

Romney World

“Romney World”
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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

GEORGE W. CUSH.

LAURA CUSH.

KARL ROVE.

MITT ROMNEY.

OLD MITT ROMNEY.

AL GORE.

2 GUARDS.

5 SCIENTISTS.

10+ CROWD PEOPLE.

Scene 1. INT. BLANK, EMPTY STAGE

Karl Rove walks to CENTER STAGE, approaching a microphone on a stand.

KARL ROVE: Good evening. Before tonight's show begins, I ask that you please silence all cell phones, pagers, and beepers now. Thank you.

Karl Rove exits, STAGE RIGHT, as George W. Bush enters, wearing a blue suit. He approaches the microphone on the stand.

CUSH: Good evening, America. I would like to start by saying -

Riiiiiiing! His cell phone starts going off.

CUSH: What? . . . Uhhh . . . well . . . I - I'll call him back. *(He silences his phone.)* Anyway.

I'm here, tonight, to tell you all my story. I was President from January 2000 to 8 years later. I served two consecutive terms as President - the most as any President is supposed to. Then, Obama became President, beating Republican John McCain in the votes. So came four years of Obama. Then he ran for President again, running against Mitt Romney.

Well . . . you ever wonder what would have happened, if Mitt Romney had won?

Scene 2. INT. BALLROOM

The lights FADE ON to the interior of the ballroom. Classical music is playing. 10 people pour through the room in elegant clothing.

George's wife, Laura, approaches in a fancy dress.

LAURA: George! George! *There* you are! Come on! Romney's going to give his inaugural speech!

She takes him by the arm, and runs off.

LAURA: You don't want to be late. George - are you feeling all right today?

CUSH: I . . . I don't know. I woke up today, feeling like everything was . . . wrong, somehow. I - I can't explain it.

LAURA: "Wrong" how? A Republican President is taking office today!

CUSH: I know, but I . . . I don't know. Something . . . something is wrong here.

LAURA: Are you feeling ill?

CUSH: Not physically, no. But, mentally, I feel . . . I don't know, a little nauseated.

LAURA: Oh, come, now, it's only a short time. We'll be back home before you know it.

The lights grow dim. A drumroll plays. The chattering and murmuring of the crowd dies down.

ANNOUNCER: Your attention, please. Presenting, the new President of the United States . . . MIIIIITT ROMNEY!

Everyone is clapping and cheering now. Cush keeps adjusting his tie.

The lights brighten again, as Mitt Romney steps through the curtains and into CENTER STAGE, to the clapping and cheering of the crowd.

ROMNEY: This is my world now, everyone. This is my world.

More clapping, and cheering.

ROMNEY: As of today, January 20, 2013: planet Earth is now Romney's World.

Still more applause from the crowd, though now a bit less than before.

ROMNEY: If you own America . . . you own the world. And now I own America. Henceforth, what I say is law. You will all do as I say . . . or suffer the consequences.

LAURA: Is he serious?

CUSH: I know when someone's joking. And I know when someone's not. And he ain't jokin'.

ROMNEY: You all voted me here. It was *your* votes that determined the popular choice. The majority of you gave me power. The rest of you now matter nothing. As President of this country, I am now the leader of the world.

LAURA: Leader of the *world*? No way is he serious.

CUSH: I'm afraid so, Laura. I'm gonna investigate this, and find out the truth.

LAURA: What? You can't leave now. The crowd -

CUSH: I've got work to do, Laura. I may not be President no more - but my work ain't done. *THIS* man's not supposed to be President - and *I* intend to prove it.

LAURA: What are you gonna do?

CUSH: Look for the truth.

LAURA: What?

George W. Cush steps away from the crowd, as people continue to applaud Mitt Romney. Laura reaches an arm out, wanting to stop him, but she can't stop a hero from doing his work. Cush jogs out of sight, all the way to STAGE LEFT.

Scene 3.

There, he takes off his blue suit, revealing a white t-shirt underneath. He removes his clip-on tie as well. The scenes at CENTER STAGE and RIGHT are cleared away.

CUSH: Somethin's fishy here. The detective in me tells me I should probe a little deeper. So I think I'll just sneak into Mitt Romney's office, while everyone's busy out there, and see what I can find.

Two security guards pace around at CENTER STAGE. They take a few steps, then stand still, and pause for a few moments, before making the return walk.

CUSH: Now how in the Hell would I get past his guards?

Looking around, he notices a crate on the floor. So he crouches down to the floor, and hides underneath the crate, unseen by the two guards.

CUSH: All right. Now, I just throw a rock!

He throws a rock, which lands on the floor and makes a loud noise.

GUARD 1: What the Hell was *that*?

GUARD 2: Go investigate. I'll stay here.

GUARD 1: Got it.

Guard 1 runs on, while Cush remains hidden, to investigate the noise.

Guard 2 is still pacing, back and forth. Cush can't quite run forth just yet.

Cush waits until the guard is facing away, then dashes ahead, both hands outstretched straight behind his back, and he hides down behind another crate, just barely missing being seen by Guard 2.

GUARD 2: Gasp!! . . . Hmm . . . it's . . . nothing.

Guard 2 looks away. A second later, Cush pokes his head up, out of hiding. Then he dashes away, to continue running ahead, to STAGE RIGHT.

Scene 4. INT. MITT ROMNEY'S OFFICES

CUSH: Okay! Now to pull a little Richard Nixon here! Heh heh heh! That's what I like to call it. That damn Richard Nixon. Looking through people's files.

Cush accidentally knocks a bunch of books off the shelves.

CUSH: Oh. Damn it. No! No! . . . All right. Well.

One by one, he starts putting everything back on, out of order and inconsistent, until he accidentally knocks over a second round of books from the shelves.

CUSH: FUCK!!!

He sighs, then accidentally drops everything in his hands.

CUSH: NO!! NO!! NOOOO!!

He growls, and swings his arms, and accidentally knocks over a statue.

CUSH: Noooooo!

He flinches as the statue hits the ground.

CUSH: This is the worst stealth job EVER! Next time, I'm hiring an expert.

He kneels down to the ground, to pick up the fallen statue. While he's here, he looks back at the bookshelf. Now he sees something new.

CUSH: Wait a minute.

He cranes his head a little more to look behind the bookshelf.

CUSH: The real files . . . are back here.

He pulls, from behind the shelf, the hidden files.

CUSH: And what is this? . . . Time travel logs? What?

GUARD 1: A-HA! CAUGHT YOU!

Cush looks, and sees the guard. Cush runs to the statue, grabs it, picks up, and uses it to hit the guard over the head. The guard collapses.

CUSH: Whew. Pleasant dreams. Well, tell ya what, Skippy. These files with the “time travel” logs . . . I need ’em.

Cush takes the files, looking them over again, as he walks all the way from STAGE RIGHT back to STAGE LEFT. During this time, he talks to the audience.

CUSH: Now. It seems that there’s a *map* here of where to find the “Science Room”. So, I guess I’ll just question *them* about this.

Finally, Cush gets to STAGE LEFT.

Scene 5. INT. ROMNEY’S SCIENCE ROOM

Here, Cush finds five men in white lab coats, sitting on chairs, facing away from the audience, typing furiously into computer terminals.

CUSH: And this is the science crew?

SCIENTIST 1: Who are you??

CUSH: George Walker Cush. Who are you?

SCIENTIST 1: Uhhh . . . we’re . . . Romney’s men.

CUSH: You’re his scientists, that he hired?

SCIENTIST 1: Yeah, you . . . could say that.

CUSH: What does that mean? Who are you guys?

SCIENTIST 3: He captured us and made us work for him. Okay?? He won’t let us leave.

CUSH: Won’t let you leave??

SCIENTIST 2: You don’t understand. At some point in the past . . . a - a different past . . . he . . . *lost* the election. That’s the great big secret. That’s what nobody knows. Mitt Romney lost the election.

CUSH: I . . . I don’t understand. TV said he won. Internet said he won. Radio said he won. Al Gore even said he won.

SCIENTIST 1: But he lost. Mitt Romney lost. So the years went on, with Obama as President. You see . . . in the year 2027, Mitt Romney discovers time travel.

CUSH: Mitt Romney discovers time travel?? He . . . figures out how to do it, himself??

SCIENTIST 1: No, he - he finds out how to *use* time-travel. It's Dr. Witkinson who figures out how to make it work. 2027 is the year time-travel is figured out. So he goes back to the past. He goes back to 2007.

CUSH: And he changes the past. He changes the election's outcome.

SCIENTIST 1: Exactly - he rewrites history so that, instead of Obama winning, now Mitt Romney won the 2012 election - in this **SECOND** version of time.

CUSH: And not until 2027 is he going to make that backward jump.

SCIENTIST 1: Right. We're still in 2013. That stuff is 14 years in the future.

CUSH: My question to you, is this . . . if Mitt Romney now became President, is he still, in the future, gonna make the backward jump?

SCIENTIST 1: Why are you asking me?

CUSH: . . . Hmm. I had a feeling something was off. I woke up today, and I thought . . . no. Something's not right here. I just knew something was wrong. And here it is.

SCIENTIST 1: Yes - we should **ALL** be watching Obama resume his Presidency today. Now we're watching it go to Romney. He tampered with the outcome using time-travel. But does it really matter? Tampering is tampering, whichever way it's done.

CUSH: I got an idea. We time travel ahead. We go to 2027. We stop him from jumping back. We beat him up before he makes that backward leap.

SCIENTIST 1: **NO!** . . . Because it would be a future predicated on the *second* version of time, where he's already the President.

CUSH: You mean Mitt Romney is now the President and there's **NOTHIN'** we can do?!

SCIENTIST 1: I'm afraid so. The only way to seriously fix this . . . is to go back to the past.

CUSH: What? The past?

SCIENTIST 1: Yeah. Go back to 2007. Stop the 2007 Mitt Romney from talking to his older self. That's the only way to make this work. But you didn't hear it from me.

CUSH: I can't believe this is even happening!

SCIENTIST 1: And that's not all. Look!

He holds up a newspaper, which falls into unfolding.

CUSH: GEORGE CUSH, THE FATHER, COMMITTED??

SCIENTIST 1: That's right - he had your Dad, the original George Cush, committed to an insane asylum, where he'll likely never be seen again.

CUSH: Why??

SCIENTIST 1: He claims your Dad attacked him. Scratched him. He says he has all the marks he needs to prove his case.

CUSH: (*falling to his knees*) Nooo! Noooo! This can't be happening! (*breathing heavily*) Where's Karl? Where's Karl Rove?

SCIENTIST 1: He had him committed, too, for the same thing.

CUSH: Nooo! This can't be happening!

SCIENTIST 1: You don't know who you're dealing with. This man is a sick mind, and he won't stop -

MITT: Well, well, well. What have we here?

Mitt Romney appears right behind Cush.

CUSH: Uhhh . . . hello.

MITT: A traitor is in our midst, it seems. What are we gonna do about this?

SCIENTIST 1: Pl . . . please, sir. Please - *gaaaaaakk* -

Mitt Romney strangles him.

The other four scientists watch on, in horror. He pleads for help. He can barely breathe. But they turn away, as if it's not happening.

Mitt Romney drops the man. He holds his neck, barely breathing. Mitt kicks him in the chest. He screams.

MITT: Let this man's punishment be a warning to all of you. Double-cross me . . . and I will personally crush you. Now, as for *you*. George W. Cush. It seems you've dug yourself too deep, and found out too much for your own good.

CUSH: Yeah - found out that you're a lying phony bastard! You're WORSE than Obama!! You used time-travel to change how an election went!

MITT: Oh, don't be mad that I've won the game of Presidency. You remember the policy, don't you? "Whatever it takes to win." You may naysay all you like, but, really . . . this is what everyone would do, if they had the power. Boys!

He snaps his fingers, summoning two bodyguards.

MITT: Dispose of our unwanted guest here. Take him to the de-evolution chambers!

GUARD 1: You got it, boss.

They grab Cush, and start to drag him away.

CUSH: Hey! Let go of me, you *bastards!*

He breaks free, and takes turns swinging punches at both guards. One guard attempts to kick him, but Cush grabs the man's feet with both hands, then twists his foot, causing him to fall. Then Cush foot-sweeps the other guard, to make him fall too.

CUSH: What exactly is it you intend to do with your Presidency, anyway?

MITT: Why don't I do what you did, George, boy . . . and start a war.

CUSH: . . . What?

MITT: We're already at war with the middle-east. I say let's go to war with Mexico.

CUSH: Why? What did they do?

MITT: Just think of the hate it would stir up. Mexicans in America. Illegals. They would hate us. We would hate them. America would become a battlefield overnight.

CUSH: Why? Why Mexico?

MITT: I don't know - why China? My War On China is going to drag on for years. My war on India will rage on for over a decade. Yugoslavia. Ukraine. Eventually, people won't care which country I pick to go to war with - only that I do at all. How about England? The original country. That can be my final, biggest goal: to topple the British Parliament and rule all over.

CUSH: You sick bastard. You know I'm gonna stop you!

MITT: Oh, I don't think you'll be doing anything, boy. *You* aren't the President anymore. *I* am.

Cush gulps.

CUSH: How long have you been plotting this?

MITT: Only a handful of years. You see, 6 years ago, back in '07, I met a man . . . a very interesting man . . . who claimed to be “me from the future”. He claimed to come from the year 2027. He says that now, in 2027, now he knows everything he *should* have said, and *should* have done, back then, to win the elections. He tells me all that I need to know, and look: I win.

CUSH: You . . . villain! You abused time-travel!

MITT: Abused time-travel? My dear boy, I’ve never time-traveled in my life!

CUSH: You . . . you didn’t?

MITT: Never! I’ve never touched such a machine myself. All I did was have a conversation with a man at a coffee shop. I learned a lot.

CUSH: There has to be some way to stop you. Some way. I’ll figure this out.

MITT: What is that paper rolled up in your sleeve?

Cush gasps, and eyes the paper, hidden well.

CUSH: Your dirty little secrets.

MITT: Give it to me.

CUSH: Kiss my ass. And then die. And then go to Hell.

Cush stuffs the files deeper into his sleeve, and begins hand-to-hand combat with Mitt Romney.

Mitt Romey swings a right hook, left punch, right hook, all high punches. Cush blocks each attack with his hands and arms.

Then it’s his turn to swing the punches. Mitt lowers himself a little and jabs straight for the left side of Cush’s ribcage, the worst area to be hit. Cush jumps aside.

MITT: I’m gonna get those files, boy - even if I have to kill you, and make it look like a suicide!

Cush delivers a low kick to Mitt’s waist. It hurts. Mitt Romney spends a moment being hurt. Cush comes closer, now falling into the trap of self-arrogance - a fact that

He puts his hand on Cush's face, and pushes him back, before taking over the mic. Now the echo is turned up dramatically.

MITT: Ladies . . . and gentlemen.

A hushed, terrified silence falls over the crowd.

MITT: I am your President. And as your President, I am here to warn you about all the dangers that we face - from overseas and abroad, to right here in our homeland. And no man on Earth . . . is more dangerous than this man right here. George Walker Cush.

You see, Cush here is just . . . confused. After all, it's commonplace for people to be confused, when they're mentally unstable. Ladies and gentlemen, I will remind you of one thing. This man has a record of DUI.

All the lights FADE OUT. One spotlight remains on Cush, and one on Mitt.

MITT: That's right, ladies and gentlemen: D.U.I. This man, right here, was arrested for it, at age 30. Now, he may not have been drinking underage. But he was drinking recklessly, and irresponsibly, at a time when he knew FULLY well what he was doing.

CUSH: Look, guys, we've been over this already. It was 1976. My driving privileges were suspended for a while, and I was fined, but not arrested - and that was that.

MITT: But you *were* arrested for disorderly conduct at a football game, before that, weren't you? See, folks: this man has a history. A history of getting himself fined and arrested. A history of being found guilty of "disorderly conduct" at football games. And he has a history of driving drunk. And do you folks think he will change? Do you think he will EVER change? . . . Or is he doomed to stay the same? This man is dangerous, folks. He thinks it's okay to drink and drive!

CUSH: Okay, well, it hasn't happened again since 1976! All right? You know how long it's been since I've had a drink? SO many years.

MITT: That's not good enough, George. YOU . . . must now account for the fact that YOU could have killed innocent children. It could have been YOUR children. Or YOURS. And black people: what if he had crashed into some of your kind? Would that not anger you?

CUSH: This is enough. I've watched you milk and exploit things long enough!

MITT: This is NOT enough! YOU just want to find ways to justify DRIVING DRUNK!

That's right, folks. Officer Robert Mendez was the officer who arrested him at the football game. He spent the night in county jail, folks. County jail. Because that's where scumbags go, to think about what they've done. From then on, HE HAD A

RECORD. A record as a *criminal*. Look at his face. This is the face of a typical criminal.

CUSH: You musta been a real fan of that Adolph Hitler, huh? I bet you have his portrait in your bedroom.

MITT: Yes! You, see - you see, if anything, Cush, with his drunk driving, is comparable to Adolph Hitler! You see, this man could have killed and wiped out an entire neighborhood with his recklessness!

AL GORE: All right, now THAT'S ENOUGH, Romney!

Al Gore steps in from STAGE RIGHT.

AL GORE: I might have disagreed with Cush about the 2000 election - but I disagree even MORE about this one!

MITT: Aww, what's the matter, Gore? You mad that Obama lost? Huh?

AL GORE: You cheated! You did NOT win the election fair and square! Well let's just see what a recount would say!

MITT: Oh, the people have spoken . . . and the people want me. That's why I'm here. I couldn't *be* here unless I was *voted* here. So why don't you just run back on home to your Loser's Corner, with all the other failed losers of society?

AL GORE: No. You used lies and manipulation to get here!

MITT: Who do you think people are gonna listen to? Someone big, and strong, and capable of leading them, like me? Or some scrawny little weakling, who couldn't even lift 20 pounds, like you?

AL GORE: What in the Hell is your problem?

MITT: You're nobody, Gore. I'm the President now. You are nobody. You have no friends, Al Gore. **NOBODY LIKES YOU!**

AL GORE: STOP IT!

MITT: You know what they said about you in the papers 2 weeks ago? Huh?

Mitt Romney shuffles through his things, until he finds a paper.

MITT: Okay. Washington Post. Here you go. Here it is. I saved it.

“Al Gore, the Democrat who once ran for President opposite George W. Bush” . . . check out this part . . . “is even more of an embarrassment to us citizens as he is to his own Democratic party.”

Al Gore tries not to cry, very hurt by the cruelty.

MITT: What’s the matter, Al Gore? You gonna cry now? I guess you just can’t take the heat, then. I guess you just have no business in this game. It’s a man’s world out there. And you’re just a little boy.

AL GORE: SHUT UP, Mitt!

MITT: Now that I’m President, I think I’ll just take this time to order some bulldozers to come along and trample all over your precious little Mother Nature.

AL GORE: You wouldn’t!

MITT: Oh, I would. My patience only goes so far, for people like you.

Mitt takes a puff from a cigar, and blows the smoke in Al Gore’s face. Al coughs.

AL GORE: (*pointing his finger at Mitt*) You’ll remember that I used to be Vice President, under Bill Clinton. And Bill Clinton was twice the President you’ll EVER be!!

MITT: And where is he now? Huh?

Al Gore is silent now.

MITT: Where is he? Where is Bill Clinton now?

AL GORE: What did you do? Have him committed?

Mitt turns away from the microphone, and addresses Cush and Gore personally.

MITT: No. I had him turned into fungus.

AL GORE: What? What do you mean?

CUSH: Yeah, what do you mean, “fungus”?

MITT: I had Bill Clinton de-evolved - his body turned into fungus.

CUSH & AL GORE: What??

MITT: He is everywhere now. He’s all across the city - the fungus. And the same fate awaits both of you two losers.

CUSH: Come on, Al Gore! Let's take him on, together!

They both rush ahead, pushing Mitt Romney backward.

CUSH: Let's get him into his own de-evolution machine!

Mitt, fallen, stands back up, brushing the dirt off his suit.

MITT: I'm having you *both* committed for this!

AL GORE: Shut up, Mitt Romney! The world will learn what you've done!

MITT: The world will learn nothing . . . until I say it can!!

Mitt swings another punch. Angrily, he screams, and roars, every time he lashes out an attack. Mitt Romney is fast, aggressive, and brutal. He swings a punch, then swings another, and continues to hit nothing but air while Cush and Gore duck away and avoid every attack.

Then, finally, he seems tired, stopping to breathe for a few seconds.

CUSH: Come on! Get him now!

They both run at him, beating Mitt repeatedly. Mitt staggers backward, trying not to fall.

CUSH: We can do it, Gore! Just keep going!

GORE: I didn't wake up today expecting a boss battle!

They continue to fight. After five more punches delivered to Mitt Romney, both Cush and Gore step back, as Romney runs at them at full speed to swing some punches of his own.

Cush ducks down to avoid a punch. Then he and Al Gore deliver twin uppercuts which send Mitt Romney flying, in an anime slow-motion moment where he staggers backward.

Slow-motion stops as Romney falls to the floor, on his back.

CUSH: Come on, Gore! Let's go back and stop Romney from talking to – Romney.

GORE: You got it, Cush!

Cush finds the files that he had set down earlier, and he runs off to STAGE LEFT with Al Gore. Mitt Romney lays on the ground, defeated.

But his head pops up, his eyes open. He's still alive. (The lights FADE OUT.)

Scene 7.

The lights FADE ON as Cush and Gore return at STAGE LEFT, walking to CENTER STAGE. Cush sorts through the papers.

AL GORE: So - we're going back in time, to when?

CUSH: 2007. These time-travel logs have 2007 as the destination end of the journey.

AL GORE: When exactly do they meet?

CUSH: Hmm, well, the time-travel logs outline exactly when everything happened, and how . . . it's like a . . . a journal, or a diary, written in the future, in 2027. But Mitt Romney arrives back in August 19, 2007. We've got to go to that date and stop him from talking to his younger self.

AL GORE: Would that, essentially . . . restore time to normal?

CUSH: Yeah, it should minimize the damage. Get everything basically back to normal. Once we do this, and go back to the present, Obama should be President.

AL GORE: Thank God. I mean - this guy's just being an asshole.

CUSH: Tell me about it. Okay. Now . . . we have no time machine.

AL GORE: Nobody has a time machine.

CUSH: Mitt Romney had one! I mean - in 2027, he had one. Shoot! I can't touch a time machine, until the year 2027! Then, I can use one and go *back* to now, or to 2007. But I have to wait that long!

AL GORE: Wait till 2027? We're not gonna last that long, with this guy as President.

CUSH: Yeah, and we'll be so old by then. Hmm. Let me think of another way.

The two pace around, back and forth.

Neither can come up with a solid answer.

AL GORE: You're right. We have to do what Mitt Romney did - and wait all the way till 2027. There's just . . . there's NO other way!

CUSH: Don't say that! Karl Rove used to have this saying - that there's *always* a way to find what you're looking for.

GORE: He did?

CUSH: Oh, wait . . . or was it TV? . . . Did Karl . . . hmm. Well, anyway. Doesn't matter. There's always some way.

MITT: Gentlemen.

Mitt Romney appears again, approaching Cush and Gore.

CUSH: I thought we whooped your ass.

MITT: Clearly you made the mistake of not finishing me off. A mistake you will soon regret.

CUSH: What are you gonna do now?

MITT: I plan on time-traveling again.

CUSH: HA! You don't have a time machine!

MITT: Oh, no. The time machines have been rebuilt, based on blueprints from 2027.

CUSH: Oh. Really?

MITT: That's what the team of scientists was captured for: because they might be able to re-engineer the machines. Now, why don't I use these machines, and go back in time to run for election in 1999?

CUSH: What??

MITT: You heard me. Why don't I take office in January 2000? I'll let the terror attacks go on, again, but this time I'll manage the War on Terror my own way. And I'll take over both of your 4-year terms.

CUSH: Are you outta your mind?! What would that do to time? How would you be running for office again in 2013?

MITT: I don't know. I honestly don't know what that would do to 2013. Might throw a real wrench into the time-stream, huh? Well, that will just be too bad . . . for YOU.

CUSH: I'm gonna stop you, you psycho!

MITT: You'll never stop me, Cush. Never. I will always win. Men! Prepare the time machine!

Three of Mitt's captured scientists enter at STAGE LEFT.

SCIENTIST 1: Are you sure that's safe, sir?

MITT: Of course it's safe. Now do it.

SCIENTIST 1: Uhhh - oh-okay, sir.

CUSH: *(to Gore)* We're supposed to stop him in August '07. How will we do that, if he goes back to 2000?

GORE: I don't know. If he becomes President in 2000, *would* he even show up in 2007?

CUSH: What?

GORE: If he messes up 2000, he never shows up in 2007.

CUSH: Still becomes President. Running against you, I'm guessing.

SCIENTIST 1: Almost ready, sir. Initiating sequence. Come on! You stupid Windows!
. . . Let's just wait. It's . . . hmm. It's not responding. Well, give it a minute.

MITT: Boys - a little lesson in history. How Earth became Romney's World, in 2000.

Both Cush and Gore charge at Mitt Romney again, grabbing him and throwing him backward to the floor. They both rush to the time machine computer.

CUSH: Now you! Send us back to August 2007!

AL GORE: Yeah! August 19!

SCIENTIST 1: August 19, 2007?

CUSH: Yeah. Send us back there, right nooow!

SCIENTIST 1: You got it! Sending you back to August 19, 2007.

He presses some more buttons. The lights all FADE OUT.

Scene 8.

Loud music is played in reverse.

LIGHTS ON as Cush and Gore stagger around the stage, their arms flailing around wildly, to end up at STAGE RIGHT. The music begins to fade away, as they manage to regain normal composition on the ground again.

CUSH: Did we make it? Are we here?

GORE: Looks like it to me. This is 2007.

CUSH: Finally, we've landed. We've got time going from Rewind to Play again. So now let's just stop the meeting of the two Mitt Romneys.

Cush goes through his files.

CUSH: Time-logs. On the date of August 19, 2027, Mitt Romney made the departure, and *landed* in the same place back in August 19, 2007. So he went back in time a perfect 20 years, a perfect 20 rotations around the Sun, then sought out his younger self at a Starbucks Coffee on 3rd Avenue.

(*putting the papers away*) Okay! So let's just find that meet-up spot!

Scene 9. EXT. STARBUCKS

At STAGE RIGHT, Mitt Romney, 6 years before taking Presidency, sips coffee while sitting on an outdoor chair, reading a newspaper.

A gray-haired Old Mitt Romney approaches him.

OLD MITT: Uhhh . . . ex-excuse me, young man.

MITT: What the Hell do *you* want?

OLD MITT: Are you Mitt Romney?

MITT: Who wants to know?

OLD MITT: Listen. I know you want to become President. I can help you get there.

MITT: Yeah, right. Go on, loser, get outta here.

OLD MITT: Just listen!! Please! Just . . . let me talk for one minute. And then I'm outta here. All right? If you follow a few easy steps, *you* can become President - and it's free.

MITT: Okay, and how is that? Huh?

OLD MITT: You just have to look at the future. See, I come from the future. I come from 2027. That's . . . uhhhh . . . two decades from your time.

MITT: Yeah, okay. SECURITY!

OLD MITT: No, wait! Stop! Please! Listen . . . listen. I know an awful lot of wisdom, today, from 2027 . . . a lot of things I never knew when I was younger! Things I wish I could share with my younger self . . . who is YOU . . . so, you see, I am ONLY here to tell *you* how to become President.

MITT: You got 10 seconds to amaze me.

OLD MITT: I just have to tell you about history - *future history*. I just have to tell you about what happens *after* 2007. What happens in 2011, with the natural disasters. What happens in 2012, 2015, 2019, 2023, 2027. I just have to tell you about all that happens in the last 20 years, and *you* can get there first, and be the first to tell people!

MITT: Yeah? . . . Tell me something that only the future knows about.

OLD MITT: Okay: GMO foods. In my time, 2027, there are no more GMO foods anymore. That's because there was a big movement, to erase all genetically modified foods on the market. It took years. But 2007 doesn't know about it yet - and YOU can be the first to tell the world about GMO foods.

MITT: What the Hell are GMO foods? It sounds like homo foods. I'm not eating something that sounds like homo foods.

OLD MITT: Will you shut up? GMO stands for Genetically Modified Organisms. The public gets angry, upset, about this stuff, about, I don't know, 7, 8 years in the future, they demand a change. Change starts happening, slowly. Look . . . I'll just show you the books from the future. They'll teach you everything you need to get caught up on.

CUSH: YAHHHHHHHH!!

Cush and Gore run into the scene, each one beating up one of the Mitt Romneys.

MITT: That's it. SECURITY! SECURITY!

Mitt continues to punch Cush. Then he starts to attack Al Gore, assisted by Old Mitt. While both Mitts are busy with Al Gore, Cush runs away with a few books.

OLD MITT: COWAAAAARD!

Soon, Cush is gone from the scene, running off to STAGE LEFT again.

AL GORE: Hey! Hey, Cush! Wait up!

Al Gore runs to chase him.

AL GORE: Wait for me! We're too late. We can't stop him!

Cush shows Al Gore the books he took from Old Mitt.

AL GORE: Ahhhhh, you're clever!

CUSH: Hopefully now he won't be able to rig no more elections. Hmm. I wonder what these books from the future are like. Whoa! A Playboy *and* a Hustler, dated July 2027! . . . GOD! I can't look at that! These girls are all BABIES right now!

AL GORE: How do you know we saved the time-stream?

CUSH: Well, we don't, I guess. Let's just . . . go to 2013 and see how things look.

Cush and Al Gore return to CENTER STAGE, and pull a red blanket off the wall to reveal a large framed photo of Obama, with the label OUR LEADER underneath.

CUSH: Whewww! I never thought I'd be this glad to see Obama in office again!

AL GORE: You said it! I'd rather see *you* in office for 8 years than Romney for a day!

CUSH: I'm just glad everything is back to normal!

LAURA: George! *There* you are! I've been looking for you! Where've you been the last 10 minutes? You just went missing! Obama's second inauguration is today. Oh. Hello, Mr. Gore.

AL GORE: Hello, Laura.

CUSH: Well, let's just say I went off on a great adventure. He was here, too. I'll tell you all about it - once we're not in this crowd anymore.

LAURA: Hmm. Well, come on. Let's go have lunch with the girls!

CUSH: You said it!

Cush walks away, breathing a sigh of relief. He looks at the Obama picture one more time.

CUSH: Never did I think I'd be thanking God so much that Obama is in charge!

So he walks away, leaving the scene at STAGE RIGHT.

END OF PLAY.