# Enter Biker Troll

A biker bar. Partying bikers. A dangerous drinking game involving a bottle of clear liqoure, some live chickens and a bucket of hand grenades.

Rick looks like a bad ass, but he're really not. Probably an accountant or a dentist or something. He pisses off Freda the bartender.

There's a map on the wall. It shows the county. The parts they control in one shade, the parts they don't in another shade. Pins here and there. They discuss their criminal enterprises. Rick gets uncomfortable. He tries to skip out unnoncided. Freda stops him.She goads him into allowing her to read his fortune. She applies some carnie psychic skill and exposes Rick. He's not a biker at all. He's an accountant. The other bikers start to kick his ass.

Enter a grizzled old biker. He's pushing his bike. There's a moment of recognition between he and Freda. A brief one. He leans the bike to rest on its kick stand. He attempts to intervene on behalf of Rick.

"Say, does anyone have a points file?"

"For all we know, you're a poser. Maybe we should kick your ass, too."

"He's not a poser," says Freda. "He's the real deal." She pours herself a shot and drinks it. She looks the opposite direction of the grizzled biker.

One of the bikers regocnizes the grizzled biker. He's Bunion Lou. A legend. His bike broke down years ago. Bunion Lou declared he'd fix it himself or push it. So he pushes it.

"Heard you pushed that bike all the way up Berrymander pass."

"Pushed it up Berrymander pass, but not by myself. The whole town of Elk Bluff helped me. They love me in Elk Bluff."

"There's some steep country between here and Oakmont. How you gonna get over that?"

"Figure I'll have have 'er running soon. And if I don't, maybe you boys'll lend a hand."

Laugher.

"Nobody here loves you. In fact, we're gonna kick your ass."

A biker attacks Bunion Lou. Bunion Lou places him in an arm bar and pounds his head on the bartop.

Bunyan Lou: Maybe Ill grow on you.

The fight breaks out. The bikers turn on each other so it's a general mele with no discernable sides.

Freda does things to hinder Bunion Lou. Occasionally, a combatant emerges from the fray and Freda steers him back toward Bunyan Lou.

Enter Biker Troll from outer space. Jaws drop. Everything stops. The clatter of bottles, chairs, pool qes and other weapons dropping from suddenly limp hands.

# Biker Troll Plans World conquest

Biker Troll: Thank you all for meeting with me.

Freda: Nobody agreed to any meeting.

Biker Troll: We are come together all the same.

A puzzled biker: What?

Biker Troll: I'm talking world conqust, gentlemen. World conquest via 1 part brutility and 2 parts branding. (Indicating Rick) Take this youg fella. He makes a good living working in an office. He could be kicked back in a beach chair at some Club Med, but no. He's stradled himself over a harley and blue-highwayed it here to no man's land instead. And here he is, leathe4r on his back. Rivets in his pants.

What's your name, boy?

Rick: Rick.

Biker Troll: Tell me, Rick. What is it brough you here today.

I guess the highway just called me. Independence, you know. On a bike you don't have very much. All things you miss and to miss them is to be free from them.

Why'd you do that. This is where we set up a yearning for the biker lifestyle and wy.

He explains that he comes from outer space. He gives them a speech that stirs up their feelings of patriotism, discontent, alienaion, disturst, racism.

He gets the bikers to help him take over the world. He says it'll be easy. The right combination of brutility and messaging. Government? Look for me at mount Rushmore. I'll be the one in the crown. Religeon? Witty reply to come.

Commerce. When I'm done, you won't be able to buy a bag of chips or a can of beer with my picture on it.

Somebody, a leader maybe, objects so biker troll kills him.

Fighting with each other over protection rackets and street corners. No, we're meant for somethign bigger than that. I porpose we tak over the whole world.

The world's pretty big.

Devide and conquore, and the first part they've already done themselves. That map there, do

# Start Small

Us vs them. What's that on that map? Is that a college? Is this a college town?

State U.

Do you know that there are kids over there at that college and you know what they do there?

No

Study!

Study? How does that help the football team?

Rick, what's going on at that school tonight. Is anybody rallying for anything? Handicap parking. Justice for the oppressed.

The School of Mechanical Engieerig is hosting a demonstration on

Any

A symposium on ''.

Engineers, huh? You sure there's nothing from the school of Liberal Arts? Cultural Studies, Fine Ats, Musical Theory?

That'll work. Boys, I'm gonna need you to go beat up the School of Engineering.

But what do we have against engineers?

You'll figure that out after you beat them up.

Engineers are a strange and foreign lot. They're to be feared and reviled, and if they're not yet, they will be after we've beeten them up.

Nate and Curtis in Fredas Bar. Bunion Lou working on his bike.

Allison: I still don't understand beating up a bunch of engineering students.

Nate: They're a strange and foreign people.

Curtis: (To Allison) Do you know what they do in that engineering school.

Allison shakes her head.

Curtis: Study!

Nate: They don't do a thing to help the football team.

Freda: Does the community college even have a football team?

Curtis: Maybe not. We're going to beat up a bunch of deadbeats at the state university this week.

# The movement takes hold

Bunion Lou: The governor will send out the national guard.

Freda: Not if he wants to get reelected, listen to this.

She reads a newspaper article. It describes a grass roots movement lead by bikers. Decries elitism. Targets academia. Started with an uprising against academics at a small community college and is spreading accross the county. Biker Gangs have attacked blah, blah, blah.

An assault on students at a junior college has morphed into a political movment that is expected to shape the coming national elections.

The Open Road Movement continues exacerbating fissures in the cultural landscape and

movement continues to gain political exacerbating fissures in the cultural landscape and looming large over upcoming national elections.

The Open Road Movement,

Moves from the fringes to the mainstream. to the fasion runways of Paris, as designers debut collections that feature black leather accessorized by bandabandanas and chain wallets.

is leveraging populist sentiment with a romantisisd biker outlaw subculture.

opposes academics, scientists and artists as members of a represive ruling minority out to dismantle the norms and values at the bedrock of a free society.

The movement is consolidating political influence by exloiting fissures in the cultural landscape, juxtaposing romantisiced notions of defienace and freedom enboided by the outlaw biker motiff, and juxtuaposing it against societie's 'neo-nobles', a loosly defined.

, a hyper-educated oligarchy that made up academics, scientists, buracrats and school board members.

Biker Troll: (From a darkened part of the stage) They frequent swank urban coffee shops and attack values that are at the very core of democracy and personal freedom.

Lights come up on Biker Troll. He and his bikers are beating on an assembly of loafer-wearing unfortunates. Biker troll picks up a shoe laying on the floor and examines it.

Biker Troll: People think they've thrown off the nobles, but that's not the case. They're still here. Common poeple like me are still struggling under their boot. Their responsibly source, carbon-nutral feax-leather boot.

He approaches a biker who is clutching the lapels of a man on the ground and driving his head and Shoulders to the stage floor.

Oh the boot has changed, but the foot inside it's still the same.

The biker releases the mans lapel to accept the shoe from Biker Troll, then pummels the man with it.

A biker restrains a man by his own sport coat pulled over his shoulders and down to his elbows while another pounds him.. Biker troll doubles a man over with a blow to the groin, seizes him by his belt an collar and directs him to Freda, who breakes a chair over his back and lays him to the floor. He is joined there by other inert bodies until they are piled three deep. Biker Troll wipes his brow and perches his foot on the pile. He leans forward and rests an elbow on his knee, his demeaner that of a friendly uncle who has paused at his wood-splitting to deliver an address.

Biker Troll: But there's nothing born in them that makes them any better than us. God didn't create some for elevation and others for scorn. He didn't place lords among us. Not from birth, God didn't place lords among us. Their power comes form. They don't get their authoritiey from. Their authority come from choices. Choices that each of us make everything. Choices about what we're gonna belive, who we're gonna hold up and who we're gonna lay low.

This planet peopled. Them that chose to cross oceans and them that chose to stay put.

Every person on this planet is where he is today, exactly where he is today, because somebody came ahead of him from someplace else. He might have come from. The road.

Something else about Senator so-and-so speaking out against it.

"I share their outrage at the undemining of our freedoms and the attacks on our shared national heritage," said Senator Chuck Bradley. "We're not the party of thugs and bullies. We can stand up for our values without demonizing anyone with an education."

Biker Troll: That two-faced son of a bitch!

Biker Troll: He'll come to me begging for my endorsement. They all will. They may get it, but they're going to have to pay.

The Open Road Movement gained attention when an outlaw motorcycle gang attacked students at a juinor college. The leader of the gang, who refuses to provide a name other than Biker Troll from Outter Space.

Biker Troll: It's not like people are going to get me confused with some other Biker Troll From Outer Space.

, described the students as ...

Biker Troll: ... godless joy killers. Freedom steeling hummus eaters who care more about what happens in test tubes than what happens in their own ccommunity. They ridicule our cherished traditions, begrudge us the simple pleasures and diversions and spread poison in our schools.

The movement has taken root in the nations hearland, where who harbor populist resentment and align themselves with romanticized notions of freedom and independence associated with biker outlaw. Long time civic and \* organizations are slowly being replaced by biker-themed bars and organizations, all of them seeking the endorsement and faavor of biker troll himself.

In Peoria, Ill, the local Rotary Club has ...

While the movement appears the be moving from a fringe cultural and political phenomenon to more mainstream and major fashion designers have taken notice. The runways of parris black leather accessorized by bandanas, studded leather wristbands and chain wallets.

Despite the way things are going among the locals, main stream estabblishemnt politicians have yet to come on board.

Leather vests. Boots. Halter top. Tactical. Fringe, chain wallets. Studs Rivets. Bootcut. Skulls. Studded wrist bands.

Allison: The nobles, said biker troll are ...

Biker Troll: ... scholars, artists, scientiest, vegetarians. Shallow thinkers, deep staters. Poeple with degrees, titles. Who care more about what happens in a test tube than what's happening in our schools. You see them in coffee shops. Spreading poison in our schools.

freedom loving open roaders suffered under their reponsibly source, carbon nutral vegan boots! Well no more.

Back to biker troll.

# Discent in the Ranks

Bunyan Lou and Freeda.

Bunyan Lou: This isn't who we are.

Freeda: That's what you came here to say to me?

Bunyan Lou: No. But you and the boys just pounded a bunch of loafer-wearing unfortunates with no cause. So I guess you can say it's become the elephant in the room.

Freeda: We intimidate. We kick ass. We're bikers.

Bunyan Lou: Enforce boundaries is one thing. But this isn't some tin horn cutting you off on the highway. Or some fool you found in the parking lot ssitting on your bike. They were in their own world and you went to them. You're the one who violated the boundaries.

Freeda: This isn't about boundaries or grudges, this is about business.

Bunyan Lou: You weren't collecting on a debt. You weren't selling protection. You got nothing for this but attention.

Freeda: Attentions the business we're in now

Freeda leaves. Then there's some sort of knowing exchange between Groden and Spider Jones that indicates that they are in agreement with Bunyan Lou.

Carol and Rick approach biker troll.

Spider: Bunyan Lou, I’m with you. When I joined the South Hill Raiders it wasn’t because I wanted to start a movement or elevate a politician. I miss the days when we were the fringe. How can we stop this?

Rick: Me and Spider have been working on something?

Bunyan Lou: Yeah?

Rick: Remember when Biker Troll asked me to reflash the firmware on his communicator?

Bunyan Lou: Yeah.

Rick: Well while I had it? Spider here had a look inside it. Well, while we were at it, we reflashed this, too. Rick poduces a glitzy gadet with blinking lights and twirly things that sits on a pistol like grip?

Grodin: It’s a Biker Troll disentrigrator!

Spider: No, it’s a sniffer. It parses signals to and from biker trolls transmitter. I coded a hijack routine in his communicator and when biker troll enters his password it’ll sniff out his enription key. All we have to do is point it at biker troll the next time he signals his ship and it’ll capture his encryption key. I’ll be able to hack into his mother ship.

Groden: You can invoke its self destruct protocol and blow it up.

Bunyan Lou: There’s a self-desturct protocol?

Spider: We’re still going though the specs.

Bunyan Lou: Blow up his ship? What good would it do to blow up his ship with him not on it? We need him to get on his ship and leave.

Carol: Maybe he’ll get bored.

Groden: We need to take him out.

Spider: Or take him down.

Rick: Take him down! That thing he said to that reporter! Remember? He said he didn’t want to give his real name because he’s an outlaw. He’s wanted somewhere. Maybe the space cops are looking for him. Maybe all we need to do is let someone in his own world know he’s here and they’ll send some space cops to get him.

Carol: But how will we tell anyone.

Rick: Normal radio signals. They can be picked up in outer space. The government has been signalling ‘come visit us messages’ for years. As far as anyone knows we’ve never gotten a response.

We know now that’s not because there’s no one there, it’s because no one cares. But if we broadcast out that we have a fugitive from their justice system, maybe they’d send people.

Spider: Would depend how wanted he is.

Carol: He said he took down a bank.

Spider: That would make him pretty wanted, alright.

Bunyan Lou: That’s not our way.

‘Rick: Not our way?

Groden: The code.

Bunyan Lou: Keep working on breaking the code. We’ll figure something out.

Spider: Bikers don’t talk to law enforcement. Particularly about other bikers.

# Well In Hand

Biker Troll: Come forward, initiate.

A man steps forward.

Biker Troll: What are the 5 precepts of the Open Road.

Initiate: Names the 5 precepts. Never rat out a brother. Never speak ill of biker troll. 1 part brutality 2 parts messaging.

Have, in unarmed combat, removed an opponent's ear or an acceptable portion thereof.

The inititate hands a biker an object wrapped in a bandana. The biker takes it to biker troll. He unwraps the item, examines it, rewraps it, and places it in his pocket. From that pocket he produces a cigar. He lights it draws deeply on it and exhales a cloud of smoke. He give the cigar to the senior biker, who returns with it to the assembly before he, himself, takes a deep draw on the cigar and exhales a could of smoke. He passes it to another biker who does likewise and so it continues until last of the cigar comes to the inititiate. The inititiate follows suite, drawing deeply of the remaining cigar and exhaling. The bikers watch solumnly. Then the initiate chews up the remainder of the cigar, it's end still glowing, and swallows hard.

The bikers cheer. Someone hands the inititate a bottle of liqure which the initate quickly upends. All gather round the inititate and congratulate him with back slaps and clutches.

Rick gets a hit on his broadcast. The interstellar cops send him a bunch of mug shots to go through.

Biker troll is spurned for the Nobel Prize. Things aren’t going so well overseas. Vows to take down the Nobels.

They’re meeting in Japan. Biker troll sends some guys over to Japan to rough them up. Rick uses his hacking skills to alter the banquet room at the hotel where they are staying. He switches the awards committee for the sumo wrestlers. The Biker’s win but just barely. Biker Troll captures a sumo wrestler.

# Biker Troll’s frustration grows

Biker Troll discovers the desception and kills rick.

Freeda joins the resistance.

Rick

Rick gets a hit on his broadcast. The interplanetary authorities send him a file of mugshots for him to go through.

Rita reads another newspaper article. This one about waning Open Road Movement. Biker Trolls quotes as he’s getting beaten by disguised good guys. The four of them defeat biker troll.

Carol: His name is Thaddeous Q. Bernhardt! He’s wanted for embezelment!

He calls the mother ship to summon badass robots to take them down. Spider gets the code.

# A plan goes right

Four women in Burqas. The motorcycle gange attaks them. They turn the tables. They remove. The burgas and are revealed to be Bunyan Lou, Spider McCoy, … and Freda.

# Biker Trolls Revenge

A couple of the boys wheel in a large crate. XD-1-11 stamped on the outside. The crate is large. Large enough to hold a person.

Biker Troll grins and proffers a crow bar to Freda.

Biker Troll: You do the honors.

Freda is uncertain but takes the Crow Bar.

Freda: Sure.

She jabs and pries with the crow bar. Nails creek. The face of the crate separates easily and Freda has no trouble gripping in and pulling it off. It falls to the floor with a crash. A man inside the crate collapses in to Frida’s arms.

Freda: Bunyan Lou!

Rick, Spider and \* rush to support him. They lay him gently to the ground. Bikers seize them They bind their hands behind their backs and force them to their knees.

Biker Troll: You idiots. Did you really think you had me fooled?

Freda: It’s not what you think …

Biker Troll: Fire up the percolator boys.

The whir of drives spinning up. A thrumming.

Biker Troll speaks over the deep rhythmic thrumming energy beams activated and at the ready.

Biker Troll: (Indicating Bunyan Lou) Him first.

The sound of alien mechanisms at work. Similar to the rushing of air breaks shell entering the chamber of a giant pump action shotgun. Then the whir of hydraulic pumps working and large device being directed toward Bunyan Lou. Still the thrumming.

Biker Toll: Set it on slow.

Bunyan Lou is bathed in a radiant energy. Halos swirl around him. He cries out at the pain.

Rita: Stop! Please stop.

Bunyan Lou: In just a bit.

Rita: This is not going to get you what you want! I can read it in your aura.

Bunyan Lou: Right now I’m plenty amused by the aura of your lover. We can do without your parlor tricks.

A biker: You should let her do you’re reading. She’s very good.

Biker Troll scoffs.

Rita’s hand goes to her brow

Rita: I’m getting something … I’m getting something. A name.

Still the thrumming. Bunyan Lou writhes in the energy beam.

Freda: Your name is Thaddeus J. Hornsuckle!

Biker Troll turns to Freda. His grin is gone.

Biker Troll: What?

Rita: You have a criminal past.

Biker Troll: I told you that.

Rita: I see a building. A waiting room and offices. A doctor’s office maybe?

Biker Troll looks puzzled.

Rita: No not a waiting room, a lobby. A bank. You robbed a bank!

Biker Troll: That’s actually pretty close.

Rita’s hand back to her brow.

Rita: It was violent, the robbery. People were hurt.

Biker Troll: Not even close.

Rita: I’m definitely getting violence. If not from the bank, then from your childhood. You were abused as a child. But the bank robbery. Its becoming more clear. It was an after hours job. You and your crew …

Biker Troll: I worked alone.

Rita: No. No, you wouldn’t be the sort of bank robber who would work alone. You need approval. You had someone on the inside at least. Wait! I’m getting something …

Biker Troll: HE’s dying.

Rita: I’m getting something. You were the inside person! It wasn’t a robbery, it was embezzlement! You, Thaddeus J. Hornsuckle, are no bank robber, you’re a banker!

The thrumming winds down and halts. He collects himself and draws in deep unconstricted breaths. The bikers approach Biker Troll with menace in their eyes.

Biker Troll: Now wait a minute, I took that bank for a lot of money. You guys could go on spree all up and down these roads and not come anywhere near my take.

Biker: We wouldn’t have to wear a tie.

Rita: What were you, middle management? No. Higher than that. High enough that people around you had to suck up. That’s clearly what you need. But you weren’t quite at the very top. A vice-president I’d say. Of what? Human resources? Something about messaging. Marketing, maybe, or Public Relations. You are a corporate mouthpeice.

Biker Troll: This is ridiculous. (Approaching Rita) I’m going to shut you up for good.

The rush of air brakes. The pump acation. The click and whirr of the Variable Speed Death Ray redirecting. The thrumming resumes and Biker Troll is illuminated by its beam.

Biker Troll fights though the pain and reaches into his vest pocket. He produces a hand-held device. On it is a large, red button. The Annihilator, you idiots. It wasn’t in the crate. Where do you suppose it is?

The death ray goes silent.

Biker Troll: OK. I’m walking out of here. I’m going back to my ship. And this biker bitch is coming with me. It’s going to be a long ride to my next planet and she’s gonna be my personal entertainment. And if anybody tries to stop me I’m gonna blow up this whole god-forsaken planet. I’m willing to take myself out to kill all of you.

Rita: He’s bluffing.

Biker Toll: To Hell with you all.

He pushes the large red button. Everyone braces for an explosion that doesn’t come.

Calla enters. She’s loaded down with a bundle of dynamite, a birds nest of wiring.

Calla: Who keeps leaving these laying around?

Rita: Smitty, set the speed to Fast.

The Death Ray spins up. Biker Troll is irradiated for just a moment, then blows up.

The noise from the

Rita: What were you, middle management? No. Higher than that. Close enough to the top to

You had someone on the inside at the very least. Oh! Wait! I’m getting something.

Bunyan Lou is now bathed in

Freda

But e intimidate. We

The president? Of Yale? Of the United States? Well, I suppose I can endorse you for your next election. Me and the boys appreciate the way you've gotton on board with

Who it it?

Bunyan Lou, Spider Jones, Bridger and Rick.

Bunyan Lou turning a bolt on his bike's handlebar. Rick and Spider Jones working on an alien device with an antenna and blinking lights. Spider Jones with a soldering iron. He offeres again to help Bunyan Lou.

Bunyan Lou: This is it! This is it! Petcock, kill switch, key and ...

He kicks the bike. Nothing happens. He kicks again. Is there a bit here about kickback. Maybe it can pitch Bunyan Louh? That would make him look like a bit of a newb

The others give Bunyan Lou grief.

Bunyan Lou: Well how's it coming with that thing, then? You figured out how to hack into Biker Troll's mother ship, yet.

Rick: No. Transmissions to the mother ship are encrypted. There's not much we can do. But maybe we can still do something useful. There's an open channel that I can tap into. I've posted biker troll's picture see if we can get a background check on him.

Bunyan Lou, indicates Spider Jones.

What's he working on?

Spider Jones: I took some parts off of that \* and I'm building a key sniffer.

Bunayn Lou: A what?

Rick: It'll intercept key strokes. If Biker Troll enters the decription code for the mother ship, we can hack it.

Rick: I've been working on something. Remember what he said when that reporter asked him for his name? That thing about elusiveness.

Bunyan Lou: When your in the outlaw business you don't like having your name spread around.

Rick: Yeah. Maybe he has a wrap sheet. So with this device, I have posted his picture to interstellar law enforcemnt.

Bunyan Lou: And?

Rick: They said they didn't have the staff to pursue every offweorld complaint, but they send me a link to the interstellar wanted posters and invited me to reach out them again if I found anyone.

Bunyan Lou: Did you?

Rick: I haven't found him yet. There are a lot of them.

Bunyan Lou: I can't get on board with ratting someone out to the law. But sure might be useful to know more about htim. Alright, keep at it. Let me know if you figure out who he is.

I got a response back. They send back a file with

The Secretary General of the United Nations? Sure I've been expecting your call. We're doing great at home. The president has joined our movement. He'll get my endorsement and stay in office. Same with several other countries. But there are lots of hold outs! Lots of hold outs right there on your general council. Squaking about inclusiveness and human rights. Bunch of elitist crap! The thing is there's not a country you can name me that doesn't have a crowd of people on my side. People who value their freedom respect order and yearn for the Open Road. What about you, Mr. Secretary? Do you yearn for the Oopen road?

I thought maybe you did. You're apprenticeship starts now. Someone will come by with more information. I'll expect you at the next rally. We have a strict dress code so .

I'll be honest with you Mr. Secretary I was just getting around to sending some guys over to beat your ass.

LIstens while the Secretary General speaks.

Hmm. A UN resolution denouncing the elits might be helpful at that. A start, anyway. I'd also expect the assembly to

Biker Troll: Well that's good news Mr. President. Yes, I'm looking forward to visiting the new wing at the Smithsonian. You say the board of directors is pushing back on the exhibit of me curing cancer? They say it's not hihistorically accurate? And they meet where? When? Biker troll jots down notex and hands it off to a biker. I don't think they're going to be a problem. Keep construction on schedule. And how's it coming with my Nobel Peace Prize? No I not waiting till next year. I want it on my desk by close of business today!'

Biker Troll hangs up.

The phone rings.

Biker Troll: Reverend Billy Joe Barnes! What's the good word? Not that good word, you moron, have you got my fire lit yet? Your poeple are in the streets on behalf of the Biker Troll cause? Supporting the Biker Troll candidates? Good, very good. And the school board takeover? Is that about wrapped up? And they're teaching out of our textbooks? Excellent.

Well, lets check in on the fawning media coverage.

Announcer: Biker troll has united this country like it's never been united before.

Biker Troll hangs up. He reads a note handed to him by a biker.

What? My guys just got their asses whipped by Smithsonian Board of Directors? How is that possible.

Biker: Those guys had pluck. It was almost like somebody replaced them with a rugby team.

The president of the united states delivers Harvard's surrender. They're implementing a biker-based dress code, modifying curriculum, and promise to start playing better football.

And my tribute.

They're pulling strings with the nobel committee. I think they're an award coming your way.

What about reliegion? The Reverend Jimmy Ray Barnes of the First Multitunial Righteous Assemblage, The Jesus-Is-Lord Dununciation.. Endorsement of Biker Troll Party candidates.

Well, that's the last of the Ivy League and I believe that takes care of Academia. What have you got for religion.

All the important onece have swung your way. You got at The Holy Multitude of Devine Denunciation, the Devine Assemblage of Blood Washed. The Reverent Billy Barnes is consturcting a wing. They've added a mural to the Smithsonian themmed The Repression of the normal people like us. The Assembly of Devine Denunciation and they're constructing anew wing at the Smitshonian dedeicated to blah, blah balkh.

And the media? The outlets friendly to us continue to dominate the ratings. The unfriently ones nobody cares about.

Biker Troll: Unfriendly ones? Should I send some guys?

No need. Thy're pretty well beaten down already.

I'm going international.

A call. Biker Troll picks up the phone

Biker Troll: They've already given oout the peace prize for this year? To who? A collective receipient? Who in the hell are the Mothers of Kumari Djin? Are you kidding me? They gave my peace price to a harem of high hatten hummis eaters who go around placeing themselves between warring factions in some hell hole in the dessert? Where are they now? Is that so? The acceptance ceremony's tonight, is it? And where? That's not very far at all.

Boys. I'm gonna open up the heavens and bring down a great whipping of ass!

Apparetnly, my peace price went collectively to these middle eastern women who disarm land mines in some god forsaken desert somewhere. It happens that some of them are going to be in town this very night. We can solidify our international presence by brining them down a peg or two. If there's one thing I can't stand it a courageous women. Plus their unchristian and foregnb. We ride tonight!

We establish here that it's not enough to go after the elites. He wants to go after the nobles. He learns that the most recent nobel peace prize went to a group. Mothers of Something Or other. They're going to be at the state uivrsity this very evening. He dispatches his bikers to beat them up.

The president of the united states calls. Alignment of values and all that. He offers all fealtyu to biker troll in exchange for his endorsement next election Biker troll promises.

Protestors. Biker troll sends his boys to take care of them. Rick arrannges the Rugby Team to be there instead.

Back at the bar. Freda with some forcepts removing debris from Nate's back.

Nate and Curtis with ice backs and a steak over his eye. Curtis in an splint.

Nate: I never thought I'd get thrown out a window by an engineering student.

Back to biker troll.

A letter from the Nobel Committee. They thank him for his application submitted on his behalf by the dean of the school for engineering. However they can't give him an award. Already voted on it and it went to Hijab wearing muslim women. Their efforts. It happens that they're going to be at State U tonight.

for his effort on behalf of concubine women in outer batswana.

Biker Troll is angry. He's going to send his boys to beat him up. The Nobels!

Biker Troll: On the phone. Yes, yes. Well, someone had to stand up for the common man. That's right, common everyday poeple like me. I know, there'll be some who will miss engineering, and I'm sure they'll take to the streets protesting. You don't have to make everyone happy, just the voting majority.

We'll, I guess we want the trains to run on time, we have to stop beating up engineers. That's OK. They were a gateway patsy, anyway. We need a new them.

Curtis: Hippies? The media? The deep state?

Movement spreads. People start beating up university students all over the world. Biker troll beer. Step things up.

Biker Troll: All that's been done already. This is world conguest. We have to think out of the box.

Hey, this Nobel Committee? Where are they.

Somebody argues.

Biker Troll: But one thing I have to do first ...

Biker: Yeah?

Biker Troll: Kill you for argueing with me.

The beer man wheels a keg of beer in. Now he's wearing biker atire. Compnay logo on his vest.

How are they going to thwart him? Can they pose as engineerng students and fight back?

Back in the bar.

Rick: Maybe it was some sort of figurative beating up of the deadbeats.

Freda: We can't let this happen.

Bunion Lou: WE can't?

Freda: You've got to go train the Nobel committee in Kung Fu.

Bunion Lou: I don't know Kung Fu.

Freda: There must be something we can do.

The nobel commmittee is coming here to surrender.

Here is you nobel peace prize for your representation of the common man ...

Switzerland, I think. Nobels. Yeah. Us against the nobels.

They go beat up the nobel committee. But they fail for some reason.

Nate: State University does. And their engineering program doesn't do anything to help their team either. So we're going to beat them up tonight. All the biker gangs are. The governer has called out the national guard to try to protect them.

Cops come, but biker troll turns them to his side.

It doesn't. Let's go beat of the school of engineering?

Maybe from where you sit, but I can tell you it' all messageing. Messaging, and just the right amount of brutality. Let's start with what we've got. Which is this bar, and some vices. A few photos of some local congressmen and beefore long, we're a statewide operation. Influence. That's the stuff of conquest. People love to be influenced. They're yearning for it. Sign on to lies they already believe. Next thing you know, we're picking heads of states.

The dissafected and everyone's disaffected. The more disaffected, the more they'll appreciate our divine whipping of ass.

We need to find some really smart, educated poeple. People with integrety.

So we can turn them to our side?

No, so we can beat the hell out of them.

Rick, this Nobel Committee, where are they?

Switzerland.

Boys, we're going to switzerland to beat up the nobel Committee.

On our way to the airport.

They go to switzerland and beat up the nobel committe. They return with some sort of swiss souvenier. I guess I'm going to need spome kind of call in talk show or something to narrate that people think the nobel committee got what was coming to them. Encouraging bad values.

High hatting the common folk. Cultural elete. High hatting the common folk.

Some will demand justice for the nobel committee. Just what biker troll needs. Division.

We need a few mainstreams politiians to come our way. Incremiating pictures with the girls.

A politician. A conversation where biker troll tries to get him on his side. The politician refuses. Biker troll signals somebody who brings him a manilla envelope. The politician looks through the photos. The audience can't see them.

Biker Troll: Roxie did you get a new tattoo?

The politician goes on about High Hatting nobelauriates and values.

High hattin hummus eaters!

Unrest, eh? Perfect. They're not the ones protecting the ways of our past, we are. So get over their and whip their asses.

Rick keeps the books. He's been sucked in and can't extract himself. Love grows between he and Clair. Bunion Lou works on his bike. He Clair, Freda and Bunion Lou become discruntled. The other bikers, too. There's no on left to intimidate. They run everything now. What about the deep state? The kicked the ass of a \* who complained last week. And thets it. What about the institutions of society? The deep state, you mean?

The beer man learns a secret about Biker Troll and Biker Troll kills him. This is the last straw for Freda. We

learn that Freda and Bunion Lou had been lovers and still carry a torch for each other. They plot to signal interstellar law enforcemtn and have them come for Biker Troll.

They have an intersteller radio and have a conversation with law enforcement. They say they will send some Robots to investigate.

The robots teleport to the bar. They miss the bar and end up in the courtyard outside. Warbly lighty things off stage. The characters hail the robots.

Freda: Frank, Bill, did you collect that unexploded grenade."

Frank and Bill look at each other. An explosion offstage. Robot Parts rain down on the stage.

Curtain.

Bunyan Lou Hallister

Maybe something funny happens everytime he tries to start his bike?

Maybe the bar gets progrssively nicer as they get more and more wealthy?

Rick and Clair oppose biker troll. They come up with a gambit. It fails. They get busted.

What's the gambit? Do they discover some weakness? How do they exploit it? Maybe something to do with the grenade? Freda will figure out his weakness.

Freda exposes biker troll as a poser. On his home planet, he's actually a loan officer.

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