

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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Several travelling mimes wander through the audience as people are getting seated. They sit in a particular place for extended periods of time. One has a pinwheel. Big yawn. They are waiting and BORED out of their minds. Giant watches they check constantly.

All their travel brochures are stamped with WTF TRAVEL

WORLD TRAVEL FUN - WE TRAVEL FAR - WELCOME TO FUN (and it's anything but)

MONSTROUS, BONE RATTLING, FANFARE (it should border on giving someone cardiac arrest)

Live band on stage (power trio?) or piped in music

Screens fire up:

Clip from National Lampoon's Vacation.

CHEVY CHASE

We're gonna have so much f*cking fun, we're gonna have to have plastic surgery to remove the f*cking smiles from our faces.

Our Host, CHARLES THORNHILL THE FIRST, rappels from the ceiling. Spotlight all the way down.

CHARLES

Welcome, Welcome, Welcome. I'm Charles Thornhill the First. That's right weary travelers, here at WTF Travel, we're here to put F back in Fun. And when I say Fun I mean Travel. Can I get an AMEN?

LARGE BLACK LADY stands up from the audience. Belts it out.

LARGE BLACK LADY

A-Men.

BLACK MAN from opposite corner, same thing.

BLACK MAN

Preach it brother.

Charles lays it on thick and heavy. The mimes come to attention.

CHARLES

Are you tired of fly by night
travel agencies that promise you
the world and FAIL to DELIVER?

WHITE MAN other corner.

WHITE MAN

You know that's right.

CHARLES

Are you weary of over-promise and
under-deliver?

YOUNG WHITE FEMALE singer, final corner.

YOUNG WHITE FEMALE

Stop the insanity. Make it stop.

CHARLES

Are you ready to say NO MORE to the
over priced, extra hidden charges,
premium upgrade, \$50.00 for the
extra baggage, pay for peanuts, 20%
gratuuity added, wait in line at the
back of the bus, deluxe package,
free t shirt, didn't book far
enough in advance, executive
surcharge, Saint Christopher have
mercy and DELIVER us from vacation
hell and the false prophets of
traveller DOOM?

And the singers sing:

SINGERS

We're ready, we're ready, we're
ready.

The lead vocalists riffs.

LARGE BLACK LADY

Deliver us from the vacation evil.

Charles stirs up the audience to be delivered.

CHARLES

Then let me show you a taste of
what WTF has to offer.

The Mimes move about, rampant excitement.

Clip of the helicopter drop from Jurassic Park and the Psycho house from Psycho.

Meanwhile, a calm, cool, collected personable MAUIVA REP casually begins circulating through the audience. Shaking hands, making eye contact, MEETING PEOPLE.

Onstage, Charles presents WTF TRAVELLER JOHN. To call John smarmy is like watching your best friend hit on your mom, in front of your dad. Skeevey just doesn't do him justice.

John stands at the head of the dinner table with his wife and a horribly distraught captive audience of dinner guests.

WIFE

John's going to show us some of our personal favorites.

JOHN

This is one of my personal favorites. We got to see the behind the scenes workings of the Golden Gate Bridge.

WIFE

It's behind the scenes of the Golden Gate bridge. The view was fantastic.

(the wife will repeat everything John says, possible make a comment about stuff you really could see but there is no evidence of this)

The singers build up the excitement.

SINGERS

He's going to show. We're going to see. The greatest vacation you won't believe.

A slide of a machine room from anywhere.

JOHN

Napa Valley.

WIFE

This was Napa Valley. There were these fantastic balloon rides that you could take.

SINGERS

We're in Napa, Napa, Napa, Napa, Napa, Napa Valley.

Slide of an out of focus grape leaf.

JOHN

Pier 39.

WIFE

This is Pier 39. It's in San Francisco by the Pier.

SINGERS

Pier 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,39! Yeah!

Slide of the side of the building that says Pier 39.

By now the dinner guests are looking for any way out.

DINNER GUEST MAN (V.O.)

Can I get some strychnine for my coffee? Maybe Lye. Little hydrochloric acid?

He catches the eye of one of the mimes that mimes hanging himself. The other mimes act accordingly.

JOHN

Sea lions at Prospect point.

WIFE

We saw Sea Lions at Prospect Point. They're just like seals only different.

Slide of the ocean with a sea lion in one corner. Then a slide of the John and his wife looking out to sea with a non-descript background behind them. They could be anywhere.

SINGERS

See sea lions. I see sea lions, Do you see the Sea Lions? I see the Sea lions? See See the sea lions. Can you see the sea lions rise above the darkness of the night, with a bark full of bold and might.

They're on a roll now. Each singer is augmented by a mime and they are bringing down the house.

SINGERS (CONT'D)

Can you hear the sea lions? Do you see the sea lions? Sea lions, sea lions, Rise above the ocean of the night, like a star as big as a light.

Dinner wife gets up and applauds them.

Microphone feeds back. John coughs. Stares them down. They slowly grind to a halt.

In his best faux skeeve he mouths 'thank you'

He changes slides. Really fuzzy, out of focus, tiny and far away.

JOHN

Alcatraz.

WIFE

This is Alcatraz.

DINNER GUEST MAN

Better than here.

DINNER GUEST WOMAN imitates slashing her wrists.

DINNER GUEST WOMAN (V.O.)

The sharpest thing they have is a
butter knife?

Slide of the inside of the bus. Several shots of things
outside the bus, but you can't really tell what it is.

JOHN

This is me and Sugar Bumps waiting
for the bus to take us on the
exclusive WTF tour of Lombard
Street and Chinatown.

WIFE

We took the exclusive tour. We even
got to see parts of Chinatown.

DINNER GUEST MAN (V.O.)

I could set the table cloth on
fire. If I smoked. Or if there was
a tablecloth.

Slide of people waiting. And several more. And some more.
Slide after slide of a lot of the inside of buses, terminals,
lines. But John and Wife are ALWAYS SMILING.

DINNER GUEST WOMAN (V.O.)

I'll just hold my breath until I
pass out.

JOHN

Llama.

WIFE

That's a llama. We saw it in San Francisco. Near the Pier. In Chinatown. I think.

Shit you not, it's a llama. On streets of San Francisco.

The singers go nuts. Again. But even they are not sure if they should be excited.

SINGERS

It's a llama. See the llama. Holy shit, it's a llama. On the Streets of San Francisco.

Singers can't take anymore. Confused looks. Disjointed vocals.

Suddenly from the back of the room a blood curling scream.

BOLL WEEVIL

WAIT!!!!!!

A MAN IN A BOLL WEEVIL costume bursts in, rushes to the stage. Trips. Stumbles. Rolls across the stage.

BOLL WEEVIL (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm late. I got locked in the bathroom.

John stares at him.

BOLL WEEVIL (CONT'D)

Boll Weevil. I'm the Boll Weevil. The travel mascot.

CHARLES

Jump back. It's the Boll Weevil.

SINGERS

Boll Weevil. Boll Weevil. Boll Weevil. Glory Hallelujah. Boll Weevil. The evil, the evil boll weevil.

Screens show Travel disasters from Planes Trains and Automobiles, Rocky Horror, Romancing the Stone, Pink Panther, The Man who Knew Too Little, Due Date, Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.

BOLL WEEVIL

I'm not evil.

Mauiva rep steps on stage. Takes the mic from Charles.

MAUIVA
That should be about enough of
that.

LARGE BLACK LADY
Praise the Weevil.

MAIUVA
Actually, it's Maiuva. Hawaiian
God, rose from the water. Anyway.

Everyone looks about sheepishly. Mauiva indicates the Chaos

MAIUVA (CONT'D)
Kinda hard to sort it all out most
of the time isn't it. Let me help
you. We're Mauiva.

Logo comes up on the screen.

MAIUVA (CONT'D)
Not Boll Weevil. Nice outfit
though.

Boll Weevil reluctantly starts to leave the stage.

MAIUVA (CONT'D)
Hang around a second. I want you to
see something.

Addresses the audience.

MAIUVA (CONT'D)
At Mauiva, we want you to spend
more time doing and seeing and less
time dealing with all this
(indicates the chaos).

Screens show gorgeous footage of the Mauiva package.

Through out the Mauiva pitch, the Mimes and Singers reinforce
the positive aspects of the package