

EVERYONE'S GONNA DIE

(BEN is pushing TOM on a cart through the mental patients' ward.)

TOM. Watch out for the corner! Watch out for the corner!

BEN. I see it Tom, I see it!

TOM. Oh Lord, its not a good idea to ride the med cart through the psych ward. They're not friendly in the psych ward.

BEN. Tom, we live in the psych ward.

TOM. No, I live at 680 Lakefront Street with my lovely, beautiful wife, may she roast in hell.

BEN. Then what are you doing here?

TOM. Just a small stay. I'm not crazy, just readjusting.

BEN. If you're not crazy, why are you riding around on a med cart with a maniac pushing you?

TOM. Well it's boring here. Fat nurse ahead! I had right! I'm keeping myself occupied.

BEN. This particular thrill is starting to bore me. This is the third moving vehicle we've commandeered this week.

TOM. You're right, we need a new endeavor. Stop. Let me ask professor plum. *(becomes professor)* They say war is the pastime of kings *(back to Tom)* That's brilliant. Brilliant!

BEN. *(mocking professor)*: Oh yes, bloody brilliant.

TOM. What was that?

BEN. Nothing.

TOM. Very well then. Let us fight a war!

BEN. A great war!

TOM. The war to end all wars! It shall be right here, in the psych ward.

BEN. Tally ho! *(pushes cart again, at full speed)*

TOM. You're gonna hit Mr. Morganson! Aieee!

MORGANSON. Heavens to Betsy, I do believe I'm finished.

TOM. *(panicking)* Alright I admit, I killed the president! Please God don't let me die!

BEN. Hit the breaks! *(slams to a stop just before hitting him. Mr. Morganson wets himself)*. What's that nurse?

TOM. Hello doctor.

DOCTOR. I think you boys need a few drugs. Nurse, hand me those sedatives.

BEN. Sedatives?

TOM. Oh, that sounds nice.

DOCTOR. No not that syringe, the other one. *(Gets ridiculously large syringe)*

(both hold out arms, drugs administered)

BEN. See Tom, here in the psych ward, you're always taken care of.

TOM. What war should we fight? The Civil War?

BEN. No, we'd need longer beards.

TOM. World War 1?

BEN. *(german accent)*: Too many Germans.

TOM. World War 2?

BEN. *(german accent, goose-stepping)*: Even more Germans.

TOM. I've had just about enough of your bashing of the Rhineland. I oughta give you one for the Kaiser right here...

BEN. Don't get ahead of yourself! We haven't picked a fight yet.

TOM. You're right.

(Old Lady Pickens enters)

PICKENS. If you boys really had some cojones, you'd fight the Spanish American War. That was where dear old Steve lost his dingaling. But what a fine conflict it was.

BEN. Actually, it was pretty lame.

TOM. No thanks, Mrs. Pickens.

PICKENS. Oooh I'll make you two sorry you ever crossed this pair of hot cross buns. I'll be back.

BEN. That's right, just go on back to your dungeon, Mrs. Pickens.

TOM. Now, back to the matter at hand.

BEN. How about a crusade?

TOM. We need religious fervor. *(silence)*.

BEN. Praise Jesus.

TOM. I dunno, I think we're fresh out of wars.

BEN. Awww horse dung.

TOM. That's it! The Trojan War!

BEN. What war is that?

TOM. You know, fought between the ancient Asian state of Troy and all the Greek states for the love of one woman, Helen, who a Trojan had stolen away. The Greeks won by sneaking inside the walls in a giant horse.

BEN. That must have been messy.

TOM. The horse was wooden. Anyway, they won the war, but they all died anyway because they didn't sacrifice enough cows. Gods like cows.

BEN. I remember that now! It's the war where everybody dies. Let's do this thang.

TOM. Go for it.

BEN. AAlright, you'll be the Greeks, and I'll be the Trojans.

TOM. I think we should both play both sides, thus better representing the dual nature of the conflict and of war itself.

BEN. You disgust me. Fine, we'll play it your way. But I warn you, I don't like Trojans.

TOM. Why not?

BEN. They smell funny.

TOM. How do you know what they smell like? One hasn't been alive for 4000 years!

BEN. Oh I know.

TOM. How could you possibly know what a Trojan smells like?

BEN. Jesus told me.

JESUS. Hello, boys.

TOM. Christ, not now. Can we move on?

BEN. Why yes, we can. Let's get the Trojans out of the way. I'll be Hector, the brave, strong, handsome prince. You shall be Helen, the pansy, indecisive woman. Bid me farewell.

TOM. *(unenthusiastic)*: Oh, don't go.

BEN. Where's your energy? You wanna do this or not?

TOM. *(over the top)*: Oh, don't go!

BEN. More refined.

TOM. *(damsel in distress)*: Oh, don't go!

BEN. But more enthusiasm.

TOM. *(with passionate embrace)*: No, don't go!

BEN. *(pushing her away)*: I must. To the battlefield! Watch as I cut down my enemies like babies in a blender.

TOM. Here come the hordes of throwaway extras so you may prove your strength by hacking through them.

(Guys come. They are each killed in different manner 1. Karate Chop 2. Eye poke 3. Chainsaw (slow) 4. Grenade is handed to him (TOM. Mommy!)).

TOM. Hold still. Oh ugly one.

(Sven enters).

SVEN. Are you playing Trojan hero? Oh I love this game! I'll be Aeneas.

TOM. Get outta the way. Sven!

SVEN. You're gonna have to make me.

TOM. Ok. *(takes out bull whip, removes an arm and a leg)*

SVEN. Oh... oh yeah? Well you can't stop the one armed Trojan! Yeah you can't and you won't and you don't stop, yeah can't and you *(Tom shoots him)*... Damn.

(Sven leaves. Tom resumes fighting Ben 5 1 Punch 6 1 Punch 7 1 Punch 8th stops and talks)

TOM. Ho ho ho! What do you want for Christmas little boy? *(stabbed. Back to Tom)* You've killed jolly old st. nick. For this, the gods have deemed you must die.

BEN. No!

TOM. Oh yes. Darth Vader style. *(chokes him with force)*

BEN. A Trojan hero has died tragically. So naturally, a Greek hero must follow him to the noble grave.

TOM. Correct. I shall be Achilles, most fearsome, gruesome, brutal, violent,

BEN. Cross-dressing

TOM. ... warrior of all Greece! Wait a moment.

BEN. He was a transvestite. His mom made him wear her clothes so the other boys would ask him to play soldier.

TOM. His mom made him do it?

BEN. Kinky, no?

TOM. Why do I get stuck with all the women? Ok, how's this. *(seductive)* Oh, hello, I'm looking for a good war to fight.

BEN. More... feminine.

TOM. Oh, hello you!

BEN. Less Flaming! No stereotypes please. I'm very sensitive.

TOM. You're not gay.

BEN. *(secretively)* You never know when you might have to change sides quickly.

TOM. Ok... Come on boys, take out those swords and lets kick some tushie!

BEN. Alright, now its time for Achilles noble but tragic death.

TOM. But I haven't started fighting yet.

BEN. *(methodically)* My name is Paris, and I'm here to kill Achilles.

TOM. But... but... ok, you asked for it. *(sword slices)* I am invincible, you know.

BEN. *(shoots him in ankle)* Don't worry, they'll name a body part after you.

TOM. There weren't any guns then!

BEN. I'm rewriting history on the fly.

TOM. You're crazy!

BEN. Please – I prefer the term "multi-faceted".

TOM. WELL then, in the grand tradition of us, we shall move straight on to *your* death. Paris shall be hacked into a million bits with a meat cleaver!
(hacks, Ben dodges artfully)

BEN. Ha! No one can defeat troy! *(Tom shoots him)* Damn.

CARLOS. Hey men, what are you up to today?

BEN. We're in the middle of a war, which I am winning.

CARLOS. You want to pet my chicken?

TOM. Your chicken is a pillow, Carlos.

CARLOS. You watch your tongue, Trojan devil, or my chicken will peck it out!

TOM. Coooh...

BEN. Hey how'd you know what war we were fighting?

CARLOS. *(whispering)* I heard it from the turkeys. *(sees turkeys in mind, starts screaming)* Ah! No, the turkeys have come for my gizzards! I'm sorry, Gertrude, I'm sorry –I swear I told them nothing.

BEN. Hey can I borrow your chicken for a minute?

CARLOS. *(slapping him away as he reaches for it)* NO! the chicken is mine.

BEN. It's a pillow!

CARLOS. Is not.

BEN. Is to! *(grabs pillow for a second, then Carlos grabs it back)*

CARLOS. No... oh no... you've made my chicken into a fluffy down pillow. Oh, dear chicken, I am sorry. I promise to sleep on you every night. *(Back to Ben)* For this, I, Zeus, god of thunder, shall destroy you!

TOM. Uhh...

CARLOS. *(using chicken/pillow as sword)* Thunder! Thunder! Thundercats, ho! *(slices at pair)*

(Ben starts acting like chicken.)

TOM. Uh what are you doing Ben?

BEN. Distracting him!

CARLOS. Is that you? My little plucky pal?

TOM. Eat this, Zeus. *(douses him)*

CARLOS. No! Nothing worse than a wet chicken. Oh I have failed my feathered friends... *(runs off)*

TOM. Let's get to the real war.

BEN. Ok. Find a horse.

TOM. A horse?

BEN. Yes a horse.

TOM. What type of horse?

BEN. A Trojan horse. Made by Greeks.

TOM. Well, there's Nurse Carmichel.

BEN. Horses don't have rolls of fat, Tom.

TOM. Hey! Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

BEN. I could kill you for that.

TOM. Bring it on, Trojan boy! Or should I say, Asia Minor!

BEN. Ding ding ding! Round one! Here comes the cavalry. *(throws something at him)*

TOM. *(ducking)* And there goes the cavalry.

BEN. How cowardly. I shall bake you like a small child in a microwave.

TOM. Oh, so its child's play you want? *(singing, high pitched)* I'm a little tea pot, short and stout, here is my handle, here is my spout *(hits on "spout")*.

BEN. You've got it all wrong Tom. There *(kicks in balls)* is your spout.

TOM. Ohhhhhh...

BEN. Your horse ain't goin anywhere for awhile, dirty Greek.

TOM. Ohhh... but we're saved from the brink of disaster by our ally from the north.

BEN. Who?

TOM. 70's blaxploitation star, Dolemite.

BEN. Dolemite? The disco king? where?

TOM. *(changes to Dolemite)* Breathin down yo neck! *(shoots him)*

BEN. Ouch.

TOM. Dolemite is my name, and messin up big mothers is my game.

BEN. Sorry, just not convincing. He couldn't win the war.

TOM. Yeah, well I know who could.

BEN. Who?

TOM. Jesus. *(pops into Jesus)* You are all excommunicated!

BEN. That's not fair. Jesus won't be born for 2000 years.

TOM. Excommunicated!

BEN. Jesus can't excommunicate people. Only the pope can.

TOM. You want the pope? You got the pope! *(changes into pope)*

BEN. That's just plain wrong.

TOM. Excommunicated!

BEN. There was no pope during the Trojan War.

TOM. Don't make me beat you with my pointy hat! *(taking off hat)*

BEN. Alright! Alright! The war's over! The... pope wins.

TOM. Phew. Now that's better.

BEN. Yeah... but not as good as this! *(grabs Tom, gives him noogies)* Troy State all the way baby!

TOM. Uncle! Uncle! Auntie em!

BEN. NOW the war is over.

(Pickens enters, with bazooka)

PICKENS. Oh no its not! Pucker up, boys, this one's from san juan hill with love.

BEN. Sweet merciful crap no!

(Pickens aims bazooka. Mr. Morganson rolls into room)

TOM. Mr. Morganson! Watch out!

MORGANSON. Wha?

(Pickens fires)

MORGANSON. *(sees explosive round flying at him at high speed)* Jesus and Mary in Tinsletown!

CARLOS. Plucky will save you! Fly, you bastard, fly! *(throws pillow/chicken/sword of thunder)*

(The bazooka round is intercepted by plucky. Mr. Morganson flies out of his chair and lands upon Old Lady Pickens)

MORGANSON. Great Caesar's ghost! I haven't been with a woman in years. Oh, Louinda, how I've missed you.

PICKENS. Steve? Steve? Oh, Steve, it's you!

CARLOS. Plucky? Plucky? Oh, plucky, you shall always be my friend numero uno. Even if that turkey doesn't like us... *(stalks away)*

TOM. You know, I should be concerned for their health.

BEN. Yeah they could be seriously hurt.

(pause)

TOM. But that was just hilarious.

BEN. Oh yeah.

(both start laughing in weird and different ways.)

TOM. Oh lord, we're crazy.

BEN. You can say that again.

TOM. Oh lord, we're crazy.

BEN. At least we're not dead.

TOM. It's never too late for that.

BEN. You know, when they put me hear after Kuwait, I thought I was gonna die here.

TOM. When I was diagnosed, my wife acted like she'd never see me again.

BEN. And my kids were crying, but still they never come and see me.

TOM. My wife is never going to see me again. Any one of me.

BEN. We've been buried with the Trojans.

(others agree)

TOM. Yeah, but I'd say we're putting up a hell of a fight.