



Entertainment

Style Invitational Week 1239: MASH 3 – combine two movie titles

Plus the winning song parodies about science and technology



In five years, will anyone remember who that guy is? (Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

By Pat Myers August 3, 2017 [Email the author](#)

(Click [here to skip down](#) to this week's winning song parodies about science and technology)

New for Week 1239: MASH 3

The Hateful Eight Is Enough: Trump decides to fire yet more White House aides.

La La Land Before Time: Peppy candy-colored dinosaurs strut their stuff on the La Brea Swampway.

Bringing Up Baby Driver: A spoiled heiress and her pet leopard are on the lam after a botched robbery.



Here's a contest we haven't done since Week 939 in 2011 (and only once before that, in the Empress's Invite youth of Week 610 in 2005). And



Most Read Entertainment

- 1 First glimpse of Kennedy Center's much delayed expansion unveiled





If you already have a porkpie hat: Imperial Scion Valerie Holt in this week's second prize. (Brady Holt)

since movies have been coming Fast and Furious (6, 7 and 8) since then, we have lots more titles — not to mention lots more material — to work with. **This week: Combine two movie titles and describe the result**, as in the examples above by Loser Duncan Stevens, who suggested bringing back this contest. **Note:** The two titles need not overlap their last and first words, as they do in the examples; in fact, they don't even

have to have any words exactly in common; what's important is that a reader can tell which two titles are being combined. For instance, the Week 610 winner, by Paul Whittemore, was "Terminators of Endearment": At last, the perfect 'compromise' date movie."

Submit entries at this website: wapo.st/enter-invite-1239 (all lowercase).

Winner gets the **Inkin' Memorial**, the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy — one of the last few before we come out with a new design. Second place receives a ball cap with a nice fat felt pig snout and ears sticking out of it, along with cute googly eyes. It a promotion for a company called (don't know why) New Pig Corp., a maker of absorbent pads and mats. Donated by Loser Dave Prevar.

Other runners-up win our "You Gotta Play to Lose" Loser Mug or our Grossery Bag, "I Got a B in Punmanship." Honorable mentions get one of our lusted-after Loser magnets, "No Childishness Left Behind" or "Magnum Dopus." First Offenders receive only a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" (FirStink for their first ink). Deadline is Monday night, Aug. 14; results published Sept. 3 (online Aug. 31). See general contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/InvRules. The headline for this week's results was submitted by both Chris Doyle and Jesse Frankovich; the honorable-mentions subhead is by Jeff Contompasis. Join the Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook at on.fb.me/invdev. "Like" Style Invitational Ink of the Day on Facebook at bit.ly/inkofday; follow @StyleInvite on Twitter.

The Style Conversational The Empress's weekly online column, published late Thursday afternoon, discusses each new contest and set of results. Especially if you plan to enter, check it out at wapo.st/styleconv.





And from [The Style Invitational four weeks ago . . .](#)

ROCK-IT SCIENCE: THE WINNING PARODIES OF WEEK 1235

Our parody contest for **Week 1235** asked for songs related to science and technology. It was a deliberately broad category, embracing everything from gene splicing to tweets, and both the informational and the political.

In reading the hundreds of songs submitted, the Empress discovered that a bunch of profs out there enjoy writing parodies for other scientists or their college students, since dozens of the songs had such catchy lyrics as "Competing inhibition keeps the substrates from the active site/ They raise Km, but leave Vmax and shirk" (from a parody of "Close to You"). For our more nerdically inclined readers, the E links to some of these Chem Lab Rock parodies in this week's Style Conversational at wapo.st/conv1239.

Click on the title of the real song to get a clip of the melody to listen to while you read.

- 2 Celebrities, fashion insiders react to death of Kate Spade 
- 3 **Perspective**
President Trump's power to pardon himself, as skewered by cartoons 
- 4 **Review**
Sex, politics and art painted in broad strokes in 'Botticelli in the Fire' 
- 5 **Analysis**
Do the dismal box-office returns of 'Solo' signal a problem for Star Wars? 

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4th place

Heat It

(to “Beat It”)

They tell me that it’s getting warm around here,
The polar ice is shrinking, gonna disappear.
The carbon that we use will trap air around the sphere
And heat it, yes, heat it,

If we don’t stop, we’ll be in a pugil,
It really matters who’s wrong and right,
Don’t heat it! (Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

3rd place

The Cabinet Is Bare

(to “Wonderful World”)

Don’t believe in prehistory; pooh-pooh paleontology.
Don’t know what evolution’s for; Grandpappy rode on a dinosaur.
But I’m solidly pro-GOP; I gave ‘em 2 million, maybe 3
So now I’m gonna run DOE.

Don’t know much about fossil fuel; made me rich, so I think it’s cool.
Just can’t understand climate shift; my diploma was Daddy’s gift.
If the Earth goes kaput one day, I’ll be raptured up anyway,
So now I’m gonna lead EPA.

Oh, I don’t claim to be an A student; never tried to be,
’Cause all that I’ve needed for qualifications is the Right ideology.


Got a D in biology; then flunked organic chemistry.
Don’t know squat about the human bod; just leave everything up to God.
But we’ve got the best résumé — greasing palms is our *big forte* —
And now we’re dumbing down U.S.A.
(Nan Reiner, Boca Raton, Fla.)

2nd place and the face-covering chicken hat:

The Beauty of Drug Patents

(to “Be Our Guest”)


We “invest”! We “invest”!
’Cause our game plan is the best!
We make plays for medications
Where the prices are depressed!



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We know lives are at stake,
But what profits we can make!
So who cares about the karma?
Don't believe me? Ask Big Pharma!

Do we gouge? Maybe so!
But we're raking in the dough!
If the patent system's broken, who'd have guessed?
So chill and don't be jelly
Of ol' Martin Shkreli,
Be impressed! He's been blessed! We "invest"!
(Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

And the winner of the

Inkin' Memorial:

[Come Together](#)

Spermatozo-on, he come swimming real speedy
In some gooey liquid, got plans, yes indeedy.
He is sure one motile guy,
Got to reach that ovum with an X or a Y.

Egg hated ovary, found it quite dystopian,
Burst loose from her prison, toward the tube fallopian.
She say, "Male gamete, I surmise:
We'll become a zygote if we just fraternize."
Come together right now,
Fertilize! (Hildy Zampella, Falls Church, Va.)

Good in theory:

honorable mentions

Galileo!

[\(to "Oklahoma!"\)](#)

Galileo said, "I have big news for everyone.
Take a look with me and you will see
That the Earth revolves around the sun!"

"Galileo!" cried a much-infuriated pope.
"Your apostate views are just fake news.
You cannot believe your telescope!

"The text of the Testament proves
That the Earth that God made never moves.

"Now you must say, 'Abrenunto!'

Renounce your views today.
Get on your knees and pray to the Lord, Galileo.
Galileo, obey!”
(Barbara Sarshik, McLean, Va.)

My Biome

(to “[My Sharona](#)”)

Ooh, my little germy one, my squirmy one,
Thanks for giving all of your slime, my biome.
Ooh, at making me digest, you are the best,
Got my vital signs on the climb, my biome.
Haute cuisine or slop, you don’t stop; salad, soup or nuts;
Casserole or chop, sauce on top — ’cause you have real guts.
Pie, rye, chai, mai-tai, go!
M-m-m-microbiome.
(Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)

Facial-Recognition Payments

(to “[I’ve Just Seen a Face](#)”)

I’ll pay with my face
For what I buy in every place
And breathe a sigh
Once this technology
Can scan my mug and know it’s me
Somehow mmm-mmm-mmm-m’mmm-mmm

Facial recognition would
For sure promote the common good,
And we won’t carry cash, IDs,
Or credit cards on shopping sprees
Oh wow dee-dee-dee-dee’n-dee

All in, yes I am all in!
Let’s start installin’
These systems now.
(Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

Torque of the Town, as sung by Nationals pitcher Max Scherzer (to “[Blue Bayou](#),” and sung by [Nan Reiner here](#))

I feel so good here on the pitcher’s mound,
Elevated a foot off the ground.
Using physics to stun and confound is what I do.

Wrist pronation, callosified skin,
Amped rotation to optimize spin;
With the Magnus effect zooming in, it tricks your view.

Get out the radar gun, there’s Strike One I blew by you.
Slicing down and through, you just missed Strike Two I blew by you.
With a cross-stitch grip and a triceps whip,
The cowhide zips at a fearsome clip.

You'll finish, indeed, at Mach 1 speed, your batter's box trip.
Adjust velocity, and there's Strike Three... I blew by you!
(Nan Reiner)

My Favorite Springs

(to "My Favorite Things")

Tension, compression and torsion with twisting
Serpentine, balance and more needing listing.
Helical coils that look like they're rings:
These are a few of my favorite springs

Force is proportional to the extension,
Windings and bowstrings and further I'll mention.
Bands of elastic on shot-flinging slings
These are a few of my favorite springs.

When a clock ticks, when a door swings,
When I feel a lift,
I simply employ all my favorite springs
And then I don't feel adrift.
(Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn, Va.)

(to "Getting to Know You")

Getting to know things, getting to know all about things,
Having the answers, earning a solid degree.
Being an expert – you're an authority when you're
Getting your tenure
At MIT.

Following reason, free of politicization –
We can't allow this; agencies must get the ax.
We're throwing science out of this administration,
Because of all the logical and true
Things that scientists might do
Using facts!
(Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

(to "Wichita Lineman")

I'm calling tech support at Comcast
And I'm waiting on hold,
Although my call is really quite important (or so I'm told).
Their automated troubleshooting
Never helps, so I decline.
And the tech support caller
Is still on the line...
(Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.)

Viagra

(to "Maria"; for an MP3 recording of the excellent David Simmons singing it, [click here](#))

The most mind-blowing stuff I've ever used,
(I take it at bedtime Viagra, Viagra ...)
Oh this drug is so good I'm worried I may get bruised
(It comes in a bottle Viagra, Viagra ...)
Viagra! I just took a dose of Viagra!
And every time I sup, my outlook's looking up, you see.

Viagra! My love life improves with Viagra,
In 30 minutes plus, no work or sweat or fuss for me!

Viagra! I take it when I have deep-down urges.

Then rejoice for the thing that emerges.

Viagra — I'll never stop loving Viagra.

(Kevin Ahern, Corvallis, Ore.; see this week's [Style Conversational](#) for links to some of Kevin's more esoteric parodies)

Frackin'

(to "Truckin'")

Frackin', squeeze the oil out,

Keep frackin', watch the hippies pout.

Together, make America great,

Black gold's beneath our fee-ee-e-eet.

Windmills and water and battery power's for sissies,

I'm searching the earth like an underground modern Ulysses.

You'll never catch chicks if you're driving a Toyota Prius,

Be a man and help me smash through all this shale.

Business gets a big tax cut,

Mountains get punched in the gut,

Meanwhile, we become the butt

Of jokes told round the glo-be, oh no!

(Frank Mann, Washington)

Ode to Alex Jones

(to "Young at Heart")

Alex Jones, didn't you tell us chemtrails were true

From the very start?

You saw planes flying high spewing crap in the sky;

You were oh so smart.

Now you go to extremes over chemical streams;

On your show there are screams about government schemes.

You make the claim the toxic agents being sprayed

Are better at controlling minds than Medicaid.

You're aware just how far your inanities are

From the world we know..

You say science is fake 'cause conspiracies make

You a ton of dough.

But if you should survive to 105,

Think how well you'll connive with the stuff you contrive.

And here is the best part, you have a head start

With your anti-government performance art. (Chris Doyle)

The Volkswagen Emissions Scandal|

(to "Be Our Guest")

Be our guest, be our guest,

Put our diesels to the test.

With protecting the environment

We're totally obsessed.

Go ahead, turn them on!

(For we've found the perfect con:

While our engines hum and clatter,

They'll be falsifying data.)

We're distressed! We're distressed!

'Cause the regulator guessed,

And he's revving up demands for our arrest.

To crash is most displeasing,

Like the toxic wheezing

In your chest, in your chest, in your chest. (Stephen Gold, London)

(to “On the Street Where You Live”)

I have often strolled down this street before,
But I never had a way to text or tweet before.

Every place I go, I stay in the know
With my Android in hand as I walk.

Are there posts to read on my Facebook feed?
Should I try to beat my fastest time on Need for Speed?
I can do it all, even make a call
Without breaking my stride while I talk.

And oh, how plugged in I’m feeling
As I traipse along city blocks!
And all the wheeling and dealing
I can accomplish buying bonds and selling stocks.

No one stops to stare, I get no abuse.
For there’s nowhere anymore where smartphones aren’t in use.
Let the world go by! I won’t care if I
Break a hip when I trip on my walk. (Chris Doyle)

I Won’t Be Bound by ‘Science’

(to “The Sound of Silence”)

Fellow skeptics and rich friends,
Don’t listen to the current trends.
Pay no attention to the temps rising!
Those so-called experts who are all advising
That our climate may be permanently harmed:
Don’t be alarmed!
I won’t be bound by “science.”

Some claim there’s proof that fracking oil
Is quickly poisoning our soil.
But I don’t believe a word they say,
They’re just fearmongers making up doomsday
They try to scare us because my Paris agreement change
To them seemed strange,
But I’m not bound by “science.”

An iceberg big as Delaware
Was manufactured with great care
By Comey, Clinton, Lynch and Obama
To all of whom I just say, “Yo’ mama!”
Behind it all are them and their fake news crews
To turn the screws
And hold me bound to “science.”

But don’t you fear the EPA,
I’ve taken all their power away,
And when the melting caps of ice are gone,
I’ll have new land to put more towers on.
Don’t be unnerved by the profits I have hidden on my tax returns;
There’s no concerns:
The rich aren’t bound by “science.”
(Jon Gearhart, Des Moines)

Cryogenics

(to “Beauty and the Beast”)

Pale and cold as rime, chill as chill can be.
Just as advertised, I'm immobilized, cryogenically.
Hemoglobin drained, temperature decreased.
Crystallized sinew; muscles frigid, too;
Frozen and deceased.

Naught to do but wait; someday I'll revive.
Spare your tombs and stones, animate my bones,
Make my guts alive!

Surely this will work. Undertakers know
Intravenous cures mean my life endures,
...What, this isn't so?

Not a single thing changes in the least:
Fill my veins with slime, still it's true that I'm
Frozen and deceased.
Tale as old as time, job as old as crime:
Hosing the deceased.
(Matt Monitto, Bristol, Conn.)

Chilly Pluto

(to "Billie Jean")

They say she's more like an icy queen from a "Frozen" scene;
I said don't mind, but what do you mean she isn't one
As she orbits the sun in the round? ...

And so they told me that Pluto dwelt in the Kuiper belt;
It's full of many such bodies and she is just one
As she orbits the sun in the round.

People always told me the planets number nine;
Now they're going round changing all the charts.
They say there's only eight now—they're stopping at Neptune—
It's what they had to do, 'cause she's smaller than our moon...
Chilly Pluto's not a planet—
She's just a dwarf we claimed at first should be one,
But that status now is done;
They say she isn't one, as she orbits round the sun.
(Jesse Frankovich, Grand Ledge, Mich.)

Download

(to "Downtown")

(Sometime in 2016 ...)

If you're campaigning and opponents are gaining,
You can always go... download!
Although it sounds icky, just ask Julian at Wiki,
For some leaks to go ... download!
Just listen to your son-in-law, 'cause he looks kind of geeky,
You could resort to Manafort (but Junior's much too sneaky),
How can you lose?
The polls, they're much tighter, Don,
But forget bucks and rubles, all your cares will be gone,
When you download! You'll soon be crushin',
So download! Hey, how's your Russian?
Please download! The White House is waiting for you!
(Dave Zarrow, Reston, Va.)

Vaccines

(to "Least Complicated")

We pediatricians all vent our spleens
'Cause parents won't give their babies vaccines,
They listen to Jenny M, and she's a falsehood-spreading fool.

Now their kids don't get immunized,
They think their systems get compromised,
Don't want DTaP or MMR, but don't blame me when they miss school.

I remember the time when they all came in for shots,
They'd inoculate kids as infants and tots,
Now measles outbreaks have them covered with spots.
Man, it's too bad that their parents waited;
The hardest to treat is the least vaccinated.
(Duncan Stevens)

The G-20 Summit (to "Hey, Nineteen")

Way back when, that group G7,
They were the ones who would lead the way
Soon there were 20, the global big shots
They'll save the planet, but where's the U.S.A.?

G19! Yes, they will work together
Yes, they'll fight climate change
But one's MIA, and that's kind of strange.

Hey, Nineteen, that Donald Trump guy,
He thinks that science is nothing real.
He says the Paris accord is stupid.
And doesn't care that the whole world made a deal.

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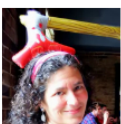
G-19! Hey, don't blame most of America
That you're one nation down.
Yes, we'll come on back when we lose the clown.
(Hildy Zampella)

And last:

[I'm a pray-ing ma-an-tis, I am](#)
Pray-ing ma-an-tis I am, I am
I got married to the widow next door;
She's been married seven times before
And every one was a [CRUNCH!]
(Marni Penning Coleman, Falls Church, Va.)

Still running — deadline Monday night, Aug. 7: our contest for D-E-F phrases. See wapo.st/invite1238.

 2 Comments



Pat Myers is editor and judge of The Style Invitational, The Washington Post's page for clever, edgy humor and wordplay. In the role since December 2003, she has posted and judged more than 700 contests. She also writes the weekly Style Conversational column and runs the Style Invitational Devotees page on Facebook. [Follow @patmyersTWP](#)

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