

AU NATURALLE

Written by

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FADE-IN:

**BLACK SCREEN**

A glassy void. Some static, too. Over which, an elegant  
BRITISH NARRATOR intones:

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Protection from elements and nasty  
predators. No matter the  
circumstance or species, it's an  
essential need all species share...

**MONTAGE**

- A WOLF shivers in a cave. Outside, a wall of SNOW.
- A MOUSE flees from a snake. Darts just in time into a hole.
- PRIMITIVE HUMANS run through tangled woods. SPEARS zip past their barely covered bodies. Terrified, they duck behind large trees to hide.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
At the dawn of time, such dangers  
were just physical. But as  
evolution rolled on, human  
"enemies" grew ever more abstract.  
Soon, protection was needed against  
more than just Nature, however "red  
with tooth and claw". No, soon But  
social pitfalls became perils, too.

**INT. OLDE TOWN HALL - DAY**

A YOUNG MAN pontificates (MOS) at a podium. Is it a church or  
political gathering - who knows?

Either way, clearly an event from the past. His long jacket  
is old school. His black silhouette looms against modest  
wooden walls.

Someone BOOS. The lecturer raises his voice. Bad move.

An audience MEMBER throws a TOMATO at him - SPLAT. More  
VEGETABLES and BOOS follow. A sudden storm of rotted hail.

An ONION zips past. Though it's no suit of armor, the man  
shields his reddening face with his coat's lapel.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To some degree, one can argue the invention of clothes was imperative - good for warding off bad weather. Bad "reviews" as well. But over the centuries, have we sacrificed too *much* for modesty? By hiding behind a fake facade - how much as humanity truly lost?

The young man rips off his long coat - revealing nothing underneath! Bravely puffing up his scrawny chest, he faces his irate audience.

YOUNG MAN

Will you listen to me *now*?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(chuckles)

There's a reason why it's called "naked truth."

The crowd falls silent. Stunned. The screen blacks out.

## **BLACK SCREEN**

Matrix style CODE flows like a waterfall. Narration also forges on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To better understand the pros and cons of modesty, we at *Historical Simulations R. Us* have created algorithms which demonstrate in *vivid* - and often gory - detail how the invention of clothing may have altered pivotal events in history. We gently ask our audience be forewarned: this video is not child friendly. Not safe for work, either.

(laughs again)

Unless a brothel or men's magazine is one's career.

## **EXT. CEMETARY - DAY**

### **Super: Gettysburg, 1863**

ABRAHAM LINCOLN addresses a throng of SOLDIERS. The distinguished statemen's so mobbed, only his face is visible through this crowd.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

As I once penned to my dear friend,  
Henry Pierce: those who deny  
freedom to others, deserve it not  
for themselves. Truth is the best  
vindication against slander. So I  
leave it to those assembled to  
judge the merits of my....

Abe wades through the throng, and reaches a clearing.

Revealing: except for his iconic hat, "Old Abe's" as naked as  
a newborn babe!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Words! Four score and seven inches  
ago....

Soldiers grumble, nod. They're impressed.

**Super:** a video game style "Civilization Points Gained" Tally  
rolls. "Persuasive argument - 50 years."

QUICK CUT TO:

**INT. MEETING HALL**

**SUPER: CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION: PHILADELPHIA 1787**

A gaggle of wigged GENTLEMEN dominate this room.

The sign on the wall reads "Welcome, Revolutionaries!" A  
smaller handwritten note dangles beneath it, too:

"Tie your horses outside. Deep dish pizza served in the  
hall."

"Prithee" exclamations vibrate through air. But fall silent  
as frilly-dressed ALEXANDER HAMILTON enters into the room.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

I never expect to see perfect work  
from an imperfect man. But for good  
or ill, the document hath been  
wrought!

One delegate waves over the crowd.

DELEGATE

Alex, has John arrived yet?

ALEXANDER HAMILTON  
No. I'm afraid he's been...  
indisposed.

DELEGATE  
But we MUST see his Hancock!

Others grumble, agree. Hamilton sushes the impatient crowd.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON  
Not today, dear gentleman. But in  
his stead, I introduce to you a  
replacement you all know well.  
Please give it up for... Benjamin  
Franklin in the house!

From the hallway, a distinguished voice rumbles:

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (O.S.)  
We hold these truths to be self-  
evident. That all men are created  
equal, that they are "endowed" by  
their Creator with certain  
unalienable Rights, that among  
these are Life, Liberty and the  
pursuit of Happiness.

With those words, Benjamin waddles in - naked.

Delegates gasp. One faints. Franklin squints at the crowd  
through thick spectacles, amused.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN  
You call yourselves "rebels"? King  
George wouldn't be so dainty.  
Everyone *knew* I was nudist when you  
hired me for this gig!

**Super:** "Civilization Points Gained" "Impressive entrance - 60  
years."

**EXT. HILL TOP**

**SUPER: THE SEIGE OF TOULON, 1793**

A short man surveys the army below.

Thanks to his large horse, much of his body's out of view.  
But given the fancy hat and plume...

...it's NAPOLEON BONAPARTE himself!

Peeking around his steed, Napoleon surveys his battalion.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

The siege of Toulon will soon be commence! Men, I give you crucial advice: as you venture upon that battlefield, keep one strategy in mind: never interrupt your enemy when he is making a mistake!

Energized by his own cheerleading pitch, Napoleon steps into view. Revealing: he's "au natural from neck to toe.

Hardened soldiers gasp. An irked Napoleon snaps:

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

How many times must I tell you  
Monsieur's? It's not the size, it's  
how you use it! Sacre blue!

**Super:** "Civilization Points Gained" "Massive balls - 40 years."

#### **EXT. GUILLOTINE STAGE**

**Super:** Just across town, also 1793...

MARIE ANTOINETTE ascends the stairs. Her white loose dress flows in the wind. Stoic GUARDS at either side.

The angry CROWD jeers. Marie objects over the noise.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

I did not do it on purpose!

The crowd's taunts increase. In one slick move, Marie slips off her dress: stands defiantly naked before them all!

MARIE ANTOINETTE

If anyone disagrees, let them eat -

She grabs her crotch to make a point. The taller guard yanks her aside, hisses in her ear.

TALLER GUARD

Don't make this even harder,  
Madame.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

But double entendres soften up the  
harshest audience, no?

The shorter guard attempts to calm the crowd.

SHORTER GUARD  
She said "cake". I swear!

**Super:** "Civilization Points Gained" "Joking in the Face of Morality - 90 years."

**EXT. A BARREN LANDSCAPE**

**Super:** 1969... The Moon

The landscape's - naked, shall we say? Dreary and black,  
until: Radio static fills the void.

Along with BUZZ ALDRIN'S distorted voice:

BUZZ ALDRIN (O.S.)  
Tranquility Base here. The *Eagle*  
has landed.

An unseen Earth crew erupts in joyous APPLAUSE.

The video fast forwards, duly noted by a COUNTDOWN CLOCK.

Finally, it slows. New words sputter over a radio: this time  
from NEIL ARMSTRONG...

NEIL ARMSTRONG (O.S.)  
That's one small step for man...

Armstrong bounces into view. Revealing..

Other than his helmet and oxygen tank, he's buck naked!

NEIL ARMSTRONG  
One giant leap for mankind!

A fully space-suited Buzz raaces after Neil, alarmed.

BUZZ ALDRIN  
Neil, I told you - cover up! The  
pressure alone could...

NEIL ARMSTRONG  
Screw safety protocol, Buzz. Try  
it, you might like it. It's so  
light and *freeing* here!

BUZZ ALDRIN  
Dude, the flagpole - No, not that  
one!

He reaches a gloved hand towards the camera lens.

BUZZ ALDRIN  
The world is watching. Houston,  
kill all cameras now!!

The view blacks out. Replaced by the now familiar tally:

**Super:** "Civilization Points Gained" "Creative location - 200 years."

# **BLACK SCREEN**

Digital data scrambles the screen, Matrix-style. Our friendly  
- and now familiar - narrator intones:

NARRATOR (O.S.)  
Thanks to the Butterfly effect,  
small... er, factors often build up  
to huge... well, things. Though  
rarely given due consideration  
beyond the pages of Vogue or the  
catwalks of Italy, clothing has  
profound impacts, too. Amounting to  
social camouflage, the restrictions  
of burlap, cotton, and denim -  
indeed all fabrics and lies woven  
throughout history - have impeded  
advancement of our species. Were it  
not for clothing, the human race  
would have advanced by far more  
energetic leaps and bounds! Tune in  
next week for yet more simulations.  
As Karl Marx himself once opined...

# **INT. CONVENTION HALL**

## **Super: Communist League Meeting - 1848**

KARL MARX and FRIEDRICH ENGELS pass out Communist Manifesto pamphlets. Though hard to glimpse through this crowd, this "couple" is stark naked, too.

Marx hands his brochures to Engels, and turns to the throng.

KARL MARX  
Proletarians of the world, unite!  
We have nothing to lose but our  
shame!

The crowd parts, *almost* revealing Karl's... er... "Capital."

Engels quickly hides the sneak-peek with pamphlets, whispers in Karl's ear.



FRIEDRICH ENGELS  
Karl, the word is *chains*!!

The screen turns black again.

**Super:** "Civilization Points Gained" "Sharing the Wealth - 130 years."

After which more credits roll - displaying the names of the all the historical figures seen.

Followed by: an "on next week's episode" sneak-peek...

**EXT. UNITED STATES WHITE HOUSE - EVENING**

**Super:** 2019, Oval Office.

A flag logo waves, then dissolves. Morphing into...

**INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE**

The podium with the Presidential seal is unmanned. REPORTERS fidget, impatient. Finally: *Hail to the Chief* plays.

Footsteps THUNDER heavily off screen. A familiar - and grating - Trumpian voice bellows:

TRUMPIAN VOICE (O.S.)  
The Fake News won't go away? That's it. You're sooo fired. Sandra, I'll handle this myself!

A MASSIVELY OVERWEIGHT MAN trundles towards the room.

Seen from behind, only certain details can be made-out: the blonde comb-over. And naked orange back. Underneath, his white buttocks glow, brighter than Neil Armstrong's moon.

The man approaches the podium. Fortunately, sunglass wearing SECRET SERVICE AGENTS inadvertently block the view.

TRUMPIAN VOICE  
Geez. You call this a press conference? My audiences shit bigger than you folks! But never say Donald Trump isn't "up" to any challenge. You're gonna be real excited with my announcement. What I'm about to reveal is YUGE!

He swivels towards the audience. A microphone blocks his nether regions. Thank friggin' God.

Reporters scream. Others fall to their knees and barf.

The screen goes black abruptly.

**Super:** "Civilization Points LOST" "Rollback - 1000 years."

Then: one final scroll glows in neon orange font.

**BLACK SCREEN**

Simulation error detected. Resetting for Co-Magnon Age now.

**EXT. PRIMITIVE JUNGLE**

Pictures of NAKED APES swing through trees. For sure, a relief to all our eyes...

FINAL FADE OUT: