

INT. AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL CONVENTION, COLUMBUS, OH - DAY

The President is about to give a speech to the world upon the tragedy of just three days before and milk it for all it's worth. The house is packed. Just to the right of the podium is that same five foot high statue of Izzy the Mouse found at the crash scene, but now with his head re-attached, a patch over one eye and his hands outstretched toward the masses. He's still smiling.

The President solemnly rises to the podium and says with the utmost of deadpan,

PRESIDENT

My fellow Americans... And all other
life-forms on planet earth...

CUT TO

FOREIGN LOCALES - CONTINUOUS

A collage of the teeming multitudes of humanity world-wide, placing hands on each others' shoulders, doing soul struggle and straining to find guidance as they watch and hear. From Jumbotrons to TVs, from loudspeakers to radios, from grand metropolises to the tiniest hamlets, all considering the great issues of life, etc.

PRESIDENT

(V.O. through foreign
loudspeakers, etc.)

Three days ago, a most outrageous
injustice was inflicted upon the
civilized world. A jetliner carrying
226 passengers was hijacked at LAX
by wanton terrorists. With beards no
less!

BACK TO SCENE:

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

It was then flown into the Matterhorn.
And I'm not talking about that
Matterhorn over there in...I don't
know...Japan or Tibet or wherever
the hell it is. But the really
important one. The one, at Dizzyland!

He pounds the podium; takes a beat.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

And, on Gay Pri-i-i-i-de Da-a-a-ay!

He does a dance move to the left, spreading and shaking his hands, ending up with them on his hips and stomping each foot.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

To boot!

One FEMALE AIDE with dark-rimmed glasses grabs ANOTHER AIDE'S arm, has look of apprehension on her face as if she's getting revelation on the President.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

(bitterly, insincerely)

As a result of this dastardly and cowardly attack, one thousand, one hundred and thirty-three of our fellow specie are no longer with us.

CUT TO:

THREE GUYS IN A BAR. KESHAUN, an African-American plus LARRY and ERWIN of Sit n' Sleep fame are sitting at the bar, drinking and watching an overhead TV. Erwin is mortified, Larry is pondering, Keshawn looks amused.

BACK TO SCENE

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

My fellow Americans. When in the normal course of human events...

(stops, thinks)

and by that I mean, you know, the course of normal humans and their events...a Certain Restrained Outrage would be appropriate in a situation like this.

BACK TO BAR. Erwin is nervous and muttering "Wow." Larry is nodding but a bit skeptically. Keshawn still amused reaches for his mug of Samuel L. Jackson beer.

BACK TO SCENE

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

But not this one! This cowardly attack, upon our most foundational of all national symbols-a Fantasy Theme Park! Shall! Not! Stand!

The President in his passion slams his fist down and accidentally hits Izzy the Mouse's hand which does a slo-mo, CGG 360 around its arm pit, teeters back and forth and falls

off. President is momentarily paralyzed with fear, AUDIENCE at first gasps then is enthralled with the visual picture and ROARS accordingly. Some of them raise their fists as they do so.

Perversely encouraged, he continues.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
 Why? Because this is most obviously
 the work of...what? C'mon now.
Depraved Evil-Doers, that's what!

The crowd cheers.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
 Can I get a witness?!

The crowd cheers all the more.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
 Therefore, with all that our
 collective hearts can muster. Let it
 now be said, "An attack upon The
 Mouse, is an attack...Upon us all!"

CROWD erupts, goes wild. AMERICAN FLAGS are waving everywhere.

President, with a crazed look in his eyes, raises an imaginary sword to the sky, yells a victory ROAR exactly like William Wallace after the Battle of Stirling in "Braveheart". Crowd ROARS back and they both repeat. Pandemonium everywhere.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
 Therefore, from this time forward
 and ever hence...uh...more, let it
 now be said, "One for all, and all,
 for one!"

Crowd sends up a more tepid cheer this time, then dies down.

The President leans forward and says,

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
 I remember that one from the movie,
 "The Three Mouseketeers."

Turns to the statue.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
 One of your greatest performances by
 the way.

He winks. Solipsis rolls his eyes.

BACK TO BAR. The three guys in a bar are maintaining their respective cools, except for Erwin of course.

ERWIN

Larry! This means war doesn't it?

LARRY

Oh Erwin, you're such a worry wort.
We'll be alright.

ERWIN

But if they can, those terrorists
will be killing me Larry!

LARRY

Oh Erwin, just shut up!

BACK TO SCENE

PRESIDENT

Therefore my fellow Americans, I am
announcing today my new and
spontaneous plan for a total
reorganization of the entire federal
government to protect the Fatherland.

He hears someone's garbled speaking via an earpiece.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Oh. The Homeland.
(smiles sheepishly)
Sorry.