

the dummies guide to saving the u.s.a.

by Jonathan Smith

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Character List

WILBUR: The Green Agent (Male)

ROSIE: Director of the CIA (Female)

MASTER OF MISCHIEF: Our maniacal antagonist (Male)

MR. PRESIDENT: A man of honor (Male)

VICE PRESIDENT: A man NOT of honor (Male)

CONNIE & BLYDE: Rip offs of the original Bonnie and Clyde (Female and Male)

AL TYRONE: A ghetto rip-off of Al Capone. (Male)

THUG #1 & #2: Lackeys of Al Tyrone (Male or Female)

GOON #1: Double agent working within the evil operations (Male)

JANET: The daring wife of Wilbur (Female)

OFFICIAL #1: Double agent working within the good operations (Male)

OFFICIAL #2: Advisor for the president. (Male)

AGENT 1: CIA agent. (Male)

AGENT 2: CIA agent. (Female)

ERIC: CIA secretary (Male)

(ECT. Such as doubled roles and gangsters)

(Can be done with a minimum of 10-12 actors)

SYNOPSIS: The story of this comedy comes to play when a band of evil doers attack the CIA's base of operations and kidnap the vice president in part of a devious plan they wish to fulfill. With the CIA crippled they only have one agent left for the job. However, he has no field training and there is no time to learn. He has to learn how to be an agent ON THE JOB while trying to take down a villainous master of mischief, gangsters, and criminal icon copycats.

SCENE 1:

(Split Stage)(On one side is the setting of a meeting where MR. PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENT, OFFICIAL #1, and OFFICIAL #2 sit) (Behind them, stand AGENT 1 and AGENT 2) (Lights up on their side of the stage)

OFFICIAL #1:

Mr. President, I believe it would be wiser to focus naval assault from a different position.

OFFICIAL #2:

But if we take a strike from- *(cut off)*

(They all react to an explosion heard from off stage)

MR. PRESIDENT:

What was that?

AGENT 1:

Don't worry Mr. President, we'll take care of it.

(AGENT 1 and AGENT 2 both exit offstage following the explosion)(Another explosion is heard with the sound of a scream)(CONNIE and BLYDE run on stage with guns pointed)

CONNIE:

Alright, which one of you varmints is the president?

(BLYDE pulls her off to the side)

BLYDE:

Hold that thought.

(BLYDE whispers to CONNIE)

BLYDE:

Which one of you here is the VICE president?

*(MR. PRESIDENT, OFFICIAL #1, and OFFICIAL #2 all point to VICE PRESIDENT)
(BLYDE snatches him up)*

CONNIE:

So yer th' Vice President?

VICE PRESIDENT:

Take your no good, filthy, rotten, trigger pulling, butt smelling, knock off excuse for hands off of me!

CONNIE:

(To BLYDE :) He's a feisty one.

MR. PRESIDENT:

(Standing up :) What're you going to do to him?

CONNIE:

Wouldn't ya like to know?

(BLYDE and CONNIE both laugh and then start to exit)

OFFICIAL #1:

Why are you doing this?

OFFICIAL #2:

Who are you?

CONNIE:

We're Connie and Blyde.

BLYDE:

Blyde and Connie

(They exit)(MR. PRESIDENT picks up the phone and starts dialing)

OFFICIAL #1:

Who are you calling?

MR. PRESIDENT:

My wife. *(Moment)* Hey honey, the meeting's running a little long and I might be a little late for dinner... Well, I figured you could do that anyways... No... Yes baby... Ok baby... *(Whispers :)* Yes I love you too. Yes, a massage would be nice. Ok... Bye.

(MR. PRESIDENT hangs up the phone and then dials again)

OFFICIAL #2:

Who are you calling now?

MR. PRESIDENT:

The CIA! Who else would I call at a time like this?

(Lights up on the other side of the stage to show a man sitting at a desk)(The phone on the desk rings and he picks ups)

ERIC:

Central Intelligence Agency, this is Agent, *(Epicallly :)* Eric... Yeah, it kind of has a bling to it.

MR. PRESIDENT:

This is the president, patch me through to the Director.

ERIC:

(Sarcastically :) Yeah, Riiiiight. I'll get on that right away. *(Hangs up)* Prank callers. Third one this week.

(ERIC gets up and exits)

OFFICIAL #2:

What happened?

MR. PRESIDENT:

(Shocked :) He hung up on me.

OFFICIAL #1:

Let me try.

(OFFICIAL #1 dials the phone)

(On the other side of stage, the phone rings and ROSIE walks on stage)

ROSIE:

(Answering the phone :) Central Intelligence Agency, this is Director Rosie.

(MR. PRESIDENT takes the phone from OFFICIAL #1)

MR. PRESIDENT:

This is the President... Of the United States of America.

ROSIE:

What can I do for you?

MR. PRESIDENT:

We took a hit at the white house. Two people came in here and double handedly blew the place and captured the Vice President. They call themselves Connie and Blyde. We could use some back up and someone to go in pursuit after them.

ROSIE:

Sorry Mr. President, there's nothing we can do here. Some guy named Al Tyrone came in here with his gang and scrapped the place. They took out the agency. I don't even know if we have any available agents. Our hands are full here, but I will have my secretary take a look. (*Calling Offstage* :) Eric, check the file labeled "Available Agents".

(ERIC goes looking into the desk)

MR. PRESIDENT:

Eric!? Is Eric your secretary?

ROSIE:

Yeah, he is.

ERIC:

Director, I believe I found one.

ROSIE:

Eric thinks he's got something.

MR. PRESIDENT:

Say, uh, put Eric on the phone.

(ROSIE hands the phone to ERIC)

ROSIE:

It's the president.

ERIC:

The-The President?

MR. PRESIDENT:

Yeah... Of the United States of America.

ERIC:

G-g-good morning sir.

MR. PRESIDENT:

You're fired. Put Director Rosie on the phone.

(ERIC hands the phone to ROSIE and exits)

ROSIE:

Sir, it seems we only have one expendable agent left, but he is inexperienced. No field record.

MR. PRESIDENT:

(To OFFICIAL #1 and OFFICIAL #2 :) He'll have to do, we have no one else. (To ROSIE :) What is the name of this agent? The agent to go out on this daring mission single handed. The Agent whom we must trust to save The Vice President.

(Pause)

ROSIE:

(Slowly and disappointed :) Wilbur.

OFFICIAL #1/ MR. PRESIDENT/OFFICIAL #2:

(Overlapping :) Who? Repeat it one more time. I don't think I caught that

He wouldn't by any chance happen to have a codename, something cooler

What? Like WILBUR Wilbur? You know like the pig from Charlotte's Web?

ROSIE:

No, it just says "Wilbur".

MR. PRESIDENT:

You know what? Maybe we can find someone else?

ROSIE:

There IS no one else.

MR. PRESIDENT:

Then the fate of The Vice President, of The United States of America, lies in the hands...
(Epicly :) of Wilbur.

(They all stare out into the distance)(Black out)(End of Scene 1)

SCENE 2:

(Lights up)(Outdoor Park)(AL TYRONE sits on a bench with THUG 1 and THUG 2 behind him)

THUG 1:

Hey boss, where they at?

THUG 2:

Yeah, they were supposed to be here 30 seconds ago.

AL TYRONE:

Look, they said they finna be here, so they finna be here.

(BLYDE and CONNIE come on stage holding VICE PRESIDENT at gun point)

AL TYRONE:

I was beginning to think you wouldn't show

CONNIE:

Al Tyrone...

AL TYRONE:

Connie and Blyde...

BLYDE:

I trust that your assault on the CIA went well?

AL TYRONE:

Naturally. And this is the president?

CONNIE:

Vice President

AL TYRONE:

I thought the boss said he wanted the president?

BLYDE:

Yeah, but I thought it'd be pretty stellar if we did somethin' a little bit less cliché this time round.

CONNIE:

Hey, you boys done here? We sure ain't got no time fur' talkin. *(To VICE PRESIDENT :)* Men.

(Police sirens heard)(VICE PRESIDENT pushes away from CONNIE and runs toward offstage)(AL TYRONE grabs VICE PRESIDENT before he can get away)

VICE PRESIDENT:

Nooo!!

AL TYRONE:

You aint going anywhere little homie.

THUG 1:

Al Tyrone, it's the fuzz! We got to get out of here quick!

AL TYRONE:

We? You two stay behind and hold them off. *(To BLYDE and CONNIE :)* Let's get him out of here!

(AL TYRONE, CONNIE, and BLYDE exit offstage with VICE PRESIDENT)(THUG 1 and THUG 2 take cover both holding guns)

(Pause)

THUG 2:

You know? This could be our last scene...

THUG 1:

Yeah? Well I ain't afraid to die. I ain't no fan being killed neither.

THUG 2:

You and me, we been working for Al Tyrone for eight months. We had a pretty good run.

THUG 1:

Yep, wasn't bad at all.

THUG 2:

You remember that French girl down in Virginia?

THUG 1:

Never forgot.

THUG 2:

She knocked you out three times in a row

THUG 1:

I thought we agreed that the second time was a tie? Besides, she liked me anyways.

THUG 2:

You say that about every girl you fight.

VOICE:

(Offstage :) We've got you surrounded!! Put down the Berretta "85 Cheetah" 380 auto hand guns!!

THUG 1:

Nice try!! They're Springfield "1911 A1 Ultra Compact" .45 ACP hand guns!!

VOICE:

(Offstage :) Whatever.

THUG 2:

Why don't you come and get them!?!?

(Gunshots sound and the lights fade out)(End of Scene 2)

SCENE 3:

(Lights up)(Wilbur's living room)(WILBUR sits in front of a TV)

(Knocking at the door)

WILBUR:

Who is it?

ROSIE:

C.I.A.

(WILBUR opens the door and MR. PRESIDENT, ROSIE, and OFFICIAL #2 enter)

WILBUR:

Director Rosie? Mr. President? *(Looks at OFFICIAL #2 and glosses over him)* What are you doing here?

MR. PRESIDENT:

The CIA and White House got hit. We believe they were dual operations that could potentially be part of a larger plot.

ROSIE:

You're our only expendable- uh I mean available agent we have for the job.

OFFICIAL #2:

We need to know why they did this, and how they pulled off such a difficult task.

(Pause)

MR. PRESIDENT:

Oh, and they also kidnapped The Vice President... Wilbur *(To OFFICIAL #2 :)* God I can't take that name seriously.

WILBUR:

Uh, actually sir, Wilbur was my father. I'm Wilbur Junior.

(Pause)

MR. PRESIDENT:

I'm sorry, I just can't- I can't deal with that name. Rosie, please take over.

(MR. PRESIDENT walks over to an empty area to cool down)

WILBUR:

What's wrong with my name?

ROSIE:

Listen, Wilbur-

WILBUR:

Junior

MR. PRESIDENT:

(In response :) Oh my god!

ROSIE:

We need you.

OFFICIAL #2:

Can we count on you?

(Knocking at the door)

MR. PRESIDENT:

I'll get it.

OFFICIAL #2:

No.

MR. PRESIDENT:

What?

OFFICIAL #2:

You're the president, stupid. I'll get it.

ROSIE:

Wait! It's Wilbur's house and our presence here should remain unknown. Have Wilbur get it.

WILBUR:

Get behind the couch.

(MR. PRESIDENT, OFFICIAL #2, and ROSIE get behind the couch)

WILBUR:

Who is it?

OFFICIAL #1:

IRS

WILBUR:

Come in?

(OFFICIAL #1 enters with a briefcase and a gun)

OFFICIAL #1:

Alright buddy. *(Pointing the gun at WILBUR)* Times up. Come out from behind the couch or I'll let him have it.

MR. PRESIDENT:

Go ahead.

(ROSIE and OFFICIAL #1 stand up)

ROSIE:

(To MR. PRESIDENT :) Oh come on Mr. President. Don't forget, this boy is our last hope.

MR. PRESIDENT:

(To Himself :) I hope there's another.

OFFICIAL #1:

Well, well, well... Here we are, the four of us.

OFFICIAL #2:

So you're a double agent? It all makes sense now. How easy it was for Bylde and Connie to get in and capture the Vice President.

OFFICIAL #1:

Yes my old friend, and this is only the beginning. Soon we will-

WILBUR:

Please don't do the whole "Bad guy exploits his entire plan to the good guys, whom he is intending to kill". No offense, but it usually doesn't work out too well for you in the end anyways. However, if that's what you want to do... Go ahead.

OFFICIAL #1:

No thanks. You kind of ruined it.

(JANET sneaks in the front door with a frying pan behind OFFICIAL #1)

ROSIE:

(Noticing JANET :) You'll never get away with this.

OFFICIAL #1:

No, you'll never walk away from this.

(JANET knocks OFFICIAL #1 out)(WILBUR runs and hugs JANET)

MR. PRESIDENT:

Well done!! Who are you noble woman?

WILBUR:

This is my wife, Janet.

JANET:

When I heard the man say he was from the IRS, I immediately grabbed the frying pan and snuck out the back. *(Looking out in the distance :)* I knew what I had to do.

OFFICIAL #2:

Um... Well, he's not exactly from the IRS.

JANET:

Oh my goodness! Did I make a mistake?

MR. PRESIDENT:

Not at all.

ROSIE:

Let's get him back to "The Agency" for questioning.

(Black out) (End of Scene 3)

SCENE 4:

(Enemy base)(Sewer)(MASTER OF MISCHIEF stands with head phones in)(GOON #1 enters)

GOON #1:

Hey MOM, Blyde and Connie are-

MASTER OF MISCHIEF (MOM):

(Cutting GOON #1 off :) How dare you interrupt, my jam!?

GOON #1:

I'm sorry sir but-

MOM:

What information do you possess?

GOON #1:

Blyde, Connie, and Al Tyrone seek entry.

MOM:

(Yelling to offstage :) Come in! (Mumbling to himself :) I mean it's a sewer, it's not an elaborate base for crying out loud.

(CONNIE, BLYDE, and AL TYRONE enter with VICE PRESIDENT)

(To GOON #1 :) Was that all?

GOON #1:

Yes?

(MOM shoots GOON #1 who fall to the ground remaining motionless)

MOM:

(To AL TYRONE :) Who's this?

AL TYRONE:

The Vice President apparently.

MOM:

What do you mean apparently? I asked for you to bring me The President.

BLYDE:

Look MOM, it ain't like we ain't like yer plan n' all.

CONNIE:

Yeah, it's just that it was a wee bit cliché.

BLYDE:

Kidnap th' president. Holdm' hostage.

CONNIE:

C'mon, everyone and their mother seen that on television. So we changed it. We just grabbed the Vice to add a little "pizazz".

AL TYRONE:

Do have to say, hitting the CIA was a good call.

CONNIE:

Ain't that the truth...

MOM:

Wait a minute! Wait a minute!!

(GOON #1 starts to get up)(Moans painfully)(MOM shoots GOON #1 again)(GOON #1 falls back to the ground assumed dead once again)

So what you are saying is... Instead of bringing me the president, like I asked. You brought me a less important person because you believe it seemed like a movie, that everyone and their mother had seen on television.

(Overlapping :)

AL TYRONE/CONIE/BLYDE:

(Overlapping :)

I had nothing to do with it MOM.

Don't be so mad, it's kind of smart.

C'mon MOM, when you say it like that of course it-

(They ALL freeze except for MOM)

MOM:

(Addressing the Audience :) You see what I deal with? Oh and I'm sure this might be slightly confusing to you. You see, I'm not their mom. My name isn't "Mom". I'm The Master-Of-Mischief. M-O-M. Master, Of, Mischief. See it's much simpler to say MOM rather than the long version all the time. *(Whispering :)* Just thought I'd let you know. I hope you're enjoying the show... Anyways.

(They ALL unfreeze)

Great! Just great!! You're all incompetents. Now we have to go back and get the REAL president too.

VICE PRESIDENT:

I'm still a REAL president. Just putting a "Vice" in front of it doesn't take away all the power. It's like a burger. If it's not a double cheeseburger, doesn't mean it's still not as good of a burger.

AL TYRONE:

No, I actually only like double cheese burgers. I can't stand it, if it doesn't have that tasty extra slice of meat in there and the double cheese.

BLYDE:

Man, I could go for a burger right now... couldn't you?

CONNIE:

Maybe after we take down the IRS.

MOM:

Hey! Can we stay on topic here? *(To VICE PRESIDENT :)* Continue.

VICE PRESIDENT:

I happen to be first in the line of succession if The President goes "bye-bye". I'm the president of The Senate. I can in fact influence legislation, and happen to be the second highest in the executive branch.

(GOON #1 groans in pain and once again attempts to get up)(MOM pulls out his gun once more and shoots him again)

AL TYRONE:

(To MOM :) You know? This might not be too bad after all.

VICE PRESIDENT:

(Proudly :) Thank you.

MOM:

Hmm, interesting...

VICE PRESIDENT:

Yes, I am VERY interesting.

BLYDE:

Yeah, he probably ain't useless.

VICE PRESIDENT:

How nice of you to say so.

AL TYRONE:

(To VICE PRESIDENT :) Do you like your job?

VICE PRESIDENT:

It's not bad.

MOM:

I'll make you an offer "Vicey", an offer I don't think you can refuse... Join my group of misfits and we will make money beyond your wildest dreams and then move to France, to LIVE beyond your wildest dreams.

(Pause)

VICE PRESIDENT:

You'd be surprised to find that my dreams are quite eccentric.

MOM:

Try me...

SCENE 5:

(Agency Interrogation Room) (ROSIE, AGENT 1, and WILBUR stand interrogating OFFICIAL #1 in a chair)

ROSIE:

I know there's something you're holding back!!

AGENT 1:

(Slapping OFFICIAL #1 :) Start talking buster!!!

OFFICIAL #1:

Hey, how's it going?

ROSIE:

You know what we mean.

AGENT 1:

(To WILBUR :) Are you going to get in on this?

WILBUR:

Well, I mean... I was never into the-

ROSIE:

(Cutting him off :) C'mon Wilbur Jr., if you want to be a field agent, you have to get some interrogation practice.

OFFICIAL #1:

Yeah it's good for you as an agent.

AGENT 1:

Exactly, it can develop you, harden your will.

OFFICIAL #1:

Yeah, and in no time you'll be one tough cookie.

ROSIE:

That's right! *(Realizing OFFICIAL #1 :)* Hey! Watch it! We do the talking here!

WILBUR:

Well, ok. I'll give it a shot.

OFFICIAL #1:

Good on ya, Wilbur.

ROSIE:

Will you shut up?!

WILBUR:

Junior...

OFFICIAL #1:

What?

WILBUR:

It's not Wilbur...

ROSIE:

(To herself :) Now you've done it.

WILBUR:

It's Wilbur Junior.

OFFICIAL #1:

You're kidding.

WILBUR:

My father's name was Wilbur.

AGENT 1:

(To ROSIE :) You hired an agent named Wilbur Jr?

ROSIE:

Knowing that I did it is punishment enough. No wonder he was never on active duty before.

OFFICIAL #1:

Can we please get back to the interrogation?

ROSIE:

(Walking towards OFFICIAL #1 :) I swear to God if you don't shut your-

AGENT 1:

(Cutting her off :) He's just baiting you.

WILBUR:

I'll handle this...

(WILBUR toughens up and slaps OFFICIAL #1 back and forth)

(Viciously :) What is it you're not telling us!? Who's your employer? Where's he and or she hiding? Where's Al Tyrone? Where's Connie and Blyde? Blyde and Connie? *(Breaking Character and addressing the audience :)* Or whatever they want to be called!!!

OFFICIAL #1:

(Frightened :) Okay! Okay! Alright!! I'll tell you anything! I work for The Master of Mischief, abbreviation: M-O-M, pronounced "mom"! Twitter is @#MOMKNOWSBEST in all caps! He lives in the sewers of the city and that's where Connie and Blyde... Blyde and Connie? *(Breaking Character and addressing the audience :)* Or whatever they want to be called! *(Back in to character)* Are!

WILBUR:

What's their plan?

OFFICIAL #1:

They are going to raid every IRS building in the US putting America in a state of horror and financial terror.

WILBUR:

Why kidnap the vice president?

OFFICIAL #1:

I don't know! What do you think I am? A snitch?

WILBUR:

That's all we need to know. *(To ROSIE :)* well?

ROSIE:

(Pause :) That was AWESOME!!! You are a natural interrogator, or whatever. Wow! How are you so good at that?

WILBUR:

I have a brother who lies too much.

AGENT 1:

Quickly! We must get to the sewers and find MOM before it's too late.

ROSIE:

Let's Go!

(They all exit leaving OFFICIAL #1 tied up)(Black out)

SCENE 6:

(Sewer)(MOM, AL TYRONE, CONNIE and BLYDE, and VICE PRESIDENT sit playing checkers)(MOM is playing against VICE PRESIDENT while the others watch)

MOM:

Check!

AL TYRONE:

You can't do that.

CONNIE:

Yeah, this here ain't chess, its checkers.

MOM:

Exactly, checkers. Check-ers. Check!

(GOON #1 runs in)

GOON #1:

HELP!! They're coming! Everyone evacu- *(He trips over a pile of garbage and falls into the checker board)*

MOM:

You just ruined a perfect game! For once I would've beat the government!

GOON #1:

But, boss, the government is here. It's the CIA!!

CONNIE:

Wait. How do you know it's the CIA? It could be the FBI.

GOON #1:

Honestly I really don't see much of a difference between the two of them... either way they are here.

CONNIE:

We'll I've gotta ex boy-friend n' the FBI. If it's them I might wanna catcha little-

BLYDE:

Connie! Might wanna put a mussel on that mouth.

GOON #1:

It's the government! Are you numb skulls listening!?

AL TYRONE:

Holy Moister oils dipped in gravy with moose feathers!

VICE PRESIDENT:

(Almost overlapping AL TYRONE's line :) We have to get out of here! Now!

MOM:

Connie, Blyde, you two stay and hold them off.

BLYDE:

What!?

CONNIE:

You're kidding...

BLYDE:

Have Al Tyrone do it!! Less people laughed at his name reference.

AL TYRONE:

You got beef little homie?

BLYDE:

Oh, no, I was just saying...

CONNIE:

Yeah we got beef!! Cuzzzz-in?

(AGENT 1, AGENT 2, WILBUR, and ROSIE burst on stage)

AGENT 2:

Freeze or we'll shoot!

(ALL freeze) (Beat) (CONNIE, BLYDE, GOON #1, and MOM all run offstage) (AGENT 2 shoots AL TYRONE who falls to the ground as he attempts to run offstage as well)

AL TYRONE:

Don't just wound me lil dude. If you a real homie like yours truly, you'll finish the job B. Instead of letting the homeboy here bleed out all over the ground. I ain't got no information for ya to get... You aint jacking no info outta me about the Double OG plan we finna cook up! Ya nah what I'm sayin? Ya feel?

AGENT 2:

(To AGENT 1 :) What did he say?

AGENT 1:

I don't know... just reply with "yes".

AGENT 2:

(To AL TYRONE :) Yes?

AL TYRONE:

Then plug me B.

AGENT 2:

I can't do that... F. Even if I wanted to I can't. The CIA is a little in debt, so every bullet I waste comes out of my paycheck.

AL TYRONE:

What kind of cheap low-budget-

ROSIE:

It's not all that bad Al Tyrone. See, this agent here (*Pointing to AGENT 1 :*) is an ex-boxer. He's known for his one punch knock out.

AL TYRONE:

(Standing up :) I aint finna let no dude knock me out like that. He better prove that one punch K.O.

(AGENT 1 and AL TYRONE exchange blows) (As they fight, AGENT 2 sneaks around behind AL TYRONE and punches him from behind, unaware, knocking him out)

ROSIE:

Oh! I'm sorry Al Tyrone, you must've thought I was talking about this agent. (*Pointing to AGENT 1 :*) you see, (*points to AGENT 2 :*) THIS is the agent with the one punch knock out.

WILBUR:

Get him out of here.

(AGENTS 1 AND 2 both carry AL TYRONE out)

ROSIE:

(Handing her phone to WILBUR :) Hold my phone. It has top secret information on it that can't fall into enemy hands. I'm going to see if I can get some sort of trail or even capture one of those criminals. Naturally I would have you do it, but you aren't nearly experienced enough.

WILBUR:

You got it boss.