

A White Christmas Carol
Murdoch Murdoch
Written by Anonymous

**(PREVIOUSLY ON MURDOCH MURDOCH APPEARS ON SCREEN WITH BLACK
BACKGROUND)**
(Loud theatrical thud sound)

A short fast montage of previous high energy Murdoch Murdoch Episodes flashes on screen.
Murdoch Flying around killing Zucc, The Ghost of Pierce, Fighting with Paul Joseph Watson,
Murdoch wearing his nazi cape, etc. Various other Iconic Clips of supreme basedness. etc.

SLOW FADE OUT

(4 YEARS LATER APPEARS ON SCREEN WITH BLACK BACKGROUND)
(Loud theatrical thud sound)

ACT 1

SCENE 1

INTRO SETTING :

DAYTIME Outside view of Murdoch house, snow
falling, Christmas lights strung up.
Christmas music faintly playing

AT RISE:

Murdoch sits in his computer chair scrolling /pol/ with a sad
look on his face . He scrolls through 40 sign tapping memes
And multiple identical threads with indian, kike, and meme flags.
Christmas lights are strung inside and a Christmas Tree is in the corner

He mumbles to himself inaudibly while scrolling the website.
The door flies open, revealing Murdoch Chan (very pregnant)
She is pushing a stroller with four toddlers in it, Two boys and
Two identical Girls, all looking like Murdoch and Chan respectively

ENTER CHAN

CHAN

(exasperated)

What are you even doing Murdoch?

MURDOCH

(Monotone voice while absent mindedly clicking at the computer browsing /pol/)

I just don't get it anymore Chan... It all seems so pozzed and fake and gay. The whole Ukraine war is so confusing. FUCKING Volodymyr Zelenskyy?? I just can't even tell who are the nazis or the kikes anymore. AND THEN, the Jews are genociding Palestine which is actually kind-of based when you think about it.. Who do I even hate anymore? And what's with all these slide thread Simpsons sign tapping memes? It's worse than Sneed Posting. It's all so pointless. AND Trump's totally back and it's like nobody even cares anymore! He's gonna invade Canada and Greenland, and everybody's like "big fucking deal"and..

CHAN

(interrupting, very annoyed)

I literally don't give a DAMN Murdoch! You've spent the last four years DOING NOTHING but scrolling that fucking Mongolian Basket weaving forum, and what has it accomplished? **You don't even make the show anymore!** You're a **FATHER** now Murdoch, and it's *Christmas Eve*! AND aren't you going to be late for your 3 hour split shift at Kike-Mart?

(Chan glances at the clock and then the empty beers on Murdoch's computer desk)

ANNNND You're DAY DRINKING! ... again.. ... (scoffs) L-o-l, lmao even

MURDOCH

(whining faggotly)

I swear it's been only three years. ALSO, YEAH it's Christmas EVE ! SO Yes I'm day drinking and....

(a few children begin getting out of the stroller and wreaking havoc in the room)

CHAN

(cutting him off yelling)

YOU STILL NEED TO GO TO WORK. YOU'RE FOCUSING ON THE WRONG "ISM"
MURDOCH!

(Chan takes a deep breath, NOW VERY ANGRY)

I'M GOING TO SPEND CHRISTMAS EVE WITH MY 5 WHITE CHILDREN AND MY VERY WHITE GRAND-MOTHER! I really hope you can get your SHIT TOGETHER MURDOCH!
(LOUDER) You don't even do ANYTHING to save the white race anymore!

(Chan mutters under breath angrily)

"Barely even *me* anymore..."

MURDOCH

(Looks at Chan and then back at his screen repeatedly flabbergasted; his manhood challenged)

CHAN! I DO *YOU* LIKE, ALL *THE* TIME! Don't talk like *that*.

(he takes a deep breath, trying to be calm but remaining his timid and faggoty self, finally looks back at a silent Chan)

And, I'm going to fuckin Kike-Mart in 15 minutes!
... I don't like it any more than You do!

(Murdoch still browses /pol/ but glances to see a growing stern silence from Chan, the remaining children begin to climb out of the stroller and run around while Chan stays motionless)

You KNOW this is the only job I can get since Jewtube cancelled my t-shirt money stream and I refused to get the Jew-Juice injection. ... For you and our family, of course..!

(Murdoch glances back quickly seeing only more stiffening complete silence from Chan)

(relenting, Murdoch says in his most pathetic faggoty puppydog voice..)

God Chan, you don't need to be so aggressive...!
..And you're leaving? So what then ?? I'm gonna just be alone for Christmas.. ??

(Murdoch barely looks away from his computer screen, still on /pol/)

CHAN

(pauses, finally scoffs, then softening slightly, approaching Murdoch at his computer)

....You don't *have* to be *alone*.... And I'm only gone tonight, I'll be back in the morning. I still love you and I don't want you to inflate this to some sort of big Christmas abandonment issue...

(Chan sighs, putting a hand on Murdoch's shoulder)

Why don't you try to go hang out with Dr Murdoch after work?

MURDOCH

(chokes and mumbles like a salty child)

Dr Murdoch doesn't even have any time for me since he moved to Texas and founded that stupid Startup funded by that anonymous donor.. (grumbles) I can't even get him to answer my email-....

CHAN

(Interrupting, more sternly)

At least Dr Murdoch is doing SOMETHING! **He still CARES about the White Race!**
I'm honestly TIRED of your excuses my "HUSBAND"

(Murdoch is motionless, staring blankly at /pol/, tension rises)

(Chan Sighs, softening again, as does the music)

OK I'm SORRY. I'm leaving for my grandmothers and you need to go to work and that's that. It's Christmas, and it sucks, Ok? This whole timeline sucks. Kike-Mart as it is, Christmas as it is... You have to go.. I have to go.... That's Life, Murdoch. You can't be a NEET with five white children, you know that...

(uplifting music, Chan comforts Murdoch with a hand on the shoulder again)

(Chan finishes gathering the children to leave, who at this point have been running wildly around the room and have broken things left right and center)

(Murdoch sits motionless, staring at the wall beyond his computer screen)

MURDOCH

(Murdoch looks left and right at the chaos of his life and is also triggered autistically by being told to go to do something he was definitely already going to anyway from a female authority figure (despite her gentleness), he glances back at the clock and something visibly snaps inside him)

(Record screech sound. Murdoch's mind breaks. He then yells with complete anger)

I AM!! I AM GOING TO GO ON TIME TO GOD DAMN MOTHERFUCKING KIKE MART.
OKAY?!

(children begin crying)

AND *Also*, what GRAND- Mother? Didn't you tell me you were an orphan raised by an SS Officer you got dropped on the doorstep of?

CHAN

(half scream sighs, SCOFFS AGAIN, then half yelling, putting her last child in the stroller)

WELL YOU CLEARLY DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT ME YET, MISTER MURDOCH!
You need to get your "ISM"s in Order! I'll SEE YOU TOMORROW, MAYBE!

(CHAN SLAMS DOOR)

EXIT CHAN AND MURDOCH CHILDREN

MURDOCH

(mumbling to himself)

“ISMS” in order... OKAY Chan.... (grumbles)

(Murdoch sighs and picks up his KIKE-MART jacket and turns computer off which still showing /pol/, and walks for the door, slamming it behind him)

EXIT MURDOCH, SCENE END

ACT 1

SCENE 2

INTRO SETTING :

EVENING. Outside view of Kike-MART, snow falling, Christmas lights strung up. Bustling crowds of niggers and indians in the background, annoying Christmas music faintly playing

AT RISE:

Murdoch is stocking freezer shelves with boxes marked “GOY SLOP”. Faint christmas Music plays in the background
People bustle around wearing Christmas hats.

ENTER ANITA SARKEESIAN WEARING A KIKE-MART JACKET WITH NAME TAG SAYING “MANAGER”. IN HER ARMS, an ORANGE CAT

ANITA

(extremely bitchy)

MURDOCH, This is your LAST WARNING! You were 17 seconds late for your 3 hour shift, How do you feel this reflects upon KIKE-MART? Seriously? You’re PATHETIC. I AM A TEAM BUILDER! What Team are you on, Mr. “Murdoch”?

(Strokes her cat, it purrs)

MURDOCH

(begging)

Mistress Sarkeesian. I implore you. It’s Christmas! I’m sorry, okay? My wife is mad at me and just left with our 4.5 kids for a mysterious Grand-Mother I’ve never heard of, I can’t seem to do anything right anymore. Can you just give me a break?

ANITA

(walking away)

NO!

EXIT ANITA

MURDOCH

(sighs, and under his breath)

Fuckin jewish vidya cucking bitch..... (mumbles)

(continues stocking GOY SLOP in freezer)

SCENE END

ACT 1
SCENE 3

INTRO SETTING :

NIGHT TIME

Murdoch house ,
outside shot, snow still falling,

AT RISE:

Murdoch is alone in bed, twisting and turning back and forth
with anxiety. Christmas lights still glow around him.

MURDOCH

(in his stressful half sleep, tossing and turning)

ISMS... Isms in order..... ISMS in order.... Have to get my ISMS in order.....

(mumbling and thrashing under his blankets)

(A quiet clanking of chains is heard, Murdoch half opens his eyes to see what's going on)

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN LOUDLY. **ENTER WILLIAM HYDE PIERCE** in
GHOST FORM wearing Chains around his body, clanking loudly into the room

PIERCE

(loudly in ghostly voice)

Murdoch... MURDOCH! Wake up, Faggot!

MURDOCH

(half asleep)

Pierce...? Why are you in my bedroom? Aren't you dead? What's with the chains?

PIERCE

YES YOU GASSED ME YOU INSOLENT BASTARD. But, that's besides the point. I'm HERE TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!

MURDOCH

(still half asleep)

Wuh... What? What do you need to tell me now Pierce? I'm having a kind-of bad day and I'd prefer if you kindly just fucked off.

PIERCE

(annoyed)

I AM FUCKING OFF! But tonight you will be visited by THREE GHOSTS. THE GHOSTS OF DEAD MEMES PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE. They have a special Christmas Message for you. You'd Better BE READY. (chains chank)

MURDOCH

(sighs and turns over)

Yeah yea fine whatever. Get out of my bedroom Pierce I'm trying to sleep...!

PIERCE

(ghostly voice while fading into the wall)

Be.... ready.....

.....READY (spooky)

(Chains Clank)

(EXIT PIERCE)

MURDOCH

(groans) ...Man could this day get any worse... (pulls blanket over head)

(MURDOCH attempts to go back to sleep)

FADE OUT
ACT END. SCENE END

ACT 2
SCENE 1

(Sub Caption: Austin, Texas, Present Day)

INTRO SETTING : NIGHT TIME Outside view of a Hospital-type building
Bordered by two buildings side to side. On the right side the building's sign
Says "**Neuralink**", and on the left side the building says "**The Boring Company**"
The Building's sign in the center reads "**The Murdoch Institute for Anti-Vaccine
Research**" (MIAVR) The camera focuses on the sign and pans in the window. Christmas
lights blink.
A truck resembling a cement mixer pulls up with the word "ZYKLON" written on it's tank

AT RISE: INSIDE, Dr Murdoch is alone in his lab stocking freezer shelves
with boxes marked "ZYKLON". He is wearing a lab coat.
Blinking lights and computers are all around, giving a very
SCI-FI (even star treky) vibe. He is humming
the tune of "We Three Kings" cheerfully.
The camera pans to a framed photo of Chan,
Murdoch, and Dr Murdoch on the wall He then turns to his microscope,
and begins to speak to himself quietly

DR MURDOCH

(looking into microscope, speaking to himself with conviction)

I really feel that I'm almost there.

4 years of tireless research and I'm on the cusp of discovering a ***CURE FOR THE VACCINE!!***

.... Heh, Me! Dr. Murdoch! Saviour of Humanity Itself!

(scoffs and laughs to himself looking into the microscope)

Who'd have thunk it? (laughs) I'm Practically Jesus! Science Jesus! HA!

(pauses and looks at the nativity scene with christmas lights in the corner, nervously realizing his casual blasphemy)

Ooops.. Yea . Uh .. peace be upon him. heh.

(a scientific alarm goes off)

(Dr Murdoch quickly moves toward a computer and stares into a original star trek science viewer device similar to that SPOCK used)

(he still speaks to himself, scientific microscopic things explode and coalesce inside his VIEWER)

YES! YES! I'm almost certain that through an countermanded CRISPR quantum computer encrypted reduction, coupled with a double negated DNA chat-gpt powered genetic code phonetic inversion, I can alter the fundamental chemical and ontological structural code of the Jewish Spike Protein to REVERSE it's genocidal effects on the White Race!

.....It's all finally so simple to me!

My work is almost complete. I just still need a valid human test subject...

(DOOR SWINGS OPEN LOUDLY)

ENTER JOE ROGAN AND ROBERT F KENNEDY JR. DRAGGING HOODED MAN

JOE ROGAN

(rushes in first, shouting meat-headedly)

WE *FOUND* HIM, we got him *man*. We fucking *GOT* HIM. WE FUCKING GOT HIM, *MAN*!

DR MURDOCH

(excited)

WHO? Have you actually got *HIM*? *The* most important test subject our anonymous donor *demand*ed?

ROBERT

YES He's HERE!! We *GOT* HIM - We had to raze Little Saint James Island, but we got him!

(gruffly pushing the Hooded Man into the room)

You ready for your ouchy, Motherfucker?

(Robert muscularly drags the Hooded Man in with one arm with a smoke in his mouth, he pulls off the hood revealing **Anthony Fauci**)

ENTER FAUCI

DR MURDOCH

(looking at Fauci, absolutely exulted)

Well, this is most excellent. Get him onto the table. Now! Post haste! There is no time to waste!!

FAUCI

(whimpering, then yelling)

NOOOOOOOO!!! I AM THE HIGHEST PAID CIVIL SERVANT OF ALL! NOT EVEN JUJU CUM IS WORTH MORE THAN ME! NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

(JOE ROGAN and ROBERT move Fauci unto the examination table by force, and there there is an audible **Thud** as he slams down on the gurney)

(Dr. Murdoch goes to one of his machines and begins extracting a **science Goo** into a needle)

DR MURDOCH

I think we've all had enough of your lies, Tony. Sorry, Not sorry.

FAUCI

(screams cowardly, struggling as he is strapped to the table by JOE and ROBERT)

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DR MURDOCH

(prepares to inject Fauci with green mystery juice from a needle)

Stop squirming ! Now this won't hurt a bit...

SCENE END

ACT 2

SCENE 2

INTRO SETTING :

Back in Murdoch's Bed. He is Trying to sleep.

AT RISE:

Stefan Molyneux in **GHOST FORM** enters into Murdoch's Bedroom. Murdoch is still tossing and turning and mumbling to himself, half asleep in bed.

STEFAN

(calmly)

Wake up Murdoch. You need to Wake up.

MURDOCH

(rubs his eyes sleepily)

Stefan fucking Molyneux? Wuh.... wuh? What the hell are *you* doing in my bedroom? Don't you have a cancelled racist fake internet radio show to grift for shekels or something?

STEFAN

(scoffs)

I am the **Ghost of Dead Memes Past** and you *have to* come with me. I have something very important to show you.

(The screen goes blurry and MURDOCH and STEFAN are transported into Murdoch's living room back in 2015)

ENTER CHAN, PAST MURDOCH, DR MURDOCH, CURRENT MURDOCH, and STEFAN

(**PAST MURDOCH** is sitting at his computer working on animation for the jewtube channel. He looks very content. Pepe is framed on his desk. Dr Murdoch and Chan are laughing loudly while sitting on the couch watching TV, a Christmas Tree decorated with swastikas is in the corner. Warm and Comfy vibes.)

CURRENT MURDOCH

(excited and childlike)

Dr Murdoch! Murdoch Chan! I'm so happy to see you! Hey, It's my old computer! Woah. I'm here too! And it's Christmas... (confused) Again?

STEFAN

(monotone)

They Can't Hear You or See you, Murdoch Murdoch.
I've brought you here 10 years into the past because you have lost your **Faggot Spirit**.

CURRENT MURDOCH

(scoffs with indignant breathiness)

Impossible.

STEFAN

(loudly)

Just shut up and watch!

DR MURDOCH

(cheerfully)

Hey Murdoch, Chan and I are going to head to the store for some more spiked Eggnog. Do you need anything?

PAST MURDOCH

(thoughtfully)

Naah, thanks tho. I'm not drinking right now, way too busy working on my faggy little cartoons. They're definitely going to save the white race! I think I may personally meme Trump into the presidency with this one! I just need to do about 15 more hours of editing mouth movements.. AND I JUST GAINED LIKE, 40 SUBSCRIBERS IN THE LAST MONTH! And only TWO community strikes! I'm going totally VIRAL you guys!

DR MURDOCH

(chuckles)

Suit yourself.

(Aside, to CHAN)

He really is obsessed with that project. It's inspirational, really.

(Door slams and car speeds away)

EXIT CHAN AND DR MURDOCH

CURRENT MURDOCH

(chuckles and turns to Stefan)

I really was pretty dedicated back then, I guess. (looking away thoughtfully)

STEFAN

(softly and fatherly)

Can't you see how happy you looked, working on your passion?

(camera pans back to PAST MURDOCH working with video editing software)

MURDOCH

(looks around, his mood changing, clearly annoyed)

You know what...? FUCK YOU MOLY-NEUX! I don't need you to tell me that I'm an unproductive day drinker that works at KIKE-MART. I have a wife for that now. You know what? No! I don't wanna be here anymore. Put me back in my bed!

(camera cuts back to Stefan, staring blankly)

HARD CUT
SCENE END

ACT 2
SCENE 3

INTRO SETTING :

Inside Dr Murdoch's lab in Texas

AT RISE:

FAUCI is strapped to the table and Dr Murdoch is pondering
over his VIEWER.

JOE ROGAN and ROBERT F KENNEDY JR
are looking concerned, hovering over FAUCI

DR MURDOCH

(pensive, staring into his VIEWER)

There is something wrong..... Some variables that I'm not accounting for. Hmmm...

(grumbles)

FAUCI

(struggles, screams in pain)

WHY ARE YOU BASTARDS DOING THIS TO ME!! I AM THE SCIENCE, NOT YOU!

JOE ROGAN

(concerned)

Uh Dr Dude I think his arm is starting to rot off.
That shit does not look good *AT ALL*, man.

(FAUCI's arm turns green and falls off his body and onto the ground with a comical
squishy sound followed by a splat)

FAUCI

(continues to scream in pain)

You BASTARDS!!!! SCIENCE.....

(gasping in pain)

.... I AM SCIENCE

JOE ROGAN

(freaking out)

OK, LIKE, that is NOT cool man. Look at it, its like all fucking squishy and shit, that is *Fucking* gross, dude.

(Joe is kicking at the dissolving arm of Fauci on the lab floor)

DR MURDOCH

(exasperated, not yet looking up from his VIEWER)

Listen up here, Everyone RELAX! He still has three more limbs and a perfectly good torso.

(groans loudly and stands to face Joe)

Joe, I appreciate your help but I am doing **SCIENCE** here. There's a bowflex and some weed in the downstairs office, why don't you go down there and let me work for a while.

JOE ROGAN

(grumbles inaudibly)

EXIT JOE ROGAN

FAUCI

(beginning to pass out from pain)

Science..... Science!.....

DR MURDOCH

(sighs and shakes his head in indigent frustration and returns to staring into his VIEWER)

It's just not bioavailable enough.... HmMMM.... If it were only in another Form... *or State..*
hmMMM....

SCENE END

ACT 2

SCENE 4

INTRO SETTING :

Back in Murdoch's Bed. He is again Trying to sleep.

AT RISE:

BROTHER NATHANIEL in **GHOST FORM** enters into Murdoch's Bedroom. Murdoch is still tossing and turning and mumbling to himself, half asleep in bed.

NATHANIEL

(spooky voice)

Murdoch....MURDOCH..... (groans) Muuurrdoch

MURDOCH

(opens his eyes instantly, record scratch sound)

BROTHER NATHANIEL?!?

Ok. Wait. Hang on. Wait a minute. Time out. Seriously?

Ok. Wow. Fuckin wow.

Peirce sent a fuckin full blood jewish meme ghost to fuck with me right now? On Christmas?

ARE YOU FREAKIN SERIOUS.

The biggest self-hating jew on the internet?

No. Seriously. No. Full Sto-

NATHANIEL

(angry, interrupting)

I'm not a Jew anymore you weeb! And I'm also not who you think I am. I am the **GHOST OF DEAD MEMES PRESENT !**

MURDOCH

(sighs angrily)

Yeah, thanks BRO, I gathered that. But also, you're not even dead. Not even a little bit.

Your actual physical body is alive and so is your meme.

I literally saw you on Alex Jones like six months ago, and although you're Jewish and everything, your rhetoric is *admittedly* incredibly based, I'll give you that.

Alex almost shit his pants on your unrelenting hammering of the JQ! If you're a shill, you're a hilarious one.

You are definitely not a dead meme, either way. (sighs heavily) Not even as dead as me...

(turns over in bed, whining)

But seriously, can you guys just leave me alone?

NATHANIEL

I'm afraid not. I have somewhere to take you, and I guarantee you that you will find it very *interesting*.

MURDOCH

(sighs, getting out of bed)

Let me at least get my coat. I'm catching on to your faggy Scrooge parody and I bet we're going somewhere cold.

(Murdoch puts back on his KIKE-MART jacket over his pajamas)

SCENE END

ACT 2
SCENE 5

INTRO SETTING :

Inside Dr Murdoch's lab in Texas. It is raining visibly outside, through the window

AT RISE:

FAUCI is still strapped to the table, missing both arms and both legs. DR MURDOCH is still pondering over his VIEWER. ROBERT F KENNEDY JR is standing next to Dr Murdoch. Green Blood and dissolving limbs are covering the floor and flies are beginning to fill the room.

DR MURDOCH

(panting, staring into his VIEWER)

Bobby, I think I have it. By Jove, I think I have it! It just can't be administered as liquid. It needs to be more.. ***Gaseous ...***

BOB, GO GRAB ME THOSE MASKS OVER THERE IN THE CABINET.

(ROBERT walks over to a cabinet and removes some medical oxygen masks)

Now if I am right.. Just need a bit more..... (trails off)

(DR MURDOCH goes to his freezer and pulls out a box marked ZYKLON. He inserts the entire box into a mechanically opening door in his machinery. He quickly hooks up the oxygen mask to the same machine. Liquid gurgles in a green tank.)

Ok. Let's try it.

FAUCI

(begging)

No.... No more science. PLEASE!

DR MURDOCH

(fitting the oxygen mask onto FAUCI)

You are the science, TONY! (FAUCI gasps) BOB, THROW THE SWITCH!

(ROBERT throws a switch on the machine and a mechanical buzz fills the room followed by a hissing and gurgling sound)

FAUCI

(mumbling through oxygen mask filling with green gas)

NOOO.. nooooooooo

(Fauci's limbless torso begins to completely liquify, spilling all over the table and onto the floor in a green sludge with squishy sound effects)

DR MURDOCH

(ecstatic)

IT'S WORKING! My **cure for the vaccine**... It's WORKING!

I really **AM** JESUS! HA HA HA HA! (monotone very quietly) *Peace be upon him.*

(Dr Murdoch goes over to the window and raises his fists in triumph. Lightning strikes outside during DR MURDOCH's maniacal laughter)

(DR MURDOCH goes back over to the table and puts his index finger into the green sludge that remains of FAUCI and lifts it to his mouth and tastes it.)

(lightning cracks again, followed by thunder)

Mmmm .. Yes... YES!! Now we only have to test it on the *secondary* human subject...

ROBERT

(horrified, Robert begins to back away in terror, slowly and silently)

Uhhhh...

DR MURDOCH

(very excited)

BOB! Page Joe, at once! Have him bring Physics Girl's gurney upstairs. I believe I might finally have a cure for her. . .

SCENE END

SCENE 6

Outdoors. Night time. City view. Snow falls gently

MURDOCH and BROTHER NATHANIEL are walking down
the street together.

(complaining voice)

Why are we even walking? Can't you just like, beam through time and space? Is this even the A plot or the B plot anymore? Either way, it's really starting to get on my nerves.

Relax. We're here.

(The two materialize inside an old lady's corridor. Typical old lady furnishings.)

Where are we..?

(He glances down the hallway and sees CHAN and the MURDOCH CHILDREN with an OLD WOMAN, both seated on a old-ladyish couch in a living room. The children are in the stroller.)
(Nazi paraphernalia can be seen on the walls, including pictures of smiling Hitler)

ENTER OLD WOMAN, CHAN AND MURDOCH CHILDREN

Oh, it's Chan. I guess she really did go see her Grand-mother. Weird .. Why did she never tell me before that she had one?

Hey Chan! Kids!

NATHANIEL

She can't hear you, dumbass. Haven't you been paying attention?

MURDOCH

Oh.. right.. Sorry, it's already been kind of a long day. (chuckles)

CHAN

(speaking to old woman, the old woman's face cannot yet be seen, just the back of her head)

I mean I really do love the guy.. It just feels like he's lost his.. Mojo, you know Grandma? All he does is work and play video games and browse that stupid website I told you about. It's like he doesn't even care about the White Race anymore.. His job isn't great, but he provides, and we're OK. Do you think I'm expecting too much of him?

MURDOCH

(visibly distraught)

Why is she so hard on me.. I do my best for her and the kids.. I'm just a normal everyday nice guy national socialist.

NATHANIEL

Shhhhhhhh... Listen.

OLD WOMAN

(thoughtfully in VERY old woman voice)

Well.. you do have to do what's right for your future, and for that of your white children, dear-y. But this Murdoch doesn't seem like such a bad guy. I moved here from Argentina many years ago now, right after your Grandpa died. I'm getting very old, you know.. Why have you never let me meet him?

MURDOCH

(growing impatient)

Yeah that's *my* question "*Grandma*". (stamps his feet childishly) *That's it!*

(Murdoch stomps over and looks at the face of the OLD WOMAN)
(The Camera doesn't show her face, just pans into the shock and confusion on
MURDOCH's face)

MURDOCH

(in confused shock)

Is that....?

(MURDOCH glances again at the Nazi paraphernalia on the walls)

NATHANIEL

(calmly)

Yes.

MURDOCH

(panting)

But that means...

(MURDOCH glances at his children and very pregnant Chan)

NATHANIEL

(nodding sagely, acknowledging Murdoch's revelation)

Yesss....

MURDOCH

(The camera pans to show the face of the OLD WOMAN)

(Murdoch is visibly shaking)

EVA BRUAN??

NATHANIEL

(smiling)

Yesssssss....

MURDOCH

(hyperventilating, glancing at the photo of Hitler with Eva on the wall)

HOLY *FUCKING* SHIT DUDE.

FUCKING BASED! !!!!!!!

(happy and ecstatic)

YOU'RE LIKE A FREAKING *GRAND* WIZARD BRO NATHAN,

I TAKE IT ALL BACK... *JEWISH BLOOD* OR NOT!

YOU'RE AWESOME BRO !

(calming down)

.....You're like maybe even legit "honorary" .. I dunno, not my call- but yea. In MY books..

Right now? HA HA -

Maybe I might have to ask one of my sons? (laughs)

NATHANIEL

(kind and softly)

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.... Wait. Be *quiet* for your **OWN** sake

CHAN

(continuing her conversation with EVA, speaking softly and sadly)
(MURDOCH and NATHANIEL lean in to listen intently)

I never told him about the family or introduced you to him because.. I don't know.
Family is everything you know?

And that's my biggest secret. But it's also my greatest strength.
Yet, I still feel like I can't trust anybody. Maybe not even my ' husband ' some days.

Well sort of.. I did tell him I was going to see my Grandmother, I hate being dishonest with him... He's still the man I love and the father of my children. (softer still)

I considered introducing you guys a few years ago, but I was afraid. He's got a big mouth and it's just not the kind of secret *we* obviously want to get out. I needed to protect you, and now I need to protect my own kids. That's *family*.

Besides, he doesn't even seem to care about the *cause* anymore, and that's the whole reason I fell in love with him in the first place. **He doesn't even make the show anymore**, AND he barely even has any solutions for the JQ anymore, not even when I ask him to tell bedtime stories to our little girls! (sighs)

(quick shot of MURDOCH's boys looking insulted in their stroller)

I guess I'm just frustrated. Not every man can be as determined as Grandpa, right?

(both MURDOCH and CHAN happen to glance at the same picture of Hitler on the wall
at the same time across space and time)

I mean I'm doing my job as a woman, just look at our four beautiful white children.. and another growing inside me.. I just want him to do his job as a man a bit more, I guess... I don't know what I was expecting He's not Grandpa.. I shouldn't expect that.. I guess..

MURDOCH

(visibly begins to cry uncontrollably)

This is just too much ... Just take me back, Brother Nathaniel .. I've seen enough.. I just want to go to bed..

NATHANIEL

(fatherly and sagely, puts a ghostly hand on Murdoch's shoulder)

Ok... Yes. (sighs) Alright, my child. I agree..... You have seen enough.

(NATHANIEL snaps his fingers like Q and both disappear from the scene in a flash)

SCENE END

ACT END

ACT 3
SCENE 1

INTRO SETTING :

Inside Dr Murdoch's lab in Texas. It is raining visibly outside, through the window

AT RISE:

PHYSICS GIRL, JOE ROGAN, AND ROBERT are in the lab
Dr Murdoch has Physics Girl (in a coma) on a table next to the green goo
table that used to belong to FAUCI.

JOE and ROBERT are
looking very concerned and Dr MURDOCH is putting on gloves

DR MURDOCH

(monotone)

I sure hope this works. In theory, what is about to happen is an absolute monatomic quadruple inversion of every cell in her body that's been infected by the jew-juice. EVERY spike protein in her body will instantaneously rewrite its own mRNA sequence to become actually BENEFICIAL. She might be five years younger, Ha! Hell, I bet it might even bring them back from the dead if this works. Here goes nothing..

(Murdoch smears his hand into the green sloppy remains of FAUCI and proceeds to rub it all over PHYSICS GIRL's comatose face)

PHYSICS GIRL

(coming alive from her coma, her features transforming into a beautiful state with a shimmer effect)

Woaaah..... Where am I?

(like magic, her hospital gown changes into a garment very much resembling a star trek catsuit uniform. She stands up, stretching her arms and yawning)

DR MURDOCH

You're at MIAVR ! We just managed to resurrect you with the anti-vaccine I've just created and is patent pending all rights reserved. I think I'm gonna call it ZYKLON-J. You know, for the Jab, HA HA.

(Dr Murdoch looks nervously at his freezer and back at the green goo on the table formerly known as **Anthony Fauci**)

PHYSICS GIRL

(speaking female zoomerly manically fast)

WELL! FUCK. I FEEL LIKE A MILLION BUCKS! I don't know where you got that table sludge from but FUCK is it good. What year is it? What's my subscriber count? Higher, lower? How's my Patron? Onlyfans? I think I had one.... Can't remember ...

(PHYSICS GIRL dips her whole hand in the green sludge on the table and slurps it, then begins to laugh menacingly)

DR MURDOCH

Careful with that! That's proprietary property!

PHYSICS GIRL

WOAH holy FUCK wow..... (gasps).... (Slurps and coughs)
Are you guys ready to do some FUCKING SCIENCE?

DR MURDOCH

(looks up and down at everyone and thinks for a second)

You know what. yea we are! Sure. Why not? Yeah! Ha, ha.. (pensive) I've had a team before.. You guys are... OKAY, I guess.. Might be fun? (glances at his ragtag team)

(speaking to himself)

It would be kinda like a... spinoff. A new generation? The Next one!
And this time, I'm in charge! I'm practically Jesus after all.... Science Jesus, anyway.. (sighs)

(glances sadly at a framed photo of Chan, Murdoch, and Dr Murdoch on the wall)

PSYCHICS GIRL

(Physics girl takes another slurp of the green FAUCI sludge and bumps her fists)

WOOOOOOO!!!!

JOE ROGAN

(crushing a beer can on his head)

You fucking GO girl. THATS HOT. YEAH! ... Hey *what* is this shit anyway?

(JOE slurps some green FAUCI goo)

WOOO!!!

(EVERYONE CHEERS, but DR MURDOCH RESERVEDLY)

DR MURDOCH

(thinking, gazing at the nativity scene in his lab surrounded by christmas lights)

(under breath) Jesus.... Christian Science... Resurrection ... Yes. Jesus, that's it!

You Know what, Actually? There is actually someone who I am both scientifically and contractually required to test my anti-vaccine on next.... It's a stipulation from our anonymous donor.

Physics Girl, Collect a sample! (he throws a dixie cup and a spoon on the green sludge table)

(*comical squish sound*)

JOE ! BOB! I need your muscles. There are Shovels in the Basement!

(DR MURDOCH inexplicably reaches into a drawer
and puts on Gerodi's VISOR from Star Trek TNG)

I'll prepare the Run-about! We there's somewhere we need to go *away* to, Team! We have SCIENCE to do!

SCENE END

ACT 3
SCENE 2

INTRO SETTING : Night time. Street outside Murdoch's house. Snow falls gently. A CYBER TRUCK pulls up in front of the house

AT RISE: MURDOCH is sitting on the edge of his bed, visibly upset.
 He is still wearing his pajamas and Kike-mart jacket
 The doorbell rings.

MURDOCH

(getting up to answer the door)

What now...

(MURDOCH opens the front door of his house)

ENTER ELON MUSK (in human form)

MURDOCH

(gasps)

Elon Musk? What are you doing here? It's the middle of the night!

ELON

(attempting to speak ghostily)

I am the **GHOST OF DEAD MEMES FUTURE**. I'm here to take you somewhere that you absolutely must see, like, seriously. (laughs autistically and bobs his head)

MURDOCH

(indignant)

You don't really look like a ghost to me. What kind of *ghost* pulls up in a freaking cyber truck and rings the doorbell? You look like regular old Musk to me.

ELON

(scoffs)

I said dead memes *future* dude, I'm just not a dead meme *yet*. Didn't you see I bought twitter?
It's called X now!!!

It's super based and cool and Pepe posting is like *totally* allowed again!!!.
I'm also totally making super giant rockets that can go anywhere and are basically *Star Trek tier*.
I'm tunneling under the ground..and into people's brains...into Mars... whatever, I do it all man!

(pauses thoughtfully)

I'm actually like, the *most* alive meme right now, when you think about it.... (trails off smiling)

(looks up and to the left for no particular reason) (AUTISM)

(ELON then scoffs with self satisfaction for a moment,
continuing looking to the left for no reason for an uncomfortable amount of time
He then looks at MURDOCH who looks **very** sad in his KIKE-MART jacket)

(ELON sighs)

Look... I'm not a ghost okay?.. so I'll cut that crap, but you DO need to come with me to the future. I have something you *have* to see. (nasal and autistic snort laughter)

MURDOCH

(thinks for a second, then sighs shallowly)

Yeah yea.. Alright.. Alright..

(MURDOCH walks out the door and slams it behind him)
(Both ELON and MURDOCH walk outside and get into the CYBER TRUCK)

(On the inside of the CYBER TRUCK, it has been outfitted to look like the inside of the Delorean from Back to the Future)

MURDOCH

(in amazement)

Woah, cool whip Elon.

ELON

(laughs)

You ain't seen nothing yet, kid. (puts on sunglasses)

(Punches in the year 2035 on the dashboard computer)

(ELON throws a switch and the CYBER TRUCK rises into the air and flies off and disappears)

SCENE END

ACT 3

SCENE 3

INTRO SETTING : Outdoors. Night time. **In a Cemetery.** It is raining heavily.
Lightning flashes in the sky, and spooky music plays

AT RISE: DR MURDOCH, JOE ROGAN, ROBERT F KENNDY JR, and PHYSICS GIRL beam in with a Star-Trek Transporter sound effect. They are all standing together, as if they are beaming from a transporter pad. DR MURDOCH is wearing Jesus Robes, a comm-badge, and Gerodi's VISOR. PHYSICS GIRL is still wearing her catsuit, but now is also wearing a star-fleet comm-badge. JOE and ROBERT are wearing original series red shirt uniforms. They are carrying shovels.

DR MURDOCH

(pensive, looking around)

Now I know she has to be around here somewhere...

PHYSICS GIRL

(pulls out her tricorder and begins scanning tombstones)

I'm not detecting any life signs.

DR MURDOCH

SCIENCE OFFICER! You might as well put that thing away. My VISOR has a greater multispectral range than your tricorder. Also it's been calibrated to the exact mRNA spectral frequency of the JEW JUICE. We are *also* not looking for anyone *alive*. We are in a *Cemetery* for Christ's sake! Have some respect!

(Pauses)

LOOK! Over here..

(they both walk over to a grave)

PHYSICS GIRL

(waving her tricorder which is beeping loudly, she speaks Vulcanly)

I think you're right, Doctor . . . I'm detecting extremely elevated mRNA levels in this vicinity.

DR MURDOCH

(very excited)

Joe, Rogan! Get over here, bring your shovels, both of you! This is where we dig!

ROBERT

(annoyed, mutters)

My name isn't Bob *or* Rogan, you know.. I prefer Robert..

(JOE ROGAN AND ROBERT F KENNEDY JR begin digging up the grave)

DR MURDOCH

(absolutely ignores ROBERT)

(DR MURDOCH wipes off the very dirty gravestone with his bare hands. The first letters revealed are Here Lies Tiff– the rest are too obscure to uncover)

YES YES!! Sorry... Bob. Now..

DID DIG MY ENSIGNS!

DIG MY RED SHIRTS!

MY APOSTOLES!

YES! YES!! DIG!!

(lightning cracks)

(JOE AND ROBERT dig yet more dirt from the grave)

This *HAS* to be her grave Our *anonymous donor* gave me the coordinates. . .

Keep scanning, SCIENCE OFFICER! We *have* to be *sure*.

(Lightning strikes, rain pours)

PHYSICS GIRL

(noting that more dirt is being dug out by JOE and ROBERT, waving her tricorder)

The signal strength is exponentially increasing, Doctor.

DR MURDOCH

(absolutely power tripping)

We are finally getting somewhere. UNEARTH THE CASKET!

(JOE and ROBERT pull the Casket out of the ground.
On the lid, it reads **TIFFANY DOVER**)

(HEAVY LIGHTNING STRIKES)

DR MURDOCH

(COMMANDING VOICE... as if he were Jesus Himself)

OPEN IT.

(the entire Away Team looks at Dr Murdoch
in shock, internally questioning their decision to come along in the first place.)

(lightning strikes loudly)

PHYSICS GIRL

(she looks back and forth at the group and becomes annoyed at the delay of JOE and ROBERT, and yells commandingly)

OPEN IT, YOU TROGLODYTES!

(She says with almost CHAN-like energy, but more sciencey, waving her tricorder in anger)

DR MURDOCH

(Aside to PHYSICS GIRL)

Heh .. thanks Number One.

JOE ROGAN

(throws open the casket with masculine vigor revealing the corpse of **TIFFANY DOVER**)

Woah. FUCKING GROSS DUDE?! What exact kind of *SCIENCE* are you into? (coughs)

DR MURDOCH

(still power tripping)

SCIENCE OFFICER. Administer the test sample. . . . (coughs on corpse smell) . . . *Please*.

PHYSICS GIRL

(coughs on the corpse odor but bravely pours the dixie cup of FAUCI juice on the corpse of
TIFFANY DOVER)

Wow.... ok.. Here goes..

(TIFFANY DOVER COMES ALIVE MAGICALLY,
HER BRUNETTE HAIR SHINING)

ENTER TIFFANY DOVER

DR MURDOCH

(looks down at TIFFANY in her casket)

EUREKA! (lightning flashes)

(calming himself)

Like seriously though, — fucking— Eureka.

TIFFANY

(coughs, opening her eyes)

Who are you people.....?

(Tiffany looks absolutely bewildered)

DR MURDOCH

(speaking softly and lovingly, leaning into the casket)

How are you feeling, Tiffany? .. I know *you* of course you must be wondering about ***ME***.
I'm essentially Science Jesus and I've just resurrected *you* from the *dead*.
No *Biggie*. Absolutely *no* need to *thank* me. Ha!

My name is Dr Murdoch, of The Murdoch Institute for Anti-Vaccine Research. We're kind of a big deal. Patent Pending.. all rights reserved. (laughs)

(Lightning strikes again)

JOE ROGAN

(still coughing from the lingering corpse smell, shivering in the cold rain)

You know, this is starting to get a bit too like... Fucked up, man!

ROBERT

(aside to JOE)

I'm starting to agree...

(LIGHTNING STRIKES)

SCENE END

ACT 3

SCENE 4

INTRO SETTING :

Day time. A CYBER TRUCK is flying over
a cityscape. It looks utterly devastated
Men with shopping carts and smoking crack
zombiely wander to and fro

AT RISE:

MURDOCH and MUSK are seated inside the CYBER TRUCK
Visibly outside the window stars and colors pass by

MURDOCH

(sounding tired and whiny)

Where are we going, Musk? I really am pretty tired, and really hungry. I don't want to sound like a bitch about it, but like.. Are we there yet?

(whines like a child)

ELON

Time Travel isn't instantaneous like in the movies, Murdoch. We're actually going to have to stop in 2029 and charge up.

(Elon glances at his dashboard)

MURDOCH

(groans)

Ok but can we at *least* get a *pizza*. I'm *starving* after all of *this*....

ELON

Yeah... alright. Fine.. GAWD.

(The CYBER TRUCK touches down in the parking lot of
a Domino's pizza in 2029, ELON plugs the CYBER TRUCK into a supercharger station)
(BOTH WALK INTO DOMINOS)

ENTER TURBAN PIZZA MAN

(The Dominos is staffed entirely by men in turbans)

MURDOCH

(relieved)

Hello sir can we please order a medium pepperoni with extra cheese.

TURBAN PIZZA MAN

We only serve vegan HALAL PIZZA here, saar.. You can have Goat, Cockroach, rat, or
SUPER-rat. Saar. No Cheese, No Pepperoni. Sorry saar.

MURDOCH

(turning aside to ELON)

The fuck.....? No Cheese?? NO PEPPERONI? .. COCKROACH PIZZA!? What the fuck timeline have you brought me to, MUSK?

ELON

(sighs expectantly)

Maybe let's just get back in the cyber truck. This is just a charging stop, not our *destination*.

MURDOCH

I've got no patience for your TESLA-ISH bullshit! At least the other fucking scrooge ghosts didn't need to charge their faggoty electric time machines ***not even*** half way through the trip!

(sighs with exasperation)
(cries a little)

Why am I even here, Musk? Out with it! seriously....

ELON

Well to be fair Murdoch, even though this is not the destination, it is still *relevant*. There *would* be pepperoni, even here in 2029, if not for *your lazy fuckery*.

MURDOCH

(confused and angry, distant record screech sound)

MY LAZY FUCKERY? So you're trying to tell me that *my* very presence on this Earth negated the existence of ***cheese*** and fucking ***pepperoni***? IN **FOUR YEARS? THATS COMPLETE BULLSHIT !!**

The WHITE RACE *SURE*, OK! *MAYBE ... BUT* FUCKING ***PEPPERONI*** DUDE?

I'm sure next you're gonna tell me next that it's *my* fault that Dominos is only run by towel-heads....!

You're the most un-based **ghost of dead memes** ever, MUSK!

At this point,. I'd rather hang out with fucking **MOLY-NEUX**. I'm sorry, but this is starting to seriously piss me off. I'm hungry, tired, this has been, like, a ***super*** bad day. Can you get to the point or just take me home?... I'd legit rather be stocking goyslop at KIKE-MART right now.

ELON

(sighs, trying to not seem frustrated to be repeating himself)

You underestimate yourself **bigly**, *Murdoch Murdoch*. Maybe let's just get back in the truck... it's almost charged by now. Superchargers in the future are like, practically as fast as gas stations... .. practically... (snorts quietly but yet still very on the spectrumly)

MURDOCH

(sighs VERY heavily)

Ok.. OK.... but jezz, one sec..

(turns to TURBAN PIZZA MAN)

(says defeatedly)

One vegan halal super-rat-cockroach special single slice please...

(under breath, aside, to MUSK)

I'm seriously starving..

(looks at MUSK, gesturing toward the debit machine with an open hand expectantly)

TURBAN PIZZA MAN

Yes saar, right away saar. That will be 27 dollars.

ELON

... I can see why you're cancelled... (scoffs)

... You're lucky I'm still the richest man on earth.. (grumbles)

(MUSK sighs and taps his credit card to pay for MURDOCH's pizza)

SCENE END

ACT 3
SCENE 5

INTRO SETTING : NIGHTTIME. In a Cemetery. Rain and lightning falls.

AT RISE: DR MURDOCH, JOE ROGAN, ROBERT F KENNEDY JR, PHYSICS GIRL,
and TIFFANY DOVER stand in the pouring rain. An open casket is still visible.

TIFFANY DOVER

I... I don't understand. Last thing I remember, I was in the hospital.... There were cameras.. And they gave me my coronavirus vaccine. Yeah, that's right! And I passed out, right?

DR MURDOCH

You didn't *just* pass out ! They murdered you with the jew-juice! But, no matter.
I, science ***Jesus***, have resurrected you with my **anti-vaccine!** Patent Pending all Rights Reserved.

(glances at the empty Dixie Cup in the Casket)

ACT 3
SCENE 6

INTRO SETTING :

Outdoors. Day time, cityscape. It is snowing heavily. Christmas lights adorn the structures.

AT RISE: ELON and MURDOCH are flying in the CYBER TRUCK.
It comes to land in the parking lot of KIKE-MART
The world looks post-apocalyptic. Homeless people
And drug addicts lie in the streets

ELON

(softly)

We're here.... The year 2035.

(The Cyber Truck's time machine buzzing sound dissipates)

MURDOCH

(looks out the window)

KIKE-MART? You've dragged me through **time** for **this**? What, is it **time** for me to go to *work*?

If you were not the richest man in the world and in control of all time and space and the entirety of online discourse, I'd like, *totally* **deck** you right now *my* dude.

(groans)

Like sorry to be a bitch, but SERIOUSLY (trails off)

(ELON is silent)

. . . Ok sorry. It's been a **REALLY** long day.. And I don't think the vegan halal rat cockroach pizza is sitting right in my stomach.

(MURDOCH's stomach rumbles)

In fact, is that what you are?

A result of that? A bad dream?a bad futuristic muzzie pizza fever dream?

(MURDOCH looks sick and absolutely completely emotionally defeated)

ELON

(basically ignores MURDOCH)

There's something here you have to see.

MURDOCH

(SIGHS, accepting his fate)

COME ON THEN, let's go inside...

ELON

(walking toward the front doors of KIKE-MART with MURDOCH)

You are contractually required by the ***timeline framers*** to see this.....

(half under breath)

. . . I'm like ***LEGIT*** sorry, bro. *PLEASE* Don't freak out.

It's not *my* choice that it happened this way. I'm just the messenger, don't shoot *me*.

(speaks in a hushed tone)

Just remember, I'm here to show you the most possible future on your current timeline. Not the *absolute* future ... there is no such thing, actually ... ! (pondering)

(snorts and looks up and to the left thoughtfully)

MURDOCH

(sobs almost silently and reservedly)

Okay, I won't freak... It's *Fine*. . .

(ELON and MURDOCH walk through the automatic doors of KIKE-MART)

ENTER FUTURE MURDOCH AND ANITA SARKEESIAN

(ANTTA is carrying a dead orange cat in her arms lovingly)

FUTURE MURDOCH

(is wearing a nametag which reads Assistant Manager)

I'm sorry the numbers are down, Boss. I'm doing my best balancing out the inventory. It's like nobody even **WANTS** goy slop anymore! It's not my fault! (whines)

ANITA

(ANITA is still wearing a nametag which reads "Manager")

Well , it's *absolutely your fault* "Murdoch Murdoch". In fact, **EVERYTHING** is *your* fault. You're the most pathetic excuse for a *man* I've ever seen! . . . "*Assistant Manager*"!

(chuckles dismissively and feministically)

(ANITA strokes her dead cat for no particular reason. Flies hover around.)

FUTURE MURDOCH

(sighs heavily)

Yes Mistress.... I'll try to do better mistress....

(begins to sob cuckedly)

CURRENT MURDOCH

(completely and absolutely *freaking* out)

NO! HOLY SHIT! NO! NO!

(gets right in ANITA's face) FUCK YOU *Sarkeesian* !!!!

(visibly seethes)

ELON

(chokes on his own spittle)

She can't see us, or hear *you*. Past five years into the future, there's a temporal field distortion we, and by that I mean *I* haven't figured out the solution to. . . yet . .

(*under breath*) *fucking PAJEET engineers* (snorts)

MURDOCH

(looks around, his mind snapping yet again, *totally freaking out*)

(yet another record scratch sound effect)

YOU KNOW WHAT?

FUCK THIS !

FUCK YOU, ELON!

AND ABSOUTELY %110 *FUCK HER ..and her little dead cat too!*

THIS IS NOT MY FUTURE!

MY FUTURE AT LEAST HAS FUCKING PEPPERONI !

(MURDOCH storms out of the store in a complete toddler-esce temper tantrum)

ELON

(following closely behind)

... wait for me at least! (chortles spectrumly)

SCENE END

ACT 3
SCENE 7

Intro Scene:
MURDOCH'S

RAIN POURS. LIGHTNING STRIKES.
AWAY TEAM stands around the unearthed grave

At rise:
dazed but real.

TIFFANY DOVER, ALIVE, stands in the mud,

(SUDDENLY, A SHRIEK CUTS THROUGH THE NIGHT.)

(FAKE TIFFANY DOVER STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS. Her face is too perfect, too symmetrical—an uncanny, plastic version of the woman standing in the mud. Her skin glitches slightly in the moonlight.)

ENTER FAKE BLONDE TIFFANY DOVER

REAL TIFFANY

What... the hell?

FAKE TIFFANY

(tilting her head, voice slightly distorted, like a corrupted AI recording)

I AM TIFFANY DOVER.

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TIFFANY DOVER.

DR. MURDOCH

(gripping his VISOR, muttering to himself in horror)

Oh, sweet Christ on a hospital shift schedule... I knew it.
They REPLACED HER.

PHYSICS GIRL

(waving her tricorder, readings going haywire)

This isn't just a body double, Murdoch...
Her biometrics are completely off. The real Tiffany's heart stopped four years ago.
This thing was never alive.

FAKE TIFFANY

(her mouth glitches, lips moving out of sync with her words)

THAT... IS... NOT... POSSIBLE.

I AM TIFFANY DOVER.

I AM VERIFIED.

I AM FACT-CHECKED.

YOU... ARE... SPREADING... MISINFORMATION.

(REAL TIFFANY stares at the distorted mirror image of herself, trembling.)

REAL TIFFANY

(panic rising, voice breaking)

No... No, NO! I remember working in the ER. I remember my patients. I remember taking the damn vaccine... then everything went black!

(REAL TIFFANY'S eyes dart wildly around the graveyard, as if reality is closing in on her.)

(desperate, whispering to herself)

...Did I die? Am I dead?

FAKE TIFFANY

(her face warps, a mechanical smile spreading too wide)

YOU. ARE. NOT. THE. NARRATIVE.

DR. MURDOCH

(clutching his robes, whispering like a man possessed)

She's pure NPC programming... a manufactured counter-narrative.

They needed a living Tiffany Dover, even after the real one dropped dead on camera.

FAKE TIFFANY

(mocking, voice warping, flickering between octaves)

DEBUNKED... DEBUNKED... FACT-CHECKED...

PHYSICS GIRL

(stepping forward, voice cold, scientific)

She's a synthetic bio-replica. A vaccine-induced homunculus.

She doesn't just defend The Science™—she IS The Science™.

(MURDOCH reaches into his robes... and slowly pulls out a vial of ZYLON-J. The green gas glows ominously. It sizzles in the cold air.)

DR. MURDOCH

(breathing heavily, eyes flicking between them, mind racing)

There's only one way to know for sure.

(The two TIFFANY DOVERS stand frozen. The rain hammers down. MURDOCH steps closer. The real Tiffany breathes heavily, staring at the vial. Fake Tiffany's body twitches violently. A moment of silence—then, Fake Tiffany suddenly HISSES. Her eyes glow unnatural blue. Her jaw UNHINGES.)

FAKE TIFFANY

(screeching, voice layered like a malfunctioning AI)

THE SCIENCE™ CANNOT BE CHALLENGED!!

(FAKE TIFFANY LUNGES. REAL TIFFANY DODGES. MUD AND GRAVE DIRT EXPLODE AS THE TWO TIFFANYS COLLIDE)

(They GRAPPLE, rolling through the open grave, clawing at each other.)

(Fake Tiffany moves in violent glitching bursts—like a corrupted video file trying to stay stable. Real Tiffany fights with pure panicked instinct—flailing wildly, desperate to break free.)

JOE ROGAN

(aside, to ROBERT)

Woah this would be kinda hot if I was not absolutely petrified right now.

FAKE TIFFANY

(PINNING REAL TIFFANY against a gravestone, her fingers elongating into syringe-like spikes)

GET BOOSTED.
GET BOOSTED.
GET BOOSTED.

REAL TIFFANY

(gasping, struggling, her hands scraping through the wet mud)

P-please!
Help me!

(MURDOCH watches, paralyzed, rain dripping from his visor. His hands shake. He sees the life draining from her eyes. For the first time in his life... he hesitates.)

(Then—
His face hardens.)

DR. MURDOCH

(whispering, gripping the vial tighter)

...Science Jesus would never abandon his apostles.

(MURDOCH HURLS the vial of ZYKLON-J at Fake Tiffany.
SPLAT. The green gas coats her face. It sizzles.)

(FAKE TIFFANY SCREAMS. HER FORM BEGINS TO MELT.)

(Her skin warps, flickering between Instagram-filter perfection and black, rotting sludge.
Her eyes burst into static, displaying error codes.
She screeches in binary, her voice cutting in and out.)

FAKE TIFFANY

(distorting, glitching, screaming in pure digital agony)

T-tRUST—THE—SsssCiEeEnNNNNceeee—AGHHHHH—

**(Her eyes flicker briefly with :
ERROR 404: SCIENCE NOT FOUND)**

(SHE EXPLODES IN A GLITCHY FIREBALL OF PURE DISINFORMATION.)

(MURDOCH, PHYSICS GIRL, JOE, AND ROBERT F KENNEDY JR. WATCH AS
FAKE TIFFANY'S REMAINS TURN TO ASH. Her final, smoldering fragments dissolve
into a pile of vaccine patents and deleted Twitter posts.)

JOE ROGAN

(exclaims)

FUCK YEA! FACT CHECK THAT, BITCH!

(The rain slows. The wind dies down. Silence.)

(REAL TIFFANY collapses, coughing, covered in mud and vaccine goo.)

DR. MURDOCH

(kneeling beside her, softly)

You're safe now.

REAL TIFFANY

(panting, looking up at him, dazed, lost, and confused)

What... the fuck did you just do to me?

(MURDOCH stands up. He adjusts his VISOR.
His silhouette looms over her.
Lightning cracks.)

DR. MURDOCH

(calmly, scientifically, divinely)

I cured the vaccine. Patent pending. All rights reserved.

(SUDDENLY, the sound of a flying object that sounds vaguely like a shuttlecraft
flies in from nowhere.)

(EVERYONE looks up)

DR MURDOCH

(confused)

Is that ... a flying cyber truck?

(the CYBER TRUCK lands gently beside the team and the doors fly open with a hydraulic
hiss)

DR MURDOCH

(in shock)

ELON MUSK...? MURDOCH?! What are you guys doing here!?

MURDOCH

(casually)

Sup.

ELON MUSK

(grins)

Get in faggots, we have just a bit more SCIENCE to do.

(EVERYONE climbs into the cyber truck,
it flies into the night sky and disappears in a flash of light)

SCENE END

ACT

3

SCENE 8

INTRO SETTING:

TEXAS, at Elon's Starbase. A STARSHIP is on the launch pad. Giant green Zyklon-J fuel tanks line the exterior of the ship, conically labeled in massive block letters. The boarding ramp is down, steam hissing from the launch platform. The ship's cockpit is nearly identical to The Phoenix from Star Trek: First Contact.

AT RISE:

The crew walks up the boarding ramp toward the STARSHIP, which is prepped for launch. MURDOCH, DR. MURDOCH, PHYSICS GIRL, JOE ROGAN, ROBERT F. KENNEDY JR., TIFFANY DOVER, and inexplicably, WILLIAM RIKER from Star Trek: TNG, are all present. ELON MUSK leads them forward, hands behind his back.

MURDOCH

(looking around, confused)

Musk, how the hell did you even get all of this? A full launch-ready Starship? Zyklon-J by the ton? Who's been funding this?

ELON

(chuckling, shaking his head)

Murdoch... haven't you figured it out yet?

DR. MURDOCH

(stopping in his tracks, eyes narrowing)

Wait a minute... No. No, it can't be. That's MY Zyklon-J, MUSK!

(fuming)

ELON

(turning back to face them, smirking)

I am your anonymous donor.

(Murdoch and Dr. Murdoch both stare in disbelief.)

MURDOCH

(voice cracking, brain struggling to process)

But... But why?

ELON

(grinning)

Because I believe in the future, Murdoch. And you? You were floundering. Wasting away at Kike-Mart. Someone had to make sure the project continued.

,

DR. MURDOCH

(teeth clenching, gripping the lapels of his robe)

You bastard. My research... My patents... You stole them. I AM SCIENCE JESUS, NOT YOU!

ELON

(smirking)

I didn't steal anything, Doctor. I own it.

(Dr. Murdoch trembles with rage, fists clenched.)

Murdoch looks back and forth between them, still struggling to process it all.

ELON

(patting Dr. Murdoch on the shoulder, smug)

Now, shall we take our seats? The future isn't going to build itself. (snorts)

(Dr. Murdoch exhales through his nose, seething, but follows Musk up the ramp to the launch tower.)

SCENE CUT TO: STARSHIP COCKPIT

The crew is strapped into their seats. The **Starship** rumbles as its engines roar to life, the vibrations shaking the entire cabin. ELON sits at the helm, hands behind his back, eyes locked on the control panel.

Outside, the **launch pad erupts in flames**, steam billowing as the ship **lifts off the ground, rising into the night sky.**

Inside the cockpit, "**MAGIC CARPET RIDE**" by STEPPENWOLF blares through the speakers.

The ship **breaks through the clouds, stars reflecting off the hull.** The curvature of the Earth comes into view as the **Starship pushes through the stratosphere, reaching low Earth orbit.**

ELON

(grinning)

Engaging dispersal.

(On the exterior, **massive Zyklon-J tanks unlock with a deep metallic hiss.**)

A luminous green vapor bursts forth, spreading in a massive cloud over the planet below. The Starship glides across the Earth's surface, leaving a glowing trail in its wake. The gas swirls through the atmosphere, descending upon cities and continents as the ship continues its **calculated flight path.**

(the camera quickly shows a tight shot of a brightly smiling, silent WILLIAM RIKER)

MURDOCH

(staring out the window, awe-struck, almost whispering)

Holy shit. It's actually happening.

DR. MURDOCH

(laughing, euphoric, gripping the controls like a madman)

YES! YES! By Jove, IT'S WORKING! The atmospheric dispersal is even better than I hypothesized!

PHYSICS GIRL

(watching her instruments in disbelief)

The gas... it's already reaching saturation levels... It's everywhere.

MUSK

(grinning smugly, not even looking at them)

Exactly as planned.

JOE ROGAN

(smiling, he lights a cigar silently)

(From orbit, green clouds roll over the continents. The camera zooms in on various locations: New York City, Hollywood, and Tel Aviv. The gas descends, flowing through the streets like an ethereal mist.)

CUT TO: ISRAEL—THE KNESSET BUILDING

A group of top Israeli officials rushes through underground bunkers, sirens blaring. The Prime Minister gasps for breath as the green mist seeps through the ventilation.

ISRAELI PRIME MINISTER

(screaming into a red telephone, desperate)

SHUT THE AIRLOCKS! SHUT THE—

(He suddenly clutches his throat, eyes bulging.)

His skin bubbles and liquefies, collapsing into a pile of green sludge. All around him, aides and guards dissolve, their last words turning into distorted screams. Green Jew Goo can be seen flowing down into the sewer system.

CUT TO: HOLLYWOOD—OSCARS RED CARPET

A crowd of celebrities in designer outfits struts under flashing cameras. The gas creeps in from the street, unnoticed at first. Suddenly, a random actress collapses.

RANDOM ACTRESS

(clutching her chest, eyes wide in terror)

I—I don't feel so g—

Her face melts instantly. Screams erupt. Security rushes in, but the gas overtakes them. A Jewish producer turns to run but collapses mid-stride, his body breaking down into sludge. The Hollywood sign in the background is soon obscured by the toxic green fog.

CUT TO: NEW YORK CITY—WALL STREET

A group of investment bankers in suits watches the gas roll in from their high-rise offices.

JEWISH BANKER #1

(stammering, gripping his tie)

W-wait, they told us this was just a conspiracy theory!

JEWISH BANKER #2

(hyperventilating)

M-Mossad was supposed to have a plan for this!

The glass windows spontaneously shatter as the green gas pours inside. The bankers liquefy instantly, their Rolexes sinking into the ooze. A NASDAQ ticker screen glitches violently, flashing the word “DEBUNKED” repeatedly before short-circuiting.

CUT TO: STARSHIP COCKPIT

The crew watches in eerie silence as the planet turns greener below them. Musk smirks. Murdoch sits motionless in his seat, his hands trembling as he grips the armrests.

MURDOCH

(his voice barely audible, eyes locked on Earth)

...What have we done? What’s happening down there?

(The only sound is the hum of the ship’s engines. Musk finally turns, his expression calm, almost benevolent.

MUSK

(smiling, tilting his head slightly)

We saved humanity.

A long, unsettling pause. MURDOCH looks back at the planet—green clouds swirling, civilizations collapsing, the world reshaped forever. His breath quickens.

CUT TO: EARTH—RANDOM SUBURBAN HOME

A middle-class white family sits in their kitchen. The green gas is gone. The father turns on the tap—a slight green tint swirls in the water. He fills a glass and takes a sip.

FATHER

(smacking his lips, confused)

Huh. That's weird... my arthritis is gone.

The mother sips her own glass—her crow's feet fade instantly. The children drink—their acne disappears. The family stares at each other, stunned.

CUT BACK TO STARSHIP

PHYSICS GIRL

(watching live feeds, voice trembling)

M-Murdoch... I think the gas is... healing people.

MURDOCH

(slowly turning, still in shock)

...What?

DR. MURDOCH

(muttering, eyes wide in realization)

It's... it's Jewish DNA. It's in the water now.

A single, horrifying realization dawns on all of them.

JOE ROGAN

(whispering in pure dread)

Dude. You just... made everyone a little bit Jewish.

(A long, cold silence.)

MURDOCH

(breathless, mind shattering in real time)

No... No, NO, NOOOOO—

He screams, gripping his head, eyes rolling back in existential horror. The others stare at him, dead silent.

ELON MUSK stands completely still—smiling, eyes unblinking.

MUSK

(softly, smugly, godlike)

Shalom, Murdochs

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE END.

ACT 3
SCENE 9

INTRO SETTING:

MURDOCH HOUSE – NIGHTTIME. Christmas lights glow warmly from the windows. Snow falls gently outside, blanketing the rooftops and trees. A large Christmas tree, adorned with swastika ornaments and tinsel, stands in the corner of the living room. The room is packed—a true holiday gathering.

A roaring fire crackles in the fireplace. Stockings are hung on the mantle—each embroidered with the names of the Murdoch children. A long dining table is filled with food: roast meats, bread, eggnog spiked beyond reason. There is joy, laughter, and warmth.

AT RISE:

EVERYONE is here.

MURDOCH, DR. MURDOCH, MURDOCH CHAN, the MURDOCH CHILDREN, EVA BRUAN, JOE ROGAN, PHYSICS GIRL, TIFFANY DOVER, ROBERT F. KENNEDY JR., WILLIAM RIKER, and even ELON MUSK—all gathered around the feast, drinking, laughing, celebrating.

MURDOCH sits at the head of the table, looking strangely at peace, sipping a drink. CHAN sits beside him, smiling for the first time in years. Their children are running around the table, causing holiday chaos.

TIFFANY DOVER, now fully alive and glowing with health, is drinking eggnog and laughing with PHYSICS GIRL. JOE ROGAN is shirtless, flexing in front of the fireplace while ROBERT F. KENNEDY JR. watches approvingly. WILLIAM RIKER, reclining in a chair, smirks knowingly, as if he understands some greater cosmic joke.

In the corner, ELON MUSK, drink in hand, watches everything with an enigmatic grin, eyes flicking between the guests.

The mood is jovial, almost surreal. For the first time in years, Murdoch feels something close to happiness.

Suddenly, he looks across the room.

**ENTER THE THREE GHOSTS—STEFAN
MOLYNEUX, BROTHER NATHANIEL, AND THE GHOST OF WILLIAM
PIERCE.**

They stand **slightly translucent, arms folded, smiling proudly.**

MURDOCH, mid-drink, **notices them.** He freezes for a moment, his expression shifting from surprise to understanding. Slowly, he **raises a hand and waves.**

The ghosts **nod approvingly.**

BROTHER NATHANIEL makes the sign of the cross. **STEFAN MOLYNEUX** smirks smugly. **PIERCE**, standing tallest, **simply watches, satisfied.**

PEIRCE

(smiling brightly)

(aside, to MURDOCH)

You've done well Faggot!

The glow around them **grows brighter.** Slowly, one by one, they **fade into the ether.**

MURDOCH watches them go, **smiling to himself**, shaking his head slightly.

CHAN nudges him.

CHAN

(playfully)

Who are you waving at?

MURDOCH

(grinning, sipping his drink)

Nobody. Just some old friends.

(Everyone is laughing, having a wonderful time. A WHITE CHRISTMAS plays on the radio)

CHAN

(gasping)

Oh! I almost forgot!

(runs to the kitchen and back out to the living room in one beat)

Snickerdoodle Swastikas!

(EVERYONE EXCLAIMS IN JOY)

SNICKERDOODLE SWASTIKAS!! WOW!

(MURDOCH, DR MURDOCH and the MURDOCH children run up and each grab one happily)

MURDOCH

(looks around, positively beaming)

You know guys? I've learned something today, Family IS everything. And everything I ever do is actually at the humble service of someone else. I'm not the center of the universe..... fuck..

(begins to cry in realization)

I am not at the center of the universe. (sits down and consoles himself for a second)

(stands and composes himself)

As long as Murdoch Chan is satisfied enough with my meager efforts, that's all that matters!

CHAN

(smiles brightly)

That's right honey!

MURDOCH

I'll be at KIKE-MART ready and willing, and EARLY tomorrow, my Love!

CHAN

(ecstatic)

That's my MAN!

(trumps image appears on the TV)

TRUMP (on tv)

"They're saying this is the best Gas, beautiful gas, american gas!"

(ALL LAUGH)

MURDOCH

(chucking to himself)

That's *my* man!

And you know what else I've learned?

CHAN

What is that my love?

MURDOCH

All we had to do was gas the kikes to save the white race!

DR MURDOCH

Always was.

(ALL LAUGH)

MURDOCH

You know, I think 2025 might be ALRIGHT after all.. Here's to hope! (raising a glass)

Dr MURDOCH

And to a white christmas!

CHAN

Yeah..... Yeah! A *WHITE* Christmas.

MURDOCH

(positively beaming)

I love you guys. .

(Three glasses raise in cheers)

(A White Christmas continues to play in background)

(SUDDEN BLACK SCREEN)

MUSIC CONTINUES

.... And may all your Christmases be White....

(MURDOCH MURDOCH LOGO)

END