

Television

The Christmas Episode You Won't See
Mr. Rogers Says Goodbye

ePasquinade

(formerly "TV Guise")

January 2001

Issue 4



Abe Maslow's Remote Control

LEGEND

1=NICKELODEON

2=TV LAND

3=CARTOON NETWORK

4=LIFETIME

5=AMC'S ROMANCE CLASSICS

6=CNBC

7=THE PLAYBOY CHANNEL

8=THE SPICE CHANNEL

9=OUTDOOR LIFE NETWORK

0=MARTHA STEWART'S LIVING NETWORK

Sunday

- 8 PM** **5 7 THE TROUBLE WITH ROBERT—Comedy**
 While on a wild cocaine binge, Robert Downey, Jr. accidentally woos Jm J. Bullock instead of Sandra Bullock. (Repeat)
SHO MOVIE: PRACTICAL DECISION—Drama
 (1997) Whisky-voiced Lauren Hutton chooses cranberry juice and a career over barefoot and pregnant with a bottle of booze in each hand. Hank: Lou Ferrigno. Cindy Lou: Jennifer Love Hewitt. **PG**
- 8:30** **5 7 GROWING PAIN—Comedy**
 Richard Simmons gets excited over the littlest things. Chip: Jm J. Bullock. (Repeat)
MAX MOVIE: THE BLAIR NICHE PROJECT—Thriller
 (2000) Network executives try and come up with a hip new show that will hook viewers in the 18-35 demo. Stars Brian Dennehy, Don Ho, and Frank Gorshin. **R**
- 9 PM** **5 7 MOVIE: ePASQUINADE TELEVISION ISSUE—Comedy**
 See Close-Up on page 3.
HBO MOVIE: SLEEPLESS IN QUAALUDETOWN—Mystery
 (1999) When everyone in a small town begins falling asleep, Arthur Gimble (Willem Dafoe) and his sleuthful sidekick Rusty Barnes (Eddie Albert) seek the cause while consuming more coffee and meth than is humanly possible. Also stars Pauly Shore, Carrottop, and Jm J Bullock. **R** ★

Credits

EDITORIAL STAFF

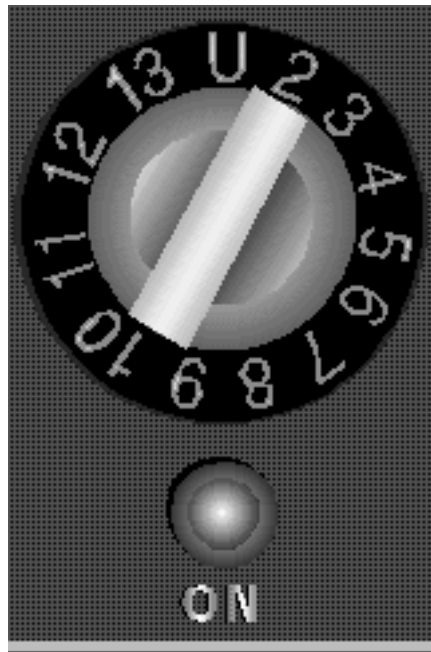
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SPECIAL THANKS TO

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Marforio

Sirs:

Look, fella. I got a thousand of these monkeys and a thousand typewriters here. Cash on delivery. I don't care what you're gonna do with 'em. You want 'em or not?

—Roger Hamlet
Hamlet Delivery Service

I've got my cabinet assembeled and ready for January 20th. I've got a great speechwriterer and everything is acceptable, except for one thing. Any of you chuckleheads know a godd speechreaderer?

—w@offwhitehouse.gov

Is it too late for a recount in Oregon? I had to have garnered at least 10% of the vote there!

—Ralph Nader
Nader's Ford Mercury

What's round and dark with little bits of crap lurking amongst the tiny hairs surrounding its rim? I don't know and I don't care. I've been too busy writing shitty music for the Disney people to worry about it.

—phil@mycollins.com

A few years ago I wrote your magazine about the dangers of Mad Cow Disease and how I, myself, had contracted it from a tainted blood transfusion at a less than reputable hospital. Well I've spent the last two years undergoing intense psychoanalysis and attending numerous group therapy sessions with others of my kind. I'm happy to say that I've made a full recovery and am no longer the least bit interested in assassinating David Hasselhoff.

—A. Mad Cow
Stuttgart, Germany

Cleanup on Aisle 2! Repeat, cleanup on Aisle 2!

—X-Tasy All-Night Movie House

TV Guide Close-Up: Twenty-Two Minutes of Fun



ADDITIONAL FEATURES, THEMED AND OTHERWISE

**5. *George W. Bush Acceptance
Speech on Truth Serum***
by Michael Dare

6. Our Psychic Predictions For 2001

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

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4. THE MONTHLY EXCLAMATION!

4. JADED PRESS CLIPPINGS

12. CONTRIBUTIONS

You are hereby summoned to appear in the Supreme High Court of Poland in Warsaw on Tuesday, February 6, 2001. Please be sure to wear white and bring your own racket and balls for none will be provided.

—*Supreme High Court of Poland
Warsaw, Poland*

What does it mean when the cab driver puts your bags in the back seat and escorts you to the trunk?

—*Jose Tostada Chihuahua
Rio Loco, Mexico*

Hey! Wow! Long time, no see! How've you been? How's that little urinary tract infection? Btter? Good. Keepin' the wife and kids in line? Ha ha. Oooh, sorry. Divorce can be pretty rough. Well, at least you've got your health, right? No urinary tract infections or anything, right? Ha ha.

Hey, sorry. I gotta run. Got a bus to catch or something.

—*N. Old Friend
Collegetown, USA*

I find this magazine as confusing as a Florida election ballot. I asked my daughter, Elizabeth, explain it to me but she just sighed and declared it rubbish.

Oooo, I just wet myself.

—*The Queen Mum
London, England*

I am not gonna have fun tonight. I am not gonna Wang Chung tonight.

— *agore@mrbiterness.com*

I wanna be a cowboy, baby
But you're just white trash that can't even sing

Cowboy, baby

You think you're so good but you're worse than Sting...

—*Kid Rock's Backing Vocals
Beverly Hills Trailer Park*

*Lot 47
Beverly Hills, CA*



The Monthly Exclamation!

Some News Is Just Better Shouted

Volume 17, Number 4

January 2001

THE DEVIL MADE HIM DO IT

HOLLYWOOD, CA (eP)—When John Hughes started out in the movie business, work was scarce and money was hard to come by. Luckily, the prolific writer and director had a meeting which changed all that.

In an exclusive interview in this week's *People Magazine*, Hughes admits that, back in 1985, he signed a pact with The Devil.

"It was on *The Breakfast Club* set," he explained. "Emilio [Estevez] and I were rolling doobies back in his trailer. So I go to the can and there's this little red guy waiting for me. He says, 'John, how'd you like to make a whole lotta shit movies—and make more money than God?' Well, what could I do? I said 'yes.'"

Since that day, Hughes has never looked back, having gone on to make a phenomenal string of films including such commercial fare as *Uncle Buck*, *Dennis The Menace* and the *Home Alone* series. With a career spanning over twenty feature films, Hughes is clearly unapologetic about the deal he made years ago.

"Life is all about taking chances," he said. "Oh, sure, I had to give up my soul—and sacrifice my first born male child by the light of the moon. But I thought, hey, would I rather have artistic integrity? Or would I rather meet Chevy Chase?"

Satan offered little comment when asked about one of his most famous converts.

"God. What can I say about, Johnny?" said the Prince of Darkness. "The man's made me proud. I couldn't be happier. I still smile when I think about those *Beethoven* movies."

COSBY GETS HIS PUDDING POPPED

NEW YORK CITY, NY (eP)—After a twenty-six-year relationship, Jell-O has decided to drop its long-time spokesman Bill Cosby in light of allegations that the comedian beat a child during a recent film shoot.

While working with several child actors on the set of a Jell-O pudding commercial, Cosby was apparently irritated during filming when one of the pre-schoolers kept eating the dessert props. After hours of delays and retakes, the comedian finally lost his patience and bodyslammed the little boy before pile-driving him into a nearby cameraman.

Pudding, page 6

Jaded Press Clippings

Two koalas were rescued by San Francisco police after they were snatched by two teenagers, aged 17 and 15, who found themselves stuck with the bears when their girlfriends rejected them as Christmas gifts.

With the koalas in the house, depositing droppings everywhere, the boys pondered what to do while a nationwide hunt for the bears got under way with police and FBI agents alerting officials at border crossings and airports to be on the lookout. *San Francisco Chronicle*

Manuel Domenguez-Quintero, 22, died after being shot in the forehead during a Christmas Eve party. Adrian Lorenzo Quintana-Galindo, 23, was challenged by the victim to shoot a plastic cup off his head. Aurora police sergeant Dan Mark said detectives believed alcohol was involved. *Denver Post*

Starting January 1st, Swissair planes will be equipped with a kind of plastic handcuffs that can be used on unruly passengers. *Reuters*

An Alitalia plane was forced to land in Athens for a security check after an Egyptian passenger admitted accepting a bag given to him by a stranger at Milan airport. The suspected bomb was actually just a bag containing toys and a mobile phone charger. *Reuters*

Harry Fairweather, 2, is setting off the store alarms at various shopping centers in Manchester, England, and doctors are at a loss

George W. Bush's Acceptance Speech on Truth Serum

BY MICHAEL DARE

My fellow Americans, thank you for allowing me to be your President whether I won the election or not. If the past eight years have taught us anything, it's that the American people want a change. You want a president who doesn't like blowjobs. You want a President who can look a lady in the eye and say "Excuse me, ma'am, but would you please take my penis out of your mouth, for I do not like blowjobs."

That's me. I don't like blowjobs. I don't like anything other than missionary position sex with my wife, three times a night, sometimes four or five times on Saturdays and Sundays, and then looking back at the tape with the fellows later. I'm afraid any more sex than that would be just too exhausting for me to fulfill my duties as a servant of the people.

I don't like marijuana either, which may have something to do with the fact that I smoked some marijuana the last time I got a blowjob. It was a bad experience. I've never known whether to blame the marijuana or the blowjob for the tragedy of that night, so I've just cut them both out entirely.

The same goes for cocaine. I don't like cocaine, at least not any more I don't. I used to be able to get as much cocaine as I wanted, but now that the Secret Service is watching everything I do and reporting back to daddy, it's just impractical. And why do they call them the "Secret" Service anyway? Everybody knows about 'em.

My daddy knows a lot. He ran the country for more than twelve years. I thought it was really smart of him to hire that actor as President while he ran the country. If you don't think he pulled a few strings to get me where I am today, you're just an ignorant hick who doesn't know his chad from a hole in the ground.

So I just want to say thank you daddy, and thanks in particular for leaving Saddam Hussein in power. I can't wait. This is going to be fun. We're going to totally fuck up the middle east so everyone has to get their oil from us. Hoo boy, are we going to make a lot of money.

America, you can rest safe knowing that the people in control of the world are the same ones they've always been, no matter who is President or where his dick is. Hell, they don't let you be President unless you're one of them. Who are they? Wouldn't you like to know. That's my job, to act like it's me instead of them. Say, what was in that drink? Where are you taking me? Get me to the limo, I've got to fuck my wife. ★



ePasquimade New Year's Resolution #52: This Valentine's Day, I won't give my girl a human heart. A baboon's heart is just as thoughtful.

to explain why. The alarms go off whether Harry is clothed or not. *Manchester (England) Evening News*

David Joyner, an inmate in Austin, Texas, sued Penthouse Magazine for publishing what he said was a disappointing layout of Paula Jones, but the judge in the case dismissed the lawsuit with a Christmas poem. The poem read in part: "Twas the night before Christmas and all through the prison, inmates were planning their new porno mission... The minute his Penthouse issue arrived, the Minister ripped it open to see what was inside. But what to his wondering eyes should appear—not Paula Jones' promised privates, but only her rear... Life has its disappointments. Some come out of the blue but that doesn't mean a prisoner should sue." *Reuters*

A federal grand jury indicted Katica Crippen, 32, a convicted felon, for violating her parole by posing for pornographic photographs that showed her holding firearms while nude and partially clothed, the electronic ankle bracelet used by police to monitor her movements clearly visible in the photos. Under terms of her parole, she was forbidden from possessing weapons. *Associated Press*

An eBay auctioneer listed the presidency on that site's online block early November. The auctioneer, known by his email address, mamono@sonic.net, opened bidding at a penny which rose to \$100 million in just over four hours when eBay closed down the auction. *CNET News.com*



Pudding from page 4

“Look, this is all bullshit,” said Cosby. “This kid was fucking with me, plain and simple! Who’s he think he is—fucking Olivier or something? I’m Bill Cosby, dammit!! I’ve been pushing this crap for years and I’m telling you, this kid doesn’t know crap from shit! If he wants to press charges, all I can say is that little prick better watch his back.”

In a released statement, Kraft Foods regretted their decision to sever ties but admitted it was best for all concerned.

“Mr. Cosby is one of the world’s most popular entertainers,” the statement read. “But our needs have changed. When we hired Mr. Cosby, we needed him to sell puddings with little girlie names and make with the silly faces. We don’t need him to open up a can of whoop ass.”

Since Cosby began his association with Jell-O back in 1974, he has created some of television’s most heart-warming commercials. Unfortunately the death of his son, Ennis Cosby, several defamation suits, and the recent cancellation of his television show *Cosby* have evidently taken their toll.

Despite pending assault charges, Cosby’s friends remain supportive. Cosby’s *Kids Say The Darndest Things* co-host Art Linkletter seemed unphased by the recent turn of events.

“You kidding?” said the octogenarian Linkletter. “When you work with children, it comes with the territory. Why, if they knew how many times I hadda get medieval on some kid’s ass, they’d put me away.”

REAPER LOVES CHACHI

LOS ANGELES, CA (eP)—Former star and teen heart throb, Scott Baio was killed yesterday in what is being described as a freak mishap.

The actor was walking past a sound stage where filming had begun for an upcoming *Circus Of The Stars* episode, and came upon comedian Howie Mandel busily dancing with a troupe of Brazilian spider monkeys. Having left an audition for one of the Fruit Of The Loom guys, Baio was dressed as a banana. This proved to be his undoing as the monkeys, which had not been fed in several hours, suddenly bolted and swarmed an unsuspecting Baio. The actor was promptly peeled and eaten.

“Wow. Some guys’ll do anything to get in the trades,” Mandel joked afterwards.

Baio, 39, was perhaps best known for his roles in *Happy Days* and *Charles In Charge*, and for his recent appearances on the backs of milk cartons.

The Hollywood community expressed shock and dismay over the actor’s sudden grisly death.

“Scott who?” said director Ron Howard.

“They finally did it!” said a disgruntled Charlton Heston. “They finally did it! Damn dirty apes!! God damn you!! God damn you all to hell!!”

In a statement released by Fruit Of The Loom, the clothing com-

Jaded Quotes

“I guess that qualifies you to be President of the United States then.” —*New York governor George Pataki after his newly-appointed DMV Commissioner Raymond Martinez admitted to a DWI offense in 1989 and a speeding ticket in 1997*



Seen an funny or odd story in your local newspaper or on a news-based website? Snapped a picture of a funny sign in your neighborhood recently? Send them to us. Okay, so you won’t get a T-Shirt or a toaster or a half million dollars, but we’re not one of those big budget mags, are we? No. We’re all doing this out of the goodness of our hearts because we know that you, the reader, have a primal need to laugh. It’s what separates us from the animals (well, except the hyena, maybe). Anyway, email your funny news items to jpc@epasq.com and everything else to our mailing address, listed on page 2. ★

Our Psychic Predictions For 2001

* Anna Nicole Smith’s breasts become self-aware and take her to court for their own share of her newly won cash.

* Australian investors will hang onto their Australian dollars as they believe they may come back into fashion.

pany said: "It is with great sadness and regret that we hear of Scott Baio's passing. We would like to express our sincere condolences to his friends and family in what must be a difficult time. Then again, a guy in a banana suit is pretty funny."

MANSON TAKES A CHANCE

SAN QUENTIN, CA (eP)—In a sudden change of protocol, prison officials at San Quentin have decided to give infamous serial killer Charles Manson a chance at early release. Currently serving a life sentence for his complicity in the Sharon Tate murders, Manson has been denied parole at ten straight hearings since 1984.

Parole Board Chair Chet Powell said it was time to speed up the process.

"It's simple," he said. "We got ourselves a table at the tittie bar down the street. Shit—I'm late seeing Monique shake her thing—and I gotta sit and listen to Chuck all day? I don't think so! We can't get rid of these crackers unless they pass a test, so today we're trying Monopoly."

With parole waiting lists backlogged across the country, state and federal penitentiaries are watching the experiment with interest. Playing board games has made little difference in the Manson case. So far the game has been cancelled four times when the parole board couldn't stop the former cult leader from eating all the hotels.

Manson, who has been making licence plates since 1971, insists he is no longer a threat to society.

"Yeah, I used to be one mixed up cat," he confessed. "You know—*Helter Skelter* and all that. But c'mon, that's all behind me now. I mean, what are they so afraid of? All I wanna do is shave my tongue and build a blood shrine to the Demon God, Shirpa! What's so wrong about that?"

For now, San Quentin officials remain doubtful about Manson's chances of winning his freedom.

"This might take a while," admitted Powell. "Chuck doesn't know shit about money. Like the other day, the guy gave me Park Place for \$10! Ten bucks! I don't know. Maybe we should try Parcheesi or something..."

RICHARDS CLEANS HOUSE

SAN DIEGO, CA (eP)—The future of *The Rolling Stones* has been put in doubt after long time guitarist Keith Richards officially announced his retirement. At a recent press conference, Richards admitted he'd just given up drugs and was quitting the band in order to get caught up on his baking. Richards then spent over an hour passing out his cranberry muffins to reporters.

Members of the band are still in shock over his announcement. "If you ask me," said Mick Jagger, "he's let this 'clean and sober'

Muffins, page 11

* Comedian Jerry Seinfeld is taken to divorce court by his wife Jessica Sklar after *National Enquirer* reveals he has been living with a twenty-year-old supermodel. The popular comic loses the ensuing court case when he tries to claim it was just an affair "about nothing."

* Elizabeth Taylor discovers the cure for cancer doodling with a pencil while chatting on the phone.

* Kathie Lee Gifford announces she is gay and is bearing Ellen Degeneres' love child. Erik Estrada is the sperm donor.

* Meanwhile, Regis announces he is retiring to go live in a commune with an obscure sect that believes the path to eternal life lies in eating peanut butter while immersed in wombat urine.

* In a show of bi-partisanship, the Clinton's dog, Buddy, is appointed to a cabinet position by President-Elect George W. Bush. The newly-created position will be called Secretary of "Fetch."

* Mayberrymania hits America as *The Andy Griffith Show* enjoys a comeback. Ron Howard is forced to go into seclusion after he is mobbed by hysterical teenagers at a shopping mall. Thousands of men get plastic surgery so they can look like Don Knotts.

* After a major coup led by several corporations, including television and movie studios, Richard Hatch from *Survivor* becomes President while George W. Bush is forced to go back to kindergarten.

Mr. Rogers Bids Adieu

An anonymous source left us what turned out to be an unedited videotape of the last performance of Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood. What follows are some excerpts from this tape.

"Mr. Friday?"

"That's **King** Friday to you!"

"King Friday? You give me a king-sized pain in the ass!"

☆

"Where are you going, Trolley?"

ding-ding

"Is that right, Magic Picture? Did you tell Trolley to take me to a whorehouse?"

☆

"Which one of you cocksuckers forgot to have this sweater dry-cleaned? It smells like my fucking grandfather!"

☆

"...and what do you do for a living Mr. Flynt?"

☆

"Look, kids! It's singer/songwriter Jewel! Hi, Jewel."

"Hello, Mr. Rogers."

"Call me Fred. Are you wearing a bra?"

"Excus—"

"Take it off, baby! The kids wanna see some hooters!"

☆

"That penis looks so lifelike. You say it's latex, huh?"

☆

"...and before we sign off for good, I'd like to introduce my personal assistant, Cynthia, who's kept it all together for me over the years—picking up my dry cleaning, making sure the guests are happy, and those glorious blowjobs in the dressing room between takes have made this gig so very worth it. And to my beautiful wife, the house and kids are yours. Cynthia and I are heading to Aruba where we'll live out the rest of our lives in sexual bliss."★

* Millions will flock to see the likeness of the Virgin Mother on the spot of a tiny pig who, when turned 35 degrees away from the sun and standing 100 feet from his owner's garage mirror, reflects her likeness.

* Michael Douglas to go on major network talk show and confess that Catherine Zeta-Jones wasn't quite young enough for him; will admit to having massive Barbie doll collection.

* Hillary Clinton finally gives Bill a piece of her mind, which he returns hoping for a refund.

* Al Gore announces his plans to run for President in 2001 and possibly 2002, 2003 and 2004.

* In an effort to boost sagging ratings, the producers of *60 Minutes* make several changes to the show which include having Mike Wallace interview circus midgets, dressing Lesley Stahl in a leather bullet bra, and having long-time personality Andy Rooney replaced with George "Goober" Lindsay.

* Jose Feliciano admits he is a blind guitarist!

* The Rev Jesse Jackson will shock the world as he stays out of the public spotlight for eleven hours.

* The twenty-six volumes of the Warren Commission are declared to be the most worthless piece of crap ever written, taking over the title from *Hudson Hawk*.

* The Land Rights issue in Australia will be finalized when the only land one can own is the bit you're buried in.

The Last Christmas Episode You'll Never See

Scene opens in a crowded Starbucks. People lined up as far as the eye can see as JONATHAN and KIMBERLY stand at a tall table with their newly acquired gingerbread lattes. JONATHAN takes a sip and spits it back into the cup.

JONATHAN

Bleah! There's nothing here but sludge! Why do we come here again?

KIMBERLY

Because the owner is blind and we can get away with passing him ones and claim they're fives.

JONATHAN

Plus we're still out of work, right? Did you get that job at the morgue?

KIMBERLY

The interview went bad when my prospective boss asked me not to fidget so much.

JONATHAN

You **do** fidget.

KIMBERLY

And he asked me if I'd ever had sex with a corpse.

JONATHAN

Oh, right. Ken. Last summer. That's too bad.

KIMBERLY

And with the holidays approaching. You have any plans?

JONATHAN

Sarah and I are visiting her folks.

KIMBERLY

I thought they were institutionalized.

JONATHAN

You're thinking of Becca. I broke up with her when I realized she ate her meals one item at a time.

KIMBERLY

Like potatoes, then veggies, then meat?

JONATHAN

And nothing could touch! It just drove me nuts.

KIMBERLY

Too bad.

JONATHAN

It isn't like we're not still still having sex. Sarah even insisted on a three-way.

KIMBERLY

(sarcastically)

Keep me in mind for your next orgy.

JONATHAN

I'll send you a page.

[Opening Credits:

PALS

Starring

**Jennifer Abbott
Ted Beckett**

**Horace Jackson
Lawrence P Riggs**

**Jenn Springer
Picabo Street**

**and Bojangles T. Nelson III
as "the Token Black Guy"**

**Produced by
JIMMY SVENSON**

**Directed by
JEFFREY SWANSON**

**Original Music by
METALLICA
&
DEBRA GIBSON**

:End Credits]

JONATHAN

(Picking up the action mid-sentence)

...and when I realized it was laced with ammonia, I was, like, whoa! Ammonia!

KIMBERLY

(laughing)

That was an hilarious story. It's a shame the credits were rolling when you started it. I wouldn't feel so awkward being the only one laughing.

[Enter THEODORE, their pal. He walks up to their table, rudely interrupting.]

THEODORE

How's the coffee today, guys?

JONATHAN & KIMBERLY
Retched!

THEODORE

(signalling owner)

Gingerbread latte over here!

KIMBERLY

You know he's blind, right?

THEODORE

Yeah, but with the lousy acoustics here, he has no idea which table just ordered a gingerbread latte. Hey! I have your Christmas gifts! *(THEODORE digs into his bag, removes two similarly sized gifts and hands one to each of his pals)*

JONATHAN

It's still two weeks until Christmas. Are you going out of town or something?

THEODORE

Yeah. On business. There was some sort of an uprising in this tiny country called Cliabaken. Very third world. They've never even *heard* of Christ, Our Lord.

JONATHAN & KIMBERLY
Heathens!

THEODORE

So I have to go down there and beat a little religious sense into them.

KIMBERLY

I still remember what you to Bobby Newman in the sixth grade when he called Jesus a marketing ploy conceived by Macys to sell cosmetics. Those darkies better watch out.

JONATHAN

Now, Kimmy. Remember, they're people just like you and I.

KIMBERLY

Sure, if I had a really dark tan.

[*Segue music. FADE TO INTERIOR, ROBERTA & HELEN'S LOFT. Both ROBERTA and HELEN are here, sitting at the kitchen table, working on some sort of handicraft. Enter SKIP through front door.*]

SKIP

Hey, girls! Look what I got! Bags of Christmas gifts! Let's open 'em!

[*ROBERTA & HELEN look at SKIP, look at each other, then look at SKIP again.*]

HELEN

But Christmas isn't for two weeks! Are you going away for the holidays?

SKIP

Yup. I signed up for this Millennium Celebration in Prague last month and just discovered my application was accepted. (*proudly*) I'll be serving drinks to foreign dignitaries! And Cher!

ROBERTA

But you do that already at your trendy Manhattan bar.

SKIP

But my bar isn't in Prague. It's in Rochester.

HELEN

I've always wondered: why do you have a Manhattan bar in Rochester?

SKIP

(*ignoring HELEN*)
And I'll get to fly on the Concorde! I've always wanted to do that!

ROBERTA

What. Ever.

(*beat*)

So. What'd ya get us?

SKIP

(*pulling two identically gift-wrapped boxes from his bag*)
Sports cars!

HELEN

(*shaking her box*)
Oh, mine must be one of those little Japanese cars.

ROBERTA

(*to HELEN*)

I think he's kidding, girlfriend.

(*to SKIP*)

We didn't get you anything yet, but we're last minute shoppers. You'll have to get yours when you return.

SKIP

(*leering*)

I look forward to it.

HELEN & ROBERTA

(*looking at SKIP, then at their boxes, then at each other*)
Lingerie!

ROBERTA

Again! (*Beat*) You are such a lech, Skip.

[*COMMERCIAL BREAK.*]

[*Later that day, INTERIOR, JONATHAN & THEODORE'S APARTMENT. Everyone's here, including "The Token Black Guy." SKIP & THEODORE are heading toward the door.*]

SKIP

Well, Theo and I gotta get to the airport! Happy holidays!

EVERYONE ELSE

(*waving and ad-libbing their goodbyes*)
Bon voyage! Don't drink the water!

[*SKIP & THEODORE leave.*]

JONATHAN

Come to think of it, I should get going myself. I was supposed to meet Sarah two hours ago. She hates to be kept waiting, but I'm happy to risk my girlfriend disembowelling me to spend couple extra hours with my Pals!

Muffins, from page 7

ROBERTA, KIMBERLY,
HELEN, and "THE TOKEN
BLACK GUY"

*(ad-libbing general agreement
that JONATHAN is a swell
guy)*

You are the greatest, man. You
da man!

JONATHAN
(leaving)

Bye, guys. Have a swell Christ-
mas!

ROBERTA, KIMBERLY,
HELEN, and "THE TOKEN
BLACK GUY"

*(waving and ad-libbing their
goodbyes)*

Bon voyage! Don't forget to
shower often!

[JONATHAN leaves.]

HELEN

You know something, girls?
One of the girls in my aerobics
class offered to give me some
free passes for Mt. Crystal, that
new ski resort that just opened
last month. I have enough for
you guys. Wanna spend Christ-
mas there.

ROBERTA

I've always wanted a White
Christmas. Sure, I'm in.

KIMBERLY

I've always wanted a Black
Christmas. Got an extra for this
guy?

HELEN

Who is he anyway?

ROBERTA

I think he came with the apart-
ment.

HELEN

Sure. I have an extra. I'll drive!

ROBERTA

You better let me drive, girl.
You remember what happened
the last time I let you drive
with a brother in the car?

*[The group starts walking
toward the door, grabbing their
coats as they go.]*

HELEN

Those points go off your record
after seven years, though.

ROBERTA

But I'm talking about just last
week.

[Door closes.]

*[Apartment remains empty for
another five minutes.]*

[Commercial break.]

*[Resumes inside ROBERTA &
HELEN'S LOFT. The place is
empty, save for a large rat
roaming the kitchen floor. This
static scene remains for the last
seven minutes and through the
ending credits.]★*

thing go to his head. I mean, shit,
Keef's just not Keef unless he's
smoked to the gills! I've begged
him to get back on heroin but the
guy just won't listen to reason."

"It's very sad," said guitar-
ist Ron Wood. "Keef used to have
a fourteen year old in one hand
and Jim Beam in the other. But
when I caught him knitting
sweaters for the band last week—
I knew it was all over."

For over thirty years, The
Rolling Stones have been labeled
the World's Greatest Rock And
Roll Band, selling out tour after
tour and racking up an estimated
\$4 billion in album sales world-
wide with hits like "Brown
Sugar" and "Sympathy For The
Devil." A founding member of the
band, Richards seemed un-
troubled about his decision when
reached for comment.

"Sorry, can't talk now," he
said. "I got a casserole in the
oven."

Despite the shocking an-
nouncement, the Stones are cur-
rently in the process of finding a
replacement for Richards. Ac-
cording to band officials, recently-
retired children's television per-
sonality Fred Rogers is on the
short list of people being consid-
ered.

"No, he can't play guitar,"
admitted Jagger. "But, fuck, he
looks like he's on heroin, doesn't
he?"★

next issue

Say hello to mini-e... ePasquinade, that is!

Coming in February, the shortest month, a small tribute to the little things we all take for granted—
dwarf salad tossing, for instance.

And you can be notified when our little magazine publishes our tiny fifth issue by signing up for our
notification list by sending an email to epasq-Announce-subscribe@topica.com and crossing your
fingers.

Predictions, from page 8

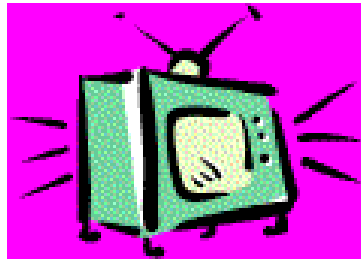
- * Bell bottoms and mood rings come back into fashion.
- * Rosie O'Donnell's bizarre koosh ball death stuns the world. Penny Marshall lobbies for Rosie Day to be a federal holiday.
- * The Vatican City finally passes a law than bans evolution.
- * Lazlo Huggins of Wilmington, NC, will lose his car. Months later, it will be discovered to have simply slipped between the cushions in the sofa.
- * Gentiles finally get justice when lions are fed to the Christians.
- * Pee Wee Herman is arrested again by police for "fondling himself" at an adult movie theatre. Herman is later discharged when it's revealed he's just trying to get his name in *Variety*.
- * It rains but, for once, it does not pour.
- * Once again, the world does not come to an end. ★

Ask Ms. Paranoia

Ms. Paranoia is on vacation but will return next issue with revealing answers to your probing questions. Inconspicuously email your questions to Ms. Paranoia at msparanoia@epasq.com. Include your name (or "anonymous") and address with any correspondence.

Contributions

Michael Dare is a journalist whose work has appeared in *The Desert Sun*, *The L.A Weekly*, *Daily Variety*, *New Times*, *Billboard*, *Movieline*, *Interview*, *National Lampoon*, *Film Threat*, *calendarlive.com*, *L.A. Style*, *Parenting Magazine*, and the *Santa Monica Bay News*. He was an assignment editor for the book "A Day in the Life of Hollywood" (Collins Publishers) and a writer/interviewer for "Movie Talk from the



Frontlines" (McFarland Publishers). His TV work includes *Steven Spielberg presents Animaniacs* and the Warner Brother's cartoon *Hysteria!* He co-produced the hit CBS movie-of-the-week "The Bachelor's Baby," which was based upon his own life. (Scott Bakula played him because they couldn't find anyone as good looking). His video "Contemporary Extemporary" won *Video Review Magazine's* First Annual Award for Best Home Video Ever Made, and his latest, "Angel Food," has been shown at the Denver, Boston, and USA Film Festival in Dallas, Texas. He is a member of the WGA, the MPAA, and the Los Angeles Film Critic's Association. Visit his website at <http://I.am/MichaelDare>



Cameron Koo once killed a kangaroo with his teeth. His arms are shaped like boomerangs and, when embracing some one or some thing, will lock in place until the "jaws of life" are employed to pry them open. Just to clarify, he's Australian, not Austrian. So you can just call the authorities back and tell them you made a mistake. Now! His website is at <http://www.cameronkoo.com>.

Whatever you say about **Jim Mentink**, just make sure you say it backwards. Jim suffers from a bizarre ailment where he's unable to understand everyday speech patterns unless the words are stated in reverse order. So, for you, Jim, "Work good the up keep!" And Jim has a website at <http://hometown.aol.com/mrverona/column.html>, with an all new link to Biographies of Celebrity Relatives! ★