

B.A. MoFo(s)

by

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INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The building appears to be a government facility, but in the future. (Hellz yeah! All the good shit happens in the future!) A picture of Jena Bush is hanging on the wall; Fox News is playing on all the floating TVs.

There is a gun fight. Down one corridor, there's an army dressed in black cameo, down the other, red, white, and blue cameo.

The battle rages, bullets fly, grenades go off. Some of the framed pictures of President Jena Bush fall, shattering into a billion pieces, literally. A single bullet hits one of the TVs, hitting an older Glen Beck (hooked up to a respirator) square in the head. The words "The war is going fine; liberal elitist exaggerate" appear under him as the TV flickers and dies.

The battle rages on, people on both side are dying, but it's clear the black army is winning. Eventually the bullets stop flying. One of the men in black cameo (obviously a no good, son'a'bitch atheist) speaks into a futuristic megaphone (it's like a regular megaphone, but better and more future-like.) He has a thick French accent.

SON-A-BITCH FRENCH BASTARD

We have defeated you. Surrender now
or we will execute you all.

Down the corridor, around the corner, there is only one squad of four men remaining in red, white, and blue. They all cower in fear (as opposed to cowering in confidence.)

A man who's obviously in charge (you can just tell) is praying.

One of the men, who has a British flag right under the American flag on his uniform, is shaking back and forth.

A ~~black~~ guy is crying.

And an extremely pretty dude with what appears to be a fake moustache, isn't scared at all. In fact, he's doing all he can do to act manly.

LEADER DUDE

We're going to die. We're all going
to die.

BRITISH DUDE

If only there was someone who could
save us!

(BLACK) DUDE
Someone bad ass enough to kill all
of the enemies.

BRITISH DUDE
All the enemies.

LEADER DUDE
Everyone of them.

"BUTCH" DUDE
(in the deepest voice he
can manage)
Yeah!

BRITISH DUDE
Isn't it fun to talk naturally?

Swelling music begins to play. The doors behind them are
kicked down. Smoke fills the air as the most bad ass,
awesome, sweet, mofo who ever lived steps in, looking like
the awesomely sweet bad ass mofo he is.

THE SQUAD
(in unison)
General Amazing!

He's dressed like the American flag. There are about 20 guns
strapped to his body.

GENERAL AMAZING
Don't worry. I got this.

He begins cocking (haha) all of his weapons, one by one.

LEADER DUDE
Whoa. General Amazing.

BRITISH DUDE
We learned about him in Oxford,
which is a British University that
Americans have heard of.

(BLACK) DUDE
Born in 1965, Denver M. Gerald was
renown for his amazing physical
abilities. At age two he had 10
black belts. He beat the Dali Lama
in a staring contest, and
subsequently killed him with his
pinky finger.

(MORE)

(BLACK) DUDE (CONT'D)

He became a spy at age six, and by using his amazing stealth abilities, he single-handedly killed every bad comic in Canada making way for invasion. He joined the army, becoming Captain Amazing in three days and General two days after that. All while finding time for his cooking show and line of women's clothing.

Butch licks "his" lips.

LEADER DUDE

Thanks for giving us a complete history, we needed to know all of that in order to appreciate the rest of this scene!

General Amazing cocks (haha) his final gun. A big ass one with three grenade launchers, two barrels, and a digital camera.

He rounds the corner, and smiles at the men in black, who stare back in disbelief. Just as he opens fire, someone shoots him.

He looks down at the blood spewing out of his chest.

GENERAL AMAZING

Aw hell n--

Someone else shoots him in the head, he drops motionless.

LEADER DUDE

No! General!

The men in black come out of cover and walk towards the squad.

LEADER DUDE (CONT'D)

All right, men. This is it! We are the last line of defense between those good for nothing bastards and the President's only remaining private spa behind enemy lines.

He cocks (haha) his gun.

LEADER DUDE (CONT'D)

We can do this.

All four of them roll out and begin opening fire. They spray bullets all around the enemy, who stand 10 feet in front of them, completely exposed.

When all of their guns are out of ammo, they look up to see that not one of the enemy has been shot, and they aren't shooting back.

SON-A-BITCH FRENCH BASTARD

Ouch!

He holds his jaw.

SON-A-BITCH FRENCH BASTARD (CONT'D)

Damn, I bit my tongue.

Our heroes drop their guns and raise their hands.

SON-A-BITCH FRENCH BASTARD (CONT'D)

Tear gas them.

One of the soldiers throws out a smoky grenade, which causes the squad to drop to the ground, coughing.

~~Black~~ Dude lands right next to the body of General Amazing.

(BLACK) DUDE

Don't worry, I'll save you General.

Through his coughs he crawls over to the dead body and begins to hug it.

BRITISH DUDE

I think he's dead, chap.

~~Black~~ Dude weeps as he loses consciousness.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - LATER

The squad wakes. Each of them are tied to the ceiling with thick rope. They've been stripped, with only their underwear left.

BRITISH DUDE

Where are we?

The room looks like a freezer in a restaurant, in fact, there are boxes of frozen pancakes everywhere. "POHI" is written on them.

LEADER DUDE

We appear to be in a secret cave of some type. We've got to find a way out of here.

BRITISH DUDE

Yes, we've got to.

(BLACK) DUDE

Got to.

LEADER DUDE

To.

They start to look around. Leader Dude looks over at Butch; he's shocked.

LEADER DUDE (CONT'D)

Butch? Why are you wearing a bra?
Where's your moustache?

They all look at him as he tries to hide behind a box of pancakes.

"BUTCH" DUDE

(masculine voice)

Um. Well let me ask you this: how did we not kill all those atheist bastards? We were 10 feet away!

They continue to stare at him.

"BUTCH" DUDE (CONT'D)

We have a traitor among us!

BRITISH DUDE

(with a French accent)

Ah! A saboteur!

He realizes his mistake and glances to see if anyone noticed, but they're too busy ogling Butch.

(BLACK) DUDE

You know, for a skinny white boy, you damn fine.

LEADER DUDE

That's enough of that, you! We all know the rules, and we're not going to be asking any questions.

Butch is offended.

"BUTCH" DUDE

What? I'm not gay! Well, I mean, there was that one-- No! I'm not gay!

BRITISH DUDE

Yeah, everyone crossdresses.

(BLACK) DUDE

No, no they don't. Only perverts and pedophiles wear women's clothing. That's why I joined the Army, to kill perverts and pedophiles. Now look, I'm tied up next to one.

LEADER DUDE

That's enough! We've got to get out of here. Look for a way to cut us down.

Just then someone drops from the ceiling. He lands on his feet, right in front of them.

He's dressed in a Hawaiian shirt and cargo shorts.

MOS (DEF)

Like this?

He pulls out a huge knife.

LEADER DUDE

Who the hell are you?

Black Dude looks up.

(BLACK) DUDE

Were you up there the whole time?

MOS (DEF) walks over to Black Dude.

MOS (DEF)

Maybe, maybe not. Know why? I'm ninja. That's not a noun, it's an adjective. I'm so ninja, I changed the very meaning of the word.

He turns and begins pacing in front of them.

MOS (DEF) (CONT'D)

You can call me Master of Stealth. I trained under General Amazing. Yes the General Amazing.

He stops at British Dude.

MOS (DEF) (CONT'D)
You know how ninja I am?

He waits for a response, but gets none.

MOS (DEF) (CONT'D)
I'm so ninja, that things blend
into me. Why else would I wear this
ridiculous shirt? In fact-

He rips it off and throws it at Butch.

MOS (DEF) (CONT'D)
Look, I don't even need a shirt,
and you can barely see me.

He walks over, and picks the shirt up.

MOS (DEF) (CONT'D)
Actually, I need that back. It was
a gift.

Someone starts to unlock the door.

LEADER DUDE
Hurry, cut us down!

MOS (DEF)
Now's the time for stealth, not
heroics. I'll be back, until then
stay strong. America rules. Ninja
out.

BRITISH DUDE
What in the bloody hell are you
talking about? Why didn't you help
us instead of giving Butch your
shirt.

They all look at Butch, lost in his eyes.

BRITISH DUDE (CONT'D)
Anyway, you're a horrible ninja--

But he has completely disappeared. They look around, but he's gone (vanished like a ninja.)

The enemy has almost unlocked the door.

(BLACK) DUDE
Why is it taking them so long to
open the doors?

LEADER DUDE
Quickly! We have to figure out a
way to stall them!

"BUTCH" DUDE
There's only one way! We all have--

(BLACK) DUDE
I'm sorry, I just have to say again
that you damn sexy man candy.

LEADER DUDE
Hey! You! Stop it. I will not lose
another man to that disease.

"BUTCH" DUDE
Guys, shut it. We all have to
flashback!

CUT TO:

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE (HELL YEAH) - DAY

6 years ago.

Jena Bush is sitting behind the desk in the oval office.
(Sorry, that was disrespectful, President Jena Bush.)

She's writing in a pink diary when a (Super) Secret Service
Agent bursts in (I know, I know, there's a preposition at the
end of that sentence, but as long as no one points it out, we
should be good.)

Dramatic music is playing.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Madam President.

Jena stands up.

JENA BUSH
Dear God. What has happened?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Everything is wrong.

JENA BUSH
Everything?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Everything.

She sweeps everything off her desk in anger.

JENA BUSH

Damnit!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Yes, damnit indeed, mam.

JENA BUSH

What's the damage?

The Agent pulls out an Olive Garden take-out bag.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

It's someone else's order.

JENA BUSH

I've had enough of her shit. I don't care if she's kin. Transfer her away. Far away.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Yes, mam.

He starts to leave.

JENA BUSH

Wait. Bring it here, we'll see how bad it is.

He puts the bag on her desk and leaves.

She opens the bag and the container thingy there-in. It's chicken Alfredo. She takes a bite and spits it out.

JENA BUSH (CONT'D)

Who the fuck puts chicken in pasta?

She flips the container over, and the white sauce flies all over the historic desk and carpet. [Insert Bill Clinton joke here.]

The container thingy is still on her desk, she picks it up and examines. There's a single hair on the bottom. She drops it in horror and picks up the phone.

JENA BUSH (CONT'D)

Get me the War General.

Immediately, a General walks in.

WAR PIG

Mam?

JENA BUSH

I'm sick of the French and their
stupid food. I want to invade.
Bring me a plan within an hour.

WAR PIG

Mam, it's already done.

He takes a marker and a folder, after writing something down,
he gives it to her.

WAR PIG (CONT'D)

Might want to let that dry.

She looks at the folder.

The cover reads:

OPERATION INVASION: ~~IRAQ CANADA CALIFORNIA~~ FRANCE

She opens to the first page. There's a giant circle with
"Country In Question" written in the middle; an arrow is
pointing towards the circle, reading "Army."

JENA BUSH

I like it. Do it.

Out of no where, Master of Stealth pops out from behind the
couch. He's wearing a wife beater.

MOS (DEF)

Might I make a suggestion?

JENA BUSH

Who the hell are you?

MOS (DEF)

Master of Stealth, MoS for short.

WAR PIG

How the hell did you get in here?

MOS (DEF)

I'm so ninja, neither love nor the
fall killed King Kong, I did before
he hit the ground.

WAR PIG

That didn't answer the question.
Guards!

MOS (DEF)

No need, I've already disabled
them. I am military.

(MORE)

MOS (DEF) (CONT'D)
 Part of a super secret ninja
 program. It's need to know only,
 and only we need to know.

JENA BUSH
 He must be telling the truth!

WAR PIG
 You really are a master of stealth,
 aren't you?

MOS (DEF)
 Def. Madam President, you can't
 keep invading one country at I
 time. I speak for all ninjas
 everywhere, and we're bored.

He pulls a folder out of his shoe and hands it to her.

OPERATION INVASION: THE AXIS OF EVIL TAKE THREE

Inside is the same image as before, but tripled.

She hands it to the General.

JENA BUSH
 Is it possible?

WAR PIG
 My God. This is the single greatest
 military plan I have ever seen. You
 must be some kind of strategic
 genius.

They look up, but he's gone.

On Jena's desk is a business card, she reads it.

NINJA SERVICES - "We're in and out before you notice, then in
 and out again." - Cell: ■■■-■■■-■■■ Fax: ■■■-■■■-■■■

WAR PIG (CONT'D)
 Damn he's ninja.

JENA BUSH
 But wait, we need three countries.
 I only hate France.

WAR PIG
 That is quite a predicament.

JENA BUSH
 Yes. Yes it is.

WAR PIG

I have an idea!

JENA BUSH

Okay, I would very much like to hear your idea, General. Please tell it to me. Isn't it fun to speak naturally; just like real people with power do?

WAR PIG

France, South Korea, and Arab.

JENA BUSH

Brilliant! I remember my dad saying something about Korea once, and I hate all the people in Arab. They pray to a boxer rather than Jesus.

WAR PIG

We'll kill them all, Madam President, I promise.

She smiles.

The same Secret Service Agent comes in, now he's in a wheelchair.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Did you guys feel a breeze?

CUT TO:

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - DAY

The squad has gotten out of their ropes. The door is still being unlocked.

LEADER DUDE

Good work men, now find weapons, get into battle positions

CUT TO:

INT. RIGHT OUTSIDE AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - CONTINUOUS

Three men stand at the door (still unlocking it) in blue aprons that read, "POHI." They speak in French.

DUMB FRENCHY #1 (SUBTITLE)

So that's the story of how I adopted my thirteenth orphan.

DUMB FRENCHY #2 (SUBTITLE)
That is so kind and generous.

DUMB FRENCHY #1 (SUBTITLE)
Yes, I have to be careful now, if I
am out of work, they will all die.

DUMB FRENCHY #3 (SUBTITLE)
You better be careful! Thirteen is
an unlucky number!

They all burst into laughter.

DUMB FRENCHY #3 (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
No, I kid, I kid.

DUMB FRENCHY #2 (SUBTITLE)
Man, it's so great that we are
giving away free pancakes to
homeless people today.

DUMB FRENCHY #1 (SUBTITLE)
Yes! Without us three, they would
surely die!

DUMB FRENCHY #2 (SUBTITLE)
Hey, La Blanc, what did your cousin
want with the freezer?

DUMB FRENCHY #3 (SUBTITLE)
I'm not sure. I think he wanted a
quiet place to shoot up black tar
heroine.

DUMB FRENCHY #1 (SUBTITLE)
There, I have finally unlocked the
door! Did everyone bring a knife so
we can open the boxes to get the
pancakes to feed the starving
homeless people so I can get home
and read fairy tales to my thirteen
orphaned children?

They all pull out huge cooking knives (juxtaposed to their
unimaginably small, French--)

CUT TO:

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. The three are silhouetted with knives above
their heads.

DUMB FRENCHY #2 (SUBTITLE)
Who turned off the lights?

DUMB FRENCHY #3 (SUBTITLE)
I'm not sure, but we better close
the door so we don't let the cold
air out.

DUMB FRENCHY #2 (SUBTITLE)
Good point, we should all try to be
as environmentally aware as we can
in these uncertain times.

They close the door, it's pitch dark.

(--mustaches. Their unimaginably small, French mustaches.)

DUMB FRENCHY #1 (SUBTITLE)
Let's find the light-- Ow! I was
just hit in the face with
something!

DUMB FRENCHY #2 (SUBTITLE)
What? Ow! Me too.

They start to scream in horror. But too bad for them, 'cause
you can't be atheist and sympathetic at the same time. They
continue to scream for quite a while.

The light comes on. The three Frenchmen are dead, with tiny
pieces of frozen pancake sticking out of their bodies.

LEADER DUDE
God damned scum makes me sick.

He spits on the ground.

LEADER DUDE (CONT'D)
Come on, let's take their clothing
and get out of here.

Butch jumps for one of the dead bodies.

(BLACK) DUDE
Whoa there, solidier! There are only
three men there, and there's four
of us.

LEADER DUDE
Good point, you.

BRITISH DUDE
It only seems fair that he is the
one that doesn't get the clothes.

LEADER DUDE
Yes, another good point.

They look him over... yummy.

LEADER DUDE (CONT'D)
It's a -- um -- loyalty exercise.
Yes! Loyalty. To teach you to--

He turns his head to the side.

LEADER DUDE (CONT'D)
Be loyal-like.

BRITISH DUDE
Works for me.

They put on clothes and step into the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. RIGHT OUTSIDE AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - CONTINUOUS

Leader Dude looks both ways.

LEADER DUDE
Which way?

British Dude looks right; there's a big door with "Exit"
written in French on it.

BRITISH DUDE
My British senses are telling me,
this way!

They open the door and step outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIGHT OUTSIDE THE OUTSIDE OF AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

There's a huge forest in front of them.

Leader Dude pats British Dude on the back.

LEADER DUDE
Brilliant! Thank God you were
allowed in our squad.

(BLACK) DUDE
I never knew British people were
psychic.

BRITISH DUDE

Well, the ones that went to Oxford
are.

Butch, who is trying to cover himself up, looks suspiciously
at British Dude.

"BUTCH" DUDE

Don't you find it odd that he knew--

Black Dude walks over to Butch, fist in the air.

(BLACK) DUDE

You know what? I'm sick of your
whiney ass voice.

Leader runs over between them.

LEADER DUDE

Hey, hey! This is not the time! Now
look, we all hate men with whiney
voices. I for one was all for the
Invasion of California to kill
every one of those Gay Commies. But
I am not going to let this squad
get torn apart. Not now, not ever.

He walks over and stares out at the forest.

LEADER DUDE (CONT'D)

Now, God knows where we are. They
brought us to the middle of no
where just to torture us. And we
will probably have to walk for
weeks, possibly months, before we
find another civilized person. But
we are going to do it. And we are
going to stick together!

Black Dude wipes a tear away. Butch claps. British Dude turns
around, he's been on hunched over, typing on... something.

BRITISH DUDE

Oh yes! Jolly good.

They all walk towards the forest. The camera pans out (or
zooms out, fuck, I don't know. I dropped out of film school)
to reveal that Paris is directly in front of the "POHI."

(This is getting real intense isn't it? Like, I'm starting to
think that that British Dude is up to no good. And what's up
with Butch? He seems too pretty for a dude. Leader Dude
doesn't seem like he's leadership material, I wonder what's
going on there? And that... other Dude...

Well, nothings going on with him, but damn the rest of this stuff is so compelling. Like, ground breaking, Oscar worthy shit going on.)

CUT TO:

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE (HELL YEAH) - DAY

MEANWHILE:

Jena Bush is sitting (fuck, I forgot President again, I gotta stop doing that) across from Brian Williams, who is interviewing her. (You may be asking, "how is it that he looks the same, even though this is in the future?" Well, it's because he's mother fucking Brian Williams.)

BRIAN MOTHER FUCKING WILLIAMS

What do you say to critics of the war?

JENA BUSH

There are no critics, only enemies.

BRIAN MOTHER FUCKING WILLIAMS

Some people say this war was not started because of nuclear threats, but because of some personal vendetta against the French.

JENA BUSH

Firstly, this is not a vendetta. Do you see a man in a mask anywhere? Do you see Natalie Portman? No. There is no vendetta. Thirdly, the French have been against democracy ever since they revoluted after watching us reovlute. Korea hasn't been the same since Alan Alda left, and as for Arab, well, we all know what's wrong with them.

BRIAN MOTHER FUCKING WILLIAMS

You do realize "Arab" is not a country?

JENA BUSH

Says the liberal media.

BRIAN MOTHER FUCKING WILLIAMS

Well then, what do you say to the people who claim that this war was poorly planned?

JENA BUSH

I would say it's because they haven't met the strategic master mind behind the war. You know why? He's an effing Ninja. He's so ninja, he's his own partner in a three legged race. We don't know who he is, that's how ninja he is. He says he's military, but we have no record of him. So of course it looks like we're losing, that's the plan.

She looks at the camera.

JENA BUSH (CONT'D)

This is live, right?

BRIAN MOTHER FUCKING WILLIAMS

Yes.

JENA BUSH

Look here.

She pulls out her futuristic cellphone.

JENA BUSH (CONT'D)

I had the Army put the exact location of every soldier on the field on my cellphone, real time. I care about the troops, no matter what Hollywood says.

She zooms in.

JENA BUSH (CONT'D)

Look, here's Lt. Wilson and his squad. Right now they are sneaking up on some unsuspecting Frenchies who appear to be watching TV.

She shows the news camera the feed. When she looks back at the phone, all the dots have disappeared. She looks concerned.

JENA BUSH (CONT'D)

Hey, where did they go?

Brian stands up.

BRIAN MOTHER FUCKING WILLIAMS

I think the interview is over.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIANT EFFING FOREST - AFTERNOON

The squad is walking through the forest. ~~Black~~ Dude drops to his knees in exhaustion. Sweat drips from his face.

(BLACK) DUDE
I can't walk anymore.

"BUTCH" DUDE
It's been thirty minutes.

(BLACK) DUDE
I'm sorry that I don't have long,
beautiful legs that carry my
perfect ass without breaking a
sweat.

LEADER DUDE
He's right though. It's almost-

He looks up at the Sun, then sneaks a peek at his watch.

LEADER DUDE (CONT'D)
-2:34. We should make a camp before
it gets dark.

BRITISH DUDE
What's the plan here? We can't keep
walking around.

Leader Dude drops to his knees, sobbing.

LEADER DUDE
I don't know.

BRITISH DUDE
Pull yourself together man. You're
suppose to be in charge here; use
what you learned in leader school!

LEADER DUDE
Don't you get it? Don't you see?
Don't you understand? Don't you
comprehend? Don't you?

BRITISH DUDE
What in the Queen's name are you
talking about?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SILICON VALLEY - DAY

4 Years Earlier

The entire valley is now a war zone. It looks more like World War II war-torn Germany than the World War I war-torn Germany that it usually looks like.

There's a small camp with two cement buildings painted red, white, and blue. There are sand bags surrounding it.

A beautiful blonde wearing a typical issue red, white, and blue American uniform, is sitting on the dusty ground. Because she's a woman, she's wearing a skirt. (Women wearing pants is a sick mental condition that requires immediate psychiatric attention.)

There's a blackened area directly in front of her, with a charred body, still smoking, laying in the center.

The woman is crying. She hesitates, but eventually sticks her hand out and takes the dog tags, which are somehow in perfect condition, off the body.

She puts them on.

A red, white, and blue jeep pulls up. A uniformed soldier gets out, tips the jeep driver, and walks up to the woman, saluting.

PAWN

Mam, Private Hank Pawn reporting
for duty to Lt. Jeff Pull.

SKIRT

I'm Jeff Pull.

PAWN

Really?

SKIRT

Do you have a problem with that
soldier?

PAWN

No mam, it's just that Jeff is
usually a man's name. Also, you're
a woman, and you're in charge.
Which is ridiculous.

He laughs.

SKIRT

That's it, drop and give me twenty.

He pulls out a piece of paper from his bag.

PAWN

Actually, here's my doctor's note.
I'm not suppose to do any excessive
physical activity.

She sighs.

SKIRT

Very well. It's only you? I
requested a full squad.

PAWN

Yes, mam.

She groans.

SKIRT

Follow me, I'll request more.

She heads to one of the buildings.

PAWN

Can you take my bag? My back is
killing me.

He drops the bag and heads towards the building.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATION SHACK OF GREAT COMMUNICATION - CONTINUOUS

The shack is one room as most shacks are. It has a bookcase filled only with Bibles, and a table with an old-timey radio system.

Pawn is sitting at the table, eating an apple as Skirt shuffles in, grunting from the weight of the bag.

She walks over to the radio and turns it on. A Top 40 style radio DJ comes online.

DJ DJ

Welcome to smooth moves, and cool
grooves. What can I do for you, all
the way out there in the valley,
doing GOD's work, killing those
heathen gays.

SKIRT

This is Lt. Jeff Pull, I ordered a full squad of men, and I only got one guy.

DJ DJ

Whoa there cowboy. You need to speak in code if you want to talk all official. President's orders, now.

SKIRT

Fine. Guy one got only I and, men of squad full a ordered I, Pull Jeff Lt. is This.

DJ DJ

Very good! Give our Native American friends a few minutes to translate, and we'll get back to you as soon as possible. Until then, here's country music legend Man American singing his 9 time platinum hit, "Adam and Eve."

MAN AMERICAN

*Call me a Man
I am a man
I am American
Through and through
And I only stick with Eve.
And only after we got married
No wait! Five years after that
And we're happy
Cause we ain't Adam and Steve.
We're Adam and Eve! Adam and Eve!*

Skirt turns down the radio.

SKIRT

So, why are you here?

PAWN

To kill some gays, mam.

SKIRT

Why did you join the Army, though?

PAWN

To kill some gays!

She shakes her head.

SKIRT

Don't you understand? You're just a pawn in their game.

A gun is cocked, she looks up, he's pointing his pistol at her head.

PAWN

Are you second guessing the President, bitch? I could kill you for that.

She shakes her head, "no."

SKIRT

I hate gays too. It's just-

PAWN

There is nothing after that! Either you want to kill gays, or you are a gay. There is no middle ground. Everyday, I would come home from school crying because all the gay kids were making fun of me. They'd say stuff like, "Oh, look at the little boy who likes to put his pee-pee up girls' woo-woos. What a freak." Do you know what my father told me?

She's crying now.

SKIRT

No.

PAWN

He told me to suck it up, and there's nothing wrong with being gay.

They're both sobbing now.

PAWN (CONT'D)

Well he was wrong!

He turns the radio back up.

PAWN (CONT'D)

Sing it! Sing it now.

SKIRT

No, please, don't make me.

PAWN

Sing it!

She starts singing with the music.

SKIRT

*And I truly do believe
That our fornicated will make the
hellfire reprieve
And God may have a lot of tricks
all up in his sleeve
But he can't take
The love of Adam and Eve.*

They start making out, slobbering all over each other. They fall on the ground and start dry humping.

"Your Song" by Elton John begins to get louder and louder as they rub against each other like teenagers on ecstasy

Finally, the music is blaring.

SKIRT (CONT'D)

Wait!

PAWN

No, it's okay. I brought a God condom. It's like a heathen's condom, but instead of latex, I cover my pee-pee with God's love before putting it up your woo-woo.

SKIRT

No, not that. The song. It sounds familiar.

PAWN

I know, I know. I prefer making God with the American anthem playing too, or at least the Law & Order theme, but we'll just have to make do.

SKIRT

I remember now! It's Elton John.

Their eyes get really big.

PAWN

Oh shit.

SKIRT

They're here.

They both get up. Skirt pulls the Bibles off the shelf and hands them to Pawn.

SKIRT (CONT'D)

Throw these at them, I'll take this.

She pulls out a huge bazooka.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILICON VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

They run to take cover behind the sand bags.

In the distance, there are four baby-blue Priuses heading towards the camp, followed by twenty completely naked people. Some are carrying rainbow flags, others are carrying guitars, a few are fornicating with each other as they run.

PAWN

I've never seen anything like it.

SKIRT

We have to take out the Prius that's playing Elton John, it'll hold the leader. Whatever you do don't look at their genitalia. You'll get every STD known to man and then die five minutes later.

She stands up and shoots a rocket at the cars. Two of them explode.

As the gays get closer, Pawn throws the Bibles at them. They explode on contact.

Some of the hippy-gays start playing their guitars.

PAWN

Oh God! It's horrible. Is that Joan Biaz?

Pawn runs over to a huge 50 caliber machine gun and opens fire on the group.

SICKO HIPPY GAY

We're unarmed! We just want to talk!

A bullet goes through his neck.

Skirt fires a rocket, taking out another Prius.

The gays start to retreat. Elton John fades into the distance.

Pawn and Skirt take a deep breath.

Pawn looks over and notices the charred body.

PAWN

Who's that?

He walks over to the body, and looks at the name tag.

SKIRT

Just the soldier that you replaced.

PAWN

"Lisa Hartman." Another girl? Usually there's a one to one ratio between men and women, so no one is tempted to switch sides.

SKIRT

It was a man, actually.

PAWN

Wow, that's funny. A Lt. named Jeff who is a girl, and a dead Private named Lisa, who's a guy. What are the chances?

SKIRT

We should go back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATION SHACK OF GREAT COMMUNICATION - CONTINUOUS

They return to their seats.

DJ DJ

And that was Man American with his 13 time platinum hit, "Don't Eat Hot Dogs." This next song goes out to Lt. Jeff Pull, in Silicon Valley, 5 clicks left from the old Waffle House. It's called, "There's more replacements coming.

(MORE)

DJ DJ (CONT'D)

They'll be there at 2300 hours and will travel west on Nuke 'Em road at approximately 44 miles per hour." And if you're the enemy trying to listen in, well it sucks to be you, 'cause Indians came up with our code, and you can't break this shit.

SKIRT

Well, we have a few hours until they get here.

PAWN

Plenty of time.

Smooth music begins to play.

DJ DJ

*Oh, yeah!
Do that thing.
Uh, huh.
It's not 2300 hours yet
But when it is, damn girl--*

They start to get it on.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. SILICON VALLEY - LATER

Skirt is walking towards the sand bags.

SKIRT

Just let me get the Bible, then I'll show you!

Pawn leans against the doorway, sipping coffee, and staring at her like "I just tapped that shit; twice."

PAWN

Hey, you!

She turns, smiling at him.

PAWN (CONT'D)

You're standing on your dead friend!

She looks down.

SKIRT

That I am!

They laugh.

She starts to step off, but there's a clicking sound. Time slows down.

PAWN

Noo
 ooo
 ooo
 ooo
 ooooooooooooooooooooo!

His coffee mug drops, breaking into a billion trillion pieces, literally.

Skirt blows up.

Pawn runs by her side. She's charred, and still smoking. He drops to the ground, crying.

He hesitates, but grabs the dog tags, replacing them with his own.

A jeep pulls up, a younger Leader Dude gets out, tips the driver, then runs over and salutes Pawn.

LEADER DUDE

Man that was crazy. I was coming here with a squad of hot women, they were all over me. But then the gays came. I don't know how they knew we were coming. They all switched sides, Lt. I had to shoot them myself, they were having lesbian sex in front of me!

PAWN

God damned hippies. They just blew up the only woman I ever loved, twice.

Leader Dude bends down.

LEADER DUDE

It looks like she stepped on a Jesus Mine.

He picks up a burnt piece of paper. "DIE FA-" is all that is readable.

PAWN

Yeah, but if it hadn't been for those perverts, we would have never planted them.

Pawn begins to cry.

LEADER DUDE
Yeah. Well. Sorry.

Pawn is sobbing.

PAWN
Why?

Leader Dude starts backing away, awkwardly.

LEADER DUDE
Well, I'm going to go put my bag
away.

He starts heading towards the building. Pawn has dropped to the ground, half hugging, half humping Skirt's charred remains.

There's a clicking sound. Leader Dude turns around. Time slows down.

LEADER DUDE (CONT'D)
Noo
oo
oooo!

Pawn blows up. His charred body, still smoking, lines up perfectly with the other two bodies.

Leader Dude runs by his side. He hesitates, but reaches and grabs the dog tags, but doesn't replace them with his own.

He runs towards the shack.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATION SHACK OF GREAT COMMUNICATION - CONTINUOUS

He turns on the radio. There's a party going on at the other end.

LEADER DUDE
This is Priv--

DJ DJ
Hello there, Soldier!
Congratulations You've survived the
war! The gays have agreed to go
back to Australia where they
belong! Tell your men to pack up!
(MORE)

DJ DJ (CONT'D)
 They're being shipped off to
 Canada, but you Lt., you get a free
 three month vacation to
 Haaawwwaaaaaiiii!!

Leader Dude looks at the Lt's dog tags, then back up at the radio.

LEADER DUDE
 Sweet.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GIANT EFFING FOREST - DAY

Leader Dude is sobbing.

LEADER DUDE
 It wasn't even Hawaii, it was Guam.

He holds on to British Dude's leg.

BRITISH DUDE
 Fine then. I'll take over.

Leader Dude stops crying and stands up.

LEADER DUDE
 Whoa there soldier. No need to do
 anything extreme. Let's get to work
 on the camp before it gets dark.

BRITISH DUDE
 But I went to Oxf--

Something falls out of the tree. Master of Stealth gets up, wearing a "POHI" uniform.

MOS (DEF)
 Yo, sup?

Black Dude looks up at the tree.

(BLACK) DUDE
 How did you know were going to stop
 here?

MOS (DEF)
 You really want to know? Really?

(BLACK) DUDE
 I guess.

MOS (DEF)
I'm so ninja, I won the Olympics.

(BLACK) DUDE
What does that have--

The ninja walks over to Butch.

MOS (DEF)
That's my shirt.

He rips it off, leaving Butch in his bra and panties.

(Wow. Not THAT'S a plot hole. He already took back the shirt.
Man, people these days just don't care about continuity.)

MOS (DEF) (CONT'D)
What happened to you?

"BUTCH" DUDE
I am a man!

He runs crying into the forest.

MOS (DEF)
The skinny ones are always so
sensitive.

Leader Dude gets in the ninja's face.

LEADER DUDE
What are you doing here?

MOS (DEF)
Whoa. Calm down there man. I know
I'm intimidating, I'm a ninja.

LEADER DUDE
Yes, but here we are stranded
behind enemy lines. If you're so
ninja-

MOS (DEF)
I am so ninja.

LEADER DUDE
Well if you were, you'd call for
help, or use your ninja powers to
get us out of here.

MoS laughs.

MOS (DEF)

We're ninjas, not super heroes.
 Yes, sure, I beat an entire
 Canadian town senseless with a bag
 of marshmallows and half a turkey
 sub, and yes, I *could* help you out.
 But quite frankly, I don't want
 too.

BRITISH DUDE

You are the absolute worst ninj-

Butch comes back into view. He's covered in blood, and
 dragging a dead baby deer.

"BUTCH" DUDE

Hey guys! I got dinner.

The whole squad drools over his sexy, sexy bloody body.

BRITISH DUDE

-a ever.

But when they look back, he's already gone. (Seriously, how
 does he do that? It's freaking me out.)

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROOM WHERE THOSE CAMERAS AND MEAN PEOPLE ARE - DAY

The press are sitting down when **President** Jena Bush walks in
 (see, I got it right this time, but do I get any thanks?) No
 one stands or claps.

JENA BUSH

Thank you, thank you! Today's
 lecture will be on the importance
 of sugary food in school lunches.

She looks up to see one of the press wearing a Burqa.

JENA BUSH (CONT'D)

Who the fuck let her in here!
 Terrorist! Guards!

Fifty armed guards burst in and point their guns at the no
 good terrorist scum.

TERRORIST

Wait!

She pulls off the Burqa, everyone gasps. It's Helen Thomas.

HELEN THOMAS (WHY GOD, WHY?)
I have a few questions.

JENA BUSH
How are you still alive?

PRESS FUCKER #1
She's like Yoda!

HELEN THOMAS (WHY GOD, WHY?)
What do you say to allegations that-

JENA BUSH
Guards, take her out back and shoot
her.

They grab her and drag her outside.

HELEN THOMAS (WHY GOD, WHY?)
You'll never kill me! Bullets fly
off me!

Once she's gone, the President returns to lecture.

JENA BUSH
Anyway, kids need sugar like they
need toys and presents--

PRESS FUCKER #2
Wait! What do you have to say about-

JENA BUSH
Silence, you!

PRESS FUCKER #3
Yeah! We have questions!

Jena sighs.

JENA BUSH
I figured this would happen, bring
him in!

The room gets real quiet as a dark figure enters.

PRESS FUCKER #1
(whispering)
Is that?

PRESS FUCKER #2
(whispering)
I think it is.

The room goes nuts, people are cheering, women are crying. We see him now. Man American.

He goes up to the President and tongues her.

MAN AMERICAN

Hello!

He pulls out a guitar.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)

*Right before Jesus died
He had one last thing to dish
He looked right at Paul
And said in perfect English
"America rules"
But those dumb Jew fucks
Didn't speak English good
Their shitty language sucks
So it's not in the Bible
But it's true
'Cause Jesus knew--*

CUT TO:

EXT. GIANT EFFING FOREST - DAY

It's still extremely bright outside, but the squad is laying down around a campfire in their makeshift camp. They're each eating a limb from the baby deer.

(BLACK) DUDE

Damn good.

LEADER DUDE

Well, we should get some sleep.

They all lay down, staring at the Sun.

BRITISH DUDE

I hate France.

The Squad grunts in agreement.

British Dude looks around to make sure no one is looking. He then turns away from them, takes out his cellphone, and begins typing.

Butch, who is sleeping next to Leader Dude, scoots over so that "his" head is resting on his chest.

LEADER DUDE

What are you doing?

"BUTCH" DUDE

I'm cold.

Leader Dude looks down at his friend, his skin so soft, so tender; shivering in the cold wind with only a bra and panties to keep him warm.

Leader Dude looks straight up.

LEADER DUDE

Oh God.

Butch casually looks over to British Dude and sits up.

BUTCH

Hey! What are you doing?

Everyone looks around.

LEADER DUDE

Calm down Butch, we're all lonely.

BUTCH

He's got some type of device!

BRITISH DUDE

What are you talking about? Look, it's a razor!

He puts the phone to his face and begins moving it back and forth.

BUTCH

No it's no--

Dogs bark in the distance.

LEADER DUDE

Shit, they're sending the hounds on us! Quickly, let's move out.

They all start to running.

(BLACK) DUDE

Wait! Are you guys crazy?

They all stop.

(BLACK) DUDE (CONT'D)

What? Did you think this fire would put itself out? Do you want to start a forest fire?

He puts the fire out and runs along the rest of the squad.

MEANWHILE:

Two French women are walking their dogs.

FRENCH PUSSY #1 (SUBTITLE)
This is such a nice dog park.

FRENCH PUSSY #2 (SUBTITLE)
I agree.

They walk up on the camp.

FRENCH PUSSY #1 (SUBTITLE)
Look at this, they didn't bother
cleaning up after themselves.

FRENCH PUSSY #2 (SUBTITLE)
Yes, but at least they put out the
fire.

FRENCH PUSSY #1 (SUBTITLE)
True. Let's clean this up so
generations and generations can
enjoy the park as we have.

FRENCH PUSSY #2 (SUBTITLE)
I concur.

MEANWHILE:

The squad is running at full speed through the forest.

BUTCH
Don't you get it? The British one
used his cell phone to tell them
where we were!

BRITISH DUDE
I told you, it's a razor. Why would
I turn you guys in?

BUTCH
Because you're a traitor!

(BLACK) DUDE
Stop!

Black Dude falls to his knees.

(BLACK) DUDE (CONT'D)
Stop fighting!

He shakes his head, sweating profusely.

(BLACK) DUDE (CONT'D)
How did it come to this?

Leader Dude comes over to help him up.

LEADER DUDE
Come on, *man*, we can't stop!

(BLACK) DUDE
No! Not until someone tells me how
all this happened.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INAUGURATION DAY 2008 - DAY

We just see the back of President Obama as he leaves the crowd cheering.

A younger ~~Black~~ Dude is standing next to his father.

(BLACK) DUDE
Yo, Daddy. Why be people so happy?

(I'm white, so this sounds about right to me.)

His father kneels down to talk to his boy.

~~BLACK~~ FATHER
Don't you understand son? A black man is President. In an odd twist of irony the country will fall into a blissful utopia. Also, we can finally get those donkeys we were promised.

(BLACK) DUDE
But Daddy, I don't want no donkey.

His father laughs.

~~BLACK~~ FATHER
Don't worry, we'll get them in the form of Donkey Punches.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ~~BLACK~~ FAMILY PLACE OF RESIDENCYING - AFTERNOON
ONE YEAR LATER

Black Father sits in a recliners, watching TV. Black Dude burst in the door, with a book bag over his shoulder.

(BLACK) DUDE

I hate school!

BLACK FATHER

Why are you complaining? Have you seen the news? The entire world has disbanded all nuclear weapons, a global peace treaty has been signed, and every person on Earth has free premium health care. If I want a nose job, I can get it, for free, if I want to commit physician assisted suicide I can, for free. A black man has accomplished more before breakfast than white men have been able to in the past three millennium of oppression.

Black Dude burst into tears and runs into his room.

A YEAR AFTER THAT

The same situation (comedy comes in threes, so having the same scene take place three times with increasingly ridiculous outcomes will maximize the humorous effect while minimizing my required effort.)

(BLACK) DUDE

I am continuing my hatred for school, despite the obvious improvements made by our beloved President.

BLACK FATHER

Are you still complaining? Look!

He pulls out the cutest puppy you've ever seen. It has a bow and an envelope tied around its neck.

BLACK FATHER (CONT'D)

President Obama sent everyone in America a free puppy, and look.

He opens the envelope.

BLACK FATHER (CONT'D)

It also comes with a twenty-five dollar gift certificate to Red Lobster! Do you know how much that's worth?

(MORE)

BLACK FATHER (CONT'D)

You're sitting here complaining
about life when we could be eating
a bottomless shrimp basket.

Black Dude burst into tears and runs to his room.

A YEAR AFTER THE YEAR AFTER THAT

Etc. Etc.

(BLACK) DUDE

I hate college, despite the fact
that I get to go for free thanks to
our beloved President's new tax
plan.

BLACK FATHER

Your still going on about this?
Have you been outside? Today
someone gave me a free brownie.
Yes, that's right, a *free* brownie,
for no reason. Then, some guy came
up to me and gave me a hug. He
didn't take my wallet or try and
get me to join a cult, he just saw
a brother eating a brownie and
thought, "Hey, that dude looks like
he needs a hug."

He reaches behind his chair and pulls out a jet pack.

BLACK FATHER (CONT'D)

And look, President Obama sent
everyone in the country a free jet
pack. Now I can go to Red Lobster
whenever I want without breaking a
sweat. Plus it runs on love, so
it's good for the environment

Black Dude burst into tears and runs to his room.

A YEAR AFTER THE YEAR THAT'S AFTER THAT

Etc. Etc. (Whoa. What's this? Comedy comes in threes, why are
there four of these? Dear god, this is out of control.)

(BLACK) DUDE

I ha--

BLACK FATHER

Shh. The Presidential debate is on.
President Obama is gunna smoke 'em!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE PLACE WHERE THEY DO DEBATES

President Obama is at one podium, Jena Bush is at another.
Brian Williams is moderating.

PRESIDENT OBAMA

And that's how I plan on converting
trash into gold.

BRIAN MOTHER FUCKING WILLIAMS

Very good Mr. President, I've never
heard a plan so detailed. It's
ambitious, and yet so plausible.
Mrs. Bush, your response?

Jena looks seductively at the camera. She claps her hands and
the lights dim, music fills the room, she begins to strip
tease Brian Williams. 30 models all dressed in bikinis come
on stage and make out with each other.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NIGHTLY NEWS - NIGHT

TWO MONTHS AFTER A YEAR AFTER THE YEAR THAT'S AFTER THAT

BRIAN MOTHER FUCKING WILLIAMS

And there we have it, after a
campaign that some are calling down
right vulgar, Jena Bush has become
the 45th President of the United
States of America with an
astonishing 98% of the vote. Only
losing the Gay Male vote.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

President Obama is watching TV, mouth agape, not believing
what he's seeing.

The same General from before comes in.

WAR PIG

I'm terribly sorry about your loss,
sir.

PRESIDENT OBAMA

I was going to cure cancer, AIDS,
and carpal tunnels tomorrow. Now, I
don't know if I have the strength.

WAR PIG

Sir, I have a way for you to become the greatest American in the history of Americans. Only second to Man American.

PRESIDENT OBAMA

What is it?

The general pulls out a stack of papers detailing a marketing campaign for General Amazing including action figures, Nintendo DS games, and a Disney Channel cartoon show.

WAR PIG

And all you have to do is take an experimental drug that has never been tested on human beings.

Obama stands up, looking patriotic to the max, yo.

PRESIDENT OBAMA

I'll do it. What could go wrong?

The General smiles and pulls out a needle.

WAR PIG

Pants down.

(Whoa! ANOTHER plot hole. General Amazing's past was already covered, and he wasn't President Obama. -5 points for that alone.)

CUT TO:

INT. AN OVERGROWN BUSH (RANCH) - MOMENTS LATER

Jena is playing beer pong with her family and doing lines of coke, 'cause they be cool like that.

Dubya is dancing with a blonde that we can't quite see.

BUSH LEAGUE ASSISTANT

I have great news! You won!

DUBYA

Won what?

BUSH LEAGUE ASSISTANT

The Presidency!

DUBYA

Presi-- They elected me again? I knew all that hogwash about me being unpopular was liberal propaganda.

BUSH LEAGUE ASSISTANT

No, sir, Jena won!

DUBYA

Jena? Jena ran for President?

JENA BUSH

This is the first I'm hearing of it. So I'm President now?

BUSH LEAGUE ASSISTANT

Yes!

JENA BUSH

Cool, I guess.

DUBYA

That's what I said at first, sweetie. Alls you got to do is call Dickie up, and he'll do everything for ya.

JENA BUSH

How much did I win by?

BUSH LEAGUE ASSISTANT

98%. Only gay men didn't vote for you.

Jena gets really angry.

JENA BUSH

How many Canadians voted for me?

BUSH LEAGUE ASSISTANT

Canadians aren't--

JENA BUSH

How many?

BUSH LEAGUE ASSISTANT

Well, zero.

JENA BUSH

I knew it!

DUBYA

Like I always said, Canada and California are this country's biggest blemishes.

JENA BUSH

Don't worry, I'll make you proud daddy. I'll bring America back to the glory days, like when you were President. Cool people and rich people will once again be able to do whatever they want.

DUBYA

That's my girl.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIANT EFFING FOREST (AND THE EDGES THERE OF) - AFTERNOON

The squad is walking through the forest.

(BLACK) DUDE

Are we in America yet?

BRITISH DUDE

We were in France.

(BLACK) DUDE

I know, hence me asking if we are in America yet.

LEADER DUDE

It seems like we have been walking for years.

BRITISH DUDE

It's been two hours. What is wrong with you people?

Black Dude starts laughing.

(BLACK) DUDE

Scrawny white dude is upset that we kicked his people's collective asses.

BRITISH DUDE

Why would I be upset over something that happened 200 years ago?

LEADER DUDE
We've got to figure out how the
French keep finding us.

(BLACK) DUDE
Probably satellites.

BRITISH DUDE
Yeah. Satellites.

(BLACK) DUDE
Or some weird voodoo like in the
Wizard of Oz.

BRITISH DUDE
Yeah. Voodoo like in--

Butch stop them.

BUTCH
Don't you understand guys, we have
a traitor amongst us!

LEADER DUDE
Don't be silly. Who would betray
us?

BUTCH
Think about it! When we were being
held captive, who knew where the
exit was despite it being in
French? Who was using an electronic
device both times we were chased?
Who did that other thing that
happened during one of the
flashbacks that got cut out of this
draft of the script?

Leader Dude and Black Dude look at each other.

LEADER DUDE
Who?

BUTCH
Him!

She points at British Dude, who is slowly backing away.

Leader Dude and Black Dude burst out laughing.

LEADER DUDE
Him?

(BLACK) DUDE
That dude couldn't even hit a
Frenchie during target practice!

BUTCH
Exactly!

(BLACK) DUDE
He's the dude who keeps complaining
about this war, saying America is
wrong!

BUTCH
Exactly!

LEADER DUDE
First of all, he's British! They're
never the bad guys! Secondly, he
doesn't speak French, he's psychic!
And thirdly, that big, bad,
electronic device that's so scary
is a razor! He told us so!

BUTCH
You guys are--(!)

A car horn from near by! All of them drop down!

LEADER DUDE
What was that?!

(BLACK) DUDE
Look, we're at the edge of the
forest!

BRITISH DUDE
I can see the Eifel Tower from
here!

(BLACK) DUDE
What the fuck, we're still in
France?!

LEADER DUDE
I knew something smelled funny!

BUTCH
What are we gunna do?!

They all stand up!

LEADER DUDE
I think we all know what we have to
do!

BRITISH DUDE
Find a way to contact the Army for
extraction?!

LEADER DUDE
No!

(BLACK) DUDE
Kill every last one of these French
bastards?!

LEADER DUDE
No!

BUTCH
Blend in and become spies?!

LEADER DUDE
No! We have to blow up the Eifel
Tower!

(BLACK) DUDE
God damn, dude!

LEADER DUDE
I know, that's why I'm in charge!

BUTCH
How are we going to get the amount
of explosives require--(!)

Leader Dude points to a small stand with a sign reading:

"FREE EXPLOSIVES! ENOUGH TO BLOW UP THE EIFEL TOWER (AS IF)"

BRITISH DUDE
God I love France!

They all look at him.

BRITISH DUDE (CONT'D)
Love to blow it up! Boom!

LEADER DUDE
Let's go!

They all run into the street... all of them except the
British one!

CUT TO:

The camera pulls back to reveal a very small room filled with 20 kids, all dressed in rags, and a woman who wears an expensive looking dress with a pearl necklace and diamond earrings.

[By explaining how the camera moves, I am putting the image that I have of the scene into the reader's head. This helps me as a writer since if I didn't do that, the reader would have to come up with his or her own image for the scene. And since we all know that the average reader is incapable of having an original thought, it ensures maximum enjoyment. It also tells potential directors, "I don't respect you enough to let you do your job, so here, let me do it for you."

Also note the term "expensive" in relation to clothing. See, I've never purchased expensive clothing in my life, and instead of doing enough research to feel comfortable with recommending an appropriate attire, I have instead resorted to bland stereotypes with the hopes that no one will notice.]

The boy sitting closest to the "telly" stands and walks over to the woman.

TINY BRITISH DUDE

Mam, I think I'd like to be a bad guy one day.

The woman laughs.

RICH BITCH

You will never, ever, ever do anything productive with your life. You're an orphan for God sakes, even your parents didn't love you enough to keep you.

The boy begins to cry.

TINY BRITISH DUDE

I'll show you! I'll come out of extreme poverty and make something grand of myself despite obvious obstacles. You'll see!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

"Yakety Sax" plays as the tiny Brit grows up, receiving "top marks" on all his school work. He studies really hard and gets into Oxford, where he--

YOU
 Nobody cares! He's British! Back to
 America!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

A dirty looking man dressed like a vagabond stumbles down an empty street alone. He's obviously drunk, and yet he keeps sucking on a bottle of booze hidden in a brown paper bag.

As he walks down the street, he sings a song.

VAG A BOND
*I hate conservatives
 Yes I do
 Yes I do*

*I hope they all die
 Yes I do
 Yes I do*

I also hate Chri--

A bright spotlight suddenly shines on the bum, blinding him. A deep, and yet familiar voice bellows from the heavens.

VOICE (O.S.)
 You have been chosen.

VAG A BOND
 God?

VOICE (O.S.)
 I'm not God.

The bum drops to his knees and begins to make out with the street.

VAG A BOND
 What is it, my Lord? Name it, and
 it shall be done.

VOICE (O.S.)
 I'm not-- Fine, I'm God. Whatever.
 Now shut the fuck up and let me
 speak.

VAG A BOND
 Let me guess, you want me to blow
 up a children's hospital?

VOICE (O.S.)

What? Why would I-- Jesus, you're not the only bum with a pretty voice. Now listen, you must become the greatest singer of all time. You must change everything you believe in, and you must sing of the truth.

VAG A BOND

Anything, my Lord!

VOICE (O.S.)

And take a shower, you're disgusting.

The light turns off, leaving the bum to weep in the street. Another bum walks up... He is bald. (This is probably the most important information given in the Action lines. Remember it.)

EAGLE

Are you okay, Jack?

VAG A BOND

My name is no longer Jack.

No-Longer-Jack stands up.

VAG A BOND (CONT'D)

I am Man American.

EAGLE

That's a ridiculous name, Jack. Hey, do you want to go laugh at the Christians as they get out of church?

Man American morphs into something pure evil. We're talking about the Shining type shit.

MAN AMERICAN

I said my name is Man American.

He pulls out a knife.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)

And no one makes fun of Christians.

He stabs Eagle in the stomach. As he dies, he barely gets his final words out.

EAGLE

But you hate the Chri--

He falls over, dead. Blood flows from him in a perfect circle around Man, who looks straight up and screams.

MAN AMERICAN

Noo
 ooo
 ooo
 ooooooo!

He drops the knife and falls onto his friend.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)

Already I have forsaken thy Lord.
 Blood has shed on my doing. But I
 shall redeem myself, dear Eagle.
 You bald bastard.

He stands up and walks down the street.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)

The weight of my guilt may burden
 my journey, but it shall not affect
 the outcome. I shall become greater
 than ever intended, I shall become
 a God among men.

A guitar is in the middle of the street, he picks it up and begins playing a country song.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)

*I come from the slums
 Eating nothin' but crumbs
 But I shall rise
 Like a phoenix in heat
 I shall become 1337
 And no one will stop me.*

Down the road, a newscaster is doing a story.

REPORTER

And that's why the it's important
 that everyone--

She stops dead in her tracks and turns around.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

That's the most beautiful song I
 have ever heard.

She runs up to Man, who now has a crowd of 300 people around following him, throwing bundles of cash at him.

MAN AMERICAN

*God spoke to me
And said, "Don't'cha see?"
You're where it's at.*

SHEEP

Did you hear? He said God spoke to him!

SHEEP #2

And since it's in a song, it must be true.

SHEEP #3

Let's all blindly follow everything he says!

MAN AMERICAN

*So now throw me all your money
And buy everything I sell
Not for me, funny bunny
But in the name of God's tell!*

Money starts pouring from everywhere.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 5 LOCAL NEWS - LATER

Man American burst in and walks straight to the news anchors, who are in the middle of a live broadcast.

MAN AMERICAN

Stop! Stop it now! God has spoken to me!

PRETTY ANCHOR

And it seems that a drunken homeless man has once again broken into the studio. Security!

HANDSOME ANCHOR

Shut it, Dianne. This is the local news, we have a duty to report ridiculous stories pertaining to religion instead of providing meaningful information to our viewership.

MAN AMERICAN

God has spoken to me! He said I'm going to be a star.

PRETTY ANCHOR
This is crazy. Security!

Man looks the woman.

MAN AMERICAN
You look like a Mexican.

PRETTY ANCHOR
I do have--

Man spits on her face.

MAN AMERICAN
That's for taking a white person's
job.

He punches her in the face.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
That's for questioning God.

He starts to unbuckle his belt.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
And this is for looking like the
type that would have an abortion.

HANDSOME ANCHOR
We'll be right back.

CUT TO BLACK:

ON BLACK

MAN OF THE TIMES (V.O.)
Mr. American? Mr. American?

INT. THE MAN AMERICAN PATRIOTIC TOUR BUS OF GOOD TIMES AND
GODLINESS - AFTERNOON

Man opens his eyes. He has two beautiful naked women laying
on top of him. They are in the back room of the bus, which is
speeding down a highway.

MAN OF THE TIMES
Sir, I'm from Times magazine, I'm
here to interview you.

Man rubs his head and sits up.

MAN AMERICAN
Bitches, get out.

The women grumble, but leave.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
Only two places right fer women.
The bedroom and the classroom. Not
to learn, but to teach. What's your
name?

MAN OF THE TIMES
Jerry.

MAN AMERICAN
Well howdy Jerry. Welcome to my
bus. You're not Jewish are you?

MAN OF THE TIMES
Um. No.

MAN AMERICAN
Good, you can stay then.

Man American, who is only wearing a banana hammock made from an American Flag, walks over to his couch and lays down. Speaking of lays, he also picks up a bag of Lay's Potato Chips and begins to pour them down his throat. That's right, product placement! (CHA-CHING)

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
Ask away then. But just so you
know, if I don't like the tone of
the article, I will have my people
cut you and yours.

Jerry laughs.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
I'm not kidding.

One of the naked women comes back in.

BOOBS
Baby, you want some food?

Man gets furious.

MAN AMERICAN
Does it look like I need food,
cunt?

He throws the bag of chips at her. She runs out, crying.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
 Now ask your damn questions, my
 balls are itching.

MAN OF THE TIMES
 Um. You have only had a recording
 contract for two weeks, and yet you
 have already sold over 50 million
 records--

MAN AMERICAN
 I'm not going to answer that.

MAN OF THE TIMES
 I haven't asked a--

Man gets up and walks over to his dresser.

MAN AMERICAN
 You know what you *can* write about?

He pulls out a pair of Nike tennis shoes and puts them on.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
 How much I love Nike. They paid me
 25 million dollars just to say that
 wherever I go.

He laughs

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
 That kind of money could feed half
 of Africa.

MAN OF THE TIMES
 Ironic, since they make the shoes.

Man shoots Jerry a deadly look.

MAN AMERICAN
 Now you best ask a good question
 real quick. You're gettin' on my
 last nerve.

Jerry gets nervous as he looks through his notes.

MAN OF THE TIMES
 Okay then. Do you feel guilty about
 something? Because some of your
 songs seem to indicate you are.
 (MORE)

MAN OF THE TIMES (CONT'D)
 Such as, "I Feel Guilty," "I Killed
 A Man," "I Murdered My Friend," and
 "I Am the One That Killed That
 Homeless Guy (The One That's Still
 An Open Case)"

Man starts to get teary-eyed.

MAN AMERICAN
 Get out.

MAN OF THE TIMES
 Excuse me?

MAN AMERICAN
 I said, get out!

He throws his Nike tennis shoes at the reporter... Once
 again, that's Nike tennis shoes, go buy them. (CHA-CHING 2:
 RETURN OF THE CHA-CHING)

Jerry rushes out of the room. Man American begins sobbing.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
 Why?

He reaches over to his night stand and opens the middle
 drawer. Inside is every kind of drug imaginable, all
 organized neatly and properly labeled. Man picks the bottle
 labeled "Acid" and takes a pill.

He collapses on the bed, crying uncontrollably. Eventually he
 closes his eyes.

LATER

It's now night, and when Man American opens his eyes he
 screams, as an actual bald eagle is perched at the edge of
 his bed.

EAGLE
 Hello there, Jack.

MAN AMERICAN
 Eagle? Oh my God! You were
 reincarnated as a Bald Eagle.

(Aren't you glad I told you to remember the fact that he is
 bald and his name is Eagle? You totally would've missed the
 joke. I hope this makes up for all those plot holes.)

EAGLE
 I wasn't reincarnated.

MAN AMERICAN

Oh my God, you were always a bald eagle? Man, I musta been really wasted.

EAGLE

I wasn't always an Eagle, Jack.

MAN AMERICAN

Oh my God, I'm Dr. Doolittle!

EAGLE

You just took acid and you go straight for Dr. Doolittle?

MAN AMERICAN

You're just an acid trip? I'm not going to lie, I'm a bit disappointed.

EAGLE

Actually, I'm a physical manifestation of your guilt for killing me, so you can finally overcome it and reach your full potential.

MAN AMERICAN

I'm so sorry for killing you, buddy. What can I do to make it up to you?

EAGLE

Well, you can always hold a press conference, admit your crime, and pay your debt to society.

MAN AMERICAN

Jail time would considerably raise my street rep. Thank you Eagle.

EAGLE

It's okay, Jack.

MAN AMERICAN

That's the third time you called me Jack, I told you, my name is Man American.

He takes out a knife and stabs the eagle in the neck. He picks up the carcass and walks out to the main part of the bus, crying.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)

I've done it again. I'm
unredeemable.

Ben Folds' cover of "Tiny Dancer" begins to play over the bus' radio. One-by-one everyone on the bus begins to sing along.

EVERYONE

*Blue jean baby, L.A. lady,
seamstress for the band
Pretty eyes, pirate smile, you'll
marry a music man
Ballerina, you must have seen her
dancing in the sand
And now she's in me, always with
me, tiny dancer in my hand*

*Jesus freaks out in the street
Handing tickets out for God
Turning back she just laughs
The boulevard is not that bad*

*Piano man he makes his stand
In the auditorium
Looking on she sings the songs
The words she knows, the tune she
hums*

*Oh how it feels so real
Lying here with no one near
Only you and you can hear me
When I say softly, slowly*

*Hold me closer tiny dancer
Count the headlights on the highway
Lay me down in sheets of linen
you had a busy day today*

*Blue jean baby, L.A. lady,
seamstress for the band
Pretty eyed, pirate smile, you'll
marry a music man
Ballerina, you must have seen her
dancing in the sand
Now she's in me, always with me,
tiny dancer in my hand*

*Oh how it feels so real
Lying here with no one near
Only you and you can hear me
When I say softly, slowly*

*Hold me closer tiny dancer
(MORE)*

EVERYONE (CONT'D)
Count the headlights on the highway
Lay me down in sheets of linen
You had a busy day today

As the song ends, Man American stands up.

MAN AMERICAN
 I don't know what that song has to do with making a group of depressed musicians feel better, but it works. Driver, to the press conference!

BOOBS
 Is that a dead bald eagle in your hand?

He throws the carcass at her.

MAN AMERICAN
 Shut the fuck up, cunt.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALMIGHTY PLACE OF GREAT CONFERENCES FOR THE PRESS

The press is quietly talking. As Man American enters, several flashes go off as the room quiets down.

MAN AMERICAN
 Hello, thank you for coming. When you have been in the business as long as I have, it's hard to admit your mistakes. You're afraid that you may lose everything that you've put minutes upon minutes into. But I have to lift the veil of my conscience and put my large phallus into its tiny back door in order to release the tension that's building within me.

The press look disgusted.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
 In other words, I have a confession to make.

THE PRESS
 (in unison)
 Oh.

MAN AMERICAN

I killed a man.

The press gasp in horror. A bunch of flashes go off. (Because as a photographer, you're trained to only snap a photo directly after someone makes a dramatic statement.)

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)

He was a liberal who hated
Christians.

The press stand up and applaud him.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)

I'm also responsible for blowing up
three abortion clinics

The press cheer harder.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)

And I also stabbed a bald eagle in
the neck.

The press stop clapping and gasp in horror.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)

Who was possessed by Satan himself.

The press erupt in applause again.

THE PRESS

*For he's a jolly good fellow
For he's a jolly good fellow
That liberals can deny.*

A man in a suit walks up to the podium and shakes Man's hand.

SUIT

As a representative of Nike, I'd
like to announce that we are
tripling Mr. American's contract.

Man smiles widely as he leaves the stage.

MAN AMERICAN

Driver! To the White House! I'm
going to tap me some of that
Presidential ass!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VERY TIP TOP OF THE EIFEL TOWER (AS IF) - EVENING

The tip-top (in my mind) is a large platform with railings around the side and an elevator. Rope is tied to one side of the railing.

Leader Dude, ~~Black~~ Dude, and Butch all stand around the bomb.

LEADER DUDE

Now once we push this giant red button, we'll have--

British Dude, sweating profusely, appears from having climbed up the rope.

BRITISH DUDE

Guys! Wait!

He falls to the ground, trying to catch his breath.

(BLACK) DUDE

Damn, did you climb up the whole way? We just took the elevator.

LEADER DUDE

Where the hell have you been soldier? You missed the most amazing fight sequence that everyone will be talking about!

BRITISH DUDE

Guys, let's think about this! The Eifel Tower is an internationally recognized symbol of human accomplishment and hope! If we blow it up--

(BLACK) DUDE

We will be national heroes! We'll be on the cover of Time. We'll be on the Today show! Everyone will love us!

British Dude stands up, and walks towards them.

BRITISH DUDE

And then after the dust settles? After people realize how stupid this war is?

The squad gasps.

BRITISH DUDE (CONT'D)
Then you'll just be the assholes
who blew up the Eifel Tower.

Leader Dude hits the red button.

LEADER DUDE
Well, it's too late! The only way
you can stop it now is if you start
to cut the green wire, change your
mind, and then cut the red wire
with less than three seconds left!

Suddenly, ten armed guards exit the elevator, surrounding the
group.

CONVENIENT TENSION BULIDER
Hands up!

CONVENIENT TENSION BULIDER #6
Don't move!

CONVENIENT TENSION BULIDER #4
Yes! What they said!

LEADER DUDE
Oh God! We're going to die!

(BLACK) DUDE
What's the point of being brave if
you can't be on TV after?

BUTCH
Guys! I have a confession to make!
I'm really a chick!

They all look at her.

ALL THE MOFOS
(in unison)
Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.

LEADER DUDE
Thank God, I thought they were
going to have to kick me out of the
Army.

BUTCH
I was just ashamed, 'cause I
started the war. My name is Barbra
Bush. I'm the one who picked up the
wrong order from Olive Garden. It's
all my fault!

She burst into tears.

LEADER DUDE
That's quite a twist!

(BLACK) DUDE
I really wish we could go back and
see that.

CUT TO:

OMITTED - INT. BUTCH'S FLASHBACK WITH A HOT LESBIAN SEX SCENE
BETWEEN JENA AND BARBRA BUSH THAT ALSO EXPLAINS WHY SHE IS
PRETENDING TO BE A MALE

Admin: This was a little too graphic for the Internet, so I
took it out. Sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VERY TIP TOP OF THE EIFEL TOWER (AS IF) - CONTINUOUS

(BLACK) DUDE
Damn.

Leader Dude starts to get emotional.

LEADER DUDE
Look at us now. We finally have a
beautiful girl amongst our ranks,
and where are we? Surrounded by the
enemy.

BUTCH
How did it come to this?

LEADER DUDE
Yeah! You have a point! There has
to be someone behind all this!
Someone we can kill in order to
feel like these series of events
are justified! But who?

(BLACK) DUDE
I have an idea!

He points to British Dude.

LEADER DUDE
Him?

(BLACK) DUDE

Think about it! When we were being held captive, who knew where the exit was despite it being in French? Who was using an electronic device both times we were chased? Who did that other thing that happened during one of the flashbacks that were cut?

LEADER DUDE

Brilliant deduction, *you!*

BUTCH

You've got to be kidding me! I just said--

Black Dude shushes her.

(BLACK) DUDE

Now, now. This is no time for a woman to speak. Men are talking.

LEADER DUDE

Yes, of course it's you!

He walks over to the British Dude.

LEADER DUDE (CONT'D)

Why would you betray us?

BRITISH DUDE

Oh, I didn't betray you. But I do have a confession of my own to make. I am a billionaire CEO of IHOP and our international division POHI. I'm making a fortune off this war, providing pancakes for the troops on both sides as well as disk-shaped weaponry. I have been on an electric device, and it's called a Blackberry. I've been using it to run my company. The reason I was late, was because I was buying stock in Eifel Tower related products since they will be in high demand after it is blown up. The purchase wasn't going to go through for a few minutes due to satellites, bandwidth, and firewalls. I was trying to delay you long enough for the sell to go through, which it now has, so please go ahead.

(MORE)

BRITISH DUDE (CONT'D)

I know it went through due to my Blackberry. If you would like to know why I knew where the exit was, it's because I own that restaurant, as well as all IHOP and POHI places of business, so of course I would know where the exits are. I believe that covers everything. I hope no other loose ends are left unaddressed.

(BLACK) DUDE

No, I think that covers everything. Thanks for making that clear in a long monologue at the end of our journey.

LEADER DUDE

Then who can we blame for being caught?

BUTCH/THE OTHER BUSH TWIN

They probably just saw us on the security cameras.

LEADER DUDE

That's ridiculous, someone must be blamed.

Someone drops in from the sky.

MOS (DEF)

I think I have an idea.

Black Dude looks up.

(BLACK) DUDE

Did you fall from the sky? Where's your parachute?

MOS (DEF)

I'm a ninja, we don't need parachutes. In fact, I'm so Ninja, Bigfoot doesn't believe I exist.

BUTCH/THE OTHER BUSH TWIN

Wait a minute! It was you!

LEADER DUDE

Dear God, it was him!

BUTCH/THE OTHER BUSH TWIN
 I remember where I know you from!
 You were there when my sister
 decided to start the war! You're
 responsible for all of this!

MOS (DEF)
 That's ridiculous! Why would--

BRITISH DUDE
 No, no, no! It makes sense! You
 were there every time we had
 trouble!

MOS (DEF)
 But I'm so ni--

(BLACK) DUDE
 Shut up! I'm sick of all your shit!

LEADER DUDE
 Guards! Get him!

CONVENIENT TENSION BULIDER #4.3
 We're not your guards. We're here
 for you!

CONVENIENT TENSION BULIDER #2
 Why do we always show up during
 these dreadful "who done it"
 moments?

MOS (DEF)
 I only came here to tell you that
 setting off a bomb on the top of
 something won't do any irreversible
 damage, but no, have it your way.
 The Ninja is *always* the problem.
 Typical.

LEADER DUDE
 Don't try to talk your way out of
 this. We know it was you--

VOICE
 Wrong, Mother Fuckers.

Everyone turns around and gasps as a dark figure appears from
 the shadows. All the guards throw down their weapons and hold
 their hands up.

VOICE (CONT'D)
 It was me.

He steps out of the shadows. It's the only true B.A. MoFo, Samuel L. Jackson. (Could also be played by Mojo Nixon, but that's not very culturally relevant, is it?)

LEADER DUDE

It was you? All this time it was you?

B.A. MOFO

Of course it was me. Who else would it be? See, as a kid, I was--

A beeping sound starts going off. Everyone looks around.

MOS (DEF)

Is that someone's watch?

BRITISH DUDE

It may be a phone.

Everyone searches their pockets to figure out where the noise is coming from.

(BLACK) DUDE

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

LEADER DUDE

What is it, *friend*?

(BLACK) DUDE

The bomb! The bomb is still going!

The bomb says: 20 Seconds.

LEADER DUDE

Oh, that. What did I say again? Blue wire? I knew I should've written it down.

BUTCH/THE OTHER BUSH TWIN

You mean we're all going to die?

Leader Dude pats **HER** on the back.

LEADER DUDE

Oh, don't worry sweetie. But yeah, probably.

B.A. MOFO

Oh, step aside. I'll do it.

He kicks the bomb, and the timer stops.

B.A. MOFO (CONT'D)

Now, as I was saying. As a kid--

All of the sudden, a blinding light comes from the distance.

BRITISH DUDE

What th---

Then a huge wind sweeps over them, pushing them off the tower. As the light subsides, a mushroom cloud is visible.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE (HELL YEAH) - MEANWHILE

There are two buttons, both pink. Above them is an LCD panel. Every time the index finger with pink finger nails hits one of the buttons, a different word appears.

JENA BUSH (O.S.)

I'm hitting the button, and it keeps telling different foods, but none of it sounds good. Guam, what's a guam? Moscow? Beijing? Yuck?

We now see that our beloved President is on the phone.

JENA BUSH (CONT'D)

What?

(beat)

You said hit the button.

(beat)

I painted them both pink.

(beat)

The one on the right.

(beat)

Why are you yelling? What does it-- wait, turkey, there we go. Talk to ya later.

She hangs up and then hits the other button. Pizza appears on the screen.

JENA BUSH (CONT'D)

Wait! No! Turkey pizza? Yuck.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON A DIRT FARM IN THE MIDDLE OF NO WHERE - AFTERNOON

Country music starts playing as Man American walks down the road, singing.

MAN AMERICAN

*When the old church burned down
And the wiring found liable
We gathered up our hymnals
And we gathered up our Bibles
'Cause we knew where to go next
A place sent from above
Scattered, smothered, covered in
Christ's Love.*

EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE

Man America stands in front of the restaurant, playing his guitar.

MAN AMERICAN

*Let's all go to the Waffle House
for Jesus!
Let's all go to the place that we
love best!
We'll get salvation in our souls
Bert's Chilli in our pie holes
Fed with the food the Lord would
want to feed us...
...Waffle House for Jesus...*

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE

He jumps on a table where a family is eating.

MAN AMERICAN

*Well we sat around the table
And we slowly bowed our heads
I wanted me an omelet
I got the steak instead
So we lit up all our cigarettes
And we undid our belts
As the waitress stopped by with our
patty melts*

*Let's all go to the Waffle House
for Jesus!
Let's all go to the place that we
all know!
Why can't we just get in line?
(MORE)*

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
*Open our Bibles and close our
 minds?
 My soul's heaven-bound, I ain't
 afraid of greases
 ...Waffle House for Jesus...*

He starts walking towards the exit.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
*And later on we left there
 And the waitress said goodbye
 She laughed while we was prayin'
 So I looked her in the eye
 Said, "A church don't need a
 steeple,
 And a church don't need a pew,
 And if you don't like us being
 here, fuck you."*

EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE

He starts walking across the street, where there's a church.

MAN AMERICAN
*Let's all go to the Waffle House
 for Jesus
 Except that waitress, she's goin'
 to Hell.
 'Cause everything in there is clear
 We've found Heaven on earth... and
 iiiiiiiiiiiit's....
 riiiiiiiiiiight....
 HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE*

INT. CHURCH

As he enters, there's a choir in position, singing along. All the pews are filled with people eating waffles.

CHOIR & MAN AMERICAN
*LET'S ALL GO TO THE WAFFLE HOUSE
 FOR JESUS!*

The Choir claps, the people stomp their feet.

CHOIR & MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)
*WHERE GOD IS GREAT, AND TRUTH IS
 VERY TRUE.*

More clapping.

MAN AMERICAN

*So you better shut your face
While we're all saying grace
Or you'll get baptized the way the
hash browns do.*

The music stops.

MAN AMERICAN (CONT'D)

I said:

Everyone gets up and starts singing.

EVERYONE

*LET'S ALL GO TO THE WAFFLE HOUSE
FOR JESUS!
LET'S ALL JOIN HANDS AND SING HIS
PRAISE
LET'S ALL GO TO THE WAFFLE HOUSE
FOR JESUS!
WE'LL HAVE COMMUNION WITH BISCUITS
AND GRAVY
AND PHILLY CHEESE STEAK WITH SOME
MAYONNAISE*

MAN AMERICAN

God damn right we will, let's go!

EVERYONE

*LET'S ALL GO TO THE WAFFLE HOUSE
FOR JESUS!
LET'S ALL GO AND PRAISE JEHOVAH'S
NAME!
LET'S ALL GO TO THE WAFFLE HOUSE
FOR JESUS!
LET'S ALL GO AND GET DOWN ON OUR
KNEES!*

MAN AMERICAN

Sing it, you faggots!

EVERYONE

*LET'S ALL GO TO THE WAFFLE HOUSE
FOR JESUS!*

Fire crackers go off in the Church and red, white, and blue confetti falls from the ceiling as the music fades out.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC NIGHTLY NEWS - CONTINUOUS

Brian Williams is doing the news like a pro... tru dat.

BRIAN MOTHER FUCKING WILLIAMS

And there we have it. You have spoken on our online poll, and we listened. That was Man American's "Let's all go to the Waffle House (For Jesus!)" in place of our normal segment on the nuclear antihalation of 70% of the Earth's surface. We are here to please. That's our broadcast for this evening, I'm Brian Williams, we hope to see you back here tomorrow.

FADE TO BLACK.

BRIAN MOTHER FUCKING WILLIAMS (V.O.)

(CONT'D)

Boy I tell you, sometimes I just don't know anymore.

THE END.