

Crazytown

by Jonathan Rand

— Revisions rundown —

Date of book in circulation:	July 26, 2013
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This play has been rewritten since publication, so if you've got a book, it's an old version of the play. The latest edits are in this document.

See below for scene-by-scene replacement dialogue.

Newsroom: Part I

VOICEOVER. It's 5:59 and you're watching WOMG Action News, Crazytown's News Leader. And now, *your* Action News news team.

[For U.S. productions west of the Mississippi, change WOMG to KOMG. Outside the U.S., use an aptly formatted local news call name.]

...

BABS. For more on this exclusive story we bring you *live* to South Crazytown with Solomon Spraytan. Solomon?

(SOLOMON holds a puppy.)

SOLOMON. Thanks, Babs. This little fella's name is Patches, and he is just as sweet as it gets. His little button nose alone could make a grown man—MY FACE!!! IT'S MAULING MY BEAUTIFUL FACE!!!

(The puppy suddenly began mauling him.)

BABS. Terrific report, Solomon.

...

BABS. Breaking news in religion: A source by the name of Uncle Gary tells us that a priest, a rabbi, and a minister have walked into a bar. We'll reveal the shocking conclusion at eleven.

...

JAY. [...] He set up my phone so I get live video from their interrogation room. Totally illegal, right?! Illegal's the best... *(Looks at phone:)* Hey, look! They just brought in some guy for questioning! Check it out!

No More, Mister Nice Guy

MILLS. So to sum up: you're a guy who works hard, pays bills, teaches kids, and follows rules. Tell me, Sheldon: anything *wrong* with this picture?

...

MILLS. We've surveilled you for months, and I'm sorry to say your behavior has gotten better and better. For starters, we've got multiple examples of financial impropriety. Kimball?

KIMBALL. (*Reading from the Sheldon dossier:*) March 6: Sheldon isn't charged for his Mr. Pibb and informs Arby's cashier of mistake. June 8: Sheldon Grimes receives someone else's six thousand dollar tax credit and notifies IRS of mistake. October 12: Sheldon Grimes plasters *this* all over town.

(KIMBALL holds up a flyer with large print that reads "FOUND WALLET," perhaps along with a picture of a wallet.)

Found Wallet? I got some advice for you, buddy: KEEP THE FREAKING WALLET.

MILLS. Now listen, Sheldon: If my partner here had his way, he'd book you for the maximum sentence, which is, of course, fifty years hard time.

SHELDON. It is??

KIMBALL. I know — *way* too lenient.

MILLS. But the new mayor's big on rehabilitation, so we have to fix this right here, right now.

(MILLS looks to an unseen colleague.)

Send 'im in.

(To SHELDON:)

Brace yourself. This will get ugly.

(RICKY bursts in, wearing headphones and loudly singing the annoying song he's listening to. He may also be eating Cheetos, and quickly litters the bag and remaining Cheetos. He takes off the headphones.)

KIMBALL. Sheldon, meet Ricky, the biggest jerk in town.

RICKY. I just farted.

KIMBALL. (*As he greets RICKY:*) Always a pro.

RICKY. So who's this piece-a work?

MILLS. Ricky, meet Sheldon, a real decent guy.

SHELDON. (*Extending his hand for a handshake:*) Hi!

RICKY. You make me sick...

KIMBALL. We need you to whip this piece-a work into shape.

RICKY. Yeah yeah, let's do this. But make it quick. I gotta walk my dog and leave his poo on the sidewalk.

MILLS. All right, let's start with a voicemail from September 8. (*Looking to an unseen colleague:*) Play back Exhibit C.

(Beep.)

SHELDON'S VOICE. Hi, Mom; it's Sheldon. Just checking in to see how everything's going with Dad, and to let you know I'll be stopping by Tuesday to water the plants. I love you both very much!

(Beep.)

MILLS. Let the record show that this voicemail would've been a class B misdemeanor even if it was for your own parents, but *this* was for your *in-laws*.

KIMBALL. SERIOUSLY?!

(RICKY shakes his head with disapproval.)

MILLS. Sheldon, it's a simple fact that normal people treat their in-laws with pure contempt.

KIMBALL. And they don't water their FREAKING PLANTS.

MILLS. (*Detaining KIMBALL:*) Hey, hey, easy, Kimball. Walk it off.

(KIMBALL *breaks away.*)

MILLS. Now, pay attention: Ricky here's gonna show you how to leave a *proper* in-laws voicemail. (*Handing him a cell phone:*) Ricky? Do the honors.

(RICKY *cracks his knuckles and breathes deeply in preparation, then speaks into the cell phone.*)

Mom? Dad? Send money.

(*He confidently drops the phone and walks away, like a rapper dropping a microphone.*)

KIMBALL. That was beautiful.

MILLS. All right, next up. (*Putting a paper in front of SHELDON:*) Here's your last bank statement. Read this.

...

MILLS. And yesterday, after the Red Sox won, reports show you were *respectful* of Yankee fans.

KIMBALL. NO!!

SHELDON. How do you *know* all of this?

MILLS. Our lead informant is your six-year-old niece.

SHELDON. (*Dumbfounded:*) Kaitlyn?

MILLS. Agent Parker, yes. And as the game ended, she covertly recorded you saying *this*.

(MILLS *gestures to the unseen colleague.*)

SHELDON'S VOICE. Good game, guys! I'm just so happy it was an exciting competition and that none of the players were injured. Hummus, anyone?

MILLS. And that statement was followed by the worst thing of all: comforting hugs.

KIMBALL. (*As he throws something or angrily gestures:*) Come on!!

MILLS. (*Detaining KIMBALL:*) Hey, hey, easy, Kimball. Walk it off.

(KIMBALL *does.*)

Okay, Ricky, show the man what he *should've* done. And listen, we're really gonna need your F-game on this one.

RICKY. (*Intensely:*) My whole life has led to this moment. Also, I farted again.

(KIMBALL *points to RICKY with respect. RICKY prepares himself.*)

Drop a scenario on me.

(RICKY *closes his eyes to focus.*)

MILLS. All right... You're a Sox fan and Ortiz just hit a walk-off double to beat the Yankees, and you're standing next to your extremely sad New Yorker friend. What's the appropriate reaction? Annnnd...go.

(RICKY *takes a moment to settle into his character, then sings to the tune of Queen's "We Are the Champions," singing not only the words, but the instrumental parts.*)

RICKY. I am the champion, my friend.

And you'll keep on losing till the end.

I am the champion.

You're not the champion

You're great at losing

And I am the champion...

And-also-your-mom-is-fat.

...

RICKY. All right, listen close, 'cause I'll only train you this once, 'cause I want to save my voice for loud phone conversations at movie theaters. Are you ready?

...

SHELDON. *Whole Foods* potato salad?

RICKY. C'mon, Sheldon—think like Ricky! Whaddayou bring to Stan's party?!

SHELDON. *(Spitting it out almost against his will:)* Stan's bitter ex-wife.

RICKY. *There* you go!

MILLS/KIMBALL. *(Excitedly:)* Yeah!! / All right!!

RICKY. Scenario Two: You're at your nephew's peewee hockey game. What're you drinking?

...

RICKY. *Oh* yeah. And when the official makes a bad call?

SHELDON. I sternly ask him to be more reasonable!

RICKY. Sheldon...

SHELDON. I curse at him?

RICKY. Getting warmer...

SHELDON. I punch him in the groin!!

RICKY. *There* it is!

KIMBALL. *(Excitedly:)* All right, Sheldon!

RICKY. Last one: You're on a date with the girl of your dreams, and the waiter brings out this artichoke dip. *(Reveals a small bowl of dip.)* What do you do?

(SHELDON looks at the dip. He then suddenly devours it and opens his mouth wide to show what's inside as he makes a loud disgusting noise. KIMBALL and MILLS erupt into loud cheering, as RICKY brings in SHELDON for a victorious man-hug and RICKY points skyward emotionally like a dramatic touchdown celebration.)

Newsroom: Part II

KEVIN. Well, it's...quite sophisticated... it uh... this red light here connects to uhh, this thing over here, which sort of links over here to this doodad, which connects toooooo...the Bible.

...

(BRODY stands by a digital screen – or a projection or poster – that displays a colorful map.)

BRODY. Thanks, ~~Jim~~**Babs**.

The Future Is In Your Tiny Hands:

[Student names are now as follows: Bobby Grantwood, Kaitlyn Parker, Brian Dexter, Paige Francisco, Colin Slattery, Emilio Brixton, Felicia Buck, Larry Hartwell, Edie Richards, and Ryan Granderson]

...

SOPHIA. Welcome to you both. Let's get right to it with questions from your fellow students, who have pre-submitted their name, and a little something about themselves. The first question comes from Brian Dexter, who has a robot costume that totally looks real.

...

My. Goals. Include.

(A brief pause as it's clear BOBBY didn't think ahead and realizes he's stuck.)

Shoot...

...

BOBBY. Then I love America. My point is: the more tots, the better — of *course* — but do we need more cafeteria bureaucracy? Under my administration, it's *your* decision as to exactly what garbage you pour down your face holes. Want to bring in your own bag of 300 tots, and your own king-size bucket of KFC, and then wash it all down with your own gallon of liquid cheese? Do it. That's what freedom looks like.

...

BOBBY. That is *outrageous!* You take away our pigtail-yanking rights, what next? Our water balloons? I'll give you my water balloons when you pry them from my cold, wet hands.

...

SOPHIA. I'm sorry, but we need to move on. Our next question comes from Emilio Brixton, who recently got mustard on his shirt.

EMILIO. I've heard that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself. What about the dark?

BOBBY. Emilio, I'm man enough to admit that I, too, am deathly afraid of the dark. This threat we face is all too real. But I do believe that I speak for both candidates when I say that we fully support our night lights.

KAITLYN. The two of us don't agree often, but on this we must reach across the aisle and together finally defeat this pure evil. Every evening — coincidentally right around sundown — we are viciously and brutally attacked. But know *this...* twelve hours later, we *always* overcome. That's hope we can *all* believe in.

(BOBBY and KAITLYN warmly shake hands and possibly hug.)

SOPHIA. Our next question comes from Felicia Buck, who drew this picture all by herself. *(Holds up a child's drawing.)*

...

LARRY. We live in difficult times with difficult challenges. With that in mind: How many jumbo marshmallows can you fit in your mouth?

BOBBY. A *vital* question, Larry.

KAITLYN. I couldn't agree more.

(As if such a request is completely normal, BOBBY and KAITLYN place marshmallows in their own mouths, up to capacity. At the end, there is no celebration; it's all quite professional, as they deposit their used marshmallows somewhere inconspicuous and resume the debate.)

KAITLYN. Two.

BOBBY. Three.

SOPHIA. The next question comes from Edie Richards, who really really really loves horsies.

...

BOBBY. Well where I come from, we call that way of thinking “stupid-stupid-dumb-dumb-pants.” The fact is: some folks are just awful at kickball. And maybe things would be different if we were in *Russia* playing *communismball*. But we’re playing *kickball*, in *America*. And in *America*, do we pick LeBron *last* in the NBA draft? No, because that would be stupid-stupid-dumb-dumb-pants. We pick LeBron first in basketball, just like we pick Jenny Friedman first in kickball. Why? Because Jenny Friedman is the best at *kicking...the ball*.

(He reveals two signs, one that says “KICKING” and the other that says “BALL.” He moves the latter in front of the former, obscuring the “ING” so it says “KICKBALL.” He does this a few times.)

SOPHIA. The next question comes from Ryan Granderson, who hasn’t wet the bed since Thursday.

RYAN. How would you describe your school spirit? The reason I ask is because: *(Simply:)* I’ve got spirit, yes I do, I’ve got spirit, how about you.

BOBBY. That’s a fine question, Ryan. If anyone has school pride, it’s me. As you know, our mascot is the Northern Elephant Seal, which I always proudly display here on this lapel pin. You may notice that my opponent wears no such pin. Well I suppose school pride isn’t for everyone.

KAITLYN. It’s a real shame that my opponent must overcompensate with outward appearance because of his inner lack of school spirit. I don’t flaunt my school pride on the outside; it’s what’s *inside* that counts. *(Taps her heart.)* And by inside I’m of course referring to this Elephant Seal handkerchief in my pocket. *(She shows it.)* As you can see, it is noticeably larger than his pin.

BOBBY. Folks, we all know spirit isn’t just about size, but about quantity. Which is why I wear another twelve pins right here.

(He casually opens his jacket to show the crowd.)

KAITLYN. I have so much school pride, “Northern Elephant Seals” is my middle name. And I mean that literally, as my name has been legally changed to Kaitlyn Northern Elephant Seals Parker. *(Holds up an official ID card that’s perhaps she’s had blown up to a larger size, or it’s screen-projected.)*

BOBBY. Ladies and gentlemen: my ringtone.

(He holds his phone above his head and we briefly hear an elephant seal barking.)

KAITLYN. Alas, my opponent just played the call of the Western Elephant Seal. The Northern Elephant Seal actually sounds like *this*.

(KAITLYN delivers some loud elephant seal barks. BOBBY competes by speaking loudly over KAITLYN’s barks.)

BOBBY. If my opponent had *true* school pride, she would bark with the traditional craned neck and sand flipping motion, like *this!*

(BOBBY and KAITLYN are now each doing elephant seal impressions with their voices and bodies.

After a few seconds of this insanity, they stop, and then calmly and simply return to their stools. A brief pause.)

SOPHIA. Ladies and gentlemen, we have now reached the end of today’s debate, which means it’s time for closing statements. Kaitlyn, the floor is yours.

KAITLYN. Thank you, Sophia. My fellow Elephant Seals, when you sit down and really *think* – what qualities do you want in a president? Do you want a Me-First megalomaniac? Do you want a candidate who shamelessly commits Free Cupcake voter fraud? And do you want the kind of person who drinks from the water fountain in that weird way where they stick their entire mouth on the fountain? Or... or... Do you want a *leader*, who *leads*, using *leadership*? The choice is in your hands – your tiny, underdeveloped hands.

SOPHIA. Bobby, your closing statement.

(With each word, BOBBY emphatically pounds his fist into his other open hand.)

BOBBY. Yes. We. Can. Have. More. Pizza. Parties.

Newsroom: Part III

BABS. Breaking news in fashion: this year's hottest trend: skinny jeans for newborns.

...

JIM. And we're back! Now we turn to the Short Sport Report with our very own Peter Pitstains.

PETER. Well, folks, earlier today the world of golf was...

May the Best Fan Win:

MERV. Those are indeed *literal* goosebumps.

TIM. Merv, I simply cannot *wait* for this literal clash of the titans.

...

TIM. Now as we get started, Merv, I'll say this: *everything* hinges on this first quarter. It's all about which player establishes himself early.

MERV. But so far, Tim, we are seeing a *tepid* start from both men.

TIM. Merv, we're seeing literally no eyeball movement, and in this league, you *have* to have eyeball movement. But listen, Merv—we both know how *explosive* these men can be, and how this game can turn on a *dime*.

...

TIM. (*With a knowing chuckle:*) Merv, I said it during the Crazytown Copy Center Pre-Game Show. Baxter *loves* to start strong. He *really* set the tone there.

...

MERV. And *another* strong move from Baxter!

TIM. Merv, is that what I think it is?

MERV. It is *indeed* a Tostitos Scoop!!

TIM. And Felton still looks lost out there. You have to wonder if he's a hundred percent.

MERV. And here comes Baxter with a double—no, a *triple dip*!! How often do you see that?!

TIM. This is getting ugly, *fast*. Felton better focus, or he'll never climb out of this early hole.

MERV. He reaches for the remote for a volume change... here it comes... OH! *Denied*!!

TIM. Oh my, Felton and the remote are simply *not* on the same page.

MERV. And he mistakenly flips the Input Source from HDMI to AV-1! *What* an embarrassment!

(BAXTER *casually* takes a chip from the bowl and eats part of it.)

(BAXTER *dips* the same chip into some dip, eats a bite, and then dips a third time and finishes the chip.)

(FELTON *starts to ineffectively fiddle* with the remote control.)

TIM. Merv, the last thing you want to see is an early fumble.

MERV. He cannot connect!!

TIM. And the crowd here at JP Morgan Chase Living Room is letting him hear it.

MERV. Ohh! And Donald Baxter *steals* the remote, *with* authority.

TIM. Classic homefield advantage, Merv. You just gotta love his remote control control.

MERV. It's — a — *blowout!*

TIM. And with a commanding lead like this, you gotta think he'll get aggressive now.

MERV. Baxter reviews his options, fakes left, jukes right — and then an *unexpected move* to the Merlot! *Unbelievable!*¹

TIM. Unbelievable is right, Merv! This guy's a career PBR man. We never expected wine, let alone a red, let alone a *varietal*. What a bold play.

MERV. But hold on! Out of *nowhere* Baxter is *stuffed* at the line of corkage. Folks, he is *cork-blocked*.

TIM. Merv, his Achilles' Heel is, and always will be, beverage penetration.

MERV. Twenty seconds have come...and twenty seconds...have gone.

TIM. We may witness history here, Merv. The record is twenty-eight seconds.

MERV. Oh my. OH MY!! Donald Baxter has *shattered* the world record of cork-related incompetence!

TIM. Now let's see if Felton can take advantage.

MERV. And a *powerful* move by Michael Felton.

TIM. Merv, it was a twist-off!

MERV. The cork was never even on the field! *What* a mental error!

TIM. And he knows it, Merv. Look at his face; look at his body language. That will haunt him forever.

MERV. Tim, could *this* spark a turnaround for Felton?

TIM. No question, Merv.

MERV. But wait, now Baxter fights back with a difficult five-point play attempt. He lets it fly...

(The crowd boos.)

(BAXTER casually takes the remotes, easily hitting the few various necessary buttons on the remotes to fix the TV situation.)

(BAXTER moves his hand from a beer to a soda, but then reveals a bottle of wine.)

(BAXTER can't open the bottle with a corkscrew.)

(BAXTER gives up and puts the bottle on the table.)

(FELTON casually picks up the bottle and easily twists off the cap.)

(BAXTER's face hasn't changed. Or he's yawning.)

(After a play on the screen, they celebrate a little and BAXTER holds up his hand for a high-five. FELTON doesn't notice it and casually celebrates

on his own. BAXTER's hand remains up in high-five position.)

OHHHH! *Re-jected!*

TIM. Merv, that has to be one of the best blocked shots I have ever seen in my twenty years of watching dudes watch sports.

MERV. Get that *outta here*.

TIM. And Baxter just can't believe it. He is *still* hanging out to dry.

MERV. Oh no, is he — ? I think he might...

Ohhh! Donald Baxter pretends he is stretching!

TIM. Merv, how quickly the tables turn. Baxter has lost the upper hand.

MERV. Tim, *was* that pun intended!?

TIM. Merv, I *don't* even know what I'm saying.

MERV. Don't look now, but it's only getting *worse* for Baxter, who simply *drifts* off into a catnap.

TIM. Merv, now I've seen *everything*.

MERV. He is simply *unconscious!!*

TIM. I mentioned this yesterday on the Toyota Tundra Radio Show: Felton *loves* to catch his opponent sleeping.

And here we go — we're seeing just that right now.

MERV. THE BOWL IS ON THE HEAD!

TIM. That's right; it's Felton's signature move "The Fiesta Bowl." But now will he take full advantage?

MERV. OHHHHHH! He! Just! Got! Instagrammed!

TIM. Hashtag *embarrassing*.

MERV. I am *still* on MySpace!

TIM. *Really*, Merv.

MERV. The internet *frightens* me!

TIM. Wow.

MERV. Well, folks, we are *tied!!* What an *astonishing* comeback by Michael Felton!

TIM. And as the clock ticks down on this game, both players are *hungry* for victory.

MERV. They survey the spread... there is not much edible remaining on the field...

TIM. Bear in mind there aren't any tater tots, despite their 99.4% approval rating.

(BAXTER tries to play it off like it was never a high-five, with a little stretch.)

(BAXTER starts to drift off to sleep.)

(All while casually chewing and mostly watching the game, FELTON places an empty, large bowl on BAXTER's sleeping head.)

(FELTON nonchalantly takes a picture of the sleeping BAXTER with his phone and taps the screen.)

(FELTON slaps BAXTER's arm to wake him. BAXTER groggily removes the head-bowl.)

(They casually poke around on the coffee table to see what's left to eat.)

...

MERV. He looks downfield, goes deep... and he *drains* five crumbs from an empty bowl of Ruffles!

TIM. These men will literally eat *anything* to avoid walking ten feet to the kitchen.

(BAXTER *empties crumbs from a bowl or bag into his mouth.*)

...

TIM. You never want to see this, Merv, but at the same time, you can't be surprised. Both men were clearly at capacity and yet continued to commit mouth fouls. And this after Baxter's rehab from last year's seven-layer dip.

MERV. *Seven debilitating layers!*

TIM. Merv, this crowd has gone *silent*. You could hear a pin drop.

MERV. We now kindly ask everyone to say a prayer for a full recovery, and to honor this brief moment of silence.

(Pause.)

What's this? He's okay, folks! He's going to be all right!

...

MERV. Not so fast, Tim. I do believe we have an Olive Garden When You're Here You're Family Challenge Flag.

TIM. Here we go. Let's check that replay.

...

TIM. First we have the dance sequence. Oh no, Merv, I did *not* notice this in real time, but Baxter is intensely biting his lower lip.

MERV. Oh my!

TIM. That could cost him. And is Felton doing the *Cabbage Patch*? Talk about *old-school*.

MERV. *Michael Felton, living in the past!*

TIM. And let's take a close look at the man-hug. Oh no—there's a moist eye right there, Merv. We've got a cryer...

MERV. How *emasculating!*

TIM. And what is Baxter doing with his phone?

MERV. *Donald Baxter, watching a video of cats playing with yarn!!*

TIM. This is uglier than we thought, Merv. Let's hope at least the chest bump was clean.

(In slow-motion, we see a much different version, as BAXTER dances while doing that cheesy, intense look while biting his lower lip, while FELTON does the Cabbage Patch.)

(The slow-motion replay continues with their hug, where FELTON gets teary-eyed and covertly wipes his eye.)

(Then, mid-hug, we see BAXTER covertly check his phone.)

(A replay of the chest-bump.)

Wait, did they even make contact? It may be too close to call.

...

TIM. Merv, this is remarkable. The officials have indicated that all the penalties offset. Which means:

MERV. We are going to overtime!

TIM. This entire game will come down to a sudden-death verbal shootout, where each player will speak actual words.

MERV. A verbal shootout! Tim, is this the first time *ever* that two men during a sporting event will exchange actual words?

TIM. It will, Merv, and I don't mind telling you: this will be *riveting*.

MERV. And the officials are set to begin this overtime thriller. Hold on to your hats, because here...we...go...

(The sound of a referee's whistle.)

BAXTER. *(Simply:)* Hey what time is it?

FELTON. *(Simply:)* Four.

(The final horn blares. FELTON and BAXTER continue to look at the TV without emotion, as MERV and TIM lose their minds.)

MERV. OH MY GOODNESS!!

TIM. UNBELIEVABLE!!

MERV. IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER!

TIM. UNBELIEVABLE!!

MERV. FELTON SPEAKS FEWER WORDS AND THEREFORE COMES AWAY WITH THE STUNNING OVERTIME VICTORY!

TIM. UNBELIEVABLE!!

MERV. THE GREATEST COMEBACK OF ALL TIME ENDS WITH A WORD-IN-ONE!! A WORD-IN-ONE!!

TIM. UNBELIEVABLE!!

MERV. DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES THAT SHOULDN'T BE CONSIDERED MIRACLES BECAUSE THEY'RE ACTUALLY PRETTY INSIGNIFICANT?!

TIM. I do, Merv. I really do. Also: unbelievable.

MERV. Well, folks, we have just witnessed the *apex* of greatness. Everything in life from here on out will be a depressing, bitter disappointment. But don't change that channel. Next up: a replay of the exact same game you just saw. Tim and I will certainly be watching. Goodnight!

Newsroom: Part IV

BABS. In entertainment news: a new study reveals that celebrities are just like *us*, in that they sometimes shop for groceries or walk their dogs or breathe oxygen followed by a release of carbon dioxide.

...

BABS. Now for our newest segment, Michael on Music, we take you *live* to our music correspondent, Josh. What have you got for us, Josh?

The Least Offensive Play in the Whole Darn World

FRANCINE. Everyone put your hands together for George and his thrilling slide show on how Dr. Seuss is slowing destroying America. *(Claps.)* That was one unforgettable hour and forty minutes. Before our final presentation, a friendly reminder to pay your membership dues, without which the

Crazytown Censorship Society would cease to exist. And now, let's give a warm Crazytown welcome for tonight's keynote speakers from everyone's favorite corporate conglomerate. Give it up for You're Welcome, America.

(FRANCINE exits as spokespeople TOM and SHELLY enter.)

SHELLY. Good evening, Crazytown Censorship Society members, and on behalf of Tom, myself, and the entire You're Welcome, America family, thank you for having us. So far tonight we've heard much concern about the erosion of family values.

TOM. Well flush those concerns down the concerns toilet!

SHELLY. That's right. Because we're about to introduce a product so useful, and so life-changing, we *know* you'll be satisfied, which is why *we* offer an unprecedented —

TOM. *Thirty minute* money-back guarantee!

SHELLY. Ladies and gentlemen, throughout history, Americans have yearned for three things. One: put a man on the moon. Two: End hunger. And three?

TOM. Do theater without the dirty parts.

SHELLY. Let's review how we're doing so far: Moon? Check. Hunger? Eh, close enough. But producing plays without all the R-rated garbage? *That* has eluded us for *generations*.

TOM. Until now?

SHELLY. Until now indeed. Because You're Welcome, America has developed a breathtaking new product, scientifically proven *by Science*, to be the perfect tool for any family-friendly theater. Introducing...the Play Purifier!

(SHELLY reveals a button.)

TOM. I'm intrigued. Tell me more.

SHELLY. Tom: Imagine you're a director...

...

ROMA. (*Quietly, at first:*) You're pretty sure... Y'know what, Jim...? (*Pause; then, with pure vitriol:*) You're a son of a GUN! This was *your* boo-boo! And like all , it's gonna hurt like *another* trucker!

LINGK. I'm sorry, Ricky.

ROMA. Ya goofed up, *dummy*-pants! You *silly meany-butt*! This is *Shetland* poop. Y'hear me?! *Shetland* poop!

LINGK. C'mon, Ricky...

ROMA. I got four words for you, duck face, and those four words are gonna be the only four words on your gollyforsaken tombstone. Guess the four words.

LINGK. No...

(*With a quiet intensity, ROMA gets right in LINGK's face, counting out each word on his hand.*)

ROMA. Jerky jerky jerk jerk.

LINGK. Ricky, please...

ROMA. JERKY JERKY JERK JERK!!

...

SHELLY. Neither had I, until I was told he's a writer of some local renown. But I'll tell you, Tom: We receive two, sometimes *three* letters *every decade* from customers expressing concern that this "Shakespeare" has *violence* in his plays.

TOM. VIOLENCE?!

SHELLY. That was my exact reaction. Which is why the Play Purifier was developed to automatically clean even the bloodiest of scenes. Let's see how it fixes some play called *Romeo and Juliet*.

...

SHELLY. Good question, Tom. Some plays include nudity, and the act of “premarital bedtime intimacy.” Which is not only totally gross, but inaccurate, since according to a recent study, only *one percent* of Americans even *hold hands* before marriage. Tom, I know how you feel about people who hold hands.

...

TOM. Is there any problem it *can't* fix?

SHELLY. I'm glad you asked, Tom. Have you ever had problems with drugs?

TOM. *Have I!*

SHELLY. Well, the Play Purifier turns problems into solutions!

...

[Replace the name Missy with Jessica throughout.]

WARREN. What? A bottle of Merlot with a twist-off cap?

JESSICA. No... Some blow.

...

SHELLY. We now move on to something even more damaging than cocaine: gayness. (*Beat.*) What do you know about homosexuality, Tom?

TOM. A great deal, Shelly. Apparently, my brother's husband is gay.

SHELLY. What's his name?

TOM. Not sure! (*Beat.*) Don't you have a gay co-worker?

SHELLY. That's right, Tom.

TOM. How is that coming along?

SHELLY. I tolerate her every day!

TOM. We are such *good people*...

Newsroom: Part V

JIM. And we're back!

BABS. We now bring you *live* to Nadia Kneejerk and her award-ineligible segment: “Shame On You. Shame On You Times A Thousand.”

(If possible, a very brief theme song plays with the segment's name being sung. NADIA stands with a microphone next to JOSEPH, who holds an oversized novelty check. Optional orphans are gathered.)

NADIA. I'm here *live* at Crazytown Orphanage, where philanthropist billionaire Joseph Santo is about to donate a check for one million dollars.

JOSEPH. As a fellow orphan, it was the least I could do to give back.

NADIA. But tell me, Mr. Santo – if you were so intent on helping these children, why give an oversized, fake check that would be invalid at any bank? Are you pretending to be charitable, when in reality you're donating zero dollars?

JOSEPH. The actual money was donated this morning with a real check.

NADIA. Was it?

JOSEPH. Yes.

NADIA. But *was* it?

JOSEPH. Yes.

NADIA. Well you heard it here, folks. Joseph Santo hates orphans.

(Theme song again.)

BABS. Thanks, Nadia. Way to smoke out the truth. We now check back in with our Apocalypse Expert. Kevin, anything new to report?

...

JIM. Well, we are just seconds away from half past the hour, which means we won't have time to cover the following stories: the city will run out of oxygen by midnight, several thousand zombies have risen from a local cemetery, and the Cleveland Browns have won the Super Bowl.

Endnotes

ⁱ If it's a problem for your theater to reference alcohol, use this dialogue instead:

MERV. Indeed, Baxter reviews his options, fakes left, jukes right – and then an *unexpected move* to the Cherry Coke! *Unbelievable!*

(BAXTER moves his hand from soda to soda, and reveals a bottle.)

TIM. Unbelievable is right, Merv! This guy's a career Pepsi man. We never expected a Coke, let alone a specialty Coke. What a bold play.

MERV. But out of *nowhere* Baxter is *stuffed* at the line of twistage. The cap simply *refuses* to open.

(BAXTER keeps trying to twist off the bottle cap in vain.)

TIM. Merv, his Achilles' Heel is, and always will be, beverage penetration.

MERV. Twenty seconds have come...and twenty seconds...have gone.

TIM. We may witness history here, Merv. The record is twenty-eight seconds.

MERV. Oh my. OH MY!! Donald Baxter has *shattered* the world record of soda-related incompetence!

(BAXTER gives up and puts the bottle on the table.)

TIM. Now let's see if Felton can take advantage.

MERV. And a *powerful* move by Michael Felton.

(FELTON casually picks up the bottle and easily opens it with a bottle opener.)

TIM. It wasn't a twist-off, Merv! It was an old-school bottle cap!

MERV. *What* a mental error!