

Rushmore "Rushmore vs Obesity"

By

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TEASER

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE

MOUNT RUSHMORE, silent and serene. We zoom in on each presidential face until we get to the face of GEORGE WASHINGTON. Then we zoom into Washington's face. A scream breaks the silence. The scream belongs to WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

TAFT:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The camera zooms towards and then inside Washington's nose until-

INT. MOUNT RUSHMORE

We are now inside Mount Rushmore. The inside looks very futuristic. We zoom past a lot of presidential paraphernalia. Things like large stuffed bear, a top hat, some wooden teeth in a cup, etc. We see ABRAHAM LINCOLN behind a bar making a martini, though the camera zooms past him as well. The camera continues to move around the many rooms of the mountain to find the source of the screams. It moves past a door that has a piece of parchment on it saying "GEORGE WASHINGTON'S ROOM STAY OUT" in crayon. The screams get louder and louder, must be getting closer. We finally reach the bathroom. We zoom right through the door and into the-

INT. BATHROOM

It has a very pretty floral pattern. There is a sink for every president, even Taft. It's nice, neat and exceptionally clean. We see an over the shoulder shot of the ghost of former president William Howard Taft. He's screaming and seems as if he's struggling to get out of the bathtub. He presses against the porcelain of the tub to try to pry himself out. It's no use. He's stuck. He sighs and sinks back into the water defeated. Suddenly, we hear a voice, it's HELEN the spirit of Taft's late wife stuck inside a computer.

HELEN:

Taft your vitals are at 50%

TAFT:

Helen, don't you think I know that!
It's this damnable tub! I cannot
get out!

(CONTINUED)

HELEN:

Please Taft, calm down. Remember your cholesterol.

TAFT:

I'm a ghost Helen! That doesn't even make sense!

We see his face now. He's pissed. More at himself than anything else. Taft raises his arms in the air and yells towards the ceiling.

TAFT:

Rushmoooooooooreeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

GEORGE WASHINGTON, in all his glory kicks the door down as Rushmore all enter Taft's bathroom. An eagle on his shoulder and the American flag for a cape. On his left we see Abraham Lincoln, a grimaced look on his face, he didn't want to see Taft naked. He is holding his hat in his left hand and his right hand is inside his hat as if he's about to pull some gadget out of it. He's wearing traditional Lincoln garb. On Washington's right we see THOMAS JEFFERSON dressed in a bathrobe with his hair in a hairnet. He's in a crouched position, lightning bolts flow around him. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is next to Jefferson, he's dressed in safari-esque clothing. He's holding a 2x4 and he's snarling. His face looks as if he's about to say a real good expletive.

WASHINGTON:

Assemble!

Rushmore looks as if they're about to jump into action. Washington barks out orders.

WASHINGTON(CONT):

Lincoln! Find a gadget in that amazing hat of yours that will help this situation! Like hog grease or something!

Lincoln does as he is told and pulls grease out of his hat, he dumps it all over Taft! It doesn't help as Taft just keeps screaming.

WASHINGTON(CONT):

Jefferson! Use your electricity!

TAFT:

No! Don't!

JEFFERSON:

Gladly!

Thomas Jefferson shocks the water that Taft is in, it shocks him. He lets out another scream.

TAFT:

ARRRGG! Just help me out of this tub!

WASHINGTON:

Roosev-

Roosevelt is way ahead of him, he brings the 2x4 right down on top of Taft's head. That did not help!

TAFT:

Ouch!

LINCOLN:

Roosevelt try to pry him out instead of hitting him!

Roosevelt tries to wedge his 2x4 between Taft's fat and the bath tub. He tries to pry Taft out of the tub. Alas, it doesn't work.

WASHINGTON:

Don't worry old friend! We'll get out of this porcelain prison yet!

Jefferson grabs Taft's hand and pats it.

JEFFERSON:

Strength, William. Strength.

The four members of Rushmore all grab Taft and struggle as they pull on him.

WASHINGTON:

Give him one hell of a tug men! We can do this! Heave! Ho!

JEFFERSON:

Heave!

LINCOLN

Ho!

They pull on him more, the camera zooms in on everyone's face, they're all straining to get him out, even Taft looks as if he's straining. The walls suddenly start glowing red and we hear Helen again.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN:

William! Your vitals are at 40%.
This ghost strain will destroy your
ghost body if you keep ghost
straining at this rate!

All members of Rushmore back away from the tub. Taft slumps down further into the tub. The members of Rushmore look sullen. Except for Roosevelt, who always looks feral.

TAFT:

It's no use...I'll never get out of
this tub...

WASHINGTON:

Taft, we'll just come up with a
plan, we can do this, we can do
anything. We've all individually
ran the United States during an
important time in history. We're
important because our faces are in
a mountain. We can figure this out.

END TEASER

INT. WAR ROOM-QUICK CUT

We are now in the WAR ROOM inside Mount Rushmore. In the background we see a monitor with a map of the United States on it. On the map are several red dots all over the United States. In the middle of the room is a round table. The four members of Rushmore are sitting around the table. Washington has a dead serious look upon his face and Jefferson is smiling slyly. Roosevelt has a constant scowl and Lincoln looks bored, as if he knows how these meetings always go.

WASHINGTON:

Men, today was a day just like any
other. Until...the event...Taft
cannot get out of his tub, and the
GHOST FORCE... (Washington looks at
the camera and winks)..is leaving
him as we speak. We must come up
with a plan.

JEFFERSON:

Step one. Seduce Helen.

Jefferson looks around the table as if to look for a high five.

(CONTINUED)

ROOSEVELT:
No! Leave Helen out of this!

LINCOLN:
That's his wife!

JEFFERSON:
That has never stopped me before!

The other three members of Rushmore pretend to have not heard that and Washington continues the briefing.

WASHINGTON:
Shall we initiate Project
B.U.T.T.E.R. then?

ROOSEVELT:
Project B.U.T.T.E.R.?

A close up of Washington's face. He smirks, he's so sure of himself.

WASHINGTON:
Project B.U.T.T.E.R. Butter. Under.
Taft. Towards...Towards.
Extraction...R! We butter him up!
With butter!

The camera now zooms up towards Lincoln, he looks to be asleep. His eyes are closed and there's a slight smile on his face. The camera zooms into Lincoln's head.

INT. FORD THEATRE. 1865.

Text, Ford Theatre. 1865. It's the past, so of course everything is black and white. Lincoln is sitting in a balcony seat. He seems to be enjoying the show, MARY TODD LINCOLN is sitting right next to him. Behind him we see a SHADOWY FIGURE. A bright white grin happens upon the figures face. We are seeing from the first person perspective from the shadowy figure. We see the gun, a pistol pointing at Lincoln's head. Finger on the trigger. BANG. Red blood spurts from Lincoln's head everywhere. Blood splatters all over Mary Todd Lincoln. She screams. We hear in a whisper

SHADOWY FIGURE:
Sic semper tyrannis.

We quickly flash to-

INT. RUSHMORE- WAR ROOM. CURRENT DAY.

Lincoln's eyes are open now. His brows are furrowed and his eyes are intense. He pounds on the table. He stands up and pulls down a projector screen.

WASHINGTON:

Oh, God, why doesn't he ever like my plans?

Lincoln has a straight face about him. His mouth opens. He speaks.

LINCOLN:

Project B.U.T.T.E.R is dumb. I have set up this presentation on how to tackle this situation, now, look towards the monitor to view the real situation, and a possible way to actually help not only Taft but many other Americans, in a real way.

Washington is resting his face on his palm. He yawns and looks bored. Lincoln turns the projector on and we see the screen.

WASHINGTON:

Oh, do go on good friend.

We are now focused on the screen of the projector. White words in a big bold font show up. Obesity: America's Enemy. The screen fades to a modern American family. All four members of the family are obese. The father is stuffing his face with a ham, the mother a sandwich and the children cheesy fries.

NARRATOR:

Obesity is the second highest cause of preventable death in the United States.

RUSHMORE:

Gasp!

JEFFERSON(O.S.)

Right next to boredom. Am I right!

Once the screen fades back in we see the fat family from before crying. All except for the husband, who isn't standing with them, but that's because he's inside the casket next to them.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR:

Obesity can lead to conditions such as heart disease, stroke, type 2 diabetes and certain types of cancers.

RUSHMORE:

Gasp!

The screen now starts to show a slew of celebrities that have been over weight. From Elvis to Kristie Alley. Finally, next to them William Howard Taft is shown.

NARRATOR:

Some of the world's top entertainers, personalities and even presidents have fallen to obesity. Even America's twenty-seventh president, William Howard Taft was obese. All of these celebrities and regular Americans have one thing in common besides that they're all obese. It is their love of one restaurant. Their love for...McCheesy's.

RUSHMORE:

Gasp!!!

A wide shot of the whole group. They're freaking out about this presentation. Lincoln slips away out the back door.

INT. BATHROOM

Taft is sitting in his bathtub, looking very unhappy. He's looking towards the ceiling and shaking his fist in the air. A greasy bag of Ghost McCheesy's is slumped over on his fat, fat, fat stomach.

TAFT:

Damn you! Damn you! Damn you!

HELEN:

William! Your vitals have reached 30%. It seems to be caused by your stress levels.

A knock at the door.

TAFT:

Who is it?

(CONTINUED)

Lincoln doesn't answer, instead he just walks in. The two make eye contact. Lincoln gives Taft a nod and a small smile. Lincoln's hand goes to the knob on the tub that's labeled with an H for hot. Camera zooms in on Taft's face, it's stern. The red glow of the walls have now died down. Lincoln stands up and leaves the room.

HELEN:

William! William! your vitals are
at 60% and rising!

We see a close up of Taft's face now. He smiles, a tear falls from his eye.

INT. WAR ROOM

Back in the war room, the presidents are sitting around the table. Washington and Jefferson look bored. Roosevelt looks feral as always. Lincoln slips back in and starts talking.

LINCOLN:

So. As you can see. Obesity is the
problem. A problem that will not be
solved with butter. In fact, butter
makes this problem worse. So, now
that you have the knowledge, what
say you?

Roosevelt looks very disgruntled, however, something is different.

ROOSEVELT:

That presentation...It awakened
something within...something feral.

JEFFERSON:

We all know Taft's favorite
restaurant is McCheesy's. Hell, we
go on McCheesy runs for him all the
time. No wonder the poor bastard
can't get out of his tub.

Washington looks like he has an idea. He excitedly bangs his fist on the table.

WASHINGTON:

I got it boys! We must destroy
Donald McCheesy. He is the cause of
all of this!

Lincoln face palms. Jefferson stands up and puts his palms on the table.

(CONTINUED)

JEFFERSON:

And how do we find this McCheesy?
Sure his restaurants are
everywhere, but he isn't.

Roosevelt points to the computer monitor.

ROOSEVELT:

Maybe we can trace McCheesy's
whereabouts.

JEFFERSON:

Great idea, Teddy boy! We track
him, we destroy him. Washington,
what do you propose?
...Washington?

Washington is caught red handed with a burger in his hand.
Ketchup, bread crumbs, etc line his mouth. A McCheesy's bag
laid out in front of him on the table. His face and body
language saying a kind of "That's Washington!" face.

WASHINGTON:

Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaat?

Jefferson and Roosevelt look very angry.

ROOSEVELT:

Washington! We can't have an obese
leader! We still have to find
McCheesy!

Washington points to the keyboard on the war room's
computer, with a smile on his face. The chair he's sitting
in is leaned back a little bit, as if he might fall.

WASHINGTON:

That's easy! We just use the
computer's "Track McCheesy" button.

We see a close-up of the computer's keyboard. It's a regular
qwerty keyboard, however the enter button is a rather large
button that says "Track McCheesy". Washington's finger
slowly goes down to press the button.

WASHINGTON(CONT):

And just like this, McCheesy's
ours!

George Washington stands up and strikes a pose. It's
magnificent. The bald Eagle lands on his shoulder. A banner
scrolls out under him and in calligraphy the name of the
Eagle is written. Eagle. In the background we can see that
the computer has found the location of McCheesy.

(CONTINUED)

WASHINGTON(CONT):
McCheesy doesn't stand a chance! To
the Washingtoncopter!

He runs off.

JEFFERSON:
Why did we let him name everything?

INT. MOUNT RUSHMORE

Mount Rushmore. Silent and beautiful. Serene. Suddenly a rumbling. A rumbling from underneath Mount Rushmore. George Washington's mouth, the Mount Rushmore version of George Washington, opens. A helicopter, shaped like Washington's head flies out of the mouth of Washington.

JEFFERSON(O.S.):
Why did we let him design
everything too?

WASHINTON(O.S.):
Because I'm awesome. Let's get this
rat!

The Washingtoncopter starts up with a loud bang. It sounds bad. It takes off and just moves really slowly, with a Put Put Put Put. We now go through a montage of different places we see the Washingtoncopter fly past.

EXT. MONTAGE

The helicopter flies over the Grand Canyon, again the engine makes the pathetic put put put put sound.

Now, the helicopter can be seen flying over Sydney Opera House. Put Put Put Put.

Now the helicopter can be seen flying past the moon. In Space. Put put put put.

Now the helicopter flies over Mount Rushmore again, flying the other way. Put put put put.

INT. WASHINGTONCOPTER

We see the inside of the Copter. George Washington looks extremely focused about flying the helicopter. Jefferson is sitting next to Roosevelt, who looks very uncomfortable with having Roosevelt bunched up so close to him. Lincoln is sitting behind them.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN:

Why did we pass Mount Rushmore again? Do you know what you're doing?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY. DAY.

We see the copter taking a nose dive. It looks to be descending pretty fast.

INT. WASHINGTONCOPTER

Inside the copter Jefferson is grabbing onto Roosevelt, scared. Roosevelt looks mildly annoyed and Lincoln looks calm. Washington's face is intense, his brow furrowed.

WASHINGTON:

Now...Watch me stick this landing!

Suddenly the same red glow from the bathroom can be seen. It's Helen. She's now controlling the copter. The rest of Rushmore look relieved.

HELEN:

Auto-Pilot initiated. Auto landing sequence engaged.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY. DAY. OUTSIDE MCCHEESY'S.

The copter slowly but surely lands safely. It knocks down a parking meter though. They are in the parking lot of a McCheesy's. The McCheesy building is a gross yellow and orange color.

Washington put's a quarter into the parking meter they knocked over.

WASHINGTON:

I cannot have another ticket on my permanent record or Martha will kill me.

INT. MCCHEESY'S. DAY

Rushmore kick open the door much like they did when they kicked open the door to Taft's bathroom. They all look very presidential and regel. We can see people in the foreground, they're ordering food at the cash registers. Nobody seems to have noticed the four deceased former presidents' amazing entrance.

(CONTINUED)

WASHINGTON:

Don't worry obese denizens!
Freedom's here!

JEFFERSON:

Hold on, is that...is that a beauty
I see!

Jefferson runs, at super speed, up to the girl at the register. She's fast food pretty. He cuts in line, but nobody notices. The girl at the counter doesn't even seem to notice him. Jefferson runs back towards the group.

JEFFERSON(CONT):

Are we being ignored here? I hate
being ignored. What the hell. Come
on.

Jefferson runs in front of every single person in the restaurant. Nobody notices him. He runs back to towards the group.

LINCOLN:

It's because we're dead Thomas.

JEFFERSON:

Dead? Dead?! No!

ROOSEVELT:

We're all dead you dolt. Don't you
remember?

JEFFERSON:

Oh yeah. I forgot. Sorry.

Rushmore cram themselves into a booth shaped like a cheese burger.

ROOSEVELT:

We have come to destroy the enemy.
We must find him.

WASHINGTON:

We will find him, we must...But
right after lunch. What say you,
Roosevelt.

ROOSEVELT:

Hmmphh.

Suddenly, Roosevelt's demeanor changes. He starts to frantically point towards an unseen area of the restaurant. His angry, mouth frothy.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN:

What have we talked about
Roosevelt! Use your words.

WASHINGTON:

God, Ted. I only mentioned lunch. I
thought you loved lunch!

JEFFERSON:

He does hate this place though.
Guys, I need some poon. I'm going
to possess that dude over there.

Jefferson's ghost body flies into THAT DUDE's actual body. Jefferson runs up to the girl at the register, cutting everyone in line. People notice this time and yell at him. He looks back towards the group and mouths "Fuck Yeah" to them. He starts to flirt with the girl. Roosevelt is still freaking out and his mouth froths even more.

WASHINGTON:

What is it Ted?

Roosevelt points violently! The rest of the group finally turn around.

WASHINGTON(CONT):

It's him! It's Donald McCheesy
himself!

INT: MCCHEESY PLAYPLACE. DAY.

A playplace, not any different than one you'd see in any other fast food chain in America. There's a slide, an opening for a ball pit and a rack for shoes. Then, there he is. McCheesy. He looks like a terrifying rodent. His fur is grey, he is wearing a yellow shirt with a cheeseburger on it. No pants. He also has a yellow hat on, backwards. The hat says "Radical" on it, in an almost lightning bolt font. On his left arm he has a barbwire tattoo. His two buck teeth are a cheesy yellow. He's passing out balloons with pictures of cheeseburgers on them to children. Rushmore, sans Roosevelt suddenly kick down the door to the play place. They all strike a pose. Washington points towards McCheesy. Eagle the Eagle is on his arm looking Majestic. To his left we see Jefferson (Back in his ghost body), holding a McCheesy bag, but a stern look on his face, and on his right we see Lincoln. He has his hat in one hand and his other hand going into the hat, as if he's going to pull something out.

(CONTINUED)

WASHINGTON(CONT):
McCheesey, the obesity game is
up! It's over chum!

INT: MCCHEESY'S

Back in the restaurant we see a wild eyed Roosevelt rise from his seat. 2x4 firmly in hand. Moustache twitching. He enters the play place slowly. McCheesy glares at Rushmore. A wicked smile crosses his face, his buck teeth can be seen.

MCCHEESY:
Ahh, Rushmore. I've been expecting you. You're too late! The obesity epidemic will never stop! Not when the McCheesy fast food dynasty takes over the world! We already have restaurants outside of America as well.

WASHINGTON:
Pshhh. Other countries. We only care about the good ol U S of A, pal.

Suddenly kids crowd around McCheesy. All of them fat, some drooling.

MCCHEESY:
This is the future of America!
There is no coming back from this.
Hell, next month we start serving
Plus Sized meals...

Washington's mouth hangs wide open. He looks upset. This isn't the America he had envisioned.

WASHINGTON:
By my wooden teeth! McCheesy! You mad man! You will not get away with this!

EXT. FOREST. JUNE 6TH 1845.

Roosevelt is seen in a forest, again, it's black and white because it takes place in the past. A grainy overlay is seen. He's holding his 2x4. His moustache is even more magnificent than normal. He is extremely muscular. Suddenly, we hear Roosevelt's voice. It's his thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

ROOSEVELT:

Roosevelt War Journal, June 6th,
1845. I can smell their blood. The
blood of my men. My nostrils flare
at the stench. We were told it'd be
an easy infiltration mission. Get
in, get out they told us.
Unfortunately for us, it wasn't
that easy.

Throughout this speech, we see a ton of carnage. Men with
their heads chopped off, etc. We see Roosevelt throw them
all in a mass grave. He wipes his brow. A single tear.

INT. MCCHEESY'S. DAY

Back in the restaurant. We see Roosevelt smearing ketchup
under his eyes. His face looks more feral than normal. His
eyes, wild.

ROOSEVELT(CONT):

Unfortunately for them. I'm a man
of action. Of vengeance. I never
quit.

EXT. JUNGLE. JUNE 6TH 1845

It's black and white and grainy again. We see Roosevelt in a
jungle like area. He hits a soldier in the head with his
2x4.

ROOSEVELT(CONT):

War...war is hell. War changes a
man. It turns man into beast.

INT. MCCHEESY'S. DAY

We see Roosevelt swing his 2x4 right at McCheesy's head. He
has a wicked grin on his face.

ROOSEVELT(CONT):

I can smell his fear...and I love
it!

McCheesy ducks right under the 2x4. His mouth wide open, as
if he has a sense of glee.

MCCHEESY:

Hah! It'll take much more than that
to best me, Former President

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MCCHEESY: (cont'd)
Roosevelt! Gross obese children,
attack!

The drooling obese children blindly follow the order. They attack Rushmore. There are tons of them.

LINCOLN:
The children!

JEFFERSON:
Screw the children! I hate them!

Jefferson uses his powers of electricity to fry a few of them. They turn to ash.

LINCOLN:
Thomas, you idiot! We just need to
knock them out! Not kill them!

Roosevelt is now in a blind frothy rage. He beats a ton of them with his 2x4. Lincoln jumps into combat and starts attacking with his hat. He moves like a ninja. Quick, calculated. Jefferson fries some more. Lincoln shoots him a look, and Jefferson gives a "Oh, Jefferson" look.

JEFFERSON:
Whaaaat?

Washington is watching all this happen, he's thinking. His finger and thumb are on his chin. His eyes are squinted and he's thinking.

WASHINGTON:
Hmmm, the gang seem to have the
kids and the ratfink distracted.
Maybe now is a good time to
initiate plan "M.A.R.G.A.R.I.N.E."
A new plan, that uses a butter
substitute.

Washington charges towards McCheesy at blinding speed. He looks just like a blur. He knocks the rest of the kids out. Outside of the building that is. They hit the walls and crash through them like little fleshy cannon balls. The rest of Rushmore look towards Washington.

JEFFERSON:
Why didn't you do that sooner?

WASHINGTON:
Don't worry about that now, I have
a plan old chum.

LINCOLN:

Oh brother.

Washington jumps in the air and strikes an action pose. A stick of margarine is in each hand. He lands right in front of McCheesy and then suddenly does a front flip over him and lands behind him. He throws the sticks of margarine on the ground behind McCheesy so they land right behind his feet. We see a close up of Washington's face. He smirks. His eyes start to glow red. He shoots his eye beams at the margarine behind McCheesy's feet to melt it. Washington is floating in the air with a stern look upon his face, arms crossed. Through now, he's floating behind the wild eyed Roosevelt. We see McCheesy from behind.

WASHINGTON:

McCheesy. Your crimes against America are over.

McCheesy has a nervous look on his face. He takes a step back on the melted margarine. He slips and falls into the margarine puddle. He just sits there, looking pitiful and sad. His arms are now outstretched as if he has given up and doesn't want any more humiliation. Lincoln pulls out handcuffs from his hat and cuffs him. Washington looks very proud of himself. His arms akimbo. He's very happy, his face is beaming. Jefferson can be seen in the background trying to hit on another woman, forgetting he's a ghost.

LINCOLN:

Beating up McCheesy will not stop the obesity problem. George have you heard of the Hydra?

WASHINGTON:

The Hydra? Sounds Un-American.

LINCOLN:

It is. Fast food restaurants are like the Hydra. Once you chop one head off another rises up.

WASHINGTON:

Whatever nerd, we don't have time for this. Lets take care of Donald McCheesy while we can. It's time to ring his order-

Randomly Roosevelt bashes McCheesy's head in with his 2x4. Blood sprays everywhere. All over his face, all over Lincoln's face etc. Each member of Rushmore has a horrified look upon his face. Washington looks extremely horrified and distraught.

(CONTINUED)

WASHINGTON:

By the Tea Party! I didn't get to
finish my one liner!

We see a close up of Roosevelt's face. He's panting heavily.
A sick grin comes across his face.

ROOSEVELT:

This...this is what I live for! The
blood, the carnage!

Ghost Cops burst into the play place suddenly. Weapons drawn
upon Rushmore. All with the exception of Roosevelt have
their arms raised.

COP 1:

Hands where I can see 'em! Hands
where I can see 'em!

COP 2:

Think of the children! Put the 2x4
down...nice and gently or we'll
shoot!

Lincoln sighs. Giant robot hands can be seen coming out of
his hat. They have some sort of device in their hands. It
looks like a very small capsule. Lincoln throws it and it
lands right down in front of the police men. Smoke can be
seen billowing out of the capsule, this was clearly meant
for a very presidential escape. The policemen start to
blunder around. They can't see a thing.

COP 1 & 2:

We can't see a thing!

Washington's eyes start to glow behind him. He has a big
menacing grin on his face.

WASHINGTON:

That's the point idiot!

INT: WAR ROOM.

Rushmore are all sitting around the table again.
Washington's fist hits the table.

WASHINGTON:

We did it! Problem solved men,
check obesity off the list!

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN:

We didn't do anything. We actually may have done more harm than good. Roosevelt killed a man.

ROOSEVELT:

A rat! Not a man!

Jefferson is seen holding a piece of paper with phone numbers on it. He's showing the group.

JEFFERSON:

I think we had a good day today friends. I just scored a ton of digits!

WASHINGTON:

Nice!

Washington points towards Lincoln. Lincoln looks stoic and uncaring.

WASHINGTON:

And you, you didn't think Project B.U.T.T.E.R. would solve this problem, but it did! Didn't it!?

LINCOLN:

That was margarine, not butter. You ignoramus.

Washington raises his arms above his head. He smiles a cocky smile.

WASHINGTON:

What's the difference! Washington saved not just the world, but America. Again. Please. Go ahead, thank me.

We suddenly hear a yell. It's Taft.

ROOSEVELT:

It's Taft!

LINCOLN:

Is he alright?

JEFFERSON:

We must check on him!

INT. BATHROOM

Rushmore all burst into the bathroom. Taft is still there.
Still stuck.

TAFT:
Confound it!

HELEN:
William, your vitals are at 90%.
You're pulling through.

TAFT:
Thank God!

WASHINGTON:
No, thank me! We killed McCheesy!

Washington looks very proud of himself. Roosevelt butts in.

ROOSEVELT:
I killed McCheesy. With this.

He pulls out his bloody 2x4.

TAFT:
My God, man! That's terrible.
That's my favorite restaurant!

JEFFERSON:
No more McCheesy runs for you
friendo. We're cutting you off.

WASHINGTON:
It'll help you lose the weight.

Washington, Jefferson and Roosevelt leave the bathroom, with
a laugh. Taft looks down at his chest. He looks upset.
Lincoln sits on the brim of the tub.

LINCOLN:
Sorry old friend.

Lincoln pats him on the head. There is an awkward silence.

TAFT:
Did you just pat me?

LINCOLN:
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

TAFT:

I...I didn't say stop.

Lincoln pats him on the head again. Taft cries.

EXT. RUSHMORE. PRESS CONFERENCE.

Washington is holding an Anti-Obesity Press Conference. There isn't much of a crowd, but the rest of Rushmore are sitting in chairs behind him.

WASHINGTON:

My fellow Americans. We have won the war against Obesity. After we destroyed McCheesy, the death rates from obesity have declined. Americans, I believe it's time America made a more healthy food choice. Instead of eating at fast food restaurants, eat at five star restaurants like Red Lobster, Olive Garden or Ihop. Each restaurant has a healthy item on the menu and the prices are reasonable.

Eagle the Eagle bursts onto the scene. He's dropping coupons over the people who are at the press conference.

WASHINGTON(CONT):

Those coupons are good for five dollars off any two dinner entrees and a free salad. Keep fighting the good fight America. You can do this. We have beaten Obesity.

We see the Shadowy Figure again. He's sitting in the crowd. His eyes are locked on Lincoln. We see a close up of Lincoln. He suddenly holds the back of his head, his bullet hole is burning.

LINCOLN:

Ugh, my bullet hole is burning.
What could this mean? Ugh.

The shadowy figure whispers.

SHADOWY FIGURE:

Sic...semper...tyrannis...

Each time this is said, it gets louder and louder.

(CONTINUED)

SHADOWY FIGURE:
Sic...semper...tyrannis...

Lincoln's bullet hole burns more intense every time the words are said.

SHADOWY FIGURE:
Sic...semper...tyrannis.

LINCOLN:
He's here. The actor. The traitor.

(END)