

BUDS WITH SPUDS

ANCHOR: Good evening, Ladies and what pass for Gentlemen, and welcome to the Tournament. I am the Anchor, and this is my colleague, Another Character. This morning, while most of you were asleep, or rather not, there occurred a terrible tragedy. Little Brian O'Connor, an Irish schoolchild and apprentice farmer, discovered that his morning potato had mold on it. As I understand it, Reporter is on the scene as we speak. Let's pop over to him now. Is this news substantiated, Reporter?

REPORTER: Unfortunately so, Anchor. While most potatoes, when left alone, begin to grow offshoots, Brian O'Brien's grew a strange tie-dye mold and sent his dog, tail between its legs, to the nether regions of hell. Apparently Brian was upset by this, but proceeded to eat the potato anyway. Back to you, Anchor.

(Channel change)

CHEF: So you toss on a couple dashes of bacon bits and then start talking with your mother-in-law over the phone. Remember to hold up the potato and imagine it to be her. It kinda looks like her, doesn't it? It's just as ugly, I'll tell you that. See this lump here? Yeah, this one. Have you ever noticed how mothers-in-law always have inexplicable lumps in weird places at family reunions? Maybe her husband was just beating her, but, really, who could blame him? Well, anyway, after you've had enough, put the potato back on the surface and SMASH IT TO PIECES WITH YOUR TENDERIZING HAMMER. Voila! Mashed potatoes! And now I think our blender is done whirring, so let's go check up on our potato shakes.

(Channel change)

(Indians/Native Americans/Indigenous Americans/American Indians gathered around a fire, passing around a peace joint and eating fry bread) (Columbus approaches)

COLUMBUS: Hola, Squaws and Warriors! What up here in da Hood?

SQUATTING DOG: Who the Trickster are you? Why are you so white? You look like Michael Jackson.

COLUMBUS: I am Columbus. I am an explorer in the service of the buxom Queen Isabel. Just giving you the heads up, I just discovered you, so now you belong to Spain. Who are you all?

LIES THROUGH TEETH: That's Squatting Dog, I'm Lies Through Teeth, and over there is Sleeps with Children.

SLEEPS WITH CHILDREN: (Holding up both hands, following word making fun of stereotypical Indian greeting) How ... do you live without tasting of the young flesh? You want to go out sometime and have a Shirley Temple on the rocks or something?

COLUMBUS: Sure! Just make sure she doesn't have Syphilis first! (laughs) (cut to SqD, LTT, and SwT, who aren't laughing)

SLEEPS WITH CHILDREN: That's not funny.

LIES THROUGH TEETH: Dude, just take this potato and leave, alright?

COLUMBUS: Deal!

HISTORY NARRATOR: Columbus then climbed onto the Niña and sailed away, throwing the potato at an Irish Farmer as soon as he could. The Farmer, a drunkard by the name of Connor O'Brien, was knocked unconscious.

CONNOR O'BRIEN: (reawakening, thick Irish accent (duh)) What's this? It's a strange brown lump! It's a message from God, may He rest in peace! I must shove it into the earth that I may grow more messages from God!

HISTORY NARRATOR: Still extremely drunk, Connor then turned to the side and vomited a great vomit. As he retched, he noticed that the sound he made sounded like "Pleh-raaa-do!", and so named this message from Columbus the Potato, though Dan Quayle would argue with this divine inspiration, and respell the word with an e at the end.

CONNOR O'BRIEN: A Potato! Forget my other crops, this sucker's taking up my entire plot of land. (begins ripping out other crops)

HISTORY NARRATOR: The nearby farmers soon began to emulate O'Brien and stocked up on the savory starch. In doing so, they set themselves up to die during the Great Potato Famine by creating an unhealthy reliance on these root vegetables that were brown on the outside and white on the inside. England soon developed an insatiable craving for this inverted Eminem and sent a colonizing fleet to the Americas. Within a few short years, Idaho was born.

(Static, then a new character appears)

HIPPIE TECHIE: Hai thar! This is the Hippie Techie, and I'm going to tell you what really brought potatoes to the worldwide attention. This isn't what the government wants you to know. I don't have much time before they find me, but you have to know: Potatoes are a government conspiracy. You all know about Roswell. What was in those UFO's was potatoes. In their own language, they are known as Spuds. The Irish and the Idahoans see Spuds as superior to our species, and are all cultists in a cult! I have footage! Hold on a sec, I've got to upload it...

(Potato worship footage)

CULT LEADER: We are the Spuddites! We like Spuds! After death, where do we go?

WORSHIIPPERS: We become eyes in the Immortal Potato!

CULT LEADER: What do we call it???

WORSHIIPPERS: TUBERDOM! TUBERDOM! TUBERDOM!

CULT LEADER: Now, who has the sour cream? Let us sacrifice a RADISH!!!!

WORSHIIPPERS: (shout in mob madness glee)

(back to reality)

HIPPIE TECHIE: After that it gets pretty raey. Harmless as these people may seem, we cannot allow Spuds to take control of the planet! Eat them, my brethren and sistren! Eat them while you still can!

DISCLAIMER GUY: This message has been paid for by the Potato Farmers of America and the Ireland-Idaho Coalition, and approved by the former Bishop of Turkey.

(Channel change)

STEVE IRWIN: We're in the Idaho outback right now, tracking down the wild Sweet Potato. Now be warned, these little buggers are a lot more dangerous than their name would suggest. Look! Over there! That's a big one! Now, I'm going to go run at it and tackle it, exposing every part of me possible, however, I assure you, I am in no actual danger. (runs, jumps, is hit in the chest) Oh, bugger! This one's stinger got me in the chest. I can feel the venom spreading quickly. It seems that this one got in a lucky shot to my heart!

(Channel change)

ANNOUNCER: And now, back to Everyone Loves Potatoes!

POTATO1: (stays still, does nothing)

POTATO2: (ditto)

POTATO1: (repeats itself)

STUDIO AUDIENCE: (laughs hysterically, some catcalls)

(Channel change)

(Battlefield in Iraq/Afghanistan/Some other country)

SOLDIER: We are under heavy fire! I repeat, under heavy fire! There are potatoes flying everywhere! I just saw Corporal O'Connor's head explode! There were bacon bits everywhere, and I got some butter on my hand, and we're running out of shredded cheese and Mrs Dash! It's a bad time to be us, sir! Are you sure that the enemy's gravy stockpiles are here, sir?

SIR: Private, you are not being employed to ask questions! Complete the mission! I don't care if they're throwing chives at you! You take them out, you get the gravy, you get back here, and I'll give you a medal! Is that clear?

SOLDIER: Yes sir, I'm just not sure if this biological warfare is worth it all, sir!

SIR: These are the thoughts of the weak! Buck up, Soldier!

SOLDIER: Sir yes sir!

(Channel change)

ANCHOR: Well, that was certainly an interesting story. Parents, you can take your hands off of your children's eyes and ears now. That's about all the time we have today, but I'd like to conclude with an interesting factoid. The tumor that had inhabited Lance Armstrong's left testicle looked a lot like a Spunta variety potato. So be careful next time, because the potato you're eating just might wind up giving you cancer in your balls. I'm the Anchor, and this is Another Character, and this has been Humorous Interpretation. You stay snazzy, Speech and Debate.