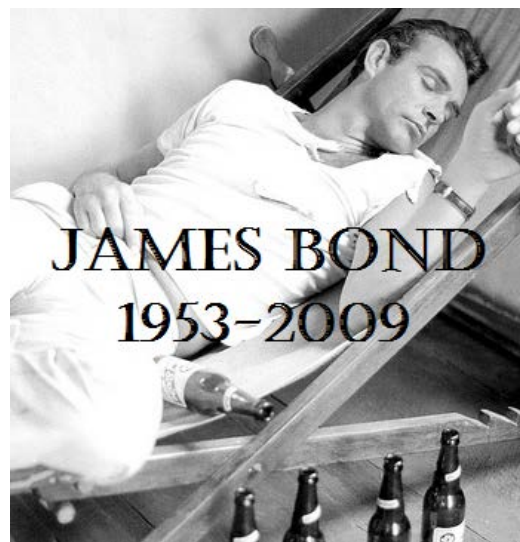


Headline Script – "Bond. Jameson Bond."

Ladies and gentleman, I think we can all agree that the world is a scary place. ISIS, the Zika virus, Johnny Depp, the list goes on and on. The only thing I take comfort in at night is knowing that billions of dollars are spent each year so the world's most prolific researchers can find ways to alleviate the world of such dangers and ensure a better future for our planet. So you can imagine my joy when I woke up this morning and read in the paper that after a lengthy, in-depth study, British researchers have concluded that due to his excessive alcohol consumption, James Bond would die from liver-damage at approximately 56 years of age.



This study of course raises many questions, most notably "are you frikkin' kidding me Britain?" The world is going to hell in a handbasket and this is the kind of crap you're currently researching? Let's see, cure for cancer, no. Clean energy, no. But hey, I've got an idea, let's use our best and brightest minds to research the life expectancies of fictional characters.

And this wasn't just a couple of hotshot med school goof-offs having a little fun on their down time. This study was conducted by actual scientists, headed up by Dr. Graham Johnson of the emergency department of Royal Derby Hospital and published in the British Medical Journal. Excellent. The next time I'm tucked under six blankets with a 103 fever and a vomit-filled garbage pail next to my bed wondering why no one's come up with a cure for the 48-hour virus, at least I'll be able to take solace in the fact that I know how old a make-believe person would be when their make-believe bad habit make-believe killed them.

Keep up the good work guys. I can't wait to hear your findings on Batman's cave-induced mesothelioma or how Bart Simpson's been able to live with an untreated case of Jaundice for the past 27 years.



And by the way, of all the dangers James Bond faces, do you really think alcohol is the biggest threat to his health? How about being shot at every day of your life for 50 years? Or getting into high-speed chases on the edges of cliffs? Or constantly being attacked by a giant Michael Shannon with metal teeth?



And if I were step into this fictitious world of useless information, let's be honest, 007 would have died from syphilis well before he sniffed his 56th birthday. I wouldn't even sleep with a girl named Amber because she sounds a little trashy - what kind of hellish Petri dish-dwelling diseases do you think you contract when you have sex with human cesspools like Holly Goodhead, Honey Ryder and Pussy Galore? By the middle of the 2nd movie, Bond's "golden gun" would look like Muno from *Yo Gabba Gabba*.



We trust in researchers to find ways to make our world a better place and this is what they come up with? I feel like a teacher who leaves the classroom for a minute and returns to find the kids throwing paper airplanes and shooting spitballs at each other. Except these aren't 4th graders; these are doctors and scientists. Should we as the public really have to tell them to "stop fooling around"? All I know is this; I'm a comedian, and when a comedian is acting as the voice of reason something has gone horribly, horribly wrong. Now to be fair, this study was conducted in Great Britain. Luckily, the United States would never be dumb enough to let an entertainer be our voice of reason.

