

BuckleUp Studio I

JJB: Are we on? Is this thing working? Stage man?
No? No. Hey. Roll that clip of what those kids say happened. The one from their video camera. Where the Korean kid's high on something. I don't think we can use it, but I might put it into the music video sequence online. Yeah, just roll it so my assistant can see it back here. So when I call for the footage during the show, I want that footage shot by the studios, not this stuff. The studio footage is a heck of a lot more damning. Oh and hey can **you** give me like a five-count when we're going live. Yeah, go ahead, roll it. I'm going to finish my yogurt here.

FRANK: Heh heh heh. Heh heh heh.

SCENE: REAL REAL TROUBLE

FRANK: Heh heh heh. Heh heh heh.
FRANK: Holy shit dude that was intense
POOLE: I *love* the smell of exhaust.
CHARLOTTE: It *corkscrewed*

POOLE: That was sick
CHARLOTTE: That was so sick
POOLE: Can we do *that* again?
FRANK: Do you see it?
POOLE: No. You?
FRANK: No. Come on we gotta find it GO!
POOLE: I think maybe it's over there?
FRANK: No way, it definitely landed higher
POOLE: Higher like way higher?
FRANK: Uh.
CHARLOTTE: You see it yet?
FRANK: No.
POOLE: No.
FRANK: All these damn bushes look the same.
(Excuse me ma'am, did you see anything land nearby?)
POOLE: Yeah (Excuse me sir, did anything land near your feet?)
CHARLOTTE: So can we launch it again. (Hi, have you seen my rocket?)
FRANK: I don't know til I see it. It might just be the fin. Maybe I didn't use enough glue.
POOLE: Let's just find it already.
FRANK: Did the parachute even open?
POOLE: Totally like MIRV reentry.
CHARLOTTE: I can't believe you had all this stuff in your basement. Isn't it illegal?
POOLE: My brother was on Junkyard Wars one season. The other team cheated. It was

good tv.

FRANK: Yo you see it? Poole?

POOLE: No.

FRANK: Yo you see it? Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE: No

FRANK: I said YO YOU SEE IT?

POOLE: I SAID NO

CHARLOTTE: Hey, something's smoking.

FRANK: Nothing's smoking. That's just the wind blowing dust around. It's all over my shoes.

POOLE: Yeah my feet are lookin pretty red too.

CHARLOTTE: There's definitely something smoking. Look, Poole

POOLE: Whoa. Hey Frank you should (come here)

POOLE: Could that have been us?

FRANK: No. I don't know. Yo is that fire? We are so outta here.

POOLE: RUN

BuckleUp Studio II

Stageman: (on God-mike) Five. Four. Three. Two. One.

JJB: Tonight I come to you live (shhh!) from the number one terrorist training outpost on American soil. A terrorist

camp so secret, so secretive, so devious that until now it accepts only one out of every five hundred applicants.

It's more dangerous than anything in Pakistan.

Afghanistan. Iran-a-stan.

It's the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Whose mission — and this is no coincidence — whose Mission is Terrorism.

The sons and daughters of terrorists flock to this institution like seagulls to paddocks of garbage in my hometown of Stamford, Connecticut. And worse, some of us watching right now, some of us are sending our daughters, sons, nephews, sisters, to this same institution.

For the chosen thousand three hundred and fourteen allowed to walk through its aging corridors and brand new biomagnetic laboratories, they learn how to destroy bridges, program missiles, hack into the Treasury, how to mail Anthrax to the moon.

Now, as first reported by my idols at Fox News last week, Al Qaeda operatives are responsible for massive arson across California. I have the article right here:

“From Malibu to Mexico, al Qaeda tragically destroyed the homes, antique car garages, and Oscars of hundreds of citizens not just like us, but better than us – the celebrities.”

What the article doesn't tell us, what I'm breaking live on this show tonight, is that the Al Qaeda operatives responsible trained at MIT. They were backed by private financiers from Dubai, Qatar, Esfehan, Pyong Yang, and Madrid ... ALL OF WHOM are currently studying entrepreneurship at the Sloan business school. Evidently there's an entrepreneurial contest where business students put up the money to get MIT projects out of the laboratory and into the world. Evidently California's fires were a field test for Team Al Qaeda.

It took the MIT cell only 12 hours to put the G into RPG, 15 times. They hit the centers of America's foreign policy – the movie studios – and the domiciles of America's

leading patriots – producers and directors like Cruise, Aniston, and Spielberg. They even hit our beaches – America's beloved last frontier.

Tonight we talk about what I call in my language a grave and gathering threat. Buckle up, my fellow Americans. Buckle up for Terrorism.

BuckleUp Studio III

JJB: Now please help me welcome to the stage special correspondent Maitagorri Schade, who has been walking the concrete sidewalks of campus all afternoon. Maita, welcome.

Maita: Hello, Mr. Buchanan.

JJB: Call me Jimmy Joe. Now Maita, what have you found? What have you seen? Where does Al Qaeda recruit on MIT's campus?

Maita: Well, like all clubs on campus, Al Qaeda sets up a booth in the lobby of a building named 10. They give you a cupcake if you sign up.

JJB: So you're telling us that terrorism is bought for chocolate frosting? Next, our nuclear secrets will be sold for pizza. Maita, let's get serious for a minute. Tell us the truth about that reactor.

Maita: The nuclear reactor? I tried to get inside, but ever since those interns from ABC broke in and videotaped it with their mobile phones, you can't just walk in. But I signed up for the caving club in Lobby Ten, and they know a back entrance.

JJB: There are caves here?! Tora Bora I pledge allegiance to your flag.

Maita: No the caves are more like tunnels and electrical shafts and steam pipes running between the buildings. The club is a few people who know how to get from any point on campus to any other point, completely underground, using these tunnels. It's top secret and evidently you can get lost very easily, so they give tours to people that they recruit and trust.

JJB: Have you been inside these caves?

Maita: I'm going tonight.

JJB: Tonight?

Maita: Tours happen at midnight.

JJB: I'm sure they do. Now, I understand you uncovered some evidence this afternoon.

Maita: Yes. At the ice cream shop a block from the reactor, I interviewed a few dormmates of the MIT cell. I have the transcription right here.

JJB: Maita, you have the floor.

Maita: Okay. Here's exactly what the dormmates said.

Nil combustibus pro fumo

(Maita's interview)

Maita: Hey like wow, I mean like man like baby like man wow baby like wow like the house almost burned down last night. Like it all started when Rich this unbelievable obnoxious person who thinx he is a friend of Ellen's gave Kathy a few candles. Well we, like me, Rich, the other Rich, Linkun, Ellen wasn't there, yes she was she was burning candles, Mike

Travers too and Ryan I guess, were like sitting around in the back. We were really bored. We were also fucked up on various drugs, and we started dribbling lighter fluid into the back alley making clouds of flame. They were really neat. And then we ran out of lighter fluid and so we went down we trucked on down to the second floor where we had some denatured alcohol. A whole quart of denatured alcohol. And so we fed the flames with that for a while until that ran out and then Dave Chapman and Mike Travers got the bright idea that we had all kinds of explosive chemicals in the tool room so they decided to burn some out back. The first to go was some potassium chlorate and aluminum and when it burned it made this really great white bright flash – a huge I mean like really really huge I mean like really really really huge mushroom cloud of white smoke which was still a mushroom cloud when it was all the way up to the third floor which is where the

whole thing started. And so that was really neat and everybody was really fascinated by it.

And so and so and *so* Dave Chapman Dave *Chapman* went into the tool room and mixed up some more, mixed up some stuff that nobody really knows what it was but it didn't burn very well. This was the second pile of explosives that didn't burn very well and so Dave went back to do the job right. The stuff that didn't burn very well was phosphorous it was phosphorus. But anyway he went into the tool room all by himself all by his teeny tiny self all by his little self and he started mixing phosphorus with potassium chlorate and he was mixing it when it decided to explode.

I me myself like Tim like, was sit standing on the fire escape on the third floor no it's the second floor like, and I heard this fooop fooop with an f and then an aaaaaaugh you can spell that however you like and then I decided to stroll down to the kitchen to see what the fuck was happening. Big F. There was a *wisp*

of smoke in the kitchen and then there was *some* smoke in the hall and then there was *a lot* of smoke in the breakfast room and *then* I opened the door to the tool room and thought oh shit wow *wow* like clouds of smoke, billows rather, and flickering yellow light, orange light rather, and so I ran back to the kitchen to grab the fire extinguisher cause shit man there was a fire in there! I ran back in there and zapped the fire but it didn't go out and so I went back and got a water extinguisher and it still didn't go out and so Tom Nork was jumping up and down screaming cause he had a fire extinguisher that didn't work. So I told him to go away and I poked the glowing piece of whatever it was that wouldn't go out with water or CO2 or anything into a bucket and heroically — no better leave that out — carried it out to the back alley. Period. So the house was filled with smoke right when they were having a party next door and there was this toxicologist guy who claimed to be a toxicologist. Anyway. And he told to get everybody out of the

house. What? So we brought every single fan in the whole house down to the basement and there was a lead acid battery which melted through all over the floor. Luckily nobody called the fire department. And then there was a can, a can, a quart can of acetone which had a safety cap on it that was made of plastic that melted and almost exploded. That would have been worth it to see but not worth it to live through. And the circular saw was on fire and had to be put out with gallons of water which wouldn't put out the phosphorus which is in the archives if anybody wants to look at it. But really like man like wow like paranoids saved the house except for Lincoln who nobody took seriously when he said like wow we should fill the fire extinguishers. A is wood B is chemical C is electrical D is flammable metal. We had phosphorous that's pretty much class D. But like we don't have to worry about Dave anymore because he's not going to go near the tool room for a month. I blew myself up once.

BuckleUp IV

JJB: And so you have it, America, the diary of a terrorist cell. A is wood. B is chemical. C is electrical. D is for death. Maita, tell us a little bit about the MIT cell.

Maita: Well, they all live together in a house in Boston. It's known as an FSILG, an Independent Living Group. Except that freshmen can't live off campus since one of them drank themselves to death, so they can only visit this year. There are thirty people in the house, and as you know, they all like to blow things up. But for the cell under consideration right now – Frank is a senior from Korea, studying chemistry. Charlotte and Poole are freshmen who Frank has recruited into the cell. Poole's on the cross-country team. Poole's the technical guy. He grew up launching rockets in his back yard. Charlotte's involvement to date seems to be as the lookout. Charlotte and Poole are from the same hometown, same neighborhood, actually.

JJB: Maita , do you know what DIY stands for?

Maita: Do it yourself.

JJB: Dead in a year. Thank you Maita, we'll see you later in the show.

Maita: You're welcome, Jimmy Joe.

BuckleUp V

JJB: America, they have the capacity to have a weapon, to make a weapon. And when I say they, let me be clear, I mean MIT. I'm convinced they have weapons. GW and Rummy and Dick now think they have weapons. The international community knows they have weapons. But far worse they have the capacity to make a weapon and then let that weapon fall into the hands of a shadowy terrorist network.

And that's just what happened two weeks ago. Two MIT freshman recruits and their trainer, a senior from Korea who is majoring in chemistry, tested out their weapon on targets in California. Do we have that footage? Let's roll it now.

SCENE: FAKE REALITY

CHARLOTTE: Hikers cleared the ridge.
FRANK: Loader?
POOLE: On time.
FRANK: I have range: six-fifty meters.
POOLE: Target?
FRANK: See there? Sound stage seven. Thirty meters right. The commissary. Exit? Exit?
CHARLOTTE: Ten minutes till the end of lunch break.
FRANK: Loader, so you concur?
POOLE: I concur. Six-fifty meters.
FRANK: Exit.
CHARLOTTE: Yes?
FRANK: If we're clear, it's time.
FRANK: Loader: Check?
POOLE: Almost.
FRANK: Exit. Status?
CHARLOTTE: Give me a sec. Half way there.
FRANK: I have a crosswind of about 10 kph, northbound. Check the flag there.
POOLE: About that. Maybe fifteen. Aim ten right?
FRANK: Ten if it holds. Felt some gusts on the way up.
POOLE: Set to load. Sight it and check it. I cleaned the tube, but... well, just keep your eye back.
FRANK: Don't want any accidents.
POOLE: Well, fun and games till...
FRANK: Looks good. Load. *(To Charlotte:)* Exit?
CHARLOTTE: Do you have to keep calling me that?

FRANK: Exit?
CHARLOTTE: I'm out. Full bottle's spread downwind from us.
FRANK: How far away?
CHARLOTTE: What?
FRANK: Where's it start? The lighter fluid.
CHARLOTTE: Oh. Your feet are on the line.
FRANK: Shit. Move. Idiot. Move. Move. Poole move. *(to Charlotte)* What were you thinking?!

CHARLOTTE: Don't.
FRANK: You could have burned us alive when it flashed.
CHARLOTTE: Don't.
FRANK: Did I say something? Where are you going?
CHARLOTTE: Don't overreact.
FRANK: Load.
POOLE: Loaded.
FRANK: Range six-fifty.
POOLE: Six-fifty.
FRANK: Cross-wind: fifteen. Northbound.
POOLE: Fifteen northbound.
FRANK: Standby... Standby. Clear.
POOLE: *(looks behind him)* Clear!
FRANK: Firing—
CHARLOTTE: Hold. Hold!
CHARLOTTE: Look. Look! Poole look!
POOLE: Where?
CHARLOTTE: There.
POOLE: The parking lot?
FRANK: Poole, what's going on? Whaddya see?

CHARLOTTE: No no no. “B” gate. The truck.
POOLE: That’s a water truck.
FRANK: Poole?
CHARLOTTE: No. No. Water trucks say “water” on them.
That’s a diesel truck. Look. There’s a hazardous tag.
FRANK: Yeah? Yeah? We see it? We’re going for it?
POOLE: Yeah. It’s ’bout six-hundred meters out. How’s
your leading?
FRANK: Six-hundred.
POOLE: He’s moving.
FRANK: I see it. I see it. Clear.
POOLE: Clear!
FRANK: Firing.

BuckleUP studio VI

JJB: There you have it, America. This is how the terrorists win. They go to MIT. Now, I’ve said this before – MIT funds terrorism. And the scientists have told me: show us the proof. Well, proof positive, America. Please welcome once more, back to the stage Maita Schade.

Maita: Thanks Jimmy Joe. I’d just like to ask at this point in the discussion: What happens when we, the media, get it wrong? When a young girl is taken by machine gun

point from the airport where she is desperately trying to find her boyfriend? When her first fashion design is taken for a bomb, and her sculpture of a rose for the detonator? Tonight we are lucky enough to have with us the nation’s newest non-terrorist.

Documentary

{Maita interviews Star. Star talks about her fashion-technology clothing line, her experience at Logan.}

BuckleUP studio VI

JJB: Thank you, Maita.

We cannot hope for the best, America. We cannot say, “Let’s try to contain them. Let’s hope they change their stripes. Let’s trust in science.” Engineers are building the tools that will destroy the world and schools like MIT are teaching them. My fellow Americans, the fundamental question is: Do you deal with the threat once you see it?

What – in the war on terror, how do you deal with threats? I'm dealing with the threat by saying "Let's deal with this, America. Let's deal with MIT. We must deal with them now.

And so I'm asking you tonight, America, and in particular the MIT alumni, to stop donating your alumni dollars, your hard earned money to those institutions who write the textbooks and checks for tomorrow's terrorists. Fellow citizens, join my team: Team America. Because Team America doesn't fund terrorists. Team America doesn't make graduation contributions, senior gifts, 25th reunion pledge-a-ramas. Team America doesn't build new avant garde buildings to aid and abet the terrorists. Frank Gehry is anti-American! Look at the Afghani monstrosity he put down on this institution. Star Simpson is now a friend of mine, and she's designed this death vest for me. This is my death vest. I'm going to wear this death vest every day until the day when no alumni dollar is pledged to these institutions of terrorism. Until no rocket is tested in the volleyball sandpit, no

caving club can recruit you by offering free cookies, no laboratory experiment is attempted outdoors without the proper authorization and supervisor present. Until all hacks are registered not only with the President of the University, but also the FBI. Until the real police, not the campus cops, are allowed to investigate all suspicious bags and objects on campus. Until surveillance cameras are installed in every machine shop, every classroom, every dorm lounge –and there are no more terrorist training camps on American soil.

Join my team: Team America. Make your choice.

I'm going to be sitting right back there for the rest of the show, and I'll be watching which door you exit through, which I will take as your answer. The door on the right is a vote Yes for Team America. The left door is a vote for MIT terrorists.

America, the world has changed since we went to school, and we're going to have to change our schools to get back to the world we know. Or else: buckle up, America. Buckle up for terrorism. Thank you and goodnight.