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Onion News Empire

By Will Graham

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- Cameron is out in 30. Tom, give me 15 on the 20.
Get the "b" deck double-decked in cde125.
Ready the squab.

- Mr. musgrove?- Not now.
Dribble the crawler. Snaggle that popper.
I said snaggle, not winkle, goddamn it!
And swab it.

- Sorry, sir. She wants to see you.

- Contrary to previous reports,
the FBI says after spending years
posing as ordinary Americans,
the members of the terrorist sleeper cell
became too fat to carry out their attack.

- When the day of vengeance came,
we could no longer fit into our suicide vests.
Zihad tried to explode the bomb.
His fingers were too greasy to use the detonator.
He had just eaten a filet-o-fish.

- Yes, exclusive coverage when the mine collapses.
Tuesday is fine.

- Ed Musgrove for you, Ms. Zweibel.
And here's lunch for both of you.

- Good. It's small.
I like to keep him hungry.

- Are you upset we're showing unattractive people?
I know the policy.

- No, I'm upset
because the ratings report came in this morning.
Even CNN is gaining on us.
Look at these numbers.
Down.
Down.
Down.
Even our market share
down.

- But--

- ed, my father didn't build the Onion
into one of the world's most powerful
media, lumber, computer,
and fake Christmas tree manufacturing conglomerates
by accepting second best.
I won't, either.

- I'm sorry, Helena.

- Don't give me excuses.

I get enough of those from my handicapped son.

- Well, listen.

We did get you the missing girl story.

- She's chubby.

No one cares about a fat missing girl.

- Right.

Well, there's also the special on the secret sex life of Jesus.

- Okay, now go in closer on his abs.

Oh, ed!

And make sure you can see his cock bulge.

- We're projecting very good numbers
for America's most shocking shark shootings.

- You said the same thing
about the zero-gravity political debate room.

No one watched.

- We could finally air
the Al Roker sex tape we've been saving.

- Ed, get us a hit or I'll make you
our news director in Latvia.

You know what the number one hobby in Latvia is?

- Uh-uh.

- Sadness.

- I'll get it done, Helena.

Boy, it hurts that you didn't remember
it was the anniversary of our second wedding, though.

- Did you say something?

- I was talking quietly to myself about my feelings.

What do you want?

- I've got that copy for the story about the mall shooter
who was shot by a second mall shooter.

- Are you okay, boss?

- I've got numb liver,
recurring bat rabies, and only one lung,
so no, probably not.

- Ed Musgrove?

Sam West from Indiana.

- Oh, you're the new local reporter.

You broke that story about the boy scout troop
that fell down the well.

- That was you?

That story went national.

- Hi.

I mean, yes.

- Now you're gonna have to do a little better than a couple dozen dead boy scouts if you want to make it around here. Jillian, show him to his desk.

- Fine, but--- thanks.

Kid, you be nice to Jillian. Might be a romantic connection. You never know.

But hey, you kids bear in mind any children the two of you may have are automatically the property of the baby news division.

- Can you walk and talk at the same time?

- Yes, I took a class.

- Come on, then.

- When we come back, NRA members in Washington today called on congress to give fetuses the right to carry assault weapons. Stay with us.

- Back in five.

- Oh, that's David Bryant. Cronkite and him are my biggest news idols. I even did my thesis on his report about the glory hole in the Berlin wall.

- Yeah. He's a pompous egomaniac. He makes us keep a small man under his desk to hand him scotch whenever he's off camera.

- This is room temperature.

- So you're a reporter?

- No. I'm just a segment producer. I always wanted to be a reporter, but I failed the facial symmetry test. Only scored 97%.

I'm sure you could tell that my right eye is 3/10 of a nano-milimeter lower than my left.

- Oh, it's not that bad. My dad was a local reporter like me, but he always wanted to be a national anchor. One day, he was covering the unveiling of the world's largest ball of twine. A freak windstorm kicked up, and the twine broke its moorings. My dad was crushed to death under that giant twine ball. But I worked hard, and today, here I am,

so close to realizing his dream.

The moral is, beware of freak windstorms
and never give up.

- You know, the last guy that sat here
wanted to be an anchor too.

This is his resignation letter.

Staff meeting in five, kid.

- I've interviewed 14 presidents, the pope,
even Osama bin Laden back when we liked him.

I was Bill Clinton's personal guest at Camp David.

Over 22 people have taken the audio tour of my office.

And now you're telling me this pile of abs broke my streak?

- This award is for a little African boy named Balloo
with no legs

that I interviewed for this story.

So in honor of Balloo,

I will not use my legs for the rest of the night.

- Seven consecutive gimme awards.

That eighth should've been mine.

Order must be restored at this network.

- Let's cut to the chase.

You want dirt on Cameron Grey.

- I want to bring him to his knees
and pour wet hot dirt all over his face.

Now...

I know, technically,
you're Helena Zweibel's assistant.

But I've heard you also have certain ethical lapses
I might find useful.

- I do.

But if I help you, you are going to owe me a favor.

Anything I want whenever I ask.

- Anything?

Well, uh--well, what if you ask me to punch someone?

- You'd have to do it.

- What if you ask me to dress up as a woman of distinction?

- You'd have to do that too.

- What if you ask me to dress up as a woman of distinction,
take a young male lover--a professional dancer perhaps
or an Olympic swimmer--

get married and be happy for the rest of my life?

Would I have to do that too?

- I guess so.

- Then I accept.

Go forth, my little Shiva, and destroy.

- All right!

Everybody, gather round! Everybody!

Gather round!

All right.

I'm gonna get right to the point.

In the past month, we have had exactly one story that got above a six-point share, and that is because it was a cable news trifecta. It was sex, violence, and animals.

I'm referring, of course, to the bear mauling at the porn star charity car wash. Cameron brought us that story.

Well done, Cam.

- Three porn stars and a bear named Harvey died that day.

They are the real heroes.

- I found that story.

- Back in my day, our porn star mauling stories had more substance.

- Folks, we need a hit.

We need a story that is so enticing that when even the most moronic, the most ape-like of our loyal viewing public see it, they put down their microwavable burrito, they stop beating their illegitimate kid for 2 1/2 minutes, and they pay attention to the news.

Now get back to work and don't let me down and don't let down our mindless viewers.

- I'm gonna get that story.

- Yeah.

Right.

- Sir, I have an important story to pitch you.

Inner city schools.

I pose as a streetwise student named Ramon.

- Nope.

You're headed to South Jersey to interview a man who just turned 100 and still goes fishing every day.

- A fluff story? Sir, shouldn't I be focus--

- new reporters get the old people stories.

That's the system.

Now get going.- Yes, sir.

- Jillian!

I need somebody to watch the young lady we kidnapped.

- I'm really busy.

- You don't look busy.

- Can you alphabetize these, honey, and then throw them away?

- Can you do this for me? Thank you.

- Bill died. We need a grave dug.

- You need to learn to multitask.

You know what that means?

"Multi" means "many" and "task" means

"do what I tell you."

Courtney.

- Okay, come on, honey.

I'm very busy.

- Don't call me honey, dick bag.

- Excuse me, sir.

I'm looking for a very old fisherman, Kip O'Rourke?

- Oh, wow! That's me! I'm him!

I'm O'Rourke! I'm a man!

I'm a happy man!

I'm as happy as a snail all curled up in his tiny shell!

I feel like I'm sweating but I'm not!

- So tell me about--

- oh, there was one time i caught a 50-pounder
in the Gulf of Mexico back in '74.

You want to see an old mattress?

It's over there in the bushes.

I think a hobo lives there. Come on, I'll show you.

Is anyone else's heart racing?

- Bull's milk energy drink.

Blingo.

- Could little Courtney Carter have been kidnapped
by Muslim extremists
and forced to become a terrorist?

That's what some experts are saying on an Internet.

- Do you have a boyfriend?

I bet you don't.

- I need to work, Courtney.

- I bet you're so lonely.

I bet when you go on a roller coaster,
you don't even have anyone to go with.

- I don't need a boyfriend. I'm very busy.

- Busy sucking.

- Look, what do I have to do to get you to just be quiet?

- I'm like a Tsunami.

There's literally nothing you can do.

- Great.

- When we come back, the nation's poor have pooled their money and started an oil company in hopes of finally receiving support from the government. We'll have all the details when we return.

- Vivian!

Can you come in here for a second?

Can you read this for me?

- Sure, honey.

It says, "microwave for three minutes on high, then enjoy your steaming hot salad."

Here. Let me do it, baby-cakes.

- And in Ohio, a controversial new law defines rape as anything Gary does to a woman.

- We're going live to new jersey in ten.

You ready, Sam?

- Yeah, yeah. Yup, yup, good to go.

10-4. I'm aces.

- Take a breath, kid.

- Could your teen be texting with the devil?

We'll have technology expert reverend Todd Graham on to give us all the details.

But first, what would you do if you were 100 years old and still not dead?

Sam West has the story.

- Thanks, Nikki.

What keeps a man of 100 from settling into retirement?

How about 60 million gallons of taurine being pumped into his water supply?

A massive corporate scandal is unfolding here in New Jersey, where a bull's milk plant has been dumping thousands of gallons of excess energy drink into the river.

- My husband just started dancing one day, and now he can't stop.

- I feel good!

Oh, you got to love it!

- He says he feels good, but it's clear that bull's milk has been making this community feel very, very bad.

Sam West, Onion News Network.

- And though my father was dead, I felt the urge to just kiss him on his lips.

So I did.I just--I just kissed him.

Yeah?

- Busy?

- Oh, I'm just talking to my listening intern.

Stop listening.

What did you find out?

- I think Cameron Grey is illiterate.

- That's why his teleprompter is just pictures.

- The car chase lasted for three hours
and ended in a fiery, exciting wreck.

- All right,we need hard evidence.

When you go after the top dog,better bring a big gun.

Trust me.

I know a lot about killing dogs.

- You want to be a reporter, right?

But you cant because of your eye.

- Shut up, Courtney.

Wait.

How do you know that?

- I found your diary in your desk.

Then I burnt it.

- How did you even...

What the hell is wrong with you?

- I blame society.

- Listen to me,you little bitch,

I am going to be a reporter someday, but first,
I'm gonna beat you senseless

with a picture of an ugly man's family!

- Hey!- Whoa.

Having trouble here,francine?

- It's Jillian, Mr. Bryant.

- Oh, right, right.

Say, jory lin,why don't you let me
take this little scamp off your hands?

- Yes, please, thank you.

- Hello, little...Human.

- You smell like an old couch that got medicine spilled on it.

- Listen up,you fleshy little sack
of corn syrup and cheeto grease,

you might be able to push around spineless worms
like jo liran there,

but that's not gonna work on this worm.

I'm a worm with a big-ass spine.

I'm gonna ask you to do something,

and if you don't cooperate, the police are gonna dredge your bloated body out of the river, and we're gonna have three days of pundits speculating as to the motives of your killer.

Do you got that, son?

I feel good!

- Hey, honey.

Your story's all over the place.

That was pretty ballsy.

- Oh, what can I say? I have huge, huge balls.

- West!

Get your buttermilk ass over here!

I've got some churning to do.

I told you to interview a very old man and talk to him about being very, very old.

- But this is a huge story.

- Bull's milk is our biggest sponsor.

- Whoo-hoo!- Party!

- Haven't you ever seen the brooch that Helena Zweibel wears all the time?

- But our job is to report the truth.

- This job hasn't got anything to do with informing people, damn it!

This job is about making people think they're informed while you're selling them mufflers and reverse mortgages.

- But the old days. Cronkite.

- Cronkite? Jesus, kid!

Cronkite only covered the Watergate scandal to help sell burglar alarms to liberals.

- I didn't know.- Well, of course you didn't!

That's because you're so naive!

You didn't--

ah! Shit.

Oh, yeah.

Heart stopped. It happens.

Sorry. Where was I?

Oh, yeah. You're hired.

- Really?- No, I misspoke.

You're fired. Get out of here.

- Sam.

- My father would be rolling over in his grave, except he can't, 'cause that giant twine ball just crushed him flat as a pancake.

- Hey.

- I guess you'd have to flip him over,
maybe with a spatula.

- Hey.

What ever happened to "never give up"
and freak windstorms?

- I was wrong.

I couldn't handle the big time.

I'll just go back to Indiana,
the worst state in America.

- Look, you made one mistake.

You know who else made one mistake?

My mother.

You know what came from that mistake?

You're looking at her.

Remember, the news isnt about facts.

It's about telling people what to think.

- But how?

- I already wrote you up some copy.

- Why are you helping me?

- Your first day is like riding a roller coaster,
and no one should have to ride a roller coaster alone.

- Watch out. That's a door.

There you go.

- Hello, friend.- Hello, you.

Sorry to interrupt whatever it is you're doing
in this bizarre woodland office, but...

This is Annie, my niece,
and she's a big fan of yours.

But she's--she's blind.

- I totally can't see anything.

- Nothing.

- How tragic,
to be so young yet so blind.

- Yes, it's very sad.

Uh, but, you know, one of her fondest wishes
has always been for you to read to her
from her favorite book.

You would do that, wouldn't you?

- I would love that.

I-I love to read.

Oh, that's my phone.

Hello?

Yes, Hillary Clinton.

Sorry, David. I got to take this.

- It's not a phone.

- Oh.Right.

Stapler.

Yes, well, then.

I would love to read to you,
little blind girl.

Okay.

Once upon a time,
there was a dog
who had a hat on.

And he walked--no, he danced to the store.

- Okay, now, brick the sizzler and riddle the duck deck.

Okay, double deck "z"and Nikki,
get ready to throw to Sam west.

- Are you out of your mind?

I just fired him.

- He's got a good story.I promise.

- Jillian, if this goes bad,
I have to kill you.

I can't fire you.You know too much.

- I understand.

At just \$4.99, many are calling
the McDonald's veal meal deal a real steal.

- Go to three.Swabber it.

All right, Sam, you ready?

- Ready.And Jillian?

Thanks.

- Don't thank me just yet.

Going to you in three,two, and swabber.

- Thanks, Nikki.

New information indicates

the bull's milk contamination I reported on earlier
may have actually benefited the community.

Individual productivity is up by 50%,

and the bull's milk is already reducing childhood obesity.

- I can't feel my face!

- And don't forget skateboarding, Sam.

- And scientists are telling us

that bull's milk-infused water

may actually make you an awesome skateboarder.

- And drink.

- Ahh. Tasty.

Sam News, Onion West Network.

- The military has...

- And we're out.
- Oh, my eyes are dancing.
I'm all right!
It feels good!
Ah, namaste, David.
- I don't speak gay.
- I'm just putting the finishing touches
on my spirit animal.
- Yes, well, I'm about to make your spirit animal very sad.
- That's more letters.
That's more letters, then--oh.
Oh, there's that one that looks like the sign Zorro makes.
And, uh, that's it.
What's that?
- Do I have to spell it out for you?
Oh, wait. That wouldn't help.
- I connect with people.
- You don't have to know how to read
to know how to feel.
- Listen, pal, if I decided to release this tape,
you won't even be able to anchor a workout video.
- What do I have to do?
- Give me your gimme award.
It'll be a symbol of how from now on,
I own your rock hard ass.
- Au revoir.
In what many are calling a miracle,
Courtney Carter has been found alive and unharmed.
The little girl, whose disappearance
kept a worried nation glued to the Onion News Network...
- Sam, where have you been?
- I've just been walking around.
I made some friends,
but then I said the wrong thing,
so now it's awkward.
- West!
- Well, it looks like you're about to learn your fate.
- Just in Helena Zweibel's office.
She's been on the phone with the bull's milk people.
Apparently, since your story aired,
the mayors of ten cities have requested
to have bull's milk pumped into their water supplies.
Bull's milk is so happy,
they sent you a real live bull.

It's in your office.

- But I don't have an office.

- Well, then,

there's just a bull in someone's office.

- So does this mean...

- You aren't fired, kid.

Hey, I am tough old news bird,

but what you did today,

it gave my tiny news bird heart its wings back.

Where'd you get the idea to spin that story positive?

- Just came to me,

'cause I'm such a good journalist.

Well, that's why I'm sending you to Oklahoma.

Tornado just hit a bullet factory there.

Hundreds of people dead!

Pack your bags, kid.

- Jillian, I--

- you're just like the rest of them.

- Hello?

Helena?

- Oh, it's you.

I was expecting assassins.

I'm having a disagreement with the Russians.

- That bull's milk story bumped us up to a 6.5 share.

- Good.

- Uh, by the way--

- happy anniversary of our second wedding.

- I thought you forgot.

- I should be able to forget you.

I've had hundreds of thousands of lovers.

I've slept with Henry Kissinger,

macho man Randy Savage, even Greg Kinnear.

But somehow, you're the only one

who ever meant anything to me, ed.

Something about you pierced my armor,

you sweaty beanbag chair of a man.

- And for that, I can never forgive you.

- I'd keep going with this,

but I have a meeting.

- Oh.

- And the falcon has a massage.

- Now approaching sub-basement level.

Elbow print recognized.

Welcome to the secret bunker.

- Thank you, computer.

Oh.It's a family reunion.

- Greetings, sister.

- This better be important.

I'm supposed to be getting a Brazilian wax
with Sonia sotomayor.

- We thought you called this meeting.

- Me?

- I called it.

- Father.

- Good evening,my wriggling spawn.

The time has come to discuss
which of you shall inherit my empire,
because I am finally dying,
thank merciful Christ.

- Coming up later tonight

in what many are calling a sign of progress,
a growing number of U.S. soldiers
killed in action are now women.

An Onion News Network special report.

Later in the hour,

could dinosaurs still be alive on a remote island?

We'll show you lots of pictures of dinosaurs
and explain why its not likely.

Republicans today vowed to block

president Obama's choice for a new white house dog.

And in a major scandal out of Washington today,

a conservative family values senator

has been discovered to actually be

rapper Ludacris.

Moving on, a new study finds many soldiers

returning from the front lines have trouble readjusting
to the pettiness of life back home.

Psychologists say when soldiers return to America

after spending tours of duty fighting terrorism

and persevering through constant life-or-death situations abroad,

they often struggle to care about

who defriended whom on Facebook

and whether leila was being insulting to Claire

when she said she "had that same shirt three years ago."

For all the times you watched a show

and said out loud to yourself...

- That was crazy!

- That was so funny!- I loved it!

Here is your chance to finally have someone listen.
Tell us what you think of the show.