

# **S W A G**

by

Hank of W

FADE IN:

INT. NORTH KOREA - STATE MEETING HALL/HALLWAY - LATE

The interior of the cavernous building is adorned, with Nazi-like fever, banners of the WPK in red and gold.

Worn out US delegates lounge around in the carpeted hallway area. A door opens and out comes US secretary of state JOHN.

John slumps into a bench, loosens his tie, looks up at a Kim Jong-Il portrait hung on the opposite wall

JOHN

And we thought this little fucker  
was nuts, then he had a son.

All the delegates look at their boss, deflated.

JOHN

Where the Chinese stand?

A delegate points to show that the Chinese delegates are in even worse shape, some actually dozed off on the carpet.

JOHN

A bunch of wet noodles.

BESPECTACLED

Their meeting lasted about two  
minutes, I guess the Koreans saw  
through their cards.

JOHN

I better call the president to  
update him on this clusterfuck.

A YODA look-alike Asian delegate pushes out from the crowd

YODA

You know what John, Swagger, why  
not him?

JOHN

(springs up)

Oh shit, Swag is here? OUR Swag?

YODA

In Karaoke, he sings.

JOHN

Fuck me, get him here, now.

INT. STATE MEETING HALL - LATER

On one side of the long table is the N.Korean officials. They look like they are seeing ghost. On the other side of

the table is

SWAG. A caped and half-masked white dude with a large "S" on his star-spangled chest armor plate. "I always call, unless I raise" type of super dude.

OFFICIAL

(in broken English)

Supreme leader order, no deal with Chinese, they work with you. We keep facility capacity. NO DEAL.

Swag takes out a pair of mirror shades and puts them on. Officials become alarmed, sweating.

SWAG

(mimics broken English)

You take no deal, we don't care. Chinese go home, we go home, every bad boy go home. You say you have nuke, we believe you true. You have ten nuke, you bomb Hawaii and we don't care boo-boo. Then we send fiddy nuke to you, and you go bye-bye. Big dick league. You sign up for it Kimchi?

Swag lights a cigar, gets up and leaves, leaving the officials wide-eyed and completely petrified.

INT. NORTH KOREA - STATE MEETING HALL/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door is kicked out of its hinges, Swag struts out the meeting like a boss, cape bellowing.

JOHN

(very concerned)

How it go? Did they scale back?

Swag doesn't stop, keeps going, the rest follows.

SWAG

(swag all day)

You already know, fam. It's done, you are welcome, America. What you know about that? Say hi to my boy B.O. in the house. Where the hookers at?

As Swag swags out of sight in the supreme hall, signing photographs and high-fiving along the way. The US delegates stand and linger in awe, some guy slow claps in the back. John is flabbergasted. Is this guy for real?

CUT TO:

CNN broadcast on TV:

Hawaii is engulfed in flames and annihilation, citizens burned to char, it's a nuclear HELL. Kim went all-in.

INT. SWAG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Swag is watching CNN Live on North Korean nuclear attack on Hawaii. Swag's mouth wide open, no words come out.

A SERIES OF VIOLENT SHOTS:

Swag - trashes his pimped out apartment in rage; Chugs a bottle of Henny; Plays guitar hero and smashes the guitar controller; does lines of cocaine; gets mad head from two hookers; Kneels and kisses the American flag; Scissors his superhero costume and burns them in a bin basket.

Now, Swag is completely wasted and done, lies on the marble floor. A handgun emerges, raised up by Swag, the muzzle slowly points to his own temple. Tears stream down his face.

Inevitably, A LOUD BANG and smash cut to BLACK.

Over Black, intermittently:

THE PRESIDENT

(on TV)

... declare as of this early morning, this great nation is at war with the Democratic People's Republic of Korea...God says turn the other cheek...and I believe no such thing that I could have done...to gain his will, but he can only be stopped by force, not faith...god bless America.

Lights flickers back on, Swag takes in the self-destruction, no more broadcast on TV, only statics now. And Swag sees

Yoda, sitting on his ravaged leather couch. The handgun was completely stripped on the overturned coffee table.

YODA

(a little amused)

Still wish to die, Swag?

SWAG

I am already in hell, asshole. All those people, because of me. Why, why was I so reckless?

Yoda gets up and stretches to all his four foot nine.

YODA

You were Swag. This nation, you helped build. No one did it better. But time has changed, world changed. Change you must.

Swag realizes something, he was enraged.

SWAG

You, you sent for me. I didn't need to be there. But you fuckers couldn't handle the Koreans and they called your bluff, didn't they? You weak ass fuck. Now I have a million death on my hand.

Swag is getting hotter and hotter, about to lunge at Yoda. Yoda unfazed, calmly

YODA

You have a gift, Swag, born with it, cursed by it. No one looks defeat in the eyes like you do. Unnatural, and it's scary to your enemies, isn't it? Love it do you? Licked it all up?

SWAG

I don't want to be that guy any more, I don't want to live like that no more. I am done with this bullshit, I am done with y'all. Now, go away.

YODA

Fair enough. If you change your mind...

SWAG

(almost feral)

Leave me be.

Yoda nods, turns and exits.

Swag slumps onto the floor, capitulating. He looks out his window to the city sky, overcast and ominous.

QUICK SOMBER SHOTS OF THE CITY, OF CITIZENS SHUFFLING AROUND, HEADS BOWED, DOING NOTHING, LACK OF CONFIDENCE IN ALL ASPECTS OF LIFE AND FUTURE

STOCK MARKET PLUMMETS, BUSINESS CLOSING, UNEMPLOYMENT LINES STRETCH AROUND THE BLOCKS. HOMELESSNESS AND GANGS.

ON TV:

THE PRESIDENT

With the heaviest of heart, I stand before the nation, to resign my presidency in this office. Words are no long enough for remediation of my oversight, apologies have been exhausted. I failed you, I failed to protect the freedom and democracy this country was built on....

TV shuts off and plunges into darkness again.

EXT. THE TALLEST BUILDING - ROOF - DAWN

Sun shows its orange dome, painting the eastern sky hauntingly beautiful, like sunset, but this is sunrise.

A rainbow-colored cape flaps against two hairy legs in dirty sneakers, of witch one is missing its shoelace.

YODA (V.O.)

See now Swag? How this city turns in the absence of your valor?

A beer belly protrudes in a wife-beater, embroidered on which is a large block letter "W".

YODA (V.O.)

Lack of ambitions, the once intrepid greatness yields to mediocrity.

Scruffy, lazy and dingy. This is WHATEVER MAN.

YODA (V.O.)

In the absence of light, darkness congregates.

He finishes a bud and unceremoniously tosses the bottle over the roof. He burps. Eyes glazing in the morning ray.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Phones ringing off the hooks, crimes everywhere.

A police captain in a full mask and a cape that has all kinds of arrows on it pointing at different directions.

YODA (V.O.)  
People can no longer afford  
responsibilities.

This is CAPTAIN EXCUSE. He is now explaining to the hostage on the phone how the robbers only want money, and the benefit of one less family member when push comes to kill.

YODA (V.O.)  
Human dignity can no longer be  
sustained.

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS AROUND THE COUNTRY - DAY

YODA (V.O.)  
And above all else, we lost the  
most important thing in life, far  
more potent than life itself.

American flags are being lowered and taken down in all major hubs, Wall Street, Washington Monument, Facebook headquarters, WWE octagon, Wal-Mart's, etc.

INT. SWAG'S APARTMENT

Swag sits up slowly.

SWAG/YODA (V.O.)  
We lost HOPE.

EXT. MIDDLE EAST - SOMEWHERE DANGEROUS - DUSK

YODA (V.O.)  
And evil rises.

A caped dark hulking figure emerges from behind a burnt US humvee. Evil army surrounding him, chanting.

This is DARK SURRENDER.

PULL UP to reveal a field of slain US military force and vehicles. Scattered, burnt and bloody. Brown, Black and Red.

YODA (V.O.)  
Bitch, you better turn up.

SMASH TO BLACK