

GREAT MOCKERY IN TALLULAH!

BY

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FADE IN

INT. INTERGALACTIC HUMOR HEARINGS-YEAR 2347-DUSK

ERIN JOAD is standing in chains made of cotton and wheat, dressed in a light blue denim jumpsuit and dark blue denim sneakers. JUDGE IWASAMAN, Humor Enforcer for New Milwaukee, listens intently as she pleads her case. Erin is in her early thirties and has a propensity for rubbing out orgasms, anytime, anywhere. The courtroom is in an old barn, with straw-made chairs, benches and witness stands. The hearings begin after the HELEN REDDY ROBOT sings "I Am Woman".

BAILIFF

All rise to the height of my knees.
This person has been arrested for
telling jokes and concealing her
sense of humor. What are the
vowels and consonants to which you
will proceed?

Erin stands tall and proud.

ERIN

I will gladly enter the plea of not
sure, with a side of who cares.
And is that a Hoofa mallet I see
just begging for my noggin? Hit
me, please God in Louisiana, hit me
til it hurts some more.

The bailiff knocks Erin over the head with a Hoofa mallet.
(Hoofa is played everywhere.)

BAILIFF

Cheer me up before you go girl. I
was alone and now I am found. Pray
tell to the court of private
knowledge, why is there a bubble of
inquisition over my head like
Archie and his pal John 3:16?

The Judge chimes in. His knees knock loudly.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Bailiff, drop your socks! We all
know Nixon was the one.

ERIN

Hoofa is the only game in town.
Buy me this one daddy. Daddy has
the bling-a-ling-a-ling.

The bailiff is now dressed as a clown with sharp knives.

BAILIFF

Daddy had no plans of retiring
anytime soon, so his people sent in
the clowns. There ought to be
clowns. Whoops, they are here.

The bailiff holds his Hoofa mallet close to his chest.

ERIN

Judge, I was just making a humorous
correlation that our ally, the
planet Zarcon, only planet to
receive favored-flavored bacon
status with Earth, has long been
fooling us. It has been hiding
behind Saturn to get a laugh.
Laughter, as we all know, is the
highest form of currency in our
galaxy. And, after the greatest
news organization in our galaxy,
NBC SPORTS WITH BOB COSTAS XV.....

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Just a moment. I need my
supplemental thoughts turned into
dextrose sugar.

The Judge grabs an apple from a nearby Sewage-Sludge-Science
cart, takes a bite, and throws the rest of it into the air.
The apple is caught midair by Costas, covering the trial for
NBC.

ERIN

(laughing)

Verve and substance, there they go,
right down the tubes.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Pardon my character.

BOB COSTAS

Pardon my copyright infringement.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

May I continue? Do I count here?

BOB COSTAS

Do so, but be warned, Ali the Great is watching from his balcony porch in the Bahamas. And he means business. Sting like a butterfly-

ERIN

-Float like a barbershop whore.

Erin is tense and wants to get on with her speech. Costas is mobbed as he eats the apple. (He gives so much back to the community.)

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Please continue, Erin Joad, late from the family of Salinas grass whores.

ERIN

May I go on, or will you spill your guts all over the table over there?

Costas interrupts.

BOB COSTAS

Let the gal speak.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

There is no table there, nor has the bailiff been moved to occupy my courtroom.

The bailiff twirls himself around three times.

BAILIFF

Hoofa!

The Judge whacks the bailiff hard in the knees.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

No Hoofa game until the gal has spoken.

Erin feels distraught.

ERIN

But.... I made you look, made you look, made you buy a penny book.

The Judge is stoic and tears up, keeping his eyes focused on Erin. She winks back, then removes the glass eye in its socket.

BOB COSTAS

She has you there, Judge. See how she flies?

Costas pulls out a knife and peels the apple. The green outside skin is what he covets.

ERIN

Lady Madonna, children at your feet, wonder what was in your tweet.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

No tweeting, twirling or Twinkies in this courtroom, got it?

Judge Iwasaman is still stoic, but a little less so. He wipes his tears with a squirrel pelt.

BOB COSTAS

Precisely, pretty girl. Now, hop up on daddy's lap.

Erin stares directly at Judge Iwasaman. She continues her testimony.

ERIN

After they confirmed that the George W telescope was, indeed, just a junky pile of mirrors and could not see beyond our moon if it tried, I saw no reason not to use it in my act.

The Judge guffaws. His wrist-band bank account automatically charges him \$490.98. He is not happy.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

It was a mistake to put that heap of crapped out parts up there in the first place. All it does is rotate on its ass-sis.

Erin chuckles. She is charged \$111.45 on her wrist-band bank account. (Humor is the currency, jokes cost money, and BIG BUSINESS relies on a laughing population.)

ERIN

It was named after a President. What was a President, merely a hairless being with the power to kill?

Judge Iwasaman leans back in his chair. Elderly COMICS, who have no more humor to give, sit in chains made of wheat and cotton along the back row of the courtroom, calmly cleaning their nails.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

(reminiscing)

They sat in big white houses and isolated our land, what was then a country called America. The Bush family produced the most, five Presidents, all of them without tails. George W. was the most intelligent, and his grand-nephew Maurice, a Vice-President in the Botox administration, had the creamiest of thighs. There was George Old Man, George the Intruder, Linda-Lou Bush, a real cute paper machete professional with obnoxious breath, and Ernst Stavro Blofeld-Bush. Ernst had some major problems with authority.

BAILIFF

All sit down now. Recess!

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I have bought the docket fees. Let us stall the proceedings.

Graham crackers and cold milk are offered. The bailiff twirls around twice after passing out the milk.

ERIN

I've heard of an Obama man as one of these presidents. What form of milk-producing animal was he?

She sips her milk. The straw is long and made out of wheat germ.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Have you not been programmed yet?

Erin looks down at the moving, multi-colored space floor. It moves in time with the different conversations in the room. Erin gets a little dizzy when she looks at it.

ERIN

When it came my turn, they skipped me and, in the odd turn of events, I would not have wanted it any other way.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

But the odd events turned even by
nightfall, so I left my plans
askew.

The Judge laughs at "askew". Courtroom nonsense is
encouraged. His account is charged \$347.99.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I think I know about history, so I
will engage you all until you beg
to hear no more.

The Judge eats another graham cracker and sips more milk.

ERIN

Please, your honor with the blue
dress, blue dress, blue dress, your
honor with the blue dress on.

In fact, the Judge is wearing a blue dress. He produces a
small ball of hashish, gobbles it down with a tall Fresca,
and proceeds. Soon, his head wobbles out of orbit.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Obama was born on the planet
Zarcon. In his first four years
sitting in a rocking chair, he sang
quietly, but then, our long
national nightmare took over. He
produced health care for all,
reduced spending, gave everyone
over twelve a limousine, and spit
in the eye of the greatest of the
Haired Men, Donald Trump.

The entire courtroom gasps. Erin cannot believe what she
hears.

ERIN

The great Haired One? We only see
strands of his hair under secured
glass in the Museum of Natural
Hairs and Science.

Erin laughs and the milk goes through her nose. \$45.88 on
her wrist-band bank account.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

He also ran a brothel for dogs
right where he lived, in the big
white house, and people got sick
from the food he cooked outdoors on
his patio. A woman named Lohan
split a banana on his head.

(MORE)

JUDGE IWASAMAN (CONT'D)

That is one of the reasons why we do not have Presidents anymore. Afterwards, the Palin Doll took over and spread bombs to end the huge clock of time, across the seas.

ERIN

The seas by Oil Land?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

The ones who just needed some time to get their shit together.

Erin rubs out an orgasm by placing her discreet two fingers over the outside of her jeans. The Judge just stares at her. She takes a ball of hashish from her pocket and pops it in her mouth. The bottle of Fresca is removed from reach by the Judge. She wobbles out of orbit.

ERIN

What about Presidents named Clinton? Did they carry supreme spousal power in their pockets, like so many nickels and dimes?

She sips some of the Judge's Fresca.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Yes, but they left to form a new land, with big breasted women and short, hairy men.

ERIN

Boy, you know a lot about those times. Before that Judge of Idiocy, the one who lied about tiny hairs?

The Judge gets emotional.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Judge Clarence Thomas XX, the robotic Judge? His head is made of cream cheese, but also, his knees are thick with bites of nature. I think he is insane, but I do not have the evidence to remove my own foot from my mouth.

ERIN

I can say now the women I see look like the Rachel Maddow Glorb.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

I pass ten sculptures of her
everyday as I walk to and from the
barracks. It was fanatical the
corrections taken on her. Leave
the length of her neck alone!

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Great Mockery in Tallulah!

The Judge's milk comes up through his nose. He laughs at the
sight. \$591.78!

ERIN

It was great mockery for years, but
I know why it stopped. Her neck
grew too long for her own goodness.

The Judge sighs and sits so far back in his chair, he flips
it over. He gets up, wipes himself (down there), and goes
on.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

She was appointed Supreme Ruler,
and served from 2040 to 2056, until
she was shot down by a joke so
sarcastic, so humorless, so vile,
she never fully recovered. She
lingered in the Audience Hospital
for weeks. But, under her
guidance, people became far more
gentle. We gave up everything to
become a warmer and more
understanding people. Except
jokes, of course. We never stopped
telling a good joke. They were the
only thing that kept us alive after
the Sarcasm Wars in '56. Men who
spotted for war were easily
destroyed.

People draw closer to hear.

ERIN

When did the jokes become the all
day sucker?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

2300. Humor was on loan from
Zarcon. We made a deal to give
them all the jokes and let Zarcon
have some bacon. Over three
hundred thousand tons of bacon in
the first Icon alone.

The COURTROOM gasps.

ERIN

Hey Judge, have you heard the one where time stops for no one? It has a twist ending.

The Judge looks at his wrist-band bank account.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Stop before I go broke!

Laughter fills the courtroom. A vacuum is brought in by the bailiff to suck out the chuckles.

ERIN

I just wanted to tell it. I have got this huge need to tell jokes.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I have neither the time nor the money to hear more laughing.

ERIN

I thought judges were rich beyond the cabbage fields of Oshkosh.

Erin steps to the right, then to the left. She twirls around three times.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Do they call you Erin? Or is your name a wheat field away from one more Maddow sighting?

ERIN

Yes, it is. Shall I continue my act?

The Judge removes his wrist-band bank account.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Go ahead. Tell me, just where were you appearing when you threw out these suspicious lines?

ERIN

The Worm Hole, in New Milwaukee. It is the only club left since the Milton Berle bombings of 2290. All jokes must be political, or up your ass with a broomstick! Everything else on the coast is gone, hash stations included.

The Judge cannot believe his ears.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Hashish stations gone? My God, I was unaware it had gotten that bad. My DayPlanner has not been working of late. I cannot get a picture on my right arm to beat the band. I have heard enough. I will be back after this message with my ruling.

ERIN

Thank you.

The Judge leaves the courtroom. The bailiff holds firm on a bar of chocolate. Erin waves her hand at the chocolate bar and the bar waves back.

JUDGE IWASAMAN (O.C.)

I saw that!

The bailiff pulls Erin aside.

BAILIFF

You want my chocolate bar? It will cost you at least five hours on the Meshugana. They have improved it, you know. Celluloid films of twentieth century comedians telling jokes about Jews. We do not know what Jews were, but let me assure you, it is agony.

She shakes her head.

ERIN

No, just tell me what "commercial message" means. Why does he say that?

BAILIFF

Your generation must have just missed Apple One Eyesore? We used it for decades. It was meant for the people who spoke final words in court and would disappear for about three minutes. Then, they reappeared with new hairdos, colored hands and a new set of clothes.

Erin still looks confused.

ERIN
 Why was Apple One Eyesore not
 continued?

BAILIFF
 Apple started the last war, with
 the Palin doll. They hurt us.

ERIN
 Palin doll was bad?

The bailiff shudders.

BAILIFF
 Like a storm of many winds, all
 centering upon one being. She
 planted the fear, nurtured it and
 let it grow up to be a man.

ERIN
 Ouch. That hurts.

BAILIFF
 Tell me about it, sister!

Erin places her hand inside her armpit and smells it.

ERIN
 Before or after the barracks were
 anticipated?

BAILIFF
 It started around 2289. After
 World War Four. But speak no more
 of war, all hail Dorothy!

Smelling her armpit gives her great pleasure.

ERIN
 You like to talk to me and then to
 you?

BAILIFF
 If I likee you and you likee me,
 then why do we speak of Great
 Mockery?

Erin grows upset at the way the bailiff looks at her.

ERIN
 No usage of words from afar. Not
 fair. Just needle point your way
 into glory.

BAILIFF

(upset)

I was a soldier until they switched to robots. I served in the Swedish Lingonberries Battles. The robots took over after that and I've been a bailiff ever since. I like the work, the hours are fair and my free time in the Worm Hole is worth every stiff I have to put down with a mallet.

ERIN

Oh, don't get me going about jokes. What a blasting cap!

BAILIFF

If you see a blasting cap, do not touch them. Imagine a place where all you do is tell jokes and laugh for free?

The Judge Iwasaman returns to the chamber. The commercial message has produced something different with the judge.

ERIN

You are right, he has a new outfit on and his hair is a different color. No dress and black hair. He is quite the dapper Don.

BAILIFF

Sshh! He's about to make his decision.

All seated come to attention at their knees.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

(pounding the gavel)

I hereby give my decision to the court with garnished flowers. From this day forward, Erin Joad will be allowed to tell her jokes from sea to shinning sea. Her jokes shall be laughed at, guffawed with and chuckled to. Is that understood?

BAILIFF

To all who listen, you must obey.

Erin stands tall. She marches out of the courtroom with her head held high. She turns back toward the Judge.

ERIN

Hey, Judge, have you heard the one about the guy who walked into a doctor's office and says, "It hurts when I do this" and the doctor says, "don't do that"?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

No. Please, make me proud of my decision. I will follow you soon.

ERIN

Into the suns of Avedon?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

For sure. Further. Into your nose of hysterical laughs.

Erin rubs out another orgasm. Nobody looks, yet everyone somehow knows. It is embarrassing for those who like to watch.

ERIN

My practice will make perfect, yet I am the other side of the ocean.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Then find a boat. Great Mockery in Tallulah!

CUT TO:

INT. THE WORM HOLE-NEW MILWAUKEE-NIGHT

Erin has taken her seat alongside the other four young COMEDIANS for the night. As they watch the same film that begins every performance, the last remaining celluloid fragments of the famed comic, TRAVIS BOYD, their open mouths tell the story. Travis was the COMEDIAN in the years 2188-2199. They talk amongst themselves as they watch.

ERIN

Look at his shoe laces. They're untied. How funny.

COMIC ONE

And when he slipped on that yellow fruit and sprayed that fizzy water down his pants? Who would not laugh?

ERIN

To be that funny? Great Mockery in Tallulah, to be that funny.

COMIC THREE

Great Mockery in Tallulah!

The film ends abruptly with Boyd being led away in handcuffs. No one knows for sure if that was part of the act or not. Since there are no history books, it is just speculation.

COMIC ONE

That had to be an act. It just had to be.

Shaking heads produce watery spit out from their mouths.

COMIC THREE

No, he was stretching the limits of governmental abuse by throwing pies at judges. The system was fragile back then. No Judge Iwasaman.

ERIN

I just hope someday I can be as funny as the great Travis Boyd. Let us get ready, there is a train a coming.

They set up each one of their acts and play the game called HOOFA to determine who goes on first, second, third and fourth. Erin goes first.

COMIC THREE

Ha! You flinched. You are first.

ERIN

Oh, darn. (pointing) Okay, I deem you, you and you my second, third and fourth.

COMIC THREE

I challenge thee. I will be three.

ERIN

Hoofa!

They all laugh. Erin is hit over the head with a mallet.

COMIC ONE

Now, hit her again, but harder. Okay, all together now!

ERIN
Hoofa! Now my act.

Erin turns toward the audience of sixteen children, three men over fifty and a nurse with a young boy in a coma.

COMIC ONE
(whispering)
Go shower them with perfection
laughter.

Erin smiles at her fellow comedians. Her stance is proud.

ERIN
Good evening ladies and gentlemen.
I am comedian Erin Joad. I would
like to tell you funny stories
about my personal life, and show
you funny ways to fall and hurt
myself. Here it goes.... I just
flew into L.A. and boy, are my arms
tired.

She immediately throws herself down on the small stage. The audience just stares at her.

COMIC THREE
You've got them now! (To another
COMIC) What's an el lay?

ERIN
I had a boyfriend once, but I
wouldn't suck his luck. So he bit
me.

Nothing but silence from the audience.

COMIC TWO
I will heckle you now. Hey, hey,
would not it be hard to find you in
my sleeper, with a wig on?

The audience laughs.

ERIN
So I was walking down the street
the other day and I fell. Now that
is not funny...

The audience laughs. No one is charged anything on their wrist-band bank accounts.

COMIC TWO
Here it comes....

They laugh again.

ERIN

But I fell on a tree branch.

Silence. Erin is sweating profusely on stage. Her arm pits have tiny lakes of perspiration under them. Her forehead is dripping. The hair in the back of her neck is wet and matted. She weeps uncontrollably throughout the next five minutes. The weeping produces laughter from the audience. Erin is happy with the response.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE OLLAYHEYHEY-ONE HOUR LATER

Erin and her fellow comics are enjoying an activity known as "sniffing". Tea bags are tied around their noses and they sniff the fragrance. They discuss the night's performances.

ERIN

I was tremendous. I counted three laughs. And that is not counting the chuckle from the kid in a coma.

Erin has trouble tying her tea bag around her nose. Comic One helps her.

COMIC ONE

I still do not know how you can count that at all. He is in a coma.

COMIC THREE

Is that funny? I'm not sure, but I think that is funny. The kid is in a coma and we are wondering if he had chuckled. And then, we want to know if she should count it? Is that not funny? I hope you agree.

The three other comics think it over. They untie each tea bag and tie on a new one, sniffing their way through the entire box.

ERIN

No, I think I was close to being funny, but no, the actual chuckle is not funny.

Faces are discouraged and funny bones disengaged. Erin brings up a new subject for humor.

COMIC THREE

I think we should watch more Boyd.

ERIN

I have been working on a new one.
Would you like to hear it?

COMIC ONE

Why? It will confuse us if it is
funny, and if it is not, it will
sadden us further.

ERIN

You will like it. Here it goes.
Get ready... here it comes... okay,
I am saying it now... watch out....
two men walk into a bar.

Erin smiles as though she has accomplished a great deed.

COMIC ONE

Say the joke now.

ERIN

I did. That is all I have.

COMIC ONE

Is it funny?

COMIC TWO

I am not sure.

ERIN

Come on. It is funny. Two men who
walk into a bar? It is gold.

All of their wrist-account banks charge them \$43.56.

COMIC TWO

I guess she is right. My
government knows when to charge and
when to not charge. I do not have
the forty-three dollars right now.
Erin, please take it back. Then I
can get a refund.

ERIN

I will not and cannot take it back.
Get a better job. Advance through
learning, with the College of
Colleges, Phoenix Online
University.

The comedians bow at reverence to her statement.

COMIC TWO

I think it just lays there. What happens after they walk into the bar. And what do they order? Who is the bartender?

COMIC ONE

What is a bartender?

The debate goes on. Each comic takes turns in driving each other crazy. Erin and her friends have turned the corner on current comedy.

ERIN

Too many questions. Let it lay in your mind.

COMIC TWO

That is sweet. I have not been in there since the day we all received our laugh tracks.

Laugh tracks fill the room with laughter. No one is charged for a laugh track, but only the government or the Judge can order them. This one features an all female line-up of laughing.

ERIN

What a glorious day that was. Oh, great Mockery in Tallulah! That was a day to live over and over again.

COMIC THREE

Shall we practice our yodels?

ERIN

(excitedly)

Let us do it. On two... and one....

They all try to yodel, but none can achieve anything over a slight chicken scratch.

COMIC THREE

We need practice.

ERIN

We need to know what we are doing. Why do we want to yodel anyhow?

COMIC THREE

It keeps the sheep away?

ERIN

Thank you, mister Hornagg.

The group laughs in unison. No charge, this one is free!

CUT TO:

INT. FREDA ZORN HOME-DAY

FREDA ZORN, a woman similar in features to Erin and her friend, is planning her day, talking into her right arm, a habit most people have grown accustomed to. (SOME still used the older prototype which fit over the buttocks.) Freda resigned to living a life of selling black market cold cuts. On her right arm was the DayPlanner she had used for so many months. As she spoke into it, she went over all the plans she had for the day, until noon.

FREDA

(pacing and talking)

Now, Freed, don't be late for breakfast. Mother is always mad when you are late for breakfast. And get your tan done before eight, that way the Tanning Commission will not be up your tail all week long for missing it today and having to wait another week. Get to the medical board by ten to renew your opiate license, and.... what else? Oh, play Hoofa with mom until eleven. There, that does it, correct? And pick up more cold cuts. They are almost gone.

Her arm answers back. Buzz words alert her to the need for more money.

FREDA'S ARM

You are correct, Freda. Have a nice day. The cold cuts will bring the best price at Al's Market. Please make a note.

FREDA

Oh, I am deliriously happy. What would I do without you?

FREDA'S ARM

I do not know. Forget your life?

Freda laughs. \$113.56 on the nose.

CUT TO:

INT. AL'S MARKET-TWO HOURS LATER

Freda and her mother, ZELDA ZORN, have made their way to Al's with fresh cold cuts. Freda wanders the store while Zelda sits on a barstool, counting her cold cuts. Zelda is an exacting person and she counts out enough to purchase something nice, something for the Jewish holiday. Al's is decorated with hanging brooms.

FREDA

Mother, if we celebrate the holiday, but no nothing of the history of Jewish life, then why-

ZELDA

-Daughter, speak to me in unison, not of singular prose. I ask this in the name of the-

AL, a big man of cold cut action, appears from the back.

AL

-Ladies, may I help you count your cold cuts?

FREDA

I think mother has hers already, do you not?

Al taps his foot impatiently.

AL

Zelda? I have other customers and they know not what they did.

ZELDA

Do not treat me foolish, Al. I have got fifty-six cold cuts here. Is that enough?

Al takes them from her hand and recounts them.

AL

That is enough. See anything you like?

ZELDA

How about that bone hanging on a hook back there. Oh, that looks scrumptious.

The grease from the bologna is literally dripping from Zelda's hands.

FREDA

Mother, what did the Bone-Circular Sawist say about you eating so much grease?

ZELDA

(angrily)

I-I don't care. Al, let me have the bone.

AL

Whatever you want. You are the boss at Al's.

Both Zorn women laugh.

ZELDA

That bone will make a great... what the hell will it make, Al?

Al is unhooking the bone from the ceiling fan.

AL

Just about the tastiest soup in Clooneyville, that is all.

FREDA

Mom, you make nothing in that kitchen of yours. Why the bone?

AL

She has the verve and substance to cook and clean, spit and shine.

ZELDA

People in our family have made bone soup for the Jewish holiday, Pass-Over-The-Rice, for ages. Now I will have to learn. Only three more weeks, you know. Great Mockery in Tallulah!

FREDA

You always know what to say to cheer me up.

The two women wave at Al and leave the store, some fifty-six slices of fresh bologna lighter.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WORM HOLE-NEW MILWAUKEE-NIGHT

People are flocking in to the Worm Hole to see Erin and the other three COMICS. Zelda and Freda are just two of the customers who have come to laugh. The place is packed... thirty eight people.

ZELDA

Get us a good seat, Freda. Let us sit down up in the front part. They call it... what do they call it?

FREDA

A stage, mother, a stage. If you got out more, you would know these things.

Freda shakes her head and rolls her eyes. Freda's friend, Erin, comes over to visit before the show.

ZELDA

Why, Erin, how nice to see you.

FREDA

Hello, Erin. How is it they hang upside down?

Erin laughs. She is not wearing a wrist-band bank and thus, is not charged.

ERIN

Maybe you should be up here. Wit runs in your family like a river of golden laughter.

FREDA

Have you learned all your jokes for tonight?

Erin loosens her Hoofa belt, releases the Hoofa mallet, and whacks Freda hard over the head with it.

ERIN

Some are still hanging out at the house. I copied my own ass up there last night. Did you hear?

FREDA

No, I was out on a parking lot safari. Lots of fun, lots of girls. Tee-hee!

Zelda feels left out of the youthful conversation.

ZELDA

Girls, guess what I did this morning?

Both Erin and Freda care not.

FREDA

What, mom? Please, pray Norman Fell, tell us.

ZELDA

I DayPlanned my arm until it hurt. Then, of course, cherry juice to spit up, and looks to kill, do you know?

The two younger women look at each other and laugh.

FREDA

Sure, mom, sure.

Zelda shakes her head.

ZELDA

Kids today.

CUT TO:

INT. WORM HOLE-MOMENTS LATER

The lights have dimmed. Erin has gone to the back of the stage. The first comedian is announced through a human LOUDSPEAKER consisting of a ROBOTIC REPUBLICAN.

LOUDSPEAKER

That is right. He is funny. He is now and he is? Number one.

ONE gets on stage.

COMEDIAN NUMBER ONE

And I played through. How did you like that? Three strokes under the ball and I flew out the door. Good night and may God blister your feet.

Zelda laughs hard. Freda looks down at her shoe and spits. Her DayPlanner falls off her arm and she does not know where she is. Her daughter re-attaches it and all is well.

LOUDSPEAKER

And now here we go again, taking a chance on love. Erin Joad!

Erin hops on stage and is immediately hit by a flying tomato.

ERIN

Hello Jerusalem! How did they fall down? So tell me about your night last night, Erin? Where are the clowns if not here? These questions call for answers.

LOUDSPEAKER

Thank you-

ERIN

-I am not done. Tell me about your night sweats last night, Erin? Our heads speak to us gently and the gray matter inside moves around like a golf ball at Pebble Ocean.

The audience laughs.

LOUDSPEAKER

And there she goes, folks, Erin Joad, winner of the 2346 comedy awards. Erin?

ERIN

Me the winner? But looking it over through glasses, I-I.....

LOUDSPEAKER

Come on out here, Judge Iwasaman, and see what your probation program netted you.

ERIN

The Judge? Here?

Judge Iwasaman comes out on stage, gleaming in a white robe and sandals. He parades around the stage until dusk.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
 Congratulations to Erin and no
 speaking about the wetness. Her
 comedy is all Burnett-like.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERIN'S BARRACKS-NUMBER 2347-NIGHT

Erin is walking back from the comedy competition. She is hit on the head with a rock. She falls, gets up, dusts herself off and falls again, laughing at herself all the way down the hill. PEOPLE leaving the group showers drop their towels in anticipation of Erin's bleeding head. They see red liquid moving down her face and laugh as a GROUP. (No charge.)

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS-CONTINUOUS

Erin's head is bleeding. The barrack commander, JOSTLE LIVE, steps out of the shadows and reprimands her.

ERIN
 Who are you to talk?

Jostle is depending upon Erin to love him deeply.

JOSTLE
 I hear you, girl. I hear you all
 night long!

They kiss.

ERIN
 Why did you hit me?

JOSTLE
 You won. It therefore pleads the
 case that I should do everything in
 my power to hit you hard on the
 head. See?

He looks at her longingly.

ERIN
 That makes sense. Do you want to
 sex me or golf?

Erin circles Jostle. He swings his arms like a golf PRO.

JOSTLE

That could be a mind numbing chance
to fail at sex and shoot a 27 on
the first nine. But I agree.

The two kiss again.

ERIN

So, where?

JOSTLE

So, what?

ERIN

I have been in this place before.
I have used my lips to express my
sex. That was all it took. I had
two babies in the dormitory of the
barracks. Pity me and the life.

Jostle feels sorry for Erin.

JOSTLE

Come here and hold me. Nothing
happens then.

They hug for hours on a bench. Erin can feel the baby
growing inside her sixty minutes later. (Baby making is an
art, not a biologic occurrence. Those who can produce
children tend to be able to write, paint or make people
laugh.)

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS-CONTINUOUS

Jostle leads Erin inside and eases her into a bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERIN'S BARRACKS-THREE MONTHS LATER

Erin sits outside, lonely and afraid. The children have been
popping out fast and loose, with all kinds coming out of her
chute in months, not years. Erin is depressed with so many.

ERIN

(to herself)

I fly into a storm and let myself
go. No wonder I have warts.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRACKS-SIX MONTHS LATER

Erin sits alone, eating her dinner, a ripe apple with honey-mustard dressing. Her newly born babies sit beside her. Erin's fingers have grown two inches. Her breasts sway back and forth, to and fro, a bit saggy, fully matured.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS-TWO DAYS LATER-NIGHT

Erin has returned to her barracks, Bed 3C. She is alone and with child.

ERIN

Now this baby comes? And Jostle in
Western Weehawken? What will
become of me?

A matronly woman, CECELIA TAKEN, Erin's roommate and friend, eases her pain.

CECELIA

Woman, why is thou weeping?

ERIN

Please, Cee, do not use the
language of the Jesus-Marlow-Gore
book. I do not wish to express
myself like that tonight. I pray
to Max Von Sydow, and see what
occurs?

Cecelia arranges her hair like the newest of the FASHION STARS in New Milwaukee, up, with a twist and bundled with wood chips, in a sort of nesting hair web. A small chipmunk bounces out of her hair.

CECELIA

Alright, Erin, I will not. It only
takes a village, you know.

ERIN

Far more with a quarter of three in
the late afternoon, I would say.

She looks at her expanded tummy. The child will be born within the hour.

CECELIA

I hope you have given the child a
name already.

(MORE)

CECELIA (CONT'D)

If you are not careful, Padma's regime will give it a number. Then, you are screwed.

Erin is saddened by this news. The squirrel nibbles at Cecelia's ear lobe.

ERIN

I have named it Boyd, 2SQ. Travis Boyd 2SQ is a hip and happening name, based on the cartoon anomaly known as Joke King. And he will lead our people through a humorous revolt, the likes of which no one has seen before.

CECELIA

That is a nice speech, but how do you know he will be funny? He has to be funny first, then be a leader. He cannot lead if he is humorless. Humorless leaders are for fools, lady.

Once again, Erin is saddened. She moves like a deer shot on top of a land mine.

ERIN

I know. Hope with me, Cee. Hope is the featherless Allen, the one with glasses who spoke Yiddish in my dreams.

Cecelia gets down on her knees.

CECELIA

We can pray. Hope is the thing Woody did not have.

ERIN

I will not hear of that.

Erin leaves. Her denim jeans and tennis shoes shine in the moonlight as she steps out of the barracks.

CUT TO:

INT. WORK FORCE CENTRAL-TWO MONTHS LATER-DAY

Erin has taken a job in Work Force Central, a dreary, gray building on four wheels in New Milwaukee. She has made no advancement with her comedy, but she is the head of her sector. She's Head Picture Reader at Work Force Central.

Currently, she is in the break room talking to a friend, MARLA, about her worries and raising a child.

MARLA

Erin, you have grown so emphatically genuine at picture reading these past weeks, I cannot believe it. No wonder you are the top apple juice pumper.

Marla lays her pictures out on the table made of wheat.

ERIN

Much success later, but I wish to tell jokes. The more successful I am at this picture reading, the more I wish to be top banana in charge of comedy.

MARLA

You should be somewhat disturbed and always singing a tune. Take your baby and ride high.

Marla lifts a large pot of steaming liquid, pours some of it on herself, screams and returns the pot to the fireplace. (This is a soothing, break-time-work-force routine.)

ERIN

I will take Travis Boyd out of this century and place him in year 1939, the year I wish to have been squirted out the vaginal chute. He would be funny, and so would I.

MARLA

Laugh, laugh, laugh. That is all I would expect from me, but from Top Picture Reader, I see you channeling the spirits of the men, women and glorbs who created such pictures we all try and read.

She soothes herself by rubbing out an orgasm in record time. (Erin has rested that practice for now.)

ERIN

It will come to you. Have a patient in arms. Great Mockery in Tallulah!

Marla tries and tries to decipher what her picture is saying. (It is a big apple in an orchid of many trees.)

MARLA

How is Travis growing? Does he require surgery to his membranes yet?

She turns her neck from side to side.

ERIN

He grows and grows, right before my armpits of hair.

MARLA

Well, I have to go back to my chair. Thank you for your time and spirit adjustment. Are you going to the Work Force Ball tomorrow night?

ERIN

The Blatz Ball? I hear good things about the Blatz Ball. So I should stay home I guess.

MARLA

Mind your dandruff. Great Mockery-

Erin stands up and lets go of her children. They fall onto the ground.

ERIN

-Oh, can it! Stop with the Mockery in Tallulah.

MARLA

Are we not too young at heart? Perhaps dancing tomorrow will help.

ERIN

I cannot dance alone. I cannot take Travis. I will not be attending, so honor me in my absence with a knock on my head, please.

MARLA

Of course. Be my guest host.

She hits Erin over the head with a mallet. Erin feels much better.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS-NEXT EVENING

Jostle has arrived in New Milwaukee for a visit, so Erin invites him to the Ball. Jostle brings three children from three different mothers.

ERIN

All these for you? Too much monkey business.

JOSTLE

My children surround my headaches, surging back and forth like a volcanic ice cream cone. Does that sit right with you, gal?

Jostle looks at his child, Travis.

ERIN

Travis looks like you. Do you see why?

Travis is knocking his father's leg with a mallet.

JOSTLE

Is it in his kiss? Oh no-

ERIN

-Shoop, shoop, shoop.

JOSTLE

I see his angel eyes. I have the same eyes, but in different proportions. I sing differently, too.

ERIN

Shall we go?

JOSTLE

I think we are prepared for the next round. We won this one.

Travis, Erin's son, speaks out for the first time.

TRAVIS

Mommy, why does this man pat my head like some sort of idiot?

Erin laughs.

JOSTLE

I fathered you, kid, so give to me one break.

ERIN
(whispering)
Good line, kid. Remember, 1939!

The three children Jostle brought with him and Travis are placed inside the Barracks, with Housekeeper Jane, a robotic nanny. Jostle and Erin leave for the Ball.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRACKS-CONTINUOUS

Jostle extends his hand to Erin, who looks at his vehicle with surprise and envy. They step in and drive off.

ERIN
Where did you get this jazzy
charger of a running vehicle?

JOSTLE
Stole it. That is what I think in
my head, although there is not much
room up there now. You remember
the Hashish Stations on the Western
Edge?

Erin's head wobbles a bit.

ERIN
I ate many a meal there. Or I
think I did.

JOSTLE
Well, now they spring forth.

ERIN
With what, wheat grass? I need the
hashish to spring forward my mind
humor.

Jostle stares at Erin.

JOSTLE
How may I know it is real?

ERIN
It controls your mind and picks up
the libido.

JOSTLE
Your libido needs no picking up.

ERIN

For sure. But it worries my mind
that you think it does.

The cool air whips around Erin's hair and she has to throw it
off. The wig lands in a beer puddle.

JOSTLE

Well, I cannot conceive from my
anal chute. What do you think,
spit, then chortle?

ERIN

Sure, why not?

She fixes what hair she has left by wrapping it around a
Hoofa mallet.

JOSTLE

The owner who went to the Big House
in Lock-Up Florida gave me this
vehicle. Does it not excite you in
your sexes?

ERIN

Oh, I will manage.

Jostle laughs. They pass a Personal McDonald's, with the
owner's name stenciled on the side of the building.

JOSTLE

You still have it, Erin. Be it not
in conclusion, you have the stuff
of which dreams are made. I saw
that scratched on the wall of my
Personal McDonald's.

ERIN

My Personal McDonald's went up for
grabs and I let my good friend
Zelda have it. The meat went into
sour explosion and all latitude and
longitude expired.

The vehicle pulls over at the Ball entrance. They have
traveled exactly .25 miles. Parking is atrocious.

JOSTLE

I hate when that happens. Oh,
gridlock have many a word for you,
does it not?

He laughs again. Erin falls out of the vehicle attached to a Hoofa mallet. She drinks a beer provided to her by Jostle.

CUT TO:

INT. BLATZ BALL-ONE HOUR LATER

Jostle and Erin enter the ballroom. The ballroom is an old gray silo, with corn laying the groundwork for a floor. As they walk together, interlocking their legs and almost tripping past the weigh station, they kiss. Jostle is startled. The STATION-MASTER weighs them, and charges an entrance fee according to their combined weight.

JOSTLE

Not that many of us do that anymore. The newest craze out west is to open your mouth, pour hot oil down your throat, then have your sexes moment. Is that alright?

Erin rubs out an orgasm under her clothes. Jostle drinks a beer.

ERIN

I don't know where you'll find any hot oil here. I just know that I am open to new ideas.

JOSTLE

Me, too.

Erin falls down, with Jostle on top of her in seconds.

ERIN

You are the funniest of the darkly colored Pryor Bums. I am the funniest of the Carol Burnett Oddities. That's says it all.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS-LATER THAT NIGHT

Erin is depressed. She has no life as a comedienne. It brings her down. Not even a very talkative Travis can make her happy.

TRAVIS

Owner of my headcheese, can you express myself?

Erin laughs a little. She gives him all her food, one apple.

ERIN

Honey, I am broke. If you make me laugh anymore, my wrist bank account will charge me and I cannot afford that. Do you understand?

Travis grows close to his mommy.

TRAVIS

Okay, mommy, I will offer myself to the Judge as a fee for your laughter. They will take my body and allow you to wallow in the laughter of many. Understood?

Travis takes off his shirt and shows her a tattoo of a fly.

ERIN

Oh, would you?

Erin covers her mouth.

TRAVIS

If I talk now, you pay later. It is the wave of the future. It is called credit. The other humans under thirty were discussing it in pre-season football hygiene.

Travis imitates the robot.

ERIN

We will talk of this later in the day. Tomorrow, too. But now is for the living beings of Tallulah, and I have to meet Freda and Zelda at Al's to buy back some unused cold cuts.

TRAVIS

To shame with all others. Cold cuts are for the living.

ERIN

To shame with you alone.

They hug. Travis hits his mother on the noggin with a Hoofa mallet.

CUT TO:

INT. AL'S MARKET-NEXT MORNING

Freda and Zelda are patiently waiting for Erin.

FREDA

Mother? The Robotic Police are present. Confusion is present. Confused robotic police are present.

ZELDA

So what do you have? If A equals B, and B equals C, then A equals C, correct?

Zelda crisscrosses her hands when she is finished.

FREDA

Oh, mother, you can be so Einstein-ish at times.

The ROBOTS come to question each person. Zelda goes first.

ZELDA

I have no bananas. No bananas today.

A ROBOT POLICEMAN goes to Freda next. Freda suggests a question.

FREDA

Why are we having to answer to you?

ZELDA

Now watch your back end.

ROBOTIC POLICEMAN

Someone has been selling underground cold cuts. The stink is coming from Al's.

AL

Why must you curse me? My cold cuts are clean, man, clean.

The crowd of SIX go berserk in Al's tiny shop. Al begins vomiting in the corner. Erin arrives and quickly jumps into things.

ROBOTIC POLICEMAN

Why do you present yourself? You are a comic. Comics tell stories. Stories cost money.

(MORE)

ROBOTIC POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
 Money is made by selling cold cuts.
 Thus, you sell underground cold
 cuts.

ZELDA
 What did I tell you? If A equals
 B....

ERIN
 I am but a vessel of Georgie
 Jessel.

Al comes back to life. He offers Zelda a hunk of headcheese.

AL
 Be my guest.

The robotic policeman grows more and more impatient.

ROBOTIC POLICEMAN
 We have guest suites available, in
 the old barn.

ERIN
 (angrily)
 Why are you questioning these
 humans about what is significantly,
 a rare and logical problem to
 idiots?

ROBOTIC POLICEMAN
 We will be back. With humor books,
 to understand you better.

ERIN
 George would be proud.

ROBOTIC POLICEMAN
 A joke indeed. Two Rabbis walk
 into a bar....

Erin speaks low.

ERIN
 These twerps are getting better
 everyday.

The police leave in a vehicle powered by robotic sheep.

ZELDA
 Whew! We still say that, right?
 Whew?

ERIN
Let us help Al.

The three women help Al up and over to a chair. The shop is a mess. Cold cuts are lying all over the colored floor. Lights flicker on and off within the back room, causing Zelda to suggest a joke.

ZELDA
Erin, I must tell a funny story to keep from clawing out my mind. You understand the human mind?

ERIN
Me, of all people? Sure, sure.

ZELDA
I wish to say you look okay.

ERIN
Thank you.

ZELDA
What did one cold cut say to the other, with withered vocal chords?

FREDA
Zelda?

Erin is polite, but cannot find the right answer.

ERIN
That's good. I enjoyed that. But work on the question part. Why would their vocal chords come back after being dormant for 500 years?

Zelda nods her head and twirls around three times.

ZELDA
I imagined that line while sleeping it off. What was I sleeping off? Slices of free-weight bologna?

FREDA
Mom, why is your mind in danger of being clawed? Mine is clear, but without a cold cut in sight.

Zelda caresses her daughter's forehead.

ZELDA
Daughters need help.

Zelda drinks two beers.

FREDA

I give and I take. That is what I
can do.

Al comes to and gets up.

AL

What happened here?

FREDA

We do not understand. I offer my
cold cut collection to you, Al.
All I ask is another bone to fry.

AL

They got the bones. All three of
them. Now I am left with
discouragement and futility.

FREDA

I will take the futility away from
you for another load of cold cuts.
Sliced from my personal McDonald's.

Both the other women gasp. Al is kind, willing and able to
jump at the deal.

AL

I never lock the door. Be good to
my store.

FREDA

But.....

AL

Where's the McDonald's?

FREDA

Let me show you.

Freda and Al leave. Erin chimes in about another baby.

ZELDA

Now that will be? A force of
future comediennes?

ERIN

Where do they come from? I speak,
they grow. I sex with Jostle, they
plop out. Even the Judge and I
have time for a sexer, and babies
just fly out.

The women speak confidentially and quietly.

ZELDA

All around space. It is the final frontier you know. These are the voyages of women who funnel their young into sharp, dramatic curves of learning. Yet, I cannot get into a show around the corner.

ERIN

Please, take my child. Take my brood.

Zelda laughs.

ZELDA

Is that a new joke? You are worth every doughnut hole I give for your performances, as infrequent as they are.

CUT TO:

LEGEND ON THE SCREEN: END CHAPTER ONE (SCRATCHY FILM)

CUT TO:

A LEGEND ON THE SCREEN: 2337 TEN YEARS EARLIER

CUT TO:

INT. NEW MILWAUKEE-DAY

Erin Joad is ten years younger, without children and anxious to tell jokes for the government. She peddles her wares (Hoofa mallets) throughout the cobblestoned streets of New Milwaukee. Her dreams are beyond her limited imagination and in telling her jokes, she has found peace and tranquility. She approaches strangers with her material.

ERIN

Heard anything greater than mine of late? I owe my soul to the company store.

SHOPKEEPER

That is funny? My empty bladder runs afoul of the robot police. Now, that one is funny.

Erin nods, clobbers the shopkeeper with a Hoofa mallet and falls asleep in the chair in front of his store. When he comes to, she offers an joke to ease his pain.

ERIN

Well, what is brown, bristly and made of wheat?

SHOPKEEPER

What?

ERIN

Your broom. Ha! Funniest line you have heard all later day saints.

SHOPKEEPER

I will lay hands on you. See these brooms? I am wild with these brooms, I am I am.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW MILWAUKEE—CONTINUOUS

Erin is walking. She spies an old LADY, over forty, driving a sheep-drawn cart through the cobblestoned streets. She stops the sheep by using her humor wiles on them.

ERIN

(grabbing the reins)

Whoa, ewes may wish to stop when I say so.

The sheep laugh in unison.

OLD LADY

Why do you stop me, old, young girl?

ERIN

I wish to tell you a joke.

OLD LADY

I await your finality.

ERIN

Two Jews walk outside a crib.

OLD LADY

You mean "ewes"?

ERIN

No, Jews.

OLD LADY
Okay. Now what?

ERIN
This part is interactive. You go first.

OLD LADY
I'm not buying what you are a fartin' today, missy, good day to ya. Now let me whip the baa out of these sheep and get home.

Erin continues up the street.

ERIN
I see you, you see me, we all see what the bounty freed.

STRANGER
What do you approach me for?

ERIN
A laugh.

STRANGER
Sorry, I'm fresh out of corn flakes, barley up to here. Please and thank you very much.

Erin is getting frustrated. She walks into a store selling brooms.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOM SHOP-CONTINUOUS

Erin cautiously approaches two MEN who are talking about a sport they enjoy.

FIRST MAN
I am not the uncle of a monkey, sir. I wear the game of leather around my neck. You are out.

He is only inches away from the man's face.

SECOND MAN
That storm cloud you sent me was improperly loaded. It needed some hot oil and pepper shoved down its throat. You play Hoofa like a mother of twenty.

No sanity here. Both men are now looking at the opposite direction, and getting angrier by the minute.

FIRST MAN

I see you play Hoofa like the hound
from Hooterville.

SECOND MAN

Ship ahoy, Amity island, yes I am.

Erin gets in the conversation with a silly smile. She offers her mallets to both men.

ERIN

I have watched this game which you
talk about, walk about and render
into senseless beatings. I am the
Queen of Hoofa.

The first man looks at her and laughs. His wrist-bank account charges him.

FIRST MAN

I am a money grabber, so I can
laugh. \$458.09 is a lot to laugh
about, but until now, I have
nothing but honor in my shorts.

ERIN

Then you think I am funny?

FIRST MAN

All the way, baby, all the way!

The second man leaves in a huff. Erin offers to play a round of Hoofa with the stranger.

ERIN

Hoofa! I win!

Erin knocks herself over the head with a nearby mallet.

FIRST MAN

But I never used the mallet. Hey,
you have played this game before,
huh?

She hits herself again, knocking herself to the ground. Her head begins to bleed.

ERIN

My head is red. Tee-hee! I won.

FIRST MAN

You have indeed. I am Boragoonda,
an Emperor of Sweden. One of many.
Do you like talking with me?

He tries to be nicer than he was five seconds ago.

ERIN

That is affirmative.

BORAGOONDA

I have come to New Milwaukee to
seek new and unusual comedians for
my venues of shame in Lingonberry.
Please, do you wish to see more of
me?

Erin smiles widely.

ERIN

Only after our Hoofa. Great
Mockery in Tallulah!

BORAGOONDA

Oh, great Mockery in Tallulah! Oh,
shame, what agony!

ERIN

I will bring a shadow of myself to
your barracks. Where shall I mail
it?

She is prepared to speak into her right arm to record the
address.

BORAGOONDA

You will know me in the barracks by
my space lag. In 3C. I will be
laying down in a horizontal
position. Use your eyes to spot
me.

Erin walks away. She knocks herself over the head again,
this time accomplishing a state of unconsciousness.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS-LATER SAME NIGHT

Bed 3C is the precise bed Erin sought out after she regained
consciousness. It is the bed of Boragoonda.

BORAGOONDA

Take the chance on me, missy. I am yours in Swedish delight.

ERIN

Joad, Erin Joad. For the Defense.

BORAGOONDA

It is good to know names, last and firsts, but of course, it is always last names first.

ERIN

If you wish to pursue me, take my money. I have not use for it where I am going.

BORAGOONDA

Where do I go with you? May I fold my mind in two for you?

Understanding Boragoonda is difficult.

ERIN

Say what?

BORAGOONDA

I want you to follow me. To Sweden, where we could be three.

ERIN

I announced my intentions of running for Supreme Commander of my own mind. I won the election, but it is in an appeal process.

BORAGOONDA

You speak of dynasties and rain forests, but little of your own face. Why the gloom, dust-my-broom?

Erin laughs. Her wrist band bank account charges her \$37.80, just for a giggle.

ERIN

Jokes no longer find themselves inside my brain, inside my mouth, raring to get out. They now are like little rain drops settling in on a garden moon-pie of luxury.

He smiles. \$81.95 on the nose.

BORAGOONDA

I will bring you to my home. You will be widely criticized, but fairly treated, with a varnish of love and happiness.

Boragoonda scratches his head.

ERIN

I have a sexer right now, and forever. He is the Judge. His kisses drench my dreariness with pleasure, although his babies have been a roadblock, severe and simply unending. But that is in the future.

BORAGOONDA

Where do I stand?

ERIN

It is over for you, baby blue. Tease me, start me up, I do not have a clue. But remember this: A kiss is just a kiss, a smile is just a smile and all that is holy will be discovered after this commercial message.

Erin waves good-bye to Boragoonda and literally knocks herself out playing solitaire Hoofa. Her DayPlanner asks her a question.

DAYPLANNER

Why do you need me? You seem to know everything.

Erin looks to her arm for moral support.

ERIN

DayPlanners are in vogue. I wish to be liked and then, disposed of, like everyone else.

DAYPLANNER

Ooopoopedoo!

ERIN

Do not bother my brain with raptures of another's birth. Sing with me and we will both profit.

DAYPLANNER

Next time, listen to me.
Boragoonda is a man of chance and
will be in your future until I see
it otherwise.

ERIN

Do not spit on my arm.

Erin shakes her DayPlanner with all her might.

DAYPLANNER

(sarcastically)
Sorry, you bought the model with
the lisp, remember?

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS-TWO DAYS LATER

Erin is trying to gather a number of her jokes to tell the Barrack Squad, a group of individuals who gather once a week to try new things and listen to new ideas. Erin is before the group, waiting for their start approval.

BARRACK SQUAD MEMBER ONE

Last week, it was sounding the
bells of freedom from the highest
mountain top. This week, jokes?

BARRACK SQUAD MEMBER TWO

Jokes may free us inside our memory
belt. Look at Quetus.

QUETUS, a lonely individual with shaggy hair, wearing bra and panties on the outside of his clothing, takes pause at the remark.

QUETUS

So look upon my face with a golden
hue. I shall never have my
personal appearances squashed
again. From that early beginning
came Quetus!

The barrack audience laughs.

ERIN

May we get on with this series of
special words?

BARRACK SQUAD MEMBER ONE

By all means, Al Green.

Erin pulls up her stockings around her head. Her mouth is now covered by nylon, but she is still heard by the fairly large audience of men and women, eleven in all.

ERIN

I once kissed a girl from Nantucket. She really knew how to suck it. When offered some tea, she blew up her knee, and followed me home wearing something similar to this, but a fabric of lighter weight, say cotton, for example. Well?

The audience does not know what to do.

BARRACK SQUAD MEMBER ONE

Does this joke have an ending?

BARRACK SQUAD MEMBER TWO

Or beginning?

Erin is depressed. When seeing that expression of pain and loneliness on her face, the audience erupts in laughter.

BARRACK SQUAD MEMBER FIVE

Brilliant. A crab tree shaking its olive branch could not see through the lining of that particular joke. You hit us when we were sitting around playing cards.

Erin smiles. Immediately, all eleven wrist-bank accounts charge \$48.24 each. Erin is not wearing her bank, but her right arm DayPlanner informs her she is charged half, \$24.12 and is not extended the credit she requested.

BARRACK SQUAD MEMBER TWO

You did not tell us you were a professional. That is too much money scared out of my pocket.

BARRACK SQUAD MEMBER THREE

I agree. But what do I not agree with?

A man comes from out of the darkness. It is Judge Iwasaman, and he is laughing and scowling at the same time.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Hear ye! Hear ye! My name is Iwasaman and I am a Judge. Fifth court of Laughter, ninth descendant of the jester Buddy Hackett.

(MORE)

JUDGE IWASAMAN (CONT'D)
Will you tell me what this is
supposed to sound and look like to
a new New Milwaukeean?

The audience immediately disperses. Erin stays to talk with him.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS-CONTINUOUS

Erin and the Judge have settled into a deep conversation. He is everything she imagined. She is everything he has dreamed of.

ERIN
I am a joke teller. Comic.
Comedienne. Everyone who tells a
joke comes through my mind in a
swirling, smoke-colored flooring
tile.

They sit on wheat filled chairs, and sip Fresca.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
Can you accept the swirling?

ERIN
When properly DayPlanned, well,
then, yes.

The Judge is interested in Erin for sexing. He looks into her big, blue eyes and charges onward.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
Was that the case tonight? Here?

ERIN
I have had doubting fears lately
that I will be arrested and charged
with telling jokes so vile, so
sarcastic and wild, all who laugh
will go bankrupt.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
Has that been the judgement as of
yet?

Erin is pensive and answers sarcastically.

ERIN

No. But when pigs fly, the highway
is littered with baby back
groundlings of comedy. Capeesh?

The Judge scratches his beard. His neck itches, so he tears
it open with the end of a Hoofa mallet. Blood flies.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Yes, yes... I can see that now.
Okay, follow me, and we will
dissipate all within your mind.

ERIN

No, I do not want to free my brain,
I wish to increase it.

The Judge scratches his beard again and sops up his blood
with a wheat made handkerchief.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I can see clearly now, the rain has
gone. Is blood a pre-requisite of
dying?

Erin wipes his blood off his handkerchief with her blouse,
ripped off in a sea of passion.

ERIN

(breathing heavily)
I can see all mirrors within my
brain.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Gone are the nasty thoughts that
challenged me.

The Judge caresses her body.

ERIN

Gonna be a bright... bright,
sunshine-nee day... if clouds roll
into the well of my desire.

She lowers her head. The Judge lifts it and comforts her.
They kiss.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

We need more like you, gal. I see
all that is before me and we will
do well in thinking it over and
over till Rover rolls over.

ERIN

Great Mockery in Tallulah! I got a man and he is a great one!

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Great Mockery in Tallulah, you sure do, little cupcake. Think of the future without me and find me, for I will dry your tears.

ERIN

The future without me? No.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMEDY HALL-CALIFORNIA-TWO WEEKS LATER-NIGHT

Judge Iwasaman and Erin have embarked on a new tour of comedy houses. The first and most important is the Comedy Hall in Silky-Francisco, a city only ten miles from Las Vegas, the most religious city in the country. Erin is on stage, before the audience comes in.

ERIN

Wow! Silky-Francisco. Judge?

She is amazed at the glory which is Silky-Francisco. They look out a window, over a ridge, the city glistening in candle lit glory.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I would keep your hat in place and recite the milk-toast, guy-in-a sweater routine nicely.

Erin tries to leave the stage, but vanity rules.

ERIN

Cruel, cruel sweat pants!

He gently nudges her back toward the stage.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Just make sure the Zarcon jokes are left firmly in the back room.

ERIN

No Zarcon jokes?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Of course, I said not, so do it anyway. Is that the way you fly?

ERIN

Over my head, you are right. So,
please be here when I need you.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Canada dry, our little man in the
drawing says no. I have no more
desires, that is why I drink.

He sips a beer. Erin rubs one out.

ERIN

True to my image, I have it all.
Right here. When?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Let us leave the orgasms at home.
Hands to your side, please.

ERIN

Where is your logic? No more my
fingers will touch me. Where are
my peeps?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Within minutes. They arrive now
bearing gifts of gab.

The AUDIENCE starts walking in. Many wear the National
Headdress, a cap in feathers with a logo on it.... Milwaukee
Brewers, World Series Champions, 2015-2018.

ERIN

(to the Judge)

They look expensively driven.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I was just going to repeat that in
your DayPlanner, but your arm was
speaking to someone else. Put your
body part on hold.

ERIN

I have and look at my children!

Erin's children number in the double-digits. The camera
attachment shows them all drooling.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I forgot my place in history. Your
brood is kindle for my experiments
in love.

ERIN
Test my abilities, fast.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
Two drunks walk into a bar.

ERIN
Who do you think writes this stuff?

A SMALL MAN appears in the back of the scene. He nods at the last question by Erin. The audience is seated and the lights get bright. Erin faces the curtain. The Judge introduces her.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
Behold! Oh city of silk and
sweetness, rise up for comedy.

ERIN
What a lead in.

He continues with words which could be otherwise known as "patter".

JUDGE IWASAMAN
Far, far away, from a better place
of children's books, and from all
hell eternal, allow me to introduce
myself. I am the Judge. I have a
story to keep inside.

The audience plays Hoofa with each other.

GUY
Judge, I know we are here for
comedy, but my leg is the only one
I have left. Be kind, cool man, be
kind. I served in the war which
freed your sons and daughters.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
The food wars of Scranton? That
was no war, nothing but a chef gone
rogue. Be quiet for Joad, the
Queen of comedy!

Erin signals she is ready to push out her jokes.

ERIN
Judge, head aches and long fellows
are certainly my fate, but what of
my indignation at death?

JUDGE IWASAMAN
Great Mockery in Tallulah!

Crying jags fill the air. Erin's lips start to bleed.

ERIN
Ladies and gentlemen. May I exceed
your thoughts? Hear the one about
the woman who ruled Zarcon with an
iron fist, so they left her arm out
in the rain? The rust was so bad,
they had to sell off her Grand
Cayman holdings.

On goes the rest of her act, and on goes the night. (More
bleeding and more Mockery.)

CUT TO:

EXT. SILKY-FRANCISCO PARK-NIGHT

The show is over. Erin and Judge Iwasaman sit on the banks
of the Second Mississippi, throwing stones at each other's
feet.

ERIN
The comedy night of errors was
complete with my downfall, was it
not?

A stone PLOPS into the river and ripples on and on.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
I judge thee, lest ye I am judged.
I judge thee and I am judged. I
judge thee three times now, and
look where it has gotten me.

ERIN
Banks of the River Jordan come
through for me now!

A stone hits Erin's foot. She wonders who threw it.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
Great Mockery in Tallulah!

A little BOY raises his hand in triumph. Erin picks him up.

ERIN
Little man, who said that your arm
is a weapon?

The boy is peeing, right next to Erin's mouth.

LITTLE BOY

I was born with a bill of laden in my mouth. Can you believe?

ERIN

Great Mockery in-

LITTLE BOY

-Please, no showered phrases of golden hues. Not for this boy!

He runs away. Erin turns to the Judge.

ERIN

Once said, once hidden in the bowels of the planet. It seems I need to retire from telling jokes.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Nonsensical rubbish has an affect on your golden arches. Lest ye who is judged-

ERIN

-Close your mouth, please.

They kiss. A sexing moment or two is had on the banks of the river.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYSTATION BARRACK-NIGHT

The Judge and Erin have arrived in their sleeping barracks for that evening. Men and women both sleep together, and fruits of their labor fall into one sleep-cell. Erin rubs out another orgasm while Judge Iwasaman tells her of his upcoming biography.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

It is a music-buoy arrest warrant, read by scholars of the first grade. The tiniest girls and the smallest boys will read out loud my accomplishments from your vaginal chute-throw and through the last Certanium.

ERIN

May I be of service during my last
fragrant walk on the wild side with
you?

Erin takes off her clothes and feels her body, applying both
his hands on her breasts and vagina.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Your fragrance is, as of tomorrow,
the last odor my nose will
tolerate. Then, off with my
nostrils.

Erin covers up.

ERIN

Great Mockery in Tallulah!

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Ditto.

ERIN

Elective?

They grow close again.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

No, mandated, by the woman who was
my sexer last month. She ordered
it and now I must ask for it back.

ERIN

It is sad our lives lead quiet
sequences of desperation.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Truer than the last thing in my
arse container. My trip to Zarcon,
eliminated by the Council. Erin is
now my only hope.

Erin turns toward the Judge and tenderly replies.

ERIN

I will fight.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

You will fight, but I will lead.

Kissing, hand holding, glancing occurs now.

ERIN

Shut up and kiss me!

JUDGE IWASAMAN
I love a happy ending.

ERIN
Holy of holy! Rest now, and let
your cheeks come up against my
face, for pleasure.

Erin allows the Judge to feel her ear lobes. He moans all night long.

CUT TO:

INT. HUMOR STATION IN LOS ANGELES-NEXT DAY

Erin has traveled with the Judge to Los Angeles, entertainment center of the world. Not much has changed in Los Angeles for hundreds of years. Erin is on Hollywood Boulevard, looking at the stars on the sidewalk.

ERIN
Look, Judge, here is Travis Boyd.
And over here, a star for Jerry
Iwasaman. Is that you?

JUDGE IWASAMAN
My father, the bastard comic. He
shook their tree and rattled the
roll. That and four hundred
thousand will buy you a transport
vehicle.

Both lean over to look at names.

ERIN
Why plant gold in the walkway?

JUDGE IWASAMAN
Many people thought it gave the
person prominence. Years later,
the lifted stars were worn around a
person's neck, and as they walked,
mighty persons were stooped over,
like a basking hound would.

ERIN
I wish to place a name on this
walkway. How?

The Judge eats an apple. Halfway through, he places it on the bench next to the DEEPAK CHOPRA star.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Develop your humor. Sense what people need and give it to them, in duplicate. Try out new jokes inside your brain. Whip out your inner child.

Erin grows disgusted.

ERIN

Ugh! Do not talk of children, of babies, of anything with placenta. I gave up the right to bear arms when I bore children. The law, you know?

The apple grows dark and rotten in seconds.

CUT TO:

LEGEND ON THE SCREEN: END CHAPTER TWO (SCRATCHY FILM)

CUT TO:

INT. 2347 ERIN'S PERSONAL MCDONALD'S-NEW MILWAUKEE-DAY

Zelda, Erin and Freda are sitting in a booth. Children abound. They eat and discuss their DayPlanning.

ERIN

What are you stuffing inside the hole in your face?

FREDA

I am keeping from your babies the food of the Gods. Burned flesh, on a sesame bun. Erin, the children? How many now?

Erin glances at her time piece.

ERIN

Six more with Jostle and three with Marla. I now have an inclination of how this works. Sexing does not have to be involved. I am clear that my baby-chute-vaginal-tube is spiting them out in accordance to the stars, the moon and the sun. The egg and the sperm? Merely an introduction to biology and we all know what that means.

They all laugh hysterically.

FREDA

Biology is a must know for plants and animals, but humans? Come-a come-a, down dooby doo, down down, come-a come-a down dooby doo, down down.... Biology is hard to do.

Erin gets up to dance a bit, but Freda and Zelda disapprove.

ERIN

My, my, look and see what the cat dragged in. Wrist band bank?

Erin sits down and kisses both women on the head.

ZELDA

Hole-Face Pie. What jokes may you tell with crawling small humans surrounding your act? The jokes, as cheap as they are, flow out slower than your babies. Need a kick? Try the Western Burger.

Erin looks around to see what all others consume.

ERIN

Freda?

Erin looks down at the multi-colored moving floor and sees her past, present and future meals. Her concept of time is not up to snuff and she wanders from time place to time place. Freda's voice brings her back.

FREDA

My name is an island of shame, a watery hole of frozen ice, a wheat-topped doughnut, pall in color and flush in light scopes.

Erin is exasperated.

ERIN

What are you eating?

FREDA

Oh. Burger, fries, Mexi-Cola. Mexi-Cola is tasty, when inserted properly into the facial hole.

Zelda has a turn key effort next.

ZELDA

How many children do you nurture now?

ERIN

There are nineteen with Jostle and six with Marla. The ways and means of all that is golden seeks the truth from our souls.

ZELDA

Sure. But what of Tuesday? And how would they make it over the seas of despair?

ERIN

Buying and selling, fool. Get with program. Wheat filled chairs are here to stay, so if not now, when?

ZELDA

What? Wheat filled chairs?

ERIN

Wheat filled chairs bring good returns in the Californs.

ZELDA

Do I not teach the youngest of my brood this or that?

Freda looks embarrassed. Everyone laughs. \$447.89 is charged on all three of their wrist-band bank accounts. Erin wants more knowledge about the Judge, so she begins to inquire all around her.

ERIN

Hear me, I want my brain to register information of the Judge. Where, when, how and for what purpose?

A DINER comes forward, twirls around twice and knocks Erin over the head with a nearby mallet. Erin wobbles and falls to the ground, watching the lights move in syncopated rhythm.

DINER

I heard this man is walking through the state of Ohio, near the town called Clevelakron. He yearns for the soul of his friend, Joad. The comic. He calls her name out with frowns from Zarcon on his face.

Erin stands on a table made of wet wheat.

ERIN

I am this comic. I am the soul of humor, the rambunctious sour of the grape of goodness in our souls, the trembling sight of panic driven jokes.

The diner looks Erin over and smells her armpits.

DINER

Whoa! A perfectly-pounded picture of prose from a presently-preening parfait of political pussy.

The diner takes a bow.

ERIN

Hematomas. That is all I feel. But create the hematoma, well...

The diner continues to eat.

DINER

I am back to my jellied parts of an animal that resembles Mother.

Erin bows. The other diners applaud with their feet.

ERIN

I would thank you, but my gratuities are forthcoming next week. Will you accept my hand shake, sealed with a kiss?

DINER

Yes, I will. My pleasurable bonnet shall fit over your head.

Erin and the diner kiss. A baby pops out of Erin's vaginal chute within five minutes.

ERIN

Oh, Great mockery in Tallulah! Now look at what has been done down there. New babies can grow, but they know not why.

Erin looks down at her newborn.

DINER

I am departing for a land far from here and the fastest way possible, please. If that child claims to be mine, then all the land's Mexi-Cola cannot help me. Shoo, shoo. Go away into comic land. Find your Judge.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERGALACTIC HUMOR HEARINGS-NEXT EVENING

Judge Iwasaman is fretting inside his chambers. He cannot take the misery within his soul about abandoning Erin. A case is before him that perks up his earlobes considerably.

BAILIFF

All rise to my knees. This is the story of a man named Jostle, a old mountaineer that barely kept his family hostile. Then, one day, while shooting at a toad, up from the ground came some trouble named Joad. Erin Joad. Earl Gray tea, that is.

The Judge hums the rest of the song. The bailiff slams Jostle Live over his head with a mallet. Jostle takes off his clothes before the court as a sign of respect.

JOSTLE

Where is Erin Joad? If you know, tell me not, for I am the soul of a weeper.

Jostle is quite forward in the proceedings.

BAILIFF

Silence, Chip and Dale dancer.

JOSTLE

I shall speak now or forever hold onto me.... baby, hold on to me, whatever will be will be.

The bailiff reads off information from inside Jostle's shirt collar.

BAILIFF

I believe she is in Silence, New Idaho.

(MORE)

BAILIFF (CONT'D)

She performs her comic jokes to all who will hear and snap gum.

The Judge inspects the bailiff's court documents.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Bailiff, how do you know these things? And where did you find these mallets? They are useless!

BAILIFF

(yelling)

I am not your son of Sweden!

JOSTLE

(shouting)

Your beasts of burden!

The Judge rises to his feet.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Quiet. Be told what I want, and now spit the truth.

JOSTLE

Na-na-na-na-na-na!

BAILIFF

Be sweet to me, for I am doomed.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Six of those and three dozen of the others could make a fine pair. All would be forgiven then.

The bailiff is crying.

BAILIFF

Erin Joad is my sister. She came from the same vaginal chute as I, but in a different quadrant. Her humor theories shocked many. So many that they went into the Hall of Comedic Justice, until stolen from Zarconian robots in 2340.

Jostle laughs. He is not charged anything, for he has no wrist-band bank on his body.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Where is your wrist-band bank?

JOSTLE

I threw it into the garbage heap
outside my door, which was then
picked up and thrown into your
residential house.

The Judge laughs and laughs. His wrist-band bank account
charges \$13,456.00 and a stern warning not to laugh when
amused.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I deem you ten years sutured, ten
years gone.

Immediately, Jostle's life has diminished by ten years. His
hair is grayer, his left leg is broken and he is considerably
shorter.

JOSTLE

What happened, old man?

The Judge hits Jostle, but not too hard.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I will find Erin, if not in
Silence, then in Silky-Francisco.
If not there, then I shall find her
through my heart in the days of
yesteryear.

JOSTLE

Take me with you, kindly old
master. I need to see her, touch
her, know her-

Jostle is at the Judge's kneecaps, praying.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

-Wise up! This ain't no oink-oink
gathering. I go alone.

The Judge relishes the Schick Razors. He adores the smooth
feeling of hairlessness.

JOSTLE

Shave tu, hey Brute?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

(shaving his forearm)
I will find my Erin, develop her
jokes and bring her to justice the
American way.

He then correctly adjusts the DayPlanner on his right arm to forecast his next three months.

JOSTLE

I will tell you what. No one else.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Say what?

Jostle stands up, kicks the bailiff hard in the groin, then runs to the Judge's grand seat

JOSTLE

(whispering softly)

I bid you adieu, and an unhappy future childhood. May the moons of Zarcon have a propensity to roam in your backyards.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERGALACTIC HUMOR HEARINGS-CONTINUOUS

The proceedings lag on and on.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

My friend... what has thou brought?

The courtroom gasps. (They all have a chocolate nougat stuck in their throats.) The Judge backhands Jostle like a whiffle ball, managing to land him in a huge cotton-denim lined birdcage, with Bob Costas XV as one of the singing peacocks inside.

BOB COSTAS XV

Jostle, what did you whisper to the Judge?

JOSTLE

Meet the press. Why must you arse-benders fool the people most of the time? You leave little space to ask some of the people any questions at all.

BOB COSTAS XV

My contract precedes my answers by just this much.

Bob squeezes his fore finger and thumb together.

JOSTLE

Goody for you.

BOB COSTAS XV
Great Mockery in Tallulah!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN SILENCE, NEW COUNTRY-FOLLOWING WEEK-DAY

Silence is a city of golden promises, of silver linings, of bronzed baby shoes hanging from every window of every household. It hides the future of the Western states. The Judge has come to Silence, looking for Erin. As he passes strangers in the streets of gold, he persists in gaining the truth about her, no matter what the cost. He meets one SILENCER on the street of gold.

SILENCER

I see you, stranger in cotton-denim, and am not amused or frightened. Be gone with your fear, we do not carry that here. We are the Silencers. Sssshhh!

He is dressed in silver, with a silver mask, tipped with silver triangles at the ears. His body-suit is silver. (Hoofa mallets are everywhere and made of silver.)

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I came for Erin Joad. Where she is makes no difference to her parents or to her friends, so tell me now, or tell me later, but touch me and I will sue.

He stands upright and non-hesitant about his statement.

SILENCER

I can see clearly now, the rain is gone. Do you understand? Sssshhh!

The Judge ambles around the immediate area with a mallet in his hand, ready to hit the first Silencer who gives him grief. (The clothes pinch in the back, and one is constantly trying to extricate one's underwear away from the tight fitting silver suit.)

JUDGE IWASAMAN

So in an angel-eyed morning dew, yes. But from behind, no. Enlighten me and I will be on my merry way. Scare me, and I will lunge forward with silver swords!

The Silencer circles Judge Iwasaman, threatening his every word with a silver sword aimed at his throat.

SILENCER

I prick you, will you not bleed on my rug? You have not a sword, only the silly Hoofa mallet, and yours is wood. What say you now, brown cow?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

No fright becomes me, no horror is within my soul. Tell me about the Joad and you shall be free.

The Silencer puts down his sword.

SILENCER

You have some magical courage in there, somewhere. Who sold it to you? And where can I get some?

The Judge begins his speech to the Silencer, crawling around on all fours in his boots.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I was born a poor baker's son, but the humor was in my mother's soul. She knew how to laugh. Oh, Great Mockery in Tal-

The Silencer motions him to get up.

SILENCER

-No Tallulah here, buddy. Just aimless men and women with shame, for all the gold and silver you see is but a sham to conceal our virginity. We are not sexers here.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

How do you exist? A sperm sample to the wheat chamber? Really?

The Silencer smiles. His happiness is a signal for the rest of the population to come out of hiding. Soon, the streets are filled with other SILENCERS, all virgin SEXERS.

SILENCER

Then a shot of corn whiskey is in order. Not a drop of blood on the rug, and Erin is yours.

He pours some whiskey into small wheat-jelled glasses.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Try getting that out of your cotton-denim undies with simple syrup and a bar spoon? She is here?

The Judge is greatly impressed with the Silencer and the city's cobbled streets.

SILENCER

There, behind you.

The Judge turns. Erin is there, on the street, delivering another baby, right on schedule. She looks up, smiles and plops out another.

ERIN

Judge? Wait while I finish my act. Let me get these babies out and settled, please.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Erin Joad? I come for you now. I am here to distribute my feelings. All, but not some, will remain inside.

Another baby is delivered, sliding out of her vaginal-chute.

SILENCER

Go to bed now, child, and dream of telling one liners. The one liner was a provocative way of laughing at our inner most secrets.

ERIN

Our inner most secrets were inner children of gloom, but if you say so, then I will dream. Here, take my babies, please.

The Judge realizes his wrist-band bank account has not charged him. Erin is a Queen of comedy. Laughter with her is free.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Joad woman, you learn through doing. I wish our paths were younger and our hairless backs, smaller. But jokes do not cost what they must earn, so I will pack my Sears valise and turn it into a cheap piece of luggage.

Erin is very happy to see the Judge.

ERIN

You cannot go anywhere. I control this city. They need my babies to stay afloat, capeesh? Say, have you heard the one about the man with two goats and a lamb?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

No. I have found you. Now, never let me go.

ERIN

I cannot. It is forbidden, but we will always have Paris. Sorry, wrong number, Bob Hope!

CUT TO:

INT. THE WORM HOLE-NEW MILWAUKEE-NIGHT

Erin is a star and she now spends less time with her friends. Her jokes are known throughout the countryside. The Judge cannot keep up with her, so he follows the jokes through his DayPlanner. She is giving her jokes out for free tonight, from a stage made of wheat and blue denim.

ERIN

I say it is a fact to be back in New Milwaukee at the Wormhole. I say that with a twist of lemon, barking up a tree of pure gold. People from all walks of life are here tonight and I wish those walks would curl up and find a couch to sleep on.

A BOY bringing wheat to the stage drops it right at the end of Erin's joke. It makes a "ta-dat" sound, right on cue for the joke. Laughter fills the room, along with pickled herring. Men bring the fish out in droves, four pounds per person. Zelda, Jostle and Freda all eat and scream at Erin. The bones inside the fish stick in Freda's throat.

FREDA

Ugh! My fish will fight to the end. I need beer.

She looks for a beer MATRON.

JOSTLE

(yelling)
Why did you not bear more children for me?

(MORE)

JOSTLE (CONT'D)

I could exasperate seventy, eighty more, if I were allowed.

Erin does not care to be heckled. She politely tries to hit him over the head with a Hoofa mallet, but cannot find one. She responds to Jostle, but keeps her eyes on the audience.

ERIN

The act is in process. Pardon my arse, but no one can say the words to interrupt my passage of comedy now.

ZELDA

I can and will.

The gauntlet has been thrown.

FREDA

Now that you are gone, all that is left is this band of gold, all that is left is the dreams I hold, and the memory of what you-

Jostle interrupts.

JOSTLE

I had that on the back burner yesterday, but she relapsed at rehearsal and left it out in the cold. MacArthur park is melting in the dark, all the sweet, sweet icing flowing down.

Erin sees no where to go. A song to remember?

ERIN

Someone left the cake out in the rain? I will see to that mistake. But it is here I am performing. Why the majority rule on performing?

JOSTLE

You are not understanding the friends who are here. We plead for you, and all you give us is the Jeremiah bullfrog lament. Although he was a good friend of mine, it will be forever in gold that you delivered the lines of one Travis Boyd, senior, and not your own. You cannot lie and steal from the leader of all comedy.

Erin is embarrassed and out of shoe polish for her act. She runs off the stage, grabbing a few strands of wheat as she leaves. An ASSISTANT offers her a new gallon of polish, but she waves it off in favor of steel-tipped darts which she shoots at the audience with a small bow hidden in her skirt.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE-CONTINUOUS

Erin sits with Zelda and Freda and the babies.

ZELDA

Jostle knows about his time incarcerated, but he knows of no failure on a wheat stage. You must urge him not to speak while you comedy-ize us.

Erin agrees. Freda must outdo Zelda in everything, conversation included.

FREDA

The arm bands he wears speak to the devil herself, the soul descendant of the Gwyneth Paltrow doll. His constant splurge of sexing around you only produces babies. The devil will incarnate your soul, too.

Erin bows her head in shame.

ERIN

I am freakish with candy wrappers. And that is not all, but all I may say in this mouthful. The comedy comes out, but the jokes stay inside. How?

FREDA

Osmosis in winter?

ZELDA

Clitorises up front I think.

ERIN

Found in little yellow bird nests? I think not. The joke itself is an intricate powerhouse of emotions, laid to rest by mind altering tidbits from my personal McDonald's.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

Then, spitting in a corner, all wrapped up in a blanket. No sexing for babies, no sexing for babies. Jostle knows this, as does my Judge.

The ladies gasp at Erin's knowledge of the world. Erin's babies coo.

ZELDA

Your knowledge is funny, but insightful, so we all wish you luck with humor. But be careful. Babies come out when little goes in.

Freda engulfs the other women with her arms.

FREDA

Little jostles of hope I may say.

Erin notices the word play and records it in the DayPlanner.

ZELDA

We all should tee-hee.

FREDA

Only you, Erin, may begin the age old laugh riot.

They laugh and laugh until one of the women spills some peanut butter on her blouse, causing her to stop, begin sobbing and lead the rest into a crying jag.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS-SAME NIGHT

Erin has returned to her barracks with her children. She summons the Judge on her DayPlanner. She speaks softly into her arm.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

What is it, Erin? I was alive in sleep, with thoughts of Zarconian women frolicking with shoe polish. Is this important?

Erin looks to her right arm for moral support.

ERIN

I cannot live on this planet without your presence.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

Plain and simple, that is the light
and brown of it. Without you, I am
not one. With you, I am a tree in
a garden of shrubs, the shrubs
needing water, of course.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Of course.

ERIN

Need me? Oh, Judge.....

The Judge adjusts his Dayplanner so he may see her entire
body, not just her elbows.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I see you now, and I bid you adieu.
If you may see me, then I will look
out for your interests.

ERIN

You are a peach. Oh no, another
baby comes, and I only hope it is
yours.

The baby is delivered. It's guidance apparatus is intact.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Was that-

ERIN

-Judge? I am pleased to tell you-

JUDGE IWASAMAN

-Erin? Is that you? I thought I
saw a baby flash before my very
eyes.

Erin straightens the DayPlanner camera.

ERIN

Yes, Judge, it was another baby. I
could be anyone, and I chose
myself. Who will name this baby?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Canovcorn! That is the name I
give. Canovcorn. It will suit
him, with his sister, Can-

ERIN

-ovpeas! Canovpeas, Canovcorn,
meet the world and unite all who
would tell a joke too fast.

The two babies sit side by side, cooing and googling. Erin has a true sense of well being with the Judge.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I find you basically lustful and my sexing with you gives me tremendous flavor, but too many babies seek a daddy I cannot be. Jostle has a responsibility for all of your children.

Erin bangs the top of her head with a mallet. It soothes her.

ERIN

So here it is, now nightfall and we all leave our senses. Is that beautiful?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Leave the senses to me. I will adhere to you, the Jostle will leave and babies will stop shooting out of your warp drive. Agreed?

Erin looks deeply within the DayPlanner to see her lover's eyes.

ERIN

Agreed. I will take food now, and a Twinkie to go. When I reach Zarcon, you will know it in your heart.

The Judge tears up.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

How, when, who? What is the way our minds think, this is a big bite. Why Zarcon?

ERIN

They telephoned, extra long distance. Said it was a good deal. Lots of good exposure, a free ride up, lots of gifts and maybe, just maybe....

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Yes?

ERIN

I will tell the best joke and make them all laugh in space.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

I will know it for the name will be
Joad. And a Joad will tell jokes
on Zarcon. And Zarcon will know
its pleasures, for they will be
loud laughs and nutty guffaws.

Erin stands tall with confidence.

ERIN

If A equals B, and B equals C, then
A equals C, unless you are insane.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Good, good. It is a start, anyway.

ERIN

Therein lies the dichotomy. Whom
so ever shall laugh at my jokes
will turn a head or two, but to
guffaw and chuckle, then we all
win.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Precisely. Good luck.

ERIN

Luck is the thing they call
desirable. But luck, Judge, is not
for me. I am the hope without
treasure. And Zarcon will release
me, to be sure. Great Mockery in
Tallulah!

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Great Mockery in Tallulah is meat
for the pudding, geese for the
gander. Anyway, it tastes good.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERPLANETARY CENTER-NEXT WEEK-DAY

Erin is readying herself for the trip to Zarcon, a week away.
Her babies are given to Marla. She goes over the last minute
details of their upbringing with her.

MARLA

So many. And so many fathers. I
would give my right earlobe to have
these children. Truly, I would.

ERIN

Flesh and blood, these little humans bear witness to the fact that all life stems from inside the womb. I took great care in producing these monsters, therefore, it begs a dutiful directive to you, Marla... keep them safe, dry and clothed. Care for a mint?

Marla offers Erin an extremely large breath mint, the size of a tomato.

MARLA

No. I have not made my bed yet.

ERIN

Please?

She reluctantly takes a mint and tries to fit the whole thing in her mouth.

MARLA

I have to watch my peppermint intake as we near take off. Remember the gasses, how the fumes may backfire and land you in the barracks dispensary?

Marla picks up one of Erin's babies.

ERIN

My womb is strong. Yours?

MARLA

Aghast in the streamline success of your failures.

Erin looks lovingly at her children, sizes small-extra large, from six days to eighteen years. Not all her children are present. Travis is not.

ERIN

My babes are all mine.

MARLA

How healthy, how strong. What shall become of them if you do not return?

Erin is troubled by the words spoken from Marla's mouth.

ERIN

Here we go again, taking a chance on love. Nine shall go to Jostle, three to Zelda, six to Freda and the rest go to Al. You may choose which ones. If I have forgotten any, just send them to the Judge, he will know what to do.

Marla drops a baby. She feels no remorse.

MARLA

Boohoo, I dropped the baby. Look, the head is strong, and it bounced. Shall I go for a three pointer?

Erin immediately regrets her decision, but it is too late. Marla realizes her mistake and atones.

ERIN

Marla? Drop another of mine and there will be boxing matches the likes of which you will never know.

MARLA

Take a load off, Erin, and put the load right on me.

Marla laughs and her wrist-band bank account breaks down.

ERIN

I have forgotten my jokes. Do you see them?

Marla smiles, watching Erin get confused over her trip. She does not see the near accident.

MARLA

They are currently being downloaded, as they should.

Marla points to Erin's DayPlanner. The jokes appear in the holographic form. Erin gathers her bags and heads out for the Zarconian Departure Dock. The wind from opening the door blows some dust and soot into the room, and the baby coughs.

ERIN

The child will sicken. Please, do your best to hold her breath.

MARLA

I will protect this child from the world. I am now the Protector.

She stands tall and proud.

ERIN

Please, Marla, go now, see the future, and forbid my babies from harm. But see the Jostle and run.

Marla nods her head.

MARLA

Good wheat farming to you. And break a femur!

Erin looks back with hope and dismay.

ERIN

And a wig-smart evening to the ones you love. Great Mockery in Tallulah!

MARLA

Shut up! I am sick and tired of the Mockery. And where is Tallulah?

Erin mulls over her words.

ERIN

(whispering)
Where indeed?

CUT TO:

INT. ZARCON SHIP-NIGHT

The giant ship is idling in space dock, awaiting Erin and a few more passengers. Erin races in, finds her seat, straps in and readies herself for a long period of holding her breath. She consults a STEWARDESS for advice.

STEWARDESS

.... And so, to hold your breath is safe, for three to four minutes. After that, all life is safe and up we go.

ERIN

I gasp for air, then hold it for one minute?

STEWARDESS

I imagine more. Two to three to be sure.

(MORE)

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)

But if snoring is allowed, then use
your nostrils as if you were fish
hunting in the lake of Michigan.
Blow, wind, blow.

The stewardess adjusts Erin's seat, checks her seat buckle
and recites Presidential speeches to anyone who can hear
them.

ERIN

What if I cannot hold the air
inside?

STEWARDESS

Ask not what your country can do
for you, but what you can do for
your country.

ERIN

Kennedy?

The stewardess swoons.

STEWARDESS

Good bye cruel world, you are off
to join the circus.

Erin practices holding her breath. She masters two minutes,
fourteen seconds.

ERIN

I am solid as a rock.

The stewardess is not listening.

STEWARDESS

(marching down the aisle)
So in conclusion, I would like to
accept your nomination for a second
term as President of the United
States of America.

Erin laughs. The stewardess comes back to Erin's seat.

ERIN

What? Have I wronged?

STEWARDESS

Ask not what your country can do
for you, but what you can do for
your country. There is nothing
wrong with America that isn't right
with America.

(MORE)

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)

The military industrial complex is like a sewer filled with grease-trapped hairy monkeys.

The PILOT walks in and immediately tackles the stewardess to the ground.

ERIN

Who are you?

The pilot, DAN REEVES, a good looking cookie, knocks the stewardess over the head with a nearby mallet.

DAN

Hello, I am Dan Reeves, head pilot for this bloated, overweight ship of wheat and denim. Gladys here is a little confused. As soon as she gets up, we will get moving. Onward to Zarcon.

Erin looks down at the unconscious Gladys.

ERIN

I am not alone in this. My DayPlanner told me of her nonsense, but I wanted to see for myself.

Dan looks her DayPlanner over, acting as though he has never seen one before. He grabs Erin's attention while cracking his knuckles.

DAN

That was fine. Dare we go?

Gladys gets up, places her hat back on and straightens her uniform, a gold and silver two-piece swimsuit, part fur and part wheat.

ERIN

Please, take off. My nerves are rock solid.

DAN

Hello, I am Dan Reeves. Nice to meet with your personality, not acting. Real.

Erin smiles. The ship begins to move, slowly, then very fast. Gladys reminds Erin to hold her breath.

GLADYS

I would also, but I am not carrying a child.

ERIN

I am without a baby here.

Gladys looks at the DayPlanner on her right arm.

GLADYS

Erin Joad? We just assumed since you are a Joad, you would include a baby. Your vaginal chute is empty?

ERIN

Try Dunkin' Doughnuts. The babies are not here, and I am speaking. Where is my three minutes of air?

GLADYS

Oh, shoowee, I up and forgot to tell you, no holding your breath if there is no baby. Panic not, and forgive my imprudence. I got this.

ERIN

(struggling, holding her breath)
Release my air? Now?

GLADYS

Yessiree, Bob. And next time, watch the garlic.

CUT TO:

INT. ZARCON SHIP-CONTINUOUS

The passengers onboard number sixteen. Most are men with Zarconian backgrounds. (Ears and noses are in the opposite places, but other than that, clear sailing.) Erin is the STAR of the ship. Another PASSENGER Erin knows is sitting in the back.

ERIN

Boragoonda, is that your mustache wax wafting through the fuselage or are you just glad to see me?

The tall man of Sweden packs a punch in his first impression with the STAFF of the ship.

STEWARDESS

Watch that man. He brings power to those who need it. Weepy graciousness to those who do not.

BORAGOONDA

How they smuggled you in, I will not know for many years. Are your organs present and accounted for?

She hugs him. He kisses her hard, and his mustache tickles Erin so much, she chews it up after the third kiss.

ERIN

(spitting out hair)

I have a kinship with you. I feel remarkably titanic in formation.

BORAGOONDA

You realize I am the Sultan of Stockholm, but now my country has frozen its lingonberries in shame. I had to go all Zarconian on their greasy asses. Literally.

His tall, stiff body has an awkward look in the seat, but his legs manage to curl up beside the floor mounts. He is remarkably attractive for a seventy-five year old.

ERIN

It is a long journey to Zarcon and I plan to converse with you every minute of the trip, except for sexing. Then, spitting and walking will be fine.

He offers her a tissue as she weeps about her life.

BORAGOONDA

I have come to reach out to this planet of golden hues, of rich, soft velvety centers, of sublime oratory. To me, Zarcon is Sweden without the depression.

Erin gets excited and adds to his comparisons.

ERIN

New Milwaukee without the beer lakes.

BORAGOONDA

Oslo without the eyebrows.

ERIN

Rome without the clown parades.

BORAGOONDA

Ships without wood.

ERIN
Culture without canteens.

BORAGOONDA
Japan without the tempura
highchairs.

ERIN
(giggling)
Jamaica without the stinky arm
pits.

BORAGOONDA
Seattle without the volcanoes.

He blows up the air with his large outstretched hands.

ERIN
Rio without the open graves.

BORAGOONDA
Uh, Fargo without the strapping
young men?

ERIN
Portland, without the frosted hair.

Now they get going with their rodeo show of words.

BORAGOONDA
Germany without the mange.

Erin laughs loudly, but no money is charged to her account.

ERIN
France without the dance.

Boragoonda clamps his nose with his forefinger and his thumb.

BORAGOONDA
Florida, 'sorda.

Erin stops the silliness and places her hand in his lap. Her gentle reach allows Boragoonda to relax and smile.

ERIN
Earth without the Judge. And
denim. And cold cuts. And?

BORAGOONDA
Jokes?

They lay still, quiet. Then the engines roar and that roar gives great confidence to Erin.

ERIN

I will tell jokes from the earth.
I will plan my destiny inside this
new roving tent of comedy which is
Zarcon. All hail Dorothy!

Boragoonda sets his DayPlanner for one week, gulps down three
beers in rapid succession from Gladys' private stock, then
falls into a deep sleep.

BORAGOONDA

Good night. Sweet dreams. I have
met my match and it is over.

Erin cannot understand why his demeanor has changed so
rapidly and so overwhelmingly. She sits back and dreams of
the Judge. She calls him on her DayPlanner. He is roasting
a pig with friends.

ERIN

Why do you think about sexing with
me all the time?

The Judge is smiling and curling his mustache. He looks
small inside the DayPlanner screen.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

It is the time spent desiring your
comedy that sexing appears to be an
option. Understand?

ERIN

Yes. I miss you already, you big
lunk.

The DayPlanner breaks up transmission and only words are
heard.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Please be careful on Zarcon. There
are animals and pits of beer. They
throw you in to watch you swim.
This I have heard. They have
mountains of bacon.

The Judge turns the pig over and bastes it with Teriyaki
beer.

ERIN

Oh, good luck to me. I hear the
bells now, so off to Zarcon I go.

She looks down to cut off the DayPlanner.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Love is in the air, can you smell it? Maybe it is the pig. He needs another three hours on the spit.

ERIN

I could use a couple of hours on the spit. I wish I may, I wish I might, have me a little sex tonight.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

The pig is final. No sexing until I can watch. The pig is final.

The Judge disappears from her DayPlanner screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. OF ZARCON-ONE WEEK LATER-DAY

The ship has begun an orbit around Zarcon. People are getting ready to depart and uncouple the seat belts before the ship docks.

GLADYS

(on the loudspeaker)

People get ready, there's a planet-a-comin'. All off at the next stop. Next stop, Zarcon.

Erin stands to stretch. At that moment, the ship lunges forward, stops and then reels backward. Erin is thrown down the aisle five, six feet. Her arms and legs are bruised.

ERIN

What happened?

GLADYS

No one gets up until I say hello.
Hello?

ERIN

Yes?

GLADYS

Hello?

Erin gets up, pensively. Gladys shows her approval.

ERIN

I am hurt.

GLADYS

I will save you.

ERIN

But if you may, I need to correct my levels of hormones before the big entrance to Zarcon. My face has a look of flatness, do you see?

GLADYS

We will be here for three hours. Time enough to unflatten your face.

A glue gun is offered to Erin. She dots the small creases in her neck with it, and plunges a syringe into her nose.

ERIN

Ah, the glory of goo!

The Captain announces the arrival.

DAN

All aboard. Oops! Get ready to depart for the planet Zarcon. Walking bags of dirt and old men will get off first. Erin Joad will lead the way.

Boragoonda slides his pelvis up next to Erin.

BORAGOONDA

The Swedish man with a plan should come off this ship in the first of order.

DAN

Sorry, but Erin is a star. Comedy, you know?

BORAGOONDA

I forgot. Please, hate me for the rest of your life.

He bows to Erin.

ERIN

That is nice. I am here, why not?

GLADYS

But be careful. Off first may disrupt your life. They swim in beer here.

ERIN

I have heard and I am ready. My goggles will protect me.

She dons some goggles and a pair of flippers.

GLADYS

Great Mockery in Tallulah!

BORAGOONDA

I have heard so much nonsense of late about Tallulah and the Great Mockery. Tell me why-y-y you cried. And why you lied to me.

ERIN

(struggling with her words)

Pools of beer? Give me a raft with three oars of wheat and denim.

BORAGOONDA

Wheat and denim? Sure, why not?

CUT TO:

INT. SPACE DOCK-CONTINUOUS

The ship docks. From the moment Erin walks out of the ship and onto the first of three shuttles, everything is pure WHITE. The entire planet, white. White machines, white travel robots, white shuttles, white air, white skies, white collars and white people. Pure white. As white as the snow in Weyaweega, Wisconsin-in-mid-winter-white. White. (Except for the rendered bacon. That's brown.)

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE THREE-CONTINUOUS

Erin has completed most of her journey to the inner city of Zarcon, Matilda. Zarcon only has one city and Matilda is it. It shines in the glow of their two suns and whiteness is all around. As bacon has become their number one food, most Zarconians are getting fat, something they know nothing about. She is greeted by ANOID, the ruler of Matilda.

ANOID (O.C.)

You are not white. We were told you would be white, like us. Remember not to laugh when you see the rest us.

(MORE)

ANOID (O.C.) (CONT'D)
One ear, in the middle of the face,
two noses on either side. That's
it.

He steps into view. Erin laughs at his face.

ERIN
(giggling)
Where are your swimming pools of
beer?

Anoid seems distraught. He slams a white mallet into the
white wall. His eyes bug out, his ear flares.

ANOID
What? What beer? What is beer?

ERIN
It is the drink which accompanies
bacon. Have you no shame?

Anoid points to a big mound of something brown in the corner.

ANOID
Look, lady, you were suppose to be
here an hour ago. See all that
wilted bacon over there? That was
crisp and delightful an hour ago.
Now, it has coagulated and it's
really gross.

Erin walks over to the big table, takes a bite of bacon and
spits it out. Some coagulated grease falls onto her blouse.

ERIN
I was no pilot on board. I was
just a woman with a dream. I am
just a poor girl with a dream,
though my thoughts are often seldom
heard. Or smoked.

Anoid looks to his COUNSELORS around him.

ANOID
So you're supposed to be a big
star, huh? Tell jokes, do ya? Get
big laughs, do ya? Live in
Hollywood, do ya?

ERIN
No, the barracks near New
Milwaukee. Bed 3C.

ANOID
No mansion?

The counselors all shake their heads.

 ERIN
No. Just babies all day long, then
a wet whistle and off to bed I go.

 ANOID
That's it? You tell jokes, live in
a barracks, make babies
continuously and dream of stardom?
Yes?

 ERIN
And play Hoofa. Do not forget
Hoofa.

 ANOID
Hoofa. Yes, Hoofa. The dumbest
game on earth.

Anoid looks to his counselors for their approval.

 ERIN
What? I would not likely say that
you are correct.

 ANOID
I am always correct, moronic moose.

 ERIN
Moose? Like mice?

 ANOID
(angrily)
Here, we play Hoofa the correct way
and call it by its correct title.
Bizeball. We will teach you.

Erin looks around for a familiar sign.

 ERIN
Where are your mallets?

 ANOID
Please. Now, let's get a few
things downtown here, okay?

Erin is confused at the language.

ERIN

You speak in language unknown to me.

ANOID

Listen joke girl, you will learn our ways or pay the price. Capeesh?

ERIN

Always the bridesmaid, never the bride. That is what I say. Another world, another fifty dollars charged to the winner and still champion, Mike Tyson.

A few Zarconians laugh.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

(yelling)

Hey, she's pretty funny. And what is that you're doing now?

Erin is rubbing out an orgasm.

ERIN

Just moving along, singing a song, side by side.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

You're not rubbing your... oh, Moist Murgatroid!

The audience gasps. No one on Zarcon masturbates out in the open.

ERIN

Is this not the friendly way to say hello?

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Knock it off. Keep saying funny things, but knock off the diddling.

Children are hidden. The ruler of Matilda is horrified. Men come closer to Erin and try to see what exactly she is doing.

ANOID

(angrily)

How can you say you're our friend when all you do is play with yourself? Is that humor?

(MORE)

ANOID (CONT'D)

I was against the bacon deal, but at least we got the better of it in the end. And we all know bacon is good for us, right?

The audience applauds. The clapping of hands is foreign to Erin. She stops and listens.

ERIN

Again, I ask you. Why the traffic jam with your hands? They make the noise of many men pounding one out.

Anoid gets angry again.

ANOID

See, now, that's just not funny to us here in Matilda. It's crude, rude and lewd. How can earth present you to us when you don't even know our customs?

Erin looks around. She sees Boragoonda way off in the back of the audience.

ERIN

You are asking me? I would not know a turkey if he gobbled my arse up and spit out, do you not know?

Erin stands on her tiptoes to see if he will recognize her.

ANOID

Take her away, and lock her up with the other comics from earth.

Boragoonda approaches Erin before they march her off. Erin begins to cry out of fear.

BORAGOONDA

(whispering)

Do you not wish you were in Lingonberry now? I will get you out from under this mess of grease. But then, Erin Joad owes to Boragoonda lots and lots.

Erin nods. Several large, pure-white MEN lead her away. Anoid gives the blessing of the day.

ANOID

Hear us, oh God of plenty. Oh, God, hear our plea.

(MORE)

ANOID (CONT'D)

Can we get a funny comic up in this
here spot soon?

Boragoonda raises his hand. After a few moments pretending
not to see him, Anoid finally gives in.

ERIN (O.C.)

No! Not my denim shoes.

The sounds of a scuffle are HEARD.

ANOID

What is it, moose?

BORAGOONDA

You have not given the Joad a
chance to make funny. Give her son
a chance, too. His name is golden,
the name of Travis Boyd. He is the
son and the one from her loins, to
make the funny. He will come here
from earth to protect and serve his
mother.

Anoid is a bit suspicious.

ANOID

Will he be funny? He's got to be
funny. Rip roaring, knee slapping
funny. So funny, we forget about
this monster who would diddle
herself in front of women and
children.

BORAGOONDA

I shall go and bring him to you.
He is currently being the funny one
in the place called Hollywood.

ANOID

All agree?

The large group of ultra-white residents of Zarcon respond to
Anoid.

ALL

Giddyap!

Anoid feels pressure to speak lines of greatness.

ANOID

Go do that voodoo that you do....

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE-HOLLYWOOD-DAY

Travis Boyd is rehearsing for a comedy special. He is alone on stage, going over his lines.

TRAVIS

Ahooga, ahooga, ladies, men of color, men of rage, women who reap a bonus for success, I implore you, give me my funny bones.

A STAGEHAND hands him a beer.

STAGEHAND

Travis, your humor is exceptional. I understand you better than a pig dropping hashish balls in winter.

TRAVIS

Then you all come back to see me now, ya hear?

The stagehand stops to remove some hashish off his shoe.

STAGEHAND

Travis, a bit of warning to you. We hear through our Apple One Eyesore that Zarcon has captured your mother and prevented her from telling the humor, until you may find your way to Matilda, the city of bacon. She will be kept from harm, but only until you deliver the goods.

Travis drops his glass of beer. He reaches down for the stein. The glass cuts his finger and blood is everywhere.

TRAVIS

Mommy?

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP TO ZARCON-TWO DAYS LATER

Travis has booked passage to Zarcon immediately after hearing about Erin. He sits with Gladys, drinking beer and worrying about his mother.

TRAVIS

This ship is too small. I want Champagne dotted with Dots. Bring some to me.... now!

GLADYS

I want the skin off your back, son.
I wrangle kids younger than you
into back seats and star lit cruise
cabins.

Captain Dan rushes out from the cockpit to tackle Gladys once more.

DAN

Son, do not mind this woman. She
has spells.

Gladys gets up and toasts Erin with her beer stein.

GLADYS

All hail Dorothy! Erin Joad will
see me coming, they will hear my
jokes and all will be foretold in a
dream from the Judge.

The Judge turns around and speaks.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Did someone mention my name?

TRAVIS

Judge? I hear you not, but you are
in my eye of sight. Alone is my
mother, and she will need my humor
package, stripped bare like a
raccoon of silver, then made whole,
like a union contract.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Trust not these beings that play
Hoofa with a bat, take sides
against masturbation and tell a
good gal like Erin she is not
funny. They swim in beer, for
Maddow's sake.

Gladys sits down with the passengers.

GLADYS

Imagine a game of Hoofa without the
mallet? Amazing.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Imagine this spaceship so clogged
up-down with bacon that our captain
cannot steer it to the right, to
the left or center.

The captain rushes out from the cockpit again and throws beer into the Judge's face. He rushes back to his post, while Gladys wipes the sweat off the Judge with a hand towel made of blue denim.

DAN (O.C.)

The robot has the helm, as it has the mastery of most of my activities. See my DayPlanner? We are almost to the planet.

The Judge yells out to the captain.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Let us remember Erin and play a game of Hoofa now, before eating strips of pork.

Dan rushes into the cabin again.

DAN

A Hoofa mallet, if you please.

They play a game in the aisle of the space ship. Impending rocket thrusters announce their arrival to Zarcon, and to Matilda. Gladys throws her mallet at the Judge, hitting Dan and knocking him out.

GLADYS

Hoofa!

CUT TO:

INT. MATILDA LOADING DOCK-CONTINUOUS

The ship docks. Pure white shuttles carry the passengers off the ship. Travis is on Shuttle C9R. It is completely white. Travis Boyd tries out his material on a SHUTTLE HOST as he enters.

TRAVIS

I have traveled to bleed you dry. Here are my handle, here is my spout. Laugh now, for your country will recede like a hairline in the night.

SHUTTLE HOST

What God forsaken planet did they find you on? Get going, pal. You better be funny.

The shuttle stops and Travis departs. The host is not impressed.

TRAVIS

Who goes now, forever and a day
shall lean back to my destiny.

SHUTTLE HOST

Get a grip, pal. Good luck.

CUT TO:

INT. MATILDA CONVENTION CENTER-NIGHT

The auditorium is filled to capacity, 24,000 Zarconians, all with sweaty noses and large ears in the middle of their faces. All pure white. The most Travis has ever played to live was one hundred and ten. He perspires through his tight, wheat jeans. The blue denim tennis shoes he is wearing are also wet with sweat.

TRAVIS

Hello, Zarcon! I am here to send
you a message of hope and faith. I
am Travis Boyd, the comedian.
Laugh now, laugh later, but
remember, all kidding aside, this
is funny.

He falls down on the stage. Next to him is the banana peel he slipped on. A few Zarconians laugh, although not much is heard from the back row. A HECKLER calls out to him.

HECKLER

Hey, asshole, who told you that you
were funny?

He gets up and falls again. He is remembering as much of the act as he can from his famous namesake.

TRAVIS

I am here tonight to shower you
with laughter, take away the tears
and wipe away the sadness which
must truly be your nature, for I
have seen the bacon. And the bacon
is brown, and white cannot
withstand the brown.

People in the audience are staring at each other with confused looks. A few strips of bacon find their way onto the stage. Travis slips on a strip, and falls hard.

This one was not planned. He gets up slowly. The crowd is booing and throwing more bacon.

HECKLER

What's with this garbage? We were told you were the funniest man on earth. You sound like your mother. Where do you freaks get this material?

TRAVIS

Hoofa! Let us all play-

HECKLER

-Oh no, not that shit again. Up in here, we play Bizeball, and that's that.

Travis speaks no more, allowing time to heal this wound. Instead, he walks around the stage with a Bizeball bat. He squirts a bit of bacon juice upon his lower lip and walks back and forth, twirling the Bizeball bat.

TRAVIS

Forgive me, but I cannot talk.

He walks a little, falls, gets up, walks some more, falls and gets up. This is repeated several times. The audience loves it. They rise to their feet and applaud.

CUT TO:

INT. MATILDA JAIL CELL-CONTINUOUS

Erin hears the incredible amount of laughter from the Zarconians. She has never heard so much laughter. Her face rests upon the bars, singing an old song she heard on Earth.

ERIN

(singing)

"Do you know the muffin man, the muffin man, the muffin man.... Do you know the muffin man that lives on Dufus way?"

CUT TO:

INT. MATILDA CONVENTION CENTER-CONTINUOUS

Travis continues his act. The Zarconians embrace his humor after the slow start.

TRAVIS

Well, what do you all know? I just got back from Idaho.

Stares and glances.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You have my mother jailed here. She did not produce the comedy you desired. Please release her, set her free. I will be a permanent fixture to your whiteness.

Anoid stands up.

ANOID

I have but one question, buddy. Why does she have to diddle herself in front of us?

The act has stopped and now is an instructional lecture.

TRAVIS

A sexer in our world is not an ashamed one. We seek the truth through our sexing. Once we were like you, ashamed of our bodies, but go tell it on the mountain, we hiccupped right on out of there and we just pleasure the hell out of ourselves now. Erin is the best sexer. She makes the babies come out, too. How many babies does it take to fill a basket?

The CROWD collectively asks:

CROWD

How many?

Travis hides his smiling face in his sleeve.

TRAVIS

Six. Five to fill it and one for to make the weaving look sexy.

He waits for a laugh or two. Nothing.

CROWD

And?

TRAVIS

This is a tough crowd!

Erin is brought into the auditorium and to the stage.

ERIN

Travis!

TRAVIS

Mommy!

Travis hugs Erin. Judge Iwasaman comes out of the audience and up on the stage.

ERIN

Judge? You have placed my heart
onto your sleeve and wiped it,
leaving a mark. I will grant you a
wish.

TRAVIS

Mother, look forward.

An audience MEMBER comes up to the stage with a Hoofa mallet and starts pounding Erin over the head with it. She passes out quickly. Anoid sends in the Matilda policemen, wearing white clothes and holding white guns.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Travis, this is no time for history
in the making. Nixon went to
China, spitting and charging
indecent taxes. Use that knowledge
now, and get your mother to the
ship.

The Judge is fighting off the policemen with a mallet of his own, one made of wheat and barley. It falls apart quickly.

TRAVIS

Judge, I have given all my humor
and this is the result? Great
Mockery in Tallulah!

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Great nothing, run!

Travis is dragging an unconscious Erin off the stage and into a shuttle to the dock. The Judge is behind them, fighting off police with flying wheat germ from his mallet.

ANOID

What is this brown substance?

JUDGE IWASAMAN

It is the eye of the tiger, the
thrill of the fight, rising up, to
the challenge of our rivals!

The police stop and eat some bacon from a plate on the stage. They cannot catch the Judge. He throws the mallet at them and it disperses the wheat and barley onto Anoid's white costume.

ANOID

What's this? I'm beginning to re-
think the whole white clothing bit.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

There, make do with the doo-doo. I
gotta go-go!

He catches up to Travis and Erin and hops on the shuttle.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACE SHIP-CONTINUOUS

Gladys and Dan wait for their three passengers. As soon as they are inside, Dan closes the door. The engines idle, then blast off. As it rises, an awakened Erin watches as Boragoonda waves from the dock. He holds up a sign which reads:

YOU HAVE DONE IT NOW! WAIT FOR WAR!

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP TO EARTH-CONTINUOUS

Erin holds Travis. The Judge holds both of them.

ERIN

Is it war they desire? I need my
jokes back. Stop the ship!

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Erin Joad, this is the obligatory
moan of passion seen through
Zarconian eyes. Travis, hold up a
joke.

Travis does nothing.

ERIN

Do as your poppy says.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
Hold up a joke.

TRAVIS
My brother said he is not well, so
I shot him.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
Hold up a funny joke.

Travis thinks for a minute.

TRAVIS
Two guys walk into a bar. One
says, "Hey, I am the bartender,"
and the other one says, "I want a
beer, so I sat on his face."

Travis waits for the laugh. Erin moans. The Judge stares at
Travis.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
I think they were correct, Erin,
War will be coming.

CUT TO:

INT. WORM HOLE-NEW MILWAUKEE-FOLLOWING YEAR-NIGHT

Erin is back in her familiar surroundings, telling jokes and
flipping out a baby every three to four months. The
audience, all sixteen, scream and yell for their favorite
comedienne.

ERIN
Jostle, I was here. But now, take
me, I am your wife. Goodbye city
life, green acres we are there.

The Judge has arrived, and takes a seat in the back. Erin
sees him and smiles from ear to ear.

JUDGE IWASAMAN
Who is it up there?

ERIN
It is I, Erin Joad. The gal who
spreads sunshine on the dark toast
of life. Who are you?

She yearns to see the face in front of her. It is the Judge.

JUDGE IWASAMAN

Know nothing, or know things made
of wheat. But, see and hear me
now, I am Tallulah!

Erin and the Judge rush to each other. They hit themselves
over their heads with Hoofa mallets. Kissing begins.

ERIN

Then the true mockery is all *mine*.

She looks straight ahead at the CAMERA and winks.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

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