

S.S.R.: THE STUTTGART SEX-ROBOT REPORT

Written by

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BLANK SCREEN

SUPER: 'The hope is to create something that will arouse someone on an emotional, intellectual level beyond the physical.'

- Matt McMullen, Realbotix 2015

TEXT FADE OUT

SUPER: 'Sex Robots may literally f*ck us to death!'

- Gizmodo 2016

TEXT FADE OUT

The sound of dripping, a substantial pause between each drip.

SUPER: 'The I-Dollator is an abomination before the Lord!'

- Mel Gibson, US President 2026

FADE IN:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - MALE RESTROOM

A windowless, dimly lit area. The dripping noise continues.

Affixed on the wall above the hand-dryer, a small statue of occult demon BAPHOMET. The bleak lighting makes the sculpture look even more ominous.

At the sinks, an open tap, the source of the dripping. Blood is splattered on the mirror and around the basins. A retracted mini-zombie knife is next to the soap.

The speaker above the mirror starts playing bland 1970s grocery store style music.

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO - BACK DOORS - NIGHT

Printed on the doors, 'BEATE UHSE-ROTERMUND STUDIO B'.

Moving to the wall, covered with graffiti slogans: 'WIR LIEBEN DICH AKSEL' 'AKSEL IS FICKEN HOT', 'FUCK MAD MAX UND FUCK AMERICA', 'KILL ALL VIDEOVANGELISTS'.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - STUDIO SET

The bland music plays in this deserted studio set.

The set is decorated with Roman pillars and painting reproductions of ancient erotic art from around the world, like the designer is pretentiously trying to convey an avant-garde aesthetic.

In front of a wall, that has four mannequin heads nailed to it like moose heads, is a plush SOFA, that has a computer tablet screen and keyboard mounted into one armrest.

A large MONITOR mounted on the wall in a picture frame is loading 'Microsoft Windows Infinity'.

EXT. OUTSIDE - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - STREET SIGN

Heavy rain batters the sign 'WILLKOMEN IN STUTTGART'.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The room is in darkness. The rain pelting the window ceases.

The lights of a parking car shine through the window, picking up lots of shelves and equipment in the room.

The lights stop on what looks like an upright coffin.

Moving closer, it is actually a snazzy, life-size coffin shaped PRODUCT BOX. Written in embossed font on the lid, 'SUPER-MECHA: ATHENA©'

CLOSE UP MONTAGE - BLURBS ON COFFIN BOX

'5 orifices of pleasure!'

'Featuring revolutionary Q-Chip A.I. technology!'

'New amazing, realistic P.L.E.S.H. skin.'

'The world's most advanced Autodoll.'

CLOSE UP - TRANSPARENT VISOR ON PRODUCT BOX LID

Through the visor on the box, a YOUNG WOMAN'S closed eyes can be seen; as if in some cryogenic sleep.

INT. STUDIO SET

The sound of rattling chains.

A HEADLESS MALE MANNEQUIN chained to one of the pillars is shaking as if trying to break loose.

A circuit board dangles from the mannequin's neck. It flashes a light as it speaks in a French accent.

HEADLESS MANNEQUIN (V.O.)
Sacre Bleu! When does the show
start? (beep)-- Who's doing my make
up? (static)-- Wait a minute-- What
the fuck am I doing in Germany?

The monitor displays a logo; the letters 'S.S.R.', stylized with a map outline of the city of Stuttgart.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - EDITING SUITE ROOM - NIGHT

On a desk, a coffee mug with the S.S.R. logo.

A hand picks up the mug, revealing a copy of New Scientist, the cover features an octagonal shaped processor with a big 'Q' in the middle. The article headline reads 'Can The German Silicon Valley Survive The European Q-chip Recall?

HEINZ, 50, sits at the editing suite. He puts the mug down and sticks his big smokey cigar back in his mouth. Heinz is a skinny, grumpy individual of few words.

On Heinz's desk is a cactus plant that resembles a huge curved phallic.

He turns back for a second, indignantly looking at the three railings of lingerie and sexy outfits blocking his cabinet.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The dim lightbulb gives us a partially better view of the room, full of boxes, tools and computer/ robot components. It looks a bit chaotic.

On the workbench, several Q-CHIPS, as small as a penny, are scattered out on a folded out schematic of the processor.

MODO, early 30s, scans a barcode on the coffin box which is now horizontal on the floor.

Modo has a slight hunchback and walks with a partial limp. His unkempt hair, work trousers and Black Metal Gorgoroth shirt give the impression of an introverted roadie.

A WOMAN'S WHIMPERING is heard. Modo quickly turns round.

The whimpering is coming from a silicone ANIME HEAD on a small table, its wig has been partially pulled back revealing some circuitry.

The Anime head's giant eyes appear to be crying and have soaked the table.

ANIME HEAD (V.O.)
Please help me, you don't know what
they did to me!

HEINZ (O.S.)
(outside the room)
Modo!

Modo springs to attention and hastily moves to the door, but trips on a box and falls.

Marble EYEBALLS pour out of the box and roll everywhere.

The Anime head's sorrow turns to cruel, mocking laughter.

Modo quickly gets back up and sticks a finger at the head in depressing contempt.

INT. EDIT SUITE - NIGHT

Modo quickly enters and grabs two of the railings.

Modo is struggling to push the two railings together. He stops to take a breather.

The door swings open and AKSEL ADELHAM, early 20s, enters, inhaling a bulky vape device. He's a Caucasian, dreadlocked, egotistical brat, with an eccentric fashion style.

Modo looks greatly perturbed by Aksel, like a gazelle who has just caught site of a leopard.

Aksel takes off his coat and drops it on the floor.

AKSEL
(to Heinz)
Du wirst das Makeup Mädchen
beenden.

Aksel puffs out white smoke, not acknowledging Modo who limps towards him and picks up his coat.

AKSEL
Sie gibt mir nicht mal einen
blowjob!

Modo hangs the coat with great care on one of the railings.

HEINZ

Aksel Schnell! Modo, fucking move
this shit!

Aksel throws his vape device at Modo.

The vape hits Modo square in the forehead. He falls back,
bringing two of the railings down with him.

Aksel's English comes out with a strong German accent.

AKSEL

(to Modo)

Haul your hump, you misshapen
mongrel! This is not BBC! Just
because we produce in English,
doesn't mean we act like lazy
English.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

BERTHA, late 40s, enters the room with a tool bag and a
transparent cannister full of Q-chips. Hefty and butch, she
is dressed in overalls, safety glasses and a cap with the
S.S.R. logo.

ANIME HEAD (O.S.)

Please! I need help!

Bertha jolts on hearing the tense voice.

INT. STUDIO SET

The monitor, showing an 18 warning rating, changes to a Film
Leader countdown, '5', '4', '3', '2', '1', '0'.

The 'camera crew' consists of a TWO-HEADED MANNEQUIN.
Featureless, one arm operates a camera. The other arm holds a
boom and audio kit.

Aksel runs unto the set like a deranged game show host, and
addresses us, the audience.

AKSEL

Erotica Robotica!

The monitor shows the S.S.R. logo and the programme title,
'THE STUTTGART SEX-ROBOT REPORT'.

AKSEL

Yo I-Dollators! It's your favourite
Eurotrash white boy, the Ayatollah
of Autodolls.

(pointing to himself)

Aksel Adelhan!

INT. RESTROOM

Modo stares at himself in the mirror hard, a sad and pathetic figure, as Aksel's voice blasts out from the speaker.

AKSEL (V.O.)

The greatest sex-tech show on the
planet.

Modo snatches up the small zombie knife.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Bertha moves closer to the crying Anime head. She looks down at the doll head's tears which are now forming a small puddle on the floor.

INT. STUDIO SET

Aksel slowly walks across the set.

AKSEL

I know we promised that Ingrid
would be back this week.

INT. RESTROOM

Shirt off, Modo has his naked back against the sink mirrors, hesitantly pressing the blade on his hunch, as Aksel's voice is heard on the speaker.

AKSEL (V.O.)

But her rectum reconstruction is
taking longer than expected.

Modo sinks the blade into his back. He screams in excruciating agony.

His blood squirts on the mirror.

INT. STUDIO SET

Aksel stands next to the pillar with the headless mannequin.

AKSEL

Blame Boston Dynamic's awful He-Man
Autodoll. The yanks may be good at
building rockets but shit at making
Autodolls.

The chains rattle as the mannequin tries to reach out for
Aksel.

HEADLESS MANNEQUIN (V.O.)

Aksel my love-- (beep) You promised
you would free me so that we could
make love to the End of Days.

Aksel grabs the circuit board dangling from the mannequin's
neck and pulls it off. It immediately stops moving.

AKSEL

Sorry Monsieur, I only do bisexual
on weekends.

Aksel takes a Q-chip off the circuit board.

He throws the circuit board away and holds the very chip
between his finger and thumb. The monitor has a close up of
the Q-chip in his fingers.

AKSEL

The so called six billion dollar
singularity chip.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Bertha looks up and sees that the Anime head's 'tears' is
actually water dripping from a leak in the roof.

Bertha lets out a hearty laugh.

Bertha opens her tool bag and brings out a bottle of Mango
Schnapps. She opens it and takes a very long swig.

ANIME HEAD (V.O.)

You've got to help me get away!

Bertha digs into her tool bag and pulls out a heavy hammer.

She smashes the Anime head into an unresponsive pulp.

INT. EDIT SUITE - NIGHT

Heinz is lying back on his chair asleep, snoring heavily. His lighted cigar is still in his mouth.

INT. RESTROOM

In his back Modo has carved 'I WILL SOON KILL AKS' and now is cutting an 'E'.

Just above that, scare tissue has formed on where he has previously cut 'FICK DICH AKSEL'.

Modo catches sight of a tattoo on his arm. He stops cutting.

He raises his arm to look at it, a tattoo of the Q-chip; '666' is written below the 'Q'.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Intoxicated, Bertha struggles to read the Q-chip schematic sheet. She holds it right up to her face.

The glossy coffin box catches Bertha's eye. She drops the sheet and gawks at it in awe.

INT. STUDIO SET

Still holding the Q-chip, Aksel sits on the sofa. There is a small table with a China tea set next to it.

AKSEL

It's incredible that this tiny
little thing generates more heat
than a Flammenwerfer Thirty Five.

Aksel lays the chip on the table and taps a single key on the keyboard armrest.

AKSEL

Now it's been decommissioned just
because of the death of four Yank
tourists in a Munich robo-brothel.

The monitor is going through various newspaper clippings about the Munich robot-sex tourists murders.

AKSEL

A super smart sex robot was always
a super dumb idea.

Aksel takes the kettle and pours himself a cup of tea

AKSEL

Who the fuck wants a masturbation
device with Einstein level
intelligence? Terminator with tits.

INT. RESTROOM

Modo continues to stare at himself in the mirror.

AKSEL (V.O.)

But don't worry! Our engineers are
working flat out. All our Q-chips
will be replaced this week.

Modo is jolted to attention on hearing that.

He dashes into one of the toilet cubicles.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Bertha stares into the eyes of the sleeping woman through the
visor on the coffin box.

Bertha caresses the 'SUPER-MECHA: ATHENA©' lettering on the
box. She licks her upper-lip lustfully.

INT. RESTROOM

In the toilet cubicle, Modo finishes taking off a wall panel
behind the toilet bowl.

He pulls out a SHOEBOX covered with all kinds of Black Metal
and Satanic scribblings.

INT. STUDIO SET

Aksel enthusiastically jumps off the sofa.

AKSEL

I can't wait to show you guys our
preview of Uberdoll's much hyped
Super-Mecha series. Created right
here in Deutschland!

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Bertha hastily takes off the lid of the coffin box and casts it aside.

In the box, ATHENA, naked, an Autodoll who appears to be a real, stunningly beautiful woman in her early 20s.

Bertha snatches a funky tablet like device out of the box. The box is filled with polystyrene chippings, which also cover Athena's intimate areas.

Athena's eyes spring open, looking straight up.

INT. STUDIO SET

AKSEL

The skin is a new material called Plesh, made from polymers and pig meat, indistinguishable from a real woman, just like Westworld!

Aksel jumps back on the sofa.

AKSEL

This means Auf wiedersehen to TPE and silicone. It seems fitting that the Uncanny Valley should come full circle to the land of the sex robot's birth.

Aksel pulls out a BLOW UP DOLL from behind the sofa.

AKSEL

The only exceptional thing the Third Reich did for us.

The monitor flicks through images and propaganda of the Nazi's 'Borghild Project'.

Aksel squeezes the blow up's breasts, and is unimpressed.

AKSEL

It's laughable now, but these grotesque things were created to prevent SS troops catching syphilis on foreign soil.

Aksel uses one of his piercings to burst the blow up doll, and throws it to the side as it deflates.

INT. RESTROOM

Modo sits on the toilet bowl with the open shoebox in his lap. He is looking at a baseball cap, pleasantly reminiscing.

The baseball cap has a gold plated label that reads 'EUROPEAN ETHICAL HACKER 2023: Awarded to MODO GEINTZ'.

His elation quickly drops back into his familiar downbeat expression. He drops the cap.

Packed into neat compartments in the shoebox, a Raspberry Pi device, a big processor and an engagement ring box.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Bertha is bent down at the box with Athena, as if paying respects at a wake. She looks tensely at Athena's lifeless expression.

Bertha clears some of the polystyrene so that one of Athena's breasts is revealed.

INT. RESTROOM

Modo takes out a folded sheet from the shoebox.

Folding the sheet out, it is the Q-chip schematic covered with his own scribblings.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Bertha pours the Mango Schnapps drink on Athena's breast while stroking her hair.

Bertha puts the bottle aside, whips off her cap and safety glasses and throws them aside.

Panting and blubbering, Bertha starts to suckle on Athena's breast, as Athena continues to look straight up, lifeless.

INT. RESTROOM

The speaker above the mirror lies smashed on the floor.

Modo is kneeling before the statue of Baphomet, with eyes closed, as if in prayer. The shoebox is beside him.

Modo opens his eyes, takes a screwdriver from his trousers and starts to unscrew the statue from the wall.

INT. STUDIO SET

The monitor displays the text 'SANHUI'S DIGITAL DOLLY'.

Aksel is bending over what looks like a stuffed SHEEP.

AKSEL

I told you beast bots would make a
comeback! And you doubted me.

Aksel squeezes one of sheep's teats. Milk squirts out of the
teat unto the floor.

AKSEL

But I think the semi-skimmed milk
for your morning tea is an Autodoll
feature that has been done to death

He strokes and caresses the sheep's body with both hands.

AKSEL

Coming from a boy that grew up on
an Austrian farm, I can tell you it
looks and smells like a real sheep.
Makes me remember mummy's
Sauerbraten roast.

Aksel moves one of his hands to his crutch, he is getting
really turned on.

AKSEL

And-- And there's twenty six sheep
personalities you can download from
their website.

Aksel points to the two metal bolts on the sheep's neck.

AKSEL

Love those Universal Monster
throwback bolts! Most of you
probably don't know what the hell
I'm talking about.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Bertha, knelling by the box, taps on the Super-Mecha tablet.

Athena comes to life, looking very scared and quivering, as
if about to cry. She mouths "No" "Please No".

INT. RESTROOM

Modo takes down the Baphomet statue to reveal a hidden computer MOTHERBOARD, with eight Q-chips in a circular configuration.

Modo takes the big processor from the shoebox and plugs it into a slot in the middle of the Q-chips.

INT. STUDIO SET

The monitor reads DOGGY-STYLE FANS BEWARE!

Looking miffed, Aksel pulls his finger out of the sheep's anus and gets to his feet.

AKSEL

Whose dumb idea was it to put the power connector in the asshole? This Muppet monstrosity deserves no more than a sixteen point five.

The sheep gives a bleat of disappointment.

AKSEL

(to sheep)

There's no point moaning about it. You're Oriental creators need to go back to the drawing board.

The monitor sounds a 'ding' as it displays 'DIGITAL DOLLY RATING: 16.5%'.

INT. RESTROOM

Modo takes the power cable out of the hand dryer and sticks it into a socket on the motherboard.

The motherboard immediately becomes active, whirring and lots of blinking lights.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Bertha kisses Athena around the neck as Athena continues to whimper and mouth "No", "Stop", "Please".

BERTHA

(aroused)

Ja, Ja!

The door opens slightly. Modo peers his head through. He looks at Bertha.

Modo turns to look at the MALE DOLL at the coat stand dressed in a Roman soldier outfit.

INT. EDIT SUITE - NIGHT

Still snoring, Heinz's head jolts forward, his cigar drops from his mouth into his lap.

He jumps up and swats the burning cigar from his trousers.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Bertha is aggressively trying to unzip her overalls, but the zip remains stuck.

Modo stands still by the male, carefully watching Bertha.

Modo opens the engagement ring box, revealing two SMART RINGS. He puts one of the rings on his index finger.

Modo takes hold of the male doll's finger.

Modo takes a clumsy stagger forward and bumps into the male doll causing it to fall to the floor, the armor making a lot of clanging.

Modo drops down and quickly crawls to under the workbench.

Bertha stops and slowly turns to the fallen Roman doll.

Modo watches as Bertha staggers towards the doll, nearly tripping over a marble eyeball.

Bertha kicks the Roman doll, then repeatedly jumps on it, pulverizing the thing.

From under the workbench, Modo sees Athena's arm dangling out of her box.

As Bertha continues to jump on the doll, Modo crawls towards Athena, he takes her hand and puts the ring on her fourth finger, then kisses her hand.

INT. STUDIO SET

Aksel on the sofa, loudly sips on his tea.

AKSEL

The greatest invention since the steam engine. Who wants a real woman-- or man, when you have these perfumed beauties who don't sweat or ever get old?

Aksel puts the cup down and springs up.

AKSEL

Society's answer to sex addiction. An instant cure and treatment for deviants, rapists and pedophiles.

Aksel points to the monitor, showing a graphic of the meme character 'Pedobear' quickly caged in a No Entry symbol.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Athena, with the Roman soldier's cape wrapped around her, slams Bertha's head into the work bench while holding her neck in a vice grip.

Athena, looks at Bertha with an expression of both gratification and innocence, as Bertha choking, pathetically tries to pull her hand away.

Clapping is heard, Athena turns her head towards it.

Modo is clapping, sitting on a stool.

INT. RESTROOM

Screwed back on the wall, a slight reddish glow comes from the middle of the Baphomet statue.

Smoke starts to come out of the top of the statue.

INT. STUDIO SET

Aksel stands next to a pillar.

AKSEL

Next, the part you've been waiting for. The Jiggy Jiggy Aksel Road Test. We'll find out if Realbotix's modular, so called Lego doll lives up to the hype.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Bertha is now in the coffin box. Her face beaten, she is barely alive.

Modo frantically swipes all the buttons on Athena's tablet. He then tosses it aside.

Athena is naked, the Roman cape is spread on the floor. She is picking up the scattered marble eyeballs.

Modo staggers to Athena, who has gone back to the coffin box.

Modo pulls out a blown up photo of Aksel and holds it to Athena, tapping on it, but she pays no attention.

MODO
(to Athena)
Halt, Halt!

Athena takes one of the marble eyeballs and puts it in choking Berta's throat.

Athena puts another eyeball in Bertha's mouth, then pushes them down with her finger. Blood squirts out of Bertha's nostrils.

Modo moves just a bit closer to Athena as Bertha makes a terrible rasping sound; and then quiet. Dead.

Aksel again points at Aksel in the picture.

MODO
Dies ist das Hauptziel! This is
primary target. Halt!

INT. STUDIO SET

Whistling Aksel swipes the controller on the sofa armrest.

The sofa starts to hum.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Athena takes the last eyeball in her hand and sticks it in deceased Bertha's mouth.

Athena examines her empty hand, looking lost.

Athena picks up a screwdriver on the floor.

Athena shoves the screwdriver into Bertha's eyes socket. The eyeball pops out.

Athena holds the eyeball in her palm and stares at it.

The sound of cackling electricity comes from behind Athena.

Athena turns to see a nervous Modo approaching her, holding a bulky device in his hands that looks like a defibrillator.

Modo stops in his tracks as she turns to him.

INT. STUDIO SET

The front seats of the humming sofa fling forward.

AKSEL

Don't you go anywhere! We'll be
right back after these fucking
messages!

Aksel spins round and pulls his trousers down.

The camera zooms unto his bare buttocks. The right butt cheek is tattooed with the Carlsberg logo; the left butt is tattooed with the Pornhub.com logo. Unique advertising!

INT. BLACK ROOM

A totally black space. On a black display table, A FEMALE MANNEQUIN HEAD slowly rotates on a turntable. The head has a bad wig and a massive open mouth.

COMMERCIAL NARRATOR (V.O.)

From X-sentials, the latest in oral
pleasure technology.

Moving closer to the head, the texture is like paper-mache. This hideous thing looks like it would be more suited as a scarecrow head.

SUPER: LOOSE LIPS LISA

COMMERCIAL NARRATOR

Loose Lips Lisa's powerful four
hundred thousand RPM vacuum suction
motor will blow you away.

INT. RESTROOM

Smoke brushes past the broken smoke detector on the ceiling.

A Lot more smoke pouring out from behind the Baphomet statue glowing, as if it was the Devil himself.

INT. EDIT SUITE - NIGHT

Heinz sniffs the air like something is burning. As the commercial is heard playing on his computer.

COMMERCIAL NARRATOR (V.O.)
Take Loose Lips Lisa home today and
make her one of the family.

Heinz looks at his cigar. He then stubs it in the cactus pot.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Athena continues to stare at Modo holding the pads. Modo slowly limps forward as his courage grows.

Athena's eyes turn to the cape that Modo is now stepping on.

In one quick motion, Athena grabs the cape and pulls it.

Modo slips and falls, landing on his back. The cackling defibrillator devices land on his chest and belly, shocking the life out of him.

Modo's face quickly turns blue. Yellow froth pours out of his mouth.

INT. CHAPEL

Exactly like the black space of the previous commercial, but instead of a display table, a pulpit, and a light on the wall designed like a stained glass window.

At the pulpit, Southern preacher, PASTOR QUINTARRIUS, early 50s, bows his head and mimes in passionate prayer.

COMMERCIAL NARRATOR 2 (V.O.)
In a world full of chaos, vice and
pestilence, let the inspired words
of God's chosen prophet and
Mississippi's favourite son sooth
your soul.

Quintarrius looks up and speaks with great emotion.

QUINTARRIUS
The end is upon us brothers and
sisters.

(MORE)

QUINTARRIUS (CONT'D)

This once beautiful Earth is now
infested with murderers, sodomites
and I-Dollators. I-- I--

Quintarrius loses his composure and begins to sob.

He grabs his silk handkerchief from his expensive suit pocket
and dabs his tears.

CLOSE-UP - HANDKERCHIEF

Some of the tears on the handkerchief appear to have changed
to a reddish color.

COMMERCIAL NARRATOR 2 (V.O.)

The incredible transubstantiation
process begins. Our beloved
pastor's tears miraculously
transform into the precious blood.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Athena's manicured hand picks up the S.S.R. baseball cap.

INT. CHAPEL

On the podium a set of different sized vials containing a
bloody red liquid, like a luxury perfume set.

COMMERCIAL NARRATOR 2 (V.O.)

There are thousands of testimonials
all around the world that
Quintarrius' Tears have cured such
ailments as Alzheimer's, diabetes
and homosexuality. Start your seed
offering now at just eight hundred
Euros a month.

INT. STUDIO SET

Aksel holds his clenched fists right up to the screen. 'FUCK
RELIGION' is tattooed across his fingers backwards.

AKSEL

Fuck you, videovangelist parasite!

Aksel puts his hands down, breathing heavily.

He calms down, relaxing his composure.

AKSEL

Sorry about that folks, you know
my country's crazy laws. For every
half an hour of adult entertainment
we have to transmit one minute of
religious bullshit advertising.

Aksel walks towards the sofa, which has become a sumptuous
romantic bed, complete with heart shaped pillows.

AKSEL

Just be glad it wasn't a cock
sucking Roman Catholic commercial.
That fucking paedophile factory!

The bed has a few silicone and latex body parts on it,
including an anus, two pairs of breasts and a wig.

Aksel drops himself on the bed, some of the body parts fall
on the floor.

Aksel takes his boots off and throws them aimlessly.

AKSEL

But that Lisa is quite something I
can tell you. Loose lips have sunk
a lot more than ships. I think I'll
get my step-papa one for Christmas.

INT. RESTROOM

The Baphomet statue falls off the wall and breaks into pieces
on the floor.

The whole of the motherboard is on fire.

INT. STUDIO SET

As Aksel squeezes a tub of orange gel into his hand, Athena
appears and sits on the bed right next to him. She is wearing
Bertha's cap, safety glasses and baggy blood stained
overalls, making her look frumpy.

Aksel is dumbfounded as Athena stares at him like a little
lost cub.

Furious Aksel turns his head everywhere as if looking for a
producer.

Athena touches and sensually rubs Aksel's leg.

Aksel slaps her hand and pushes it away.

AKSEL
(whispering to Athena)
This is a live show you dumb bitch!

INT. EDIT SUITE - NIGHT

Heinz lies back dead on his chair. His eyeballs are missing and the cactus plant has been rammed down his throat.

INT. STUDIO SET

Athena continues to stare at him, Aksel jumps up and addresses the audience.

AKSEL
Our talented engineer here is going
to help us put this lego doll
together.

Athena whips her cap off. She grabs Aksel by the hand and forces him down unto the bed with such great force, he is disoriented for a second.

AKSEL
What the fuck!
(whispering to Athena)
Do you know who the fuck I am
fucktard?

Athena's free hand grabs Aksel by his dreadlocks and forces him to kiss her, a mouthful sensual kiss.

Athena's hand squeezes hard on Aksel's hand until his bones are heard breaking. Aksel's moans of great pain are muffled.

Aksel's eyes are full of terror as Athena continues to kiss him and get on top of him.

Blood trickles down from their mouths, as Aksel groans in extreme agony.

THE END