

INT. SALON -- DAY

Ezra Kaplan stands in front of five numbered tables. On each is all the necessary stationary. Candidates #1, #2, #3, #4, and #5 take their seats and Ezra consigns each a sheet.

EZRA

I'm psychologist Ezra Kaplan and I have prepared a question which I would like you to answer in depth.

He walks back to the front and reads.

EZRA

"If I were left alone with a rabbit in a submarine, what would I do?" -- Please start, you have fifteen minutes.

On Rush Limbaugh-like Candidate #3, thinking,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. /EXT. SUBMARINE -- DAY

on Candidate #3 sitting on a sofa. Rabbit Haazy hops around. Once Candidate #3 looks nice at Haazy, once angry, once fed up. Finally he captures him.

Cuddling Haazy, Rush-like

CANDIDATE #3 (V.O.)

First, I would check if he's a conservative or a liberal. If he's a conservative I would train him to become a football reporter.

He grabs Haazy by his neck.

CANDIDATE #3 (V.O.)

If he's a liberal I would capture him and roast him. Now, pending on what kind of a liberal he is, if he's a vicious stalinist...

(tightens grip on Haazy)

I would offer him for lunch to the fastest fish.

He holds Haazy up to the acrylic window as a FISH swims by.

CANDIDATE #3 (V.O.)

But if he's only an embittered weasel I would eat him myself if there's enough honey aboard to balance his bitterness.

He shoves Haazy away from him.

CANDIDATE #3 (V.O.)  
Otherwise, rather than discarding him,  
I'd shove him down the throat of the  
most pedantic ecologist to avoid  
accusations of subaquatic pollution.

INT. SALON -- DAY

On Dubya-like Candidate #2, biting on his pencil,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. /EXT. SUBMARINE -- DAY

as he peeks out from the back of an armchair he kneels on.

CANDIDATE #2 (V.O.)  
If I were in such a position I would  
first ascertain that he is from Texas.

Playing hide and seek, he once glances from one side of a chair,  
then from the other.

CANDIDATE #2 (V.O.)  
If he is from that part of the country,  
I would train him to become a  
cheerleader. If he is not from Texas,  
I would still train him to be a patriot.

Glancing from behind another chair:

CANDIDATE #2 (V.O.)  
If our occupation of the submarine will  
last long enough, that is.

Holding his pencil in front of his mouth, relaxed,

CANDIDATE #2 (V.O.)  
Otherwise I would give him as a Christmas  
present to my smartest female staff  
member.

INT. SALON -- DAY

On clintonesque Candidate #1 as he thinks.

CANDIDATE #1 (V.O.)  
First of all I wouldn't be so stingy to  
concede myself only one such marvelous  
creature.

He smiles, captivating. Hillary-like Candidate #4 glances at him, suspicious.

As he beams:

CANDIDATE #1 (V.O.)  
Secondly, I'm gracious enough to perfectly accept such cute pets whose ears remind us of rabbits.

Over his dreaming eyes fade in the Four Girls in blue swim wear, each sporting rabbit ears.

CANDIDATE #1 (V.O.)  
Thirdly, since I'm only a candidate and so I might not be able yet to set up the rules which please me...

As he thinks,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. /EXT. SUBMARINE -- DAY

on an empty sofa, empty chairs, and an empty blue carpet.

Puzzled, FISH look inside from the other side of the acrylic windows.

As Haazy comes out from underneath a sofa and stops in the middle of the room:

CANDIDATE #1 (V.O.)  
...I might be willing to trade for a different scenario. Even on a submarine.

A DARKER COLORED SHE-RABBIT joins Haazy from one side and sits down next to him. A SECOND SHE-RABBIT and a THIRD hop in from the other side, and surround Haazy. At once they all frolic.

INT. SALON -- DAY

On Hillary-like Candidate #4 writing fast. She finishes, drops the pencil, and looks up.

On her paper:

ONLY IF THE RABBIT WERE A FEMINIST

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. /EXT. SUBMARINE -- DAY

On her, standing arms akimbo, feet asunder. Suspicious, she looks around. Haazy pops up. Scared, he runs right through her legs and disappears under a divan.

CANDIDATE #4 (V.O.)

And if by happenstance she turned out to be a he I would still request her to be a feminist. Or move out of the submarine.

INT. SALON -- DAY

On Ahnold-like #5, nodding as if to say "I'll show you what,"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. /EXT. SUBMARINE -- DAY

as SWAT-like dressed he bends down on the carpet. He looks under chairs and divans till he finds Haazy hiding in a corner.

As Haazy comes out, under barrel of automatic pointed at him,

DISSOLVE TO:

Haazy exercising in front of Ahnold-like #5 lying on his belly.

CANDIDATE #5 (V.O.)

If I only had a rabbit long enough I would make a master bodybuilder out of him.

As Ahnold-like #5 looks satisfied at Haazy's progress,

DISSOLVE TO:

Haazy doing acrobatics on a line stretched through the room.

CANDIDATE #5 (V.O.)

I guarantee he will win the prize of best rabbit bodybuilder in the world with and Austrian accent.

As Ahnold-like #5 keeps a watchful eye on him,

DISSOLVE TO:

Haazy showing up in an electric Hummer model.

CANDIDATE #5

And if he increased his self-centeredness too I will teach him how to drive and I will reward him with a decent tracked assault vehicle.

As Ahnold APPLAUDS,

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SALON -- DAY

as a GONG ends this section of the examination. Ezra collects the papers. Elisha passes out the next set of sheets and goes to the front.

ELISHA

I'm economist Elisha Shapiro. I've worked out this question to test your priorities.

(reads)

"If I were on a small boat in the middle of the sea, with no links to the world, three children aboard to feed, and enough food for two days, what would I do?"

As Rush-like Candidate #3 rushes off writing,

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL YACHT -- DAY

on him fishing undisturbed. Zac, Lee, and Laverne orderly sit in a row next to him, munching their sandwiches.

CANDIDATE #3 (V.O.)

The question does not even arise for an individual with a minimum of foresight and common sense.

As he is busy trying to find a station on his portable radio:

CANDIDATE #3 (V.O.)

This quiz could only be born out of the sick mind of an incompetent, bloated, pessimistic leftist with no confidence in himself, ever ready to blame everyone else for his own misdeeds.

As he goes back to fishing:

CANDIDATE #3 (V.O.)

And as such this question can only be answered by a similar character who I refuse to be.

INT. SALON -- DAY

Candidate #2 bites in his pencil eraser, and as he writes,

CUT TO:

EXT. TUGBOAT -- DAY

on him in a cowboy hat. He hula-hoops with Zac, Lee, and Laverne.

CANDIDATE #2 (V.O.)

I would keep the children distracted to have high morale. Then I would check if we had raincoats and enough umbrellas in case of rain not to get wet.

DISSOLVE TO:

Everybody under the rain but well protected in raincoats. His raincoat hood extends over his cowboy hat. Buckets and other containers stand around everywhere, filling as it rains.

CANDIDATE #2 (V.O.)

And before it rains I would display pans and bowls to gather each precious raindrop. For the children. And myself.

As revolver can be seen sticking out from under his raincoat:

CANDIDATE #2 (V.O.)

Thirdly I would keep my six-shooter dry in case I had to go hunt for fish.

Still under the rain, Dubya swings his lasso on the back of the tugboat.

CANDIDATE #2 (V.O.)

Fourth I may misuse some of the boat's rigging, but it's for a good purpose: if I ran out of ammunition I could still try it with the lasso...

As Zac, Lee, and Laverne watch him, grateful:

CANDIDATE #2 (V.O.)

Last but not least I would pray with  
the children to thank the Almighty that  
he's made us Texans.

INT. SALON -- DAY

As Candidate #4 is angry, staring in the air,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMALLER VESSEL -- DAY

with her frantically searching for papers amidst piles of  
sheets, magazines, maps, paperbacks, and books.

INT. SALON -- DAY

On Candidate #1, writing with a smile of confidence,

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSER ANGLE not to reveal the size of a:

EXT. MEGA-YACHT -- DAY

on clintonesque Candidate #1 on a rocking chair.

As he enjoys the sun and CAMERA VERY SLOWLY PULLS BACK:

CANDIDATE #1 (V.O.)

Being on a small boat under these  
conditions is a tough task, but I have  
some ideas how to attract the world's  
attention to a bunch of poor stranded  
kids like us. After all, what am I  
here for? And will always be here?

The WIDENING ANGLE reveals that next to the rocking chair is  
an opened bag. From it a cell phone sticks out. Kids rush  
back and forth in front of him.

CANDIDATE #1 (V.O.)

For the good of the children I've  
schlepped a hidden cell phone with me  
aboard which you people who asked the  
quiz do not even know about.

As ANGLE KEEPS WIDENING One of the Four Girls in blue swimsuits  
approaches him from the back. She pulls out the cell phone  
and hands it to him. Loving, she puts her arms on his chest  
as he uses the phone.

CANDIDATE #1 (V.O.)  
I also smuggled a bunny aboard for the  
poor children. To comfort us.

As ANGLE WIDENS FURTHER the remaining Three Girls in blue  
swimsuits approach. The Fat holds a huge fish, Two Girls a  
basket full of smaller fish.

CANDIDATE #1 (V.O.)  
And as for the two days of food left I  
have amply provided by forming the  
"Fisherwomen Save The Children"  
organization which will respond promptly  
at my call.

As the intended "small boat" is finally revealed as the elegant  
mega-yacht:

CANDIDATE #1 (V.O.)  
Now, don't tell me I haven't excelled  
in my duty on how to handle things under  
such harsh conditions on a small boat.

INT. SALON -- DAY

On Hillary-like Candidate #4, sweating and fuming,

CUT TO:

INT. SMALLER VESSEL -- DAY

as she keeps searching in a cabin in an absolute mess.

INT. SALON -- DAY

On Candidate #5, looking down self assured at his paper,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLD SHIP -- DAY

or amphibious Hummer.

Ahnold-like #5 is dressed like a pirate and so are Zac, Lee,  
and Laverne. He sits on the edge with one arm in the water.  
Attentive, Zac, Lee, and Laverne observe him until he gives  
them the signal to get ready.

He lifts up his arm on which a sizable FISH has attached itself.  
As it struggles he signals the Children to hit it.

Zac desists, Laverne slaps it now and then. Only when Lee  
comes with a pan and BANGS it is the struggle over.

By accident Lee also hits Ahnold-like #5 who falls to the side, unconscious.

He regains consciousness as the Fish still dangles from his arm. He gets it out of the Fish's mouth, and reveals his hook. Prompt, he sticks the hook into a can of worms, spears some, and thrusts his arm back into the water.

CANDIDATE #5 (V.O.)  
I personally prefer steaks but once in  
a while fish will do it.

On Laverne and Lee, frying the Fish,

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SALON -- DAY

as Candidate #4 keeps fretting, and

CUT TO:

INT. SMALLER VESSEL -- DAY

as she rushes through more books. With hunger painted on their faces Zac, Lee, and Laverne stare at her.

She finds a thick volume and slows down.

CANDIDATE #4 (V.O.)  
I would have only gone by the feminists  
bona fide troubleshooting manual.

INT. SALON -- DAY

GONG!

Elisha collects the papers. Anthony passes out his set.

ANTHONY  
I'm architect Anthony Stanton. With  
the aid of psychologist Humphrey Mortimer  
and physician Christopher McComb I have  
elaborated two questions for you.

Facing everybody from his desk,

ANTHONY  
Here's the first:  
(reads)  
"If I had a biplane for promotions,  
what would I promote with it?"

Clintonesque Candidate #1 starts out right away.

Dubya-like Candidate #2 thinks it over a little.

Rush-like #3 looks suspicious up for a moment, and off he scribbles.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRBORNE AIRPLANES -- DAY

in special effects galore (SUITED FOR ANIMATION).

Dubya does a few daring loopings and flies on straight.

He cocks his six-shooter and aims at the plane of Candidate #1 in front of him.

CANDIDATE #2

In the name of all republics: I'm gonna smoke this monarch out of business.

In a golden crown, Candidate #1 pilots a white biplane with a golden propeller and golden wings. On either side of the lower wing stands One of the Four Girls in Blue bathing suits with loose nightgowns fluttering in the wind. On the upper wing sit, well secured, the remaining Two. One of them is the Fat which causes the plane to fly slightly out of balance.

Rush-like Candidate #3 follows behind. His biplane leaves a trail of smoke and makes a lot of NOISE.

CANDIDATE #3

I'm gonna teach you all for not letting me smoke my cigar.

Flying a black biplane Ahnold-like Candidate #5 overtakes #4.

Screaming, angry,

CANDIDATE #4

I'll make sure you get a ticket for reckless speeding.

On Candidate #2 who keeps chasing #1, trying out his lasso in flight. He ropes the Fat Girl.

CANDIDATE #2

Whoops! You're not gonna cause MY mustang to fall. Heeeah!

Candidate #1 does not care. He even plays the saxophone while piloting.

As he keeps playing, and his crown doubles in height, crooked,

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

INT. SALON -- DAY

ANTHONY

Here's the second question:

(reads)

"What banner would I pull through the air?"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

The Sunbathers in Blue CHEER looking up in the sky.

Pilot-turned-king-turned-saxophonist Candidate #1 flies by with a banner attached to each of the Four Girls on the golden wings. The banners proclaim:

"MAKE LOVE INSTEAD OF PEACE"

The Sunbathers in Blue BOO as Candidate #2 passes. He SHOOTS now and then in the air, and pulls a banner with this message:

"MAKE COWBOYS INSTEAD OF KINGS"

The Sunbathers in Red CHEER UP when #2 passes by.

More BOOING of the Sunbathers in Blue as cigar-smoking Candidate #3 passes with ROARING ENGINE. In mosquito-like provocative fun he leaves a trail of smoke. His banner:

"IMPEACH ALL HYSTERICALS AND LIBERALS"

The Sunbathers in Red CHEER as Candidate #3 flies by. Some salute by SHOOTING in the air.

The Female Sunbathers in Blue CHEER UP at the arrival of Candidate #4. She pulls this message:

"IMPEACH ALL CHAUVINIST MALES AND ALL ANTILIBERALS"

The Men in Red SALUTE and CHEER as Candidate #5 passes with:

"I WILL TERMINATE ALL WANNABE TERMINATORS"