

SNL SKETCH SUBMISSION

Written by

Josh Cooper

jacooper1313@gmail.com
925 - 819 - 1431

BAQUASH ROYALE (COMMERCIAL PARODY)

(OPEN ON: A COMPLETELY DARK ROOM WITH NO DISCERNIBLE FEATURES OUTSIDE OF A PITCH BLACK POOL OF WATER.)

Kate rises from underneath the water with a wicked smile and a black gown.

KATE
(Whisper.)
Baquash Royale.

Water explodes onto her face.

(PRODUCT SHOT OF AN EXQUISITE CRYSTAL WATER BOTTLE WITH A BAQUASH ROYALE LABEL. THE BACKGROUND IS COMPLETELY BLACK WITH WATER FLOWING FROM ABOVE.)

EGO (V.O.)
Water for the indulgent. An
exquisite taste for an elite class.

(KATE SWIMS ACROSS THE SCREEN DOING A BACKSTROKE THROUGH THE DARK POOL.)

KATE
(Whisper.)
Baquash Royale.

(LEONARDO DICAPRIO WALKS IN COMPLETE DARKNESS, DRINKING FROM A REGULAR WATER BOTTLE. HE ONLY DRINKS HALF OF IT BEFORE DROPPING IT ONTO THE GROUND AND WALKING OFF SCREEN.)

EGO (V.O.)
Water recycled from only the purest
1% of the world population.

The water bottle flips over and pours the remaining water out of the regular water bottle and into the Baquash Royale crystal bottle.

EGO (V.O.)
The only water that is both
environmentally friendly and
elitist.

(KATE IS WAIST DEEP IN WATER)

Kate looks around at the water, confused and slightly disgusted.

KATE
Baquash... Royale?

(A SET OF BAQUASH ROYALE BOTTLES ARE LINED UP.)

EGO (V.O.)
Uncover the truth and discover
which celebrity you're drinking
from.

The labels of each water bottle peel off one at a time, revealing Margot Robbie, Idris Elba, and then Danny Devito.

(KATE GETS HALFWAY OUT OF THE DARK POOL.)

She has a fearful look of disgust.

KATE
Baquash Royale!?

A jet of water slams into her and throws her back into the water.

(THE CRYSTAL BAQUASH ROYALE BOTTLE RISES FROM A POOL OF WATER)

EGO (V.O.)
Taste the privilege for only
\$99.99.

(KATE FLOUNDERS UP FROM OUT OF THE DARK POOL.)

KATE
Baquash Royale!!!

Water attacks her from all directions. She's terrified.

The water hits her straight in the face and gets in her mouth.

Kate starts to puke.

CUT TO BLACK

THIS PODCAST IS SPONSORED BY... (POP CULTURE/POLITICAL)

(OPEN ON: A SOUND STUDIO. A SINGLE DESK IS SET UP WITH A MIC AND LAPTOP. A LARGE WINDOW SHOWS INTO THE SOUND-BOOTH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL.)

Melissa sits behind the desk and aggressively clacks away at the keyboard..

Beck comes through the studio door with another handful of papers.

BECK

Hey Melissa, how's it going?

Still smashing away at the keyboard.

MELISSA

Oh, just some minesweeper. Calms the nerves.

BECK

Are you ready for the show?

Melissa stops typing and looks at Beck with a smile.

MELISSA

You just made me lose.

Beck looks genuinely guilty.

BECK

Oh, I-I'm sorry I didn't--

MELISSA

No. It's fine. I don't care.

She obviously cares.

BECK

Oh-okay well...I've got some great news. I wrangled--

(Pantomimes a hog tie while talking)

-- Together our first round of sponsors for the podcast!

MELISSA

What?! Beck that's fantastic! Who'd we get?

BECK
Oh-ho-ho-ho they're some good ones.
Let's start rollin and get a real,
raw reaction.

MELISSA
Let's do it.

Beck starts to scurry away.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Hey Beck.

He stops in his tracks.

BECK
What's up my gal?

MELISSA
Don't say that.

BECK
Fersure sis.

Melissa winces but continues.

MELISSA
We...we're really doing this. We
put a lot of work into this podcast
and its time to reap the rewards.

Beck's eyes water.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
I'm proud of you.

BECK
(Bursting with joy)
I-I-I...I'm proud of myself.

Melissa shoots him a soft wink. Beck blushes and frolics through the door. We see him appear on the other side of the glass wall. Giddy as all can be.

Melissa puts on a headset and leans into the mic.

MELISSA
Welcome, welcome, welllllllcome back
to the Mystery and More podcast.
The podcast that tells you
everything about everything...and
even more about nothing.
(MORE)

MELISSA (CONT'D)
 Today we are blessed, bashful, and
 bountifully full of joy as I've
 just received word of our first
 official round of sponsors.

Melissa picks up the first sheet of paper and starts to read.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
 And with that I am oh so proud to
 say Mystery and More is brought to
 you by Sex Stuff --

She freezes.

BECK
 You good?

MELISSA
 Uhm... you don't find this a little
 inappropriate? We're a PG13
 Podcast.

BECK
 No, it's not what it seems. You
 just have to get all the way
 through the ad.

MELISSA
 I jus-

BECK
 Melissa, if you don't read the
 sponsor we don't get paid. You do
 know how sponsors work right?

MELISSA
 Of course I know how sponsors work!
 This is just...

BECK
 Hey Melissa...do it for the right
 reason...money.

Melissa lets out a heavy sigh, then begrudgingly puts on her
 headset.

BECK (CONT'D)
 And we're on.

MELISSA

Mystery and More is brought to you
by Sex Stuff: The loot box for the
lustful...I feel like I should
acknowledge that box has 17 X's in
it-

(under her breath)

because god forbid we stop at
one...

(Normal)

The perfect subscription service
for your kinky sexnificant other.
Sex Stuff sends you a tightly
packed box of new and used-

(Shudders)

Toys, outfits, books, dvds, dildos,
butt plugs, straps, paddles, gags,
beads, clamps, vibrators, pumps,
chokers, whips, chains, cuffs,
costumes, inflatables,
deflatables..? and many, many more
things that I can barely pronounce
nor comprehend. Enter promo code:
MysterySex and get 10% off your
order...act now and receive the
special Sex Stuff mondo deal. The
gurthiest promotion around. Twice
the sex stuff plus the exclusive
BigBuckinBladderBlaster dildo
extraordinaire included, free of
charge.

Melissa looks demoralized.

BECK

Nailed it!

She turns to him.

MELISSA

That was exactly what it seemed.
Worse actually.

BECK

Oh, what? No that was definitely
PG13.

MELISSA

I really don't think--

BECK

--We'll just throw in a trigger
warning.

Melissa scrunches her face.

MELISSA
Oh screw it, we have to start
somewhere.

BECK
Get it girl!

MELISSA
Stop that!

BECK
(Unfazed.)
Alright, onto the next one!

She rolls her eyes and picks up the second sheet of paper.

MELISSA
(Clears her throat.)
Mystery and More is also brought to
you by Sweat Shop Kids, athletic
clothes made by kids--

Melissa stops and turns to face Beck once more.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Hey, uhm...

Beck talks to him through a microphone behind the studio
window.

BECK
Yo! What's good my ma'm?

MELISSA
Is this...like a typo or something?

BECK
I don't understand what you're
getting at.

MELISSA
I don't know our sponsor sounds
like... a sweatshop.

Beck tries to process it all.

BECK
No yeah, fersure. It's Sweatshop
Kids.

MELISSA
Yeah...clothes made by kids...

BECK
(Nods in agreement.)
Yeah, you get it!

MELISSA
Are you sure it's not athletic
clothes for kids?

BECK
Oh-Oh! You're right dudette. My
bad. It's clothes for kids, by
kids.

MELISSA
That's not any better! Our podcast
can't be sponsored by child labor!

BECK
Woah there, I think you're over-
extrapolating here.

MELISSA
(In complete disbelief)
Really? You sure about that?

BECK
It's a clothing company that makes
all of its products sweat free.
Super big over seas.

MELISSA
How far over seas?

BECK
All the way to China!

Beck holds up two thumbs with a smile on his face.

MELISSA
Beck!

BECK
Melissa, come on baby, they paid us
good money for this sponsor.

MELISSA
(Sternly.)
Do not call me baby.

BECK
(Unfazed.)
Annnnd we're on!

Melissa palms her face and leans into the mic.

MELISSA

This podcast is proudly sponsored
by-

(Looks directly at Beck,
who responds with a
double thumbs up)

Sweatshop kids. Athletics clothes
for kids, by kids. We've got your
back and all the sweat with it.
300% Micromodal material crafted
from the naive and youthful hands
of our future generations. Enter
promo code: MoreSweatshopKids to
receive %15 off your next purchase.

BECK

Nailed it! Alright let's move on to
the next sponsor.

MELISSA

With pleasure...

Melissa picks up the next page, this time giving it a full
read. Her lips peel back in anger.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Beck. I'm not doing this.

BECK

What?

Beck runs into the room.

BECK (CONT'D)

Melissa, come on.

MELISSA

No Beck. I refuse to sponsor that.
I can peddle penis pumps. I can
give the blind eye to child labor.
But this is too far.

BECK

...they have penis pumps?

Beck reaches for the paper and starts to read.

MELISSA

You read the damn ad!

Melissa gets up from her chair and heads for the door.

BECK
Melissa, gal pal, let's talk about
this!

MELISSA
No, I...I need a hot shower and
some ice cold Vicodin.

Melissa leaves the room.

BECK
(Yells out to her)
Are you suppose to freeze Vicodin?!

He looks around and eyes the mic before sitting down.

BECK (CONT'D)
(Under his breath)
This is your moment, this is your
moment, this is your moment.
(Normally)
Welcome back to the Mystery and
More podcast, I'm your substitute
host Beck the Beautiful. Let's
start things off with some crisp ad
reads...
(Clears his throat)

Holds up the paper.

BECK (CONT'D)
Make America Great Again with--

CUT TO BLACK

TWO KEYS

(OPEN ON: A COMMAND ROOM WITH A GIANT SCREEN CENTER STAGE. TWO GOVERNMENT WORKERS, PETE AND MIKEY, SIT IN FRONT OF THE SCREEN BEHIND A LARGE CONTROL PANEL.)

Pete and Mikey watch in horror as a monster destroys a city on the screen.

MIKEY

God help us. Let's prepare
operation Delta Finale.

PETE

Yeeeeeee.

Pete and Mikey move in synchronize fashion.

They press a variety of buttons and flick several switches up and down.

After what seems like way too long of a process they each start to spin a small toy-like wheel on the panel and missiles rise on the screen.

They each grab a joystick...an unusually large joystick. Somewhere around 9 inches long.

MIKEY

This part's so weird.

They pull down from the top of the joystick and its outer later peels of, exactly like unsheathing an uncircumcised penis.

PETE

I'm used to it.

Once peeled the joystick resembles a manual gearshift, and they move it in a similar manner. Pete struggles.

MIKEY

I told you to practice.

PETE

Relax, I got it.

He succeeds.

They grip a ball on the top of the gearshift and twist it off, revealing a switch at the very tip.

They look each other in the eyes and flick in unison.

Two glass boxes open up with a slot for a key.

MIKEY

Now we wait.

The monster knocks down some buildings.

PETE

Heh, nice.

MIKEY

Nice? You think the end of the world is nice?

PETE

Come on, he just spartan kicked a skyscraper. That's badass--

EMERGENCY PHONE RINGS. Pete and Mikey share a look.

MIKEY

PETE (CONT'D)

Go time.

Boom Boom.

MIKEY

What the wum, Pete! I thought we settled on Go time!

PETE

Nah, that's cheesy. Also...what the wum?

MIKEY

You know I don't like profanity.

PETE

That sounds way worse than profanity.

MIKEY

Don't change the subject. We settled on Go Time. This kind of opportunity only comes along once and you just--

EMERGENCY PHONE RINGS

MIKEY (CONT'D)

We are not done with this conversation.

PETE

Just answer the phone!

Mikey picks up the phone.

MIKEY

H-hello?...Yes sir. Affirmative.

Mikey slowly hangs up and gives Pete a look.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

It's...

(Gestures to join him in
the phrase)

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Go time!

Boom Boom!

PETE

MIKEY

Oh come on, that was on purpose!

PETE

It was always on purpose.

MIKEY

(The tone of an exhausted
significant other.)

Fine. Let's just get it over with I
guess.

PETE

Mikey--

Mikey whips his key into the air.

MIKEY

Talk to they Key Pete, cause these
ears are on lockdown.

PETE

What has gotten into you today--?

MIKEY

-- Key A ready.

Pete rolls his eyes and slips his hand into his pocket.

His eyes open wide. He pats down his pants with immediate
concern.

PETE

Huh.

Mikey won't even look at him.

PETE (CONT'D)

You wouldn't happen to have key B
would you?

MIKEY
(In disbelief)
Will you please take this
seriously?

PETE
So...that would be a no?

MIKEY
(Simmering anger)
...Why would we even have a two key
system if one person had both keys?

PETE
I don't know, maybe if I went to
the bathroom or--

MIKEY
(Explosive)
-- The one job you have is to hold
onto your key for this exact
moment!

A brief silence.

The corpse of Kenan Thompson flies across the screen.

Neither of them notice.

PETE
Dude, don't be a dick.

MIKEY
Me?!

PETE
Yeah, I get it. I fucked up. My
bad.

MIKEY
You're just going to nonchalantly
admit to being the reason the world
ends?

PETE
...I mean, yeah.

MIKEY
How can you live with yourself?!

PETE
I guess I won't really have to. Die
happy, am I right?

MIKEY
We shouldn't be dying at all!

PETE
Ehh.

Pete pulls out a joint from his pocket and sparks up.
Mikey is bewildered by Pete's indifference.

MIKEY
What the wum! You told me quit.

PETE
Stop...doing that! You sound like
an angry Karen.

MIKEY
My mother's name is Karen.

PETE
Apparently.

MIKEY
Unbelievable. Tell me Pete, did you
lose your respect for me at the
same time you lost your key?

PETE
When did this get so personal?!

Mikey turns in his chair, arms crossed, and his back to Pete.

PETE (CONT'D)
Mikey, the key thing isn't even
about you. My social security cards
been lost for 3 years. I'm just
unqualified for this shit.

MIKEY
(Genuinely concerned.)
Three years..?

PETE
Yes! Besides, the whole two key
thing never works out.

Mikey turns back to face him.

MIKEY
How would you know that? We never
even got to try!

PETE

Ohhh, I've seen the movies--

MIKEY

-- The movies?! You're going to give up because it didn't work in the movies? These are real nukes!

PETE

I'm not giving up. I just don't have the key. So like, whatever, you know?

MIKEY

No, not whatever!

PETE

Look at that thing, he don't give a shit. Hit him with a nuke? That's just a taint tickle. He'll just start killing twice as fast.

MIKEY

But--

PETE

--Not to mention the fact that the missile will prolly kill another 10k by itself...and those deaths are on us! Not him. You wanna own up to those deaths?

MIKEY

(Sadface)

...no...

PETE

Well, you're welcome.

Mikey looks down to the ground silently. The monster rages in the background.

Pete looks a bit guilty.

PETE (CONT'D)

Hey.

Mikey keeps his eyes on the ground.

PETE (CONT'D)

Hey, Mikey, look at me.

Mikey looks up.

PETE (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

MIKEY
...Nothing. I'm fine.

PETE
Don't give me that, I know you.
What's bothering you..? Aside from
like...dying.

MIKEY
You don't respect me. First the
catch phrase, then the keys--
--and the weed!

PETE
I never said I would stop!

MIKEY
That's not the point.

Mikey turns away once again.

PETE
We're about to die Mikey. I don't
wanna die angry.

MIKEY
I don't either...but those keys...
they meant a lot to me...Key A and
Key B...that's you and me. That was
our bond and you just...lost it.

Pete sighs and takes a moment to think while mass destruction
ensues in the background.

PETE
I didn't know it was that important
to you.

MIKEY
It was important to everyone...

Pete slides his chair over to Mikey and puts his arm on his
shoulder.

PETE
I don't care about everyone. But I
do care about you.

Mikey looks up with watery eyes.

MIKEY

Pete...

They engage in a strong and silent stare.

On the screen we see the monster disappear off screen.

The room starts to shake and rumble.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

...I'm in love with you.

PETE

What the wum--?

The monster foot smashes through the roof.

CUT TO BLACK

CELEBRITY NAMES

(OPEN ON: AIDY, MICHAEL, BILL HADER, AND CECILY SIT IN A CIRCLE OF FOLDABLE CHAIRS)

AIDY

Good evening everyone. I want to start out by saying thank you all for coming to therapy for celebrity names. My name is Pamela Anderson, and I know first hand just how hard it can be.

Pete can't help but let a single "Hah" slip out.

Silence washes over the room.

PETE

I'm sorry--

AIDY

--Rude.

(Clears throat)

We've all been afflicted...tormented by names foolishly given to us by our over ambitious and heinously stupid parents. Who would like to start today?

An air of hesitation.

MICHAEL

Alright, I guess I'll start us off.

Micahel stands up form his chair.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hi everyone, my name is...

(Struggles to speak.)

Michael Jordan.

Everyone shakes their head and sighs out of pity.

PETE

Dope.

MICHAEL

No, not dope. Do you have any idea what it's like to be named after a greatest of all time? Anytime I step on a basketball court I'm laughed at.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 I'm not even bad, I'm just not...
 (Struggles)
 I'm not the real Michael Jordan.
 I'll never be the best Micheal
 Jordan...I can't even be the second
 best Michael Jordan thanks to
 Michael B Jordan! I can't compete
 with that!

PETE
 Just go by your middle name.

MICHAEL
 My middle name is Jackson!

PETE
 Michael Jackson Jordan?!

Michael Jackson Jordan bursts into tears. Aidy gets up and hugs him while he cries.

AIDY
 Michael Jackson Jordan, we are here
 for you. You may never play Creed,
 and you sure as hell won't be a six
 time NBA Finals MVP. But you're the
 MVP of our hearts.

The group joins in a light clap. Michael wipes away his tears and sits back down, appreciative of his small victory.

BILL
 Michael, I just want you to know
 you've inspired me to speak today.

Bill has a cast on his arm. With his good arm he points at Michael, who passionately returns the point.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Hello, uhm...my name is Clark. Boy,
 where to begin--

AIDY
 --Clark, we use our full names
 here.

BILL
 Oh, well. Do I really have to--

AIDY
 --You can't let your name control
 you.

BILL
(Begrudgingly nods in
agreement.)
Okay, okay. Yup. Uhm...my name is
Clark Kent.

Some audible "No's", "Oof's", and face palms litter the
group.

BILL (CONT'D)
That's right. I'm named after
(Starts to break down.)
The fastest, strongest, and most
handsome man on the planet.

PETE
Ehh, I'd give batman the nod in
looks.

Kyle leans his head in from out of frame.

KYLE
(Quickly)
My name is Bruce Wayne and I agree
with that.

He leans out of frame.

BILL
I- Uhm, ok? The second most
handsome--

MICHAEL
Michael B Jordan's pretty handsome.

BILL
Ok, ok! Fine, a handsome guy, who
also happens to be the strongest
and fastest man on the
planet...because he is Superman.

The room murmurs in agreement.

BILL (CONT'D)
Anyways...it sucks. I've been
bullied my whole life cause of it.
(Mockingly)
Hey Superman. Shoot lasers
Superman. Lift this truck off of
you Superman.

AIDY
Oh, you poor thing.

BILL

I'll never forget when these kids
grabbed me and--

(Fights off tears)

They held me on the edge of a a
classroom roof. Fly Superman! Fly!

MICHAEL

That must have been terrifying.

BILL

And painful!

(Raises his cast)

Last Tuesday was a doozy.

PETE

How big were these kids?

BILL

5th graders. A couple of my
students actually. At least they
were nice enough to sign my cast.

He reveals the underside of the cast which reads "Suck
Kryptonite."

The room groans. Bill tries to check his cast but can't see.

MICHAEL

Man it says suck Kryptonite.

BILL

Oh gosh darn it!

Kyle leans in to frame again.

KYLE

Batman could have escaped.

BILL

I am not Superman!

PETE

Clearly.

AIDY

That's right Clark. You are not who
you're named after. You are your
own Clark. Sure, you aren't fast,
strong, or handsome.

(Puts her hand on his
shoulder.)

But you can be our hero.

BILL
(Starts to tear up in
joy.)
I've waited my whole life to hear
that.

The group joins together in another soft clap as Clark sits
down with a smile on his face.

PETE
I'll go next.

AIDY
Sure.

PETE
Yo. My name is Pete Davidson.

He waits for a reaction.

PETE (CONT'D)
Life is hard dude. Like--

KYLE
Who's Pete Davidson?

PETE
What do you mean who's Pete
Davidson? I'm Pete Davidson.

KYLE
Right but, like, what celebrity are
you named after?

PETE
I'm not named after a celebrity I
am a celebrity.

Silence.

PETE (CONT'D)
I mean this is therapy for
celebrity names...I'm a celebrity
and, like, I've got a name so...

MICHAEL
You? A celebrity?

PETE
Yeah. I'm Pete Davidson.

BILL
Nobody knows who that is.

PETE

Pete Davidson! I'm on Saturday
Night Live!

MICHAEL

Pete Davidson is?

PETE

Yes! I'm the 4th youngest person to
ever join.

MICHAEL

Who brags about being 4th?

PETE

I'm not bragging I'm just--

BILL

I've definitely never heard of Pete
Davidson.

Pete erupts from his chair.

PETE

You're not even named after a real
celebrity.

Kyle also jumps out of his chair.

KYLE

Yeah!

PETE

Bruce, we aren't on the same team.
Batman is fake too!

BILL

Well the pain is real!

KYLE

Batman...is fake?

MICHAEL

The only fake celebrity name I hear
being thrown around is Pete
Davidson.

PETE

I am a real celebrity! You can
google my name and--
(Reaches into his pocket)

AIDY
There are no phones allowed during
therapy.

PETE
I'm just--

AIDY
(Scary.)
No phones!

PETE
Jesus Pamela. I just wanted some
therapy! Forget this, I'm out of
here.

AIDY
Bye loser.

PETE
Go to hell Pamela Anderson!

Pete storms off stage.

KYLE
Batman's not real?!

AIDY
Bruce would you like to go?

Kyle looks around, terrified, and slowly retreats back to his
chair trying to comprehend Batman.

AIDY (CONT'D)
Okay...how about you, uhm...

Gestures to Cecily.

CECILY
Oh, Sure. Hi guys, my name is I'm
Kate Beckinsale.

CUT TO BLACK