

**"DUBYA MONEY IN GOD'S CASINO"**

**by**

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SCENARIO

DUBYA MONEY is American Idol 43, a gangsta rapper fronting for the Neoconz With Attitude. Behind the scenes at Skull & Bones Records, the chimp dances to the spin from his organ grinder, DR. CHE. Together, this gruesome twosome will stop at nothing to grab back-to-back endorsements from the judges. Having hijacked America, they're now playing for high stakes in God's Casino, better known as the Middle East.

EXT. NEVER-NEVERLAND RANCH, TEXAS

CAPTION: "TEXAS, 2004".

Oil magnates from around the world are relaxing beside the pool at Dubya's crib in Crawford, beneath a huge BANNER adorned with a lone star and the slogan: "PNAC PEAK OIL PANIC". Some are smoking cigars. Others sip cocktails as they cavort with lapdancers. Lines of oil derricks are pumping in unison in the background. Limousines are parked on a vast drive patrolled by special forces. The assembled crowd of global oligarchs and dictators also contains a few common gangsters. Everyone is staring at an anthropoid standing behind a lectern next to the poolside barbecue. CLOSEUP on Dubya, a chimp-like figure in a suit. He has draped his arms over the front of the pulpit, which is decorated with a presidential seal bearing the motto: "A NEW ORDER OF THE AGES". An ANNOUNCER's voice booms out of speakers the size of wardrobes behind him.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, your attention please. This is another public service announcement brought to you in part by Dubya Money. Dubya does not give a fuck what you think. If you don't like it, you can suck his fucking cock. Little did you know, upon goofing at your screen you have just kissed his ass. Dubya Money is fed up with your shit and he's going to kill you.

(pause)

Er, anything else?

After strutting around throughout this introduction, Dubya leaps on top of the lectern and drops his trousers to reveal the words: "YOUR VALUES" tattooed on his backside in magic marker. He jumps to the ground and turns to the camera.

DUBYA  
 (nonchalant)  
 Yeah. Sue me.

FADE TO BLACK.

Full-screen CAPTION displays opening credits: "SKULL AND BONES RECORDS PRESENT"; "DUBYA MONEY IN GOD'S CASINO"

FADE IN:

RAP VIDEO MONTAGE:

To the beats of FORGOT ABOUT DRE by Dr. DRE.

Dr. Che is behind the barbecue flipping steaks. In front of him, three CHEERLEADERS are waving their pom-poms beside the pool. Dubya is strutting around and making hip gestures. A corporate LOGO appears in the bottom left corner of the screen: "FAUX NEWS". Along the base of the screen, a CAPTION appears against a red news-ticker background: "WE DISTORT, YOU GET FRIED!". CLOSEUP on Dr. Che as he begins to rap.

DR. CHE  
 Y'all know me, still the same ol'  
 G., but I been low key. Hated on  
 by most these liberals wit' no  
 schemes, no petrol task force  
 teams, no Likudnik dreams wit'  
 marines and my legions of two-bit  
 mercenaries. Mad at me cuz I can  
 finally afford to provide my  
 backers here wit' lower fees. Got  
 it fixed wit' the studios and  
 they all full of hacks who wanna  
 kick ass in Iraq for the  
 oligarchs skulkin' in back of my  
 House like cronies. Did y'all  
 think I'ma let my dough freeze?  
 Oh please, you better bow down on  
 both knees. Who'd you think  
 tortured the whole team? Who'd  
 you think sold this ol' country  
 fallacies, lies, spoofs and  
 forgeries from that crook Ahmad  
 Chalabi and my scribes at the  
 Times on Street West 43?  
 Creatin' a nation of dope fiends  
 to be sure they jus' hangin' in  
 your hood. And when yo' armament  
 sales weren't doin' too good,  
 who's the Doctor they told you to  
 go see?

(MORE)

DR. CHE(cont'd)

Y'all better listen up closely,  
all you traitors who said that my  
firm flopped, or I turned soft,  
y'all know the reason Enron's Lay  
stayed home free. So fuck y'all,  
all o' y'all; I'm the Patriot  
Act, yo blow me! If y'all wanna  
keep fuckin' around wit' me I'ma  
nuke us back to a cold freeze.

DUBYA

(singing)

Nowadays everybody wanna talk  
like they got somethin' to say,  
but nothin' comes out when they  
move their lips; just a bunch of  
gibberish and motherfuckers act  
like they forgot about Che.  
Nowadays everybody wanna talk  
like they got somethin' to say,  
but nothin' comes out when they  
move their lips; just a bunch of  
gibberish and motherfuckers act  
like they forgot about Che. So  
whaddya say to somebody you hate?

CHEERLEADER

What?

DUBYA

Or anyone tryin' to keep trouble  
at bay? Wanna resolve things in a  
bloodier way?

CHEERLEADER

Yup!

DUBYA

Just study a tape of N.W.A.! One  
day, I'm patrollin' by, with a  
squadron armed when an Iraqi guy  
give me an awkward eye so I  
rocket him off with some cluster  
bombs and his pop and mom. I  
don't give a fuck if it's them or  
not, I'm harder than truths that  
I'm tryin' to dodge like I'm  
drunk as fuck, light-headed and a  
wreck from a pretzel and a  
cyclin' flop. Crackin' up without  
a sip, try'na cool my fears. Fuck  
you Blix, you're on my list, I'ma  
blow all you smart-ass  
motherfuckin' Europeans.

(MORE)

DUBYA(cont'd)

And when the facts came through,  
me and Che's stood next to some  
burned down towers wit' a tissue  
of lies and a fistful of memos  
and still weren't kicked out.

CHEERLEADER

Right here.

DUBYA

So from here on out we worked out  
how to keep you numb, we pumpin'  
the Dow and I'm still loco enough  
to choke you to death wit'  
Apocalypse Now. Dubya Money --  
hotter than his set of twin  
honies -- In Kerry's S.U.V. wit'  
the windows up in a three-way  
hump with Lady Bunny. Callin' men  
ladies; Skull 'n' Bones bent us  
both crazy, there's no way that  
you can save me, it's okay, go  
invade Cheney.

CHEERLEADER

Da-da?

DUBYA

Nowadays everybody wanna talk  
like they got somethin' to say,  
but nothin' comes out when they  
move their lips; just a bunch of  
gibberish and motherfuckers act  
like they forgot about Che.  
Nowadays everybody wanna talk  
like they got somethin' to say,  
but nothin' comes out when they  
move their lips; just a bunch of  
gibberish and motherfuckers act  
like they forgot about Che.

DR. CHE

If it was up to me, you  
muh'fuckers'd stop comin' up to  
me wit' your hands out lookin' up  
to me, like you want somethin'  
free, when my last sorties went  
out, you wa'n't fundin' me. But  
now I stole me a whole country,  
see, everybody wanna come to me  
like it was some disease, but you  
won't get a crumb from me cuz I'm  
from the seats of --

CHEERLEADER

Boardrooms.

DR. CHE

I told 'em all -- all them phoney liberals, who you think controls 'em all? Now you wanna run around talkin' 'bout fun like we don't need guns -- how'd you think we sold 'em all? Cuz I play offense? Now all I get is hate mail all day 'bout my violence? What? Cuz I been in the lab wit' a pen and a pad tryna cook the damn' evidence? I ain't havin' that; this is the millennium of aftermath, it ain't gon' be nothin' after that so give me one more crack at Iraq and fuck rap, you can have it back. Yo, where's all the mad rappers at? It's like a jungle in this habitat, but all you bitchin' Hitchens learned I got fixed wit' tricks since yo' whimperin' at Richard Nixon.

The music stops.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE, FIRST TEE

Dubya tees up his ball and then looks at the camera.

DUBYA

(cocky)

My fallow Murcans. All animals are equal. But some animals are more equal than others. I call upon all nations -- to do everything they can -- to stop -- these turrst killers.

(a beat; nods)

Thank you. Now watch this drive.

(swings)

FADE OUT.

Closing CAPTION, full-screen: "NEOCONZ WITH ATTITUDE"; "We ain't nothin' but mammals"