

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE

written & created by

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(C) 2025

Comedy spoof

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GARDEN - STARLIT NIGHT

White haired president of the USA - ASTON MARTIN (70s), stands alone on a neatly cut lawn.

He ruminates with a glass of brandy in hand, as he puffs on a fat Cuban cigar. He watches the smoke from his cigar as it disperses.

The phone inside the top pocket of his shirt vibrates.

He brings the phone to ear and briefly listens before he stamps his foot in anger.

ASTON MARTIN

(on phone)

You tell that imbecile that I said his cigars will incur a two-hundred percent tariff if he doesn't fucking play ball!

(listens)

I don't give a rats arse what he said. Just get the deal done, or you're fired!

He abruptly ends the call.

From above a spotlight beams down upon him.

With a look of deep bewilderment he looks up and covers his eyes.

ASTON MARTIN (CONT'D)

What the hell is that? Who are you? Is that the Chinese checking up on us again?

DISTORTED V.O

No, it is not the Chinese.

ASTON MARTIN

Who then?

DISTORTED V.O

Excuse the pun, but it's way over your head.

ASTON MARTIN

No, no, no. You don't have any cards, whoever you are. Only Vlad and me have the cards. In fact, we are the cards. Go and ask him if you don't believe me. That's if you have enough balls. He'll nuke you right out of the fucking sky, you fucking asshole.

Within the blink of an eye his brandy glass drops to the lawn, along with his lit cigar as he vanishes into thin air.

INT. PRISON CELL. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - LIT

His eyes suffused, his open mouth frothy with his own saliva, Aston Martin stands in chains donning a striped prison outfit.

ASTON MARTIN

Hey! Hey! Hey! What's going on?!
Lemme outta here!

Silence.

ASTON MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'm the President of the United States of America! You cannot do this!

More silence.

ASTON MARTIN (CONT'D)

You'll pay for this, whoever you are!

Even more silence.

ASTON MARTIN (CONT'D)

You have no idea who you're dealing with! When I get outta here you'll know about it for sure, you worm eating moron!

(sneers)

I said, lemme outta here!

A greater silence.

ASTON MARTIN (CONT'D)

OK. OK. OK. I give up. I'll cutcha a good deal if that's what this is all about. I did it for the Brits. In fact, we'll pay you just to have you on board. What'd ya say? Just take it, goddammit! Just lemme outta here.

DISTORTED V.O

In front of you, you will see a hologram showing the four kings in the pack . Pick one, then answer the following question to win your freedom.

ASTON MARTIN

What the hell is this- Play Your Cards right? I'm the President goddamit!

Super silence.

ASTON MARTIN (CONT'D)

Is that you, Elon? If this is your idea of a practical joke, it's not funny, so lemme outta here!

Four KINGS from each suit of the pack appear in front of him.

ASTON MARTIN (CONT'D)

But these are all pictures of me. What'd ya want me to do, pick myself?

DISTORTED V.O

Choose a card.

ASTON MARTIN

I have a heart sometimes... so king of hearts.

DISTORTED V.O

Now answer the following question. Where is Hollywood?

ASTON MARTIN

I've never heard of her. And if that porn princess thinks I'm gonna settle outta court, you can tell her she can line up to kiss my ass, again.

DISTORTED V.O

Incorrect.

ASTON MARTIN

You what?! What is this? You cannot be serious! I have a mandate. I can do whatever I like.

Silence.

ASTON MARTIN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are we, anyway?

DISTORTED V.O

Alcatraz...

ASTON MARTIN

You mean, Alcatraz, as in Alcatraz island?

The sound of distorted laughter.

Aston Martin crouches as he covers his ears and grimaces in pain.

ASTON MARTIN (CONT'D)

If this is you Elon, I'll have you licking my ass for breakfast, lunch and dinner... You just wait and see what happens when I get outta here!

DISTORTED V.O

Three cards remaining.

The three remaining Kings appear in front of his eyes.

DISTORTED V.O (CONT'D)

Pick a card.

ASTON MARTIN

King of diamonds, goddammit! Now lemme outta here!

Silence.

DISTORTED V.O
Where would you find Greenland?

ASTON MARTIN
I have no idea. But they tell
about these places that exist.
All I know is they belong to me.

DISTORTED V.O
Incorrect.

More uncontrollable laughter.

Aston Martin covers his ears once more.

DISTORTED V.O (CONT'D)
Choose another king.

ASTON MARTIN
I hate this fucking game! There's
only one King, and that is me,
asshole!

DISTORTED V.O
Pick one.

ASTON MARTIN
King of clubs, goddammit!

DISTORTED VOICE OVER
What is the Gaza Strip?

ASTON MARTIN
Oh, that's just a titty bar
downtown. I've only been there
once. I didn't like it at all. It
was all plastic tits and asses.

DISTORTED V.O
Incorrect.

ASTON MARTIN
You're gonna pay a heavy price
when I get outta here, you punk!

DISTORTED V.O
This leaves one final card.

ASTON MARTIN

Yeah I know, I know. I'm not stupid.

DISTORTED V.O

Incorrect.

ASTON MARTIN

Look, I'll give you anything... anything you like. Just lemme outta here goddammit!

DISTORTED V.O

One final question.

ASTON MARTIN

What is it? Ask it, goddammit!

DISTORTED V.O

Who is the new Pope?

ASTON MARTIN

I'm the Pope, you asshole!

DISTORTED V.O

Are you sure?

ASTON MARTIN

Positively!

DISTORTED V.O

Incorrect.

A hologram of himself appears beside him.

Aston Martin looks at it and gasps.

HOLOGRAM

Do you still have the cards?

ASTON MARTIN

What the hell!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAWN - CONT'D

Aston Martin is thrown to the ground in a heap.

He climbs to his feet and pats himself down.

He shakes his head and grins knowingly as he looks up at the stars.

ASTON MARTIN (ASIDE)

Phew! That was a close shave.

The phone in his top pocket vibrates. He brings it to ear.

ASTON MARTIN (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Oh, just tell them they can have
whatever they want. They can have
it all for all I care. I'm off to
play poker.

A light beams down upon him as he ends the call and walks off.

END