

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... 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! Its 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: YEEEEEEEEEAHHH BOYEEEEEEE!!!

Iraq: W, wait! Who are these people with you!

America: Chill the fuck out Iraq! I didn't bring no strangers! It's just England and Australia, I mean, we've been here before.

Iraq: Yeah, I remember that time and I didn't appreciate you crashing my grandmother's birthday party like that, god bless her soul.

America: (looking around) Wait a sec... I thought you said you had some friends over playing videogames? I just see one controller out...

Iraq: Well, I, uh, my friends left just before you got here.

America: C'mon Iraq! You don't gotta lie! I called you from your porch and I didn't see anybody leave. Dude, if you need some friends to start this party off, you know America has some friends nigga! Yo England! Call up Netherlands, Denmark, Japan, Poland, New Zealand, Spain, Italy, Norway, South Korea, Singapore, Macedonia, Latvia, Armenia, Mongolia, Philippines, Honduras, Thailand, Ukraine, and who ever else you can think of and tell 'em that Iraq is having a party and they need to roll through!

England: Should I invite Iceland?

America: Fuckit, why not?

Iraq: Jesus Christ.

(10 minutes later)

Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!

America: HOLEEE SHIT! Look at Singapore go!

Singapore: I'm faded son... think... I'm gonna... puke...

America: Here, puke in this.

Iraq: No! Not in my grandmother's urn!

Singapore: BLERPHGH!!!

America: Too late!

Singapore: I feel better!

Iraq: (violently shaking in silence)

America: Aw, c'mon Iraq! Loosen 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!

Iraq: Well, uh.. I

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 slowly approaches Iceland and speaks)

Iraq: Youhaveeyeslikeaglassprison.

Iceland: What? What the fuck does that mean?

Iraq: (shrugging shoulders) Never mind...

(The doorbell rings)

Iraq: Ugh! Who is it now!?!)

(Iraq marches to his front door and violently pulls it open)

Iraq: Listen motherfucker! This isn't a par...

Iran: Hey man, calm down!

Iraq: 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: Whoa, what's going on here?

Iraq: America invited himself over again, and he's totally trashing my house!

Iran: Dude, you just can't let America come over here anytime he wants to! You gotta stand up for yourself man!

Iraq: I try... (sound 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.

Iraq: ...but America has more friends than me... what can I do?

Iran: Don't you worry old buddy, Iran has your back...

Iran has some friends... I'll be back in 20 minutes.

Iraq: Uh, okay.

(20 minutes later. Bricks come flying in through the windows in the living room as a gang of strangers lead by Iran bursts through the front door yelling at the top of their lungs)

America: Holy shit!

Iraq: WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

Iran: Helping you out! America thinks his friends are the craziest lot in town, but I do decree that Iran and his

cousins are the funkiest bunch this side of the Tigris River! Okay cousins! Let's get this party started right!

Iran's Cousins: (indecipherable yelling)!!!

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)

(Iraq and America's friends (a majority of which have run out of the party in fear Iran'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?

Iraq: Do!!? 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.

Iraq: Uh, okay.

(America runs out the front door. Iraq curls up into the fetal position as Iran and his cousins tear Iraq's home asunder.)

Iran's Cousins: (indecipherable yelling)!!!

Iraq: I just want to die.

(Suddenly, a Ford Bronco comes crashing through one of the walls of Iraq's living room killing several of Iran's cousin as well as England. The Bronco then proceeds to do donuts in Iraq's living room.)

Iraq: WHAAAAAATTTTT THE FUUUUUUUCKKKKKK!!!!

(America pokes his head out of the Bronco's window and yells over the combined noise of the engine's roar and of stuff breaking even further)

America: NOBODY STEALS AMERICA'S THUNDER AT HIS OWN PARTY!

(Iran reacts to this by hurling himself onto the hood of the Bronco)

Iran: THIS IS IRAN'S PARTY AND ALL THE THUNDER THAT EXISTS IN THE SKY IS MINE BY THE GRACE OF GOD'S WILL!

The Remainder of Iran's Cousins: (indecipherable yelling)!!!

Iraq: I just want to die.

-Jayson Scott Musson