



ARIZONA!

(a pandemic parody)

Short script by

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(lyrics courtesy of Dr. Richard L. Bruno)

Governor Doofus and Health Director Keeeryst try to get a handle on the coronavirus ravaging their state. Hilarity ensues. Think SNL sketch. Includes gunplay & a show-stopping (or maybe show-starting?) musical number. Contains mind-boggling pull-quotes from the actual press conferences.

v4.4

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"ARIZONA!"

FADE IN:

INT. PHOENIX BRIEFING ROOM - DAY, MAY 2020

A 50-something politician with an extraordinarily-large blockhead, GOVERNOR DOOFUS, walks in, with his Health Director, DOCTOR KAREN KEEERYST. She's a bleach blonde with a mane of overly-teased hair that she continually flips from side to side. They stand at the podium, with six-shooters strapped to their hips, and SING, to the tune of Rodgers & Hammerstein's "Oklahoma!":

DOOFUS AND KEEERYST

(simultaneously)

Aaaaa-rizona,
Where Corona's sweepin' 'cross the
state,
We won't wear a mask,
Don't even ask,
Got a fever, but we're doin' great!

Doofus takes a SOLO:

DOOFUS

Aaaaa-rizona,
Ev'ry night my drinkin' pals and I
Sit in packed cafes
While birds of prey
Make their lazy circles in the sky!

Doofus aims at the imaginary vultures with his six-shooter.

DOOFUS (CONT'D)

We know we belong to the land,
'Coz beneath it is where we will
land!

Keeeryst JOINS him in the big finale:

DOOFUS AND KEEERYST

(simultaneously)

And when we say:
Yee-ow! No vent for me, I'm free!
We're only sayin',
You're doin' fine, Arizona!
Arizona, A-Z!

Keeeryst sits down, and Doofus points at a journalist in the AUDIENCE.

JOURNALIST A

Governor Doofus, the coronavirus situation still looks pretty unstable. Don't you think it's too soon to open up the state?

Doofus steps to the side of the podium and holds his hands above his guns, in an obvious challenge to a gunfight.

DOOFUS

You're gonna wish you hadn't said that, pardner.

JOURNALIST A

But, but, but... I'm unarmed!

DOOFUS

Draw, you mangy varmint!

Doofus SLAPS leather and draws his gun. He SHOOTS Journalist A, who falls over with a HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAK.

DOOFUS (CONT'D)

It's a tranquilizer dart. He'll sleep it off. Any more questions?

The other JOURNALISTS in the room quickly shake their heads. Keeeryst steps up to the microphone:

KEEERYST

Even though we're lifting the lockdown, we're not going to require that people wear masks. They don't like 'em, and when they protest against 'em, they scare us. They have guns. Big guns.

She points at JOURNALIST B.

JOURNALIST B

You're not requiring masks? Is that a wise decision, Doctor Keeeryst?

Keeeryst steps to the side of the podium and holds her hands above her guns, in an obvious challenge to a gunfight.

KEEERYST

You're gonna wish you hadn't said that, pardner.

JOURNALIST B

But, but, but... I'm not armed!

KEEERYST

Draw, you mangy varmint!

Keeeryst SLAPS leather and draws her gun. She SHOTS Journalist B, who falls over with a HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAK. It's another dart.

KEEERYST (CONT'D)

Any more questions?

The other JOURNALISTS in the room quickly shake their heads. Doofus steps up to the microphone:

DOOFUS

As you all remember from The Big Dog's visit to our mask factory last week, *HE* didn't wear a mask. And whatever is good enough for The Big Dog is good enough for us! Right?

Doofus and Keeeryst start WOOFING and doing fist pumps, while staring pointedly at the Journalists. The Journalists look at each other with both skepticism and fear, but they gradually join in the WOOFING and fist pumping.

INT. PHOENIX BRIEFING ROOM - DAY, TWO WEEKS LATER

Doofus and Keeeryst walk in, as before, with six-shooters strapped to their hips. Keeeryst steps up to the podium.

KEEERYST

Okay, we're gonna allow the good people of Arizona to wear masks.

JOURNALIST C stands up.

JOURNALIST C

But Doctor Keeeryst, you're still not making it mandatory, and you won't allow local officials to require masks, either. Why not?

KEEERYST

'Coz if the numbers improve, with masks, *he* doesn't wanna look bad.

DOOFUS

You have to admit, she makes a good point.

KEEERYST

OK look, we are not going to be able to stop the spread...

JOURNALIST C

Keeeryst! You're the only two who *CAN* stop the spread! We need leaders who aren't afraid to lead!

Keeeryst steps to the side of the podium and holds her hands above her guns, in a challenge to a gunfight.

KEEERYST

You're gonna wish you hadn't said that, pardner.

Journalist C steps out into the aisle and holds his hands above *HIS* guns, accepting the challenge.

DOOFUS

OK, OK, let's not go off half-cocked here. There's no call for unnecessary gunplay.

Keeeryst moves back behind the podium, and Journalist C sits back down. In a stealthy move, Doofus immediately SHOTS Journalist C with another dart, and he falls over with a HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAK.

INT. PHOENIX BRIEFING ROOM - DAY, TWO WEEKS LATER

Doofus and Keeeryst walk in, as before, with six-shooters strapped to their hips. Keeeryst steps up to the podium.

KEEERYST

Alright, we'll allow local jurisdictions to issue mandatory mask orders.

JOURNALIST D stands up to ask a question. Keeeryst steps to the side of the podium and holds her hands above her guns. Journalist D steps into the aisle and holds his hands above *HIS* guns. Behind the podium, Doofus secretly aims a gun at Journalist D. In the back of the room, five JOURNALISTS pull out long rifles, COCKING THEM and aiming at Doofus and Keeeryst.

JOURNALIST D

Mexican standoff. Why are you finally letting local officials pass mask ordinances?

KEEERYST

We figure the Mayors will take all the heat.

DOOFUS

...so *I* won't be held responsible for anything. The buck used to stop here. But not anymore, thank gawd.

He BRUSHES his hands against each other, in a washing gesture.

INT. PHOENIX BRIEFING ROOM - DAY, TWO WEEKS LATER

Doofus and Keeeryst walk in, as before, with six-shooters strapped to their hips. Keeeryst steps up to the podium.

KEEERYST

OK, we're activating our Crisis Standards of Care plan today. The CSC booklets are under your chairs.

JOURNALIST E

What's this, Doctor Keeeryst?

KEEERYST

It's a plan to determine who gets medical care and who doesn't, when we run out of ICU beds.

JOURNALIST E

Keeeryst! That sounds heartless!

KEEERYST

Silly. It's not. As you can see, it's called a "Comprehensive and Compassionate Response."

JOURNALIST E

So who gets the compassion?

KEEERYST

Well, certainly not you. This CSC plan caters mostly to rich white boys, like Governor Doofus over here. A lot of states actually have activated their CSC plans.

JOURNALIST F jumps into the exchange.

JOURNALIST F

Keeeryst! That's a shameless lie! CSC plans are on the books in a lot of states, but none of them have been activated.

Keeeryst fumbles with a remote control device. A rifle pokes out of the wall behind her, and SHOOTs Journalist F with another dart. He falls over with a HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAK.

KEEERYST

Any more questions? No? OK Doofus, let's give 'em the big send-off!

Doofus joins her at the podium, and they SING, to the tune of Rodgers & Hammerstein's "Oklahoma!":

DOOFUS AND KEEERYST

(simultaneously)

And when we say:
Yee-ow! No vent for me, I'm free!
We're only sayin',
You're dyin' fine, Arizona!
Arizona, A-Z!

THE END