

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the year 2045 and 7/10ths in an alternate timeline and within a parallel universe to your own... mankind had reached the apex of their gluttonous dumb dumbness. All the idiocracy they proudly built could not save them from the fate they had pursued. All the wealth they had accumulated couldn't save them... nor did their pensions, nor their 401ks, or their empires of gold. The Queen's pardon couldn't save them nor could all the King's men. Not their business empires nor all their financial success within the world... And for all their distractions that tore them from the truth, not a single distraction could hide the inevitable indefinitely. Not a single solitary distraction could save them in the end... Not a single sports fact could prove of value to stop the chain reaction, nor all the pointless horror movies they had endured. Not their so called reality shows nor their shiny awards. Not their vroom vroom cars nor their gated picket fences around their perfect mortal homes now peeling and cracking in the ground. Not the gas they guzzled, nor the coal they choked on could ever bring life back to the Dead Forest. And for all their consumption and for all their distractions and entertainments without purpose... they saved nothing for the future. All their memories of fun times... are now particles blowing in the dust never to be recalled again. Neither the arguments they won nor the arguments they lost could save them. Not their contentment with momentary pleasure could prevent it nor could ten seasons of the Cannibillions, Damerica's favorite TV show... In the end, when all is said and gone, all their games in the world did no good to save them from the empty they pursued.

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