

C*NT BOMB BASEBALL

Written by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. PODUNK HIGH SCHOOL - GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM

A SOFTBALL rolls into an open bathroom stall. Shortly thereafter, VIRGULE, mid-thirties, tall, lanky, balding, with glasses, a throatee and wearing green neoprene cleaning gloves, walks in to retrieve it. As he bends over, he perks up at the sight of the ladies tampon receptacle.

VIRGULE

Oh.

He pulls out a wad of used tampons, gives them a big sniff, and then heaves a happy, contented sigh.

VIRGULE

Ahhh.

SMACK! Another SOFTBALL smacks him on the back of the head. SHAWN, mid-thirties, slovenly dressed and carrying a BIG GULP, stands holding a broom in a batting pose next to the open equipment room door.

SHAWN

Well, don't just stand there?
Throw the ball, dumbass?

Angrily, Virgule winds up and throws the wad of used tampons at Shawn. Shawn takes a mighty swing and connects, sending the tampon ball high on the wall with a bloody SPLAT!

Shawn rounds imaginary bases like he's hit a home run.

SHAWN

Ahhhhh.

VIRGULE

Crap.

INT. SPACESHIP - BRIDGE

We see the EARTH from outer space in the middle of an ALIEN VIEW SCREEN on the bridge. The ALIENS will speak with alien hieroglyphic subtitles.

ALIEN 1 (O.C.)
Now, what specimens were we
supposed to get, again?

ALIEN 2 (O.C.)
Who cares? They're all the same.
Let's just get this over with.

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM

The locker room wall is riddled with bloodied tampon stains. Shawn swings and badly misses another pitch.

SHAWN
Ugh. Enough curveball crap. Show
me the heat.

Virgule squishes together another used tampon ball, spits as he turns his head for ghost runners, then rocks into his windup like Luis Tiant. SPLAT! Shawn smacks a come backer that explodes into Virgule's face, knocking his to the floor.

VIRGULE
Ah!

EXT. PODUNK HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

A large SPACESHIP comes down and hovers over the school. There's a hum and then the entire building is bathed in a luminescent yellow-white glow.

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM

Virgule sits up with a bunch of bloody tampons stuck to his face and looks around.

VIRGULE
Holy crap! I'm blind! I'm blind!

The locker room is bathed in the eerie yellow-white glow. Virgule and Shawn are both de-materialized.

INT. SPACESHIP - TELEPORTER ROOM

They re-materialize on the transporters. Virgule still has a tampon stuck in each nostril. TWO large-craniumed ALIENS look at them.

INT. SPACESHIP - CORRIDOR

The two aliens talk to each other, followed by Shawn and Virgule.

ALIEN 1
(Telepathically)
Follow me.

Shawn and Virgule look at each other, dumbfounded, then start following the two aliens as they walk out to the corridor.

ALIEN 2
(Telepathically)
For the love of Zargon, they look even dumber than the no-headed, four-assed mutants from Altaris Six.

ALIEN 1
(Telepathically)
Let's hope they're smarter than they look. For their species sake.

Shawn and Virgule look at each other and whisper.

SHAWN
I wonder how they talk out of those buttholes in the back of their heads?

VIRGULE
Maybe they're the new substitute custodians Cecil was talking about?

Aien 2 looks back at them and then just shakes his head.

INT. SPACESHIP - BRIDGE

The aliens lead Shawn and Virgule onto the bridge. The bridge screen shows a close up view of the earth.

ALIEN 2
(Telepathically)
Perhaps this looks familiar?

Virgule and Shawn look at each other, puzzled.

ALIEN 2
(Telepathically)
Don't either one of you get it? You're on an alien ship in outer space.

Shawn and Virgule nod in feigned agreement.

VIRGULE
Oh, but we're still on the clock,
right?

SHAWN
Yeah, our union rep. Says eight
hours of work means-

ALIEN 2
(Telepathically)
Silence!

The alien uses a mind blast, rendering Shawn and Virgule on
the floor, writhing in pain.

VIRGULE
Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

SHAWN
Ahhh! Brain fart! Brain fart!

The alien releases them.

ALIEN 2
(Telepathically)
Oh Narflark! How can they be so
damn dumb?

Alien 2 taps his head.

ALIEN 2
Is this thing even on? Narflark!
Narflark! Narflark!

ALIEN 1
(Telepathically)
Easy Jerry. Let me try.

Alien 2 continues his swearing tirade while Alien 1 chimes in.

ALIEN 1
(Telepathically)
In less than a Vorlox minute you
will be in an alien world, fighting
the ultimate battle of good and
evil for the survival for your
species. Do you have any
questions?

VIRGULE
Will Lady Gaga be there?

Alien 1 makes an alien peace gesture with his hand.

ALIEN 1
(Telepathically)
May Zorlack be with you.

Shawn flips the bird as he and Virgule de-materialize.

SHAWN
Same to ya', buddy.

INT. DUGOUT - DAY

Shawn and Virgule re-materialize into a baseball dugout. Around them are histories most good and just. GANDHI spits chew dip as MOTHER TERESA swings a bat.

VIRGULE
Wow.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

The capacity CROWD is going nuts.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

The ANNOUNCER, a Harry Caray-type, sips a beer and bellows in his microphone.

ANNOUNCER
Hello everyone. It's a fine day
for nine innings of baseball for
the survival of planet earth.
Brought to you by SplatZ beer.
SplatZ. Ummmm. Come get some.
And Team Good takes the field.

INT. TEAM GOOD'S DUGOUT

As Shawn and Virgule run out to join the rest of the team on the field, JESUS CHRIST, nailed to a cross, stops them and points to the dugout.

JESUS
Hey you two! Back to the bench.

SHAWN
What?

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

From the pitcher's mound, MOTHER TERESA throws her warmup tosses to BUDDHA.

UMPIRE
Play ball!

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - DAY

SADDAM HUSSEIN winds up and throws and first pitch. MARTIN LUTHER KING smacks a base hit.

EINSTEIN lines one in the gap. As he rounds first, RICHARD NIXON trips him and he falls hard on his face.

JOSEPH STALIN lines a pitch off of MOTHER TERESA.

ADOLPH HITLER takes a mighty swing, then imitates Carlton Fisk's famous homerun trot.

Jesus swings a one-handed single to right field.

Gandhi makes a sweet snag at shortstop and flips to second. Martin Luther King tries to relay to first, but is upended by a hard-sliding BIN LADEN.

FIDEL CASTRO bowls over Buddha trying to cover the plate.

INT. TEAM GOOD'S DUGOUT

Shawn and Virgule get up to play, but Jesus shakes his head 'NO'.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

The announcer pounds down brewskies, two-fisted style.

EXT. SCOREBOARD

The SCOREKEEPER sits atop the scoreboard with the score reading 'TEAM GOOD: 2, TEAM EVIL: 4. A homerun ball dents the scoreboard right above his head, and he puts up a 5 for Evil.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

ARISTOTLE hits a high fly. Hitler tracks it down in centerfield and makes an over the shoulder catch a la Willie Mays.

Hitler swings and starts on another home run trot.

QUADAFY swings and misses so bad the bat flies out of his hands and bonks Einstein at third right in the noggin.

The POPE pounds a hoerun to left. He crosses himself during his trot. Nixon trips him up as he rounds first.

INT. TEAM GOOD'S DUGOUT

Shawn swings a bat while Jesus walks up to him and holds out his hand. Disappointed, Shawn forks over the lumber.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

The announcer pounds more beer amongst the ridiculously high stack of empties.

EXT. SCOREBOARD

The scorekeeper sits on the scoreboard, pockmarked with dents. A homerun ball beans him hard on the head and he falls off. The score is 'TEAM GOOD: 5, TEAM EVIL: 6'.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Buddha laces another hit off Saddam.

Saddam brushes back Jesus in the batter's box.

Mother Teresa freezes Hitler with a curveball. The umpire signals strike three. Hitler and the umpire argue face to face, and Hitler starts kicking dirt on him.

END MONTAGE SEQUENCE

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

Feeling no pain, the announcer gulps down booze from a beerbong amongst the piles of SPLATZ! Beercans.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Buddha takes a big lead at first, as Saddam Hussein checks the runner on second.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Mother Teresa batting. Buddha
takes a big lead. Saddam checks
the runners. And the pitch...

Mother Teresa bunts it past the reach of Saddam. Bin Laden makes a diving stop at shortstop and throws to second.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
She pushes one past Hussein! Osama
to his left. Bin Laden to Stalin
to Nixon.

UMPIRE
Safe!

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

The announcer watches his television monitor.

ANNOUNCER
A bang bang play at first. And
Saddam is absolutely livid.

ANNOUNCER'S MONITOR

Gandhi steps up to the plate. His season statistics are shown onscreen.

ANNOUNCER
Gandhi steps up to the plate.
Another fine season for the
Mahatma.

RESUME - PLAYING FIELD

With an irritated scowl, Hussen starts his windup.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Saddam still looks just a little
upset out there.

BAM! Hussein's pitch drills Gandhi right in the head, knocking him out. With that, all of Team Evil's players race from the playing field and start beating the hell out of Team Good.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
 Holy smokes. What a free for all!
 Evil is pummeling Team Good right
 in their own dugout!

INT. ALIEN SPACESHIP - BRIDGE

The basebrawl continues on half the ship's monitor. The other half shows planet earth. Team Good puts up little resistance as Team Evil whoops ass.

ALIEN 1 (O.C.)
 How pathetic.

ALIEN 2 (O.C.)
 Let's just get this over with.

Alien 2's finger comes close to a button that reads:
 'DESTRUCTION RAY'.

DEEP VOICE (O.C.)
 No! It ain't over 'til it's over.

Alien 2 takes his finger off the button.

ALIEN 2 (O.C.)
 Arflark.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

A fatigued Mother Teresa throws a pitch wide to Castro.

UMPIRE
 Take your base.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

The announcer staggers about while wearing a helmet with a fift of Jack Daniels and Cherry Nyquil tied to it.

ANNOUNCER
 Bottom of the ninth. Two out.
 Runners on first and second. Ow!
 Ball four. The bases are loaded-

SCOREBOARD

The scoreboard operator sits huddled wearing a hardhat.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
-and Team Good is desperately
clinging to an eight to seven lead.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Player/coach Jesus visits Mother Teresa at the mound.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Boy, the Saint of Calcutta is
really laboring out there. With
all the injuries from that seventh
inning brawl, coach Jesus has few
options from the bench.

Jesus motions to the bench, takes the ball from Mother
Teresa, then gooses her as she walks off the mound.

INT. TEAM GOOD'S DUGOUT

The members of Team Good sit around all beat to hell. Martin
Luther King walks around with a sling and the Pope is brought
through on a stretcher.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
The son of God makes a double
switch.

Shawn and Virgule pick up their baseball gloves and run out
to the field.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Excitedly, Shawn and Virgule make their way to Jesus on the
pitcher's mound.

JESUS
(To Shawn)
Take Socrates' place in center.

SHAWN
Kick ass.

Jesus hands Virgule the ball.

JESUS
It's all up to you, my son.

TELEVISION MONITOR

Hearty jeers follow Hitler as he takes practice swings at home plate. His gaudy career statistics are shown.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
And here he comes. Boy, it's hard to imagine what kind of numbers Der Fuhrer would have put up if his career hadn't been interrupted by the war years.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Virgule gulps nervously as the mighty Hitler steps into the batter's box. Hitler dramatically points to centerfield.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
What confidence! Hitler's calling his own shot to centerfield!

Shawn returns the favor by flipping Hitler off.

SHAWN
Oh yeah, well you're a dick!

Virgule winds up and throws. Hitler just stands leaning against his bat.

UMPIRE
STEEEEEE RIIIIIKE!

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Strike one!

FAN (O.C.)
Hitler, you suck!

Hitler yawns as the second pitch sails in for strike two.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Strike two! It looks like he's toying with the new pitcher. Daring him to throw a strike.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

The announcer is hooked up to a Jack Daniel's IV.

ANNOUNCER
Holy smokes, what pressure. I can't take much more.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Hitler coils into his batting stance as Virgule starts his windup.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
And this one's for the whole planet
earth. Here's the windup. The
pitch.

Hitler slams a hard shot to centerfield. Everyone in the stadium watches helplessly as the ball arcing towards the fence.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Hard shot to centerfield. It might
be. It could be.

Shawn and Jesus converge back to the warning track, following the ball. Desperate, Shawn climbs Jesus' cross and snags the would be homerun from over the fence.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
It's caught! The world is saved!
The world is saved! Holy smokes!

HITLER
Sheise!

Everybody goes crazy, spilling onto the field and hoisting Shawn and Virgule like sports heroes.

SHAWN
Kick ass.

Everything quiets as the two aliens from before part the crowd. The ALIEN LEADER forward on a floating disk. She is cockeyed with a set of tit on her head.

ALIEN LEADER
(Deep voice)
It is I, Lady Gaga, ruler of the
universe.

SHAWN
Nice tits.

ALIEN LEADER
You two have proven, once and for
all, that the good in your species
truly outweighs the evil. And for
that, humanity shall be spared.

The crowd cheers.

ALIEN LEADER

As the heroes of the day, I grant
thee one wish. What shall it be?

SHAWN

Cool. Can we rub you down in baby
oil and spank your ass?

ALIEN LEADER

No.

VIRGULE

How about a kiss?

ALIEN LEADER

Well, normally yes, but since your
faces look like a dead hyena's
foreskin, I'd rather...oh, what the
hell. Close your eyes. Are you
ready?

SHAWN

Yeah.

VIRGULE

Yes.

She flicks out a lizard tongue and kisses them on the mouth.

VIRGULE

Wow.

SHAWN

Kick ass.

FIN.