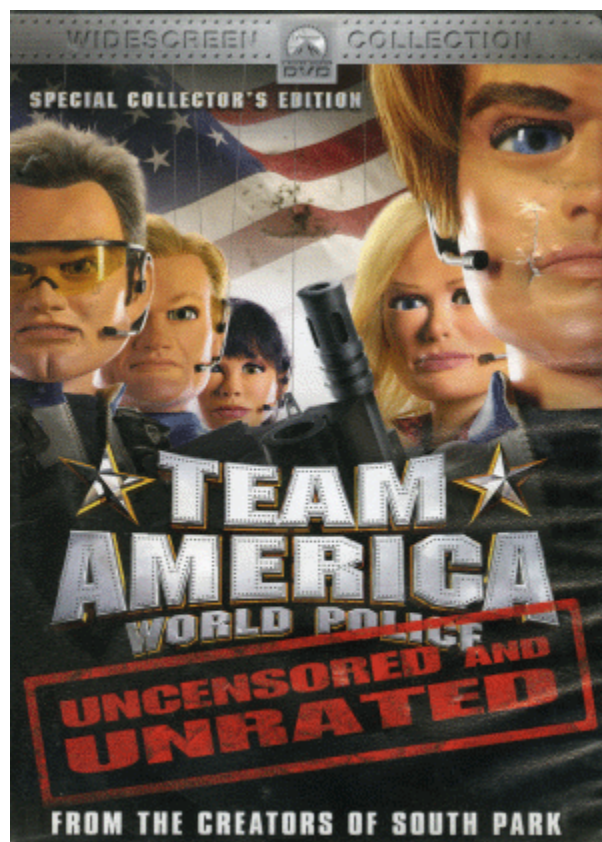


TEAM AMERICA -- ILLUSTRATED SCREENPLAY

Directed by Trey Parker, Creator of South Park

© 2004/2005 Paramount Pictures

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It remains highly significant that Bush began his public political career in the ideological guise of a southern Republican, specifically in Texas. ... In order to create a Republican Party in the south, it was first necessary to smash the old FDR New Deal constituent of labor, the cities, farmers, blacks, and the Solid South. ... The method that the southern Republicans devised to breach this solid front was the one theorized years later by Lee Atwater, the manager of Bush's 1988 Presidential campaign. This was the technique of the 'wedge issues,' so called precisely because they were chosen to split up the old New Deal coalition using the chisels of ideology. The wedge issues are also known as the 'hot-button social issues,' and the most explosive among them has always tended to be race. ... Racial invective, anti-union demagoguery, jingoistic chauvinism, the smearing of opponents for their alleged fealty to 'special interests' ... these ideas were further refined in Richard Nixon's brain trust, presided over by Wall Street bond lawyer John Mitchell ... and received their definitive elaboration from Kevin Phillips who advanced the thesis that the 'whole secret of politics is in knowing who hates who,' which is of course another way of speaking of wedge issues. The result of the successful application of the Southern [South Park] Strategy in 1968 and in the following years has been a period of more than two decades of one-party Republican control over the Executive Branch ... which has proven a mighty stimulus to those tendencies towards authoritarian and even totalitarian rule which have culminated in the Administrative Fascism of the

current Bush regime.

-- Unauthorized Biography of George Bush, by Webster G. Tarpley & Anton Chaitkin

[Transcribed from the movie by Tara Carreon]



[TEAM AMERICA WORLD POLICE]



[PARIS, FRANCE: 3,635 MILES EAST OF AMERICA]





PUPPETEER: Oh, hello.



MOTHER: Jean Francois?
Jean Francois?



JEAN FRANCOIS: Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques, Dormez vous? Dormez vous?



MOTHER: Jean Francois.





[TEAM AMERICA WORLD POLICE]



POLICE: You in the robes. Put down the weapon of mass destruction ...



and get on the ground. You're under arrest.



JOE: Put down your weapons now!





CHRIS: Why can't they ever do this the easy way?



CARSON: World Police. Get down on the ground!



Hey, terrorist.

LISA: Hey, terrorist.



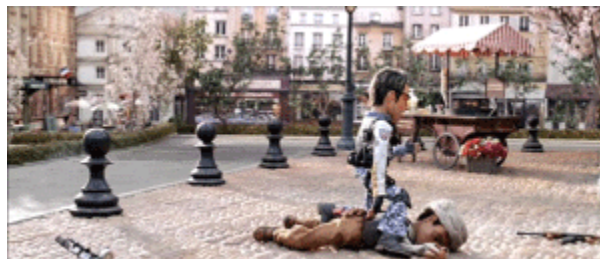
Terrorize this.





CHRIS: All right, let's make this interesting.





You lose.



CARSON: He's getting away with the WMD!



JOE: I got him.





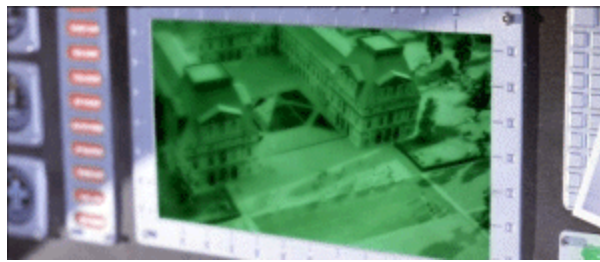
JOE: Damn, I missed him.



CARSON: Sarah, he's got the bomb. You got a fix?



SARAH: I got him, Carson. He's heading for the Louvre.



Your plans are over.



CARSON: All right, Sarah.

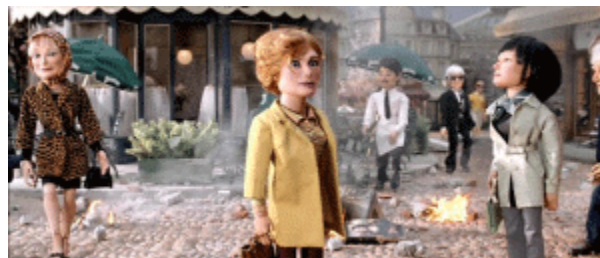
JOE: Yeah, all right, team!



SARAH: Nothing to it.



CHRIS: All right.



JOE: Bonjour, everyone. Don't worry. Everything is bon.



We stopped the terrorists.



CARSON: I was doing a lot of thinking on the ride over here.



LISA: Oh, yeah? About what?

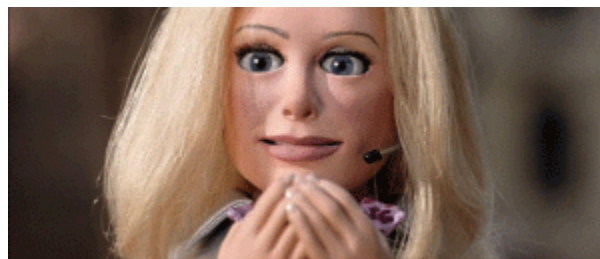


CARSON: I was thinking that I want you to marry me.



LISA: Don't joke about that.

CARSON: Who's joking?



JOE: Joe to Sarah. Looks like we may need to order up a wedding cake.



SARAH: He finally popped the question?



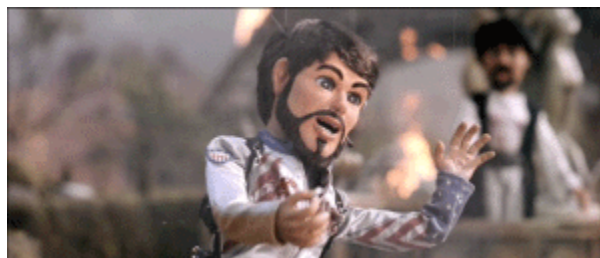
CARSON: Lisa, you're an amazing woman.
And a damn fine cop. And I want to spend the rest of my life with you.



LISA: Oh, Carson. Carson ...



Carson!



No!



Carson.



CARSON: Feel so cold.



LISA: You have to hang on, Carson.



CARSON: Sorry, babe. Looks like this was a one-way ticket.

LISA: No.

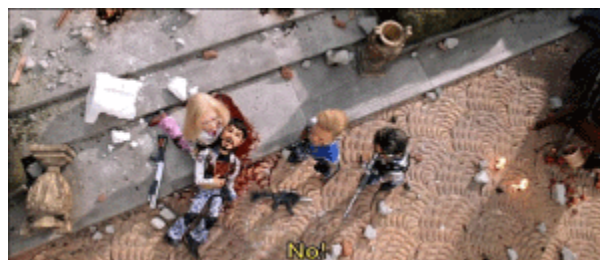
CARSON: Lisa, you have to live on.
Find someone else who will love you. Find someone else and be happy.



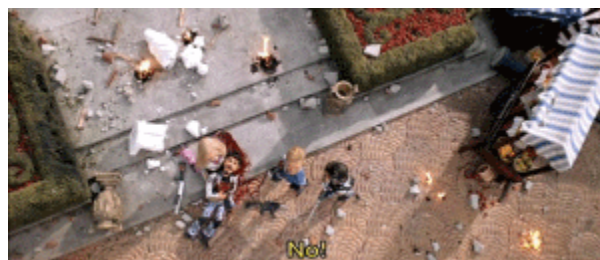
You deserve ...



LISA: No!



No!



No!



[Theatre Development Fund]



[LEASE: THE MUSICAL]



GARY: [Singing] *Everyone has AIDS*



AIDS, AIDS, AIDS
AIDS, AIDS, AIDS, AIDS, AIDS, AIDS



Everyone has AIDS



And so this is the end of our story



And everyone is dead from AIDS



It took from me my best friend



My only true pal



My only bright star



WOMAN: *He died of AIDS*



GARY: *Well, I'm gonna march on Washington*



Lead the fight and charge the brigades



There's a hero inside all of us



I'll make them see Everyone has AIDS



My father

BACKUP SINGERS: AIDS



GARY: *My sister*

BACKUP SINGERS: AIDS



GARY: *My uncle and my cousin and her best friend*

BACKUP SINGERS: *AIDS, AIDS, AIDS!*



GARY: *The gays and the straights and the whites and the spades*

BACKUP SINGERS: *Everyone has AIDS*

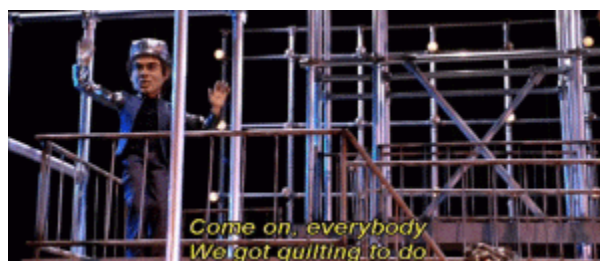
GARY: *My grandma and my dog Ole Blue*



BACKUP SINGERS: *AIDS, AIDS, AIDS*

GARY: *The Pope has got it and so do you*

BACKUP SINGERS: *AIDS, AIDS, AIDS*



GARY: *Come on, everybody, We got quilting to do*

BACKUP SINGERS: *AIDS, AIDS, AIDS*



GARY: *We're gonna break down these barricades*



Everyone has

BACKUP SINGERS: *AIDS, AIDS, AIDS, AIDS, AIDS
AIDS, AIDS, AIDS, AIDS, AIDS, AIDS*



AUDIENCE: [Clapping]





STEVE: Great job, Gary.

GARY: Thanks. You too, Steve.



MAN: That was the greatest acting I've ever seen.

MAN: I just don't know how you do it, Gary.



How do you make yourself so somber and emotional
to make everybody cry like that?

GARY: It's not that hard, really. I just think about the saddest moment in my life.



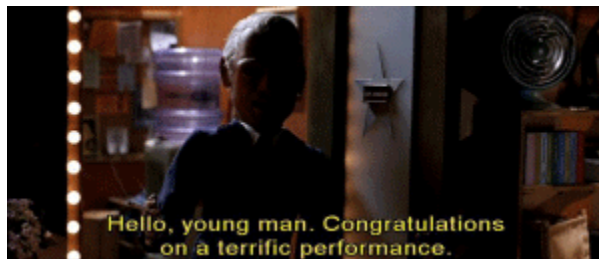
MAN: Man, wow. Gary is such a great guy.



GARY'S BROTHER: Gary. Oh, no. Help me! Help me!



Get off of me! Get this thing off of me! Gary!



SPOTTISWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Hello, young man. Congratulations on a terrific performance.

The Protocols [of the Learned Elders of Zion] have attracted much attention in Europe, having become the center of an important storm of opinion in England only recently, but discussion of them in the United States has been limited. These are the documents concerning which the Department of Justice was making inquiries more than a year ago, and which were given publication in London by Eyre and **Spottiswoode**, the official printers to the British Government.

-- The International Jew, by Henry Ford



GARY: Oh, thank you. I don't believe we've met, Mr ...?

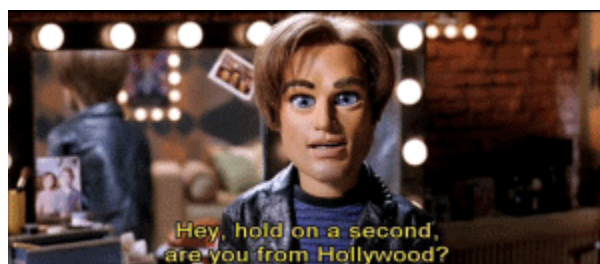


SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: The name is Spottswode.

GARY: Well, nice to meet you.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: And you are Gary Johnston.
An American actor who graduated Iowa University summa cum laude
with a double major in theatre and world languages.
You've been at the top of every acting class since you were a child.
Top-gun actor.



GARY: Hey, hold on a second, are you from Hollywood?



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: I have an incredible offer for you, Gary. If you're interested, follow me this way.





Please, Gary, step into my car.



GARY: Oh, I get it.



I'm supposed to get in your car and let you put your finger inside me.
Then if I go down on you, I get a movie part.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: No, I just want to show you something.

GARY: Yeah, I'll bet you do.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Please, Gary.
I'm not from Hollywood.



I'm not going to fuck your mouth, and my time is extremely valuable.



GARY: Jesus, this is a nice limo.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Yes, it is.
Now, suck my cock.



Just kidding.



GARY: All right, just what the hell is this about?



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: I hate to break this to you, Gary,
but some people out there want you dead.

GARY: Dead?

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: They're called terrorists, Gary.
And they hate everything about you.



GARY: Why? What did I do to them? I'm just a Broadway actor.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: It's not who you are, Gary, it's what you stand for.
And every single minute of every single day,
the terrorists are planning new ways to kill you



and everyone else who lives in a free country.



The only thing standing in their way is us.



GARY: You?

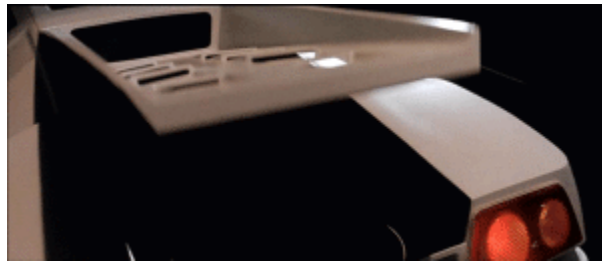
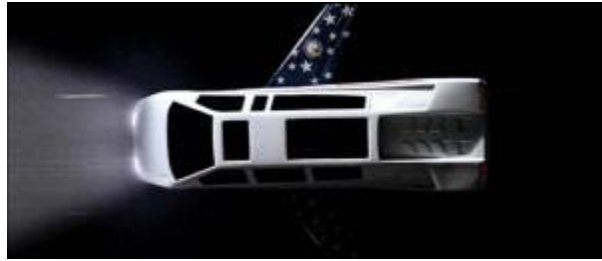


SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Baxter, I think we can "valmorphinize" safely now.

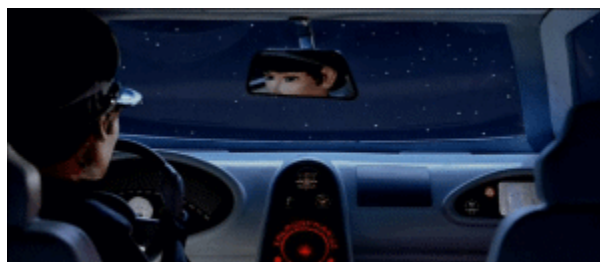


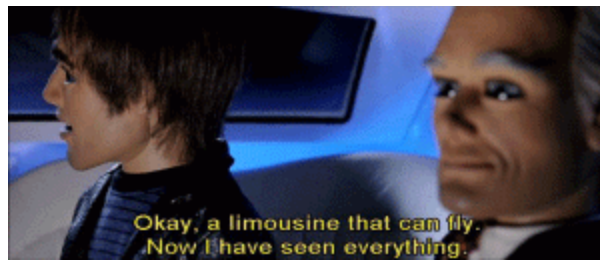
[VALMORPHANIZE]



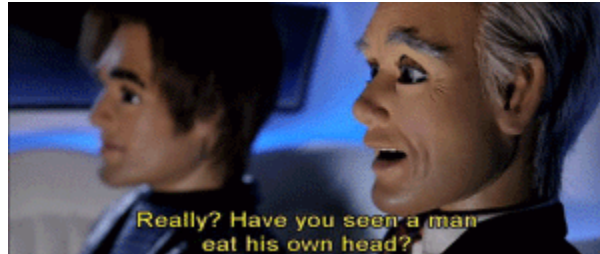


[TEAM AMERICA]





GARY: Okay, a limousine that can fly. Now I have seen everything.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Really? Have you seen a man eat his own head?

GARY: No.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: So then you haven't seen everything.
And neither have we.



Last week in Paris, we caught four terrorists
with a weapon of mass destruction.
The terrorists are planning something very big.



GARY: And just what does this have to do with me?

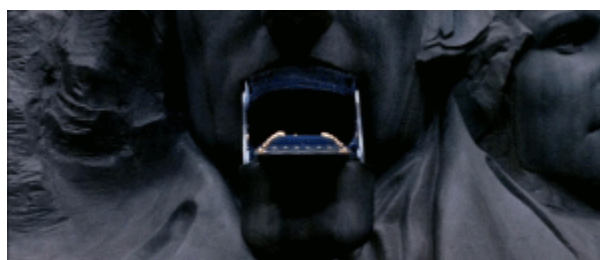
SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Our only hope is to have somebody act like a terrorist
who wants to help them carry out the attack.
An actor convincing enough to make the terrorists think he's one of them.

GARY: This is crazy. I'm an actor, not a spy.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: That's all spying is: acting. And they say you're the best.
An actor with a double major in theatre and world languages?
Hell, you're the perfect weapon, Gary.



GARY: Look out!







SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Right this way, you maverick renegade.



[MAVERICK]

-- Waking Life, directed by Richard Linklater





Welcome to Team Base.



Gary, this is Joe, all-star quarterback from the University of Nebraska.
He's a natural-born leader.



JOE: I've heard a lot about your acting, Mr. Johnston.
Hope it's as good as they say it is.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: And this is Sarah,
the top empath from Berkeley's School for the Clairvoyant
in San Francisco.



SARAH: I sense that you're slightly confused right now.



CHRIS: That's supposed to be Carson's replacement, a fucking actor?



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Don't mind Chris. He may be lacking courtesy, but he's the best martial-arts expert Detroit has to offer.



CHRIS: That's right, actor. Just stay the fuck away from me.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: And finally, we have our psychology expert. Where's Lisa?



LISA: Right here.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Gary, this is Lisa. She specializes in how the terrorists think.



LISA: Usually a case of malignant narcissism brought on during childhood.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: We've been doing our best to keep the world safe, Gary.



But now somebody has supplied the terrorists with WMDs.
And intelligence tells us they plan to use them.



Isn't that right, I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.?



I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.: That is affirmative.



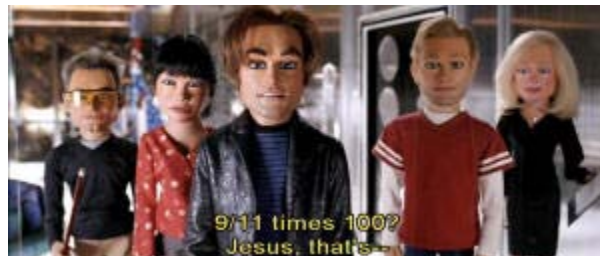
GARY: I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.?

SARAH: The most sophisticated computer in the world.

I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.: I've intercepted communications that several terrorist groups are being organized for one massive worldwide attack.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: From what I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E. has gathered, it would be 9/11 times 100.



GARY: 9/11 times 100? Jesus, that's --



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Yes, 91,000.



JOE: Basically, all the worst parts of the Bible.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: So now you see why we need you.
We will disguise you as a terrorist and take you deep into the Middle East.



If your acting is successful, you'll be able to get us the information we need
to stop this whole thing from happening.
Of course, if you're not interested ...



there's the door.



GARY: All right. Thanks.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Hmm.



LISA: Gary. Hey, hold on a second.



Don't you understand? Every country in the world is in danger.



GARY: How is it my responsibility to do something?

LISA: Because like it or not, you're the one with the power to do something.

GARY: I can't fight terrorists. I don't know anything about guns or jets.

LISA: That doesn't matter. If you wanna help people,
all that matters, Gary, is what you have here.



Just think about it, okay? Here, take this.





Baxter will take you wherever you wanna go. Just remember:
Your freedom's at stake too.



JOE: What do you think Spottswode sees in him?

LISA: I don't know. But I think I see it too.



GARY: Hey, Baxter.



I wanna take a detour.



*[Song] What would you do
If you were asked to give up your dreams for freedom?*



What would you do



If asked to make the ultimate sacrifice?



Would you think about all them people



Who gave up everything they had?

Who gave up everything they had?



*Would you think about
All them war vets*

Would you think about all them war vets



And would you start to feel bad?



Freedom isn't free

*Freedom isn't free
It costs folks like you and me*



And if we don't all chip in

And if we don't all chip in



We'll never pay that bill



Freedom isn't free



No, there's a hefty fucking fee



And if you don't throw in your buck o'five, who will?



Buck o'five



Freedom costs a buck o'five

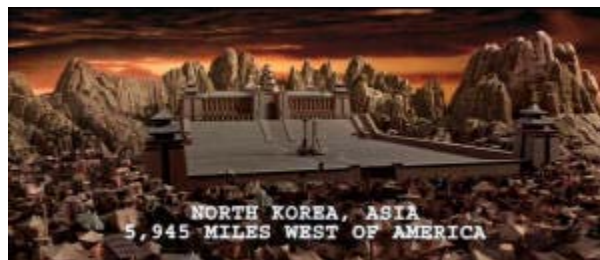


Propaganda in the United States is propaganda spread by government and media entities within the United States. Propaganda is information, ideas, or rumors deliberately spread widely to influence opinions. Propaganda is not only in advertising; it is also in radio, newspaper, posters, books, television, and anything else that might be sent out to the widespread public.

-- Propaganda in the United States, by Wikipedia

Pentagon thinking about major theater war in East Asia has centered on Korea.

-- Rebuilding America's Defenses, by Project for a New American Century



NORTH KOREA, ASIA: 5,945 MILES WEST OF AMERICA

RUSSIANS EXPOSE US-UK TERROR ROLE AFTER SCHOOL MASSACRE

In early September, 2004, terrorists attacked a school in Beslan, North Ossetia, in the Russian Federation. Before this hostage crisis was over, more than 300 people, over half of them children, were killed. On Monday, September 6, Russian President Vladimir Putin made remarks to the western press which exposed the key role of the US and British governments in backing Chechen terrorism. Whatever Putin's previous role in events regarding Chechnya, his post-Beslan political posture tended to undercut the legitimacy of the supposed Anglo-American "war on terror," and pointed up the hypocrisy of the Bush regime's pledge that it would make no distinction between the terrorists and those who harbor them -- since Washington and London were currently harboring

Chechens implicated in terrorism. All in all, Putin's response to the Chechen events, on the eve of the third anniversary of 9/11, brought the collapse of the official 9/11 myth measurably closer. The hypocritical terror demagoguery of Bush and Blair was now undercut by the head of state of another permanent member of the UN Security Council.

On Monday September 6, Putin spoke for three and one half hours with a group of some 30 western correspondents and Russia experts at his dacha near Novo Ogarevo outside Moscow. Most US press ignored these remarks. Putin, a KGB veteran who knew whereof he spoke, told the gathering that the school massacre showed that "certain western political circles would like to weaken Russia, just as the Romans wanted to destroy Carthage." He thus suggested that the US and UK, not content with having bested Russia in the Cold War, now wanted to proceed to the dismemberment and total destruction of Russia -- a Carthaginian peace like the one the Romans finally imposed at the end of the Punic Wars in 146 BC, when they poured salt into the earth at Carthage so nothing would ever grow there again. (Le Monde, September 8, 2004) There was no link between Russian policy in Chechnya and the hostage-taking in Beslan, said Putin, meaning that the terrorists were using the Chechen situation as a pretext to attack Russia. According to a paraphrase in Le Monde: "The aim of this international terrorism, supported more or less openly by foreign states, whose names the Russian president does not want to name, is to weaken Russia from the inside, by criminalizing its economy, by provoking its disintegration through propagating separatism in the Caucasus and the transformation of the region into a military staging ground (place d'armes) for actions directed against the Russian Federation."

"Mr. Putin," continued Le Monde, "restated the accusation he had launched in a veiled form against western countries which appear to him to use double-talk. On the one side, their leaders assure the Russian President of their solidarity in the fight against terrorism. On the other hand, the intelligence services and the military -- 'who have not abandoned their Cold War prejudices,' in Putin's words -- maintain contacts with those the international press calls the 'rebels.' 'Why are those who emulate Bin Laden called terrorists and the people who kill children, rebels? Where is the logic?' asked Vladimir Putin, and then gave the answer: 'Because certain political circles in the West want to weaken Russia just like the Romans wanted to destroy Carthage.' 'But, continued Putin, "we will not allow this scenario to come to pass." Le Monde went on: "This is, according to [Putin] a bad calculation, because Russia is a factor of stability. By weakening it, the Cold War nostalgics are clearly acting against the interests of their own country." In Putin's words: "We are the sincere champions of this cooperation [against terrorism], we are open and loyal partners. But if foreign services have contacts with the 'rebels,' they cannot be treated as reliable allies, as Russia is for them." (Daniel Vernet, "M. Poutine accuse et s'explique sur sa 'guerre totale' au terrorisme," Le Monde, September 8, 2004)

In Guardian correspondent Jonathan Steele's account of the meeting with Putin, the Russian President gave this response to the US and UK on the question of negotiating with the Chechen guerrillas of Asian Maskhadov: "Why don't you meet Osama bin Laden, invite him to Brussels or to the White House and engage in talks, ask him what he wants and give it to him so he leaves you in peace? You find it possible to set some limitations in your dealings with these bastards, so why should we talk to people who are child-killers?" (London Guardian, September 7, 2004)

On Saturday, September 4, Putin had delivered a national television address to the Russian people on the Beslan tragedy, which had left more than 300 dead, over half of them children. The main thrust was that terrorism constitutes international proxy warfare against Russia. Among other things Putin said: "In general, we need to admit that we did not fully understand the complexity and the dangers of the processes at work in our own country and in the world. In any case, we proved unable to react adequately. We showed ourselves to be weak, and the weak get beaten." "Some people would like to tear from us a tasty morsel. Others are helping them. They are helping, reasoning that Russia still remains one of the world's major nuclear powers, and as such still represents a threat to them. And so they reason that this threat should be removed. Terrorism, of

course, is just an instrument to achieve these gains." "What we are dealing with, are not isolated acts intended to frighten us, not isolated terrorist attacks. What we are facing is direct intervention of international terror directed against Russia. This is a total, cruel and full- scale war that again and again is taking the lives of our fellow citizens." (Kremlin.ru, September 6, 2004; EIR, September 7, 2004)

Around the time of 9/11, Putin had pointed to open recruitment of Chechen terrorists going on in London, telling a German interviewer: "In London, there is a recruitment station for people wanting to join combat in Chechnya. Today -- not officially, but effectively in the open -- they are talking there about recruiting volunteers to go to Afghanistan." (Focus -- German weekly newsmagazine, September 2001) In addition, it is generally known in well-informed European circles that the leaders of the Chechen rebels were trained by the CIA, and that the Chechens were backed by US-sponsored anti-Russian fighters from Afghanistan. In the summer of 2004, US-UK backed Chechens destroyed two Russian airliners and attacked a Moscow subway station, in addition to the school atrocity.

Some aspects of Putin's thinking were further explained by a press interview given by Aslambek Aslakhonov, the Chechen politician who was one of Putin's official advisors. A dispatch from RIA Novosti reported Aslakhonov's comments as follows: "The terrorists who seized the school in Beslan, North Ossetia, took their orders from abroad. 'They were talking with people not from Russia, but from abroad. They were being directed,' said Aslambek Aslakhonov, advisor to the President of the Russian Federation. 'It is the desire of our "friends" -- in quotation marks -- who have probably for more than a decade been carrying out enormous, titanic work, aimed at dismembering Russia. These people have worked very hard, and the fact that the financing comes from there and that they are the puppet masters, is also clear.'" Aslakhonov, who was named by the terrorists as one of the people they were going to hold talks with, also told RIA Novosti that the bid for such "talks" was completely phony. He said that the hostage-takers were not Chechens. When he talked to them, by phone, in Chechen, they demanded that he talk Russian, and the ones he spoke with had the accents of other North Caucasus ethnic groups. (RIA Novosti, September 6, 2004; EIR, September 7, 2004)

On September 7, RIA Novosti reported on the demand of the Russian Foreign Ministry that two leading Chechen figures be extradited from London and Washington to stand trial in Russia. A statement from the Russia Foreign Ministry's Department of Information and Press indicated that Russia would put the United States and Britain on the spot about extraditing two top Chechen separatist officials who had been given asylum in Washington and London, respectively. They were Akhmad Zakayev, known as a "special representative" of Asian Maskhadov (currently enjoying asylum in London), and Ilyas Akhmadov, the "Foreign Minister" of the unrecognized "Chechen Republic- Ichkeria" (then residing in the USA). (RIA Novosti, September 7, 2004; EIR, September 8, 2004)

"SCHOOL SEIZURE WAS PLANNED IN WASHINGTON AND LONDON"

This was the headline of an even more explicit unsigned commentary by the Russian news agency KMNews.ru. This analysis blamed the Beslan school massacre squarely on the U.S. and British intelligence agencies. The point of departure here was that Shamil Basayev, the brutal Chechen field commander, had been linked to the attack (something that Putin advisor Aslambek Aslakhonov had said was known to the Russian FSB, successor of the KGB). The article highlighted the recent rapprochement of London and Washington with key representatives of Asian Maskhadov: Britain's giving asylum to Akhmad Zakayev (December 2003) and the USA's welcoming Ilyas Akhmadov (August 2004). Basayev, viewed in European circles as a straight-out CIA agent, openly claimed responsibility for the school massacre almost two weeks after the fact.

KMNews: CHECHEN TERROR BOSS ON US STATE DEPARTMENT PAYROLL

The Russian news agency KMNews wrote: "In early August ... 'Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Chechen Republic-Ichkeria' Ilyas Akhmadov received political asylum in the USA. And for his 'outstanding services,' Akhmadov received a Reagan-Fascell grant," including a monthly stipend, medical insurance, and a well-equipped office with all necessary support services, including the possibility of meetings with political circles and leading U.S. media. "What about our partners in the 'anti-terrorist coalition,' who provided asylum, offices and money to Maskhadov's representatives?" asked the Russian press agency. Citing the official expressions of sympathy and offers of help from President Bush, National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice, and State Department spokesman Richard Boucher, KMNews warned: "But let's not shed tears of gratitude just yet. First we should ask: were 'Special Representative of the President of CRI' Zakayev or 'Minister of Foreign Affairs of the CRI' Akhmadov, located in Great Britain and the USA, aware of the terrorist acts that were in preparation? Beyond a doubt ...nd let's also find out, how Akhmadov is spending the money provided by the Reagan-Fascell Foundation. We note: this Foundation is financed by the U.S. Congress through the budget of the State Department! "Thus, the conclusion is obvious. Willingly or not, Downing Street and the White House provoked the guerrillas to these latest attacks. Willingly or not, Great Britain and the USA have nurtured the separatists with material, information and diplomatic resources. Willingly or not, the policy of London and Washington fostered the current terrorist acts." "As the ancients said, cui bono? Perhaps we are too hasty with such sweeping accusations against our 'friends' and 'partners'? Is there a motive for the Anglo-American 'anti-terrorist coalition' to fan the fires of terror in the North Caucasus?" "Alas, there is a motive. It is no secret, that the West is vitally interested in maintaining instability in the Caucasus. That makes it easier to pump out the fossil fuel extracted in the Caspian region, and it makes it easier to control Georgia and Azerbaijan, and to exert influence on Armenia. Finally, it makes it easier to drive Russia out of the Caspian and the Caucasus. Divide et impera! -- the leaders of the Roman Empire already introduced this simple formula for subjugation."

-- 9/11 Synthetic Terror Made in USA, by Webster Griffin Tarpley





KIM JONG IL: [Speaking in Korean]



TRANSLATOR: Our dear leader, Kim Jong Il, says the weapons of mass destruction
you requested are ready for you to take.



CHECHNYAN TERRORIST: I am still in the process of recruiting
and training new terrorists for the attack.
We take weapons later.



KIM JONG IL: Speaking in Korean]



TRANSLATOR: He asks what part of the deal you did not understand.



He says perhaps his translator did not make it clear to you.



He says he should fire his translator?



KIM JONG IL: Do you have any idea how fucking busy I am?



I cannot berieve that I have a Chechnyan standing here terring me
when he's gonna take a derivery.
Herro?



CHECHNYAN TERRORIST: Perhaps we can be ready sooner.

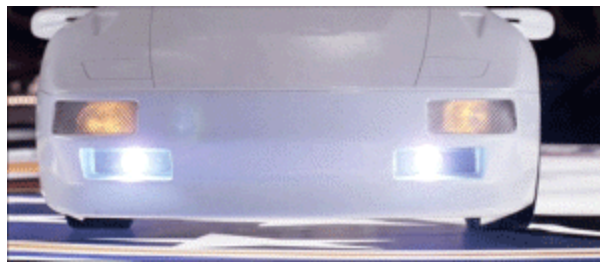


KIM JONG IL: Yes, perhaps you can.



Now, take your weapons of mass destruction
and get the fuck out of here.





GARY: I had to come back.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: I know you did, son.



CHRIS: I still say this is a fucking mistake.



SARAH: Stop it, Chris. I sense that you're making him feel intimidated.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Gary, I'm afraid there's no time.



I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E. tells us the attack is imminent.



We need you to act like a Middle Eastern terrorist right away.



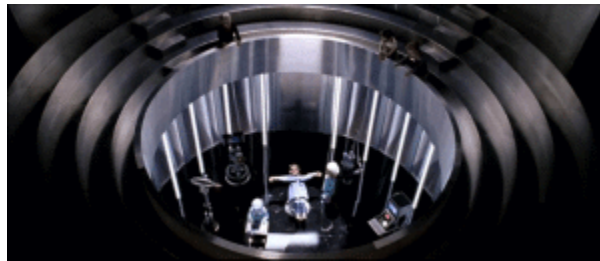
GARY: There's just one problem. I don't look Middle Eastern.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: [Chuckles]



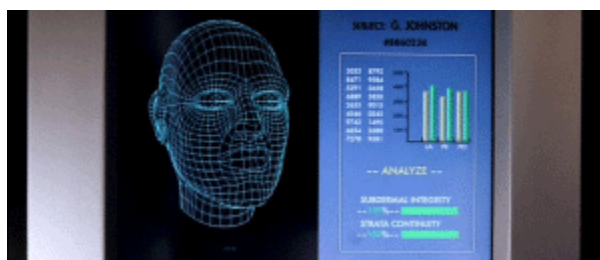
Leave that to us.

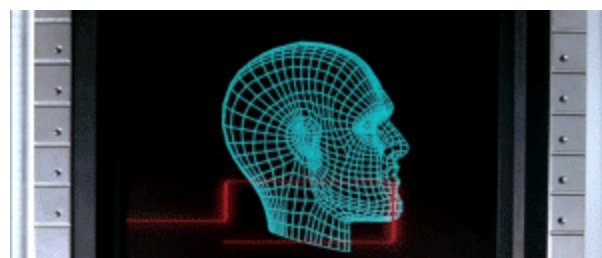
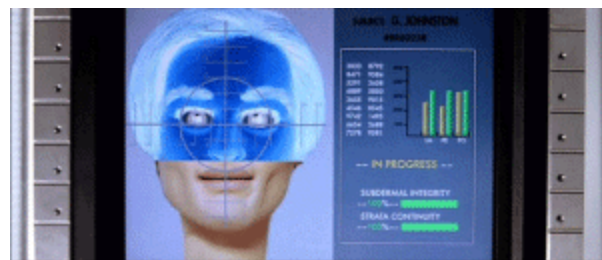
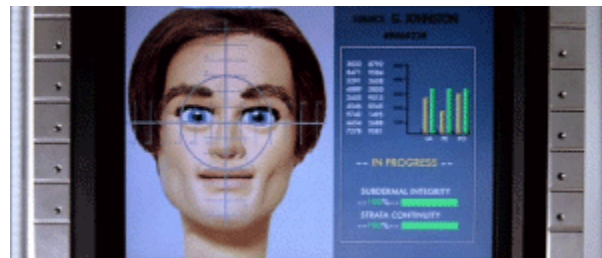
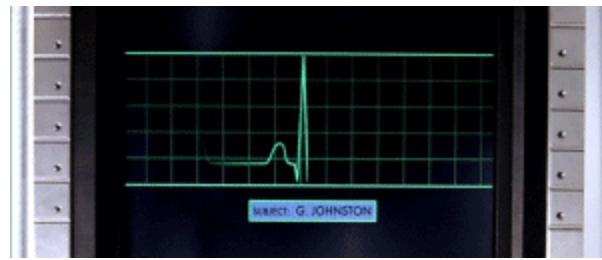


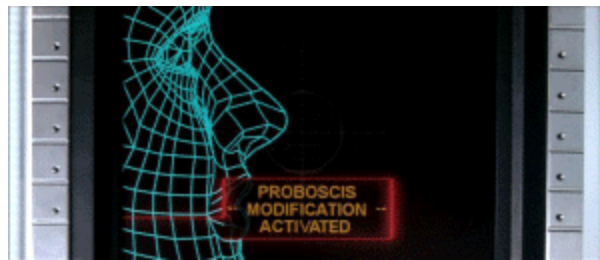
LISA: Sarah's a professional at skin grafting and laser "valmoriphication."



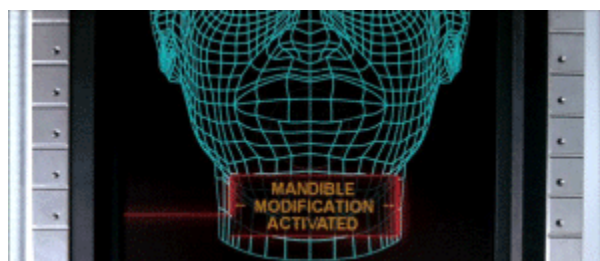
SARAH: Just try to be still.



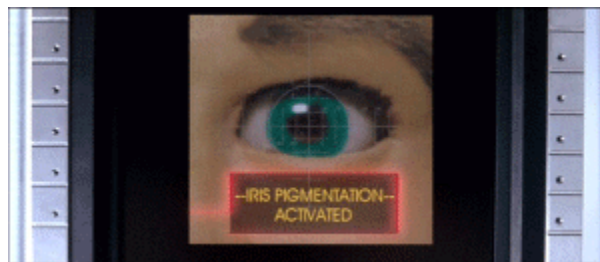




[PROBOSCIS MODIFICATION ACTIVATED]



[MANDIBLE MODIFICATION ACTIVATED]



[IRIS PIGMENTATION ACTIVATED]



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Amazing.



LISA: The valmoriphication completely worked.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Sit up and take a look, Gary.



JOE: It's uncanny.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: You're going to fool everyone, Gary.
Or should I say ...



Hakmed.



All right, team, we've only got one shot at this, so listen up.



I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E. has intercepted communications that terrorists from different countries are gathering at a tavern here,



in Cairo.



JOE: Cairo. That's in Egypt.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Exactly right, Joe.



Now, team, your mission will be to get Gary into that tavern.
And once he's on the inside, cover his back.



Gary, you must use your acting to find out any information you can from the terrorists.

Gary, if for some reason your cover is blown
and the terrorists take you prisoner,



well, you'll probably want to take your own life.
Here, you'd better have this.



All right, team, that's it. We've got a job to do.



Let's go police the world.



*SONG: America
America*



America, Fuck, yeah



*Coming again to save
The motherfucking day, yeah*



America, Fuck, yeah





Freedom is the only way, yeah



Terrorists, your game is through



'Cause now you have to answer to



America, Fuck, yeah



So lick my butt And suck on my balls



America, Fuck, yeah



America, Fuck, yeah



CHRIS: What if the old man is wrong about him, huh?



What if he's not the great actor Spottswode says he is?



JOE: Why don't you trust actors, Chris?



CHRIS: I got my reasons.



LISA: You all right, Gary?

GARY: I was just thinking.



On-stage, if I mess up a line, it could mean a bad review.
If I mess up here,
we're all dead.

LISA: I believe you can do this, Gary.



GARY: Why? What reason do you have to believe?

LISA: Sometimes believing is all we have.



[CAIRO, MIDDLE EAST: 5,621 MILES EAST OF AMERICA]





[WE PROTECT, WE SERVE, WE CARE]



SARAH: Fear not, Muslim friends. We're here to find terrorists.



I'm clearing your minds of all anxiety.



JOE: All right, good job, Sarah. Now, everyone make for the tavern.



CHRIS: Let's get one thing straight, actor. I don't trust you.



If you betray us, I'll rip your fucking balls off and stuff them up your ass



so that the next time you shit, you'll shit all over your balls, got it?



GARY: What's your problem with me?



CHRIS: Yeah, you wanna go?



JOE: Guys, guys, guys!
Don't you see this is just what the terrorists want us to do?
The war is out there, man. Out there. Now, pull it together.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: All right, team, let's move to the inner city. Keep it quiet.





JOE: Clear.

LISA: Clear.

CHRIS: Clear.

SARAH: Clear.

JOE: Gary, you follow me. The rest of the team, take super-secret hiding positions Alpha One. All right, that's the tavern with the blue door.



Remember, if you think they're onto you, give us the signal.
You remember the signal?



That's right. All right, good luck.





SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Go get them, cowboy.



ARAB TERRORIST: Durkah Allah Muhamad Jihad.



GARY: [Silence]



ARAB TERRORIST: Bhagara, Muhamad Jihad!



Bhagara, Muhama Jihad! Jurkha, jurkha, Mohamad Jihad! Mohamad Jihad!



CHRIS: Oh, shit.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Come on, Gary, act. You have the power.



GARY: Bak, durk durk allah. Durka durka Mohamad Jihad. Haka sherpa sherpa bakala.



ARAB TERRORIST: Oh, durka, durka, durka.



SARAH: All right, Gary!



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Told you he was top gun.



JOE: I've never seen acting that good.



LISA: He's amazing.



ARAB TERRORIST: Yeah, no, I know. It's terrible, terrible.



ARAB TERRORIST: We are Bashir rebels from the country of Somalia. Who are you?



GARY: My name is Hakmed. I'm a terrorist.
Anybody know of any terrorist attacks coming up soon?



SARAH: I sense that I'm becoming attracted to Gary.



LISA: My advice is not to get involved with a team member, Sarah.
It's too painful to see them die.



SARAH: I'm sorry, Lisa. I didn't mean to bring up --



LISA: It's okay, Sarah. I treasure your friendship.



SARAH: I treasure yours, Lisa.



CHRIS: Hey, have you ever thought of telling Sarah how you feel?

JOE: What would a girl like Sarah want with a simple Nebraska boy like me?
I don't know nothing about fancy cars and fancy restaurants.
Still, I'd love to show her a full-moon night on the cornfields.



CHECHNYAN TERRORIST: [Talking Muslim]

ARAB TERRORIST [Speaking Muslim]



CHECHNYAN TERRORIST: What do you know?



GARY: I heard there might be a large terrorist attack.
If you tell me what it is, maybe I could help out.



CHECHNYAN TERRORIST: Get out of here. We have put out a jihad on the infidels because they destroyed our lives.
What do you know about pain and sadness?



GARY'S BROTHER: Gary. Help me! Help me!



Get him off! Get this thing off of me! Gary!

GARY: I was just a boy when the infidels came to my village in their Black Hawk helicopters.
The infidels fired at the oil fields and they lit up like the eyes of Allah.
Burning oil rained down from the sky and cooked everything it touched.
I could only hide myself and cry as my goats were consumed



by the fiery, black liquid death.
In the midst of the chaos,
I could swear that I heard my goats screaming for help.



As quickly as they had come, the infidels were gone.
It was on that day I put a jihad on them.



And if you don't believe it, then you better kill me now,
because I'll put a jihad on you too.



CHECHNYAN TERRORIST: I like you. You have balls.
I like balls.

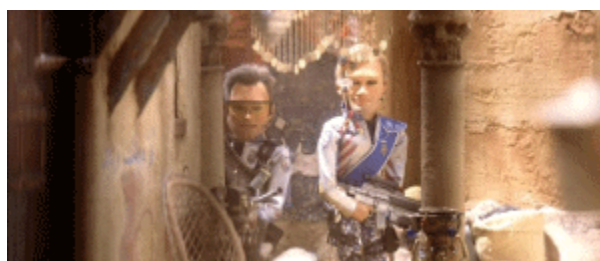
All right, listen carefully. The WMDs are located
in a secret bunker 20 yards east of this building.



You can help us by guarding it and making --



ARAB TERRORIST: [In Muslim]



CHECHNYAN TERRORIST: Come. They're onto us!
Hurry, friend. We must make our escape.





JOE: Shit. I've got five terrorists going southeast on Baka laka daka Street.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Don't let them get away.



SARAH: I sense Gary's trapped inside the tavern.

JOE: Copy, Sarah. You get Gary, we'll go after the terrorists.



SONG: America



America, Fuck, yeah



Coming again to save the motherfucking day, yeah



America, Fuck, yeah

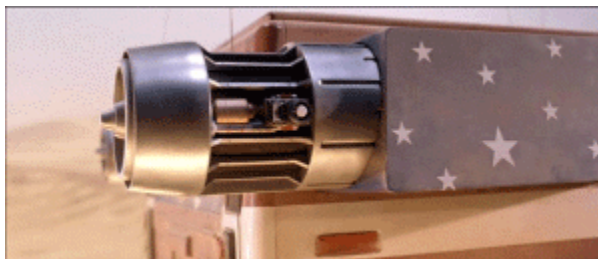


Freedom is the only way, yeah



It's the dream that we all share

It's the dream that we all share



It's the hope for tomorrow

It's the hope for tomorrow



CHECHNYAN TERRORIST: Go faster, you idiot.



ARAB TERRORIST: Die! Infidels!





JOE: They're not stopping.



CHRIS: They had their chance.





Missed. Wide right.



JOE: One of the terrorists is trying to tell us something.



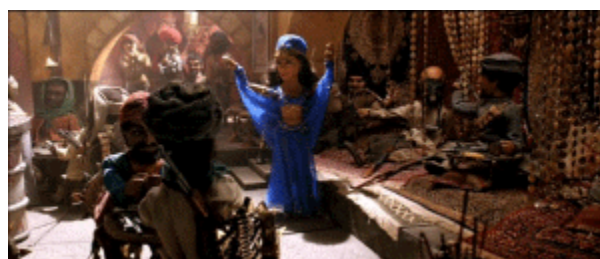
GARY: It's me. It's me.

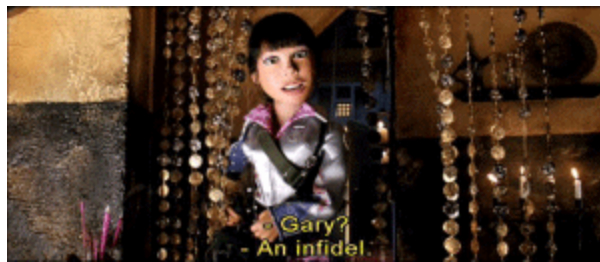


JOE: Looks like he's saying, "Kiss me. Kiss me."



CHRIS: Smartass motherfucker.





SARAH: Gary?

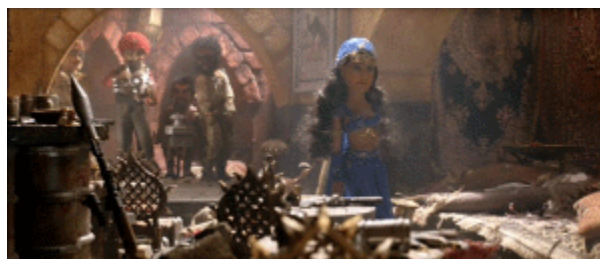


ARAB TERRORIST: An infidel.



Kill her.





SARAH: Gary?



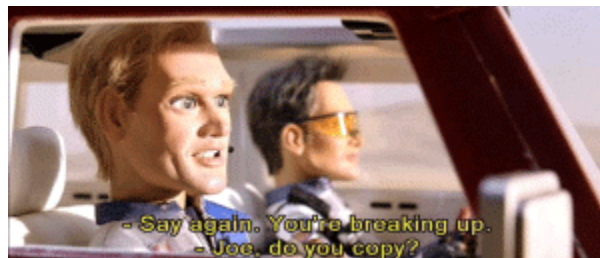


Sarah to Team America Four.

CHRIS: What you got, Sarah?



SARAH: Gary isn't in the tavern. I think he may be with --



JOE: Say again. You're breaking up.

SARAH: Joe, do you copy?



LISA: I'll get him.

SARAH: Lisa?



JOE: I lost her.



CHRIS: It's all right. We'll kill these guys, then we'll find out what she wants.



JOE: Right.





GARY: Hey, guys, I think we should pull over.



CHECHNYAN TERRORIST: Pull over? Yes, of course.
Pull over, let them pass us, and when they turn around, we charge them.

ARAB TERRORIST: I love your balls.



CHRIS: Shit, they got by me.



GARY: What are we doing?

CHECHNYAN TERRORIST: This jeep is filled with explosives.
We're going to take their lives and our own.



GARY: We're gonna what?



CHRIS: Hang on, Joe.



CHECHNYAN TERRORIST: Die, infidels.



[VALMORPHANIZE]





CHRIS: Surprise, cockfags!



[Decapitate Sphinx]



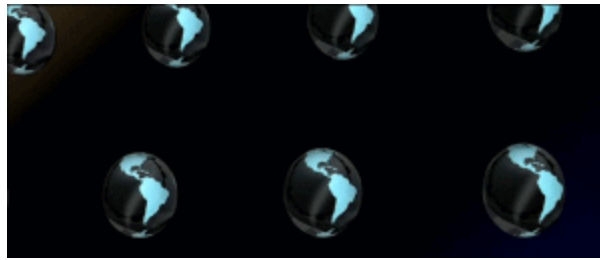
CHRIS: All right. We fucking did it.



LISA: Spottswode, it's Lisa. Gary found the WMDs and the terrorists are down.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Great job, team. Head back to base for debriefing and cocktails.



[EVENING WORLD NEWS WITH PETER JENNINGS]



This is breaking news with Peter Jennings.



PETER JENNINGS: Team America has once again pissed off the entire world



after blowing up half of Cairo.
And now some Hollywood celebrities are lashing out.
Alec Baldwin is head of the Film Actors Guild.



ALEC BALDWIN: The Film Actors Guild believes
ALEC BALDWIN -- F.A.G.
 that what the world needs is compassion, not violence.
 All that Team America does is create new enemies.

[Tim Robbins] Let me explain to you how this works.



TIM ROBBINS -- F.A.G.
 You see, the corporations finance Team America.
 And then Team America goes out, and the corporations sit there in their --
 In their corporation buildings, and, see, they're all corporation-y,
 and they make money.

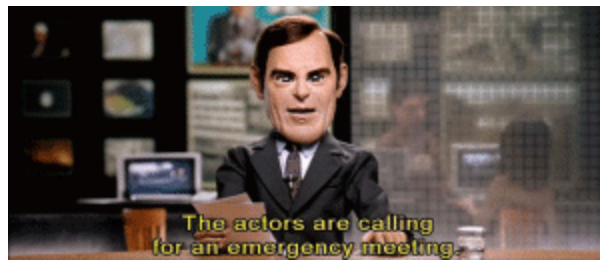
SEAN PENN: Last year I went to Iraq.



Before Team America showed up, it was a happy place.



SEAN PENN -- F.A.G.
 They had flowery meadows and rainbow skies
 and rivers made of chocolate, where the children danced
 and laughed and played with gumdrop smiles.



PETER JENNINGS: The actors are calling for an emergency meeting.



Already expected to attend are Helen Hunt,
F.A.G.



George Clooney,
F.A.G.



Liv Tyler,
F.A.G.



Martin Sheen,
F.A.G.



Susan Sarandon,
F.A.G.



Janeane Garofalo
F.A.G.



and Matt Damon.
F.A.G.

MATT DAMON: "Matt Damon."



PETER JENNINGS: In the meantime, the world wants to deal with dangerous individuals
their own way.

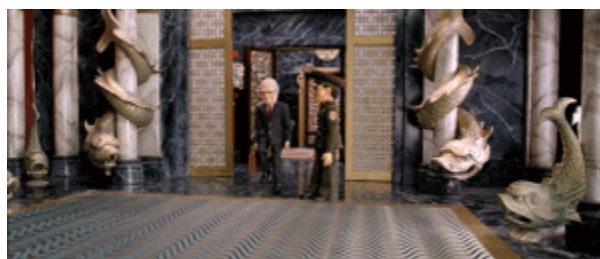




KOREAN GENERAL: Sir, Hans Blix is here from the United Nations.



KIM JONG IL: Hans Blix? Oh, no.





Oh, herro, great to see you again, Hans.



HANS BLIX: Mr. Il, I was supposed to be allowed to inspect your palace today, and your guards won't let me into certain areas.



KIM JONG IL: Hans, Hans, Hans. We've been through this a dozen times. I don't have any weapons of mass destruction, okay, Hans?



HANS BLIX: Then let me look around so I can ease the U.N.'s collective mind.



KIM JONG IL: Hans, you're breaking my bairs here. Hans, you're breaking my bairs.

HANS BLIX: I'm sorry, but the U.N. must be firm with you. Let me see your whole palace or else.



KIM JONG IL: Or else what?



HANS BLIX: Or else we will be very, very angry with you.
And we will write you a letter telling you how angry we are.



KIM JONG IL: Okay, I'll show you, Hans. You ready?



Stand a rittle to your reft.



A rittle more.



Good.



There you go, Hans Brix.



How you rike that, you fucking cocksucker?



Do you have any idea how fucking busy I am, Hans Brix?



Well, fuck you. You want inspection?



Well, inspect that, you buttfucking piece of shit.



What, you think I'm just a petty arms dealer?
I'm pranning the attack.



Congratulations, Team America, you have stopped nothing.

The UN chief weapons inspector, Hans Blix, has lashed out at the US Defence Department, saying some "bastards" in Washington tried to undermine him in the run-up to the Iraq war.

In an interview with the UK's Guardian newspaper, Mr Blix said there were US officials who had "spread things around, of course, who planted nasty things in the media".

"It was like a mosquito bite in the evening that is there in the morning, an irritant," he said.

-- Blix stung by 'Pentagon smear', by BBC News

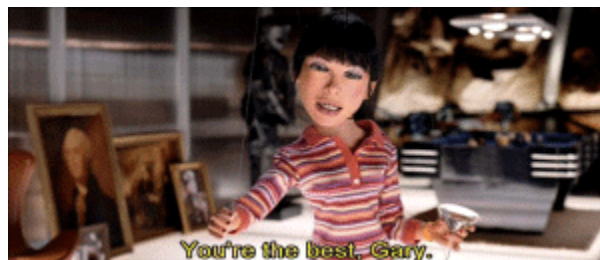




SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Congratulations, Gary. You've done an amazing thing.
It will be years before the terrorists have the resources to attack again.



JOE: We're gonna be unstoppable with you on the team, Gary.
Terrorists, your game is through.



SARAH: You're the best, Gary.





JOE: So this terrorist is shooting at us from the back of his jeep, and he ...



CHRIS: You might have all the others fooled, but not me.

Your acting was reckless and it put us all in danger.

The next time you pull a stunt like that, I'll drill two holes through your dick so that when you pee, it shoots out in all different directions. You got it?



JOE: Hey, Sarah, do you mind if I dance with you?



SARAH: No, of course not, Joe.



Joe, do you think it's okay for team members to date?



JOE: Sarah, really?

SARAH: Yeah. Do you think it's all right?

JOE: I think it's better than all right. It's great!

SARAH: Oh, good. I'm so glad you think so.





OWL SOUNDS: [Whoo, whoo, whoo] [Minerva/Lisa approaching]



LISA: Gary? You okay?



GARY: I was just wondering if I can let go of an old, painful memory.



LISA: Is it anything that you wanna talk about?



GARY: When I was a kid, I always looked up to my older brother, Tommy.



He was the jock, and I was the little performer.

We were all out at the zoo one day.

I was doing some acting, walking on the railing of the gorilla exhibit.

I fell in.

Everyone screamed, and Tommy jumped in after me,
forgetting that he had blueberries in his front pocket.

The gorillas just went wild.



They jumped all over his body and threw him around like a rag doll
to get to those blueberries.

One gorilla would throw him to another gorilla, who tossed him to another.

Everyone panicked and cried out for somebody to help,
but it was too late.

The gorillas beat him to death before the zookeepers could gas them all.

My acting ...
got my brother killed.
I've had to live with that ...
every single day.

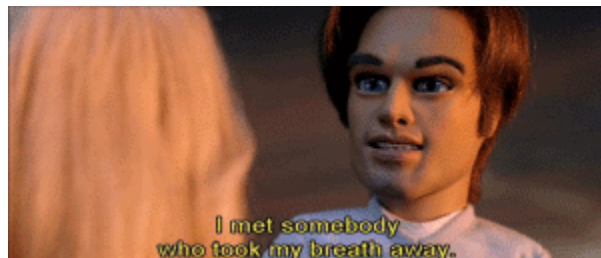


LISA: Gary, you can't blame yourself for what gorillas did.



GARY: I think I can finally let it go.
Because my acting saved the entire world.
And something even better happened.

LISA: What?



GARY: I met somebody who took my breath away.



LISA: Gary, no.



GARY: I'm sorry.



LISA: It's just ... Things are really complicated, Gary.

GARY: I know about Carson.
I know how it feels.



LISA: God, I'm so confused.
It's too soon to be having feelings for you.



GARY: Maybe feelings are feelings because we can't control them.



LISA: But I have to control them
because I can't go through losing somebody again. It's too painful.

GARY: So -- So, what, you're just gonna shut down?
I really like you.
There's no chance we can ever be together?



LISA: Only if you could promise me you'll never die.

GARY: You know I can't promise that.



LISA: If you did that, I would make love to you right now.



GARY: I promise. I will never die.



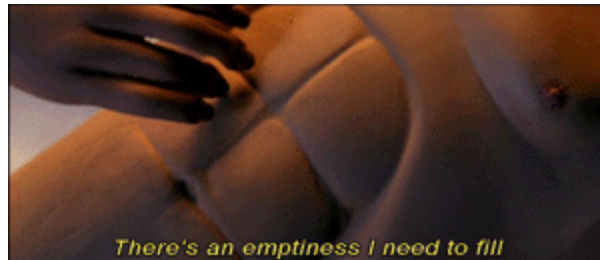


SONG: I need this, I need love, I need you.





I don't need one heartbeat, I need two



There's an emptiness I need to fill



And only one emptiness will do



Only a woman can brighten up my day





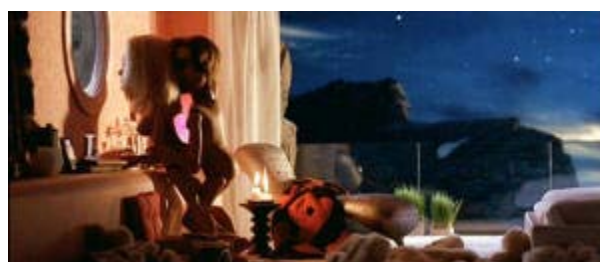
Only a woman can touch me the right way, yeah



Only a woman is allowed to touch me there



All I ask is that you're a woman





All I ask is that you're a woman



[She shits on his face]



Please just be a woman



GARY: Lisa, you're the most amazing person I've ever met.



It's only been a short time, but I think that I'm completely in love --



LISA: Shhh ...



Let's not talk.



GARY: I can't help it. This just feels so right,
and I don't want anything to mess it up.



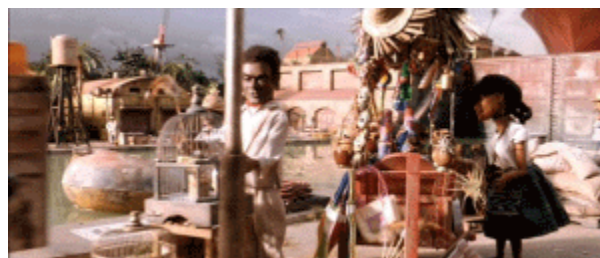
LISA: Shhh...



There's not a thing in the world that can mess this up.



[PANAMA CANAL, CENTRAL AMERICA: 2,193 MILES SOUTH OF THE REAL AMERICA]









SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Team, I'm afraid I have bad news.



At 7:15 this morning, the terrorists carried out their attack.



LISA: What?



SARAH: But how can that be?
Gary stopped the terrorists in Cairo.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: It appears now that I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E. was wrong.
about the Chechnyans being in charge.



That was bad, I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.
Very bad I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.



I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.: I'm sorry.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: We have to find out who did this and take them down. Fast.

I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.: Sir, I am intercepting communications about the terrorists' identities.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: On screen.



BROADCASTER: This is breaking news with Peter Jennings.



PETER JENNINGS: An attack in Panama today has left thousands dead.
Taking credit were terrorists from Derka Derkastan.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Of course, Derka Derkaskan.

PETER JENNINGS: The terrorists claim that the attack was a retaliation for Team America's actions in Cairo.



Alec Baldwin is rallying all the members of the Film Actors Guild.



GARY: Alec Baldwin?

LISA: Gary?



GARY: He's my hero.
The single greatest actor of all time.



ALEC BALDWIN: Who is to blame for these attacks in Panama?

The terrorists?

The person who supplied them with WMDs?



No. Blame Team America.



Their reckless disregard in Cairo brought on this violence today.
Team America, the blood of the victims of Panama is on your hands.



PETER JENNINGS: Moved by Baldwin's impassioned speech,



hundreds of people turned out at Mount Rushmore today to protest.



[PEACE IS PATRIOTIC; TEAM AMERICA: ENEMIES OF FREEDOM!]



[TEAM AMERICA IS BAD!]



SARAH: Hey, that's here.

PETER JENNINGS: Tom, it looks like filmmaker Michael Moore is also jumping on the "Fuck Team America" bandwagon.



MICHAEL MOORE: Protesting is not enough.



We must take radical action against the fascists in our own country.



Bring it down! Bring it all down!



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Team, if the Derka Derkastanis have weapons of mass destruction,



I'm afraid it could be 9/11 times 1,000.



SARAH: Jesus, you mean ...?



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Yes.
Nine hundred and eleven thousand.



CHRIS: Then forget all these assholes. We got work to do.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Yes, let's get Gary valmorphanzed so he can use his acting.



GARY: My acting?
My acting? My acting just got a thousand people killed.
Jesus, I've done it again.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Pull yourself together, Gary. We need you now more than ever.



GARY: I'm through with this.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Gary, you can't go.
Without you, the team is doomed.



Remember, there is no "I" in Team America.

I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.: Yes, there is.



LISA: I know it's hard, Gary.



But you're still the only hope to stop these newer terrorists.

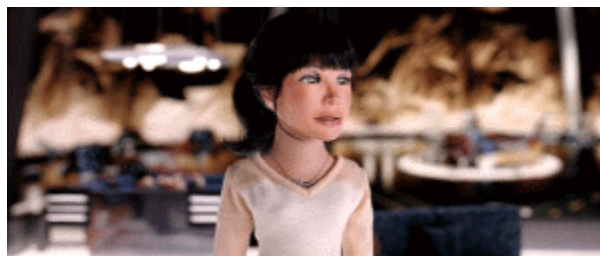


GARY: Why me? Why am I the only one?

LISA: Because you're the one with the power to --



GARY: Well, I don't want the fucking power!





I don't want the guilt, I don't want the shame
and I don't want the responsibility.



LISA: Then what about all the things
you promised last night?
You said you'd never leave.



GARY: I said I'd never die. But now I'm dead inside.



SARAH: You slept with Gary?



LISA: Sarah.

SARAH: But you knew I liked Gary.



I told you.



JOE: You like Gary?
Oh, I see.

LISA: I didn't plan on it happening, Sarah.



SARAH: Save it, Lisa.





GARY: You see? All I do is hurt people.

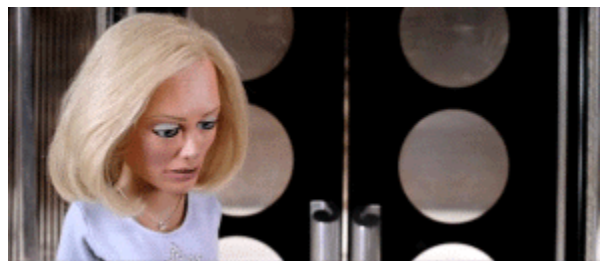


LISA: Gary, you didn't kill your brother. Those gorillas did.

GARY: I'm sorry I'm not the man you think I am.
I'm just bad news.



I'll never act again.





CHRIS: Fuck him. We don't need an actor.
We can take out the Derka Derkastanis
the old-fashioned way.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: No. It would be a suicide mission.



JOE: That's all right. I feel a little bit like dying.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Goddamn it, Gary.

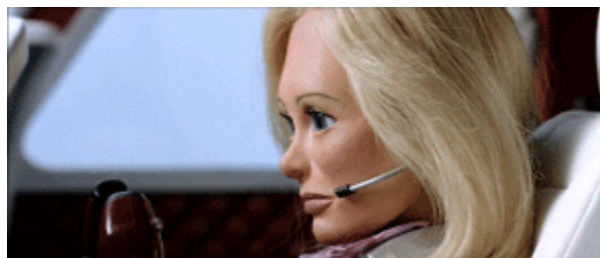




SONG: America Fuck, yeah



Coming again to save the motherfucking day, yeah





America Fuck, yeah



*Freedom is the only way
Yeah*



Terrorists, your game is through



'Cause now you have to answer to



*America, fuck, yeah
America, fuck*



GARY'S BROTHER: Gary! Help me! Get this thing off of me! Gary!



JOE: All right, team. We're nearing Derka Derkistan.
Let's get ready.



Look out! We've got terrorist aircraft.



ARAB TERRORIST: I Derka derka.



ARAB TERRORIST: I Mohamad Ali.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: There's only five of them, team. This should be easy.



LISA: I've got Korean aircraft at 1 o'clock.



SARAH: What are they doing here?



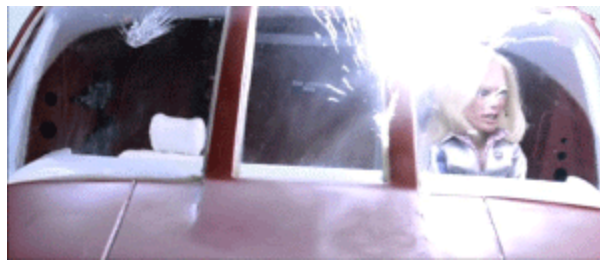
KOREAN TERRORIST: [Speaking Korean]



KIM JONG IL: Shoot them down. Rike dogs.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Kim Jong Il? Why is he helping terrorists?



I've got one on my tail!

SARAH: I've got one on my tail!



KOREAN TERRORIST: [Speaking in Korean]



JOE: I got you, Sarah.





KIM JONG IL: Bring in the submarines.





SARAH: What the hell? Something's shooting at us from the water.



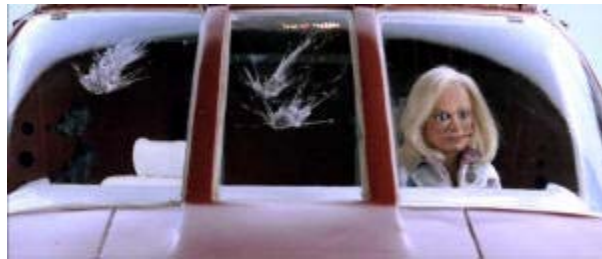
SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: It must be a Korean sub.



JOE: Chris, you've gotta take them out.



CHRIS: I'm already on it.





LISA: These guys really snuck up on us.



SARAH: Yeah, there's a lot of that going around lately.

LISA: Sarah, you know I didn't mean to hurt you.



SARAH: No, you just didn't care if you did.



JOE: Now, come on, Sarah, that isn't fair.



Lisa can't help it if Gary has feelings for her.
Just like nobody can help it if you have feelings for Gary.



SARAH: What is that supposed to mean?



CHRIS: Oh, come on, Sarah. You mean you never realized
Joe has feelings for you?



Joe? But you're like a brother to me.

SARAH: Joe? But you're like a brother to me.





JOE: : That's all I ever am. Like a brother. It isn't fair.



I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.: INTRUDER ALERT



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Hang on, team. Someone has broken into the hangar.
Baxter?



MICHAEL MOORE: Hey, Team America.



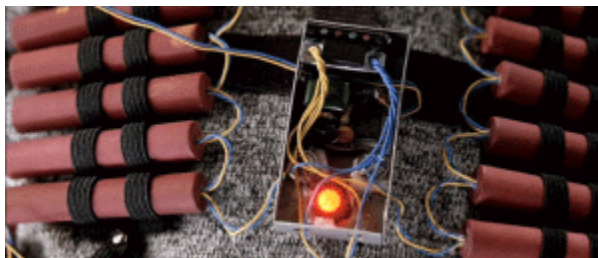
I got something for you.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: What the hell?



MICHAEL MOORE: Prepare to die.





SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Jesus titty-fucking ...



Christ!



Spottswode!

SARAH: Spottswode!



Oh, my God!

JOE: Oh, my God!



No. He can't be dead.

LISA: No. He can't be dead.



[COMPUTER MALFUNCTION]



We've lost I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.



I repeat, we have no I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.



KIM JONG IL: Their computers are down.



Attack!



LISA: Sarah!



SARAH: I sense I'm going down.



JOE: Sarah! God, Chris, you gotta help her.



CHRIS: I'm on it. Just hang on, Sarah.



Oh, fuck, I've been hit.





LISA: Chris, come in.



Oh, Jesus, I'm hit!



JOE: Lisa!



LISA: Going down.



CHRIS: Goddamn it,



I'm gonna have to breach.

I'm gonna have to breach.



I'm gonna hit the water.

LISA: I'm gonna hit the water.



[MISSILE LOCK]



JOE: Missile lock. I've got missile lock.



I've gotta bail out.





KIM JONG IL: Salvage their ships. If you find anyone arive, you know what to do with them.



Terrorists on screen.





Okay, who brew up Panama Canal?



ARAB TERRORIST: We were angry about Cairo.



KIM JONG IL: Goddamn it, how many times do I have to tell you?



You don't use the WMDs until you see the signal.
I have worked ten years on this pran.
It is a very precise and a complicated pran.



I am sick of you terrorists fucking it up.



Now, take the weapons where I told you
and wait for the goddamn signal this time.



Goodbye.
Why is everyone so fucking stupid?



SONG: Why aren't more people interrigent? Rike me?



*I'm so ronery
So ronery
So ronery and sadry arone
There is no one, Just me onry
Sitting on my rittle throne*



*I work rearry hard,
And make up great prans*



*But nobody ristens,
No one understands
Seems rike no one,
Takes me seriousry
And so*



*I'm ronery
A little ronery*



Poor rittle me



*There's nobody I can rerate to
Feel like a bird in a cage*



It's kind of sirry, But not rearry



Because it's firring my body with rage



-- Abu Ghraib Photo Gallery



I'm the smartest, most crever, Most physicarry fit,



But nobody else seems to rearize it



*When I change the world
Maybe they'll notice me
And until then
I'll just be ronery
Yeah, a rittle ronery
Poor rittle me*



I'm so ronery







*SONG: What would you do
If you were asked to give up your dreams for freedom?
What would you do if asked to make the ultimate sacrifice?*



MAN: Hey, weren't you the actor in that Broadway show?
Hey, yeah, it is you. Do that scene where everyone gets AIDS.

GARY: I don't act anymore. I gave that up.



MAN: Oh, come on, man, just a scene.



GARY: I said, get away from me!



I'm completely lost. I've hit rock bottom.



OLD MAN: Easy, easy. You gotta calm down there, Chuck.



GARY: I hurt people. I'm a dick.



OLD MAN: Well, being a dick ain't so bad.
See, there are three kinds of people:
Dicks, pussies and assholes.



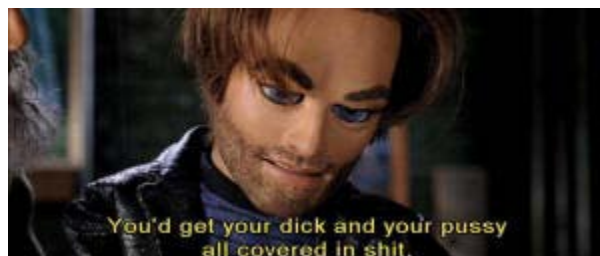
Pussies think everyone can get along and dicks just wanna fuck all the time
without thinking it through.
But then you got your assholes, Chuck.



And all the assholes want is to shit all over everything.
So pussies may get mad at dicks once in a while
because pussies get fucked by dicks.



But dicks also fuck assholes, Chuck.
And if they didn't fuck the assholes, you know what you'd get?



You'd get your dick and your pussy all covered in shit.



BARTENDER: All right, that does it. Get out of here, you drunk lowlife.



Get out of here, I said.



GARY: Lisa!

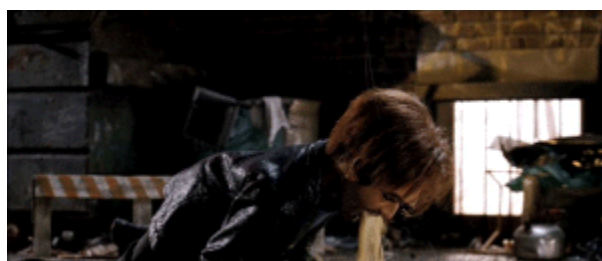
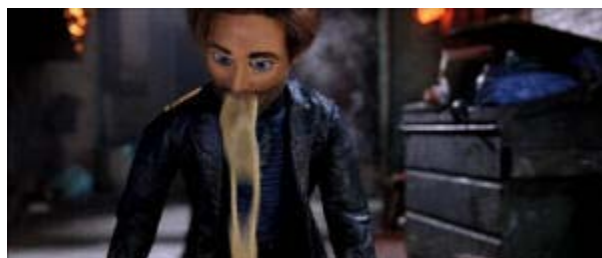


Lisa. Lisa, are you here?



WOMAN: Get out of the street, you fucking bum!
You gave up on life, didn't you?









ALEC BALDWIN: My fellow actors, we live in a dark time.



The world is becoming more and more violent
and the idiots in charge are making it worse.



What the world needs is an international advisory committee



who truly understands global politics.



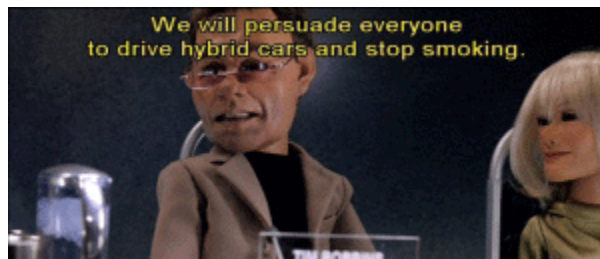
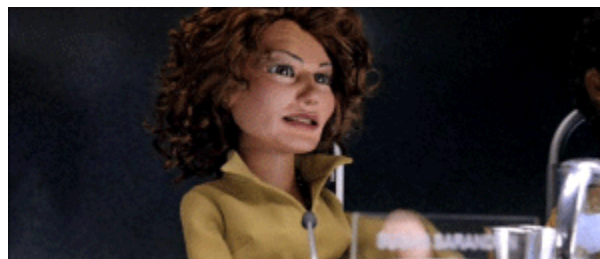
Namely, us.



HELEN HUNT: The time has come for us to start using our acting talents in a different way.



ETHAN HAWKE: Yes, we can use our powers to change the world.



TIM ROBBINS: We will persuade everyone to drive hybrid cars and stop smoking.



LIV TYLER: If we focus our acting on global politics,
we can change everything and stuff.



JANEANE GAROFALO: As actors, it is our responsibility to read the newspapers and then say what we read on television like it's our own opinion.



MATT DAMON: Matt Damon.



GEORGE CLOONEY: We've all done action films.
If anyone tries to get in our way, we'll show them just how tough
us actors really are.



ALEC BALDWIN: I'm glad you all agree.



Because I've just been contacted by a very important political leader



who is bringing all the world leaders together
for a massive international peace conference.
And he wants us to be the keynote speakers.



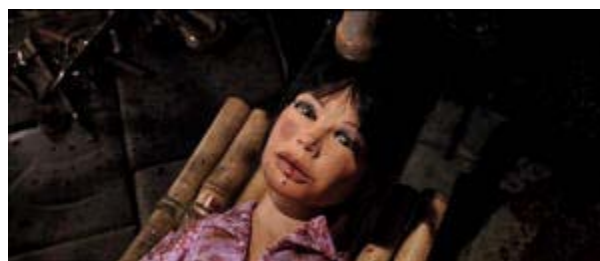
MATT DAMON: Matt Damon!

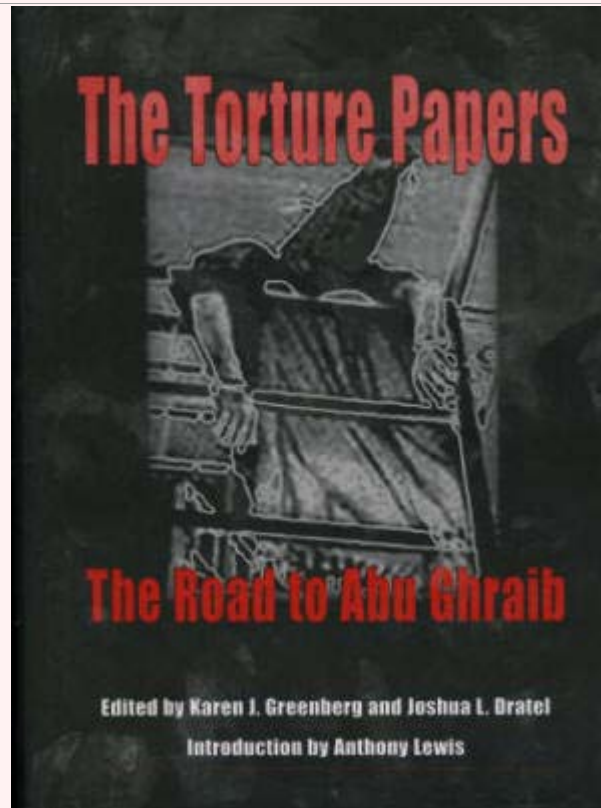


ALEC BALDWIN: Say hello to our new partner.



KIM JONG IL: Herro.





-- The Torture Papers: The Road to Abu Ghraib, edited by Karen J. Greenberg and Joshua L. Dratel, Introduction by Anthony Lewis



JOE: Stop it! Stop it, you're killing him!





CHRIS: I'm gonna fucking kill you!



KIM JONG IL: You're not in a position to kill anyone, my red, white and blue friend.



LISA: So you're the bastard planning 9/11 times 1,000.

KIM JONG IL: No. You think so small.
You see, I'm about to have an elaborate peace ceremony.



And while all the world's most important people are distracted here,
I will detonate the WMDs
which I have given to terrorists all around the globe.



It will be 9/11 times 2,356.



CHRIS: My God, that's -- I don't even know what that is.



KIM JONG IL: Nobody does.



JOE: You heartless bastard. Why would you do such a thing?

KIM JONG IL: Because then there will be barance.

One of Wohlstetter's best-known and most typical works was his article, "The Delicate Balance of Terror," which appeared in Foreign Affairs in January 1959. The main thesis here was that the US was very vulnerable to a Soviet first strike; an adequate US retaliation to a surprise attack was not at all assured. Wohlstetter urged his readers to support "maintaining the delicate balance of terror" with measures involving sacrifice, and to develop "a new image of ourselves in a world of persistent danger." Wohlstetter's pessimistic finale: "It is by no means certain that we shall meet the task." (Kaplan 171) This is the eternal neocon refrain, from Wohlstetter to the bomber gap/missile gap to Team B and the window of vulnerability to the terrorism experts of today.

-- 9/11 Synthetic Terror Made in USA, by Webster Griffin Tarpley



Every country will be a Third World country.



Just imagine it.



All around the world, there will be massive explosions.



With nobody to guide them,



the people will break out into panic and rioting all over the earth.



The true nature of humanity is unreashed.



Dog eats dog, as everyone attacks everyone



and fends only for themselves.



Grobal stabirity unravels.



By the time my show is over, it will be far too late.



Schmitt's ideas have directly contributed to the shattering of the US political consensus under the Bush regime. For Schmitt, politics comes down to the distinction between friend and foe. Starting from this extremely meager reduction of human motivation, he goes on to equate politics with warfare: if there is no warfare or conflict, then politics is dead, and life is no longer worth living. Schmitt therefore wants politics to be the monopoly of a strong state, and he does not like the idea that the state or the government could be influenced by the citizens. Schmitt's thought is thus revealed as authoritarian, dictatorial, fascistic. It is from Schmitt that Samuel Huntington got his idea that an enemy image is absolutely necessary for the cohesion of any society. In reality, however, it is primarily an oligarchical society which requires an enemy image, because that society is based on an irrational principle of domination which cannot stand the kind of scrutiny it would receive in peacetime. George Orwell understood this aspect well when he suggested in 1984 that the endless war among Oceania, Eurasia, and Eastasia was really a war waged by each of these states against its own population, for the purpose of perpetuating a hierarchical society.

-- 9/11 Synthetic Terror Made in USA, by Webster Griffin Tarpley

JOE: Your plan will fail.



You'll never keep the world leaders distracted here for nine hours.



KIM JONG IL: Oh, no? I've got Arec Barrwin.

JOE: Dear God.



KIM JONG IL: You are the rast of a dying breed, the frag-waving American.
Well, your rittle dream will soon be over.
I must get back to pranning the ceremony now.



The film actors are on their way.
Perhaps they'll stop in and say herro.



LISA: Having so little faith in humanity must make you a very lonely man.



[WORK 8 HOURS; SLEEP 8 HOURS; PLAY 8 HOURS; CONFORM; STAY ASLEEP; OBEY;
CONSUME; SUBMIT; WATCH TV; BUY; MARRY AND REPRODUCE; NO THOUGHT;
DOUBT HUMANITY; NO IDEAS; OBEY AUTHORITY; SURRENDER]

-- They Live, directed by John Carpenter



KIM JONG IL: You shall have a front-row seat.
Bring her upstairs.



SARAH: Leave her alone, you son of a bitch!



Lisa, I treasure your friendship!



JOE: Somebody has to stop this!

One captain nicknamed members of the Third Platoon "the Testosterone Gang." Several were devout bodybuilders. Upon arriving in Afghanistan, a group of the soldiers decorated their tent with a Confederate flag, one soldier said.

Some of the same M.P.'s took a particular interest in an emotionally disturbed Afghan detainee who

was known to eat his feces and mutilate himself with concertina wire. The soldiers kneed the man repeatedly in the legs and, at one point, chained him with his arms straight up in the air, Specialist Callaway told investigators. They also nicknamed him "Timmy," after a disabled child in the animated television series "South Park." One of the guards who beat the prisoner also taught him to screech like the cartoon character, Specialist Callaway said.

-- In U.S. Report, Brutal Details of 2 Afghan Inmates' Deaths, by Tim Golden



SONG: I miss you more than Michael Bay missed the mark



*When he made Pearl Harbor
I miss you more than that movie missed the point*



And that's an awful lot, girl, And now



Now you've gone away



*And all I'm trying to say
is Pearl Harbor sucked
And I miss you*



I need you like Ben Affleck needs acting school



*He was terrible in that film
I need you like Cuba Gooding needed a bigger part*



He's way better than Ben Affleck, And now



all I can think about is your smile



And that shitty movie too



*Pearl Harbor sucked
And I miss you*



*Pearl Harbor sucked
Just a little bit more than I miss you*



GARY: Oh, my God. What the hell happened?



Hello? Anybody?



I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.: Greetings, Mr. Johnston.



GARY: I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E., what the hell happened?

I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.: Our base was attacked by a giant socialist weasel.

GARY: But where's the team?

I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.: They have been taken prisoner by Kim Jong Il in North Korea.
I have intercepted communications that he is planning



the massive attack during a peace ceremony.

Friends,

There are times when words are hard to come by, and when you find them they feel inadequate.

I'm writing you from France, with a heavy heart. Following Friday's attacks in Paris, the mood here is tense. People are angry, and many are afraid. Many of our staff members are in Paris to get ready for the climate talks in a couple of weeks, and they are feeling the pain of this moment sharply.

I am heartbroken -- for the lives lost in Paris, and for those lost in Beirut and Baghdad, which also suffered devastating attacks late last week. Clearly the world is hurting in many places right now.

As we've struggled to find the right words and the right response to Friday night's attacks, one thing rises to the top for me:

The upcoming Paris Climate Summit is, in a sense, a peace summit -- perhaps the most important peace summit that has ever been held.

We need global solidarity more than ever right now, and that is, really, what this movement is all about. Even as climate change fans the flames of conflict in many parts of the world -- through drought, displacement, and other compounding factors -- a global movement that transcends borders and cultural differences is rising up to confront this common existential threat.

Let's hang on to that solidarity and love. Let's learn from it. Especially at a time like this.

Friday night's events were horrific, and we must clearly and unequivocally condemn such violence. Their aftermath has also been frightening though, and we should stand in equal condemnation of the instinct to meet violence with more violence. It is a cycle as old as it is ugly: after tragedy comes the rush to judgement, the scapegoating, the xenophobia and Islamophobia, the blame.

There is a real danger here that those already impacted by both the climate crisis and the wars that are so intimately bound up with it -- migrants, refugees, poor communities, and communities of color -- will be further marginalized.

If there is a thing we must resist, it is our own fear and short-sightedness. No government should use a moment like this to increase the burden of hatred and fear in the world -- sowing suspicion, calling for war, and reducing people's civil liberties in the name of security. This is a mistake we've seen too often before, compounding tragedy with more tragedy.

The Paris Climate Summit, scheduled to begin in just a couple of weeks, will proceed. The government is promising heightened security measures, which is understandable but also worrisome.

We don't yet know what Friday night's events mean for our work in Paris. The coalition on the ground is committed to working with the French authorities to see if there is a way for the big

planned march and other demonstrations to safely go forward. We fully share their concerns about public safety -- just as we fully oppose unnecessary crackdowns on civil liberties and minority populations.

We do know that this global movement cannot and will not be stopped:

The Global Climate March -- a worldwide day of action scheduled for November 28th and 29th -- will also proceed, no matter what. We can think of few better responses to violence and terror than this movement's push for peace and hope.

We hope you'll join us at the end of the month.

There couldn't be a more important time to work for climate justice, and the peace it can help bring.

With love and determination,

-- Paris, by Nicolas Haeringer and team at 350.org



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Don't move, protester, or I'll blow your commie brains out.

WOODROW WILSON AND A PASSPORT FOR TROTSKY

President Woodrow Wilson was the fairy godmother who provided Trotsky with a passport to return to Russia to "carry forward" the revolution. This American passport was accompanied by a Russian entry permit and a British transit visa. Jennings C. Wise, in *Woodrow Wilson: Disciple of Revolution*, makes the pertinent comment, "Historians must never forget that Woodrow Wilson, despite the efforts of the British police, made it possible for Leon Trotsky to enter Russia with an American passport."

President Wilson facilitated Trotsky's passage to Russia at the same time careful State Department bureaucrats, concerned about such revolutionaries entering Russia, were unilaterally attempting to tighten up passport procedures. The Stockholm legation cabled the State Department on June 13, 1917, just after Trotsky crossed the Finnish-Russian border, "Legation confidentially informed Russian, English and French passport offices at Russian frontier, Tornea, considerably worried by passage of suspicious persons bearing American passports."⁹

To this cable the State Department replied, on the same day, "Department is exercising special care in issuance of passports for Russia"; the department also authorized expenditures by the legation to establish a passport-control office in Stockholm and to hire an "absolutely dependable American citizen" for employment on control work.¹⁰ But the bird had flown the coop. Menshevik Trotsky with Lenin's Bolsheviks were already in Russia preparing to "carry forward" the revolution. The passport net erected caught only more legitimate birds. For example, on June 26, 1917, Herman Bernstein, a reputable New York newspaperman on his way to Petrograd to represent the New York Herald, was held at the border and refused entry to Russia. Somewhat tardily, in mid-August 1917 the Russian embassy in Washington requested the State Department (and State agreed) to "prevent

the entry into Russia of criminals and anarchists... numbers of whom have already gone to Russia."11

Consequently, by virtue of preferential treatment for Trotsky, when the S.S. Kristianiafjord left New York on March 26, 1917, Trotsky was aboard and holding a U.S. passport — and in company with other Trotskyite revolutionaries, Wall Street financiers, American Communists, and other interesting persons, few of whom had embarked for legitimate business. This mixed bag of passengers has been described by Lincoln Steffens, the American Communist:

The passenger list was long and mysterious. Trotsky was in the steerage with a group of revolutionaries; there was a Japanese revolutionist in my cabin. There were a lot of Dutch hurrying home from Java, the only innocent people aboard. The rest were war messengers, two from Wall Street to Germany....12

-- Wall Street and the Bolshevik Revolution, by Antony Sutton



GARY: Nihilist Penis SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS:.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Johnston?

What the hell are you doing here?
Get away from I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E.
I'm using it to blow up North Korea.



GARY: No! The team is in North Korea.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: I know. And so are the triggers to WMDs poised all around the globe.
My only option now is to blow up Kim Jong Il
and everything around him before he can set them off.



I.N.T.E.L.L.I.G.E.N.C.E., initiate detonation sequence on the ships.



GARY: You'll kill them all.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: It's what they would want me to do, Gary.



They would happily give their lives for the good of the world,
something you don't understand!

GARY: There has to be another way.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: There's nobody left to stop Kim Jong Il.

GARY: Let me go.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: You? You're a buttfucking quitter.
You walked out, Gary. The team went on a mission without you.
And without an actor, they were like pigs to the slaughter.
I'm supposed to leave the fate of the world in your hands?



GARY: I know I walked out, but I'd do anything to take it back.
Please, just let me help.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: You've done enough.

GARY: Please, Spottswode, you have to believe in me.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: I want to believe in you, Gary, I really do.
But you've let me down before.

GARY: Please, how can I make you trust me?

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: I remember the first time we met.
You were a simple Broadway actor afraid to get in my limo
because you thought I wanted you to perform oral sex on me.
Do you remember that?



GARY: Yeah.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: And now the tables are turned, and I don't know if I can trust you.

GARY: Just give me a chance.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: All right, I'll trust you.
But only if you ...



will perform oral sex on me.

GARY: What?

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Right here, right now.



GARY: You can't be serious.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Oh, I am serious.



Look, this is my serious face.

GARY: What will that prove?

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: It will prove that you are truly ready
to lay everything on the line.

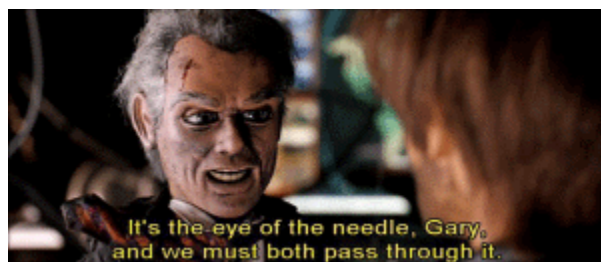
To throw away all your inhibitions and give 100 percent.
We must go back to that first night we met, that first issue of trust.
Don't you see?



GARY: No. I thought you weren't gay.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: This isn't about sex, Gary, it's about trust.



It's the eye of the needle, Gary, and we must both pass through it.



Okay, let's do it.



I'll make sure nobody's watching.
Yeah, it looks clear.



Okay, go.

GARY: There must be another way.

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: I guess you won't do everything to take it all back, will you, Gary?



GARY: No, no, no. Wait, wait, hold on.
You're saying if I do that, you'll let me help the team?

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: I'll give you all the time I can.



Okay, let's do it.
Here we go.
And go.



You are dedicated.
Now, let's go get cleaned up.

If you're going to storm Kim Jong Il's palace single-handed,
we have to make you a complete soldier in very little time.



GARY: How we gonna do that?

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: I think I know just what we need.



SONG: The hour's approaching to give it your best



And you've got to reach your prime



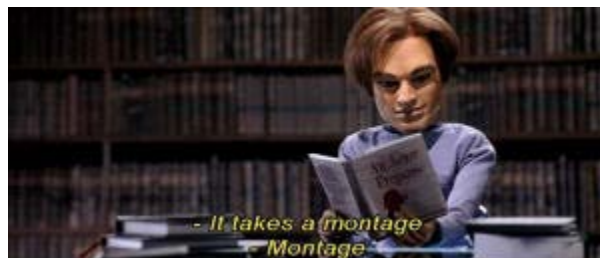
That's when you need to put yourself to the test



And show us a passage of time



*We're gonna need a montage
Montage*



*It takes a montage
Montage*



Show a lot of things happening at once



Remind everyone of what's going on



[KIM JONG IL AND THE FILM ACTORS GUILD INVITE YOU TO THE WORLD PEACE CONFERENCE]



And with every shot show a little improvement



To show it all would take too long



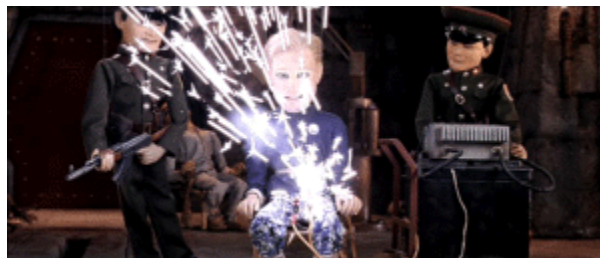
*That's called a montage/
Montage*



*Girl, we want a montage
Montage*



*In anything, if you want to go
From just a beginner to a pro*



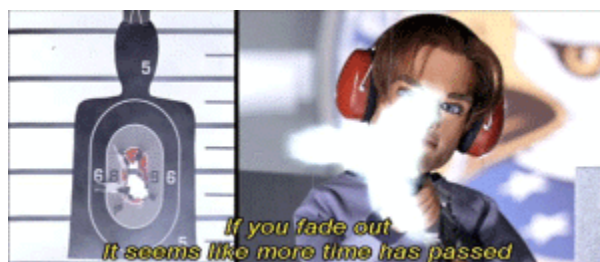
You need a montage
Montage



Even Rocky had a montage
Montage



Always fade out in a montage
Montage



If you fade out it seems like more time has passed



In a montage
Montage



KIM JONG IL: Radies and gentlemen.
The Film Actors Guild and Kim Jong Il are preased to welcome you



to the International World Peace Ceremony.



The most important people from every country



are gathered here in solidarity to celebrate peace.



There will be music, dancing and, of course,



the biggest stars in Horrywood.



In the box to your left is the mastermind of this spectacular show,



the multitared Kim Jong Il.



Oh, herro.



And now we present to you the very best in North Korean music.



KOREAN SOLDIERS: [Singing in Korean]



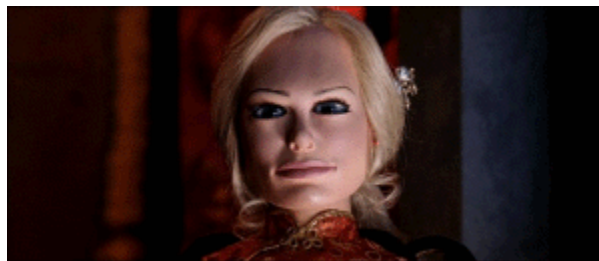
KOREAN LADY: [Singing in Korean]



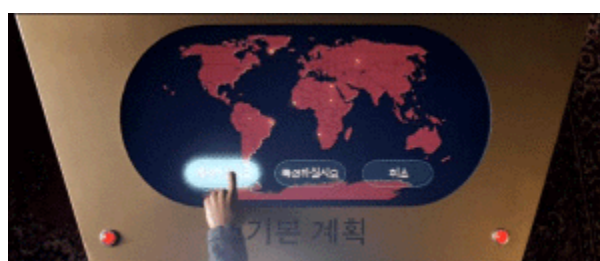
[Audience Clapping]



KIM JONG IL: Ten years of pranning, and finarry the night is here.



The terrorists know to be in position by the time Arec Barrwin takes the stage.



That's when I trigger all the WMDs to go off at the same time.
When you see Arec Barrwin,



you will see the true ugliness of human nature.



LISA: Your plan will never work. Something will stop it.



KIM JONG IL: You stupid, naive Team Americans.
You berieve in true rove and happy endings
even while the world around you spirals downward.



LISA: Sometimes believing is all we have.



ALEC BALDWIN: And as the leaders of your countries, you have the power



to bring the world together under the principles of the Film Actors Guild.



DANNY GLOVER: You're gonna knock them dead, Alec.



INTERCOM: Ten minutes, Mr. Baldwin.





KOREAN POLICEMAN: Who the hell you?



GARY: I'm with the Film Actors Guild. I'm here to help with the broadcast.

KOREAN POLICEMAN: Then you show credentials.

GARY: Hey, you don't need to see my credentials.
I left them at home and I'm running late.



KOREAN POLICEMAN: I berieve him.

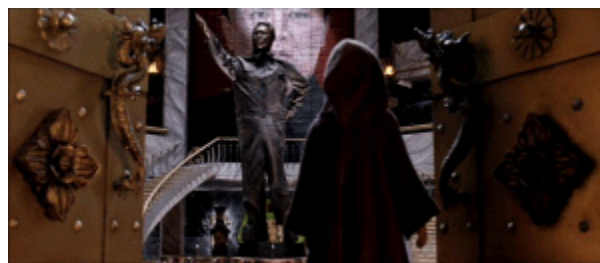
KOREAN POLICEMAN: Yeah, me too.



Okay, have a nice day.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: My God, his acting is better than ever.



GARY: Don't worry, fellas, I've got my pass right here.



JOE: Please, Mr. Sheen, Mr. Robbins,
You don't understand what Kim Jong Il is doing.



MARTIN SHEEN: Shut up. We have explicit instructions to watch you.



TIM ROBBINS: Yeah. We're supposed to be guards.

MARTIN SHEEN: We're guards.



TIM ROBBINS: We're guards, huh? We're guards.



MARTIN SHEEN: We're guards.



[Narrator] In her sworn testimony about Abu Ghraib, Capt. Wood said she felt pressured to produce intelligence, so she brought unauthorized techniques: dogs, nudity, sleep deprivation and stress positions to Abu Ghraib from Afghanistan. Wood maintained that the Bagram model had tacit approval from superiors. But U.S. Central Command had never responded to her requests for authorization. So the mystery remained. Was Abu Ghraib the work of a few bad apples? Or evidence of a new world-wide system of detention and interrogation?

[Spc. Tony Lagouranis, Military Intelligence, Iraq] I'm pretty sure that interrogators were telling the guards: "Strip this guy naked, chain him up to the bed in an uncomfortable position, you know, do whatever you can." And then they decided to take it one step further and have some "fun," and take pictures.

[Colonel Lawrence Wilkerson, Chief of Staff to Colin Powell 2002-2005, 31 years in the Military] You've always got people in the military who are just this side of the Marquis De Sade, and one of the reasons you want rules and this code of conduct to help you lead mud rings and mud runs -- infantry -- is so that you can use those tools to restrict this tendency in your soldiers. When you have your friends dying on you left and right, you can sometimes go beyond the pale. So a lieutenant, a captain down where the rubber meets the road, needs these tools. And he needs to be able to punish people who cross the line.

-- Taxi to the Dark Side, directed by Alex Gibney



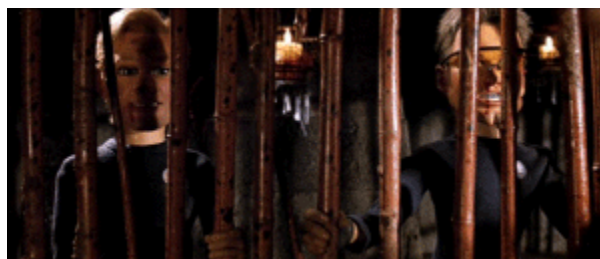
KOREAN POLICEMAN: Mr. Sheen, Mr. Robbins. Someone has broken into the main hall.



TIM ROBBINS: What? Come on, Martin!



SARAH: Gary?



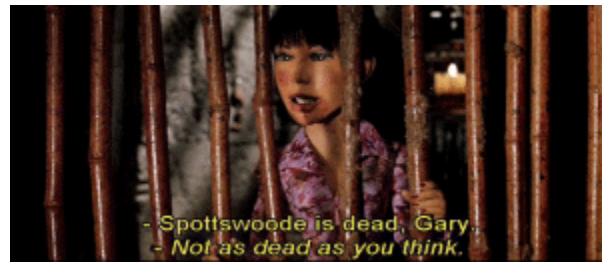
CHRIS: What the fuck are you doing here?



GARY: Guys, are you all right? Where's Lisa?

JOE: What the heck do you care? You walked out on her.

GARY: Look, I wanna make things right.
Here, Spottswood's monitoring from the base.



SARAH: Spottswood is dead, Gary.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Not as dead as you think.
Yes, I'm here, Joe.



SARAH: All right, you're alive!

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Great to hear your voices again.



Now we've got to get Lisa and stop Kim Jong Il.



CHRIS: I'm not going anywhere with this fucking traitor.



JOE: What makes you think we'll take you back, douchebag?

CHRIS: We're doing this without you!

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Now, hold on, team.

Gary has already proven to me
that he is 100 percent committed to the team.



He proved it last night by sucking my cock.



JOE: All right. Come on, team, we gotta find that stage.



KIM JONG IL: Rook how much they rove my show. The entire audience is so captivated.



And now you see, the new world is inevitabre.

LISA: It's what?

KIM JONG IL: Inevita -- Inevitabre.



LISA: One more time.



KIM JONG IL: Inevitabre!
Things are inevitabry going to change.



Goddamn it, open your fucking ears.



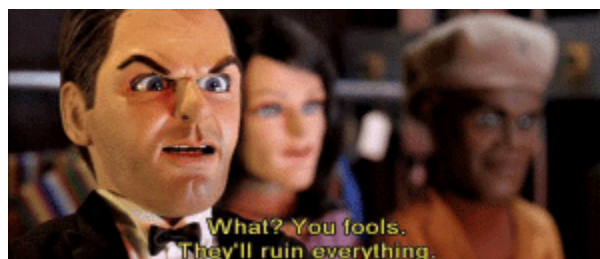
Five minutes, Mr. Baldwin.

ALEC BALDWIN: Thank you.



MARTIN SHEEN: Alec, we have a problem.

TIM ROBBINS: Team America escaped.



ALEC BALDWIN: What? You fools. They'll ruin everything.



HELEN HUNT: We better warn everyone. They'll be headed here.



ALEC BALDWIN: No. We can't look weak and powerless.



If violence is all those bastards understand, then violence they'll get.



Every actor, grab a gun and keep Team America from reaching this ceremony at all costs.



SEAN PENN: Qapla!



ACTORS: Qapla!



Qapla!



TIM ROBBINS: I swear they won't reach this stage.





CHRIS: Jesus! What have we got?



JOE: Looks like George Clooney and Liv Tyler, 20 yards.



SARAH: Look out, it's Ethan Hawke and Janeane Garofalo.

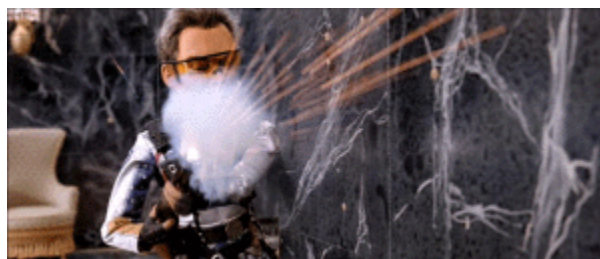




[George Clooney decapitated]



CHRIS: Drop your weapons.





[Ethan Hawke blown to pieces]



JANEANE GAROFOLO: Fucking die!



[Janeane Garofolo's head blown off]

JOE: We gotta split up.



Sarah, you and Gary go that way. Chris and I will go right.



SARAH: No, I think I'd rather team up with you, Joe.



CHRIS: I guess you're with me, cockfag.



SARAH: Danny Glover!

DANNY GLOVER: Come on, Penn.



We must protect the show.

SEAN PENN: Right.



SARAH: The stage must be that way.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: No. Joe, Sarah, it's a trap!



SEAN PENN: Very impressive, warmongers.
Now let's see how Kim Jong Il's panthers treat you.





I went to Iraq, you know!



CHRIS: Susan Sarandon.

SUSAN SARANDON: Oh, thank God.



We have to stop the ceremony. Kim Jong Il is mad.
Here, let me loose. I'll show you where the theatre is.



CHRIS: All right.

JOE: No, Chris, stay away from her.

CHRIS: Fuck you. She wants to help us.

GARY: No, Chris, she's acting.



SUSAN SARANDON: I am not. The others tied me up because I wouldn't go along with their plans.

GARY: Your skills are fading with age, Miss Sarandon.

SUSAN SARANDON: You shall die a peasant's death!





[Susan Sarandon splat on the pavement]



CHRIS: Jesus titty-fucking Christ.
I could've sworn she was telling the truth.

The Black Mass

The height of religious sexual mysticism was reached in the cult of the so-called "Satan's Church."

Satan here became the "Personification of the Physical Mysterium of Copulation" as a protest against the exclusive mastery of the "Metaphysical Mysticism of Idolization." The history of this remarkable sect has been written for all time by Stanislaw Przybyszewski in his *The Cult of Satan's Church*. Satan-Satyr, Satan-Pan, and Satan-Phallus was the ancient "God of instincts and corporeal passions, equally honored by the highest and lowest in spirit, the inexhaustible source of joy in life, enthusiasm and intoxication."

"He taught women the art of seduction, men to satisfy their feelings in their double sexual desires, he ran rim in color, discovered the flute and set the muscles in rhythmical movement, until the divine mania embraced the heart and the divine Phallus with its opulence sowed the fruitful womb."

That was the age of the pagan mysteries of motherhood. Then came the Judeo-Grecan Christianity and preached the supernatural, ascetic mysticism of fatherhood. The church tore man forcefully from nature. "She destroyed the unconscious selection of nature, which expressed itself externally in beauty, power and splendor; she protected everything that nature would uproot: din, ugliness, sickness, cripples and eunuchs." But nature did not allow itself to be rejected. And so the church had to give in and amalgamate the pagan creed with its own. "The bacchanalias at the feasts of Ceres Libera were celebrated with greater freedom than ever before on Lady-day, and until the thirteenth century the people celebrated in common with the priests, lascivious and orgiastic festivals, the feast of the Ass, the feast of the Idiots.

The remainder of the Phallus cult stole away to the church; the columns and pillars swarmed with obscene figures, a favorite theme for the reliefs in the church was Noah sleeping with his daughters." But the real cult of "Satan's Church" was founded by the Manichees in southern France.

"From here began the monstrous triumphal procession of Satan through all Europe." The secret societies of "Perfect Beings" formed everywhere, serving exclusively the most obscene sexual vices. "They insulted and stoned the priests, violated the holy objects with their obscene purposes and parodied the Catholic services in their rites." In spite of the persecution of the church the sect and its motto persevered: Nemo potest peccare ab umbilico et inferius [Google translate: No one can not sin, from the navel and the lower]; it found command support from "unsatisfied" priests. Sins slay sins! That was the great principle of their sexual orgies. The priest sanctifies all women who sin with him. The nuns are "consecrated," i.e. they become the mistresses of the priests. The

black death in the fourteenth century, flagellation, dance-mania, famine, all heightened immeasurably the sexual hysteria. Now the sect of devil worshippers enjoyed their triumphs. Since then, in spite of persecution, they remained in the self-same position and further celebrate their public masses. Even in modern times they have appeared in various forms. The "Adamites" or "Nicolites," "Picards," who congregate nude and enjoy wives in common, were founded by John Ziska on an island in the Luschnitz River. They appeared again in 1848 in five villages as "Moroccanes." The name was chosen due to their expectation of the extirpation of all Catholics by an enemy coming from Morocco. Similarly the name "Oneida" or the older name of "Perfecti," later "Perfectionists" in New York State (since 1831). Even today the Satan cult is carried on in Paris, as is described by J. K. Huysmans, in *Là Bas*:

The sacrifice ceased. The priest descended the steps backward, knelt on the last one, and in a sharp, tripidant voice cried:

"Master of Slanders, Dispenser of the benefits of crime, Administrator of sumptuous sins and great vices, Satan, thee we adore, reasonable God, just God!

"Superadmirable legate of false trances, thou receivest our beseeching tears; thou savest the honor of families by aborting wombs impregnated in the forgetfulness of the good orgasm; thou dost suggest to the mother the hastening of untimely birth, and thine obstetrics spares the still-born children the anguish of maturity, the contamination of original sin.

"Mainstay of the despairing Poor, Cordial of the Vanquished, it is thou who endowst them with hypocrisy, ingratitude, and stiff-neckedness, that they may defend themselves against the children of God, the Rich.

"Suzerain of Resentment, Accountant of Humiliations, Treasurer of old Hatreds, thou alone dost fertilize the brain of man whom injustice has crashed; thou breathest into him the idea of meditated

vengeance, sure misdeeds; thou incitest him to murder; thou givest him the abundant joy of accomplished reprisals and permittest him to taste the intoxicating draught of the tears of which he is the cause.

"Hope of Virility, Anguish of the Empty Womb, thou dost not demand the bootless offering of chaste lions, thou dost not sing the praises of Lenten follies; thou alone receivest the carnal supplications and petitions of poor and avaricious families. Thou determinest the mother to sell her daughter, to give her son; thou aidest sterile and reprobate loves; Guardian of strident Neuroses, Leaden Tower of Hysteria, bloody Vase of Rape!

"Master, thy faithful servants, on their knees, implore thee and supplicate thee to satisfy them when they wish the torture of all those who love them and aid them; they supplicate thee, to assure them the joy of delectable misdeeds unknown to justice, spells whose unknown origin baffles the reason of man; they ask, finally, glory, riches, power, of thee, King of the Disinherited, Son who art to overthrow the inexorable Father!"

Then Docre rose, and erect, with arms outstretched, vociferated in a ringing voice of hate:

"And thou, thou whom, in my quality of priest, I force, whether thou wilt or no, to descend into this host, to incarnate thyself in this bread, Jesus, Artisan of Hoaxes, Bandit of Homage, Robber of Affection, hear! Since the day when thou didst issue from the complaisant bowels of a Virgin, thou hast failed all thine engagements, belied all thy promises. Centuries have wept, awaiting thee, fugitive God, mute God! Thou wast to redeem man and thou hast not, thou wast to appear in thy glory, and thou sleepest. Go, lie, say to the wretch who appeals to thee, 'Hope, be patient, suffer; the hospital of souls will receive thee; the angels will assist thee; Heaven opens to thee.' Imposter! thou knowest well that the angels, disgusted at thine inertness, abandon thee! Thou wast to be the Interpreter of our complaints, the Chamberlain of our tears; thou wast to convey them to the Father and thou hast not done so, for this intercession would disturb thine eternal sleep of happy satiety.

"Thou hast forgotten the poverty thou didst preach, enamoured vassal of Banks! Thou hast seen the weak crushed beneath the press of profit; thou hast heard the death rattle of the timid, paralyzed by famine, of women disembowelled for a bit of bread, and thou hast caused the Chancery of thy Simoniacs, thy commercial representatives, thy Popes, to answer by dilatory excuses and evasive promises, sacristy Shyster, huckster God!

"Master, whose inconceivable ferocity engenders life and inflicts it on the innocent whom thou darest damn—in the name of what original sin?—whom thou darest punish—by the virtue of what covenants?—we would have thee confess thine impudent cheats, thine inexpiable crimes! We would drive deeper the nails into thy hands, press down the crown of thorns upon thy brow, bring blood and water from the dry wounds of thy sides.

"And that we can and will do by violating the quietude of thy body, Profaner of ample vices, Abstractor of stupid purities, cursed Nazarene, do-nothing King, coward God!"

"Amen!" trilled the soprano voices of the choir boys.

Durtal listened in amazement to this torrent of blasphemies and insults. The foulness of the priest stupefied him. A silence succeeded the litany. The chapel was foggy with the smoke of the censers. The women, hitherto taciturn, flustered now, as, remounting the altar, the canon turned toward them and blessed them with his left hand in a sweeping gesture. And suddenly the choir boys tinkled the prayer bells.

It was a signal. The women fell to the carpet and writhed. One of them seemed to be worked by a spring. She threw herself prone and waved her legs in the air. Another, suddenly struck by a hideous

strabism, clucked, then becoming tongue-tied stood with her mouth open, the tongue turned back, the tip cleaving to the palate. Another, inflated, livid, her pupils dilated, lolled her head back over her shoulders, then jerked it brusquely erect and belabored herself, tearing her breast with her nails. Another, sprawling on her back, undid her skirts, drew forth a rag, enormous, meteorized; then her face twisted into a horrible grimace, and her tongue, which she could not control, stuck out, bitten at the edges, harrowed by red teeth, from a bloody mouth.

Suddenly Durtal rose, and now he heard and saw Docre distinctly.

Docre contemplated the Christ surmounting the tabernacle, and with arms spread wide apart he spewed forth frightful insults, and, at the end of his forces, muttered the billingsgate of a drunken cabman. One of the choir boys knelt before him with his back toward the altar. A shudder ran around the priest's spine. In a solemn but jerky voice he said, "Hoc est enim corpus meum," then, instead of kneeling, after the consecration, before the precious Body, he faced the congregation, and appeared tumefied, haggard, dripping with sweat. He staggered between the two choir boys, who, raising the chasuble, displayed his naked belly. Docre made a few passes and the host sailed, tainted and wiled, over the steps.

Durtal felt himself shudder. A whirlwind of hysteria shook the room.

While the choir boys sprinkled holy water on the pontiff's nakedness, women rushed upon the Eucharist and, groveling in front of the altar, clawed from the bread humid particles and drank and ate divine ordure.

Another woman, curled up over a crucifix, emitted a rending laugh, then cried to Docre, "Father, father!" A crone tore her hair, leapt, whirled around and around as on a pivot and fell over beside a young girl who, huddled to the wall, was writhing in convulsions, frothing at the mouth, weeping, and spitting out frightful blasphemies. And Durtal, terrified, saw through the fog the red horns of Docre, who seated now, frothing with rage, was chewing up sacramental wafers, taking them out of his mouth, wiping himself with them, and distributing them to the women, who ground them underfoot, howling, or fell over each other struggling to get hold of them and violate them.

The place was simply a madhouse, a monstrous pandemonium of prostitutes and maniacs. Now, while the choir boys gave themselves to the men, and while the woman who owned the chapel, mounted the altar, caught hold of the phallus of the Christ with one hand and with the other held a chalice between "His" naked legs, a little girl, who hitherto had not budged, suddenly bent over forward and howled, howled like a dog. Overcome with disgust, nearly asphyxiated, Durtal wanted to flee. He looked for Hyacinthe. She was no longer at his side. He finally caught sight of her close to the canon, and, stepping over the writhing bodies on the floor, he went to her. With quivering nostrils she was inhaling the effluvia of the perfumes and of the couples.

"The sabbatic odor!" she said to him between clenched teeth, in a strangled voice.

The Marquis de Sade gave evidence in his novels of being a fanatic Satanist. Many black masses appeared in *Justine* and *Juliette*. A mass in a monastery was fully described in *Justine* (II, 239). A Maiden, as the Holy Virgin, with arms raised to heaven, was bound in a niche in the church. Later she was laid naked on a great table, candles were lit, a crucifix decorated her buttocks, and "they celebrated on her buttocks the most absurd mysteries of Christianity." Then a mass was read on the same place. As soon as there was a Host of God, she seized the monk Ambrose and held fast to his member, whereby the believers in the Host were derided with the maddest expressions.

Two black masses were read in the privates of two tribades, (*Juliette* III, 147), then the Host was placed in the dung, after which the main altar became the place of the wildest orgies.

Pope Pius VI, himself, read a black mass in St. Peter's church, the Host being placed in the anus of a young girl.

-- Marquis De Sade: His Life and Work, by Dr. Iwan Bloch



GARY: That's why they call it acting. Come on, we gotta find Lisa.



CHRIS: I was 19 years old when the musical Cats came to our town.
I couldn't wait to see it.

After the show, I was asked if I wanted to go meet
some of the performers backstage. Man, I was thrilled.
But when I got back there, they were drunk and out of control.
Rumpus cat and Macavity kept feeling up my leg.
I tried to leave, but Rumpleteazer held me down and ...



I was raped by Mr. Mistoffelees.



GARY: That's why you don't trust actors.

CHRIS: I'm sorry I've been so hard on you.



If there's still a world left when this is all over,
I'd like to buy you a beer.
Come on, let's go. We're running out of time.



JOE: Sarah, before we die, I want to finally tell you that I love you.

SARAH: No. No, I'm not gonna let it end like this.



We are not your enemy, furry ones. You will not attack us.

JOE: Sarah, that isn't going to work. You don't really have mental powers.



SARAH: Your captors are behind you, Shebas. Show your anger to them.



SEAN PENN: [Laughs]



[Danny Glover decapitated]



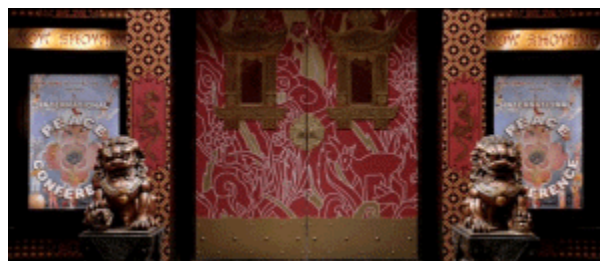
[Sean Penn neck torn out]



JOE: Sarah, you did it!



GARY: Wait. Hold on.



Spottswode, I think we just found the entrance to the theatre.
Have Sarah and Joe lock on to our --



CHRIS: Gary!



TIM ROBBINS: Actors, ho!



HELEN HUNT: Helen Hunt.



SAMUEL JACKSON: Samuel Jackson.



MATT DAMON: Matt Damon.



SAMUEL JACKSON: Motherfucker.



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Gary, Chris, come in.





KIM JONG IL: And now, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Alec Barrwin.



ALEC BALDWIN: We are here to usher in a new era without violence.



By following the rules of the Film Actors Guild,
the world can become a better place



that handles dangerous people with talk and reasoning.



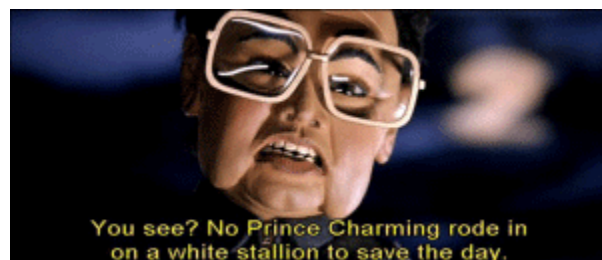
That is the F.A.G. way.
One day you'll all look at the world us actors created and say,
"Wow. Good going, F.A.G.
You really made the world a better place, didn't you, F.A.G.?"



KIM JONG IL: Yes, Alec Barrwin. Too bad there won't be a world left.



LISA: Oh, God, no.



KIM JONG IL: You see? No Prince Charming rode on a white stallion to save the day.
This is the real world.
I'm afraid your world is over.



In five minutes.



Yes, the ticking clock.



TIM ROBBINS: Sorry, Team America, but you see, we must live in a time of peace.



JOE: Put down the gas can now.



TIM ROBBINS: Kill them.

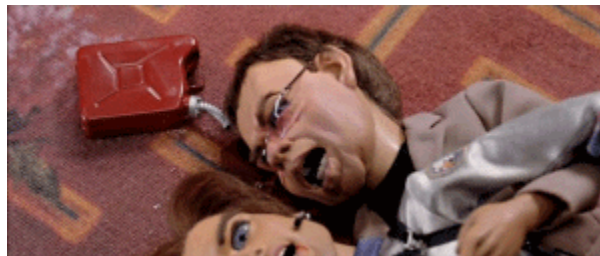




CHRIS: Jackson!



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Team, you've got to hurry.





HELEN HUNT: Let's go, bitch. I've done action films.

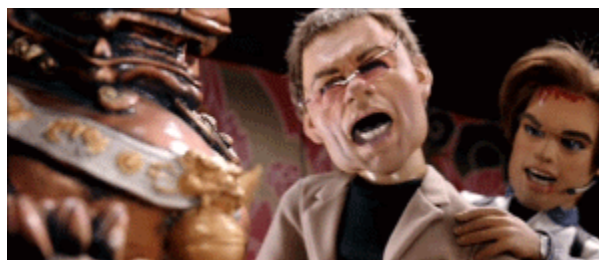


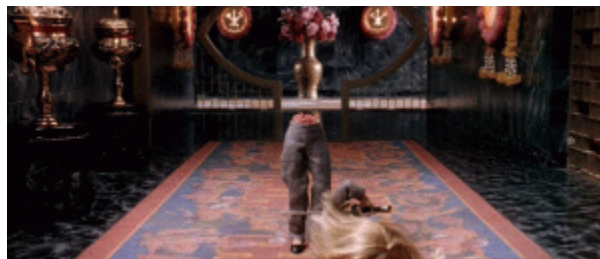
Come on.





MATT DAMON: Matt Damon!





[Helen Hunt cut in half]



SAMUEL JACKSON: Come on, stop trying to hit me and hit me.



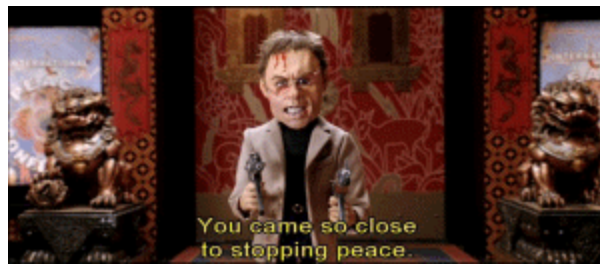
[Samuel Jackson decapitated]



TIM ROBBINS: Don't fucking move!



Now, isn't that a shame.



You came so close to stopping peace.
But you see, peace always finds a way.
Goodbye, Team America.



CHRIS: I've just got one piece of bad news for you, Robbins.

TIM ROBBINS: What's that?



CHRIS: I'm a smoker.





[Tim Robbins screaming as he's burned to death]

AUDIENCE: [Clapping]



ALEC BALDWIN: Now that the world is going to be run peacefully,



we should all drive hybrid cars



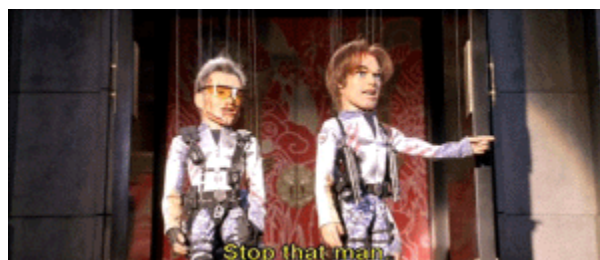
KIM JONG IL: Right now families are gathering in parks,



children are walking to school, friends are sitting in movie theatres.



All completely unaware that the world is about to change forever.
All because of me.



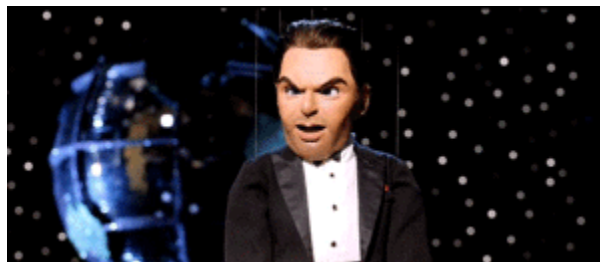
GARY: Stop that man.



LISA: Gary!



KIM JONG IL: Team America?



ALEC BALDWIN: Goddamn it.



JOE: Sorry to interrupt the show everyone, but Kim Jong Il is an international criminal. We're here to arrest him.



ALEC BALDWIN: Oh, no, you're not.
This is a peace conference.



And if you even try to touch Kim Jong Il,



this audience and I will rise up against you.



[Man] Fuck off, Team America!



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Team, there's no time. You have to convince that audience to let you do your job.



AUDIENCE: [Booing]

JOE: Gary, you've got to take the stage.



GARY: No. I can't upstage Alec Baldwin.
He's the best actor in the world.

JOE: You have to try.

GARY: I'm not that good.

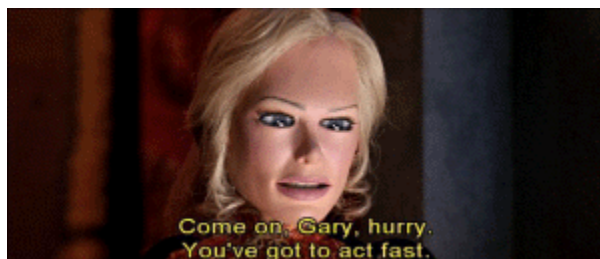
CHRIS: Actually ...



you're the finest actor I've ever met.



AUDIENCE: [Booing]



LISA: Come on, Gary, hurry. You've got to act fast.





GARY: I know you all don't like Team America a whole lot right now,
but Kim Jong Il is a lot worse.



AUDIENCE: [Booing]



ENGLISH WOMAN: [throws a tomato]



ALEC BALDWIN: You can't outact me, boy. Don't even try.



For the truth is that Team America fights for the billion-dollar corporations.
They are just as bad as the enemies they fight.



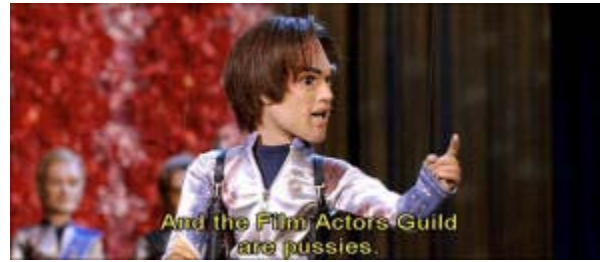
AUDIENCE: [Clapping]



GARY: Oh, no, we aren't. We're dicks!



We're reckless, arrogant, stupid dicks.



And the Film Actors Guild are pussies.

"Misogyny is a central part of sexist prejudice and ideology and, as such, is an important basis for the oppression of females in male-dominated societies. Misogyny is manifested in many different ways, from jokes to pornography to violence to the self-contempt women may be taught to feel toward their own bodies."

-- Misogyny, by Wikipedia



And Kim Jong Il is an asshole.
Pussies don't like dicks, because pussies get fucked by dicks.



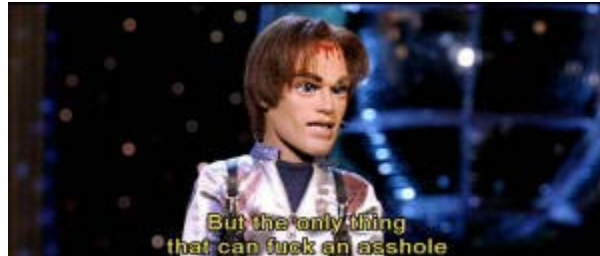
But dicks also fuck assholes,



assholes who just wanna shit on everything.



Pussies may think they can deal with assholes their way.



But the only thing that can fuck an asshole
is a dick with some balls.
The problem with dicks is that sometimes they fuck too much.
Or fuck when it isn't appropriate.



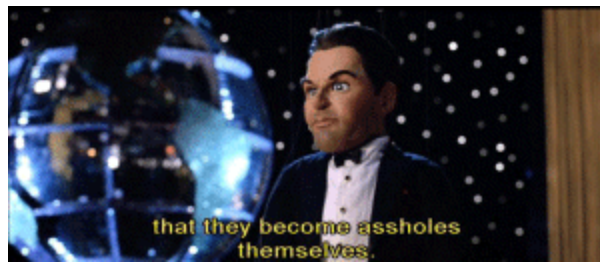
SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Yes, Gary, yes.



GARY: And it takes a pussy to show them that.



But sometimes pussies get so full of shit



that they become assholes themselves.



Because pussies are only an inch and a half away from assholes.



I don't know much in this crazy, crazy world ...
but I do know that if you don't let us fuck this asshole ...



we are gonna have our dicks and our pussies ...
all covered in shit.



AUDIENCE: [Clapping]



UGANDA MAN: Show us what you're doing, Kim Jong Il.

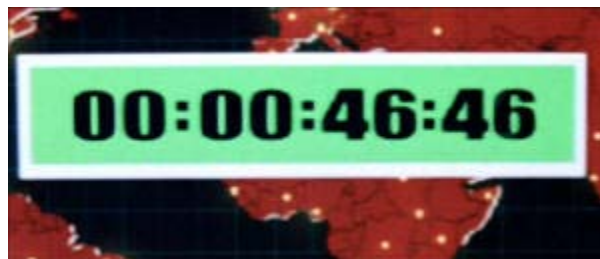


KIM JONG IL: Do something, Alec Barrwin!



ALEC BALDWIN: The -- Global warming and -- Corporate America --

[Audience] [Booing]



KIM JONG IL: You are worthless, Alec Barrwin.



[Alec Baldwin blown to smithereens]



AUDIENCE: [Screaming]



KIM JONG IL: Don't fucking move! You were all going to be treated



to a fabulous show. But now party's over.



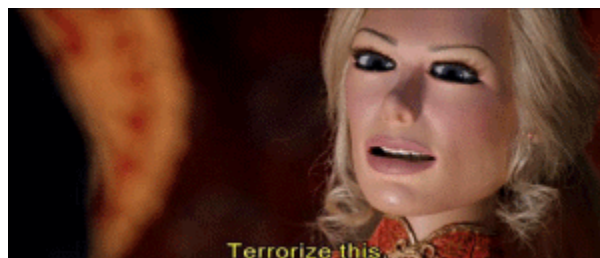
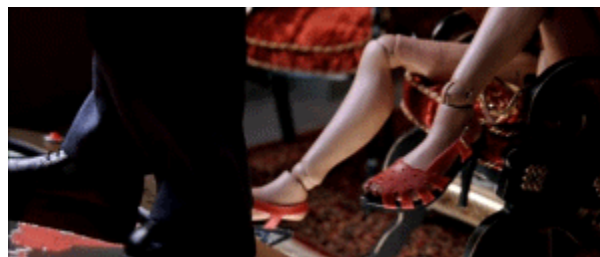
For I am the great Kim Jong Il.



GARY: Lisa.



KIM JONG IL: And I am the greatest terrorist ever to have rived.



LISA: Terrorize this.





GARY: Lisa, are you okay?

LISA: No, Gary, the countdown.
You have to stop it.

GARY: What do I do?

LISA: Hit the big "cancel" button!



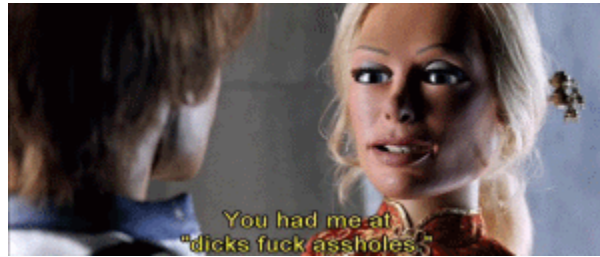
Gary, how did you manage this?

GARY: Spottswode helped me.

LISA: Spottswode? He's alive?



GARY: Lisa, I'm crazy about you. Will you please forgive me if I --?



LISA: Shhh. You had me at "dicks fuck assholes."

SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Attention, Attention, everyone.



All you in the audience should go to your homes now.



Your countries need you. But the world will be safe,



thanks to a brilliant actor named Gary Johnston.





AUDIENCE: [Clapping]



SPOTTSWOODE/NIHILIST PENIS: Let me explain to you the kind of man Gary is.

He's a man who knows
that when you put another man's cock in your mouth, you make a pact.

A bond that cannot be broken.

He's a man so dedicated that he will get down on his knees
and put that cock right in his mouth.

AUDIENCE: [Clapping]

LISA: Wait a minute. Look!





KIM JONG IL: You have not heard the rast of Kim Jong Il.



I will return!



You shall see. I will be back!





So rong, earthrings!



GARY: We'll be here waiting for you, Kim Jong Il.

CHRIS: All right, you guys, I hate to break up this little party,



but there's still a lot of bad guys out there.



GARY: Well, then let's go show the bad guys the police are back in force.



LISA: Fuck, yeah.

GARY: Fuck, yeah.



SONG: America



America



America, Fuck, yeah



*Coming again to save the motherfucking day, yeah
America, Fuck, yeah*



*DIRECTED BY TREY PARKER
Freedom is the only way, Yeah*



*WRITTEN BY TREY PARKER & MATT STONE & PAM BRADY
Terrorists, your game is through*



*PRODUCED BY SCOTT RUDIN, TREY PARKER, MATT STONE
'Cause now you have to answer to
America, Fuck, yeah*



EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: SCOTT AVERSANO, ANNE GAREFINO

So lick my butt and suck on my balls

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY: BILL POPE, ASC

America, Fuck, yeah

PRODUCTION DESIGNER: JIM DULTZ

What you gonna do when we come for you now?

EDITED BY THOMAS M. VOGT

It's the dream that we all share

COSTUME DESIGNER: KAREN PATCH

It's the hope for tomorrow

Fuck, yeah

VISUAL CONSULTANT: DAVID ROCKWELL

MUSIC SCORE BY HARRY GREGSON-WILLIAMS

McDonalds, Fuck, yeah

Wal-Mart, Fuck, yeah

CO-PRODUCERS: MICHAEL POLAIRE, FRANK AGNONE

The Gap, Fuck, yeah

Baseball, Fuck, yeah

NFL, Fuck, yeah

A SCOTT RUDIN MATT STONE PRODUCTION

Rock 'n' roll, Fuck, yeah

The Internet, Fuck, yeah



A TREY PARKER FILM

Slavery, Fuck, yeah



TEAM AMERICA WORLD POLICE

Fuck, yeah