

SNL SKETCH SUBMISSION

Written by

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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 the 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 WASTE 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

Yeeeeee.

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

Go time.

PETE (CONT'D)

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