

# SECRET SERVICE

## A One Act Play



Secret Service  
(A One Act Play)

Written by

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*Characters:*

AGENT BRONSON

*An agent of the secret Service. Big build, goofy personality.*

VICE PRESIDENT MARSHALL

*The Vice president. He's slender and pale, you can tell by his eyes that he doesn't have morals. Wants power no matter the cost.*

PRESIDENT GRANGINOFFOLIS

*The President. A good ol' boy that somehow became commander in chief. Wants to smoke big cigars and have people call him "Mister." Loves playing pranks.*

PRESIDENT CUELLAR

*President of Paraguay. Determined, and professional. She wants to present her problems with U.S. - Paraguay relations.*

HITMAN

*Hitman. Towering figure, body looks like a brick wall, head looks like a thumb. He wears a shirt that reads "Hitman" Takes him awhile to process things. Wants to kill people and get paid.*

ASSISTANT SANDRA

*Assistant to the president, un-energetic and mad at everyone. This is just an internship for her.*

STEPHANIE CHANDLING

*News reporter, looks like an actress, should be played by an actress.*

*The lights are totally dark except for one lone spotlight in the very front of the stage. A secret service member - Bronson - walks up to the spotlight and looks straight at the audience.*

BRONSON

Okay, you got this. You are going to do a great job. You are the man.

*He licks his hand, slicks back his hair, smells his hand -gets grossed out by the smell- and rubs his hand off on his pant leg*

Let's see, better make sure we have everything... Earpiece, check. Cool sunglasses, check. Gun, oh dang... where did I put that- oh there it is, check. Here we go. You got everything it takes. Just... make dad proud.

*Bronson looks up to the sky dramatically as a harp plays. Two voices are heard from the speakers.*

BRONSON'S DAD'S VOICE

Son, just make me proud.

LITTLE BRONSON'S VOICE

But papa! I don't want to be in the secret service!

BRONSON'S DAD'S VOICE

Now, now, boy. I won't hear anymore complaining, you'll become an agent just like every man in our family has for years.

LITTLE BRONSON'S VOICE

No, I have dreams! I want to be... a ventriloquist!

BRONSON'S DAD'S VOICE

Dreams are for winners son, and you are anything but a winner. You'll join the secret service, and that's an order.

LITTLE BRONSON'S VOICE

\*Sob\* \*Sob\* Yes papa...

*The harp plays again as Bronson looks back down, he shakes off his trauma and gets pumped up again*

BRONSON

Okay, alright, here goes nothing.

*The spotlight dims as the full stage lights come up, it's the oval office and The President is sitting at his desk, Bronson walks around to the door on SL and enters the room*

BRONSON (CONT'D)

(Rigid and anxious)

Hello Mr. President Sir, I'm Agent thirty six -dash- twelve. My name is Bronson and it is an honor to serve you and this office. I swear to honorably, and to the full extend of my abilities, protect you and our-

PRESIDENT

Cut the speech son

*He looks Bronson up and down*

So you're the new guy?

BRONSON

Yes sir.

PRESIDENT

Great, this is a very important position you know.

BRONSON

Of course sir.

PRESIDENT

They say that the heart of Liberty rests in your hands now.

BRONSON

Absolutely sir.

PRESIDENT

For your first order, go get me some Slim Jims.

*Beat*

BRONSON

Uh, sir, I don't know if that's part of my job description...

PRESIDENT

What do you mean?

BRONSON

I mean my job is to-

PRESIDENT

Your job is to keep me alive isn't it?

BRONSON

Uh... yes sir.

PRESIDENT

Well, how could I be alive if I starve to death?

BRONSON

But I mean-

PRESIDENT

Just get the Slim Jims son, and be quick about it.

BRONSON

Y-Yes sir.

*Bronson -confused- walks towards the door*

PRESIDENT

No, not out there! There's Slim Jims in this room, I got an automatic dispenser for the darn thangs installed in this office the first day I moved in! The button for it should be in that bust of William Taft

BRONSON

Oh... Yes sir.

*Bronson walks up to a stone bust of William Taft, he studies it, and lifts the top cover of the head, revealing a large red button, he pushes it. An extremely loud blaring alarm goes of, red lights flash. Bronson jumps to the ground in terror.*

ALARM SYSTEM

WARNING WARNING YOU HAVE ENGAGED ALPHA LEVEL LAUNCH PERMISSIONS.

BRONSON

JESUS CHRIST WHAT IS THAT?

PRESIDENT

What did you do!?

ALARM SYSTEM

NUCLEAR DETONATION BEGINS IN 5. 4.

BRONSON

Oh my god, I think we're going to die!

ALARM SYSTEM

3. 2. 1.

*A fart sound plays. The president starts to laugh hysterically. Bronson is scared and confused.*

PRESIDENT

WHOOOOO-EEEE boy! You fell for that hook line and sinker!

BRONSON

Wh-what?

PRESIDENT

It was a prank, ya dummy! I do this to all the new guys, keeps me young! You should have seen the look on your face! I swear it looked like you were about to lay an egg!! Oh, that was fun... But the real button is in the bust of William Harrison over there.

BRONSON

Are you sure sir?

PRESIDENT

Really, no tricks this time!

BRONSON

All right...

*Bronson, visibly shaken, slowly walks to the bust of William Henry Harrison on the other side of the room, he lifts up the top half of the head to reveal another red button, he nervously looks at The President, at the button, at the president, and at the button, before finally pressing it. The sound of compressed gas is heard as Slim Jims rocket into the wall on SL, leaving a large hole.*

PRESIDENT

Yikes, looks like the Slim Jim cannon's pressure is a little too high, pick those up and bring em here, would you?

BRONSON

Yes sir

*Bronson picks up the scattered slim jims and hands them to The President. He starts to gobble down the jerky as fast as can be, Bronson looks very confused*

Sir, I'll be honest, this wasn't what I was expecting for my first day

PRESIDENT

(Mouth full of Slim Jims)

Well son, you're doing a bang up job

BRONSON

Uh, thank you, I think...

*The Vice President enters SL*

BRONSON (CONT'D)

Hello, Vice President, Sir! I'm Agent thirty six -dash-twelve. My name is Bronson and it is an honor to serve you and this office. I swear to hon-

VICE PRESIDENT  
(Dismissively)

Hey.

PRESIDENT

What is it now?

VICE PRESIDENT

Are you ready for the meeting today? It's important that you're prepared

PRESIDENT

The Paraguay thing? Eh, it's gonna be boring. Nothing I can't handle,

(To Bronson)

Long as I stay awake, heh heh.

VICE PRESIDENT

(Visibly annoyed)

Seriously Sir. No more joking around, also, why are you eating Slim Jims? We talked about this. Those are terrible for your health!

PRESIDENT

Now that is preposterous, Slim Jims aint gonna kill me! Son, I lived through two wars and all of the 70's, quit your worrying

VICE PRESIDENT

Stop calling me son

PRESIDENT

Why're you so touchy today, son?

VICE PRESIDENT

(Under his breath)

Just keep it up, soon, you'll be sorry.

PRESIDENT

What was that?

VICE PRESIDENT

Nothing, Sir.

PRESIDENT

Hey, Bronson or whatever your name is

BRONSON

Me, sir?

PRESIDENT

Yeah, show our VICE President his way out



BRONSON

Yes sir

*Bronson goes to scoot the Vice President out of the room, everything seems kind of tense*

VICE PRESIDENT

What? No, I'm not finished talking

PRESIDENT

I'm finished listening, all you do is worry, I swear. Hey, on your way out, can you grab that can of peanut brittle for me?

VICE PRESIDENT

Uh, sure

*He crosses to grab the can of peanut brittle, as soon as he opens the can, it shoots a splatter of paint right onto the VP's torso*

What the hell?

PRESIDENT

HYAH HYAH HYAH HYAH HYAH, oh that is just too rich, I swear!

*The Vice President exits SL*

BRONSON

Was everything alright sir? That seemed kind of tense.

PRESIDENT

Oh, don't you worry about anything, he's just like that. Now, I need to get down to serious president business. It's time to finish the rest of these Slim Jims! Brady! Go get me some Mr. Pibb, I'll need something to wash down this meal!

BRONSON

Uh, right away sir...

*Lights glow on SR, to reveal a vending machine, Bronson walks out of the office, then starts to work the machine to get a Mr. Pibb. While this is going on, The President is unwrapping Slim Jim after Slim Jim, and shoves all of them in his mouth as fast as can be. Once Bronson has gotten the Mr. Pibb bottle, The President starts to look panicked, while Bronson walks back up to the SR door, The President's face is getting redder and redder. Bronson enters the office again to see The President struggling and grasping at his neck*

SIR!

PRESIDENT

\*Choking noise\*

BRONSON

Oh god, uh, let's see, choking, how do I fix that? Uhhhhhhh, oh, I remember!

*Bronson throws the Mr. Pibb bottle into the air as he runs to The President and lays him on the ground, he attempts CPR, but it is (obviously) of no use. The Mr. Pibb has spilled all over the floor. Finally, The President collapses - dead.*

Oh no. Oh no. Uh, Sir... Is this just another prank? Please tell me this is a joke...

*Bronson picks up The President's head and drops it on the ground, the corpse doesn't move at all*

This isn't a joke. Oh, Jesus, what am I going to do?

*Branson starts to pace back and forth*

People are going to think I killed him, UUGHhhh and I only had one job!! I can't do anything right!

*The SL doorknob starts to jiggle, Bronson quickly scoops up the dead body and plops him into the desk chair. He poses the corpse as best as he can, but it keeps slumping over. Finally, just as he gets it into a good position, Assistant Sandra walks in. Bronson stands behind the ex-president and tries to act natural*

ASSISTANT SANDRA

\*Sigh\* Your meeting with the President of Paraguay is going to start in six minutes, you got that?

*Bronson worriedly looks at The Assistant, and then at The President's body. Finally he pushes against his back so the slumping body looks like it's nodding yes*

\*Sigh\* Whatever. What happened to that Mr. Pibb?

*She gestured to the spilled Mr. Pibb on the floor*

BRONSON

Well, you see...

ASSISTANT SANDRA

Changed my mind, don't care. This internship sucks...

*Assistant Sandra exits SL. Bronson sighs and wipes the sweat off his brow, he straightens the corpse again and starts to look around, panicked.*

BRONSON

Man oh man, what am I supposed to do? If anybody finds out about this, it'll be, it'll be a national tragedy! And I'll get fired! And sent to jail! Uh, I think I'm going to be sick... what if I - no. Maybe I could - no. How did I even get into this mess?

*As a harp plays, Bronson once again looks to the sky as voices boom on the speakers*

BRONSON'S DAD'S VOICE

You have to give up on whatever stupid dream you may have and face the real world!

LITTLE BRONSON'S VOICE

It's not a stupid dream papa, ventriloquism is the future of entertainment!

BRONSON'S DAD'S VOICE

Enough! Ventriloquism will never be a useful set of skills! I'm sending you to boot camp immediately. I don't want to hear another mention of Ventriloquism... Ventriloquism... Ventriloquism... Ventriloquism...

*The father's voice keeps repeating ventriloquism in a dream-y way until finally the harp plays again and Bronson looks like he's thought of a plan*

BRONSON

That's it!! I know what I need to do...

*He looks at the corpse*

Here goes nothing...

*Lights go down and come up on a dark and spooky dungeon. The Vice President is standing, hand clasped together in a menacing position. A large man enters SL, he's a huge man wearing a shirt that reads "HITMAN" on it*

VICE PRESIDENT

Good, you're finally here.

HITMAN

Yeah boss, it took me a little to find this place-

VICE PRESIDENT

Well, now that you're-

HITMAN

I mean, who would figure that there was sum' dungeon underneath the white house?

VICE PRESIDENT

I think Nixon installed it, but that's beside the point. Is everything ready to go?

HITMAN

You bet. I'm prepared for anything, just gimme yer orders

VICE PRESIDENT

Wait, what does your shirt say?

HITMAN

(Pointing to himself)

This shirt?

VICE PRESIDENT

Yes.

HITMAN

It says HITMAN on it.

VICE PRESIDENT

And why in god's name would you think that would be a good idea?? Do you know how much work I've put into keeping this under wraps?? This is of the utmost importance!

HITMAN

But, this is a disguise

VICE PRESIDENT

Disguise?? You're litterally telling the world that you are a criminal who murders people!! That is the opposite of a disguise!

HITMAN

You're looking at this all wrong, this shirt says Hitman, right?

VICE PRESIDENT

Yes.

HITMAN

So, because a' reverse psychopathy, everybody will think I'm the last persosn to be a hitman, see?

VICE PRESIDENT

Psychology. The word you were looking for is Psychology. This is never going to work. I've hired a moron.

HITMAN

If you hate the shirt so bad, I'll change it

VICE PRESIDENT

Yes, you will. Now lets get down to buisness. That blubbering oaf has been a thorn in my side for too long, and I can't trust that he won't screw up the Paraguay deal. So I want you to help me make my final push for power. He drinks Mr. Pibb every day around this time, so I want you to take this-

*He hands Hitman a bottle of Mr. Pibb*

And make sure The President drinks it. This is laced with Aconitum, so the second he takes a sip, he'll be as good as gone.

HITMAN

Give him the Pibb, got it.

VICE PRESIDENT

Allright, and if anything goes wrong-

HITMAN

I shoot him with my "President killin' gun!"

*He pulls out a pistol that says "President Killin' Gun" on the side in bold text*

VICE PRESIDENT

NO. NOT AT ALL. If anything goes wrong you will report back to me, understood?

HITMAN

But.. But... I got this gun labeled just for thi-

VICE PRESIDENT

You are not going to use that gun in any circumstances.

*The Hitman looks sad and his posture gets all droopy*

HITMAN

\*Very loud dramatic sigh\* Okaaaaaaay.

VICE PRESIDENT

Good. Now get out of here, I have some more plotting to do.

*Hitman exits SL as The Vice President plots maniacally, he laughs to himself and clasps his hands together like a Bond villain.*

Soon, very soon, this will all fall into place, then, I will finally have power, I will finally have control! Hahahahaha - Hahahahaha - HAHAHAHAHAHAH

*Assistant Sandra leans in through the door SL*

ASSISTANT SANDRA

Hey do you want me to fix the lights in here?

VICE PRESIDENT

No, they set the mood. But can you fetch me some wet wpes or somthing? I need to get this paint off my shirt

ASSISTANT SANDRA

\*Sigh\* Look man, I'm just doing this for college credit. You can get your own wet wipes

*Assistant Sandra exits SL as lights go out*

*Lights come back up on The Oval Office, Mr. Pibb is still spilled on the floor, Bronson is holding The President upright, the body is leaning on Bronson's shoulder*

BRONSON

Okay, now let's see... One more adjustment and...

*Bronson pushes and guides the president's body to dragingly slide upright across the room*

Perfect. And let's try the head...

*He puts his hand under the back of the president's coat and shifts pressure to make his head nod up and down, when the head shifts up his mouth opens wide, when the head is down the mouth closes*

Allright, I think this could work.

*Bronson looks over to the dead bodies head and they both "nod" to each other. The dead bodies eyes are crossed and very dead looking though*

Oh, of course! There we go-

*He takes off his secret service sunglasses and puts them over the president's eyes to hide the Icy stare of death*

So I should have a couple of hours before rigor mortis sets in... by then, I'll have some other plan that'll get me out of this... I hope.

*The Hitman enters with the poison filled Mr. Pibb on a tray, his shirt that used to say "HITMAN" now reads "NOT A HITMAN"*

HITMAN

Uh, heya mister president sir, I was sent to give you another bottle of Mr. Pibb...

BRONSON

(Puppeting the president)

MMMHHHHH, thanks so much - man - Just put it on the table

HITMAN

You really should drink it now

BRONSON

Oh, uh....

(President voice)

SUURE - Dude - my pleasure

*Bronson contorts the arm to pour the Mr. Pibb into the corpse's mouth. While Bronson is a pretty good ventriloquist, he isn't so good that he can control the bodies throat muscles, so the Pibb kind of spills out of the open mouth and onto the shirt of the presidentz*

MMhhmmmm, that sure did hit the spot. You can, go now.

HITMAN

Thank ya mister president sir, goodbye

*Hitman exits SL Assistant Sandra leans in*

ASSISTANT SANDRA

The President of Paraguay is in the building now, get ready for the meeting. Or don't see if I care

*She leans back out. Bronson stands up, terrified, he lets the body slam face first into the desk*

BRONSON

The Paraguay meeting!! I don't know anything about Paraguay! What am I supposed to say?

*Flashback harp, dramatic look to the sky, you know the drill.*

BRONSON'S DAD'S VOICE

Remember son, in Paraguay, pistol duelling is still legal as long as both parties are registered blood donors. Never forget that.

LITTLE BRONSON'S VOICE

I never will Papa

*Harp again, Bronson looks down.*

BRONSON

Good enough.

*Lights go down and come back up on the Oval dungeon,  
the Vice President stands anxiously awaiting Hitman,  
Hitman enters SL*

VICE PRESIDENT

What happened? Is it finished? Did yo- What the hell is that?

*They both look at Hitman's shirt*

HITMAN

Ya told me to change it

VICE PRESIDENT

I meant get another shirt you imbecile! You just wrote "Not A" above the word, people are still going to see that and think-

HITMAN

Relax, wouldya? It's done, the sucker is gonna be as dead as a doorknob okay? I saw him drink the whole bottle, poison must work pretty fast too, he was spittin' up all over himself by the end of it.

VICE PRESIDENT

Doornail

HITMAN

What?

VICE PRESIDENT

Doornail. As in "dead as a doornail" not doorknob.

HITMAN

Doornail? Why the hell would you have a nail in your door for?

VICE PRESIDENT

You- nevermind. But you're sure he's dead?

HITMAN

Trust me chief, nobody could drink that much poisoned Pibb and stay alive.

VICE PRESIDENT

Well then, I suppose it's time to pay you.

HITMAN

Great, how we doing this? Cash? Check, venmo?

*The Vice President pulls out a plastic card and hands  
it to Hitman*



The hell is this thing? "Dave and Buster's rewards card?"  
What am I supposed to do with this?

VICE PRESIDENT

The money will go through the cards account, you can cash it  
at a Dave and Busters, it's the least suspicious way to do  
this type of thing

HITMAN

Whatever you say, as long as I get my money

VICE PRESIDENT

You'll get everything I've promised, as long as he's finally,  
once and for all-

*Assistant Sandra leans in*

ASSISTANT SANDRA

Hey, the Paraguay meeting is about to happen upstairs, are  
you coming?

VICE PRESIDENT

What? You mean the president is-

ASSISTANT SANDRA

Waiting for you before the meeting starts, are you coming or  
not?

VICE PRESIDENT

I'll... I'll be right there

*Assistant Sandra leaves*

YOU SAID HE WAS DEAD

HITMAN

Nobody could survive drinking that stuff!

VICE PRESIDENT

Well apparently he did! You need to get rid of him, NOW

HITMAN

Uh, okay, but with what? My president killin' gun?

*Hitman pulls out the gun once more*

VICE PRESIDENT

No, no, just. I don't know-

*He opens some evil looking Chester drawers, pulls out  
a huge needle*

This is just pure cyanide, find some way to inject him with this as soon as you can

HITMAN

Allright

VICE PRESIDENT

And for gods sake, change that shirt!!

*They both hurry off SL*

*Lights come up on the oval office. Bronson and the body are standing up, Bronson is trying to keep the body looking as alive as possible, Assistant Sandra comes in with the President of Paraguay*

BRONSON

(Puppeting President)

Well, hello!

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

Greetings, it's lovely seeing you again

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

The same goes for you

*He extends the limp hand for a handshake, they shake hands*

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

My, your hand sure is cold

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

It's the - uh - sign of a leader

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

I guess you learn something new every day

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

Yes you do

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

Well, let's get started, shall we?

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

We shall

*They both take seats at the main desk*

(Still speaking for  
President)

So, Paraguay huh? Is it nice this time of year?

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

Oh, yes it is.

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

So I uh... Heard that pistol duelling is still legal in your country as long as both parties are registered blood donors, huh?

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

Yes, I think that's true

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

Cool, cool.

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

So, my reason for coming here. You see, I'd like for our joint economic tariffs push to aside embassy limitations in order to more freely introduce capitol benefits to my country through a temporary raise in subsidies as well as a halt on all current extra judiciary oversight.

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

Hmm yes I see, very interesting...

ASSISTANT SANDRA

The camera crew will be up here to start filming shortly

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

(to sandra)

Thank you

(to president)

What do you think about that request?

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

Well, I think we need to defend, um, democracy, and uh... freedom! Yes, freedom. That's what I think

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

All...right... But what does that have to do with the trade negotiation?

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

We should um, take a hard stance on... liberty?

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

You still aren't answering my-

*The Vice President enters from SL*

VICE PRESIDENT

Why hello Miss Cuellar! May I just say that it is a pleasure meeting you!

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

Thank you, the feeling is mutual

VICE PRESIDENT

So how has this discussion been going so far?

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

Well not a lot has been done so far

VICE PRESIDENT

Oh well I'm sure we can sort this all out, can't we sir?

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

Yeah, we definitely can

*Hitman walks in*

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

Who are you?

*Hitman looks down at shirt that says "Not a Hitman, or Am I?" Vice President looks furious.*

HITMAN

The... Maid?

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

Why is the maid in here? This is highly irregular

*Bronson accidentally lets the president's body slump to the side of the chair, he scrambles to pick him back up*

VICE PRESIDENT

Yes, there are a lot of people in this room, sir, are you feeling all right? You look kind of ill

BRONSON

(Puppeting President)

Um no, I am all good, healthy as a... healthy thing

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

Gentleman, let's please get to the task at hand. Are the U.s. Subsidies going to be malleable or not?

VICE PRESIDENT

You see, the subsidies are historically going to be difficult to edit. We'd need some kind of retrograde import gain before we would choose to do that-

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

Did you know that they can have legal pistol duels in Paraguay?

VICE PRESIDENT

Uh, very interesting sir. Anyways, as I was saying... Our tariffs are going to-

*Hitman waves to VP, points to the needle in confusion. VP says not now, Hitman mis-interprets that and while nobody is looking, he injects the president with the needle. After no effect, the Hitman is confused.*

PARAGUAY PRESIDENT

(To President)

An interesting take, I'd like to hear your opinion on it, sir

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

I uuhhhh, love being alive and being a president!

*VP and Hitman both look shocked*

PARAGUAY RESIDENT

Are you trying to hardball me? Trying to play dumb so I will show my hand? Well, my hand is just nation interest, same as you. Now we can get this over with soon and have someone write up a new trade legislation that would benefit both of us, or I could be on my way.

BRONSON

(Puppeting president)

Interesting... Interesting...

*While the presidents are occupied with one another, VP and Hitman are gesturing behind their backs, Hitman is asking if he should use the gun. VP says no, Hitman thinks he says now, shoots, Bronson sneezes, dead body slumps over, bullet hits The President of Paraguay*

PARAGUAY RESIDENT

AHHHHHHHH

*She slumps over, dead.*

BRONSON

JESUS CHRIST

*Bronson pulls gun on Hitman*

WHY DID YOU KILL HER? I thought you were a maid?? I never would have guessed you were a Hitman on account of your shirt

HITMAN

Told you so

VICE PRESIDENT

Enough.

HITMAN

Look, this is just a big accident, I was trying to kill THAT president, not this one

BRONSON

This president is already dead!!

EVERYONE

GASP

BRONSON

Why would you do this, man?

HITMAN

He told me to, I'm just following orders

VICE PRESIDENT

That is preposterous! I would never-

BRONSON

Everyone just don't move.

*There is a very tense standoff, but the camera crew is walking up the hallway, everyone looks at the door, looks at each other, looks at the corpses, and jumps into motion as soon as the crew enters the room*

STEPHANIE CHANDLING

Hello everyone! How's this meeting going?

EVERYONE

Uh... good.

STEPHANIE CHANDLING

Me and my cameraman are just gonna set up here for a quick minute, get some footage, nothing too intrusive

*The Hitman is now puppeteering the President of Paraguay in the same way Bronson is puppeteering the president. The VP is standing in between the two, doing most of the actual talking*

VICE PRESIDENT

We are just conducting a normal government conference!

HITMAN AND BRONSON

That's right

STEPHANIE CHANDLING

Perfect, can I get a shot of you two shaking hands?

*They sloppily slap hands together*

Perfect! Well, that's about all the footage I needed! Have a nice day you guys!

*As the camera crew leaves, the VP pushes table, shoving the dead bodies onto Hitman and Bronson, they're pinned down.*

VICE PRESIDENT

You fools, this has all worked perfectly!! Now That president is dead, you both will go to jail, and with no proof of my involvement, I'm going to lead this country, and get off scott free! Thank you so much boys

BRONSON

No

HITMAN

No

VICE PRESIDENT

Yes

BRONSON  
(To himself)

What should I do?

*Harp flashback sound effect everyone can hear it though and looks confused except for Bronson*

BRONSON'S DAD'S VOICE

Son

LITTLE BRONSON'S VOICE

Yes, papa?

HITMAN

Where is that coming from??

LITTLE BRONSON'S VOICE

Do you think I have what it takes to even become a secret service agent?

BRONSON'S DAD'S VOICE

Being in the secret service isn't even that hard, just keep his head on

*Harp plays again*

BRONSON

Head..... that's it!

*Bronson throws a loose piece of jerky at the William Henry Harrison statue. With the sound of a pressurized cannon, jerky shoots and hits the VP, knocking him back. He drops his gun. Bronson grabs his gun and holds the VP and Hitman down*

BRONSON (CONT'D)

Sandra get in here!

*Assistant Sandra enters SL*

ASSISTANT SANDRA

Yeah?

BRONSON

Call the cops, we have two murder-ers in here.

ASSISTANT SANDRA

No need to call anyone, I am the cops

EVERYONE

WHAT?

ASSISTANT SANDRA

That internship I'm doing this for? It's for Cop college, it's like clown college, but cooler. I can arrest these men, tell me what happened.

*Everyone tries to explain at the same time*

BRONSON

Well you see, /the president choked to death on some jerky, then this guy shot her, but because the Vice President paid him to do it/

VICE PRESIDENT

/I did absolutely nothing of the sort, these two men killed these presidents, there is no proof of my involvement what so ever/



HITMAN

/That guy paid me to kill the president but turns out he was dead the whole time anyways, so I accidentally shot her, but it was because he was gonna pay me with Dave and busters rewards points and-

ASSISTANT SANDRA

Anybody who isn't dead is under arrest

BRONSON, HITMAN, AND VICE PRESIDENT

(In unison)

That's fair.

*Blackout.*