

# **bANAL**

An extremely true story.

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*All songs mentioned are wishful suggestions.*

PROLOGUE-told by a Twilight Zone type narrator with stills showing evolution of love games. Cave man dragging woman, lions fucking, swamp thing carrying chick, 50's woman in apron smiling, playboy bunny, fireman with kitties, bondage chick.

PROLOGUE VO

Welcome to your friendly neighborhood parallel universe, where it's the same shit different day here too.. Just a little different..

WWIII has begun, and warfare is made with seduction and sex instead of bullets and bombs like over in your hood.. Sex, greed and vanity have evolved into weaponry, with a population seemingly void of any humanity whatsoever. FUCKING fighting and dying for world domination.

The military arms race innovates weapons of ass destruction nonstop. Sexual espionage and spy and lie games lurk everywhere.

The war started because some dick needed 1 more yacht of course and oh yeah- the US assassination of some important Iranian dude visiting Afghanistan.

*This* world has had it with that bully USA and its vile unstoppable lust for power. But, they have always been and undoubtedly will always be- the most powerful *fuckers* in the world!!! Until perhaps this time...

INT. RECRUITER BOOGY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Recruiter BOOGY watching TV, working out, apt. is messy pink He talks on 80's style cute landline phone. Sheer Indulgence pantyhose commercial on. He's buff af, 30ish., black, queer.

BOOGY

(blase)

Girl, I heard that shit. You got orders already? Mm-hh, O seven hundred. Yep, that bitch blew his mother fuckin load in Iran, and here we get to go..

INT. RECRUITER TYRONE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Recruiter TYRONE has a green juice, doing the butt kegel exerciser, in bland modern apartment. Buff af also, 30ish,black queer. Bluetooth.

TYRONE

Mmm-hh, off to slaughter like the sweet little lambs we are. Make that money honey, manana girl!Pew pew, kiss kiss...  
Ciao.

INT. US MILITARY RECRUITING OFFICE. DAY.

Recruiter Tyrone marches down the hall in a modern S&M patent leather type uniform. Carries black horse whip.

Recruiter Boogy opens door dramatically for Recruiter Tyrone and then closes. Enters room filled with about 40 recruits of all ages, sizes, sexes, and colors. As he enters and comes to his position he does a heel click, turn stomp move.

TYRONE

(animated)

The good old fashioned US of A is smackin ass and swingin dick my good people. We appreciate your verve and vigor! We loooove volunteers! (beat)  
The world is after us, what can I say, we satisfy that insatiable hunger. It's time to get nasty!!! USA!USA!USA!USA!

Recruits hoot and holler back in unison, rarin to go. Great applause.

Recruiter Tyrone dramatic exit. Boogy again assists with the door. Boogy dazzling, like gameshow host or car salesman.

BOOGY

On to processing, assignment and boot camp bitches! You will be called one at a time... Make a good impression ya'll! This is your chance to shine you crazy little diamonds; show us what you're made of!(beat) Now go get em' tigers!  
(seductively)

INT. INTERVIEW ROOMS. DAY.

Recruitment posters hang on walls that say "Aim High! Fuck them All and Fuck Them Hard!" "Do You Fuck What It Takes? Volunteer Today for the USA!" Each interview has 2 recruiters/1 recruit.

INTERVIEW ROOM 1

TYRONE

Now then young buck, what special talents do you so possess in your special little pinky, orrrr your?

Tyrone sits back smiling tapping fingers together with prayer like hands, eyeing RECRUIT CL's(cunning linguist) junk area.

RECRUIT CL

(southern drawl)

Sir Yes Sir Ma'am Sir!

TYRONE

It's Madam Sir, god damn it!!!

RECRUIT CL

Sir! Madam Sir Ma'am Sir Madam.

TYRONE

(boiling)

Get on with it boy!

RECRUIT CL

I've been married for 15yrs Madam Sir,  
so I talk a good game and lick a mean  
ass Madam Sir, I got my wife, sir,  
screamin for mercy usually.

Recruiter 2 enters notes on holographic laptop as Recruit CL  
(cunning linguist) smiles stupidly.

BOOGY

Endowments?

Recruit CL embarrassingly stretches out his drawers while Boogy  
and Tyrone enticingly look over and down, and then smile  
politely with poor boy kind of attitude. Sound bite waaa waaa.

Boogy takes a dick pic as Tyrone enters his info down in the  
Special Ops group Cunning Linguists. Notes-Smooth talker, little  
dick. They stamp his "Cunning Linguist" assignment ticket.

INTERCUT INTERVIEW ROOM 2

Recruiter A (female, sexy, all recruiters in S&M military patent  
leather outfits) and RECRUIT PB (pretty boy)- 20's, hot af, dumb.

RECRUITER A

Well what you got for us son?

RECRUIT PB

Watch, and learn...

Recruit PB (pretty boy) gestures to himself by shaking his mane a  
bit, then arms out with inviting come and get it finger wag.

Recruiter A and Assistant A look at each other like, sheeeiit,  
say what, pfff?

Assistant A very sexy woman, buff af, walks in front of him.  
Camera angle looking through her upper legs/crotch at him, on  
his face. Recruit PB looks at her face and drifts down.

Assistant A turns round quickly, squeezes her extremely ripped butt muscles in front of Recruit PB's face. He winces. Beastie Boys- Hey Ladies starts.

Recruiter A smiles enjoying Recruit PB's scared reaction.

Montage of recruiters discerning/ reacting with recruits displaying all sorts of special sexual prowesses.

Long tongues... bottles of viagra(old guys)... big titties/dicks (guys holding up arms- like showing how big their fish they caught was except they're describing or lying about dick size)... Symbol for blow job- thumb pointing with tongue poking inside of cheek... ripped body builders- dick ripping ass cheeks flexing... meth head chick taking her teeth out and pretending to perform fellatio on a pop bottle(recruiters are disgusted/shocked and kind of gag)...

Coinciding scenes of the assigned special ops/division stamp flash by with each recruit smiling stupidly. These stamps include Lezbonics, Cunning Linguists, Pretty Boys, Middle Aged Divorcees, Front Line, Lips and Ass, Dick of Death...

INT. RECRUIT HALLWAY. DAY.

Boogy opens door and motions for next recruit-RECRUIT BONE SPURS. 65ish, overweight, overzealous, overconfident disgusting old man with a toupee and little dick. He pulls his pants up over his belly and struts in like Rodney Dangerfield.

Boogy and Tyrone look at each other and roll their eyes, hard.

TYRONE

What, fine sir, brings you here today?  
And thank you for enlisting. Dark  
exciting times ahead.

BONE SPURS

I heard there was a lot of action since  
the assassination , so here I am ready  
and willing. I do prefer to receive as  
opposed to giving though, bone spurs  
and all... But of course if you feed me  
one of daddy's little helpers I should

be bigly, very bigly... Ready for the  
back nine if you get my drift.

Laughs and snorts like a slovenly gross ass old man pig, spits  
when he talks. Tyrone is disgusted and talks to him like a  
child. Fake laughs.

TYRONE

OK then sir, sounds like you really are  
ready to rock and roll, rock the  
casbah!

BONE SPURS

Grab em' by the pussy, stick your  
tongue down their throat, they fucking  
love it. For the honor and the glory,  
USA!!!

TYRONE

(discreet to BOOGY)

Young fucks and viagra ducks then.

Trae and Boogy look sideways at each other and then smile... They  
stamp his recruitment ticket FRONT LINE.

EXT. BASIC TRAINING PARTY BUS TRANSPORT. DAY.

Recruits stand in line to get on basic training transport party  
busses. Strobe lights and fog billow out. Music. Lots of  
recruits, 100's. Propaganda video billboards all around.  
Families tearfully saying goodbye. RECRUIT DOD(dick of death)  
boasting to recruit in front of him in line.

RECRUIT DOD

You'd never guess by looking, but I uh  
got the elite force DOD... That's Dick  
of Death if you didn't know.

RECRUIT LA #1(lips and ass)turns around. Big beautiful black  
woman.

RECRUIT LA #1

Ohhhh, look at you little white boy,  
dick of motha fuckin death, happy  
birthday. He's packin girls! Let's just

hope you got some gun to back that ammo  
up, you know what I'm sayin?

She steps up close to him flirtatiously and runs her finger  
under his chin helping him look right in her eyes.

RECRUIT LA #1

You just let me know if you need any  
extra duties sugar. You come see Uniqua  
elite special ops division LA. And UH  
if you couldn't a' guessed it, that's  
Lips and Ass baby!"Rock you all night  
long, all night" Uhhhh uhhhh.

She does a little twerk hip thrust with the Uhhh Uhhh and laughs  
heartily turning around shaking head. (sings Lionel Richie part)

Recruit DOD looks dumbfounded.

Party busses load up and take off with fog, strobe and jams  
billowing out. Sex is Violent-Jane's Addiction plays.

INT. BARRACKS. BOOT CAMP. DAY.

Recruits finding their bunks etc.. Assistant PANTERA marches to  
center entrance area and orders attention. Recruits fumble to  
attention line. Pantera is very black panther Grace Jonesish  
goddess, black patent leather military outfit, Jamaican accent...

PANTERA

Attention!! Line up my little ratlings.  
Sergeant. Major. DRAST. in da mix!!!

Sergeant Major DRAST enters. 40ish. Latinx/Black. Very  
beautiful, sharp, sea witch Ursula vibe. Black shiny Elvis hair  
with a very stylish sergeant outfit, shiniest black conical peg  
leg, and eye patch. Nightclubbing, by Grace Jones plays. He  
march saunters up and down the barracks, his pegleg clinking,  
overlooking the new recruits. Very dramatic bitch.

LGBT3PO a droid assistant follows Drast.

DRAST

What a raggedy ass looking litter of  
little pussy cats... LGBT3PO! Are you



getting a load of all this wee willy  
winky up in here?

LGBT3PO Scans recruits as they pass by. It speaks with a polite hissing robotic english voice.

LGBT3PO

Yes sir Sergeant Drast sir. Body scans  
complete- 28 recruits, 13 male, 8  
female, 7 them.

LGBT3PO projects holograph of data. Drast starts bullying when he stops in front of Recruit METH HEAD.

DRAST

My my there's a stink in my last mother  
fucking eye. What in the hottest hell  
are you doing here sweet darling?  
Endowments?

(yells)

Recruit Meth Head smiles seductively revealing she has no teeth,  
gesturing fellatio someway. All, kind of gasp with an ewwww.

METH HEAD

Mad skills sir! Yes sir!  
(laughs grotesquely)

DRAST

(scornfully)

Suckin that pipe's gonna do us all some  
good apparently. Drop and dippity doo  
foul thing!

Drast orders her dramatically yelling at end. There is a  
stripper pole in the barrack. Meth Head starts doing some weird  
dance/stripper move twerk exercise as Drast continues down the  
barrack.

DRAST

LGBT3PO! Put that one down for a mouth  
job.

LGBT3PO runs holograms of her face with differing looks-teeth/no teeth/scary metal teeth...

Drast continues down aisle of recruits standing at attention next to their bunks.

One recruit looks down at Drast's clinking sharp shiny black peg leg after he passes.

Drast stops and comes back to this recruit. He sounds like a demon.

DRAST

What do you think you're looking at little boy? Didn't yo dick mama teach you it's rude to stare?

RECRUIT LOOKY LOU

Sir, nothing sir! How did you-

DRAST

Drop a dozen lowlows, you rude thing you!

Lowlows- another seductive dance move, squatting twerk.

DRAST

Let me tell you a story boy, gather round children, listen well.

Recruits start coming close to listen to story.

DRAST

Back Back I say! Filthy animals! Don't you dare breathe within 6ft of me, ever! Carajo! You dumb dogs.

Drast yells, then makes the motion of swinging his hair back. Recruits scurry back to their positions. Recruit Looky Lou, sweaty from lowlows, gulps hard. Drast comes extremely close to Looky Lou's face, like Aliens.

DRAST



(drama)

Last thing I need is that dusty dicked  
Delilah thinkin her name's in my mouth,  
sheeeiiit... SO- If I find out any of you  
little scabs lets the pussy out of the  
bag..

He taps his black, shiny spiked peg leg, hard.

DRAST

(hissing)

Old faithful seconds as a dick clit  
pierce; *grave gauge*..

Some recruits look green and pale. Drast laughs deeply and  
devilishly as he marches to the front of aisle. He turns sharp.

DRAST

0800 Dog Patch! Our infamed obstacle  
course. Don't forget your beauty rest  
my little beasts.

(to meth head)

Bitch you gonna need a lot more than  
that!

He snaps to LGBT3PO to play an exit song. Drast fabulously  
marches out to You Can Do It- Ice Cube and dances a bit before  
he exits completely. Music dies out after Pantera exits.

PANTERA

At ease rodentia!

Pantera and LGBT3PO follow in a formation.

LATER. INT. BARRACKS. NIGHT.

Recruits chatting in beds. We've met Recruit CL(cunning  
linguist) and Recruit DOD(dick of death)before. RECRUIT LA is a  
big and beautiful white girl, 28-35. Recruit PB is a  
ridiculously hot young dumb dude, 20's.

RECRUIT CL(cunning linguist)

What the hell was I thinking. Hell. I guess, I was fondly thinking of hell.

RECRUIT LA(lips and ass)  
Yeah and no fucking hand basket...

RECRUIT PB(pretty boy)  
I want my mommy.

RECRUIT DOD(dick of death)  
Fucking pussies. For honor and for  
Glory!!! USA!USA!USA!

Recruit DOD(dick of death) jumps from bunk, heel clicks and clenches his butt cheeks in a death grip. Several others join in with "USA" enthusiastically. The naysayers look around at them and scoff. Recruit LA whispers to whoever will listen.

RECRUIT LA  
Dang I just need to pay for college and groceries... I ain't *that* fuckin dumb or hungry...

EXT. DOG PATCH OBSTACLE COURSE. DAY.

Drast's company stands at attention. The course looks ominous on a foggy morn... can't see the end. Like it goes on forever. A couple medieval obstacles with spikes and blades amongst normal military grade.

DRAST  
Gooooood moooornin Dog Patch! (beat)  
Ladies, gentlemen, gentlewomen, they,  
them,- all you motherfuckers!!! (beat)  
Stamina, endurance, horsepower!

Drast neighs like a wild stallion.

DRAST(cont.)  
-are the magic ingredients. Now watch  
and learn pendejos. On your mark, get  
set, be free my Tigress!!!

He lets Pantera out of a wild animal cage and she looks more like a black panther than she already does. She takes off

like the wind to conquer the course. The recruits struggle to keep up on the sidelines just to watch her.

They hoot and holler like American Gladiators.

When she finishes the obstacle course she screams like a carnal animal and rips her shirt off bearing her beautiful muscly physique and "kind of" boobs... A heavier type male recruit is so excited he tears his shirt off also revealing his "kind of" man boobs.

Drast joins Pantera, whispers sensual sweet nothings into her ear, and she disappears into the fog. Drast watches longingly.

DRAST

Now that is what I am talkin about my kittens. Let the games begin. Let's all make sure I don't have to tie you in a gunny sack and send you down river, mokay... Welcome. to. HELLLL!

Drast cackles softly, anticipating. He taps his peg twice for the "go."

INTERCUT. OBSTACLE START AREA. DAY.

All the recruits are looking pretty dismal. Like 4 out of 25 are stretching looking fit and ready to try, the rest kind of scratching their butts. Recruit MAD (middle aged divorcee) raises her hand.

RECRUIT MAD

Ummm I pushed 4 tiny humans out of my vagina and I wasn't aware I'd be needing my adult diaper today. May I run just real quick like so I don't pee all over your beautiful outdoor torture chamber here?

RECRUIT CL (cunning linguist)

Grab me one mama, this is gonna make me poop.

DRAST

You little fuckers; this isn't daycare  
 god damn it pissy mama poopy papa  
 motherfuckers. Get your asses in grease  
 mode. Do you remember where you are?  
 Oz? Oompa loompa lala land mother  
 fuckers? Get in the fucking shit mud,  
 now!!!

Various recruits look like they're getting yelled at, making faces. They hurriedly make their way to the start of the obstacle course. Running like there's a fire.

The MAD and CL Recruits are first and struggle with army crawling under the barbed wire. Other recruits are pummeling over them. Seven Nation Army-White Stripes plays while scenes of recruits conquering and some failing. Drast, Pantera and LGBT3PO are on the sidelines dressed like king/queen watching a joust with their thrones and goblets.

Another scene- Drast gets in some of their faces for a portion of it, yelling drill sergeant type rants.

Drast expertly cracks a whip.

DRAST

Move it move it, yippy yi ki andale  
 cabrones!!!

Recruit CL(cunning linguist) is stuck on an obstacle breathing hard.

DRAST

What is this shit littering *my*  
 dominion? LGBT3PO! Look what the spider  
 caught. Cut him loose. (beat) Worms  
 Mother fucker, worms!!! Get down in the  
 mud where you belong and give me 20!

Recruit CL rolls his eyes with indignation and starts doing the worm dance move.

RECRUIT BOOBS who took his shirt off with Pantera struggles to get over a climbing wall. Drast is waiting for him when he drops down.

DRAST

Well Boobs... Get up you slimy piece of maggot turd. Now, move! I want to see smoke comin off those fat toes! And that side boob uni-tit *flappin* in the wind!

Drast cracks the whip as Recruit Boobs struggles.

EXT. FOREST ROAD. DAY.

Recruits, along with Drast are jog/skipping tightly in sync instead of march/jogging to We're on the Road to Nowhere-Talking Heads. Add a dirty dance move here and there.

INT. MESS HALL. DAY.

Recruits are getting food and eating as fast as they can. Drast trips someone with his peg. Yelling at everybody. Road to Nowhere still playing.

INTERCUT. FOOTBALL FIELD DANCE DRILLS. DAY.

Recruit LA is a big beautiful white girl, having a hard time, often. He verbally picks on her, but she can dish it back a bit. Recruits working on various sexy dance moves, through drills set up on a football field drill area. She's fallen, exhausted.

DRAST

This bitch... Soldier! You're dead! Ass up exposed to every pig in the universe. You're lucky no one wants that musty bat cave. I could smell that guano gash clear across the field. You rotting waste, get up and join the pussy party you sack of leaden shit!

She fights to get up, exhausted. The look of pure hatred and determination. Starts dance drilling again.

RECRUIT LA

I fucking hate you.

DRAST

Good! you fuck hole of hate. Move it!



Drast starts moving in sync with her while still yelling. They look ridiculous. It's like a choreographed sexy dance off workout obstacle course.

EXT. FOREST ROAD. DAY.

Platoon jog/marching in tight sync formation singing rock steady cadence with a few extra dance/twerk moves added into march/jog.

INT. BARRACKS. BOOT CAMP. DAY.

Drast walking down center aisle; recruits at attention by their beds. Pantera and LGBT3PO at attention in background.

DRAST

Well well well, maybe we have some all star fuckers after all.

ALL RECRUITS

Sir, yes sir!

Drast condescending yet proud. RECRUIT LZ (lezbonics) is beautiful muscular short haired lesbian.

DRAST

Rap!

RECRUIT LZ

Sir, yes sir!

DRAST

Off to Lezbonics with you padwan. May your transformation into the true bionic woman you are deep within that silvery snatch bring victory to us all.

RECRUIT LZ

Sir, yes sir! For the honor and the glory of the USA!

ALL RECRUITS

For the honor and the glory of the USA!

He walks down the line tap tap tapping with his shiny black conical peg leg. He stops in front of Recruit LA (lips and ass).

DRAST

La la lalalala. Your killer queen fat ass sweats in all the right places baby girl. That sugar gonna slay.

RECRUIT LA

(emotional)

Sir, yes sir. For the honor and the glory hole!

DRAST

That's right my favorite little fag hag. To the gory ends of our glory holes. (beat) Now shut up and get it right... She's a smart ass too...

He raises his opened hand and recruits all cry in powerful unison, Honor Glory, Honor Glory,U-S-A!!! He closes his hand into a tight fist and they hush.

DRAST

Tomorrow!- you will all receive your chips and official assignments. You will hold the rank of Special Elite Squadron Seduction! Or SESS pool as we like to call you... You'll be DNA chipped and forever altered. (beat) IF you are in the throws of panting petting war and your muscle tension, hormones or blood pressure ever reach that critical level we all know and love???... Your chip will activate and YOU will be the one that has succumbed to the powers of seduction- yo ass is grass...

Drast makes an explosion noise and symbol with hands.

DRAST

You have been fucked- to the death!(beat)Name of the game babies... Buutttt... If the condom's on the other

cock... Well then Rapper's Delight my  
bitches...

(slight cackle)

Win or lose, military grade love.

Drast falls in line with Pantera and LGBT3PO. He is center.

DRAST

It has been my honor to train you  
stanky little muskrat loves. May you  
never surrender and be ever victorious  
in your wage of *fucking* war. We, salute  
you.

All three salute troops, sharp and dramatic.

ALL RECRUITS

Sir, yes sir! Honor Glory, Honor Glory,  
Honor Glory USA!!!

Precise unison with some fancy stomp stomp clap salute.

DRAST

These will be your last few hours of  
freedom before the change. Use your  
precious time wisely and freely. (beat)  
And then a new dawn, together we will  
rise- the most powerful FUCKERS in the  
world!!!!!!

(devilish crescendo)

PANTERA

At ease babies. Time to cut loose and  
party! (beat) LG-can a bitch get a beat?

LGBT3PO is the DJ and drops a sick beat. Sugar-Chaka Khan plays.  
Recruits throw their hats in celebration with hoots and hollers.  
Barrack suddenly turns into a disco with laser light and fog.  
Everybody starts dancing. Stripper poles lit! Drast is a master.  
His boot and peg transform into stripper heels (nanotech).

A little free lovin commences... Several unexpected and expected  
characters having dirty dancing scenes. Recruit LA to gorgeous  
black man recruit-

RECRUIT LA

(thirsty)

I'm so gonna fuck you before it kills me.

Pantera and Recruit LZ(lezbonics) do a badass dirty dance routine.

Everybody is bustin moves having a good time.

EXT. BASIC TRAINING GRADUATION CEREMONY. DAY.

Different squads march gloriously in precise unison out to their separate positions. Perfect squares of about 50ea. Drast stands at the front of his company. Impressive battalion.

Famous razzle dazzle singer leads Star Spangled Banner (changed lyrics). Fireworks at end. PRESIDING OFFICER takes mic, George W. type.

PRESIDING OFFICER

Whooo! How about that? Fuck Yeah USA!!!  
Give it up for these fine men, women  
and them.

Wild applause from the crowd of guests. USA! USA! USA!

PRESIDING OFFICER

These soldiers have proven their strength and endurance these last 3 months. They've offered the ultimate sacrifice and now begin their journey to win the most consequential battle history will ever witness. Today they receive their chips (beat) and enter their respective special op units directly. It is my honor to celebrate this part of your journey. The country owes you everything,

(silly voice, humored)

but we'll never give it to ya!...(beat)  
No, but seriously... -may God watch over

you and have mercy on your soul. You're gonna need it. (yells) For the honor and the glory of the USA!

The battalion does a move and salutes in perfect unison. The crowd joins in at the end and then chants USA a couple times.

BATTALION

Honor, Glory! Honor, Glory! Honor,  
Glory! U-S-A!

PRESIDING OFFICER

And now, ready the line! Reformation!

Platoons fall into a choreographed formation. An ominous song plays. Groups of 2 separate out at a time and approach. Reformation staff holds a device like a gun that inserts the chip into each soldier's neck. Assistant holds more vial syringes like machine gun ammo string. Giger like; phallic.

Some look like it doesn't hurt at all, some wince in anticipation. Some are dead serious, a few look at each other a bit worried. Side glances; can't move heads. Montage fast forward of soldiers getting their chips inserted. They're all finished and back in formation.

PRESIDING OFFICER

Good people of the United States  
of America, I give you-  
(roars)  
The most powerful FUCKERS in the  
world!!!

INT. SPECIAL OPS HQ. DAY.

Kind of like Pentagon or underground fortress compartmentalized.

We follow several of our recruits to their assigned positions.

Recruits enter looking upon the main entrance in awe and wonderment. Like entering Disneyworld..

INT. SPECIAL OPS LIPS AND ASS DIVISION. DAY.

Recruit LA (lips and ass) enters her division first. It's a dance studio, with a pedicure station and a poster that says "Get Your Boujee On." Big beautiful gals everywhere. SERGEANT LA, big, black and badass in every way. She and crew look over new meat. Recruit LA salutes and stands at attention.

RECRUIT LA  
Reporting for duty! Madam!

SERGEANT LA  
Look here, new round roast I say. Looky here looky ladies, what do we have now? Hey heyyy.

Sergeant LA walks up and around Recruit LA checking her out, Recruit LA looking a bit proud, yet sheepish, other big beautiful gals gather around.

SERGEANT LA  
Rules! Discipline those hips and slam down the moves baby girl. Them's the rules.

RECRUIT LA  
Madam yes, madam! For the honor and the gl-

SERGEANT LA  
Oh calm your shit toy soldier. You've entered active doody... The honor and the glory are on the DL.

RECRUIT LA  
OK then?

SERGEANT LA  
It's hammer time baby girl, formation! Watch, and learn!

All the LA girls get in line for their choreographed number for club entrance seduction extraordinaire.

SERGEANT LA  
From the top ladies- 5, 6, 7, 8.

Badass seductive dance number. Recruit LA tries to half ass join in, observing on the side-line. Work It-Missy Elliot.

INT. HALLWAY SPECIAL OPS HQ. DAY.

Recruit CL(cunning linguist) whistling Sesame Street or You Are my Sunshine down the hall. He looks up to see sign CL 007, with male restroom symbol. He looks shifty discreet both ways and enters. Spy music.

INT. SPECIAL OPS CUNNING LINGUISTS.

It's a situation room with tons of diagrams of the vulva and closeup clitoris. Scientists with microscopes, lightning balls..

SERGEANT CL looks up to greet new recruit.

SERGEANT CL

Heyyy, little dick dong! Welcome!  
Bienvenidos! Ven, ven aqui.

RECRUIT CL

Sir yes sir!

Recruit CL stands at attention. Sergeant CL motions recruit over with a c'mon of his head. Recruit CL walks over.

SERGEANT CL

At ease at ease bro. Gyettt over here!

SERGEANT CL

We have the curse and the blessing  
brother don't we.

Looking through microscope and checking all lab work goings ons. Taps x marks the spot on the clit poster as he talks.

SERGEANT CL

Alas, we carry the ball to the end  
zone, hit the homerun, snatch the  
snitch of the bitch y'know what I mean  
flickin the jelly bean??? What drove  
you here boy, other than the  
unfortunate obvious?

RECRUIT CL

Sir yes sir! Wellp, devilishly smooth talker, complimentary forked tongue and magician hands, what can I say, I was born to woo aside from the micropeen. Yeah I'm a national treasure... USA!...(beat) We're poor.

Sergeant hmmmms and motions to Recruit CL to follow as they walk through different corridors. Soldiers in a gym are doing weird face calisthenics.

SERGEANT CL

Hit the gym. Some of these god damn females don't climax for 3 or 4 fucking hours, and they don't give a fuuuck... They'll lay there for all eternity gettin their pussies licked. (beat) We must be ready to endure.

RECRUIT CL

3 to 4 hours?! Good christ. That makes my face hurt.

SERGEANT CL

You'll be able to deadlift with your tongue when set loose from here brother. Anatomy, energy, divide and conquer.

He motions spreading a vulva apart as saying divide/conquer.

INT. HALLWAY SPECIAL OPS HQ. DAY.

Recruit MAD(middle aged divorcee) walking with Recruit PB(pretty boy)

RECRUIT PB

Where you at MAD mama?

RECRUIT MAD

Exactly where I belong; MAD.. Why do you think you hang with me so shittin much?



RECRUIT PB

MAD, MAD, what the hell is that one?

RECRUIT MAD

Jesus christ Peanut, you are just so very pretty aren't you?! Young dumb and full of cum is really real, damn. (beat) Middle Age Divorcee mother fucker, you remember now, why you stuck with me?

RECRUIT PB

Oh yeahhhh, you can't fuck anybody, so I'm safe with Mama.

Recruit PB looking adoringly and oh so handsome.

RECRUIT MAD

Shiiit, I can wrangle any dumb ass dick I want little boy... I just don't want to. And why the hell would I, all you mother fuckers do is ruin lives. I work my whole god damn life hand and foot to make you happy and all I get in re- (beat) Uggh, I digress, whew, got me all riled there for a minute sugar... I'm just done... damaged goods so to speak... I'd rather shoot myself in the face than get involved with another meat sack. Never again is the sacred and easiest oath I've ever taken. gichgh!

They come up to an entranceway labeled Lezbonics LB. They lean in seeing a slew of lesbian looking chicks, with Recruit LZ, Rap, their most radical badass looking one.

Rap has bionic and nanotech upgrades all over her body. Battle armor to fuck em' dead. Vibrator attachments galore.

Rap looks on to them and revs her sex toy arm twice like a drill and smiles seductively with a wink.

RECRUIT PB

Ooooooohhh, I want to be a bionic  
lesbian.

RECRUIT MAD

Don't we all...(beat) Pfff, you arrre!  
Big ol' pretty boy pussy, just trapped  
in a man's body.(beat) Pick up a drill  
or an electric toothbrush, same thing;  
you'll be fine.

Recruit MAD makes the lesbian fingering symbol, laughs and  
Recruit PB sighs.

RECRUIT PB

I'm a lesbian trapped in a dude... yeah.

They continue down corridor and come to MAD HQ. Lots of  
clearance gadgetry at doorway- retinal scan, palm scan, earlobe  
scan,titty scan. Through window we see all serious women working  
at computers and large intelligence HQ holographic world map.

RECRUIT MAD

OK baby boy, this is me. You remember  
to stay focused on your operative.  
Puppies good, bitches bad. They fuck  
you and they will kill you. In more  
ways than one. Trust me I know.

RECRUIT PB

(sentimental)

I know, but they hurt so good.

RECRUIT MAD

Not no more darlin, they'll eat you up  
and spit you out. Watch yourself.

Recruit PB starts to cry a bit. Recruit MAD rolls her eyes and  
consoles him, knowing he will probably be dead in a week.

RECRUIT MAD

Oh come on now Peanut, I'll see you soon at RnR. You can buy me a margarita and practice your moves, OK?

RECRUIT PB

(pitiful)

OK mama, see you soon then... Where the fuck do I go?

RECRUIT MAD

Good lord. There's an info console right there.

She motions to center of corridor.

RECRUIT PB

Right, so country and honor then I guess.

RECRUIT MAD

Honor and glory... But yeah, somethin like that.

She watches him walk away, shaking her head. He looks into the console, looks back at her, points at it and smiles.

Recruit MAD acknowledges with a wave then enters MAD HQ after all the scans.

Looking through glass door, we see her officer's uniform includes fuzzy crocs, comfy fatigues with nice pointed garrison cap. Recruit MAD reports for duty at attention. The MAD officer responds.

INT. HALLWAY. SPECIAL OPS HQ. DAY.

Recruit PB (pretty boy) strolling deeper into special ops corridors to his division; slowly passes by division Peace De Resistance... He looks confused staring in and seeing people seated, meditating... All wearing off white robes. Entering SOLDIER PR (peace de resistance) sees Recruit PB confused and explains a little before entering.

SOLDIER PR(peace de resistance)  
 (english accent)  
 Psyops warfare-celibacy unit, very  
 successful weapon, boring as fuck... no  
 fuck that is.

RECRUIT PB  
 Who the hell gets sent here? I never  
 even heard of this bullshit, whoa.

SOLDIER PR  
 Good for nothins. Conscientious  
 objectors for sure. Peace mongers  
 forced to practice what they preach and  
 of course they weaponize it... Or it's to  
 the brig with you! You scalawag scab  
 arrgggghhhh!

RECRUIT PB  
 So ya'all just fuckin Zen people to  
 death, how the hell does that go down?

SOLDIER PR  
 The targets are just removed from the  
 equation. No kill or be killed anymore,  
 a neutralization recruitramont so to  
 speak. We neuter the fuck out of  
 everybody... Soldiers from all sides are  
 forced here, or die, and then we all  
 just keep on expanding the vibration.

RECRUIT PB  
 Wowwww and people actually fall for  
 this voodoo shit? Damn.

SOLDIER PR  
 You'd be surprised, it's pretty  
 powerful shit. The mind is a vast and  
 mysterious place my friend, stranger  
 than fiction... or reality in this world.

Soldier PR touches Pretty Boy's 3rd eye and a mini sonic boom  
 like wave goes off w/in RECRUIT PB. The scene turns galactic

bliss for just a moment. RECRUIT PB shakes his head in a bit of a daze. He's euphoric and happy.

RECRUIT PB

Wooooaaahhh, well peace to ya mutha I guess bro, for the reals.

SOLDIER PR

Nama mutha fuckin- STAY!

(dog command)

as we say.

Bows with hands together, smiles, winks. Walks away slowly with a hard long mischievous stare.

Recruit PB moves happily on to his division PB- Pretty Boy, marked on the entrance.

INT. SPECIAL OPS PRETTY BOY DIVISION. DAY.

He enters like a tornado of hotness strutting like on a catwalk, wind in his hair, perfect lighting. I See You Baby-Groove Armada

RECRUIT PB

Daddy's home! What's a boy gotta do around here to to get it on!

Two sergeants look up at him- Zoolander and Hans model types. Recruit PB does a great elvis move.

RECRUIT PB

For country and for honor!!! Fuck em all!!!

Puppies come running. It's like a fireman model photoshoot with puppies. Super hot cute.

EXT. GERMAN MUNITIONS YARD. DAY.

GERMAN GENERAL overseeing Entire World and European forces against the USA. He's walking through their munitions line, past big tanks with barrels in the shape of dicks. He's a bit flamy. 50ish. Thick accent. Nazi like outfit. The place is crawling with drag queens.

His first lieutenant/wing bitch is a super beauty African American drag queen DELILAH. They walk casually to the training center.

GERMAN GENERAL

Looking all in order for the offensive  
Delilah...

DELILAH

Absolutely GG. Those Kentucky fried  
fucks don't know what's coming. Our  
arsenal of ungodly hell fire on your  
command my lord.

GERMAN GENERAL

Splendid.  
(discreetly)  
And our efforts with my deep throat  
intelligence quiche Delilah?

Delilah smiles mischievously.

DELILAH

We've acquired brunch reservations at a  
quaint little French affair with eggs  
on the menu; Sir!

GENERAL GERMAN

Just the way I like them, Delilah my  
love? You know how I get if the chef  
doesn't know how to exceptionally cook  
eggs.

Spy music plays. Delilah explains in VO as scene of top secret intelligence drop by double/triple agents unfolds. Shady activity from familiar characters.

LGBT3PO whizzes by a drop point where Soldier PR(peace de resistance)waits. LGBT3PO throws an egg shaped splat ball hitting him directly in the forehead. Soldier PR peels splat ball from his face while walking away. He finds a microchip inside the ball and speeds off on his futuristic crotch rocket.

DELILAH (VO)

Your wish is our command my lord... The eggs have dropped into the basket and are off to market. You know brunch is our fava flave and I hate to cook, so perfect eggs for our perfect General.

GENERAL GERMAN

Delilah, you delicious stiff peaked Pavlova... What would I do without you!

They start walking through munitions yard again, quickly.

GENERAL GERMAN

The United Asses of America are mine! All the powers of the world have finally come to their senses to end this nightmare. We must crush them this time my pet. FUCK THEM, FUCK FUCKING AMERICA!

VARIOUS. MONTAGE. GENERALS AROUND THE WORLD.

We visit regional leaders preparing for war, each with their own special seduction techniques. War Pigs-Black Sabbath plays.

INT. INDIAN ASIATIC HQ. DAY.

SIKH GENERAL on the phone in his situation room.

SIKH GENERAL

You've just got to fuck them upside down. Ya... no. You just turn them this way and then start fucking. Yes, man or woman. All like it upside down. Yes.

INT. AFRICAN NATIONS HQ. DAY.

AFRICA GENERAL sits at desk in a situation room with a bunch of exotic dead animals mounted. She's got a huge ass diamond she's expertly rolling across her knuckles in one hand and cigar in other. She's on speaker phone.

AFRICA GENERAL

LADUMA!!! Yeah bra it's gonna be a total smasher. We've had enough of their reindeer shit games. Time for the big ol' gnu fuck you aye!!!  
(amused)

EXT. EXQUISITE MEXICAN BALCONY. DAY.

MEXICAN GENERAL discussing tactics and cooking at an outside grille with high ranking officers nearby. They salute her and listen carefully. Middle age badass chancla throwin tortilla makin abuela mother fucker. 40's, beautiful.

MEXICAN GENERAL

You stick a hot chili pepper filled with cocaine in their ass and call it a day mijo. Oh yeah, then you break it off and give that puta the dirty sanchez of his life. (beat) Cabron thinks he's big, but he's just a big pile of shit I splattered all over his chingada wall, huh.

She cackles cutely while turning huge pieces of meat. She asks for status report and scene zooms up into sky and back to German munitions yard.

EXT. GERMAN MUNITIONS YARD. SUNSET.

GERMAN GENERAL

With you my warrior queens, and all friends of the world ready for calm... Their final days are ahead and there is no return... They've played their last yippy ki yay'n fuck your mother last hand. They've stolen our land, our culture, raped and hyper monetized and sexualized every single thing dear to the entire world. Their reign is OVER... They will destroy this sweet mother Earth NO MORE!

DELILAH and other gorgeous drag queens have gathered listening to German General adoringly. The end of his little crescendoed



speech ends with yelling toward the sky with his fist in the air.

Scene ends with camera shot looking down showing German General at center of all worshipping like drag queens symmetrically choreographed around, arms outstretched toward him.

INT. MAD(middle aged divorcees) HQ. DAY.

It's crazy busy. MAD bitches at their stations calling the shots. Deploying the troops across the globe. Drinking their unicorn caramel orgasm frappes. Some just acting busy and have solitaire on their computer screens. MAIN MAD BITCH walks calmly and confidently calling the shots. 50'S beautiful, powerful. MAD #1- 40's eating yogurt, all wearing sensible shoes, hardly any make-up.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Front lines?

MAD #1

Deployed, armed and ready. Frankfurt,  
New York, Ibiza, London, Las Vegas, St.  
Petersburg, Melbourne, Cairo,  
Johannesburg.

Strategic party cities around the world light up on large situation holographic screen of world map.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Good. Assets on screen, Ibiza.

MAD #1 pushes a button on the computer and the assets in Ibiza are shown in green and zoomed into next screen. Swipe screens in the air.

EXT. IBIZA CLUB. NIGHT.

A party bus with fog coming out, lazer lights, strobe, disco ball... many familiar soldiers pour out ready to go to *fucking*

war. They carry on with each other a bit while proceeding into the club. It's an old Spanish castle open air type building.

INT. DRAST'S PLACE. DAY.

Drast, Pantera and LGBT3PO are dressed like football fans sitting on the couch with their laptops. Drast is sporting a backwards baseball cap. They're still looking super styley. Game day snacks all about. They're going over their fantasy (football) warfare rosters. Drast's screen shows the Ibiza club and US soldiers are marked. Like a live action video game...

DRAST

Pants- whatch ya got bitch? I mine as well be makin wishes on Fantasy Island muthafucka, cuz I'm gonna wiiinnnn. Tattoo be suckin my dick and everything. Shittttt.

PANTERA

This pissing draft, my god. Pssshh.  
(beat) It's ok actually, it will do.  
Screw it. We'll kick your pretty little fat ass anyway, how bout that? Knight Tigers ride again!

DRAST

Yeah right. Who you got? LGBT3PO- go spy her line-up for me!

LGBT3PO, with a large #1 USA foam finger stuck to its head, starts to zoom over to Pantera's laptop. She protests then Drast calls robot off by making whistle sound.

PANTERA

At ease you little plug. All right all right, I'm ready! Startin at the bottom of the dog pile- I got Boobs, Dick of Death and a couple LA ladies. Oh yeah and the Meth Head chick.

DRAST

Heehee, you got Boobs. He'll be goin down in no time. DOD could do some

damage girl, he's a sleeper. LA slays every time... And you bitch, I wanted the Meth Head. (beat) I'm still gon' kick your sexy black thing though, because... I got Rap girl. She's all I really need to win the whole show. But I also drafted our cunning linguist-he'll be a breakout, I can smell it all over his face... Aaaaand I got a couple PB's... Can never go wrong them delicious saints... As long as their dumb ain't greater than their pretty we're good.

PANTERA

Shh shhh, here we go, shut your mouth now. Boobs and CL on the move!

She claps her hands, takes a big bite of chip with guac. Then they clink their bottles of beer all excited at the TV. Drast belches.

INT. IBIZA CLUB. NIGHT.

Two American soldiers walk to the bar, scan the club scene. Dancefloor somewhat crowded. Can get a good look at everybody. Private club rooms up staircases with dark green velvet curtains.

RECRUIT BOOBS

Oh wowwww, this is it man, the smorgasbord! Time to get it on or be gotten. You feelin lucky tonight? I am feelin lucky to-night brother man! Sex on the beach barkeep.

Tries a horrible english accent with the bartender, bartender gives look.

RECRUIT CL(cunning linguist)

Sex on the fucking beach? Who are you? Vodka rocks with a twist.

RECRUIT BOOBS

You might as well order lemon scented drano, my god. I guess it's time to keep the ol' pipes clean though. Righto, cheerio ol' chap? Cheers, to the most powerful fuckers in the world partner.

RECRUIT BOOBS winks. He is then sent into a staring stupor after looking across the dance floor. RECRUIT CL notices and slowly turns to see what he is looking at, dumbfounded by hotness.

Super SEXY INDIAN character with his hard rocked bod is dancing with some beautiful wing men in choreographed heaven. Recruit CL spits out drink/coughs when he notices Recruit Boobs hypnotized. You Got the Look-Prince plays.

RECRUIT CL

What the fuck are you doing! Snap out of it! Did you turn on your veil? Turn on your veil you shitting goat whore! God. Damn. It! Noooo!!!

Recruit Boobs is hypnotically moving toward Sexy Indian like a lioness hunting or like Sleeping Beauty toward the spindle. Starting to dance straight toward Sexy Indian.

INT. DRAST'S PLACE. DAY.

Drast is laughing loud, hard and obnoxiously. Pantera throws a chip at the TV.

PANTERA

Boobs! You fucking boob. What the cuss!

DRAST

He forgot to turn on his veil, ahhhhh!  
Jeezus h. christ Boobs.

Drast whistles quick at TV.

DRAST

What's this, what's this? Free agent on dance floor. Look at herrrr, mmm. CL is lockin on brah.

INT. IBIZA CLUB. NIGHT.

RECRUIT CL  
 God damn! That was fast!

Recruit CL taps his temple to make sure his veil is activated and looks around suspiciously. He sees a Goddess on the dance floor.

View of veil's cyborg vision blinks "VEIL ACTIVATED" while showing a heightened view of humans and objects in his visual field... Similar to Terminator vision.

Sexy Indian and his entourage have entranced about 7 victims. Recruit CL watches helplessly as the spiders get caught. Rules of engagement...

Sexy Indian continues to dance beautifully, lovingly with complete seduction mastery. His victims follow him up the stairs to the private party room.

INT. PRIVATE PARTY ROOM. NIGHT.

Sexy Indian is all up on the pole inside the private dance room, being worshiped by the wing men and new victims (like JLO during the superbowl.) Curtains closed by wingmen and then stand guard.

INTERCUT BACK TO BAR.

Recruit CL takes a deep breath and gets out on the dance floor. He finds the GODDESS to try and engage and seduce. He starts dancing with her, marked as target, seeing her through his cyborg veil vision.

RECRUIT CL  
 Libations lovely lady?

They drink at bar, Recruit CL glances up towards the private party room with thick dark green curtains. They are bustling with commotion inside... He looks with an "eesh" expression. GODDESS is sultry Raquel Welch looking/acting beauty with foreign accent.

GODDESS

What's troubling you mon amor?

RECRUIT CL

Honestly this must be my luckiest day of my life darlin, I'm lost in your beauty, truly. I just want all my senses to be able to linger in this experience as long as lasciviously possible.

Goddess moves in, starts running her fingers up and around his neck.

GODDESS

Your mouth does not disappoint, I wonder what other gifts it has to offer.

RECRUIT CL

Hot damn. Goddess- this mouth's best gift is when it says nothin at all.

GODDESS

My favorite kind. Let's dance.

They hit the dance floor for a very sensual dance. Yin Yang-USS. And then saunter up to one of the private party rooms..

The thick green velvet curtain closes on them kissing beautifully.

Pan over to other party room, and Sexy Indian throws the curtains back with both arms. He walks out a few steps looking like Rambo, smoking a cigar. A red headband, all sweaty and bloody.

Bodies everywhere in the background. Blood all over the wall. Asses blown out; fucked to death.

SEXY INDIAN

It's a filthy low down dirty job, but somebody's got to do it.

He walks off with one of his wing men.

WING MAN 1

Nice job sir, all of your readings were within optimum range the entire time. Perfect execution.

SEXY INDIAN

Even with the blonde? Whew, that one had me worried.

WING MAN 1

Slightly elevated, still within range. Alas the last man swinging stands before us. Hoo-ra. 7 targets down. General for you sir.

Sexy Indian takes the phone and has a conversation with General Sikh.

GENERAL SIKH

Kumail, 7!!!! Way to go comrad! Did you fuck them upside down? You must always fuck upside down for maximum damage. Works every time.

SEXY INDIAN

(rolls eyes)

Yes, thank you sir. Upside down fucking of course, always sir. You are a genius sir.

GENERAL SIKH

Good boy. Most powerful upside down fucker in the world! Very proud of you boy! Sat sri akaal!

Tosses phone to Wing Man 1.

SEXY INDIAN

Right then, time for a spa. This weapon of ass destruction needs a good hosing down and margaritas. We leave with orders at 0600. Tata.

Sexy Indian still smoking his cigar with rambo headband while walking. Wing Man 1 smiles admiringly/proudly at him. He orders a cleanup crew for the bodies.

WING MAN 1

Clean up on aisle nine crew please.

INT. MAD (middle aged divorcees)HQ. DAY.

Main MAD Bitch is walking around looking at HQ staff, large wall screen also with missions worldwide.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Bring up Ibiza number 1.

MAD #1

Aye Madam.

MAD #1 air swipes to bring up current action on holograph.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Stats Captain.

MAD #1

Madam. Ibiza is at 83%. The adversary numbers are skewed. New shield detected concealing actual target numbers. Madam.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Damn! Air Central, deploy aphros Ibiza 719.

APHRO QUEEN

Stand by Madam.

APHRO QUEEN, huge aphro, has a little magnet of sexy Denzel on her monitor... She searches on screen for aphrodisiacs- Ibiza directive. Algorithms running down screen. Recipe for aphrodisiac appears on screen with "sugar and spice and everything dirty, snips and snails and bitches tails" kind of ingredients with chemical equations.



APHRO QUEEN

Ibiza aphrodisiacs locked and loaded  
Madam. Ready coordinates.

MAD #1

38.9833° N, 1.2996° E

APHRO QUEEN

At your command Madam, T minus 2  
minutes 17 seconds.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Make it so Air Central.

EXT. DRONE AIRPORT. NIGHT.

Airport shows drones being deployed.

INT. INTERCUT PILOT OFFICE. NIGHT.

Young dudes with game controllers fucking off looking like  
playing video games with deployment aphro orders. Pimply faced  
operation!

INT. MAD HQ. DAY.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Air Central, status report.

Air Central Aphro Queen slacking off at her computer, slouching  
in chair looking at babes, and fantasy(football)warfare team on  
multiple tabs, trying to hide it from Main MAD Bitch. Michael B  
Jordan onscreen. One ear bud in. Main MAD Bitch approaches Aphro  
Queen's desk, opposite of her, can't see screen. She smacks the  
monitor with her retractable laser pointer. She is so pissed.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Air Central! What the dick are you  
doing?!? Status on the aphro drop-  
immediately!

Aphro Queen sits up suddenly and brings up work screen tab. She is discreetly annoyed.

APHRO QUEEN

Madam yes, Madam. T-Minus 30 seconds  
and counting. On Screen.

Aphro Queen gestures at screen like a bratty teen. Main MAD Bitch glares and then glances to main wall monitor.

MAIN MAD BITCH

You bes be takin your estrogen sister!

EXT. DRONE FLIGHT. NIGHT.

Drone approaches down low and aerosol aphrodisiac sprays entire open air club compound.

INT. IBIZA CLUB. NIGHT.

Zoom in to Recruit Meth Head flirting with a guy at bar. She sees across her internal cyborg vision that her veil is active and an aphrodisiac was just deployed. She's got wicked nice teeth now.

She finishes drink and starts seat dancing to Daddy Cool-BoneyM.

RECRUIT METH HEAD

You want to dance cowboy? This is my jam.

METH HEAD LOVER

Oui mon cher. Let us take the trip to  
your funky town.

They make it to dance floor and an overview shows hook ups, dancing and trips to private rooms/areas... Scenes flash with hot and heavy recruits and their adversaries.

Scene of Meth Head couple dancing in strobe scenes. Then they prance off to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM STALL. NIGHT.

Recruit Meth Head and Meth Head Lover making out ferociously and she takes her shirt off. He helps in excitement.

METH HEAD LOVER

Yes. Take. It. Off. (kind of growls)

RECRUIT METH HEAD

Oh just you wait and see what's coming off. I got a surprise for you french fry.

She smiles seductively, licks her teeth, takes off his shirt, kisses his chest, nipple, belly, starts undoing his belt and she then- takes her teeth out.

A new emotion will have to be invented for this situation. Meth Head lover gets to evoke it. She then starts giving him fellatio and his shock, awe and horror turn to pleasure...

INT. PRIVATE CLUB ROOM. NIGHT.

Lezbonics Recruit LZ Rap is making out in a private room with a muslim woman.

Very sultry slow mo kissing and barely touching with fingertips on neck, chest, breasts, side and back. Maybe some ice involved.

Muslim woman thrown on table with legs spread knees up, Rap puts ice cube on finger, smiles and heads down town. Her bionic parts start to move kind of like a nano skin, like X-Men's Mystique.

INT. IBIZA CLUB DANCE FLOOR. NIGHT.

Special Ops Force LA (lips and ass) have a grand entrance with their killer dance routine, all sporting big cat prints. WTF-Missy Elliot.

All big beautiful fans make way for front row viewing pleasure. Middle eastern, Italian and black guys love big ass generally. A few butch dykes in there too.

Their dance ends and they survey the crowd with internal cyborg vision showing veil safety active and aphrodisiac deployed. SERGEANT LA thought command goes onscreen.

SERGEANT LA

Go get em my tigers.

The LA gang maneuvers up to onlooking front row fans that were gathered enjoying their dance. Flirtatious kanoodling ensues.

INT. GERMAN HQ. NIGHT.

German General and Delilah stand looking on screen with numbers/colors/percentages. Looks like huge boardgame Risk, on table, except computerized.

GERMAN GENERAL

Ahhhh, everything seems to be going their way, doesn't it Delilah. Their secret aphrodisiac, their fucking cock blocking invizibility climax cloak or whatever the fuck they are calling it now.

DELILAH

The veil they call it my lord.

GERMAN GENERAL

(maddeningly sinister, amused)  
Whatever the shit! They're all going to implode here very shortly and I'm going to watch beyond MY magic little veil.  
Fuck YOU S.A.!!!!!!

German General looks at his control board and there are several buttons. One says scramble another says fry and another says boil (in German with subtitles). He pushes the scramble button and excitedly squeel laughs and rubs his hands together.

GENERAL GERMAN

Time for brunch Delilah, we mustn't be late.

(delighted)

Now their invisible cloaking climax device is completely scrambled! But they don't even knowwww!!!

DELILAH

US veil scrambled my lord. Confirmed undetected.

GERMAN GENERAL

Move aside giant pussy brigade. (beat)  
The big cat family is quite popular  
tonight aye Delilah?

DELILAH

(devilish)

Le Cougar standing by.

GERMAN GENERAL

Release the foul beasts. (giddy) Say  
hello to MY little friends.

INT. IBIZA CLUB. NIGHT.

A group of elegantly dressed older women AKA The Cougars,  
infiltrate the room. They are scorching hot expensive aged meat  
and they do not play. Destination Calabria-Alex Gaudino plays.

One walks up to bar next to US soldier fella and starts some  
flirting after ordering a drink.

COUGAR

Vodka martini, filthy dirty.

BARKEEP

Shaken not stirred Miss?

She smiles and turns her attention to young soldier Recruit  
PB (pretty boy).

COUGAR

Cute umbrella. What ya got there  
sailor, sex. on. the. beach.??? I can  
smell it.

She comes dangerously close, smelling his neck.

RECRUIT PB

Indeed. Sex anywhere really, the beach,  
this bar, hanging from the chandelier..  
It all smells good to me.

She smiles, stirs her drink. He slurps the last of his down. He scans her with his cyborg shit that shows his veil is active and aphrodisiac dropped. Target identified.

COUGAR

Why don't you get another one and we can discuss favorite smells and locations in my lair?

RECRUIT PB

Lair, lair, that's a new one. Sounds delightful Miss.

(to barkeep)

Sex on the lair please, use the same Little umbrella, for good luck.

Overview of club with Cougar leading Recruit PB through the building to a secret passage that opens an underground tunnel. We see different groups and or couples headed off different ways to find their private fuck space as well. Still a big dance group.

INT. GERMAN HQ. NIGHT.

German General and Delilah are monitoring the screens, other drag queen staff are working in background.

GERMAN GENERAL

What with all these sex on the this sex on the that cocktails Delilah? Little bit faggy all these supposed big dick brutes, no?

DELILAH

(under her breath)

You oughta know.

GERMAN GENERAL

Have you ever had sex on the beach? It's disgusting, sand everywhere. What a disappointment.

DELILAH

You know what they say GG, a 6 pack of beer and everybody wants to suck a chub. They all do fucking Zumba too. So obvs.

GERMAN GENERAL

(amused)

Zumba... didn't we used to drink those?

DELILAH

(nostalgic)

Zima my darling, Zima.

GERMAN GENERAL

Zima, Zumba, pssh... Status report.

DELILAH

Special forces advancing my lord,  
ready operation FRY.

GERMAN GENERAL

And now a taste of your own medicine,  
my little monsters.

He grins menacingly, pushes FRY button.

INT. IBIZA CLUB. PRIVATE ROOMS. NIGHT.

Recruit LZ (lezbonic)/Muslim Soldier duo hot and heavy. Muslim woman's cyborg system comes on alerting adversary combat defenses down. She activates her pheromone from cyborg system she selects with eye movement, or mental telepathy.

Muslim Soldier comes up and throws Rap on the table now, taking charge and watching the pheromone take effect. She strips hijab off tossing it to the wind.

MUSLIM SOLDIER

My turn.

Muslim Soldier looks deeply at Rap witnessing the smell taking hold, she walks behind her breathing closely and gently rubbing her hand and lips across her back shoulder and neck.

Muslim Soldier holds Rap close from behind kissing her neck and running hands gently, sensually over stomach ribs and breasts. Rap's Mystique "skin" ripples.

She comes back around in front of Rap, runs her fingers gently from Rap's fingertips down her forearms. Starts penetrating bringing her to climax. Suddenly taps a sequence into Rap's bionic arms and two samurai katanas (dildos?) form. Muslim Woman snaps them off at Rap's elbows before she knows what's happening, and is climaxing at the same time.

MUSLIM SOLDIER

Who's your daddy now bitch?

SOLDIER LZ

(shocked despair)

Fu-uh-uh-ucking Helllll!!!

Recruit LZ's ass explodes and Muslim Soldier double kitana's/ (dildos) her head clean off. X strike.

INT. DRAST'S PLACE. DAY.

DRAST

Nooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Pantera laughs hysterically. Her bare feet up on the coffee table near the food. Drast stares in rage.

DRAST

Get those nasty hooved talons off my fucking table!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Pantera looks at him like he's crazy and slowly removes feet.

INT. OTHER PRIVATE CLUB ROOM. NIGHT.

Sergeant LA(lips and ass) getting it good, bent over on the table, getting her booty slapped. She's almost climaxing and realizes something is very wrong.

Sergeant LA looks back at beautiful LA Lover. Sergeant LA looking ravaged, confused and had. She tries to contact her team.



She's panting, near climax trying to tap into cyborg communication on her temple. She is in climax.

SERGEANT LA

Something. Not. right. Ambush, ambush,  
it's a ah ahh ahh Ahhhmbusssshhhhh!!!

Her ass implodes/explodes, deflates a bit. Deflates slowly as LA lover watches, like fart/balloon/whoopie cushion. Like Rango's eye toot at end of it's deflation.

LA LOVER

Christ, fucking LA detail...

INT. OTHER PRIVATE CLUB ROOM.

Recruit LA(lips and ass) is over a table getting fucked sideways hard and is in a trance receiving the broken transmission.

RECRUIT LA

All right. It's all right. Yes, yes,  
yes, tiger ambush, ambush, tiger  
ambusshhh. Ohhhh Fuckkkkkk.

Her ass explodes and she flies the opposite direction crashing into the wall a dead mess. Lover smacks her ass and jumps for cover just in time.

INT. OTHER PRIVATE CLUB ROOM.

Recruit CL (cunning linguist) and Goddess going at it with cunnilingus.

GODDESS

Right there right there, ohh ohhh omg  
uhhhhhh,no. Damn it, left left, right  
there, gentle uhhh, ahhhhhh oh yeah oh  
yeah, right therrrrrr. Ahhhh Ahhhh...

Breathing hard, getting close. Recruit CL hard at work.

GODDESS

Fuck! What the hell is wrong with me,  
god damn it!

Recruit CL comes up for air and some face yoga.

RECRUIT CL

It's ok, you're almost there, we got  
this. Just try and relax darlin,  
imagine you're at a massage getting a  
happy ending or something, ok. Sorry,  
sorry.

GODDESS

Yeah yeah, ok ok, I'm ready. Come on!  
You feel so good, oh my god. Almost  
there I promise.

She takes a deep breath. He continues a bit of face yoga, then  
revs himself up like a wrestler or boxer before going back in.  
Like JB in Nacho Libre. He stares at her pussy.

RECRUIT CL

All right you 3 ring circus mother  
fucker you, C'mon.

Pretend cocks his hand like a gun while in the symbol of lesbian  
fingering. (Ring finger down. Like on OITNB)

INT. CLUB BATHROOM STALL. NIGHT.

Recruit Meth Head and Meth Head Lover are going at it. She looks  
up, perplexed why her toothless gift isn't working.

RECRUIT METH HEAD

What the cock? Usually works like a  
charm, you're a tough nut to crack  
dude.

She checks her cyborg screen to make sure her veil and aphrodisiac are working.

METH HEAD LOVER

Let's try this mon chere.

He hoists her up around him, she's quite frail/spindly and he's very muscular. The pheromone is secretly released and her toothless ass is hypnotized as he kisses her chest. She arches back holding on to both sides of the stall, while he fucks her right into sweet oblivion. Kaboom. Her tramp stamp on the wall and all. Splattered all over the toilet and wall behind toilet... Looking like the worst public restroom ever.

INT. DRAST'S PLACE. DAY.

Drast and Pantera look grotesquely faint and in shock. They're frozen with their mouths hanging open.

PANTERA

I don't want to play this game anymore.

INT. IBIZA CLUB. UNDERGROUND LAIR.

Cougar and Recruit PB are in a beautiful Spanish castle passage to catacombs. Candles everywhere. He's got her up against the wall in complete and utter ecstasy. They fall to the stone floor, she's on top.

She starts squeezing him from the inside, and the table turns on him reaching his limit. He doesn't last long and he's ensnared in her grip, in more ways than one. He reaches climax while she bites his neck, like a real cougar, as he goes limp then explodes/implodes.

COUGAR

(humored)

I love it when they do that.

She drags him effortlessly by the leg further into the lair. Like a big cat drags their kill.

INT. GERMAN HQ. NIGHT.

German General is doing a silly victory devil dance across the screen while Delilah sits in her chair watching the computer readouts doing a dance move with her hand going up and across, up and across while bobbing her head forward each switch of the hand. In the Summertime-Mungo Jerry plays.

GERMAN GENERAL

It's a fucking popcorn party. Oh my god sweet sugary Delilah, we, the Allied Forces of the World Against Tyranny-AFWAT are the most powerful fuckers in the world tonight!

Devilishly laughing.

DELILAH

Af What?

GERMAN GENERAL

AFWAT you twat, I told you a thousand times...!!! Don't interrupt, you!

She rolls her eyes then suddenly notices activity onscreen.

DELILAH

My lord, chaos! The enemy realize they've been fried and scrambled. They're attempting escape.

German General tightens fist with sinister look and laughs. Sweetly pushes last button- BOIL.

GERMAN GENERAL

Boil dumpkaffs, auf wiedersehen.

EXT. IBIZA CLUB. NIGHT.

American troops are scattering from the club in all directions, alas the allied forces are waiting for them with a barrage of heat seeking ass missiles/bazookas. When shot at a target, they lock on to their target's chip and cause an electrophysiological cascade causing climax. When contact happens the target lights up like a looney tune getting electrocuted and then

spontaneously combusts. It's brand new technology and it is quite a sight. The Beautiful People-Marilyn Manson plays.

The tanks, bazookas and firing weapons of any sort are all in the shape of dicks, even the flying EMP taser bullets.

It's mass annihilation. US has been dominated and completely destroyed here tonight.

INT. MAD HQ. RESTROOM. NIGHT.

Main MAD Bitch is in the toilet enjoying a pee and looking at her phone (or a magazine) (playgirl with Burt Reynolds?). Washes her hands whistling away to Muzak. MAD assistant awaits outside. They mindlessly head back to MAD HQ.

INT. MAD HQ.

The main large wall monitor has red blinking lights everywhere with kind of an annoying buzz alert going off.

Main MAD Bitch gets distressed, nobody looks as if they've even noticed. She goes over to the MAD #1's desk and monitor and sees she's looking at firemen with puppies.

She smacks her in the back of the head. The ear phones fly forward. She walks along seeing each of these MAD soldier's screens and none of them have the screen tab that they are supposed to be monitoring. She starts smacking and whapping whoever is in her reach yelling profanities as she makes her way.

MAIN MAD BITCH

You dumb cunt mother fuckers, oh you mother. fuckers. Heads are going to roll now, especially mine, fucking bitches, fuck! God damn wrinkly ass lonely ass hoes are what you are... hungry for the dick, hungry for the dumb ass dick. Look at what you've become, all of you! Look at this, we've been annihilated?!!?

They all are looking at their proper screens and the over head screen- surprised, confused and in disbelief. Scratching heads.

MAD #2

This can't be right, something is incorrect. This didn't happen in less than 5 minutes, impossible.

MAIN MAD BITCH

The United States hasn't sustained casualties like this from one single battle since fucking Corona! My God. And comes down to the same damn reason- inept fucking cunts!

Swiping and pushing buttons on air screen, high tech. Everybody is pretending to be busy now.

MAD #1

Madam, numbers from 200 sites confirmed. Apparently, veils and the aphrodisiac were disabled without detection until it was too late. And then there's this Madam.

Onscreen is video of troops trying to escape and getting blasted by the new weapons. Those who are hit get zapped like a looney tune and a crazy orgasming frenzied ass explosion.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Well you don't see that every day, yeesh. Any survivors?

MAD #1

Zero as far as I can tell, all offline. All signals scrambled.

MAIN MAD BITCH

My god. What are our numbers? Civilians?

MAD #1

30,422 casualties Madam. Civilians undetected at this time.

MAIN MAD BITCH

God damn it. We'll be hearing from  
White Wing any moment. They only  
interfere if it makes them look bad...  
and this looks pretty fucking bad.

Phone rings. Main Mad Bitch rolls eyes and answers.

MAIN MAD BITCH

General Ellis.

TOP BRASS (VO)

Katyyyy, what's up??? Top Brass, bitch.  
The Prez... (valley girl voice)

Main MAD Bitch

(snide, under breath)

Top ass you mean.

(to Top Brass)

It's General Kathryn Ellis ma'am.

INT. WHITE WING CABINET ROOM. NIGHT.

A POTUS and US cabinet scene is occupied with young hot chicks, because they are the most fuckable fucks to fuck so they run the country. To be able to seduce and pleasure is the greatest weapon of all, and who better knows the ins and outs of that than young hot bitches... Instead of Old white assholes in charge, it's young hot bitches. Both just as dumb and annoying.

Top Brass and Main MAD Bitch continue conversation from White Wing.

TOP BRASS (cont.)

What the fuck did you say? Oh never mind, cuz yer fuckkeddd. You know how many reporters are hassling us just like in the past 5 minutes? All of them, ALL of them. And you know that I know that you know that I know that, wait a minute. All I know is that you fucked up, and you need to be at the briefing first thing tomorrow and better have a perfect statement for

these vultures. All they do is hate on us- hating haters with their fake news all damn day long. It's exhausting.

(pouting , sigh)

Got that General Admission?

They both slam phones down and simultaneously exclaim-

MAIN MAD BITCH/TOP BRASS

Fucking slut!

INT. MAD HQ. NIGHT.

Main MAD bitch addresses MAD team. Grunts and growls in frustration, before turning anger to her team.

MAIN MAD BITCH

You've all gone fucking soft. What happened to the cold as ice, brass nipples, sharp as steel forever damaged goods? Hmm? Never love again warriors I trusted? Never love again never/fuck again middle aged divorcee fucking LIARS! Pffff.

Team looks dejected and indignant. Caught red handed and in shock, disgraced, careless w/o remorse though. Don't want to take the blame... So USA.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Run eval programs tonight, every single one of you god damned whores. If you fail, we'll see you in Peace de Resistance HELL! You can count on it! Clean up this unholy slaughter!

Main MAD bitch starts to walk out, puts out a last order.

MAIN MAD BITCH

And somebody better figure the fuck out how those weapons worked without direct contact. Game over if not. Suit up, we have blood on our hands.



Main MAD Bitch and assistant leave the MAD team dejected. One groans fuuuckk meee, after they leave and tosses her romance novels in the trash.

INT. PEACE DE RESISTANCE HQ. DAY.

Four MAD staff who failed their eval last night indignantly report for duty.

They walk toward the front reporting desk and meet WINONA in her Kirtan like outfit robes. All PR(peace de resistance) folks wear off white monk robes.

WINONA PR(peace de resistance)  
 Welcome, welcome. Fresh souls to  
 harvest Mua ah ah ah ahhh... (beat) Just  
 joshin, goodness. You ladies look ran  
 over...

Winona glances over paperwork.

WINONA PR(cont.)  
 Ahhh MAD rejects... Couldn't hang with  
 the dangalang, huh ladies?

The four women are signing in and giving dirty looks of suspicion towards Winona as she talks.

AFRO QUEEN  
 Hey go fuck yourself pretty lady nun...  
 chuck mother fuck.

WINONA PR  
 Awww,that's like 2 of my most favorite  
 things to do.

MAD FAILURE 2  
 (pissed/confused)  
 What the hell do you freaks do here  
 anyway. Damn waste of time, damn waste  
 of tax money, damn.

Winona gets up and has the MAD failures follow her while she gives them the scoop.

WINONA PR

We win wars... Come. Training lasts minimum 1 month, maximum 6 Months, depends on your progress and willingness to ascend.

Looks of complete confusion from MAD failures.

WINONA PR

All in good time, children, all in good time.

MAD FAILURE 3

Children, did this bitch just call me a child? I've had about all I can take here lady, what the hell is this wack-a-doo cult ass crap?!

They walk along the corridor, different meditation, spiritual metaphysical shit going on everywhere, kind of prisonish though, it's still the US military...

WINONA PR

OKayyy, 6 months then... Here's your issued robes, 2... You're expected to keep them clean and pressed. Meals here- every option imaginable, except organic of course, this *is* still the good ol' USA military grade grub... There is a master gardening program however if you choose, and organic practices occur there. 3 hots and a cot ladies, more than enough...

She extends her hand showing them into their bunk area. Looks exactly like recruit training barracks.

AFRO QUEEN

The fuck are you going on about here lady? I'm not going on any fucking koombaya campout; yoda! I got a house and kids and dogs and Netflix!

WINONA PR

It's all been taken care of. If you recall when you signed your life away, welllll you signed your life away. And you all have just been terminated from the top directive of the greatest military operation in the world, so yeah. You ladies, I'm sorry, but am also sadistically excited to say- are mine. Welcome to heavenly hell sisters!

Their faces are dumbfounded/pissed.

INT. WHITE WING. DAY.

White Wing Staff sit for a meeting. Main MAD Bitch is shown in.

TOP BRASS

Katyyy, nice of you to join us- under command of course and swimming in a puddle of shit, but still, hiiiiiee. Love to see those lame ass shoes you ol' hoes sport around.

MAIN MAD BITCH

It's General Kathryn Ellis. And these shoes allow me to stand on my feet all day protecting this country. Since your job consists of you mainly on your back or knees I can't imagine your interest.

They're all wearing pole heels.

TOP BRASS

Gotta make the country money honey.  
Woot.

POTUS walks in with entourage of sexy men. She sits. Mannerisms and speech patterns similar to dumb ass valley girl.. She's gorgeous.

POTUS

Ladies, Where's the McMuffins? Diet  
Coke, yessss.

She's brought food. Starts eating and asks what they have for her today. Main MAD Bitch looks on a bit horrified/disgusted. POTUS is very much like Trump.

TOP BRASS #2

General Kathryn Ellis here to brief us on the incursion yesterday. She will be briefing the press after notes.

POTUS

Umm, yeah, who's fucking idea was that to get our asses handed to us worldwide. Embarrassinnngggg! We've done so much for you people, lending all the wisdom of seduction in the world, and here we are... You get your cake, eat it and leave a giant mess. W-T-F?!? Madam Prez is not happy.

Taking bites while she talks. She motions for another McMuffin. Starts unwrapping it.

POTUS

And what with the little penis bullets? Stupid cute. I want one. Tell me more.

She slurps the last of the diet Coke. Main MAD Bitch clears her throat uneasily.

MAIN MAD BITCH

The offense was looking good Madam President. Our veil and aphrodisiac operatives were somehow manipulated without our detection. We're working on that now. At approximately 11 hundred they overtook us with their veil fry, aphro scramble and this new technology, out of Germany our sources tell us, known as the boil.

Main MAD Bitch motions to the screen to show the cabinet footage of the new weaponry on our troops. POTUS laughs out loud at the sight of soldiers getting electrocuted like looney tunes. Main MAD Bitch glares back at POTUS surprised.

MAIN MAD BITCH

We lost a total of 30,422 soldiers.  
 Civilians unknown. The new weapon is  
 advanced technology we've never seen  
 before. If the enemy continues to be  
 able to target without direct contact,  
 that could be disastrous. The  
 implications are unimaginable.

POTUS

Oh we have got to get us some of those.  
 Do they come in hot veiny heliotrope?

POTUS giggles like she's having fun at a dildo store with her friends.

POTUS

Boiled cock, a cock boil. So  
 southernnnn...

MAIN MAD BITCH

(under her breath)

Jesus fucking christ, we're all going  
 to die.

INT. MAD HQ. DAY.

Main MAD Bitch walks into MAD HQ with her assistant, looks around to see who's missing.

MAIN MAD BITCH

How many did we lose?

ASSISTANT

4 Madam Sir.

Main Mad Bitch looks over staff evals on a tablet.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Evals are no joke. Lezbonics and Silver Foxes get em every time.(beat) Out of control middle aged hoes.

She envisions the process of an evaluation and her missing MAD's being overtaken with seduction by Silver Foxes or Lezbonics. She jolts back to reality.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Anyway, good news! We're all going to fucking die. The absolute dumpster fire of ineptitude running this country is below zero. Time to call in the big dicks. Desperate times call for *Drastic* measures.

INT. DRAST'S CRIB. DAY.

He's sitting at his elegant vanity putting fake eyelash/eyeliner on his rearview eyeball, and combing his hair around it like a little hair-do. Listening to some weird ass Asian music shit. Phone rings and he voice commands to see who it is, annoyed, then to answer.

DRAST

General Admission! To what do I owe this displeasure?

MAIN MAD BITCH

Suit up and get your shiny ass in here.

He continues to make himself look perfect and talks to his 2 giant killer dobermans.

DRAST

Oh she done fucked up this time, shit. Don't worry honey, the calvary is on the way.

He starts texting furiously.

DRAST

Oooh, I'm gon' get me that thug bitch Delilah now. Game on Dragzilla!

INT. GERMAN GENERAL LAIR. DAY.

Delilah and GERMAN GENERAL are laying around luxuriously. General German is feeding Delilah grapes from the vine. Several drag queens fanning them and several stand by at attention. German General is giddy.

GERMAN GENERAL

Delilah my love, the cruise ships are cruising, russian trolls trolling, infiltrators at full trot. It's all very exciting.

DELILAH

You've done it my lord and love. What ever will we do with ourselves when all the chafing heals?

GERMAN GENERAL

Orgy tutorials of course. TED talks, podcasts, webinars. Do what you love! Art! Heal this poor beautiful mother Earth. Humanity will flourish... The great renaissance!

DELILAH (laughs)

Shiiiiit, you gonna give Orgy Ted Talks?

GERMAN GENERAL

But of course I'd be paying you and our gang of my favorite thang... Exhibit A,BDCEFGHIJKLMNOP...

He waves his hand gesturing at drag queens nearby.

DELILAH

(giggly)

I'm serious, what's the plan?

GERMAN GENERAL

I *am* serious my sweet. We must free everyone from the shackles of war. The technology is getting there, but the chips must be safely removed. It is

time for peace, compassion, integrity,  
 innovation, balance and truest love my  
 love.

Delilah looks at him so lovingly, she tears up a bit. One of the devastating drag queens standing duty comes forward and whispers in German General's ear. Delila's phone is buzzing. He looks pissed. Delilah reads her texts. They exclaim simultaneously.

GERMAN GENERAL/DELILAH

DRAST!!!!!!!

Everybody shudders. She throws her phone.

DELILAH

(hateful)

NO!!! That one eyed peg leg pig  
 stalker! Shit! Fuck!

EXT. US HQ. DAY.

Pantera opens door to futuristic Escalade 4x4 limo. Drast looking devastatingly shiny and evil in head to toe patent leather S&M getup... Gloves. Cigarette holder in the shape of an HR Giger dick. He has different peg leg attachments. This one a shiny black cobra. He wears a cape.

INT. US HQ. DAY.

Drast marches through corridor with Pantera and LGBT3PO. They reach an area revealing thousands of troops in squadron formation ready for orders. They salute heel click in unison. Main MAD Bitch is in the front with her MAD troops. Drast holds out his hand and LGBT3PO pops out a microphone to him. He catches it and throws his cape to Main MAD bitch, hitting her in the head. She kind of grabs it as it slides off. She gives a super dirty look.

DRAST

Well well well my pets, we meet again.  
 Let me just explain one thing. Hell  
 hath no fury like a whipped world  
 power's scorn. No more mistakes,



missteps or fuckups. The hour is now.  
Revenge is ours.

(crescendo)

Fuck up or get fucked is no longer an  
option. FUCK, FUCKER, FUCKEST FUCKEM  
ALL! We ARE the most powerful in the  
world and no one can ever take that  
away from us.

(trite)

It's like our superpow, bitch please.

PANTERA moves forward with military salute signaling the yell.  
Like a nazi salute but with open hand.

ALL TROOPS

Honor Glory, Honor Glory, Honor Glory  
U-S-A!!!

INT. GERMAN GENERAL LAIR. NIGHT.

Delilah and German General stand looking over battle strategy  
table as well as the intelligence leak. Delilah looking at  
Drast's file.

DELILAH

This bitch. They cloned that fucker, no  
way he survived! I'm a hafta kill this  
(n-word) again.

GERMAN GENERAL

(shocked)

Delilah, such language, t-t-t. Don't  
talk like that, I don't like it. We're  
not nazis!

She rolls eyes, looks him up and down, remarks discreetly.

DELILAH

Yeah, OKURRR.

GERMAN GENERAL

Come my love let us make murder plans.

DELILAH

You don't sound like a fuckin nazi at all.

GERMAN GENERAL

Psshhh, pish posh. We only defend ourselves against tyranny. We rid of this filth to make the world a better place.

DELILAH

Where have I heard that before?

German General waves dismissively.

GERMAN GENERAL

What are his weaknesses, you knew him well. Let's get to work.

Delilah looks longingly for a moment, with a humorous sparkle of delightful wickedness and moves toward German General as camera pans out from above spiraling up from war table... Maybe some batman scene change music.

EXT. US CONVOY FIELD. DAY.

Drast rides up to Main MAD Bitch on a brilliant black stallion. Fancy trot when he gets close. Drast yells at some soldiers as he approaches. They're trying to pet the horse or take a selfie. Bonfires in the background.

DRAST

Back, back you maggots! Get your filthy hands away from this stallion and his horse!!!

Drast laughs hard with his tongue out like Tiffany Haddish. He smacks someone on the head with his horsewhip.

DRAST

Take a picture of that mother fuckers.

Main MAD Bitch overseeing operations. Drast has a special stirrup and peg leg for horse riding. She salutes Drast.

DRAST

At ease lieutenant-ant. Status report!

MAIN MAD BITCH

It's General Kathryn-

DRAST

Whatever General Admission, you've been demoted.

MAIN MAD BITCH

And why does everybody call me that? It was 2 guys, I fucked 2 guys in basic, christ!

DRAST

That's not what I heard...(beat)Report!!!

MAIN MAD BITCH

Sir! Rolling out to the coasts, major cities and airports in between. Detection grid activated. Fortifying our borders north and south, Sir.

DRAST

Intelligence tells me we have defensive tech ready for front line?

She swipes her tablet, searching. Drast looks annoyed.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Sir, yes sir. We have 12,000 distributed at the ready, Sir.

DRAST

Good! It won't do much more than weaken those dick devil machines. Poor bastards. The majority will be gone within minutes, which will allow us our chance to move in.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Sir, yes sir.

DRAST

Will you shut up?...

Main MAD Bitch rolls her eyes. Drast gazes off into the distance at all the soldiers.

DRAST

We're taught our whole lives not to harm others and if we do we burn in eternal hellfire. Then we need to eat, pay for college, better ourselves and presto, coerced to kill...

She looks at him surprised and confused, knowing she better not speak.

DRAST

Agggh! Enough with the sentimentalities... These are a bunch of sad twisted mother fuckers I'll give em that. Some just plain mean... No harm in twisting us a bit further aye?

MAIN MAD BITCH

Sir, do you want me to speak, Sir?

DRAST

I guess the fuck not.

She's giving dirty looks now.

DRAST

We'll be fine! Being the gluttonous pig porn whores of the world comes in handy once in awhile... (beat)  
Till we meet again m'lady. 0500!  
(beat) I need a cattle prod. Yah!

He looks off toward his path when wanting a cattle prod. He rides off into the troops yelling "Yah". Some troops try to get a touch of that stallion and or that peg leg.

DRAST

Back, back I say! Fuck off!!

INT. SEAPLANE SPRUCE GOOSE. DAY.

German General wearing some lingerie playing duck duck goose with his horde of favorite drag queens. Beautiful satin pillows everywhere. They're all looking absolutely fab dressed to kill in the most fabulous getups of lingerie ever.

Delilah is dressed in lingerie, but is at work at the plane's command center computer area.

German General "it" and walking around saying duck duck goose. He gooses one of the gals, they run around and one of the queens trips the running queen. They start a gentle, jealous slap fight.

German General smiles and saunters over to Delilah. She's looking hella serious.

GERMAN GENERAL

Delilah my sweet. Join the party, please. There will be plenty of time for killing and dying and all of that war stuff very soon.

DELILAH

They can't get away with it again. This is the final approach. We can't let the world continue to suffer.

GERMAN GENERAL

Of course not my little warrior blossom. We won't let them. I promise you. Everybody is working tirelessly. Come along now, enough with the toils. Let's play and enjoy ourselves a little before the shit.

DELILAH

I just have to make sure everything is in razor sharp order. We haven't forgotten any detail. Those demons will take down this entire planet if we let them. Because of sheer narcissistic sociopathic greedy little dick syndrome!!! And Drast is the worst of

them all. No more! This ends here, the world has endured enough.

She starts crying a bit and General German consoles her with a "not spilling his drink" hug.

GERMAN GENERAL

Delilah! What's this? Actual tears, my goodness gracious. There there my demolition queen. All is well, don't worry yourself. I have a good feeling. Come, come now, I insist my love, come.

He kisses her hand beckoning/pulling her to come to the circle. The other queens are calling her too. A silly funky song begins and she smiles and reluctantly joins. Party All the Time-Eddie Murphy plays. They all start dancing.

INT. US TROOP BARRACKS. DAY.

Soldier PB's (pretty boys) with their puppies are waking up at the butt crack of dawn for their 0600 orders.

PB #1 snuggles his whitish golden retriever baby one last time before getting up. He gets his fatigues and a tshirt, heads outside with everybody else to let their puppies do their business and for some morning yoga in the mist. A herd of shitting puppies and hotties doing yoga.

Soldier PR's (Peace de Resistance)-militarized meditation troops getting ready to take to the battle field. They're packing supplies. Winona comes to discuss the operative with Soldier PR (who'd received the intelligence from LGBT3PO.)

WINONA PR

Where will you be stationed?

SOLDIER PR

They're not telling us, they want us to tell them, dig?

WINONA PR

Ahhh, a little remote viewing preamble.  
I guess I'll see you on the other side  
then sailor.

SOLDIER PR

Oh yeah. We'll have plenty of recruits  
global and beyond. Be ready for  
incoming energy wave, the influx will  
be overwhelming. The great conjuring.

WINONA PR

That's the word on the ethers. It's all  
very exciting. Could this be the-

He gives her a quick look of shhhhh! Looks around for  
listening passerby.

SOLDIER PR

All will be revealed when it's time.  
Exciting *time* indeed. Keep your ears  
and heart wide open Winona. That's an  
order.

They embrace and rest their foreheads together.

EXT. LOADING CONVOYS. DAY.

He winks and takes off out the door assembling with all the  
rest of the troops walking through building to vehicles.

The PB's are with their puppies. A mish mash of all troops.

INT. MAD HQ. DAY.

A few members are watching the deployment. They're  
thirsting...

MAD #1

I cannot believe I made it through my  
eval. Those puppy boys are givin me  
vagina pain.

MAD #2

Hopefully this will all be over soon  
and we can get back to our mindless  
musings in peace. Our scrap of pleasure-  
Menage a moi. Auditioning the ol'  
finger puppets. DIY time..

MAD #1

Hell yes. Then he gon' back me up so  
he can jack me up. In my yummy in my  
tummy, all I got dreammmms..

MAD #1 watches a Pretty Boy closely and sees his stacked muscley  
body glisten in the sun, which gives her the chills. She sighs  
with longing. They both stare in bitter heartfelt longing.

MAD #2

It never ends, the banality of the GD  
bANAL wars never fucking ends.  
Gluttonous pig bastards.

EXT. OPEN SKY AND OCEAN. GERMAN GENERAL PLANE. DAY.

Giant seaplane Spruce Goose like craft comes into view  
descending out of clouds.

INT. SEAPLANE SPRUCE GOOSE. DAY.

German General, Delilah and the gang of queens are dressed in  
their finest military garb. Delilah going through motions to  
communicate with troops on the ground and at sea coordinating  
their rendezvous plans and landing conditions.

They're talking like American truckers for their secret code  
talk, in case their channels are corrupted.

DELILAH

Breaker breaker three nine. This is  
Lizard Winner in the Sky with Diamonds,  
come on.

GROUND CREW

10-2 good buddy. Lizard Winner come on,  
over.



DELILAH

10-4 partner, what's your handle, over.

GROUND CREW

Prairie Chicken bockin atch ya over.

About this time, we notice German General/queen squad are looking shocked, confused and bemused at this code talking delight.

DELILAH(cont.)

Prairie Chicken we're fixin to pay the water bill to park the pickle. A stack of eight in the fifty dollar clear of smoke would be nice, come on, over.

German General looking brilliantly aghast. Delilah looks over and winks with a look like I got this. She whispers to them-

DELILAH

It was either this or interpretive dance.

GROUND CREW

Lizard Winner Lizard Winner Prairie Chicken Dinner, that's a 10-4. Big road fog line past the breaker breaker three nine and you'll be fine.

Delilah looks down to see the breakers out in the ocean. It is a bit foggy and a cruise ship will appear after landing.

DRAG QUEEN 1

Girl you need a different hat for this gig, shiiit. Get this bitch a different lid.

Delilah smiles all proud of her wind talking ways and continues.

DELILAH

10-4 gator breakers Prairie Chicken. Comin backwood hammer down town brother man. I'll be dustin yer britches for motion lotion and dragon the wagon. Come on, over, come on back.

GROUND CREW

(laughs heartily)

Stack them eights and fire em bloody.  
Catch you on the flip flop n' rock it  
steady Betty.

A bedazzled cowgirl hat is tossed her way and she puts it on.

DELILAH

Keep your eyes and ears open and keep  
that black stack a smokin. After that  
beaver fever I'll take you out for some  
Colorado Koolaid. 10-foe at the front  
doe.

Delilah smiles and laughs a bit, "drops the mic" then hangs up  
radio receiver and prepares for landing. German General and Drag  
crew applaud. Delilah is all grins.

GERMAN GENERAL

I have a really good feeling now,  
Delilah. My goodness gracious.

DELILAH

Put on your damn seat belt.

German General is fanning himself in excitement.

GERMAN GENERAL

Safeword beaver fever.

INT. MAD HQ. DAY.

Main MAD Bitch's staff at work at their stations bracing for the  
coming show case show down war. On US territory! A first for the  
country. Outfits got an upgrade, no more crocs. Combat boots. We  
hear a complaint of feet hurting.

RANDO MAD

My feet are fucking killing me.

RANDO MAD 2

You're just sitting there bunyon bitch.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Top alert ladies. The countdown is on. The enemy invasion will reach US shores within 24hrs. Unbelievable it's come to this. (beat) We have the entire US forces in our hands, we are their eyes, ears, backup and lookout. What you got?!? ON SCREEN!

The holographic screen comes up with signals of US troops amassing at the ports, borders and major cities.

MAIN MAD BITCH

No enemy detection yet. They should be coming out of the woodwork any moment. (beat) Any transmission capture?

MAD #1

We've intercepted thousands Madam. Nothing suspicious to decode as of yet.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Any offshore?

MAD #1

Teenagers, truckers, mafioso and geriatric trailer park parties on down Madam. Radio nerds mostly.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Any offshore?!?! We must detect where German forces are. Drast's order. He thinks submarine or cruise ship, so pay crucial attention! His intel is our primary directive. (beat) I do NOT want that unholy man bitch breathing down my neck.

MAD #1

Yes Sir Madam Sir, offshore; primary target.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN. DAY.

Seaplane flies out of the clouds, lands and pulls up next to a huge cruise ship coming out of the mist. The crew boards the ship with too much luggage. I Think I See the Light-Yusuf Cat Stevens.

INT. CRUISE SHIP. DAY.

German General and Delilah carrying on like it's a parade. Overzealous welcoming committee greets them. Like when you used to land in Hawaii for a vacation. General German rouses the troops.

GERMAN GENERAL

Fellow freedom fighters of the world!  
This is it! This is our time, our  
chance, our redemption and revenge! We  
rise to annihilate those evil doers to  
their bitter end! Free love is ours, is  
our sacred right, not a weapon... and  
awaits us all. Let us brave this final  
sacrifice dear friends, let us destroy  
hate in all forms and finality!

Great cheers from the welcomers/troops on board. German General waves, smiles with Delilah and entourage as they leave for their quarters. Hungarian national song is sung.

INT. ESCALADE LIMMO. DAY.

Drast, Pantera, LGBT3PO and SPEECH WRITER ride together. Drast is dressed to the nines looking like some S&M patent leather cruella deville. Smoking with the long cigarette holder.

SPEECH WRITER

... this part here, we need to tweek just  
a motivational tad..

DRAST

Look Mr. *Tad* Talk. I generally go for  
fear instead of eliciting likability.  
Nasty business everyone thinking you're  
Betty White or some shit.

SPEECH WRITER

Sir, under the circumstances, may I suggest, just this once-

Pantera hisses at the speech writer.

DRAST

Oooh, you've enraged my pussy.

(to Pantera)

They're trying to help the war effort pet. Getting us all on the same boring fuck soft mood.

Pantera relaxes back watching intently, ready to pounce.

SPEECH WRITER

(carefully)

As I was saying, the troops are needing a sense of unity, direction... of strength! That's why you're our man. Your compass guides with a razor sharp and heavy hand. Which we need and want, we just need the troops to be invited and commanded at the same time.

DRAST

(groan)

I hate people more than I hate feet.

They get out of the limmo and start to enter NYC headquarters-a posh hotel. Speech writer is eager.

DRAST

Let's go over it tonight. Dinner and a speech. You better bring a dessert girl, or psycho kitty here will be set loose on your face.

Drast waves hand dismissively to rid of speech writer and walks on. Pantera hisses seductively with her hand like a claw.

INT. USA SPA. DAY.

Pretty Boys looking up at spa menu like they're at McDonald's. Men's Brazilian is being considered.

PRETTY BOY 1

Yeah I'm due for a rip n' clip... Turns  
the heat up.

PRETTY BOY 2

Mani/pedi for me bro, I don't want my  
shit breaking out for the finale.

Spa attendants show all the secrets of a male Brazilian. Tape a  
perfect lightning bolt love patch at the end and rrrriipppp.

They pick up their cutest puppies ever at the doggy day spa, are  
walking down the street and get ogled at by passersby  
immediately.

PRETTY BOY 2

Dude, we are primed and ready to  
battle!

PRETTY BOY 1

Hook, line and fucker activated baby!  
Shoooot.

They say thank you to a group of flirthers and go on their way.  
Like a MENTOS commercial kinda... Pretty Boys wink and knuckle  
bomb. Maneater-Hall and Oates plays.

INT. PENTHOUSE. NIGHT.

Pantera, and Speech Writer eating dinner. LGBT3PO is acting as a  
butler. Drast nearby in like a Darth Vader transformation chair.  
He's getting Lezbonics like upgrades to his arm. Mad scientist  
dressed Soldier PR(peace de resistance) working on him. Speech  
writer going over speech.

DRAST

I don't like it.

SPEECH WRITER

What part.

DRAST

Just that one tiny part... from beginning  
to end.(beat) It doesn't sound like you  
Nesto, what gives? Who's pullin your

strings?... I got 1 guess. And she begins with capital P for capital Pussy.

SPEECH WRITER

That obvs? Well she *is* the star of the show.

DRAST

That POTUS bitch. I'M the main chingon here Nesto, christ!

Pantera is eating her steak more ravenously.

DRAST

Pantera, Chew. With. Your. Mouth. Closed!!!

Drast starts a Spanish cussing crescendo.

DRAST

Aye dios mio, see what that dry toast Madam Prez does to our happy home?

SPEECH WRITER

Sir, please, for the love of diplomacy and perimenopausal power houses, just do what the Madam orders. I beg you. (beat)Now, who wants pie?

Drast's eye is twitching with subservience. He gets up from his procedure and pops the bionic arm panel open. We see all the dazzling electronics, and he shuts it. He speaks with a strained evil voice.

DRAST

What kind of pie did you bring, my pretty?

SPEECH WRITER

Key lime, to remind us of sunnier days.

DRAST

Alright then, I'll let you know how much I hate it... Toodles.

LGBT3PO shows Speech Writer out the door. Closes the door on him while trying to yell out to Drast.

SPEECH WRITER

The country is counting on y-

Drast and Pantera sit in front of the fire drinking wine. Drast grabs the speech paper and sets it on fire. They watch in angry delight.

INT. CRUISE SHIP. SITUATION ROOM. DAY.

DELILAH

We hit land in T minus 24 hours.

GERMAN GENERAL

Assets?

DELILAH

We have every shore, border, major airport, club etc. (beat) What gives GG? It's time to party stomp all over those pretty little buttoes.

GERMAN GENERAL

What if they got our weapon intel, or worse something new we've totally missed on the radar? How many soldier's lives are at stake here? I can't take the thought of losing to this monster again, the world will not survive.

DELILAH

Heinrich, what's gotten into you?

Delilah snaps one of her drag queens to take her place, then goes to German General. He's pouty and worried.

DELILAH

Have you forgotten all we've done? Everything YOU'VE achieved at this point in world efforts? We are at the



shores of our enemy about to overtake  
and free our beautiful planet of this  
bully forever. Your vision has been  
joined by all the allies of Earth!

GERMAN GENERAL

Pshhh, pffff, hmmpf.

(sheepishly)

What ever are you talking about?

German General wanting to hear how cool he is. And be reassured.

As she names the allied nations, scenes from these places with  
sultry training warriors flash across the screen.

DELILAH

Ohhh I know what you need my lord and  
love, a little tooting of the horn  
maybe? Yeahhh. (beat) African nations  
have united, the entire Asiatic  
continent, most of the Americas, and of  
course home sweet home and all our  
neighbors. They love you, they respect  
you. We all want the same thing and  
you've lead us to that horizon. And  
we're willing to fight with you to get  
it. You're the hope; das wunderbar!

GERMAN GENERAL

(coy)

You forgot Australia, and we can't of  
course discount all you awesome X-pats.

DELILAH

Come on boss, it's the night before the  
big game... You need a deep rest and I  
know how to toot horn in 7 different  
languages. (beat)

They walk mischievously away to enjoy their last few hours  
before battle. Oh You Pretty Things-David Bowie plays.

INT. DRAST'S PENTHOUSE. DAY.

Television transmission to all US troops and civilians for a call to arms. Pantera and LGBT3PO in background. Drast animated. Soldier PR(peace de resistance) filming live speech for nation.

DRAST

I come to you in a desperate historical moment great people. United States of America! We call upon all of you! Soldiers, and civilians. We ask, no we beg you to make this crucial sacrifice. This is an historical immediate call to arms asses and elbows. The entire world enemy approaches our shores, airways and clubs across every sacred corner of our beloved purple mountains majesty and amber waves of grain. We need you! Join us in our legacy and proud domination of remaining- THE MOST POWERFUL FUCKERS IN THE WORLD!... They'll eat your children.

Blip! They disappear. Screen goes black. Transmission/speech over.

INT. VARIOUS HOMES. USA. DAY.

Scene shows short montage of civilian households watching and then having differing reactions. Urgent discussion, crying, salutes etc.

INT. WHITE WING. DAY.

POTUS sits with Speech Writer, surrounded by her hot af scantily clad young men secret service. Their TV screen shows that they just watched Drast's speech. She's eating hotwings. Speech Writer looking sweaty and nervous.

POTUS

Ummm, that doesn't sound familiar. Is that the way we had it?

SPEECH WRITER

Not exactly Madam President. If I ma-

POTUS

Off with his tiny stinking balls..

She's pissed and takes an animal bite of her wing. He gulps.

INT. VARIOUS SEX SHOPS. USA. DAY.

Sex shops have dildos and batteries flying off the shelves (like guns and ammo). Shortages, civilians in an uproar trying to get their dildo/sex/S&M weaponry.

EXT. VARIOUS SHOOTING RANGES/BACKYARDS. DAY.

Scenes of war crazed beer drinking nationalist America 1st types doing dildo "fastest draw in the land" tricks. Who's the quickest draw? Fancy gun slinging acrobatics like in Wyatt Earp.

RANDO WHITE TRASH

Pew pew mudafuckas!!!!

EXT. US AIR BASE. DAY.

Drast, Pantera and LGBT3PO march towards huge cargo plane. Drast's clinking peg leg is in beat to Work Bitch-Britney Spears. They are dressed to the nines. Drast wears a cape.

Drast waves his arm up in a circle signaling time to go. The cargo plane door closes on Drast and crew stoically readying for war.

INT. CRUISE SHIP. DAY.

German General sleeping like a baby. Snuggling a stuffed unicorn. Delilah rouses him with a feather and breakfast.

DELILAH

Heiny my darling, rise and shine. Today  
is the big day my love, invasion... Kill  
kill kill.

German General gently wakes smiling. Delilah gets up and calls him over to the breakfast trolley. He joins her in his tighty whiteys, adjusting his package. He starts eating and tasting heaven. He then speaks in a devilishly sadistic voice.

GERMAN GENERAL

We're going to winnn!

One-Metallica middle riff plays as he eats.

INT. VARIOUS HOMES/SPECIAL OPS DEPARTMENTS. DAY.

Everybody is getting ready. Drag Queens all dolled up, ready to fuck em dead.

Strippers putting on their fuck me boots, disassembling their travel poles into duffle bags. Headin out the door.

S&M'ers going all out on the patent leather, whips, chains, handcuffs, masks etc... They are geared up.

Kinky Furrries putting on their finest furs and giant fuzzy masks and musks.

Dildo carrying civilians have their holsters packed with dildos and lube. Wannabe military outfits, nazi and proud cunt patches.

INT. RECRUIT BONE SPURS BATHROOM. DAY.

Recruit Bone Spurs sits alone in his bathroom upon his golden toilet. He's sweaty and whimpering about his bone spurs, doing a viagra pill count. He lets a fart.

RECRUIT BONE SPURS

These god damn bone spurs. There's no way I can do this. I'm almost out of pills.

BONE SPURS WIFE knocks at the door. She has a Russian accent.

BONE SPUR'S WIFE

Time for you to goooo. I have your bag all packed. Deployment message says ten o'clock!...

BONE SPURS

Fucking bitch! Give me a minute, christ almighty.

BONE SPUR'S WIFE

Come on ouuttt. You know what they do to dodgers in the jail. You'll really get in trouble there. Now come on out and have some crackers and salmon... And get going! You'll be late!

She's all smiles, can't wait for him to leave. Bone spurs is super flustered and sweaty now, drops his pills.

BONE SPURS

Cocksucking woman bastard covfefe! Now look what you made me do. This will cost you bigly!!! BIGGGLY!!!

He's on the floor with his pants down trying to get his pills back in the bottle.

EXT. BONE SPUR'S APT. DAY.

RECRUIT CORN POP honking horn in some 80's sedan/cadillac to pick up Recruit Bone Spurs. His 12ish yr old niece sits in front seat with him.

Recruit Bone Spurs walks toward car rolling his luggage, wearing his stupid mid-healed man shoes. He's struggling a bit, breathing hard, sweating.

CORN POP

Get in the back Jack! We gotta drop my niece off at camp before we land us our bad dudes!

He smells her hair as she recoils. Bone Spurs throws luggage in.

CORN POP (cont.)

I learned about roaches and kids jumpin on my lap. I love kids jumpin on my lap. More than them rubbin my blond wavy leg hair in the neighborhood pool.

BONE SPURS

The fuck?

CORN POP



They all start dancing and parading their way to the stripmall of cruise ship bars. We follow large group to Senor Frogs.

They bust through the doors like they own the place...

Scenes of drag queens crawling out of the woodwork all over the US.

A fleet of speed boats up the coast.

In a park flirting with Pretty Boy soldier walking his puppy. Pretty Boy 1 makes a scan with his cyborg vision, then a transmission.

PRETTY BOY 1

They'rree herrreee.

INT. MAD HQ. DAY.

The situation room is abuzz with activity. Main MAD Bitch just received the message she'd been waiting for.

MAIN MAD BITCH

Touch Down San Diego Chargers. I repeat, Touch Down San Diego.

EXT. DRAST'S GIANT CARGO PLANE IN FLIGHT. DAY.

Plane opens in flight. Inside we see Drast with a black nazi like helmet and goggles. Drast screams out.

DRAST

CHARRRGGEE!!!!

View pans out to him in a golden/black chariot and about 20 "horse men" (dudes dressed in patent leather shiny shorts, hooves, horse tails and black horse masks). They are hooked up to the chariot's several axles and take off running at high speed and jump out of the plane. Thunderstruck-ACDC plays. Tons of soldiers dive out after them and from surrounding planes. Along with some tanks, various SUV's and motorcycles.

They fly/drop through air, horsey boys in perfect flight formation, like horsey Supermen, 1 arm forward, 1 tucked. Giant parachutes attached to chariot and axles deploy.

Chariot lands right on a Joshua Tree and destroys it. (No Joshuas were harmed in this picture in credits)

Drast starts driving his chariot around all the landing troops and equipment. We find him on a mound addressing troops and nation.

He turns the chariot speakers on, he commands "go live!", and puts his hand out for LGBT3PO to toss him the mic.

DRAST

Ammericaaaaa!!! It's time to pledge  
allegiance to this FAG mother fuckers!!  
Now give em' hell and get some!!!

He laughs wildly, drops the mic, whips his horses furiously and leads his army off into the distance.

EXT. SENOR FROGS. DAY.

DRAST and his army pull into Cruise Ship strip. It is crawling with drag queens. Drag queens get into a barricade formation to stop them.

We hear a heavy march and a repeated hut hut hut hut hut. A militarized riot geared police force enters the scene in formation.

DRAST

Oh look, the Little Dicks decided to  
show, how niice.

HEAD LD(little dicks)

Sir, Madam Sir! We got this one for you  
Madam Sir!

DRAST

Allll right! Thank you, the more the  
merrier!

Beat It-Michael Jackson, or Eat It Weird Al Yankovik starts and the Drag Queens and LD(little dick) cops start their dance battle.



EXT. STREETS OF US. DAY.

The scene segues to other dance battles starting across the country.

Beat It or Eat It song plays. In the MJ video, the two guys come with knives at each other... well in the bANAL scene we see a civilian with a dildo and a lezbonic with her cyborg dildo arm doing the dance/fight scene similar to the MJ video.

Dirty dancing across the land... Allied foreign forces against American forces. It's impossible to tell who's fucking killing who really because US is country of immigrants. We see some identifiable uniforms/outfits/familiar faces.

Sexy Indian is leading a dance squad again. His wing men by his side with belly dancers flanking.

Some South American Carnival Dancers enter the night in NOLA and take that shit straight over.

Some Russian and Asian warriors take over the massage parlors. First thing- they fuck/kill the hell out of ol' Bone Spurs and Corn Pop getting a couple's massage... It doesn't take much.

INT. NEWS BROADCAST.

NEWSCASTER comes on the US news. Love scenes and bloody ass splatter sound bites race across the screen.

NEWSCASTER

(dire)

Ladies and gentleman, all viewers far and wide- please, what we are about to show you may be disturbing. (beat) It is all out war orgy on the streets and in the sheets... Terrorist organizations from every single part of the world have invaded *our* country! It is WWIII! Stay home, stay safe and may god have mercy on us all.

INT. SENOR FROGS. DUSK.

Drast and his crew dramatically and fashionably enter. His entourage and troops follow his lead.

It's hopping with people drinking their giant slushy drinks in the long containers... Hey Baby Que Paso-Texas Tornados plays in background. Tight mexican dancing on the dancefloor.

Drast scans the crowd out of both eyes through his cyborg scanning device. He sees German General and beelines over.

DRAST

Well well well, Heinrich Von  
Liechtenstein... If it isn't my most  
favorite arch nemesis.

GERMAN GENERAL

Drast... You're looking overdressed, as  
usual... What fresh hell are you cooking  
up for us today?

DRAST

Pfff, you wish GG. You're just not my  
type Loveboat... I'll have to set my dogs  
on you-

Delilah comes through doorway with a gang of drag queens.

DELILAH

HEY mother fucker! I'm your  
huckleberry...

Drast pushes German General back hard, by the face. He tumbles.  
We hear a bunch of DQ gasps.

DELILAH

Get away from him, you BITCH!

DRAST

(demonic)

Come on...

DELILAH

You one eyed one horned patent leather  
people eater! Get on the street boy. Yo  
ass is mine!

DRAST

(crazed)

Raise your dicks and fan your clits  
err' errabody! It's show time!!!!

Delilah z-snaps then storms out. Drast opens his bionic arm and starts entering a code which then shows a count down.

INT. PEACE DE RESISTANCE HQ.

Soldier PR and Winona are leading a coordinated global mass meditation. Spiritual drumming/meditation music. Several technicians watching frequency level readouts on holographic computer, while everybody else meditating. It shows a grid and where the troops are across the world and how the frequency level of energy is rising.

You can see the hair starting to rise on the meditators' arms, then their heads. And then they all begin to levitate a bit. We can hear the energy build.

EXT. SENOR FROGS. DUSKY NIGHT.

Drast and Delilah take their places on the street for the showcase showdown. About 25m apart from each other. Outfits slightly modified for the sex fight. Peaky Blinder walking stance-ready for a quick draw.

Delilah crosses her arms in an Italian fuck you gesture and then throws them down. Dildo swords shoot out and she advances like a wild animal toward Drast, scraping the dildo arm swords against the ground; sparks shoot as she runs.

Drast stands calmly, opens his bionic arm computer and pushes a few buttons.

Right as she is about to descend upon him, his chariot power speakers come out transformer style and blast Agallu Sola by Celina and Reutilio. She halts, he pulls out a bright red rose from nowhere, like a magician. Her dildo swords retract and they start the most sensual Cuban Tango you have ever seen.

Pantera, leashed by some other soldiers hisses, groans and roars with jealousy.

They continue their dance to the end. They end in an embrace and Dililah's dildo arm sword sneakily extends. Drast realizes and dance twirls her away. He quickly activates something by way of his bionic arm.

He whip grabs her and tries to pull her to him. She slices his whip like butter with her dildo sword. His boot and peg turn into a roller ball and skate. He takes off like the wind straight for her.

He grabs her and raises her into the air by the crotch, like an ice skating move. She bites her lip and extends the dildo sword down his back, onto his ass. The sword is liquid like Terminator cop.

Drast suddenly shifts Delilah to a holding position, with her legs wrapped around hugging tight while he speeds through on his roller skate and ball while the onlookers watch in delight and horror.

They're both getting off for sure and we just don't know whose ass will explode first.

INT. PEACE DE RESISTANCE HQ.

All meditators are levitating even higher, the wind is blowing like a storm in there, there's visible electricity crackling across the room. The sound of the energy is pulsing and in crescendo.

EXT. SENOR FROG'S. DUSKY NIGHT.

Drast and Delilah still in the skating embrace.

DRAST  
(whispers)  
The world is yours.

Delilah gently gasps and looks at him as he throws her high up in the air into a slow mo back flip.

The clock runs out. He skids to a stop looking up at Delilah.

INT. PEACE DE RESISTANCE.

The meditators focus huge burst of energy. Centralized powerful beam of white blue light shoots up into sky portal. Comes from all meditators across earth grid. It disappears into sky portal and meditators land on floor with their hair all messed up, and some sticking up with static electricity. A few papers still flying around.

EXT. SENOR FROGS. DUSKY NIGHT.

Focused energy burst surges from above directly into Delilah's heart in mid flip. Sonic boom bursts from her center across the earth and ethers. (Sonic boom like seismic charges in Star Wars 2, asteroid field chase scene) She shines with powerful blinding energy, her blade transforms into a spear, she crouches and then comes down hard.

She spears Drast right through his fuckin good eye, down out his asshole and into the ground. She pikes him right there with his ass exploded and lightning shooting out.

Pantera breaks free and runs stealthily toward Delilah to attack her. Delilah braces for the impact.

German General hits Pantera with a penis shaped ass zapping bazooka. She jolts around, ass explodes and she's dead. GG blows into the smoking bazooka.

Delilah lies stunned from the energy blast, she's in shock and disoriented.

GERMAN GENERAL

America! Lay down your dildos! We mean you no harm!... As long as you stop acting like a bunch of crazed fascist lunatics... We come in peace.

German General runs to Delilah. He tosses the bazooka, and crouches down by her. His white shorts have blood all over the crotch area. He kisses her hand, gently rubs it and her face.

GERMAN GENERAL

Delilah! Oh my god. My sweet Delilah, come on now wake up wake up. There we

go. You did it, you win the prize! Ding  
dong the bitch is dead!!!

She's coming out of her daze hearing him and then sees the blood  
on his crotch.

DELILAH  
(distressed)  
Jeej you're hit!

GERMAN GENERAL  
(giddy)  
Ohhh no, I just started my period with  
all the excitement.

DELILAH  
Fuck me, christ almighty!!!

Delilah, exasperated, lays back down kind of pissed, rubs her  
head likes she's got a headache.

EXT. TANKS ROLLING ACROSS USA. DAY.

Dick tanks (barrels in shape of a cock) rolling through the  
streets liberating the "fuck" out of the USA... on megaphone.

SEXY INDIAN  
US citizens- Do not be alarmed, we are  
freedom fighters who have come to  
release you from the chains of  
imperialism, never ending war and  
greed!

A few citizens peek out of their curtains.

SEXY INDIAN (cont.)  
Your military General Drast is dead! He  
fell last evening and we are here to  
call for world peace! Lay down your  
dildos or we will be forced to defend  
ourselves and the free world!

Citizens start slowly coming out of their homes throwing their dildos to the street, a couple hit the tank, Sexy Indian dodges one or gets hit in the face.

SEXY INDIAN

Thank you.

INT. WHITE WING. DAY.

POTUS is eating a powdered doughnut and has white powder all over her face. They're watching the news of tanks rolling the streets.

POTUS

W-T-F? I am like out people.(beat) It's been real. Man slaves! Time to get down to business.

She snaps and waves her hand in a Z and gets up to leave. Her man slaves follow. 1 staff member protests.

TOP BRASS

Madam President, no!

POTUS

Oh hellll yes. No bad hombres are going to capture this juicy ass. The food is terrible in prison and I ain't pickin anybody's soap up. They'll eat your children.

She takes a chip gun out of her drawer and shoots herself in the neck, struts to double doors she opens; revealing her bed chamber and turns around toward camera.

POTUS

Fuck me dead boys!

Throws her arms up and head back in abandon. The man slaves lift and take her away. Door closes, and we hear sex noises and then an explosion within about 10seconds.

White Wing staff jump when her ass explodes. They look at each other in confusion and disgust. Somebody eats a doughnut.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP PORT. DAY.

Tanks and hum-v's roll out of giant cruise ship drop down ramps that land on the concrete mega docks. DRAG QUEEN SOLDIER taps temple for transmission, taps again at end.

DRAG QUEEN SOLDIER

Yes sir final convoy rolling out. (beat)  
ROLL OUT!!!

She yells out "roll out" in deep manly voice and waves her arm in a circle above directing traffic.

EXT. CIVILIAN STREETS. DAY.

SEXY INDIAN riding tank through dildos in the street continuing his peace announcements. A band of rebels suddenly come out with hostages. They're menacing, holding dildos to hostages heads and in some of their mouths.

The tank operator points penis barrel directly at REBEL LEADER's head. She is 25 -50 yrs old, big time USA fan, has all the dildos/holsters and psuedo military gear. Hostages are old people and millenials.

REBEL LEADER

Everybody freeze! Put your hands up where I can see em... Or this fucker gets the buzz!!!

SEXY INDIAN

Ma'am. My hands are up, look here ma'am. Please, we don't want to hurt anybody, we're here to liberate you from the great tyranny.

REBEL LEADER

What the fuck asshole? Speak American this is America! USA! USA! USA!

Her rebel group chants USA with her.



SEXY INDIAN

Umm, that was, English ma'am... Anyhoo...  
Ma'am, do you want to end suffering for  
the entire world? No war! All chips  
removed forever! No one homeless,  
hungry or without healthcare ever  
again, world wide? Heal the world  
meeting basic needs, encouraging art  
innovation and travel? With less work  
for all due to automation??? Equity,  
universal basic income and business  
incentives for renewals, education and  
any idea that the world wants to invest  
in and enjoy?... For the highest good of  
all, especially the planet and animals  
we share life with... (beat)

(triumphant, hopeful)

Whaddya say?

Rebels look confused, glance around at each other. One guy  
scratches his head with his dildo. REBEL DUDE yells out from the  
back.

REBEL DUDE

How much does it pay?

SEXY INDIAN

All your basic needs of food, shelter  
and medical will be met. Your skills  
will be matched properly with  
work/income and no one will work more  
than 20hrs a week. The rest of time  
you're encouraged to spend time with  
family, volunteer, continue education,  
enjoy or make art, and travel. Four  
months per year mandatory paid  
vacation.

REBEL DUDE

Shiiit, we can do that?

SEXY INDIAN

The world has enough for everybody's  
needs, but not everyone's greed.

Rebels start slowly shrugging their shoulders, letting their hostages go and throwing their vibrators down. Except the Rebel Leader.

REBEL LEADER

What the hell you guys??? (beat) FUCK  
YOU you commi bastards! Socialism is  
for pussies and I'll fuck-

SEXY INDIAN to Tank Operator down below.

SEXY INDIAN

Upside down fuck please.

BOOM! The tank fires a laser beam right through her face. The hostage's face has black powder and their hair is blown to one side, stuck there now. The dildo bounces on the ground.

The tank rolls around the body and keeps on heading through the streets. Sexy Indian continues freedom/peace announcements.

SEXY INDIAN

Sorry 'boot that! Freedom or die, we  
always say. Learned it from you guys  
actually. It really works!!! (beat) PUT  
YOUR DILDOS DOWN!...

EXT. SPECIAL OPS HQ. DAY.

Mass of soldiers and higher ups are in line to get their chips removed. There are dozens of lines. It's an endoscopic procedure held outside in medical tents.

INT. MEDICAL TENT. DAY.

MEDIC in gear snaps glove tight and gets ready to insert tube up Soldier PR's (peace de resistance) butt while he lies on the med bed, with legs up in the dreaded stirrups. Medic lubes the tip of tube. Relatively painless, no worse than a pap smear.

SOLDIER PR

(English accent, nervous)

This going to tickle? I say chap, what  
kind of damage, whoooooaaaaa.

MEDIC

Stay still nowww...

Soldier PR a bit frozen in discomfort for about a minute, making a few faces and breathing. Medic is plunging away, looking at the monitor.

MEDIC

Aaand there we go. All done.

Medic throws instrument in dish, rips his gloves off and leaves.

SOLDIER PR

That wasn't so bad... Bit of an itch... My god I'm freeee! Thank you sir!

EXT. SPECIAL OPS HQ. DAY.

German General and Delilah walk proudly around overseeing the swift operation. Main MAD Bitch(middle age divorcee) approaches.

MAIN MAD BITCH

General, Madam. May I just extend my congratulations and humble gratitude to you both. I'm a big fan General. And your operation, vision and execution were inspiring, to say the least.

GERMAN GENERAL

Ohhh, why danke, danke. And might I say that you are a vision. Have you had your chip removed yet?

MAIN MAD BITCH

Yes Sir. Quite a simple operation actually. No worse than a Pap Smear.

GERMAN GENERAL

Yes, that's what I've heard. The men can get a taste of that medicine.

They laugh easily and carry on. Winona PR approaches to draw Delilah away for a word. Winona looks around to be discreet.

WINONA PR

(quietly)

Madam Delilah, may I have a word. We worked with Drast on his final secret operative. His last order was to pass this message to you.

The envelope reads "SUPERNOVA." She opens it and starts reading the note. We read in beautiful thick, dark cursive handwriting-

DRAST LETTER

Surprise bitch, I let you win. It was worth every second my warrior. I can live in eternal blinding suns knowing that it was us who had the final dance. XXOO Por Siempre- BIG D

DELILAH

Where did you say-

Delilah looks up for Winona. She's gone. We hear German General and Main MAD Bitch coming back.

GERMAN GENERAL

You'll probably be heading to trial and prison within the week, but in the meantime we're having a HUUGE orgy if you want to come. It's going to be dooope! As they say...

Main MAD Bitch looks faint, bleak and disgusted. She just gives a snide salute and walks away. German General doesn't pay attention anymore and walks to Delilah. She gives him the letter. He reads it over.

GERMAN GENERAL

My god Delilah, how many boyfriends do you have?

DELILAH

(slightly amused)

What happened last night when I skewered him? The last thing I remember is roller/peg skating.

GERMAN GENERAL

I'm not sure muffin, I had to get the tanks and Bazookas, *busy busy...*

German General calls over SHOOGS, DQ warrior, for a recant.

GERMAN GENERAL

Yoohoo, Shoogs; come, yes come. Tell us please what you saw last night.

SHOOGS

Hoo girl, a lot of shit went down last night... Straight splat to the ground and around shit, you know what I'm sayin?

Very animated black girl magic drag queen Titty Shoogs. Courtney Barnes... "Like a tornado girl!"

GERMAN GENERAL

Delilah's mighty victory, love. (beat)  
The good parts.

SHOOGS

Oooh, they was all good parts. You wasn't there GG? Shiiiiit, you need to see that replay boy, whoa. Chingaso on blasto homo!!!

GERMAN GENERAL

Tell us Titty.

SHOOGS

Well those two go on and tango our toes curled all the way back, they spun each other round like a tornado girl! Then the peg leg skated away, like Disney on Ice girl! and sis here- the princess; pussies vibratin all over the street, hoo, lawt lemme tell you... Then the fireworks... That motha fucka threw your D up in the sky, way up like an Eagle son. Homegirl flips like a blueberry pancake, crouch like tiger fire like

dragon and the mu'fucka explode! She blinded us with some Jesus light child. Guuuooooood as my witness! We was bracin from the shockwave. My teeth my soul and the soul of this world were taken clear to OZ child.. Then the bitch land right on top of him with a spike straight through his muthafuckin eye right down to his muthafuckin ass-dead. Owwwwwe!!! Outta site. Lightning bolts and errthing.

She's animated telling the story, big smile and high fives German General and Delilah as they applause at end. A small group who gathered to listen applaud as well, agreeing with her version and then go on their way.

GERMAN GENERAL

(amused)

My my. Delilah remind me to have her tell more bedtime stories. That was a delight. Thank you Shoogs, for that historic rendition. Carry on love.

SHOOGS

Thank you sir, anything anytime for y'all.

Laughs giddily, swings back hair and slays away.

DELILAH

Sheeiiit, I whooped his ass fair and square with my heart bomb. Dead men can't talk, fuck that shit.

They start walking away, his arm around her neck. We hear and kind of see ghost of Drast say, "BITCCHHHHH!!!"-slowly vanishes.

GERMAN GENERAL

And they all lived happily ever after..

They pass several guys from CL (cunning linguists) standing in line to get their chips removed.

SERGEANT CL

I'm not gonna say this too loud bro,  
but, thank fuckin god we got our asses  
kicked, right?

SOLDIER CL #1

Stoked to get this chip out and get  
home. (beat) Dang, so many needless  
deaths. War is fuckin dumb.

SERGEANT CL

Yes good brother, positive heavenly  
vibrations to all those lost to war.  
Hear Hear.

SOLDIER CL #1

They never even found our guy Benjamin!  
He's just vanished. Gone like the sands  
of time. MIA, POW, who knows?

SERGEANT CL

Poor dude Benji, damn... He was a nice  
guy..

Camera swirls or swooshes back to...

INT. IBIZA CLUB. PRIVATE ROOM. NIGHT.

Ibiza private room with Recruit CL (Benji) and Goddess with him  
STILL eatin pussy and her STILL not having an orgasm.

He comes up and he is just a mess. His face is like grape jelly.  
All deformed, tired misshapen, and bruised and discolored from  
overworking and lack of oxygen. Goddess yawns.

RECRUIT CL

I'm on a mission fro Mars. For god and  
country! USA, SUA, SUV!!!

He goes to dive back in and hears someone yell.

BARKEEP (OS)  
The war's over!!!

RECRUIT CL  
Keep em' comin bartender!

BARKEEP (OS)  
The WAR is OVER dumbass!!!

RECRUIT CL  
Huhhh?(beat)What day is it? Who's  
side are you on anyway?

GODDESS  
(confused)  
I'm visiting my grandparents from Italy,  
I'm on vacation!

RECRUIT CL  
Nooooooooooooo!!!!!!

He staggers up with his jowels floppin around and knocks Goddess  
clear off the table with force. Green velvet curtain flung back  
and he roars.

RECRUIT CL  
Stupid dumb ass fuckin war!!!

## **THE GORY END**

TUNES FOR CREDITS/ENSEMBLE DANCE PARTY

War What is it Good For- Edwin Starr  
This is America- Childish Gambino  
SEXY MF- Prince  
Sex is Violent(Ted Just Admit It)- Jane's Addiction