

The Misadventures of Uncle McBuck

Translation of the play *As Aventuras do Tio-Patinhas* by Augusto Boal

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(Translation from the Portuguese – Robert H. Moser)

(Adaptation by George Contini)

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Pre-Show: Invisible Theatre

The atmosphere is oppressive, foreboding. We are in a military state. A pro-democracy group of actors has rented out a local union hall to put on a show that questions the current government's regime. They are being watched by armed soldiers, in gray uniform, who guard the door in the alley way and check ID of everyone who enters. They take their names down and ask them a few pointed questions about "patriotism," "terrorism." There is a photographer or videographer present, who is recording those who enter. The audience is made to enter the theatre through a side door in the alley. At one point a scene is played out regarding the human rights of those who want to see the show, how they should have the right to see whatever they want to see... A very verbal altercation between a guard and a few people occurs. Eventually, those "spectators" in line will be brought in. Never will it be explained or hinted at as being a part of the show. It must be absolutely natural. Those in line should never think "Oh, I'm part of the show." Those actors who started the scenario will come into house and take seats with others in audience, perhaps continuing to involve people in conversation about what happened at door. Perhaps other scenes are played out if time allows.

FIRST ACT

1. Introduction

(As the lights come down the guards enter the theatre and surround the audience holding their weapons. Happy, Mister Rogers-like music plays. Mr. Happy Neighbor (The Joker) appears. Maybe sings a little "Happy neighbor" song. He carries a children's storybook. He sits down and begins to read.)

Joker - The Misadventures of Uncle McBuck.

(The Joker clears his throat to speak. All the guards cock their guns, clearly intimidating the Joker. The Joker notices. Through gritted teeth he reads.)

Joker - Once upon a time there was a mighty and beautiful country where everyone was happy. Bigwigs and burger flippers, CEOs and day laborers, the "filthy rich" and the "dirt-poor"; they were all very happy and there was no ideological struggle. How wonderful! Soldiers and students, prostitutes and beggars, the nearly starving and the

comfortably retired, the sick suffering from the most terrible, insidious, and incurable of diseases, everyone, everyone was very, very happy. How wonderful! (*Amazed*)

Until one day (*apprehensive*), - and there is always “one day” in every story! – alien creatures began to descend upon our beloved Earth! Scientifically classified as “Strange Creatures from Another World!” (*Eerie sci-fi music*) they had a horrifying way of multiplying....spreading their warped ideology through the populace. There was no way of knowing when or where they would turn up and take human form. (*musical chord*) And they carried a virus which, as it spread caused others to fly in the face of authority and the status quo, and question the very basis of their society. Sound impossible? It was easier than you think. Like I said, they were from “Another World”. (*Sci-fi music*)

They assumed strange disguises, and strangely nobody suspected a thing. Everyone simply went about their business as usual; even Uncle McBuck, the well known quatra-zillionaire, who, as always, was busy praying.

(As he speaks the stage begins to take on its cartoon aspect. The world is two-dimensional and bright....resembling the flat/3D quality of a View Master. A comic book title is seen that announces “Uncle McBuck’s Money Bin”. In fact most of the scenes will have similar titles. Cartoon music is heard. Maybe a Spike Jones version of “We’re in the Money”.)

2. Uncle McBuck’s Money Bin. Trillions of small coins spread on the ground, others flying like innocent little angels. Uncle McBuck is kneeling before his God – “The Number One Dime,” a beautiful old coin that is illuminated. Background music is conspicuously religious in tone: march by the American Marine Band on organ. A mood of profound meditation, almost communion.

Uncle McBuck – Oh Lord, oh Lord, what misery! Every time winter comes I lose all hope. My fortune shrinks with the cold. Nearly three-hundredth of a millesimal of a millimeter less of each coin! They’re shrinking! (*Sobs*)

#1 Dime – Have faith, McBuck!

Uncle McBuck – Oh God Almighty, help me, save me! I’ll die!

#1 Dime – Rise, my son; a self-made man such as you has nothing to fear!

Uncle McBuck – There’s a cold wind running up my spine, I feel the chill of poverty, like I’m stone-cold dead, embalmed, “done-for,” caput! Help me! Help me!

#1 Dime – For every woe of capitalism there is a solution, McBuck.

Uncle McBuck – What kind of solution, my Lord?

#1 Dime – As usual, my Son, you must increase your profits!

Uncle McBuck – How? When? Where? By how much?

#1 Dime – First, even in your own country, here and now, everyone must tighten their belt, total austerity! Next, you must expand your empire, to the north and the south, to the east and the west, by topsy-turvy and the straight and narrow, do not rest until that day when the sun never sets upon your empire. Invade, occupy, expand, advance, invest! The solution is always yours, McBuck: the game never changes! Democracy by force...free the markets or else!!

Uncle McBuck – *(Makes the sign of the cross, alleviated, comforted, as if having received communion)* In name of the dollar, gold, and the traveler's check, Amen! *(The Amen becomes a kind of salute).*

3. Offices of Uncle McBuck. His employees enjoy a well-deserved rest and relaxation during work hours.

Joker – And Uncle McBuck religiously obeyed the word of his God!

Uncle McBuck *(Entering the office)* – Stop! Stop! *(Shouts furiously)* Scum of the earth, stop! Bums, good-for-nothing drug addicts, stop! *(General panic)*

Employees – What is it? Who? Me? Why? My God!

Uncle McBuck – Traitors! Traitors!

Employee – What is it, Uncle McBuck? Tell us what happened!

Uncle McBuck – Look at that Kleenex! Go pick it up! *(An Employee picks up the Kleenex off the floor).* Just as I thought, used only on *one* side. How many times do I have to say – *(Mc Buck leaves stage, bursts into someone taking a crap, we hear "Shut the door!" and he returns with roll of toilet paper extending behind him...)* even toilet paper should be used on both sides?! Using both sides of toilet paper represents a savings of precisely 50 percent! Astronomical! You're Fired! And how about this water?? How dare you just gulp it all down?!

Employee *(Shocked)* – But the water is free!

Uncle McBuck – Free??!! Ignoramuses! This is why you'll never be rich like me! The water is free, but the pipes aren't! The more water you drink the more you'll wear down the pipes, and the more you sweat fixing those pipes, the more paper you'll use to wipe the sweat off your face. From now on it is forbidden to drink water at McBuck Inc.! You're Fired! And how about your derriere, Ms.? Stop moving it around on that chair.

Female Employee – This derrière happens to mine, and I'll do with it as I please!

Uncle McBuck – The ass may be yours but the chair is mine! You can wiggle that callipygian wonder in your own chair as much as you please, but not in mine! Stand up. Do you want some proof? (*Examines the chair*). Exactly as I suspected. (*Measures it with a measuring tape*). Exactly, exactly one tenth of one millimeter lower. That means that in 17 years I will have to replace the seat of this chair. However, if the young lady would be more careful when placing her disproportionate buttocks on my delicate chair, gently without wiggling it (*He demonstrates*), we could save countless millesimals of millimeters per decade, and this seat would be replaced in 18 instead of 17 years.

Female Employee – You are right, Sir!

Uncle McBuck – My money, my money! I've suffered from hunger, cold, lack of sleep, every misfortune, torment, despair, and tragedy while painstakingly building my fortune, and every winter my money still shrinks! Woe is me, woe is me! Where is my manager?

Manager – At your service, Sir!

Uncle McBuck – I want a financial report right away: where can I still invest my money?

Manager – Sir, you are already the owner of every factory in the country. Commerce and industry, stocks, elections and transactions, everything belongs to you, directly or underhandedly, by name or association, here and there, everything is already yours, Uncle McBuck.

Uncle McBuck – That's not possible. Some little trinket must still be in the hands of my adversaries. This coffee, for example? (*drinks*)

Manager – (*Smiling, sympathetic*) – Belongs to Mc(Star)Buck's Coffee Consortium.

Uncle McBuck – (*spits it out*) I thought it was Sumatran! Damn!

Manager – Everything is yours. McChev's Standard Petroleum and Automobiles, McRev's Cosmetics, McGo's Highways, Ports and Airports, McDig's Mining and Diamonds, McHyatt's Hotels and McMonte's Canned Goods, McBuck's Etc. and McBuck's in General, McBuck's... (*Continues adding things, looking to the audience and naming all the things that he sees: clothes, shoes, etc. Uncle McBuck's anguish is terrible as he listens*).

Uncle McBuck – There must be some sectors that I haven't infiltrated yet because some bleeding heart liberal special interest group doesn't want me hurting their precious green eyed titmouse or sea monkey....

Manager – Where?

Uncle McBuck – (*Light bulb goes on*) The news, for example.

Manager – You Sir are the one who decides what news reports are released. And what's more, you are the exclusive proprietor of all the media networks consolidated in McFox's Misinformation Service Trust.

Uncle McBuck - Yes. McFox. Ahh, my good friend Rupert. What happy college memories I have . We were both on the vaulting team, ya know. I can see us now... The two of us, Rupert and I, running naked together through our vaults. (*he pushes the joke*) for we were on the VAULTING team, ya know... (*he chortles at his own joke*) Oh, that is good.

(*Peanut Vendor Enters.*)

Boy – Peanuts, hot boiled Georgia peanuts! Picked.....the natural way...using only the best in questionable immigrant labor.....Get your Boiled Peanuts!

Uncle McBuck – Hey kid, I need to buy...you are selling me something, right?...I need to buy, to keep buying, buying, buying everything, everything that I see! And this is apparently the only thing in this country that still isn't mine. Give me your Nutsacks!

Boy – They're not mine.

Uncle McBuck - Then, whose are they?

Boy – McBuck's Big Nuts Association.

Uncle McBuck (*With a desperate scream, to break your heart*) – AHHHHHH! Curse my Big Nuts! They always get in the way!_ I'm ruined! Everything in this country is already mine! It's the end of the line! I'm a goner if I can't get any richer! There was only one solution, the same as always, to invest: and there's nowhere to invest. I'm dying! Oh God, # 1 Dime, what should I do?!

1 Dime (*His luminous halo shines brightly*) – What did I tell you, McBuck? Search for far away lands inhabited by natives living in a highly primitive state. Find ways to exploit them mercilessly, bring more gold home, and you will see your fortune grow!

Uncle McBuck – (*To manager*) Get me on a plane to the most distant and undeveloped place in the world... where noble savages live in a land that time forgot...where the natives are pure, good-hearted, trusting, and still untainted by consumer society. I want a beautiful country in a primitive, childlike state! A tabula rasa...a.a...raisondetre...a...a.a raisenette!(*Frenzy of music*)

4. Transamazonian jungles, transandean peaks, transsierras, western and oriental mountain ranges. Indians. Shouts of pain and carnival. Snakes and elephants. Sugar Loaf Mountain, Christ the Redeemer Statue, beaches, Machu Picchu, the Tiger River, Viña del Mar, Punta del Leste, cactus and sombreros, llamas and ponchos. Frenzy of activity. Scene shifts. Possibly a cartoon globe spins and we land on an unidentifiable island. A large caption announces “Welcome to Afbrapakivietkorquoatiastan.” It should have the feeling of being any third world country. Strewn about the stage are very ethnically stereotypical men and woman, perhaps in native costumes that blend African, South American, and Asian elements. In a hammock is a Speedy Gonzalez type in big hat. A gorgeous woman is fanning him and attempting to make love to him. Cast lounging about is singing Gershwin’s “I’m Just Biding My Time” lazily.

*“I’m just biding my time
I’m a lucky guy , I’m
No regretting
When I’m setting
Biding my Time....”*

Bride – Baby....let’s get married! Let’s get married and make love every day, in the morning, afternoon and evening, before and after *siestas*, OK? It’s going to be perfect, don’t you think?

Gonzalez – You know, I like you a lot...but this idea of making love all day long, you know, well, ...um...?

Bride – You don’t love me anymore, Speedy?

Gonzalez – Love, yeah, sure. The only problem is...well...it’s the fucking...

Bride – Make it not be true, please make it not be true!

Gonzalez - Look, the sensation itself is actually pretty nice...but just the thought of how much effort is required...So much movement, up and down, up and down, whewww!! I give up, OK! It’s a big waste of energy for those of us who are just exhausted all the time! *(He begins to snore. The desperate bride shoots herself in the head and dies. Speedy wakes with a startle and then falls back to sleep.)*

(A huge fanfare is heard. Angelic voices. Anthems. Then Uncle McBuck appears riding seven white horses or descending from the clouds and, as to be expected, attracts everyone’s attention.)

Uncle McBuck – I want to make this miserable country great! Just like me; I was poor and miserable and now I control companies, whole continents! I want to give everyone the same opportunity! That’s what democracy’s all about! Who here is unemployed?

Gonzalez – Me!

Uncle McBuck – And who are you? (*speaking as if to a deaf child*)

(*The other inhabitants begin to do some native dance.*)

(*The following section is presented ala a Beauty Pageant or maybe the Dating Game. Possibly create a pageant song? Mr. Colonist! There is a panel of judges rating them on a 10 scale.*)

Joker - Our first contestant in the “Mr. Colonist” Pageant hales from South of the border.

Gonzalez – Me? I’m a typical inhabitant of this land. Indolent, lazy, always taking a *siesta* under the merciless tropical sun, poor, miserable, starving,...

Mexican - Yo también.

Gonzalez -..... but, in spite of all this, I’m cheerful, jovial, a good sport when I lose, able to stay happy in the worst physical and moral depravation, etc. In short, I’m exactly the image that you, Sir, have of me and of all the rest of us tropical inhabitants! (*Smiles effusively*).

Mexican – Yo también! (*He utters “Yo También!” numerous times while Speedy is speaking. All of the characters should be presented in the most stereotypical way possible*).

Uncle McBuck – Okay! So far so good! I’ve got two Mexicans! But Uncle McBuck doesn’t hold any prejudices, no sir, I want my slaves...I, mean employees to be truly globalized: the entire world may serve Uncle McBuck with loyalty and self-sacrifice. I’m all about diversity!

(*Arabic music plays. Snake handlers are seen.*)

Ahab the Arab – It’s me! Ahab the Arab!

Joker – Contestant #2, why do you want to be colonized?

Ahab - I’m hard working, obedient, good-natured, a real native, though a bit of a dimwit; I like belly-dancing and riding bareback on camel through dunes, and I am in desperate need of foreign “know-how.” In fact, I don’t “know-how” to do a damn thing, unless foreigners teach me how. I’m ready to be colonized!

Uncle McBuck – That’s three already. (*Japanese music. Everyone dances.*)

Joker – Our next contestant...

Sum Yung Guy – *(total pidgeon English)* I Sum Yung Guy. I possess profound, delicate and millennial quality, due to oriental origins. I live in perfect peace and harmony with my country's invaders. They so beautiful, so nice, have round eyes which is, of course, the correct way to have eyes...not like these, all slanted. And what's more, they so kind, so very kind, that they even allow me to allow them to occupy my homeland!

Joker – Judges?

(The judges put up a perfect ten score. Sum Yung Guy is about to be crowned.)

Uncle McBuck – This is good, but I still need one more!

(Cheesy old silent movie music is played. The following is presented as if it were an old black and white movie. The other actors sit and watch it...maybe eating popcorn?)

Gunga Din's Mother – My son, Gunga Din, listen to your dying mother. Our entire fortune is in this bag.

Gunga Din – *(Gunga Din is a complete imbecile, autistic, paraplegic, lame, cross-eyed, etc. - think Alfred E. Newman.)* Give it to me, mother!

Mother – Wait, my child, patience...first I want to die in peace.

Gunga Din – Go ahead and die, mother, die.

Mother – But for me to die in peace, you must be prepared to fight. Tomorrow will be the decisive battle. Our countrymen will defeat the English occupiers, unless they discover where our armies lay hidden. Tomorrow our country will be free, but I won't be here to see it happen, this is it for me, I'll be dead shortly. Promise me one thing, my son: that you'll fight 'til the last drop of blood.

Gunga Din – Sure, mother, give me the bag!

Mother – Goodbye, Gunga Din! *(Dies)*

Gunga Din – What Mother doesn't know is that I've always dreamt of being the bugler for Her Majesty, the Queen's Army. *(A vendor selling bugles appears)*. If only I could find someone selling bugles in this God forsaken desert...

Vendor – McBugles, McBugles...what better way to signal the fall of your country's autonomy.....get your McBugles here!

Gunga Din – Today's my lucky day. What a coincidence. Give me one of those. *(He buys the bugle and immediately begins to blow on it. A thousand bugles respond. Gunga Din radiates with pride.)* Her Majesty's Army is saved! We'll be destroyed and our

country will remain occupied!! (*The English bugles continue to sound. Another "Hindu" appears who puts a bullet in Gunga Din's head.*)

Hindu – Traitor!

Gunga Din (*dying*) - I'll never again play the bugle for Her Majesty... (*falls dead*).

(*The actors watching are noticeably moved. Sobbing outrageously.*)

Uncle McBuck (*Heroically*) – No, Gunga Din shall not die! The traitorous buglers of the world shall never perish! Here is a special elixir of life that resuscitates even the most pestilent (and invaluable) traitors! (*McBuck showers him with coins like pixie dust... Gunga Din happily comes back to life*). Now my diverse staff is complete! Two Beaners, a towelhead, a geisha, and a guy in a diaper! I'm going to build a mighty empire! Now close ranks around me! With your courage and dedication, your diligence and your submission, your sweat and tears, I, your Uncle McBuck, will construct my empire, a mighty multinational corporate sub-nation. (*They all applaud eagerly*). My eagle carries deadly arrows in one talon, but an olive branch in the other. And to demonstrate to you my utmost affection and understanding, I am prepared to start with a gesture of good will. Go ahead, tell me what it is that you most desire! (*The five talk amongst themselves*).

Speedy– On behalf of my *compañeros*, (as well as for me) I would like to ask, *Senhor Boss*, for fifteen vacation days, in advance, for everyone.

Uncle McBuck – What for?

Ahab – So that we can use this well deserved vacation time to offer ourselves up as a model to the world, and serenade everyone with our enlightening song - "The Best Things in Life are Free".

Uncle McBuck – Granted. For, indeed, the best things in life are free. Maestro, if you will...

(*They sing the 1927 song by George Olsen. It is a big Busby Berkley number. As they sing the song it is apparent, by the stage actions, that the best things in life are NOT free. Whatever the choreography, it should involve handing McBuck lots of money for things that should be free...the air, the sun, etc. As the money is collected a city skyline begins to rise. McBuck is delirious and sings the final verse solo. Big finish.*)

*"The moon belongs to everyone
The best things in life are free
The stars belong to everyone
They gleam there for you and me*

The flowers in spring

*The robins that sing
The sunbeams that shine
They're yours, they're mine*

*And love can come to everyone
The best things in life are free"*

5. Student meeting. Should have the feeling of an episode of “Friends” or “Seinfeld” type sitcom. Highly stylized. Canned laughter at inappropriate times. Brad, Ben, Jen, Angelina, and Joey are debating.

Brad – I propose we camp out in front of the Presidential Palace.

(Canned Laughter)

Angelina – First, I want to know what our demands are.

Brad – Students want more money for the universities, better food in the cafeterias,

Joey - Whaddya talking about? There's a line of food...that's my idea of paradise!

(Canned Laughter)

Ben– We should be *occupying* the Palace, not camping out like boyscouts!

Angelina– Take it easy, guys...*Brad...Ben... Jen...Joey...* We have to decide what our ideology is before we can choose a strategy. Common sense, ...we're students...we're not going to overthrow the government. We could occupy a few university departments, and to a certain extent the government would allow it, might even like it, because it gives the impression of democracy! *(Canned Laughter...the actors might seem surprised and confused as to why it occurs)* But as soon as the factory workers go on strike...the shit hits the fan... there'll be soldiers all over the place. Students aren't going to seize power. Our role is to support. That's why I propose we establish a dialogue with the government.

Ben – Angelina, how can we dialogue with those in power, if we are sincerely committed to challenging this very power structure? Let's not kid ourselves: you can't dialogue with this regime – the only thing they listen to is violence!

Jen – Ben, are you actually proposing using the regime's violence to justify our own use of violence?!

(Canned Laughter)

Ben – We don't "get off" on using violence the way they do, but, if necessary, it should be used to put an end to the systematic violence directed at us.

Brad – But what are trying to accomplish?

Ben – To overthrow the government! And if we all shared the same goal, this regime would fall in less than a day!

Angelina – The reason the regime is still in power is because of the violence...the instruments of oppression it uses!

Joey - Wait...these violins you keep talking about....are they the instruments?

Jen - Not violins....Violence! *(She slaps him playfully on head)*

Joey - Doh!

(Canned Laughter)

Ben – We have to tear it all down, we cannot fix anything until we destroy that which is rotten inside. Capitalism is the true enemy of the revolution!

Brad – Yeah, but until the revolution comes, it can't hurt to make the cafeteria food edible?!

Ben – Fascists! *(General shock in the room)*

Angelina – What did you say, Ben?

Ben – I'm saying that this is fascism!

Brad – Would you care to explain why?

Ben – Brad here thinks we should fight for a better lunch menu! Fine. But I ask you – why?! Why should we, university students, enjoy a better menu than the workers, for example? Because *we* are "the students"? Are we some kind of elite caste?

Brad – That's why we should fight for better dining halls for young people everywhere!

Joey - Yeah! Power to the....the Pickle!

(Canned Laughter)

Jen - Wait a minute....I have a problem with you calling us "young people"...I believe the PC phrase is "People with Less Age".

Brad - And can we, please, not call them “workers” but rather “People of Labor”?

Angelina - Ohhh...I dunnoLabor has a strong feminine association with pregnancy and we might come off as being Pro-Life.

(Canned Laughter)

Ben – We should be fighting against hunger, which is the underlying issue, instead of worrying about the hor’deurves in our little lunch lines, watering-down our language so as to not upset someone...

Brad – It’s true that a corrupt society must be reformed. But “society” in and of itself is an abstraction. It is comprised of small material things: cafeterias, black-boards, professors, etc. We can’t fight against an abstraction. We have to fight against concrete things that exist in the real world. Let each person wage their battle in their own specific sphere of influence. The workers in the factories, the farm workers in the fields, and us in the schools. That’s why I propose we camp out in front of the President’s Palace.

Angelina – Those in favor of the motion, raise your hand. Opposed? *(Some of the students begin shouting “Fascists!” and march out of the room, led by Ben.)*
Approved by a unanimous vote, at least of those who stayed We’re going to march to the President’s Palace! Remember, this is a peaceful demonstration. Throwing rocks, bottles and rotten cafeteria food at the soldiers is prohibited!

6. Confusion in the streets. Screams. People running. Horror music from Sci-Fi flick.

Voices -What’s going on? – Carole (Low Window)

-We’re being invaded! – George (High Window)

- Who’s invading us? – Kelly (SR Doorway)

- Aliens from outer space. – George (Low Window)

- The Creature from the Black Lagoon! – McCoy (UC)

- No way – they’re from another planet. – Zuk (SL Doorway)

- They’re invisible. – Hobbs (Dbl Window)

- They’re spirits, but they possess people’s bodies. – Leslie (Dbl Window)

- Body snatchers!/And their victims are doomed to eternal damnation! – McCoy (High Window)/Kelly (SR Doorway)

6a. We see people going about their daily routines. As they work, a strange alien sound is heard...they are hit by a terrible light...they become zombie like...light bulbs go off over their heads....bubble captions appear beside them signaling their enlightenment.... “Why do I allow the government to keep chipping away at my rights?”...“The military has too much power”...“Politicians are owned by big business”... etc.

7. President's Palace and General's Headquarters. Ambulance sirens. A General with Walkie-Talkie. The President's Butler answers the call.

General – Hello, hello, urgent, call the President. Over.

Butler – The President is sleeping, over.

General – Wake up the president then! Over. Fuck!

Butler – Have you lost your mind, sir?! After lunchtime the President always takes his beauty *siesta* until dinner time. Over.

General – We are being invaded, you sniveling little shit! Get the president, for God's sake, man!...or the world as we know it ...is over!

Butler (*after a long pause*) -You didn't say "over." Are you done?

General - I just did.

Butler - No you didn't. You said - "the world as we know it is over!" - as in an adjective, not "over" as in an interjection.

General - Yeah, but when you say "it is over" ...you're not really saying it's "over" something else...you're saying it's "done"...which is also what you're saying when you say "over" as in "over and out"...I'm done.

Butler - Oh. So, actually what you said would work either way.

General - Yeah.

Butler – Oh, sorry. Could you say it again, please?

General - Alright! (*he repeats his last line*) Get the president for God's sake, man or the world as we know it is over. (*pause...through gritted teeth*) Over.

(The butler immediately responds, in an over-the-top, terror stricken fashion, runs to the President wildly. The President is in bed amusing himself with bank accounts, possibly reading a ticket tape print out...)

Butler (*terror-stricken*) - Mr. President, Mr. President, for God's sake, wake up!

President – Eight and seven-eighths percent in fixed installments with the German mark...equals seven million thirty-eight thousand...*(To the Butler)* What do you want? *(To himself)* Converting to Swiss franks, at four and seventy-nine...

Butler - Mr. Presidente, the call is urgent: we're being invaded!

President – Why are you bothering me? *(To himself)* In McBuck Incorporated stocks, at seventeen percent...

Butler- Mr. President! Mr. President! They're alien creatures! Very strange... *(The President continues to be engrossed in his calculations. The butler goes back to walkie talkie.)* General, it's not working, the President is asleep again. Over.

General - Urgent. Over. Get the Minister of Inter-Galactic Sciences. Over.

(Again the Butler immediately becomes hysterical and picks up another walkie talkie to call the minister.)

Minister - Hello, hello, hey, hey, this is the Minister, over!

(The butler holds the two walkie talkies together so the two men can converse with each other through them.)

General - Minister, I've just received grave news from our secret service – we are being invaded by alien creatures!

Minister – Communists? Terrorists? 9-11 type shit?

General – No, nothing like that, Sir, it's not that serious. It seems that they are creatures from outer space. We think. No one is totally sure. In any case, we're talking about some kind of monster with...*(diabolic chord progression...dum, dum, dum, duummmm)* an unidentifiable ideology.

(Butler gasps dramatically.)

Butler - Horror! Unorthodox ideologies are not endorsed by the Government!

Minister - Listen, contact Professor Bowels, the most expensive scientist in the world, who has been conducting extremely important research in our country for the past twenty years.

General – Who?

Minister - He is examining what exactly it is that our country should be examining.

7a. The scene shifts to a spacious, astrophysics laboratory with beakers and test-tubes, telescopes, photographs of stars, celestial objects, Hollywood celebrities...

Reporter – Professor Bowels, Professor Bowels, is it possible that the Earth could be invaded by extraterrestrials?

Professor Bowels - The idea of the Earth being invaded is complete crap! It is us human beings, who intend to invade other planets. Human beings are the most superior living organisms in the planetary system! We are the top of the food chain!

(In a cage, the mad scientist Doctor Enema bellows, drools, yells)

Dr. Enema – Bullshit, that’s a lie! Goddam mother fucking cock sucker cunt leper, no good son of a bitch, let me out of here! I’m all bound up inside!

Reporter - Doctor Enema, the notorious mad scientist, has just expressed his desire to be evacuated. Professor, what do you plan to do do?

Dr. Enema – He said do do!

Bowels – I’ll do my duty.

Dr. Enema – HA! He said doodie!

Reporter – But professor, we’d like to ask him a few questions, our tv audience is waiting with breathless constipation....

Professor Bowels – Take him away. He’s an enema of the people!

Dr. Enema – He’s afraid of the truth!

Reporter – He’s full of hot air! *(Fart)* Get out! Scat! Scat!

Reporter *(Intervening)* - If we can have just a word with you, Doctor Enema, tell us in your own words, do you believe these noxious beings are from Uranus?

Dr. Enema – Yes, the Earth will be invaded in the end.

Reporter – Do you have any proof to get to the bottom of this?

Dr. Enema - For centuries our enemies have been preparing for a massive... invasion! They have been coldly and methodically adding to their arsenal of deadly weapons of mass destruction. I know all about it. During my travels to the ruins of “El Bano” an old temple of a religion long forgotten I found the ancient manuscript of Rumsfeldore, the wizard! His personal diarrhea, written in his own hand...*(Magnificent rays of light illuminate the majestic, ancient figure of the mighty*

Rumsfeldore, the grand-wizard. Sounds of thunder.) Rumsfeldore witnessed a volcanic eruption that, from the Earth's core, created a huge crack that released odious creatures...hideous, supernatural, ferocious, lethal, socialistic, democratic! With his magic powers, even more supernatural than that of the creatures themselves, Rumsfeldore was able to defeat them and cast them out of the Milky Way! (*Music, cosmic laughter, sobs.*)

Rumsfeldore – I will rid our Earth once and for all of these virulent creatures! We will protect our borders!

Dr. Enema – The Grand Wizard did not hesitate to use his merciless magic talisman. (*Rumsfeldore fires a machine-gun*)

Reporter – He flushed them out?

Dr. Enema – He rectum!

Reporter – He Rect all?

Dr. Enema – Yes. BUTT...

Reporter – That's a pretty big butt Doctor.

Dr. Enema - BUTT...I warned Professor Bowels, that the offspring of these creatures would some day return. Trillions of light years away they plotted their revenge. Doomsday has arrived – they're here!

Reporter – That's all fine, Dr. Enema, but how will we be able to recognize these strange creatures from outer space?

Dr. Enema – You can't. They don't look any different from normal students, workers, immigrants, women, Arabs, Jews, Homos, Heteros...In other words, if you come across a student, for example, he could either be a real student or a bloodthirsty alien creature! God only knows. Your next door neighbor...your sister...your mother...you don't know what they're thinking...who they really are....

Reporter – Well, it seems like we're really in the shithouse, Dr...what should we do?

Dr. Enema – The only solution is legitimate self-defense! Listen people, (*looks directly into camera*) if you find yourself on a dark street face to face with a student or an immigrant or an Arab, fire away – it's almost certainly an alien creature in disguise. Go ahead and shoot – you're a vigilante, damn it!

(The style switches to a 1950's TV commercial. Very campy.)

Reporter – Dear viewers, and there you have it...shoot without hesitation. This program has been brought to you through the generous support of McRev beauty products –

(Beautiful girls with perfume bottles appear and sing a classic 50's type acapella jingle.)

Perfume Lady – That's right, Ladies. If you use "Ask Questions Later" Perfume, your man will always "shoot first."

"Be a revolutionary on that special night out –
Shoot first! Ask Questions Later!"

Reporter - Thank you and goodnight.

8. Joker alone.

Joker – No one could see these mysterious creatures, but they were there. You could feel their breath, like the light of day. *(The light "breathes" on and off.)* Who is who – impossible to know for sure. And life went on. In the meantime, at the steelworker's union, the famous sociologist, Doctor Rodham Klint, expounded upon another extra-planetary theory...surplus margin.

9. At the Union Headquarters. A variety of subversive types listen, as Klint wins over hearts and minds.

Rodham Klint *(Speaking compassionately)* - Every worker knows that he or she is being exploited, whether they know it or not. Let's suppose that, in order to produce your means of subsistence (home, food, clothes), you need to work five hours a day. And yet, we all know that you work more than five: perhaps eight, ten, even twelve hours a day. In short, you produce much more than you receive.. And where do you think this so-called "surplus margin" goes? That's right, into your boss's pocket!! Is a person the same thing as a work animal? No, but to keep you working like a mule this regime resorts to violence. In fact, in a capitalist system the police and the military are there to safeguard, by force, private property and the means of production. And the irony is that the working class fills the ranks of the armed forces that oppresses this very same class! Does that make any sense, comrades? *(Background noise, sirens, shouts, explosions, civil and military alarms).*

Worker - Yes, Rodham!

Voices - It's the Police! - ALL

- Everyone get down on the ground. *(Pause)* - BRANDON

- Its ok. The police went away. - BRANDON

- What about Doctor Klint, where is she? - KATIE

- She just evaporated into thin air! - TIFFANY

- She was a rabid liberal alien!/ That's spooky... - KATIE/ALL

10. Presidential Palace. An intimidating Uncle McBuck enters, quacking furiously. Pale with fear and shock, the servants quack weakly in response.

Uncle McBuck – Fuck, fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. Something’s come over me – I can feel it. I’m going to lose it. (*Countless servants come to his aid.*) Hold me, hold me, I think I’m going to...It comes in waves. The pain is terrible...right around the heart! Hold me!

Butler – Would you like me to call a doctor, sir?

Uncle McBuck – No, no, no. It’ll pass. I know this feeling. I’m suffering from a sudden attack of generosity. It’s a very intense pain that almost, almost makes me stick my hand into my pocket...but it will pass soon, soon...with some perseverance and willpower. When this terrible sensation comes I feel a strange temptation to do good. I want to talk to the President.

Butler – He is busy napping.

Uncle McBuck – And then?

Butler – Then he wakes up and eats dinner.

Uncle McBuck – What about after dinner?

Butler – Then he sleeps a bit to help with digestion.

Uncle McBuck- I’m feeling weak, very weak – please accept this small token. (*He gives some money to the Butler. It is attached to string so he can pull it back.*) Go get the President.

He quickly grabs back one of the bills he had given the Butler. The Butler quickly cuts the string with scissors, grabs the bill, closes his hand, and is able to keep it.

Butler – At your service.

Uncle McBuck – Every second I get worse. I just want to give, give, give, give! And I ended up here, at the Palace of this voracious President. He’s going to take advantage of me, I’m done for! I want to give, and give, and give! (*The President enters wearing pajamas and the presidential sash. He is followed by an entourage.*)

President – Before doing so, please accept my cordial greetings, in the name of my people.

(The following could be done as a parody of the “Welcome you to Munchkinland” scene from the Wizard of Oz with each contingent singing “We represent the ...whatever”.)

President - As president of Afbrapakivietkorotiastan, I welcome you most regally....

Butler - But we've go to verify it legally...

President - To see...

Butler - To see...

President - If he...

Butler - If he...

President - Is thoroughly, totally...

Butler - Undeniably, and reliably...

Both - RICH!

President - I would like to extend to you the warmest welcome to a country that is famous for its tropical hospitality, its beautiful flora and fauna, a land that has always received its illustrious guests with the utmost dignity. Please, accept this medal...and this cross... and this gentleman's pin...and this jaguar tooth necklace...and a cigarette, a banana...*(He proceeds to put all of these items into McBuck's jacket, pockets, mouth...)*

Uncle McBuck – *(Grunts)*

President –Are you not feeling well, dear Sir? Could it be the tropical heat, or our disease-bearing bugs...?

Uncle McBuck – Nothing of the sort. It's a malady that, once it gets in my system, compels me to give, give, give, give, give!

President *(Astonished)* – Give what exactly, your Excellency?!

Uncle McBuck – Give away everything that is not mine!

President – Such as, Your Imperial Majesty?

Uncle McBuck – For you, Mister President...I want to give...for example...

President – What???

Uncle McBuck – A loan! I want to give you a loan. I’m gonna make you an offer you can’t refuse. Remember, I’m Uncle McBuck – consider it as a gift from your dear uncle. From Family. I won’t take no for an answer!

President – Well, in that case, we should keep it in the family.

Uncle McBuck – A gigantic loan – 200 million coins of all different sizes! (*The servants and other staff, forming a chorus, withdraw discreetly, echoing in song: “200 million, 200 million...”*)

Diva 1 – 200 million

Diva 2 – of all different

Diva 3 – sizes.

President – Two hundred million?

Divas – That’s what he said! Are you deaf?

President - But what am I going to do with all of that money?

Uncle McBuck – My sickness is sublime. I give you the loan, but on certain conditions. First, you, sir, must give me assurance of your commitment. My loan should only be 10% of the total investment. In other words, you will invest one billion, eight hundred thousand of the same coins.

President – But what are we investing all of this money for?

Uncle McBuck – My generosity is flawless. I have everything already planned. With my McSpy Satellite I have been carefully studying your country’s territory. And I have discovered that, in natural resources, you are the richest country on this planet. You have something we all need....AIR!! People will pay anything for it! Once the supply dwindles... And if we keep going like we are...it shouldn’t be long now...Let’s do this: with this money I will buy a significant portion of your land, and if we own the land, we own the air around it! And then, together, we will build McHighways to transport my McProducts to my McPorts and McAirports, McShips, McPlanes, McFactories, McFarms, McWalmarts, Mick Jagger, Mick Fleetwood, Mc, Mc, Mc, Mc...

President – Now I understand. We, the natives, possess the virtue of being extremely intelligent. I do all of this for you with my 90%. But let’s cut to the chase: is your 10% in the bag? Let me see...

Uncle McBuck – What kind of stupid gringo do you take me for, Mister President?! Rich foreigners like me don’t just walk around with money falling out of their pockets. No,

you are going to order your Central Bank to loan me this money in your currency, I'll buy dollars, then you devalue you're currency at least 30%, I'll then pay every last cent I owe you after having, of course, sold my dollars on the black market, and no one needs to know a thing. In short, I'll contribute my solid moral reputation and you, well... your liquid assets.

President – I love my country. And you?

Uncle McBuck – Me too.

(The scene is suddenly very operatic. They sing the following dialogue.)

President – Commission! Commission!

Uncle McBuck – I didn't quite catch that.

President/Minister – Commission! Commission!

Uncle McBuck – Nada!

President – 40!

Uncle McBuck – Nothing.

President – Twenty!

Uncle McBuck- Ten!

President – Twenty!

Uncle McBuck- Ten!

President/Minister – Twenty!

Uncle McBuck- Ten!

President/Minister – Twenty!

Uncle McBuck- Ten!

President/Minister – Twenty!

Uncle McBuck- Ten!

(All shrug)

All – Commission! Commission! Commission! Commission!

President – Ahh, Commissions, commissions. Without our commissions, our lives would be as shaky as, as shaky as... a cat on a hot tin roof!

Students – 1,2,3,4...5,6,7,8...

President – What is that noise?

Butler – Those are student demonstrators, Mr. President.

President – Sick the police on them, give them a good ass-kicking. Release the attack dogs. Get them out of there! Grenades, bullets, kill them, shoot them, skin them alive! Some good ol' fashion torture!

Uncle McBuck (*calmly*) – Invite them in.

President – What??!!

Uncle McBuck – We have to dialogue with today's youth. Go get some rest, Mr. President.

President – OK, if you were not such a close amigo, so close to my heart, like a brother to me... (*gradually exiting the room*)

(The following chants could be arranged into some sort of interesting musical round.)

Chorus of Students – One, two, three, four – You know what we're out here for! Five, six, seven, eight – Come on, president, negotiate!

Student – A country yes, a colony no!

First chorus – Hey, hey, ho, ho, Uncle Sam has got to go.

Second chorus – O povo unido jamais será vencido. The people united, will never be defeated.

Third chorus – I don't know but I've been told, the president's pockets are filled with gold. Lies and tricks will not divide, workers and students stand side by side!

Fourth chorus – Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum. Capitalist pigs, here we come.

(The Joker steps out and begins, with audience participation, a Spanish, Arabic, or Asian language lesson.)

The Joker - Oh Wait! We should teach you a few phrases to take home with you tonight. *(He looks at the ever-present armed guards)* Because I think you'll need them. So the first phrase I'll teach you is "Die Capitalist Pig" En espanol. En deutsch. En Francais.

Spanish: Muerte a los puercos capitalistas!

German: Stirb kapitalistisches Schwein!

French: Muret couchon capitalist!

(He teaches a few more phrases and gets the audience to repeat them back to him. Finally, when he really has the audience going....McBuck continues.)

Uncle McBuck *(Also singing)* – Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum. Capitalist pigs, here we come. I like that one! It's really touching...to see our youth so...passionate.

Student 1 – Where is the President? We want to talk to him!

Uncle McBuck – Who needs middle men?! Talk directly with me! *(To the Butler)* Kindly take these weapons and hang them up in the closet. Thank you so much. *(They all enter graciously with "pardon me" and "sorry" and hand in their weapons.)* OK, now I'm all ears. What is it that you want?

Student 2 – We want more schools...we want...

Uncle McBuck – Hold on, hold on. Now pay attention. *(A chalkboard is wheeled on stage. McBuck delivers next speech as if it were a college lecture, using chalkboard to draw on.)* The famous law of supply and demand has regulated human relations since time began. All of the maladies suffered by this tropical country were caused by excess, never by scarcity. It all just depends on how you look at it. You say, for example, that there aren't enough students admitted to your universities, that there aren't enough jobs, that you lack books, that there is a shortage of everything. Very well, let's be optimists and solve these problems using the unshakable law of supply and demand. Why aren't there enough places for students in your universities? *(He writes a ridiculous equation on board.)*

Student 3 – Because there are so many applicants?

Uncle McBuck – And why are there so many applicants?

Student 4 – Because there are so many students graduating from high school.

Uncle McBuck – And why so many graduates?

Student 4 – Well...um, because...

Uncle McBuck – Allow me to answer this question: there are an excessive number of high school graduates because your elementary schools are free. Let's be realistic:

raising the cost of education will decrease the number of applicants, and, voila, the relative number of spots in the universities will go up!

Student 5 – But Uncle McBuck,

Students – Ooooooooooooooooooh!

Student 5 – But Uncle McBuck, in that case millions of young people will be without basic education.

Uncle McBuck – And why is it that there are millions of young people who want an education?

Student 6 – Because millions of

Students – Ooooooooooooooooooh!

Student 6 – Because millions of children grow up here every year!

Uncle McBuck – And why are there millions of children here in the first place?

Student 7 – Because they are born!!

Uncle McBuck – And why are they born?

Student 7 – Well, um...

Uncle McBuck – Allow me to respond: they are born because in third world countries such as yours parents don't get access to the necessary information; there is no adequate family planning. And your newspapers criticize us when we generously blend sterilizers with the powdered milk formula we give you for free. So what happens? Millions are born! And what is the solution? The pill! More pills, less children, less youth, less applicants, and more university slots for you!

Priest (*popping in*) - We can't give them the pill! That's condoning sex. Just don't have sex! Abstinence makes the heart grow fonder!

(*Without skipping a beat, McBuck shoots him dead.*)

McBuck - Yeah...Don't have sex? Tell that to your choirboys, padre.

Student 8 – Uncle McBuck, we also came here to protest the shortage of books...

Uncle McBuck – It's all in how you look at it! You don't have a shortage of books. What you have, my dear child, is an excess of people wanting to read! That's why you have this impression that there aren't enough books. But I have here with me the solution:

(he pulls out several books) a series of books that will make all others useless: “Illiteracy for Dumbies,” all the complete works of “Dick and Jane” with only illustrations, a few Penthouse magazines, Bill O’Reilly, Rush Limbaugh... If, after four weeks with these books, you can still read, we guarantee your money back.

Student 2 *(distressed)* – They’ll be plenty of books left over, but our country will be full of illiterates...

Uncle McBuck – And what’s the answer to that?!

All Students – The pill!

Uncle McBuck – The pill will do away with illiteracy, put an end to excess, and stop all neediness! Sing along with me this ode in praise of Uncle McBuck who has an answer for all of your country’s woes! *(They all sing and dance together.)*

(Song sung to “Old McDonald”)

“Old McBuck has lots in store, La la la la la
Shut your mouths and work some more, La la la la la
Democracy or tyranny,
tyranny or democracy
we can all modernize
if we pay our debts on time
Old McBuck is at your door, La la la la la

Old McBuck will be your master, La la la la la
He will keep you from disaster, La la la la la
Give your money and be proud
Pay me more and join the crowd!
Old McBuck’s fortune’s vaster, La la la la la”

(As they sing they start to really listen to the words they’re saying and realize the dismal lyrics don’t match the cheerful song.)

“Old McBuck will make you slaves...La...la...la...
Make him money. Dig your graves...La...la...la...la...”

(They stop singing and look around at each other.)

Student – Do you see? This is why I’m not in favor of talking. We always end up getting talked into something bogus.

11. Joker – At a restaurant – lights are dim.

Joker – Although Uncle McBuck didn't suspect a thing, and his secret service hadn't detected anything unusual, the seemingly peaceful and good-natured demonstrators had actually been contaminated by the intergalactic virus. And little by little, every man and woman seemed possessed by evil spirits. *(Suddenly our eyes are drawn to a young couple that appear in the audience, hugging each other, kissing affectionately. As they speak they are getting turned on by their political talk.)*

Young Woman – Let's go to the demonstration.

Young Man – Let me think about it.

Young Woman – Come on, let's go. Courage, comrade...

Young Man – It's just that...the police will probably show up. And, to be totally honest, I have a hard time believing in all of this. I mean, what are we fighting for anyway?

Young Woman – Listen, the more demonstrators there are, the safer we'll be.

Young Man – The common man could care less. Student demonstrations, for what? The masses aren't going to join us in the streets. They'll be safe inside watching soap operas. So why should I stick my neck out for them?

Young Woman – Because the masses aren't politically engaged yet. We have to engage them!

Young Man *(he speaks directly to the audience)* – I really would like to, you know, tell everyone how marginalized they've become...but no one would understand... look, in this country, at least in this city, in this neighborhood, on this street, everyone is middle class! Imperialism doesn't mean anything to them! Who am I to try to change them? They can't even begin to question how their middle class values are deposited on them at an early age. They take it all for granted...everything we do has been indoctrinated so well they don't even realize it...it's like having a policeman in your head. Is it my job to try to solve the world's problems? Listen, let's not kid ourselves, we're a bunch of spoiled college students.

Young Woman – That's why we have to find different ways of getting people politically involved. And holding a rally is one way of achieving that.

Young Man *(Discouraged)* – That sounds like a lot of work...

Young Woman – Using mass media, like television, isn't an option for us... So the street has to become our television...that's where we're going to get our message across...

Young Man – Yeah, but the police... *(There is an explosion somewhere in the vicinity. A group of students come running in).* What was that? What happened?

Student – A bomb at the McFox network headquarters!

Young Man – Serves them right for being such kiss-ass reactionaries. Good for you...

Student/Gunga Dins Mother/General– Yeah, but it wasn't us. /The police did it so they could blame the students and really start crackin' some heads. /This shit's gonna hit the fan.... and blow back in our face... (*They leave*).

Butler –How Vulgar!

Young Woman – Come on...We'll go to the demonstration, and then we'll go back to my place...

Young Man – If you put it that way, comrade (*affectionately*), I'll march...but way in the back...

(More bombs go off, in a kind of musical rhythm. Machine gun fire rattles like a drumbeat. Five people enter the stage, stop with backs turned to the audience, as if using a urinal.)

—What was that? – TIFFANY DBL WINDOW

—A bomb went off at the police station! – MCBUCK USC

—What was that? – KELLY HL

—The militants just robbed five more banks! – MCCOY R→L

—What was that? – JADE – HL →SR

—They kidnapped the ambassador! – JOHN SL DOORWAY

—What was that? – LESLIE SL DOORWAY

—The insurgents bombed a mosque! – BRADON – HIGH WINDOW

—What was that? – ZUK SR DOORWAY

—20 civilians died. Some Rambo security guards went ballistic! – NIA LOW WINDOW

—What was that? – GOERGE SR →SL

—Someone got their head chopped off! - KATIE

—What was that? – CHRIS HIGH WINDOW

—The commander guy said, let's have these terrorists for lunch, before they eat us for dinner. – TRUITT HL → SL

—What was that? (5 times)

—They ate the commander guy for breakfast!

—Cannibals!!

12. Television Studio. A particularly emotionless telecaster speaks pedantically into the camera...A Stephen Colbert type.

Telecaster – Fanatic hordes, led by different sects of witches and voodoo priests, held up banks, detonated bombs, kidnapped various influential international figures, playboys, etc., and are now organizing mass demonstrations that directly contradict the legitimate interests of these very same, albeit naïve, working-class people. The

citizens of this country must not allow mass hysteria to take over. We are, by nature, a gentle and well-mannered people with a long history of nonviolent and orderly behavior. Our supreme leaders promise to rid us of these barbarians, they promise...I mean...they would like to promise...they will promise...huh, as I said... they...they...My God, what's going on??!!...Help! Help! An alien creature...from the beyond... indescribable... indestructible... so hideous....so foreign.....so forward thinking!!! (*An alien, followed by more, and even stranger creatures, advances menacingly towards the terrified telecaster, who falls to his knees.*) Help! Dear viewers, you are witnesses to this savage interruption of our program...The space monsters are coming closer and closer...they are very close now...as I speak they are almost upon me...I beg you, all who are listening, please, please...Help! Help! Ah, ahhhhhh! (*He is grabbed and taken away.*) How rude! You bastards! (*The alien sits down calmly in the telecaster's seat and presents himself in front of the television cameras.*)

Alien Telecaster – Ladies and gentlemen, this station is now under the control of militant aliens. Soon, your entire nation will succumb to us. At this very moment, your central government is in a complete state of disarray; fear is running rampant throughout the country. (*His voice remains calm, polite, almost friendly.*) Stay tuned for new developments. And now, for your listening pleasure, some music to dance to. Dance to the beat of the revolution with our brave comrades. (*Plays a revolutionary song from Latin America or a classic 70's disco tune...YMCA... I will Survive, etc.*)

Butler – Dance Break ya'll.

Thriller Dance

Telecaster (*He screams indignantly offstage.*) - No! Not that! Not Gloria Gaynor!! Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!

13. Back at the Presidential Palace. The President is meeting with the Minister.

Joker – Back in the Presidential Palace, we find the President with his trusted ministers, ruling with an iron fist and guiding his nation to greatness!

President – What really gives me the heeby-jeebies is inflation. What's the point of laundering all this money, if it loses its value overnight...

Minister – Put it in a secret account in Switzerland.

President – They've got inflation over there as well.

Minster – Buy gold.

President – Gold comes with an interest rate.

Minister – Euros, Japanese yen, Canadian dollars...the trick is to diversify your portfolio!

President – It's tough being President. What should I do with all this money I've got?
When I was a mere sergeant in the army – then I was happy. My little salary was just enough to live on at the end of every month. But now, as President, what a pain in the ass...My suffering should be a lesson to the working class and so-called poverty stricken – upward mobility is completely overrated.

Minister – Don't cry, Mr. Presidente. Together we can find a solution to your problem.
(The Butler comes running in panting, eyes bulging, tongue dangling, pants barely held up by suspenders that keep falling to his knees.)

Butler – Presidente, pre...pre...pre...pre...pre...Presidente! Si..si...si...si...Sir! Have you heard?

President – What, my stock portfolio went down?

Butler – Worse, Sir...hordes of them...

President – Hordes of what?

Butler – Terrorists! *(Seriously)* You mean...you don't know?

President – No. No one tells me anything around here. I have no idea what you're talking about.

Butler- Hordes of students and workers, even immigrant migrant workers, all conspiring against us! The virus, Mr. Presidente, from outer space! It's spreading everywhere!

Students *(Students pass through carrying sticks, bottles, rocks, shouting rally cries.)* Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum...Capitalist pigs, here we come!

President *(Falling back, astonished, white with fear, feeling betrayed and unappreciated)*
– What do you think you're doing? Where did they get this ideology? How could this happen to me? God almighty, it's the Cataclysm, the Apocalypse, Doomsday, the Hecatomb! I'm not even sure what that means, but it sounds really bad.

Minister *(Trying to comfort him)* – Maybe it's just a temporary hiccup in the democratic process.....

President – Help! Help! Help! *(He tries to run but he is held back by his staff.)*

Butler – Be strong, Mr. Presidente. Lead by example. Confront your demons!

President- No, for God's sake, I'm too afraid, I'm not staying here alone. Call the Ambassador! Get him here now!

Scene 13a. Telephone conversation.

Butler – Hello, hello, hello, this is the President’s Palace calling.

Embassy receptionist – Friendly northern hemispheric neighbor, at your service. Your internal problems are our financial solutions.

Butler – Friendly what?

Embassy receptionist – Is that you, Paco? What’s up?

Butler – Listen, is your boss there, the Yankee?

Embassy receptionist – Uh, uh. The Yankee boss is pissed as hell about this alien situation. He’s heading over there right now to talk to the Presidente.

Butler – Oh, good.

Embassy receptionist (*Changing his tone to more secretive, conspiratorial*) – Listen, you know that tonight there’s going to be a union meeting for governmental butlers? Are you coming?

Butler – Definitely. And how about Rodham Klint, the alien leader, is she coming?

Butler – Of course, she was the one who called the meeting. She said she’s going to bring twenty thousand doses of the space virus with her! Everyone’s going to take some. It’s gonna be a blast....like an ideological rave! Oh, gotta go, Ciao!

Butler – Ciao!

President (*Desperate, confused, almost fainting*) – Look, look at that rabble in the streets...in my streets. I’m afraid. My subconscious is taking over. This is why I never wanted to be a populist – I’m afraid of the populace. “If this were a dictatorship, it’d be a heck of a lot easier.” My God, why does there have to be a lower class? Why? What purpose do they serve? Why can’t there just be the upper class, the favored ones, the filthy rich, the aristocrats “The haves and the have mores....some people call them the elite...I call them my base.” The masses just end up contaminating our beautiful nations. It’s a travesty.

Offstage – PULL!

Ambassador – I got you now you rubber chicken! Huuh huuh huuh huuh (Elmer Fudd laugh)

(The Ambassador enters. The President, who is still on his knees, takes the opportunity to quickly kiss the hand and feet of the Ambassador.)

President - My dear Ambassador, how fortunate you are here!! Allow me to kiss your hand again.

Ambassador— I'm a little confused here, Presidente. Back at home all we hear about is how good-natured and peace-loving you folks are, real laid back and all. A nation that embraced foreign capital, a dignified people who love their country and are happy to provide cheap labor if it'll help us on the stock market, and then, all of a sudden...this terrible tragedy!

President – I swear that my people have nothing to do with it. It's insurgents, aliens bringing foreign ideologies opposed to our democratic traditions, our way of thinking...For God's sake, Ambassador, help me!

Ambassador- But of course, amigo. I know just what you need, it's quick and easy, and always the same medicine!

President - What? Oh, no...not that?!

Ambassador – I'll get on the phone and in 24 hours our armed forces we'll bomb your rabble-rousers into the stone age!!!... I mean...we'll restore order, peace, progress and prosperity.

President – Hold on, Ambassador. We can't do that. How am I going to look in the eyes of the world? I have to maintain at least a shred of dignity. We can't be so obvious about this little bit of "assistance" you are providing us with.

Ambassador – I wouldn't worry about it, Presidente, nobody else seems to mind!

President – No, no, no. I won't allow it. I've always extended the utmost hospitality to you. I've graciously let you occupy us economically, politically, culturally, anything you ever wanted, and with pleasure, yes sir...but soldiers in uniforms on our soil...that's going too far. *(Uncle McBuck enters)*

Uncle McBuck – I just found out that my steel and gold mines have been occupied by alien rebels! And that thirty thousand fucking slaves, I mean, workers from my plantations just formed some kind of league to protect the rights of workers! And what about my fucking rights, who's going to protect them?

President – Actually, that would be me...

Butler - This just in, the McHalliburton factories for electric appliances, tractors, motorized vehicles, gasoline trucks, oil tankers, fishing vessels...

Uncle McBuck – Stop. Stop! Stop!! Bastards!

Butler (*infallibly*) – ...were all occupied, confiscated and are now administered by the insurgents from outer space.

Uncle McBuck – We've got to teach these little fucks a lesson they won't forget. Every second that their slimy rebel hands hold onto my factories, costs me a trillion bucks!

President – Don't forget my commission, Uncle...

Uncle McBuck - Attack, skin them alive, rape and pillage, send in missiles, go for the jugular!!...all in the name of peace and democracy, of course.

Minister – I have a suggestion. The way I see it, from a geopolitical standpoint we are on Earth, the Earth is at the center of the universe, and the universe is at the center of...

Uncle McBuck – It's a question of maintaining order, Minister. I'm familiar with this theory you're pontificating on...but can you apply it to the real world?

Minister – It's called war, Uncle McBuck! All-out warfare, germ warfare, cold warfare, hot warfare, ideological warfare, internet warfare, weapons of mass destruction, surges, search and destroy, counter-insurgency! War for war's sake! Operation - Let Freedom Ring!

Ambassador - I've got a better idea.

President – What is it, for God's sake?

Ambassador – In my Super-developed country we have official organizations to take care of our dirty business? Do you know who they are?

President – I don't have the slightest idea.

Ambassador – Precisely. Nobody does. But I know...they are of the highest moral, intellectual and monetary caliber...they fight crime, catch international spies, and remind us of our God-given invincibility and superiority! And who might these marvelously dedicated individuals be?

All - Tell us!

Ambassador – They lead two lives...

President – Can it be true? Or am I just dreaming? Is it who I think it is...?

Ambassador – Exactly – the Superheroes!! (*Dazzling music of different sorts*)

President (*Amazed, he falls to his knees once again, sincerely moved*) – Then it's true?! They exist? Is it possible? I can't believe it...

Ambassador – They always existed.

President – Can I get their autographs?

Ambassador – Take it easy, Mr. Presidente, we first have to choose which Superheroes are best suited for this situation.

President – I want to be that guy who becomes fire! You know he's human but he's also a torch? Oh what's his name? The Flamer! That's it! I was always the Flamer in school!

Ambassador- Too exhibitionist! Can you imagine all those fireballs flying around your jungles...

Uncle McBuck – Let's not waste any time, every second we hesitate is costing me a trillion...

Ambassador – We'll consult them directly....(*like a circus ring leader*)... Ladies and gentlemen! Boys and Girls! The finest superheroes in the land, but deep down just like you and me...Bruce Plain and his dear sidekick, Dick Gayyyyyysson!

14. Stately house. The two celebrity crime fighters emerge dancing The Tango. When they finish their short dance, they kiss each other's hand simultaneously. They obviously adore one another.

Dick – I love cutting the rug with you, Bruce. You possess a certain gentleness, an elegance, a savoir-faire that are so uncommon in this crazy world we live in today. How else can I put it? Dancing with you is like...I don't know...dancing with the stars.

(Suddenly three judges appear and give comments.)

Paula - Well, all I can say is you look like you're having so much fun up there. It makes us feel good watching you.

Randy- Dog, dog dog, I don't know what dance you were doing but it certainly wasn't the tango. Shame on you! Do a proper tango! Dog, dog dog dog...whoof whoof...

Simon - Dick. Dick. Dick. Watching you is like watching a noble cock wake the morning with its clarion call. Bruce, you are beginning to show us the stirrings of passion underneath... dare I say a passion that dares not speak it's name.

Dick - Wow. I can think of no greater compliment, Bruce.

Bruce (*Extremely moved*) – The feeling is mutual, my dear Dick. (*Short, charged pause before a rather abrupt transition*) And now, we must turn our attention to more urgent matters. Alfredo! Come here, my tireless butler. Go see what the reading is on our energy detector. My super Cat-sense tells me that something is not right. (*Alfredo leaves as discreetly as he came in.*) Some things, Dick, I just don't understand. For example, why do some people insist on leading a life of crime, when they know that it is a proven fact that we stand ready to vanquish them every time? Why? Why? It's absurd.

Dick (*Straining to think - deep contemplation is not one of his fortes.*) – Holy Samuel Beckett, Bruce! The way I see it, crime is like...a disease...a bug...a...

Bruce (*Pensive*) – I think you may be right about this one, Dick. Crime is a kind of disease...truer words have never been spoken. Give me your hand, I want to compliment you on your brilliant insight. (*Dick extends his hand, Bruce kisses it affectionately*)

Dick – I guess we're partly to blame, Bruce. Those times when we took too long to put those scumbags behind bars...it just encourages them. Like right now, we're in a fight to the death with our archenemy, The Poker, and we don't even know where his lair is!

Alfredo (*Returning very discreetly*) – If I may be so bold, gentleman...keep your chins up! You have combated The Poker countless times, and always walked away victorious.

Bruce – Alfredo's right. The Poker poked me just one poke too many. What would we do without you, my dear butler? Many thanks for the unsolicited adoration. Give me your hand, I want to compliment you on your brilliant insight. (*Repeats the same ritual*) Quick, the Cat-phone is ringing, grab it!

Alfredo – One Cat-moment, sir.

Bruce – My extraordinary Cat-sense tells me that the Ambassador to one of our friendly third world neighbors needs my Cat-help urgently.

Dick – Holy banana republic, Cat-Man!

Bruce – Quiet, Swallow. (*Concentrating*) – It's becoming clearer to me; my catvoyance is telling me that (W/Alfredo) "an entire nation has been infiltrated by alien insurgents from outer space." That's what registered on our energy detector. Let's go. Not a minute to waste.

Alfredo (*Bringing the telephone*) – Sir, it's for you.

Bruce (*Condescending*) Yes, I know Alfredo. I've already responded...

Alfredo – But, sir...the Ambassador...

Bruce – Alfredo, tell him we're happy to help. And get everything ready – my cat-plane, my cat-mobile, my cat-shotgun, cat-machine gun, cat-grenades and cat-napalm! Whenever the forces of law and order need our help, we'll be there, always, Catman and Swallow! Why? Because Catmando! Let's go, Swallow. Another heroic deed awaits us! Let's go save this God-forsaken people from themselves! International alliances require that we cat-help these poor cat-oppressed souls! Sometimes stability is more important than democracy! Hail stability!

Chorus of voices – Hail stability!

15. Back at the Presidential Palace. Despite the lingering fear and anxiety, there is now a feeling of optimism in the room. We see Dubya the Decider in another area sending out his mental force.

Butler – We've just received a telepathic message: It's Dubya the Decider, and his beautiful, crime-fighting sidekick Shera-Leeza, who are on the way.

President – I've got a bad feeling about something. Something's wrong.

Ambassador – What?

President – Catman and Swallow come from the bourgeoisie. Dubya the Decider was an oil tycoon before he became an illusionist and Shera-Leeza, aside from glamorous, is one of the most highly educated assistants ever to serve as a magician's prop! We can't just have millionaire, capitalist superheroes. Do you think, maybe, you could choose just one blue-collar sort of fellow?

Uncle McBuck – He's right. It makes total sense – they're all extraordinarily rich – why do you think they're always helping the police?

Ambassador – Yeah, well...what can we do about it? I've never heard of a proletariat superhero. But maybe, just maybe, we can find one from the middle class...

President – Who?

Ambassador – Magnum Man! He actually works, sometimes... he's soft-spoken, shy, a little dim...

President – But do you think, if he comes from the middle class, he's going to defend our interests?

Ambassador – Of course he is! The dilemma of the middle class is Shakespearian: to be or not to be! It isn't what it would like to be and, if it's not careful, it will end up being what it doesn't want to be. (*Makes gestures with his hands to describe what he is saying*)

(*We see Magnum Man flying through outer space.*)

Butler – Mr. Mark Bent, otherwise known as Magnum Man, is currently on a mission in outer space. However, with the help of his Super-auditory powers, he was able to hear everything that was said in this room. And he said that he accepts our generous invitation!

Ambassador – That's everyone, then! We'll call it the Justice (by whatever means necessary) League! All of us in America want there to be fairness when it comes to justice. (*Sign In: "Yep!"*)

President – I already feel like a new man! That's right, no more fear, I'm ready to look my people in the eye, go mano a mano, take the bull by the horns...

Ambassador – That's right, Mr. Presidente. Go talk some sense into your people!

16. City square. The people listen, perplexed, mouths agape, almost catatonic.

President – My fellow citizens, I would like to speak to you directly, man to man, woman to woman. My people, I will always be by your side! I will stand with you against the evil forces that threaten our good nation, I will stand with you against the terrorists, I will stand with you against the alien infiltration, against the students, against immigrants, the migrant workers, and any other group that wants to unjustly drive the minimum wage up, and interrupt our economic progress! The unemployed I'll even stand with the people against the people themselves, if need be! "Remember, our enemies are innovative and resourceful, and so are we. They never stop thinking about new ways to harm our country and our people...and neither do we." (*Sign in: "Honest to God he really said that"*) (*Another sign: "And this too..."*)

Fellow citizens, I also have by my side the world renowned Justice (by whatever means necessary) League,. And here they are! (*All of the superheroes summoned by the Ambassador appear dressed in their typical superhero garb: Dubya the Decider, Shera-Leeza, Catman, Sparrow and the amazing Magnum Man!*) We will take the fight to the enemy! You're either with us or against us! (*Pause*) And now my superhero friends, these marvelous young specimens are going to lead us in a song that is sure to win the hearts and minds of the people. It's called:

"The World will be Free, even if we have to bash your head in" (*sung by the superheroes to the masses at the President's request*)

(*Beat Box comes in. Call and response. Very hip-hop.*)

“For those who want democracy
we fix it in our usual fashion
we use our form of government
Free the people with a good thrashing

We’d like to befriend of people
but the people aren’t enlightened

We’d like to let you vote
but the people aren’t enlightened

We’d like you to toy with freedom
but the people aren’t enlightened

So you see why we have to
Free the world by bashing your head in

Free the people with a POW!
Free the people with a BAM!
Free the people with a KRUNCH!
Free the people with a SPLAT!

President:
All the people with a club say HO!

GO SHERA, GO SHERA GO!

Free the people with a FIST!
Free the people with a BAT!
Free the people with a CLUB!
Free the people with a GAT!

FREE THE WORLD!
FREE THE WORLD!
FREE THE WORLD!
FREE THE WORLD!
FREE THE WORLD!

McBuck – BOYEE!

President – “I just want you to know that when we talk about war, we’re really talking about peace.”

SECOND ACT

(Though the play may be performed without an intermission.)

17. Student gathering. Sense of crisis. Tensions are running high.

Jen – We have to get all the students united. That’s the only way we will win!

Ben – That’s not true!

Brad– You’re a divisionist!

Ben – We are living on the cusp of a revolution, companheiros! Wherever oppression exists we must channel our hate, our violence, and destroy the State!

Brad – You are one brainwashed leftist, suffering, as Lenin put it, from the infantile disorder of communism and too much time spent watching “The View.”

(Canned Laughter)

Ben - The Left is the cure for the senile disorder of capitalism, you idiot!

Angelina – I still think our fight needs to be driven by specific demands – demands that will benefit students.

Ben – And if the government accepts our demands, what are we going to do then? Just go back to class?

Brad – After we win this first battle, we can then collaborate with the working class, but not under the pretense of leading them.

Ben – Who says we’re going to lead the workers?! They’re already occupying factories and taking their fight to the streets. And we haven’t even occupied a single urinal at the university... What are we waiting for?! Let’s head to the streets, let them feel our hate!

(Canned Laughter)

Angelina – Because of the time, I’m going to insist that we vote on a motion. And the only motion made so far is to head into the streets and express our hate! All in favor...

Ben *(Enthusiastically)* – Approved by acclamation! To the streets!

(Two students are left being pulled comically either way. They can't decide whether to go or stay. Finally, exhausted they fall to the ground and sit silently for an uncomfortable moment. Finally, they speak to each other. The style is "Waiting for Godot." Stark lighting. Long pauses.)

Student - What are we waiting for?

Student - We're waiting for... to go.

Student - Oh.

Student - When should we go?

Student - Now.

Student - Why don't we?

Student *(Slowly)* – I don't know why, but I'm not...

Second student – Me neither.

Student – So what do *you* think?

Second student – Me? You know what? I'm...nothing... .

(They move as if to go, but repeat business as before and end up exhausted sitting on the floor again. An organ and an organist are revealed playing soap opera music.)

The Joker – Meanwhile, back at the president's palace. *(cheesy soap opera music comes in)* When last we left Dubya and Shera-Leeza, their souls had collided once again in the midst of a greater good. Will the heat of war ignite their passion? Let's watch.....

(The following is presented in way-over-the-top soap opera style.)

18. President's Palace. Dubya the Decider and Shera-Leeza, in a slightly awkward exchange.

Dubya – What is it Leeza? Tell me what it is. I have to go meet the President for an urgent national security meeting. There's no time to lose.

Leeza – Dubya, this secret I'm carrying...I have a confession to make. I know now's not the best time. But...but...my dear, how can I say this? It's eating away at me...making me dizzy...I'm afraid...I don't want you to think poorly of me.

Dubya – My vast psionic powers have already contemplated all the contemplations that can be contemplated. Any thoughts you may be having, I have already had. Nothing

surprises me, even the unexpected. My superhuman telekinetic powers endow me with a vast vocabulary of languages, both living, dead and deceased...I have analyzed all the possible combinations...any thought that can be translated into human or animal speech has already been thought by me, my lovely assistant.

(The following exchange, although passionately heated should also carry a slight racist overtone on both sides, like the Mad TV Interracial Couple.)

Leeza – For some things there are no words, my wild beige hunter of a prince.

Dubya – Like what, my pseudo Nubian princess?

Leeza – Love, my albino skinned cracker.

Dubya – My Cleopatra Jones, my pagan love-goddess, I know, I know...one day we will wed. I don't know when, but one day, yes, one day...I know about your love for me. *(He kisses her tenderly on the cheek, without any sinful intensions.)* Now I must go. *(He makes an elegant gesture with his arms and then, like magic, a globe of the earth appears in his cupped hand. The "prince" hands it to his "princess".)* I give you the world. And not metaphorically, I mean, shit, I practically own it already, anyway. *(he snickers the Dubya snicker)* Now will you continue to stay and rock my world?

Leeza – Thank you, my dear. *(Dubya leaves, his black cape fluttering like the cold night. The following monologue is constantly peppered with accompanying dramatic musical chords played on keyboard to the side of the stage). Yes, I do love. (Enigmatically) Yes, I love, love, love, love... (even more enigmatically). I am desperately in love. (even more...) I feel my heart has awoken, my body, my face, my legs, my thighs, deep inside...everything feels alive again, my mouth, my tongue, my trembling lips, like a newborn, oh, because of this deep, deep love. (extremely enigmatic). And yet... oh, terrible secret! My love is for another and not Dubya, as everyone thinks. Ai! (She leaves full of anxiety and shame and the enigma hangs over the scene like a dense cloud. The keyboard accompanist gets carried away with highly melodramatic music.)*

19. At the factory entrance. Some workers inside and two policeman outside. This scene should have the feeling of the patter of an old vaudeville routine - "Slowly, I turn...step by step, etc.")

Policeman 1 – The only reason you guys are running loose through the streets is because the police are also on strike. I mean...we've got some shady individuals in the police force too, who don't want to work, who are on strike right now.

Policeman 2 -The good ones are few and far between.

Policeman 1 - Shit, man, you should put yourself in my shoes. I'm a professional. They tell us to knock some heads in, I knock some heads in. But the order comes from up above.

Policeman 2 - If you was a baker, you'd bake bread, right?

Policeman 1 - Right....

Policeman 2 - But you're a cop!

Policeman 1 - But I'm a cop, so I knock heads in. And then you accuse us of having nothin' up here (*Hits policeman 2 in the head*).

Policeman 2 - Maybe there's some truth to that.

Policeman 1 - Bottom line, I've got three kids to support. My oldest son flips burgers, the middle one shines shoes, and the youngest is too little to work. Everyday I work hard, and it's a thankless job, kicking the shit out of people for a living.

Policeman 2 - If you was a construction worker,

Policeman 1 - ...like my Mom wanted me to be...

Policeman 2 - ...you'd be building houses. But you're a cop!

Policeman 1 - But I'm a cop...

Both Policeman - ...so I knock heads in.

Hit each other

Policeman 1 - You don't see, that if school is expensive for your kids, then it's also expensive for mine. Mine never went to school...they're gonna be dumb asses just like their Dad. I mean...if....if...

Policeman 2 - If you was a teacher...

Policeman 1 - ...like my Dad wanted...

Policeman 2 - You'd be filling heads with knowledge.

Policeman 1 - So, instead I beat heads with a stick!

Policeman 2 - You guys have no idea how dangerous our job is.

Policeman 1 - If I was a worker, like you guys...

Policeman 2 - I'd work hard.

Policeman 1 - And I'd probably go on strike. And protest, and have "comrades" as friends who I'd fight alongside with. I'd even go to prison and get the shit beat out of me by some copy like me.

Policeman 2 – But you're a cop!

Policeman 1 - But I'm a cop, so I knock heads in. You just don't get it.

(The policemen beat the worker senselessly.)

20. Meeting at the President's Palace. The President is, as usual, counting his money.

Uncle McBuck – I'd like to make an announcement! *(Pose for The Last Supper)* Anyone want more wine and bread? Can we get this operation rolling already...?

President - Hold on just a second. One thousand, two thousand, three thousand...

Uncle McBuck – Quack! What are we waiting for? What's the plan?!

President – Keep talking, I'm listening...Seven thousand, eight thousand, nine thousand, ten thousand...*(He keeps murmuring as if reciting a prayer, or in a religious stupor.)*

Catman – We came here to resolve a national crisis. Your government is being humiliated by its own people, in a radical perversion of the natural order. We left our regular crime-fighting lives to lend our assistance, and yet, Mr. President, you are, for some inexplicable reason, preventing us from using our proven methods for taking care of business...

President – It's not quite like that...try to understand...

Uncle McBuck – Shut up, Mr President...let puss in boots finish. Go ahead Catman, what were you going to say? *(The Butler appears at the door.)*

President – Fine, fine, I'll be quiet.

Butler – Your excellence, your entire cabinet of ministers and supreme court are gathered outside and wishes to know how they can contribute.

President – No, no, they can't. Tell the ministers that we are busy in high-level meetings... of national importance...serious meetings...I don't want them to know a thing. *(The Butler walks out pompously.)* Wait a minute...if it was good enough for

Mushareff...banish the supreme court! Burn the constitution! We're under martial law.

Catman – A pre-revolutionary Chinese philosopher once said, that a flower is only a flower once it is smelled...and, Sir, a bomb is only a bomb once it explodes! (*Emphatic, hot-headed*). Our devastating weapons must be put to use, no more pussyfooting around. War is war! Or don't you have the stomach for this fight?!

Uncle McBuck – Who else would like to say something?

Dubya – I personally only work unilaterally. “As you know, my position is clear...I'm a commander guy.” (*with strong accent from some state down South*). (*Sign in: “Yeah, he said it.”*)

President – One million, two million, three million...Ok, I'll give you the green light...I will...just with certain restrictions.

Dubya – I don't see why, Mr. President, you keep dragging your feet. Trust me, the rest of the world will turn a blind eye. This rabble has to be treated with an iron fist. Force is the only language they understand! The masses are like a seven-headed hydra; we don't want to exterminate the masses, we just want to cut off as many heads as possible.

President – Magnum Man...in your Magnanimous Magnum Manness...please, help me out here. You're from the middle class, you're closer to the masses than anyone else here, please, isn't there something we can do, that's...a little...a little milder.

Magnum Man (*vacant*) - I agree completely.

President (*Utterly confused*) - With what, M&M? With me? With them? With yourself? With whom?

Magnum Man – I completely agree with everything you guys decide. You can always count on me, whatever comes up. It's just that, when it comes to making plans...well, my apologies...planning, thinking...never been my forte.

Dubya – Don't misunderferguesstimate yourself, Magnum PI. Not everyone possesses my extrapictiondinary psychosicalatic-kibbledianetic powers.

Magnum (*ambiguously*) – Right...

President – Right what?!

Magnum (*Exhausted from the mental exertion required*) – I'm all for it. (*He tries to shirk from another embarrassing question.*)

President – So is he completely out to lunch, or is it me?

Swallow - Nice looking house but no lights are on.

Catman - There ain't no car in that garage.

Leeza - On a short bus to Disneyland.

Break into Yo Momma jokes...Catman and Shera trade off with Yo Momma jokes, and McBuck declares Leeza the winner.

President – And would you like to give us your feminine perspective?

Dubya- I do the talking for her. Remember, I'm the Decider.

Leeza – He speaks for me. He's my prince.

Dubya (*confused*) - Where were we?

Uncle McBuck – Mr. President, excuse my expression, but you're putting my gold coated Calvins in a bundle. Put your foot down, man! Pretty soon, I won't even have any more money left to pay your commission. (*The argument that trumps all others. Whatever little moral fortitude the President had begins to crumble.*)

President – Please, no, my commission...my precious commission!

Uncle McBuck – We want a blank check, sir.

President – But...but...you know I can't do that...(*hysterical*) I'll kill myself, I'll burn myself alive (*calms down*)...Believe me, I want to betray my people, I swear! I am committed to it... the problem is not *whether* I betray them, but *how* I betray them. I can't just let loose a bunch of uniformed superheroes on the street killing people left and right!

Butler – Over. Your Excellency, the third battalion of the National Guard that was sent to subjugate the steel workers just joined the insurgency!

Dubya – Every government that ends up being oppressed by its own people has a divine right, no obligation, to defend itself, using all of the means at its disposal!

President – Do you guys promise you'll just hit them a little bit...you know, lightly? The thing is...I have a daughter who is the same age as these student demonstrators...have a heart....

Dubya – First stage, we’ll try talking some sense into these dimwits. Second stage, it’s an eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth. Third stage, bring it on, baby! Tomahawk missiles, Bunker-busters, napalm, B-52 bombers, WMDs, total victory! Peace by whatever means necessary!

President – I hate the sight of blood...those nasty torture chambers...

(The following is delivered like a Shakespearean monologue. Spotlight. Dubya in his cape, holding a globe or skull.)

Dubya *(Seemingly with great compassion, intelligence and more than a little macabre sense of humor)* –

My dear Presidente, what exactly is torture?

Is it just the pain, either physical or psychological, that one inflicts upon another..., which, in some rare cases, leads to death? There are two kinds of torture. One is invisible to the human eye: hunger, misery, unemployment...The other is dramatic, spectacular, even theatrical! The rack, the Iron Maiden, the Dragon’s Chair, waterboarding, pure theater!

And is not life but a theatre?

Hast not a torturer eyes?

Hast not a torturer a heart?

Ahh...that this all too sullied flesh should land in a pig pile in Abu Ghraib.

For that’s what happens to rogues and peasant slaves....says I.

(The other actors applaud and yell Bravo! Roses are thrown.)

Minister - Wow! What an “extraordinary rendition”!

President *(Astounded with Dubya’s immense knowledge)* – This Dubya is amazing. He’s got an answer for everything.

Uncle McBuck – Why do you think they call him The Decider?

Dubya – And now, Mr. President, let’s prepare your next speech to the masses.

President – I would like to address...

Dubya *(Interrupting him swiftly)* – I will write it. You just worry about your delivery.

Clear and virile! Things must always be black and white. I will employ the three rules of political rhetoric. First: the government is always the victim. The people don’t understand us, even though everything we do is for their own good. Second: the well-being of the people should be expressed in the most soaring, glorious language possible - “A Nation with a divine mission,” “Fear no evil, you are with me,” “The War on Terror,” “Freedom is a gift of the Almighty,” “The Spread of Democracy,” “Free Market System,” etc...*(And other slogans that are relevant and current)*. Third: we should use the same terminology against them that they use against us –

“communist imperialism,” “leftist reactionaries,” “fundamentalist insurgents,” and in our eagerness to use all of these terms, we should even dare to talk about a “Rightwing Revolution!”

Catman – Dubya! Even I, your rival, am in awe. I must offer my arm for you to squeeze. Go ahead, squeeze it. *(He extends his arm and Dubya squeezes it.)*

Magnum – Next to you, Dubya, the rest of us pale in comparison. Look, I’m getting paler.

Dubya – Thank you, Mr. President and my fellow superheroes. Let’s get Operation Zero-Tolerance underway. President, go ahead and count your pesos. Catman and Swallow, you’ll be responsible for land operations. Magnum, you’ll patrol the skies and report on enemy positions. I will personally oversee any skirmishes that develop. Onward, my superfriends. To war! *(MGM studios music with a bellicose, threatening tone. They all leave, with the exception of Leeza who grabs Magnum Man by the arm.)*

(Soap opera music comes back with a vengeance. Leeza and Magnum Man try to go but are drawn to each other.)

The Joker - When last we left Shera-leeza she confessed that she held a terrible secret. Can a simple super hero find love in the big city? Let’s watch...

21. The terrible secret. Leeza holds Magnum closely, and in a split-second, thanks to his superhuman intuition, Magnum discovers her secret. The scene is played over the top – in a soap opera mode.

Magnum – Please, Leeza, let me go. My super-intuition warns me that something terrible is about to happen in this room.

Leeza – Stay, magna -Stud, stay for just a moment. I have something I need to confess to you – a dreadful secret.

Magnum – With my super-telepathic powers I’m beginning to guess what that might be. Please, Leeza, let me go!

Leeza – Yes, my dear, now you know everything, but I want you to hear the words escape from my own lips: I love you! Even if the others don’t always see it, for me, you will always be my magna-Guy, my, my, my little magna -Muffin!

Magnum – Leeza, please, for God’s sake! Oh, God. Let me go!

(Classic 70’s Porno Music serves as the background. Their attitudes reflect this shift.)

Leeza – No, no, I won't let you go, because we were meant to be together. You are strong, but love has also given me super powers! I'll never let you go, my magna - Hunk of Love. *(She starts kissing and biting him with super-passion).*

Magnum – Leeza, what would the other superheroes say if they discovered us?? And what about Dubya?! *(He becomes afraid and almost reverts to being Mark Bent.)* For the love of Kryptonite, at this moment his telepathic mind has probably already discovered us!

Leeza – I just want to kiss you all over! *(She attacks him with Amazonian fervor.)*

Magnum – I'm feel a super-temptation coming over me, but I it is my duty to resist...No!

Leeza – Let got of the reigns on that magna -temptation and do with me what you magna -desire!

Magnum – No, no, no...we can't go down this path. I don't want to, I want to, I can't, I can, we shouldn't, we should...please, no!

Magnum – We can't do this!

(Music stops abruptly and changes back to soap opera.)

Leeza – Why not, my love?

Magnum – I told you that a terrible thing would happen if we continued... Well, how can I say this? I must tell you everything, everything! I'm feeling so emotional! *(He begins to cry profusely, nobly...though he is relatively poor, Magnum possesses noble sentiments.)*

Leeza – Don't cry, my love, tell me, tell me. I promise to be understanding.

Magnum *(Trying to gain control of his emotions)* – First, I want to reveal to you my true identity. Being Magnum Man is not my real, full-time job! I couldn't do it. In my real life, I'm Mark Bent, a professional reporter. I even have a fiancé who doesn't know about my other life as crime-fighter. But for you, Leeza, I must confess everything...As Clark Kent...oops. I mean Mark Bent, I'm just any other guy, no superpowers...I've got poor vision and I'm even a little cross-eyed. However, when I transform myself into Magnum Man my whole body swells up, all of my muscles become rigid, I acquire X-Ray vision, super-telepathy, etc., etc.,...everything becomes incredibly hard...except...one part...

Leeza – Please tell me it's not what I think it is!?

(When Magnum nods his head pathetically, Leeza falls to her knees in classic Darth Vader pose and lets loose a terrible howl that is a mix of pain, pity, unrepressed

resentment, and anxious bewilderment. This cry erupts from the depths of Leeza's complex psyche.)

Magnum – What? What is it? Are you ill?

Leeza – Sweet Jesus, Mother Mary of God!

Magnum – I'm sorry, I know it's my fault, but, try to understand. It's not because I want it to be that way...

Leeza (*Showing no pity, profoundly engrossed in her sense of heartache and loss, and measuring every word she says for its malignance*) – And all of this, for what? For nothing! All these radiant muscles, these abs, this fine-looking butt, those beautiful blue eyes, this big curl on your forehead, all this for what? You're like a steroid-bloated mirage... You're like Richard Simmon's wet dream, for chrissake!!

Magnum – Leeza, don't be unfair...

Leeza – Life is but a walking shadow...

Magnum – Please Leeza...no metaphors....not now. They fill my head until it feels like it's gonna burst.

Leeza - Glad one of your heads is working.

Scene 21a. Ala a war movie - "Saving Private Ryan," etc. John Williams type score plays.

Swallow – Holy dirtbags! You traitors!

Magnum (*Extremely perturbed*) – What do you mean? Who betrayed you? I swear we didn't do anything... I mean...I swear. We were just talking!

Swallow – Talking while we're fighting our butts off?!

Magnum – The war's already started? I didn't even notice...

Swallow - Catman was taken prisoner!

Leeza – And what about Dubya?

Swallow – Destination unknown. Quick! We've got to do something! Those blood-thirsty cannibals are attacking on all fronts! We've got to slow them down. There they are, acting as if they were pacifists. We've got to stop them!

(Aliens enter in the form of students, workers, farmers, immigrants, etc. and circle around table singing Kumbaya, Magnum Man joins in)

Magnum – I'm so confused.

Swallow – Holy retard! Snap out of it, Magnum! You traitor!... Here's our chance, let's get out of here! *(Sparrow is able to escape with Leeza. An exhausted Catman enters soon after.)*

Magnum –What are we going to do? Let's talk about it! Please, let's just talk!

Catman– Magnum, help me. I...I...was able to escape from them...I...I tried to communicate with them telepathically, but, they...they don't want to dialogue with us...

Magnum – They're depleting my super powers...disappearing. I'm losing contact with my home planet .

Catman – We have to get them to dialogue! Otherwise, we're lost!

Magnum – Dialogue, dialogue, compromise, mutual understanding, class resolution, peace treaty, ceasefire, no winners no losers, all for one and one for all, talks of reconciliation, amnesty.

Catman – No ...no!!! Not image theatre! By showing the possibility of social change through tableau.....they endanger the success of our one sided dialogue!! NOOO!! Say something! Say something, please! *(The aliens, unwilling to dialogue, continue to circle silently. More enter.)* Let's get out of here!

22. Student gathering.

Brad – Comrades, we've arrived at a decisive moment. Before we go further, we need to discuss what will happen if and when we take control of the government.

Ben – First let's take control, and then we can talk about what we're going to do with it. At this juncture, any more chit-chat, as interesting as it might be, is an act of betrayal! Our comrades are on the front fighting, risking their own lives for the sake of the revolution.

Joey - Wait!! Everything started because the beans in the cafeteria didn't taste good! Why are we still fighting?! I just had a burrito it was mexicalicious!

(Canned laughter.)

Angelina – But don't we have to know why we are fighting?

Ben – Comrade, if you don't know by now, you're better off not fighting. You'll end up shooting one of us by mistake.

(Canned laughter)

Brad – Every nation wages its own revolution, perhaps this revolution can be more peaceful and orderly and even, to some degree, within the law. Why not?

Voices of protest – Shut up, your reactionary! Revolution within the law?! Get out of here, you pig!

Brad – Enough bloodshed!

Ben – Enough poverty! Enough unemployment! And if it means we can put an end to the hunger and misery of our fellow man, then let there be blood, more blood, blood always!

(Canned laughter.)

Brad – I propose that we create a committee to explore “Dialogue and Mutual Understanding by Peaceful Means whenever Possible”

Ben – Traitor! Traitor! Traitor!

Brad – Our enemies have already said they will talk with us. This is a small, but important victory.

Angelina – Who is in favor of dialogue, raise your hand! Who is in favor of continuing to fight, raise your hand!

(Joey hoists up hand and painted sign that says: “Better food! Salad bars! Better rice, more beans!”)

Contradictory Voices – Dialogue! Dialogue!
- Fight! Fight!

(The Joker comes forward and asks the audience: Interesting situation, eh? How would you vote? To have a Dialogue? Or to Fight? How many for Dialogue? How many for Armed Struggle? He hand counts, or does a “Vote-o-Meter” with his arms.)

Angelina – The count is in. *(Fill in blank)* ... wins. But, for the time being, we'll keep up the fight, while half of us organizes a delegation to initiate dialogue.

23. Magnum Man is inside an impenetrable metal orb, which may be represented using a ton of metal (as Piscator would have done in the good ol' days) or with a projector. Either way, Magnum Man finds himself tricked into a very tight spot.

Magnum Man – They tricked me. Captured by a horde of devious alines –They've trapped me in a metallic orb, coated it with lead, the only substance, as everyone knows, impermeable to my X-Ray vision. Why is that? I have no idea. It just is. Underneath, there is a layer of flaccidite, a special substance from my home planet, that does no harm to earthlings, but that is a mortal threat to me. I'm already beginning to feel its deadly effects. I'm getting weaker...weaker...I can't even try to escape...to try to...destroy these lead walls...the flaccidite...

Wait, I have an idea. OK, you folks in the audience, see if you follow me: If I scrape my feet on the ground super-fast, like this (*begins to run super-fast with audience participation*) and rub my palms together, like this (*rubs hands together with audience*), theoretically, I will be able to create an enormous amount of static electricity. The motion is so fast, it looks like my feet are standing still, doesn't it?! When the electric current enters the atmosphere, it will produce nitrogen, as you well know. I will then super-hyperventilate with the force of my super-lungs (*with audience*), thus combining oxygen with the nitrogen, creating a charge of super nitric-acid. The acid will burn through the metal orb, forming lead nitrate, and...whalaaaa...a gaping hole through which I will commence my escape. As easy as falling off a log...

I'm free, thanks to my Magno-chemistry!

Scene 23a.

Leeza (*appears in the corridor with Swallow*) – Follow me, birdbrain. Where's my Magnum? I'm so crazy in love, Swallow! I can't stand it, I won't live without him. It's true love, love, love...

Swallow (*enigmatically*) - I know how you feel Leeza.

Leeza – How about Dubya, where is he? What am I going to do? (*pathetic*) So abandoned...so horny...

Swallow – Come on, let's get back to the fight!

Leeza – I can't, I've lost all will to fight...to live! Kill me, kill me, you bastards!

Swallow – Holy smoking libido, Leeza! You're clearly suffering from a case of repressed nymphomania. You've got to direct all that pent-up energy and unleash it on those douchebags – make um bleed! But we have to fight, Leeza, we must! (*From the depths of her loins, Leeza lets loose a libidinous war-cry and they both charge, reinvigorated for battle.*)

24. President's Palace

(Music and background images become completely militarized)

Uncle McBuck (*Quack-Quacking furiously*) – What??!! They're winning???!!

Ambassador – It would seem that way...

Uncle McBuck – Call in our Army, the Marines, the Air Force, Blackwater! We need to professionalize this war! The situation is clearly not for a bunch of amateurs!

Ambassador – But, Uncle McBuck...

Uncle McBuck – Do what I say! Order the invasion. Bombs! Napalm! Lazy Dogs!
Chemical, bacterial, psychedelic warfare! Bring it on... oh, but don't forget to inform the President about the necessary precautions – I don't want any diplomatic incidents. I want the world to bend to our will, but I don't want my factories impacted. War!
War! (*One of the alien creatures enters.*)

Creature – Peace. We are willing to talk.

Uncle McBuck – I don't believe it.

Creature – It's true...good sense must prevail – let's talk.

Ambassador (*light bulb goes off*) – Well, well, well...I certainly didn't expect this. But of course, of course. I welcome all of your leaders to come join us at the table. Bring all of them, a delegation of the highest level. (*The Creature leaves*). Quick! Get everything ready!

Creature – Let's talk. We don't want to spill the blood of our fellow man. We have the upper hand, but we prefer to win the war at the conference table than the one on the streets. You, sir, are an exploiter, a hypocrite, a bloodsucker. Your profits lead to our demise. But we want to dialogue with you, explore ways we can work together on an international level...We want to talk...

Uncle McBuck – So do we, amigo! (*Mcbuck, Ambassador fire off machine-guns until all of the leaders of the Alien Creatures have fallen dead*).

A Wounded Creature – But we wanted to talk...

Ambassador – Precisely. Except that we were the ones who started to talk first, and in the language that we know best. This is what we call “democratic dialogue,” you moron.

McBuck - And since you're not completely dead yet, I'm going to dialogue just a little bit more. Bla-bla-bla! (*He shoots him dead repeatedly*). And now, Ambassador, it's time to speak to the masses...I want radio and television coverage now! (*Enter the sounds of tanks, machine-guns, bombs, screams of torture, soldiers, robots*).

Ambassador – And now for the real McCoy! I present to you our beloved McBuck, in flesh and blood, who will give you a full and detailed account of the recent developments that have brought bloodshed to our peaceful nation! And here he is, History's eyewitness, the Sultan of Sweet Talk, your friendly neighborhood Uncle, our very own Uncle McBuck!!

(A typical, political news conference. Cameras flashing and clicking throughout.)

Ambassador - Bucky...you're doing a heck of a job.

(During McBuck's speech the president stands to the side picking his teeth or examining his nails, playing with a yoyo, counting money, etc., unconcerned.)

Uncle McBuck – Ladies and gentlemen, a mutual, and rather cordial dialogue has now been established, one in which each side is able to say exactly what is on their mind. I recognize that a few excesses have been committed here and there... but ultimately this is the price we pay for the lofty spirit of freedom. War is war! Soon democracy will prevail, and your sins will be repented. Mission accomplished! Our preliminary "discussions" resulted in, well, 2,000 dead, and thousands more disappeared, maimed, or in exile. A word of advice to the workers: return to your factories and work for the common good of the nation, and don't concern yourself too much about who or what that nation might be for. Spend money. Use your credit cards. Buy houses with questionable mortgages. And students – stick you heads back into your books and prepare yourselves for an active life in industry and agriculture, dedicate yourselves to the productivity and glorious destiny of your country..._May peace reign...as long as we do.

Reporter – Mr President?

(The president is hit by the Ambassador to wake up and pay attention.)

President - Oh...yes...of course. What is it?

Reporter - We received many calls from viewers who would like to know why so many have been gunned down in the streets? Why have so many been tortured and tossed from helicopters? Why did they invent so many new forms of torture?

President – “Uh. I wish you'd have given me this written question ahead of time so I could plan for it. I'm sure historians will look back and say, gosh, he could've done it better this way or that way. You know, I just, I'm sure something will pop into my head here in the midst of this press conference, with all the pressure of trying to come

up with an answer, but it hadn't yet... I hope, I don't want to sound like I have made no mistakes. I'm confident I have. I just haven't...you just put me under the spot here, and maybe I'm not as quick on my feet as I should be in coming up with one."

(Sign pops in: "Yep, he said it alright.")

Uncle McBuck (*pushing President off*) – Everything can be explained. It was the students and workers who, possessed by radical insurgents from outer space, resorted to the most condemnable forms of argumentation: violence! We didn't do anything, except watch with remorseful silence. Throw down your weapons. Some have died, others are dying, and I can assure you that many more will die. Throw down your arms, for if not, our land will be flooded with the blood of martyrs!

Dubya – Kill!

Catman – Fire!

Magnum – Skin him alive!

Leeza – Bazookas, bombs, acid!

Swallow – Help (*quietly at first, then louder*)...Help!

Catman – What is it, Swallow? What on earth are you doing?

Swallow – I want to die. I want to die. Shoot me, kill me, I want to kill myself.
(Deranged, Sparrow continues to cry out desperately - Classic slapping bit)

Catman – What could it be?

Magnum – Sparrow's wiggling out! (*Grabs him*). He's crazier than bird shit!

Dubya – Clear case of war related traumatic stress disorder! Let's get him out of here. We'll take him to Walter Reed for treatment!

Magnum – You're crazier than he is!!

Leeza - Dubya's right....let's just get him out of here! (*Catman and Swallow leave the scene, while the rest continue the carnage*).

25. Voluptuous bedroom adorned with velvet roses and gilded trim.

The Joker - A profoundly fatigued Swallow lies in the consoling bed of companion Catman. Let's watch....

(Soap opera organ music.)

Catman – Rest, Swallow.

Swallow – What happened to me?

Catman – When all hell broke loose back there, the din of battle frayed your pubescent nerves. Rest easy now, my little chick-a-dee. This episode hasn't tarnished your natural, adolescent loveliness. In fact, I confess, it makes you even more endearing...

Swallow – But...but...it wasn't that...that's not what pushed me over the edge.

Catman – What was it then, my dear boy? You can tell me. Why?

Swallow – It's a dark secret that lies deep in my heart, Catman.

Catman – Go ahead, go ahead... now, I confess, I'm quite curious...

Swallow – Do you promise that you won't get mad at me, no matter what? Promise?
Promise!

Catman – You have my word, my little tweety bird. I promise to do anything you want me to do – Cat-promised and sealed with a cat-kiss.

Swallow – It's just that...Leeza is in love with Magnum!

Catman (*a bit confused*) - How...how disappointing! That woman...she could never fool me. I know, she got her degree at Stanford and excels in the musical arts, she's nothing but a highfalutin bitch!

Swallow – Don't say those awful things!

Catman – My dear boy, why not? Don't you agree?

Swallow – No. No! Just the opposite...I happen to be in love with that bitch!

Catman (*Catman starts bellowing like a wounded animal. A cry of sincere pain, that shouldn't be confused with other types of cries or pains.*)
Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!!!!!!

Swallow – What is it, Catman?

Catman – Infamy!!

Swallow – What does that mean?

Catman – Ignominy!

Swallow (*confused*) –What?

Catman - Is there no decency in this world?!

Swallow – What are you talking about?!

Catman (*irate*) – All my hopes dashed! You molting little rat with wings! For the love of God and Family Values, what about me? What about me? What about me?! Me??!!

Swallow – How insensitive, Bruce.

Catman (*calming down a bit*) - I know that I broke my cat-promise, I admit it...but I can't live with this heart-wrenching pain, Sparrow.....Dick. I can't, I won't. I am very, very, very disappointed in you...change your mind now, right now!

Swallow – You're so unfair, Bruce. All of these years that we've been fighting crime together, through the moonlit streets of the Classic City, I always considered you a friend, a true friend...my best friend...more than just a friend, like an older brother, a friendly uncle, a father figure...a...a...like a son...a mother...my step son twice removed on my grandfather's side.

Catman– Stop! This pain is too much to bear.

Swallow – It's true Catman, you were all of these things to me...my godfather, my half-brother, my great-aunt...

Catman – Everything except the one thing I always wanted to be!

Swallow – What? What?

Catman – Your lover.

Swallow – (*incredulous*) Lover?

Catman – Your true, one and only, love.

Swallow – Holy Senator Craig, Catman! But you...

Catman – Of course, what did you think? Since you were a little baby hatchling I've taken care of you, taught you the difference between right and wrong, put you through the best schools, hired Alfredo, the world's most expensive nanny, and all for what?

Swallow (*clearly moved*) – Why then, Bruce, tell me why...

Catman – All those runny noses and boo-boos on your knees...

Swallow – Since I was a baby...?

Catman – Just a glint in your mamma's cloaca...

Swallow – Tell me what I was like, tell me, tell me the story of when I was a baby...!

Catman – You were such an adorable baby... Even then, you would smile back at me with that devilish, angelic smile... (*Swallow is unable to contain his contentment and flashes him that devilish, angelic smile of his.*)

Swallow – Catman...I...I don't know what to say...I can't find the words...

Catman – Say yes. Naturally, you have to stop loving Leeza.

Swallow – I'll think about it. I promise.

Catman – Sleep on it. And never loose, in that prepubescent face of yours, that mysterious, devilish, angelic smile.

Swallow – What can I do about it? I was born with it...and it stuck...Goodbye, dear friend...

Catman – Farewell...and dare I say...see you soon...?

Swallow (*Motionless, near the door, an indecisive and clearly conflicted Swallow wrestles with his confused emotional state.*) – Ohh, Catman...Bruce...my draped defender...My TR Knight in Shining Armor. Silent all this time. So much intimacy, so much heartache, so many tender moments lost...in vain...Someday, maybe I can express to you...

Catman – I can't resist...wait! (*He flutters to the door and, impulsively, but no less resolutely, kisses Swallow passionately on the lips, then retreats back, shocked at his own boldness.*) Now you may go...

Beat. They walk away and come back together.

Catman – I wish I knew how to quit you.

Swallow – Holy man on man action!...ciau... (*He scampers away.*)

27. The radio and television network studio. The President earnestly holds on to his sacks of money while speaking, in a slightly more discreet fashion, about his daughter.

President – Ladies and Gentleman, I have a daughter who is the same age as these young demonstrators... That's why it hurts me so, every time I have to send in the police. All of you parents listening, please know that I share your suffering. Every time I send one of your boys or girls to the rack, for some electric shock, or waterboarding, to the Dragon's chair, the "Pau-de-Arara" (otherwise known as the Parrot's Perch), the dog collar, the Abu Ghraib pyramid, or any other modern means of extracting vital information... know that I suffer a thousand times more than they do. Because their suffering is merely bodily, whereas mine strikes to the core of an anguished father. Do not fear, no one suffers more than me! This government swears by the good book, and always fulfills its promise, no, its constitutional duty, to abide by, if not the letter of the law, at least its holy spirit! "I trust God speaks through me. Without that I couldn't do my job." (*Sign in quickly: "Promise this is the last. But he really said that." Machine guns and other explosions fill the background.*)

28. On the shadowy streets, at this sad hour of the night, the game has ended, and now what? Listless people pass by without stopping to recognize one another. Their passing words also fall on deaf ears.

- Where is your fiancé? KATIE SR
- Dead. MARIO SL
- What happened to that soldier? KELLY SL DOOR
- Back in the barracks. JOSH SR
- What about your son? NIA
- Stockade. CAROLE
- Your husband? NIA
- He was at a picnic... prison now. CAROLE
- Where's your brother? LESLIE DBL WINDOW
- In prison. JOHN DBL WINDOW
- What about my son? Where's my son? MARYELLA SR DOORWAY
- He's dead, my dear. He died fighting. In the battle. He's gone. JADE/ANGELA

29. Our intrepid President continues his magisterial speech on the radio, television, with the sound of gunfire, bombs, screaming as a soundtrack.

President – We tried to talk, but our hope fell on dead ears, I mean, deaf ears. As a result we have been forced to live through these troubled, chaotic times. This situation reached its regrettable climax, and with tragic consequences. Oppressed by its very own, ungrateful populace, this government showed as much leniency as it possibly could. But we have our limits too. The best defense is a strong offense – so we're taking it to them... huntin' them down... one by one... in the end, my fellow citizens,

peace and love (*he affectionately hugs his money bags*) for all mankind will prevail, once and for all. Until next week! Goodbye!

30. Presidential Palace. Euphoric mood with laughter, back slapping, champagne bubbles, hors d'oeuvres, fancy drinks with umbrellas, Cuban cigars, etc. A surprisingly despondent Uncle McBuck enters.

Uncle McBuck – Ugh, I've lost all hope again!

President – But why, Uncle?

Dubya – What happened now?

Uncle McBuck (*Practically in tears*) – Yes, it's true, it's true, we won. The alien insurgents were eradicated. But, in the meantime, the country's economy was completely destroyed. These miserable creatures were never so poor as they are now—they can't even find two nickels to rub together. So, who the hell's going to buy my products now?

(general pause in the festivities)

Leeza – He's right. Who?

President – I haven't a clue.

Uncle McBuck – Now what?

All – What should we do? What's the solution? We'll need a miracle...

Dubya (*with the heroic smile and starched, elegant look of one who is accustomed to winning, despite the now nearly forgotten recent struggle*) And now, ladies and gentlemen, for my next sleight of hand, smoke and mirrors, twist of tongue, and some good ol' fashioned hoodwinking, I, Dubya the Decider, will solve all of your riddles! (*Happy cartoon finale type music begins to play signaling that things are going to be righted. The rest form a semicircle en tableau, as in French comedies, facing the audience in anticipation of an imminent conclusion.*) Yes, it is true, we have won the war! We defeated the alien insurgents and their wicked ideologies. Uncle McBuck, rightly so, is upset about the damage done to his factories and the loss of his market base. Along with him, many other smaller industrialists were hurt by these tragic developments, for he is not the only capitalist in this huge country. Lest we forget, Uncle McBuck is the Midas, the Donald Trump of today's day and age, against which these national financiers look like Lilliputians. So, finally, what is the answer?

Uncle McBuck – That's exactly what I'd like to know.

Dubya – Uncle McBuck will have to invest just a little bit more in this country, buying any remaining factories, sweat-shops, magazine-stands and coconut vendors that don't already belong to him, as is his right as a giant multinational mogul.

Uncle McBuck – With what money?

President – With a loan, naturally.

Dubya – You're such a quick learner, Mr. Presidente! The next step is to keep inflation down, fix the minimum wage at an all-time low, flood the market with McBuck products, grant companies I'm associated with contracts to rebuild, and guarantee a steady flow of profits for our dear Uncle. *(Shouts of joy and bursts of applause, tremendous show of admiration).*

Magnum – But...what about the Superheroes?

Dubya – Here's the truly ingenious part: we'll never leave! In order to prevent the alien insurgents from ever again spreading their terror in this God-fearing nation, we will remain for as long as necessary, perhaps forever. And with our gracious President's permission, we will divide up control of the land equally amongst all of us. *(Boisterous applause, uncontrollable spasms of joy, multiple orgasms...)*

President – We are famous for our hospitality, my friends...Stay, stay...for as long as you like...my Green Zone is your Green Zone...But aren't there a few items of business of the more sentimental kind, Dubya?...man can't live on cigars and champagne alone, you know...there are also the matters of the heart.

Dubya – Yes, you're right, but for these, even Dubya the Decider doesn't have an easy answer...

Leeza – Don't worry, Dubya. Hearts that truly know how to love, will always find true happiness, isn't that right, Magnum? *(The two are holding hands.)*

Magnum – That's right, dear. When I realized that there was no other way, I found the witch Viagra de Spell and made a bargain with her: she agreed and that was that. Now I can't fly, I've lost my telepathic powers, my body is generally pretty flaccid, but the ol Johnson is working like a charm, and best of all, Leeza is happy as a lark. Isn't that right, hunny bunny?

Leeza – Sure is, my super-sausage.

Swallow - Holy Chorizo!

Dubya – And you guys?

Swallow (*Holding Catman's hands tenderly*) – We had to come to this adorable backward country, but we finally realized who we were. After some couple's therapy we decided to stop hiding from our true identity and come out of our cages and begin nesting.

Dubya – We've all found happiness...though I admit, I am going to miss my little love-guru (*looks fondly, nostalgically at Leeza*).

All – Aaawwww. Poor thing. He's all alone.

President – At your service, Dubya. I'm happy to keep you company. In fact I've been meaning to show you my presidential gardens, I have some lovely poppies, just lovely, come, come with me... (*They leave, skipping, arm in arm.*)

Joker – And everyone was extremely happy. They all got married and had a lot of beautiful children, who were equally as happy and who had their own happy children, who also happened to get married, and have lots of happy, happy kids. And that is how the illustrious Justice (by all means necessary) League prevailed over the bloodthirsty hordes of fanatic alien insurgents from outer space. And now, we may all rest in peace. Viva a democracia! Long live democracy!

(Suddenly, the stage goes black. Weapons and ammunition. Fire and explosions. Violent music. Cries and screams from all over the auditorium in the dark. The lights quickly come up revealing the entire cast, dead, strewn about the theatre and audience. The guards have weapons drawn on dead bodies.)

The Joker (*with his last breath*) - May peace reign eternal!

(The guards kick the bodies to make sure they're dead. They look at each other. Look at the audience. Look back at each other.)

Guards - The End.

(The guards hustle audience out of auditorium over the dead bodies of the cast. There is no curtain call.)

THE END