

TRIGONOMETRY McCAIN

by
DARKSOUP.COM

Based on characters created by Karl Rove

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY

As the sun rises over the Grand Canyon, JOHN MCCAIN waddles up to the rim and gazes deep into its soul.

JOHN MCCAIN
(to no one in particular)
Now that's what I call a canyon!

As he stares down into it, TRIG PALIN floats up next to him, but seems much more interested in McCain than in the spectacular, sunrise view in front of him. After McCain ignores him for several minutes, Trig finally has to speak.

TRIG PALIN
Hey man, have you seen the
clockwork potatoes that are growing
down there?

JOHN MCCAIN
I have not, my dear Trigonometry
Palin. Can you tell me more about
these clockwork potatoes?

TRIG PALIN
No way, you'll just get your old
person scent all over them and
they'll never let us make clockwork
french fries out of them after
that.

JOHN MCCAIN
This is true, my old person scent
does seem to seep into everything I
go near.

TRIG PALIN
Damn straight.

A closer look at McCain's FINGERNAILS show that they're dripping with a nauseating mixture of sweat and old person juice.

Then, out of nowhere -- a CRACK of THUNDER and an electrical SIZZLE permeates the air. JOE BIDEN has appeared.

JOE BIDEN
Did someone call for potato curing?

JOHN MCCAIN
Not I, kind sir. My fingers may
drip with my old person essence,
but those potatoes had it coming.
(MORE)

JOHN MCCAIN (CONT'D)

Why, back in Vietnam, I fought potatoes three times their size! They think they can beat me, but they don't know who they're talking to. They probably think they're talking to Dan Quayle! Well, let me tell you something... I'm no Dan Quayle!

JOE BIDEN

I can believe that.

TRIG PALIN

You know, I wouldn't mind if you cured one of those potatoes for me.

JOHN MCCAIN

No! Blasphemer! Ye shall be cast out into the fiery pits of the Grand Canyon for daring to summon the potato powers of Joe Biden! It cannot be!

John McCain raises his arms to the sky and casts Trig Palin into another dimension, using only the power of his mind. Trig disappears in a blinding FLASH of purple light.

JOHN MCCAIN (CONT'D)

Thank Jesus Christ our Lord and Ghost that he's gone.

Biden's eyes grow as large as guitars at Trig's unexpected transdimensional voyage. He's suddenly not so sure what to make of McCain; is he a mere crazy kook, or is he an all-powerful wizard from the future?

JOE BIDEN

I'll just go somewhere else now and pretend that you're not a wizard.

JOHN MCCAIN

That, my ancient acquaintance, is an excellent idea.

Biden summons another bolt of lightning to carry him home to the clouds, leaving McCain alone to continue gazing into the depths of the Grand Canyon and wonder if he should get new dentures before the Barack Obama debates or not.

JOE BIDEN (V.O.)

And that was the last we ever saw of Trigonometry Palin.

(MORE)

JOE BIDEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

His cousins, Calculus and
Basketweaving, always spoke of him
with reverence and potatoes. John
McCain, on the other hand, denies
all knowledge that he ever existed.

FADE TO BLACK.