

Evelyn Clark
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FINAL PACKET

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J.D. Vance Removes Mask, Hillary All Along

PALM BEACH, FL—In a shocking turn of events during President-Elect Donald Trump’s celebratory gala this past Thursday, J.D. Vance took the stage to dramatically remove a hyper-realistic mask and reveal that he has been Hillary Clinton this entire time. “I don’t think he was even supposed to be a part of the program,” said gala attendee Swella Parker, who witnessed the Vice President-Elect shake her brittle blonde hair loose and laugh victoriously in the faces of Republican onlookers. “It’s definitely disappointing, but I guess there’s really nothing we can do now that he--or she...sorry, I’m not good with this stuff--won the popular and electoral votes.. Guess you win, Crooked Hillary. This is gonna be a tough four years.” At press time, Hillary Clinton had not yet confirmed whether there is a real J.D. Vance tied up somewhere or he never existed and *Hillbilly Elegy* was part of this elaborate plan as well.

Fisher Price Introduces “My First Vape”

EAST AURORA, NY—In their most recent launch of educational children’s toys this past Wednesday, beloved manufacturing company Fisher Price unveiled their newest product: My First Vape for Toddlers. “We at Fisher Price have a long history of developing toys that allow children to emulate tasks they witness around the house--the bubble-blowing lawn mower, the light-up vacuum--now, little tikes can vape alongside their parents with this cute little plastic toy with a smiley-face on it,” commented Ashlee Thomp, a child development specialist wearing a Posh on a lanyard around her neck. “We’ve seen a little bit of concern, which is to be expected, but it’s entirely safe. After hitting My First Vape, toddlers exhale vapor, not smoke. Additionally, you have to be old enough to hold a credit card in order to purchase this toy for your baby.” When asked if she knew what was in the vapor, Thomp shrugged and blew a thick cloud.

David Byrne Refuses Comment On Swirling Vortex Of Eyes Above New York Home

NEW YORK CITY—Standing on the rooftop terrace of his Greenwich Village townhouse this morning, Talking Heads frontman David Byrne could be seen staring expressionlessly at a swirling vortex of eyes that had appeared in the sky above his home. “Living in New York, I’m used to seeing celebrities when I’m out and about, but I definitely am not used to seeing a New Wave pioneer blankly gazing into a nightmarish abyss of eldritch horror,” said Carlos Madden, one onlooker who claims to have witnessed David Byrne shaking his head at the thousands of unblinking eyes that hovered over him. “He doesn’t seem to be too shaken up by it, and he waved off all the first responders who offered to bring him down with a ladder or shoot at the vortex with pistols. I guess we’ll all just have to keep wondering what’s going on between that monstrous being in the sky and the guy who wrote ‘This Must Be The Place.’” At press time, Byrne was still refusing to comment, but had now opened his arms to the vortex and beckoned it closer as if to share a secret.

Service Dog Heroically Helps End Owner's Life

PETOSKEY, MI—In the late hours of October 8th, certified service dog and purebred golden retriever Skipper fulfilled his duty to his owner by assisting her in ending her life.

Relatives of the deceased say they were aware that the now late Morgan Haseker had taken on her canine companion to help enhance her life and assist in tasks she could not complete alone. Skipper, who was trained starting at 6 months old, assisted Haseker in one final task this week by gleefully running a hose from her exhaust pipe into her driver's seat.

“We’re glad that Skipper’s story has gained this much attention so that we can spread the word about how these animals can assist people with things they could not otherwise do,” Carolyn Haseker, Morgan’s mother, commented. “Without the help of Skipper, our Morgan could have never killed herself the way she wanted to.”

“I think it’s gained so much attention because everyone can see what all of us see in Skipper,” she continued. “He’s a loyal, well-trained pooch who stuck by his owner to the very end and assisted her in any way she needed.”

Leading up to the suicide, Skipper assisted Morgan Haseker with several other activities to prepare for the act. The young woman used social media to document the golden retriever bringing his owner paper for drafts of her note and starting the laundry machine so that she could die in her favorite outfit.

According to Paws for Petoskey, the organization that gave Skipper his certification, all of their service animals are trained to complete a variety of standard tasks, along with an extensive amount of additional training for various forms of suicide.

“Skipper doesn’t only do the hose thing. He’s an all-around expert in this area,” said Paula Reno, a representative for the organization who is currently caring for Skipper between assignments. “We taught him to handle sharp objects and poisons, kick a stool out from under a person, even bark viciously to keep any first aid providers at a distance while the owner does what they need to do.”

“In just 6 years, this pup’s already touched so many lives, and we hope he’s able to go on to end many more.”

Skipper is reportedly enjoying being under the care of his former trainer and is being spoiled following his sudden internet stardom. “He gets all the treats and belly rubs he wants between training sessions, and we’ve been generating a lot of really cute content for his page while we wait for him to be allowed to return to the field.”

“We have a lot of fun together, but I can tell he’s eager to get back out there and help more people end their lives on their own terms.”

Honey, I'm Homewrecking!

Sweetheart! Darling! Angelface! I've returned to our little slice of heaven after a long day of providing, and Doll, I've got something important to tell ya. You know you mean the world to me, so it's time I just come right out and say it: Honey, I'm homewrecking!

That's right, Pumpkin. Your little beau you see standing here in this doorway is the greatest casanova this town has ever seen.

I could smell that meatloaf you're cooking from the other side of the cul de sac, Honeybear, and it made me want to come clean as soon as I stepped through the door. It all started with one married woman down at the soda fountain, then another at the sock hop, and the next thing I knew, I was sleeping with every wife in the county. The tailor's wife, the butcher's wife, even some wives with their own jobs. I just couldn't stop myself. Once I'd hankied my first vow-shattering panky, I couldn't get enough.

It wasn't just wives either, Snookums. At this point, I'd say it's about a 60/40 split between families I've ruined by sleeping with women and families I've destroyed by sleeping with men.

I can see the concern on your face from across this living room, Lovebug, but not to worry. It's unlikely that I've conceived a high number of children. I'm safe, I'm smart, and I couldn't finish most of the time because I was worn out from the person I'd been necking with just an hour before.

I could lean against this door frame all night thinking, but I don't think I'll ever be able to explain what kept me coming back. There's just something about hearing someone's post-coital lamentations about how their life will never be the same again that just gets me so damn worked up and ready for the next. I hate to say it, Sunshine, but a man can't control his needs. The way you cry after our sex just wasn't doing it for me anymore, and unlike how you see me placing my fedora on this coat rack, I'm not ready to hang up my hat just yet. You understand, right Sugarpie?

Trust me. If there's one thing these last four days jumping from bed to bed have taught me, it's that there's nothing I love more than coming home to my sweet wife, and also that anatomy is no barrier when it comes to adulterous lovemaking.

I understand that you may not look at me the same way after this, Cupcake. I want you to know that I'm still the little Sweetums you married. My hope is that in time you will learn to forgive me, look past my faults and past the mob of angry spouses in the yard behind me. Try to see me the way everyone else in the surrounding area sees me: a sweet little Sugarplum with just the right amount of tongue-work to get me into a marital bed.

Now, I'm no fool, Dumpling. I know I may not make it out of this situation scot free. I want you to know that I love you, Kitten, and I'm not gonna let any of those maniacs mourning their peaceful unions close enough to put you or the house in any danger.

No one is wrecking this home but me.

NOW FOCUS: Economists Confirm Friend Who Came Late Shouldn't Have To Pitch In For Appetizers <RN> (Shooting Script)

INT. STUDIO -- FOCUS BACKDROP

SPIKES: My name is Christopher Spikes. I've been a professor of Economics at Princeton University for the last 38 years.

L3: Dr. Christopher Spikes, PhD. Author of *Bush's Plan: Not Adding Up*.

SPIKES: I've been asked to give my professional opinion on the subject, so I'm here to tell the American people what they've long needed to hear.

SPIKES(cont'd): The theory is true: your friend who arrived at the restaurant late should not have to pitch in for appetizers.

Slo-mo shot of Spikes adjusting his glasses and sport coat.

L3: Dr. Christopher Spikes, PhD. Expert of Economics.

SPIKES: It has taken decades of grueling research, with contributions from experts across the globe, but we finally have the conclusion that will allow everyone to finally exhale. The data is clear and it does not lie. If a member of the party is not present to partake in the wings or southwestern eggrolls, they should not have to split the price of the classic Chili's triple-dipper.

SPIKES: Moreover, we're finding that pressuring said friend to contribute to the margarita pitcher that was empty when they joined the table also goes against all findings we have gathered thus far.

Slo-mo shot of someone typing on their phone calculator.

SPIKES: What I think gets lost when we're looking through an economic lens is that we're not just looking at fees, percentages, and sample platters. We're looking at a person.

Back to Spikes.

SPIKES: A person, perhaps, who may have been held up at work and in fact laments the fact that they did not get to share a mozzarella stick with their friends.

L3: Dr. Christopher Spikes, PhD. My Chili's Rewards member. .

SPIKES: To then insist that they split the bill evenly with those that had potentially more than their fair share of fried goodies? Well, in my eyes, that goes against everything I believe as an economist--nay, as an American.

Zoomed-out angle

SPIKES: What we see is that when people engage in this practice of unfair check-splitting, a “happy hour” can become just the opposite of that.

SPIKE: We have found that in some cases the friend who is late chooses not to contest, treating it perhaps as a pay-it-forward situation. This creates a frightening standard that allows for exploitation among groups of coworkers and cheer moms..

Side angle.

SPIKE: If we allow the trend to continue, my colleagues and I fear more and more unfortunate individuals will be dragged into paying for drinks, desserts, even fries for the table that they had no part in.

Shot of American Flag waving in the wind.

SPIKE: This country was founded on solid values. Values of freedom, of choice, of justice. I, for one, still believe in those values.

Back to Spike.

SPIKE: Our founding fathers took a chance on this great nation. It was an experiment, yes, but one that relies on solid facts that remain true to this day. We cannot throw all of that away.

SPIKE: Those men knew the importance of fairness, and to make your friend who is already behind schedule for their day pay for an artichoke dip they didn’t even get a taste of is to spit in the face of George Washington and his great dream for our future.

Shot of plates being cleared from a table, probably at a Chili’s.

SPIKE: Some have posed the predicament of a situation in which the late individual’s motive is unclear, if there is question as to if their tardiness was perhaps intentional so as to not have to help pay for any pre-entree bites.

SPIKE: I find this hypothetical to be so laughably unlikely that it shouldn’t even be discussed. You think someone would intentionally miss out on three delicious appetizers and a ramekin of restaurant-quality ranch dressing? Give me a break. This question is an offense to the research we have been tirelessly building for years and years.

Close-up shot of Spikes’ face.

SPIKE: My hope for the American people is that we may move forward with this knowledge to create more just exchanges with one another. To those who have themselves experienced the pressure to pay for that which you did not eat, I hope that you can now rest knowing that it is not your duty, and that you might as well subtract a bit of the tax when Venmoing the person who was handed the check since some of it was probably for those appetizers.