



COVID - THE MOVIE

Farley and Max are brainstorming an idea for a screenplay. It's about tyranny coming to America. Let's listen in:

"We'll call the virus Covid. The movie too. The poster could have a big V in the middle, like the tip of a knife, and a little 'co' on one side and an 'id' on the other."

"Changing the name won't help. No audience will believe the story. It's too crazy."

"Maybe, but let's keep going. I think we can make it work."

"Fine. Where'd we leave off?"

"With the new guy. The mad scientist. Let's call him. . .Fauci."

"Good name. Sounds kind of dodgy, kind of mafia. But we won't make him a thug. He'll be a fussy little turd that people want to see crushed at the end. And he works for the two climate frauds, right? What'd we decide to call them?"

"Gore and Gates. But Fauci works for others too. He's been in D.C. for decades, scheming and scamming. And after the big boys release the virus that he helped create, he goes on TV and tells America that everyone needs to self-isolate. To flatten the curve."

"Flatten the curve? What does that mean?"

"Nobody knows, but he wears a lab coat, so people do like he says."

"Then what?"

"Well, at first the lockdown is just for fifteen days, but folks are really scared, so they don't argue when he extends it to a month. Then he says it has to be six months. No concerts, no sporting events,

no family gatherings.”

“Hell, why not stretch it out to a year?”

“He does. And then he says that things will get back to normal after people take the vaccines.”

“What vaccines?”

“Some new frankenshots that he and his buddies cook up. The clinical trials are put on hold when the first test kills half the animals, but the FDA declares the overall theory to be okay. The drug companies begin production.”

“Wait a minute. Nobody would take untested shots.”

“Not in real life, but this is a movie. Audiences love it when people do dumb stuff in movies. A character knows there’s an ax murderer hiding in the house, but he goes to the basement anyway.”

“You’ve got a point, but I still don’t think people would take the shots.”

“Then we just write in some more bad guys. We add three or four jerkwads who control the internet. They promote the shots and shut down any debate about them. People would take them if they never heard about the negative side effects.”

“You can’t shut down debate. The Constitution, freedom of speech. And let’s stop trying to fix things by adding bad guys. Let’s add some good guys.”

“You got any in mind?”

“Well, one. A kid. I think he’d make a good hero. See, at the beginning of the epidemic, when Fauci’s pushing the panic really hard, he puts out a lot of contradictory information. First he says the germ can only live for a few minutes outside the body, then he says it’ll last eleven days. So nobody’s sure what to believe.”

“Let’s put that in the script, or at least make notes for the actor who’ll play Fauci. His motivation for lying is to confuse people, so they can’t make informed decisions.”

“And it works. People stop trying to figure things out for themselves and end up just staying home, like they’re told. But after a while the self-isolation starts to get to them.”

“Yeah, being cooped up sucks. You miss the little things, like putt-putt and street pretzels.”

“Exactly. And not being able to eat out would become a major problem. People would riot if they didn’t get their pizza. So, even though the government forces restaurants to close their doors, it lets home delivery continue.”

“Home delivery of what? Food?”

“Yeah. Like pizza.”

“But that doesn’t make sense. If the virus can last eleven days in the open air, then how can pizza delivery be safe? A warm pizza is the perfect place to breed germs. And those kitchens are dirty. My cousin works in one. He never bathes and his beard has big chunks of dandruff. Looks like Parmesan cheese.”

“But people wouldn’t think about that when they’re stuck in their homes. They’d just want their pizza delivered. And that’s where my hero comes in. The movie opens ten years after the Covid epidemic, and we’re at a memorial ceremony. It’s to honor people who were on the front lines back in the day. So a bigwig talks about how the food responders helped preserve the country’s mental health, and then he unveils a statue. It’s a kid crouched on a skateboard, balancing a pizza carton. He’s racing to make a delivery.”

“Awesome. I can see it. Cap turned backwards, cargo shorts, butt crack.”

“That’s the opening, then we go back to all the other stuff, and at the end the pizza boy has some kind of showdown with Fauci.”

“A battle royale, with his teammates watching his back.”

“Teammates?”

“Yeah. He’s part of an emergency food response team. His code name is Pizza Boy, and he works with Kung Pao Girl and the Tamale Kid.”

“This is making me hungry.”

“Split a large pepperoni?”

“Sure. Just don’t call the place where your cousin works.”