

EXCERPT FROM

***RECUT MADNESS: FAVORITE MOVIES RETOLD FOR
YOUR PARTISAN PLEASURE***

**2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (Red State)
(1968)**

In a harsh, rocky landscape, a tribe of hairy primates struggles for survival.

They eat what they can pluck from trees or dig from the ground, or what they can scavenge from the kills of lions and jaguars. They fight with hyenas over these scraps, as well as hostile bands of their own kind, who often raid for food, for mates, for reasons unknown.

At night, the primates lie in fear, aware in a way unique among the animals, that it is a dangerous world, and that they are very vulnerable.

One particular morning, one male primate is idly toying with the bones of some carrion. A thigh bone fits snugly in his hand. Somehow, it feels good there.

The primate swings the femur one way and another. As he hits, the other bones from the carcass break into shards. Pieces fly. The slight inkling of an idea erupts somewhere in his brain, and he has visions of himself in slow motion using the bone as a tool and a weapon.

Suddenly there is noisy confusion everywhere. His tribe runs to him, followed by a marauding pack of other primates. They circle round, and shriek in anger and fear.

The primate with the bone raises it high in the air. He is confident now his tribe will have an edge in the fight for survival. As he holds it aloft, a bolt of flame erupts from the distance, knocking the bone from his hand. He shrieks in pain, while the other primates hoot and cower. From over a small hill comes the archangel Michael and a dozen other heavenly soldiers. They're followed by a pink-skinned man and woman, riding together on a majestic triceratops.

All the primates huddle together, shaking and screeching. The archangel says, "You were right, Adam, there was a tribe of Afarensis out here." Raising his fiery sword to the sky, he proclaims: "All right, monkey boys, in the name of the Lord Almighty, prepare to get fossilized!"

"Adam," the pink-skinned woman says to her partner, "why are we doing this again?"

"To thwart intellectual vanity among pointy-headed professors, of course."

"Oh," she says. "And they are who, exactly?"

At this point, one angel tosses her sword into the sky, where it revolves end over end in slow motion, until we reach the present day, and it turns into a Star Wars Missile Defense Shield satellite.