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# No Men Beyond This Point

By Mark Sawers

I actually don't see myself  
as being special,  
because I'm not.  
Not really.  
These are green peppers.  
Sage.  
So I try not to think about it and  
I just go about living my life.  
Look at this one.  
See that? It's a nice one.  
It's not something I'm ashamed  
of or anything like that.  
But it's not something  
I'm proud of, either.  
Because I had  
nothing to do with it.  
You don't get to choose  
when you're born.  
And as you can see here,  
the waxing gibbous  
will be taking us  
toward the weekend.  
And then on Saturday,  
we'll have a full moon,  
and that's a perigee  
for this orbit.  
So just keep that in mind as  
you're planning your weekend.  
Family dinners may be a little  
more quarrelsome than usual,  
especially if you've got some  
menstruating teenagers around the table.  
Andrew's been working for us  
for almost three years now.  
And I've really  
come to value him.  
-Hi, Andrew. Good morning.  
-Good morning. Heading out?  
Because he's good  
at his job. It's that simple.  
The lamp in my bedroom  
needs a bulb.  
-And the fact is...  
-Okay, yeah, I can replace it.

a lot of people we know can't  
find men to do the job anymore.  
So they're having  
to hire women,  
which is obviously  
a lot more expensive.

-Good morning.

-Good morning!

Maybe it's because he is so  
much younger than the other men  
we've had working for us,  
but I do worry about the impact  
his presence has on our kids.

Really, you got a fever?

It's not that I'm worried that he's  
corrupting them or anything like that.

It's more that having  
a man like him around  
might make them  
yearn for something  
they can't have...

Shouldn't have.

I like the kids being exposed  
to a man like Andrew.

Someone who's more in his  
prime, more vital and active.

I think you're  
gonna be late for school  
and you should go get ready.

What are you doing?

I mean, I know it's not  
a very popular thing to say,  
but I think it's  
enriching their lives.

Nine minutes.

All our lives.

Yeah, I suppose from a  
historical point of view,  
there's some  
truth to that.

Seventy-five years  
from now,  
our daughters  
will be able to give

their daughters  
and granddaughters  
a firsthand account  
of what men were really like.  
Yeah, I think  
that's important.  
It's nature's way.  
Praise nature.  
My name is Andrew Myers.  
I am 37 years old, and I'm the  
youngest man in the world.  
NO MEN BEYOND THIS POIN In 1953 I was a young priest,  
just out of the seminary.  
I was blessed  
with the good fortune  
of being assigned  
to the Vatican  
to work for an order known as the  
Congregation of the Causes for Saints.  
It was our responsibility  
to investigate events  
that were so extraordinary that they  
could be deemed a divine miracle.  
Every year,  
there were many claims made.  
Stigmatas, apparitions  
of the Virgin Mary,  
the healing of  
deadly medical conditions  
and, of course, virgin births.  
In a typical year,  
there would be  
no more than  
three or four reports  
of virgin births that  
warranted any attention.  
But in 1953, there were  
67 virgin birth claims.  
You have to remember  
that fatherless pregnancies  
first began more  
than half a century ago.  
This is back when Abrahamic  
religions dominated the world,

and Christianity, which had nearly two billion worshippers at that time, regarded virgin birth as one of its most sacred tenets. Christians believe that a virgin named Mary gave birth to their Holy Prophet, Jesus Christ, and that he was fathered by their God. So you can see why the Church was so concerned about the sudden profusion of virgin birth claims. Because if they were true, and the Vatican could not prove otherwise, then they would have to be considered miracles. Except miracles, by their very nature, are extremely rare events. Of course, it wasn't just women who were virgins that were making these claims. All sorts of women were coming forward. But there was no way to scientifically validate the claims. There was no DNA testing back then, and the blood testing that we did have could only prove that a particular man wasn't the father, not that there was no father at all. You see, like all mammals, humans could not procreate without intercourse between a male and a female. It was scientifically impossible. So despite the growing number of women making fatherless

pregnancy claims,  
the only logical conclusion  
was that they were all lying.  
My doctor was  
the one who told me.  
That's how you  
found out back then.  
This was 1953,  
and I might have been young,  
but I wasn't stupid.  
I knew the signs.  
I felt awful.  
The problem was, there was no possible  
way that I could be pregnant.  
Richard, he was my husband,  
he insisted  
that I get retested  
because he knew  
the same thing I did.  
We hadn't been  
intimate for over a year.  
As soon as  
the doctor walked in,  
I knew what he  
was going to say.  
That there was  
no mistake with the test.  
There was no mistake with the  
test. Your wife is pregnant.  
Richard demanded  
to know who I'd been with.  
Who were you with?  
What's his name?  
I swore to him  
that I hadn't been unfaithful.  
I haven't been  
with anyone.  
But he didn't believe me.  
Of course, you have.  
You're pregnant.  
I tried to explain to the doctor  
that this was impossible.  
He just looked at me  
like I was a child.

Do you understand how procreation works, how babies are made? You see, when a man and a woman have sexual relations... It wasn't until 1988 that they had these tests that could show that I was telling the truth, not that it mattered by that point. It was obvious. But back then, nobody believed me. The harder I tried to convince people I was telling the truth, the crazier I seemed. And pretty soon, I began to wonder if I was crazy. How else could you explain something like that? It's outlandish. Not even worth discussing. But, Senator, you must admit these statistics are compelling. United States, 10,000 claims. Great Britain, 6,000 claims. India, 20,000 claims. Even Soviet women are claiming to have become pregnant. We all know that women, by nature, are very impressionable and prone to hysterics. It's a known fact. Now perhaps the hormonal changes involved in pregnancy amplify this hysteria and their own gullibility. And then, you see, they hear about another woman's bizarre claim about her pregnancy, and suddenly they're all doing it. They cannot help themselves. It becomes a fad. Here we have the major developed

countries that existed at that time.  
What's interesting is that  
governments all over the world,  
with every different kind  
of political structure,  
remember this was  
before unification,  
when faced with fatherless  
pregnancy claims,  
they all reacted  
the exact same way.  
I've been very preoccupied with  
other matters for a while.  
I'd have to ask  
a little more time.  
Sir, will you  
be able to have an opinion  
-a little later on?  
-I'm not sure.  
It has certainly been  
a surprising spectacle.  
They pretended like  
it wasn't happening.  
But this is not so hard to  
fathom when you consider that  
at that time, every one of those  
governments was run by men.  
Personally, I can understand the  
position the authorities took.  
It would have been irresponsible  
just to come out and say  
that a growing number of women were  
procreating without male insemination.  
On the whole,  
men are rational beings.  
But we have egos, too.  
And nobody likes being told  
they're becoming obsolete.  
Obviously,  
it's not for everyone,  
but I still look forward to  
going to work every morning.  
There's not a lot of guys  
who can say that.



Not anymore.  
Come on,  
I'm gonna tell Mommy.  
Come on, you.  
There's lots of things  
I like about him.  
He's fun to be around. And he's  
caring, he's easy to talk to.  
Andrew, I can't see.  
Okay, let's take a break.  
If we still had fathers,  
he'd definitely be the kind  
I'd want for Violet.  
What's that word  
they used to say  
about a man who  
looked appealing?  
Handser? Hands...  
Handsome?  
Handsome. Yeah.  
Well, that's what they would  
have said about Andrew.  
That he's handsome.  
Parasitism, competition  
and mutualism.  
Right there?  
This is actually the third  
household that I've worked in.  
And they've all  
been different.  
Describe species.  
Got some more bread.  
-Anyone want some?  
-Thank you.  
This one definitely  
keeps me on my toes.  
There's six kids,  
six months to 17.  
But that's okay.  
I prefer it that way.  
It's better to stay busy.  
I think someone's gonna go to  
bed. So everyone say good night.  
-Good night, sweetheart.

-Good night.  
What makes the job  
a lot easier, though...  
Hey, everybody,  
gather in.  
is when you genuinely like  
the women that you work for.  
Okay, is everybody here?  
Hey, Luna,  
how's it going?  
-Hi, Violet.  
-Hey.  
Doesn't look like  
you're gonna be cold today.  
Iris is  
really easygoing and kind.  
And she has this  
way about her that...  
Balls,  
we need balls.  
It's hard to describe.  
See your sister? Hi!  
Over here.  
All I know is that when  
I'm around her, I feel  
at ease.  
Saffron, move in!  
Terra's more conservative.  
She likes to do things  
by the book.  
Remember the play, girls,  
just like in practice!  
So when she's around,  
I tend to keep a low profile.  
I do my job,  
and I stay out of the way.  
Because at the end  
of the day,  
no matter how emotionally  
involved I might get,  
I'm an employee.  
And it's good to be reminded  
of that every once in a while.  
There he is,

the whippersnapper.

-Hey, Jim, how are you?

-Good, good.

You know Reggie?

He works for Holly Dawson  
and Ivy Chan up on Verona.

Sure, yeah.

And my bosses want me to put  
on a magic show to boot.

Can you believe that?

As if I can just  
summon up balloon animals.

I want to say, "Ladies, I put on a  
magic show for you every single day.

"I toilet trained your  
daughters, for God's sake."

Excuse me?

Can you keep  
your voices down?

Nobody wants to listen  
to a bunch of manosaurs.

It's so annoying.

Sorry, we were just talking.

Yeah, relax.

Don't tell me to relax.

You're not even  
allowed to be here.

It's okay,  
we're actually working.

It doesn't matter.

You can't congregate  
in groups of more than two.

Or have you  
forgotten that?

Come on,  
seriously?

Those are the rules.

Are you going to  
follow them or not?

It's okay. I got to  
get back to work.

No, no. Don't go.

Stick around.

It's okay. It's not worth it. It was

good seeing you. I'll see you soon.  
See you later.  
Maybe if things  
had turned out differently,  
I'd be a pilot  
or an architect like my mom.  
But there's no point  
in dwelling on that.  
I'm gonna make the best of the  
opportunities that I do have,  
because things  
aren't going to change.  
Not back to the way they were.  
That's just  
a fact of nature.  
Even though more and more  
women were coming forward  
with fatherless  
pregnancy claims,  
they weren't taken seriously.  
So things seemed to carry on  
as they always had.  
I think there was a sense  
that it was pointless.  
We tried to tell them  
what was going on,  
but they didn't  
want to listen.  
They never listened.  
But if you'd looked a little  
closer, you would have seen that  
beneath the women's dutiful,  
prim and proper exteriors,  
there was a simmering anger  
getting ready to boil over.  
And then Sister Isabella  
came along.  
She was living in  
a convent in the hills  
outside of a small town  
in Northern Spain.  
Men were strictly forbidden  
from entering the convent,  
and even if she had wanted

to break her vows,  
given the remote location and the  
watchfulness of the other nuns,  
it would have been impossible  
for her to sneak away.  
Yet, Sister Isabella discovered,  
to her utter dismay  
that she was pregnant.  
One could argue that if this had  
happened in a different time,  
the Church may have very well  
embraced Sister Isabella,  
canonized her  
as a living saint,  
and perhaps even  
looked upon her baby  
as the return  
of their Messiah.  
But then again,  
she had a daughter,  
so that would  
have thrown a wrench  
into the Biblical narrative,  
wouldn't it?  
All we do know is  
that the Church wanted  
nothing to do  
with Sister Isabella.  
The Congregation of Causes of  
Saints was ordered to destroy  
the report they had written,  
and deny that they had  
ever heard her claim.  
They told us  
it was for the best.  
In the tiny village  
of Burgos, Spain,  
a group of nuns are  
telling a whale of a story.  
Meet Sister Isabella.  
Though it's hard to tell with  
that habit on, she's pregnant.  
And guess who they're  
saying the father is?

No one.  
That's right, it's another  
so-called fatherless pregnancy.  
The last thing the Catholic  
Church expected was that  
a devout order of Spanish nuns would  
not only break their vow of silence,  
but start talking to  
anyone who would listen.  
You people think that this  
is a joke, but it is not.  
It is happening more and more, and the  
government needs to acknowledge it.  
They need to wake up and  
take these claims seriously  
or they are going to be sorry.  
We would like women  
everywhere to know  
that despite the world's  
scientific community  
being unanimous  
in their belief  
that fatherless pregnancies  
are impossible,  
we intend to study  
this matter vigorously.  
And I have no doubt that,  
one way or another,  
we will be able to put this whole  
matter to rest once and for all.  
For as long as history has  
been recorded we have seen,  
with civilization  
after civilization,  
that once  
a group attains power,  
they are very  
reluctant to give it up.  
But history also shows us that  
eventually they are always forced to.  
Tell us what you saw earlier.  
Well, really it's  
what I didn't see.  
When I came into work this morning,

there were no secretaries,  
which is unusual, given  
how many of them we have.  
And since there was no one  
to make me coffee,  
I had to go all the way  
down to the lobby.  
But then it took me  
20 minutes to get service  
because the waitresses hadn't  
shown up for work there, either.  
Afterwards, it was  
referred to as a strike.  
But it wasn't  
an organized event.  
My mother wasn't even aware that other  
women were doing the same thing.  
One night, she just decided  
that she'd had enough.  
My father and brother and I  
were in the dining room  
waiting for  
dinner to be served.  
And I noticed she  
wasn't in the kitchen.  
And it didn't seem like  
any food was being prepared.  
Then she appeared with a coat on and  
her purse in her hand and said...  
I'm going out.  
I don't know  
when I'll be back.  
If you want dinner, you'll  
have to make it yourselves.  
I think there's some  
ground beef in the freezer.  
And it was really  
out of character for her  
to be doing  
something like that.  
But it wasn't until I turned and  
saw the look on my father's face  
that I realized that something  
significant was happening.

I have to admit, I was impressed that  
he was able to swallow his pride  
and ask me  
to take him back.  
But then I suddenly  
had this realization  
that I had absolutely  
no use for him in my life.  
I love  
everything Iris paints.  
I always have.  
But I'm biased,  
because we're so close.  
And when you  
really like someone,  
you tend to like  
everything they do.  
Am I as crazy about  
this man phase she's been in?  
Maybe not.  
But they're still  
beautiful paintings.  
I don't think people  
acknowledge the issue enough.  
I mean, most don't  
acknowledge it at all.  
But manlessness is something  
that really concerns me,  
which, I guess, is why I've been making  
it such a part of my work lately.  
Because I want to  
keep the issue alive.  
I guess it's my way of making  
people confront what's going on.  
The paintings don't sell nearly  
as well as my other pieces.  
Actually,  
they don't sell at all.  
Nobody wants a picture of a man  
hanging over their fireplace.  
It isn't Andrew's age  
and what that represents.  
He just...  
He has this way



about him that I like.  
I notice her staring at him a lot, but it kind of makes sense. If you're gonna spend all that time painting someone, you should probably really like looking at them. You think I'm obsessed with him. I'm not. It's just part of my process. It doesn't matter what my subject is. It's good. Are you being serious? Yeah, it's good. And it's not like there's a lot of other men around for me to paint. And he does live with us. Here is it. I did it for art class... It's not perfect or anything. I wasn't concerned with likeness so much. I was more interested in his body, his muscles, especially in his arms. I really like his arms. My grandma used to say about my grandfather that it wasn't his looks or even his personality that caught her attention at first, it was his spirit. And that's what I'm trying to capture in my paintings, Andrew's spirit. And maybe, by extension, the spirit that exists in all men. As the number of fatherless pregnancy claims continued to rise,

we discovered that the number of normal pregnancies, in which a man impregnated a woman, was plummeting. In fact, by the end of 1957, three out of four babies born were coming from mothers claiming to have had a fatherless impregnation. What was even more alarming, though, was the fact that every one of those mothers gave birth to a girl. Parthenogenesis. It's the reason why we get called. You know, instead of how it used to be when you needed to be with a man to get pregnant. What? It's true. That's disgusting. Parthenogenesis is a form of asexual reproduction in which an egg is the sole source of genetic material for the creation of an embryo. But this mode of reproduction was only known to occur with insects and certain types of reptiles. With mammals, however, an embryo could only develop if the egg had been fertilized by a male, bringing together the genetic components that make life possible. But with parthenogenesis, since all the necessary components needed for reproduction are produced by the egg, sperm are rendered obsolete. Not only that, but we discovered

the sperm could no longer  
penetrate the wall of the egg.  
It was producing a new protein  
that hardened the membrane.  
The sperm were  
literally being shut out.  
Even when a sperm was injected  
into the egg artificially,  
it was almost immediately  
rendered inert.  
When you take sperm out of  
the biological equation,  
there are no longer  
any Y chromosomes  
being introduced  
into the embryonic process.  
So every embryo has two X chromosomes  
and every child is female.  
And thus,  
no more males.  
It wasn't hard for them to figure  
out that I was the last one.  
I was actually the only boy born  
that year in the entire world.  
But they didn't make it official  
until a few years later,  
when they were sure that there  
wasn't any more of us coming.  
When I started school,  
I got a lot of attention.  
I was kind of  
like the class pet.  
Not in a bad way.  
It wasn't like I was being  
kept in a cage like Mr. Chips.  
He was  
the actual class pet.  
High school was  
more of a challenge.  
By that point, girls were so  
used to not having boys around  
that the idea of being attracted to  
one was completely alien to them.  
Don't get me wrong,

there were some crooked girls,  
more than there  
are now, I'm sure.  
But they weren't  
accepted by the other girls.  
But neither was I,  
so we got along just fine.  
It really wasn't until  
I finished high school  
that I realized how different  
things were going to be for me,  
compared to  
the girls I graduated with.  
That's when it  
finally dawned on me that  
I wasn't gonna have the same  
opportunities that they were going to.  
They were going  
down one road  
and I was going down another.  
I, Eleanor Marie Hamilton,  
do solemnly swear...  
That I  
will faithfully execute...  
That I will  
faithfully execute...  
The office of the President  
of the United States.  
The office of the President  
of the United States.  
And with the best  
of my ability...  
If you had told someone  
in the early 1960s  
that a woman would be the next  
President of the United States,  
they wouldn't  
have believed you.  
It may seem ridiculous now,  
but at that time,  
people thought they'd have to wait  
10, or possibly even 15 years,  
before that would happen.  
The changes weren't that

drastic, at least not at first.  
It's not like they came out  
and declared war on men  
or anything like that.  
But I don't think it  
would be a stretch to say  
that there was  
an element of payback  
in their governing agenda.  
We very much appreciate  
the historical contribution  
that men have made  
to our civilization.  
But the facts are the facts.  
Women make up 62% of the  
population. And that...  
Actually, Senator,  
it's 64% now.  
Right.  
And that ratio needs to be represented  
in all levels of society.  
But isn't your  
worker replacement program  
a little harsh?  
These statistics...  
Worker assessment program.  
We only allow male  
employees to be replaced  
if, after a very  
thorough assessment,  
they are deemed  
to be less capable  
than an equally  
qualified female.  
It's simply  
a weeding out process.  
And there just happens  
to be a lot of weeds.  
My grandfather, he warned  
that this would happen.  
He said we never should  
have given women the vote.  
He said, "You give them an inch,  
and they'll take your soul."

You know what?  
He was right.  
Generally speaking,  
men did not  
react well to  
female-led governments.  
More and more of  
them began to opt out  
and move to rural encampments in what  
we now refer to as "the Exodus."  
We are not welcome here,  
so why stay?  
You know?  
We'll see how they  
get along without us,  
because I don't think  
it's going to be too long  
before they realize the mistake they  
made and then beg us to come back.  
Hey, jackass!  
You forgot your coat.  
Kind of an important  
item to leave behind  
when you're gonna  
live in the woods.  
I was living  
with these three women,  
and they were all  
beautiful and free loving.  
Then they started treating me  
like a sex object  
and their errand boy.  
By the mid-1970s,  
it was clear  
that women were doing just  
fine without men in charge.  
This caused a lot of the men who had  
left to rethink their positions.  
Some returned and took on  
more subservient roles.  
But a core group  
dug in their heels  
and refused to accept  
the new world order.

It's simple, okay?  
Power, respect.  
That's what's been  
taken away from us,  
and that's what we  
intend to get back.  
It's not called "womankind."  
It's called "mankind."  
And there's a reason for that,  
because for  
the last 200,000 years,  
men have been keeping  
civilization afloat.  
We've been steering the ship.  
We built the ship.  
And now they want  
to chuck us overboard  
because their eggs  
have gone haywire?  
Not bloody likely.  
-What do we want?  
-Respect!  
-When do we want it?  
-Now!  
-What do we want?  
-Respect!  
-When do we want it?  
-Now!  
The protests tied up traffic  
throughout the city,  
which is believed to be what  
ultimately sparked the violence.  
Women just started  
getting out of their cars  
and coming at us with this...  
This look in their eyes.  
Get out of the street!  
I was trying to get to work, but  
the traffic was stopped dead.  
And then I saw the men blocking  
the road and chanting.  
And I snapped.  
Protest marches took place  
all over the world that day.

At first, it was thought that the violence  
was connected to parthenogenesis.  
That nature was compensating  
for the loss of men  
by making women  
more aggressive.  
But in fact,  
it was PMS.  
By 1975,  
women represented  
over three-quarters  
of the world's population.  
This triggered what's known as  
"menstrual ovulatory synchrony,"  
which is a phenomenon  
where the menstrual cycles of  
women become synchronized.  
So essentially, the world became  
like one big sorority house.  
This is just  
the tip of the iceberg.  
First their bodies  
get in sync.  
Pretty soon,  
it'll be their minds.  
Telepathic communication.  
How do you contend with that?  
You can't.  
You can't compete  
with the hive mind.  
The protest marches  
and the ensuing violence  
turned out to be  
a watershed event.  
It was the catalyst  
for creating a monthly,  
three-day statutory holiday  
we now know as "Menses."  
But more importantly, the protests  
happened right after unification.  
So it was the first test  
for the newly formed  
World Governing Council.  
And everyone was watching very closely



to see how they would respond.  
First of all,  
I want to make it clear  
that the World Governing  
Council, above all, listens.  
We want men's groups everywhere  
to know we have heard you.  
We acknowledge your plight  
and we're going to help you.  
As part of our commitment  
to ensuring the safety  
and comfort of men everywhere,  
the World Governing Council has  
set aside vast areas of land  
for the creation  
of male sanctuaries.  
These exclusive communities will  
be located all over the world,  
including the entire  
continent of Australia.  
Men who live in these  
sanctuaries will be provided  
all the services they require,  
including medical attention,  
nutritious meals,  
clean clothes,  
and of course, entertainment.  
We believe that  
the remaining men  
should be kept as  
comfortable as possible  
as they live out their lives.  
And that their  
contribution to humanity  
must be, and will be,  
respected and honored.  
But, at the same time, we must  
respect and honor nature's actions.  
Praise nature.  
Do they think we're children?  
Offering us food and a bunch  
of silly conveniences.  
It is a blatant attempt by this  
female regime to pacify us.

We're not stupid.  
They can ply us with  
all the comforts in the world,  
but it will not  
change our resolve.  
Because they may have taken away  
our rightful place in society.  
They will not take  
away our dignity.  
While there's no question  
the MLO had a defiant spirit  
and were very vocal  
about their intentions,  
they actually didn't do much  
once the Governing Council  
established the sanctuaries  
and began providing services.  
That's rubbish.  
Living in the sanctuaries  
has not made us weak.  
What it has done is given us the  
ability to plan our resurgence  
as the dominant,  
superior sex  
without the hassle of having to prepare  
meals or take care of ourselves.  
Don't you see?  
The joke is on them.  
All this time,  
the regime have believed  
that they've been  
weakening our resolve.  
But what they've actually  
been doing is allowing us  
to focus on our  
plan of attack.  
And it won't be long  
before we're ready to strike.  
I don't think the issue  
is whether or not  
the MLO is  
an effective organization.  
It's the fact that their central  
goal can't be achieved.

Not when the government  
firmly believes  
that there's no solution  
to the problem.  
They don't even see  
manlessness as a problem.  
To them, it's simply  
an evolutionary event,  
an act of nature  
that's beyond our control  
and should  
never be questioned,  
because nature is sacred.  
Notice the energy  
rising up your body,  
higher and higher.  
Feel the power flowing up  
through your fingertips.  
Breathe it in.  
It wasn't enough  
that they took away our jobs.  
They went and fired God, too.  
Worshipping the sacred  
cycles of her forces.  
Replaced him with a sheila.  
That's nature  
flowing through you.  
Praise nature.  
But you can't  
question her actions,  
because everything she does  
is a blessed gift.  
Influenza was  
an act of nature.  
So was malaria and cancer.  
But they're not  
around anymore.  
And not because  
nature eradicated them,  
but because the government spent trillions  
of dollars developing vaccines.  
I'm not suggesting that the  
Governing Council has been  
avoiding dealing with the

manlessness issue on purpose  
as a way  
to maintain power,  
even though having men die off  
would certainly achieve that goal.  
But I do think it's  
worth asking the question.  
Why haven't more resources  
been put towards it?  
There's no doubt in my mind  
that the government have been  
deliberately  
ignoring the problem.  
They're using  
nature as an excuse  
to push their  
number one agenda,  
doing away with men.  
They go on believing  
that they don't need us,  
but that's just  
another example  
of their reckless,  
short-term way of thinking.  
Being women, they can't  
think strategically.  
They're incapable of  
seeing the big picture.  
I'll give you an example.  
In 1960, the U.S. Defense Department  
was all set to fund a program  
that would allow the computers  
all around the world  
to connect with each other.  
They'd have been  
linked together  
in a massive  
communication web.  
Could you imagine if all  
our word processing units  
could talk to each other?  
Bloody amazing, right?  
Well, women take  
over and guess what?

The U.S. Defense budget  
gets stuffed.  
Don't even getting me started  
on space exploration.  
They gutted NASA  
in the early 1960s,  
and the Russian program  
didn't stand a chance, either.  
I really don't understand  
this obsession they have  
with putting  
a man on the moon.  
We all appreciate the important  
role it plays in our lives,  
but do we really need  
to go to the trouble  
of sending someone  
up there to stand on it?  
I don't think so.  
Now, if we had a way to put  
all of the men on the moon...  
So what do we have to show  
for all these massive spending  
cuts and program cancellations?  
World peace and electric cars.  
Big bloody deal.  
True progress only  
comes about through conflict.  
Used to be a time when  
one country fancied another,  
they'd invade it.  
War was declared,  
and they battled it out  
until one of  
them was defeated.  
And a bigger, stronger nation  
was born out of it.  
Dale?  
I was just fixing my hair.  
Used to be a time,  
if a man fancied a woman,  
he'd court her,  
turn on the charm.  
but I'd rather

look at you.  
You're beautiful, Connie.  
Until she had no choice  
but to fall for him.  
And they'd get together,  
and they'd have sex.  
Intercourse.  
That's a form of conflict.  
And out of that came children.  
True progress.  
Now?  
We live in a world where  
there's no wars, no.  
I remember when my parents  
told me I was the last boy.  
I started wondering if maybe I  
was the cause of the problem.  
That somehow I had stopped any  
more of us from coming out.  
Like maybe I had broken  
the machinery or something.  
Or that God had  
taken one look at me  
and said, "That's it,  
I'm done with males."  
Even though we still  
don't know for certain,  
a consensus has emerged as to what  
caused the extinction of the dinosaurs.  
The same will  
be true with men.  
Until the cause  
is discovered,  
a dominant theory will emerge  
and become conventional wisdom.  
My personal feeling?  
It's evolution.  
Humans evolved from the apes  
and now we're evolving  
further into a single sex.  
But why?  
Why would nature do that?  
We just don't need  
them anymore. That's all.

It's not as if we're  
a hunter-gatherer society.  
We don't need men  
to protect us  
or hunt for food  
or build shelters.  
And since they  
aren't needed anymore,  
nature just  
stopped producing them.  
It's nothing personal.  
It's the penis.  
It was responsible for the skyscrapers,  
the missiles, the oil drills,  
and eventually all of that  
aggressive, phallic energy  
had such a corroding effect  
on the planet  
that nature had no choice  
but to extinguish it.  
You know what a NEO is?  
Near Earth object.  
Now normally,  
they're comets or asteroids.  
Well, in 1952,  
astronomers recorded one  
that they thought  
was an asteroid.  
But due to an unusually large  
cloud of solar debris  
that was surrounding it,  
there was no way to be sure.  
Nine months later, the first  
so-called fatherless baby was born.  
Women have two X chromosomes,  
men only have one,  
which would be okay if our Y  
chromosome had something to offer.  
But the fact is,  
it pales in comparison.  
It only carries  
a tiny complement of genes  
and it offers no protection  
against genetic mutations.

It's kind of  
a runty little thing.  
And I suspect that's  
ultimately what's doing us in.  
Why wouldn't there  
be female aliens?  
A race of asexual,  
female aliens  
that come to Earth to hijack  
our reproductive system.  
And do you want to know  
why the government  
doesn't have an explanation?  
Because if they admitted  
they knew what the cause was,  
they'd be that much closer  
to being able to fix it.  
So either they  
don't want to know  
and they've got their  
heads stuck in the sand,  
or they do know and they're  
hiding the truth from us.  
Either way, they're avoiding  
dealing with the situation.  
Men aren't like that,  
are they?  
-No.  
-No! No.  
When we see a problem,  
we attack it.  
We tear it apart until we know  
everything there is to know about it.  
And then what do we do?  
-We fix it!  
-We fix it!  
We don't form committees or talking  
circles or go on listening tours.  
-We fix it.  
-Fix it! Fix it!  
And that's exactly  
what we're gonna do.  
We're gonna get back into power  
and put an end to manlessness.



Fix it! Fix it! Fix it!

Fix it! Fix it! Fix it!

Fix it! Fix it! Fix it!

I just received some  
very important information.

They're serving tenderloin  
in the mess hall tonight  
and they're

serving it right now.

Come on! Let's go.

I realize now it was a kind of  
survivor's guilt that I was feeling.

And even though it's totally  
crazy, I still feel twinges of it.

It's usually when I see  
other men looking at me,  
and I think they blame me for  
being the last one out the door.

"What did you do?

What did you do?"

I don't feel good about it.

But I don't feel bad, either.

It's not like  
they're being massacred.

They're just  
getting old and dying off.

It's like, I remember reading  
in the paper a while ago  
that the last surviving member  
of this rock band had died.

They were called  
The Raymonds, I think.

The Ramones?

Right. Anyway,

I remember feeling sad.

But not for all  
the members of the band,  
or because they wouldn't  
be producing any new songs,  
but because  
someone had died.

That's always sad,  
but that's also  
a part of life.

Nothing is forever.  
You're comparing the extinction of  
men to a punk band from the '70s?  
It's actually kind  
of the same thing.  
One day, I'm going  
to open up the paper  
and find out that  
the last man has died.  
And I think I'm going to feel the same  
way that I did about The Raymonds.  
Hi,  
I'm so excited to meet you.  
-I loved your book.  
-So nice to meet you.  
Nice to meet you.  
What's your name?  
Imagine if  
the entire planet  
was exposed to sunlight  
24 hours a day.  
It would never get dark, so we wouldn't  
have any use for the word "night."  
The same is true  
for the word "gender."  
Once men are gone, it will  
cease to have any meaning.  
And good riddance. It's the most  
divisive word in human history.  
But doing away with gender does not  
mean we have to do away with sex.  
Despite what the government  
would have us believe,  
women still crave  
sexual intimacy,  
just as we're still  
instinctively pairing off  
in order to  
raise our children.  
Because without intimacy,  
the bond that  
holds a couple together  
will eventually  
start to disintegrate.

And then their families  
will disintegrate,  
and then where does that  
leave our society as a whole?  
But the government hasn't  
embraced this rationale.  
In fact, the members  
of the Governing Council  
are these  
out-of-touch conservatives  
who harbor an irrational fear  
of a male resurgence.  
And this paranoia  
has trickled down  
into the bedrock of the  
government's social policy,  
which explains  
why it's so extreme.  
They've turned their  
fear of heterosexuality  
into a fear of any  
kind of sex at all.  
Mom, can I ask you something?  
Of course, dear.  
What is it?  
Is it strange that when  
I touch myself, you know,  
down there,  
that it feels really good?  
Have you found yourself  
in this situation?  
Or perhaps it's a conversation  
you're dreading?  
Well, don't worry,  
you're not alone.  
The fact is,  
as girls reach puberty,  
the joy and excitement  
of impending fertility  
can often be accompanied by the  
confusion and perils of sexual arousal.  
The Department of Health  
has produced this video...  
I think what you

have to understand  
is that these are  
confusing times.  
We are still in a period  
of evolutionary transition.  
Sexual urges  
are still present,  
yet sex is no longer  
necessary.  
Nature will eventually  
eradicate these impulses,  
but until then, until we  
have become fully evolved,  
the Governing Council needs  
to ensure that young women  
don't get caught up in the  
futility of erotic pleasure.  
We're not supposed  
to talk about it.  
We're actually not supposed  
to even know about it.  
Especially  
the old kind of sex.  
You know, intercourse?  
And now there's all  
this worry about urges.  
"Are you having urges?  
Don't give in to the urges."  
Next they'll be telling us  
that if we get an itch,  
we shouldn't scratch it.  
It's not physical,  
it's psychological.  
So you just need to  
not think about it.  
I mean, if you were to have  
those feelings... Thoughts.  
They're thoughts,  
not feelings.  
Which I've never had.  
We are not trying to  
discourage intimacy.  
At least not  
emotional intimacy.

It is critical that  
young people be taught  
to nurture meaningful and deeply  
fulfilling non-sexual bonds,  
because they need to  
grow up believing in love.  
We all need to  
believe in that.  
You're a funny little thing,  
aren't you?  
Would you like me to  
tell you another story?  
All right.  
Well, once upon a time,  
there was a fair maiden...  
Hello.  
Your Highness.  
I'm sorry.  
It's all right.  
-I certainly didn't mean to startle...  
-I just wasn't expecting...  
-You.  
-You.  
Jasmine and I, my best friend,  
we've talked about it.  
And we both like a lot of the same  
music and we get along really well.  
But I'm just not sure I want to  
spend the rest of my life with her.  
We've known  
each other forever.  
Not quite.  
Well,  
since high school.  
Grade 11.  
That's when I had Dahlia.  
I had partnered up with a friend  
of mine, but that didn't work out.  
Then Iris got called, and we  
were both looking to pair off,  
so it was  
just great timing.  
And we've been  
together ever since.

I think it's proof that  
you can partner with someone  
without there having  
to be that intimacy.  
Because you can't force  
someone to feel that way.  
Terra and I are good friends,  
we're partners,  
we're raising  
our kids together,  
but it's not  
anything more than that.  
I think it's worked out  
really well for us.  
Right?  
Yes, yeah, of course.  
It's been great.  
But you know, I also think  
it's easy to understand,  
given the circumstances, why  
someone else might want a...  
I don't know, a deeper bond  
with their partner.  
I'm not saying it should be  
sexual or anything like that.  
Of course not,  
it shouldn't be.  
But that doesn't mean it can't be  
something more meaningful or intense.  
But there are men  
still out there.  
Some of them aren't  
that much older than you or I.  
So it's not  
completely hopeless.  
It just bothers me the way  
that people talk about men  
like they're already gone.  
They're not.  
They're still here.  
One of them is, anyway.  
She's talking  
about Andrew.  
Okay, yeah.

Andrew is a good example.  
And I'll admit it,  
I'm very fond of him.  
Can we... Could we just  
take a small break?  
I just need to...  
Excuse me.  
It's not like  
I didn't know there was  
something going  
on between them.  
The way they look at each  
other, and Iris' paintings.  
But I assumed... I hoped  
it was a harmless flirtation.  
But it's not.  
I can see that now, it's  
obvious, they're intimate.  
It's not like we were  
planning for it to happen.  
The more time he and I  
spent together, we just...  
It happened.  
Everything's gonna change now  
with Terra and I,  
and Andrew.  
She likes having  
this aura of mystery.  
It's part of being an artist,  
right? Being provocative.  
But I never believed  
she was actually crooked.  
I just thought  
it was an act.  
Surprise, surprise, right?  
You only see what  
you want to see.  
-I have no idea what to do.  
-It's going to be fine.  
No, I don't think it is.  
-You sure?  
-Yes.  
What are they doing?  
What's going on?

Okay, okay, back in the house.  
Now. Everyone, come on, go, go.  
Can you turn  
it off, please?  
Excuse me?  
Now, please.  
Of course there are still women  
who are attracted to men  
and don't want them  
to perish.  
We understand that.  
But they are a small segment  
of the population,  
maybe 10%.  
And like the men they're pining  
for, they're a dying breed.  
Which is why we think it's best  
for the population as a whole,  
and for young people  
especially,  
to prohibit  
opposite sex unions  
and to encourage all the remaining  
men to go into the sanctuaries,  
so we can focus on the next  
stage of our evolution  
without any unnecessary  
distractions or confusion.  
So, this is it right here.  
People are always expecting a big  
electrified fence or something,  
but you have to keep in mind  
that this particular sanctuary  
is over 300 square kilometers, and  
it's one of the smaller ones.  
So a fence just  
isn't an option.  
Of course, the service  
roads are all gated.  
We patrol  
the entire perimeter.  
But to be honest,  
we don't really get many men  
trying to escape anymore.



That was more of  
an issue 10, 20 years ago.  
Hurry!  
Back then, they were  
wandering out all the time.  
Are you getting him?  
Yeah.  
Mostly looking  
for female contact.  
Mom!  
There's a man outside!  
Just get out of here!  
-Hey, no. It's okay.  
-Shoo!  
It's okay.  
Get inside  
the house right now.  
It's okay.  
Don't come any closer.  
It's okay.  
I just want to talk.  
What's your name? I'm Kirk.  
I already called  
the police.  
You're very pretty.  
Get inside now!  
They just couldn't help  
themselves, of course.  
It's just part  
of their nature.  
Border patrol agents  
quickly arrived at the scene  
and then surrounded the man  
when he climbed up into a tree.  
I wasn't doing anything!  
Just leave me alone.  
Not you, you're cute.  
After a lengthy standoff,  
the agents were forced  
to use a tranquilizer gun  
to sedate the unruly man.  
They then returned him to the  
nearby Northbrook Sanctuary,  
where he is no doubt

rethinking any future plans  
to venture  
outside the perimeter.  
Like animals.  
That's how I'd  
characterize it.  
Except when animals are endangered,  
everybody's all up in arms.  
Committees are formed,  
monies are raised.  
Can't do without those  
Tasmanian fruit bats, can we?  
But what do they do  
when it comes to men?  
They take away  
our livelihoods,  
shove us out  
into the wilderness,  
erase us from  
their books and movies.  
And just for good measure, they  
basically go and castrate us.  
I'm not joking.  
This is evidence,  
undeniable proof that what we've  
been suspecting for years  
is actually going on.  
The report clearly states that they  
are lacing our food with estrogen,  
which is the girly hormone.  
Smith claimed the document,  
which he says is  
an internal government memo,  
clearly shows that the Governing  
Council has been carrying out  
a program intended to,  
quote, "kill their boners."  
A man's sex drive  
is his life blood.  
You take that away from him,  
you might as well kill him.  
So I am here to tell you that  
we will no longer eat the food.  
We are now officially

on a hunger strike.  
They might be able to  
strip us of our dignity,  
but they will never  
take away our manhood.  
The problem was,  
other than that memo,  
which the government claimed  
was just a discussion paper,  
there was no proof.  
They had found a way to put a  
synthetic hormone into the food  
without there being  
any way to detect it.  
Which just shows,  
once again,  
how capable their  
scientists can be  
when they put their  
minds to something.  
Thanks, Dawn.  
Speaking of things  
that are short-lived,  
the Male Liberation  
Organization announced today  
they are ending their hunger strike  
after only a day and a half.  
Darius Smith, the group's  
leader, would only say  
it was due to "circumstances  
beyond their control."  
What were we  
supposed to do?  
When a man gets hungry,  
he has to eat.  
That's just  
the way it is.  
Does that mean we failed?  
No, not in the least.  
Now the world is  
aware of the lengths  
that this authoritarian regime  
will go to denigrate men.  
But you're still

eating the food.  
Couldn't you have grown  
and prepared your own food?  
Yes, of course we could have  
grown and prepared our own food.  
But we've deliberately chosen  
not to, out of protest.  
Because if we'd refused  
the tainted food,  
the story would  
have gone away.  
People will forget what  
their government did to us.  
But by continuing  
to eat it every day,  
the world is  
constantly reminded.  
They have to live with it  
just like we do.  
I'm not at liberty to go  
into many details about that,  
but I can say that we did add  
estrogen to the sanctuary food.  
But only until 2008.  
At that time,  
we realized the initiative  
was no longer necessary due to  
the increasing age of the men.  
They were losing their  
sex drives naturally.  
That's a load of crap.  
Of course they're  
still lacing the food.  
It's bloody propoganda  
is what that is.  
We're not so old either,  
you know?  
No harm in showing  
this now, I guess.  
People assume that because  
I was the last one born,  
that I'm very involved  
in the cause.  
I get approached all the time

by pro-male organizations,  
the MLO, Man Up, Penis.  
They all want me  
to use my notoriety  
to help raise awareness,  
to lobby the government.  
But that's not who I am.  
I'm not the activist type.  
Believe me, there are others who are  
way more effective at that than me.  
You know, leaders.  
I'm just a guy.  
I don't know.  
It's hard to see how  
we can be together now.  
The government  
would never sanction it.  
Being intimate  
with your employer  
doesn't look good  
on your record.  
I guess I just got  
to stay positive.  
I'm not gonna say  
it's a terrible place.  
Excuse me, are these lima  
beans in the quinoa salad?  
-No, they're split peas.  
-Yeah?  
It's not.  
They treat us well.  
But it doesn't matter  
how comfortable a place is,  
it can still  
feel like a prison.  
They say the trick is to fill  
your days up as much as you can.  
To try to enjoy yourself.  
But I can't seem to do that.  
My mind is  
always somewhere else.  
Back at the house with Iris.  
That's not what it's like  
for most of these guys.

They've gotten  
used to it here.  
They like it.  
But then again, most of them have  
no reason to want to go back.  
I do.  
That's gorgeous.  
Hold that... That will  
look wonderful on you.  
Here we have the guest of  
honor, the so lovely Olive,  
who, as you can see,  
is celebrating her first moon.  
Yay!  
I guess on the surface,  
things went back to normal.  
How does it  
feel to be a woman?  
Tingly?  
But it wasn't  
the same after Andrew left.  
And here we have  
the proud mother.  
Terra and I, we just couldn't  
recover from what happened.  
She felt betrayed.  
Let's get a picture  
of the two moms.  
And nothing I  
could say was gonna  
make her see  
things differently.  
Harold,  
can you move?  
Harold.  
-What's that?  
-Can you move, please?  
And the kids  
really missed Andrew.  
Especially Dahlia.  
For my part, I tried to  
move on with my life,  
but I couldn't.  
I couldn't stop

thinking about him.  
What really got to me  
was when I stopped  
and thought about how I was going to  
be there for the rest of my life.  
It was like being  
on the deck of a ship  
that was sinking  
really slowly.  
And the women have  
all left on the lifeboats,  
but the men are  
just sitting there.  
Waiting to meet their fate.  
That's kind of  
when it hit home.  
How when I'm gone,  
we're all gonna be gone.  
I knew I couldn't  
just sit there waiting.  
I had to do something.  
I had to leave.  
They don't make it  
easy to do that, though.  
I left in the middle of the night  
and I ran as fast as I could.  
But it didn't take long  
before they found me.  
He didn't think  
I was gonna be there.  
I was praying that she  
was going to be there,  
but I had no idea  
if she got my message.  
He was just staring at me with  
this stunned look on his face.  
So I said...  
You just gonna stand there? Or  
are we gonna get out of here?  
I think that we were so  
determined to be together  
that we never really stopped and  
thought about all the implications.  
They were gonna

be looking for Andrew,  
and we couldn't  
go into hiding.  
What kind of life is that?  
I mean,  
we'd already been hiding.  
Pretending like  
we weren't involved.  
This was gonna  
be a lot harder.  
It just seemed so unfair,  
because what we wanted  
felt so natural.  
To be together,  
to marry, to have kids.  
And none of it  
was possible.  
But if we wanted  
things to change,  
we were gonna have to be the  
ones to do something about it.  
There's been a surprising development  
in the sanctuary escape story  
that we told you  
about last week.  
The 37-year-old Myers  
surprised everyone  
today when he arrived  
at the Jefferson Street Community  
Hall to give a press conference.  
Andrew Myers,  
the youngest man in the world,  
resurfaced today after escaping  
from the Alice Lake Sanctuary.  
At an impromptu  
press conference,  
he and his former employer,  
Iris Balishev,  
made a startling announcement.  
We not only want  
the right to marry,  
we want to have  
children together.  
Even though



heterosexual reproduction  
is considered  
to be impossible,  
it is our hope  
and our belief  
that with the resources  
of the Governing Council  
and the support of the scientific  
community, that it can become a reality.  
That it should  
become a reality.  
And I realize that I'm biased  
because I'm in love with a man,  
but I know  
I'm not the only one.  
Please speak up,  
because time is running out.  
Seeing the two of them  
together like that,  
so obviously in love,  
pleading for recognition,  
it awoke something in people.  
Go ahead,  
you're on the air.  
I don't care  
who knows anymore. I like men.  
I'm not saying  
I totally agree with it,  
but you have to admit,  
they make a cute couple.  
I'll tell you what  
the answer is. No.  
Just let them die off.  
Come on, are they really  
that bad? I don't think so.  
This is  
a question of morality.  
We can't just stand by and let them  
vanish off the face of the Earth.  
That's not what  
women are about.  
There were more calls today  
for the Governing Council  
to take action on manlessness.

Of course, the Governing Council  
is aware of the public's reaction.  
And they're taking  
it very seriously.  
That's why they've convened  
these emergency meetings,  
to assess the situation and  
consider any possible solutions.  
It doesn't matter if we figure  
out how to keep men around.  
It's not our place to intervene.  
This is an act of nature.  
Praise nature.  
I think they should find a way  
to start producing men again.  
But not too many.  
Maybe 100 or 150.  
Then see how it goes.  
There's been so much attention  
focused on us from the press  
that we decided to make it a  
really small, private ceremony.  
But it was beautiful.  
And legal.  
We even have  
a license to prove it.  
I don't have it on me right  
now, but it's the real thing.  
We're married.  
And now we've been getting  
even more attention  
because of this  
little development.  
It's not so little anymore.  
We don't know if it's a boy.  
We asked them not to tell us.  
I really want it  
to be a surprise.  
But the procedure worked.  
Andrew's DNA is present.  
It's his.  
It's ours.  
It's what she wanted.  
To be with him

and have a baby.  
So good for her.  
And if it's a boy like  
everyone seems to think,  
then that's great for the  
world, too, I suppose.  
Personally, I couldn't imagine  
having something like that  
growing inside of me.  
A male baby.  
It turns out that the Y chromosome  
was the culprit after all.  
The government scientists  
disguised the Y chromosome  
to look like an X chromosome,  
thereby tricking the egg  
into accepting it.  
Do I wish people had been this  
excited when I got pregnant?  
Of course.  
But it's a good thing  
that's happened.  
I never really liked the idea  
of men going extinct.  
Didn't feel right.  
On the other hand,  
I'm not going to deny  
that I'm happy they came  
as close as they did.  
Gave them one hell of a scare.  
And that's exactly  
what they needed.  
Patience.  
That's what I've  
been saying all along.  
We just had to stay vigilant,  
keep our wits about us.  
And sooner or later,  
we'd get our chance.  
And here we are.  
It does feel different.  
I don't know if  
it's just in my head,  
but I feel like I'm pregnant

for the first time.  
Which, I guess  
in a way, I am.  
I don't know,  
I'm just really excited.  
I'm just praying  
it's not a girl.  
No, no, I was just...