

A MILLER'S TALE

by John Judy

(Written October 30, 2003 for "Big News.")

(Open on DENNIS MILLER asleep in his chair. SFX: Sound of wind blowing.)

V/O: *(whispering)* Dennis.....Dennis Miller.....

(MILLER stirs fitfully.)

MILLER: *(half-asleep)* ...Lemme alone Hannity....tell Limbaugh I don't have any oxy-contin...

V/O: Wake up you sell-out hack!!!

MILLER: *(wide awake)* Aaaahhh! Who said that?!

(YOUNG DENNIS enters.)

DENNIS: I did, *pachanga*. Wakey-wakey, "Hip" Van Winkle. Ya know, I don't want to get off on a rant here, but you look like David Crosby's liver after a three-day *tete-a-tete* with Nick Nolte and the extras from "Billy-Jack Goes to Washington."

MILLER: Who are you?

DENNIS: Hello? Do me a favor, Poirot: Go to E-Bay and hit "Buy It Now" for a clue! I'm you, the Dennis Miller from 1993, pre-Doritoes, pre-NFL, pre-"The Fox News Team goes undercover to find the asking price for your immortal soul!" Consider me the Ghost of Christmas Past with more hair and less of the Tori Amos waif-rock *coutre*. And I'm here doing the Marty McFly meets Scott Bakula thing to find out what the fuck happened to us!

MILLER: Whoa, hold up there, I'm feeling more disoriented than Bill Clinton at a Trappist monastery full of Bella Abzug look-a-likes on vicodin...

DENNIS: Nice return, Serena, but it's not quite over the net. Ten years ago we were the angry young prophet, Lenny Bruce with the 800 SAT verbal, the guy a generation looked to to extinguish the Kilmanjaro-sized bullshit flambe' we'd

been served since Reagan took office. Now I shine my DeLorean fog-lights through the mists of time and find us doing a David Lynch carny-huckster routine for Rupert Murdoch and the World White-Collar Crime League. Christ, did you take a Sonny Chiba to the brain-pan or are you just living out the sequel to "Bordello of Blood?"

MILLER: Okay, let's just hold the Dick Tracy two-way wrist radio there, Little Annakin. You may be feeling more turned around and put upon than Marilyn Manson on his first day at Rikers Island, but you've got about as much of the complete picture here as a guy with a 1985 Atari PC trying to download the Pamela/Tommy Lee video.

DENNIS: Oh yeah? Well before you try more mis-direction than Doug Henning trying to convince the DEA it was oregano, let me tell you this: The whole "I'm doing it to support my kids" thing goes over about as well as klezmer music at the Reichstag. Unless you put more money into your nose than "Aerosmith Rocks Bogata", you're set for life.

MILLER: Oh yeah, that SNL money got me the red hotels on Boardwalk. Every weekend me, Tim Kazurinsky, and Ellen Cleghorne take our Lear jets and go sky-writing "Thank-you Lorne!" over the Hollywood Bowl.

DENNIS: Fine, NBC never saw a penny it didn't want to pinch like Arnold Shwarzenegger at an open call for "Showgirls 2." Fine! But you made national commercial bank, chico! You had live concerts, Vegas, and more commercials than the last reel of "Earnest Saves Christmas" on a Nashville UHF station.

MILLER: Yeah, and I also had two kids, a hot wife, an LA mortgage and a burning desire not to end my days doing dick jokes in front of Eye-Tappa-Kegga. FoxNews made me an offer I'd be Karen Ann Quinlan to refuse and I took it like Kobe Bryant judging the Miss Teen America pageant with the "Do Not Disturb" sign sticking outta my ass. Bottom-line, Dickens: I have no illusions. My movie career would have to blow up like Jared the Subway guy at the Krispy Kreme outlet just to make it into the shitter. My NFL gig bombed like Pia Zadora doing "Anne Frank" at the Gaza Strip Improv and if I didn't keep the cheddar flowing in like the mighty Mississipp, one of my pre-pubescent Bangkok cabana boys might start talking to the kids at Neverland about forming

a union. Sure, lending my tarnished hipster cred to a fundamentally dishonest outfit that's about as "fair and balanced" as a three-wheeled hearse may strike you as a Faustian bargain, but remember: it is better to reign in Hell than to serve in a remake of HBO's "Oz" playing the part of a damp, but nonetheless cherished, tube sock.

DENNIS: You sneaky devil, mixing up the Marlowe and Milton references just as you're sliding into homo-eroticism. See? You still have the chops. You can still be a contender.

MILLER: Forget it kid. Once you reach that Rupert Murdoch-owned Tigres and Euphrates of personal and artistic corruption there's no going back. You've gone after Kurtz and been swallowed by the horror..or was that the cabana boy...? In any case, that's just my opinion....

DENNIS: ...You could be wrong?

MILLER: Not anymore kid. I'm working for Fox.

(BLACKOUT.)