

# Who In The World Killed Osama Bin Laden?

By Brian Thomas Gould

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## ACT 1

### *The Day After. . . (#1)*

*(Lights come up to a small room that is brightly lit. The walls are bare, except for a two-way mirror, a picture of President Barack Obama, and a C.I.A. logo. A table, with three chairs sits across from one another. The Boss is holding files and and a hemorrhoid ring cushion.)*

**Boss:** I know you've been itchin' to get your shot at an admin position.

The time is now; the case is yours, and the Uncle sure as shit isn't happy. That old son of a bitch has been on my ass for the last twenty-four hours. I've been going back and forth from the White House basement all day. But that ain't it! My killjoy of an ex-wife has the gall to call me on her boy-toy Roy's cell, telling me I gotta take care of our kid while she goes on vacation. I got hemorrhoids the size of golfballs right now! And she wants me to drive all the way to Maryland to pick up the kid that hates me? Goddamn, I'm hot about this.

**Agent:** I believe I have what it takes to lead this interrogation, sir. If you want to sit this one out; especially concerning a family matter. I think there'd be no shame in that.

**Boss:** Don't get ahead of yourself, Agent. Let's just get down to business...As you've read in his file; he was there, and he knows a whole lot that we don't. In my book that makes him a big ol' American liability.

**Agent:** Is he dangerous?

**Boss:** When we found him he was persistent about a bomb he said was on his...penis. Our guys found it, and said it was a fake. So the Uncle told 'em keep it on there. Maybe it'll make him talk. He's done nothing illegal, so it'd be just un-American if we didn't keep him here for some reason. Hopefully this will all go smoothly and both sides can help each other. We get our information. He gets his "bomb" removed.

**Agent:** And if he doesn't cooperate?

**Boss:** I'm sure you've memorized your CIA methods and tactics manual: follow it.

**Agent:** You didn't answer my question sir.

**Boss:** If he doesn't want to "cooperate"...Hypothetically, for...argument sake? I could say...I don't know? Just imagine if Dick Cheney was elected President (*Winks.*)

**Agent:** Yes, sir. Good, sir.

**Boss:** If you really believe you can lead this interrogation--  
*(interrupted.)*

**Agent:** I do, sir.

**Boss:** Well then, I want to see what you can do on your feet, Agent. I'll warn you that my ol' habits die hard, but I'll try my damndest not to interfere. Are you ready?

**Agent:** Yes.

**Boss:** Good luck. . .Monty!

*(Montgomery enters. He's playing a game on his phone. The Agent is surprised that Monty is on the other side of the room.)*

**Montgomery:** What?

**Boss:** How's it going champ? Whatcha' playin' there?

**Montgomery:** Capitol Carnage. It's this game where you kidnap and torture people in congress. I totally just cut Eric Cantor's tongue out.

*(The Boss embarrassingly laughs.)*

**Boss:** *(To Agent)* Well at least he doesn't know about sex.

**Montgomery:** Yeah I do. Mom and Roy showed me.

**Boss:** No...they...Just look like you care, Monty. I had to pull a helluva lot strings to get you here.

**Montgomery:** I didn't ask to be here! I wanted to go with Roy and Mom to Florida. I could have spent a week at NASA!

**Boss:** Yeah, but you should be excited to learn what your Dad does. The CIA is some pretty exciting stuff, son.

**Montgomery:** I don't give a shit about the CIA, Dad! You guys are always the bad guys in the movies!

**Boss:** *(Suddenly serious)*. The only reason why we're always bad in the movies is because of the leftist pinkos in Hollywood. We bring American justice. One non-white at a time.

**Montgomery:** What did you want?! I was comfortable sitting out there. Now I have to stand!

**Boss:** We're short staffed today, so go get Mr. Starr and bring him in here.

**Montgomery:** He's weird. He keeps singing and talking about his schlong.

**Boss:** Penis, Montgomery. Go get him!

**Montgomery:** FINE! BUT I'M NOT FUCKING HAPPY ABOUT IT!

*(Montgomery exits. Boss looks embarrassed.)*

**Agent:** You didn't tell me he was in the other room.

**Boss:** He's fine. Totally trustworthy. It's just...He's been a little...rough around the edges since the divorce. But he's fine.

**Agent:** He's a charming kid.

**Boss:** Yeah, just a...bright shining star of a child...

*(Montgomery enters with Joshua Starr. Joshua is tied up on a moving dolly with a blindfold on. He is singing.)*

**Joshua:** Cuz, I'm T-N-T, I'm Dyn-o-mite. T-N-T. I'm a power load. T-N-T. Watch me exploooooode. . .

**Boss:** Leave, Monty.

*(Montgomery exits. The Boss sits down. He pulls out a notebook and pen. He signals to the Agent that this is now her show. The Agent briskly walks up to Joshua and*

*takes off his blindfold. The Boss makes hand gestures to the Agent whenever Joshua cannot see him.)*

**Agent:** Hello Joshua. I'm Agent Laura Sackler. I work for the Central Intelligence Agency, also known as the CI--*(Interrupted)*.

**Joshua:** Yeah, I know who you people are! You're always the bad guys in the movies, but there's more important business--*(Interrupted)*.

*(The Agent puts blindfold in Joshua's mouth and starts to untie.)*

**Agent:** I'm sorry. Let me untie you. . .

*(The Boss multitasks taking notes and signaling while the Agent continues to untie Joshua.)*

**Agent:** . . .There. *(Takes blindfold out of Joshua's mouth)*. Please take a seat.

**Joshua:** Did you disarm the dick bomb?!

**Agent:** No. . .*(Looks at Boss)*. There's a . . .doctor. . .coming for you.

**Joshua:** Why did you look at him? Why didn't he introduce himself? Is this good cop, bad cop?

**Boss:** *(Oddly reassuring-Jedi Mind Trick)*. Imagine. I'm not here.

**Agent:** You're in Langley, Virginia. Everything is okay. No one is going to hurt you.

**Joshua:** Why was I tied up then?

**Agent:** Standard procedure. Like a hospital with the wheelchair, you know?

**Joshua:** Not really.

**Agent:** Now Joshua we need to have a thorough conversation. You need to give me your account of the last two months.

**Joshua:** When is the doctor coming? This thing could kill all of us!

**Agent:** Joshua calm down. I understand your frustration, but it's going to take a little time to get a bomb-removing doctor here. It's not like they grow on trees.

**Joshua:** What the fuck does that--Listen! I have a bomb on my dick!

**Agent:** And there's nothing we can do about that right now. We need a bomb-removing doctor, and we're working on that. But for the time being you need to relax. You're home, you're safe. No one is going to hurt you. So will you please just talk to me? At the very least it'll take your mind off things while we wait.

**Joshua:** ...You're probably right. Just get my mind off it...Okay...What do you want to know?

*(Boss impressed.)*

**Agent:** Thank you. I know the last two months have been difficult on you, so I will be as **painless** as possible. But how exactly did you get to the compound?

**Joshua:** Really? . . .All right. Well. . .I flew over to Islamabad. And uh...I clearly remember clearing customs, and it was shortly after that. . .

*(Lights go black.)*

## **Two months ago in Islamabad, Pakistan. . .(#2)**

*(Lights come up to Muhammed Hackbad in-front of the Pakistan Monument holding a sign that says "Starr#1fanboy," a large, empty duffle bag and a cattle-prod hooked to his belt. There are a few locals admiring the monument. Joshua stumbles in filming the area with a camcorder while carrying a backpack over his shoulder.)*

**Hackbad:** Ah! Yeshua! You've arrived! How was your flight? Was it good? I'm sure it was good. Oh Allah! It's fantastic to finally see you in the flesh!

**Joshua:** You're Starr#1 fanboy? It's nice to meet you. I've been excited for the last forty-two hours it took to get here. I'm so pumped to start making this film. . .

*(Joshua starts sizing up a shot, then notices Hackbad staring at him with wonderment.)*

**Joshua:** . . .So do you have a name?

**Hackbad:** Ah! Yes. I'm sorry for not introducing myself. My name is: Muhammed Hackbad. I'm your biggest fan!

**Joshua:** It's always nice to meet a true fan. I appreciate--*(Interrupted)*.

**Hackbad:** *(Excited, nervous and paranoid)*. I need you. You're the only one who can set me free....Ah what am I talking about? I talk too much. My Allah, you are so much more magnificent in-person. Like a statue on a pedestal.

**Joshua:** Yeah...Thanks...for everything. You're the guy taking me to taking me Kabul, right?

**Hackbad:** *(Ashamed)* . . .Yes. I'm taking you to. . .Kabul. . .

**Joshua:** Okay. Well before we go to Kabul, I should probably at the very least get a few establishing shots around Islamabad. Do you know any other good spots around here?

**Hackbad:** Yes. . .I know an unrivaled location. . .But first. . .the car.

**Joshua:** Perfect. Let's go.

**Hackbad:** *(Pointing)*. It's that way. . .I'll catch up. I need to first, tie my shoe.

*(Joshua turns and looks, and continues to film the area.)*

**Joshua:** It's nicer here than I imagined.

**Hackbad:** *(Pulls off the cattle-prod)*. Yes. It doesn't get credit it deserves.

**Joshua:** How far is the drive?

**Hackbad:** *(Walks toward Joshua)*. In this traffic? A few hours. . .I'm sorry, Yeshua. It's the only way to get you in.

*(Hackbad shocks Joshua with the prod. The two locals look with no surprise and watch Hackbad open up his duffle bag and stuff the unconscious Joshua in it. Lights go black.)*

## ***(NEEDS A TITLE)* (#3)**

*(Lights come back up. A concrete compound with an entrance and upstage door. The walls have pictures of Brad Pitt, Johnny Depp, Matthew McConaughey and a larger poster of Lady Gaga. Joshua is still unconscious lying on the floor. Hackbad is sitting next to Joshua staring at him with worry and admiration. He gently pads Joshua's forehead with a damp cloth. Joshua suddenly wakes up.)*

**Hackbad:** Phewwwwww! I thought you were in a permanent coma. I don't know what I would have done if you had...died! I'm not ashamed to admit, I would have wept.

**Joshua:** I must have passed out from the heat. It felt like it was two-hundred degrees out there. Please tell me we're at least in Kabul? I don't think we can suffer delays with the shooting schedule I laid out.

**Hackbad:** I'm afraid we are not in Kabul. You are currently my Master's compound.

**Joshua:** Is your master helping me?

**Hackbad:** No not really. But there is more important business than your movie.

**Joshua:** I traveled half way around the world because your letter told me--*(Interrupted)*.

**Hackbad:** Quiet. My master doesn't know you're here. He is what you Americans call "Sweating To The Oldies" right now. He doesn't like being interrupted.

**Joshua:** I don't care about your master. I'm fucking pissed because when you send someone a letter in America saying you'll take them to Kabul! Ya do, Hackbad! Fuck this place. I'm leaving.

**Hackbad:** I'm sorry, Yeshua. Please let me explain. My Master, he sent for. . .

*(Osama Bin Laden bursts through the upstage door dressed in a tight, spandex workout outfit. He has a towel and is wiping himself off because he is quite sweaty.)*

**Osama:** Whoo! That Rashard Simmons gives me quite the workout. *(Starts singing, and dancing carefree)*. "Sugar pie honey bunch. You know that I love you". *(Surprised)*. Oh! Hackbad? Why didn't you tell me we had a guest? Wait! Who the hell are you? Hackbad, cripple him!

**Joshua:** Oh Shit! I'm...Uh...Michael...Jackson? I'm an architecture student...I'm uh...majoring in...Middle Eastern concrete fortresses! Yeah. Concrete fortresses. I saw this one and was like, "Wow! Talk about a Middle Eastern concrete fortress architect's dream." Well I've seen what I need to see. I can now pass the final...I'll just get going.

**Osama:** *(Truly frightened)*. Hackbad, this man is scaring me. Where is Gaga?

**Hackbad:** I'm...Uh...Sorry, master. But I was going to tell you. Gaga isn't who you need: this man is.

**Osama:** Who? This cock jockey? I WANTED GAGA!

**Hackbad:** This man can help you more than Gaga, your awesomeness. Let me show you.

*(Hackbad exits upstage door. Osama relaxes for a moment, starts talking to himself.)*

**Osama:** Allah! You can't find any good help. You ask for Gaga and he sends me this little fruit.

**Joshua:** This is so fucking weird. Are you Osama Bin Laden?

**Osama:** No I'm Michael Jackson. Pshhh. I may have lived under a rock for the last twenty years, but everyone knows the king of pop.

I mean, come on. The man is a king, like me. *(Bin Laden does a MJ dance move)*. Ja-mon!

*(Hackbad comes out door with a tube television on a metal roller. He takes a VHS out of his pocket and puts it in the VCR. The video is projected for the audience.)*

**Hackbad:** This is how this man can help you, your awesomeness.

*(Hackbad hits play.)*

*TITLE CARD: (An American flag backdrop with the words, "I"- "Know"- "How"- "To"- "Catch"- "Bin Laden!!!!" coming toward the viewer individually, with "Bin Laden!!!!" exploding. The explosion dissipates.)*

*EXT. FARM FENCE POST - SUNNY DAY*

*(Joshua dressed up like a cowboy with a ridiculously large 'Yosemite Sam' fake mustache. He's repairing a fence post with great concentration.)*

**Joshua:** *(To himself)* Go'damn, moth'r fuck'n country ass fence... *(Fake surprised.)* Oh! I didn't see ya there. *(Fake laugh.)* Hey thur, 'Merica! Have you thought ta yerself recen'ly, "Why habent we found O-Sama-Bin-Lay-Den?" Well yer not alone. Studies show that in the ten years since 9/11: NEEEEEEEEVER FERGET. 'Merica's caught Bin-Lay-Den: zero times! Don't worry though; if our Muslim "President" gonna harbor 'em. Ima gone find 'em. And I gots three foolproof solutions to catch that slippery bastard!

*DISSOLVE TO:*

*EXT. WETLAND AREA - DAY*

*(Joshua tracking down his prey with a ton of animal blood on his face and clothes. He is dressed and talking like a Steve Irwin wannabe.)*

**Joshua:** Solution one: **Grizzly Bears**. We train these grizzly bears to become the apex predator in the Afghan/Pakistan mountain border. Once winter comes rolling around, all of these bears are going to need some shelter. I figure Bin Laden's living like a hibernatin' bear'n a cave.

*TITLE CARD: (A photoshopped picture of Bin Laden living in a cartoon cave with jars of honey everywhere.)*

*WE HEAR OVER THE TITLE*

**Joshua:** *(Off)* Look at 'em down there. Just like a bear. Honey and everything.

*FADE IN:*

*EXT. OUTSIDE A CAVE - DAY*

**Joshua:** So when Bin Laden's livin' in a beautiful cave just like this one, that 'ungry bear is going to think to itself...

*TITLE CARD: (A photoshopped picture of a bear looking in at Bin Laden in his cave, laughing and watching television.)*

*WE HEAR OVER TITLE*

**Joshua:** *(Off)* "I need a place to stay for the winter. Look at that cave! Tele-vision and everything!"

*FADE IN:*

*EXT. EDGE OF A POND - DAY*

*(Joshua is cutting some blood soaked meat, while focused and serious in what he's saying.)*

**Joshua:** And if you think, that grizzly bear'll politely invite 'emself in? Yer wrong. 'Ell just barge in. That giant bear'll either scare the sheet out Bin Laden, or just savagely eat 'em. Bloodshed or not: it's a win-win! Crickey!

*DISSOLVE TO:*

*INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY - NIGHT*

*(Joshua is sitting in a leather chair, reading a large children's picture book. He is wearing a silk robe. Joshua puts the book down. His delivery is slow and sensual. Bill Clinton-esque.)*

**Joshua:** Solution two: **Robot Bees**. Talk about love at first sting. My sexy-ass robot bees will gently fly from cave to cave until they've discovered Bin Laden.

*CUT TO:*

*INT. BUBBLE BATH - NIGHT*

*(Joshua finishes lighting the last candle lining the jacuzzi tub.)*

**Joshua:** *(To Candle)* Yeaaaah. *(To Camera)* At which point, my gorgeous bees will seduce him with a sweet bee song. Doesn't that sound nice, Bin Laden? A song as sweet honey? Just you and me, baby. I wanna taste that beard, Bin Laden. Uhhh. I'm getting SO hard just thinking about it.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

*(Joshua is memorizing cue-cards in a mirror. Joshua is wearing a thin black turtleneck, glasses, and has an arrogant nerdy way about him.)*

**Joshua:** I'm a perfectionist, a rebel, and a genius. Let's put it this way: I know a good thing when I see it. These robot bees are just the pinnacle of technology, weaponry, and sexuality. If I had to sum it up in one sentence? Game changer.

CUT TO:

*(Informercial-type presentation of the robot bee prototype. Cuts between close up demonstration with Joshua's hands only, and a MS)*

**Joshua:** As you can see here, there are over twenty-five, US-made thumbtacks and nails included on every bee. taped around bottle rockets and an iPhone playing Marvin Gaye. *(Joshua shows a poorly constructed prototype.)* Once I figure out how to attach a navigation system to control their movement, and a bunch of other scientific stuff. They will truly be...bee like.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

*(Joshua is on his rooftop heroically looking over what turns out to just be his quiet neighborhood. He is dressed like his made up superhero: TelepaThor!-TelepaThor! "coincidentally" speaks like Bale's Batman.)*

**Joshua:** Solution three: **Telepathy**. I got hit by lightning and for some reason gained telepathic powers. I've been honing my mental gymnastics in the shadows since I was a boy. But sometimes not all of us are meant to hide in the shadows forever. Somebody's gotta clean up this planet. Osama Bin Laden is just a common punk with a big check book. But I'm going to knock him down a few pegs and wage a telepathic battle with that terrorist scum. Once I put the ol' mental 1-2-3 on Osama; he'll surrender immediately and congratulate me for having the strongest mind in America. I will have finally avenged the murder of my parents! People will cheer for me! Women will want to sleep with me! Old people will respect me! Young kids will think I'm cool, and children will-*(Interrupted)*.

OFF SCREEN:

**Chloe:** What the fuck are you doing?

CAMERA FOLLOWS:

EXT. BELOW ROOFTOP - NIGHT

**Chloe:** Why are you dressed like Peter Pan?

**Joshua:** Fuck that. I'm not Peter Pan. *(Into Camera)* I'm TelepaThor! Templar of telepathy!

**Chloe:** Well you look like an asshole. Get down from the roof, you said you were going to help me edit my head-shots.

**Joshua:** *(Looking into camera.)* TelepaThor! never breaks a promise. Regardless of how personally abhorrent the citizen is.

**Chloe:** *(Angry)* Just get the fuck down from there!

**Joshua:** *(Back in "obedient" boyfriend mode.)* I can't wait, honey! Let me just find the rung and...

*(Joshua can't find the rung, and stumbles.)*

**Joshua:** Oh, shit!

*(Joshua begins to fall off the roof.)*

HARD CUT:

TITLE CARD: *(Technical Difficulties)*

TITLE CARD: *(After I've mentally fucked Bin Laden...)*

FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY

*(A man is lost in the woods. The man is dirty and panicked like he's been lost for days. The man sees a heavenly-glowing Joshua in the distance. The man runs after Joshua, but trips over a branch. His exhaustion has crippled him to the ground. On his back, the man looks up to the sky for solace. Looking down at him is Joshua with a canteen of water. Joshua kneels and helps the man up. Joshua opens his canteen*

*and pours water in the parched man's mouth. The man has the strength to look at Joshua. He's awestruck.)*

**Man:** You...You're the one they talk about. The one that clairvoyance'd the shit outta Bin Laden.

*(Joshua stares at the man with a humble smile, and lets the man drink all he can take. The exhausted man has caught his breath from the water of life.)*

**Man:** You truly are, **the king of kings.**

*(Joshua breaks the forth and continues to humbly smile with the heavenly glow surrounding him.)*

*FADE OUT:*

*(Video shuts off. Osama turns his head to look at Joshua.)*

**Joshua:** That video was completely taken out of context. The whole christ-thing wasn't even my idea--*(Interrupted, but keeps talking.)* Buddy of mine, Randy. Yeah, Randy's who you wanna talk to--

**Osama:** *(To Hackbad)* I ask for Gaga and you disobey me?!

**Hackbad:** Your awesomeness, I assure you. This man is better than Gaga!

**Osama:** Some shitty actor that wants to kill me with bees is better than Gaga!?

**Joshua:** I don't want to kill you! It was a joke!

**Hackbad:** *(To Joshua)* Sssssh, sit down. Your awesomeness, this man's video has achieved fifty-million hits! He has the American audience you desire!

**Osama:** Fifty-million?

**Hackbad:** He is quite popular with not only the youth, but that key forty to fifty-five age demographic you're lacking...With all due respect, your awesomeness. This man is the perfect specimen for you to study and learn from.

*(Osama contemplates. Hackbad persuasively follows him.)*

**Osama:** *(Childish)* But I **really** don't like him!

**Hackbad:** Feelings aside. I assure you, your awesomeness. This man can complete the seven moves of doom.

**Osama:** *(Contemplating)*. He could escape at any time...See this is why we needed Gaga. I can trust Gaga.

**Hackbad:** *(To Joshua)* You won't try to escape, right?

**Joshua:** I don't know? Probably. I don't really want to be here--*(Interrupted).*

**Osama:** Kill him, Hackbad!

**Joshua:** Whoa! You gotta let a guy finish. I was going to say no. Why would I ever want to escape?

**Hackbad:** The way I see it, your awesomeness; killing Yeshua would be like killing a unicorn. Just so pointless and cruel.

**Osama:** Oh? The way you see it? Hey everybody, Hackbad has an opinion. Unicorn's and cruelty...

*(Osama slaps Hackbad, and intimidatingly gets in his face.)*

**Osama:** SHUT UP! I KILLED THE FUCKING BEAR THAT WAS LIVING IN HERE! THIS CAVE IS MINE! I RUN THIS BITCH!...Now you put a Cuckwha boom on this motherfucker, before I get crazy.

**Hackbad:** Yes, your awesomeness.

*(Osama pulls out a small object.)*

**Joshua:** What the fuck is that?

*(Osama hands the object to Hackbad who takes the plastic wrapper off and aggressively moves toward Joshua.)*

**Joshua:** What's going on? Please don't tell me you're the mean kinda terrorists.

*(Hackbad punches Joshua in the face; knocking him unconscious to the ground. He starts undoing Joshua's belt.)*

*SOUND EFFECT: Power circuit explode.*

*(Lights go black.)*

**Osama:** Goddamn it, Hackbad. Did you forget to pay the electricity bill again?

**Hackbad:** I'll sort it out, your awesomeness.

**Osama:** No! Finish putting on the cuckwha boom.

**Hackbad:** Done.

**Osama:** Now call those assholes at the power company.

*A power circuit With strobe-light effect; Hackbad then graphically places the bomb on Joshua. Joshua suddenly wakes up.)*

**Joshua:** What did you do to my dick?!

**Osama:** I put a bomb on you. You try to escape. Boom! You get a tent pole in pants. Boom! You even try to look at it. Boom!

**Joshua:** What?! I can't control that! I can't remember the last time I woke up when I didn't have a hard-on! How am I supposed to sleep?!

**Osama:** Figure it out.

**Joshua:** Why did I make that fucking video?

**Osama:** I'm glad you did. Studying that video made me realize that you can work for me. Hackbad? Get the chalk board.

*(Hackbad exits. Osama turns very scholarly.)*

**Osama:** Your country has gone to shit since 9/11. Yet you people put up with it. This constant attitude that things will always be okay, because you're America. Incompetent leaders, two never ending wars, debt, unemployment.

*(Hackbad enters with a chalkboard with stylized writing on it.)*

**Osama:** *(OBL's thank you)*. Fuck you, Hackbad. This will explain it better. Be prepared Yeshua. My brain child of the last twenty years: The Seven Moves of Doom! . . . BUM BUM BUM! . . .First: **Attack:** Attack your enemy off guard. Hence 9/11. Second: **Destroy:** Destroy something they treasure. The World Trade Center. The Pentagon, and. . .well, unfortunately we didn't make it to Disney World. But two outta three ain't bad. Third: **Inspire:** Inspire them to love their country and want to defend it. So you go fight unplanned wars that put you in extreme debt. Forth: **Tease:** Tease the people

with videos warning of impending attacks, and death. But, always remember to never attack. Just tease. Fifth: **Collapse**: Collapse of fundamental systems. Because I never attack over time they feel safe and start indulging. However in reality they're overcompensating for how meaningless and crappy their lives and country have become. Thus the collapse of the housing, and banking institutions and the subsequent recession.

**Joshua**: You created all of that?

**Osama**: Of course. You Americans are so predictable. Now Sixth: **Entice**: Entice them that you're not really a bad guy and that attacking them was logical. This is where Gaga was going to come in, however I'm stuck with you. But you get American culture much better than I will ever understand. I've formulated that if I start retelling the American people what you tell me. They will start to see I know America better than their leaders. They will see I'm relatable. They will look to me for leadership, and I will oblige. Then I can whisk toward the final move of doom. **Conquer**: Conquer and finally destroy America!

**Joshua**: I can't do that. I love America.

**Osama**: Fine. Hackbad blow his cuckwha off! Excuse me for a moment. I have to pee.

*(Osama exits.)*

**Hackbad**: Yeshua, please reconsider. You must help him.

**Joshua**: Is he crazy? That won't work!

**Hackbad**: He's been very manic in the last few months. Please do what he asks of you. I beg you. Do what you're told and you will leave alive. I guarantee it. Please, Yeshua. For me.

**Joshua**: Why should I trust you? You put a fucking bomb on my dick!

**Hackbad**: Ring pop.

**Joshua**: What?

**Hackbad**: Your time here can help save two children's lives. Please, I will do anything for you to stay. **Anything**.

**Joshua**: Are you coming on to me?

**Hackbad**: No. I was just. You know? Trying to. Never mind. He'll be coming back soon. Please agree or I'll have to blow your dazzling cuckwha off. **Seriously**. Don't make it come to that.

**Joshua**: Fine.

*(Osama enters.)*

**Osama**: You know what I miss? Crystal coke. . .Hackbad?! Why does he still have his cuckwha?!

**Hackbad**: He's agreed to help you your awesomeness!

**Osama**: Really?

**Joshua**: *(Sadly)*. Yes. I will help you.

**Osama:** Yay! I'm so great! He's so great! *(Starts dancing like a kid, and singing)*. Let's have some fun, OBL is sick; I wanna take a ride on your disco stick! *(Stops and stares at Joshua)*.

**Joshua:** *(To Hackbad)*. What do I do? . .

**Osama:** *(Stops suddenly)*. You remind me of a young Neil Diamond. Head sure and cock strong. I remember meeting Neil Diamond in 1976 outside of the Copacabana. Neil and I went back to his V.I.P. booth, and start getting crazy. Neil was amazed by my blue jeans, and wanted a pair for himself. I told him, once you get a pair of blue jeans, you'll be forever in blue jeans.

**Joshua:** That's cool, just like the song.

**Osama:** What song?

*(Hackbad coughs; and shakes his head "no" to Joshua.)*

**Joshua:** Exactly. Neil. . .should have written a song about your blue jeans. I'm a big fan of--*(Interrupted)*.

**Osama:** *(Sad reflection)*. He never called me back. I was humiliated. It doesn't feel good to be used, Yeshua.

**Joshua:** Tell me about it.

**Osama:** This reminds me how Gaga talks about homosexuality. How do I relate to the gays? They are a confusing bunch. Always dancing and such. I mean I get the ladies, that's just hot. But come on. Two men? Outrageous!

**Joshua:** Things are changing in America, Osama. You need to treat everyone the same in America.

**Osama:** What? . . fifty-percent? I'm not a math major, Yeshua. Help me understand. Tell me how!

**Hackbad:** Your awesomeness, a writer needs time to think about a story.

**Osama:** You told me he is the greatest, Hackbad! If he is the greatest, then tell me a story. How am I supposed to conquer America if I can't conquer San Francisco?!

**Joshua:** Uh. . .*(Looking around room)*. Well. . .*(Joshua looks at three posters on the wall of movies starring Brad Pitt, Johnny Depp, and Matthew McConaughey)*. Homosexuality in America is a complicated issue. . .

*(Lights go black.)*

### **Just Three Bros, Bro'in it up. . .(#4)**

*(Lights come up in a room. Dave, Twig and Joshua sit on two couches that sit across from one another with a table in-between the couches. The table has a few empty beer cans on it. Dave pulls a hat from under the table.)*

**Twig:** Let the hat decide! Go for it, Dave.

*(Dave reaches into the hat and pulls out a small piece of paper. He reads.)*

**Dave:** Which male celebrity would you sleep with? It's on you.

**Joshua:** Brad Pitt. No doubt about it. Brad is a gorgeous man. Not only is he easy on the eyes, but I don't think there is a single role he's played that he hasn't nailed. I imagine he'd be very comfortable sexually too. It wouldn't be all about him. It would be about us. He'd probably cuddle afterward too.

**Dave:** You need that in a sexual relationship. I mean come on. If it's all about one person, that's just not healthy.

**Joshua:** Yeah, I mean if it's all about pleasing Brad than what do I get out of it? Which sounds selfish, I know. But, having sex with Brad Pitt needs to be like a teeter-totter. Back and forth, you know? Twig? Who ya got?

**Twig:** I would say. . .Johnny Depp.

**Dave:** Why the Depp?

**Twig:** Are you kidding me? He is just a beautiful, beautiful man. Johnny has made me weep like a schoolgirl with his performances.

**Joshua:** Ah, Chocolat?

**Twig:** Uh, no. Pirates 3.

**Joshua:** He may be a great actor, but he's had a wife for a long time. That means he's going to be boring in bed. He's going to stick with the things that are tried and true. Boring!

**Dave:** See I disagree with you, Josh. I think a man that's been in a relationship for a long time would feel liberated with a new person. Plus Johnny would love to be with a little bitch like, Twig.

**Twig:** I'm not a bitch! I would dominate Johnny and he would come back for more! Sex isn't about sharing passion, it's about dominating! I would take Johnny and throw him down. Just take control of the situation. If he doesn't like it, who cares? He's a great actor; he'll make it work.

*(Osama interrupts from the compound. Joshua is still in the scene.)*

**Osama:** Why hasn't anyone said Ahmed El Sakka? He's the greatest Saudi actor of all time! His work is incomparable! "Taymour we Shafika" is the greatest, Saudi comedy ever written! Ahmed forgets the third pillar of Islam, and all of the wackiness that ensues because of it! . . .Such a great ass on Ahmed too.

**Hackbad:** Let him finish your awesomeness. Maybe he'll get to Ahmed.

**Osama:** Okay. What was next?

*(Lights shift back to story.)*

**Joshua:** Who you got, Dave?

**Dave:** Matthew McConaughey. Not only does he have a great face, and a great body. He's a down to earth guy. I imagine him inviting me for a weekend on his ranch down in Kilgore and us bar-b-quing naked, taking bong hits naked, jamming on the bongos naked, playing two hand touch in the backyard naked, fishing naked, watching his movies naked. Oh man! It would just be so liberating to be naked for the weekend with, Matt!

**Joshua:** You lose points though because he's not a great actor.

**Dave:** We said male celebrity, not great actor.

*(Mrs. Dave walks in with a purse.)*

**Mrs. Dave:** Hey boys. I'm so sorry about this rainy day. I hope you liked your snack. I made sure to cut the apples up for you Twig and extra crunchy peanut butter for you, Josh.

**Joshua:** Thanks, Mrs. Dave.

**Twig:** Yeah, thanks.

**Mrs. Dave:** What are you boys up to?

**Dave:** Playing the debate game.

**Mrs. Dave:** Ohhh. Is it fun?

**Twig:** It's all right. It needs something to spice it up.

**Mrs. Dave:** Huh. Well I've got an idea if you want to spice it up.

**Joshua:** What you got?

*(Mrs. Dave reaches into purse and takes a gun out. She puts one bullet in.)*

**Mrs. Dave:** Russian roulette. Dave after your father left us, I just felt this giant void in my life. Alcohol didn't do it. Pills-occasionally. But it wasn't until I started visiting with that nice Russian family that runs the corner market, and wouldn't you guess it; they're playing roulette every Tuesday. I was like, sign me up! I felt so empowered, strong. Narrowly escaping death every Tuesday. . . Seen a lot of good friends go down in the last six years. . . Great game though. Anyway, you guys do your debate, and every time you make your point, you take a shot and then pass the gun.

**Dave:** Start us off Mom.

**Mrs. Dave:** Awww schucks. You boys are so nice allowing me to play. But, I shouldn't. I have to help your sister with her homework. *(Contemplates)*. But. . .How's she going to find out? What are you boys debating?

**Joshua:** Which male celebrity would you sleep with?

**Mrs. Dave:** Ohhh. . .Steve McQueen. Steve McQueen was a sex symbol before America knew what a sex symbol was. He was the quintessential strong, silent type. . .I remember getting aroused the first time I saw, "Bullitt". In many ways I could say Steve McQueen was **my** first for a lot things.

**Dave:** Mom!

**Mrs. Dave:** All right. Jeez Louise.

*(Mrs. Dave puts gun to her head. Finger slips for the shot. The boys squirm. Mrs. Dave gets a hold of the gun. Click, no shot.)*

**Mrs. Dave:** Phwww. See that's what I'm talking about. It's a gosh darn rush. All right, I have to help your sister. Twig, tell your Mom to call me. She's the worst about calling back. Have fun, boys.

*(Mrs. Dave gives Twig the gun and exits.)*

**Twig:** Your Mom is so cool, Dave. My Mom would never play Russian roulette with me.

**Joshua:** Shall we draw a new topic from the hat of mystery? Twig it's on you.

**Twig:** *(Puts hand in hat and pulls out a piece of paper. Reading)*. The new topic is who is the greatest dictator in world history? Oh duh?! Stalin! The dude killed like a bunch of people, and doesn't even get the credit he deserves. It's not like he was killing people different than him, he was killing Russians for the--*(Twig's voice fades as the lights go black)*.

## **Sexual Healing. . .(#5)**

*(Lights come back up in the interrogation room.)*

**Joshua:** It was terrible. After I told Osama about Russian roulette, he wanted to play. It took two of his wives getting shot for him to realize he could die!

**Agent:** Now Joshua were there any more steps in the, “seven moves of doom”?

**Joshua:** Nope. . .Just the seven.

*(Twig’s gun goes off. BANG! Joshua reacts.)*

**Agent:** How did he know all of the dominos would fall like that? You say he’s hysterical. Out of his mind. He still orchestrated ten years of mind games with the United States. No one is that in control.

**Joshua:** Super villains. Like the dudes that try to kill James Bond. . .It’s been a while. Where is the doctor?

**Agent:** He’s been put on hold.

**Joshua:** What does that mean? Is he coming?

**Agent:** Joshua, what you know can prevent future terrorist attacks. Tell me. Did Osama have anything planned in case of his death? Will there be retribution?

**Joshua:** When is the doctor getting here?

**Agent:** Joshua you need to tell me more before I let the doctor look at you.

**Joshua:** What?! Come on. You said earlier.

**Agent:** Did you ever have any access to his banking transactions? Did you ever see any account numbers, wiring info?

**Joshua:** I just told him stories. . .

**Agent:** Did any leaders of the oil industry ever visit?

**Joshua:** What are you talking about? What did Chloe tell you happened in the compound? Did she tell you I was being a super spy, getting account numbers and shit?

**Agent:** . . .Yes. *(Looks at Boss).*

**Joshua:** Yes, what?

**Agent:** Yes, we. . .know. Chloe.

**Joshua:** That’s what I’m confused about. What exactly did she say happened?

**Agent:** Well. . .yes. . .of course. *(Reading file).* She’s your sister, right?

**Joshua:** No. She was my girlfriend.

**Agent:** Wait. . .What?! You’re not gay?

**Joshua:** I don’t think so.

*(The Agent shows the file to the Boss, and he giggles, but turns serious.)*

**Joshua:** . .What does that say?

**Agent:** Oh, we some things wrong in your file.

**Joshua:** What's wrong?

*(The Boss indicates the Agent should flirt. The Agent goes to Joshua.)*

**Agent:** I think we've had a misunderstanding.

**Joshua:** Uhh. . .Can I get a doctor? . . .What are you doing? . .

**Agent:** Relax.

**Joshua:** This is highly unusual. . .Please, stop. . .No. I'm with Chloe.

**Agent:** You said she **was** your girlfriend!

**Joshua:** Well we broke up, but I want to get back with her. We had our problems but--*(Interrupted)*.

*(The Agent moves off and picks up a rolled up magazine from the Boss.)*

**Agent:** It's fine; you wouldn't know what to do with me anyway.

**Joshua:** Great. Doctor?

*(The Agent slowly moves back to Joshua.)*

**Agent:** What's that?

**Joshua:** Can I see a. . .

*(The Agent stomps on Joshua's foot.)*

**Agent:** Who's Chloe?

**Joshua:** My ex-girlfriend!

**Agent:** Oh, now ya say ex-girlfriend you little bitch. How is she involved? Did she go with you to Pakistan?

**Joshua:** Why are you hurting me? I'm an American citizen!

**Agent:** Tell me or. . .

*(The Agent unrolls porn magazine.)*

**Agent:** I'll make you look at this porno magazine until you explode. And, I don't mean the good kind. Do you understand?!

**Joshua:** Yes! Please, please. I'll talk. . .Chloe was the first person I told. She wasn't my first choice, but I thought if I got her involved we could get back together. . .

*(Lights go black.)*

### **Four days before Islamabad. . .(#6)**

*(Lights come up to an apartment. A knock at the door, Chloe answers.)*

**Chloe:** What do you want?

**Joshua:** I need your help. May I please come in?

**Chloe:** Fine.

*(Joshua walks in with his laptop and sits down at the table. Chloe stands.)*

**Joshua:** Is that my brother's jacket? . . .Anyway, I think I've come up with a fantastic idea. You know the Osama video?

**Chloe:** I hate that thing. Why didn't you edit me out? I look ugly. Fifty million people and they **all** think I look ugly.

**Joshua:** No you didn't. It was funny and you looked fine.

**Chloe:** Then why haven't I gotten any call backs?

**Joshua:** Chloe, I want you to co-star in the second Osama video I'm going to make. I've got a helluva part for you. You'll nail it. Check this out (*Pulls out a letter*). I'm going to go over to Afghanistan and this guy is going to pay for it--(*Interrupted*).

**Chloe:** (*Sarcastic*) Yeah go to Afghanistan and make a comedy movie. Genius!

**Joshua:** Just let me finish. This fan has already sent me the ticket. He's a nice guy. Let me read the e-mail he sent me. (*Joshua reading letter off of his computer*). From Starr#1Fanboy: Hellos Mr. Starr, The your stories are A-first. I read article on, "why won't the onion fucking hire me?!" and it made me sad. I say going to Afghanistan and trying to find Bin Laden, but with the same humor of video first. You make better film, even more popularity. Then onions hire you. Me pay for your expenses of the trip for friendship with my Manicorn. In show's of nice faith, I have deposit plane ticket to Islamabad, Pakistan for this Friday. I know it's short notices, but you need to make video while it still popular's. Sees you Friday. Sincerely, Starr#1Fanboy. (*Joshua puts letter on the table.*)

**Chloe:** That makes no sense. He wants you to make a movie?

**Joshua:** Yeah! It's great. I'm going to pretend all this dramatic and heroic shit happens to me. Prove how silly the idea of catching Bin Laden is. It's the perfect fucking satire of American media, gullibility, and our weird fascination with having to catch, Bin Laden. But while I'm captured by Bin Laden. I need a strong

female. You're that strong female, Chloe. You're my 'lifeline' in the film. It's a helluva part. You'll nail it!

**Chloe:** (*Thinks*). That is kind of funny. But, if I'm not with you how will I get filmed?

**Joshua:** I'll set up a camera here, wait for me to call you, and then hit record.

**Chloe:** How should I act?

**Joshua:** Be natural. This is supposed to be a legitimate documentary. Just act along with me.

**Chloe:** I don't know, Joshua.

**Joshua:** Chloe this is your chance. When this film blows up and becomes huge, you're going to be recognized as a great actress. You can finally shove it in all those talent agents faces!

**Chloe:** Yeah!

**Joshua:** And casting directors!

**Chloe:** Yeah!

**Joshua:** And acting coaches!

**Chloe:** Yeah!

**Joshua:** And everyone else that said you didn't have the chops to be an actress!

**Chloe:** *(Total 180 because of acting!).* Yes! I **now** fully support you making this brilliant film. . .Just me up on the big screen. *(Imagining herself).* Terrified, yet confident. Should I do an accent? What are my motivations? What’s my arc going to be?

**Joshua:** I don’t know. . .You’ve done improv. Just play the scene.

**Chloe:** I’m thinking I was maybe abandoned by my drug addicted parents when I was eleven, and had to fend for myself on the tough streets of Detroit.

**Joshua:** If that helps you play **yourself**, then go for it.

**Chloe:** *(Attempting Detroit accent).* I’m from Detroit. I’m from. . .Detroit. Do I sound like I’m from Detroit?

**Joshua:** Stick to your normal voice. Chloe, I also need you to store all of the footage from this film. I won’t be able to do it while I’m there. I’ll send you everything on a daily basis. Will you do it?

**Chloe:** So I just act along with you and save all your footage? . . .Okay, but I want creative control over my character, and the final cut of the film. I’m doing you a huge favor, champ.

**Joshua:** Fine. But, don’t fuck this up. This might be my last shot at impressing the onion. We only get one chance at doing this.

**Chloe:** What if you actually get in trouble?

**Joshua:** Haven’t really thought about it.

**Chloe:** Just like sex we should have a safeword. It’d make me feel more comfortable.

**Joshua:** Uh huh, sure.

**Chloe:** The safe word will be. . .Reganomics.

**Joshua:** *(Not really paying attention).* Yeah, that’s great. I have to go get another iPhone before the store closes. I’ll just drop it off. Just answer it when I call. And thanks again.

**Chloe:** Joshua, don’t do something stupid. It’s a different culture over there.

**Joshua:** What’s the worst that could happen?

*(Lights go black.)*

### **Islamabad plus 26. . .(#7)**

*(Lights come back up to the compound. Joshua is exhausted looking, trying to pay attention to Osama who’s dressed like a classic Shakespearean actor. Hackbad is writing in a book. Osama acts **everything** out.)*

**Osama:** I always have this conversation with my thirteenth youngest son, Omar. He always says, “Papa, I don’t want to be a terrorist. I want to be a rock n’ roll like I see on the MTV’s with the men with the long hair and the chicks for free! I want to be the Jan Mellencamps Cougars!” I tell him, “No, Omar. You will not be a rock n’ roll! You want to be something that only infidels do! No Bin Laden will ever be a rock n’ roll. You are a terrorist!” He gets up and leaves in a huff, walking out of the room with a strut that only a chicken does. My kids can be so frustrating! You work so hard to destroy the western world, and they don’t even care!

**Hackbad:** Your awesomeness, calm yourself. We understand.

**Osama:** Well you know, Hackbad. Parenting. It’s not an easy job.

**Hackbad:** I wish I could be a parent again.

**Osama:** Ughhh, Mr. Father of the year over here.

**Joshua:** *(To Hackbad)*. You have a kid?

**Hackbad:** *(Reserved)*. Two. Two boys.

**Osama:** Oh, he always gets all dramatic. I'm telling you. You'll see your sons soon enough.

**Hackbad:** *(Sternly)*. Let's do something else. Perhaps you'd like to play a board game, your awesomeness?

**Osama:** No. I'm tired of Candyland. There is no candy. I want candy!

**Joshua:** You ate it all. We could bake some cookies?

**Osama:** I said candy, not cookie!

**Joshua:** I don't know what to tell you?

**Osama:** OH, SHIT!

**Hackbad:** *(On Alert)*. What?!

**Osama:** I remembered that I have a sugar daddy in my room!

*(Osama exits like an excited child.)*

**Joshua:** You have two sons? So, that was the hypothetical you were talking about. Where are they?

**Hackbad:** I said I didn't want to talk about it, it upsets me. . .*(Looks at Joshua)*. I'm sorry, Yeshua. I just don't want to worry you, my sweet unicorn. . .

**Joshua:** I see, thanks. . .I'll just leave you with your thoughts. . .

**Hackbad:** Uh. . .Yeshua. . .Would you. . .Read my book? I know it's nothing compared to your work. . .but it would mean the whole world to me if I could get a little feedback.

*(Osama enters with a Sugar Daddy.)*

**Joshua:** I'd love to read your book.

**Osama:** I don't want to hear about your book, Hackbad. Talk about bor-ing! I want, Yeshua's! The master of the metaphor! When you told that story of the old man trying to poop, I never thought I could learn so much about Christianity's role in the founding of America. I'm like a sponge right now, Yeshua. I'm going to keep absorbing your soapy suds of knowledge.

**Joshua:** About that. . .I was curious as to when, I. . .uh. Might be able to go home?

**Osama:** Excuse me?

**Joshua:** I'm sorry. I didn't mean any disrespect.

**Osama:** . . .If you keep giving me fantastic stories. I'll let you go after. . .say, fifty more. *(Evil laugh)*.

**Joshua:** Yes, Osama. Ha ha ha ha.

**Osama:** Good. Give me a story.

**Joshua:** I don't feel very good right now. You made me watch a lot of porn last night.

**Hackbad:** That was very cruel your awesomeness.

**Osama:** (*Laughs*). . . Yeshua, you don't tell me a story? . . . You see that poker over there?

**Joshua:** Yeah. . .

**Osama:** Well I'm going to have Hackbad take that poker. Get it reeeel hot. And he is going to shove that red-hot poker up your cuckwha until you give me another story!

**Joshua:** What would you like to learn more about?

**Osama:** The old and young have fought since the Happy Days. The young kids have always thought that the cooler you were the better special powers you'd get like, Fonzie. Not being like, hardworking small business owner, Mr. C. Why can't you young punks respect your elders?

**Joshua:** It's not that simple. It's complicated in America. Old people don't understand rap music and such. Young people don't understand World War II and whatever else old people do. . .

*(Osama is starrng off into space.)*

**Joshua:** . . . But, I think a great way for you to meld the American generations is if both the young and old believe in what you're doing and saying. Then you'll unite the people. You'll be the first person in American history to do so, and then people will truly respect you.

*(Osama awakens from daze abruptly.)*

**Osama:** (*Sincerely*). Hackbad! The most brilliant idea popped in my head! I think a great way for me to meld the American generations is if both the young and old believe in what I'm doing. I'll be the first to unite the people and then people will truly respect me.

**Hackbad:** Seriously? . . . I mean. . . Of course you did, your awesomeness. So wise, and. . . Yes.

**Osama:** Yeshua, I need a story of generations clashing. I need to learn where it goes wrong in your country.

**Joshua:** Sure.

**Osama:** Yay! Story time! I love this part of the day. I don't like it as much as arts and crafts time, but it's still really fun. Please, tell on, Starr!

**Joshua:** Well I had to meet my ex-girlfriend's parents a few years back. . .

*(Lights go black.)*

### **Sunday Driving. . . (#8)**

*(Lights come up to Joshua, Elizabeth and Bob driving in a car.)*

**Joshua:** Thanks again for picking me up. It's too bad Chloe couldn't make it till tomorrow.

**Elizabeth:** It's no problem, Joshua. It's nice to finally meet you. Chloe talks so much about—(*Interrupted*).

**Bob:** *(To Elizabeth)*. Quiet, Lizzy. Don't make him feel comfortable.  
*(To Joshua, sternly)*. What do you do for a living, James?

**Joshua:** It's Joshua. I'm a writer.

**Bob:** *(Unenthusiastic)*. Really? What a ridiculous profession!

**Joshua:** How do you mean?

**Bob:** Most writers don't make any money. Plus, they're usually depressive, crazy, or gay.

**Elizabeth:** *(Embarrassed by Bob)*. Bob. I'm sorry he's acting like this.  
What kind of writing do you do, Joshua?

**Joshua:** I'm a satirist—*(Interrupted)*

**Bob:** Why have I never heard of you?

**Joshua:** I'm not **that** popular. I need a staff to be consistently putting out good material. I can only come up with so much.

**Bob:** Why have I never found any of your writings at the Barnes & Nobles?

**Joshua:** Because I have a website. Go there and you can find my writings.

**Bob:** I don't have that kind of time. I'm a doctor! I work hard. I don't have time to chat with invisible people on the Internet, and write about what a loser I am. You know Chloe's sister; Celeste is getting married to a Lawyer. He's only twenty-nine and he's bringing in six figures a year. Writers don't make that kind of money.

**Joshua:** Some do. Stephen King is wealthy.

**Bob:** Oh yeah. One guy. Good example.

**Joshua:** It's not about the cash. That'd be nice, but I just want to get my work out there. My website is great for what it is. I'm proud of what I've done, but it can't support a ton of traffic forever. But, working for a company like the onion. That's what it's about. They have the means to support me in everything I do. Print, web, TV--  
*(Interrupted)*.

**Bob:** That's preposterous. They're actually funny, and clever. You haven't made me laugh once in my whole life.

**Elizabeth:** Bob! Let the boy, talk. I'm sorry, Joshua.

**Joshua:** Thank you. I was just going to say that I think I could learn a lot from them. I have so many great ideas, but I don't have the funds to fully see them through. It helps not having the money, because I've focused on my writing.

**Bob:** *(So disappointed)*. Our daughter is dating a pipe dreamer. That's the problem with your generation. You think you're better than you are, and everything should be handed to you on a gold plate! Are you sleeping with my daughter, Jake?

**Joshua:** It's Joshua. Wow. Are you really that rude?

**Bob:** It's my daughter, Jacoby!

**Joshua:** Elizabeth, you seem to be reasonable. Did your Father ask, Bob about your sexual relationship?

**Elizabeth:** Bob was actually quite intimidated by sex. He would always cry and—*(Interrupted)*.

**Bob:** No I wasn't. I loved sex! Couldn't get enough of it! Just be quiet Lizzy! You're not helping!

*(Lights come up to Osama Bin Laden back in the compound. Joshua is still in story.)*

**Osama:** Why are you being so rude to Bob? He is your elder! You respect your elder! If you talked to me like that, I'd blow your cuckwha off!

**Joshua:** Yeah, I know.

**Osama:** Don't talk to me in that tone! In my day--*(Interrupted)*.

**Hackbad:** Please, your awesomeness. Yeshua is teaching us on how to communicate to both the young and old.

**Osama:** Really? Ah, Yeshua, you crafty son of a bitch. Continue, please.

**Joshua:** So, Bob continued to insult me. . .

*(Lights go black. Lights come back up to story land in the car.)*

**Bob:** All writers do is sit at a desk and type away. How goddamn hard is it to write? *(Impression of someone at a desk typing away)*. La la la, I'm writing. La la la. Oh, no! The hardest part of my job, spell check. Oh wait; the computer does that for me! I don't do shit! I'll never do anything with my life since I have no work ethic because Mommy and Daddy gave me everything! *(No one responds to Bob. Bob frustrated, blurts out)*. . . I'm a doctor! I have the hardest job in the world!

**Elizabeth:** Bob! You need to calm down. Getting angry doesn't help your ED.

**Bob:** *(Getting angry)*. Don't tell me to calm down, Lizzy. My prick is fine! This no talent **writer** needs to hear this, maybe he can WRITE about it later. Are you going to write about all the other losers in your generation who don't have what it takes to--*(Interrupted)*

**Joshua:** I'm sorry about your dick problems, but don't take that shit out on me. And don't you dare lecture me about my life. You don't even have your life in control. Look, you have a great wife and daughters and yet you treat everyone like shit. My generation might be lazy, but at least we're self-aware. Not selfish, impotent, overprotective psychopaths!

*(Bob slams on the brakes.)*

**Bob:** Psychopath? Would a psychopath fight you on the side of the road?

**Joshua:** Yes. . .

**Bob:** That's it! I'm going to kick your ass, writer!

**Elizabeth:** Bob, don't do this. You don't need to prove anything. He isn't worth it.

**Joshua:** *(Freaked out)*. You want to do this now?

**Bob:** I've wanted to kick your ass ever since you got into this car.

**Joshua:** I'm not really a fighter. I can't imagine most writers are. . .

**Bob:** Get out, and face the typewriter! Get it? HAHAAH!

*(Joshua, Elizabeth and Bob get out of the car.)*

**Elizabeth:** *(To Joshua)*. I'm sorry about this, Joshua.

**Joshua:** What is wrong with him?

**Elizabeth:** Good luck.

**Bob:** Come on, Jackson. I'm so fucking ready. Lock 'em up. You're messing with a hurricane.

*(Joshua and Bob lock up fingers in test of strength. Bob immediately pulls Joshua's arms crooked, and holds his fingers in lock.)*

**Bob:** Submit?

**Joshua:** Nope!

*(Bob sweeps Joshua's legs, and Joshua falls to the ground. Bob jumps onto Joshua's back, and puts him in a chokehold. Joshua reverses the lock.)*

**Joshua:** I thought you'd be stronger ya old bitch. Submit!

**Bob:** *(Fighting for air)*. Never!

*(Joshua's hand slips and Bob gets out of the chokehold. Bob and Joshua get back to starting positions. Joshua is standing behind Elizabeth. Bob fakes Joshua out.)*

**Bob:** *(Pointing)*. Oh my God, Elizabeth are you okay?

**Joshua:** Huh?

*(Bob goes for a huge punch; Joshua sees it at the last second and dodges it. Bob punches Elizabeth in the face, knocking her out cold. Joshua immediately tries to help Elizabeth. Bob yells Joshua's name. Joshua turns around and Bob punches him in the face, knocking Joshua out. Muffled sirens are heard in the distance from Joshua's unconscious perspective. Lights go black.)*

## **Enough of the Tomfoolery. . .(#9)**

*(Lights come up to the interrogation room.)*

**Agent:** We're getting off course. Your account of what happened keeps getting more outlandish. And a story about you getting your ass kicked by your girlfriend's dad doesn't help me.

**Joshua:** That's not a true story. I mean come on. I ran out of story ideas for Osama after about a week. You gotta come up with something.

**Agent:** You've been wasting my time.

**Joshua:** You've been wasting my time. I'm an American. I don't know why you won't let this doctor see me?

**Agent:** Did Osama ever talk about the CIA?

**Joshua:** Of course. Jesus Christ, you were looking for him for ten years.

**Agent:** What did he say?

**Joshua:** He said. . .The CIA is a bunch of dumb shits that don't know a made up story from a real one!

**Agent:** You little smart ass.

*(Boss looking disappointed at what he sees. The Agent notices.)*

**Joshua:** Yeah, call me names. That'll make me talk. Where is the doctor?

*(Agent blows up.)*

**Agent:** There is no doctor. And there will never be one.

**Joshua:** What? Why?!

**Agent:** Because you're pissing me off. That's why!

*(Boss shaking his head, and writing heavily. Agent getting more insecure.)*

**Joshua:** *(To Boss)*. Hey, I know you said you're not here or whatever. But, will you please go get a doctor for me? She's unreasonable.

**Agent:** Shut up. You're talking to me! I'm in charge! I got the stuff to go ahead. You don't need him!

*(Montgomery walks in playing on his phone.)*

**Montgomery:** Dad, I'm fucking hungry. You said you'd give me money. I want Long John Silver's! . . .Daaaad. . .DAD!

**Agent:** Get out of this room!

**Montgomery:** Who are you? I was talking to my Dad.

**Joshua:** *(To Agent)*. Haha. You don't know how to talk to anyone.

**Agent:** Yes I do! I have great communication skills! I'm a leader!

**Montgomery:** DAD, DAD, DAD! LONG JOHN SILVERS!

*(The Boss quickly gets up, and shoos Montgomery out and exits.)*

**Agent:** You made me look like a fucking idiot! Why won't you work with me?

**Joshua:** Can I get a lawyer?

**Agent:** Fuck you. You're being held by the CIA. Our authority melts steel, and puts fear in every living soul. We don't abide by the Bill of Rights, or the Constitution. We report to one man and one man only at the end of the day.

**Joshua:** Cheney?

*(The Boss comes back in, and stands at the door.)*

**Boss:** The Uncle needs to see you, Agent.

**Agent:** Now?

**Boss:** He says, it's urgent.

**Agent:** *(To Joshua)*. See. See what you've done. . .*(To Boss)*. . . Yes sir, I'll be there in a second. *(Boss exits. To Joshua)*. I feel bad for what I did to you. Please help us. We're not the bad guys, Joshua.

*(The Agent smiles and violently slams Joshua's head against the desk knocking Joshua out. Lights go black.)*

**The Berries. The Beans. The Stones. The Nuts. . .(#10)**

*(Lights come up in the compound. Osama is now dressed like a rapper. Joshua is ending the Bob story.)*

**Joshua:** That's when Bob took out his knife and was going to harvest my organs on the black market. Luckily the cops showed up while he was cutting open my stomach.

**Osama:** I don't like that story, yo! That story was whack! Hackbad, chop this cracker's balls off for such impudence!

**Hackbad:** Why did you want to dress like a rapper, your awesomeness?

**Osama:** Shiiit, ya know? This be what dem youth's be doing. Yesh-man said the old don't get rappin' n' shit. I be appealin', mad appealin'. You motha fuckin' delirious. Cut his--*(Interrupted)*.

**Hackbad:** Please, your awesomeness!

**Osama:** That's not my name, foolio!

**Hackbad:** I cannot chop his balls off, **OBL3000**. It was a good story. The lesson Yeshua is saying is that you must make personal concessions and compromises in belief. Yeshua used violence as a metaphor to show the consequence of not appealing to both the young and the old. Beautiful job, Yeshua. So smart, and good looking.

**Joshua:** *(Surprised)*. Thanks, Hackbad.

**Osama:** What the shit is this?!

*(Hackbad glances at Osama. Osama menacingly pissed. Hackbad then slaps Joshua to appear on Osama's side.)*

**Osama:** Who's running this crib, ya punk motha fucka's? When I say cut his balls off, you cut this whack turkey's balls off!

**Joshua:** What's with you people and dick torture?!

**Osama:** *(To Joshua)*. Bitch, speak when spoken to! *(To Hackbad)* WHY WON'T YOU CUT OFF HIS BALLS?! I THOUGHT YOU WERE HOOD, G?!

**Hackbad:** BECAUSE OF MY SONS! *(Hackbad falls to his knees pleading to Osama)*. I see this scared American, and I see my sons without their balls!

**Joshua:** You're actually considering this?!

**Osama:** *(To Joshua)*. MAAAAAAAAAN, BITCH WHAT DID I SAY?!

**Hackbad:** Please, forgive me, your awesomeness. Balls are what makes you a man. If you cut his balls off, he'll be a changed! He won't be able to help you!

*(Osama thinks.)*

**Osama:** . . . You side with this. . . American scum. This west coast fool. This no talent clown. Appease me. . . APPEASE ME!

**Hackbad:** *(Rushed, on best behavior)*. My undying loyalty lies with you. What would you like me to do your awesome. . . OBL3000?

**Osama:** I'm tired of playing rapper. Yeshua's story made me want to sleep. Have Starr put me to sleep. I need to rest on this new information of American generations. Cradle me, and sing me American lullaby! Or, I'll cut em' off!

**Joshua:** Really?

**Hackbad:** Come on, Yeashua. What's worse a lullaby or your balls?

**Joshua:** Yeah, yeah, yeah. . .

*(Joshua gets up and cradles Osama. Hackbad leaves.)*

**Joshua:** *(Clears throat and sings).* Hush, little baby, don't say a word.  
Papa's gonna buy you a mockingbird. And if that mockingbird  
won't sing, Papa's gonna buy you a diamond ring. And if that  
diamond ring turns brass. . .

*(Lights dim. Osama is asleep. Joshua carefully tip-toes to the corner and dials  
Chloe. Chloe appears.)*

**Chloe:** Why the fuck haven't you called? It's been a month and I've  
continued to work on my back-story. I'm thinking that the whole  
Detroit thing we talked about, but now I've moved to central  
Pennsylvania and now live in an Amish town where I—  
*(Interrupted).*

**Joshua:** Chloe! I've been captured by Osama Bin Laden!

**Chloe:** Oh, we're starting now? Okay. Will you give me that line one  
more time?

**Joshua:** What? No, I've been captured by Osama Bin Laden!

**Chloe:** *(Acting).* Oh my God. How will you ever escape?

**Joshua:** I need your help!

**Chloe:** What can I do? I am only but one woman? Plus the elders in  
the village would forbid me from such precariousness! I shouldn't  
even be talking on the phone. If Elder Jakob caught me--  
*(Interrupted).*

**Joshua:** Goddamn it Chloe just listen for a second. The fan that gave  
me the ticket was actually working for Osama Bin Laden!

**Chloe:** Oh my! How will you ever get out of these circumstances? You  
need to fight your way out. I'm so scared for you! *(Trying to cry).*

**Joshua:** Chloe, I can see Osama Bin Laden right now. He's sleeping  
ten feet away from me!

**Chloe:** The Lord has blessed us, Joshua. I'm pregnant.

**Joshua:** What?

**Chloe:** You need to make it back for the baby. This child can't grow  
up fatherless. The Ordnung strictly prohibits a child growing up  
fatherless. I'll be outcast for being a whore, and our child will be a  
bastard his whole life!

**Joshua:** What are you talking about? This isn't the time, Chloe!

**Chloe:** I hope you make it out of there, Joshua! *(Trying to cry again).*  
For the child, Joshua. For the child!

**Joshua:** I don't remember the fucking safeword, Chloe!

**Chloe:** Wake up, Joshua! Wake up. . .

*(Lights go black with "wake up" repeated over and over.)*

**It's a Juicy Jewel of Flavor. . .(#12)**

*(Lights come up in the interrogation room to the Agent alone with Joshua.)*

**Agent:** Wake up! I said wake up! . .

*(Agent pushes Joshua. Joshua slowly wakes up.)*

**Joshua:** Oh, hello. Can you take the bomb off now?

**Agent:** No.

**Joshua:** No, seriously. I don't know how much longer I can take this thing.

**Agent:** There is more important business to talk about, Joshua.

**Joshua:** No. No, there isn't. This is the only thing I care about.

**Agent:** It doesn't matter. You've never had a bomb on your dick, you idiot!

**Joshua:** What?

**Agent:** Get up! . .

*(Joshua gets up.)*

**Agent:** . . .Pull your pants down.

**Joshua:** I'm not having sex with you.

*(The Agent puts her hand down Joshua's pants and pulls up a ring pop.)*

**Agent:** It was a ring pop, you simple son of a bitch!

**Joshua:** Wait. . .WHAT?! The whole time? . .Jesus Christ. . .Thank you. Thank you so much.

**Agent:** Sit down and shut up, Joshua. I've talked to the Uncle. He's authorized me to send you to Guantanamo Bay Federal prison for further interrogation.

**Joshua:** What? I'm American!

**Agent:** You're being charged with not cooperating in a terrorist investigation of the highest level.

**Joshua:** This is absurd. I'm American!

**Agent:** You had your chance to get out of here, Joshua. But, you chose to go down this road.

**Joshua:** I didn't choose anything!

**Agent:** I don't know how long it's going to take to get your travel arrangements squared away. You'll stay here until then. Here. *(Hands him an ugly banana and a scummy water bottle).* I found these in the ladies room. Eat and drink up. This is going to be the best meal you're gonna get in a long time. Remember, Joshua. You are either with us, or you are with the terrorists.

*(The Agent exits. Joshua sits alone looking shocked at what has just happened to him. Lights go black.)*

## **ACT II**

**"For diplomacy to be effective, words must be credible - and no one can now doubt the word of America." - President George Walker Bush. . (#13)**

*(Lights come up. Joshua is sitting, skeptically looking at his banana and water bottle. Across from him is Montgomery eating fast food.)*

**Joshua:** Could I have some?

**Montgomery:** No. You have your meal. I have mine.

**Joshua:** You're selfish.

**Montgomery:** And you're a loser that's in jail.

**Joshua:** Why are you even here?

**Montgomery:** Because my Mom wouldn't let me go to NASA with my step dad.

**Joshua:** Come on, man. One fry.

**Montgomery:** You can go get your own when you get out.

**Joshua:** No lawyers, no explanations, NO FRIES!

**Montgomery:** Tell me about how badass the seals were, and I'll give you a fry.

**Joshua:** How do you know about that?

**Montgomery:** Everybody knows. It's the biggest story in the world.

**Joshua:** What story?

*(The Agent and Boss walk through the door. The Agent carries paper and a pen.)*

**Boss:** Monty. Get outta here.

**Montgomery:** I want to see what you do.

**Boss:** *(So happy).* Really?!

**Montgomery:** Haha. No.

*(Montgomery gets up and exits. The Agent puts a contract in front of Joshua.)*

**Joshua:** What's this?

**Agent:** A contract. The Uncle calmed down and decided to give you a compromise. Corroborate with our story or you'll be sent to Guantanamo.

**Joshua:** What? Why is it even being considered to send me to Guantanamo? I'm American!

**Agent:** You refused to fully cooperate, and lied to me when I was just trying to get your version of what happened.

**Joshua:** What do you mean, "your" version? It's the only version there is.

**Agent:** The world already knows exactly what happened. The proud fact that we just pulled off the greatest covert mission this great country has ever seen.

**Joshua:** Rescuing me?

**Agent:** If the world knew that you killed Bin Laden that'd make us look incredibly weak. So we give them exactly what they want to hear. That we kicked some terrorist ass. People are proud of our country, right now. Now sign this.

**Joshua:** I don't believe you. You're bluffing.

**Agent:** You won't sign it? Alright. Get up, Joshua.

*(Joshua refuses to get up. The Agent grabs Joshua's arm.)*

**Joshua:** You have nothing on me. I have everything recorded.

**Agent:** What?

**Joshua:** Almost the whole trip. Recorded. You can ignore, beat, and force me to believe your story. But, the truth is out there.

**Agent:** Why didn't you tell me you had footage from the beginning?

**Joshua:** You really want to risk your entire case thinking I'm bluffing? So send me to Guantanamo, stick me in a hole, and throw away the key. It doesn't matter. The footage will still be leaked.

**Agent:** We don't negotiate with terrorists.

*(Boss coughs, makes signal to Agent.)*

**Agent:** I have this under control. He's bluffing.

*(Boss shakes his head, "no". He is noticeably worried.)*

**Agent:** What? I don't believe him. He would have told me about the footage when we first met. I was nice to him.

*(Boss is really pissed shaking his head. He pounds his hand in his fist.)*

**Agent:** What?

**Boss:** You don't know he's not bluffing! Where's the footage, that's what you fucking ask him!

*(Boss sits back down, and collects himself. The Agent looks self-conscious.)*

**Agent:** Fine, we'll start over. Where is the footage?

*(Lights go black.)*

### **Osama the Astronaut and Subsequent Male Bonding... (#14)**

*(Lights come up to the compound. Osama Bin Laden is dressed like Steve Urkel. He is doing his impression of Urkel to Joshua who is filming with his camera. Hackbad is writing long hand in his book.)*

**Osama:** *(Urkel voice)*. If you wanna do the Urkel dance, all ya gotta do is hitch up your pants. Bend your knees and stick out your pelvis. I'm telling you babe, it's better than Elvis. . .LAURA! DID IIIIII DO THAT! . .*(Tries not to break)*. Haha! I can't do it! Urkel is too funny! Such a nerd! Are you getting this from all the angles, Yeshua? People are going to love it!

**Joshua:** Oh yeah. You're going to be huge, Osama.

**Osama:** Excellent! Put that on the youtubes without delay! I bet the Americans would never guess what a great impressionist I am! *(Pulls out a notepad. Reads off)*. "Get the Americans to believe you're a funny guy who understands the most sophisticated humor." Check. I feel like I can do it all! Allah, I feel good! I can do ANYTHING! . .WAIT! . .I've never been to the moon. . .If I haven't been to the moon. . .then I haven't done EVERYTHING! Hackbad!

**Hackbad:** Yes, your awesomeness?

**Osama:** I'm going to my room! Deploy my human shields to the moon before my arrival!

**Hackbad:** Your wives, Osama? . .

*(Osama looks at Hackbad as if human shield and wife are interchangeable words.)*

**Hackbad:** I will get them out their cages, your awesomeness.

*(Hackbad gets up and exits. Off stage noise is heard.)*

**Osama:** Oh, Allah! I'm going to need to buy oxygen, rocket fuel, and gravity! Moon base! Moon base! Moon base! Wait! What am I going to do with you, Yeshua?

*(Hackbad returns.)*

**Joshua:** You said I should put that video up on the youtubes.

**Osama:** You can do that later. Hackbad, I want you to torture, Yeshua while I play moon base. I want to be able to hear it on the moon, Hackbad. Do you understand?

**Hackbad:** *(Saddened and Conflicted)*. . . Yes. . . Your awesomeness.

**Osama:** Hackbad. Turn that frown upside down. Get creative. Make it fun, you know?

**Hackbad:** I will try your awesomeness.

**Osama:** Countdown t-minus five seconds. Five-Four-Three-Two-One!  
LIFT OFF!

*(Osama run's and exits with much panic and excitement.)*

**Joshua:** Are you going to hurt me?

**Hackbad:** No. I'm not going to torture you. But, you do need to make noises like you're being beaten. I'm sorry, but we have to at least keep the illusion up.

**Joshua:** Sure. AHHHHHHH. HACKBAD! NO! Is that good?

**Hackbad:** Yes, keep it coming!

**Joshua:** NOOOO!!!! IT HURTS, IT HURTS!

**Hackbad:** That's good, keep the sounds coming. ISN'T THAT THE BIGGEST THING YOU'VE EVER SEEN! Yeshua, I know you're tired, and beat up, but would you look at my book.

**Joshua:** AHHHHHH I CAN'T FIT MORE UP THERE! Sure.

**Hackbad:** YES YOU CAN! TAKE MORE! I always hated One Thousand and One Nights. So, I decided to write my own version! One Thousand and One Nights: 3525! I'm nearly complete.  
*(Hackbad gives his book to Joshua)*. Here, read!

*(Joshua opens to a random page.)*

**Joshua:** PLEASE, NO! NOT MY TEETH! *(Reading from book)*.

“With three fast blast, Sinbad froze Eris in the time. He has his new power of multi-dimensionalism. Sinbad sent the wicked Eris to the far reaches of the Laden galaxy. She now would be forced to be slave for the foolish Laden clan. Once defeating Eris, Sinbad hopped in his TX-5000 war cruiser and whisked his way home to return to his wife Marina”. . . NOOOOO NOT THE STAPLE GUN! Wow, I definitely recognize that writing. It's interesting, and overall unique. Have you always been a writer?

**Hackbad:** I'LL DRIVE ONE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR TAINT!  
Before I ever read any of your work I was the police chief in Kabul, Afghanistan for twelve years before Osama picked me up.

**Joshua:** Osama picked you up? You didn't volunteer for this?

**Hackbad:** Of course not. An Afghani Sultan kidnapped and killed my wife. Once I learned of her fate, I beheaded the Sultan. HOW DOES THAT FEEL? Osama found out I killed the Sultan, and offered me all the riches in the world if I became his protector. I told him, no. I was a man of the law. I didn't believe in terrorism. I believe in fair justice.

**Joshua:** YOU SICK SON OF A BITCH! DON'T PUT GASOLINE IN THE WOUND! But you killed the Sultan?

**Hackbad:** Revenge is an overwhelming feeling. It is not easily buried within your soul. The next thing I knew, Osama had captured my boys. He left a note in my kitchen that I still have. . .

*(Hackbad pulls out a piece of paper from his back pocket.)*

**Hackbad:** *(Reading letter)*...“Muhammad Hackbad. Your sons will not be harmed if you meet me at Gilgamesh Café at noon. No funny business. Smiley face. *(Puts away note)*. I met him at noon, and that was last time I saw my sons. GOOD, YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON. NOW KISS MY FEET! Osama told me, once he reached the final move; he would no longer require my protection and I would be reunited with my sons. . .That's why I've needed you, Yeshua. Without you, he cannot get to the seventh move of doom. Please, Yeshua. I will do everything in my power to protect you from, Osama.

**Joshua:** I feel for you. But, saving your sons means America will be destroyed.

**Hackbad:** No, it won't. Do you really think Americans will love Osama Bin Laden? Follow him? He's fucking crazy. But, if my sons aren't enough, remember your Chloe then.

**Joshua:** I've destroyed my relationship with Chloe. I wish I could go back and work with her on our problems. But, I just grew distant and began to dislike her. We were great friends at one time. . .Friends. I don't even have that many friends. . .

**Hackbad:** You need to learn to cherish, not fight and block out the people that you are closest with. I've always believed life is about keeping the most important people to you, in your life.

**Joshua:** I had this great idea, and it turned into my death. I can't die like that. Unfulfilled. Things were going to be so much better once this film was complete.

**Hackbad:** Yeshua, you must believe in yourself. You must find inspiration. You are a smart, good looking, well hung, kind, funny, sensitive young man. You are hardly unfulfilled, but if you feel that way. Vow to complete your film, and make it back to your home. If life will be better for you, get there. But, do not mope, Yeshua. You must trust me.

**Joshua:** Okay. . .I'll. . .Trust you.

**Hackbad:** Thank you, Yeshua. That means a lot coming from a man of your genius. . .Now that we're bonding. I must confess, your cuckwha boom is actual--*(Interrupted)*.

*(Osama enters. He has a space helmet on and is not speaking audibly.)*

**Hackbad:** Take off your helmet, your awesomeness.

*(Takes off helmet.)*

**Osama:** Why are you not torturing him?!

**Hackbad:** I did your awesomeness.

**Osama:** Really?

**Joshua:** Yeah, Hackbad gruesomely staple gunned my taint, and then poured gasoline on my wound.

**Osama:** Ohhh, very nice, Hackbad.

**Hackbad:** Well, you know?

**Osama:** Hackbad! I need you on the Moon. I want you to play alien!

**Hackbad:** *(To Joshua, disappointed).* Ah. Duty calls. Good talk, Yeshua.

**Osama:** Yeshua, sweep up this place. I want it to be clean for my glorious return from the far reaches of space.

**Joshua:** You got it.

*(Hackbad and Osama exit. Joshua takes out his phone and dials.)*

**Chloe:** Hello?

**Joshua:** Chloe?!

**Chloe:** Joshua why haven't you called?! Did you find a different actress? Who is she? Who's the bitch? Is she better than me? Fuck that. Of course she's not better than me. I was tailor-made for this part. Right? Right?!

**Joshua:** You still have a part. Jesus. Chloe you need to--*(Interrupted).*

**Chloe:** Good. Now that I have you on the line Joshua, I have to tell you something serious. Your brother and I have broken up. It just wasn't working for us. He's weird, sexually. He always wanted me to do things to him that just makes me uncomfortable. And you know me. I'm not a prude. But I draw the line at the, 'Filthy Lutheran'.

**Joshua:** The Filthy Lutheran?! With the crucifix and everything? . . . Wait? You were dating my brother? Are you joking?

**Chloe:** *(Obviously).* We had been dating for five months.

**Joshua:** We broke up five months ago!

**Chloe:** Uh huh, I thought you knew?

**Joshua:** Why my Brother?! He's a jerk off!

**Chloe:** He was good to me. And he was great in bed. You can't blame a girl.

**Joshua:** Why did no one tell me?

**Chloe:** Because we knew you'd react like this. You're very emotionally weak, Joshua.

**Joshua:** *(Trying to hold back tears).* I'm not emotionally weak! Chloe, I'm still captured! I haven't slept in months! I have a bomb strapped to my dick! And, I don't remember the fucking safeword!

**Chloe:** Oh, someone is bringing their A-game today. *(Chloe puts on Amish headwear).* I love what you're doing here Josh. Every inch of your body adding tension to the scene *(Chloe does a quick face*

*stretch*). . .All right. I'm ready. . . Annnnd action! *(Acting)*. I've left the town. I was banished by the Council. I was stoned and spit on as I left. . . I miss you so much. I don't know what I'm going to do without you. I. . . I just feel that you and I. . .*(Trying to cry)*

**Joshua:** What?

**Chloe:** *(Acting)* They're following me Josh. You need to get back to me. Save me my prince.

**Joshua:** This is what I'm talking about! I don't know if you're serious about any of this.

**Chloe:** *(Acting)*. Oh Joshua, I know you'll ride in on your glorious white horse to save me from the vindictive amish mob!

**Joshua:** Chloe, call the government. I think they're the only hope I have.

**Chloe:** *(Acting)*. Absolutely. I've got them on speed dial. It's out of my hands now. I cannot help you. The government will. I pray for you, Joshua Jerome Starr. I pray for you.

**Joshua:** Just remember. They might try to trick you and incriminate us. The slightest fuck up could have one of us getting waterboarded when I get back.

**Chloe:** . . . annnnnd scene. Don't exaggerate, Joshua. We're American. They'd never. . .

*(Lights go black.)*

**"It's a no-brainer for me" - Dick Cheney on waterboarding. . .(#16)**

*(Lights go black. Lights come up in the interrogation room. The Agent is waterboarding Joshua. The Boss sits and is taking notes. The Agent stops pouring water on Joshua's face.)*

**Agent:** Where is the footage?! You keep feeding me SHIT!

**Joshua:** *(Out of breath)*. You're insane. You didn't let me finish. *(To Boss)* Help me, man!

*(Agent continues to pour.)*

**Boss:** Don't lose sight. You're getting impatient. Remember what you're doing.

**Agent:** *(Frustrated)*. I know what I'm doing! You want top notch admin material? Let me do my thing.

*(Montgomery walks in.)*

**Boss:** Monty!

**Montgomery:** Holy shit! You're waterboarding that guy?

**Boss:** You need to get out of here right now!

**Montgomery:** That's pretty sweet.

**Boss:** Really? Well. . .Uh. Take a seat, son.

*(The Boss and Monty sit down. Agent stops pouring.)*

**Joshua:** How is this not torture?!

*(Agent pours a little and stops.)*

**Agent:** Give up the footage!

**Joshua:** No.

*(The Agent pours more water on Joshua.)*

**Agent:** Wait! I know exactly where that footage is.

*(The Agent stops pouring.)*

**Agent:** It's Hackbad! Hackbad has the footage!

**Joshua:** What?

**Agent:** Where's Hackbad? He's the only one unaccounted for. You know where he is.

**Joshua:** I don't know where he is!

*(Agent pours. Stops.)*

**Joshua:** He's a good man!

**Agent:** Tell me where he is, or I will drown your ass with no hesitation.

**Joshua:** Fuck you.

*(Agent pours and doesn't stop.)*

**Agent:** *(To Boss).* What do I do? He isn't giving up.

**Boss:** *(Writes in his notebook).* Well don't kill him. You said you could handle this. Handle it.

*(Agent stops pouring.)*

**Joshua:** Kill me! If that means Hackbad lives, then kill me! I'm not giving up an innocent man!

*(Agent pushes Joshua to the ground, and gets up.)*

**Agent:** I don't care if Hackbad surrenders and walks out with his two kids and a white flag. They're all dead. Do you understand?

**Joshua:** You're making a huge mistake. Please, listen. I can prove Hackbad is innocent!

**Agent:** Prove it? How?

**Joshua:** Listen. A few days before you guys came, Hackbad woke me up. . .

*(Light go black.)*

**"Who knows what he's doing in his cave? What's entertaining to Osama Bin Laden? Sure isn't American bullets." - John Ashcroft. . . (#17)**

*(Lights come back in the compound. Hackbad wakes up Joshua. Osama is dressed in a 70's leisure suit.)*

**Hackbad:** Osama wants a story.

**Joshua:** Oh, thank you for waking me up. I'm always afraid I'll really start sleeping.

**Osama:** Give me more stories!

**Joshua:** One sec.

**Osama:** Get up, or I will have Hackbad grate your nipples off. Plus, you've been on a roll lately. Your story about skinny-dipping and how it relates to the plight of immigrants in America was superb. What was the one you liked, Hackbad?

**Hackbad:** I think they're all great, but the one about your dog running for mayor and how corruption is destroying the American legislative system was superb.

**Osama:** What? That story was boring me. I don't even like dogs. Plus, the most qualified animal on earth to run for office is a goldfish. Everyone knows that. Just look at, Uzbekistan. They've been under goldfish administration the last twenty years. And, because of their expertise, Uzbekistan is now the fifth most powerful Central Asian exporter of horse milk. But, I will credit, Yeshua. Your stories are all so satisfying. I know everything!

**Joshua:** Then what else is there to learn, Osama?

**Osama:** Your people are stupid.

**Joshua:** Okay. . .

**Osama:** Your education has gone to crap in your country.

**Joshua:** True. Schools have turned into businesses.

**Hackbad:** How do you mean?

**Joshua:** Well, some schools in America don't prioritize educating students over staying profitable. I mean teachers are paid shit; students get fucked on owing ridiculous amounts of money after school. Administrators cut--*(Interrupted)*.

**Osama:** I can't have dumb people, Yeshua. Especially dumb kids. Nothing pisses me off more than a dumb child.

**Joshua:** Then you need to improve our schools.

**Osama:** Tell me how, Yeshua. I must know. I can't have a bunch of dumb dumbs like you under me.

**Joshua:** Uh. . .All right. . .Uh. . .Let me think for a second.

**Osama:** No. Now!

**Joshua:** Shit. . .uh. . .You guys know who John Hughes is?

**Osama:** No.                   **Hackbad:** No.

**Joshua:** Neat. So I was in detention when I was a senior in high school. . .

*(Lights go black.)*

### **The 21st Century Breakfast Club. . .(#18)**

*(Lights come up in a classroom. Judd, Ginger, Zakk, Sheedy and Joshua sit in chairs. Dick the principal of the school is lecturing them.)*

**Dick:** I didn't become Principal Dick Tweedy for doing nothing. I'm like a hawk. You decided to break the rules, and this is the consequences. Now you're going to write a thousand-word essay about why this school is the best in the world.

**Judd:** It isn't though, RICHARD.

**Dick:** Watch your mouth, boy. It's Dick.

**Zakk:** I'm a jock and don't deserve to be here. My Dad told me raping that nerd was okay.

**Dick:** Your Dad makes a good point, Zakk. Get on outta here. Have a good day, son. Oh, and great game last night.

*(Zakk high fives Dick and exits.)*

**Judd:** That's bullshit! You can't do that just because he plays sports!

**Dick:** Forty months detention. You wanna be a tough guy, Judd? I was in Operation Desert Storm. You ain't shit! He's a jock. He's better than you. All of you for that matter. Now get to writing. I'm going to wander the halls and breathe in my power.

*(Dick exits.)*

**Ginger:** I shouldn't even be here. I should be having sex, because sex is great, and I want everyone to know that I've had sex.

**Judd:** Whatever, Princess. We should bust out of here.

**Ginger:** Why should I follow you? You're an asshole, but you're so fucking hot.

*(Dick comes back.)*

**Dick:** Why's everybody talking? What did I say? Get to writing.

**Judd:** We don't know how to write, or spell without a computer.

**Dick:** How's that my problem?

**Joshua:** You're a teacher. You should have taught us at one point.

**Dick:** Oh, I'm getting it from all angles, huh? You better watch your mouth, or you'll be picking up your teeth with a broken hand. It's not my fault you kids can't pay attention for more than five seconds. ADD? What a crock.

**Ginger:** You're unfair. God, please. I just want somebody to do me!

**Dick:** Quiet, Ginger. And, you. The weird one. Do you say anything? Hell, do you even have a name?

**Sheedy:** I pooped my pants just to be different. . . And, it's. . . Sheedy.

**Dick:** You kids are freaks! A bunch of losers.

**Judd:** No, you're the loser, Richard! You admins never listen to the students.

**Sheedy:** It's true. I've been here four years and you don't even know my name.

**Dick:** Yeah, what would you tell us? *(To Judd)*. Smoking pot on campus should be legal? *(To Ginger)*. Condoms in the ladies room? *(To Sheedy)*. Soiling yourself should go unpunished? Balderdash!

*(Dick Exits.)*

**Judd:** They won't listen to us, man! We should break shit!

**Joshua:** No, we should dance to 80's music.

*(The breakfast club gets up and starts dancing to 80's music for a short amount of time. Then the group sits down.)*

**Sheedy:** I'm a compulsive liar. I didn't poop my pants.

**Joshua:** I brought a gun to school, but as a joke. You know that old one.

**Ginger:** I've been spoiled all my life and I've never been laid!

**Judd:** My Dad beats me up. I hate my life.

*(They all start crying. Dick comes back in.)*

**Dick:** Now what? Crying about being here won't help anything. Write that fucking ESSAY!

**Judd:** No, Richard! We're not going to do what you say until you bring back education first, and not lining your pockets with the dirty money from the corporations, man.

**Dick:** Education, first? Ha. Listen, boy. This is America. If you can't make money off it, it ain't worth doing.

**Joshua:** That's wrong!

*(Dick marches up to Joshua, and punches him in the face.)*

**Dick:** What's the difference? You kids are a bunch of bad apples. I have my preconceived notions about all you kids. You scare me. I just worry about myself in the future because you'll be taking care of me. Now excuse me, I have to go fire that insightful janitor.

*(Dick exits.)*

**Judd:** Let's go. This is stupid. What's he going to do? *(To Ginger)*. Hey babe, you wanna go on a date with a bad boy? Root Beer and cigarettes on my front porch?

**Ginger:** Of course, you can corrupt me.

**Judd:** Joshua, will you write the essay?

**Joshua:** Sure. *(To Sheedy)*. You're very beautiful underneath it all.

**Sheedy:** You shouldn't kill yourself.

**Joshua:** You see right through me, Sheedy. See ya guys!

*(Lights go black. Joshua voice over is heard.)*

**Joshua:** Dear Dick, If you mess with us again, we'll tell everyone you abused us. . .sexually. Sincerely, The 21st century Breakfast Club. . .

**(#19)**

*(Lights come back up in the compound.)*

**Osama:** What the shit is that? You just told a crappy version of The Breakfast Club. I know nothing more about education in your country than I did before.

**Joshua:** I'm sorry. It's just. . .after a while you run out of stories. I didn't mean to upset you, I promise.

**Osama:** That's the last straw! Hackbad. Kill, Yeshua.

**Joshua:** NO! Help me, Hackbad!

**Hackbad:** *(Torn)*. Your awesomeness, you cannot kill, Yeshua!

**Osama:** Are you disobeying me, Hackbad?!

**Hackbad:** *(Timid, but stands up for himself).* I am. You have been pushing, Yeshua hard for the last two months. You even candidly told me, he was better than Gaga! You cannot kill, Yeshua over one bad story!

**Osama:** Yooooooooou pieeeeece of shit, Hackbad. Who do--  
*(Interrupted).*

**Hackbad:** Be quiet! You are leaps and bounds ahead of where you were two months, and you owe it to Yeshua.

**Osama:** You do what I tell you, Hackbad or I will kill your boys! . . . Wait. I get it. I gave you your last opportunity to help me, and you failed bringing this, joke here. Kill Starr, and your boys will live another day.

**Hackbad:** Please don't make me choose between Yeshua and my sons! I cannot.

**Osama:** Then hit Yeshua as hard as you can. Right in the face.

*(Hackbad becomes sad. Works up the courage and hits Joshua right in the face.)*

**Osama:** Hahaha, fantastic! . . . Oh. I didn't think you'd do it. . . Hackbad I want a flower bath. Go into town and find me the most fragrant flowers the merchants offer.

**Hackbad:** Yes, your awesomeness. Should Starr come along?

*(A woozy Joshua gets up.)*

**Osama:** No. Haha. I'm going to put him to work here. He needs to be further punished.

**Hackbad:** Yes, your awesomeness.

**Osama:** Oh, and Hackbad? I'd also like one Mountain Dew. Get going.

*(Hackbad exits main entrance door. Osama takes off his shirt.)*

**Joshua:** You're not going to rape me, right?

**Osama:** What?! . . . No. . . What's wrong with you? I need to shave, Starr. Shave me. Full body. I want to look like an Olympic swimmer.

**Joshua:** Son of a bitch.

**Osama:** Don't complain, Starr. You shall enjoy shaving me. Now shut up. I need to make a call to my best friend.

**Osama:** *(On the phone).* Ultimate Jamocha, my man! It's OBL! How's it hanging? . . . Oh. All of the intestines? Impressive. . . Well, Jamocha, I need you to come to my humble abode and dispose of two infidels. . . Tomorrow? . . . You cannot get here quicker? . . . All right. . . All right, I will see you tomorrow, bromosexual.

*(Osama hangs up the phone. Joshua is shaving.)*

**Osama:** Ouch! Watch my back, Starr! You need to use more shaving cream!

**Joshua:** There isn't any left.

**Osama:** Let me spit in your hand, and you can use my spit.

*(Osama spits in Joshua's hand.)*

**Osama:** You know what scares the hell out of me?

**Joshua:** What?

**Osama:** Dying, and being buried in the ocean.

**Joshua:** *(Working)*. Hmm.

**Osama:** Uhh, I'm SO horny, Yeshua!

**Joshua:** You're still not going to rape me, right?

**Osama:** No! I need to go talk to my blowup girlfriend doll. Yeshua spit in this cup until you have enough to shave me, then come and find me. If it's not too late. . .*(Evil laugh)*.

*(Lights go black.)*

**America: Because we're better than your country! . . .(#20)**

*(Joshua is tied up crying and standing with his pants down with boxers on. The Agent is giving Joshua a titty twister, and threatening him with jumper cables attached to a battery. The Boss and Montgomery sit watching.)*

**Agent:** You start these stories, and they have nothing to do with how Hackbad is innocent! So, I'm gonna hit ya right in the face! . .

*(The Agent hits Joshua in the face.)*

**Agent:** . . .Where is he?! Yemen? Saudi Arabia? AFGHANISTAN?!

**Joshua:** You're terrible at your job. I'm not giving him up. **Ever**.

*(Agent backs off. Picks up jumper cable, and resists attaching them to Joshua. The Agent gets frustrated and hits the desk. She crouches and thinks for a second. The Agent gets back up and collects herself.)*

**Agent:** *(Passionate)*. America, Joshua. . .**America**. The greatest civilization **ever** created. . . Man, ten thousand years from now. . .He'll look back on America, as the best there is. . .the best there was. . .and the best there ever will be. . .Sure, you aren't the first to want to destroy America. And, you sure as hell won't be the last. America has defeated Nazi's, communists, Japs, British people, Mexicans, Indians, and most importantly **TERRORISTS!** . . I'm talking about life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. Your God-given American rights! You know how we keep America safe, Joshua?

**Joshua:** How?

**Agent:** *(Authoritative)*. By throwing traitor fucks like you away for the rest of their lives.

*(The Boss making signals to the Agent.)*

Agent: Let me finish. He needs to hear this!

*(The Boss reluctantly backs off.)*

**Agent:** If you don't, you'll inevitably get attacked, and your civilization will crumble like the great Appalachian Mountains. It's history! . . Happened to Napoleon. . .Happened to Caesar. . .But it has **never** happened to Uncle Sam! Now, come on. You don't want to bend lady liberty over. Just tell me where Hackbad is, and this great country that has built you into the man you are today can continue.

**Joshua:** *(Totally unconvinced)*. No.

**Agent:** *(Bewildered)*. What is wrong with you?! That was a HELL of a speech! I've been waiting to use that forever! I was nice to you, I flirt with you, I waterboard you, I give you countless chances and nothing. . .Goddamn it I give up! What I would give to be back in the days of Reaganomics.

*(Joshua hearing, "Reaganomics" is a huge eureka moment.)*

**Agent:** (To Boss) That must have been some time. All that defense money coming in. I'm sure we'd have five agents interrogating and abusing you.

**Joshua:** The old CIA gangbang?

**Agent:** Why are you doing this? Do you think you're some kind of terrorist martyr?

*(Joshua's muffled cell phone ringer, "Anyway You Want It" goes off.)*

**Agent:** Is that Journey? . .Is Journey coming from inside of you? Give me whatever you have inside of you! How do I get inside of you?! .

*(Joshua shakes his head, "no". The Agent punches Joshua in the stomach.)*

**Agent:** . . .Did you just shit that out?

**Joshua:** Oh, goddamn it.

*(Montgomery laughing)*

*(The Agent puts her hand down the back of Joshua's boxers, and retrieves the phone. She places it on the table.)*

**Agent:** It's Chloe. I'll answer the call. *(Agent hits 'talk' button, and does a lame impression of Joshua)*. Hello?

**Chloe:** Why do you never call me?! I'm telling you that--*(Interrupted by Joshua yelling)*.

**Joshua:** CHLOE! REAGANOMICS! REAGANOMICS TO EVERYTHING! I'M IN LANGLEY, VIRGINIA AT THE CIA! HELP ME!

*(Agent quickly shuts off call.)*

**Agent:** Why the hell did you have cell phone up your ass?

**Joshua:** To keep it away from people like you.

**Agent:** Ha. Well, I'm confiscating this and taking it to the lab. Goodbye Hackbad, good bye footage, goodbye Joshua Starr.

*(The Agent and Boss exit. Montgomery stays.)*

**Joshua:** What are you still doing here?

**Montgomery:** This is funny as shit watching you get beat up by a girl.

**Joshua:** You like your Dad's line of work?

**Montgomery:** No. It's boring. What kind of soulless, weirdo works for the CIA?

**Joshua:** What do you want to do?

**Montgomery:** NASA!

**Joshua:** Space is the place.

**Montgomery:** Roy wanted me to do flight simulation. My Dad wants me watch people get tortured? What kind of parenting is that? If that doesn't show my Dad is insane, I don't know what does?

**Joshua:** You make a good point. But then why do you laugh at my misfortune?

**Montgomery:** You just shit out a phone, bro. That's funny. Now what happened when Hackbad came back?

**Joshua:** Why should I tell you?

**Montgomery:** I'll help you.

**Joshua:** How?

**Montgomery:** Well your lady is coming. I can help her.

**Joshua:** Okay. . .

**Montgomery:** You think they're gonna let her in? No. They're gonna trap her. Just like they trapped you. I can sneak her in. I got a guy.

**Joshua:** Why are you doing this?

**Montgomery:** Didn't you want to piss off your Dad when you were my age?

**Joshua:** Okay. Lemme see your phone.

*(Montgomery gives Joshua his phone. Joshua typing feverishly.)*

**Montgomery:** Don't look up porn, dude. My Mom will find out. . .What are you doing?

*(Joshua gives the phone back to Montgomery)*

**Joshua:** I just made a video public on youtube. When you see Chloe tell her to look up, "The Fame Monster starring OBL".

**Montgomery:** *(Texting)* Is that all? No love mementos? Dirty Talk?

**Joshua:** Just make sure she knows that video exists. Don't let those people corrupt her. And don't tell anyone I told you about the video. That's my last card, man.

**Montgomery:** Okay. My guy will call me when she's here. So. . .How'd you get back here?

**Joshua:** . . .Well, Hackbad came back to the compound and I certainly wasn't crying.

*(Lights go black.)*

### **The Big Day. May 1st, 2011. . .(#21)**

*(Lights come up to the compound. Joshua is sitting, crying. Hackbad walks in through main door with a bundle of flowers.)*

**Hackbad:** What's wrong, Yeshua? Why are you crying? What did Osama do to you?

**Joshua:** It's not so much what he did to **me**, but what he's going to do to **us**.

**Hackbad:** What do you mean? I'm not doing human pyramid again.

**Joshua:** After you left, he called his best friend. . .It was peppermint something. . .or pecan extraordinary?

**Hackbad:** (*Worried*). Ultimate Jamocha?

**Joshua:** Yes! I think Osama is having this guy come and kill us!

**Hackbad:** (*Incredibly scared*). Ultimate Jamocha is the strongest, most cruel individual in the world. He is seven feet tall; and he can crush your skull with his hand! Ultimate Jacmocha took out entire platoons of Soviets back in the 80's, and the Americans have shot him in the head several times and he doesn't die! When is he going to be here?!

**Joshua:** Tomorrow. We need to escape.

**Hackbad:** We cannot. I'm not leaving without knowing where my boys are.

**Joshua:** How are we going to get out of this? And what about this bomb? Once I leave, I leave dickless, bro!

**Hackbad:** Ring pop, Yeshua.

**Joshua:** What?

**Hackbad:** Don't worry my beautiful unicorn man! I have a plan, Yeshua. We first put Osama's hand in warm water while he is sleeping, which will cause him to urinate himself. He will then want to take a bath to clean himself. Osama always has to wash all his hair if he takes a bath. What I'll do is find some acid and put it in his shampoo. He'll lather himself, at which point we'll sneak in and you'll throw a plastic bag over his face, while I question him. Sound good?

**Joshua:** Wow, that's complicated. Hackbad, I have to tell you. I know where your--(*Interrupted*).

(*Osama comes busting through the door with a shoe box.*)

**Osama:** The Americans are coming! The twatter birds in town are saying there are seals. #OSAMA\_IS\_FUCKED is trending in the town. Hackbad! Emergency meeting in my room!

**Hackbad:** (*To Joshua*). Yeshua? What were you going to say?

**Osama:** HACKBAD!

**Joshua:** (*To Hackbad*) Nothing.

**Hackbad:** (*To Osama*). Coming your awesomeness. (*To Joshua*). I will try to think of something else.

(*Hackbad gets up.*)

**Osama:** Yeshua, go through this box of my toe nail clippings, sort and find the sharpest nails.

(*Osama throws a box on the floor and exits. Joshua sits and thinks for a second, then he gets the phone and calls Chloe.*)

**Chloe:** Hey Josh, I only have a few minutes to talk. When we talked last week you wanted to work more on the CIA bit. Personally, I'd like a redo on the Osama torturing you scene. I was thinking I should be more emotional in that scene.

**Joshua:** Chloe, I'm sorry.

**Chloe:** What?

**Joshua:** Chloe, I think I might die soon.

**Chloe:** Ohh. *(Acting)*. You're not going to die, Joshua! You're going to live! You're going to live a long and healthy life.

**Joshua:** No, Chloe. Just listen. I wasn't a good boyfriend to you. And, I'm truly sorry. I will always regret ruining our relationship. I just wanted you to hear it from me before it's too late.

**Chloe:** What's my motivation in this scene?

**Joshua:** I'm being serious! . . Damn it. I don't know. . . Your motivation is. . . sympathy.

**Chloe:** Okay. *(Clears throat. Acting)*. Joshua, I know we've had our ups and downs, but you must remain strong. I **sympathize** with your current predicament.

**Joshua:** I don't know if you're actually having my child, but if you are. I'm sorry I won't be there for him or her. I love you, Chloe.

**Chloe:** Oh, my ride is here. I have to go. I'll finish the scene. *(Acting)*. I. . .love. . .you. . .too. Make it Joshua! Fight! Fight for your life! Annd scene. All right, I can finish this up later. I'll give you a call in a few days. Bye.

*(Chloe hangs up. Joshua is devastated that this may be his last conversation with Chloe. Hackbad enters.)*

### **(#23)**

**Hackbad:** Yeshua, is that a cell phone? Where did you get that? Osama will kill you if he finds out.

**Joshua:** He's going to anyway. Why aren't you giving him a bath?

**Hackbad:** He kicked me out. He's really convinced the American's are coming to get him. We go through this every few months.

**Joshua:** Do you have a new plan to get out?

**Hackbad:** Well I will try to reason with, Osama. . .But. . .If he doesn't let us go? We'll take these.

*(Pulls out pill, and hands it to Joshua.)*

**Joshua:** What's this?

**Hackbad:** Cyanide. I'm sorry it has come to this, but you don't want Ultimate Jamocha to kill you.

**Joshua:** I can't die not telling you this. Istanbul. That's where--  
*(Interrupted)*.

*(Osama explodes out the left door, wearing a large all covering t-shirt, no pants, giant novelty sunglasses, and a giant smear of white powder over his face.)*

**Osama:** Twenty-two days until I get, "Born This Way"! The Gaga is back! I always think about people that die before something they've been waiting for, in this case, literally an entire lifetime! Like my Uncle Abdullah, dying the night before the Sopranos series finale! Not me though. Nothing will separate me and my Gaga. "Ohhh, ohhhh, ohhhh, I'm in love with Judas, baby!"

*(A loud, thundering knock is heard at the main door. Joshua and Hackbad look at the door in fear.)*

**Osama:** *(Playfully crazy)*. I wonder who could be at the door? Do yooooou guys know?! *(Evil laugh)* Yeshua?

**Joshua:** Publishers clearing house?

**Osama:** The man that is outside is my best friend and greatest assassin. The very sight of him is a traumatic experience. I present to you, The Assassin of Afghanistan, The Murderer of Mongolia, The Serbian Serial Killer, The Bulgarian Butcher, The Slovakian Slaughterer, The Estonian Exterminator and three time al-Qaeda father of the year, Ultimate Jamocha!

*(Little Jamocha enters, decked out in military gear. The sound of helicopters is very present, and increasingly louder.)*

Osama: Little Jamocha? Where is your father?

LITTLE JAMOCHA: The infidels kill him.

OSAMA: You're kidding me, right?

LITTLE JAMOCHA: He was taking me to Chuck E. Cheese in Kabul and the Americans were waiting for us. They electrocute, shoot, and stab him. I told them to stop, but they just pick me up and put me in the ball pit! I escaped and found my father. . .

OSAMA: *(Adult patronizing)*. What's a matter? Hmmm? You can tell Uncle Osama.

LITTLE JAMOCHA: They broke all his bones. He was jelly! I held him in my arms until he died. . .nine hours later!

Osama: No! Why did you tell me that?! . .

OSAMA: . . .Damn the Americans! Just when you get close to somebody, America has to kill him. . .Ohhhh. . .just the thought of your father as jelly is making me sick. . .I don't feel so good.

Joshua: Hackbad? What should we do now?

Hackbad: I told you. We had to escape Ultimate Jamocha showed up. We're dead.

Joshua: He's not here! You're telling me this little girl is going to kill me? Haha. Watch.

*(Joshua and Little Jamocha circle. Little Jamocha hits Joshua in the nuts. He drops to his knees.)*

LITTLE JAMOCHA: Still want to fight the girl poopy breath?!

Joshua: I needed to stretch first!

*(Little Jamocha kicks Joshua.)*

Hackbad: Your awesomeness, please!

Osama: *(Evil laugh)*. I love seeing Starr in pain. . .Oh calm down Little Jamocha. . .

LITTLE JAMOCHA: Ewwwww. Now I have cooties on me! Ugly infidel cooties!

Osama: COOTIES?! WHERE?! . .Uh, Allah. That's the last time I eat Indian food. . .Uhhh. . .It went away. Kill them Little Jamocha!

Hackbad: Your awesomeness, you need to calm down. Killing us won't help you. You have the ideas and confidence to conquer America! You've won your awesomeness.

Osama: Hmmm. . . Their heads Little Jamocha. . . Oh damn it I feel terrible! It feels like there's glass in my stomach.

LITTLE JAMOCHA: You want me to decapitate them?

Osama: Yes. Why? What is the problem?

LITTLE JAMOCHA: No problem. It's just that the infidels took my good sword. All I have is this, "my first Ali Baba sword". It takes a while to cut through anything.

Osama: I have the time. . . ohhhh. . . I can't take this anymore.

Hackbad: We need to take the pills now Yeshua!

*(Joshua and Hackbad are about to take their cyanide pills. Osama notices.)*

Osama: Oh, antacid pill! Give them to me. You won't be needing them anytime soon!

*(Osama takes the pills while Little Jamocha pulls rope out of her backpack. She throws the rope to Joshua and Hackbad.)*

Joshua: (At Osama taking the pills). Oh Shit!

LITTLE JAMOCHA: Tie yourself, ya schmuck!

Joshua: What? Why don't you tie us up?

LITTLE JAMOCHA: I'm seven years old. I don't know how to tie knots.

Joshua: You know how to take down a grown man, but you don't know how to tie knots?

LITTLE JAMOCHA: I'm not going to do all the work, dingleberry!

Joshua: Lazy mercenary.

(Little Jamocha punches Joshua in the balls, knocking him to the ground. Osama laughs, but struggles. Joshua and Hackbad tie each other together, but the rope is loose and not tied correctly. The helicopters are louder.)

Osama: Oh. . . (Getting woozy). Any, uh. . . Final words?

Joshua: (Dead serious). I'll see you soon, Osama.

Osama: Oh morbid, Yeshua. . . I don't. . . even know what you mean. . . Hack. . . bad?

Hackbad: I'm sorry to you Yeshua for bringing you here. I'm the reason you're dying. Please forgive me. And to my sons. Please tell them I love both of them very much, and that I wasn't a better father— (Interrupted).

Osama: Shut up. . . Hack. . . bad. . .

*(Sounds of helicopter crashing, another landing, and distant noise of animal seals.)*

Osama: (Practically unconscious). Litt. . . le. . . Ja. . . Mocha. . . Kill themmmmm.

*(Osama collapses, lets out a huge fart, and dies. The seal noises are very loud. Little Jamocha freaks out seeing Osama die.)*

**LITTLE JAMOCHA:** No! Not again! I'm getting too old for this crap. You two are on your own!

*(Little Jamocha runs out.)*

**LITTLE JAMOCHA:** Ah! AMERICAN SEALS!

*(Silenced gunshots are heard and loud animal seal noises.)*

**Joshua:** The Americans have come to save us!

**Hackbad:** No, they've come to kill Osama and anyone else in here! I'm dead.

*(Hackbad falls to his knees.)*

**Joshua:** Hackbad. I know where your sons are.

**Hackbad:** What?

**Joshua:** When Osama forced me to take acid with him, he was tripping pretty hard. He told me your sons are in, Istanbul.

**Hackbad:** Really? . . Why didn't you tell me?

**Joshua:** I knew you'd leave to find them. . . I couldn't. I'm so sorry, Hackbad.

**Hackbad:** How can I ever repay you for what you've done for me? You've freed me and my sons. I knew you'd save me!

**Joshua:** Go and live. Live and enjoy life with your sons.

*(Seal noises are louder, and more silenced gun shots.)*

**Hackbad:** I love you, Yeshua Starr. I will forever treasure the time we had together. I hope this is not goodbye.

*(Seal noises really loud, more silenced gun shots.)*

**Joshua:** It is for now. Get the hell out of here.

*(Hackbad runs out the left door. Joshua quickly runs to the phone and puts it up his butt, and walks toward the main entrance. Takes a breath, and exits. Seal noises are heard, but no shots. Lights go black.)*

### **Mission Accomplished. . .(#24)**

*(Lights come up to the interrogation room. Joshua is still tied up with his pants down, a water boarding station, and a car battery with jumper cables hooked up. Montgomery is sucking on the ring pop.)*

**Joshua:** I went outside and the Seal's escorted me to a helicopter. Then I ended up here. . .

**Montgomery:** Dude, that's some crazy shit.

**Joshua:** Tell me about it.

**Montgomery:** I can't believe the government said that we went in there. Iced him. Then threw him in the ocean, and said fuck you to Pakistan. But, your story is way better.

**Joshua:** Thanks. I wish they thought so too.

**Montgomery:** So. . . elephant in the room. . . How do you put a phone up your ass?

**Joshua:** Will power and high tolerance to pain. I wouldn't suggest it.

**Montgomery:** Should have put it on vibrate. Haha.

*(Montgomery's phone rings.)*

**Montgomery:** Hello. . . Yeah. . . Thanks. . .

*(The Agent and Boss enter.)*

**Montgomery:** . . . I'll be there in a second.

**Boss:** Monty? What are you doing?

**Montgomery:** Listening to his story. It's a free country ain't it?

**Boss:** You little bastard.

*(Montgomery exits.)*

**Agent:** Well all of the footage on your phone is gone. *(Appealing to Joshua and Boss)* I don't normally brag, but I think I've proven myself as a more than qualified CIA administrator. Because of my tactics, and tenacity, I was able to. . .

*(Montgomery enters with Chloe.)*

**Montgomery:** Here he is.

**Agent:** Who the hell is that? **Joshua:** Chloe! Help me!!!

*(The Agent gets up and slyly knocks Joshua out.)*

**Boss:** *(Fatherly)*. Is that your girlfriend son?

**Chloe:** *(Appalled)*. Why is he tied up? It looks like Abu Ghraib in here!

**Agent:** I'm Agent Laura Hamlin. I was assigned to interrogate Joshua.

**Chloe:** What exactly has he done that's illegal?

**Agent:** Joshua refused to cooperate, withheld vital information regarding national security, and was caught lying multiple times.

**Chloe:** What vital information?

**Agent:** Joshua **had** footage that was damaging to the United States of America. If I told you anymore I'd have to kill you.

*(Chloe pulls out her phone. The Boss and Agent looked at each other with worry.)*

**Chloe:** Sure about that?

**Agent:** *(To Boss)*. It's fine. I've got this.

*(Boss signals.)*

**Agent:** . . . What? I got this. Quit getting on my back. I know what I'm fucking doing. I already said I won. This bitch ain't gonna stop me!

*(The Boss shakes his head.)*

**Chloe:** Let me show you this hilarious video on youtube.

*(Chloe hands the phone to the Agent. The video is projected. The video is of Osama, Hackbad, and Joshua dancing to Lady Gaga.)*

**Agent:** What the fuck is. . . How?! HOW?! *(Throws Chloe's phone on the ground)*. There. Now it doesn't exist!

*(Montgomery enters with his phone.)*

**Montgomery:** Holy Shit! He wasn't lying! He's dancing with Osama!  
Haha. Why is he getting no credit? You said you killed Bin Laden  
Dad! You lied to me. Mom's gonna be pissed.

**Agent:** Where the hell did you get that?

**Montgomery:** *(Obviously)* It's the biggest video in the world, lady.

**Chloe:** *(To Agent)*. You've lost.

**Agent:** No, no, no! He's already been sentenced to Guantanamo!

**Chloe:** Did Joshua have a lawyer present? Did he get a fair trial?!

**Agent:** Huh? . . .Listen. That's not how we do business around here. We  
don't believe in all that--*(Interrupted)*.

**Boss:** Okay. I can't let this go on any further. Be quiet, Laura. I don't  
know what's gotten into this rouge Agent. This is all a big  
misunderstanding. This was actually a job interview of sorts. See  
Ms. Hamlin was applying for an administration job. The way we  
run job interviews here is to let the applicant jump into the deep  
end, so to speak.

*(Silence as if that is the end all answer. Joshua wakes up.)*

**Chloe:** . . .Is that supposed to satisfy me? He looks like he's been  
sexually abused.

**Joshua:** I haven't been sexually abused! . .

**Agent:** Yet. . .

*(The Agent hits Joshua in the balls.)*

**Boss:** Laura you're making us look bad. Just stop it. It's clear you're  
not ready for an administration position.

**Agent:** What?! This is bullshit! You said if I slept with you I was a  
shoe in!

**Boss:** I said I'd put in a good word. And come on, not in front of the  
boy.

**Agent:** What? *(To Montgomery)* I've been having **sex** with your Dad!  
He uses his power for his own personal gain.

**Boss:** Well this certainly isn't administration talk.

**Montgomery:** He was cheating on my Mom years ago. And now that  
they're divorced, who cares?

**Boss:** Thanks son.

**Montgomery:** You're still a horrible person. You could have stopped  
any of this at any time and didn't. On top of that you made up a  
story about how we killed, Osama Bin Laden. I'm not angry. I'm  
just very disappointed in you.

**Boss:** *(To Agent)*. See what your actions have done? My son hates me  
now.

**Agent:** I followed protocol through and through!

**Boss:** Jumper cables? That's not in the manual anymore.

**Agent:** You told me! Imagine the president is Dick Cheney! I heard you say it!

**Boss:** I said hypothetically.

**Agent:** What? No! I'm going to talk to the Uncle.

**Boss:** The Uncle doesn't want to see you. He was very disappointed in your interrogation of Mr. Starr.

**Agent:** Fine! I quit. I'm leaving. This place can shove it! I'm going to go work for Fox News.

**Boss:** Oh I wish you hadn't told me that Laura. I can't let you go. You've broken countless laws. I'm afraid you'll be charged with torture.

**Agent:** You don't have that kind of power!

*(The Agent storms out of the room. Boss gets on walkie-talkie.)*

**Boss:** Don't let her leave the premises.

*(Off Stage: two gunshots.)*

**Boss:** *(Walkie Talkie).* You could have just. . .talked to her. . .  
*(Reassuring to Joshua and Chloe).* I'm sure she's fine. Our guys probably shot her in the leg.

*(Off stage):* Nope she's dead. . .My bad.

Montgomery: Jesus Dad, really?

**Boss:** Damn it. . .this isn't good. . .let's uh. . .make a deal to clear this up. Pretend like all of this never happened.

*(Montgomery's phone rings.)*

**Montgomery:** Hello? . . .Yeah, I'll be outside in second. . .

*(Montgomery hangs up.)*

**Montgomery:** Mom and Roy are outside. I'm going to Florida for a few weeks while Roy trains for his last mission on Endeavor. Thanks for the food, I guess. *(To Joshua).* You're a funny dude. I hope life gets better for you.

**Boss:** That's it son? You're just leaving? Don't you have to interview me about my job?

**Montgomery:** Pshhh.

*(Montgomery exits. Boss is conflicted of who he should talk to.)*

**Chloe:** So. . .What's the deal?

**Boss:** Let me think. . .

**Chloe:** Are you in charge?

**Boss:** I'm in charge of a lot of things around here.

**Chloe:** In charge of everything? Yes or no?

**Boss:** Fine. I'll be back. I'll see if the Uncle still around. . .Stay here. God this isn't good for America.

*(The Boss exits.)*

**Joshua:** Thanks for doing this for me. I owe you Chloe.

*(Chloe starts untying Joshua.)*

**Chloe:** So you were in trouble the whole time?

**Joshua:** Pretty much. Uh. . .Chloe, I want to tell you. *(Clears throat, so sincere and mushy)*. Your love is like a light house on a stormy night. Always guiding me towards safety. Chloe, you're a treasure time won't steal away. And, over the years when we're old and gray, I will make sure and love you more each day, because you will always be mine, and I will always be yours. . .I love you, Chloe.

*(Joshua goes in for a kiss.)*

**Chloe:** *(Freaked out)*. Ohhh. . .wow. . .I was acting when I told you I loved you. . .I don't love you.

**Joshua:** You don't love me? Why would you say that to me then?!

**Chloe:** I was acting.

**Joshua:** Please Chloe. What can I do to get you back? I had all these revelations while I was gone.

**Chloe:** I'm actually seeing someone right now.

**Joshua:** What?! You just broke up with my brother! Jesus, man! Who is he? Some pervert that likes pregnant chicks?

**Chloe:** I'm sorry champ. But we met at the gymboree. He always hangs out there on Saturdays.

*(Uncle Sam enters.)*

**Uncle Sam:** Well, well, well! How we doing my fellow Americans? Nice to meet you young lady. Uncle Sam. Nice to meet you young man. Uncle Sam. Now listen. I heard some bad things happened to you. A big mistake! Come sit on my lap and tell your Uncle Sam what happened?

**Joshua:** You people have been beating me up for the last two days!

**Uncle Sam:** How about we forget all this, and I'll give you a personal tour of CIA headquarters? We'll roll up our sleeves and I'll show you how we work. How's that sound young man?

**Chloe:** Don't lowball us. *(To Joshua)* Don't take it.

**Uncle Sam:** Who's talking to you young lady?

**Chloe:** Blow me Sam. Obviously Joshua isn't in the proper mental state to negotiate.

**Uncle Sam:** Fine. . .How about this? Free tour, plus one item of your choice in the gift shop? How'd you like that young man?

**Chloe:** Come on. Quit wasting our time with bullshit.

**Uncle Sam:** I respect the first amendment gosh darn it, but you've got quite the mouth young lady. . .All right. Fine! Free tour, plus gift shop, plus lifetime pass to Disneyland. Deal?

**Joshua:** *(Super excited)*. Disneyland?! Oh, hell yes! Does that include California Adventure passes too?!

**Uncle Sam:** You betcha young man!

**Joshua:** *(To Chloe)*. Seems like a fair deal.

**Chloe:** No! You tortured him and he holds damning information against this country you represent. Give him something good and get him out of here.

**Uncle Sam:** What do you want Joshua?

**Joshua:** At this point Uncle Sam. I just want to go home.

**Chloe:** No, he's delirious. He wants you to fund his website at the level of the onion. Keep funding it so he can expand, hire a staff, and get his voice out there.

**Joshua:** Thanks, Chloe.

**Chloe:** So? What's the call?

**Uncle Sam:** Okay. . .

**Joshua:** *(All he really cares about)*. Do I still get the Disneyland passes, and the gift shop thing?

**Uncle Sam:** Why the heck not? I'll fund your site for the next ten years with enough money to expand, plus the passes, and the gift shop. **But**, in return I get all of the footage of your time in Pakistan. I'll even let you write about all of this, but that footage is mine young man. America is a democracy. Let the people decide whose story they want to believe. Deal?

**Chloe:** Bad deal; get at least the footage I'm in. If I'm going to be a movie star, I need that footage.

**Joshua:** No. This is a good deal Chloe. I'll let you help me write your part in the story. But we have to make compromises.

**Uncle Sam:** It's what built America, Chloe.

**Chloe:** Oh, shut up. How the hell is a girl supposed to make it in this town? *(To Uncle Sam)*. How can you justify what you're doing? You're a bad man, and a fraud! How can you love America when you oppress?

**Uncle Sam:** *(Defensive)* Now Chloe you gotta understand. I wave the American flag. Do you know a better flag to wave? I sure as heck fire don't. Sure my country has its faults, but I still love her. I'm not ashamed of that. Never have been. Never will be. Now I suggest you back down young lady.

**Chloe:** Up yours Uncle Sam. I knew you'd fuck me on this, Joshua. And by the way. I'm not pregnant. I'm just a fantastic, convincing actor.

**Joshua:** And my brother too?!

**Chloe:** No we were dating the whole time. You really are the biggest piece of shit in the world Joshua. This is from both of us.

*(Chloe slaps Joshua and exits.)*

**Uncle Sam:** Phwww. She's worse than Hillary. Well now that she's gone we can talk. Man to man. That's the only way to get business done in this world.

**Joshua:** That's kind of sexist.

**Uncle Sam:** I don't even know what that means. . . Young man I wanted to tell you I personally loved your methods in catching, Bin Laden. Which leads me to saying, I cannot back up our financial arrangement without one more condition.

**Joshua:** What?

**Uncle Sam:** I want you.

**Joshua:** Yes?

**Uncle Sam:** Oh. . . I want you to continue to use the Starr Technique!

**Joshua:** Starr Technique?

**Uncle Sam:** Sure, you came up with it young man. Lure your enemy in with your stories, have them take some cyanide, and then let the Seals finish the job. I've got a plane ticket to Tripoli for ya in one hour. I need you to infiltrate Muammar Gaddafi's palace and implement the Starr technique. If it works out, and you take down that crazy bastard Gaddafi. I'll have you pay a visit to the world's smallest dictator in Pyongyang.

**Joshua:** I don't know. I'm feeling pretty low right now. I feel like I just want to sleep and heal.

**Uncle Sam:** Lady problems?

**Joshua:** Well yes, somewhere between being Osama Bin Laden's slave and getting the shit kicked out of me by you guys.

**Uncle Sam:** We'll also install a Lazyboy on the plane. You'll sleep wonderfully for the sixteen-hour flight. I guarantee it.

**Joshua:** Plus all the other stuff?

**Uncle Sam:** You betcha young man!

**Joshua:** Fine. Deal.

*(Uncle Sam and Joshua shake hands).*

**Uncle Sam:** That a boy. Get up. We've got to get you to a plane.

*(Uncle Sam starts leading Joshua out who still has his pants down.)*

**Joshua:** Uncle Sam? What exactly is a Muammar Gaddafi?

*(Exit. Black out.)*