Achmed Saves America

By Jeff Dunham
Jeff:

Achmed:

Jeff:

Achmed:

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Jeff:

Bubba J:

Achmed:

Bubba J:

Achmed:

Jeff:

Bubba J:

Achmed:

Bubba J:

Achmed:

Bubba J; Ta-da!

Achmed:

Jeff:

Bubba J:

Achmed:

Bubba J:

Achmed:
Jeff:

Achmed:

Jeff:
Enjoy the show.

Achmed:
(First Scene)

Achmed:
have coverage all the way out here and not a cell tower in sight. Yes, yes. What? What?

Hassan:

Achmed:

Crowd:

Hassan:
You have worked for us for three years, and you still haven't killed infidel one. I swear, you are the worst terrorist in the whole non-Muslim world.

Achmed:

Hassan:
a training camp? The only thing left was the monkey bars.

Monkey:
We are so much better than them.

Achmed:

Hassan:
You're not losing your nerve, are you?

Achmed:
I'd be crazy not to want to kill myself.

Hassan:
this mission.
Achmed:

Hassan:

Achmed:

Hassan:

Achmed:

Hassan:

Achmed:

The bomb is ready to go. Oops. Huh? Hey. I'm alive.
I failed! Son of a female dog. Well, it obviously can't get
any worse than this. Huh! What the Hezbollah? Let me go, you flying jackal.
Release me at once. Clutch me again! I was kidding! I was kidding! Well,
that used to hurt. Wait. Where is this aluminum devil taking me?
No! Mmm. Hmm. Hey. Death to America... ville.
Terrorist log, hate date 7/3/13. I have arrived
in the land of the infidels. It will only be a matter
of time until-

Wayne:

but it made a doozy of a noise.

Kevin:

total loss.

Cassidy:

except me. And now my life is over.

Wayne:

was.

Achmed:

Wayne:

Kevin:

Cassidy:
Ginny:

Wayne:

Achmed:

Wayne:
with that.

Achmed:

Wayne:

Achmed:

Wayne:

Achmed:

Wayne:

Achmed:

Wayne:

Achmed:

Wayne:

Achmed:

Wayne:

Achmed:

Wayne:

Achmed:

Wayne:

Achmed:

Kevin:

Cassidy:
or something?

Achmed:
had never carried me from my homeland to this wretched America of yours.

Kevin:
Maybe he's our exchange student.

Cassidy:
we missed at the airport?

Achmed:

Wanye:
to bother you.

Achmed:

Ginny:

Achmed:
you name your kids, Bubbles and Cujo?

Ginny:

Achmed:

Wayne:

Achmed:
licked, and humped, but mostly I am clawed.

Wayne:

Achmed:

Ginny:

Achmed:

Ginny:
your host family, the Wilsons,
and we're so happy you're here.

Achmed:
or just friendly idiots?
Wayne:
now. Let's get you to your new home.

Achmed:

Wayne:

Kevin:

Ginny:
poor. Let's get you a hot meal first.

Cassidy:

Achmed:
the enemy, the hated ones. These people who call themselves Wilson are
cunning, though. They insist on treating me with respect and feeding me an
obscene amount of food that I can barely keep down.
"I have the same problem."

Achmed:
with emptiness and failure, yet they don't take
the obvious route of blowing themselves and everyone around them up. What's
up with that?

Wayne:
design the cars, like this.

Achmed:
the rest of the world hates about America.

Wayne:
my boss would look at it.

Ginny:
honey, just like you.

Achmed:
which makes me hate them more. Plus, I had no idea women could drive. Well,
this is your home
for the summer, Claude. It's cozy, but we love it. I am nauseated by the
evil stench of decadence.

Kevin:
Ginny:

Wayne: hit by a minivan. Why don't you and your sister go toss the football or something?

Kevin:

Cassidy:

Ginny:

Cassidy:

Ginny:

Achmed: both been stoned by now.

Wayne: early, don't you?

Ginny:

Wayne:

Achmed: in the bowels of the enemy, I will make it my mission to explode out a reeky, steaming vengeance, but how and when?

Both:

Achmed:

Wayne:

Ginny: birthday celebration, and it's tomorrow!

Wayne:
Ginny:

Achmed:

Ginny:

Achmed: plotting and scheming. This is going to be easier than I thought. Ha Ha! Stupid Americans. They always leave their dynamite just lying around. Let me go! I keel you! Oh, stop. Stop that. I cannot be murderous when I am being tickled. I keel you! I've been working on my big bomb. All the dead long night. Dear diary, my bomb is complete. Tomorrow I will get my revenge on these people who have been so nice to me.

Ginny:

Achmed:

Ginny:

Achmed:

Ginny:

Achmed:

you writing a book'?

Achmed: life, like the kind by your famous instigator of suicide, Garrison Keillor.

Ginny:

Achmed:

Kevin:

Achmed:

Kevin:

Achmed:
Kevin:
compare to how cool you are. You're from France and all. I hate you.

Achmed:

Kevin:
playing football, but I don't want to do that. I'm good at other stuff, secret stuff, i've never even told my parents about.

Achmed:

Kevin:

Achmed:

Kevin:
I make it talk. We tell jokes in front of big audiences and get big laughs.

Achmed:

Kevin:

Achmed:
Seriously, who is going to pay to see anyone do that crap?

Kevin:
with my new dummy. Da-d a-d a-d a!
Little Jeff.

Little Jeff:

Achmed:
I pound your face with a shoe, which is the worst thing you can do to someone in my country for some reason that no one has ever explained to anyone.

Kevin:
This is gonna be a long summer.

Achmed:
Jessica Chastain.

Cassidy:
Achmed: here?

Cassidy: Ugh. I hate him. I wish he was dead.

Achmed: of tomorrow's parade?

Cassidy: 

Achmed: 

Cassidy: taste in guys?

Achmed: 

Cassidy: 

Achmed: 

Cassidy: 

Achmed: 

Cassidy: 

Ginny: 

Cassidy: 

Achmed: 

Ginny: 

Cassidy: 

Wayne: 

Kevin: 

Wayne: 
Ginny: 

Wayne: 

Kevin: 

Little Jeff: 

Achmed:  
(Next Scene) 

Cassidy: 

Ginny: 

Kevin: 

Ginny: 

know where Claude is? 

Kevin: 

loves the French guy. 

Cassidy: 

French cologne. It smelled like sawdust and fertilizer. 

Achmed: 

Also, please turn off all cell phones. 

Ginny: 

Achmed: 

pain in my neck. (Crack!) Ow! 

Mayor: 

looks great. This event will be just the thing to turn around our town spirit and get me reelected, or you're fired. Just kidding. Not really. 

Ginny: 

our French exchange student. 

Mayor:
Achmed:

Mayor:

Achmed:

Chet:
mean, where's the eagle? Nothing says kick-ass like a flag with wings that go Americaw!

Evelyn:

Chet:

Evelyn:

Chet:

Evelyn:

Ginny:
Chet and Ev, this is Claude.

Evelyn:

Chet:
case, I'll make an exception.

Achmed:

Chet:
"I wet your back, you wet mine."

Achmed:

Chet:

Carl:
tea-bagging wing nuts like him, Claude.

Chet:
gunless lesbians like this guy. Americaw!

Achmed:
none of this will matter. Now, if you'll excuse me,
I have to go to the little French boys' room.

Ginny:

Achmed:
time. I should totally tweet that. (Gasp!)
Justin Bieber is going to be in Portland?

Maoyr:
Tall are on sale for $100. Supply is limited. Suits may have been pre-worn.
Now, we have a very special guest here today, uh, somewhere. Right?

Ginny:

Mayor:
from France, everyone.

Achmed:
ready! Bye, now. T-T-F-U.

Mayor:

Achmed:
is dressed very nicely.

Ginny:

Achmed:
You first.

Mayor:
one. And now Raul's Gardening Service would like to give you a
21-leaf-blower salute.

Ginny:

Achmed:

Mayor:
together for American Idol season nine Hollywood round almost semifinalist,
Ronny Huntingchurch!
"Well, this is for you, Claude. A million years ago, when Columbus sailed
the sea. He hadn't planned on the place
he'd land on would still be brave and free. We welcome the Irish, the Chinaman, and jew but let me say, on behalf of the USA. There's no better foreigner than you."

**Achmed:**

"You're the quill in Jefferson's hand. You're Patton at Custers last stand. George Washington's teeth, the great Toby Keith. You put the "heart" in heartland. And we say to you with pride soon to bust. We pray to our God. But it's in Claude. That we trust."

**Achmed:**

wrong. You are the best infidels ever. Where I am from, no one is nice. They stay in their caves, knee-deep in camel poop, covering their wives so they look like Pac-Man ghosts.

**Chet:**

**Achmed:**

bomb) Oh! I'll be right back. That really hurt. "You'll get used to it."

**Achmed:**

Ow! There you are. Huh? You actual, literal son of a bitch. No, no, no, no, that is not a squeaky bomb. Give me that bomb. I have to save the people i wanted to kill a minute ago. Oh. The things I have to do. Billy, look what I have for you. It's your favorite... femur. Go get it, Bill! Oh... no! *******! Whew! That was close. That's a pretty big button. I bet this looks awesome from down there!

**Ginny:**

**Wayne:**

**Achmed:**

**Dave Chester:**

where an entire town is holding a vigil for someone they just met this morning... a brave little boy from France named Claude.

**Hassan:**
Wayne:  
"Well, he displays no vital signs whatsoever. The technical term for that is "dead."

Wayne:

Achmed:

Cassidy:

Achmed:  
will make us dead.

Ginny:

Achmed:
  Bing, bang, boom, bing, bang, bang
  Bada, bada-bing, bing- Hey, everybody! Oh, the pain! It's making me say things only sung at terrorist camp.  
"Well, that's the most we can expect from him right now, I'm afraid."

Ginny:

Keven:  
Claude's spot in the parade. I've been working on something.

Achmed:  
wait all night to get great seats to watch other people walk? Count me in! Sorry.

Kevin:

Cassidy:

Achmed:

Ginny:

Mayor:

Achmed:

Carl:  
the first time in my adult lifetime, I'm really proud of my country."
Achmed:

Carl:

Achmed:

Chet:

Achmed:

Dave Chester:

Achmed:
of cable networks.

Dave Chester:
already been hit by a truck, gotten blown up, rolled down a hill in a fiery Dumpster...

Achmed:

Dave Chester:

Achmed:
sing, just like those 30-year-old teenagers on that bafflingly beloved TV show Glee. I love to hate-watch it. When I was merely four years old. There was nothing I thought greater. Than to turn this nation you call home. Into a giant smoking crater. But like Miley Cyrus and her bong. Or Brett Favre texting all night long. Or Mitt Romney's awful sing-along-

Mitt Romney:

Achmed:
drone. Yes, I was wrong, Obama phone. And so unconscious and half dead. I wrote this song You folks are quite easily suckered. But your heart's where it belongs. I don't know why I can't deny that I was wrong. Running water, Girls Gone Wild. No bombs strapped to any child. I find I am beguiled.

Chet:
Achmed:
filled with gay I love you, Project Runway, so I canceled my fatwa. Cause I was wrong

Crowd:

Achmed:

Crowd:

Achmed:

Achmed & Crowd: Wrong, wrong, wrong

Achmed:
I must admit I am a twit, and I was wrong. Oh, I'll miss my friend the sniper. And my flea-infested cave. I'll sort of miss my second chance to have an early grave. But even though you're filled with sin. Like Blind Side, you all took me in A foreigner who has no skin. "Ah."

Cassidy:

Achmed:
Yes, you're dim and rather simple And you shouldn't wear a thong. But it's clear i shall stay here for I was wrong, wrong, wrong. Yes, it is clear i shall stay here where I belong.

Chet:

Achmed:

Ginny:

Achmed:

Wayne:

Achmed:

Cassidy:

Achmed:
Kevin:

Achmed:

Little Jeff:

Achmed:
(Third Scene)

Evelyn:

Chet:

Evelyn:

Chet:
Claude sees me cheering him on. Hey, there, Carl. Nice view, huh?

Carl:

Chet:

Carl:

Chet:

Carl:
like a welfare queen.

Chet:

Wayne:
like an original muscle car, but I designed it to sit on a chassis of our existing midsize, so you'd only have to make a few tweaks on the assembly line to-
"Yeah, yeah, whatever. You think maybe later I could have my picture taken with the French kid?"

Wayne:
"I'll definitely think about it, Wayne. Can we Photoshop Claude in with the CEO, do you think?"

Wayne:
"Yeah, great, great. I got to pee.'

Mayor:
what we're in store for today,
but I know it will be special. It is my honor to present the chairwoman of
my reelection campaign, Mrs. Ginny Wilson.

Ginny:
I'll just read from these prepared remarks
written by our special guest. "Good afternoon, my cherished new American
fiends."

Achmed:

Ginny:

Achmed:
reflecting something i used to believe with every fiber of my being. Go on.

Ginny:
you."

Achmed:

Ginny:

Achmed:
should skip.

Ginny:
so let me hand over the program to the reason we're all here today,
Americaville's new favorite son, your friend and mine, Claude!

Achmed:
you. Really, this is too much. Thank you.
If- Silence! I've had some time to reflect on what you wonderful people in
this wonderful town in this wonderful country mean to me. And today I,
Claude,
from France, want to pay you back for the hospitality
you have shown me, to thank not just the Wilson family.
Give them a hand. There they are. Very nice. Cassidy, please, don't get
hooked on me. Choose one of the many
idiot boys in this town. And, Kevin, I like you. I really do.
Put down that stupid dummy. You will never get girls
as long as you have that thing. Anyway, I am so grateful to all of you that I have decided to present you with a gift, much as you Americans were given the Statue of Liberty by my country of France—France being the place I am from and no place else. Here it is!

Chet:

Achmed:
in explosives, talents which I learned along with every other French school boy in France, the land of my birth, I present to you... Mount America Foreverberg! These are your four greatest American icons, billionaire wig model... Donald Trump. Professional man-hater... Taylor Swift. Tiny ageless weirdo... Tom Cruise. And famed drug lord... Lance Armstrong!

Chet:

Evelyn:

Carl:
I got misty when Renee Zellweger dumped him. "Thanks for the spoiler, jerk. I haven't watched it yet."

Achmed:
with no fear of being ironically contradicted, that nothing, I mean nothing, can ruin this golden moment.

Hassan:

Achmed:

Hassan:

Chet:

Carl:
automatically a terrorist.

Hassan:

Carl:
Hassan:
Achmed's name is Achmed.

Chet:

Hassan:

Ginny:

Hassan:

Crowd:

Billy:

Achmed:
Wayne:

Ginny:

Achmed:
You know, the real me, production-number me. Remember my song? Everything you know about me says I'm a great guy and a true American.

Kevin:
plans to blow us up are in here... and some weird drawings of him riding a flying horse?

Achmed:
Turban Cowboy. It's turban time. Well, now that I hear it out loud... Come on, guys. This is America, where if you're white, you can get away with anything. And there's nobody whiter than me.

Ginny:
"Crazy."

Mayor:
"I think he might be a terrorist."

Achmed:
"Are any of us what we really appear to be?"
"Daddy, maybe he is a terrorist."
Achmed:
what a real terrorist might say.

Ginny:

Chet:

Carl:

Chet:
raffle. Say your prayers, bonehead.
"This is FBI agent Jack Bauer. Not the one from TV. It's my real name. It's fairly common. I get this all the time. Calm down. You have 24 seconds to surrender, starting now." (Beeping)

Achmed:

Chet:

Kevin:
something.

Little Jeff:

Hassan:

Achmed:

Evelyn:

Chet:

Achmed:
it.
"I am not an "it." My name is Carlos."

Achmed:
and I blow him. (Silence) With the leaf blower! I can't believe you all went there. I am so disappointed. Ah, screw it. Good-bye, Americaville.

Hassan:

Dave Chester:
little town of Americaville deals with the revelation that they've been harboring the known terrorist Achmed who lived among them in disguise. Reaction to this story has come from across the political spectrum, with Democrats and Republicans finally finding common ground on something. Americaville, now known as Terrorist Town, USA, is the worst city in the entire United States.

**Bill O Riley:**
all are the family that harbored the terrorist.
And they're the subject of my new book, Killing the Wilsons.
"America is a country of laws and due process, but in the Wilsons' case, a drone strike is too good for them.

**Maury:**
terrorist?

**Oprah:**

**Dave Chester:**
Wilson once worked, announced today that, as a gesture of apology, they will close their Americaville plant, demolish it, burn the ruins, lock the ashes in a concrete vault, and bury the vault under Giants Stadium.

**Wayne:**
"Sorry. We're under orders to make you watch it and keep TiVo-ing back to the beginning.

**Bill O Riley:**
Killing the Wilsons. (Repeats two more times)
"So that's your testimony. You had no idea this fella was a terrorist or a skeleton?"

**Wayne:**
"Okay, we're done here."

**Ginny:**
and-
"No, ma'am, you don't understand. I said we're done here."

**Wayne:**
"I advise you to be quiet. Anything you say may be used against you at trial. (Whispers) Oh, there won't be a trial. Uh, no worries, then. Here we go."
"My friends, today your new life begins, for just on the other side of this
tunnel is America and your new Home... Depot parking lot."

**Hassan:**
and away from those horrible people. But you guys have fun. Knock yourselves out.

**Achmed:**
after all we meant to each other. I broke bread with them. I put a bomb in their guest room.

**Hassan:**
by those infidels, after we spent so much time brainwashing you to hate them?

**Achmed:**
only be a bitter memory. Two tickets for the Third World, please, first-class.

**Achmed:**
again. Wait. What's this?
"There we see the escaped terrorist's accomplices being led away to prison."

**Chet:**

**Achmed:**
fiasco.

**Ginny:**
are, if you can hear me.

**Achmed:**

**Ginny:**

**Walter:**
"The Wilsons are put onto the prison bus and... gooooooooooal!

**Achmed:**
ever wrongly imprisoned in America. Hassan, you must take me back there to help them.
Hassan:
to the shrieks of a rabid water buffalo.

Achmed:
American put-down humor.

Hassan:
She's lost some weight. She's more cow than water buffalo. Anyway, come to your senses! Why do you want to go back to that devil-filled country?

Achmed:
where all are equal and all are welcome, no matter where you came from or who your father was or how much land you own. It's a place dedicated to the pursuit of happiness, where all the good things in life are spread before you. And it is your right to take as much as your heart desires. This place, my friend, is called HomeBound Buffet. And America is filled with them. Look.

Hassan:

Achmed:

Hassan:

Achmed:

Hassan:

Achmed:
Oreo, Snickers, Cap'n Crunch.

Hassan:

Achmed:

Hassan:
Route 75, America, at the West Town Country Mall at once.

Achmed:

Hassan:

Achmed:
toppings.

Hassan:

Achmed: "Hey, you. Get away from there."

Achmed: they have for police in America.

Hassan: "I said get out of here. No entry!"

Achmed: they are terrorists, but they're not. We are... is what a bad person would say in the scene from our new Broadway musical, Les Mis Arabs. Uh, got to go! "Terrorists! After 'em!"

Hassan:

Achmed:

Hassan:

Achmed:

Hassan:

Achmed:

Hassan:

Achmed:

Hassan:

Achmed: celebrity side boob.

Hassan:

Achmed:
Hassan:

Achmed:
second-place choice after a turkey, take us into America. It's turban time!

Dave Chester:
slowly makes its way down the main street
of Americaville and on to Guantanamo. Let's go now live
to our Madison Ashford, who's embedded with the terrorist family and their
captors.
"Dave, I'm here with the terrorist sympathizers."

Ginny:
"Confessed terrorist sympathizers as they head to their well-earned
imprisonment."

Ginny:
"Another barrage of eggs has hit the bus. That's why I'm in body armor.

Cassidy:

Wanye:

Kevin:
Imam Abdullah.

Ginny:
"Williams, if there's a hell, you're going to it."
"Hey, when this is over, you guys want to walk into a bar?"

Hassan:
me.

Achmed:

Hassan:
Williams what they think about it.

Achmed:
now, but stealthfully to avoid detection.
"How was your meal, gentlemen?"

Achmed:
"We're bringing out a new trough of Butterfinger pieces."
Achmed:

Hassan:
"You bet ya."

Achmed:
really have to go... now!
(Arguing)
"Is something wrong?"

Achmed:
our ridiculously huge dinner, burped and farted to our heart's content, and
now we're leaving,
just like any other Americans— I look so young in that picture. Holy crap.
Well, it looks like you've got us. Oh, look, they're putting out more pizza
bread.

Crowd:

Achmed:
Oh, and some fresh bread.

Hassan:

Achmed:
I've let them down. The least I can do, in case we don't make it, is write
a note that clears them. Can it be? Hassan, how are you at building things?

Hassan:

Achmed:
come with me.

Hassan:

Achmed:

Cassidy:
"Sorry, ma'am. I'm under orders. All right."

Cassidy:
"It's highly classified."
Cassidy: "I'm not sure you know what that word means, but thank you."

Carl:

Chet: seeing our neighbors go to prison?

Evelyn:

Chet: from that Team America movie?

Evelyn:

Chet:

Carl:

Chet:

Ginny: have to maintain hope that something or someone can save us.

Wanye: because that's what we do. I don't know who will help us. It could be a stranger. It could be someone who hasn't been born yet. It could be-

Flaming skull!

Kevin:

Wayne:

Achmed:

Ginny:

Achmed:

Claude:

Achmed:

Chet:
Carl:

Chet:

Achmed:

Hassan:

Achmed:
Even you, you little backstabber!

Kevin:

Little Jeff:

Achmed:

Kevin:
"Great Hoover's pantyhose. What the hell?"

Achmed:
"He's turning himself into a bomb."

Ginny:
"When did you graduate from Quantico? Prepare to fire."

Hassan:

Achmed:

Wayne:

Achmed:
tell you that these wonderful people, the Wilsons, do not deserve to be
taken to prison. I do.
"Wait, wait, wait. Why did we all just gasp? We know he should go to
prison."
"I don't know. I feel kind of stupid about that now."

Achmed:
of doing you harm, but that is all over. And the Wilsons had nothing to do
with it because they are decent, kind people, like Americans everywhere.
"Let me know when you got the shot."
"Roger that."

Achmed:
only crime was not seeing the best in them...
and plotting to blow up the whole town, yada, yada.

Wayne:
"Of course, sir. Where's my kill shot, people?"
"I don't see him. Oh, wait. That's better. We're clear. Subject is in the
target zone."
"On my command, in three..."

Wayne:
about this remarkable young man.

Achmed:
really stop. You could detach a retina.

Cassidy:
"Two, one, f-"
"Sniper team, stand down!"
"What- Who is that?"
"I said stand down! That is a direct order! This is General Charles
McCarthy of the United States Joint Command,
and I order you to stand down now! That's better."

Cassidy:

Kevin:
"Now toss your weapons in that drainage ditch. And let Mr. Wilson speak."

Wayne:

Chet:

Evelyn:

Chet:

Evelyn:

Chet:

Achmed:
Chet:

Evelyn:

Chet:
You do good things, and you'll be rewarded. You do bad things, and it's hasta la bye-bye.

Achmed:

Chet:

Carl:

Chet:

Achmed:
"How can you still be alive?"

Ginny:
burns within him.

Achmed:
But I feel you.

Ginny:
Yes, I admit now he is just a talking skeleton. No offense.

Achmed:

Ginny:
believe in, a place where you can make a fresh start no matter where you came from, where you can arrive in this country without a dollar in your pocket,
change your name, and make a new life. It happened to someone you might have heard of, someone named Miss Shania Twain. "She's not American?" "Canadian." "No." "Who's Shania Twain?"

Both:
Ginny:
"Man! I Feel Like a Woman!?"

Ginny:
"That Don't Impress Me Much?"

Ginny:
our hearts together and-
"Well, those were two of her biggest hits according to Billboard's
country-western charts--"

Achmed:

Ginny:
from this moment on!

Crowd:
"Okay, that was big too."

Cassidy:

Claude:
annoying dog?

Cassidy:

Claude:
Claude.

Cassidy:

Claude:
people names? You are as dimwitted as you are boring.

Cassidy:
"Uh, you can all go home. Sorry about that."

Ginny:
"Uh..."

Achmed:
Shania Twain song to help me escape paying my debt
to society.
"No One Needs to Know is appropriate."
Kevin:

Wayne:
"Of the United States?"

Wayne:
"Uh, Mr. Ach-med, I've just spoken to the Attorney General, and based on my offer to personally vouch for your renunciation of terrorism and the fact that you never accomplished anything destructive..."

Hassan:
"Our government is prepared to grant you a full, complete, and unconditional pardon. On one condition. That you share with me the plans for that amazing car that you just drove here today.

Achmed:
"Yes, you've done the seemingly impossible. You've created an American-made automobile in America that Americans actually want to buy.

Hassan:

Achmed:

to the man who actually designed this car, Wayne Wilson.

Wayne:

Achmed:
flaming skull was me.

Chet:
Sorry, Ev.

Evelyn:
out. Go be happy. Just leave me and Stan the beach house in Roanoke.

Chet:

Mayor:
Hassan: you want to live in?

Achmed:

Hassan:

Achmed: of Americaville. It's a good life. Wayne and Ginny have found their true calling. The kids are having fun. I've found a job where I can use my skills and make people happy. And once a week, we all get together for a bountiful feast. Yes, all in all, it's been one incredible year, and the next one will be even better.

Achmed:

Wayne:

Achmed:

Ginny:

Achmed: Jeff.

Cassidy:

Kevin:

Achmed: boy.