

Calvin Coolidge Vs. The Dinosaurs

Copyright ©2005 by Clyde Hendrickson.

Free performance of this play for high school
and college level competitive forensics is permitted.
All other rights reserved.

The Intriguing Interp Series
is published by
Mushroom Cloud Press
Orlando, FL

For more information and performance rights, contact

Mushroom Cloud Press
278 Leslie Lane
Lake Mary, FL 32746
mushroomcloudpress@gmail.com
<http://www.mushroomcloudpress.com/>

ISSN listed in graphic seal below.



ATTENTION FORENSICS COMPETITION GOVERNING BODIES: IF YOU THINK THIS SCRIPT HAS BEEN ILLEGALLY COPIED, CONTACT MUSHROOMCLOUDPRESS@GMAIL.COM TO VERIFY.

Characters.

SIMON. A mad scientist.

ELVOR. Simon's one-armed, hunchbacked assistant

RONALD. An alcoholic, washed-up general.

BOOBY. A brown noser.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. President of the U.S. Very stoic.

BILL CLINTON. Good ol' boy.

RAPTOR TIM. A preppy, elitist snob. Also a dinosaur.

REXINA. A very feminine T-Rex.

VARIOUS OTHER DINOSAURS.

SOME OTHER PEOPLE.

Places.

The 1920's and the prehistoric past.

Calvin Coolidge vs. The Dinosaurs

SIMON. Elvor, fetch me a beaker of spleen juice, will you?

ELVOR. No! I won't do it master, it's not right!

SIMON. Not this again. Look, I'm a mad scientist. I have a different set of morals than you.

ELVOR. Elvor not care! What master do is evil.

SIMON. Let me spell it out. I bring the dead back to life. I build zombie hamsters out of puppy parts. I clone electric eels just to drop them in the neighbors' koi pond. I listen to Mandy Moore. And I do that sort of crazy, messed up crap because I'm a Mad Scientist. It's my job.

ELVOR. Then why you no make Elvor dream come true?

SIMON. Nothing would justify removing your head from your neck and attaching it to your hips. I have limits.

ELVOR. It would be so cool!

SIMON. Yeah, until the first time you had an itch and you poked your eye out.

ELVOR. Elvor no itch. Elvor use gold bond.

SIMON. Thank you for updating us all on your personal hygiene. Besides, I replaced your Gold Bond with powdered sugar a long time ago.

ELVOR. That why birds no leave Elvor alone.

SIMON. Is that why there's a pelican in your shoe?

ELVOR. (*pulls out pelican*) He Elvor's first friend.

SIMON. Aww, Elvor, I'm sorry.

ELVOR. Me too.

SIMON. Sorry that you're a retchid mound of ooze that kills through sheer hideousness.

ELVOR. (*sobs*)

SIMON. (*sighs*) I'm not going to get my spleen juice now, am I?

ELVOR. Not until Elvor feel special again.

SIMON. How do we make Elvor feel special again?

ELVOR. You know how.

SIMON. No, really, I don't – wait, Elvor, no...

ELVOR. Acid fight!

SIMON. Elvor, come on, I only like acid fights when they're between orphans. And I can bet money on it.

ELVOR. If your face ain't smokin, then you're not having fun! Acid! *(he throws it onto Simon)*

SIMON. I just washed this cape! And it was my most mysterious one...

ELVOR. Never put acid in your eye! *(throws more)*

SIMON. Ow! Oooh, hey, actually that feels kinda cool. All tingly and stuff.

(simon thinks, then takes the beaker and pours some in his pants. He looks pleased and shakes his head at the audience while smiling.)

ELVOR. Now Elvor try!

SIMON. Uh...

(knock on door)

SIMON. Elvor, get the door.

ELVOR. Yes, mistress.

SIMON. Whatever.

(The door opens. Ronald stands there, looking serious.)

RONALD. Hello, I'm General Ronald –

ELVOR. McDonald?! *(He leaps and grabs on to the general's arm, trying to eat him.)*

RONALD. *(stares at Elvor for a moment)* Is this thing contagious?

SIMON. You'll want to wash your hands afterwards. The goo sometimes leaves a rash.

RONALD. I assume you're Doctor Tonguewart.

SIMON. Yes. Number one on the angry mob charts for two years running.

RONALD. Dr. Simon Tonguewart, I am hereby commanded to appoint you to be the Secretary of Defense of the United States of America.

SIMON. Ok. *(silence. Elvor keeps trying to eat general)* Why?

RONALD. It's what the president wants.

SIMON. President Coolidge?

RONALD. No, President Van Buren. Of course President Coolidge.

ELVOR. You no secretary! President must be crazy!

SIMON. Now Elvor, I'm sure the president has a very good reason for appointing me secretary of War.

RONALD. No, actually, he's just a retard.

SIMON. Oh.

RONALD. Well, come on, let's get this pathetic goober circus on the road. Are you bringing that? *(He points to Elvor.)*

ELVOR. *(looks at pants)* Yes, it's best part of Elvor.

SIMON. He goes where I goes.

ELVOR. Not true. Elvor sometimes go other place. Elvor go on tree, Elvor go in pool, Elvor go all over neighbor's koi pond.

RONALD. Right, whatever. Let's get out of here.

ELVOR. Do you have... hemorrhoid cream? Long journey chafe Elvor.

RONALD. I really hate my life.

SIMON. To the white house! We'll take my teleporter.

RONALD. I don't believe in witchcraft.

SIMON. You don't believe in *SHUT UP*. Teleporter on!

(They teleport with cheesy sound effects the White House.)

ELVOR. Oooh, Fancy. This place must have real toilets.

SIMON. We have real toilets, Elvor.

ELVOR. We do? Elvor never find.

SIMON. That explains the stain on that ottoman.

RONALD. Please wait here. President Coolidge will be in shortly.

SIMON. Aren't you staying?

RONALD. No, I'm way too drunk for that.

(he leaves. HFB man walks in.)

HFB man: Historic Fact Break! President Calvin Coolidge was the last of the Eldar, the earliest race of middle earth. After freeing the slaves, he transformed into Batman and liberated several other minorities, who's names I can't recall because the all later were killed when Superman *(he's elbowed in the chest by Booby)*

BOOBY. We have an intruder in the President's office, over. *(pause)* Yes, it's him again, the historian. *(pause)* Bring me the enema gun.

HFB Man: Oh god, not the enema gun again.

SIMON. Uh, Mr. President?

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Are you talking tome?

SIMON. I think so.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. That's good, because I'm the president. How are you, Gentlemen.

SIMON. Good.

ELVOR. Horny.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Good.

BOOBY. *Ahem*

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Who are you?

BOOBY. Undersecretary for the secretary of the development of the secretary's undersecretary, John B. Booby.

ELVOR. Booby! (*he reaches for them*)

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Why are you here, Booby?

BOOBY. Mr. President, I've been working on this plan with you for months. Dr. Tonguewart, it's nice to finally meet you. The President and I have been developing an executive course of action over the last few weeks, and -

CALVIN COOLIDGE. I thought I'd been in a typhoid coma since late last year.

BOOBY. No, sir, you've been President. Yesterday you invaded Cuba.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Did you find my watch?

BOOBY. Sir?

CALVIN COOLIDGE. My watch, Booby. That was left in Cuba.

BOOBY. No, sir, you've never been to Cuba.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Then how could I leave my watch there?

BOOBY. Sir, you're the commander in chief.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. I see. (*To simon*) Have you found my watch?

SIMON. Can't say that I have.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. I'm sorry to hear that. Thank you for coming.

SIMON. Ok... can we leave?

BOOBY. No! Mr. President, don't you remember the threat? The plan?

CALVIN COOLIDGE. You'll have to remind me. I'm recovering from a typhoid coma. My memory's not what it used to be.

SIMON. That disease is contagious.

BOOBY. No one has typhoid. No one's getting typhoid. We have a much graver threat at hand.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Well, spit it out man. I'm the President, I need to hear these things.

BOOBY. We have evidence that the dinosaurs are in possession of weapons of mass destruction.

SIMON. Really?

BOOBY. Well, no. They have the materials with which to prepare preparation for the consideration of building facilities with which they could construct weapons of mass destruction.

SIMON. Ah. Practically the same thing.

BOOBY. Exactly.

SIMON. So, what would you like us to do?

BOOBY. You're essential to our proactive disarmament strategy. Mr. President, would you like to take over the briefing from here?

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Ok.

(Silence.)

BOOBY. Sir?

CALVIN COOLIDGE. I like puppies.

BOOBY. Moving on.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Dead puppies.

ELVOR. That Elvor's favorite puppy too!

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Good. Booby, these men will do.

BOOBY. Thank you sir. Gentlemen, we need to confront the dinosaurs head on. We must invade the prehistoric earth! Something only you could arrange for us, doctor.

SIMON. You don't mean....

BOOBY. I do. A timewarp device.

SIMON. A timewarp device? That's ridiculous. What do you think I am? I'm a mad scientist, not some crazy wacko like Einstein or Oprah.

BOOBY. So... you can't build us a time machine.

SIMON. Oh. Oh no, I said I don't have a time *warp* device. I do have a time *machine*. It's right here.
(He activates it)

BOOBY. It didn't work. We're still in the oval office.

SIMON. Yes, but we're in the oval office... of the future!

ELVOR. You sure this future?

SIMON. Completely.

ELVOR. (*sighs*) I thought Elvor other arm would grow back in future...

BILL CLINTON. Mornin' kids. You just time travel in?

BOOBY. Yes... Mr. President?

BILL CLINTON. I know, I can't believe it either! Want some jerky?

SIMON. No thank you.

ELVOR. Is it kitten jerky? Elvor like that.

BILL CLINTON. (*chuckles*) Hey there, lil' Feller. What can I do ya for?

ELVOR. You have dead kitten? Elvor hungry.

BILL CLINTON. No, but I got some hookers 'round back.

ELVOR. Dead hookers?

BILL CLINTON. Nope, only live ones.

SIMON. No dead hookers? I guess you're not a Republican.

BILL CLINTON. Well this visit has been delightful, boys, but I gotta go feed the doggies. Can I offer you a souvenir? Maybe a sno-globe?

SIMON. I'd like a Lollipop.

BILL CLINTON. I love a good sucker! Here's a grape one.

ELVOR. Bye bye, smelly man.

BILL CLINTON. See ya later, lil' feller.

SIMON. Time warp, activate! (*They arrive back in the past*)

BOOBY. I thought it wasn't a timewarp machine.

SIMON. Actually, it's a shut up machine. But it's apparently broken.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Ah, puppies.

BOOBY. President Coolidge, Sir, the test was successful. We can invade... I mean, confront the dinosaurs, just as we wanted.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Dinosaurs, eh?

BOOBY. Yes, sir.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Not puppies?

BOOBY. No, sir. There are no puppies.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. I must sit here and think. Make small talk.

BOOBY. Uh...

(they fidget for a while)

SIMON. So, Mr. Booby, did you always want to be undersecretary... of... the vice developed... of under... down under... with the... guy and the underpants... whatever it is you do now.

BOOBY. It was high on my list of career options, yes, although I – well, can I trust you with a secret?

SIMON. Definitely not.

BOOBY. I always aspired to be a topless dancer. A showgirl! I think if you can be a stripper, then you can do anything!

SIMON. Your notions frighten and disturb me, which in turn arouses me. Perhaps you are on the right track, Booby.

ELVOR. Booby track!

SIMON. What?

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Excellent, I'll have mine with mayo.

BOOBY. Enough of this. We're ready to go, sir. Mr. President, say the word.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Puppies.

SIMON. Good enough for me! *(He activates the machine.)*

(The atmosphere changes. Mugginess, swamp sounds, trees. They have arrived in the past. Elvor's stump has switched arms, but he only notices the regrown one)

ELVOR. I am cured! Elvor's arm come back!

BOOBY. Not really. It looks like your stump just switched sides.

ELVOR. *(sarcastically)* Oh. Thanks for pointing that out, Mr. Boobypants. Now Elvor even happier.

SIMON. What do we do now?

BOOBY. You're the mad scientist. You tell me.

SIMON. I generally just mutate things. Like orchids, or orphans.

BOOBY. Well, it could look like anything... like... that rock. Oh my god! That rock!

SIMON. What about it?

BOOBY. It might be a bomb!

SIMON. Doubtful.

ELVOR. Here dino dino dino...

SIMON. Good, Elvor. Great initiative in the “getting us all slaughtered immediately” department.

BOOBY. We need to find the dinosaurs, though. As much as that makes me sweat.

SIMON. I have a feeling we won’t have to.

BOOBY. What do you mean, doctor?

SIMON. Do you see this? Beer cans. Kid Rock CDs.

BOOBY. What does it mean?

ELVOR. Dinosaurs trashy like neighbors in trailer?

SIMON. No. See this? Plaid Dinosaur pants. It means... *they’re hunting us.*

BOOBY. Oh god... Oh my god... I can feel one’s breath right now! He’s next to me!

ELVOR. Ah!!!!

BOOBY. Ahh!!!

ELVOR. Oh, no, that was just Elvor being friendly.

BOOBY. By breathing in my ear?

ELVOR. Ear full of delicious wax!

SIMON. Elvor! Down!

ELVOR. But...

SIMON. No wax before dinner.

ELVOR. Awww...

BOOBY. Don’t do that again.

ELVOR. Elvor not need too. Real dinosaur over there.

(Tricera’s head appears, then disappears)

BOOBY. Augh! It’s a raptor, I know it. They’re moving in for the kill strategically. It’s just like that movie!

SIMON. What movie?

BOOBY. You know, Citizen Kane.

SIMON. The dinosaurs in that scared the crap out of me too.

TRICERA. *(roars)*

BOOBY. Don’t eat me! I have warts!

ELVOR. Mmmmm, hairy ones?

TRICERA. I'm a velociraptor! Look at me! I'm a raptor! Roar! I'm smart and I talk! Roar! Raptor! Yeah Go Raptors!

SIMON. Wait, you're not a raptor.

TRICERA. Yes I am. I'm a raptor. A great one. Evil and cunning. Working in groups. Shut up. I hate you.

SIMON. You're a triceratops.

TRICERA. Yes, ok? There are no velociraptors. Some annoying pansy director made them up because the rest of us JUST WERENT GOOD ENOUGH for him, were we? Three horns to gore you? No, better make them SMART too. What a cocky bastard. Anyway, we didn't want to disappoint guests from the future... so here I am. Roar. Watch as I devour you... *with my brains*.

SIMON. Why do you care about disappointing us? You could just gore the lot of us.

BOOBY. Shhhh.... Maybe he's forgotten!

TRICERA. Yes, it's really easy to forget horns when they're constantly getting stuck in trees all day. Anyway, we need the future to have a good impression of us. Otherwise, it hurts book sales.

BOOBY. You care about book sales?

TRICERA. Most of us live off of the photo royalties.

SIMON. I didn't know your society was so advanced.

TRICERA. Meh. Just because we're rich doesn't mean we're smart.

BOOBY. So are you going to eat us?

TRICERA. No, I'm a vegan.

ELVOR. Elvor is virgin too!

TRICERA. I'm sure the T-Rex behind you will fulfill all your devouring needs.

REXINA. Roarrrrr!

BOOBY. The secretary's undersecretary has wet his pants, sir.

ELVOR. Oooh, now pants delicious.

REXINA. You all are so cute, I could just gobble you up!

BOOBY. Don't eat me! I'm having an identity crisis and I never got to take pole-dancing lessons.

REXINA. Pole-dancing? You don't say! Let's see it.

BOOBY. W...what?

SIMON. You have got to be joking.

BOOBY. No, no, I'm not ready.

REXINA. Ok, well then, get ready to be digested! Finally, some low-carb snacks that taste good!

SIMON. *(sigh)* Booby... I never thought I'd say this to anyone, but you're going to need to pole-dance to save our lives.

ELVOR. You say that to Elvor before.

SIMON. I've never said it sober.

ELVOR. Elvor feel used.

BOOBY. I'm not sure. I've never tried it since I was a little girl – I mean boy. In my mom's closet. She had this leather corset. And these spiked collars. And I put them on and I felt free, in a new world. I was just ready, I could take on anything. Evil, Hatred, or a bar full of sweaty firefighters. I could beat anything.

SIMON. Even a strangely aroused tyranosaurus rex?

BOOBY. Anything. *(He looks at the Dinosaur, then to Elvor)* Hit it, freak boy.

ELVOR. One block rockin' beat, comin' up! *(He beat boxes.)*

(Simon pole dances for Rexina, who is impressed.)

REXINA. Well, that got me all hot n' bothered. I have to eat something more substantial now. Maybe some ribs. Skedaddle, you little goblins.

RAPTOR TIM. *(on his cellphone)* Oh yeah, I was hooking up with this stegasaurus chick the other day... Man she had the biggest plate armor ever!

REXINA. Oh no! The raptors!

BOOBY. What should we do?

REXINA. You're basically dead. See ya! *(She leaves.)*

BOOBY. Well, are we going to die?

RAPTOR TIM. Oooh, fresh meat. Get in my belly! Ahahahahah I am *so* funny!

ELVOR. This dinosaur annoying.

BOOBY. I thought there weren't supposed to be any real raptors?

SIMON. It's a dinosaur story. People don't care about continuity.

BOOBY. Maybe...

SIMON. So, Mr. Dinosaur. How do we know you're a Raptor?

RAPTOR TIM. Cause my collar's flipped up! I must be the most awesome dinosaur ever!

BOOBY. Oh my god, he is so hot. Can I hook up with you in your nest?

SIMON. Booby! Stop being a tramp. He's probably got diseases.

RAPTOR TIM. You know it! Who brought the keg?

SIMON. There's no keg.

RAPTOR TIM. (*suddenly changing moods*) No Keg, eh?

SIMON. I'm sorry.

RAPTOR TIM. (*snarling and tapping talons*) Not as sorry as you're about to be, geek.

ELVOR. Here, look!

RAPTOR TIM. (*snorts flask*) Tequila! You're lucky, nostradamus.

SIMON. Nostradamus?

RAPTOR TIM. Wasn't he the hunchback of notre dame?

SIMON. You're an english major, aren't you?

RAPTOR TIM. I am so wasted! Let's go watch the O.C. Because that is so like my life.

SIMON. The O.C. is so last year. Or, in this case, that is so 64 million years in the future.

RAPTOR TIM. What was that? (*a dozen or so raptor heads appear from the bushes, threatening.*)

SIMON. Nothing.

RAPTOR TIM. Well. It looks like we're at an impass.

SIMON. We are?

RAPTOR TIM. I want to eat you, and I assume you don't want to be eaten.

BOOBY. No, I'm quite bitter.

RAPTOR TIM. We'll settle this the old fashioned dinosaur way, then?

SIMON. And how is that? A mauling? Disembowling?

BOOBY. A dangly-parts severing?

RAPTOR TIM. Not quite, it's

RYAN. Hello I'm Ryan Seacretaceous, and welcome to Dinosaur Idol!

BOOBY. I've always wanted to be on this show!

RYAN. Who will be participating from your group?

SIMON. I only know Mandy Moore songs.

RYAN. So definitely not you! Who else?

BOOBY. Can I strip?

RYAN. Absolutely not.

ELVOR. Elvor do it... he sing in college Glee Club.

RYAN. Great. Now, let's get things fired up with our first contestant. He's a stylish competitor from the heart of the jungle – and the girls love him for his big brain! Please welcome Raptor Tim!

RAPTOR TIM. (*sings some annoying song*)

RYAN. Judges, what do you think. Simon?

SIMON THE JUDGE. Not bad, but why is your collar flipped up? Honestly, you look like a total tool.

PAULA. And simon knows tools!

RYAN. Oh, Paula! What did you think?

PAULA. You showed a lot of courage, Tim, and your voice has really improved. Great job!

RYAN. And our last judge, the blood thirsty Allosaurus?

ALLOSAURUS. Raaaaaarrrr!

RYAN. Not bad, Tim. We'll see if you "collared" the other contestants! They don't even write this stuff folks, I'm just that funny. Now, our next competitor hails from the inner city. He's a public television performer looking for a basic cable break! Let's give him a nice round of applause.

BARNEY. I love you, you love me, we're a happy family with a great big hug.

SIMON THE JUDGE. I've heard enough. You are absolutely the most horrible singer ever. Did you swallow a bag of phlegm before you came?

PAULA. Yeah, I thought he sucked too.

ALLOSAURUS. RAAAAAARRRR (*He bites off Barney's head.*)

RYAN. Oh! Come on guys, don't bite his head off. And now, for our final contestant, Elvor!

ELVOR. I... not sing... much good. ... yeah.

RYAN. Hit it, boys!

(The Music starts. Elvor proceeds with a perfect rendition of "I wanna dance with somebody" by Whitney Houston.)

SIMON. America needs more humped stars. You remind me of a young Justin Timberlake, but with less drool.

PAULA. You have a big heart and a beautiful voice, I really hear how much you love this song. Great job!

RYAN. Two for two. But what do you say, bloodthirsty allosaurus?

ALLOSAURUS. (*perfectly eloquent*) It was mediocre, but I'd let him through to the next round.

PAULA. You can talk?

ALLOSAURUS. RAAAARRRR (*He bites off her head.*)

RYAN. Oh you two, get along! That does it for this edition of Dinosaur Idol. Seacretacious, out!

(*They leave. Raptor Tim stares dejectedly.*)

SIMON. Well ?

RAPTOR TIM. Whatever, dude. I'm gonna go race poor people in my BMW. Peace out.

SIMON. I never thought dinosaurs could be as annoying as humans. I'm glad I didn't take that job as an evil paleontology professor at Brown.

ELVOR. We go. Elvor hungry, but no kittens to eat.

SIMON. I concur. Let me turn this on. (*He gets out the time machine.*)

BOOBY. No! We can't go yet.

SIMON. We've determined the dinosaurs to be as insecure as college freshmen. They couldn't win a trout fight with a haddock. I think the threat has evaporated.

BOOBY. Yes, the threat for me. But the threat to you has grown to prehistoric proportions, Tonguewart.

SIMON. What an ominous thing to say!

BOOBY. The only way you're getting back to the future

HFB Man: The phrase back to the future is copyright steven speilburg. It is used without permission. If product gets in eye, flush them immediately.

BOOBY. The only way you'll return to the present is as a fossil. Haha!

SIMON. What are you saying?

BOOBY. I am actually Sleezius Booby, your archnemesis from your days in the Malevolent Chemistry department at Yale!

SIMON. I suppose I should have realized that, since you look like, act like, and have the same name as Booby. You even has his painfully obvious inflamed neck glands.

BOOBY. Those are hickies! I got them scoring with twenty chicks last night.

SIMON. That was always your explanation, Booby. It might have seemed plausible back at Yale, which has plenty of drunken floozies, but now it's just ridiculous.

BOOBY. Well your neck glands are inflamed too.

SIMON. No, that's an oversized jurassic leech. (*He pulls it off.*) See?

BOOBY. You always had to act like you were better than me.

SIMON. Let's play a game. It's called: catch the giant prehistoric leech with your face! *(he hurls a huge leech at Booby, and it latches on to his face)*

Dr. BOOBY. Ahhh! It burns! Ouch, ow! Although, it's doing wonder for my pores. Oh God, the pain, the pain! *(rips it off, face is somewhat disfigured)* I'm ruined. How can I ever dance topless now?

SIMON. Alone in your jail cell?

Dr. BOOBY. You poppycock! I can't believe I was thinking of asking you out instead of killing you.

SIMON. I can't believe it either.

Dr. BOOBY. Looks like you won this time.

SIMON. Yes... just like last time, when I thwarted your attempt to clone the biology professors at Yale and have them fight to the death in a ring full of jello.

Dr. BOOBY. But there's one difference, this time.

SIMON. This time you're wearing pants?

Dr. BOOBY. NO! Well, yes. Whatever. The difference is... this time... *I have your time machine.*

ELVOR. Ohhh, now we in some deep shi-

(Booby activates timewarp device, cutting him off. They reappear in the same place, next to their clones from five minutes ago. The only difference is that the old Booby has not yet revealed himself and been disfigured. The older Elvor has his stump on the opposite side, as well.)

ELVOR FUTURE. Hey, nice stump.

ELVOR PAST. Thanks.

SIMON PAST. Oh my god.

SIMON FUTURE. Oh my god.

SIMON PAST. Do I really...

SIMON FUTURE. Did I really...

SIMON PAST. Look so fat in the future?

SIMON FUTURE. Look so fat in past?

BOOBY FUTURE. Yes, we're all quite fat. But now.... wow, am I this smokin' hot in the future, too?

BOOBY PAST. Of course you are, you handsome devil.

ELVOR PAST. Oooh, Elvor itch. But Elvor can't scratch, until now!

ELVOR FUTURE. You scratch Elvor too?

ELVOR PAST. Oooh.

(They scratch each other's backs and moan in ecstasy.)

SIMON FUTURE. What on earth was the purpose of bringing us back five minutes in time?

BOOBY PAST. Now, you see, there's two of us!

BOOBY FUTURE. We're almost too beautiful. It should be a sin.

SIMON PAST. Uh, there's two of us now, too.

SIMON FUTURE. Yeah, and now Simon Past has the time machine.

BOOBY FUTURE. I have one too!

SIMON PAST. But you don't know how to use it!

BOOBY FUTURE. Besides, now I have four arms, instead of two!

SIMON FUTURE. ...And we have eight.

ELVOR PAST. Six.

SIMON FUTURE. Close enough.

SIMON PAST. Face it, Booby. You screwed up. You didn't want to end up here.

BOOBY FUTURE. Alright, I admit it. I was trying to warp you into an active volcano.

SIMON PAST. Well, you'll have plenty of time to practice. I'm taking Elvor and I back to the oval office. *(He fiddle with machine.)*

BOOBY FUTURE. Oh really... well, I have one thing to say about that.

SIMON PAST. What's that?

BOOBY FUTURE. Catch! *(He throws the time machine at Simon, who bobbles the one he is holding and drops it. Booby Past catches Simon's machine. Simon himself is left holding the Boobies' device.)*

BOOBY PAST. Now we'll be back in the oval office.

SIMON PAST. You sure will!

SIMON FUTURE. Oh no! Get them! *(Simon Past restrains him.)*

BOOBY FUTURE. Enjoy the leeches, gentlemen! *(They warp.)*

SIMON FUTURE. Why did you let them get away?

SIMON PAST. I figured they'd try and steal my time warp device, so I set it to the year 3000. I hope they enjoy doing strip teases for robots.

SIMON FUTURE. You clever girl!

SIMON PAST. Hey, I know an evil scheme when I see one.

SIMON FUTURE. We must leave you now, past selves. But don't worry. In five minutes you'll be back here again.

SIMON PAST. I look forward to meeting you again.

SIMON FUTURE. For the first time.

SIMON PAST. Indeed.

ELVOR PAST. I want to give you gift, other-armed brother

ELVOR FUTURE. You always know my soft spot.

ELVOR PAST. It very hard to miss. But there's something I won't need anymore...

ELVOR FUTURE. What that?

ELVOR PAST. Take my arm.

ELVOR FUTURE. You mean it?

ELVOR PAST. Now, you have arm, where before there was only stump.

ELVOR FUTURE. Oh, Elvor so happy! *(He takes arm and attaches it to crotch.)*

ELVOR PAST. Elvors happy!

SIMON. Let's go, happypants. *(He activates the warp)*

ELVOR FUTURE. It have new meaning now... *(time warp finishes. all is restored. they are sitting in the president's office.)*

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Gentlemen, welcome back. Where's my sandwich?

SIMON. Uh... they were out of sandwiches. But we did disarm the dinosaurs.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. And the pathetic stripper tag-along? Where's he?

SIMON. Calculating pole dances for cruel mechanical masters.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Splendid. That's just what I intended.

SIMON. What do you mean? You wanted to get rid of Booby?

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Definitely. That's why I developed this whole fake "WMD" threat.

SIMON. Why did you send us back in time to do it?

CALVIN COOLIDGE. I sent you somewhere?

SIMON. To the past. To fight dinosaurs.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Oh, yes. Did you find my watch?

SIMON. No.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Are you sure, I left it there.

SIMON. No offense, Cap'n, but how could you leave your watch 65 million years in the past?

CALVIN COOLIDGE. At my girlfriend's house.

SIMON. Your girlfriend is 65 million years old?

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Meet my wife, Rexina.

REXINA. Mwah! Good morning, Mr. President! Oh I just love saying that.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. I am very deeply moved.

SIMON. This doesn't look like love to me.

ELVOR. What is love?

(Rexina takes a bite out of Pres. Coolidge)

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Baby don't hurt me, no more.

REXINA. Sorry.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Gentlemen, the mystery is solved. The weapon of mass destruction... is love.

SIMON. Oh God, no.

CALVIN COOLIDGE. It has broken down barriers, melted my heart, and brought me back my watch. And this is a damn fine watch.

SIMON. I cannot believe I was involved with such a non-evil enterprise.

ELVOR. Elvor think it sweet. Elvor going to cry.

REXINA. Here, have a tissue.

ELVOR. *(taking giant tissue)* Thanks!

SIMON. I need some cheering up. I'm going back to my lab to clone Martha Stewart so I can feed her to a giant, mutated clone of Oprah.

ELVOR. Ooh, Elvor having koi for dinner.

(Ronald stumbles in, drunkenly.)

RONALD: Do you guys have any grain alcohol?

ELVOR: Smelly man! Why you so extra-smelly?

RONALD. I've been fired.

SIMON. For drinking on the job?

RONALD. Apparently, I used the entire first armored division to invade an orphanage.

SIMON. What's wrong with that?

RONALD. It was an orphanage for crippled deaf-mutes.

SIMON. I'm sorry I missed that.

RONALD. They tried to raise the white flag... but they didn't have any arms.

ELVOR. Elvor feel their pain.

RONALD. I may need a place to sleep tonight.

ELVOR. Awwww... Elvor give you his bed.

SIMON. Elvor, Just because you sleep in that ditch doesn't mean it's yours.

RONALD. That's ok. I think I'll just pass out here. *(He does so.)*

SIMON. *(sighs)* I guess there's only one worse way this could have ended...

REXINA. Don't say it!

RAPTOR TIM. Pop the collars, yo! That is hot!

CALVIN COOLIDGE. You lose. *(Cocks shotgun, blows away Raptor Tim)*

RAPTOR TIM. Bury me.... in a polo shirt....

CALVIN COOLIDGE. Oh yeah! Can you smell what the Coolidge is cookin'?

(There is a silence. Elvor creeps over to Tim's corpse.)

ELVOR. Anybody going to eat that?

The end.