

Random - Firecracker Films ©

******DO NOT PRINT, COPYRIGHT 2007 ©******

"Making Fun of Celebrities Everywhere"

1.

Bush: Hello my fellow Americans. I know that I have not been completely honest in my previous speeches. So tonight, the Bush Administration has organized a special press conference where any reporter can ask a question, and I will answer it honestly.

Interviewer: Mr. President, what is your status on global warming and abortion?

Bush: (long. long pause) I'ma thinkin' they shouldn'a raised the price'a Whoppers \$.99.

Interviewer: Mr. President, if it were legal, do you believe that Arnold Schwarzenegger would be a good potential candidate in the 2008 presidential election?

Bush: (long pause, and looks at his file cabinet) So that's a presidential cabinet!

Interviewer: Mr. President, do you honestly believe that your "No Child Left Behind" program has had an impact on our nation's children?

Bush: I like pudding cups!

Interviewer: Mr. President, do you really think the best solution to ending this war is to send more and more troops to Iraq and Afghanistan?

Bush: (long pause) Yeah... kinda! (pushes button that blows up Canada) Wee little doggy... don't mess with Texas!

2.

Britney: Kevin! I like Cheetos and diet cola... did you buy any?

K-Fed: Nah, dawg. Like, dawg... I didn't buy any, dawg. Check this out... sick nasty, dawg... I'ma workin' on dis new rhyme, dawg. "Pancakes and orange juice... orange juice and pancakes. Chicken and broccoli... broccoli and chicken. Mr. Britney Spears ain't trippin'." Word.

Britney: You didn't buy any Cheetos and diet cola? Poopey head! Oh... Kevin... (holds pregnant belly) It's time. (Later in the hospital waiting room and playing on cell phone. Singing, "I'm a Slave 4 U." Dancing's what I love... I'm a slave 4 u." Say Kev... did you buy any pickles?

3.

Lindsay: Like, I like hate when rumors start. I even wrote a song about it. (club starts playing "Rumors") See it's playing... yeah, like; it's like playing on a like, hot-spot... Club Hyde, man... like don't tell anyone, but I DJ here sometimes.

Bystander: Hey Lindsay! How's that rehab workin' out for ya?!

Lindsay: (attacking bystander and beating the living crap out of him) Why you little (long continuous beep for swear) (scene cuts early like a murder is about to happen).

4.

Jessica: Nickey? Is this chicken what I have or is this fish?

Nick: Tuna...

Jessica: Well, I know that, but the can says "chicken of the sea." (rolls eyes and bobs head.)

Nick: Whatever...

5.

Paris: (coming out of a fashion store) I'm so hot.

Rick Solomon: (walking by) Hey Paris! You check out the internet lately?

Paris: That's hot.

Paparazzi: Hey Paris over here! The camera loves you baby!

Paris: That's hot.

Paparazzi: (taunting Paris) So I here that you shop at Wal-Mart now?

Paris: Wal-Mart's for poor people.

Paparazzi: Hey Paris! What's up with Nicole Richie?

Paris: I hate the (beep). Lindsay Lohan too. Their both (beep-beep)

Paparazzi: So... I hear you have a new movie coming out?

Paris: Yeah... it's all a day's work. I play creepy... get a pole through the center of my head. All a day's work... It's hot.

Paparazzi: So Paris! I heard your book made #7 on the Wall Street Journal?

Paris: What's the Wall Street Journal... is that good?

Paparazzi: Hey... if I'm a VIP-

Paris: Doesn't matter who you are... s' not gonna happen.

Paparazzi: You look great today.

Paris: That's hot.

6.

Naomi Campbell: You stupid idiot!!!! (throws cell phone at assistant)

Assistant: What was that for?!

Naomi: I don't know... I just felt like doing it. (throws more cell phones at assistants like games at fairgrounds). I am loving this!

7.

Flavor Flav: YEAAHHH BOYYY! FLAVOR FLAV!!!!!!

Hottie: That is my man... and I don't care about anyone else here!

FF: Hottie is very, very dramatical... she tried to hypnotize me! (hehehehe)

Bootz: If Pumkin spit on me, I would'a kicked her (beep).

FF: Yeah... BOOTZ! I luv me some Bootz!

Pumkin: Ya know what New York... I can stay here as long as I want. I don't care if Flav eliminated me.

New York: Slap me (beep)!

Pumkin: (hack-spit. Spits a loogie straight at New York)

New York: You going down (beep) (shoves Pumkin into camera like on the

