Babylon, and then appeared all over the world, to use human slaves to mine gold, and then to mate with human women before they left. This story is told all around the world, and it is confirmed over-and-over again by linguists who are documenting dying languages. They were thought of as Gods by the primitive humans who were astounded by their technology. Around the world, every family of "Royalty" has a myth about their divine right to rule because their bloodlines began with "the gods." Organ recipients acquire traits from donors, cannibals acquired traits from victims, and prostitutes acquire traits from fellows they suck off, because DNA is a computer code. Ever wonder why gays are so sharp? Well royalty interbreed and inbreed to keep the particular genetic code – or computer

code – within their bloodstream that allows the reptilians to influence them. And in return for obeying the reptilians, the royals get certain worldly rewards.

DR. DAVIS

Jesus exists!

PAUL

I never said that Jesus didn't exist. Although Josephus -- the only historian that documented Jesus -- has been proven a fraud, a nom du plume of one of the Pisos ... despite that, my belief is that Jesus MIGHT HAVE existed. The Muslim story of Jesus' life has no elements from the Astrotheology Sun God archetype and is therefore a more probable story about the life of Jesus. Therefore if evidence of a crucifixion does surface, the Roman Aristocracy – particularly the Calpurnius Piso family -- staged a crucifixion/resurrection -- using identical twins -- so that they could write an "official version" based on the Sun God control mechanism that was written in Babylon. In the book, "THE TRUE AUTHORSHIP OF THE NEW TESTAMENT" by Abelard Reuchlin, Reuchlin talks about an Inner Circle of politicians who wrote The New Testament to control the poor people, and he explains the numerical code the Piso family used to "copyright" their material before copyright laws existed. It's an easy code where certain line numbers correspond with certain names, etc. In Reuchlin's book, he explains the code, and he points out how that code is used in the bible, and how that code appears in other works which the Piso family wrote under pen-names, such as Josepus, who was a fictional historian who was written to give validity to the Astrotheological version of the Christ myth. Reuchlin does indeed cite a lot of primary sources, such as other texts by the Pisos, and he shows how the same code is used in The New Testament as in the works of the fictional historian Josepus. Reuchlin's book makes an impressive case for the non-existence of Jesus, but one needs only to look at the alternate way Jesus is portrayed in the Qu'ran to realize that there MIGHT have been an actual historical figure with that name.

DR. DAVIS

You've been misled. The Christian faith is the true faith of Christ.

PAUL

I read that one percent of Psychiatrists are religious. Just my luck.

DR. DAVIS

You've convinced a lot of people, through your books and the internet, that The New Testament is fiction ...

PAUL

Yes, written for political purposes, but that's no excuse to ignore The New Testament. The Roman Aristocratic Calpurnius Piso family used an amazing private library as research, so the New Testament is a brilliant and strong compilation of knowledge and wisdoms from myths that evolved over generations. So the Astrotheology version of the Jesus character has a lot to teach us about morality; he's a great role model who speaks with a lot of wisdom, and a lot of parts of The New Testament make you feel really good as you read it. Read it, and respect it.

DR. DAVIS

Okay, but I still think you're crazy, because you also say that reptilians are in control.

PAUL

Because they are.

DR. DAVIS

It's just a theory. You have no proof.

PAUL

Mountains of proof has been uncovered by folks like David Icke, Dr. Joe Llewells, Matthew Delooze, Zecharia Sitchin, Jan Van Helsing, Jim Marrs, Peggy Kane, Michael Mott, Pamela Stonebrooke, Patricia Smith, Stewart Swerdlow, Arizona Wilder, Credo Mutwa, Courtney Brown, Paul Shockley, Patrick Bellringer, Robert Dean, Sir Laurance Gardner, Stuart Wilde, Dr. Deagle, Dr. Karla Turner, Dr. Richard Boylan, Dr. John E. Mack, and Micheal Tsarion, and myself. You need only to look at it.

DR. DAVIS

They're all bullshit salesman, as are you.

PAUL

Did you read any of their work?

DR. DAVIS

I don't have to read any of it; it's all bullshit, like UFOs.

PAUL

There are mountains of video evidence of UFOs.

DR. DAVIS

UFOs exist only within the realm of fantasy.

PAUL

I'm not paying for this hour.

DR. DAVIS

I will commit you.

MALLORY

Are you a real doctor, or is this some kind of hidden camera shit?

DR. DAVIS

You all have an advanced case of paranoid schizophrenia, with some megalomania. I'd be remiss to not commit you all to an asylum. You all deserve to be locked up and silenced before your venomous hate rhetoric, and revisionist history, spreads any further.

MALLORY growls loudly, grabs a brick from her purse, and smacks the doctor with it, very hard, in the head – effectively, knocking the doctor out cold. Then she puts the brick back into her purse.

MALLORY

(smiles)

I thought I'd never smile again as long as I live.

PAUL

I am so fucking glad that you whipped that bitch, Mallory.

(smiles)

I love you.

PAUL hugs **KYLE** and **MALLORY**.

MALLORY

Dad. Do you think she was Illuminati?

PAUL

No. She was stupid.

KYLE

Dad, that reminds me: I forgot to tell you that earlier today Mark called. He left a message. Illuminati people stole the terminals for your virtual book tour.

PAUL

Well, I love spending time with you kids, so there's a bright side to everything.

MALLORY

For the past few days, I haven't even been able to cry. I've been feeling like I'm looking down on myself, like I'm not even me, just a shadow looking at me.

PAUL

If the doctor were awake, and credible, she'd tell you that's called depersonalization; it's common in these cases.

MALLORY

I feel like eventually, I'll feel like crying, and I'll cry for maybe hours, maybe even a whole day. I'm not sure when, but the tears will surprise me. Now's not the moment, I don't think, but whenever it happens, where-ever it happens, it will happen eventually, and ...

(starts crying)

... it's happening.

PAUL

Let the tears flow.

KYLE

I think I also have some of that depersonalization deal.

PAUL

When danger or stress triggers the reptilian portion of our brain, known as the R-Complex, to transition us to that fight-or-flight feeling in which our actions are reflexive or automatic while it feels as if we're floating two feet above your body, are we -- when in that state psychologists call depersonalization -- those tall reptilian specters who have been seen standing behind certain people -- seen by many psychics, remote viewers, lucid dreamers, people on drugs, practitioners of the Merkaba meditation, and practitioners of the Quan Yin Method of meditation? And if depersonalization is an explanation for the phenomenon I've been writing about, could the Annunaki be giants as some stories have said? Could the Egyptian Djedhi, the serpent gods of Zimbabwe, the Snake Brothers of the Hopi Indians, the Aztec Serpent Woman, the Chinese Serpent Queen, the Dragon Gods of Japan, all be tattooed Pict sailors from Scotland, mistaken for Gods, just as the Aztecs created the myth of Quetzalcoatl/Kukulcan because of a tattooed Irish traveler named Cuchulainn? Could all this reptilian/serpent myth-building be the secret purpose of the higher levels of the secret society called the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry? Are these valid questions, or am I just some dumb kooky conspiracy theorist?

MALLORY

(crying)

Owwie, you've physically abused my brain, daddy!

KYLE

Let's go on a trip. Fly somewhere exotic. We can afford it. And relax. And whenever one of us cries again, over what happened so suddenly, we'll be there for each-other.

PAUL

I'm afraid of airplanes.

MALLORY

Maybe we could take a train, or drive to a beach, or bus.

Suspenseful pause.

PAUL

I'll face my fear of flying. We'll go somewhere exotic. I've always wanted to lay on a beach in France, so France we'll go!

KYLE and MALLORY smile.

Scene 14

WEST POINT HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY. BARRON IS PLAYING *WORLD OF WARCRAFT* ON THE COMPUTER, WHILE EXPLAINING SOME THINGS TO MR. BRUTUS AND MRS. BASTITCH.

BARRON: And getting my guy to level 70 took almost a year.

BRUTUS: I was wrong; it's not mindless. It teaches about economy, coordinates, teamwork, etiquette, the list goes on!

BARRON: Most importantly: Goal setting, and the fact that working each day, with your sights set on a goal, brings you to achieving that goal!

BRUTUS: Well, now I understand. *World of Warcraft* can be played in this building IF you keep up with your homework.

BARRON: That's fair.

MR. BRUTUS AND MRS. BASTITCH NOD IN AGREEMENT, AND THEN EXIT.

CAP ENTERS.

CAP: Good news, Barron!

BARRON: You got your first pube? I really don't give a shit about that, Cap.

CAP: The blame's off of Chuck's much older MILF girlfriend Rebecca, because the stolen boats were found in the yard of some guy who was murdered!

BARRON: A guy was murdered; that's not good news.

CAP: Not good news for him, but good news for me, because the blame's off of my friend's girlfriend. So now my friend'll be more happy, and that makes me more happy! Today is a lucky day!

BARRON: Not for the guy that was murdered.

CAP: Hey Barron – you know that TV psychic ... Psychic SasorKat?

BARRON: I am familiar with his work.

CAP: He said an asteroid that might wipe out the earth is coming in 2029.

BARRON: The earth is flat, and that asteroid is impossible. His show's gonna get cancelled. We're making conspiracy theorists who still believe in the heliocentric model believe that there's supposed to be a media black-out about that asteroid, while we leak fiction about it online.

CAP: Really?

BARRON: Yeah, I keep up with all the stuff that there's media black-outs on: false flag operations, treaties with creatures from beyond the ice-wall ... negotiated by penguins, no less; it's why they wear tuxedos. Okay, I'm just kidding about the penguin part.

CAP: What are there media black-outs on?

BARRON: I'd tell ya ... but then I'd hafta' kill ya!

CHUCK ENTERS; HE APPEARS TO BE VERY DISAPPOINTED.

CHUCK: Just when I thought things were going well for Rebecca and I, because she got off the hook for those boats, I found out she'd been cheating on me with a much older man ... Joe Biden of all people; can you believe it?

BARRON: Hey Chuck, you know what? Rebecca means toilet in French. Do you really wanna be going out with a girl whose name means toilet?

CHUCK: Rebecca doesn't mean toilet; it means aroma.

Scene 15

3:46PM. BARRON AND DONALD HAVE A CONVERSATION IN THE PRESIDENT'S RESIDENTIAL OFFICE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BARRON: I was watching an episode of *The West Wing*, and the President kept looking at polls during the election. Why don't I ever see you looking at polls?

DONALD: Well, son. I guess now's a better time than any to tell you.

BARRON: Is it serious?

DONALD: It's a secret.

BARRON: A serious secret?

DONALD: Sure son. Let me explain: The Presidency is determined by a group of roughly 130 men and women from around the world, called The Bilderberg Group. To be eligible for the Presidency, you must be ...

BARRON: I know, I know, I know ... a tenth cousin of European royals.

DONALD: Barron. It gets more detailed than that. Our bloodline is a hybrid of a species who came to earth and created cultures in ancient Babylon and Sumer – and all over the place, really.

All elections have been rigged to keep our bloodline in power. Barron, if you want to become President, it's your birthright.

BARRON: I kinda' figured it was something like that. Wow. But dad: you're not popular. The polls are saying that ninety per-cent of the people will vote for Joe. If you win the election, EVERYONE will know that the elections are rigged.

DONALD: The secret societies, that keep our bloodline in power, also own the Washington Post, New York Times, and Time ... and various other major media outlets ... all of which will soon show fraudulent poll results which will make the public believe that everyone is beginning to think I deserve a second chance. By election day, the fixed results will align with the fixed polls.

BARRON: What ever happened to the good old days of just having the opposition assassinated?

DONALD: And if the elections weren't rigged, I'd go to a cryogenic chamber and have myself frozen to a time when they invent time-travel, and then I'd come back and rig the election.

BARRON: That's stupid dad. If you come back here to rig the election, you're in the same position you're in now. You're already here ... and you're already rigging the election.

DONALD: Sarcasm.

BARRON: Dad, I killed Dornus.

DONALD: I have the blood of thousands on my hands ... and you're destined to have the blood of thousands on your hands. Don't get sloppy.

BARRON: Thanks, dad. And dad, I want to kill Rebecca.

DONALD: You want to kill a woman who's open minded enough to be a politician's wife and a teenager's girlfriend at the same time?

BARRON: I know I've already told you about her, dad. Currently, she's Joe Biden's wife, and I want to kill her.

DONALD: I'm sure you do, son.

BARRON: Gotta love blood. Gotta love being bad.

DONALD: You may be bad, son, but I'm not bad – I didn't inhale!

CLIVE MCLARTIER – THE WHITE HOUSE CHIEF OF STAFF – ENTERS.

CLIVE: A separatist movement has taken over Delaware; the entire state wants to secede from the United States.

DONALD: What's a Delaware?

BARRON: We have a Delaware?

CLIVE: They want autonomy, they want to govern themselves.

DONALD: I don't even know what a Delaware is, but I want one. If they resist, bomb 'em. I always love a good bombin'. Then we can invade 'em – send in ground troops. Sustain a war, and make our weapons manufacturer pals even richer!

CLIVE: And Mr. President – your answer to the Greenpeace people?

DONALD: Bomb 'em.

CLIVE: Sir?

DONALD: Just kidding. Invite them to tonight's social.

CLIVE: We don't want to risk taking our attention off of the Russian delegates, or offending them in any way.

DONALD: Call Bill Gates. Tell him that if he donates a billion dollars to Greenpeace, he'll get immunity from any and all future anti-trust cases. And then, when he donates the billion, intercept the money, send him to a secret prison and waterboard the squeaky runt.

CLIVE: Yes, sir.

Scene 16

**9:17PM. CARSON'S OFFICE, CARSON'S CALIFORNIA CRYOGENICS CLINIC.
CARSON SITS AT HIS DESK. BARRON ENTERS.**

CARSON: I'm surprised and privileged to meet you, Barron Trump. To what or whom do I owe for the honor of your acquaintance, Barron Trump?

BARRON: 2064BC, there were big buildings, some eighty stories tall, at an Annunaki spaceport, at the Sinai Peninsula. That space port was destroyed in a nuclear war.

CARSON: Fascinating.

BARRON: 325AD, King Constantine needed a religion to unite his various people, so he assembled the Counsel of Nicea, where he ended up using a story that was written by the Piso family, my direct ancestors.

CARSON: I assume there's a connection between these two factoids; otherwise, you wouldn't be telling me them?

BARRON: Those facts make you curious.

CARSON: Yes, I want to know if they're true.

BARRON: Just as I want to know if your claims about cryogenics are true.

CARSON: I can show you testimonials from clientele of high regard -- big businessmen and Hollywood actors!

BARRON: I've always heard the word cryonics. Is it cryogenics or cryonics?

CARSON: Either or. Some say tomato, some say tomato. I use the bigger word, because I'm a businessman, and – in science-related businesses – big words sell.

BARRON: I need to know if it works.

CARSON: It works.

BARRON: By the way, the facts I told you are true.

CARSON: I repeat: It works.

BARRON: Good, because here's the point of this secret meeting: I'm going to die tomorrow, and ...

CARSON: No, no, no, boy – don't plan it.

BARRON: In my pocket will be a note with a death-wish; it'll say that I want to be brought to you for freezing.

CARSON: I don't want to get into any trouble.

BARRON: You won't get into any trouble. A plane is ready to take you on a trip to Washington where you'll be briefed. You'll be compensated for your involvement in this secret project.

Scene 17

SATURDAY. 2:00PM. IN A SECLUDED CONFESSIONAL, BARRON SEEKS COUNSEL FROM FATHER RALPH.

FATHER: Barron Trump! What a sight for sore eyes! Please tell your father I extend my congratulations to him on his appointment to the office of President! And please tell your mother I'm sorry – she'll know what I'm talking about.

BARRON: I need to get something off my chest.

FATHER: God on high will forgive you – he will remove your cross – if you are truly repentant about your trespass.

BARRON: You must keep this secret, okay?

FATHER: If what you confess crosses a certain line, I have to report it to the police.

BARRON: Is the line the law?

FATHER: No. It's major offenses, like murder, for example. If you tell me that you killed someone, I have to tell the police, or else I could lose my status as a priest.

BARRON: Can a murderer go to heaven?

FATHER: That's a complicated question. Why do you ask it?

BARRON REVEALS A GUN, AND SHOOTS FATHER RALPH IN THE HEAD, THUS KILLING FATHER RALPH.

BARRON EXITS THE CONFESSIONAL, AND REBECCA AND JOE APPEAR BEFORE HIM IN THE CHURCH.

BARRON AND JOE POINT GUNS AT EACH-OTHER. REBECCA BACKS-AWAY A BIT, AND WATCHES THE CONFRONTATION.

JOE: My sources say you've recently learned the truth about your ancestry.

BARRON: What do you know?

BISHOP JAMES ENTERS.

BISHOP JAMES: Guns!

STARTLED, JOE AND BARRON BOTH SHOOT BISHOP JAMES. BISHOP JAMES DIES.

BARRON LAUGHS, JOE SWEARS. THEN, BARRON AND JOE IMMEDIATELY RE-POINT THEIR GUNS AT EACH-OTHER, AND SHOOT EACH-OTHER. AS BOTH FALL TO THE FLOOR, THEY SAY ...

BARRON AND JOE: Great minds think alike.

JOE: But they don't feel alike.

BARRON AND JOE DIE.

Scene 18

SUNDAY. 4:21PM. A BRIGHT AFTERNOON. TWO FIFTEEN YEAR OLD GIRLS – LACY LITERA AND LOTTIE RATZ – SIT ON THE TRUNK OF A CAR THAT IS PARKED, IN THE PARKING LOT OF AN “EL SATURN” CONVENIENCE STORE.

LACY: Yeah the horribleness of it is so complicated that it can barely be understood by my pretty little mind. I wonder what Joe Biden was planning to do with him.

LOTTIE: Well at least Barron got away; that's something we can be glad of.

LACY: We like Barron.

LOTTIE: Yeah. He's famous, but not a stuck-up jerkwad. No one crowds around him, but everyone knows him – they just know him, they don't act as if he's a celebrity, even though he is. He is really hot.

LACY: Look! There he comes!

BARRON AND CAP ENTER.

BARRON: ... and I quickly told the whole story, and the news people left. If only everyone else was so willing to tell everything honestly, the world would be a much better place in the future.

CAP: Somewhere in there, you're shittin' me. Somewhere, somehow, I always feel you're shittin' me. But the stories are so damn fuckin' totally awesome, that no one cares!

BARRON: I'll drink to that.

LACY: Hey Barron, other guy!

LOTTIE: Barron! Congrats on your dad's re-election! It was really crazy that Joe got disqualified for attempting to murder you, Barron, and I'm glad you're okay! If you don't mind telling the story to someone who isn't a member of the media, please tell me ... how did you survive Joe's surprise attack?

BARRON: I came out of the confessional like a good little Catholic boy, which I may or may not really be ... depending on how cute girls feel about religion. Joe shot me while I was in the door, but I dodged somehow quickly ... quickly enough, and luckily. Lucky for me, but sad for Father Ralph, the bullet hit Father Ralph. I think he's dead, but I don't wanna think about it. Rebecca surprised me when she gave me a gun to defend myself. I didn't want to use it, because I've never used a gun, and that sort of thing scares me. Violence is evil. But Joe was aiming at me, so I aimed back at him. We stood there for a while, just in total silence and tension. Joe started spouting verbal garbage, trash-talking my dad and the electoral process. He was crazy, he had this look in his eyes like a madman. He shot me, but missed. I felt such intense fear – I was scared for my life. I shot back at the sound of the bang, in self defense. Rebecca started crying on my shoulders, spouting words about how she was afraid that Joe had gone insane. I guess that's my story.

LACY: Wow. I hope this isn't a mean question, but I'm really curious: how does it feel to kill a man, Barron?

BARRON: It was in self defense, Lacy. Understand that. I feel horrible about it, but it was my only choice in the matter. Please. I really don't want to talk about it again until the very far future.

CAP: Amazing.

BARRON: What's so amazing about it?

CAP: Everything you said in your story, about how it felt to kill, and everything you just said, et cetera, is exactly – to the word – exactly the same exact words you used when you told the story to the media. It's like you memorized the lines in advance, like if you were acting in a play. It makes me wonder: Barron, is it a cover-story? Are you hiding something?

BARRON: I'm hiding everything.

CAP: You're funny, Barron. Hey, did you hear about what happened to the USA Today building?

BARRON: No. What happened?

CAP: Blew up.

LACY: Barron, it blew up. Someone sent them a threatening letter. They said that if they didn't print all of the letters from some guy, the place would go down. And they didn't print the letters, so the place was blown up.

BARRON: What a crazy world we live in. Listen folks, I've gotta get going. The prayer service for Joe is at five, and – even though he tried to kill me – I'm a religious guy, and I believe it's right to pay respects.

BARRON AND CAP LEAVE.

LOTTIE: Barron is so ... everything. Awesome. I'm so stunned by his amazing presence, it makes me woozy!

LACY LAUGHS.

Scene 19

OFFICE OF JOHN PROCTOR, THE HEAD OF THE FBI. JOHN PROCTOR SPEAKS WITH SPECIAL AGENT GINA SUPERFELD.

GINA: I can't believe that you want to sweep this under the rug, sir! It can be determined conclusively that Barron Trump's DNA was on both guns and both priests at Saint Jason's church! There are so many things about Barron's escape from Joe that don't add up! It would have to be a miracle for the story to have actually played out the way he says it did! There was no mention of physical contact with either of the priests in his story, yet ...

JOHN: Don't mess with the President's son.

GINA: The DNA you found on Dornus was also Barron Trump's!

JOHN: If it weren't Barron Trump, this would be grounds for an investigation. But Gina, that's our President's son, and there will not be an investigation.

GINA: Why not?

JOHN: Oh, many reasons. Gina, he's fifteen. Just a boy. Don't frighten a kid.

GINA: You're being stupid, John. We've known each-other for how long?

JOHN: Years.

GINA: I've respected you until this exact moment. John, I cannot respect you any more, my old friend. In point of fact, our friendship is ending right now.

JOHN: I'm sorry to hear that Gina. Very sorry to hear that. Look, Barron probably had casual physical contact with the priest that he didn't mention, and an investigation would waste funds. We need new helicopters. And we might need more money to handle the elevating situation with the Delaware separatists.

GINA: What about the DNA on Dornus?

JOHN: I don't want to investigate the President's son, and end up incorrect. I don't want that to happen to my career. I have kids, Gina. I have to take care of a lot of obligations. I don't want to risk my career. Plus, it's a new term. We've been on his good side for four years, let's stay on this administration's good side for the new four years.

GINA: Maybe the DNA was planted throughout Dornus' yard.

JOHN: Ludicrous.

GINA: Maybe Barron was there, and the boats were stolen by Barron.

JOHN: But why? You see: there'd be no good reason.

GINA: An investigation would reveal the "why's". An investigation is necessary.

JOHN: No. And don't ask again.

GINA EXITS.

JOHN OPENS A BRIEFCASE FILLED WITH MONEY, AND CACKLES EVILY.

Scene 20

Deserted Island.

PAUL, KYLE, MALLORY, and baby AMBER, sit, on the beach of a deserted island.

PAUL

Kids. Now let me explain why I took you here.

KYLE

We're not stupid, dad. This is obviously the island where you ended up after that doomed flight.

MALLORY

Why would you want to return to such a place?

PAUL

This place symbolizes where my recent adventures began. Now I want to tell you how it all began, the plot.

MALLORY

Okay.

PAUL

The world is sectionally divided between thirteen families, who rule their sections – their turfs – behind the curtains, as politics is a live-action role-play, a well-orchestrated soap-opera, full of scandals and intrigue to keep the public distracted from the activities of the blue-bloods who run the show. But it's gone on long enough; they've gone too far, and we need to stop them as soon as possible, because they're planning to enslave us all ... much more severely than ever before.

AMBER points at the sky, and says ...

AMBER

Look!

Everyone looks at the sky.

Scene 21

**OVAL OFFICE. PRESIDENT DONALD TRUMP PREPARES FOR A MEETING.
ALANA ENTERS.**

ALANA: Donald. I want to thank you again, sir, for promoting me to be your Senior Policy Advisor.

DONALD: No thanks are necessary. You deserved the promotion. You're doing a fantastic job!

ALANA: No, I'm not. I don't have any prior training; I'm not an authority in Presidential Administrative Policy. But anyway, Donald, I'd advise to you exercise a tidge of caution in this meeting with the Delaware leader.

DONALD: What the hell's a Tidge?

ALANA: No time for jokes, Donald. A lot is riding on this going smoothly. I'm worried about you. Please take care.

DONALD: Don't worry. I'm an expert at diplomacy.

ALANA: I think it's a mistake to do the meeting one-on-one in your office, with no one else watching, and no one to protect you if that man goes crazy.

DONALD: I can handle myself. Don't worry. I will forge a friendship with him, and we will resolve the issue.

ALANA: Mr. President. Your wife told me to tell you to be careful.

DONALD: Don't worry.

ENTER STEVE GERGEN, COUNSELOR TO THE PRESIDENT.

STEVE: Mr. President, Mr. San Diablo is entering the building.

DONALD: If this were a play, his name would be Mr. El Diablo.

STEVE: Mr. President, you have to wear a recorder during the meeting.

DONALD: I said no.

STEVE: If you don't wear a recorder, you can't meet with him.

DONALD: On who's authority?

STEVE: The American people don't want you to risk your life by being alone in the room with a madman.

DONALD: You obviously aren't familiar with my low approval ratings. The American people, in general, would love it if Mr. San Diablo takes me out.

STEVE: Wear a recorder.

DONALD: No, Steve. Think of it this way: if I get killed, I owe you a coke.

STEVE: I will not accept that, sir.

DONALD: You go now, Steve. And someone, send in Mr. San Diablo.

ALANA: Come on, Steve.

ALANA AND STEVE EXIT.

TREVOR SAN DIABLO ENTERS.

DONALD AND TREVOR SHAKE HANDS, AND SIT DOWN.

TREVOR: Mr. President, tell me: have you been watching my television program?

DONALD: I heard it's off-the-wall, but no – I don't have time. You were cancelled, though; I know that much.

TREVOR: Through my show, I've amassed much political influence. And more recently, my forces have allied with factions – large factions – from several states surrounding mine, even a few countries, and soon-to-be countries, including Quebec. All are under my promise for a Diablocratic world.

DONALD: What's Diablocracy?

TREVOR: A world run by the light of truth, the light bringer, the morning star, the Venusian ideal of TRUTH.

DONALD: I heard you're a very talented astrologer.

TREVOR: Yes, I am.

DONALD: There's a lot of truth to astrology.

TREVOR: Yes, there is. A lot more than the people know.

DONALD: Do you want a Coke?

TREVOR: I just had a Red Bull.

DONALD: Delaware Storm is the tacky name we'll use for the sustained war against your forces.

TREVOR: I don't want a war.

DONALD: Well, I think it's a great way to screw around with the country while making money through my partnerships with people who manufacture weapons. You can be in on the deal. Do you want to join me in profiting from a sustained war?

TREVOR: I'm confused.

DONALD: Think about it: You'll be able to live in the lap of luxury while your followers think you're a hero.

TREVOR: I don't understand why you're talking like this.

DONALD: Me and you are leaders. I play the game for a legacy. Why do you play the game?

TREVOR: Because me and my followers have certain demands, certain needs that your administration ignores.

DONALD: And in the end, I'll agree on fifty-three per cent of your demands. But first, we sustain a war to fill our wallets.

TREVOR: I can't believe what I'm hearing. And why fifty-three per cent?

DONALD: Nice, random number?

TREVOR: Why not seventy-two per cent?

DONALD: I said fifty-three.

BARRON ENTERS, AND WALKS DIRECTLY TOWARDS TREVOR.

BARRON: Sorry for interrupting, dudes, but I used to watch your show, Trevor, and can I have your autograph? But can you sign it as your character Psychic SasorKat?

TREVOR: If I can have your autograph, Barron Trump. And, if I may ask you, how did you *really* survive that church? There are all sorts of conspiracy theories on the internet.

BARRON: One of them is true, I'm sure.

TREVOR: Well yeah, I mean: I've been following your dad's political battles against that Joe Biden character, and things just don't add up.

BARRON: Like I said, I'm sure one of the conspiracy theories is true.

DONALD: We don't have time for outlandish conspiracy theories.

TREVOR: Here's a deal. Because I'm very fascinated about this topic, I'll give up my insurrection, and dismantle my organization, if you tell me the truth about that situation, Barron.

BARRON: Okay. I got shot, died, was frozen until five billion years in the future, a couple days before the earth was expected to go boom. I watched from a remote location, basically a tourist trap, with my pal Dornus who was also frozen. And since time travel can be bought at that time, I came back, did some stuff, and that's basically it.

TREVOR: You insult my intelligence.

BARRON: Usually. Umm ... anyway: Dad ...

DONALD: Yes, son?

BARRON: I almost forgot. But I was sent in here with a message for you. What's Def Con 4?

SOUND OF FIGHTER-JETS PASSING OVERHEAD.

THE SCENE ENDS IMMEDIATELY WITH THE SOUND OF A BIG NUCLEAR EXPLOSION.

Scene 22

Command Bridge of a UFO.

PAUL, MALLORY, KYLE, and AMBER (held by KYLE), are stunned, as they appear in the Command Bridge of a UFO.

Two college-aged human stoner slackers – DEEK and THE KEVMEISTER – are high, and highly amused.

DEEK

I bet this family never thought they'd be fucking amazed by Deek and The Kevmeister!

PAUL

What the hell's going on?

DEEK

You've been picked up by a UFO, man!

MALLORY

Cool beans!

KYLE

What does this thing run on?

KEVMEISTER

We harvest electricity from thunderstorms!

DEEK

What should we do with these fuckwads?

PAUL punches DEEK in the nose.

PAUL

No one calls us fuckwads.

THE KEVMEISTER laughs very hard at his friend's misfortune.

KEVMEISTER

(laughing)

That's so funny! He owned you, bro!

DEEK

(angry)

Fuckwad owned me like we owned those Queens from Dunemaul! I'm going to the other room.

DEEK exits.

KEVMEISTER

Ignore Deek. He's even more of a fuckwad than you dick-holes. I'm the Kevmeister. Pleased to make your meet. Is it sausage?

KYLE

What the hell's going on?

MALLORY

Is this a space-ship?

PAUL

Are you Reptilians?

KEVMEISTER

No, we're humans, man. We stole this ship from Reptilians. How do you know about Reptilians?

PAUL

This is the proof I need!

MALLORY

Dad, I'm sorry for doubting you ever!

PAUL

It's okay, honey. Mr. Kevin ...

KEVMEISTER

It's The Kevmeister, bro.

(laughs)

I'm not used to people calling me "mister."

PAUL

We need to show this ship, and all its computer files, to media outlets!

KEVMEISTER

Wait wait – that’s a no-go, bro. The media is bad, totally controlled by the reptile-run Trilateral Commission. They’re the decision makers in the media, and they routinely suppress info that limits their ability to conduct False Flag operations ... in other words, orchestrating or allowing to happen, events like 9/11, to justify perverted proportions of profiteering from sustained wars against abstract concepts like “terror”. Everything that Paul Thornfield dude said turned out to be true ... well, in his newest book, anyway. There were too many dumb assumptions in the first few books; it kind of damaged a lot of his credibility, and thus the credibility of the whole topic of Reptilians.

PAUL

Yeah, I hate Paul Thornfield.

KYLE looks at PAUL and says ...

KYLE

I like him.

MALLORY looks at PAUL and says ...

MALLORY

I’m his biggest fan.

PAUL smiles.

KEVMEISTER

You wanna hear what else the cool X-Files on this fucked-up ship’s computer said?

KYLE

Yeah!

KEVMEISTER

Moon-landings have happened, but the moon is much smaller than you think, and they were different pilots in different crafts than the NASA ones from TV, and the moon is less than three hundred miles away, small, and made of sugar. The sun is also closer and smaller than what we’re taught, and it’s a portal to a place where the opposite is true. The public was shown a clever mix between actual footage, and footage that was shot before the launch on a soundstage. The soundstage footage was shown while the astronauts did experiments with the moon’s energy grid.

KYLE

Energy grid?

KEVMEISTER

Ever eaten dinner at the edge of the solar system? Of course you mother-fuckers haven’t! The solar system doesn’t even exist in the way you’ve been taught it does! The Earth is a mostly flat, irregular object, and most of what you know about space is lies!

Scene 23

IN HELL, DONALD TRUMP MEETS SATAN.

SATAN: Mr. President. You've failed me.

DONALD: My Liege. I don't know what happened.

SATAN: You were bombed, Donald.

DONALD: I got too confident, let my guard down.

SATAN: Those that bombed you felt you deliberately ignored their country and their needs.

DONALD: Which country?

SATAN: You'd know the answer to that question, and you would have done something about it, had you actually read your newspapers, instead of staring blankly at the pages while imagining boobies.

DONALD: Guilty as charged. I'm a tit man!

SATAN: You must redeem yourself in my eyes by embarking on an unholy mission.

DONALD: Sure. I mean, I've got nothing else to do.

SATAN: You must kill the son of the godhead.

DONALD: Who?

SATAN: Paul Thornfield.

DONALD: Really?

SATAN: Yeah. He doesn't know it, but he's the son of the godhead.

DONALD: Is that like the opposite of the godbutt?

SATAN: You will find two swords. No poison-tipping. I want a fair fight. If you cheat, I'll tell everyone that you and the vice president gave each-other's penises nicknames ... Bobo and Flubjub.

DONALD: We were six. Does yours have a name?

SATAN: The Violator.

Scene 24

Dining Room, UFO.

The backdrop is a window through which we can see an obviously CGI augmented reality image of the entire solar system, from the vantage point of just beyond the solar system. (On the stage, it can be a painting, or a computer generated image.)

PAUL, MALLORY, KYLE, AMBER, DEEK (wearing a bandage over his nose), and **THE KEVMEISTER**, sit around an octagonal table. (*Amber sits on the table, actually.*)

They feast on fast-food burgers, fries, chicken wings, onion rings, and fries -- with soda. There is a jar of pickles in the middle of the table, from which they grab pickles randomly.

DEEK

(to **Paul**)

Duder, the drugs wore off ... practically. I'm sorry for being such a goddamn dirty-ass fuckwad back there. Bros?

PAUL

I'm sorry for "owning" you.

DEEK

Awesome! Kick-ass! Sweet!

There's a loud BOOM as some pyrotechnic sparks fly across the stage, and lights start flashing red.

THE KEVMEISTER

Deek, we're under attack again. Push that shooty button to make them go away.

DEEK

Kay.

DEEK exits.

After a short silence, there is a shooting sound, then an explosion sound, and then the lights stop flashing red, and the lights return to normal.

Victory music, from the video game of the director's choice, plays for a few seconds.

End of scene.

Scene 25

The backdrop is a shiny yellow sun, a bright blue sky, some fluffy white clouds.

*The stage is set with many models of buildings, probably made of cardboard or lego, or both, or paper maché, or ceramics, or what have you. Actors dressed as various **Reptilian** creatures, such as dinosaurs, salamanders, snakes, et cetera, rampage throughout the stage, making many loud noises (such as roaring and hissing), and knocking down all of the models of buildings.*

*After knocking down all the buildings, and leaving only carnage, the **Reptilians** exit the stage, on stage-right.*

PAUL, MALLORY, KYLE, AMBER (held by **Kyle**), **DEEK**, and **THE KEVMEISTER**, enter the stage, from stage-left.

They gaze at the carnage, in shock and awe.

ALL BUT PAUL EXIT.

DONALD TRUMP enters, holding two swords.

DONALD: Alas, it has come time for us to duel with swords.
(Hands one sword to Paul.)
I've always hated you.

PAUL: This is the ultimate showdown of ultimate destiny.

DONALD: To the fullest extent.

Their swords meet, and the following dialogue is spoken during battle.

PAUL: Is your sword poison-tipped, like in Hamlet?

DONALD: Fuck you.

PAUL: I've heard that one before.

DONALD: You will die, mortal.

PAUL: That's impossible! I'm the main character!

DONALD'S sword mortally wounds PAUL's body.

PAUL dies.

DONALD: Awww, too easy.

The curtains close quickly.

Scene 26

ZETON AND ZELCH, TWO REPTILIAN HUMANOIDS, SPEAK WITH BARRON ON THE FROZEN BEACH OF ANTARCTICA. PENGUINS WALK AROUND, WEARING MASONIC APRONS, AND SERVING APPETIZERS ON TRAYS.

ZETON: Barron. Hi.

BARRON: Why am I here? And are we related, or something?

ZETON: We're not related, but we are Annunaki. The ghosts of our ancestors are unable to rest.

BARRON: What are you talking about? Why am I here?

ZETON: Your Washington has been nuked, Mr. Trump. And it was so unexpected that we were only able to save you.

BARRON: What does that mean? And why are you here?

ZETON: We're watchers. We're here to watch and monitor you, Barron.

BARRON: Why?

ZETON: Various reasons. Your Russians, Canadians, Japanese, and Danish, possess the ...

BARRON: I don't care. My city, and everyone I knew, has been obliterated!

ZETON: We need to take you to a pond called Nibiru, to brief you about ...

BARRON: You bastards! I have human friends, and I love them! I need to do something!

ZETON: Barron. You ARE human. That's what we're here to tell you. Occult practitioners from your realm have figured out a way to enslave the ghosts of the Annunaki who visited your realm years ago. When you turn eighteen, your dad is going to initiate you into a fraternal club

called Skull & Bones where a perverted ceremony will link your soul with an Annunaki ghost. Traits from that ghost will help you attain all your worldly desires; however, that ghost will be ripped from his eternal rest. And although you'll be benefitting from his partnership with you, he will be suffering excruciating pain and torture.

BARRON: I don't care about any of this stuff! I love a girl named Lottie! And I love my friend Cap! But mostly, I love a girl named Lottie! Put me back on earth!

ZETON: Please come peacefully. We need to put a stop to ...

BARRON looks at a button.

BARRON: What's this button do?

ZETON: Don't push that button.

BARRON pushes the button.

ZETON: You've just obliterated California.

BARRON: That's brilliant! With the cryogenics chamber destroyed, everyone will think that I died in the church, and dad would be motivated to focus more on his job, and Washington wouldn't have gotten bombed! I can do some stuff privately for a while before I make my dramatic reappearance into the world! By the way, you lizard people, I heard on Truth Frequency Radio that reptilians can't say the word Kininigin. Is that true?

ZELCH: That's preposterous! There is nothing we can't do! Say it with me, Zeton!

ZETON and ZELCH: Kinini ...

ZETON and ZELCH's heads explode, and they both fall over headless and dead.

BARRON: I should listen to TFR more often!

THE SCENE ENDS.

Scene 27

FROM THE OVAL OFFICE, JOE BIDEN DELIVERS A TELEVISED SPEECH.

JOE BIDEN: My fellow Americans. Diabolical plans of communist Chinese, and certain secret societies, put me into power. A monolithic and ruthless conspiracy that relies primarily on covert means for expanding its sphere of influence--on infiltration instead of invasion, on

subversion instead of elections, on intimidation instead of free choice, on guerrillas by night instead of armies by day – put me in power. It is a system which has conscripted vast human and material resources into the building of a tightly knit, highly efficient machine that combines military, diplomatic, intelligence, economic, scientific and political operations. Its preparations are concealed, not published. Its mistakes are buried, not headlined. Its dissenters are silenced, not praised. No expenditure is questioned, no rumor is printed, no secret is revealed. They are the “deep state,” the “cabal,” and they are comprised of a vast amount of people who conspired to rig the election which put me into power. I would like to thank the mainstream media for keeping people in the dark, and I will do what I can to stop the truth-tellers at One America News Network, Newsmax, and InfoWars. It’s time to create new wars and sustain them. It’s time for mandatory vaccinations. It’s time for a New World Order.

THE END.