

**THE GOOD, THE BAD & THE GEEKY'S**  
**2010 EXTREME CHRISTMAS EXTRAVAGANZA**

**Written**

**&**

**Arranged By:**

Nick Arganbright

Jon Bettin

Nathan Haley

**Additional Bits, Ideas, and Items From:**

Universal Studios

Hugh Laurie & Stephen Fry

Jonathan Coultan

## **OPENING**

(Note: we can improv thru this)  
We hear a some rustling about and then:

NITRO: You ready?

JON: Yeah I think so. (strums with guitar)

The Universal Studios plays, Jon & Nathan begin to sing-

Nitro stops them.

NITRO: Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa!What are we doing? I thought we were doing the, ya know, the musical number?

JON: We are.

NITRO: Then what's up with this? Why are we doing the theme to universal?

JON: It's the only thing Nathan could think up for the show last minute..

NITRO: Last minute? We've known about this show since the last Christmas episode!?

NATHAN: I kind of forgot.

NITRO: How could you forget? I just don't- I don't- are you *sure* this is the only thing you wrote for the show this year?

NATHAN: (beat) Yes. (beat) plus you said way back during the Scott Pilgrim episode that we could do it on the Christmas show.(beat) I have asperger's.

NITRO: Okay, fine. Cue it up.

Music plays.

*They Sing:*

Welcome to, our, Christmas Podcast Show

WEL-COME (shouted)

With your hosts, Jon, and DJ Nick Nitro

And Meat (what the f\*\*k guys?!- Just Nate says this)

Happy Hol-i-days from the Good the Bad, and the gee-e-ky show.

Either go into opening number or the GBG background tracks and improv introduction

### **INFORMATION SKETCH**

Person 1:               What is up with that dweeboid in the bowtie?

Person 2:               Whatever he is, whatever he's doing... heh. Watch this. (sfx of him walking and then: ) So what are you supposed to be? Mall information?

INFO:                   Good morning.

Person 2:               Good morning? Like-

INFO:                   Good morning.

Person 2:               *Uh*, Good morning.

INFO:                   Right. Can I help you?

Person 2:               Yes. That girl's face my d\*\*k.

INFO:                   No, I said can I help you?

Person 2:               Well the Mall's main desks are at the entrances. What are you supposed to be then, exactly?

INFO:                   I'm information.

Person 2:               Oh, then i'd like some information, please.

INFO:                   Yes.

Person 2:               Well?

INFO:                   Well what?

Person 2:               I'd like some information, please.

INFO:                   Yes. What information would you like?

Person 1:               (under his breath) ahem! What's taking so long?

Person 2:               Don't rush me. (beat) Well I don't know. Well what 'ave you got?

INFO:                   I beg your pardon?

Person 1 coughs.

Person 2:               I got it! I said, "What information have you got?"

INFO:                   Well, we have all sorts.

Person 2:           Such as?

INFO:               Such as ... the average weight of a rabbit.

Person 1:           Well I never knew that.

INFO:               What?

Person 1:           I never knew rabbits had an average weight.

Person 2:           neither did I.

INFO:               Oh yes.

Person 1:           Hm. Okay, so, have you got any other  
information?

INFO:               Of course. But you've got to ask me questions,  
you see.

Person 2:           And you'll tell us the answers ... ?

INFO:               That's right.

Person 1:           ... if I ask the questions. Right. Hm. Okay  
well...

Person 2:           -I have it.

Person 1:           Okay?

INFO:               Yes?

Person 2:           What's the name of the man who taught us  
Geography at school?

INFO:               I'm afraid that's hardly the kind of thing ...

Person 1 & 2:       Aha!

INFO:               Tscch. Alright. His name was Mark Brown.

Person 2:           (beat) That's right.

Person 1:           How did-

INFO:               Skippy-Dippy-doo, you used to call him for his  
odd speaking pattern that of Scooby-Doo the animated canine.

Person 2:           Skippy-Dippy-doo.

Person 1: -Where are you?

INFO: 323 East Main Street, Columbus, Ohio. Four paces to the left tree stump. His wife gives him flowers every third Thursday of the month.

Person 2: Wait, what? Flowers? That means he's dead?

INFO: I'm afraid so. Doctors suspected a heart attack of natural causes, but there are no real natural causes, something causes something to stop working correctly. For Ol' Skippy-Dippy-Doo it was a large cheeseburger from Red Robin he ate nearly four hours before the time of death, causing a glob of cholesterol to clog his heart at 8:43 PM on July 23, 2009. He was 62.

Person 1: He's dead? He's dead... Oh man.

Person 2: (beat) Okay well anyway. Now, there was a guy in our class - ut, what was his name ...

INFO: Allen, Ammon, Anders, Archey, Beatty, Bichler, Bogenrife, Breckenridge, Brotherton, Bruce, Callison, Campbell, Noah and Jaime, Casto and Cazan-

Person 2: Cazan! That's it, that's it. Ned Cazan. Jesus, he used to drive old Skippy-Dippy-doo up the wall. D'you know what he used to do?

INFO: Yes.

Person 2: (ahems) Oh. I wonder what happened to him?

INFO: He married a girl called Susan Trite, and they now live in Solon, near Cleveland.

Person 2: I don't think I ever met her.

INFO: Yes you did. October the thirtieth, 2004, it was a Saturday, and your college roommate invited you and your high school friends to a Halloween party. You dressed as cartman. You talked to her about south park for twenty-nine minutes, before getting her a beer. Upon her return with the beverage of her choice, she told you about the Black Eyed Peas. You were in love with her until her boyfriend showed up.

Person 2: Pfft. Okay, Well what's the meaning of life?

Person 1: Ha! Yes!

INFO: 42.

Person 1: 42.

Person 2: 42?

INFO: Yes, 42.

Person 2: Whatever.

Person 1: Okay, I have one. Why do nice guys finish last?

INFO: I don't know if I should answer that.

Person 1: Are you saying that because you can't?

INFO: No I'm saying-

Person 1: Or saying because you won't! Ha! Some 'information' you are you-

INFO: There are multiple reasons why nice guys finish last. The ability to look past the concept of money and looks, not asking for help, sharing too much too early, buying attention, looking for approval or permission or in some people's cases, just puking on them!

Person 2: (laughs) you totally did that! Oh man, that was totally awesome.

Person 1: Stop that! That wasn't funny.

INFO: I am sorry sir, you did request that information.

Person 2: That is too rich. This guy gets dumped by his girlfriend when he purposes and then the first time he gets the kahonas to ask a chick out on a date, he spews on them!

INFO: I know.

Person 1: Hm. You've got quite a lot of information, then?

INFO: We do try to provide a service. Anything else?

Person 1: Yes please. Can you tell me ... (beat)

INFO: Yes?

Person 1: Can you tell me how to be happy?

Person 2: What?

INFO: How to be happy?

Person 1:               How to be happy.

Person 2:               Let's go, you don't have to ask this-

Person 1:               Yes I do. It's been a shit year, and I just  
need... to know. So information, how can *I* be happy? What do I need  
to do to be happy in this god forsaken world?

INFO:                   I'm afraid to say that information may be  
restricted.

Person 1:               Oh. You do have it, though?

INFO:                   Oh yes.

Person 1:               But it's restricted.

INFO:                   I'm afraid so. Sorry.

Person 1:               Contented?

INFO:                   Yes thank you.

Person1:                No, do you feature any information on how to be  
contented?

INFO:                   Oh I see. Yes, we've got information on that.

Person 1:               (beat) Can I have it?

INFO:                   I'm afraid it's a secret.

Person 1:               Please.

INFO:                   Alright. The secret of contentment is ...

Person 1:               Yes?

INFO:                   Don't ask questions.

**CREEPY CLERK 2: Christmas Boogaloo**

CAST:

Customer: NATHAN HALEY

Creepy Guy: JON BETTIN

Oingo: NICK NITRO

*bell from door rings, footsteps SFX then:*

CUSTOMER: Hello?

CREEPY GUY: Why hello there.

CUSTOMER: uh.. hi.

CREEPY GUY: how is it I can help you today at Toys R Us the hap-hap-happiest toy store 30 miles south of parma?

CUSTOMER: listen, I know it's christmas eve, and you guys are about to close but, hand to god, I desperately need the hot new toy that's out. I've been out of town for work and barely been home and now I'm going home for christmas and please... I just need the hottest new thing out now: the double punch buzzard 3010 action figure. You know, a toy.

CREEPY GUY: a toy.

CUSTOMER: Yes.

CREEPY GUY: a toy?

CUSTOMER: Yah.

CREEPY GUY: A toy?

CUSTOMER: Yes.

CREEPY GUY: A toy?!

CUSTOMER: Yes, I'd like to buy a toy. In a toy store.

CREEPY GUY: the one with the life-like twirly cape?

CUSTOMER: I- I don't know, I guess I figured there was only one double punch buzzard 3010 action figure toy.

CREEPY GUY: That is one of our hot ticket items, sir. (looks back and screams in an almost different voice) *OINGO!!!!!!!!!!*

CUSTOMER: Uh- yes, uh- (beat) I figured! Everyone, parents and kids alike have been talking about it. So I'd like one please.



CREEPY GUY: Beg your pardon?

CUSTOMER: I'd like the toy I just asked you about.

CREEPY GUY: I'm sorry?

CUSTOMER: The double punch buzzard 3010.

CREEPY GUY: with or without the life-like twirly cape? (screams again as before) *OINGO!!!*

CUSTOMER: What?! Okay, look I just-

CREEPY GUY: Okay, hm. Let me ask you the different question again but in a same way. Who is this toy for?

CUSTOMER: My son, it's his Christmas gift. I thought I said that.

CREEPY GUY: Opal Fruits?

CUSTOMER: What? You mean Starbursts?

CREEPY GUY: Yes, starbursts. would you like some starbursts, sir?

CUSTOMER: Uh, sure, I guess. I am rather hungry. Drove here from work and all, no dinner.

CREEPY GUY: Excellent sir.

We hear shuffling around.

CUSTOMER: Wait, what are you- where are you going?

CREEPY GUY: Well we are out of starbursts. I was on my way to the drug store across the street.

CUSTOMER: Wait, no need to do that. I just- I just came in here to get a toy for my son.

CREEPY GUY: We do have a lot of toys. We're Toys R Us.

CUSTOMER: Right, I know, I just wanted to get him his toy and go.

CREEPY GUY: Are you sure? Because your state of sureness doesn't seem so sure as it was a few moments ago.

CUSTOMER: I just thought you meant, you had some candy on you.

CREEPY GUY: On me? Oh no. (starts feeling around) Let me assure you I don't have any on me.

CUSTOMER: Look, I just want a toy for my son's Christmas gift, okay? And it's the double punch Buzzard 3010 action figure. Kapeesh-

OINGO grunts.

CREEPY GUY: Oh hello Oingo. Sir, may I present to you my co-worker Oingo. (beat) He works here.

CUSTOMER: Right, I get that.

CREEPY GUY: So, what is it you want again?

CUSTOMER: (calm but frustrated) I want the double punch Buzzard 3010 action figure.

CREEPY GUY: With the like-like twisty-twirly cape?

OINGO: TWIST TURL CAP!

CUSTOMER: Yes! Yes! The double punch Buzzard 3010 action figure with life-like twisty twirly cape!

CREEPY GUY: That is a fine toy.

CUSTOMER: Well I'd like that, please.

CREEPY GUY: Oh I'm sorry, we don't have that, sir.

OINGO: WE OUT.

CUSTOMER: Can't you, I don't know, just go in the back and check!?

CREEPY GUY: Check where, sir?

CUSTOMER: The back.

CREEPY GUY: Back where?

CUSTOMER: The back! The Back!

OINGO: OINGO NO GO BACK! OINGO FEEL TEARS! OINGO HURT PUPPY!

CUSTOMER: No not-

CREEPY GUY: You want me to go take Oingo back? Are you just plain stupid or just deaf? We can't take him back!

CUSTOMER: (glib) *the back.*

CREEPY GUY: Oh dear, Oingo, it seems he is genuinely stupid. I'm sorry, I thought you were just being deaf. I am so sorry, life must be hard enough for stupid people like yourself with out crazy stoners asking you for your money back.

OINGO: WEED.

CUSTOMER: (calmly furious) Now look you f\*\*kwits, I am talking about the back as in the back of your store, as in the back of this establishment known as Toys R Us where as you woefully pointed out to me only a matter of minutes ago, was where you both work. Okay? So can you *please* check in the *back* of your *store*.

CREEPY GUY: sir, the back is not some magical place where fairies and elves dwell, upon which going back these so called -beings don't give us the magical item in question. It's a storage room.

CUSTOMER: I don't care what the hell it is, I just want you to go and check the back out, okay?

CREEPY GUY: You heard him, Oingo.

OINGO: OINGO SAD!

CUSTOMER: Hey! Stop that! What are you (sounds of struggle) what are you doing!?

OINGO: CHECK BACK!

CUSTOMER: No! Not my back, you idiot, ! The back of your work! Your storage room! Stop manhandling me, and DO YOU FRIGGIN JOB YOU BUNCH OF- OF- OF- (beat) -GOOBERS!

OINGO: GOOBERS!

CUSTOMER: And that doesn't mean I want to eat goobers!

CREEPY GUY: Never in my life has oingo killed a moose with a spoon.

CUSTOMER: Go into the back of your storage room with toys not on the store floor and see if you have that toy.

CREEPY GUY: Ever the man of affairs, you have reminded us all, all of our duty.

OINGO: OINGO SAD.

CREEPY GUY: What flavor of action figure?

CUSTOMER : (grunts in anger)

CREEPY GUY: Just a little joke. You'll humor a dying man?

CUSTOMER: Please... just... check the back of your store. This will destroy my son's Christmas if I don't get this toy.

CREEPY GUY: Very well. Oingo!

OINGO: Oingo here.

CREEPY GUY: Oingo, yes. I need you to check for me, in the back for- what was it again sir?

CUSTOMER: Oh thank you... Thank you! It was a double punch Buzzard 3010 action figure with life-like twisty twirl cape.

OINGO: OINGO WILL CHECK!

CREEPY GUY: Actually Oingo, stop, no need to.

CUSTOMER: stop? No, no , no! Why!? Why Stop!?

CREEPY GUY: We sold out of that toy about three mintues ago and our magical elf who could create the toy for you in the back room has left for the day due to a cold. Was there anything else I can assist you with?

(END.)

### iKill Sketch

Joe:

hey, have you ever been bashing someone's skull in with a brick and thought, oh man there HAS to be a better way!!

Customer:

I do that ALL the time!

Joe:

You do? Well there is!

Customer:

There is? You got to tell me how!

Joe:

You can with the new iKill!

Customer:

iKill? What is it?

Joe:

Well to help us out, let's introduce our good friend and CEO and Spokesman of Apple, Steve Jobs. Steve?

Steve Jobs:

Thanks Joe. Hi, I'm Steve Jobs. You prolly know me from wearing a lot of black long sleeved, did I say black-turtleneck shirts. And also respnding to the question over our iPhone OS4 system with "well don't hold it like that." I'm here today to talk to you about a new and exciting prospect for the future of Apple and our consumers. Recently we've conquered the technology for smartphones and 'digital walkmans'. But recently we've seen an untapped market, one that is slowly growing through the United States and also the rest of the world.

Joe:

And what's that?

Steve Job:

I'm glad you asked, Joe. You see, sometimes people get really angry with each other and the best way to get rid of that stress is to just pick something up and bash their head in.

Joe:

You bet, Steve!

Steve Jobs:

But did you know these same people are also enviromentally consious about what's going on in today's society?

Joe:

Is that really true?

Customer:

I know it is for me! I'm eco-friendly!

Steve Jobs:

Right! That is why we here at apple have taken our back log of old models of iPods, you know, the ones that look like a brick but are actually heavier?!

Customer:

Wow, you mean those old big thick blocks of ipods?

Steve Job:

That's the one! Now you can use this to pound somebody's skull in!

Joe:

But wait, Steve, there's more!

Steve Jobs:

You're right joe! Not only is our new product, 'the iKill' eco-friendly and great for skull-bashing and bludending people to death with; it also acts as an mp3 player to listen to your favorite audio book,band or podcast! So if you're a murderer on the go-

Joe:

Or just a guy who likes to beat people to death in time to the theme of Chariots of Fire!

Steve Jobs:

(fake laughing) I'm more of a Lucky Star by Madonna guy myself!

Joe:

Oo, brutal!

Steve Job:

I know, right! Well, you can get our new iKill for \$199.99 and if you act now, you can get this booklet on "how to kill the iKill way for free" at no extra cost!

Customer:

I don't know. Could I just play music really loud and kill someone with my brick?

Steve Job:

Yes but hey Joe! Did you know you could also throw the iKill?

Customer:

I didn't know that You can throw it? Wow.

Joe:

That's right, Steve. You can throw it! Don't you hate it how heavy bricks are? It's hard to use good form and to throw it properly to do enough damage to kill your enemy or victim!

Customer:

I have that problem all the time!

Steve Job:

Which is what makes the iKill even better! Look at how great the iKill is when you throw it! Stand still, joe!

Joe:

Ut oh! I feel an iKill coming on- (brutual SFX of Joe getting hit with the iKill)

Customer:

If I get the iKill, I can kill more people every day!"

Ends with cheesy song ending

SPECIAL GUEST STAR: as a member of PBS on WOSU, We do greatly appreciate your donations. We now return you to "COLUMBUS OHIO COMMUNITY THEATER PRESENTS: STAR WARS EPISODE IV A NEW HOPE"

NARRATOR: ACT FIVE SCENE 4, IN WHERE OUR HEROES ARE ON THE RUN WHILE BEN 'OBI-WAN' KENOBI SEARCHES FOR THE DARK LORD OF THE SITH

(We hear the obvious and signature breathing, or an impression of it. It sounds definitely like community theater.)

VADER: I've been waiting for you, Obi-Wan. We meet again, at last. The circle is now complete.

(we hear sound the ignition of badly timed lightsaber sfx

VADER: When I left you, I was but the learner; now I am the master.

BEN: Only a master of evil, Darth.

We hear the clinks of obvious fake swords and the not quick follow up of the sound effects of the lightsabers. Their lightsabers continue to meet in combat with the delayed effects and the plastic clicks and klaks, until finally, we hear:

LUKE: Look!

THREEPIO: Come on, Artoo, we're going!

HAN: Now's our chance! Go!

LUKE: Wait... BEN!!!!

VADER: Once I strike you down, the boy is next. Your powers are weak, old man.

BEN: You can't win, Darth. If you strike me down, I shall become more powerful than you can possibly imagine----- OWWWWW!!!!

We hear a swing and then someone falling, wrything in pain.

LUKE: Noooooooooo! (the no dies down as Obi-wan is still saying owww.)

VADER: Uh...

BEN: Ow! You jerk! You frickin' jerk!! Why are you such a jerk! That really hurt!

VADER: (whispers, breaking character) you were supposed to fall down the trap door before I hit you, like during rehearsals!

BEN: I was supposed to become ONE WITH THE FORCE!!!!



VADER: You're method aren't you. Ye-e-ah. You are.

BEN: THE FORCE!!! Why did you have to hit me so hard!

VADER: Ah-HA! Looks like the power of the darkside is more powerful, then, uh, you can imagine!

BEN: This isn't funny anymore. Don't try to roll with the punch you twit! You could of really hurt me. I think... Oh god, I think you broke my arm.

VADER: (breaking character) Oh my god, your arm?

BEN: Oh shut the h\*\*\* up. (kicks something) Oh my arm. Ohhhhh my arm. (moaning in pain.)

DIRECTOR: Get him off center stage!

BEN: The center stage is where I am! I am the center stage! Me! Me! I!!!

VADER: Why didn't you activate the trap door?

BEN: Screw the trap door! I don't need to escape, I am a jedi master! I defeated you years ago! I AM THE JEDI MASTER!

VADER: uh... you're not really a jedi. This is a play!

BEN: Do you know who I am? I am Obi-Won Kenobi, Jedi Knight and well known actor! You know that I played Macbeth in the David Center and Rife Center? To packed houses? I am the true master, and you played dirty, you played cruel!

VADER: Cruel? I played cruel? I'm the dark lord of the sith. Of course I play dirty. I mean jeesh.

BEN: I was a proud jedi like my master before me! ::begins to cry::

LUKE: Oh great now you made him cry.

We can hear the crowd murmur.

VADER: Listen, don't cry... uh, okay, look here I-

We hear a ruckus and some people gasp and back away as BEN screams triumphantly.

BEN: Ha !!! Ha!! Who is the jedi master now, beyotch!

VADER: you stabbed... me?!

BEN: dark side my @\$\$..

VADER: Hey! Dill hole why did you stab me?! OMG you stabbed me.  
Oh god...

VADER begins to gasp.

LUKE: jesus why did you stab him?

BEN: Cos he is Darth Vader the dark-

(We hear Vader's groaning in pain.)

VADER: I am not Darth Vader alright? I am Donald Michaelson, I am  
an actor who moved here from Damuth Iowa.

BEN: You are?

VADER: Yes, I am, and you stabbed me!

BEN: (childishly) But you hit my arm! It really really hurt! It  
uh...

LUKE: just because someone hurts you doesn't mean that you can  
hurt them back.

BEN: It's not fair then.

LUKE: Life isn't fair!

BEN: You know what? Forget both of you. You are a bunch of  
weenies! Weenies!

LUKE: I am not the one who is the weenie, YOU are the weenie,  
weenie!

(We hear more gasping SFX from vader off-panel, as Ben and Luke  
continue to parry and thrust verbally, fading off into the  
distance. )

( IN THE BG:

VADER: Somebody... please god... help...me... I think I might be bleeding  
to death...

VADER: Wait, I think I am near a cell phone... I'm... hello? Police?  
Yes, I was... stabbed. In the stomach. No, I was not stabbed with-  
I was stabbed with a knife, why do you think I would be stabbed?  
I am in the local glenbank theater... Yes, we did serpico. No, I  
don't think my performance would cause me to get stabbed, wait,  
wait, hello? No! Don't hang-up! ::growls in pain::

VADER: The director left, and now the lights are off. That doesn't make any sense. Hello? Anyone there? This sketch doesn't make any sense?

We hear people walking away SFX: and then finally clicks of lights going off.

VADER: Hospital? Someone going to the hospital? Don't just leave me here. Hello? Oh... What am I supposed to do here? I need help... please help me. I just.. oh god, I don't think they know how to end the sketch....

We hear silence a bit.

*NICK, JON and NATHAN come back and start to introduce the next bit. In the background, VADER continues with little pieces of begging for help as we introduce the next segment...*

VADER: Hello? Is anyone there? I can hear you. I'm in a lot of pain. Would someone please end the sketch properly so I can be taken to the hospital? Please? Oh god I see a curtain closing. And it's coming right for me. This is it. I'm done for. It's over! Rosebud! Oh wait... wait. That's fabric. It's an actual curtain. Oh thank god. Wait. I'm still dying.

### **O HOLY NIGHT**

Improv opening featuring Nick feeling uneasy about singing because of Snuggle-bunny F-tard as the intro so Jon or Nathan agrees to do so, saying there is no issue, etc

When he sings the song, snuggle bunny does appear (voiced by Jon) and unlike with nick, isn't malicious but wants to sing with his cat chorus, (made up of Nick Nate and Jon) and we perform O Holy Night in harmony with Jon singing lead.)

## **Information For Song Introductions, etc**

*Beatnik Turtle:*

**Song:** Ms. Nutcracker-Sweet

**From the Album:** "[TheSongOfTheDay.com -- December](http://TheSongOfTheDay.com)" available at [CDBaby](http://CDBaby.com), [iTunes](http://iTunes.com) and other finer digital retailers :)

**Website:** <http://TheSongOfTheDay.com> and <http://BeatnikTurtle.com>

Listeners may also be interested in our Un-Holiday album "[Santa Doesn't Like You](http://CDBaby.com)" also available at CDBaby, iTunes, etc.

*2 Drunks and A Guitar*

**Song:** Christmas is Over

**Website:** ReverbNation

here's the link <http://www.reverbNation.com/2drunksandaguitar>

*Nick Z*

**Song:** Jingle Bell Rock

**Website:** [www.nickzmusic.com](http://www.nickzmusic.com)

*Jon Bettin*

Can do his own intro

*Finale (Wonderful Christmas Time)*

Wish everyone a merry Christmas, and a happy new year, thank Nick Z, Beatnik Turtle, 2 Drunks and a Guitar, etc for doing the show, etc.

Narrator: Ladies and gentlemen: the creator of Clone High U.S.A. and Nobody's Watching, Mr. Bill Lawrence.

BL: Hello, like the voice guy said, I'm Bill Lawrence. You might not of known this, but at the *Cougar Town* production offices, we get tons of letters on the show, and most are about my boyish good looks. Like this letter from Tara Cherry in Why, Arizona. She writes: *"Dear Mr. Larwence. I saw the Cougar Town Pilot. I dug your boyish good looks. Chapstick makes me cry and I have a cactus named Duke. My neighbor has one named Steve. I didn't name the cactus Duke, but be careful, Duke can grab you. Sincerely, Miss Cherry."* Well Miss Cherry, you're in luck. Nick Nitro, Jon and that other guy have produced this Christmas podcast full of adventure, vomit, singing cats and apple products, and contains someone getting killed... for really no good reason. So let's start the show. But first. I need some wine. (beat) There we go. And now... the podcast thing-a-mahjig.

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BL: Yeah. Hey. Uh, I'm back. You know, now might be a good time to tell you about wine. I like wine. A lot of people I know like wine. Heck, Jesus liked wine. And he's Jesus. And not Jésus, (*pronounced Hay-Seuss*) the guy at my house built and paid for by all the money I get from the [*scrubs*] DVDS but you know, *THE* Jesus. So, about wine. Did you know that there are over 400 species of oak and and only 20 are used in making oak barrels. Now get this: only 5% of those barrels can be used to store wine. The average age of a french oak tree harvested for making a wine barrel is over-

Jon: Uh, Bill, we're ready for the next sketch.

BL: (whiny) No, I'm not done talking about wine. I wanna talk to them about how I like to drink it. After the barrels.

Jon: I'm sorry but we gotta get going.

BL: Dammit. You know what? Screw it, I'm gonna keep going. So, those barrels are over 170 years! Another neat fact-

(we air the next sketch)

BL: --and that is why wine is f\*\*king great. Wait, were we off-air that whole time?

Jon: We weren't off-air. You were off-air that whole time.

Nick: Sorry we had another sketch to do.

BL: Okay, that's it. Let's say this on the record: The only reason why I'm doing this, is because I said I would and didn't think they'd actually take me up on my kind offer, and because I

could plug whatever I wanted to. So (\_\_\_\_insert own plug stuff here.) Okay. I'm done. I can take the wine, right? (beat) Damn right I can.