

Date: _____
English 30B

the show goes on...

by Thomas Hunt

The audience roared with applause as the sign blinked and the show came back from commercial. The host, Frank Marshall stepped out of the shadows where he had been drinking a bottle of Evian and leaped into his character of "Frank" the loveable, huggable TV Personality.

"We've got a real treat for you tonight! Gary Baslimer, the producer of such films as The Stone, Air Thieves and Lawrence of Britain is here tonight! He's going to tell us about his new film, Apocalypse Now: 2002! starring Angelina Jolie!" The applause light sparks and the crowd roars. "And we've got Joey Leone, from the new TV show "Livin' with Joey" and the musical act Sex times Five!"

Frank motioned to the band on his right, "And don't forget we've got Jamie Cashen and the Always Sold Out Band!!!" The spotlight drops off Frank and the band begins roaring through yet another Beatles cover. They pound out the notes and skip the lyrics as if their jealousy of the

Beatles could be eased by turning their hits into unrecognizable muzak.

Frank walked over to his desk. His assistants scurried around him like rats on the Titanic, fixing his makeup and brushing the lint off his coat. Frank sat back in his chair and let them work. He reached out with a manicured hand and grabbed his coffee mug full of whiskey. He had a sip, and then reached out with his other hand and placed it on his makeup girl's perfect ass. As he squeezed, the girl tried not to smile but failed miserably. Damn, she has a glorious ass, Frank thought, continuing to squeeze, he'd definitely have an extended make-up session with her after the show. The band finished their song and Frank was left holding only his drink. His assistants had made their ghostly exit. Frank smiled at the camera, with his shit-eating grin.

"Wasn't that a great song?" The audience cheered.
"Jamie, you guys are really rocking out tonight!"

Jamie smiles, "Thanks boss, doin' our best."

"Wow, well your best IS certainly good enough." The drummer fires off a rimshot and the joke gets a late laugh, because it wasn't funny.

"Ha, ha, ha. I could talk to you guys all day, but the people out there in TV land demand results, and we'd better

get down to business. We've got a GREAT! show for you tonight."

"Yeah. Great show, just like last night" Jamie said.

"Why yooooooooooooooooo. . ." Frank said, motioning with his fists. "Youououououou, no more outta you, or"

The audience joins in, screaming out Frank's world famous catch phrase "I'm gonna punch—you—in—the—face!"

Frank laughs, the band plays an interlude, and the audience explodes with joy as they were a part of the show tonight, failing to notice that Frank does this, every night.

"You kids, you're just so funny." The audience roars. "Sometimes I think I should just step aside and let y'all run the show." The audience boos and screams "No! No!"

Frank smiles. That got them every time. "Alright. Alright. I'll stay. You've got me." The audience cheers, having averted a disastrous crisis! "But now, down to business. Our first guest is the producer of classic action films such as The Stone, Air Thieves, and more recently has turned to sequels such as Lawrence of Britain, Shane II: The Reckoning and his new film Apocalypse Now: 2002! Let's give a warm, warm welcome to Mr. Gary Baslimer!" The audience applauds, the house lights come up and Baslimer walks out onto the stage. Baslimer is in his

middle to late thirties with light brown hair, with just a hint of gray that gives him a slight scholarly felling. He is wearing a sharp looking gray Armani suit and black loafers. With his long strides he transversed the stage with ease. He shook hands with Frank, waved to the crowd, and they both sat down. The band stopped playing, and the audience quieted down, looking forward to one of Frank's in-depth celebrity interviews.

"Mr. Baslimer, it's really great to have you here." Frank said.

"Call me Gary, Frank. It is great to be here. What a great crowd!" The crowd cheered like trained seals.

"So, Gary, your latest project is a remake of one of the greatest cinematic masterpieces of our time, Apocalypse Now."

"Yup. It's a great film."

"So why did you feel that now was the right time for a remake?"

"Well, we thought we could give a more futuristic look to the film. If you've seen the trailer, you'll notice we've given the soldiers laser guns as well as introducing a love triangle between Captain Kurtz, Captain Willard and a French Samurai Warrior, played by the beautiful and

talented Angelina Jolie. Give it up for Angie!" The audience cheers again, they love celebrities.

"But Gary, don't you think it's wrong to keep remaking old films? Isn't it better to write new ones? To have new ideas?"

"Nah. Remakes are great because the audience already knows the characters and the plot, so they can just relax and enjoy some great action scenes!" The audience cheers, they love blood.

"But really Gary, isn't it wrong just to steal from other films? Isn't there a little Jiminy Cricket sitting on your shoulder?" Frank starts pretending there is a Jiminy Cricket sitting on his shoulder and speaks in Jiminey's voice, "Don't do it Gary, it's wrong. Take a risk, tell a new story." The audience laughs, that silly cricket is so funny.

"Frankly Frank, the first think I did when I entered this business was to squash that little Cricket there. And you know, now that he's shut up, I don't feel the least bit bad about anything I do."

"Lacking a conscience, how could you"

"Good point Frank."

"So to recap, you admit to committing several heinous crimes against cinema, and you plan to commit more in the future?"

"Hey Frank, baby, relax. The people like remakes, and they like action films. I'm just trying to make a buck while giving them what they want. I'm not a bad guy here."

"Sure, you're not bad. But wouldn't you say your only goal as a filmmaker is to make money, right?"

"Yeah. I mean, it's show business, right Frank?"

Frank pulled out a pistol from under the desk and shot Gary in the face.

Frank put the pistol down on the desk and smiled at the audience as he pushed the applause button. The audience responded with thunderous applause. "Now that's show business!" Frank yelled over the crowd. The audience began laughing. A wave of confusion passed over Frank's face as he realized they had laughed before he pushed the laugh button. The wave quickly passed and Frank smiled again. "We'll be right back, with Joey Leone and Sex times Five!" The audience cheered, the band played and they went to commercial.

The spotlight on Frank dimmed and two big guys moved Baslimer's bloody corpse to the second chair to make room for the next guest. Some makeup girls put a promotional

hat from Apocalypse Now: 2002 on Mr. Baslimer's head and started powdering his face and scrubbing at the blood on his suit with spot remover.

Frank's busy little bees were out again, straitening his tie and cleaning off his suit. Frank reached for his coffee mug and took a big gulp. His makeup girl was scrubbing his face, trying to clean off the blood before the next guest came out. Frank smiled as she worked, his other hand firmly on her ass, squeezing.