

DUBYA sides

Side one:

My fellow clones, and other Americans. Tonight I am proud to announce the end of major combat operations in the War on Liberalism.

Through every square inch of this land we have pursued our opponents with relentless determination. So successfully have... So successfully have...

(He pauses, bangs himself on the side of the head)

So successfully have we hunted down this insidious enemy that their numbers have dwindled dramatically, until only a miserable few of them are left. According to the latest figures:

(He takes out a piece of paper)

Well, how about that! The number of remaining Liberals still at large is exactly one!

(Cheers and yelps, which he silences with a feeble hand gesture)

But even one of these evildoers is one too many, you hear me? From a single ugly germ, an epidemic might still spread to infect our body politic. So tonight, as we set forth to root out this menace once and for all, we commence Operation Termination!

(sirens and searchlights in the distance)

Be vigilant! Be ever on the alert for that shadowy figure that lurks somewhere in America tonight. And the first one to call our 800 number, flashing on your screens now as I speak, the lucky caller who brings us concrete information leading to the arrest and conviction of that hidden enemy, will be personally invited to dinner at the White House — I kid you not— where he or she will sitteth on the right hand of yours truly, President George W. Dubya 3.0, as we toast the climax of my 72 years of public service, the triumphant conclusion of the War on Liberalism!

Thank you, and God bless... Thank you, and God bless...

DON'T INTERRUPT ME!

Thank you, and God bless...

Don't tell me, I know it.

God, God, God

God what? Damn! No, that's not it.

Oh. Of course, I knew it all the time!

God Bless America!

(He totters off)

side two DUBYA:

DUBYA

(muttering, almost incoherent)

So sad. Terrible. How could they?

REVEREND TOMMY

There, there. Pull yourself together, Mr. President.

DUBYA

The poor little...little tiny...

REVEREND TOMMY

You have a speech to make.

DUBYA

Speech?

REVEREND TOMMY

Your speech!

DUBYA

What am I supposed to say?

REVEREND TOMMY

Here it is. All you have to do is read it.
(gives him a script)

DUBYA

(looking at it oddly)
Oh.

REVEREND TOMMY

That's the stuff.

DUBYA

But it's so sad.

REVEREND TOMMY

I know, but you can do it.

DUBYA

The little children...
(He drifts into a reverie)

REVEREND TOMMY

Mr. President!
(He pokes him on the shoulder)

DUBYA

(waking with a start)
What's happened? What's the matter?

REVEREND TOMMY

Your speech!

(swelling music begins, bright lights come up)

DUBYA

(awake and alert, just in time)

Oh right, the speech. No problem. “Ladies and Gentlemen...”

ANNOUNCER’S VOICE

Ladies and Gentlemen, from our newsroom in the White House, here is the President of United States Incorporated, George W. Dubya 3.0.

DUBYA

My fellow Americans and clones, it is my sad duty...so sad...

(an uncomfortable pause)

to report to you tonight the latest terrorist attack on our great nation. The target was the...

(looks helplessly to REVEREND TOMMY)

Can’t quite make it out — “holiest”?

REVEREND TOMMY

Holiest.

DUBYA

Oh, right. Holiest. “...the holiest space in the happiest place on earth. That’s right, folks, in a daring pre-dawn raid, the Small World Pavilion at Disneyland has been disabled. You know, the one with the little children in their native costumes...

(bursts out crying)

...all those little children...

(through tears)

...the children signing “It’s a Small World...”

(He loses it completely)