

We open in a world in which everyone's favorite food is potatoes.

INT. HIGH-SCALE RESTAURANT. DAY.

FRANCIS

I'll have the potatoes au gratin and the shepherd's pie, please.

MARIE

Just the potato salad and the gnocchi for me, thank you.

CUT TO

INT. MIDDLE CLASS KITCHEN. EVENING.

SMALL MALE CHILD IN OVERALLS

Potatoes! Potatoes! Potatoes!

BEAUTIFUL HOUSEWIFE

Here come the potatoes, Colin!

CUT TO

INT. THE HALLS OF CONGRESS. DAY.

SEN. MILFORD

My constituents in Kansas depend on corn, it's our livelihood, our lifeblood, we need subsidies in order to...

CONGRESS IN UNISON

Boo!

SEN. SANCHEZ OF IDAHO

The people of Idaho have little sympathy for the corngrowing maggots of Kansas. Indeed, the citizens of this great nation, nay the world, know that corn is an inferior starch. Corn is fit for feeding swine and little else. To even mention corn in this age of the potato...

CONGRESS IN UNISON

(derisive laughter)

CUT TO

INT. SET OF A COOKING SHOW. DAY.

PAULA DEEN

Well if I don't have the greatest recipe for fixing up a meaty old steak to taste like a delicious, semi-mushy, kinda-sandy potato! What you're gonna need to do first is take your steak and start to rub it

in some fresh garden dirt...

CUT TO

INT. MANHATTAN BOARDROOM. DAY.

JOHN SLADE

People love potatoes, they're going to buy potatoes, but how to convince them to buy new GenTecPotatoes with Buttertrol? What's the benefit.

BUCK TRADER

You just said it. People love potatoes. Forget about the genetics, forget about the dairy-based amino acids woven into the chromosomal make-up to give it a synthetic butter taste. We're selling potatoes. Tasty, tasty potatoes.

JOHN SLADE

Dammit, I hate to admit it, Buck, but you are a genius. Tasty Tasty Potatoes.

CUT TO

INT. OVAL OFFICE. EVENING

PRESIDENT HANKS

And so it is with heavy heart that I resign from the office of President of the United States of America, having let the potato bugs lay waste to our nations once great and mighty potato supply. Despite the best efforts of our nations scientists, soldiers, exterminators and priests, the bugs proved triumphant.

HE REACHES INTO A DRAWER OF A DESK MADE FROM THE WOOD OF A SLAVE SHIP OR SOMETHING

PRESIDENT HANKS

(Holding a revolver to his temple)

Forgive me Melinda, Forgive me America, Forgive me God. POTATOES!

PRESIDENT HANKS BLOWS HIS FUCKING BRAINS OUT. CAMERA PANS DOWN TO THE PRESIDENTIAL SEAL. BLOOD POURS DOWN OVER IT IN THICK VISCOUS RIBBONS.

CUT TO

EXT. RAFT ADRIFT AT SEA. DAY.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: 2913 AP (AFTER POTATOES)

BEARDED KEVIN COSTNER

Potatoes are just a legend. THERE ARE NO MORE POTATOES!

WOMAN IN LEATHERY BIKINI THING

Then you wouldn't be interested in this tattoo.

(Pulls up shirt of a near-feral young female child revealing a tattoo of sourcream, bacon bits, chives and a Pangea-like map that looks distinctively like a potato)

BEARDED KEVIN COSTNER

(silently cries)

'Taters.