



Scripts.com

# Gentleman Broncos

By Jared Hess

In the year 3535  
Ain't gonna need  
to tell the truth, tell no lies  
Everything you think, do and say  
Is in the pill you took today  
In the year 4545  
Ain't gonna need your teeth,  
won't need your eyes  
You won't find a thing to chew  
Nobody's gonna look at you  
In the year 5555  
Your arms are hanging  
limp at your sides  
Your legs got nothing to do  
Some machine's doing that for you  
In the year 6565  
Ain't gonna need no husband,  
won't need no wife  
You'll pick your son,  
pick your daughter, too  
From the bottom  
of a long glass tube, whoa-oh  
In the year 7510  
If God's a-coming  
He ought to make it by then  
Maybe he'll look around himself and say  
Guess it's time for the Judgment Day  
In the year 8510  
God is gonna shake his mighty head  
He'll either say,  
'"I'm pleased where man has been "'  
Or tear it down and start again, whoa-oh  
In the year 9595  
I'm kind of wondering  
if man is gonna be alive  
He's taken everything  
this old Earth can give  
And he ain't put back nothing, whoa-oh  
Now it's been 10,000 years  
Man has cried a billion tears  
For what he never knew  
Now man's reign is through  
Benjamin.  
What are you doing? We're going to be late.

- Are you excited?

- Yeah.

And guess what?

I heated up the hot water bottle  
so you can sit on it while we drive.

In the year 2525

If man is still alive

If woman can survive

they may find

Benjy, I'm so glad you signed up for this.

I think this is gonna be

a really neat opportunity for you.

- Hey. You Benjamin?

- Yeah.

I'm Mr. Keefe,

the homeschool co-op advisor this year,

but you can call me Todd,

or some people just like to call me Keefe.

I think you're really gonna enjoy

the Cletus Festival this year.

It's the best writers' camp in the state.

Keefe, can you tell me how much money

he's gonna need for two days?

You think 4 bucks would be enough?

- Uh... I'd say more like 40, maybe

- Really?

Well, we better hit the road.

Got a big day tomorrow.

Be safe.

Hey, Benjy.

Remember who you are

and what you stand for.

I love you forever and ever.

Good morning, homeschoolers

Is everybody excited

for Cletus Fest or what?

Yeah.

We will be stopping for lunch

at the Kozy Cafe in Echo

Some of you can afford to eat there,

but those who can't will just eat

the food they brought from home

Are there any questions?

Whether you like it or not,

when you get overseas,  
- especially to Europe, I think...  
- Right.  
- It's different.  
- It's totally different.  
And you're completely infused  
with another energy,  
whether you open yourself up to it or not.  
- So, I found it really, really inspiring.  
- Hey, Benjamin.  
Come here, I want you to meet someone.  
Benjamin,  
I'd like you to meet Tabatha Jenkins.  
She's new to the co-op as well. Kind of.  
She spent all last year as  
a foreign exchange student out in Europe.  
Cool. Where did you go?  
Brussels.  
Benjamin is from Saltair,  
and he likes to write sci-fi stories.  
Keefe is so dang awesome.  
Yeah, he seems pretty cool.  
I write French mysteries, you know.  
How long you been doing that?  
Mainly the last six months.  
I write about a stable hand named Pierre.  
Can I borrow some money  
to buy some tampons?  
All my cash is still in euros and I haven't  
had time to change it over yet.  
What? Yeah, sure.  
Thanks. I owe you big time.  
Don't worry about it.  
Sorry, they didn't have any, so I just  
bought some treats for me and Lonnie.  
Hey, can we come sit by you?  
Hey, Lonnie, bring our stuff.  
Let's sit over here.  
Benjamin, this is Lonnie Donaho.  
- Hi.  
- Hi. Nice to meet you.  
He has his own video production company,  
Donaho Studios.  
Since I've been away,

he's been shooting my work on weekends.  
I sent him my latest installments via e-mail.  
It's been an amazing experience.  
How many films have you made?  
Mmm. Eighty-three.  
But some are just trailers.  
Dang. That's a lot.  
Do you produce only Tabatha's work?  
No. I do all kind of movies.  
Horse movies, romance, soaps, fantasies...  
Hey, Lonnie, can you squirt me  
some of that lotion we just bought?  
Will you give me a hand massage?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, I can do that.  
You guys are so lucky  
you get to be roommates.  
Mine just wants to eat.  
Hey. I don't think you're allowed to be here.  
Mr. Keefe is right next door.  
Relax, Benjamin,  
I just want to get to know you better.  
So, when are you gonna let me read  
one of your stories?  
I don't know.  
I usually don't let people read my stuff.  
Why not?  
I've let my mom read a few,  
but they've just made her cry.  
Most people just get sicked out  
and stop reading.  
Really? Are there romantic sequences?  
No. None of that crap. It's just some mild  
swearing and sci-fi violence.  
Well, have you tried posting  
any of your stories online?  
Yeah. But everybody can do that, you know.  
I want to get published for real.  
Ronald Chevalier had his first trilogy  
published when he was 15.  
Well, you'll never get anywhere  
by just letting your mom read your work.  
You can read this. It's called Yeast Lords  
The Nad Lab was a cold,

white room  
Bronco, the last of the Yeast Lords,  
lay spread-eagle,  
strapped to a medical pod  
Someone had stolen his yeast,  
and he had gone totally ape-sh  
What the crap?  
Oh, my... My gems!  
Sorry, Bronco.  
We had to borrow one of your gonads.  
Daysius. I should've known it was you.  
Oh, I'm not the real Lord Daysius.  
My name is Dennis.  
I'm one of his many clones.  
We're all very sorry.  
Lord Daysius sends his regards.  
But we're investigating ways  
to strengthen the military.  
Your gonad is being used for research.  
You took my nads.  
We only took one.  
You took my nads, Dennis.  
I know you're upset,  
but we plan to give it back.  
We'll be done with it very soon.  
Darn you, flippin' Daysius.  
Get away from me with that. You hear me?  
Relax, Bronco. This will ease the pain.  
You release me, my cat's hungry.  
Release me!  
You tell Lord Daysius  
to eat the corn out of my crap.  
Good night, Benjamin.  
I really need to think about this one.  
Program.  
Program.  
Before we commence the activities,  
I'd like to introduce you  
to a very special person  
He is a man who has repeatedly  
probed our imaginations for decades  
A man whose canon of work has pushed  
the envelope of science and reason  
A man who has created such realistic

characters, I call them friends  
Chevalier.

He's talking about Ronald Chevalier.

Without further ado,

I give you one of the greatest  
science fiction authors of our time,  
Dr Ronald Chevalier

Thank you. So good to see you, Cletus.

Greetings and salutations

It is such an honor to be in the midst  
of so many juvescent ripe minds

When I was your age,

I had just completed my first trilogy,  
a body of work you now know  
as The Cyborg Harpies.

- I love you, Ronald!

- Thank you

But what many people fail to recognize  
is that I created over 49 different  
pieces of cover art for that trilogy  
No way.

In this first piece, we see an early  
rendering of a harpy named Linda  
Here, she uses her knowledge of lasers  
to rupture the crust of a distant moon  
Here is a detail of the ruptured moon crust  
'"Must rupture the moon crust, '"  
she's thinking

This is a piece that came to me in a dream  
when I was 11

I call it Migration,  
and it depicts a fleet of harpies  
synchronizing their mammary cannons  
to create laser-rain

A hard rain's gonna fall

And finally we have a youngling  
trying to penetrate

the secrets of the human mind

You won't do it like that, youngling

You must use friendship

Thank you

For the first time ever,

it is my privilege to announce

Prism Publishing will be hosting a contest

for the best work submitted at this festival  
It will be judged by a panel  
of industry professionals,  
including myself,  
and the winner will receive  
a 1,000-copy release of their work  
at selected bookstores nationwide  
In addition, I will personally  
create an original piece of cover art  
to accompany the winning story  
May the glistening chrome of  
the Borg Queen shed her light upon us all  
Amen

I'm assuming that most of you are here  
for two main reasons.

Alpha, you love to write fantasy fiction,  
and beta, the character names  
in your stories are suffering.

We're going to begin with a little game  
which will demonstrate a theory of mine  
known as "The Power of the Suffix."

You. Give me the name  
of one of the protagonists in your fantasies.  
Nebuchadnezzar.

Oh, boy.

Very original.

I've heard that one before.

But don't worry, need thou not be afraid,  
for we can turn a humdrum,  
forgettable name like Nebuchadnezzar  
into something magical like this...

Nebucoronius.

And it's that easy.

We can add "onius," "ainous," or "anous"  
to just about anything,  
and it becomes magical.

You. Give me the name  
of one of your central protags.

Bronco.

What is he, a centaur?

No.

Does he shape-shift into equine form ever?

No, he's just a man.

Well, then, I would...



I would lose the "C" immediately,  
and I'd replace it with an "L." Bronlonius.  
And if he's part of a traveling clan,  
his clansfellow could call him  
Bronlo for short,  
except on formal occasions.

Yes?

What about names found in troll colonies?

In troll colonies,  
well, that's a different matter.

Give me an example.

One of my trolls is named Teacup.

I don't like it.

I would go with Trojainous every time.

Yes?

But I still like the name Teacup better.

It's not a...

It's not a question of liking it better,  
it's just I'm, as an author,  
picturing myself as a troll mother.

I have just given birth  
to a litter of troll cubs.

They're covered in placentae,  
pawing at my many teats  
for the vital, life-giving colostrum.

I'm not thinking, "Hmm, Teacup," am I?

It's just not believable.

And if I don't believe it,  
the reader doesn't believe it.

Trojainous. Troka Kahn. Trody.

Names in this vein.

If female, Trojana.

Yes?

I thought trolls were supposed  
to be named after resources, like trees.

Are you telling me  
what trolls are named after?

You do realize I am the author of Troll, Ho  
Because it all boils down to species.

Are they tree-dwellers,  
bridge-dwellers, subterranean?

A troll wouldn't come up  
with a name like Teacup, a little girl would.  
Trojainous.

How was the workshop?  
I don't know.  
Chevalier seems kind of full of himself.  
He's kind of lame.  
Really? I think he's gorgeous.  
He's not gonna like my story,  
the names are all wrong.  
Oh, I don't think so.  
What do you mean?  
Well, I thought your story was really good.  
Really?  
I thought you didn't like it.  
Last night you seemed offended.  
No. I... I actually thought  
it was kind of amazing.  
What inspired it?  
Some weird surgery you had?  
I wanted to write a story for my dad.  
He kind of died when I was young.  
Oh, gosh, I'm so sorry.  
He was real brave.  
He was a game warden, an explorer.  
I see. So Bronco is kind of like your dad,  
and his gonads are his seed,  
which means the gonads are you.  
That's why they're so precious.  
Well, you know, like all great writers,  
you're gonna have to go through  
a lot of crap,  
but someday your junk will be seen by all,  
and it will be awesome.  
I truly believe that.  
Thanks, Tabatha.  
Chevalier.  
Ronald, how's  
the conference going Any contenders?  
Well, let me read you a passage  
from what I'm reading right now.  
"Pierre used to be a jockey in college.  
"He loves to have rice pudding with his tea.  
"He loves solving animal murders.  
"Pierre has two horses,  
Jacques and Paris France, both girls.  
"He rides Paris France

on the brick roads in London,  
"looking for mysterious things.

"He rides Jacques for pleasure."

Merve, never make me do  
another one of these things again.

These kids are a joke.

Ronald, as your publisher,  
it's not a bad idea to get in touch  
with your audience once in a while  
All right.

Listen, Merve, did you have a chance  
to look at the Sandcastle Diaries yet?

Ronald, I'll cut to the chase It's horrible  
We can't publish it It won't sell  
Unless you can give us something  
worth taking to print,  
we're just gonna have to let you go  
Merve, Merve, wait.

Moon Fetus

A fetus is found on a moon base.

That's the premise.

I'll talk to you later

Bronco cried out in pain

as he sat on the shore of Goose Lake,  
trying to sew his junk back on

- Excuse me.

- What?

Is this your pudding?

What do you want?

Hey!

That was my backup nad.

I'm sorry.

Was it a fancy pudding?

I know who you are.

Say what?

Our fathers fought valiantly  
and were victorious in the Battle of Shiroh.

I was but a child then,  
maybe you don't remember.

When your father died  
at the hands of Daysius,  
your mother wept so hard  
that her milk dried.

To keep you alive,

we shared suckle at my mother's breast.

Vanaya?

- It is I.

- I don't believe that.

My family is dead.

My brother and I have been forced

to work in the yeast factories

ever since the epidemic.

- You have a brother?

- Yes.

His name is Kanaya.

He doesn't speak.

But he's very handy

with powders and gizmos and such.

He can build anything.

What y'all... What y'all want from me?

Let us come with you.

Together, we can destroy

Lord Daysius once and for all.

We shall begin a new yeast colony,

just like when we were children.

Well, that's my dream,

but there's only one problem.

They got my reproductives, Vanaya.

Daysius is gonna build himself an army

using my seed.

I can't let that happen.

His power's become unruly.

You know how weird that'd be,

a bunch of gorgeous yeast lords

with my face, running around,

making dang fools of themselves?

I'm sorry, Vanaya, I have to do this alone.

You and Kanaya would just be dead weight,

big time.

Gotta cut bait on this deal.

Krolaxx, come on. Come on, Krolaxx.

We know where

Daysius is hiding your yeast, Bronco.

Yeah, right.

I can smell a cache

of yeast cakes 40 mile off.

It's being held in

a mountain fortress just north of here.

I can show you.  
Kanaya and I just escaped  
from the yeast factory there.  
If you don't believe me, smell my breath.  
Tastes like homemade licorice.  
Take me there.  
Take me to your yeast factory.  
I am your soldier.  
I know  
you like wearing your dad's old clothes,  
but while you were at Cletus Fest,  
I got you some new shoes.  
Only \$5, clearance sale at Haymart.  
These are girls' shoes, Mom.  
Oh, shoot.  
I thought they were skipper shoes.  
How about some good news?  
I got really inspired about my collection,  
and I came up with a bunch of new designs.  
Do you mind if I run a few of them by you?  
Okay.  
I've changed the name of my collection  
to Decent Beginnings.  
I liked it 'cause I thought  
it had a wholesome ring,  
but I was hoping  
it could appeal to a younger market.  
Now, my first one is called Front Pew.  
Now what I did was I extended  
the hemline down like that,  
so it brings the attention  
back up to the eyes.  
And this one, it's breakfast-inspired.  
It's called Simply Cinnamon.  
I'm gonna make it out of some beach  
towels with some burlap fringe.  
This one is called Righteous Dew.  
Your father would've just loved this one.  
This one's called Reachable Dream,  
because all of our dreams are reachable,  
Benjy, even yours.  
Hi. Welcome to LeVonne's.  
Can I look at that salmon gown?  
Certainly.

This is a very practical design from  
LeVonne's new Sunset Plains edition.  
Well, how much is it?  
This treasure right here  
is on sale today for \$79.95.  
Well, that's a rip-off.  
Hey. What are you guys doing here?  
Lonnie's stepsister runs  
the Navajo Taco stand.  
They make a really good taco.  
So, I noticed you left Cletus early.  
Yeah, I had to come back and  
help my mom with the trade show.  
When do we get our manuscripts back?  
Well, we got ours at the end of camp.  
Maybe they'll mail yours.  
But don't you have another copy?  
Because I really think Lonnie should read it.  
He has connections  
in the audiovisual industry.  
He might know someone  
that could help get you published.  
Are you serious?  
Mmm.  
Well, it was so nice  
to see you, Benjamin. Bye.  
Oh, okay.  
Yes.  
Bronco.  
I can do better.  
Broncanuss.  
Broncaho.  
Not quite.  
Brutus.  
Forgive me.  
Cyclops there.  
Cyclops there.  
Brutus and Venonka surveyed  
the yeast factory,  
looking for an Achilles'heel  
There was none  
Cyclops there. Cyclops there.  
Cyclops there.  
Turrets.

Moon buggies.  
Oh, my holy crap.  
Surveillance does.  
I hate those.  
This is ridiculous. That's the most  
well-guarded yeast factory I've ever seen.  
Kenonka. Kenonka.  
Show me your bag of secrets.  
What's all this crap?  
I thought you said he was good at making  
bombs and robots and stuff.  
What I meant to say was  
he likes collecting things.  
What's he doing now?  
I don't know.  
He must have found something.  
(SIGHS) I'm not seeing it.  
I'm not seeing results.  
All I see is a bunch of organic waste.  
What did he find, the genius?  
Wait a sec.  
Well, it's not a clean yeast.  
It's just a fungus beef  
sharing a few yeast-like properties.  
'Tis ripe and delicious, though.  
Watch this.  
All right, let's give it a little test.  
Not bad.  
It's pretty good yeast.  
This isn't bad.  
This is pretty good.  
It's not concentrate,  
but it's pretty darn good.  
Ha ha, whoopee!  
I like it.  
I like it.  
Hey, Benjamin, come here.  
I want you to meet someone.  
Benjamin.  
I want you to meet Dusty,  
your new Guardian Angel.  
What?  
Well, I noticed you didn't have any friends,  
so I signed you up

for the Guardian Angel program at church.

I thought maybe you two could go out  
in the back and get to know each other  
while I grill up some cod.

Oh, my word.

That's all right.

Maybe I have some paper towel.

Oh, my goodness.

Your mom's smoking hot.

What?

Shh!

What is that?

It's rat poison and some of my poo.

Sick. Is it lethal?

No. I don't know. Maybe.

Here, you try it.

I can't.

Dude, it's the circle of life. Go for it.

Centaur lover

Centaur lover

Chevalier.

- Ronald, it's Merve

- Yes?

I don't know where this came from,  
but it's fantastic

Really? You like it?

I haven't even finished reading it,  
I've already approved it for print

That's amazing.

I mean, it's a little jarring in places,  
but I think it's gonna sell really well

Are you sure, Merve?

I've just completed the cover art  
for Star Bracelets

No, no, no, I want you to start doing  
preliminary sketches

of Brutus and his dog, Balzaak

Yes. Yes, I'll get right on it.

You're back to your old self

Congratulations, Ronald

- Thank you, Merve.

- No, thank you

- Mom.

- What?



You're not bleeding, it's just water.  
What?  
My gelee insert.  
You're gonna be okay.  
Hello?  
May I please speak  
to Mr Benjamin Purvis?  
Tabatha?  
I'm calling you on behalf of Donaho Studios  
Lonnie thinks he wants  
to produce Yeast Lords  
Are you serious?  
He wants to make it into a movie?  
Mmm-hmm. It's gonna be  
our next major motion picture.  
We'd like for you to come down  
to Donaho Studios to discuss.  
Also, could you play a role in the movie  
that we're shooting right now?  
The sooner we finish it,  
the sooner that we can start yours.  
Yeah.  
Yeah, totally. I'd be honored.  
What's it about?  
It's a romantic story I wrote.  
You would be perfect.  
And also, since your mom  
works for LeVonne's,  
do you think you could  
bring some nightgowns?  
'Cause we are in desperate need  
of sexy nightwear.  
That's fine. Yeah, I could do that.  
Okay, great. So, we'll see you soon.  
And congratulations, Benjamin.  
This is a very big deal.  
Are these the nighties?  
Yeah. We have to be really careful  
with them, though.  
Hey, Lonnie, what are my lines?  
Okay, guys,  
we've just got two more scenes,  
and then this trailer will be done.  
Headphone, please.

And...

Action.

Mmm. You like?

Cut!

Lonnie! You can't do that.

That's an \$80 Don Carlos.

Excuse me?

I don't even think

we were supposed to take the tags off.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I can't do this.

This movie's gonna suck.

Benjamin.

No, Benjamin, wait, I'm sorry.

Look, it was Lonnie's idea, not mine.

And I'll have my people restore it  
with scrap linens.

Tabatha, me and my mom are  
gonna be out, like, 100 bucks now.

We can't afford that.

Benjamin, look,

Lonnie has come into  
some serious cash lately.

What does that mean?

Benjamin, Lonnie wants  
to pay you for Yeast Lords

Are you serious?

I'm dead serious.

Yeast Lords is amazing,  
and it is definitely worth  
at least a couple hundred bucks.

Hey, Lonnie?

Tell him how much you're willing to pay.

What's wrong?

These guys owe you some money?

No.

Who's that guy?

He's my Angel.

Nice.

So, do we have a deal or what?

Yeah.

Hi, guys.

Did you catch any neat rocks?

Yeah. It was fun.

How about you, Duster?

What?

Bronco and Vanaya

began their assault on the yeast factory,  
but the yeast patty Bronco had previously  
eaten started to make him feel like crap  
Bronco!

We must stop that gunfire  
before it kills Lord Bronco.

Well, find something, Kanaya, anything.

Well, not that, you idiot.

That's just an old pudding.

Bronco. Are you all right?

What happened?

The fungus beef,  
it's poisoned your spine juice.

We must get you out of here.

I can't move.

My buttocks is completely numb.

Oh, mother. A battle stag.

I hate those.

No! Run, Kanaya, run!

No, Kanaya, no! Run away!

And action.

Are you all right, Vanaya?

My brother.

He sacrificed himself, and for nothing.

We are yeastless.

We are yeastless.

Easy, easy.

Your brother loves you, Vanaya.

He'll do anything for you.

But Daysius has surely  
destroyed him by now.

He's the chosen one.

He was born with flesh pockets.

Haven't you read the prophecies?

No.

We must stop him, Bronco.

Yes, but first

we must rest our bodies.

Come, let's bed down for the eve.

Okay.

And...

Cut!

Lonnie.

Lonnie.

And there we go, I think. Is that good?

Yes.

Oh, my gosh, Lonnie, I think all the changes you made to the script are so much better than the original. I mean, this will be one of the few movies out there that is actually way better than the book. Without a doubt, the best line I've ever written is this, "Referring to her neck, she squawked, "'This isn't a wart, this is the chancellor of the galaxy "'Now let us in"

Next question

Over here

In the second book of the Cyborg Harpies trilogy, Tribonius seduces the Borg Queen by playing her an original piece of music on his harpy-chord.

Can you explain what that music was supposed to sound like?

Yes I believe you're referring to a piece entitled Gorgana's Lullaby, the notes of which are too numerous for the human ear to decipher

I can, however, reveal the lyrics to that tune, which until now have been unpublished That'd be awesome.

"Within my breast-meat, there is a famine  
"No more sweets in the mammary cannon  
"You are Gorgana, my eagle, my queen  
"Your ovaries will destroy me  
"Collect me in your wings  
"I am just a man, and I want to breed  
"Together we will learn to love  
"You gorgeous hag, you freak machine"

Yes, the young man right over here I recently sold a story that I wrote to some independent filmmakers,

and I'm worried they're gonna ruin it.  
I know a lot of your books  
have been made into TV movies,  
so I'm just wondering  
how you've been able to let go  
and let somebody else completely  
change the vision of your work.  
Great question  
Thank you for firing it at me  
I remember early on in my career working  
on the first Harpy mini-series  
I told the producers I wanted  
everything to be absolutely real  
No special effects  
I didn't believe in them and I still don't  
And I had a scientist friend  
of mine from MITbuild  
a prototype of some mamocans,  
which shot actual lasers  
I tried them on  
during a lunch break in front of the crew,  
and one overheated  
and began to malfunction,  
and actually exploded  
and maimed a dolly grip  
It was very sad  
So how do I avoid situations like that?  
I mean, the idea of somebody  
bastardizing my work really freaks me out.  
I see Have they paid you yet?  
Yeah. They gave me a check.  
Well, cash that check immediately  
Enjoy your money  
I mean, isn't that why we do what we do,  
dagnammit?  
For the money, for the riches of the earth  
When the future generations will look back,  
do you think they will remember us  
for our writing?  
No, but for the wealth  
we have accumulated  
Why do you think I wear this bracelet?  
And who knows?  
Perhaps these producers may create

something even better  
than your original version  
Thank you, and thank you for coming.  
Thank you.  
Thank you very much.  
You're welcome. Thank you.  
Hello.  
Hey. I don't know  
if you remember me or anything.  
I was actually  
in your workshop at Cletus Fest.  
Of course. Yes, you look vaguely familiar.  
I submitted this story called Yeast Lords  
I know it didn't win or anything,  
I was just wondering  
maybe if you had read it,  
I thought maybe you can  
give me your feedback.  
No, I don't think I read that one.  
It must have been one of the other judges.  
Okay.  
Goodbye.  
Mom.  
Mom, you need to calm down  
and stop watching yourself cry.  
My gosh.  
I just... You know, I did the inventory  
for the LeVonne's gowns this morning,  
and it... It appears that  
there's one or two things missing.  
And that's \$100 we don't have this month.  
I don't know how  
I'm gonna give you a birthday.  
Don't worry about that, I'm fine.  
You know, in the meantime, I might have  
you try to sell some of my Country Balls.  
You know, maybe we could have, like, a...  
A two-for-one deal.  
Mom, I am not selling two in a sack.  
Come on, feel how heavy these are.  
Two-for-one Country Balls.  
Two-for-one Country Balls.  
Hi. I just need to cash this.  
This check is post-dated for next year.

It is?  
Come back in a year from now,  
and we'll see if it clears.  
Yeah!  
The world is closing in  
Did you ever think  
that we could be so close, like brothers?  
The future's in the air  
I can feel it everywhere  
Blowing with the wind of change  
Take me to the magic of the moment  
On a glory night  
Where the children of tomorrow  
dream away  
In the wind of change  
Walking down the street  
Distant memories  
Are buried in the past forever  
I follow the Moskva  
Down to Gorky Park  
Listening to the wind of change  
Take me to the magic of the moment  
On a glory night  
Where the children of tomorrow  
dream away  
In the wind of change  
Broadcasting live from Saltair Studios  
here in the Great Basin valley,  
we bring you The Rod Decker Show,  
serving your community for over a decade  
Your host, Rod Decker  
Good morning  
Welcome to The Rod Decker Show.  
We have some filmmakers here today  
Mr Lonnie Donaho is  
the director of Yeast Lords.  
Miss Tabatha Jenkins is the producer.  
And seated next to me is  
Mr. Dusty Crissop. He's the leading man.  
Look. It's Dusty.  
These guys are prolific.  
This is your 84th production, Mr. Donaho?  
And what's it about?  
Basically, it's a story

about two lonely souls  
that find love during  
a time of war and disease.  
War and disease  
Okay, that sounds  
That sounds interesting Yeast Lords.  
Your idea? Did you come up with it?  
No way. She bought  
the story from a boy named Benjy Purvis.  
This is so neat.  
But to be honest,  
his story had some major issues.  
Bridgette? Some kind  
of troupe of pre-teen amateur circus freaks  
have made an adaptation  
of Brutus and Balzaak  
without my permission.  
I'm completely distressed. I can't even  
concentrate on my audio book narration.  
Dusty Crissop, the leading man,  
a movie star.  
What was it like working with Mr. Donaho?  
Lonnie is the best director  
I've ever worked with, by far.  
I don't know of another director  
who can call "action" one minute,  
and the next he puts on  
a bald head and he's acting.  
Yes, I don't know what we can do.  
Can we sue them?  
Can we crush them in the press?  
It's like working  
with an extension of myself  
I know, but if there's  
one thing I can't stand, it's plagiarism.  
We're out of time.  
If you want to see Yeast Lords,  
premiere is tonight at the Saltair Cinema.  
And to my guests, break a leg.  
I think that's  
what they say in show business.  
Thanks for being here. Good luck to you.  
- Thanks, Rod.  
- Thank you.



Oh, my gosh. Benjamin.

What are you and I gonna  
wear to the premiere?

You got to promise me  
you're gonna let me make you something.

Mr. Donaho?

Hi, I'm with the Village Gazette

Nice to meet you.

Hi.

Hey, Benjamin. I'm so glad you came.

How are you?

I'm good.

Nice to see you, Benjy-boy.

Hey, Lonnie. This is my mom, Judith.

Hi. I like your matching hippie clothes.

Oh, thank you.

There are important press people here,  
so don't forget to do  
a nice standing ovation.

You got it.

Shall we take our seats?

Daisy had everything

Beauty

Money

A 50-acre horse ranch

A prize-winning stallion

But what she didn't have was

Logan, the stable boy

But he was already married to her sister

Hey, Logan, want to go for a ride?

Can we bring old big sis along?

I was thinking it could be just the two of us

Come on in The water's great

I don't think that's a good idea

I don't care if you have

a 50-acre ranch or a prize-winning stallion

I love my wife

We have a great physical relationship

My horse's semen

is worth \$10 million

Investors from all over the world have tried  
everything they can

to get their hands on it

Benjamin.

I've only just realized  
that what we shared together onscreen  
was very real to me.  
I don't feel very good.  
Oh, well, you're nervous about the film,  
aren't you?  
Yeah.  
Well, let's get out of here, then.  
Let's go someplace  
where we can relax and be alone.  
Okay.  
Can you hold on for just a second?  
Oh, yeah.  
Come with me to my underground facilities  
Working at the yeast facility  
has made my breasts so big  
and gave me so many diseases  
I wish I could've been there for ye  
Your brother loves you, Vanaya,  
and he'd do anything for ye  
But Daysius has surely  
destroyed him by now  
One of the laser hit my boobs  
Okay, we can go.  
I thought we could grab a couple of  
sudokus and snuggle up somewhere.  
Groggily,  
Brutus regained consciousness  
There was a numb pain below,  
some stitches obviously  
sewn by a medical droid  
Instantly, Brutus knew that one  
of his reproductive bags had been stolen  
Oh, my gosh, is that  
the new Chevalier book?  
Read this.  
Benjy, don't ruin it for me.  
Just read it.  
Okay.  
"As Brutus struggled to free  
himself from the medical pod,  
"a voice spoke to him  
from across the room.  
"I'm sorry, Brutus,

we had to borrow one of your gonads.  
" 'We're investigating ways  
to strengthen the military.' "  
I don't believe this.  
Benjamin, wait, we can get through this.  
Strutting into town  
like you're slinging a gun  
Just a small-town dude  
with a big-city attitude  
Honey, are you looking  
for some trouble tonight?  
Well, all right  
You think you're so bad,  
drive the women folk wild  
Shoot them all down  
with the flash of your pearly smile  
Honey, but you met your match tonight  
Oh, that's right  
You think you'll knock me off my feet  
Till I'm flat on the floor  
Till my heart is crying Indian  
and I'm begging for more  
So come on, baby  
Come on, baby  
Come on, baby,  
show me what that loaded gun is for  
Dusty?  
What are you doing here?  
I brought your wrap gift.  
Oh.  
People hated your movie.  
Some of them walked out.  
Yeah, I kind of figured that.  
And this guy said  
you stole the whole deal from some book.  
It's not true.  
Yeah. I hit that guy in the face.  
Then I punched Lonnie in the neck.  
Lonnie's a butthole.  
Did you hear what he did to my voice?  
I sound like a leprechaun.  
That's why if somebody messes  
with one of your stories again,  
you gotta take them out.

'Cause you're good.  
And I'm not saying that  
just 'cause I'm your Guardian Angel.  
Thanks.  
Just like Jesse James  
Tonight you're gonna go down in flames  
Just like Jesse James  
Tonight you're gonna go down in flames  
Just like Jesse James  
I'm gonna shoot you down, Jesse James  
Look.  
Who's that?  
Isn't that your hero? He's in town.  
Maybe after Don Carlos,  
we could drop by the book signing.  
You know, Don Carlos owns the biggest  
nightgown company in the state,  
and he wants to see my entire line.  
I mean, this could be my big ticket.  
I feel like things are changing for us,  
don't you?  
And it's gotta be Dusty.  
He's our good luck charm.  
Come on. Come on, honey, I need your help.  
We gotta do a few loads.  
Ow.  
Get her.  
Guess this is it.  
I'm so nervous.  
I just pray that he likes my collection.  
How do I look?  
You look fine.  
Wish me luck.  
Your house is a real palace.  
Hey. I didn't see you there.  
Love your dress.  
Thank you.  
Why don't you go into my bedroom  
and undress to your comfort level,  
and I'll be there in a second.  
Brutus stood  
at the edge of the pond  
and held aloft a futuristic cylinder  
I made us a time capsule.

I put a butt-load of keepsakes in it.  
We can send it floating downstream,  
and that way, if we die,  
future generations will learn from us.  
Look at this.  
It's a friendship stone.  
Come closer.  
Let's blow on it.  
You blow first.  
What?  
Mom. What happened?  
He wanted me to bed down with him.  
He what?  
He said if I slept with him,  
that I could have my nightgowns  
in every Penney's across America.  
But I couldn't do it.  
Benjamin, no! Benjamin, no!  
Hey, Don Carlos! How about you come  
down here and fight me like a man!  
Benjamin, stop, get back in the car.  
Benjamin, get back in the car!  
You think you can harass  
my mom, you fat sack of crap?  
Come down here and fight me!  
Mom, I need you to pop open the trunk  
and run away from the car.  
I can't.  
Just pop open the trunk  
and get out of here.  
No, but I can't.  
Finished with my woman  
'cause she couldn't help me with my mind  
People think I'm insane  
because I am frowning all the time  
All day long I think of things  
But nothing seems to satisfy  
- Hello.  
- Hi.  
And who can I make this out to?  
Kristie.  
Kristie.  
I would just love to step inside your brain  
for a day and see what it's like.

Explore its many kingdoms  
and learn its darkest secrets.  
Take it from someone who lives there,  
you might not be able to handle it.  
My mind is a landscape  
of mystery, of thrills.  
A place where even the bravest of travelers  
would be shaken  
by its geysers of original thought.

Wow!

Hmm.

I know. May the gods bless you.  
And so as you hear  
these words telling you now of my state  
I tell you to enjoy life  
I wish I could but it's too late

- Hi.

- Hi.

I was wondering  
if you would sign this for me.

Excuse me for a moment.

Friends Friends

I would like to introduce you  
to a dear disciple of mine  
This young man standing beside me  
loved Brutus and Balzaak so much  
that he turned it into a gripping screen  
adaptation called Yeastie Boys.

As a reward for his efforts,  
Prism Publishing has decided to honor him  
with an all-expenses-paid trip  
to any one of the lower 48 states,  
And this commemorative bean-pillow,  
mini-size,  
this jacket,  
and a trip to Space Camp

Awesome.

Join me now in a moment of silence  
as we commemorate his contribution  
to science and the arts

Put the pillow down, I beg of you.

You stole my story.

I don't know what you're talking about.  
All you did was change the character

names and turn Bronco into a tranny.  
Shut up.  
I don't know what he's talking about.  
Please, someone seize him.  
Seize him.  
You're a fraud, and all your fans  
should know you're a fraud.  
Take him away.  
Get lost.  
But, please, show leniency.  
Always leniency.  
Open the gate.  
Benjamin?  
Benjamin?  
Benjamin?  
Oh, Benjamin. There you are.  
Oh, honey.  
This is a terrible place.  
Are you all right?  
You're not wounded, are you?  
I'm fine.  
I don't know how this all happened. I just...  
You're gonna have to spend  
your birthday in jail.  
Oh, honey, don't cry. I know I...  
I brought you some presents.  
Happy birthday. A popcorn car.  
Well, I can give it to you later.  
I've been registering all your stories  
with the Writers' League  
since you were seven.  
In the year 2525  
I thought someday  
you could show it to your kids.  
If man is still alive  
If woman can survive  
They may find  
"Aroo? " questioned Balzaak.  
"Don't give me that, you crazy wolf,"  
erupted Brutus.  
"You know why I put that in there.  
Perhaps they can clone me.  
"And besides,  
it's always good to have a spare."

In the year 4545  
Ain't gonna need your teeth,  
won't need your eyes  
Chevalier.  
You won't find a thing to chew  
Nobody's gonna look at you  
In the year 5555  
Your arms are hanging  
limp at your sides  
Your legs got nothing to do  
Some machine's doing that for you  
In the year 6565  
Ain't gonna need no husband,  
won't need no wife  
You'll pick your son,  
pick your daughter, too  
From the bottom  
of a long glass tube, whoa-oh  
In the year 6565  
Ain't gonna need no husband,  
won't need no wife  
You'll pick your son,  
pick your daughter, too  
From the bottom  
of a long glass tube, whoa-oh  
Land your stag!  
Come on, Daysius.  
For what he never knew  
Now man's reign is through  
But through the eternal night  
The twinkling of starlight  
So very far away  
Maybe it's only yesterday  
In the year 2525  
If man is still alive  
Yeah.  
Oh, my gosh.  
Benjamin, you are so talented.  
This is amazing.  
So are you, Mom.  
What's this?  
I love you.  
Carry on my wayward son  
There'll be peace when you are done



Lay your weary head to rest  
Don't you cry no more  
Once I rose above  
the noise and confusion  
Just to get a glimpse  
beyond this illusion  
I was soaring ever higher  
But I flew too high  
Though my eyes could see  
I still was a blind man  
Though my mind could think  
I still was a madman  
I hear the voices when I'm dreaming  
I can hear them say  
Carry on my wayward son  
There'll be peace when you are done  
Lay your weary head to rest  
Don't you cry no more  
Masquerading as a man with a reason  
My charade is the event of the season  
And if I claim to be a wise man  
It surely means that I don't know  
On a stormy sea of moving emotion  
Tossed about,  
I'm like a ship on the ocean  
I set a course for winds of fortune  
But I hear the voices say  
Carry on my wayward son  
There'll be peace when you are done  
Lay your weary head to rest  
- Don't you cry no more  
- No!  
(MOANING) Oh, yeah.  
ripped by looxlike