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Lights Up on 4 people on stage.

Lauren, Kirk, Ryan and Sid are all waiting for the bus.

LAUREN
H&R Block office Party Bus!

KIRK
Ryan, you're idea to claim all four
people living in one house as
dependents was amazing.

RYAN
Ahhh, it was nothing.

SID
Lauren, you just told the IRS that
Ms. Flanders contributed her entire
income to her retirement.

KIRK
Ryan, do you have the cocaine?

RYAN
Does your charitable donations
lower your taxable income?

They both laugh and Ryan hands him the cocaine.

KIRK
This is not the drugs talking, but,
it's important to remember we're
doing this for our clients.

They all take a second and laugh.

SID
Ahhhhh, Kirk you kidder.

RYAN
Hey, who's got two thumbs and told
their clients to defer their bonus
until AFTER the new year?

ALL
We dooooo!!!

KIRK

Hell yeah, now hand over that cocaine!

Sid and Lauren start to have a side conversation.

LAUREN

Hey Sid, the way you handled Mr. Cohan being dead was inspiring.

SID

Not as inspiring as you filing more deductions for your single mother of 6.

LAUREN

I love you.

They both go in for a kiss.

SID

We can't.

Ryan and Kirk see what's happening.

KIRK

Are you gonna make out or what?

RYAN

Yeah, we all know it's gonna happen.

KIRK

C'mon it's as obvious as a single guy with one W-2.

RYAN

Roasted! Where is the cocaine?

KIRK

Right here!

Kirk hands over the cocaine.

KIRK

I'm doing it. I'm going to tell the IRS that my wife left me, my kids won't talk to me and that the dog died.

LAUREN

The IRS won't care about the dog or
that the kids won't talk to you.

RYAN

They're not dependents anymore
though, so that matters.

SID

None of that happened though so
you're fine.

KIRK

It did happen. They're all gone.

LAUREN

Oh, Kirk I'm so sorry.

KIRK

It's fine, at least I still have
cocaine.

RYAN

It's gone...

SID

Ryan no.

KIRK

Gone? You mean THAT bag is gone!

Kirk takes out another bag of cocaine and celebrates.

ALL

Tax season!

Black out.

A scientist stands on stage testing a frisbee by bending it and throwing it in the air.

The door opens, secret service walks in and checks the room. Waves in the President.

SCIENTIST

It's an honor to meet you Madam President.

PRESIDENT

Thank you, I'm very excited to be here at Area 51. Where are the aliens and UFOs?

He takes out a frisbee and shows it to the President.

PRESIDENT

Amazing, UFO technology is so advanced we can fit it in our hands. How does it work?

SCIENTIST

Take it in your hands, and throw it like this.

Scientist and the President count to three and loft the frisbee through the air.

PRESIDENT

What, is this just a frisbee? I didn't win a presidential election to see a frisbee.

SCIENTIST

Not a frisbee Ma'am a DISC.

PRESIDENT

But, I saw pictures of a UFO?

SCIENTIST

THIS (holding up a frisbee) is the UFO.

PRESIDENT

They were images of massive objects in the air.

Darrel brings out a giant frisbee.

SCIENTIST

Yes ma'am. We started small to calculate aerodynamics and moved to massive sizes.

PRESIDENT

Yes! This is what I was hoping for. How does it fly, with a powerful jet or something?

SCIENTIST

No, the wind! We launch it from the top of a surrounding peak and let it go for miles!

PRESIDENT

Are you telling me it's just a big frisbee?!

SCIENTIST

Disc, Ma'am.

The president stands pissed off.

PRESIDENT

What about the lights?

SCIENTIST

We put those on so that we could see it in the dark.

PRESIDENT

Why would President Roosevelt start this facility?

SCIENTIST

We were trying to find a cure for polio and what we found was so much more.

PRESIDENT

We've been spending billions on making frisbees?

SCIENTIST

Discs Ma'am, and -

PRESIDENT

I'm done here.

Secret service opens the door and waves her in.

SCIENTIST

Darrel!

Darrel comes in and the two of them start throwing the frisbee back and forth.

Blackout.

Int? Olympus

Pizah and the his intern stand in heaven.

PIZAH

Gods be praised I, Pizah, the God of pizza, am tired. Intern, I'm going to take a nap.

INTERN

You deserve it after making New York pizza, Chicago pizza, all of the pizzas in Italy.

PIZAH

Yes, you're right. Well I'll be off now.

INTERN

Rest well my lord.

Pizah exits and gives over his staff and robe to the intern. Jupiter enters.

JUPITER

Pizah, God of Pizza! The mortals praise you beyond words.

The intern looks around confused.

INTERN

Thank you, Jupiter. Can I call you Jupiter?

JUPITER

Surely! We are both Gods!

INTERN

I was just working on my latest pizza.

JUPITER

And where is this going to go?!

INTERN

St. Louis?

JUPITER

I did not know that St. Louis needed a pizza! What a brilliant idea! I must watch your masterful hand create.

INTERN

Thank you, Jupiter. First, the crust will be, thin and without yeast?

JUPITER

How different!

INTERN

And the sauce will soak through the crust at a temperature only Gods can touch?

JUPITER

How tempting.

The intern becomes more cocky seeing that he's getting away with it.

INTERN

I'll invent a new cheese!

JUPITER

What will it be called!?

INTERN

Provel Cheese!

JUPITER

Us be good! What will it be made of?!

INTERN

Cheddar, swiss and provolone. The hot dog of cheese.

JUPITER

You're a mad God and I love it.

INTERN

I'll add more oregano to the whole thing!

JUPITER
More flavor, MORE FLAVOR!

The intern is mad with power.

INTERN
It's been cooked.

They take the pizza out of the window and both of them
stare at the pizza in awe.

JUPITER
It needs to be cut. The triangle?

INTERN
No! It will be cut, in a new way.

JUPITER
How?

INTERN
Squares.

JUPITER
Why?

INTERN
So only 25% of the people can enjoy
it!

JUPITER
Godly.

INTERN
You're welcome, St. Louis.

A human walks in to taste it.

JUPITER
A human to taste it!

HUMAN
This is awful!

INTERN
But will you eat it?

HUMAN

I mean, it's pizza.

Pizah walks in.

PIZAH

Intern, what have you done?! You created disgusting pizza!

INTERN

My lord, where have you been?

PIZAH

I had sex with Little Caesar.

Little Caesar pops their head out.

LITTLE CAESAR

Pizza Pizza.

Blackout.