

DISSOLVE on pictures of 1960s-sci-fi-style antiseptic future:
Handsome scientists, pristine domed cities, etc.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
...all signs indicated that the human
race was heading in the opposite
direction -- a dumbing down.

We PAN from the images over to a bunch of modern-day dumbasses
with fanny packs, standing in line at a TOMORROWLAND RIDE --
revealing that the images we just saw were from the ride.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
How did this happen? Evolution does
not make moral judgments. Evolution
does not necessarily reward that
which is good or beautiful. It simply
rewards those who reproduce the most.

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2 INT. TASTEFUL APARTMENT

2

A prosperous YUPPIE couple speaks to the camera as if being
interviewed.

YUPPIE HUSBAND
I'm a cardiologist, and I'm finishing
my residency at Harvard. I'm twenty-
six years old. This is my wife,
she's a financial planner.

YUPPIE WIFE
(good-natured
correcting)
And I'm finishing law school.

YUPPIE HUSBAND
Having kids is such an important
decision.

YUPPIE WIFE
We're waiting for the right time.
It's not something you want to rush
into.

THE SCREEN SPLITS. The YUPPIE couple is squeezed into the
LEFT SIDE of the screen, where they chastely hold hands.

On the RIGHT SIDE of screen appears:

A heinous trashy white couple, fresh off a hair-pulling free-for-all episode of Jerry Springer is making out, getting hot and heavy on their ratty fold-out couch.

TRASHY GUY

Shit.

SLUTTY GIRL

Shit, yeah.

TRASHY GUY

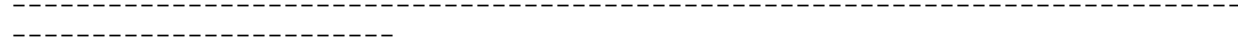
Naw, I mean, shit! I ain't got no rubbers!

SLUTTY GIRL

Aw, shit.

A beat.

Then they go back at it.



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TRASHY GUY

Aw, Fuck it.

The right side of the screen divides into four smaller frames as the couple's babies pop up.

LEFT SIDE OF SCREEN:

The yuppie couple, now in their thirties. Their living room shows signs of greater financial success.

YUPPIE WIFE

There's no way we could have a child now, not with the market the way it is.

YUPPIE HUSBAND

(nods in agreement)
It just wouldn't make sense.

As they continue, they are drowned out by the

RIGHT SIDE OF SCREEN:

More years have passed. The Trashy Guy is looking at a check. Several kids, now more grown up, fight in the background. He's with a NEW SLUTTY GIRL.

TRASHY GUY

You mean we get more welfare money
if we have more kids?

NEW SLUTTY GIRL

Yeah. Foodstamps too.

They share a look, then:

SEVERAL MORE BABIES POP UP, and the frames multiply.

The Yuppie couple ages, the frames on the right side of the
screen continue to multiply, indicating more years going by.

LEFT SIDE OF SCREEN:

The yuppie couple is now in their late thirties. The mood
is tense.

YUPPIE WIFE

Well, we've finally decided to have
kids, and I'm not pointing fingers,
but... It's not going well.

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YUPPIE HUSBAND

Oh, and this is helping!

YUPPIE WIFE

I'm just saying, before I have in
vitro, maybe you should be willing-

YUPPIE HUSBAND

It's always me.

YUPPIE WIFE

Well, it's not my sperm count.

RIGHT SIDE OF SCREEN:

We feature a fifteen-year-old TRASHY JOCK (one of the trashy
kids we've seen grow up), lumbering off the field with his
arms around four skanks.

JOCK

I'm gonna fuck all y'all!

More and more babies pop up. As the right side of the screen
becomes more and more crowded, it begins to PUSH INTO THE
LEFT SIDE OF THE SCREEN.

THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE SCREEN is brimming with new generations of dumbass. They are all speaking at once and multiplying like rabbits, drowning out the yuppie couple.

LOWER LEFT CORNER OF SCREEN:

The Yuppie Woman, in her 50s, is now crowded into a small corner in the bottom-left of the screen, alone.

YUPPIE WIFE

Unfortunately, Trevor passed away of a heart attack while masturbating to produce sperm for artificial insemination, but I've got some eggs frozen, and just as soon as the right guy comes along...

The Yuppie wife's square is forced into oblivion as the screen is consumed by the ever-increasing generations of dumbasses, her voice drowned out by a cacophony of yelling morons.

Sound fades out. Narrator's voice fades in:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But there would be a savior... A man who would become a legend... Whose
(MORE)

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NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

mighty hand would pull humanity from the brink of self-destruction... It was in the year 2004, in an army base in Virginia...

4 EXT. ARMY BASE - ESTABLISHING - DAY 4

5 INT. ARMY BASE - DAY 5

JOE BOWERS, 30s, is hunched over a test bench, soldering iron in hand, concentrating intensely.

We get a little closer and see Joe is holding the tip of the soldering iron to a popcorn kernel. The kernel pops, hitting Joe in the eye. Startled, Joe drops his hand onto a circuit board, shocking himself, causing him to fall back onto his stool.

SERGEANT MILLER, 40s, with a noticeable BATTLE SCAR on his lower lip, enters. Another officer lingers by the door.

MILLER

Today's your lucky day Joe. That guy out there? That's Officer Collins from the Pentagon. They're asking you to volunteer for a top secret experiment. This could be a great opportunity for you.

JOE

Oh, no thanks sir. I've just got six years 'til my pension and I don't wanna do anything that might screw it up.

Miller looks at Joe, sizing him up.

MILLER

You know Joe, there's something else that comes with that pension, something they don't tell you about...

JOE

What's that?

MILLER

A hollow empty feeling.

JOE

Hollow empty feeling?

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MILLER

Yep. I've seen it a thousand times -- It's the same feeling that trust fund kids and lottery winners get. It's the feeling you get when you've got nothing to strive for, no struggle... Drives some of 'em to suicide. You know how you get rid of it? You do something that matters, you challenge yourself.

JOE

Sorry sir, but remember the last time you had me challenge myself? When I tried to rewire the sound system in the Mess Hall?

FLASH BACK TO:

We see Miller, WITHOUT THE SCAR ON HIS LOWER LIP, go up to a microphone.

MILLER
Testing... One two- AAAAAAAGH!

Miller is blown out of frame by a spark arcing off the microphone on to his lower lip.

BACK TO:

PRESENT

Miller's hand unconsciously moves to the scar on his lower lip.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Yeah... I remember. Look, I know you don't like responsibility, just wanna be left alone in your little corner here, but the truth is, this isn't much of a challenge. It's some kind of hibernation experiment. You'd be getting paid to sleep for a year. It would be pretty hard to screw this up.

JOE
Yeah well, all the same sir, I kind of like things the way they are.

Miller sighs, disappointed.

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Beat.

MILLER
Look Joe, I wanted to give you the opportunity to volunteer first. Thought it would make you feel better about yourself, but the fact is, this is an assignment. You've got no choice.

Off Joe's worried expression we CUT TO:

Highly decorated officers sit around a conference table.

OFFICER COLLINS is at the head of the table, holding a remote, giving a slide presentation. He's a nerdy-creepy Army Engineer in his 40s, with a big mustache that looks out of place on his wimpy face.

COLLINS

Gentlemen, CNAPA, or Chronological Noncompatibility and Peacetime Aging has plagued the armed forces for years. Some of our best pilots, soldiers and military leaders have spent their entire careers without ever seeing battle. We've seen all their talents and expensive training go to waste during times of peace.

The officers murmur agreement.

A slide appears: HHP -- Top Secret!

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Enter the Human Hibernation Project, designed to save our best men, frozen in their prime, for when they're needed most.

The Officers are impressed.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

We have selected two test subjects, a male and a female.

Collins clicks his remote. We see a large, unflattering picture of Joe.

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COLLINS (CONT'D)

This is Private Joe Bowers, an electrician here on the base, not one of our best men. He was chosen primarily because of how remarkably average he is-- extremely average. In every category.

Collins clicks through several slides of bell curves for intelligence, physical strength, etc. Joe is at the dead center of each curve.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

The most average person in our entire Army. He also has no family --

unmarried, an only child, parents deceased -- making him an ideal candidate, with no one to ask any nosy questions should something go wrong with the experiment.

Various officers nod, approving.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

We had a little less luck finding a female volunteer with these qualifications within our ranks, and were forced to go into the private sector.

Collins clicks his remote. There's a picture of RITA, a pretty woman in her 20s, obviously a prostitute.

The officers react, confused.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

This is Rita. Like Joe, she has no immediate family. She agreed to participate in exchange for dropping some criminal charges, and a small fee.

Collins cues up a slide of a pimp in full pimp regalia.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Arrangement with her pimp -- a gentleman here in the D.C. area who goes by the name, "Upgrade," which he spells U-P-G-R-A-Y-E-Dd-, with two 'D's, as he says,
(air quotes)
"For a double dose of this pimpin'".

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As Collins talks, he clicks through several slides of Upgraded in different outfits, showing off his jewelry, driving in a Mercedes, etc.

The Officers begin to shift uncomfortably.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Upgraded agreed to "loan" us Rita for exactly a year, and keep quiet in exchange for some leeway from local police in running his "pimp game." First, however, there was

the difficult manner of gaining his trust.

A slide of Collins and Upgrayed sharing a giant bottle of champagne.

OFFICER
Could we skip to the technicals, please?

COLLINS
Sure. Let me just finish here...

The other officers squirm as Collins clicks through slides of himself with Upgrayed, with ho's, etc.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
You see, a pimp's love is very different from that of a square-

OFFICER #2
Collins!

There's an awkward silence. After a beat:

COLLINS
(pouty)
Fine. We'll move on... It is a fascinating world, though.

Collins quickly clicks past more slides of himself with Upgrayde. And clicking some more. And some more. And some more.

OFFICER #2
Jesus, Collins!

Collins speeds through another dozen slides of Upgrayed and his hos The crowd rolls their eyes. Finally, a slide of the hibernation pod.

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COLLINS
Anyway, the experiment is ready to begin immediately. If successful, we believe humans could be stored in a dry freeze" indefinitely...

8 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

8

A small on-base apartment. Joe is packing up his place for

his year-long absence and talking on the phone to his girlfriend, SHARON.

SHARON (V.C.)

I'm so sorry I had to work late. I mean, it's your last night and you're gonna be gone for a whole year.

JOE

Don't worry, it's not your fault... Look, I know a year is a long time. I don't expect you to wait for me-

SHARON (V.O.)

No, Joe. Don't even say that. You didn't have a choice.

JOE

I'll tell you what, I'll make it up to you. I'll meet you at TJ Swan's, one year and three days from now. October 17th.

9 INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

9

Sharon is at her desk, a secretary's desk outside an office. She finishes the call.

SHARON

Okay, it's a date.

Her boss, a creepy Ben Affleck type, walks over and sits on the edge of her desk.

BOSS

Soooo. I couldn't help but overhear... You know, if I had a girl like you, I sure wouldn't let her out of my sight for a minute, let alone for a year.

Sharon blushes a little, flattered.

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10 INT. ARMY BASE

10

11 SECRET HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

11

Joe and Rita, the prostitute, are waiting to go through some medical tests. Both are in Army-issue hospital gowns. Joe is nervous, wound up. Rita on the other hand, is bored,

hungover, doesn't want to be there. Joe awkwardly tries to strike up a conversation.

JOE
So... This is kind of crazy huh?
What unit are you with?

RITA
I ain't in the service.

JOE
Ohh, private sector...
(beat)
So what do you do?

RITA
A little of this, a little of that.

She looks away, trying to end the conversation.

JOE
Wow... That's great. I really envy people who can make a living that way doing a little bit of this and that. I had a neighbor who used to make chainsaw sculptures and sell 'em at the flea market. I guess I don't really have much of an imagination. That's why I'm in the Army. Heh heh.

Rita rubs her temples It looks like she had a rough night.

JOE (CONT'D)
So... You're an artist or something?

Beat.

RITA
Urn, yeah.

JOE
Wow, that's great. Do you do like, paintings or-

RITA
(short)
Yeah, paintings.

JOE

Oh, great. What kind of stuff do
you paint?

Rita sighs impatiently. This is more work than she expected.

RITA
I don't know, people and fruit and
shit.

JOE
Wow, it must be great to make a living
doing something you love.

RITA
Ah...
(world-weary sigh)
It's not all it's cracked up to be.

A DOCTOR enters.

DOCTOR
Okay, who wants to go first?

RITA
(get me out of here)
Me!

A beefy ORDERLY enters and prepares a thermometer for Joe.

JOE
Wow... A professional artist... That's
really cool.

ORDERLY
Oh yeah, she's a professional
alright...
(cracks himself up)

Joe doesn't get it, laughs politely along.

12 INT. SECRET POD ROOM - DAY

12

A small top secret room containing two sleeping pods with
their hatches open. Joe and Rita are sitting up in their
pods.

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Joe and Rita look uneasy as they are strapped in, hooked up
to hoses, IVs, etc. Rita looks especially freaked out as the
reality of it starts to set in.

A LOUD COMPRESSOR KICKS ON, startling both of them. Rita instinctively grabs Joe's hand.

RITA
(worried)
This shit's safe, right?

Joe looks around the room, uneasily.

JOE
Sure. They know what they're doing.
I mean look at all these... machines
and stuff... It'll be fine. They
tested it on dogs... I think... Don't
worry.

Joe puts on a brave face for her as they lie back in their pods.

Various shots -- Collins and the Doctor going over a checklist, checking all the apparatus, etc. The checklist complete, the pod doors are sealed. Collins hits a button and milky orange liquid begins flowing through the IVs.

JOE'S POV:

Things begin to get blurry, as Collins leans in.

COLLINS
See you in a year!

Joe and Rita's eyes flutter and close. They're out cold. The orderlies and the Doctor exit the room.

After a beat, Collins follows. He hits a button labeled "Top Secret" and a facade drops from the ceiling, concealing the door.

13 INT. COLLINS'S OFFICE - DAY

13

The office of a highly-decorated officer -- trophies, commendations, etc. are everywhere. Collins sits at his desk doing paperwork.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Human Hibernation Project was
one of the army's most ambitious
projects. But it was not immune
from the usual government bureaucracy.

Suddenly, a horde of tough Military Police storm Collins's office, grab him, and throw him to the ground.

ANGLE ON:

A newspaper. There's a picture of Collins on the cover. The caption reads:

Army Officer Busted in Attempted Prostitution Ring!

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
With Collins gone, there were only four people left who knew about this top-secret experiment...

14 INT. AMERICAN LEGION HALL - NIGHT 14

A big buffet table is being prepared.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
All four died tragically in a botulism outbreak at a Veteran's Day banquet...

We see a dumb looking kitchen worker pouring canned chicken 'n' dumplings into a big pot, and lighting a little can of Sterno underneath.

A teenage busboy swoops out a tablecloth over a nearby table, blowing out the Sterno.

15 EXT. AMERICAN LEGION HALL - NIGHT 15

E.M.S workers load four draped bodies into ambulances.

NARRATOR
...Joe and Rita were forgotten...

16 EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY 16

The army base looks abandoned. It's shuttered and padlocked.

NARRATOR
...and the Base eventually closed.

A worker walks into frame and plants a sign into the ground: - "Future Site of Sierra Vista Estates." Bulldozers pile earth onto the base, burying it.

17 INT. SHARON'S OFFICE - DAY 17

Sharon sits sadly at her desk. The calendar says March 14th.

Her creepy Boss comes up behind her.

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BOSS
It's been a year and a half. Don't
you think he would've called?

He starts rubbing her shoulders.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Oooh, you feel tense.

CUT TO:

18 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

18

WE PAN down from a Playboy Jazz Festival poster to find Sharon and her boss going at it in her boss's big four-poster Pottery-Barn bed, (tastefully covered by the bed sheets) to the sounds of lite jazz.

DISSOLVE on calendar pages turning as we BEGIN MONTAGE.'

NARRATOR
As Joe and Rita lay dormant, the
years passed, and mankind became
stupider at a frightening rate.

A chart depicting intelligence over time. An animated line begins at the present time. As it moves into the future, it drops precipitously.

DISSOLVE TO a few years in the future. There's now an ugly development of McMansions where the army base once stood.

High-speed time-lapse of a building being built over the site, finally revealing a new FUDDRUCKER'S.

Time lapse fast-motion of Fuddrucker's being torn down to build an even bigger Futtbucker's, which is torn down to build an even bigger Buttrucker's.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Some scientists had high hopes for
genetic engineering. But the efforts
were slow, misguided and quickly
overtaken by the declining
intelligence and exploding population.

We see a baseball stadium. The marquee outside announces "Championship Baseball." DISSOLVE to a marquee reading "Extreme Baseball." Inside, a runner is caught in a rundown between second and third. Instead of gloves, the second and third basemen brandish bats menacingly. In the background, various players are engaged in batfights that seem to have

little connection to the game.

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Outside, the marquee DISSOLVES again, this time it just reads "FIRE." We see huge flames rising up from the center of the stadium as the crowd goes berserk.

DISSOLVE on calendar pages turning, over images of gradually more stupid-looking people, starting with dumbasses of the present, continuing to future dumbasses.

The calendar pages stop somewhere in the 2900s.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE -- SUNRISE

19

In silhouette, we see a magnificent vista that calls to mind the alps or the Grand Tetons.

NARRATOR

Plagues and World Wars came and went,
and by simply being unconscious for
several hundred years, Joe had managed
to become something neither he, nor
anyone who had ever known him, thought
he had the potential to become...
the smartest person on Earth...

As the sun rises, we see that this is not a natural mountain range -- it is a huge, stinking mountain of garbage, ridiculously steep and unstable, the result of centuries of stacking garbage with no plan whatsoever. We are definitely in the future.

PUSH IN ON:

The highest peak. A truck winds its way up a small road, a Dr. Suess-looking path carved into the side of an absurdly steep face.

At the wheel of the truck is the DRIVER, the dumbest looking guy you've ever seen, a fat gum-drop-headed guy, with a weird futuristic haircut, an ugly uniform and the McDonalds golden arches tattooed on his forehead.

He is looking at a porn magazine while he drives. He alternates between excited grunts from the porn and startled grunts as he nearly swerves off the road.

The driver manages to navigate the truck to the summit. He

parks it, pulls a lever and the garbage begins to unload, causing the mountain to quiver under the new extra weight. The driver cracks a beer and watches. In the background we see an OMINOUS BLACK DUST STORM of epic proportions approaching -- like the Great Dust Bowl.

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The truck finishes unloading and the driver tosses his empty can on top, but the dusty wind knocks it back down. The driver tries again. And again. Frustrated, he finally takes the can and plants it forcefully on top, causing the small peak to collapse, which causes the next part below to collapse, and a chain reaction on down the mountain. It was one beer can more than this mountain was designed to hold.

In a WIDER SHOT, we see a huge, epic

GARBAGE AVALANCHE!!!!

The huge waves of garbage engulf the city below. CLOSER, we see Joe AND RITA'S PODS emerge, riding the crest of the garbage wave. They split into two directions. We FOLLOW Joe's pod for a while.

CLOSE ON Joe'S POD as it comes to a stop. PULL OUT to reveal we are in

20 EXT. FILTHY STREET - CONTINUOUS

20

Joe's pod has come to rest on a dirty street below a giant billboard ad of a scowling, Neanderthal looking macho-man with a cigarette hanging from his mouth. It reads, "If you don't smoke Carltons...Fuck you!"

As we PULL OUT further, we see that every single square inch of everything is plastered with advertisements. Even the passersby's clothes are covered with ads. Everything seems to be in some stage of decay.

TV screens everywhere blast out competing trash and talking vending machines compete like carnival barkers for the attention of passersby.

WIDER ANGLE. Dumb-looking, overweight people wander around. On the back of everyone's left hand is a UPC tattoo. No one seems to have noticed or cared much about the garbage' avalanche. They pay no attention to Joe's pod.

Suddenly, the ground RUMBLES. Another wave of garbage comes roaring down the street, smashing into Joe's pod, sending it flying into the air.

21 EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 21

A half-built, dirty-looking place. Joe's pod goes crashing into a window.

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22 INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 22

The pod lands on the floor of a tiny room with only enough space to house a La-Z-Boy recliner and a giant TV. DIZZ, mid-30s fatass, sits sunken deep in the recliner. He watches TV, his jaw hanging open in a dull expression, doesn't seem to register the pod that just crashed through his window.

Outside Dizz's window, the dust storm and avalanche continue. He couldn't care less. From the TV we hear an announcer with that testosterone-heavy Fox style, but even dumber sounding.

TV (V.O.)
Next, on the Violence Channel, an
all-new episode of "Ow! My Balls!"
Huh huh, yeah...

ANGLE ON TV:

The TV show begins: The MAIN CHARACTER, a frail, feeble looking man with a permanently worried look on his face, stands on a high-rise balcony looking out at the view.

A big lumbering JOCK comes up behind him, kicks him in the balls, sending him over the balcony.

ANGLE ON DIZZ, amused.

DIZZ
(primitive laugh sound)
Uuuugh!...

ANGLE ON:

Joe's pod. It starts to come to life. We hear fluids flowing, LED lights come on. The pod displays a message: Unfreezing!

BACK ON THE TV:

The show continues. In rapid succession, the Main Character falls off the balcony, lands on a high voltage wire, on his balls, gets sling-shotted off, starts falling, heading

straight for a fence, lands on his balls, then falls into someone's yard. A dog runs up, bites his balls, he scrambles over the high fence, falls down the other side, lands on a sawhorse, right on his balls, then finally falls to the ground. He stands up, brushes himself off, then notices something: a huge wrecking ball swinging right towards his balls. He stands there like a deer caught in the headlights, then WHAM, right in the balls. We follow him through the air, his balls straddling the wrecking ball...

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MAIN CHARACTER/AUDIENCE

Ow! My balls!

DIZZ

(laughing, losing it)

Uuuugh-huuuuh-ugh!

ANGLE ON THE POD:

The pod door opens. Joe leans up, cracks open his freezer burned eyes, looks around dazed. He's still in his military hospital outfit.

Joe looks at Dizz. He has no idea what he's looking at or where he is. He clutches his head in pain.

JOE

(groggy)

Uhhhh...

Dizz's eyes remain glued to the TV, but he is momentarily distracted by Joe's noise.

DIZZ

Ugh?

Joe rubs his eyes, takes in his surroundings. He is completely disoriented. Nothing makes sense to him.

JOE

(really groggy)

Urn, where...? Is this ah...

DIZZ

Shut up!

(back to TV, laughs)

Huuuh-uuugh...

Joe looks at Dizz, confused. Joe tries to get up, stumbles a couple of times, falls to the ground.

JOE
(rubbing his eyes,
trying to figure it
out)
Urn... Where's Officer Collins? Is
this...? Are we on base?

Irritated, Dizz becomes hostile.

DIZZ
I'm gonna base yer... ass on my...
(MORE)

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DIZZ (CONT'D)
(can't quite make it
work)
Ff...fist! Ass! Shut up!

Joe, groggy and half-blind, stumbles backwards in retreat.

JOE
I'm sorry, I'm just... where am I?

DIZZ
SHUT UP!!!

Dizz gets up angrily, revealing that the "recliner" is also
a toilet. He pulls up his pants, flushes it, then walks
over, grabs Joe and throws him out the window.

DIZZ (CONT'D)
Yeah!

23 EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS 23

Joe hits the ground hard. Joe gets up and painfully limps
around. He looks across the street, sees something that
makes him do a double-take:

JOE' S POV:

A cheerful T.G.I.F.-looking restaurant. The sign reads:
Buttfucker's! (In the exact shape, colors and font of
Fuddrucker's.)

Joe looks at the sign a beat, at the kids' birthday party
going on inside, back at the sign, and shakes his head. A
guy and a girl walk by, each obese and wearing those T-shirts
that make it look like you're naked.

JOE
Excuse me, (points to Buttfucker's)
could you read that sign for me?

GUY
Read? What do I look like, a fag?

The guy growls at Joe. Joe stumbles off, nearly getting run over by a broken-down futuristic car being pulled by a team of dogs. The car is continually making that annoying dinging sound they make when the door is open. Joe rubs his eyes in disbelief, then walks unsteadily, holding his head.

JOE
I must be hallucinating...

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24 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 24

Joe stops near a group of guys.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Joe wandered the streets, desperate for help, but the English language had deteriorated into a hybrid of hillbilly, valley-girl, innercity slang, and various grunts. Joe was able to understand them, but when he spoke in his ordinary voice, he sounded pompous and "faggy" to them.

Joe asks for directions. The guys all laugh and make fun of him. Joe pleads. One of the guys freaks out and starts beating his chest and yelling incomprehensible obscenities. Joe runs away, then he notices something.

JOE
Oh thank God...

JOE'S POV:

A (misspelled) sign reads: "Memorial" Hospitle. Above it is a huge billboard which reads:

"Surgery with an ATTITUDE!" With a picture of a Vin Diesel type in a scrub suit, holding a scalpel, with an anti-authority, "fuck you" scowl.

Joe just shakes his head and walks towards the entrance.

[NOTE: For the purpose of this script, the dialogue of people of 2974 will be written in normal English, but for the movie, a future-dumbass accent and appropriate slang would be created, as described above.]

25 INT. "MEMORIAL" HOSPITILE - SAME TIME

25

Joe walks through the waiting room. People are sprawled around with a variety of strange injuries -- a fat guy tangled up trying to take off his sweatshirt who's violently struggling to free himself, a whole family with their hands all stuck in a big jar of food like it's a raccoon trap.

Joe staggers up to what looks like a fast food counter. A dull, bored-looking COUNTER WOMAN is behind the counter, wearing a uniform that's halfway between Mcdonalds's and hospital whites.

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JOE

Hi.. uh, I was in this army experiment-
and I'm not feeling so good. I think
I might be seeing things...

COUNTER WOMAN

Uuuh...

We see the Counter Woman looking down at a machine that looks like one of those cash registers at Mcdonalds where there are no words or numbers, just pictures, icons depicting various ailments -- a picture of an elbow with pain lines coming out, a picture of a guy with a knife in his head making a frowny face, a guy's butt, a knee, etc.

She glances up at Joe, back at the key pad, thinking hard:

COUNTER WOMAN (CONT'D)

Uhhhhh...

Finally her finger lands on a key with an icon of a guy shrugging, looking bewildered. She presses it.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Diagnostic, male!

COUNTER WOMAN

Uh... go over there.

Joe starts to leave then turns around.

JOE

Is there a drinking fountain?

The woman just points over her shoulder. Joe walks up to the drinking fountain and hits the button. He starts to drink and then makes a confused, disturbed face.

He pulls away from the fountain to reveal some fluorescent greenish gatorade-type liquid is being dispensed. On the side of the fountain is a logo that reads, "RAUNCHO, THE THIRST MUTILATOR." Joe stops a passing doctor.

JOE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I think this is Gatorade or something. I'm just looking for some regular water?

DOCTOR

(stumped)

Water? You mean like in the toilet?
What for?

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JOE

Just to... drink?

The Doctor stares at him a beat, then just starts LAUGHING LIKE AN IDIOT and walks off.

26 INT. HOSPITAL - DIAGNOSTIC ROOM - LATER ON 26

Joe is in line leading up to a uniformed TECHNICIAN running what looks like one of those auto-diagnostic machines from Jiffy Lube, or an automated car wash.

A sad-looking man pulls up his pants as the technician hits a button on the machine.

COMPUTER VOICE

(you've got mail)
You've got hepatitis!

The man looks shocked. He starts to break down.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

Hey! Take it easy! Your illness is important to us!

TECHNICIAN

Next.

Joe steps up. The Technician holds up three probes connected

to the diagnostic machine.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Okay. This one goes in your mouth.

Joe tentatively opens his mouth. The technician puts it in.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
This one's for your ear.

The technician sticks a second probe in Joe's ear.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
And... This one goes in your butt.

The technician hands Joe a third probe. Joe looks at it reluctantly, hesitates a beat, then looks at the line of 20 people staring at him.

GUY IN LINE
Hurry UP ASSHOLE!!!

Joe unhappily puts the plug up his butt (O.S.).

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TECHNICIAN
Shit, wait a second.

The Technician pulls all three plugs out and stupidly fumbles with the identical cables.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Okay, one goes in your... No, wait a second...

Joe tries to follow the one that was in his butt like three card monte, but it's a lost cause. The technician stops shuffling the probes.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Okay. This one goes in your mouth.

Joe stares in horror as the Technician brings the probe closer to his mouth. Joe hesitates.

GUY IN LINE (O.S.)
COME ON!!!

CUT TO:

27 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

27

Joe at the drinking fountain, furiously rinsing and spitting.

28 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

28

Joe sits, waiting for the doctor. He sees a magazine on the doctor's desk:

Hot Naked Chicks and World Report.

Joe picks up the magazine. He sees the date on it: March 3, 2974

JOE
(muttering)
Weird misprint.

Joe flips through it. He lands on an article: Economy be all bad and shit!/Inflation higher than a motherfucker! Another article: Dust Storms kicking our ass. On another page, a picture of an impoverished man, with the quote: "I'm fuckin' hungry!"

The DOCTOR enters, a big, affable lunk holding several charts and computer printouts.

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DOCTOR
Hey, how's it going, man?

JOE
Not so good... I'm hallucinating like crazy. I think it's the drugs these Army guys put me on. It's kind of Top Secret, but if you could just get me well enough to get back to Base...

DOCTOR
(nodding)
Uh-huh, uh-huh. Kick ass.
(looking at Joe's chart)
Anyway, I don't wanna sound like a dick or nothing, but I looked at your charts and it seems like you're fucked up, you talk like a fag, and your shit may be retarded. What I'd do, man, is get plenty of rest-

JOE

Wha? I... I want a second opinion.

DOCTOR

(holds up Joe's charts)
OmniPal doesn't lie, man. But listen -
there's plenty of 'tards out there
living really kickass lives. My
first wife was retarded and she's a
pilot.

JOE

Okay, I'm going to another hospital.

DOCTOR

So, that'll be six billion dollars.
(hands Joe an invoice)
So if you can just sign this while I
scan you.

JOE

Wait, six billion? What?

The Doctor takes Joe's wrist as Joe reads the invoice. Joe
notices the date: March 3, 2974.

JOE (CONT'D)

That's funny. That's the exact same
misprint as that magazine over
there... What're the odds of...

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Joe trails off. His eyes go wide.

JOE'S POV:

The date on the magazine, the date on the invoice, the date
on the Doctor's desk calendar... Suddenly it all comes
together.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh. .. my... God!!!

As Joe starts freaking out, the doctor notices he doesn't
have a UPC tattoo.

DOCTOR

(panicking)
Where's your 'ttoo??

The doctor reacts by shrieking like a monkey and flailing
his arms. Joe and the doctor are feeding off each other's

mutual freak-outs.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You're an unscannable!!

JOE
Hunh?!

The Doctor hits a button on his desk. A loud alarm goes off.

JOE (CONT'D)
Wait a minute! You don't understand!

DOCTOR
UNSCANNABLE!!!

JOE
I need to talk to someone in the
army!
(realizing)
Wait a minute. They're all dead.
(freaking out)
Everyone I know is dead! Oh God!
And Sharon! I stood her up! By a
thousand years!

More alarms start going off. We hear more people in the hospital start screaming: "Unscannable!" Joe takes off running out of the building.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

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EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Joe wanders the street, still freaked out. He stops in front of a Radio Shack type store, and looks through a window at a display of futuristic TVs.

We PAN ACROSS the TVs, each one with a network logo in the corner. The first is the Violence Channel, featuring two Butterbean-looking guys hitting each other, then the Masturbation Network featuring two topless women, and finally Fox, featuring two topless women hitting each other.

Joe just stares, bewildered.

29 EXT. MOVIE THEATRE 29

Joe stares up at a big stark marquee with the word "ASS" in

the middle of it. Underneath, it says, "#1 MOVIE IN AMERICA!"

30 INT. MOVIE THEATRE 30

On the screen is nothing more than a man's ass, full screen, farting every ten seconds or so.

We PAN across an audience of scary, Neanderthal people laughing like baboons and stuffing their faces with greasy popcorn, to find Joe sitting alone, horrified.

31 EXT. CATHEDRAL 31

Joe limps up the steps and opens the grand door.

32 INT. CATHEDRAL 32

In a wrestling ring at the altar, a steroided-out guy in a Jesus wrestling outfit is doing an incredibly violent wrestling move on a guy in a Devil outfit. The congregation goes nuts as the Devil's manager grabs a folding chair and starts sneaking up on the victorious Jesus.

Joe backs away, freaked out.

33 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 33

TIGHT ON Joe's frightened and confused face.

Joe notices something across the street. It's the Golden Arches. He walks over.

34 EXT. BIG MCDONALD'S-LOOKING VENDING MACHINE - CONTINUOUS 34

A woman and her four hungry kids in front of the ugly futuristic vending machine. Under the golden arches is

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written: "Powered by OmniPal!" The woman is getting frustrated, hitting a screen and waving the UPC tattoo on her wrist in front of it. The COMPUTER VOICE, the voice of the omnipresent Omnipal network, has that annoying "Sprint-PCS/AOL "You've got mail" voice, disjointed and booming with cheery enthusiasm, even when it's giving you bad news.

COMPUTER VOICE
Enjoy your cheeseburger!

WOMAN
(furious)
You didn't give me no cheeseburger!

I just got an empty can!

COMPUTER VOICE
Would you like...another...
cheeseburger?

WOMAN
I DIDN'T GET ANY!!!

COMPUTER VOICE
Your account has been charged.
(beat as hard-drive
clicks)
You have no more money! Please come
back when you can afford to make a
purchase!

The woman BANGS on the machine in frustration. [Note: the following line will be the computer's catchphrase, always delivered in the same condescending, enthusiastic manner o.f Robert Young in the old Maxwell House decaf commercials]

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)
Hey! Take it easy!
(she bangs again)
Hey! Take it easy!

WOMAN
My children are starving! And you
took all my money!

COMPUTER VOICE
Your children are starving. OmniPal
believes that no child should go
hungry! You are an unfit mother! Now
notifying Child Protective Services!

We hear a siren in the distance. The woman and her four hungry kids take off running past Joe.

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COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)
Your children will be placed in the
custody of McDonald's!

Joe watches them run off, concerned.

Suddenly, there's a stampede of dumbass COPS converging on the vending machine. One of the Cops notices Joe:

COP 1

Hey! Is that the unfit mother?

COP 2

No, he's an unscannable!

COP 1

That must be the one from the hospital! Alright!

Ten cops tackle Joe and handcuff him.

35 EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

35

Joe is led, cuffed, to a waiting police car. He struggles against his handcuffs.

Passersby, laughing stupidly, watch the cops drag him off.

JOE

I can explain! I was in an army experiment! It's not my fault!

ANGLE ON:

A cute LITTLE BOY and his MOM. The kid points at Joe.

LITTLE BOY

Mommy, that man talks like a fag!

MOM

Huh huh. He sure does.

36 INT. POLICE CAR- CONTINUOUS

36

Joe is thrown in the back of the squad car.

The car looks about 100 years more futuristic than today's cars, but everything looks busted and filthy.

Out the window, Joe notices something on the street -- RITA'S EMPTY POD.

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JOE

Hey, that's the other pod! Rita?
She's alive?! I gotta find her!

The cop leans back and maces Joe. Joe howls, the cop slams the thick glass partition shut.

As Joe claws at his eyes, the car begins speaking with the

now familiar COMPUTER VOICE.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Welcome to police custody! You have
the right to -- ERROR IN TWELVE!
(a beat)
I'm sorry, your operation has caused
a fatal ACP error. Would you like to
report this error?.. Would you like
to report this error?.. Would you-

JOE
(rubbing his eyes in
pain)
No!

COMPUTER VOICE
Your operation has caused a fatal
ACP error. Would you like to report-

JOE
Fine! Yes!

COMPUTER
VOICE Thank you...
(long beat)
I'm sorry, your request has caused a
fatal bit stream error. Would you
like to report this error?

Finally, Joe snaps.

JOE
Shut up!!

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Hey! Take it easy! Would you like to
report this error?..
(on and on)

Joe starts to thrash around as the car pulls away.

37 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

37

Rita wanders the street, disoriented, still waking up.

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She finds herself face to face with a guy who makes no attempt
to hide his horniness, mumbling unintelligible come-ons,
looking her up and down.

HORNY GUY

Aaawww yeeeeeah... Mmmmmrn girl... I
could groove you real good...

Rita shakes it off, keeps walking. The guy, undeterred,
follows. Rita looks around at her crazy surroundings, trying
to put things together.

RITA

What the...? Man, shit's changed in
a year... Where are those army guys?

HORNY GUY

Mmrn baby, I got an army in my pants.

Rita ignores him, notices a futuristic pay phone and walks
up to it. She looks at the phone, puzzled. It's still
recognizable as a phone, but there's no keypad. She
tentatively picks up the handset.

COMPUTER VOICE

Welcome to AOL-Time-Warner-Starbucks-
US Government long distance! Powered
by OmniPal! Please say the name of
the party you wish to call!

RITA

(unsure)

Uh. .. Upgrayed?

Beat, as the hard drive clicks away.

COMPUTER VOICE

There are 9,726 listings for
"Upgrayed"!

Rita looks at the phone, confused.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

Please deposit \$2,000 to begin
connection!

RITA

Two thousand dollars? Where'm I gonna
get two thousand...?

The Horny Guy holds out a bunch of money, excited. Rita shakes
her head, knowing what she has to do.

(to herself)
Guess shit didn't change all that
much.

Rita reluctantly takes the money.

RITA (CONT'D)
Alright hon'. Can you wait a sec'
while I make a call?

HORNY GUY
Oooh, yeah baby, I could wait so
good.

Rita notices the guy's dumbass demeanor, gets an idea.

RITA
Oh yeah?.. I like a man who can wait.

HORNY GUY
Baby I can wait a long time.

RITA
Could you wait a day?

HORNY GUY
Baby I could wait two days.

Rita gains confidence.

RITA
Okay... I charge by the hour.

HORNY GUY
Ooooh yeah, you gonna be glad you
waited baby...

The horny guy smugly peels off a bunch of bills.

38 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

38

The courtroom is a mess, like a run-down inner-city public school classroom. There's garbage everywhere, graffiti. The flag is lying on the floor in a heap.

An audience of rowdy spectators waits for the trial to begin. The crowd jeers as Joe is wheeled in in a cage.

A pumped-up BAILIFF in tights walks in with a microphone. He whips up the crowd like an announcer at a wrestling match:

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BAILIFF

Are you ready for some JUSTIIIIIIIIICE!

The crowd goes crazy.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)

Because we've got a fag-talking retard who thinks we oughtta pay his hospital bills! Do you want to pay his hospital bills!?

CROWD

Hell, no!

Joe gets hit with a milkshake.

BAILIFF

I can't hear you!!!

ANGLE ON THE JURY BOX:

JURY

HELL, NO!!

The Judge enters. He is surprised and frightened by the noise of the courtroom. He bangs his gavel until everybody shuts up. When he speaks, he seems to be making up big-sounding words as he goes along. He has the stupid confidence of a man who's never encountered anyone smart enough to correct him.

JUDGE

Now since y'all
(rolls his eyes)
Say you ain't got no money, we have
proprietary obtained you one of
them court-appointed lawyers.

Joe's lawyer enters. It's none other than Dizz, the fat guy whose apartment he crashed into.

JOE

You're my lawyer??

Dizz opens up a greasy paper bag and pulls out a bunch of crumpled, stained legal briefs. He looks them over.

DIZZ

So, uh... Says here you robbed a hospital. Why'd you do that?

JOE

I'm not guilty!

Dizz shakes his head.

DIZZ
That's not what the other lawyer
said...

JOE
(exasperated)
What the other-- Listen! You've got
to put me on the stand! I can explain
everything! We can take them to your
house and show them the pod I came
in!

The Judge starts banging his gavel.

JUDGE
Y'all shut up, now! I'm fixing to
commencerate this trial here!

Everyone shuts up.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Okay, then. We're gonna
(showing off the big
word)
Utilize the process of deliberation,
examining the various puppitudes of
this individual, and see If we can't
come up with us a verdict up in here.
Now, why you think he done it?

The Prosecutor stands.

He has a stoned/surfer accent.

He's wearing a T-shirt that reads "Lawyers Do It in front of
a judge"

PROSECUTOR
Okay, number one, your honor? Just
look at him.

The whole courtroom boos and laughs at Joe.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
And B, we've got all this evidence
about how, like, this guy, like,
didn't pay at the hospital, okay?
Like, six billion dollars?
(MORE)

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PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

And I heard that he doesn't even have his tattoo. And I'm all... You got to be shitting me! But check it out, man. Judge should be like, Guilty! Peace!

The prosecutor sits down, proud of himself as the crowd starts clapping. Joe looks around at everyone clapping and shouting at him.

JOE

Please! Let me explain what happened!

Dizz stands indignantly and slams his fists down on the table.

DIZZ

Objection!

The court quiets down. Everyone looks at Dizz. Joe is pleasantly surprised. A beat...

JUDGE

What're you objectifying on?

Dizz looks unsure for a moment.

JOE

(whispering to Dizz)

C'mon, just put me on the stand!

DIZZ

Okay. Yeah. Okay, your honor?... I object that this guy also broke my apartment!

JOE

What??

DIZZ

Yeah, your honor! And I object he's not gonna have any money to pay me after he pays for all the money he stole from the hospital.

JOE

Don't say I stole! You're lawyer!

The crowd starts to boo Joe.

DIZZ
And I object he interrupted me when
I was watching "Ow, my Balls!"

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This is the last straw for the crowd -- they start throwing
junk at Joe. Joe stands.

JOE
Okay, uh, your honor I think we have
a mistrial or something!

DIZZ
I'm gonna mistrial my foot up your
ass you don't shut up!

Everyone, including the judge, cracks up. The court is filled
with gales of big, stupid laughter.

JOE
Please, listen!

PROSECUTOR
(crude Joe
impersonation)
"Please, listen!"

The court cracks up again. Diz leans over and high-fives the
Prosecutor.

JOE
I didn't steal anything! I was part
of an army experiment, hundreds of
years ago. Something must've went
wrong. There was a girl, too-

The crowd starts shouting Joe down.

The Judge scribbles some notes on a computerized OmniPal
tablet and frowns at the results. Then he bangs on his gavel
until he has silence.

JUDGE
Alright, easy everyone. Now, sissified
individual makes a bunch of good
points, about the, uh, allegationisms
of, uh, what transgressed at that
particular time. So I believe...

Joe hangs on the Judge's every word.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Hmmm...

A long, tense beat. The Judge thinks, the court leans forward.
Joe's future hangs in the balance.

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JUDGE (CONT'D)

Hmmm...

The Judge stands. He paces, thinking intensely. He stops,
his back to the court.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

My verdict...?

The Judge drops his pants.

ANGLE ON JUDGE'S ASS:

"GUILTY!!" Is scrawled across it.

The crowd explodes.

Joe miserably bangs his head on the table.

BAILIFF

He's going to...

(crowd joins in)

Priiiiiiiiiisonnnnnnn!!!!

Joe, miserable, looks at the screaming crowd.

Bailiffs grab Joe roughly and haul him off.

39 INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY 39

Joe is in line with his police escort. Various other people
are in various lines getting passports, driver's licenses,
etc.

JOE

What're we doing here?

COP

Gettin' your tattoo.

Joe is lead by a leash to what looks like a big ATM with a
computer terminal mounted on it. It says "OmniPal E-Z ID" on
it.

COMPUTER VOICE
Welcome to the identity processing
program of America! Please insert
your arm in the arm receptacle!

Joe slides his arm into a hole in the machine. His arm
disappears into the machine up to his elbow. We hear the
machine tighten its grip on Joe like a blood pressure machine --
he isn't going anywhere.

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COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)
Thank you! Please speak your name as
it appears on your current federal
identity card, document number 2...
4... G... 3.

Joe looks totally puzzled.

JOE
I'm not sure if I have an identity
card. But my name is-

COMPUTER VOICE
You have entered the name... NOT
SURE. Is this correct, NOT SURE?

JOE
What? No! It's not correct

COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you! "Not" is correct! Is "Sure"
correct?

JOE
What?? No! No, it's not! Go back!
Cancel! You've got the wrong name!
My name Joe Bowers! Not "Not Sure"--

COMPUTER VOICE
You have already confirmed your first
name is "Not"! Please confirm your
last name, "Sure"!

JOE
No! My last name is not "Sure"! I
mean-- no, wait!

COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you, Not Sure! Your
confirmation is complete! Please

wait a minute while I tattoo your
new identity on your arm!

Panicked, Joe tries to yank his arm out of the machine. It
won't budge.

JOE
No! Stop! Give me my arm back!

COMPUTER VOICE
Hey, take it easy!

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The machine begins tattooing Joe's arm. It's very painful.
We hear loud buzzing sounds. Joe tries to pull his hand out
to no avail.

ANGLE ON MONITOR:

A progress bar indicates Joe's tattoo is almost done.

As Joe screams and pummels the computer with his free hand,
a camera flash goes off. We see a picture of Joe's face
twisted in anger on the monitor with "Sure, Not" printed along
with his height, eye color, fingerprints, etc. Like a driver's
license.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)
Thank you, NOT SURE. Your
identification file is now complete.

40 EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - LATER 40

Another bland federal building.

COP
C'mon... Gotta get your IQ and
appatude tests.

JOE
What for?

COP
To figure out what your appatude is
good at-and get you your jail job.

41 INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - LATER 41

Rows of people are sitting at testing stations wearing
headphones.

They're doing dumb little tests like putting pegs into holes, matching colored blocks, touching their noses, etc.

Joe is sitting at one of the testing stations, wearing a pair of headphones. Next to him, a guy is furiously trying to jam a round peg into a square hole. We hear the voice coming from Joe's headphones:

COMPUTER VOICE

If you have one bucket that holds
two gallons and another bucket that
holds five gallons, how many buckets
do you have?

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Joe looks confused, like it shouldn't be that easy, then leans towards a microphone.

JOE

Two?

42 INT. PADDY WAGON - DAY - MOVING 42

Joe sits in a bus full of the scariest degenerates you've ever seen.

43 EXT. PRISON YARD - LATER 43

The prisoners are herded off the bus and into the prison.

44 INT. PRISON - CHECK-IN - DAY 44

Joe is shoved into a room where PRISON GUARDS are preparing new inmates for life in prison -- they're taking their clothes, giving them uniforms and sending them into various lines -- Maximum Security, Minimum Security, Parole.

PRISON GUARD

'Ttoo.

Joe holds out his hand. The Guard scans it.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

Over there.

The Guard shoves Joe towards one of the lines.

JOE'S POV:

Out in the Prison Exercise Yard, a scary, angry 400-pound man is sitting, naked, on the ground. His horrible folds of

fat cover up what we can only assume are the world's most disgusting genitals.

A closer look reveals that he is actually sitting on the face of some poor bastard trapped beneath him. The trapped man's legs kick futilely.

Joe stares in disbelief at this horrific image. The man catches Joe looking, points to the guy below him and clearly mouths "You're next."

Joe recoils.

Joe is now at the front of the line, looking panicked. He's about to be sent off to lockdown. Desperate and terrified, he gets an idea.

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JOE
(to guard, tentative)
Uh, actually... I'm getting out of
prison today?

A beat. The guard just stares at Joe, trying hard to process this... then smacks Joe upside the head.

PRISON GUARD 2
You're in the wrong line, dumbass!

JOE
Yeah, uh... I'm a big dumbass. Sorry.

The guard grabs Joe, buzzes him through a security gate, then shoves him into the "parole" line.

A third guard scans Joe's UPC and checks his computer terminal.

PRISON GUARD 3
Uh... Uh, yeah. I don't see you in
here, so you're gonna have to, uh,
stay in prison.

JOE
Could you check again? 'Cause I was,
like, definitely in prison.
(points off)
That guy sat on my face and
everything.

The guard looks off, then looks down at his terminal, getting

confused. The guard concentrates very hard, looking for Joe's name.

After a beat, Joe takes off running. Everyone just watches him go.

Alarms start going off like crazy.

Everyone just keeps standing around. The guards look confused and frightened.

45 EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER 45

Joe is running as fast as he ever has. He seems to have put some distance between himself and the cops. But as he runs past some kind of vending machine, we see an infrared beam silently scan his UPC.

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46 EXT. CITY STREET - LATER 46

Joe stops for a moment, totally out of breath. He looks up and recognizes a familiar billboard -- the Carltons Cigarettes ad. He then notices his pod through the broken window of Dizz's apartment.

47 INT. DIZZ'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 47

Dizz is sitting in front of the TV in his La-Z-John, eating marshmallowy goop with his hands from a giant tub labeled - FOOD.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
You're watching The Masturbation
Network. America's number one network
for 300 years!

ANGLE ON DIZZ'S FACE:

The TV starts pumping out some primitiv bootknocking jam. Dizz settles in, gets comfortable. The mood is broken by a loud knock on the. door.

DIZZ
Go 'way! 'Bating!

The knocking keeps going. Dizz gets up, not happy, and opens the door.

Joe runs in, slams the door and pulls down the shades. He looks around, totally paranoid.

DIZZ (CONT'D)
Hey, get out of here!

JOE
No way! You just let me, an innocent
man, get thrown into jail!

DIZZ
Yeah, well... you broke my house.

JOE
Yeah, well... I could have you
disbarred. Then maybe you'd go to
jail for not having money.

Dizz looks scared.

DIZZ
Really?

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JOE
Okay look, you're the only person I
know. You gotta help me.

DIZZ
So, what do you want me to do?

JOE
Well, I've been thinking -- it's
been a thousand years, someone's
gotta have invented a way to travel
back in time by now. I mean, I think
they were pretty close, even back in
my day. Something with Einstein or
something?

DIZZ
Huh?

JOE
You know, like a time machine?

DIZZ
Uhhhhhh...

Joe looks around, from Dizz's slack face, to the tub of
"Food," to the TV. He slumps against the wall.

JOE

I guess that was too much to hope for.

DIZZ

Oh, no, they got a time machine.

JOE

They do? Are you sure? Can it take me back to 2003?

DIZZ

Yeah, but it's like really expensive and it breaks all the time? Cuz some guy made it a long time ago?

JOE

I don't care, you've gotta take me there.

DIZZ

Look, I supersize with you, but didn't you go to jail for not having any money?

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Joe is stumped. Then, a brainstorm!

JOE

Okay, how about this? You get me to the time machine, and when I get back home, I open a savings account in your name. 1000 years later, it'll be worth billions!

Dizz stares at Joe blankly.

JOE (CONT'D)

Cuz of the interest. You'll have billions of dollars!

DIZZ

I like money. How many billions?

JOE

(making it up)
Uh... Like, ten!

DIZZ

Time machine costs 20.

JOE

Okay, then... 30! 30 billion dollars!

Dizz chews it over.

DIZZ
if I had 30 and the time machine
cost 20... What's the minus of 20
and 30?

JOE
It' s, uh....
(seeing an opportunity)
Well, that's 80 billion dollars,
Dizz. That's a mighty big minus.

DIZZ
Yeah. I like money.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

COP (O.S.)
Police! Open the door! We're looking
for an escaped individual, goes by
the name, "Not Sure"!

Dizz looks at Joe, then at the door, unsure of what to do.

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JOE
(whispering)
80 billion.

A beat.

DIZZ
He's, uh... Somewhere else.

COP (O.S.)
A coke machine in the vicinity caught
his 'ttoo, seemed to be heading for
this domicile.

DIZZ
Well, uh... you can't come in.

COP
Can too!

The cops start smashing down the door. Dizz and Joe look at
the broken window.

DIZZ
Let's go get my money.

The two of them jump out the window just as the cops kick the door in.

48 EXT. DIZZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

48

Dizz and Joe land hard on the street and run towards Dizz's car. They get in the car. Dizz starts it up.

JOE
Okay, there's just one more thing.
We gotta go find this girl first.

DIZZ
Uh... Um... Is she hot?

JOE
Um, yeah actually, she's not bad.
But--

DIZZ
Cuz that wasn't really part of the deal.

A cop jumps out the window and starts running towards the car.

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JOE
Okay, I'll throw in another ten billion, just go!

Dizz hits the gas. They peel out.

49 EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

49

Dizz's electric car turns a corner. We hear sirens approaching in the distance.

JOE
Okay, her pod is up here on the right, so she shouldn't be too far away... I hope...

50 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - SAME TIME

50

Horny Guy negotiates with Rita.

HORNY GUY

So when are we gonna do it? 'Cause
you said 10,000 dollars an hour, and
it's been, like, three days?

RITA

Oh, yeah, soon baby. Why don't you
come back tomorrow?

The guy peels off a bunch of 10,000 bills.

HORNY GUY

Yeah, yeah, baby, cuz when I finally
ut-i-lize you, you gonna be payin'
me.

The guy leaves.

RITA

(calling off)

And you're still on the clock!

Dizz' s car comes around a corner. Joe calls out.

JOE (O.S.)

Rita! It's me, Joe.

RITA

Huh? Ohhh yeah. What-

JOE

Get in the car! Quick!

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RITA

What the hell's going on anyway?
What happened to--?

Police sirens get louder.

JOE

I'll explain everything later, just
get in the car!

Rita jumps in the car and Dizz takes off.

51 INT. DIZZ'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

51

Dizz takes off as fast as he can. The sirens get louder.
Rita notices, as the cops turn the corner, now only a block
away.

RITA
Wait a minute...You've got cops after
you?!

JOE
Yeah.

RITA
And you made me get in the car?! I
got two strikes asshole!

JOE
I'm just trying to help you!

RITA
Help me? What'd you do to get cops
after you?!

DIZZ
He robbed a hospital.

JOE
No I didn't!

DIZZ
Oh yeah. He also escaped from jail.

The cops are gaining on them.

JOE
Come on! Step on the gas Dizz!

DIZZ
What's "gas?"

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JOE
Just go faster!

Suddenly another HUGE DUST STORM blows in, completely
obscuring their view. Dizz turns a corner and manages to
lose the cops in all the dust.

52 INT. DIZZ'S CAR - LATER

52

The dust clears. Dizz's' electric car putters through the
city streets. We hear sirens fade in the distance. Joe looks
around cautiously as Rita freaks out in the back seat.

RITA
It's been a thousand years?!

Upgrayed's gonna kill me! He gets mad when I'm a day late with his money.

JOE
Your boyfriend?

RITA
Ah... he's sort of a manager too.

JOE
Well, if you owed him money, you don't have to worry Rita, he's been dead hundreds of years.

RITA
But you said there's a time machine!

JOE
Yeah, there's a time machine, not back then.

RITA
You don't know Upgrayed. Upgrayed don't care where the time machine is -- now, then, last week -- he'll find a way to come get me.

JOE
I don't think you understand-

Rita pulls a wad of bills out of her bra.

RITA
I promised him I'd only be gone a year. I've gotta get this back to him.

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Joe picks up the money and looks at it.

The \$10,000 bill looks like a garish, over-detailed Master P album cover. In the center is a long-haired former president with his arms around two bikini girls, a 40 in each hand, and a giant dollar sign gold necklace. Various slogans are plastered around: "Ten Thousand bucks," "That's what I'm talkin' about," "Gettin' Paid," "Haulin' Ass."

JOE
I'm not sure this money is going to be good back in 2003.

Rita laughs knowingly, snatches the money back.

RITA

I'll let you tell that to Upgrayed...
Damn! A thousand years? What happened?

JOE

I don't know... Maybe they just forgot
about us...

Joe just shakes his head, sadly.

JOE (CONT'D)

Everyone must've forgotten about
us...

DIZZ

That's bad, man. Really supersize
with you.

Joe leans his arm out the window.

ANGLE ON JOE'S TATTOO:

As they pass an ATM machine, a light scans across Joe's UPC
tattoo.

Dizz's dashboard computer comes to life.

COMPUTER VOICE

Dizz Jeeter! You are harboring a
fugitive by the name of Not Sure!

Joe's mug shot appears on the monitor.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

Please pullover and wait for the
police to incarcerate your passenger!
Thank you for your help!

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The car starts to slow down.

JOE

What are you doing?

DIZZ

It shut off my battery.

53 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

53

Dizz, Joe and Rita abandon the stalled car and take off running across the street towards the first place they see-- a fancy nightclub.

DIZZ
Come on! We can hide in there!

Joe, Rita and Dizz try to blend into the line leading into the club. Inside, futuristically hip people are dancing and having a great time.

As the line moves forward, we see it leads up to a ROBO BOUNCER ("Powered by OmniPal!") who scans each person's UPC and looks them up and down before admitting them into the club.

The ROBO BOUNCER scans a guy's hand. It speaks in the same familiar Computer Voice.

ROBO BOUNCER
You are too...
(hard-drive whirring)
POOR and UGLY to enter!

The guy shuffles off. The bouncer scans a girl's hand.

ROBO BOUNCER (CONT'D)
You are too... FLAT CHESTED to enter!

The girl looks shocked and hurt.

ROBO BOUNCER (CONT'D)
Hey, take it easy!

Joe, Dizz and Rita are next in line. Joe puts out his hand, then realizes, and tries to pull it back.

JOE
Oh, shit, what am I doing?

ROBO BOUNCER
You are too... WANTED BY THE POLICE!
Please wait here for incarceration!

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They take off running. A guy gets his hand scanned.

ROBO BOUNCER (CONT'D)
You are too... DARK SKINNED to enter!

DOWN THE STREET:

Joe, Rita, Dizz hear a big noise. They turn and look down the street in horror as the police converge on Dizz's car and start blasting away at it with guns.

The cops, dumb-looking and incredibly well-armed, are totally indiscriminate --shoulder-mounted missiles are straying into apartment buildings, etc.

One cop has his shoulder-mounted missile on backwards. It fires out the back, goes straight up -- after a beat, a plane crashes in the background.

People get excited by the violence. They start cheering the cops on. Random fights start breaking out.

Joe, Rita, and Dizz run for their lives. They manage to put a couple blocks between them and the police.

54 EXT. STREET - SUNRISE

54

They round a corner, haggard. They are under a badly designed, unfinished freeway overpass -- way too many levels, piles of unused hardened concrete, etc.

RITA

How much further is it?

DIZZ

A few miles I think.

Rita sags, Joe leans against the side of pillar, rubbing his head, squinting at the early morning sun.

JOE

Oh man. I'm still groggy. 1000 yeas of sleep... Boy, I could really go for a Starbucks.

DIZZ

Yeah, well, I don't think we got time for a handjob right now.

Joe and Rita look at each other, confused.

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DIZZ (CONT'D)

Anyway, Walmart's up there, they got a shuttle that'll take us right near the time machine.

Dizz points to a mind-bogglingly gigantic Walmart surrounded by a shantytown of homeless people.

Joe and Dizz take off running towards the Walmart.

55 EXT. WALMART - MOMENTS LATER

55

Joe, Dizz and Rita make their way towards the front gate. As they get there, they see 20 cops pull up. They quickly try to disappear into the crowd of beggars. Joe and Dizz push through the mob of starving homeless people clamoring to get in.

JOE
I can't let them see my tattoo, so
you pay for us, okay?

DIZZ
Uh, okay.

Dizz's runs his hand over a scanner next to the front entrance.

DIZZ (CONT' D) (CONT'D)
Three.

COMPUTER VOICE
Dizz Jeeter! You were harboring a
fugitive today! Are you still
harboring a fugitive?

Dizz looks nervous.

JOE
(whispering)
Say, "no"!

DIZZ
Uh... no.

COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you! Do you know the whereabouts
of fugitive Not Sure?

DIZZ
Uh... No?

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COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you!

The three enter through the automatic revolving door.

As they exit, a feeble, elderly lady approaches the entrance on her walker. She scans her UPC.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)
Velveeta Jordan! Have you seen any
dangerous criminals in the vicinity?

VELVEETA
Well... I'm not sure...

COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you! You are "Not Sure"! You
are a wanted criminal!

Suddenly, the revolving door clamps shut, trapping Velveeta inside.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)
Please step away from the criminal
while I notify authorities! Sorry
for the inconvenience!

The frightened old woman starts banging on the glass.

We HOLD on the revolving door as several cops hack it open with axes.

COP
Yeah! We got him!

The cops grab Velveeta, roughly throw her to the ground, and hog-tie her.

56 INT. WALMART - MAIN ROOM

56

Joe, Rita and Dizz walk into a huge marketplace. It stretches the length of several football fields. It has everything from TVs to herds of goats. It is lit mostly by a huge rotted-out hole in the ceiling.

They jog by the GREETER on their way to the main shopping area.

GREETER
(rote)
Welcome to Walmart, I love you.

JOE
(uncomfortable)
Um... Thanks.

As other patrons enter

GREETER
Welcome to Walmart, I love you...
Welcome to Walmart, I love you...

DIZZ
Shuttle bus is over near electronics.
It's 'bout a half a mile from here.

57 INT. WALMART - LATER

57

Joe, Rita and Dizz are still running through Walmart. We see many shops within shops. They pass a "Yogurt, My Ass!" franchise, and a "Starbucks Exotic Coffee for Men" with a line of guys out the door. A sign reads, "Latte, \$2000.

'Extra Foam' \$500,000,000." Scantily-clad baristas help customers.

Dizz slows down, out of breath.

JOE
We've been running forever. How much further is it?

DIZZ
'Bout half a mile.

RITA
That's what you said an hour ago!
Are you sure you know where we're going?

DIZZ
Yeah, I know this place pretty good.
I went to law school here.

JOE
In Walmart?

DIZZ
Yep. Got a fart scholarship.

RITA
A what?

DIZZ

Fart scholarship. Took the fart team to nationals in '68. 'Course that was when I was in shape. I gotta slow down.

They slow to a walk.

58 INT. WALMART - A LITTLE LATER

58

Joe, Rita and Dizz walk through a huge appliance area.

DIZZ

Why do you guys wanna go back so bad? When I studied history in school, they said the past was stupid.

JOE

Well maybe it was, but at least I wasn't wanted by the police...

(wistful)

I also had a pension coming, and a pretty nice girlfriend who probably died thinking I stood her up...

RITA

Well, I got no choice. Upgrayed's gonna be so pissed off if I don't get back.

JOE

Rita, I'm not sure you understand this completely--

RITA

No, I don't think you understand.

59 INT. WALMART - SHUTTLE STOP - DAY

59

They arrive at the shuttle stop.

DIZZ

Shuttle comes every few minutes. Shouldn't be too long.

RITA

Do I have time to use the bathroom?

Dizz starts laughing stupidly . Rita rolls her eyes.

RITA (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

Rita leaves, (back in the direction they came from) Joe and Dizz wait. Dizz checks her out.

DIZZ
(hornily)
Mmmm. She's hot.. You mind if I hit that? I like having sex with chicks.

JOE
I think everyone does, Dizz.

DIZZ
Yeah, but I like it a lot. Ooooh...

Joe looks on, kind of disturbed, as Dizz breaks into a weird booty dance, making an embarrassing, primitive sex face.

DIZZ (CONT'D)
(filthy)
Aw, yeah!!

The dance goes on a couple beats beyond what is funny. People start to look.

JOE
Dizz... Cut it out! You're gonna get us caught I

As Joe waves his hand, trying to get Dizz to stop, we see a TV in the furniture section scan Joe's tattoo.

ALL THE TVS COME TO LIFE.

COMPUTER VOICE
Warning! OmniPal has detected a dangerous fugitive near Walmart shuttle stop 5C!

JOE
Dammit ! Come on, let's get Rita!

Joe and Dizz take off towards Rita, but then they see cop cars -- indoors -- heading from that direction straight for them, blocking their path to the bathrooms. They stop.

The shuttle pulls up. The doors open. Joe takes a step towards the shuttle, then stops.

JOE (CONT'D)
Dammit! What do we do now!? We can't just leave her here...

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On all the TVs in the furniture section, the bad picture of Joe from the ID machine appears.

COMPUTER VOICE

The fugitive goes by the name Not
Sure, and is described as "a fag."
Free Starbucks gift "certificate to
whoever apprehends him!

Suddenly, 100s of guys snap to attention and start looking all over for him. Joe keeps his head down, trying not to be noticed. The shuttle is about to leave, as the last few people get on. Joe is torn.

JOE

Damn! If we go get her it's suicide.
If we wait for her, we miss the
shuttle, and I'm busted for sure...
(gets an idea)
Wait, I know... How 'bout we go to
the time machine. Then, when I qat
back to the past, I could just tell
Rita not to do the experiment. Then
she won't even be here. That'll work,
right?

Dizz stares at Joe, looking like he's about to have a mental hernia trying to wrap his mind around this.

JOE (CONT'D)

But wait a minute, she here so...
that means I didn't go back in time?

DIZZ

Uuh...

Sirens get closer. A guy recognizes Joe and starts yelling.

JOE

Okay, no, wait. I just haven't done
it yet. Right? So I'll go back,
tell her not to do the experiment,
then I won't have to do it either,
because I won't have to come here
and rescue her if she's not... no,
wait a second...

DIZZ

Uuh... Cops?

We now see the cop cars closing in.

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JOE

But... Wait, maybe I already did go back and told her not to do it and she disappeared, but I just didn't see it... But then... what am I still doing here?.. Did I come back for another... At any point did you notice two of me?

Joe clutches his head, collapsing under the weight of the concept, as the sirens converge.

JOE (CONT'D)

Dammit, how does this time travel work?!

The shuttle leaves. The cops pile out of their cars.

Joe and Dizz start to run, but it's no use. The cops grab Joe, and throw him into the back of a squad car.

JOE CALLS OUT DESPERATELY:

JOE (CONT'D)

Rita!!!

Dizz presents more of a problem to the cops -- he tries to get under a nearby cop car, rolling around in the dirt, totally undignified. The cops drag him out and throw him in a different car.

ANGLE ON THE WOMEN'S BATHROOM: Rita comes out just in time to see the cop cars pulling away with Joe and Dizz. She watches, a little scared. A cop starts to glance her way. Before he can see her, she ducks behind a couch.

RITA

Damn...

60 INT. SQUAD CAR

60

Joe is in the back seat. Two COPS. sit up front.

JOE (O.S.)

Can I just-

COP

That's enough of your bullshit, sir.

One of the Cops leans over and casually Maces Joe. He recoils, rubbing his eyes and screaming in pain.

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COP (CONT'D)
(looks at computer
screen)
Alright, says here we're supposed to
take this alleged individual... To
the White House?!

COP 2
Hunh?

COP
Yeah. Says the president wants to
see him.

Joe barely manages to crack his burned eyes open in surprise.

JOE
The President?

The Cop brandishes the Mace.

COP
Sir, I'm not telling you again.

Joe flinches.

61 EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE

61

The same White House, but with graffiti all over it, a casino attached, a bunch of junked cars on the grass, and a Presidential limo up on blocks.

A bunch of girls in bikinis lay out in the yard. The cop car pulls up.

62 EXT. STREET -DAY

62

Rita walks out of the Walmart. She stops a passing guy.

RITA
Excuse me, could you tell me where
the, ah, time machine is.

The guy looks her up and down.

GUY

Baby, I. got a time machine in my pants.

RITA

Great.

Rita keeps walking. The guy calls off to her.

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GUY

Yeah baby, and it's even bigger than the one' at the Science Center.

RITA

(to herself)

Science Center?

63 INT. OVAL OFFICE

63

Joe is shoved roughly into the room. There are three cabinet members -- ATTORNEY GENERAL, a Chyna type, SECRETARY OF DEFENSE, A Hispanic bouncer looking guy, and SECRETARY OF STATE, a 14-year-old boy. They all wear shorts and outfits that look like Wal-Mart Halloween costumes with themes based on their jobs.

JOE

Wait a minute. I 'm the smartest guy in the world? Says who?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

That IQ test you took in prison. You got the highest score in history.

14 YEAR OLD

Yeah, dumbass. That's how come President Camacho's makin' you Secretary of Interior. Cuz you're so smart. I'm the Secretary. of state, that's the Secretary of Defense and she's the Attorney General.

JOE

Look, this has got to be some kind of mistake. That test was too easy. I am not the smartest guy in the world.

Joe takes in the dull faces of the Cabinet Members, Dizz, the Cops, the official oil portrait of the current president on the wall with a bad haircut and a Captain-America looking

outfit, making a stupid heavy metal face.

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay even if that's true, I can't be
Secretary of Interior! I don't even
know what that is!

The Cop advances on Joe, brandishing his mace.

COP

Sir, I'm not gonna tell you again.

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A SECRET SERVICE GUY wearing only black tights, sunglasses,
and an earpiece, grabs the cop and does an atomic pile driver
on him. Joe backs away, shaken.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO enters with a couple of groupies. Be
whispers to them to wait outside, something about having to
"take care of some bi'nness baby." They take off his coat a
la James Brown.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO

So where's my new Secretary of
Interior?

Everyone points to Joe. Camacho walks over to Joe, towering
over him.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (CONT'D)

So you're smart, huh?

(sizes him up)

I thought your head would be bigger.

The deposed FORMER SECRETARY OF INTERIOR enters, furious.

He's built like a bouncer.

FORMER SECRETARY

Where is he?!? Where's the little
pencildick that took my job?!

(points at Joe)

Is that him??

The Former Secretary rips off his shirt and charges at Joe.
Secret Service agents restrain him with various wrestling
holds.

Joe, terrified, hops on a table, dodging the mass of bodies.
The 14-year-old Secretary of the State starts crying.

JOE
I'm sorry! I'm Sorry! I don't even
want the job!

The Cop charges at Joe again.

COP
Alright, that's it! You're going
down!

The Secretary of Defense clotheslines the Cop, causing him
to mace Former Secretary full in the face. Former Secretary
screams, flailing his huge arms.

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Former Secretary, blinded, manages to throw off the secret
service and comes at Joe. Former Secretary falls on the table,
smashing it and sending Joe to the ground. Camacho runs up
and kicks Former Secretary in the gut. He goes down and stays
down.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Yeah!

As the melee continues, Joe seizes the opportunity and makes
a beeline for the door. A cop steps between Joe and the exit,
brandishing a giant, scary-looking gun.

COP
I can't let you do that, Secretary
Not Sure.

The fight stops. Camacho cold-cocks Former Secretary for
good measure.

JOE
Look, I don't understand. I don't
wanna be Secretary of the Interior,
why are you making me?

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Cuz you're the smartest guy in the
world. And we got all these problems
(yelling down at Former
Secretary)
That this asshole couldn't fix!

Camacho kicks him again for good measure.

JOE
What problems?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

All the crops be dying for some reason, and people are running out of food and shit and there's all these dust storms which caused that garbage abulance and the economy's all bad and shit.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO

Yeah, and it's really hurting me in the polls.

JOE

But I don't know how to be a secretary of anything. I've never even voted!

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PRESIDENT CAMACHO

Well you better start votin' or whatever you gotta do to figure this shit out, before I kick your smart balls all the way up the roof of your smart mouth.

Joe backs away, scared.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (CONT'D)

Ah I'm just fuckin' wi' ya... But seriously, you better solve that shit. If you solve it, I'll get you a full presidential pardon. If you don't, you're goin' back to prison.

Camacho starts to leave, stops by the door.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (CONT'D)

(to secret service,
re: Joe)
Watch him. He's smart. He's important too, so if he tries to leave shoot him.

Camacho leaves.

The cabinet members all stare at Joe for a beat, slackjawed.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Do something smart.

JOE

Uh, well... I think it would be pretty smart if you guys could get my lawyer, Dizz, here because... well, he's really good at figuring stuff out... and stuff.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Hmmm. .. okay.

Various cabinet members nod.

JOE

And also, there's this girl named Rita. You think you could bring her here too?

14-YEAR-OLD

(suspicious)

Why?

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JOE

(trying to Come up
with something)

Uh... Well... Uh, you know...

The cabinet members mistake his hesitation for innuendo, immediately getting the wrong idea. They start laughing like idiots and doing the finger-in-hole gesture. The 14-year-old gets so excited he busts out into an R. Kelly style song.

14-YEAR-OLD

(singing)

Secretary Not Sure gonna uuuu-
tiliiiiiiize a girl ned Ri-taaaaa.
They gonna have interco-o-o-ourse in
a sexual wa-a-a-a-a-ay!

Joe goes along with it.

JOE

Yeah. Alright. So you can bring her here, right?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

(filthy)

Oooh yeah... Butt first!

All the Cabinet Members laugh and high-five the Secretary of Defense. Joe joins in weakly.

Congresspersons are having a raucous good time greeting each other -- slapping each other on the back, throwing gang signals, etc.

Joe is escorted to a seat by his guards.

The lights dim and the crowd falls into an excited hush. The room begins to fill with dry ice smoke.

Strobe lights start flashing in time with heavy techno jock jam music... Which leads into an all-out light show.

Laker Girl-looking Dancers run out into the middle of this. The spotlight hits them and they start freaking each other in a way that skirts bad taste.

The President struts out, waving a towel over his head.

After a few "Hell yeah"s, he calms the crowd down and begins to read his speech off a Teleprompter.

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PRESIDENT CAMACHO

Shit.

ANGLE ON the Teleprompter. It reads, "Shit.." It scrolls down, "I know shit's...

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (CONT'D)

I know shit's bad right now. With all that starving bullshit. But I got a solution.

The crowd starts to get ugly.

CONGRESSMAN 1

That's what you said last time dipshit!

CONGRESSMAN 2

I got a solution. YOU'RE A DICK!!!
(claiming)
South Carolina! What's up!

The crowd cheers. People start firing guns in the air. ANGLE ON Joe looking terrified.

Fed up, Pres!ent Camacho reaches down and pulls out an even HUGER SCARIER GUN, fires a couple warning shots in the air.

The crowd quickly shuts up.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO

(cocky)

That's what I thought... Now I understand everyone's shit's emotional right now. But listen up. I got a three point plan to fix everything. Number one, we got this guy Not Sure.

Joe appears live on the jumbotron.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (CONT'D)

Number two, he's smarter than anyone in history, and number three, he's gonna fix everything! I give you my word as President!

The crowd starts to rally. Joe looks uneasy.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (CONT'D)

He'll fix the starvation! And that ain't all...

(MORE)

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PRESIDENT CAMACHO (CONT'D)

(Jimmy Swaggart rhythm)

I give you my word, he's gonna fix the , crops too! And I give you my word, he's gonna fix the dust storms!

ANGLE ON JUMBOTRON: Joe tries to interrupt, weakly raising a hand, but he's ignored. The crowd is eating this up.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (CONT'D)

He's gonna fix the economy! He's gonna fix ,the abulanches! He's gonna fix the problems with the cars! Ladies and gentleman, the new Secretary of the Interior, NOT SUUUUUURE!

The crowd goes wild, starts shooting guns in the air. President Camacho feeding off their enthusiasm, picks up his even huger gun and starts enthusiastically spraying the ceiling with bullets.

The jumbotron, with Joe's terrified face, gets hit with a bullet, and explodes like that scene from "The Natural."

65 INT. TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

65

The crowd files out. Joe comes out, still surrounded by Secret Service Guards. Dizz is brought to him.

DIZZ

Congratulations man. I didn't know you were smart. Shit, they got me a room in the White House! Everyone gets laid at the White House. Everyone.

Joe leans in to Dizz.

JOE

Look, I'm glad you're happy about it, but I brought you here cuz I need your help. I don't know what he's talking about. I can't solve all these problems. I want you to draw me a map to the time machine and leave it in my coat pocket. You got that?

DIZZ

Uuh...

JOE

You still want that money don't you?

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DIZZ

Oooh yeah. Man if I had money and a room at the White House...

Dizz starts going into his filthy booty dance and making vulgar noises. Joe stops him.

JOE

(whisper)

Cut it out. I told everyone you were really smart, so act smart okay?

DIZZ

Smart? You mean like you?

(whiney, uptight,
overly effeminate
imitation of Joe)

"Get me back to the time machine so I can see my girlfriend. She thinks I stood her up..."

JOE
I don't sound like that.

DIZZ
(whiney, annoying)
"I don't sound like that."

A guard turns around, kind of surprised. .

GUARD
Shit, I thought there were two of
you.

66 EXT. SCIENCE CENTER - DAY 66

It's similar to the Seattle Science center -- kind of like a huge college campus, but for dumbasses.

Rita looks for the time machine. She heads up some steps into what looks like it could be the Smithsonian. We PULL OUT to reveal she is heading into THE NATIONAL FART MUSEUM.

67 INT. NATIONAL FART MUSEUM - DAY 67

Rita wanders through, looking for the time machine. There are dioramas of cavemen hunting, T-rex skeletons, recreations of the Apollo moon landing, abstract sculpture. All the displays have. one thing in common: a continuous audio track of various farts.

Rita passes a kindergarten class being led on a tour, then up to a diorama featuring a life-size stuffed wolly mammoth.

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She sees a button down below the glass and pushes it. A LONG, LOW FART is heard.

Rita shakes her head and keeps walking. Suddenly, she's grabbed by a bunch of Secret service cops.

RITA
What the hell?!

COP
You're coming with us!

68 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY 68

Various cabinet members around the conference table. Dizz is there, too. Joe is led in by his guards. He's pushed into a chair a little more roughly than is necessary.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Oh good. He's here.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

So did you solve all the problems yet?

JOE

Ah... Well, no.

The cabinet members are all stunned and annoyed.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

What?! Why not?!

JOE

Well... I just got here yesterday. I've been in my room all night. The guards wouldn't let me go anywhere

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Oh man. President Camacho is definitely gonna be pissed off.

JOE

Well, what does he expect? It's gonna... take some time.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

I think he said one week.

JOE

What?

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SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

He did a press conference this morning, and told everyone you'd have everything solved in one week -- starvation, crops, the economy, the dust storms, the garbage abulanches, and a bunch other stuff.

14-YEAR-OLD

You better get on that. It's already been like four days.

JOE

No it hasn't!

14-YEAR-OLD

Well that's what he told everyone.

JOE

So you guys are saying I've got three days to solve all the country's problems? The starvation, the dust, the... ab-ulanches? Or I' go back to prison?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Yep.

Overwhelmed, Joe clutches his head miserably, then gets an idea.

JOE

Well, if I'm gonna solve your starvation problem, maybe I should have a look at some of these dying crops. Especially the ones by the ah... Science Center?

69 INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

69

Joe's guards escort him to his room. A cop approaches.

GUARD

Mr. Secretary, we found that whore you wanted.

JOE

Okay, maybe that's what you guys call women in the future, but ah...

GUARD

No, sir, turns out she's wanted for unlicensed whoring.

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JOE

Yeah well, they arrested me for stealing. I wouldn't put too much faith in your legal system. She's an artist.

GUARD

Yeah, she charged some guy a bunch of money and didn't put out. That could get her ten years. Don't worry though, we can get her a temporary

whoring license as long as you're
doing her. Cuz you're Government.

They arrive outside Joe's room where the cops are waiting
with Rita.

RITA

Joe?!

GUARD

It's Not Sure ma'am. Secretary Not
Sure.

RITA

Secretary? Secretary of what?

JOE

Ah, would you guys mind if Rita and
I talked in the room. Alone.

GUARD

(disappointed)

Oh really? Cuz we were kind of hoping
we could all go family style on her.

JOE

Ah, no thanks. I just like it, you
know, regular.

GUARD

Oh, alright. We'll just listen then.
Go ahead.

70 INT. WHITE BOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

70

Rita sits on the bed, Joe paces. They talk in hushed tones.

RITA

So if neither of us can leave, how'll
we ever get to the time machine?

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JOE

Well, the only way they'll let me go
is if I solve all their problems --
the economy, world hunger, dust
storms, garbage ab-u -- I'm sorry,
avalanches...

RITA

So what are you gonna do?

JOE

I'm thinking we'll escape. Trust me,
you don't wanna go to jail here.

RITA

Sounds good to me. Shouldn't be too
hard to escape, 'cuz I don't know if
it's just me or what, but these future-
ass motherfuckers don't seem too
bright.

The Guard yells from outside the door.

GUARD (O.S.)

(harsh)

Come on already!

Joe lowers his voice.

JOE

I'm really sorry but, just so they
don't get suspicious, maybe I should
just ah, well... here...

Joe sits on the bed, starts gently bouncing up and down,
making a SQUEAKING NOISE.

GUARD (O.S.)

Yeah! It's about time!

JOE

(quietly)

By the way, don't worry, I'll sleep
on the floor. You can have the bed.

Joe keeps bouncing a little faster.

GUARD (O.S.)

Come on! You can do better than that.
Don't make me come in there!

Joe bounces a little faster and nervously improvises some
lame sex noises.

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JOE

(stilted)

Yeah... This is great!

Rita rolls her eyes, pushes Joe out of the way and takes

charge, bouncing enthusiastically and improvising various filthy sounds.

Joe backs away, impressed, turned on and a little scared.

Outside, we hear the guards CHEER.

GUARD (O.S.)
That's what I'm talkin' about!

71 EXT. CROPS - THE NEXT DAY

71

Joe, Rita, Dizz, Joe's Guards and Cabinet Members stand at the edge of a HUGE FUTURISTIC WHEAT FARM, with automated watering systems, automated plows etc. Joe looks on at the shriveled up dead plants, pestilence-ravaged, with flies and parasites buzzing everywhere. It's bleak.

JOE
Boy ah... Yeah, that sucks...

Joe discreetly looks down at his pocket, sees the folded map from Dizz.

JOE (CONT'D)
Hey ah, I need to go to the bathroom, and, uh... Rita does too. We'll just go behind those bushes. If that's okay.

GUARD
(lecherous)
Aw, yeah! I get it!

The cabinet all start laughing like idiots, doing the juvenile finger-in-hole gesture, as Joe and Rita head across the field to some bushes, in a ravine.

Rita and Joe reach a place where they can't be seen.

BEHIND THE BUSHES:

Joe pulls the map out of his pocket and unfolds it. It's incredibly crude and useless, like a 3-year-old would draw: a big box in the corner says "time masheen." There's no scale, directionals, or any other markings.

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p.

JOE
Aw, Damnit! Way to go, Dizz...

Joe throws it down in frustration.

RITA

Maybe we should just make a run for it-- ask for directions.

JOE

I don't think that's a good idea. We can't take any chances. My face was all over national TV. There's no way I'm going back to that jail.

Joe has a QUICK FLASHBACK, like a Vietnam flashback of the 400 pound guy sitting on the guy's face.

JOE (CONT'D)

Dammit!... Okay, we'll go back, I'll get a better map. Next chance we get, we'll make a run for it.

RITA

What if we don't get another chance? Boy, I better find Upgrayed before he finds me.

JOE

Upgrayed can't find you! Okay? It's impossible.

RITA

Oh, you think so? Let me tell you a story. I ran off to Buffalo once, didn't tell no one where I was going. I check into a motel, the phone rings-- BAM! It's Upgrayed.

JOE

Yeah, that was a thousand years ago! Just trust me. You're safe.

RITA

(starting to believe)
You really think so?

JOE

Yes... And I know it's none of my business, but when we get back, you and Upgrayed should think about couples counseling. And maybe you

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
should get an art manager who's not
your boyfriend.

Just then, the GUARDS come running through the bushes, into
the ravine.

GUARD
Hey! You were supposed to be doing
her!

JOE
Ah... I was. We finished already.

Beat.

GUARD
(suspicious)
You sure?

RITA
(playing along.)
Yeah.... He was great.

The Guard puts away his gun

GUARD
Alright let's get back.

They start heading back. Suddenly, the automated sprinkler
system comes on.

Joe looks at the drops on his arms, notices they're green.

JOE
What is this?

RITA
(tasting it)
Is it that gatorade stuff?

They look up and see a giant tank/water-tower with the Rauncho
logo. It says "RAUNCHO'S GOT WHAT PLANTS CRAVE," and "WITH
ELECTROLYTES."

RITA (CONT'D)
They're watering plants with that
shit?

Joe looks around, sees acres and acres of crops being watered
with Rauncho, getting an idea.

Joe meets with the CABINET MEMBERS. He looks frustrated, like this has been going on a while.

JOE

Once again, I'm pretty sure all that Rauncho stuff might be what's killing the plants.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

But Rauncho's got what plants crave. It's got electrolytes.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

(thinking painfully hard)

So wait a minute... You're saying you want us to put water on the crops? Water? Like out of the toilet?

JOE

It doesn't have to be from the toilet, but yes, that's the idea.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Okay, but Rauncho's got what plants crave.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

It's got electrolytes.

JOE

Look, your plants aren't growing. So I'm pretty sure the Rauncho's not working. Now I'm no botanist, but I do know that if you put water on plants they grow.

14-YEAR-OLD

Like from the toilet?

JOE

Look, you want to solve this problem, I want to get my pardon. So why don't we try it, and stop worrying about what "plants crave."

ATTORNEY GENERAL

(helpful)

Rauncho's got what plants crave.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Yeah, it's like the commercial says,
"Plants work hard, and they need a
drink that works hard."

14-YEAR-OLD
Oh, and it's got electrolytes.

Joe's about to lose it.

JOE
What are electrolytes? Does anyone
even know?!

ATTORNEY GENERAL
They're what's in Rauncho.

JOE
But what are they?

ATTORNEY GENERAL
They're what they use to make Rauncho.

JOE
But why do they use them to make
Rauncho?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Cuz Rauncho's got electrolytes..

Joe has had it.

JOE
Alright, look. I'll prove it to you.
Is there a library around here?

73 EXT. LIBERRY OF CONGRESS - DAY 73

Establishing shot. Yes, it's spelled "Liberry."

74 INT. LIBERRY OF CONGRESS - DAY 74

CLOSE ON Joe's astounded face. He looks around in disbelief
as we PULL OUT to reveal that the library apparently contains
nothing but miles and miles of pornography. The Cabinet
Members and guards are there too.

JOE
So. .. all you have is pornography?

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SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Uh, they got other stuff.

CUT TO:

75

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - STACKS - LATER

75

Secretary of Defense pulls a book off the shelf that says, "Extreme Science." Joe opens it. We see a woman in a G-string seductively holding a DNA double helix model. He flips through it. It's all quasi-porn.

JOE

Hmm. Do you have any... older books?

CUT TO:

76

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - DIFFERENT SECTION - DAY

76

Secretary of Defense hands him a book called "Horny Grandmas."

JOE

That's not what I meant by "older."
I need a book that was made a long
time ago.

CUT TO:

77

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - DEEP IN THE STACKS - DAY

77

Joe is poring over several ancient, yellowed, mildewed books. He finds one that seems like what he's looking for.

DISSOLVE TO:

78

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - READING AREA - DAY

78

The Cabinet Members are all looking at issues of "Horny Grandmas," "Moms Who Like to go." Joe comes running out, excited.

JOE

(his mind reeling)

I figured it out! Electrolytes are salt. That's your problem. It's just like the Dust Bowl. It probably worked for a few decades, but now salt's building up in the topsoil. That's what's killing the plants. That's what's causing the dust storms - just like the Dust Bowl!

Yeah it is. That's water.

14-YEAR-OLD

I mean the plants aren't growing.

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JOE

Well, like I told you, it's gonna
take a while. Remember?

President Camacho walks up with a few groupies.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO

There's my boy! What's up? You got
this problem solved?

JOE

Well, yes Mister President. I think
I do. It may take a while, but if
everyone is patient, I'm pretty sure
this will work. The crops will start
growing, the dust storms will stop,
the economy'll get better. You just
gotta be patient... So about my pardon-

Camacho gives him big overly aggressive bear hug.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO

My man!

CUT TO:

80 INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTIN' - DAY

80

Camacho addresses congress. Joe sits with Rita, Dizz and the
Cabinet Members out on the floor as before.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO

Today, I solved the biggest bummer
in the history of America. How?...
(not a rhetorical
question, actually
forgot)

Uuuh... remember when I hired
Secretary Not Sure? He thought of a
bunch of science involving uh,...
water and uh... electrolytes...

The audience starts nodding, impressed, on board, when they
hear "electrolytes."

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (CONT'D)
And Not Sure did that science to the
plants. So now, there will be crops!
The problem is solved!

The crowd cheers. Joe appears live on the Jumbotron. Various
Congressmen pat him on the back, congratulatory.

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PRESIDENT CAMACHO (CONT'D)
And all that other stuff will stop
too, like the dust storms, the
starvation, the ambulances and the
economy.

Be pauses for the crowd to cheer.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (CONT'D)
And I'm gonna be going up in the
polls! And I'm gonna be gettin' my
pole up - ya'll know what I'm talkin'
about?! My pole!

Everyone CHEERS like crazy as President Camacho grabs his
crotch.

ANGLE ON Joe, looking a little uneasy. He leans over to the
Attorney General.

JOE
So, ah... Be seems pretty happy. Do
you think I could get my pardon now?

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Yeah, Camacho said you could get it
as soon as the crops grow. That way
they can lock your ass down if your
plan doesn't work. He's a good mo-vi-
tator.

Worried, Joe looks out and sees Congressmen doing some filthy
air-booty spank dance, chanting "Crops."

81 INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

81

Joe looks out the window at the dead rose garden, as Rita
lies on the bed.

JOE
Wow... If this works, I really did
save the country. I've never done

anything like that before.

Beat.

JOE (CONT'D)

I hope something grows fast. I don't want to wait too long for that pardon.

RITA

Well, we can always try to make another run for the time machine.

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7-1-07

JOE

Yeah. I'll get Dizz working on a better map tomorrow.

Joe goes over and sits in a chair.

RITA

To tell you the truth, I'm not in such a big hurry to get back to Upgrayed anyway. And I'm not sure if it's the drugs they gave us in that experiment or what, but I kind of feel like I'm smarter than most of these people.

JOE

Yeah. I know what you mean.

RITA

It's kind of a good feeling.

(musing)

You think Einstein walked around thinking everyone was a bunch of dumbshits?

JOE

Huh... I never thought of it that way...

(considers)

Now I know why he built that bomb...

Joe lies down on the floor.

RITA

You know, you don't have to sleep on the floor. I won't bite.

Joe is caught off guard, a bit awkward.

JOE
Oh, ah... that's okay. I wouldn't
want to get you in trouble with
Upgrayed - sleeping with some
stranger.

Rita can't help herself, she starts laughing. Joe nervously
joins in.

RITA
Well, if you change your mind, it's
better than the floor.

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7-1-07

82 INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING 82

Joe wakes up, goes over to the window and looks out at the
rose garden. Nothing is growing yet. The sprinklers are on
with water, but it still looks barren. He looks a little
worried.

JOE
Shit.

83 INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER 83

Joe's guards lead him to a conference room. He runs into
Dizz walking the opposite way with a chick on each arm.

DIZZ
Hey man, these chicks have never
seen the inside of the White House.
Ladies, this is Secretary Not Sure.

CHICK #1
(hornily)
Ooooh... I saw you on TV.

JOE
Oh, yeah... Hey Dizz, can I talk to
you a second?
(to the guards)
Excuse me a second. This is ah, top
secret, technical crop stuff.

Joe pulls Dizz to the side, talks quietly.

JOE (CONT'D)
Dizz, you need to draw me a better
map.

DIZZ
"Draw"? I got it off OmnipalMapSmart.

JOE
Well get a better one, or just get
me the address. Quick.

DIZZ
I'm kind of busy with these chicks.

JOE
The money Dizz, remember?

DIZZ
Oh yeah. Alright. I can do 'em fast.

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Dizz walks towards the ladies, undressing as he goes. Joe
turns away in disgust.

The Cabinet Members come running up to Joe, in a panic.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Shit! All shit's broken loose!

ATTORNEY GENERAL
We got the CEO of Rauncho on the
phone, and he's pissed off! Come
here, quick!

84 INT. WHITE HOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 84

Joe and the Cabinet Members are gathered around a VIDEO PHONE
talking to the CEO OF RAUNCBO, who's in his office, panicking.
We hear people rioting outside his building and occasionally
bottles and debris hit his window.

RAUNCHO CEO
What happened?!

JOE
Ah... Well, we switched the crops to
water.

RAUNCHO CEO
I'm not talking about that.
(points to a computer
screen, freaked out)
Our sales are all like, down. Way
down! The stock went to zero and the

computer did auto-layoff on
everybody!

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Shit! Almost everyone in the country
works for Rauncho!

RAUNCHO CEO

Not anymore! And the computer said
everyone owes Rauncho money!
Everyone's bank account is zero now!

14-YEAR-OLD

(scared)

I think that makes the economy suck!

RAUNCHO CEO

What're we gonna do?! Shit's going
crazy!

84 Idiocracy p.
7-1-07

He ducks as a bottle from the angry mob shatters the window.

JOE

(trying to stay calm)
Okay, ah... Why don't you just...
hire everyone back?

RAUNCHO CEO

I can't! The computer won't let me.

JOE

Can't you shut the computer off?

RAUNCHO CEO

No. I got laid off too. My password
doesn't work!

(on the verge of tears)

Why is this happening?!

JOE

(reticent)

Well... It's probably because we
switched to water, but-

14-YEAR-OLD

You mean this is your fault?!

RAUNCHO CEO

Yeah, all this shit started when you
switched to water!

JOE
Look, don't worry. Sometimes things
have to get worse before they get
better.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Huh?

We hear another angry mob, this time outside the White House.
Joe looks out the window and sees the mob gathering, yelling
and throwing stuff.

JOE
(trying to play it
cool)
Um... I have to go to the bathroom.

Joe casually steps out of the room.

IN THE HALLWAY

As soon as he's out, Joe takes off running, .

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7-1-07

85 INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 85
Joe runs in. Finds Rita.

JOE
We gotta get out of here. Right now.

RITA
What's wrong?

Joe pulls open the curtain, revealing the angry mob, yelling
and throwing bottles.

RITA (CONT'D)
Oh my God...

JOE
I knew it! This is what happens when
I try to fix something.

Camacho bursts in with Guards.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
There he is. Get him.

The guards grab him and throw handcuffs on him.

JOE
Wait! I was just trying to help!
(pleading)
It's gonna take time.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Save your smart-man double-talk brain
tricks for the judge.

JOE
Judge? Oh no, not another trial.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Oh yeah. You're going to the Extreme
Court.

BEGIN NEWS MONTAGE:

TV, FULL SCREEN

We're watching the news on the Violence Channel. A Violence
Channel news graphic comes on.

A FEMALE NEWSCASTER with an amazing hairdo, at a news desk,
an image of Joe behind her. She is straining to sound smart.

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FEMALE NEWSCASTER
He tried to take water from toilets
but it's Not Sure who finds himself
in the toilet now. And as history
pulls down its pants and prepares to
lower its ass on Not Sure's head,...
it is daddy justice who will be
crapping on him this time.
(dramatic pause)
We now go live to Violence Channel
correspondent, Japhet Rivera, at the
Rauncho Shareholders meeting where
all shit has broken loose...

86 INT. RAUNCHO HQ - STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING 86

A MALE REPORTER stands in front of the camera. He's a Geraldo-
type, like a war correspondent, who's enjoying the mayhem a
little too much. Behind him, stockholders yelling, throwing
stuff. The Rauncho CEO is at a podium, trying in vain to
maintain order.

MALE REPORTER

Thank you Rhonda. What you see behind me kicks ass. As you can see, these people want answers and-- Whoa!

A full-on brawl breaks out, and starts spreading throughout the whole room. The reporter watches, getting excited.

MALE REPORTER (CONT'D)
Oooh yeah!... Yeah... Yeah... Kick his ass!

The Reporter can't help himself, he drops the microphone, and joins in the fight, whaling on the first person he sees.

BACK ON THE FEMALE ANCHOR:

FEMALE NEWSCASTER
Thank you Japhet. Kick ass. We'll see more of that action later.

A bad picture of Not Sure comes back on.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)
With us now to discuss' the trial of Secretary Not Sure, is one of the most important celebrities or our times, the star of "OW My Balls." Welcome, Bob Nyquil.

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p.

In a WIDER SHOT, we see the STAR OF "OW MY BALLS" sitting across a table from her a la Larry King.

OW, MY BALLS GUY
Thank you, June. You know, it really hurts me to see what's going on. He said he'd make the crops grow, but the only thing he made grow was-

The Female Newscaster winks to the camera, then hauls off and KICKS HIM SWIFTLY IN THE BALLS. He SCREAMS in pain, then falls to the floor.

OW, MY BALLS GUY (CONT'D)
Oooooow! My Balls!

The people in the studio all laugh like baboons. BACK ON FEMALE NEWSCASTER

FEMALE NEWSCASTER
(finishes laughing,

then turns to camera,
serious)
We go now to Buzeta Jones, at the
Extreme Court, with highlights. of
today's trial.

87 EXT. EXTREME COURT - DAY

87

It's what used to be the Supreme Court, dumbed-down and
extremed-out. A FEMALE REPORTER stands in front.

FEMALE REPORTER

Thank you June. As he awaited trial,
Not Sure had this to say to America:
"I don't care how many people lose
their jobs and starve. I'm the
smartest man in history, ha ha ha."
Well let's see who laughed last
today...

88 INT. EXTREME COURT - DAY

88

Just like the Supreme court, but of course, dumber. Twelve
Judges, who look more like futuristic Pimps, sit on the bench.

FEMALE REPORTER

It started off boring and slow with
Not Sure trying to bullshit everyone
with a bunch of smart-talk.

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DIZZ

My client wants to address the court,
your Extremenesses.

Joe stands up, addresses the 12 Justices.

JOE

I don't even really understand what
I'm on trial for. I never said I was
the smartest guy on Earth, you people
did. I told you not to make me
secretary, but you did it anyway, so
I just tried to help. I told you it
was gonna take a long time for the
plants to grow, and it will work if
you give it a chance. I know it will.
Look, even if you find me guilty and
lock me away, for your own sake you
can't switch back to Rauncho.
Eventually, it will kill everything,

and you'll all starve. You gotta believe me. That's all I gotta say. Thank you. Uh, your extreme...ness...es.

Joe sits. The courtroom is quiet for a beat. It seems like maybe Joe's words sunk in...

Then some REALLY STUPID MUSIC kicks in. The PROSECUTOR gets up and starts dancing around.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
Prosecutor to turn this trial out.

89 INT. EXTREME COURT - LATER

89

The room is now filled with bikini girls dancing around the prosecutor, fireworks going off, dry ice, giant flags. The prosecutor dances around in front of the 12 Justices like a rapper, doing a call and response.

PROSECUTOR
Guilty of what?

JUSTICES/COURTROOM
Talkin' out his butt!

PROSECUTOR
Guilty of what?

JUSTICES/COURTROOM
Talkin' out his butt!

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90 INT. EXTREME COURT - LATER

90

The chief justice bangs his gavel.

CHIEF JUSTICE
Not Sure! For ruining the country,
we sentence you to... REHABILITATION!

The courtroom CHEERS. Joe looks a little relieved.

JOE
(to Dizz)
Rehabilitation? That doesn't sound
so bad...

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
"Not so bad"? Here's some highlights

*

from last week on Rehabilitation.

91 EXT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM

91

A Gladiator-style stadium, with a giant sign that reads "REHABILITATION".

A condemned prisoner runs for his life, pursued by five giant pitbulls and a guy in a golf cart swinging a mace.

The pitbulls converge, the prisoner goes down -- off-screen - and there are some AWFUL NOISES as he gets finished off. The crowd roars its approval.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

Good luck, Not Sure! This is Monster Truck week!

92 INT. PRISON - VISITING AREA - DAY

92

Rita visits the condemned Joe. They are separated by thick glass. They speak quietly.

RITA

So you think you can escape again?
Like you did last time?

JOE

No. They pretty much fixed that.

RITA

How?

They chained me to a big rock.

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Rita looks over the partition and sees a chain going from Joe's foot to a gigantic boulder.

JOE

Look Rita, this "Rehabilitation" thing is basically a gladiator-style death sentence. Only one guy out of the last ten made it out alive.

RITA

Well you got a good chance then. I bet you're smarter than all those guys.

JOE

I don't think smart matters when a
guy's trying to run you over with a
giant truck... Look Rita, I want you
to go to the time machine without
me, don't wait.

RITA

I wish there were something more I
could do. I'm sorry Joe.

JOE

No, I'm sorry... It's my fault. We
should've made a run for it when we
had the chance. Instead I had to
stay and screw everything up as usual.

RITA

You didn't screw things up, they
did. You were just tryin' to do the
right thing.

JOE

Yeah, well...

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)

Visit's over!

Behind Joe, a forklift starts rolling the giant boulder he's
chained to.

JOE

Guess I better go...

RITA

Good luck Joe.

Rita puts her hand up to the glass.

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Joe gets up to do the same and is immediately yanked back by
his chain.

INT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM - NIGHT .

Wide establishing shot of the gladiator-style stadium, with
a giant sign that reads "REHABILITATION."

We see a giant Zamboni-looking thing sweeping up the crushed
remains of a vehicle that has been smashed into oblivion.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

That's three kills and one more to go. Next up for rehabilitation is Nooooot Suuuuure! Are you ready for some car on car action!?

The crowd cheers. We see that President Camacho and his cabinet have box seats to this event.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
How 'bout it for the Dildozer!

The crowd cheers as a vehicle the size of four monster trucks comes thundering out of the gate, like a Freudian nightmare.

It has a giant phallic-looking drill on the front of it.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The Assblaster!

Another huge truck, a Hummer times a hundred, but even stupider looking, comes roaring out with a huge phallic-looking jackhammer at the front end of it.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And the Bitchmaker!!!

A giant monstrosity with blades in front-- like a giant rototiller, but phallic shaped.

Joe watches in horror from a holding pen, somehow still chained to the giant rock.

JOE
(momentarily detached)
I never would've guessed that this is how I was gonna die.

He talks to a guard.

JOE (CONT'D)
I get a car too right?

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GUARD
Yeah, here it comes.

A pathetic econ-box the size of a Geo Metro, with a flaccid 3-foot rubber dildo glued to the hood, comes pattering out.

The guard unlocks Joe's chain and shoves him in the car. He's handcuffed to the steering wheel. They close the gate

behind him.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Good luck.

The guards start CRACKING UP. Joe tries several times to start the engine. It barely starts.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now, he tried to ruin the country
by pouring toilet water on our crops,
he cost millions of starving families
their jobs...

In a WIDE SHOT Joe's tiny pathetic car puttters into the arena, dwarfed by the trucks. The three giant monster trucks rev their mighty engines and fire up their weapons It's deafening.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Let's get ready to rehabilitate Not
Suuuuuuure!

A loud HORN goes off. The bloodthirsty crowd goes wild. The Dildozer charges at Joe.

JOE

(to himself)

Well, can't let 'em get me without a
fight. Bring it on assholes!

He guns it, lurches forward and immediately stalls. The rubber dildo flops back and splats against the windshield, startling Joe. He frantically restarts it just in time to maneuver the car between the giant wheels of the Dildozer, which is so huge and jacked up, it roars right over him without even touching him.

Joe gains a little confidence. Allows himself a grin, until he sees...

WIDE SHOT, the Dildozer hydraulically drops itself down like a lowrider, until it's barely clearing the ground. The Assblaster and Bitchmaker do the same.

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JOE (CONT'D)

Oh shit...

93 INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

93

Rita watches the "Rehabilitation" on TV.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

Well, this shouldn't take too much longer. The record's five minutes. He's already been in a minute and a half, and as we all know, he is a pussy...

Rita can't take it anymore. She turns away and starts sadly packing a suitcase. Dizz enters.

DIZZ

That's a bummer about Not Sure, huh?

RITA

Yeah.

DIZZ

He was a pretty cool guy. I liked him. Too bad he had to go cause all that suffering and shit.

Dizz pulls out a folded up paper.

DIZZ (CONT'D)

Here's the directions to the time machine... Or I could drive you there if you want.

RITA

(sadly)

Thanks Dizz.

94 EXT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM - NIGHT

94

The Bitchmaker comes tearing at Joe, doing a wheelie. Joe just barely out-maneuvers him as a giant wheel comes crashing down, missing Joe by an inch.

Joe manages to outmaneuver the Assblaster, charging at Joe from the other direction, but then Joe's car stalls out again in the middle of the arena.

The Assblaster and the Bitchmaker position themselves on opposite sides of Joe, and get ready to smash him. Joe frantically tries to restart his car.

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JOE

Come on... Come on...

The two gigantic trucks come charging at Joe. Joe looks like a dead man. Then, at the last second Joe's engine turns over just enough to lurch the car forward, out of the way.

The two trucks collide. The Assblaster's jackhammer gets chewed up by the Bitchmaker's rotoblades, sending shrapnel into the Bitchmaker's cockpit, KNOCKING OUT THE BITCHMAKER'S DRIVER. Joe breathes a sigh of relief, until he gets rammed by the Dildozer from behind, sending his car flipping and bouncing several times. The crowd goes nuts.

Joe's car lands upside-down. It looks like it's all over. But then he sees that his steering wheel has broken off, enabling him to leave the car. He climbs out, his left hand still cuffed to the broken-off steering wheel. He takes off running, narrowly escaping as the Dildozer pulverizes what's left of his car.. The crowd's loving it.

The Assblaster backs up and stops. The crowd goes wild, yelling some kind of one syllable chant that sounds vaguely like "dogs." Joe looks confused. Then a hatch falls open on the back of the Assblaster, dumping a load of PIT BULLS the size of small horses on the arena floor.

95 INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

95

Rita and Dizz watch the same thing on TV.

RITA
I can't watch...

Rita turns away from the TV and looks out the window. Something catches her eye.

. RITA
Holy shit... Dizz come here! LOOK!

Dizz comes over to the window. Dizz and Rita's POV:

A rose has bloomed, along with several other sprouts. The garden seems to be coming to life for the first time.

RITA
He was right! Dizz, you gotta get me
to this Rehabilitation place, now!

96 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

96

Dizz drives as fast as he can. Rita looks for a way to turn on the radio.

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RITA
How do you turn on the radio? I wanna
see if Joe's okay.

DIZZ
(to car)
Radio. .. Radio!

The voice activation doesn't work. Dizz leans down closer
and closer..

DIZZ (CONT'D)
Radio!...Ra-di-o!

Dizz leans down so far into the microphone, he takes his
eyes off the road. The car goes bouncing off the road into
some crops. In the headlights, we see rows and rows of green
sprouts growing.

RITA
Oh my God... He did it! Hurry Dizz!

97 EXT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM - NIGHT

97

Joe does his best to keep the pit bulls at bay, running and
swinging his steering wheel cuffed to his hand at them, and
hiding behind the stalled Bitchmaker.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS

Rita and Dizz come running in. Rita gets as close as security
will allow her to the Presidential box, and yells down to
them.

RITA
Mr. President! Mr. President! You
gotta stop this thing! The crops are
growing!

President Camacho, with a groupie on each arm, looks back at
Rita yelling to him.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
(to his groupies)
That chick wants me.

RITA
Joe-- I mean Not Sure -- was right!
It worked! The crops are growing!

Camacho yells back to Rita, condescending.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO

Sure they are. You gotta wait your
turn baby. There's enough President
for everyone.

Rita sees Joe on the Jumbotron. She looks down a few rows
and sees a CAMERAMAN in the press area, covering the action.

She gets an idea.

RITA

Dizz, go get that guy with the camera
and take him to those crops we saw.
Tell him to broadcast it everywhere.

She pulls a big wad of money out of her bra.

RITA (CONT'D)

Give him this! Bribe him! I'm gonna
try to stop this thing.'

Dizz runs off. Rita yells to Camacho.

RITA (CONT'D)

Mr. President! You gotta believe me!

The security guards push Rita back. Secretary of Defense
recognizes her.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Hey, isn't that Not Sure's 'ho?

PRESIDENT CAMACHO

Oh yeah. It is.

RITA

Just-watch the Jumbotron! You'll see
in just a few minutes! The crops
are growing!

ATTORNEY GENERAL

What if she's right?

The president considers for a moment.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO

Hmmm. .. Okay, you got 5 minutes.
(yells to someone
o.s.)
ROPE!

Hearing this, the audience starts chanting...

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AUDIENCE
(in rhythm)
Rope! Rope! Rope!

A rope is lowered from the ceiling Joe climbs it as best he can with a steering wheel cuffed to his hand.

He gets up, clear of the pit bulls reach, but looking up, quickly realizes there's nowhere to climb to but a flat ceiling. It's only there as a cruel joke to prolong his suffering.

Rita looks up at the Jumbotron, hoping.

RITA
(apprehensive, to herself)
Come on Dizz. You can do it.

98 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

98

Dizz drives with the Cameraman. Something catches his eye. He stops the car.

DIZZ
Whoa! Look.

DIZZ'S POV: A Starbucks. A blinking sign that says, "1/2 OFF ON 'GENTLEMEN'S' LATTES."

CAMERAMAN
Shit that's a good deal.

Dizz pulls out the money Rita gave him.

DIZZ
I got a bunch of money too.. I forgot what it was for.

CAMERAMAN
Probably for lattes.

DIZZ
Oh yeah. Probably.

They pull into the Starbucks.

99 INT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM - NIGHT

99

of Rehabilitation."

DIZZ (CONT'D)

Wait a minute... This reminds me of something...

Dizz zeroes in on the word "Rehabilitation."

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Be stares at it for a painfully long beat.

DIZZ (CONT'D)

Uuuh....

101 INT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM - NIGHT

101

The Dildozer is the last remaining vehicle. Joe can't hold on to the rope much longer. He starts to slip. The Dildozer charges at him. Joe barely pulls himself back up, but he has no more strength.

The Dildozer circles around, dramatically prolonging the kill.

The crowd starts chanting "Grease! Grease! Grease!"

JOE

Oh no...

ANGLE ON RITA, begging Camacho for more time.

RITA

Just another 5 minutes, please!

The crowd is getting too angry. They start throwing stuff. Camacho looks back at Rita. He has no choice.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO

GREASE!

The crowd goes nuts as grease starts to ooze out of the place where the rope is attached to the ceiling. It drips down towards Joe.

JOE

Shit. ..

ANGLE ON RITA, watching the Jumbotron, fingers crossed.

RITA

Come on Dizz...

CUT TO:

102 EXT. STARBUCK'S - CONTINUOUS

102

Dizz is still staring at the word "Rehabilitation" on the Starbucks sign.

DIZZ

Uuuuh... .

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CAMERAMAN

What do ya keep readin' that word
for? You a fag?

The word "fag" seems to have jarred Dizz's memory. Words echo in his mind, "fag," "Rehabilitation," "Not Sure!"

DIZZ

Fag?... Oooh yeah... Not Sure. Shit.

103 INT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM - NIGHT

103

The Grease slips slowly down the rope to where Joe's hands are, making it too slick to hold on to. He starts to slowly slide down. He falls off the rope, lands in the dirt.

ANGLE ON RITA. She looks at the Jumbotron, losing all hope that Dizz will come through.

ON THE DILDOZER: The Dildozer revs its engine a few times, getting ready for the kill.

ON Joe, staggers up, getting ready to run, or dodge the Dildozer.

ON RITA. She turns away, not wanting to watch Joe get killed.

As she looks down, we hear the cheers of the crowd suddenly turn to CONFUSED MURMURS. Rita allows herself a peek.

ON THE JUMBOTRON: A GREEN SPROUT!

RITA

Yes!

Everyone including President Camacho and the cabinet members are looking and pointing at the Jumbotron. The camera pans several rows of growing sprouts. Camacho and the Cabinet Members start to put it together.

bite of Food.

JOE

Man this stuff is good. I'm gonna miss it.

(shoving in a last mouthful)

Well, I've got a full pardon now, we're free to go, so... You ready to head to the time machine?

RITA

I'm not going.

Joe is stunned.

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JOE

What? Why not?

RITA

I had some ah, bad habits back there I don't wanna fall into again.

JOE

And what about Upgrayed?

RITA

I think I'm kind of over Upgrayed. And without him, I wouldn't even have a place to stay.

JOE

You could stay with me...

(realizing)

and Sharon.

RITA

That sounds kinda crowded...

JOE

Oh, it's not so bad. Sharon's ex-boyfriend stayed with us for eight months once, while he was starting a record label...

(getting bummed out)

It was kind of crowded actually.

(another depressed beat)

He still owes me 2,000 dollars.

RITA

Don't worry about it. Besides, they offered me a pretty good job at Starbucks here. I'm gonna be a CEO.

JOE

Starbucks? You're still gonna paint, aren't you?

RITA

Uh,... yeah. Sure.

JOE

Well, I guess this is goodbye then...

Rita's sad to see him go, but she can't quite admit it.

Joe, also sad, stands awkwardly, not sure what to say.

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DIZZ watches them, laughing hornily.

Finally, Joe shakes her hand, then picks up his suitcase, getting ready to leave.

RITA

Hey, Joe? If you ever meet Upgrayed, promise me you'll still think of me the way you think of me now? You know, as a painter.

JOE

Well of course. Why wouldn't I?

RITA

You'll see. Spend a little time with Upgrayed and you'll be surprised what starts making sense.

The Attorney General, The Secretary of Defense and the 14-year-old Secretary of the Interior enter, followed by a cute little FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY, smoking a cigarette.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Hey guess what? Camacho's gonna make you Vice President!

They all start patting him on the back, congratulating.

JOE

Ah... You guys-

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Kick ass!

14 YEAR OLD

Oh, and, ah, my son wanted to meet you. Is that okay?

JOE

Your son...?

The boy walks up to Joe, shakes his hand.

14 YEAR OLD

Extreme, say hello to the new Vice President.

EXTREME

My Dad says you're gonna be the best Vice President ever!

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JOE

Well, hold on now. I... I can't accept the job.

Cabinet Members are stunned.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

What?! Why?

JOE

I gotta get home.

14-YEAR-OLD

But how are we gonna fix all our problems?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Yeah. When you switched to water? And you turned off the computer? Taxes aren't working now.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Yeah, and there's a
(struggling with the
pronunciation)
Nuk-uller-er reactor in Florida that's
not working and it's leaking or
something.

14-YEAR-OLD
I thought it was in Georgia.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Georgia's in Florida. Isn't it?

Joe starts to look stressed, then gathers himself.

JOE
Look, you guys are gonna have to
solve these problems yourselves.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
How?

JOE
You know, you think about it, you
work it out. Like we did with the
crops.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Huh?

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SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
(defeated)
Ah, it's so complicated.

The Cabinet members all groan, making various GIVING UP
NOISES.

JOE
Well... so what if it's complicated!
The country's depending on you! Come
on you guys!

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Ah, forget it.

JOE
Look, you can't just keep giving up
so easily. You've gotta take command.
Make decisions! Think about things!
If you don't, who will?

More blank, confused stares from the Cabinet members.

EXTREME
So you're just gonna leave us?

JOE

(having a meltdown)
Look, I don't wanna go, but I can't stay. I'm not a leader... I mean, I got lucky once, but... I gotta get back... to my life.
(clutching his head, unravelling)
But if I leave -- you guys'll... who knows what'll happen to the world?..

Rita senses Joe is wavering. She gets an idea.

RITA
Joe. I think you should stay.

JOE
But I can't just... TJ Swan's-

Rita walks over to Joe, determined, on a mission.

RITA
Joe. Can I talk to you? Alone.

JOE
(confused)
Huh? Okay.

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She pulls him back into a room with a pool table and shuts the door.

JOE (CONT'D)
(confused)
What's going--?

Rita jams her tongue down his throat and throws him down on the pool table. Joe doesn't put up much of a fight, goes with it.

The music we heard earlier on the Masturbation Network kicks in, this time as score.

105 INT. WHITE HOUSE - LOUNGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

105

The Cabinet Members all crowd around the door to listen.

14-YEAR-OLD
Hey, this door's got a keyhole!

He leans down to look, but Dizz knocks him out of the way like a football player, and starts watching. We don't hear

Joe and Rita, but from the noises Dizz is making, we get the idea that they're going at it pretty good.

DIZZ

Ooooh yeah!... Mmmmm yeah... Damn...
Way to go!... Utilize! YYYYYYYYYeah!!!
Not Sure kicks ass!

DISSOLVE TO:

106 INT. WHITE HOUSE - LOUNGE AREA -. LATER 106

The Cabinet Members are all sitting around.

Joe stumbles out. He's only wearing his underwear, but doesn't seem to care. He looks a little happier and a tad stupider than he did before. He flops down in a chair, grabs a handful of Food, and eats it, thoughtfully.

JOE

You know... Maybe I don't need to go to that time machine right away.

Cabinet Members all cheer.

EXTREME

Yeah. That ride sucks anyway.

Beat.

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JOE

(confused)
Ride?

SMASH CUT TO:

107 INT. TIME MACHINE 107

Joe, Rita and Dizz sit strapped into a car on a track, like a typical amusement park ride, or haunted house.

A Voice Over begins. Note: this is not the Computer Voice, it's more like a Vincent Price horror movie voice.

VOICE OVER

Welcome to the Time Machine. We are going to take you back... Back! BACK!! First, to the year 1939, when Charlie Chaplin and his evil Nazi regime enslaved Europe and tried to take

over the world!

A spotlight goes on. We see a wax figure of Charlie Chaplin in his classic Tramp costume, his arm extended in a Nazi salute amidst a mishmash of various other historical perversions.

ANGLE ON Joe and Dizz.

JOE

So you knew this thing was just a ride the whole time?

DIZZ

Yeah... You thought you could really travel through time?

JOE

Well... Yeah. I guess.

DIZZ

Boy, for the smartest guy in the world, you're pretty dumb.

JOE

Well, why didn't you tell me?

Dizz is a little embarrassed.

DIZZ

I like money... Sorry.

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JOE

But if it's not a real time machine there wouldn't have been any money.

Long beat on Dizz, trying to put it together, then...

DIZZ

Ooooooh yeeeah... Shit.

Joe looks at Rita.

JOE

Well, I guess we're stuck here. Might as well make the best of it.

RITA

Yup.

Joe puts his arm around Rita. They both smile and enjoy the rest of the ride.

VOICE OVER

Fortunately, Charlie Chaplin's evil career was cut short by cocaine addiction...

We see mug shots of Robert Downey, Jr. with a Charlie Chaplain mustache airbrushed on.

108 INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTIN' - DAY

108

Joe is giving a speech, being cheered by the Congressmen and audience. Dizz is on one side of him and Rita on the other.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so after serving a short term as Vice President, Joe was elected President of America. Dizz became Vice President and Rita, the former prostitute, became First Lady. Under President Not Sure's leadership, a new era dawned...

As the cheers subside, Joe continues his speech.

JOE

...And we need to stop relying on computers all the time, and start making more decisions and figuring things out for ourselves...

BEGIN MONTAGE

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Various people watching his speech people, "servers" in Starbucks, shantytown, hospital

JOE (CONT'D)

...You know, there was a time when people didn't have computers. It wasn't easy, but they built airplanes, and pyramids and ships...

109 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

109

The JUDGE, from before, watches the speech with his FAMILY OF FIVE, each on their own La-Z-John.

JOE

... And there was a time in this country, a long time ago, when reading wasn't just for fags. And neither was writing. People wrote books and movies -- movies that had stories so you cared about who's ass it was and why it was farting...

JUDGE

He's not so bad... for a fag.

BACK TO HOUSE OF REPRESENTIN'

JOE

(on a roll)

And we gotta stop calling our women whores!

ANGLE ON RITA: she looks around uncomfortably and claps sheepishly.

JOE (CONT'D)

And start calling them chicks again!

The crowd CHEERS.

JOE (CONT'D)

I know these things aren't easy to do. I'm pretty lazy myself. But you know, sometimes you have to challenge yourself, and do something that matters, cuz if you don't, you'll wind up with a hollow empty feeling inside.

Beat. The crowd looks a little confused.

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CONGRESSMAN

You mean like when you're hungry?

CONGRESSMAN 2

(cracking up)

Or like when you got diarrhea?

Congressmen all start cracking up and making fart noises.

JOE

Yeah, why not... like when you got diarrhea.

The crowd CHEERS again. The applause grows and the crowd starts chanting.

AUDIENCE
(chanting)
Not Sure! Not Sure! Not Sure!

Joe grabs the same big gun President Camacho had and awkwardly shoots it in the air. The recoil almost knocks him down, as the crowd goes nuts.

110 EXT. ROSE GARDEN - STILL MORE YEARS LATER 110

Joe and Rita play with their kids.

NARRATOR
Joe and Rita had three children, the
three smartest kids in the world.

We PAN OVER to Dizz, surrounded by eight girls in bikinis waiting on him hand and foot.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Vice President Dizz took eight wives,
and had a total of thirty-two kids,...

Several filthy kids run around, pulling roses out of the ground, throwing mud.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
...thirty-two of the dumbest kids to
ever walk the earth...

DISSOLVE TO:

111 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE 111

Joe and family relax in the Oval office.

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NARRATOR (CONT' D)
Okay, so maybe Joe didn't exactly
save mankind, but he got the ball
rolling. And that's pretty damn good
for an Army Electrician.

We PAN OVER to Rita, doing a HIDEOUSLY BAD OIL PAINTING, as Joe looks on proudly.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

112 CODA OVER CREDITS: EXT. FILTHY STREET - DAY

112

We see another pod come to life, creaking open. We pullout to reveal UPGRAYED getting out of the pod. He rises, dusts himself off, starts walking.

UPGRAYED

(determined)

I'm gonna go find that 'ho.

THE END?