

24. The Tommie Felon Show Episode 1

A new off-the-wall TV series breaks all records.

In Safar, 1442 A.H. a ground-breaking late night talk show was aired on Ozone TV, the new network experts predict will overtake the slowly dying cable and satellite networks of the world. The new technology is far superior to satellite because it can bounce signals back to earth by navigating them via the ozone layer around the earth so that they can be retrieved from any place in real time -- rather like the old short wave radio that found its way around the earth by hitching a ride on earth's clouds (real clouds, that is). Even more important, the Ozone layer is there to stay, not like satellites that eventually fall to earth and these days can be shot down at any time. Our TV/Internet combination offers customers a simple, basic service, with just the one channel, the Felony Channel, the most popular channel in all TV ever, and the fastest Internet service. The Internet service comes free with a subscription to the Felony Channel. This makes it far cheaper than any of the competition. It also makes the channel accessible and affordable to the poorest customers anywhere around the world.

By far the most popular show is the Tommie Felon show that premiered in Safar, 1442 A.H. (I repeat myself, a habit of all TV personalities whether in front or behind the scenes). The first episode turned out to be so popular, its viewing surpassed many of the top You Tube videos. When one considers that the Tommie Felon show runs for approximately 20 minutes, including commercials, it makes You Tube, and other competitors look pretty limited. The naysayers had warned us that our viewers would not have the attention span to stay with a twenty-minute show. How wrong they were!

We are currently in negotiations with UAE TV to release the franchise to them with the hope that they will begin broadcasting the show sometime in the fall of 1448 A.H. As part of our promotional literature for distributing the franchise of the show,

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we have prepared this brief account of the first record-breaking show and a little background on its basic premise. The season premiere was such an important event that we reproduce here a small piece of the transcript, slightly revised and edited.

The set for this show is modelled on the prison cells of the notorious Kilmainham Gaol in Dublin, Ireland, a classic 19th century multi-level prison, each level lined with bars of cells and railings, iron steps running up and down in the center of the prison, and catwalks connecting each side, seemingly suspended in space. The show opens with the camera panning first with a wide angle to take in the expanse of the prison, then takes us on a quick tour of the cells while the credits appear, finally entering the cell where the moderator sits dressed in a stylized prison guard uniform, her figure accentuated just a little too much, although these days it's difficult to reach any higher level of excess. Let us just say that her appearance is one of voluptuousness, admittedly an ugly word, if it is a word, but seems to us to be quite appropriate. No doubt the producers and directors of the show spent a lot of time coming up with the costume, especially the bright green of the uniform contrasting with the dull surroundings of the prison cells, the black bars, grey blankets, and bed of galvanized iron anchored to the floor. Of course, this set is not in Ireland but constructed in the Felony Channel studio in space leased from the new Freedom Tower in New York City, on the hundredth floor.

The moderator sits at a small round table with polished chrome legs and glass top. The chairs are of black finely wrought iron, nicely crafted curves, no cushions, rather like high-class outdoor furniture. There are strict rules of conduct for the interviews. (Of course, the rules are made to be broken). There must be no touching; in fact, the guests and moderator must maintain a distance from each other of at least one foot. The guest, if a felon and currently serving time, must be shackled at all times to his or her chair and is transported from whatever prison in a high-security van, clear windows all around, a little bit like a squat version of the old Pope-mobile.

Before we proceed with the edited transcript of the first show, a word about our famous moderator is necessary in order

to dispel any misunderstandings or misconceptions about what the show's basic premise is all about. We wanted a moderator who could connect easily with all classes of people (we do not use "class" in the Marxist sense but in the scientific sense), who could convey with ease an air of deep understanding of her guests and of the topics discussed. Naturally, the title of the show conveys to the audience that this is a show about criminals, what they do to their victims, and what is and should be done to them once they are caught. As even the least informed members of our audience know, Tommie Felon has been convicted on several occasions (one of them a cause célèbre when found naked except for a G-string in the President's office—we do not need to say which president—of course, this was not a crime at the time) and another was falsifying the forms required to qualify for health insurance so as to get maximum coverage to pay for a novel kind of sex change operation. Tommie received two years in prison for that felony, sentence suspended, and there have been a string of events in which she allegedly violated her probation by supposedly soliciting sex from various politicians who sent her revealing photographs of themselves, mistakenly thinking she was a prostitute. We assure you that we conducted an extensive background check (in fact we had the FBI do it for us under contract) and can say that Tommie has never prostituted herself. We admit that there must be one qualification to this postulation, which will become clear when we describe the structure of the show and its now well-known daily schedule.

The Tommie Felon show is aired Monday through Saturday at 8.00 pm. E.S.T. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, Tommie is dressed out as herself, a voluptuous female, as we described above. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, Tommie is dressed as himself, a straight, slim, mildly muscled-up male, his correction officer's jacket short sleeved to show off his upper arms, and his correction officer's pants, a slim modern cut of shorts, styled after those worn by Australian Rules Footballers, showing his lower thighs, shapely knees, and curvaceous calves. In sum, Tommie Felon is a transgendered individual whom (both he and she) we are totally convinced is able to connect with the amazingly diverse range of people who

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make up our audiences all around the world. So long as anyone watches the show two nights in succession, the intrinsic conflict built into the show is overwhelming. What more basic, anatomical conflict between humans can there be but that between male and female, yet how dependent each is on the other? The premise is established unequivocally right from the start. And so it easily leads to the conflict of another kind, between good and evil, captor and criminal.

It is a simple logic of the show's premise, therefore, that the moderator, she or he, conflicted with him- or her-self, sits at the center of the table, flanked on one side by the captor and the other side by the criminal.

Now that we have provided the *raison d'être* of the show we may continue to the edited highlights of the very first show that broke all records for a pilot show. It was a Monday show, so Tommie was dressed as a female as we have already described. The guest felon was a serial murderer and rapist who, as the media promoted and we were happy to confirm, made Hannibal the cannibal seem pretty tame, and as well was way smarter than was Hannibal (who was a fictitious character anyway). This guy was real. (We use the past tense because he was killed under suspicious circumstances when he escaped from the Pope-mobile look alike and was run down by a hit and run driver, an old guy driving a vintage K-car, according to witnesses.) The following is an abridged version of the original transcript, reproduced using the exact script format.

Series 1: The Tommie Felon Show
Episode 1. The Sado-Rapist

Directed by Quince Titillatio
Produced by Ozone TV in collaboration with
the Felony Foundation

The advice and assistance of the society of felons is
gratefully acknowledged

TOMMIE prances on to the set and advances to the front of the stage. She wears a bright, iridescent green cloak that she hugs

with both arms across her bosom. With a wonderful flourish, she opens the cloak and stands tall, her arms extended up, holding her cloak as though she were Batman. She flings the cloak to the audience, and there are squeals and screams as those in the front seat fight to claim it. Her cloaks, made of recycled and sustainable tissue and coloured with the slime of the slugs who inhabit the Olympic Peninsula, have become a valued collector's item. She blows kisses to the audience, steps down to the front few rows and kisses her fingers, then touches them on the heads of worshipping admirers. She returns to the stage, her back to the audience, then suddenly swivels around, her head buried in her hands, lily-white elbows pointing to the floor. It is the cue for the audience to go quiet. She raises her head slowly from her hands, her face showing pain, her eyes tearing, painted eyebrows slanting inwards.

TOMMIE

Oh, my Dears! What a show we have for you tonight! An evil thoroughly despicable killer and rapist who has done terrible things to his victims, things that even you, my dears, could not imagine!

AUDIENCE

(chanting)

Tommie dearest! Tommie dearest!

TOMMIE

Yes, my dears. I do this for you! Only you! But can you bear it? Do you really want him? He is so terrible, so frightening, so horrible!

AUDIENCE

Bring him on! Bring him on!

TOMMIE

Then I present to you, our felon of the day, killer, rapist and vivisector, a man whose name we refuse to speak, the felon himself!

A security guard drags the criminal on stage, as he staggers under his chains that clank loudly nearly pulling him to the floor. CRIMINAL swears at his attendants and makes obscene gestures

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at the audience to the extent that his chains allow. The guard roughly pushes CRIMINAL forward and on to the chair. TOMMIE prances to the CRIMINAL and gracefully places herself on his lap, leans back, kicking her leg closest to the audience out in a wonderful ballet pose. CRIMINAL tries to grope her bosom, snarls, and drools, but TOMMIE quickly slides off and takes her seat at the table, sitting up straight and formal. She speaks directly into the TV camera.

TOMMIE

And now I present to you our felon's accuser, tormentor, or is he also his excuser?

TOMMIE looks slyly at the audience.

AUDIENCE (chanting)

Scuser! Scuser! Scuser!

TOMMIE

Yes, yes, yes! I present to you our world famous excuser of criminals, Dr. Fallatious Hood, the greatest Hoodie I know!

AUDIENCE (chanting)

Hood-EE! Hood-EE!

HOOD, the accuser, and tormentor, a lofty forensic psychiatrist, quietly slips on to the set, seeming to appear from behind our transgendered moderator. TOMMIE extends her hand briefly to HOOD but retrieves it quickly after their eyes meet for an instant. She immediately turns to the CRIMINAL, licks her bright red lips in a tantalizing manner, and grasps his chained hand tightly in hers. She stands and raises the CRIMINAL'S hand with hers.

TOMMIE

My dear friends. I present to you, on my left, evil!

AUDIENCE

Eee-vil! Eee-vil!

CRIMINAL scowls right on cue. TOMMIE stretches for HOOD's hand and raises it too.

TOMMIE

My dear friends. I present to you, on my right, good!

AUDIENCE

Boo-oo, good! Boo-oo good!

HOOD pulls his hand away and leans forward, staring into criminal's eyes.

TOMMIE

Dr. Hood. You first. The good must lead the way! Ask the question that everyone wants to be answered!

HOOD

That's easy. Everyone wants to know why you do it.

CRIMINAL

Do what?

HOOD

Don't play cute with me, you filthy scum. Vicious, sadistic rape and murder of course.

TOMMIE

Doctor! Doctor! Tut! Tut!

AUDIENCE

Tut! Tut! -- Tut! Tut!

CRIMINAL

I enjoy it, that's why I do it. I would have thought it was obvious.

HOOD

Enjoy?

TOMMIE sighs and looks bored. She puts on her headset and sways rhythmically as she listens to Iz Mer, Turkish rap star, currently her favourite.

CRIMINAL

Yes, rape and killing. It's very pleasurable.

HOOD

Pleasurable?

TOMMIE rolls her eyes and signals to the audience to don their headsets.

CRIMINAL

Well, no—more than that!

HOOD

How many have you—?

CRIMINAL

Oh! Who can say? There's been so many—

HOOD

And what methods do you use?

TOMMIE removes her headset and leans over to CRIMINAL, beckons to audience

TOMMIE

Oooooooh! Aaaaaah!!

AUDIENCE

Ooooooh! Aaaaaah!

CRIMINAL

Well, I prefer to use instruments that happen to be around at the time. A kind of situational ethics, if you see what I mean. There's a symmetry about it. Strangle her with her own stocking, put out her eyes with her own lip-stick case. Or shoes—shoes are really good. You can do a lot with shoes—

CRIMINAL'S voice trails away.

HOOD

Anything else?

CRIMINAL

Well, I couldn't describe them all. Take too long. I suppose you'd say it's the blood that's the best part.

AUDIENCE (Conducted by Tommie)

Tell us! (clapping) Tell us! (clapping)

HOOD

And, er—the other part?

CRIMINAL

You mean rape?

AUDIENCE

Ooooh!

TOMMIE puts her hand to her ear, leans over to the criminal.

HOOD

Ahem, er, yes.

CRIMINAL

Of course, that's a good part of it too. I couldn't describe them all.

HOOD

Well, just some of the better ones—

CRIMINAL

The better ones you wouldn't exactly define as er—

HOOD

What do you mean?

CRIMINAL

Well, because I don't do it in the er—

HOOD

Oh, you mean anal intercourse?

TOMMIE rolls her eyes, dons headset

CRIMINAL

Oh no! That's nothing!

HOOD

Then?

CRIMINAL

No, well, I —

TOMMIE removes headset, beckons audience.

HOOD

Go on.

CRIMINAL

No, I'm not going there. Let's just say that I do whatever I must to maximize my pleasure.

TOMMIE jumps up from her seat and runs to the front of the table. She conducts the audience in exaggerated gestures.

AUDIENCE

(chants, clapping)

Tell us! Tell us! Tell us!

CRIMINAL (flattered by audience attention)

Have you ever read American Psycho?

HOOD

I wouldn't waste my time with such trash.

TOMMIE (chanting)

Yes, we have! Yes, we have!

TOMMIE rushes to the front of the stage, waving her arms.

AUDIENCE (chanting)

Yes, we have! Yes, we have!

CRIMINAL

Then you're ignorant. I've gone well beyond that smart ass from the Hamptons. Drills, saws, rats. I've done way better than that.

HOOD leans forward, aggressively, stares at CRIMINAL
HOOD

Why do you do it?

CRIMINAL

I just answered that, didn't I?

HOOD

Not really.

CRIMINAL

What do you mean, then?

HOOD

The killing and the rape, why?

TOMMIE waves to the audience again.

TOMMIE AND AUDIENCE (chanting)

Bor-ing! Bor-ing!

CRIMINAL

I remember there was one time when I felt I would never find one to satisfy me. I'd just finished my finals and was watching a football game in a run-down bar. This raunchiness hit me. I just had to find the hottest, roughest one—

TOMMIE rushes back to her seat, and with an exaggerated flourish sits then leans over to the criminal, hand to ear

HOOD

But why?

CRIMINAL

Why what? I just told you, didn't I?

HOOD

Why kill them?

CRIMINAL

Before or after?

HOOD leans back, exasperated. TOMMIE pivots to him and gives him an exaggerated hug, and looks deep into the camera.

TOMMIE

My poor dear! It must be so hard for you.

AUDIENCE (sighs and swoons).

HOOD

Either.

CRIMINAL

Well, I mean they're not much use afterward, are they?

Besides, they might remember what I looked like.

HOOD

Aha! So you're afraid of being caught!

CRIMINAL

Well of course! Wouldn't anyone?

TOMMIE leaps up and runs to the front, laughing hysterically, the audience joins in.

HOOD

But you're not just anyone--

CRIMINAL

What do you mean?

TOMMIE returns to her seat and with her chin in her chest, croons to the camera

TOMMIE

Oooh! Dark! Oooh, spooky!

AUDIENCE

Spoooooky!

HOOD

Well, you're different.

CRIMINAL

What?

HOOD

Different. You know. I mean not everyone goes around killing and raping.

CRIMINAL

Yes, the pathetic fools! If only they could!

HOOD

Again. Why are you frightened of getting caught?

CRIMINAL

That's a really stupid question—

AUDIENCE

Stu-pid! Stu-pid!

CRIMINAL

As I said before, who wouldn't be?

HOOD

But you keep doing it, you must have realized you'd get caught sooner or later. Surely—

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CRIMINAL

So?

TOMMIE (leaning into HOOD'S face)

Yes, so?

HOOD

So, why keep doing it?

CRIMINAL

Because it makes life bearable if I assume I'll never be caught.

HOOD

But you have been!

CRIMINAL

So that's life. You've probably got terminal cancer.

CRIMINAL chuckles, looks to audience for approval.

TOMMIE laughs raucously. Audience joins in.

HOOD (very serious)

We're going round in circles.

TOMMIE puts her finger to her lips and raises her hand to the audience. Silence ensues.

HOOD

Let me start again. Why do you kill people?

CRIMINAL

I just do it. It's who I am. It's my life. I love my life. Who doesn't?

HOOD

Don't you care for other people?

TOMMIE AND AUDIENCE (chanting)

Doesn't care! Doesn't care!

CRIMINAL (outraged)

What?

HOOD

I said, don't you care for other people?

CRIMINAL

Of course, I do. What sort of a question is that ?

HOOD

Then why do you do it?

CRIMINAL

What?

HOOD

Why? Why?

HOOD leans across the table and grabs the criminal by the throat.

AUDIENCE (chanting)

Why! Why!

CRIMINAL tries to push back but his chains will not let him. TOMMIE stands back, hands on hips.

TOMMIE

Go Doc! Go Doc!

AUDIENCE

Go doc! Go doc!

HOOD

Tell me! Tell me!

CRIMINAL

You're hurting me!

CRIMINAL stands pulling his restraining chains tight, catching TOMMIE'S extended arm, ensnaring HOOD'S hand as well. They all struggle and fall in a heap behind the table.

TOMMIE

Oh, Doctor! Oh, Doctor! Save me!

TOMMIE flings herself back, legs flying up in a classic V position, kicking the table over. Members of the audience run up to save her, but they are restrained by security guards.

HOOD

Oh! Sorry! I, I didn't mean to—

CRIMINAL

That's what they all say.

TOMMIE crawls, half drags herself to the front of the stage. Her contortions are Shakespearian.

TOMMIE

Oh my dear, dear friends! I thank you with all my heart. Why does the doctor behave so badly?

HOOD (contrite)

All I asked was why he does it.

HOOD stands as if to leave.

CRIMINAL

You must know why. You're the psychiatrist after all!

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HOOD (glaring at Tommie)

You are a despicable, evil person—

TOMMIE (shocked)

Who, me?

TOMMIE points at her breast with both hands. She looks at the audience seeking approval.

AUDIENCE

Yes, you! Yes, You!

TOMMIE feigns horror, runs to the doctor and hugs him.

TOMMIE

Please stay doctor. We all need you! You're the only doctor we have!

HOOD

There's no point continuing this interview.

CRIMINAL untangles his chains and gets back to his seat.

CRIMINAL

Oh! But I thought you wanted to find out all about my crimes?

HOOD

I did—I do!

TOMMIE

Oh, thank you, doctor! Thank you!

TOMMIE kisses the psychiatrist full on the lips then waltzes down to the front row of the audience and brings up an overweight man in his thirties to help right the table. TOMMIE kisses him too, on the cheek, then dismisses him to the care of a security guard.

CRIMINAL

All right then, ask me some questions.

HOOD

I have, and you won't answer them.

CRIMINAL

You haven't given me a chance.

HOOD

I've pleaded with you.

CRIMINAL

I've tried to answer you, honestly.

HOOD (despondent)

It's no use.

TOMMIE

There, there Doctor. I'm sure he doesn't mean it, do you Mr. Criminal?

AUDIENCE (chanting)

Mean it! Mean it!

CRIMINAL

Why don't you ask me about my childhood? Everybody else does.

HOOD (fed up).

All right then. What about your childhood?

CRIMINAL

Well, I mean, you'll have to be a bit more specific.

HOOD (disinterested).

Yes, I suppose so. You were an illegitimate, only child, I suppose?

CRIMINAL

No, certainly not. I have two elder brothers and two younger sisters. Our family is very close.

HOOD

Your father left home when you were five or six, having beaten you mercilessly since birth?

CRIMINAL

No! Good heavens, you must have had a terrible childhood!

TOMMIE stands, signals to the audience, and conducts as if they were a choir.

TOMMIE AND AUDIENCE

The doctor was abused! The doctor was abused!

HOOD

Well, it wasn't the happiest, but—

CRIMINAL

Were you close to your parents? I was. All us kids were. We were a very close family. Loved each other. The usual arguments occasionally, but generally a wonderful family.

HOOD (slyly)

And your mother. Why haven't you mentioned your mother?

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CRIMINAL

You didn't ask me. Besides, it's implied when I say 'family.'

HOOD

You mean your mother was nothing special?

CRIMINAL

That's not what I said!

HOOD writes down notes.

HOOD

I see.

CRIMINAL

Are you really taking that down?

HOOD

Of course.

CRIMINAL

But you've invented it. That's not what I said at all. That's dishonest.

HOOD

Nonsense! Let's get on with the questions. Your mother—

CRIMINAL

You can't justify it. You're dishonest.

HOOD

Your mother—

CRIMINAL jumps up, one of the chains pulling free. A security guard rushes forward to restrain him.

CRIMINAL

You're nothing but a faker, a quack!

TOMMIE'S eyes light up. She signals to the audience once more, though it needs no asking.

AUDIENCE

Quack! Quack!

HOOD

It's not dishonest. It's a matter of interpretation. I've studied criminals for years. It's my expert opinion.

CRIMINAL

Expert dishonesty.

HOOD

I'm a very experienced forensic psychiatrist. I make careful scientific impartial judgments.

AUDIENCE

Lies! Lies! — Lies! Lies!

CRIMINAL looks to the audience with approval. Blows them a kiss, but gets an unexpected response.

AUDIENCE

Kill the quack! Kill the quack!

CRIMINAL (enraged)

Barbarians! I don't kill just anyone!!

TOMMIE

Now! Now! Mr. Criminal. Remember, they will vote for your release as will our viewers!

CRIMINAL

Where's the pleasure in killing the quack? Now if they wanted me to kill you—

HOOD

Mr. Felon! Look Out!

TOMMIE

It's not Mister, and you know it, you insensitive brute!

HOOD

Miss, Mrs., then. Whatever. You're in danger! Get away quickly!

TOMMIE

It's Madam, if you don't mind!

AUDIENCE

Look out! Look out! Madam, look out!

CRIMINAL wrenches himself up off his seat and thrusts his body and chains with all his might towards TOMMIE who puts both hands to her throat and tries to slide under the table out of the way. HOOD pushes his chair back, watches, and takes notes.

TOMMIE

Help me! Help me, my God help me!

Security guards rush forward, but it's too late. CRIMINAL slipped under the table and has wrapped Tommie in his chains. He bites off her ear lobe and spits it out at the audience.

CRIMINAL

Fellow barbarians! I give you blood!

AUDIENCE

Blood! Blood! He gave us blood!

HOOD scurries off the set, walking backward, half bent over and hoping not to be noticed. TOMMIE swoons and licks her own blood as it trickles down her face. CRIMINAL follows her example and licks the blood off her cheek.

TOMMIE

Oh! Mr. Criminal! Why me? Why me?

TOMMIE becomes listless and floppy, as though in a drunken stupor. CRIMINAL looks out at the audience.

CRIMINAL

Neck or nose? Neck or nose?

AUDIENCE

Neck! Neck! — Neck! Neck!

CRIMINAL bares his teeth like a snarling dog. But a young security guard, pretending to participate in the blood-licking, has crawled under the table and, after one lick, lifts a leg and fiercely rams it into CRIMINAL'S chin, causing him to bite off his own tongue. The guard unravels the chains from TOMMIE and pulls her free. She envelops him in her not so floppy arms and guides him to the front of the stage as they stagger together. There is blood on both their faces. The audience stands and jumps and screams in ecstasy.

AUDIENCE

Kiss! Kiss!—Kiss! Kiss!

As the ecstatic couple complies all too well with the audience demands, other guards have not managed to unravel CRIMINAL'S chains from the table and chairs, so they drag him off the set along with the table and a chair. CRIMINAL gasps, chokes, face turning blue, blood pours from his mouth. TOMMIE and the security guard come out of their embrace. Tommie swoons again and waves to the audience.

TOMMIE

My dears! My dears! You have saved me! I owe you my love and my life!

TOMMIE falls back into the security guard's arms.

TOMMIE

Take me! Take me!

Security guard lifts TOMMIE off her feet and carries her off

the set while she blows kisses to the audience.

And there we have it. This was the most highly rated season premiere ever of a talk show (to repeat, repetition is good in our business). For your curiosity, the studio audience voted to parole the criminal immediately, but the viewing audience did not agree. It voted overwhelmingly for a continued sentence of life in prison without parole, with a sizable portion of respondents urging that the original death sentence, which was commuted by then Governor Bunyon, be restored. (As an aside, a sizable minority also urged that the psychiatrist's license be revoked).

Please be aware that Tommie is well and her ear lobe has been reattached successfully. However, the security guard was fired for the liberties he took in saving her, specifically licking the blood from her face, which, the gender harassment board in its review, rated as an unnecessary invasion of Tommie's privacy and was, in fact, a sexually tinged touching. As for the criminal, the prison surgeon was unable to reattach the pieces of his tongue since it seems that he chewed them up thinking that they were pieces of Tommie's ear. In fact, the surgeon had to remove additional parts of the tongue because of the danger that rough edges in the mouth may turn cancerous. The criminal launched proceedings against Ozone TV claiming several million dollars in damages, but the judge threw out the case because (1) the damage was self-inflicted and (2) the contract the criminal signed with Ozone TV clearly specified that we would not be held liable for any damages that resulted from the criminal's actions. Clearly, all the unfortunate spilling of blood was his doing, not ours. His lawyer claimed that we should have foreseen the events and chained the criminal down more securely, but our consideration, in this case, was that we did not want to treat the criminal in an inhumane manner. As it was, we received a considerable amount of mail from viewers, and media pundits that we had, in fact, weighed the criminal down with so many chains that he was treated like a beast of burden. The criminal has appealed the case to the U.S. district court, but we are confident that the court will not hear the case.

Clearly, we are breaking new ground with this show. This is

real time television, in no way edited or scripted. In fact, as can be seen from this “ad hoc” script, if one were to actually write such a script and expect players to act (no, be) the part, we could not write in the actual spilling of blood as occurred in this episode. Of course, we could have people act the parts out and have special effects make the spilling of blood seem real, but that is not our idea of reality TV. There is no script. We do create an environment with participants we have carefully chosen, and we do, of course, employ a moderator who is incredibly talented. Tommie’s behavior we can more or less predict, and the same goes for the audience. However, we cannot predict precisely what the guests will do. This is what makes The Tommie Felon Show so exciting and why people all over the world tune into it with high expectations that we try not to disappoint.

We are confident that the proposed franchise of the show to the new and exciting Lor-Renz Arabia TV network will be equally successful. We are working with them right now to develop the set, which will be based on the notorious Abu Ghraib prison, in fact, may even be shot on site (pun intended!). Guests will include high ranking Al Qaeda or ISIS operatives, one in particular who has perfected the skill of beheading hostages, and others including dedicated suicide bombers of various sizes and ages and genders, and on the contra side, prosecutors and interrogators who have perfected the procedures for extracting the truth from their quarry, including the efficient means of punishment for the convicted such as beheading and cutting off other limbs with one stroke of the sword, and the use of hot water boarding.

Speaking of which, we have engaged the services of a well-known Hollywood head hunting team to find the very best moderator for the show. Naturally, we are not looking for a transgendered person, but rather for a terrorist with a strong history of violence who is also a doctor and pacifist, thus providing the standard premise of the show: a balance between prosecutors and defenders, violence and peace, good and evil.

Moral: Being part of the punishment is part of the problem

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