If The War In Iraq Was A House Party

(Phone rings)
Iraq: Hello?
America: Yo son, I heard you was having a house party! Iraq: Who is this? America: America! Iraq: (silence) …I don’t know who told you that b…because I’m not having a party. America: C’mon son! Everybody knows you’re having a party tonight. I saw it on your Facebook!
Iraq: Are you sure you’ve got the right person? Maybe it’s Iran you’re thinking of? Or North Korea? I’m definitely not having a party tonight man. America: Why you lying for? You don’t like me or something? You got beef? Iraq: No? Not at all! It’s just that I’m not having a party! I mean, I’ve got like 2 friends over, but we’re just sitting around playing Super Mario Galaxy… I’d hardly call that a…
America: PARTY! I’m coming over! Actually, I’m outside already! Let me in!
Iraq: NO! It’s not a…
(America hangs up, the doorbell rings instantly. Iraq stands silently in his living room)
America: Come on son! I know you’re in there! Don’t let me crawl in through the mail slot! You know I’m that crazy!
(Iraq makes his way to the front door and begrudgingly opens it)
America: VEEEEEEEEAAHHH BOYYYYYYYY!!!
Iraq: Wait! Who are these people with you? England: Oops! My bad Iraq! That wasn’t valuable was it mate? I’ll leave £20 on my way out.
Iraq: I try… (sound of glass breaking in the living room)
America: What? What the fuck does that mean? Iraq: (violently shaking in silence)
America: Don’t tell me that! Tell her! (Iraq slowly approaches Iceland and speaks)
Iceland: What? What the fuck does that mean? Iraq: (shrugging shoulders) Never mind…
(Americagoes down to the mail slot)
America: Listen motherfucker! This isn’t a par…
Iceland: Don’t tell me that! Tell her!
America: Stop being a pussy and man up! Iraq: Well, uh…
Iceland: Stop being a pussy and man up! America: Holy shit! Look at Singapore go! Singapore: I’m faked son… think… I’m gonna… puke… America: Here, puke in this. Singapore: BLERPHGH!!! America: Too late! Singapore: I feel better!
America: Aw, c’mon Iraq! Loose the fuck up! Go talk to a girl! Check out Iceland. She keeps looking at you. I think she likes you. Iraq: Y. You think so?
America: Iraq, this is America you’re talking to. I know chicks, and let me tell you Iceland is all about some Iraq right now?
Iceland: Well, uh…
America: Stop being a pussy and man up! Iraq: Well… she sure does have those wonderful blue eyes… they’re almost like crystal prisms… America: Don’t tell me that! Tell her! (Iraq extremely pissed)
America: America’s cousin! America’s cousin! America: Not America’s cousin! America’s cousin! America: You have eyes like a glass prison.
Iceland: Eyes… they’re almost like crystal prisms…
America: America invited himself over again, and he’s totally trashing my house!
Iceland: What? What’s going on here?
America: America invited himself over again, and he’s totally trashing my house!
Iceland: Hey man, calm down!
America: Oh, sorry Iran… I’m having a rough night… (Iran looks over Iraq’s shoulder and takes notice of the crazy party in progress)
Iran: Whaaaat? What’s going on here?
America: Iraq’s motherfucking cousin!
Iran: Sounds of glass breaking in the living room) England: Oops! My bad Iraq! That wasn’t valuable was it mate? I’ll leave £20 on my way out.
America: No problem. I’ll be back in 5 minutes.
Iceland: Chill the fuck out Iraq! I didn’t bring no strippers! It’s just England and Australia, I mean, we’ve got like 2 friends over, but we’re just sitting around playing Super Mario Galaxy… I’d hardly call that a…
(Iran reacts to this by hurling himself onto the hood of the Bronco)
Iran: Let’s… (picking up couch) get… (tossing it onto an old oak dresser) this… (placing Iraq’s flatscreen on the floor) party… (breakdancing on it) started… (kicking Iraq’s wii across the room) quickly! (lighting a portrait of Iraq’s grandmother on fire)
America: America and Iraq’s friends (a majority of which have run out of the party in fear of Iraq’s volatile cousins) stand silently in disbelief as Iran and his cousins lay waste to Iraq’s home.
America: Dude… do you want me to do something about this?
Iceland: Do it!!? Do something!!? What can you DO? This is all your fucking fault! America: I know. I know… listen… let me… I can fix this Iraq. Please, trust me. Iraq: (silent for a few moments.) Okay… just do something, get them out of here, and you have to leave right afterward. You and fucking England both have to go. This is a nightmare. America: No problem. I’ll be back in 5 minutes.
Iran: Uh, okay.
America: America runs out the front door. Iraq curls up into the fetal position as America and his cousins tear Iraq’s home asunder.
America’s Cousins: (indecipherable yelling)!!
Iceland: America thinks his friends are England and Australia, the Bronco then proceeds to do donuts in Iraq’s living room.)
Iran: WHOAAAAATTTTT THE FUUUUUCKKKKK!!!!
America: America invites himself over again, and he’s totally trashing my house!
Iran: This is America’s party and all the thunder that exists in the sky is mine by the grace of god’s will!!!
Iceland: America invites himself over again, and he’s totally trashing my house!
America: NOBODY STEALS AMERICA’S THUNDER AT HIS OWN PARTY!
Iceland: America invites himself over again, and he’s totally trashing my house!
Iran: THIS IS IRAN’S PARTY AND ALL THE THUNDER THAT EXISTS IN THE SKY IS MINE BY THE GRACE OF GOD’S WILL!!
Iceland: America invites himself over again, and he’s totally trashing my house!
America’s Cousins: (indecipherable yelling)!!
Iceland: America invites himself over again, and he’s totally trashing my house!
America: I just want to die.
Suddenly, a Ford Bronco comes crashing through one of the walls of Iraq’s living room killing several of Iraq’s cousins as well as England. The Bronco then proceeds to do donuts in Iraq’s living room.)
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-Iayson Scott Musson