

"Wacky Barack" A Satirical Pilot

By

Nath Pizzolatto

Nath Pizzolatto
nath.antonio@gmail.com
713-614-2850

INTRODUCTION

We are facing a bare stage with a curtain on it, from the audience perspective. The curtain parts, and out walks NICK OFFERMAN. He speaks to the camera. (We can change cameras at each beat?)

NICK OFFERMAN

Allow me to introduce myself. Nick Offerman: Woodworker, character actor, patriot. Tonight I'd like to tell you a story.

(beat)

I bring to you the first chapter of a cautionary tale. A tale of what happens when people forget the most fundamental American lesson of all: "The price of freedom is eternal vigilance."

(beat)

It's easy to laugh off "conspiracy theories." They engage the questions modern society doesn't want you to think about. So the mainstream media makes anyone who engages with them look foolish for even doubting the official narrative.

(beat)

But it was only through the painstaking work of those willing to pursue the truth that we were able to put together for you this show tonight. It's a chilling vision of what happens behind the scenes in the corridors of power. We hope it will stir you to keep an eye on your elected officials, and to never stop asking questions.

(beat)

Thank you, and God Bless America.

FADE OUT

Act I

MONTAGE

We CUT IN at the sound of the alarm clock. We see a man waking up, hitting the off button, then continue into a montage of him getting ready for his day. Brushing his teeth, shaving, straightening his tie in the mirror, etc.

Importantly, we briefly see him on his knees, unfurling a prayer rug.

Over the montage, a NARRATOR (either Offerman again or a deadpan Ron-Howard-in-Arrested-Development-type) speaks.

NARRATOR

This is the President of the United States, Barack Obama. He's getting ready for his day, just like he would any other.

At the end of the montage, we see his prayer altar, with pictures of three men on it. The Narrator clarifies this:

NARRATOR

For Barack Obama, a regular morning involves a prayer at his altar, decorated with pictures of Comrade Joseph Stalin, subversive communist Saul Alinsky, and the Prophet Mohammad. It's the first of his five daily prayers toward Mecca. And the first moment of the day when he pulls the wool over America's eyes.

We see him stand up from his prayer mat. Then we get the credits and theme song:

CREDITS

Over a montage of still images, in a jingle style:

SINGER

*He wakes up every morning at the dawn
of crack*

To undermine America behind our backs

*If the stress doesn't give him a heart
attack*

It's Wacky Barack!

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Barack is in the bathroom, finishing his shave.

BARACK
Michelle! Are you up yet?

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Yes, of course. I'm bringing the kids
to school today.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

While BARACK OBAMA, 44th President of the United States, gets ready in the bathroom, MICHELLE OBAMA, the First Lady, gets ready in the bedroom.

BARACK (O.S.)
How is their indoctrination coming
along?

MICHELLE
It's terrific. Malia wrote a great
paper last week about how the perfect
communistic state of equality can only
be achieved by the destruction of the
family unit. And Sasha saw Mike
Huckabee on TV and called him an
infidel! On her own!

Barack now enters the bedroom.

BARACK
That's wonderful. You've done such a
great job with our children. I wish I
could spend more time with them.

MICHELLE
We've each got to do our part in the
great holy war. I take care of the
kids, you go out there and put on the
public face the people want to see.

BARACK
That reminds me, we're hosting the
Christian Coalition tonight.
(deep breath)
This is an important meeting. If we
can sell them on our Christian bona
fides, get their endorsement, we'll
have the public goodwill necessary to
push through some of our secret
projects.

MICHELLE

Soon, the agenda of the New World Order will be underway. We will destroy Christianity by stripping it from the foundations of America's government!

BARACK

Speaking of destroying Christianity: I also have the New Atheists Organization on my schedule tomorrow. They're going to need reassurance after tonight's meeting that we're still on their side.

MICHELLE

Well, darling, no one is better at putting on a public face while hiding our true agenda than you! They'll understand.

BARACK

Thanks, dear. I've got to get to my meeting with Rahm. Make sure he has everyone's marching orders for the day.

MICHELLE

Okay. Get going. I'll see you at lunch.

BARACK

Love you, honey. Allahu Akbar.

MICHELLE

Allahu Akbar.

Barack straightens his tie and exits.

NARRATOR

While Barack prepared to start his day...

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - MORNING

NARRATOR

...Barney O'Shea, host of the once-popular cable-news program *The O'Shea Ultimatum*, was preparing for tonight's show.

We see noted political talk show host BARNEY O'SHEA, mid 50s to mid 60s, sitting at a table reviewing some papers. He is definitely not Bill O'Reilly, legally speaking. Several writers and interns are in the room; the decor indicates the studios of a right-wing cable news network.

A television is on, tuned to a different cable news network.

ANCHOR

And today the President will be meeting with the Christian Coalition. It's a real tribute to his ability to reach across the aisle and bring people of all political stripes together...

Barney snaps.

BARNEY

Turn it off!

An intern does.

BARNEY

God damn liberal media. Kissing that Kenyan dictator's ass every chance they get.

No one says anything. Barney snorts and goes back to reading over his papers. But his annoyance at the lack of obsequiousness causes him to lash out again.

BARNEY

Where the fuck is my coffee?

A few of the writers look at each other-- "Here we go again." The interns do as well, but much more nervous and scared of Barney. Barney finally looks at them:

BARNEY

WELL? Are you going to sit around with your thumbs up your asses or is one of you going to get my coffee?

The interns exchange glances again.

BARNEY

NOW!

They all jump a little. One of them finally hurries out the room. Barney addresses them, then everybody, increasing in

volume.

BARNEY

Jesus Christ! We're fucking professionals, and I can't even get a cup of coffee around here! A bunch of goddamn interns are going to keep ME waiting? I'm a respected journalist! I brought my last show two Peabody Awards!

NARRATOR

Actually, it was just one Polk award. And the show won it the year after he left.

BARNEY

I'M the fucking star here!

Barney's PRODUCER tries to calm him down.

PRODUCER

It was a simple mistake. Let's try to focus on preparing today's show.

BARNEY

I AM trying! But I need my coffee! I can't write if I don't have my coffee! Should I just fucking wing it? You want me to just say "Fuck it, I'll do it live?"

PRODUCER

No, but acting like this doesn't help the work--

BARNEY

Let me repeat myself. I'M the star here. I know damn well what I need to work. And it's all of YOUR jobs to fucking provide it!

PRODUCER

It was a miscommunication. Can we just get started writing?

A couple of writers pick up their pencils.

BARNEY

Nope!
(to writers)

Put those down! We don't write until I get my coffee! Until then, we're going to sit here in silence so everyone can think about how to avoid fucking up in the future!

NARRATOR

While Barney was terrifying his staff, Rahm was showing up to the Oval Office.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Barack has his feet up. RAHM EMANUEL enters.

RAHM

What's up, motherfucker?

BARACK

Rahm-bo, my man!

(laughs)

Still swearing for two, I see.

NARRATOR

Barack always liked to say Rahm "swears for two," because Barack himself couldn't swear. After all, he's the President of the United States. And a devout Muslim.

RAHM

You know it. Here's the latest on who's crawling up your ass: The House Committee on Science is still refusing your environmental guidelines for dealing with climate change...

BARACK

That's a rough one. There's so much money to be made in faking data that climate change is real and man-made. We need this win to fund our other operations.

RAHM

That pastor who claims to have proof you're gay is making noise again...

BARACK

(laughs)

If only it were that simple. Is he

onto anything of substance?

RAHM

Fuck no. He just hangs out at gay clubs and saw a Black guy who kinda looks like you there. He's so fuckin' far from the truth that it actually helps your cover.

BARACK

I still don't want people sniffing around that story.

RAHM

Speaking of sniffing around stories, remember Barney O'Shea? That tabloid motherfucker?

BARACK

Of course. You ever read his novel?

RAHM

(nods)

Creepy shit. I put him on a watch list. Every sex scene was just paragraphs about sniffing underwear.

BARACK

Well, that makes sense, if you read the lawsuit.

NARRATOR

Twelve years ago...

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

The narrator keeps talking.

NARRATOR

...Barney was sued by Angela Mackey, one of his producers, for sexual harassment. Among the charges were that he stole a pair of underwear out of her purse and was caught sniffing it.

While the narrator is talking, the montage shows a Smoking Gun-style website-- "O'SHAME"-- with clips from the charging documents highlighted. Among the sentences: "Defendant called

plaintiff at home and appeared to be masturbating..."
"Defendant recommended plaintiff take a bath and use a
'falafel' to scrub herself..." "Defendant stole a pair of
plaintiff's underwear..."

NARRATOR

They settled out of court. They have a
non-disclosure agreement, but Barney
claims he paid pocket change just to
get it over with.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION

A blonde woman, early 30s, is standing in front of a
McMansion, smiling.

NARRATOR

This is the house Angela Mackey bought
three months after the settlement.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

We return to the scene in progress.

BARACK

(con't)

Personally, I thought the book was an
impressive window into the mind of a
psychopathic pervert.

RAHM

(laughs)

Yeah, and he said it was fiction.
Anyway, I've heard the dipshit is sure
you're up to something and is trying
to "expose" you. Asshole doesn't even
know what he's looking for yet.

BARACK

Still, though, that's bad. We need to
discredit him somehow.

RAHM

I'm on it. We'll have some shit go
down tonight.

BARACK

Good work. Anything else?

RAHM

I'm hearing a rumor that support for gun control is building. We could finally be approaching a flashpoint where we could pass legislation to take guns away from those "real American" shitheads.

BARACK

Take apart their rights one amendment at a time.

(beat)

So do you think it's time to stage another school shooting?

RAHM

With the time it takes to coordinate that kind of operation, we'd best start planning now. You remember how long Sandy Hook took to pull off, and still some people saw through it.

BARACK

That's true. Okay, start the planning. Explore the possibilities. Coordinate with PsyOps and False Flags to get it done.

RAHM

With pleasure. We'll stick a thumb in the eye of those liberty and patriotism motherfuckers.

BARACK

One last thing: You ready for tonight?

RAHM

Yeah, everything is in place. No media, like we discussed.

BARACK

(confused)

Wait, what?

RAHM

Well, you didn't want word of the New Atheists leaking out to the public before we had a chance to control the

story, did you?

BARACK

The New Atheists meeting is tomorrow.

RAHM

No... it's tonight. Check your calendar.

BARACK

The Christian Coalition is tonight. I already spoke to someone this morning to confirm it.

A beat as they both realize what this means, and panic starts to set in.

RAHM

Fuck.

(beat)

Fuck, fuck, fuck. And they're diametrically opposed groups--

BARACK

Right, which means we can't bump one for the other. Shows clear favoritism on the issue. We'd lose whoever we rescheduled.

RAHM

Motherfucker. Well... we have an emergency team just for situations like this. Think of all the operations we've run already.

BARACK

You think you can be assembled and prepared for tonight?

RAHM

Abso-fucking-lutely. Gonna have to be, right?

BARACK

Get going. And keep in touch with me.

Rahm heads out. Barack pulls a joint out of his pocket. He sticks it in his mouth and dials a phone number.

NARRATOR

Stressed, Barack reached out to his

mentor.

He waits for a couple of rings-- gets nervous when it's clear the other party won't answer-- lights the joint-- then the voicemail beeps.

BARACK
(into phone)
Hey, buddy. It's me. Just, uh--
(takes a puff)
--just calling to say hi. Blow off a
little steam. I'll try again later.

He hangs up, takes another puff, and looks worried.

NARRATOR
While Barack was self-medicating...

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - LUNCHTIME

Barney is eating lunch at a conference table.

NARRATOR
...Barney was still thinking over the
announcement he heard on TV that
morning.

BARNEY
Something about this story doesn't
smell right...

A few crew members snicker. Barney continues over them.

BARNEY
...Why would the President make such a
big show of meeting with the Christian
Coalition?

PRODUCER
Maybe he just wants to demonstrate
he's making an effort to compromise.

BARNEY
No. No, that's too simple. This
president is devious.
(beat)
I think he has something planned. It
doesn't make sense.

Barney thinks for a minute.

BARNEY

(con't)

I have to go cover this myself. I
can't trust anyone else to do the job.

PRODUCER

What about tonight's show?

BARNEY

Fuck it! Show a rerun! Make up an
excuse. Take them from the usual list.

PRODUCER

Are you sure? That list is... not
flattering. It was originally designed
to give the audience fresh excuses
when you were suspended for that
sexual harassment--

BARNEY

THAT NEVER HAPPENED! Say it again and
you're fucking fired!

The producer sighs.

BARNEY

The nondisclosure agreement says it
never happened. The morons watching
have no idea about it. So who gives a
shit what they think?

PRODUCER

Okay, fine. Rerun it is.

BARNEY

I'm sorry to leave you in the lurch
like this. This is far too important
to trust to anyone who doesn't have my
investigative skills.

NARRATOR

Barney wrote a little-read novel
called *Stalkers in the Night*, about a
tabloid investigative journalist who
catches a serial killer. That is the
extent of his accomplishments as an
investigative journalist.

The producer rolls his eyes so Barney can't see him, before

turning back:

PRODUCER

(dry)

Best of luck, then. If you break a big story, that could make all of our careers.

BARNEY

Well, start picking out your mansion now, because Barney never fails.

He gets up, gathers his things, and leaves the studio.

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM - LUNCHTIME

Barack and Michelle are having lunch. A lamb kebab rotates slowly in the background. We enter the scene in the middle of their conversation.

NARRATOR

Barack filled in Michelle over lunch. Of course, since the Obamas are Muslim, the meal was certified hille... halol... "Muslim kosher."

BARACK

--so that's why we can't bump either one of them. We're going to have two dinner parties at the same time. I'll use the secret tunnel to get back and forth between them. And I'm gonna need your help.

MICHELLE

I can't do it! I have to work on my Children's Health Initiative.

BARACK

Children's Health Initiative? Is that the new name for the program to slip RFID chips into vaccines so that future generations can be rounded up into the proper FEMA camps when the New World Order is set to take over?

MICHELLE

And to use our government power to control what children eat. Remind me again why we're doing that?

BARACK
Because we can!

They laugh.

BARACK
Look, that plan is important, but it's not as time-sensitive. Tonight's an emergency. I need you to be visible at the Christian Coalition meeting so no one will notice when I sneak away.

MICHELLE
We have to make time for it tomorrow, then.

BARACK
Okay, deal. We can work on it during the time I was supposed to meet with the New Atheists.

MICHELLE
The children are our future, my love. We have to control their minds if our work is to one day give rise to a glorious Islamic State, Allahu Akbar.

BARACK
Allahu Akbar. You are so wise. Now let's get ready for tonight.

FADE OUT

End of Act I

Act II

INT. WHITE HOUSE BANQUET HALL - EVENING

It's a dinner party. People are still mingling; servers walk by with hors d'oeuvres and the like.

NARRATOR
That evening, the President met the members of the Christian Coalition.

Barack makes the rounds, glad-handing prominent members of the Christian Coalition. He's conspicuously wearing a non-denominational cross necklace that he wasn't earlier. Rahm and Michelle accompany him.

BARACK

(shaking someone's hand)
How are you? Thank you for coming
tonight. God bless.

NARRATOR

But a certain investigative journalist
had eyes on him.

Barack shakes a few more people's hands, making polite chat,
before, from a distance, Michelle notices Barney and tugs at
Barack's arm. The three whisper:

MICHELLE

What the hell is he doing here?

RAHM

Fuck. I don't know. We weren't told he
was coming. I'll have to get the
Response Team together.

BARACK

Get to it. He's heading this way. I'll
handle him. Michelle, you keep the
heads of the Coalition occupied.

Rahm exits to somewhere off-screen; Michelle exits into the
crowd. Barney approaches Barack.

BARACK

Barney O'Shea! We didn't expect you.
What a pleasant surprise.

BARNEY

Well, Mr. President, as the good Irish
Catholic I am, I couldn't miss a
chance to see for myself what you have
to say to the Christian Coalition.

BARACK

Can I get you anything? Loofah?

Barney is momentarily stunned.

NARRATOR

Barack made sure to brush up on the
details of the lawsuit before
tonight's event.

Barack reaches onto a platter of hors d'oeuvres a nearby
server is carrying and grabs a falafel, showing it to Barney.

BARNEY

Uh... I think you mean a falafel, Mr. President.

BARACK

Of course.

(laughs)

I always get those confused. Anyway, want one?

BARNEY

Ah... no, sir. I'm fine.

BARACK

Well, enjoy. I have to attend to a quick matter and I'll be right back.

Barney's suspicions are raised.

BARNEY

A quick matter, eh?

BARACK

National security. You know how it is.

Barack heads out of the room. Barney keeps an eye on him, gears turning.

MONTAGE

The screen splits into two, then three, then four.

-Barack running back and forth, at both the Christian Coalition meeting and the New Atheists meeting. (We see him hide the cross he's wearing when he takes the tunnel to the New Atheists meeting, and take it back out when he goes back to the Christian Coalition meeting.)

-Michelle stays at the Christian Coalition meeting- we see her once take over a conversation so Barack can head to the other meeting unnoticed.

-Barney is talking to people but only as a front; he is trying to keep Barack in his sights, catch him doing something to betray his secret plans.

-Rahm is speaking into a headset, coordinating workers, and keeping an eye on Barney.

After all four montages have been running for a few seconds, the Barack quarter of the screen itself splits into two, then

three, then four, all of him doing different things (speaking at the New Atheists event, glad-handing a Christian Coalition member, running down the tunnel between them, etc.)

The corner of the screen focused on Barney then expands to the full screen, as the narrator puts up back in live action.

INT. WHITE HOUSE BANQUET HALL - EVENING

NARRATOR

While Barack was winning over the New Atheists, Barney received the tip he was looking for.

Barney is observing the Christian Coalition gathering, before being approached by a young female staffer-- 20s, blond, pretty, and bears at least a passing resemblance to the woman we saw in the photo of Angela Mackey's mansion.

STAFFER

Mr. O'Shea?

Barney takes a look at her-- *she's cute*-- then twists his mouth up into a nervous attempt to hit on her.

NARRATOR

Of course, Barney never let an assignment distract him from hitting on women.

BARNEY

Well, hi there. I see the White House put out their best lookers for this event.

She giggles.

STAFFER

I have something I'd like to talk to you about.

BARNEY

Sure. Go ahead.

She shakes her head.

STAFFER

Not here. Somewhere we can go... in private?

(leans in to whisper)

I know why you're here. And I can't

trust anyone else. They have ears everywhere.

Barney looks at her, now understanding what she's saying. He nods, seriously.

STAFFER
(still whispering)
Meet me out in the hallway in twenty minutes. I have to circulate or it'll look suspicious.

She then leaves Barney. He nods with the confident smile of a man who knows he's about to be vindicated.

NARRATOR
While Barney sought vindication,
Barack sought forgiveness.

INT. SECRET PASSAGE

Barack is heading back from the New Atheists meeting to the Christian Coalition banquet.

BARACK
(muttering to himself)
Forgive me for what I said, Allah. I had to appease the infidels. For now...

Rahm approaches from the other end and stops him.

RAHM
Wait.

BARACK
Come on. I have to get back before the Christian Coalition notices I'm gone.

RAHM
Operation Inside Edition is in effect. Wait for Turd Boy to clear the room. Then you can mingle.

Barack smiles.

BARACK
Well done, my friend.

RAHM
Shit, ain't no thing. I'll call you

when it's time for the sting.

BARACK

When I come back, tell Michelle to
head out to get Sasha and Malia.

Rahm nods and heads back toward the Coalition meeting.
(Notably, Barack still hasn't replaced the cross.)

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLS

NARRATOR

Not long afterward, Turd Boy did,
indeed, clear the room.

The staffer is hanging around looking nervous, when Barney
quietly slips out a nearby door.

BARNEY

There you are.

STAFFER

Thanks for meeting me, Mr. O'Shea. I
was really nervous about this.

BARNEY

Well, you're with Barney now. I'll
make it all right, honey.

The staffer is creeped out and struggles not to make a face
or break character, before continuing.

STAFFER

I think you can catch the president
red-handed tonight.

BARNEY

What do you mean?

STAFFER

The President left the Christian
Coalition meeting, but I haven't seen
him. I think he's in some kind of
secret location... meeting someone he
doesn't want the public to know about.

BARNEY

What can we do?

STAFFER

We need to expose the truth. If my suspicions are right, there's evidence of what he's been up to in a room down the hall here. I need you to sneak in and find it without anyone noticing it.

BARNEY

Have you looked for it?

STAFFER

I'm not allowed in there. The President is very clear none of the staff is allowed in that wing of the White House. If I caught, it could be my job.

(swallows)

Or worse.

Barney appears skeptical.

BARNEY

How do I know I can trust you? That this isn't a setup?

STAFFER

You're a public figure. They can't hurt you like they can hurt me.

(beat)

Please, Mr. O'Shea? You're our only hope! We need a hero now! For America!

NARRATOR

Let it never be said that Barney didn't fancy himself a hero.

Barney takes a second, smiles, nods with purpose, and pats her on the shoulder.

STAFFER

Be careful. Quiet as you can. Don't draw any attention. And thank you.

BARNEY

Anything for America, dumplin'.

Barney sneaks down the hall. The staffer makes a horrified face and mouths, "Dumplin'?"

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE BANQUET HALL - EVENING

Barack is back, chatting with a Christian COALITION REP, who is regarding him with some suspicion.

NARRATOR

As it turned out, the President had to worry about his cover being blown on more than one front.

COALITION REP

I'm glad I finally got a moment with you, Mr. President. It's been difficult to catch you.

BARACK

Yes, and I apologize. It's a busy night. Many people to talk to.

COALITION REP

I've looked around for you several times and you didn't seem to be in the room.

BARACK

Well, I can't explain that. I've been here.

The Coalition Rep is not convinced-- and then it clicks:

COALITION REP

Mr. President, where is your cross?

The room goes silent and all eyes turn to the two of them.

COALITION REP

(con't)

You were wearing a cross earlier. I noticed it and wanted to ask you about it. Where is it? Did you take it off?

BARACK

Oh, it must have--

COALITION REP

Mr. President, were you wearing that just to appease us? And now that you think that's done, you take it off?

BARACK

That's not what happened.

The representative is gaining confidence now. A conservative skeptical of Barack, he sees this as a chance to take him down. Barack is getting flustered, something that never happens in public.

COALITION REP

You must take us for fools, Mr.
President...

The camera is positioned to film from Barack's point of view. As the rep continues, we pan from him, over to Rahm, standing by a wall. He's observing the situation-- we see him react to a voice in his earpiece-- he nods, talks for a second, then looks over at Barack and gives him the high sign.

Barack breathes a sigh of relief. Then he speaks, loudly enough to silence the Rep and get his attention:

BARACK

Look, I just want to apologize. You are correct. I have not been at the event the entire evening.

(beat, sigh)

The truth is, we had... a security breach at the White House tonight.

Murmurs around the room.

BARACK

(con't)

I didn't want to alarm anyone here, because no one was in danger. It's all right. It's been handled. But...

Barack has been prepared for this all night, and his oratory skills, as well as a certain controlled anger, come out as he continues.

BARACK

(con't)

The reason I was called away is that the intruder broke into the private wing of the White House. Where my family and I live. Where my wife and daughters sleep.

This prompts a couple of gasps. The tenor of the crowd changes; they become more sympathetic.

COALITION REP

Mr. President, I'm sorry, I had no

idea it was such a serious matter.

BARACK

It's all right. It'll be okay. But right now I have to go check with my staff to make sure the intruder has been removed. And Sasha and Malia need to hear from their father that everything is all right now.

The coalition representative nods.

BARACK

Thank you for understanding. Excuse me.

Barack heads toward Rahm, and the two of them exit.

INT. DARK ROOM

Barney has been rummaging through a collection of drawers in the dark, muttering to himself.

BARNEY

Come on, they've gotta be in here somewhere...

Suddenly, the lights come on. It's Sasha and Malia's bedroom. Barney has been digging through their dresser drawer. At the light switch, we see Rahm, with Barack, and flanked by a couple of members of the Secret Service. [Perhaps a reporter takes a photo?]

RAHM

What the fuck are you doing?

BARNEY

I... uh...

RAHM

Are you digging through the First Daughters' clothes, you fucking pervert?

BARNEY

No! I mean--

RAHM

It sure as hell looks like you are.

BARNEY

I was investigating a rumor about the President.

RAHM

(snorts)

Yeah, sicko. I've read the court documents. I know what kind of "investigating" you like to do.

Everyone laughs. Barney barely tamps down his rage at being humiliated.

BARNEY

Mr. President, I was set up!

BARACK

Oh, did someone else force you to enter the private wing of the White House?

BARNEY

YOUR staffer did! She told me I would find something here!

BARACK

That's ridiculous. My staff knows better than to be back here.

RAHM

(sarcastic)

And even if that were true, how could anyone make a man as strong as yourself do something against his will?

Barney gets flustered by this point, then re-gathers his courage and outrage.

BARNEY

Cut the charade, Mr. President! I KNOW you're up to something!

Barack waits a beat.

BARACK

Mr. O'Shea. Barney. It seems like you've had a stressful night. Why don't you take a deep breath, relax, and go home? Take a warm bath.

BARNEY

You WON'T get away with this! I won't let you!

RAHM

Isn't that what Angela Mackey said?

Everyone but Barney laughs. Barney, angry, takes a step toward Barack and Rahm, but two Secret Service officers quickly step in between them.

BARACK

(to Secret Service)

Gentlemen, if you'd kindly escort Mr. O'Shea off the premises.

They do. As he's leaving, Barack calls out:

BARACK

Next time, if you want a play date, call ahead and ask!

He and Rahm laugh, bumping fists once more as they watch.

INT. WHITE HOUSE BANQUET HALL - EVENING

The Christian Coalition is talking among themselves, when someone notices a man being escorted down the hall by Secret Service agents.

MAN

Who's that?

The crowd turns to look. Barney catches their eye. More gasps and murmurs. Members of the crowd start commenting.

VARIOUS

I always knew there was something off about that guy... / Barney O'Shea! / No wonder the President was so distracted... / Did you ever read that lawsuit? Guy's a pervert.

Not long after, Barack and Rahm follow and return to the banquet hall. Barack addresses the group.

BARACK

Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize for my periodic absence tonight. But as you can see, the security breach has been handled, so perhaps now we can

sit down and talk.

COALITION REP

Don't worry about that, Mr. President.
It's clear you're a good Christian man
who loves his family. You have the
Christian Coalition's full support.

Barack and Rahm look at each other. *Fist bump.*

End of Act II

Tag

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

NARRATOR

Barack was a little rattled after his
close call, so he reached out to his
mentor again.

Barack is on the phone.

BARACK

The stress is getting to me.

We hear a chuckle, then cut to:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

BILL CLINTON is the other party. (The conversation cuts back
and forth between them.)

BILL

Well, buddy, you just gotta remember:
You have a whole shadow power
structure to support you in achieving
your goals. We're all in this
together, friend.

BARACK

It just feels like I have to juggle so
many responsibilities. Just pretending
to care about America is a full time
job, let alone installing our real
agenda. It takes so much effort to
maintain the proper public face and
not expose what we're doing.

BILL

Hey now. The Bilderbergs and the

Illuminati chose you because they believe in your ability to do just that. And I do too.

(beat)

We had a big setback when George W. Bush won two terms. He did so much to further the agenda for Real Americans. We needed someone who could mobilize unpatriotic liberals to vote against America's interests.

BARACK

Well, I appreciate that, don't get me wrong. The opportunity to bring down America from the inside is a dream I've had since I was a little boy in Kenya. But how did you deal with the stress?

BILL

Well, I sodomized interns.

They laugh.

BARACK

Michelle wouldn't go for that.

BILL

Weed?

BARACK

Ah, it just doesn't have the same thrill now that we've suckered so many Americans into believing it has medical benefits.

BILL

I feel your pain. But at the same time, maybe that's your problem. You're looking for thrills. You gotta chill.

A beat. Barack chuckles.

BARACK

Right as always, my friend.

BILL

Enjoy the moments of peace and quiet you get. The job is chaos 24/7.

BARACK

I gotta go. It's almost time to pray to Mecca again. But I appreciate the advice.

BILL

That's what mentors are for, friend. Take care.

BARACK

Allahu Akbar.

BILL

Hail Satan.

They hang up.

NARRATOR

Next time on *Wacky Barack...*

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NARRATOR

...Barney licks his wounds...

We see Barney in a recliner, in front of the TV, pulling from a flask-sized bottle of Jameson. He's watching a news program:

ANCHOR

Tonight, on the lighter side, conservative pundit Barney O'Shea was caught trespassing in a White House bedroom. The official statement says it was an honest mistake, but...

(chuckles)

...with old Barney, you just never know.

Barney screams and throws the bottle of Jameson through the TV.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

Michelle is meeting with a FARMER. She is physically dominating; he is terrified.

NARRATOR

...While Michelle starts to implement her school lunch program.

FARMER

Please! I'm a working man with a family! High fructose corn syrup is the only way I can provide for my loved ones!

Michelle slaps him so hard he goes to the ground.

MICHELLE

I decide what the children eat now! Your family can starve!

Michelle laughs.

FARMER

Please, Madam First Lady! What about working people? The poor?

MICHELLE

They'll all be working soon enough, once the New World Order has everyone rounded up. And once children are hooked on our tasty government food, they'll turn in their parents themselves!

FARMER

What...?

MICHELLE

I've said too much.

Michelle produces a pistol and calmly shoots the farmer four times.

The episode ends with a quick reprise of the theme song--
He's Wacky Barack!