

Osama Yo Mama

by Amir Talai

Characters:

Osama, the leader. He is really laid back and cool. He's also very horny. Things have been getting more and more stressful, and he's considering packing it all in. He sort of has a crush on Saddam.

Rahman, the most gung-ho of the group.

Abdul, probably the smartest of the group, he doesn't really get to prove himself.

Hasim, the thorn in Osama's side. He's always pointing out problems with Osama's plans. He often has junk food, and he always wears gag T-shirts.

Gary, Osama's right hand man, he joined after things didn't work out at Microsoft

Brina, one of Osama's attendants. No one pays her much mind.

Rina, Osama's other attendant. . No one pays her much mind either.

Saddam, Osama's mentor / older brother-type figure. He is a popular guy, the life of the party, but he's often too busy for his buds.

men wear towels on their heads (Gary has a visible Yankees cap under his towel). No two towels are tied the same.

The women wear completely opaque burkas (OK, sheets). The sheets can be any color, not necessarily what I've indicated in the script. Even plaid would work. The sheets have little Charlie Brown eyeholes .

The feel of the camp should NOT be militaristic, but very casual, kinda like a frat house.

All characters speak in a middle eastern accent, except Gary. **I highly recommend you read the script with an accent in mind, since much of it is much funnier when read with an accent.**

notes on the middle eastern accent (I've sometimes written it in myself):

w is pronounced v

the r is not exactly rolled, unless you're really emotional, but it is "tapped", like rolling it once.

a voiced th, like in "this" or "heathen" is pronounced d

an unvoiced th, like in "birth" or "think" is pronounced t

if a word begins with s and then another consonant (other than h), like "street" or "spy", an eh (as in "pet") sound is added to the beginning of the word: ehstreet, ehspy.

ing at the end of a word is pronounced een.

an er sound is pronounced "air" (like the stuff you breathe), so sucker would sound like suck air, and murder would sound like mair dair

ow as in how or down is pronounced ah like hot. So, how would be hah. and down would be like Dawn, the name.

Scene 1

Full Cast onstage (minus Saddam). Hasim wears a shirt that says, "Burka Inspector". He has a foam finger that says "Mohammed 3:15". Gary is videotaping.

All: Happy Birthday, Dear Osamaaaaa, Happy Birthday to you. Llllllllllllll! Make a wish! make a wish!
Osama makes a wish and blows out the candles. Llllllllllllll!

Osama: what a year, seriously guys, what a year. First off I gotta give big ups to Allah, the compassionate, the merciful, for giving me the strength to be an international murderer. You da man, big guy. And I wanna thank you guys for all your hard work. We've had to deal with a lot this year, what wit de move from Saudi Arabia to Afghanistan, and den of course more recently, here to Alaska. And by the way, I know it's de last place dey'd look for us, but shet man, it's fuckin cold! Seriously! *(laughs and agreement all around. Osama might ad lib over the agreements: It's fuckin cold!)* No but, Abdul, I really do appreciate you handling all de moving, and shaving our beards to blend in has been surprisingly comfy. *(more agreements)* Hasim, your intelligence reports have helped us keep out spies, and Rahman, your Gung-ho attitude is exactly what sets us apart from that pussy-ass Irish Liberation Whatever.

Rahman: Praise be to Allah!

All: Praise be to Allah!

Osama: And Gary, what can I say, you're my fucking rock, man. I appreciate it. When you knocked on my door with, "Bill Gates fired me for being too unethical," *(appreciative chuckles from the men)* I knew I had to have you on the team. So what are we waiting for, let's cut the cake, betches!

A loud egg timer goes off.

Abdul: It'll have to wait folks, prayer time!

Everybody gets down on the ground and faces different directions. There is much confusion – they're not sure where Mecca is, plus since they're in Alaska, they're not sure if they should pray west or east toward Mecca.

Various adlibs: Which way is it again?

We do this 5 times a day!

I could've sworn we...

I think *he* knows...

I'm following *you*!

They finally agree on the same direction (the direction should change each time they do this bit). Two quick bows, and everyone springs up like they just finished a set of pushups.

All: *(variously)* Good prayer. Nice. Sweet. Good one. Good effort. *(high fives)*

Osama: OK, Let's cut the cake, betches!

All: *(variously)* yay! All right! Llllllllll! Dis party is de bomb!

Someone's cell rings. The ring is A-Ha's 'Take On Me'. Everyone checks their cell phones – it's Osama's.

Osama: Oh, sorry guys.

Hasim: Is that Take On Me?

Osama: Yeah, pretty fucking sweet, huh? *(looks at the caller ID)* who the hell is this? *(answers)* Dis is Bin Laden, who you Bin?

Saddam *(enters DL or something, wearing a beret and a bathrobe)*: Saddaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaam!

Osama: Saddaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaam!

Saddam: Saddaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaam!

All: Saddaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaam!

Osama: Saddam! What's up, neegger!

Saddam: Osama, how you been, you old cocksucker!

Osama: ahh, pretty good man, fucking tired, I'm getting too old for this shet. But, I'm just hanging out now

Hasim: Hey, ask him about the shirt

Osama: Hey, did you get the shirt from Hasim?

Saddam *(opens his robe to reveal only tighty whiteys and a Tshirt that reads 'weapons inspector')*: Yeah, I got the shirt, it's fuckin hilarious. That guy doesn't give a fuck! I love it!

Osama: Go ahead you guys, cut the cake (*He gives them a boxcutter, someone cuts the cake with it, and they pass the cake out, but don't eat yet*)

Saddam: well, just calling to wish you a happy birthday.

Osama: Oh, thanks, bro. You're a good man

Saddam: You're a better man.

Osama: Aw,

Saddam: Hey I got a birthday joke for you. What do you and I have in common with de pantyhose?

Osama: Hmm, what do you and I have in common with de pantyhose? Shet, I don't know, what?

Saddam: We both irritate Bush. (*both laugh*)

Osama: Oh no you didn't!

Saddam: Okaaaaay?

They laugh heartily and then the laughter subsides.

Osama (*in an awkward moment where he just wants to hear Saddam talk more*): So... what else, what else?

Saddam: You know what buddy, I really gotta run. I got to gas some of my own people, so...

Osama: Oh. Yeah. No, I understand, you're a busy guy. Thanks for calling though. So... you don't tink you can make it tomorrow?

Saddam: I don't know buddy, security's pretty tight.

Osama: (*amiably sarcastic*) Oh, yeah, right.

Saddam: (*chuckle*) I'll see vaht I can do.

Osama: All right man, have a good one.

Saddam: All right.

Both: Peace.

(beat. "peace" makes them both laugh heartily. They hang up)

Gary: Here you go boss (*cake*)

Osama: Hey, I hope this isn't Hasim's family recipe, 'cause uh, I don't do suicide missions! (*all laugh but Hasim*) I don't do 'em!

Hasim: Very funny, jerk-off!

Gary: No, uh, we got it off cake.com

Osama: Wow. Seriously, where would we be without the internet. I'm telling you, it's not just a storehouse for porno. OK, well, everybody have cake? Ok then – Oh shit, I almost forgot, vere's my food tester?

Gary: He, uh, he said he had to go catch up on his prayers.

Abdul: Don't worry, we haven't had a incident in months.

Osama: (*uneasy*) Well...

Rahman: Jesus H. Allah! I'll test the damn cake! (*He does. he grimaces in what appears to be pain. People are worried. He is staggering, clutching his throat, falling to his knees, pointing accusingly at the cake. Then,*)

Damn! That is a good cake! Ho-Lee Shit! Are those fresh estrawberries? (*he grimaces again, and dies*)

Abdul: Someone's trying to kill Osama!

Rahman: No shit Sherlock. But that IS damn good cake, though. (*Takes another bite of cake*) Ah shit! (*Dies*) (*stunned silence*)

Osama: OK Guys, get Rahman out of here. From now on, no more High Alert. Everybody's on Highest Alert.

Hasim: Which one is that again?

Osama: Highest Alert is when like, OK for High Alert, you know, trust no one. For Highest Alert, trust *no one*.

Hasim: Can we trust you?

Osama: Yah, of course.

Hasim: But you said trust no one.

Osama: just... everybody out! I need some alone time.

Egg timer

It's prayer time anyway. (*the men exit*) Attendants, after prayers, bring me a latte, huh?

Women: Yes, Osama. (*they exit, Hasim explaining to someone his confusion*)

Osama does the confused prayer business by himself.

Osama: (*sigh, stretch, crotch scratch*) good prayer. nice.

Boy, what the shet am I gonna do?

Brina: (*entering*) here you go, Osama.

Osama: God, shet, that is hot, don't you have a Java Jacket?

Rina: (*just behind Brina*) Oh, here you are Osama

Osama: Thanks, Brina.

Rina: It's Rina!

Osama: Calm down! I'm sorry! It's hard with the goddamn sheets!

Rina: First of all, they're called burkas.

Osama: whatever

Rina: Second, no it's not. Rina wears red, Brina wears blue! (*pron booloo*)

Brina: Hey Osama, The guys went out looking for who might be trying to kill you. They won't be back for a while. (*indicating burka:*) do you mind?

Osama: Oh, hell no, go for it, shet. (*they remove burkas revealing the tiniest bikinis available*)

Both: Ahh, dat's better.

Rina: (*soothingly*) Osama, I'm sure the whole cake thing has been a downer for you, I'm so sorry you're stressed out.

Brina: You know we'd *kill* to keep you happy and *protect your life* as you've made it. Come; let us relax you a little bit.

Osama: Well, twist my arm. But, uh, I really wanne do some journaling at de same time.

He lies on his stomach. One woman straddles him and gives him a backrub, the other stands behind and gives her a back rub. Osama pulls out his diary, designed with something girlie like Justin Timberlake or puppies. He writes and sips coffee during the backrub. The women, while enjoying the backrubs, are also intently reading the diary over his shoulder.

Osama VO: Are you there, diary? It's me, Osama. (*chuckle*) Sorry, I never get tired of that one. Guess what happened today. Somebody tried to kill me by poisoning my birthday cake! Fucked up, huh? I don't know how the Americans got in here. (*beat*) I don't know what to do, diary. The last few weeks, I've been writing to you about how I'm gonna give up this whole shet and move to Martha's Vineyard. You know what though, I really think I'm gonna do it. I'll take off, all by myself, and just live out the rest of my days playing Xbox. I'll make the announcement tomorrow... at Brunch.

Brina: Osama, quit writing, OK? We're tired of just rubbing your back.

Rina: Can't little Osama come out to play?

Brina: We miss him!

Osama: If you insist...

Barry White music. Lots of kissing and stuff. It's up to the actors how far this goes, but the farther the better. When they finally start to undo Osama's pants, egg timer goes off.

Osama: Son of an American! Didn't we just fuckin do this?

confused prayer bit

All (*variously*): Good prayer, nice. good one. (*short kisses all around, maybe baseball-type butt slaps*)

Osama: Now, where were we?

Men (*O.S., urgently*): Osama! Osama! Osama!

Osama: Shet!

women put on the burkas. The men run on (Hasim now wears a shirt that reads Coed Naked Jihad).

Abdul: Osama! Osama! It's an inside job!

Osama: Bollshet! She didn't even have her hand inside my pants yet! I mean...

Abdul: what?

Osama: (*pause*) huh?

Abdul: (*beat*) what did you say?

Osama: (*pause*) what?

Abdul: (*beat*) I'm telling you, we found your food tester stabbed to death outside, and radar shows that no one else has come within 50 miles of our food supply in weeks! A few Eskimos, but Eskimos are too drunk to come up with all this, so it must have been an inside job! Someone WITHIN Al Quaida is trying to kill you!

Osama: *(relieved, looking at the women)* Ohhhhhh. *(realizes he's in danger)* Ohhhhhh

Everyone looks around suspiciously.

Osama: OK. I have to think about this. We are now on Super Duper Highest Alert. *(Hasim raises his hand)* Shut up Hasim. *(Hasim lowers his hand)* There are some changes that are going to need to be made around here. Some of us are clearly not cut out for this, and I think we all need to think about what *we* can do to further the Al Qaida program. OK?

All: Yes Osama.

All exit, except Gary. Hasim ad-libs confusion on his way out: Super Duper? Name one military organization that says Super Duper.

Gary *(into mini recorder)*: Personal journal. The assassination plan is not progressing fast enough. I must immediately dispose of infidels not fully devoted to Al Quaida. There are top level team members who no longer have their heart in the right place, but instead are still selfishly thinking of themselves. Sounds like our leader's going to make his big announcement. That's go time. I must strike before then.

During the above, Brina has sneaked up on Gary. She is about to stab him (with a boxcutter) when the egg timer goes off.

Brina: Mother betch!

Gary *(turning to see her)*: What?

Brina: I said, what a switch, from having cake at lunch to going out to kill some baby seals for dinner. But it's prayer time, we better get to that. *she exits*

Gary: right.

he does the confused prayer bit alone.

Crossfade to the other side of the stage

Osama journals, women rub his back, as before. The women, while enjoying the back rubs, are also intently reading the diary over his shoulder, as before. They are wearing their burkas

Osama VO: Are you there, diary? It's me, Osama. *(chuckle)* That still cracks me up, honest to God. *(beat)* One day after my berrday and shet is estill hella fucked up. We *were* on High Alert, then we went to higest alert, but that wasn't enough, so now we're on Super Duper Highest Alert. Hasim think we should escrap the Alert thing and just buy guns, but... Guns don't solve anything. I mean, Hiding out here in Alaska is kept us safe from Bush, but now it's look like is someone *within* Al Quaida is trying to kill me. Dat's a garbage, it's a rip-off. It's a rip-off, it's a bollshet. The thing is, it could be anybody. It could be Abdul, it could be Hasim, shet, it could be my main man Gary, for all I know. Actually, Gary has been acting pretty *(pron. pirry)* funny lately. I thought it was cool the Angels won and not the New York Yankess again. I told him, and he freaked out! *(Sigh)* I hope Saddam gets here. He always knows what to do. But you know, Mr. Fuckin Hollywood, I love him, but he always has some excuse. I vant him to be here at brunch in the morning vehn I announce my sooprise retirement, but I von't hold my bret.

He gets up, unable to enjoy the back rub.

Osama: Allah Akbar, I am just so on edge!

Brina: Come on, Osama, *(they go to rub his back again)*

Hasim walks on eating a powdered donut and holding the box of remaining donuts in his other hand. He now wears a Tshirt that reads, "My other shirt... is a BOMB!"

Hasim: What's up, O-dog?

Osama suddenly slaps the donut out of his hand (in kind of a downward motion), and kicks the box up out of his hands. The box lands on the floor and Osama stomps on it and shouts:

Osama: Anthrax! Anthraaaaax!

Hasim: God damn, you are a jerk! It's a powdered sugar, dude! Those were fucking Entenman's Low Fat, too! Those are hard to find! *(exiting, shaking his head in disgust)* Shet!

Rina: Osama, you need to relax. I'm sure whichever traitor is trying to kill you will soon make some mistake, then we will solve this and we can go back to our happy lives.

Osama: I don't know you guys, when I'm here with you, everything seems so perfect. But when I think about one of my own guys trying to kill me, honest to God, it freaks me out.

Brina: Shhh, shhhhh. *They massage him.*

Osama: Oh, oh that's nice. Damn, you are way better dan Jenna and Barbara Bush. And I don't even need to buy you de wine coolers to get you in de mood.

Gary has sneaked on. He is about to kill Brina — though we think he's going to kill Osama — when Brina wheels around and does acrobatic karate moves and kills him. During this, Rina runs out screaming and Osama backs up and cheers Brina on effeminately.

Osama: *(out of breath)* Wow! Thank you! Thank you! Oh my God, that was amazing. Wow, I'm so flustered. I'm, praise Allah, I'm, wow, I'm kinda horny! Hey, what do you say we...

Brina: Uh, I'd love to, but, I'm *(indicates crotch)* getting a visit from my Aunt Flow. Plus, I haven't shaved down there in a while, so...

Osama *(disappointed)*: Oh. OK Then. You know how I feel about bush – not in the white house, not in my teeth.

Brina *(cheering him up)*: Hey, how 'bout this? *She moves the hole in the burka from over her eyes to over her mouth and indicates a blow job.*

Osama *(excited)*: Haha, easy access, I like it. Sounds good, but hurry *(pron. herry)* up. *(egg timer)* Why?!! For the love of all that is holy, let me get my dick wet!

Confused prayer bit

Brina: you know what, I'm actually kind of a tired. I'm going to the women's quarters and nap. *(exits)*

Osama: *(pulling out a catalogue)* .Well, it's look like it's just you and me, Lane Bryant catalogue. *(opens it.)*
Sweet.

Blackout

the women's quarters.

Rina (*this is actually Brina, wearing Rina's burka*): Brina, get up honey, it's time for morning prayers. Brina?
Brina?!!

"Brina" is dead. "Rina" screams, *ad-libs horror*. The men run on, *ad-libbing* "what? what's happening?", *etc*.
Hasim now has a shirt that reads "I'm with Infidel" with an arrow pointing to no one. He's also eating nachos.

Osama (*working his way to the front so he can kneel by* "Brina's" dead body. He knows what's happened, but he's not ready to see it, like when mothers arrive at the scene of their kids' car accidents, and know they're dead, but they don't want to admit it. The guys try to hold him back, knowing how hard he'll take it): No! (*beat*) No! (*beat*) Nooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!!! What happened?

"Rina": I found her like this when we woke up. Oh my God, here's a note! "Goodbye cruel world. I couldn't handle it any longer. I am in love with Osama and angry that I couldn't say so openly. Although I never told him how I felt about him, and we never actually had de sex, especially not de anal sex that night after 6 Flags—"

Osama: That was sweet.

"Rina": "I just couldn't take de secrecy. In fact, it was not Gary, but I, who out of de jealousy and de anger, was the one who planned to kill Osama. I could no longer deal with de guilt and de confusion. I say goodbye, but I will never truly be gone. May the force be with you, Brina."

The next 3 lines should overlap, almost exactly the same time.

"Rina": Oh my God

Abdul: May the Force be with you?

Hasim: What the fuck?

Osama: Hey, if she's the killer, then why did she kill Gary and not just let him kill me? And what did she mean by she would not truly be gone?

"Rina": Hey, do you guys smell something?

Osama: Oh shit! Mustard gas!

Hasim: Hey, you guys vant some nachos? (*offers enticingly*) Refried beeaanns... (*notices his own smell and fans his stinky ass*)

All: Hasiim!

Hasim (*annoyed*): Whaaat? WhatEVER. (*"talk to the hand" gesture. Exits, still annoyed*)

Abdul: "Mustard gas". You can't tell the difference between mustard gas and a fart?

Osama: Normally, yes, but shet man, this is fucking Hasim we're talking about. You don't remember esloppy Joe night in Tora Bora? Shet, all the Americans needed to flush us from our caves was Hasim's estinky ass! Plus Brina just died, and shet man, I'm not tinkng estraight. All of you get out. I need to be alone to grieve. *They exit*

Abdul (*before exiting -- heartfelt*): Think of it this way Osama, at least now it's over. Now you know you're safe, and we can go back to life as usual. *He starts to exit.*

Osama (*softly*): Can we Abdul? *This stops Abdul for a moment, then he is gone.* Can we? Oh Brina, why? Why? *Osama is very tender with "Brina", stroking her head, etc.* Everything was going so well. Oh, you poor, poor girl. (*beat*) (*whispers*) I forgive you. (*cries out,*) I forgive you! And Brina, (*sings*) I-I-I-I-I-I will always love youuuuuuuuu. Will always... *He can't continue. He bends down and tenderly kisses her on the cheek. He lingers there a moment.* Oh Brina. *He kisses her again. Now he's riled up.* Oh, Brina. Oh, Brina *He starts to unzip his pants. egg timer.* SON OF A BETCH!!!

Blackout

Osama and the guys. Hasim's shirt now reads "What would Allah do?"

Osama: Well bros, I've gathered you here to tell you something that it's very hard for me. You guys have always stood by me. You got my back even when things sucked shit. And I will always be grateful to you. Abdul, I won't forget the time I didn't realize I had a live grenade in my hand, and you, sweet man, threw it at that crowd of third-graders to save me. Or Hasim, they way you always flashed your cock at that fine-ass Christianne Amanpour from CNN. But I've thought long and hard, and, especially in the wake of this assassination shet, I've decided it's time for me to estep down as head of Al Quaida.

"Rina": Noooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Men: Rina!

Osama: Rina what is this? What are you doing with that gun?

Brina: You fools! I'm not Rina, I'm Brina! *She takes off her burka revealing the bikini.*

Men: Oh my God!

Osama: You're alive!

Abdul: You're alive!

Hasim: You are fucking hot! Ho-Lee shit! You're estraight out of Girls Gone Wild or something!

Brina: Shut up Hasim!

Hasim: sorry.

Brina: Of course I'm alive. I killed Rina and made you think it was me. She was getting suspicious, so I poisoned her chelo kabab before we went to sleep. Plus, it was the perfect way to lull you into a false sense of security.

Osama: But, I thought Gary was trying to kill me!

Brina: Ahh, Gary. I think Mr. Gary was actually trying to kill me. Somehow, he figured out I was trying to kill you, and he was trying to save you. How he figured it out, I'll never know. Probably because Americans are vay esmarter than Arabs.

Osama: But, why Brina? Why do you want to kill me? I thought you loved me.

Brina (*desperate, on the brink of tears*): I do love you! But if you left Al Quaida, it would fall apart. I'd have to go back to being another whore in Kabul! Do you know how fucking lame that would be? There literally aren't estreet corners! So if I can't be happy, none of you will! (*She shoots Abdul*)

men: Abdul!!

Abdul (*dying*): Oh no she didn't. (*he dies*)

she turns to kill Hasim

Hasim (*a la The Matrix*): Not like this. Not like this.

Osama: No! *She shoots Hasim.*

Hasim (*dying, sarcastically*): Wow, I'm sure glad we were under High Alert. Sure saved a lot of lives, idiot!(*dies*)

Osama: Rina, please—

Brina: Brina!

Osama: Brina! Sorry! Brina, please, let's talk about this, I'll take you with me.

Brina: You're lying! Just like when you said that according to Allah, men can only *receive* oral sex. Now, say your prayers, Bin Laden. (*pause. Simply,*) No, seriously, say your prayers.

confused prayer bit

Brina (*still emotional*): Good one. Nice prayer.

Osama (*weakly*): Thanks, yeah, I thought so too.

Brina: Now: meet your maker.

Osama: Nooo!!

Gunshot.

Brina (*dying, collapsing*): vaht de hell? *She is dead.*

Saddam enters, blows out his smoking gun.

Osama: Saddam! *Osama runs to him. They hug and kiss on both cheeks. Osama keeps in friendly physical contact with Saddam, his savior and mentor.* Oh my God! Thank you so much! You're here! My bertday vish came true! I'm so happy to see you! How...How did you know?

