

Mishu Hilmy VS. Daniel Bell  
by Daniel Bell (@DANBELLCOMEDY)

INT. A MUSKY SWEATSHOP IN FAR FUTURE OF 2012  
EXTREME CLOSEUP.

Two men sit. They are writing on electronic scrolls. Both men appear defeated. They could use a 5hr Energy and a Zoloft. One of these men is on a under 25 comedy list. Both men look old for their age. You know, because they have had their hearts crushed by the sketch writing overlords of the future.

BENJAMIN RAGHEB as V.O.: "Shift number 8673  
begins in 30 seconds."

MISHU: This is going to be a tough one.

DANIEL: I fear my writing quality has slipped  
now that my fingertips are nubs.

MISHU: I hear that. Being kept against our will  
as the faces of NaSkEwriMo is hardly a life.

DANIEL: Faces! Don't remind me. He ripped off  
our faces.

MISHU: And he forces us to fight each other to  
within a few feet from Death's door!

Sweat drops are dripping (as drops are wont to do). They are visibly angry at their situation. But one of them, Daniel, still holds up hope for some reason. The main reason is he is naive.

DANIEL: It isn't fair. When did sketch writing  
become a competition? I remember being a hot up  
and coming Brooklyn writer. Look at me now!

MISHU: We should have never completed the whole  
month!

DANIEL: We were overachievers. We went to far.

Our output was to grand.

MISHU: You went from writing 35 jokes a day to writing sketches for a faceless corporation.

DANIEL: Ahhh. The face again! I can't think about about my discarded face again. It is too much!

BENJAMIN RAGHEB as V.O.: "Write you bastards, write. Show daddy who his favorite child is."

MISHU: I can't. I can't do this anymore. I am giving up. No human can do this.

DANIEL: We can not give up. He will take away our last freedoms. We must do this together.

Daniel pleads but he knows in the back of his head he knows he will shortly become obsolete. He wasn't fast enough.

DANIEL: Mishu, Mishu please! If you do not pick up your Holo-Pencil we will have to fight.

MISHU: It is a Monday and I am not in the mood to write 10 of these.

DANIEL: I will not let him hurt you again. I will not! We are brothers in the war against Quantity.

DANIEL: You know what you must do.

MISHU takes his Holo-Pencil and shoves it into Daniel's temple. He pulls it out with what willpower he has left. Daniel's Writer-AIDS riddled body falls onto the ground and directly ontop of a trap door. The trap door leading to a furnace opens and swallows his coprse.

BENJAMIN RAGHEB as V.O.: "FATALITY."

ZOOM OUT.

As the camera zooms out we see hundreds of MISHU's and DANIEL's working endlessly on endless sketches. Each zombie of a person is writing and complaining while they do it. They are trapped. Trapped in a world of too many sketches and a profound need for acknowledgement. They are comedy room writers, Comedy Room WRITERS OF THE DAMNED!