

CHAMBERMADE MOVIE

By Zachary Neiman

INT-INNER SANCTUM OF HER FILTHYNESS IN THE FLESH, CHAMBERMADE-DAY

Everything happens as she speaks to wicked ambient music.

CHAMBERMADE

From red veins to picture frames to screaming torn apart horror rock star dames, come games of skin etchery. War wisher blades of treachery in my RPG. People say these games are dangerous, but it's a way to help turn your child into a hero. A couple of zeroes fired the vigilantes, but I have muscular hands and skin piercing phalanges. My origin is of a dark nature, shipped literally from a country no one is allowed to see legally. Somewhere off the coast of New Guinea. In the epitome of a pit of actualized danger, dangles mangled flesh entangled with mechanized stranglers ranging from expert gamers to the point of rampant sociopathic deranged anger.

All out hack and slash.

Should've put it in your trailer. Should've shot it into space. Stuff another twinkie in your big stupid face. Should've put it in your trailer. Should've fit it in your house. Stuff another twinkie in your big stupid mouth...And sick columbine kids scribe it down in their unrolling scroll time capsule daily journals. Sadist meats masochist, and sees if you can take a fist, fifty times for the album cover's benefit. Amorous bashfulness angel faced apocalypse, she nips my face with a kiss. (sample-Are you scared of girls?) No just a little shy. In this environment of metal tribes, alias hives. Alive with one of the lord's wives. Dig her out of this dive. But what would we strive for if it wasn't just to see them die? Only my enemies, the ones on different teams that came from worldwide shops of hobby in jalopies and spacecraft under one blood drenched flag, all with the click of a mouse pad.

Should've put it in your trailer, should've shot it into space. Stuff another twinkie in your big stupid face. Should've put it in your trailer. Should've fit it in your house. Stuff another twinkie in your big stupid mouth. On an island of garbage, the cursing mantis uses it's hooks to fling the weaker competitors into trash reserves. Herds of other metal bugs inching toward the incendiary factory, capturing contestants to make room for others. Filtering buffers allow some to view

and some to participate. No kicking the dick. No punting the cunt. Buck naked cheerleaders to entice. Held at the point of knives. Secret weapons unveiled and handed out at night. Every day someone new dies, maybe twice after we bring em back to life. Everyone who wins gets their belongings and the wife. Mega game boarder, beast hoarder, oh the horror. Making multi-headed villains of mortar. See a submissive in the field. Trample those that yield. No taking the women. No stealing the gold. Mastery of the game is something you learn instead of hold. Pulse and ion guns stuns, dirty nukes, and pain nulling meditation. This is your wickedest sick bondage vacation. The women make you whole, and they keep your heart racing.

NARRATOR

JENN HOWITZER was one of those women. Not just a woman, but everything to everyone. If she could fuck them all, she wood. If she could feed them all, she wood. She had seen it all, and right now, she'd just like to take it easy. If it could be done from home, she'd just call every provocative desire over, get them high, and fuck. At one point she could've, but all her so-called friends were off the coast of New Guinea, in The Submervisive Colony, with it's own low flying moon and sun. It is impossible to see from space. All they ever wanted, was to get fluffed for battle. After, they all but ignored her, so she left, and went to America.

EXT. RAVE (RISE)-NIGHT

JENN is just standing in line, while everyone gawks at her stunning exterior and clothes.

JENN HOWITZER

Fuck me. Fuck me. Anybody fuck me. Everybody gets laid at my party. There's a rocket in my pocket, wanna blast off? I got cash. Live fast. Frickin stickin it to whoever rebel's ass. I'm a straight shooter, like an arrow on a fishing line headed right for the target. See how far I get. I been selling more cheap quality shit than a friendly flea market. Little parties in each booth, half the people come just for the company. They're all chonged up, except for one. From

over-stuffed fanny packs to cucumber colored cumber buns, there's something fashion forward about these aliens. Anyone who is this stylish, has to stay at our planet.

He is seen by the camera gliding and spinning down his frame, showing every bit of his clothing and shoes.

CHAMBERMADE

The bunker that leads to the bomb shelter. Everybody gets laid, til the foreground starts to fade.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Yeah where we can brand em, and send em on a dumbo drop tandem to the violent island while I'm smiling.

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP

Could turn em into mechs, beam down, and have extraterrestrial sex. Spread human doll legs. Eat the placenta, and dregs of her eggs.

ABUTJAM

Our world or theirs? Solar flares on the side of the highway, to guide into your girl's black hole and her hairy foxtail interdimensional vaginal tear, scares me unbearably. I can see omnisciently cuz I'm apparently in every PC, hub, cloud, and tv. Corner and alley, from here to timbuk 3.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

You're a trailer cop lackey, vigilante, whatever get away from me. But he has a point; branded island, extraterrestrial mech sex, and finally flying away at night, their world, our complex. Kind of like my place or yours.

INT. CHAMBERMADE'S FLYING CONDO-NIGHT

As she sits there naked in a bright light, chameleons crawl on her, through her pits and orifices, camouflaging and reappearing. Her tentacle glass bowl's smoke turns into tats, and animations of letters, nude new school cartoon women, and alien writing melting into a sloppy trip on her tits and scantily clad armor/helmet. She has a coochie critter/cutter armor vibrator. She opens cabinets and out pours piles of candy bars and marshmallows. She uses her stomach as a hot plate for smores without the graham crackers. CONTRA-VERSE-YO crawls over and licks up everything CHAMBERMADE hasn't put in her own mouth. CHAMBERMADE dispenses chewable new wave pez to her provocatively massage-fucking, graffed out vibrating and mildly electrical devices.

There is like a rolled-out Tupperware party with all kinds of effervescent salv being tested on lots of homemaker betties. A graffitit transformer turns into a symbiote and sucks out of her vagina what CONTRA-VERSE-YO does not. The graff-bot, VAGINAL becomes her lover just enough time to have her vagina be violently gnawed out and bled to death by CONTRA-VERSE-YO. VAGINAL melted out under the door, maybe to be seen again later. Seeing her snarling violent outburst, they threw dick in CONTRA-VERSE-YO from every angle. She tried to squirm(dick in her but). She tried to yelp(dick in her mouth). There was so much cream puff and muff everywhere, it looked like 'Debbie Does The North Pole'. Hungry and embarrassed, she starts sucking up stuff out of the fridge like an Electrolux.

Satisfied, she sits on her crystalline encrusted geo rock crater with a cushion in it, made of shag velour, tagged and tatted all over by aliens with fingers tipped in tattoo guns and spray nozzles, using their own pigment as paint. She starts hacking away at the keys of her floating laptop, moving the

mouse, and wickedly smiling.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO(TO HERSELF)

When you gonna get a job, heartthrob? The mobs gonna make you a kabob with their knob in your slob. You love it though. Kiss the pictures and wish they were fictitious bullshit. They're on my shitlist, but it's hard to be tough while you're a chick that's shirtless.

CHAMBERMADE

Mitches be falling for it, though. Fending off fellows for camel toe. I give em fake masturbatory afterglow, with the crinkle of my nose. I bombard guys from all sides with the insides of my thighs til it's sticky like a deep fry, til they think it's normal. I get gift cards and gas money from people who've never even seen me. I'm the eighth dwarf, GREASY.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Really?

CHAMBERMADE

Heck no, that shit's far beneath. Now come on astral lover. Where do you want us to be? Pick any backdrop holodeck scenery in 3D. I'm gonna fuck you so hard, it'll take a runaway lane to stop me.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

How about The Galactic Gadget Smash It Palace in zero gravity graffiti VFX/
Compositing?

CHAMBERMADE

That's like buying groceries from the movies, when we could sprawl out in our skivvies.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Watch this.

Tendrils of mine connected to delighted euphoric bodices, engorged in penetration. My
vegan cupcake, give me a sign, a batting signal, graffiti with your hands. Show the lace
maker the insignia I permanently painted on your back, so she can work around it.
Future motif patterns adorn quiet quick weavings making lingerie right down to the button
barn door. A slobbering wolf with popping eyes I become, twanging on my heart's
twelve string guitar; wired to a melancholy effect pedal whose amp lead is jammed
into a blaring scream queen Elvira; gory and eerie. Barry White's bellowing big brother
is personified as a subwoofer put together by beings who put pillars in place by hand;
gods among man, goddesses too. Goth lettering wound around death fortresses.
Hindu temples that tickle the sky, inviting onlookers to warm themselves under
kama sutra positions with stone diadems. Diamonds line the path of our religious
pilgrimage. Equivocal proximity, meaning instead of blind faith, learn all religions
and thy will see. Neighbor's gentle quirks now seem heavenly; a sense of
community. I hear low tones of dark chanting as I visit the Tantrick booth. First
in line and smiled at by fellow tourgoers, I am joined by these women for sex magic
classes.

CHAMBERMADE

We're going to Regal. Put on your regal clothes, the one your girlfriend loathes. The exquisite
one look you have. I call it Leatherface betrothed.

NARRATOR

So, CONTRA-VERSE-YO got her shit on. It wasn't human skin and cashmere, it just looked like it. Her dress was made by micro-organisms shitting out textile threading as they sleep. Totally bypassing the loom and the cotton gin, huh? She even had a small chainsaw dangling from her keychain, barely scraping the ground, making a terrifying screeching sound when she walked. So, they loaded themselves into a double barrel restored hillbilly tank cannon with wicked style robin breasted spiked regal vests. They shoot out like a spitfire contained in one pyrotechnic shot. What do they see as they so recklessly endanger their own lives? Like an acid trip, it starts out not knowing where they are, going through a spiral floaty area, sloppy alcohol trip, then finally a bad trip; seeing botched pimple popper operations. Even the oozy butt lower underbelly of the dead coming back from the other side; emptying out cramped mausoleums, strutting like bad mother fuckers, seeing who could walk harder without crumbling to the ground.

ZOMBIE

Brain. Gimme some brain.

So, some hot dope head chick runs over and sucks him off til' his dick falls off. Then she steals his backpack with all his needles and heroine.

DOPE CHICK

Sheesh, why did I ever get married?

Then she sits in a mushroom massage recliner, and pulls out a fantastic hookah, made of trippy changing video glass. She dumps the whole backpack into a funnel into the bong, and tenses her

muscles to form a human force shield. Other crowd members try to go near and befriend her but she shakes, snarls, and foams at the mouth. At the launch and landing of CHAMBERMADE and CONTRA-VERSE-YO, they slide into the nearest landing strip vending machine, take off their shoes and kick their feet up.

CHAMBERMADE

Well, how'd you like the trip?

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

See I loved it because of the butt skuz way I felt at first, then I loves how it kills my buzz, like a church dignitary, lecturing me about masturbation. Is it wrong to laugh when he fell down the stairs the next day?

CONTRA-VERSE-YO saw a tough looking guy standing near the door, and smiled at him.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Watch how I get us in for free.

So she went on over, and pulled her skirt up over her head, and the guy's jaw dropped to the ground literally and cartoonishly.

CHAMBERMADE

That's not security you idiot, and this is a mall. Everybody gets in for free.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Sorry, back in Alabama, that's how we got into all the malls. At least that's what they told me. I'll do whatever anyone tells me to do, if they're security. You donut know how many

guards I've fucked. Sometimes I think guys are just wearing the outfits to get me to go to Dickwood Forest again. I get my thicket punked every time I go.

The camera zooms in on her tattoos. She has WELCOME BACK tattooed above her cunt, with a vicious vampire vole burrowing down into it. On her thighs was an arsenal of futuristic feminine color. On the left love handle it said, MIGNON. On the right it said, DAINTY, in tag letters.

CHAMBERMADE

The mad merciless mercenaries of mall maiden muff munching can already barely contain kodaking your cunt. Punt the paparazzi. What more do they want? Even me(muncher of v) have had all I can eat. Like pussy obesity, at Cactus Willies. Waitresses like Pokemon Go in the park, jumping out at me. Granted it's a treat, but I tweet, it tastes like durian, armpits, and feet.

So the crowd made a space for the two lives of this party to enter the mall. The girls' smiles were gaunt evil and off kilter. They come upon a massive mic controlling, DJ rocking songs about food like Eat It, by Weird Al, and Stuff Another Twinky, by VERBAL HEMP. The whole crowd was punk metaled out, and throwing food. The food glowed, too. Some crews were catching the food(and wallowing in it). They making Hindu temples, sky scrapers, and churches. Bullies try to knock over the churches, but they do not topple.

There's a frizzle fried canoodling booth(what the heck is that? We'll tell you) where they shove as much of each other's jocks in their mouths as possible. Landscaping crews keep riding their lawnmowers and weed whackers by just to catch a glimpse or maybe more. The funny part is there's no grass to cut in a mall, so they start running over the transgender section.

BLASTED FOOL

Is he putting the blender to the transgender? Be what I want you to be, or we'll kill you.

CHAMBERMADE

So what if I were to git a prosthetic sewn on dick?

And let all the adventurous hicks play with it and
my tits?

BLASTED FOOL

We kill you.

CHAMBERMADE

I thought men like boyish girls, not girlish boys. Guess they just love straight
from Japan ultrabendable prosthetic toys.

BLASTED FOOL

Just donut get original with your genitals. Eat your hospitalized vegetables and
have cock porn for dessert as I call your Mom for pleasure... in the land of
infinite labial deights. Side thought; if you were a masturbating adamantium
infused ipad user, would you cum-pewter on your computer?

BLASTED FOOL calls CHAMBERMADE's mom on his bubble graffiti phone. She pops over on a sender
mongrel steroid mastiff, before he can even hang up the phone.

NARRATOR

Sender mongrels are the finest in delivery machines.. bred from Tasmanian Devils,
with elemental zirconium skin that someone figured out how to make solid instead
of powder. These rabid animals are both quick, efficient, and powerful. The only

problem is we had to scoop out ninety percent of their brains to add a motor, and computer, so we have maximum control.

GIRLY HIDE shows up with cuntless soft leather pants and a g-string pasty skimpy vest on that left half the nipple open. Her nipples were purple and glowing. The patch going down the lapel was purple horror graffiti. She tilts CHAMBERMADE's head back, and GIRLY HIDE sucks out a glowing sour candy bullet. It explodes down her throat, extruding her head and neck on the way. HIDE sits down on the organ bench, that looks like there are jagged tubes shooting out of neon organs. Nobody is playing it yet. She sits down on the bench, and starts brushing her friend's vagina hair, jamming a spiky vibrator off her own keychain in there making friend cum right away. She did it to like ten of them in a row, leaving a pile behind of easy o's that somebody could've been using on their two inch dick.

GIRLY HIDE

See, we dost not need the gooey center of your filthd up fantasy. Pussy lip wetter than a swimming pool, lips squishy and muff bushy. You and me, we'll both enter each other at the stabbing cabin, sexually. Donut push me, or my elegance and juiciness ends it's diplomacy, like that of a hostile country. Run from the angry, snarling masses and head toward whichever sanctuary you're from on embassy row in D.C., but that still won't save you from me. Strap on your feedbag filled with rancid canned fish from Stalingrad. Eat pigs ear and feet meat. If you want refuse tacos straight off of the street.

BLASTED FOOL

So, is that a hard no on the camel toe for this average Joe?

HIDE turns to the pile of dead women to speak.

GIRLY HIDE

You want this stupid manhandling gorilla pansy to fuck your pussy? If they wanted it, you'd have had it already. So step off and go hard as nails somewhere else like you're having a manni petti.

CHAMBERMADE

I'm wickedly wishing he'd woo me into his deepest heart's wiry art wardrobe... and maybe nibble on my earlobe. To the fat chance that I dove in love, cuz I know that I'm often in the throws of passion, hip smashing, rug munching pussy platter punishing.

HIDE

I could let him on your secret...You know, everyone gets laid. Where you first say it.

A flashback ensues of CHAMBERMADE in her early raver days, handing out fliers. After everyone she says...

CHAMBERMADE

Come to my party. Everyone gets laid.

Nobody pays attention at first. Then some guy was like, "bitch you needy." Then some chick picks up sewer trash, and slaps it on her head. Then a couple people did the same, until she collapsed Indian style.

GIRLY HIDE

But you turned yer badness into a bidness, huh?

GIRLY HIDE slams her tight vagina into BLASTED FOOL's slobbering mouth, and drizzles her syrup down his lips. CHAMBERMADE grabs his arms elbow to elbow, pulling them behind his back, letting her vagina whip his dick out, and bond with it biomechanically, shooting out instruments of twisted musical love. Trumpet, sax, keyboard, guitar, and stand up electric bass pound out High School band bass music.

CHAMBERMADE

But you'll be addicted to getting punked by two lovely lady doves, prettier
than a pussy smitten with mittens, or a kitten in love with gloves. HIDE, hit him
from the front.

So, HIDE starts forcing the willing man from the front. CHAMBERMADE catches him trying to fight their oily grasp, but her mega mecha arm contraptions aim smaller but newer Howitzer bullets at his head from every direction. HIDE aims a futuristic mine tunneling mole head camera right at BLASTED FOOL so she could have for later him cumming and struggling.

CHAMBERMADE

Now we got blackmail. Anytime you badmouth us, we got a piece of your juicy
tail. Are we finished?

BLASTED FOOL

You'll never silence me, if that's your penalty.

She strokes his chin hair with her thumb and he blushes. BLASTED FOOL blasts GIRLY HIDE with a slur of punches. Then the camera notices he had claw rings, and she had bloody tears. Of course, we couldn't let a creature like her go without regenerating. She gets up and rages.

NARRATOR

Out of scars and the brink of death come summoning the strumming of bloody heart strings, making armor out of platinum platelets. Then fate hits, the record skips, but who's playing it? Same script, new flip. After all this deep shit, the DJ is outside spraying his shoes with disinfectant and Renuzit.

CHAMBERMADE busted out a periscopic blaster ray from her wicked tatted up claws, ripping through the Disk Jockey's pants, tearing his balls off, and storing them in an apartment mailbox in the side of his cheek.

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP

Let the reign of predetermined black sunshine roll, with a hole in a box, so nobody goes blind when they see it. Light the demise of CHAMBERMADE and HIDE's pretty thighs and eyes. Now the DJ's high and dry for abandoning his barracks' sides. With that do you want fries?

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Is there a man you haven't played, or do you always put the burr in CHAMBERMADE? You're made out of hate and bullets, but when it's time to love comics, and use Previews' pullbox, you pull it. Straight over the comic overlord's eyes(hot and wooly)?

The music turns to love music, while the camera focuses in on a dreamy haze around HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP. Having said all that, VERBAL HEMP, takes a hit from everybody's blunts, reaches in the ashtrays with his slithering face, even picks one up off the edge of the toilet, putting them between his candy corn teeth, to be like some sick ass Carolina reaper jack-o-lantern.

JENN HOWITZER snatches all the blunts, and arranges them together in the smoke like a man-o-war mega blunt, shriveling up grotesquely as she snuffs them out with one hit.

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP swallows a whole cappuccino and becomes a steampunk biomech monster/machine. He goes super conniption fit, trying to kick everybody's ass, shooting froth everywhere, but CONTRA-VERSE-YO blocks it all.

CHAMBERMADE

Can't you just microwave milk or do a whip it like everybody else?

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP

I like eating inanimate objects and pieces of shit for breakfast, absorbing their purpose, and for dessert, fuck the waitress as I levitate across Café Weightless.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Butt what if you could headbutt someone and not leave a bruise? If you could get a too tough to shut the fuck up, could anybody lose? Like VERBAL's abuse?

GIRLY HIDE(CHIMES IN)

OK, everybody take off with your pants, make amends, and trance to this dance, as I make many hopefully wanted advance. Syke, jam your hands in your pants then commence with the Indian sharing ritual, and throw icing like it's marital and you're not even related or friends with the couple. Immoral party crasher. I'd like to severely smash your haberdashery, but... Let's love like fuzzy animals, til we're so high we're vegetables, bite your own face off, and paste it to your neighbor, like a for sale sign in neon lasers guiding your way in the sky from a place you stay that for now is safer. Move somewhere CONTRA. You live in half a house, now kindly vacate

it. I can hear you through the damn wall, every time you fuck a stranger
or your stupid ass kid falls. I can even hear you getting fatter and fatter, every
time the floor creaks when you get up to stuff your face or drain your bladder.

The pitter patter of gigantic jungle feet has me giving up, like life doesn't
matter.

JENN HOWITZER

I can get all yall out the house and keep my mother company. Let me warn you,
she's not as ugly as she used to be.

EXT. THE HIDDEN EVERGLADES OF UPSTATE NEW YORK-DAY

The camera pans over the inner schematic of the graffiti catacombs, but the tunnel our pimped
out kit plane is taking leads to a little house in the once country.

NARRATOR

See, Johnny construction had dried it all up. Despite local preservation societies
the world had clammed shut for places to develop, so besides a couple of ganja
and opium farms the area has been built up into New York City.

SAMPLE

New York City?

ABUTJAM

But what if she could put it in a crush proof pack? And opium in Walmart
right next to the cigar rack. Would you whip out your wallets? It used to be
\$3.90 a pound at Hecht's. Why can't we go back to that? Cuz you nerds is

shooting drywall, bleeding out your eyeballs, doing lude favors as down
the economy tapers. Safer to say Uncle Sam's stuck sucking down toilet
wafers.

BLASTED FOOL

Now come on, let's go denture cream bond with old Mom. I' bet she's the
bomb, a rusty one we almost weaponized in Vietnam, like kissing a missile
licking a million deaths tongues, and reminiscing on it's missions ill-willed
wrongs. Moving on, would it be kosher to sober on the sofa and withdrawal
off these pills and chemicals? If she's half as hot as HOWITZER here, I'll be
her best friend and come again, like a plane paid to pass plants in it's paint,
better than smuggling the booger sugar in some fine feline's vagina and behind
or in your taint, like camel packing a whole studio into one dub plate or an
ocean of music into one egg crate. No it's too much weight to pass through
the club's security gate, unless you're the DJ.

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP

HYPER KID!! With my Ked to your head. People slow to act as you get
hit by me as they walk on the cross ped, but they get paid to get slayed,
anyway and I get two points for cleaning up the alleyway. I'll bring my
McGuyver Swiss Army knife rocket and jimmy the six deadbolts designed
to keep the likes of you away, especially from her daughter's nether yeah.
You know, you and your crew? Hookers with diseases, anyway.

The helicopter lands on the house's roof. Everyone in the helicopter uses the camera function on their
phones to primp and pimp, like they're going to the phattest club/concert ever. They all hop out and
flank the door like daredevil graffiti ninjas. CONTRA-VERSE-YO presses a button and nothing happens.

JENN HOWITZER

You'll never get it.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Fool, I can jerry rig anything, with the popeil pocket fisherman
transformer chicken wing.

JENN HOWITZER stands there tapping her foot, while CONTRA-VERSE-YO pulled a lock pick set out of her own vagina. Time elapses while JENN does yoga, then brick yoga, kama sutra, kung fu, and finally break dancing.

JENN HOWITZER

Give up yet?

COMMUNITY SIGH

Yes.

JENN HOWITZER pulls her pants down, and a treasure trove of Spencer's toys, liquids, and skimpy gourmet edible outfits came spilling out like a party clown. She lowered and expanded the barcode scanner. She flipped over the Regal Club card on her vagina to look like square binary bump disease, and the door jammed. After all that, Mom kicked through the piece of shit balsa wood door easily. All the guests sat down in subwoofer chairs, so hard the magnets suck them in. Mom was obviously super hot, so instead of making her the elephant in the room, they made sucking and fucking motions behind her back.

GIRLY HIDE(WHISPERS)

She was the best sex friend I ever put together, but I didn't use a rubber and I'm JENNIFER's mother. So, before we get to the old lady stories, you have to try the labial delight delicacy, on the fake menu, that starts with men and ends with u... all... now. Drop trow with her as the ho in hostess, and the fired now nonexistent gender bending shemale mater d, that we stuffed and propped up beside the tv.

CHAMBERMADE

Ms. HIDE, you are not the mother. But what wicked otherworldly web-weaving even Steven laquer head gas huffer breathing ass do you think you could've put a baby in?

GIRLY HIDE

Sorry, guess I'm just a little bit horny, fiending for the tunnel of fuck that is she, the muse that inspired the whole name of our company so hard her body is like geological dig jewelry. I'm sweating so bad, it leaves a tepid pool around me. So, you'll have to excuse if I don't have a plan B. Shit, my mother didn't even plan me.

So, eat around the fur. Eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat.

ABUTJAM

No need, now I'm harder than a Opus Dei masochistic martyr spiking the inside of his thigh with a sharp garter.

Bang bang went the Q-BERT bass scratch on the door, like a loud knock.

Q-BERT sprang through the door with his drone speakers, platinum rainbow shine turntables, mixer, sampler, and cd/mp3 players. MOTOR-MOM switched from tinkering around in the back, to a hostess asking how she could help, in motor-mouth mode.

MOTOR-MOM

I reckon I'm splitting the rhythm into slider size sections and dissecting em into atom. All adding up to bursts of nuclear hand grenade explosion. I M on a spree of villainy. Filling you children in as a labor of loathe on lined sheet.

Need to seek weed to get high and use as a seasoning to help me eat. I rake the raddest of rice krispy treats. Growing seeds in me hydroponically.

Ironically, my sonic stream seeps through my seems that some company gave me on warrantee, systematically beamed into your lucid dream, but

now buds be bursting out as we can obviously see.

MOTOR-MOM, JENN HOWITZER, and HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP all link hands, and spin in a circle, Singing tra la la, la la la la, la la la, la la la la, like the BANANA SPLITS. Q-BERT is all over it, scratching and beat juggling, like one of the baddest. Then he cooks up a batch of ketamine, and sniffs himself into a k hole. He went catatonic and could only speak through his wrist mic.

DJ Q-BERT

Where's my ding dang digital dialogue of love? A circle with handholding and hugs. I'm high on meth refinery, binary drugs. Is it x's and o's or O's and 1's? If I cum pewter without a condom, can I catch a virus? Or just keep the fishy girls on their side of the fence? Make fishy face and gimme a kiss.

BLASTED FOOL

I'm conked out on ketavetajetaset radio. A tiny granule and you'll be a dead head. One for elephant, one for cat. I'll line em up in a catalog and you take your fucking pick. Sweet serotonin. This shit's mixed with Mr. Mxyzptlk's bottled chemical absurdist whit.

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP

So, here's the plan for today. I got kits to build a cell tower, oratory, movie theatre, and factory.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

So, you got the whole day to do that? Let's see what MOTOR-MOM wants to do.

MOTOR-MOM

Missionary work..

INT. ARUNDEL MILLS MALL-NIGHT

They are all walking store to store, trying to market their religion.

GIRLY HIDE

Hi, would you like our religion forced upon you? Here have a Smorgasbord of tastes and labial delights.

UNISEX JEWELRY STORE

Which religion?

JENN HOWITZER

Us, damn it. Worship us.

STORE MATRON

Ok, bring the food over here. We'll suck your dick...Yeah, fluff your muff. Actually, why do you think we need food? We're employee. It's kind of insulting.

CHAMBERMADE

No food? Got it. Just revere us.

STORE MATRON

Yes revere too. Suck dick now. Fluff muff.

ABUTJAM

Now that's proper treatment. I'll buy all of you a taco.

DJ QBERT

What about Equivocal proximity?

BLASTED FOOL

We don't need that right now dumkov. I have to kill a civilization just to get the MADE to slice a wink off.

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP

You couldn't be clever if you were a cleaver missing an a, not sharp
for shit, so you can go away. And when you get there keep going
til you drop off the edge of this flat Earth. The MADE? You want
her to hear you calling her that without an arsenal and the
willingness to use it first?

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

I've never seen this much estrogen in one room ready to burst. This
is one wild story arc in an alternate universe... the 18th version of
Earth.

GIRLY HIDE

If it all goes like this, I'll strap a catheter bag to my leg for when I have
to piss.

JENN HOWITZER

Should we canvas the rest of the mall neighborhood, or save good green
paper, chopped down and shredded from coniferous tree wood? Or show
em how me and the MADE run my hood?

She had guns, profilactic sponges, cologne, and condoms on robotic arms...even comic books and movie
posters. CHAMBERMADE had castration tools, cleaning supplies already bloody, maimed body parts, and
every underground silenced, neon lighted pop gun known to woman.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE, RESEMBLING A GERMAN PRIVATE SCHOOL DURING THE HOLOCAUST-NIGHT

DEAN

The only reason you're being here is you clean and keep seen... not
heard. I'll put the lights out, and you can lay there like a turd.

So she curled up on a dog's bed beside his desk, reads her tattoo magazine, and polishes her weapons,
waiting to run into him again one day.

INT. MOTO-MOUTH'S CRIB-DAY

MOTO-MOM let's out her jelly bean scented intoxicating parfum, and it turns into a cuddle party.

MOTO-MOM

What if we could fly?

CHAMBERMADE

What if we could have extraterrestrial sex, play a banjo like Les Claypool,
and never die?

MOTO-MOM

Let's..

INT. THE ARMORITUM AT THE SAME MALL-DAY

The sign says “, INFINITE LICKS ALL YOU CAN EAT ROCK ‘N’ROLL FOOD DAY.’ There were people eating
directly out of meat grinders, cats and pigs jumping into them, and people and animals side by side,

eating off of every skin surface and out of every orifice of every human feline you'd wish to wine and dine.

ABUTJAM

This is the stupidest thing I've ever seen. Licking lilly-livered left-wing lezzies with mattress pummeling rumbling storms. Storms on the norms, reform readily until steady and warm. Free refills on testosterone and estrogen.

CHAMBERMADE

I've heard enough out of you. I'm going to the bathroom. BUTJAM, make it happen.

So he liquefies and turns into a toilet beneath her. Then he turns into a very petit machine that suds and power washes every part of her nether region. He even scented and lotioned her, then turned into a recliner throne with a labial stimulator. She even put her beer on his head. She then shoves her hand up his butt, making him say...

JABBAR ABUTJAM

I love your cunt, but I'm the stupidest son of a bitch alive.

CHAMBERMADE

There; now that's something he'd say, isn't it?

Then she just throws his limp abstract body to the ground, and he resets as an even cooler throne. She changes her attention to MOTOR-MOM trying on very fashionable flying mech armor. CHAMBERMADE's demeanor changes from stone totalitarian to that of a shopping girlfriend.

MOTOR-MOM

Classy, trashy, and slashy, huh? I could just kill him after sex, and sop
the blood with my pretty red revealing little number here.

Then the wicked industrial music begins, and everyone's eyes turn bright, still, and glaring. They all turn into murderous wind-up toys. DJ Q-BERT is licking the ice cream off of some hot ass woman's hand, it when the music hit them too. He had been scratching her back like a turntable to keep his hand ready. He started killing like a wind-up toy. HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP is in the down tempo area with TIPPER DJing, levitating on a carefully organized stack of pillows, surrounded by a harem of weightless lickers and massagers, and moon bouncers. When the music started, the whole thing just flopped to the ground, resulting in a group sigh, because their floating took energy to orchestrate. DJ QBERT turns evil, and his scratching sends out knives and Eschery torture devices.

BLASTED FOOL seems to be the only unaffected soul in the mall. Maybe he was too stupid or different in the medulla for it to bother him.

BLASTED FOOL

At the multiplex, let's go shopping on floating beds; exchanging
hookah hits, and dropping every double dose of the physician's desk
reference meds.

The industrial music glare starts to entrance her, but she says, "hold on, let me finish trying on my outfit?" Then she floated out on her tippy toes to meet the massacre. Everyone was having such a fun hypnotized time killing their own friends and family, that MOTOR-MOM and CHAMBERMADE couldn't find a place in the activity, so CHAMBERMADE sat on BLASTED FOOL who dumped her, knowing she couldn't break the trance. He took a t-shirt that said EVERYBODY GETS LAID, and one that said EVERYBODY WINS and put them on the two struggling women. He also took their little paws and wrapped them around wheel barrel handles, giving the ladies a violent shove in the direction of the

murderous play, mounding a huge pile of bodies...MOTOR-MOM let out her beautiful noxious scent, and the crowd changed a little bit. They ripped her shirt off, and pinned her nametag to the nipple.

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP

We're the millennial generation, not x. That was to lower your mothers
and have sex.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO went into the mall's tattoo shop, to look for more people to kill, and as she entered
Their musical are, the killing glare stopped.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

It's all in the music, but who's behind the music? The DJ. Get the DJ.

She ran out the door with her ear pods in, blaring some metal. She choke slams him easy, and blue
tooths her phone to the mixer. Everybody starts moshing. People getting thrown out of the mall pit, see
the sign DESIGN YOUR OWN EXTREMITY. They went in one by one, to see GIRLY HIDE soldering and
adjusting her bionic multicolored squarish monster boobs. The only part she hadn't replaced was her
vagina. She might need that.

JENN HOWITZER

Bionic replacement is the new tanning bed, tattoo, or piercing. You
have plastic surgery, but no skin burglary. There's cooka rathca siracha
Azteca art birth fathering. Or pogs, trade em and slam em.

FLUFF

You put the pro in prosthetic. Our muff's so sweet it'll turn you diabetic,
We're flirty, dirty, contortionist, and acrobatic.

MUFF

Get me ready for pornography.

FLUFF steps behind MUFF and starts twanging on her vagina like FIELDY on a bass. SID/STARSCREAM starts scratching it up bouncing off the walls, ceilings, and floors, going crazy; beat juggling. MUFF drags FLUFF over to the EVERYBODY GETS LAID pile at MOTOR-MOM's feet, throwing her scantily clad body onto a woodpile of people. It looked like a mix between high-tech high-class hobos and the famous painting Eros Takes A Dive. Q-BERT steps up and films the scene. Out of nowhere, he has all theses extra appendages, and JENN looks over to wink at each other. He slyly picks women from the crowd to go in the limo with him. He shyly plays with his portable turntable until the women start shredding his clothes. SID/STARSCREAM squirmed as they literally got their claws into him. He writhed in pleasure, trying to maintain his composure, until he cried out GWARRLL.

SID/DJ STARSCREAM

I now declare this food court a royal court, a dicktastership. The suckretaries can do all the dick tasting. On your knees. Times a waisting.

Guys too. Get down in the ladies' basements. Two lips to tulips. In a vaginal kiss from my mouth to yours. I like you.

A lot of fellatio and cunnilingus started going on in ergonomic oral sex chairs. All the elderly people started spitting out their people. One old bird started smiling at one young pair, and walkered over to them. The guy was like; hey no thanks granny.

GRANNY

Heh, I like the ladies anyway, fella.

So, she starts kissing the girl and turns young herself. A big part of the crowd surrounds her, rubbing her shoulders, and pumping her up. Then JORDAN PEELE steps in and goes NOICE. Everyone surrounds him, and they're now his crowd. He stole her burrito, threw it out the door, and pointed. Some old bastard followed her enthusiastically. Everyone else just looked at each other, and was like; should we follow her? Is she really old looking? We don't care, as long as she looks younger.

The tattoo/body mod shop started forming a thick line like trying to get into a club. The trance was making its way toward the shop until it hit the point the music changed.

LINE GOER

Somebody kill the DJ.

THE LINE ECHOING

Yeah figure out who's doing this shit.

A gaggle of giddy girls rushed over to the DJ booth. A mad scientist woman was releasing spores into the Music. The ladies started making him dance, so that he would stop, and they could make him over. He was actually a good looking guy. Some hot moms coddled up to him. The girls pinned name tags to all the moms' nipples that had ____'s MOM on it so they could embarrass their kids while flaunting their sexuality.

GIRLS

Here, this is so the kids never come home again.

The mall is now a porno shoot, as is the rest of the movie. Not sorry.

Rifling through a rack of invention failed prototypes, CHAMBERMADE found a My First Bullet Maker Kit for kids. The package lit up and said.

BULLET PACKAGE

From neon to freon, kids can plot their next play date or start a mass suicide cult. Screw recess, it's all about the recesses of your psychy.

CHAMBERMADE

I needs one of these for us, feed my face with wikisaurus. I'm misguided;
can't smoke the trees for the forest.

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP grabs a handful of people pellets, energy drinks, candy, subs, and burritos from the always mobbed PRO-TEAM store in the food court, where the food is always ready. Just pick your shit up, and insert card; no need to break stride.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO gets instantly fitted for a mech suit. His suit looks like a graffiti cartoon with crystal shards jutting out of every panel. The biomech cashier lady bends over, and gets some reciprocal sex. The guy she's boinking is a two-pump chump by origin, but his body mod helps him replenish his sperm and erection quickly. His meter goes up, and she finishes, squirting into the camera.

MOTOR-MOM looks out at the normalcy of the mall, and nods her head. Some kid grabs his mom's arm.

KID

Come on Mom, we're getting out of here.

She went back to fucking, and all his friends pointed and laughed. The other kid's mom was banging,
too.

KID 2

Look, your mothers a whore.

MOTOR-MOM made a ring around her unpierced nipple, and it lit up, sending out a page ring to all of our people important to the main storyline. They surrounded her in a semi-circle, awaiting instructions. Women from every direction were drawn to the unity, grappling, and sexing onto our heroes.

NARRATOR

So, we'll spell this next part out for you. MOTOR-MOM is taking the helm, which CHAMBERMADE really doesn't like, but she'll play along for now. MOTOR-MOM is redirecting the GPS, so it doesn't know where they're going next. Where are we going next?

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP spotted a California spot, with acres of weed, and the pimpest abstract shaped superdome and drive-in movie theatre. It looked abandoned and grown over.

ABUTJAM

A fixer-upper. This is the stupidest thing I've ever seen.

DJ QBERT

You spotted Phil. We'll chill while you Massengills get your holes unfilled with our e-pills.

BLASTED FOOL

What if there was expletive sensitive limp wrist med lifts, for the feeblest?

HYPER KID/VEERBAL HEMP

So there's assorted drug machines for people so weak they need
to cuss at the vending machine because they can't lift their wrists
to hit the buttons?

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Fuck what ifs. Let's fly by the weed of our spliffs.

GIRLY HIDE

Free weed, and drive in movies...

MOTOR-MOM

Then so be. But...What's under the dome?

So, they flew past ghost towns and cities, and country. On the way, they spotted a brothel and flew low to say hi, but they all started hanging on, so our heroes let them. When we arrive at the scene, the hookers start acting fancy, like they had done arrived in Hollywood. Then they realized that their audience was...People were dying in the street, dragging relative in iron lungs, and bottling sewer mud for their families, labeling it Unfiltered Drinking Water. One guy had ice cold Betties in a sidewalk freezer, and finally there was two gay teachers holding hands. One would teach while the other cleaned his crack stem, and then vice versa, while the other emptied his hype. The students were eating out of sandwich bags labeled AIDS with condoms on their tongues. The worst part was the gangs and little old ladies helping the gangs, had put so many dead bodies underground, that the sidewalk was starting to rise, and to the trained eye, obeah was starting to form. A fiery granny procured a bull dozer and started rectifying said problem. Fun was had by all.

NURSY

It was the fastest tactic. At least they practiced safe sex profilactics.

HOOKER

Not on their crotches stupid.

NURSY

Yeah but the AIDS is in the sandwiches, duh?

NARRATOR

So they came to the most fantastic house they had ever seen; except
for...We'll tell you later.

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP banged on the door. We could see everybody blazed out of their mind on weed they just found, drooling and half passed out. HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP used the lock pick set that came with his suit of armor, but it just mangled the door knob, so he blasted the door down. CHAMBERMADE used her wings and motorbike parts to form a foyer proper to a welcome for a group as fitting as these. SID became the host with the most.

SID

As you can see with the varnished banisters, and the floating bridge,
that this is the home you've been dying for.

He waves his hand after the grand introduction as to say "right this way." CHAMBERMADE has been unnoticed for a while, so she vanishes and scouts out ahead, slamming the door in everybody's face.

ABUTJAM MUJTABA banged on the door so hard that the door fell, and he could see a whole club full of people that just hopped off their backs like the FEDS intruded. The whole place was bumping up and down, and CHAMBERMADE was cunt deep in cunnilingus. BLASTED FOOL was shitting out sour candy, walking around like a zombie. MOTOR-MOM was collecting it in a wheel barrel to make Sour Puck treats, named that because they knock your teeth right out.

MOTOR-MOM

Time to make sour brownies. This sad sucker's softer than downy, with a fecal tastiness fresher than a cannabis kiss.

CHAMBERMADE

Venues for you's to view whatever you're into. Ideas? Maybe we got a few.
Bag em and tag em.

CHAMBERMADE seemed to have control over these thugs, but she just got here; how could she? Maybe she set this up all along. We'll find out eventually, or maybe right away.

DJ QBERT

Look, all we want do is smoke all your weed and put up a cell tower, too.

BLASTED FOOL

Who needs a cell tower? I have plenty bars and max power. Why don you break the internet while you're at it, you delicate flower?

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP

It may sound stupid, but slut what if we can can cannabis and sell blunts
and spliffs?

CHAMBERMADE

Bag em and tag em.

As the sick ass clique of CHAMBERMADE's underbelly grabbed everyone, MOTOR-MOM started twerking. CONTRA-VERSE-YO's vagina was getting hard and wet, so she pulled it out and started fucking MOM. CHAMBERMADE pulled out her cunt like an uzi butt firearm, and started fucking HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP like all hell broke loose...And it did.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Did we just fuck our way out of certain death?

GIRLY HIDE waved her hand like she was unveiling a curtain on a game show. Slowly out of a Bass Pro Shop sized aquarium, came Jellyfish Lazerface, a Jessie Smith zombie, and some characters from Scribe's Repertoire. Then into the aquarium that contained all the biomech graffitied animals. JENN HOWITZER Broke out the arsenal, aimed directly at everybody's dome.

JENN HOWITZER

Here's DUNDERHAWK the clunky low flying bird short of absurd, can't get out a word without the mentality of the herd.

They show a flashback of DUNDERHAWK getting orders poolside at the aquarium.

DUNDERHAWK

Got it. Find people worthy of drowning and becoming food. Bring them down here and they're as good as already chewed.

So, he went out trying to find despicable people, bumping into everything he could see, sullyng his own good name; until he made a dance with a slide out of it. He still couldn't fly, but he sure did look cool.

DUNDERHAWK

Who should I pick, rotten kids? Snot dripping young vid heads.
 Shit, kids these days would probably kick our ass. Junkies? Nah
 we might get infected. No safe tricks. Unless they blow us with
 a condom on our dicks. Hookers With Diseases. That's what they should
 call their prostitute whatever gang or click. What am I supposed to
 do, skim the convents? Maybe TRICKSY could pump the answer
 out of her warm wet jerking off fists.

TRICKSY

Which gaping orifice or a face do you want to embrace in edible
 lace? This isn't a foot race, cuz we'll make this like your place.

CHAMBERMADE

EDNA gives you nocturnal emissions with night terror
 dread, showing you visions of stuff you never would've
 done or said, like waking up in a nursing home with afterglow
 from having group sex with the assisted living dead paying
 admission and bringing their own splash buckets with them.
 Little cherubim's with four wings fluttering about never
 aging, but it freaks everyone out engaging in smut
 peddling. Next, and last for now, KAPLOW= nectar slurping,
 time-bending moltov hot topic wild sow.

So, we see a segment of EDNA having a porn shoot and meals on wheels. You could slowly see the wheelchair seniors stop being flopped over droning “help” constantly, and start to pay attention to the artistry unfolding.

KAPLOW

I know, the elderly. A vegetable medley like we were in Soilant
Green.

Then everyone started fucking. As we look at MOTOR-MOM’s boobs bouncing up and down on their own, little graffiti, biomech cartoons hop up and use their tasty claws to open her vagina lips like the OB/GYN’s retractor clams, and also candy coat it. HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP put CHAMBERMADE’s big ass in a wheel barrel, and started fucking her while he’s holding onto the handles. ABUTJAM MUJTABA JIBBER JABBAR figured everyone was occupied, so he’d go look around for medicine to mix with his beer. He walks in on vile vine-like syringes to an overlord GODDESS that gives him all he wants.

GODDESS DI

I.V. she the intravenous venus gentle geranium genius, wrapped
in tantalizing titanium features. Captures rapture in snapshots
merely measuring a million pleasures we’ve never endeavored
together in her clever fantastic fantasy built, drastic ecstasy
filled peace kingdom I wish to penetrate through the golden
gates, but she evades and throws heart grenades as I serenade
to her face.

ABUTJAM

CHAMBERMADE?

GODDESS DI

That name reps her discrepancies. She sees suckers sucking her sinew
through hookah tubes while I instantly inject her with my witches
brew. DMT'll empty her tummy too, of sinful soul and soul food.

You know (vomit sound)

ABUTJAM

So that's why you call her I.V. A double entendre. I heard about
IVY, the chick that pilfers pockets of e-pill poppers and jacks
jackets form coat closets. You like that shit? What a dumb bitch.
Both of you clones. Get your hands off my lawn gnome. You
suck for liking her, and she sucks for being. CHAMBERMADE

Is IVY?

GODDESS DI

I hate to astonish, but I ain't speaking Spanish. That's the
CHAMBERMADE you hold so tightly. I donut want you should
vanish, just get me some three...

INT. GRAND DAY ROOM-DAY

In the kitchen, we see HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP making triple cheese burgers, with a sign behind
reading PEOPLE, with half of it covered by his body. The old folks started lining up beside it. One would
think we were killing and eating them, but the sign says HUNGRY PEOPLE. We're not that gory. So the
line moved slowly, and there was another line which turned them young again. So, now there is chaos,
Q-BERT starts battling some people with industrial and really trippy beats. There was a little
tag monster hopping all over taking pictures, and decaling them onto cars in the parking lot.

CHAMBERMADE

I'm konked out on ketavetacetajet my tourret is uglier and more evil than a turret on a battleship. One tiny bump and you're dead. One's for elephant. One for cat. Screw serotonin.

This shits mixed with Mr. Mzzxtplk's bottled chemical absurdist whit, way wetter than when we warriored you to be a vet tech. But rain down from above, comes a steroid saponin occurring in the leaves and seeds of the common foxglove.

HYPER KID/ VERBAL HEMP

I'll buy all of it. My credit is longer than a space cadet 3 hour show to edit. I just wanna buy my way into Wonka's busting bubble smoking umpa lumpa land grand piano one man show and he is really you.

CHAMBERMADE

What you want me to dress like a man? Thug, pretty, white, Mexican, or African? Sun tan, irritation, or melanin?

HYPER KID/ VERBAL HEMP

I like some girls boyish, but no boys at all. No one wants to hear that yammering jabber jaw. As many women who vilely turn us down it must be a character flaw. Put on a beanie, mask, and a hood. Act like you stole something, and I'll chase you down and pump you that wood.

So she scampered off behind her changing station, that just fit in her mobile home backpack. She flipped on her blacklight floor, and all her cloth graphics, and fluorescent tattoos glowed. You can't even see HYPER KID/ VERBAL HEMP, because he has on all black. She disrobes immediately, and you can see her chest piece that looks like biomech armor, wrapping around the boob base, and an artificial metallic white painted gleam, with red tip nipples and the word VENGE written up the side in graffiti. She covered it all up with a fat ass sweat suit. Then she sways her hips toward him, as he slowly romantically smooths his fingers down the seem of her hoodie zipper. She takes off like the flash, but leaves a trail and a clue. Throughout the story she leaves clues, but stays one step ahead of him. He picks up the clue, and it says. "Meet me at IRON MOUNTAIN."

HYPER KID/ VERBAL HEMP

The carving is my true heart's alien dying to get out of
my chest.

INT.-A PLACE THAT BUMPS WE'VE NEVER BEEN BEFORE-NIGHT

MOTOR-MOM

Let's call up some women but use condom mints, so they're
mouth is clean after they lean in for a kiss. Remember,
Hookers With Diseases. Shame not your sex workers. Future
trillionaires, after all the stim checks come directly here.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

That'd be like stolen credit carding it, to get stuff sent
directly to your apartment. Go ahead, make it happen, with
your hell bent hard to heave heaven sent, clunky monkey
wrench slapping, cold steel contraption.

So, MOTOR-MOM aims her biomech personal cell-tower phone at the sky, and the satellites all aim directly at the Treasury Building and the treasury people don't even notice the addresses changing to traps, abandoned condominiums, and slimy sewer huts. The hard part is collecting it all. The government's newest invention after watching so many thief movies, is that they can shut down any armored car, making the truck itself a prison ready to pick up like takeout. So, in her infinite wisdom of anything that lights up, revs, or goes bang, she invented porcelain CRACK ME trucks that say so on the bumper in ultraviolet readable script. So the only problem is every downtrodden trap getting robbed by the armored car shooting off at whatever they could. And in a day, how many boxes can they pilfer? All her people had hyper drive circuits, so when the trucks get a thousand or so, someone drives to where a runner can shoot off even faster from the autos. Fast plus fast equals even faster.

MOTOR-MOM put up the privacy bubble that she takes everywhere in a pretty, hot, and tempting suit, covering the house in a still undisclosed location.

MOTOR-MOM

I told you. What are we gonna do with all this? What the mother fuck you, stupid ass bloody periods, period?! Smelling like the devil's crotch, hogwash, and team spirit. The team's mascot is Fairy the pheromone experiment. You couldn't fuck with us if you had a spritz of lime cucumber mist and a handy from a handsome dandy with a limp wrist. Imma just have to leave it at this.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Do the opposite just scoff at it. Be kind to all the cops in the metropolis, so we can open up a dispensary for narcotics. Drop this from the hedonist hip hop tropics. Kick your feet up and kick the daily topics a day before they get the paper from our neighbors mailboxes. You say how the fuck? We got this... Forget about us.

GIRLY HIDE

M getting a Q-Bert elemental idear projection from the spasmodic
man-o-war disciples at the Paul Deadkin Mausoleum Academy.

Q; get at me from your humongous brain gelatiny. How did he
get word of me?

Q-BERT(CHANNELING FROM AFAR)

You're on the hundred wickedest to watch list, right under
that chick cult that always goes crotchless; shaking their ass
and tits, while I have penile erection hardening fits. What did
I miss? I've been stepping up my game since giving to the
lifeless. Why donut you follow a beggar for a parsec, and help
them responsibly spend some of it? What is the sound of
one hand clapping? Gimme.

So JENN HOWITZER broke out all her weapons, pointed right at his crotch, one halfway up his buttohole,
and guns on his mouth to where it looks like she was doing orthodontic work. I bet you're wandering
what the profound difference is between CHAMBERMADE and JENN HOWITZER'S powers, but the
simple fact is they are two sides of a coin. They were made to cancel each other out. No one should
have that much fire power without checks and balances.

JENN HOWITZER

Only if you do the soundtrack's instrumentals for us sentimentals.

Q-BERT

You have my assurance. These chords are so discordant, it
makes James Corden's coke snorting look like Captain Boring.

Q-BERT uses his scratching hands to tickle her vagina. It gets her motor running for the first time in a while that wasn't a failsafe.

MOTOR-MOM

My vag is vibrating so hard, it's got me percolating and salivating. So hard it makes earthquaking look like a chair for gaming.

Handlers of hand made hats had passed out from exhaustion. She looks at it, and it looks like a whole circle with naked begging hands stretched out.

SID

See, everybody's always got their hands out, like people with elbowless arms trying to put a blunt in their mouth.

CHAMBERMADE

Although I love these bodies of excellence, I know how expenses gets. I'll give them millions etch stimulus checks.

CHAMBERMADE ran around in a circle, screaming and flailing her arms like someone on fire, and pulled a super methane powered scooter out of her ass, stuffing so sporadically checks in all their hands, looking around as if to signify; where the hell am I going to deposit all these? Then she remembered in a bubble we can all see.

CHAMBERMADE(WORD BUBBLE)

Take a quick pic sick shit, and deposit this chit.

NARRATOR

Everybody got out their phones and started clicking pictures
to accounts of high rollers, drug dealers, and old people
that hardly check their accounts. They all probably wouldn't
tell anybody. They'd just spend it and we're not stopping
them, but we can too. They realized they could make the
Earth and sky move with a \$59 cell phone.

We pan and zoom around to see what the fasties and the ones that didn't want too much
right away, to see what they wanted to buy. BLASTED FOOL was first to be the guinea pig, so he bought
a car. He couldn't help but remember Robert Deniro's star studded famous movie line "didn't I tell you
don't buy anything?" In this day and age, the postal service had it's own stores. The phone operators are
like phone sex call girls, so they just talk sexy to you until the package shows up. Up drives the brand
early Cadillac Ciel with girls taking a naked bath in the car's hot tub sudsy mode. He hopped in, and
blared the 'No Sex In The Champagne Room' by Chris Rock, mixed by STARSCREAM and Q-BERT. You
could see Q-BERT in a heaven lit graffiti chakra like on his album cover levitating with loving kindness in
a man-o-war space-ship colony. All his cool-ass hat friends were bouncing around like weird graffiti
muppets. Then STARSCREAM/SID runs around making things more crooked, wicked, and weird, maybe
for a darker audience. CONTRA-VERSE-YO got jealous and sat down in a huff, watching tentacle porn
ripping hot chicks apart. He put his feet on his little couch cycle, and worked through some feelings.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Looks like I'm the smartest one. Chase your money while I write
a story on funny and fun.

EXT. IRON MOUNTAIN FILE WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

NARRATOR

IRON MOUNTAIN is actually none other than a dusty old file warehouse, where data entry clerks died of boredom many years ago hacking away at their dot matrixes. CHAMBERMADE was nowhere to be found. She's normally not this elusive, but a woman's gotta have her mystery. She ran at him aggressively, planted a kiss, and drops a solemn clue at his feet,
"This is so I don't get bored and go with other men. I want this to last forever, but I'm a wild woman. I cry at night at the fear of separation...from you."

He started tearing a little bit. They locked up a hug together, got stuck, and all their clothes fell off. They made love like teenagers right there in the street to whatever love song we can come up with...

EXT. CHARGING STATION-NIGHT

MOTOR-MOM pulled up to the drive through and a mechanical bug took her old battery out, put it in a charging station, put in a new one, and scanned her.

MOTOR-MOM

Pay you later.

CHARGING ATTENDANT

See you later.

She starts to drive off, and scoots in reverse.

MOTOR-MOM

Maybe I'll pay today. Gimme your phone. Consider this a loan, the
kind you pay back when you get another loan. Now go home, get
high and spend til' it's dry.

She blares the music and sings along to it.

MOTOR-MOM

A broken canister of candy with your brains hanging out.

DJ Q-BERT

They say change people, places, and things, but no geographical
cure, so get away, but not too fur. JENN HOWITZER; power of
Pulitzer Prize devours powders to stay up for outrageous hours.
She has the only working shop of flowers that's a cover for nuke
ops, golden, and agent orange showers.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP NUKE CHAMBER-DAY

NARRATOR

People keep walking by smelling the peculiar scent of the Titan
Arum. They look at the shop, and think; must be that Titan
Arum. JENN HOWITZER drives up her cement truck, and starts
pouring right inside the so-called flower shop. Inside it was
pouring a slab, with a door you have to pull up with magnets
and hydraulics. It was right under a flower display anyway.

NARRATOR

She likes to hide in plain sight and perplexity of others. She actually is open for business to anyone. The sign says, "INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY SAVINGS AND SAFE DEPOSIT- WE WANT THE JUICE RIGHT OUT OF YOUR BRAIN-ASK JENN- WEAPONS AND DESIGN AVAILABLE." At first, just some curious kid wanders in with a crumpled piece of paper. It was a mechanical graffiti kaiju from Baltimore City, copping dope, swallowing it, and regurgitating it for it's little babies. The babies multiply, and then again until they go to every school and assign escape pods to every desk. The baby kaiju also have a test function for your drugs. Kill two birds with one stone, I say.

JENN HOWITZER

This is where my part starts, like Horace in Ms. Peregrine's Home, making figures move with transplanted aviary hearts. Whatever pumps blood through the puds of once duds and made ups. So, how big is big enough? Let's go Outback, so you can check out my scuds. Rocket tits and blooming onion bits.

She walked him into the courtyard, holding his head between her bosom. She pinned his drawing up to a cork board, and asked:

JENN HOWITZER

I can't use organs to finish him. You know, copyright infringement?

I use witch hazel astringent, eye of newt, and a smidgen of
alien carrier pigeon on a federal mission.

CHAMBERMADE

I'll show you something you haven't seen before, but want to be
treated more like a lady or a whore?

JENN HOWITZER

Whores of course. But no one can keep whores of course, unless
they kill her pimp...first. Just kidding. I juice want to be smitten
with you my little kitten. Ever since it was written, our magical
meeting has been heating, and we just dragged it out with an
oven mitten.

SICKO THE KID started glowing with fuzzy flattering, and did a little sparkling fairy twist,
turning into a much older gruff looking tough guy.

JENN HOWITZER

My, my. A little boy in a man's body. Your transforming is warming
my arteries.

So, she pulled him in like a tug-o-war by the dick. It was huge, and she had to widen her
pelvis to get it in. She pushed it all the way in, catching a scream, when it pierces some eggs that we
show in our little make-shift x-ray. You can see blood-splattering in the whites of her eyes. Then she
slimes the poor boy with blood, eggs, and female cum. Andrew Zimmern comes along and presses a
dispenser button on her side. He drinks the goop, and has a look on his face, like, Hmm, not bad. He
opens a gold-adorned religious graffiti book.

ANDREW ZIMMERN

Says here if I keep drinking this I'll live forever.

JENN HOWITZER

Don get all Ahura Mazda golden GOD of light on me now.

So next, SICKO THE KID, living up to his name, gave himself a good grease over with her female goo. He looked very patent leathery, and when he pulled out his technical drawing, it was barely legible.

INT.JENN HOWITZER'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

She had a lap desk on her bed, looking over his invention. Next to her was the head of this mech excavating monster, but she was struggling with the animatronics of the whole thing.

JENN HOWITZER

How is HOWITZER gonna sour this supreme unseen sporadic
super power? My little gems glistening listening childrens.
Escape pods for bods of class, church, business, or wherever
else we forgot. Give nod if you're carrying. The shooter
would just be destroying the building. Keep it as secret
as we can. Let's just hope people donut constantly play with
it. Some will become bully prolific, and when the victim
becomes the bully, twice as gifted.

Then the two started hacking away at these shields, throwing away 3d print after 3d print, after silly kid showing them off in the mirror. They even added anti-attack cage missiles to contain the situations. It ended up being made out of high impact plastic. Then JENN made a phone call to the Millwrights Union and got a factory put together quicker than Acme can deliver a package. We show several principals' calls to order them, followed by churches, factories, movie theatres, and even concert promoters.

CHAMBERMADE

For any carnage craving cad, cats out of the bag. Like a
new fad had by mom and dad. Dolts with don'ts dishing
out toe tags, can brag about heads in a duffle bag.

JENN HOWITZER

Get stag. Get your tubes cleaned while you're at that.
Or we could take it to my room and hit the mat...ress
First one with a jock in the other's mouth wins a kiss.

So, the two's bedroom games run rampant. JENN actually had posts and ropes under her bed. Like a sick widow who's webs needed to be cleared she eagerly giddily put it together like a volleyball net.

JENN HOWITZER

Me be the USED RUBBER and you be the ANAL BUM
COVER.

So, the two jumped on in, fully clothed with new wave glitzy bigshot scantily clad wrestling uniforms. The jocks looked edible, see through, with some sort of sour salt all over them. They tussled back and forth, until they locked hands, and she pinned him down. She forced him to gobble on it, and she rode his face all the way home.

So, as the two's bedroom games run rampant, winos, any paranoids, and itchy trigger fingerers all run out and buy portable escape pods, personalizing them with decorated weapons, stickers, and full arsenals of glowing penny sized carefully wrapped bullets. Also missiles whose shrapnel was controlled to hit many targets at once. Within minutes the 3D print hack was out. It goes with the pod, though, so actually people are possibly more dangerous than before.

CHAMBERMADE

If we could pinpoint each unlit joint or unfulfilled chill pill DR.
Octopussy pilfering and distributing fentanyl swill like Dr. K dishing
them out duh style, to euthanize mass milled millions of children.

SAME TIME

Sounds like a job for GOD. Yeah, we should go anoint him. Ok,
who wants to kill themselves first? Both of us. You drink the
Kool-aid. No you drink it.

They both got their emergency; give your life for a cause kit out of the suicide pantry. Gulp gulp, they're dead. They both rose up to heaven, and saw elderly being made young and telling their life stories everywhere. So they gave each other a helping hand over the fence. They followed GOD's eminence with their ghostly gear. It said slime on it, but couldn't find slimer, GOD, or even help inflate a tire. They see his eminence coming from a room far off in the distance. They ran and ran toward it. It looked like a 2 1/2 dimensional castle made from ink blots, and when they got closer it was a wicked tattoo convention.

When they got closer, GOD was flexing his arm muscles, while an awesome artist tattooed armor on the upper half of his sleeve.

JENN HOWITZER

Your tat is so hard, it's like a geological dig right in the back
yard. Quartz and diamond shards. Is that a pinup with a foxtail
pussy part, showing a suicide girl markswoman in tits and ass lard?

GOD

She the gift of me, like a trillion pearly chiseled teeth screwed
into your jawbone for free. Summer teeth, winter wreath, and
all my gifts beneath the tree.

So they went back to GOD with gifts from foreign land. Giant packages, cars with a platinum rainbow
shine and trophies, too. WORLD's GREATEST GOD with Hindu bejeweled kama sutra women entangling
a spitfire musical blade and fire arm.

GOD

Maybe we should get plates, stuff face, and berate your horrid
fates. They often soften in the coffin, but you offerors wouldn't
wait. Is that how it's supposed to work, well it does today? So
for what dost thou pray?

JENN HOWITZER

We just needed your help.

CHAMBERMADE

We need your excursion to Earth. Our part of the world is
hurting.

GOD

We go down there, mostly to mingle and model swimwear. Wet
wicked women wildly below me. Get it below me. Say it fast times
three.

CHAMBERMADE

Below me..below me..below me..Hey that's funny.

GOD

Donut ever let anyone tell you I don't have a sense of humor.
I invented it. Twas' sunny and Diana was making batches of
vinegar and flower color you now call markers. She was washing
up by the river with the paint, when she came over, twisted her
butt sideways, and started ventriloquism with her butt and
vagina. So, I guess she invented humor. I came up with laughing.
Anyway, the world is as nice as I can bare. Sometimes I wanna
kill, fuck, and swear.

JENN HOWITZER

Then let us map a mini-mission, to weed out human trafficking,
random acts of killing, and forced religion.

GOD

Back in the days, people just took the women. I love kindness
and forced religion was the only way I keep lots of them
coming in. Sheep don't know where they're going.

CHAMBERMADE

So, you don't want us to change anything?

GOD

Just adorn yourselves with platinum, scent, and all the finer things.

I don't want to leave right now for I am king.

JENN HOWITZER

I am the bearer of many maps, sprawled out on the basement floor
next to my spray cans and caps.

GOD

You want a cell phone tracking people will peephole into the soul
of the beast's new unholy fad? But what are you gonna do about
it? You're not that bad. I can offer you a satellite and laser that'll
wipe the smile off a star gazer. Star Trek phaser set to party favor.

Suck out all the flavor.

JENN and SICKO got into a sidebar.

JENN HOWITZER

Why doesn't he care?

CHAMBERMADE

I dunno... ask him to fill out a survey or a questionnaire. I say we
take him up on the saddle laser for his patience is worn thread
bare, like a hopeless apathetic trying to act like they care.

JENN HOWITZER

He's GOD. He's dealt with every type of wierdo anyway, so there. With the flair of a 16 year old fucking his au pair. Or a trillionaire that can't get rid of his money fast enough to make his perception of the world fair.

CHAMBERMADE

What are you hoping that he'll overhear?

JENN HOWITZER gives him a disgusted look and an eye roll, signifying he's right but to shut up.

CHAMBERMADE

But how?...

GOD

Do we find the wretched rancid crop of sow? Look within before you look without. I'm GOD guiding goons with no know-how.

JENN HOWITZER

Outside of the Bellagio Hotel.?

CHAMBERMADE

We got no clue. Let him answer now.

GOD

I can cure cancer. I can fix a mean weave, but I can't foresee

GOD

evil, and without miracles we can't make them all believe.
That's why I always doubt. I just don't want you to doubt me.
In return I grant thee reprieve upon reprieve almost infinitely.
But nonchalantly and defeated, I speak my greatest hope
and fear is that all things come to an end.

So, GOD proceeded to show them his fantastic mobile command station, a secret control room that links up with NASA's space-pinpointing destructo ray.

GOD

Unfortunately, this has been useless to me without you
caring seraphims on the other end of my celly. Sad sacks
just wander around collecting, alms(begging). With arms
outstretched and drooling mouths they collect even after
we sternly reject. No one can ever know or, oh the horror,
grab your mortars and head straight toward Mordor.
They'll use you like camel lips or is that camel toe? A
dainty bride with marital afterglow; a maid to mop up
gravy after the floor show.

JENN HOWITZER

If we could back a tractor trailer with a pint sized zirconium
doomsday device right up to the loading dock, we could
muffle the noise with rave music or maybe some rap/rock.

JENN HOWITZER

People puppy mill thrill of saving the flock.

GOD

Just download the app at Google Play store for free.
ALLEVIATE. It's do what our persecutors would've done
if you're pretty. Then pay em a fee so they'll feel dirty
and send the bill to me. Curving artisan etching on
the other side of thisgnarled bleach-white pre-paper
tree is our militant subjects list. Come in thinking
they're getting back the women they sorely missed. I
invented you pussies a machine to cut your balls off
with a Sawzall right next to the cash drawer at my
store. It'll still take years to ALLEVIATE their fears with
mere drugs, wicked get back and beers. We can only
make the afterthought feel good, foreseeing evil, but
without miracles we can't make them all believe you.

She imagines them all hanging out the roof of a limo, going crazy, with some of them moped out in the corner. JENN imagines a miracle for them. She puts in them different souls of dance, arts of pen(stories hopefully to be made into movies) all instructors that were too left wing extreme for the cold shoulder of even Hollywood. They would bring people from the homeless shelter to catered lunches, and give them writer and critic jobs, cleaning them up, where it was hard for the other film workers to talk behind their backs, because the back stabbers might be talking to a once homeless person. Woops.

GOD handed JENN a list and they were off to kill the human traffickers from the top down. In all the movies, cops and FEDS start from the bottom and JENN knew all this, but wanted to see if anyone else had the same or a better conclusion first.

MOTOR-MOM

A lot of headless horsemen extorting for sport with tongue
forked appear to look similar at the store, not going to war,
but with fifty gun toting bitches hiding under the floor boards
bored rocking glock swords. We see traffickers, it'll be like
rolling up on my lowered bike, stomping ants with my Nikes.

JENN HOWITZER

Alright Dwight.

So they took their magical slip'n'slide right out of heaven to JENN's mobile 3D print, architecture, CAD, and animation haven. Home, like mass-married newly-weds coming back from their first shopping spree as a couple, to open their presents. JENN already had presents waiting for her...(wait, who got her these? Where are they from?) They didn't care. They just helped her assemble a screen, some super barka lounge (sink in, sound massage game/entertainment chairs) and picked up their Z-brush controllers.

CHAMBERMADE

Time for these butt crimes to get a suppository from a
peeled lime, bopping so hard you fall over in the dinner
line. Fill up your plastic sepulchre after they run out of
fucking pine. Eat your last unleaven, cuz that's where
you're going, pine tar heaven. Training Day, fool 187.

JENN breaks out the list, from GOD.

JENN HOWITZER

Look it's a renowned underground Russian compound.
Cambridge, right down the street and around. Those
Russian potato head farmers can harm us, by rearranging
our private parts.

So, the two started shooting the satellite controlled space laser. It hit one guy, and the rest
went underground scrambling, to figure out why there was an impaling beam hole through their friend.

VLAD

Kill our buzz? Like a bunch of over weights smashing
a massage matt from above, or lowering your mother
to make love. Call the fuzz. I can see where that
conversation would go...like why'd you kidnap, rape
and drug all these women?

Cuz...

DAVIDOV

At least it's not those Jehova's Witnessers. We call em
J-ho's; with their uzi/oozy butt cannons. They man em.
We dismantle em.

COCKY GIRL

Ha ha. We know you came down with a case of uzi/oozy
butt. Did, dit, dit. Dit,dit,dit.

DAVIDOV

I know who's getting hitched. Boys, marry her up.

So, they put her in four point, and used retractors on her vagina. Luckily she had an epi-pen full of Guarana (the eyeball plant). She turned into a monster, with only razor wire to stop her out of control transformation.

INT. JENN HOWITZER'S HIDEOUT-DAY

CHAMBERMADE

Well, we didn't bring their unworthy lives to an end.

The mission; miss the women, and hit the men, and splatter their faces with specimen. Now, do the ladies need a rape clinic, a cocktail, or a best friend?

JENN HOWITZER

That's if we donut fail.

Then she hit the bunker buster button. The women were running every which way. One girl hollered.

GIRL

This way. This way.

We can see schematically the women go to an all new low of bunker buster resisting concrete that she was using to tunnel to freedom. 201 feet coincidentally. JENN was too asinine to think about the women's lives. She just wanted to end the situation, so she was much surprised when the girls were running out of ant-looking hills nearby. One of them was apparently some sort of a rockstar, and phoned

several tour buses, that showed up lickety split. They brought the traumatized women to one of those clubs where there was different women in every room; bass, jungle, industrial, rap, r&b, metal, pop, and country. Reggaeton? Club?

RIHANNA and KAT VON D were dolling up all the women with delicate SHIVA arms, so they could do all in a fraction of the time. One of the women flashed back to accepting a job in the U.S., where she was escorted to a large warehouse. They put her to work alright... She can't relive it entirely. Now she looks all sick and hot. What would these people want? She had hoped for something like this.

NARRATOR

Butt the ass is always greener on the other hide...

JENN HOWITZER

Can I get a statistic on lipstick tipped captives drawn amiss by
carnivorous expletives? They just wanted a kiss from their kids
and to send home some gifts.

GOD'S list was glowing, and they noticed it was made of some sort of plastic with silicone graphics and wi-fi updates from GOD, who was apparently keeping tabs on their progress. At the bottom was looking glasses, that show the underground catacombs as far as the eye can see. This explained why a massive procession of guilty looking individuals wasn't seen transporting women all of the time.

MOTOR-MOM

Now what?

SID WILSON

Call JENN HOWITZER. Now it's her death day. It's a myth
how a sweet sniff of her could scare anything away.

EDNA

You already have the answer, like a pot cure for cancer.
Just make sure it's globally expansive. With secret tattoos,
demon sacrifices, and tricky handshakes. Unfortunately we
can't get your butt-busting, gut-ripping rat trap to all of
them, but we can kick alien ass like in Dragonball Zim.

ABUTJAM

Who and what? That's the stupidest thing I ever heard of.

He says this from doggy pose, with his bald spot being used as an ashtray. After putting her hand up his
ass, JENN flaunts her power, by telepathically making him say...

ABUTJAM

I'm the stupidest son of a bitch alive.

CHAMBERMADE

But for now, we strut. Put the seats in the butts.

NARRATOR

So, they get into this Multiverse of a club. Psychedelic lights
make graffed out psychedelic show pop out of the screen.
Turns out like BAJA, California, this club has Japanese laws, so
they sell shrooms at the door and promise 4DX
accommodations.

As blueberry scented coffee breeze, with an after scent of sasparilla calmed the room, a cool blue redneck, drinking sasparilla out of his beer drinking hat(the words sasparilla bulged out of the screen like a cartoon wolf's popping eyes when he sees a hot dame), proceeded to host the show. Before he could speak, the admiration and blissful reverence of several women and men and family surrounded him with flowers and kisses and hugs. In graffiti letters, it changes into a train like on The Electroliners Loose Caboose album. The engineer, shirtless like an old pirate ship, opens her vagina to swallow a sweaty bulbous young naked woman. The Engineer's headlight spotted the fact that the audience was naked or half-naked like savages, feeling each other up while watching the show.

BLUE

We wildly whip up a batch of baby dirigible highly volatile,
 jump in any time never sad crab dip. We'll be here a while
 so I'll need a catheter and a soda bib for each participating
 quick wit. Coming out, a fluffed muffin, strombolli stress ball,
 with a detonator button, so when you eat crow, offer them
 those and it explodes and turns them into nothing. Made by
 masked bandits. Once they get the damn advantage, here
 comes Uncle Sam's grandkids. The Central Intelligence.

ATTENDANT

Everything here's free. Food, entertainment, and everybody
 gets laid type of party.

MOTOR-MOM starts pulling shit out of the screen flopping it all around, smacking everything with the light it emits. Everyone stared at the spectacle, like a wild contortionist eyeball plant. She was cheering, sewing her wild oats, until finally an ironclad well-armed hover bodice biomech encrusted woman flew up beside her, removing her helmet, and pointing shoulder guns at MOTOR-MOM.

LICKA

Going my way? That's the one where they all go gay, and
wanna stay. But you smell like fecal human roadkill
beach bathroom body spray.

After the event is over; in an orderly fashion, they militarize the women that were already saved. They put on arsenal abdomens with huge buttons, but otherwise wrapped in cellophane and extruded as wicked graffiti characters. They get made up like zombies, and walk around slowly til' the former Russian captors are caught off guard. Then the gals hug them and detonate. The ladies' armor holds true.

NARRATOR

And, so like roaches, poaches of pest devils in hot
concrete, poured on their feet, stifles their retreat. And
to this menace, I say pff; dealt with. Worldwide,
they drop like flies, from towers to dives. Like a
dark comedy, everybody dies, as we spout old
western Emilio Esteves action likes...(sample) Best
dollar eighty I ever spent.

ABUTJAM

That'll teach you to be under my boot, pilfering pile of
poot. Sock soot and then resonating powder-packed
bullet harpoon coming up behind you yewts.
Captain Ahab, give em some more dick.

BLASTED FOOL

Not it. That's a mass my moles mean not to unmash,

BLASTED FOOL

Take it like at least a quarter of these bodies home and eat
it, or my hunting license'll be gone.

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP

Take to the mobile meat freezer with the expired geezers
and the Fentanyl sneezers. On the way, could you scare
the bejeezus out of an art scene faux hawk wearing,
mentally dead, decaying underwater OPHELIA?

As we see CONTRA-VERSE-YO holding her breath under water, the camera shows BLASTED FOOL
dressed as a bloody dentist with massive mechanical prosthetics aiming tools of every type right at her.

HYPER KID/VERBAL HEMP

She'll set him straight. She'll make up a scene with the
vice grips so tight he'll flip out, kill everybody and
won't be able to get in through the pearly gates.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO instantly snaps into a state of mental readiness, formulating a major scheme to be
BLASTED FOOL'S certain undoing. What could she walk him into? She could tell he was a guy who
couldn't rap very well. Then, you could see her underwater neural network glowing. A call came in to
CONTRA-VERSE-YO'S phone and...

GIRLY HIDE

Hey face red, I got a spot where you can prove your
street cred. You still keep that Beretta cuddled up
next to you in bed?

We transport instantly to a city scene, where BLASTED FOOL is being shoved by GIRLY HIDE. BLASTED FOOL starts rapping at people walking up and down the street. Nobody seemed to want any beef, so on he continued, until finally some Jewish kid with a yamakuh on, tore into his ass.

JUKE

I love GOD so much, I give him nine days of presents, and
spread money like pigeon feed to the rest of you hungry
peasants.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO starts smiling grimly, like her work was done here, but then BLASTED FOOL pistol whipped the kid into the street where a cab stopped just short of hitting JUKE. Some big Italian guy was like...

GUY

Ok, ok. You're tough. We get it.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO now no longer smiles, but pulls an apparatus from her backpack, then from it's box, hooking it and then lobotomizing herself, but it doesn't actually hurt her, because she's only there in spirit.

BLASTED FOOL

You better get out of dodge, when I pull up in my Cadillac.

EXT. RUSSIAN COMPOUND-DAY

So, we see the ground workers and our allies/people finding parts of bodies everywhere. The one guy has a roving meat packing plant, and an incinerator that burns bodies and refuse into methane fuel, self-powering the operation. Everything he foraged had giant space laser holes in it.

JENN HOWITZER

So, what's our next mission?

MOTOR-MOM

Killing villains to keep away from our children. And
preventative measures like personal force shielding.
That'll teach em. Kids need training and testing. Beating
Billy bad asses like we were besting at fencing, with a
sword wrapped around their small intestine. En garde,
touche, parry ,and pure. Provocative. But don knock
it if you haven't tried it. We rely on our society, and
and them on us, live and die for it.

JENN HOWITZER calls her friends together for a meeting of the minds. We can see her mouthing
something silently to them all. They get in their space utility sports cars and head out on the graff
highway.

CHAMBERMADE(3D WORD BUBBLE)

Whoever tagged here is a true soldier. The
whole highways got no shoulder. I'm a fan of
any spray can holder. I wish I was a tag banger,
go ear to ear, twist, and put em up on a metal
hanger.

When she arrives, bionic commandoes are shooting walls together with jerry rigged nail guns, while they
look at their phones and laugh. One guy yells break, and uses his phone to wreck a limo full of discount
prostitutes, with an "ALL YOU CAN EAT" sign, right into the break area, slinging naked flesh everywhere.

One guy has a Tantra app on his phone. He's mimicking the positions, and liberating their souls. It looks like two blue ghosts sex-surfing through psychedelic holy temples with contorted sex poses all the way to the top. Everyone else is finishing their sex, people start slapping each other on the back, and finally downing of more beer than you can shake an ass at.

ABUTJAM

Save the people before they need saving,

Then money and wicked toys are dropped in piles by wheel barrel at his feet. Time lapsed, everyone built the factory in a day, and our heroes woke up inside of it. Each of them took about five seconds to bask in the rays if it all, before they started feeding money into the money counter, and building dioramas for the toys. The factory bumped to the bass of twisted metal bass music, making personal bubbles for everyone, everywhere. They shipped out to every living being in the U.S. We see kids, teens, adults, and seniors all trying on their new force shields. So, now the next functional fad fashion is in. We see everybody tossing their masks out. You'd think people would miss the custom graphics and cool look, but now they can project video, solid graphics, or even transparent ones.

NARRATOR

Some militant ass wipes used to off people at work,
 school, church, theatres, and nightclubs. Upset at
 the lack of ability to do so, the lot of them had to
 find new hobbies and plots. At an all-time low, they
 started KA(KILLERS ANONYMOUS) to quell their deep
 dark desire to annihilate whatever part of the
 population they hate.

KA SPEAKER

We embalm anonymously. Trauma helps them get to know me, before I cancel the live feed, and let the soul fly free. They'll never face their accusers, abusers, or sore losers.

STOOGES

Then why are we not supposed to kill em boss? What a loss.

KA SPEAKER

We still are. We just don't want them doing it, getting our wires crossed.

STOOGES

It bothers me that I can't just ram it in there; play Weekend At Bernie's pose the bodies, and have them model swimwear.

KA SPEAKER

I suppose you want to be the Wet Bandits, or better yet the Sticky Bandits. We'll give you butt implants, a wig, and some man tits. Put you on Bubba's planet. He'll groom you and use your womb to his advantage.

SICK WOMAN

We're just not supposed to repeat what transpires. No

wearing wires or handing out fliers. We're just here to
put out dumpster fires.

...and with that, naked women started feeling up each member, feeling for guns and knives. They found plenty, piled them on the floor, and gave a free fuck job to everyone. Then they started violently pleasuring the audience, with anywhere from vibrating Dr.'s tools, to weapons much like rubber and plastic versions of the ones they just confiscated.

KA SPEAKER

Keep em cumming. Cum well. Well cum. Cum pewter
for all I care. Polish the silverware. Just as long as
I'm the one who isn't there.

KA SPEAKER and STOOGIE tippy-toed to several rooms. The first couple, they used dental tools, while watching the Dr. Giggles training video on you tube. Then they watched Rush Hour, and started taping grenades inside their mouths. STOOGIE always wanted to talk to them, but ABUTJAM would shut that shit up with a quick death. The two slipped slyly into the meeting, wrapped things up, put a pack of Warhead flavored machine rolled blunts in the shirt pocket of their free all over print tees that had been handed out in their murderous absence. WENDY HUGS gave out a hug and a little crotch grab on the way out.

Some of them got together and exchanged numbers in the parking lot. They flashed their supervillain medallions, like literal badges of honor. We see them all using their phone calendars on their life size cartoon phones, to highlight and pulsate Wednesdays. They meet, in a silent montage, with nodding heads. Then they walk down the street, looking for trouble, and stumbling into a low security honor system bank. Yeah, it's where the crypto currency scoundrel opened up after he got caught pilfering

everyone's money. Our (controversially so-called) villains brought drugs, guns, and cars to the homeless, who probably weren't that tightly wrapped in the first place. What did the super bums do? Why they had a private beach built right down town, so they could cop and socialize with their same old circle of friends and fam. There was a meter at the door that went off whenever there was a bad dude to chick ratio. None of this, "he's with me crap." But, just because the women were present, didn't mean they had to pick the unkempt.

BUM NO LONGER 1

We couldn't get laid in a hen house with chickens drinking
estrogen monster aid.

Finally, some women came over, and put their arms around a few of our scraggly millionaires.

RANDOM GIRL

We heard you gals was action heroes. A couple of zeroes
fired the vigilantes, but you got muscular hands and skin
piercing filanges.

BUM NO LONGER 2

I let old ladies devour kids corpses in a tepid pool of
sputum, while I sip resiniferatoxin and rob the oxygen
from fertile lungs while I forehead to boot em.

One by one the ladies escort the men to their fully electric, hooked into the streetlight boxes, made up to look like trains, cars, and spaceships. The ladies get the boxes rocking. Then they start looking over plans, building new wave condos that turn into any kind of car you could want.

EXT.-CHAMBERMADE'S HOUSE-DAY

CHAMBERADE starts throwing loose punches at VERBAL HEMP, turning him back into HYPER KID.

HYPER KID

What ya doing? Finding a lightbulb to screw in?

CHAMBERMADE

I'm making you fall in love. So we need to be ready to
fight or get drug; drug out. Just be ready to put your
fist upside someone's yammering mouth.

HYPER KID

I thought it'd be clever, everlasting, happily ever after;
I thought it'd be claps and laughter, mirrors on the
ceiling, and swinging from the rafters.

CHAMBERMADE

Stop being pissy and piddly. If you like me, hit me.

HYPER KID lobs the most lilly-livered sissy little love tap, and her face turns down like the reverse of the grinch's smile. The hard ass metal trip-hop plays as they start pummeling eachother to the rhythm. Everything gets mad psychedelic as you can see the fractals enter their bodies and for new armor. Their skin gets rainbow platinum. Then it turned into sparring equipment, and they couldn't stop punching, kicking, head-butting, and boob-smacking.

CHAMBERMADE

Now you're ready to defend me.

So, they go to Arundel Mills Mall, and there's some really fucked up looking goth/raver/metal whatever kind of people eyeing CHAMBERMADE.

CHAMBERMADE

Eyes off cephalopods. I forged fists of fury I learned
from the younger gods, practicing on demon birthing
pods.

The guy she was talking to, got up, and everyone got up to prepare for the fight of their lives.

KO BOB

It's on then.

KO BOB slashed with his lunch tray, that had blade sides cuz this is the HORROR MALL. It went right through HYPERKID'S love handle, and blood started dripping heavily. Then naked blue nurses in hyper speed, sucked provocatively at the wound, and gave a little happy ending on their tits. The suit repaired itself.

HYPER KID grabbed some, that had a little surprise above them. He found a vice grip cannon, that would squish your head and gnarl your body, contorting you into something wicked. He was jamming them up, left and right, making mecha monsters, until he realized they were getting bigger, better, and cooler. Here in the HORROR MALL, apparently the wicked only got wicked.

KO BOB

Even at my last collapsing breath, cold, shivering,
welcoming death. Even as a gelatinous geriatric mass,
I could still kick your ass.

So HYPER KID turns into his grotesque Jeckyl and Hyde persona... VERBAL HEMP exempt from being unkempt. His monster powers include; bud pods that get you so stoned you can't even move.

NARRATOR

Yep, he cheats. KO BOB can't fight if he can't move.
Take that out of Cobra Kai's playbook and stick it.

So, VERBAL HEMP, starts digging in, throwing cheap shots everywhere; breaking all the Gouge Gonji zones to take any attacker out of a fight. Then VERBAL HEMP pulls his legs out at the knees, making KO BOB kneel to him.

VERBAL HEMP

Kneel to me.

He goes in to hug the head of KO, but when he squeezes, more blood just oozes out. Everyone in the crowd gives stink face, and keeps fighting each other til' lethargy sets in, and they start fucking.

CHAMBERMADE

So, being a person isn't your thing. I'll go get ya a big
old pretzel and a bucket of chicken wings.

NARRATOR

It's not always about becoming the scum like the ones
 that try to be above ya. It's about who completes and
 loves ya. Who teaches, feeds, and drugs ya. No matter
 I'd rather lather with leaches, walk under a ladder,
 break a mirror, and get some pussy when it crosses
 my pattern, than have some unruly uncle tom tell
 me where I can eat and shop from. Little did VERBAL
 know; his friends still wanted to be his friends kick
 his rear end, and blear his dreary recollection to
 stick him where his funky butt bends.

VERBAL and CHAMBERMADE had to fend off other attackers on the way out. VERBAL HEMP handed out merciless beatings like wiping his hands clean. CHAMBERMADE finally started to show us her super power. Forged from the fires of inner Earth, she comes strapped, and will kill. She just wanted to see how man threw down. She shot out so many holes with the chopper, and the hand-held Howitzer, that she mowed down everything there was to hide behind, and making holes bigger and bigger in now inanimate dead bodies.

The two love birds hold hands and go to two different stores where funny-looking people hand them a giant pretzel and some bonus size boneless chicken wings, that are so big he walks with a tilt. The only area left was the little kid play area. The kids were already a lot scared, so the lovebirds just shoved them to the side easily, eating at their stupid little table. The kids leave. They're too young to see what happens next anyway. Playing footsy, he pulls her already short skirt up, her panties down, throws em at some kid's belligerent arguing mom and puts his whole leg up CHAMBER'S vagina. His foot goes all the way up, and out of her mouth, wiggling his toes. She creams all down his leg. In turn, she rips his giant cock out, with her huge gangly foot, and when it gets hard, it knocks over the table. She catches the pretzel with her mouth.

As the two climax, the whole food court stares sweatily and the blithering morons that still worked there threw down their hats, got in there little smart vans and were off, having some wild Tourette's down syndrome kind of orgy all the way. CHAMBERMADE plants her retractable flag in the graffiti sharded flower garden, and they do jail poses in front of it. They limp away, holding each other up. The sun sets, with their names written in the sky as graffiti clouds. Then it says 'The End'...'The Rear End, If You Think This Is Over'.

NEWSFLASH

A conflict has broken out in NOTYA, and American civilians are just glad...that it's not them. Apparently a conflict stemmed from a single conversation gone awry. Where is Jesus now? They set up entire armed groups to protect the descendants of the Merovingian clan, much less Jesus himself. We won't say their names, because their end was not so bright. Then came the rebuttal; if we can't discuss that, then what about the crowded transport system to usher 140,000 up to heaven? It turns out you can download the app to get passes. Everyone who befriended or befamilied anyone in the church got a link. Even anyone who really read the Daily Bread had the opportunity to see it. The discussion was pretty healthy until somebody barged in.

INTRUDER

You're going to believe in ALLAH. A salam I lick

INTRUDER

em, so lick my salam. You got no idea where the
next one'll be coming from.

Then, using ALLAH'S magic, the man made graffiti and biomech monsters out of everybody, with super sick quick wicked creative abilities and went to paint the town technicolor.

INTRUDER

This is what my GOD wants. Paint the town. Wear
Cool hats. Have three women.

They invade to fast rap-no, industrial metal vilely intended music; towns, schools, and churches, until over the horizon came the American Embassy's covert branch, issuing citations for loudness, partying, and being cool. CHAMBERMADE, ABUTJAM, BLASTED FOOL, VERBAL HEMP, CONTRA-VERSE-YO, JENN HOWITZER, and MOTOR-MOM were all magically there, ready for battle. They had seen what was coming over the hill next, and were ready in their bio mech, graffiti, monster suits. It was ALLAH bursting out of his brick box with laser light shining bio mech, graffiti, and new school cartoons on the flat face of a nearby mountain. Face-off industrial battle rave holy war; here we come.

He had his arms crossed, with a crescent moon on his chest. MUHHAMED, seeing that our heroes and the various embassies were dismayed, and that there was definitely an uncool vibe going on with the henchman handing out citations, started whispering in their follower's ears. Those followers whispered in the ears of the uncool and swanked them out a little bit. Can you imagine if Trump was lit all the time, actually touching his wife, hanging out, rather than legalizing public hangings? VERBAL HEMP made rolling papers out of the tickets and passed it around. YHWH was written in graff letters by MOTOR-MOM.

YHWH

Measly as thee has been to me. We can conscience-
free hand out sloppy lobotomies. Worship my warship,
or bow to these lesser hypocratees,

Then, being out of his box, ALLAH saw JESUS and YHWH with outstretched arms and shared in all three's Awesome glory. All the followers knelt happily. Then they all were commanded to sit. There were no chairs, but they all had faith, and when they sat, massage chairs appeared. They all had Bibles in one pocket, and Qurans in the other.

Then cherubim and seraphim all make a YHWH and an ALLAH 3D tag real quick. They were separate at first, but linked together by their cloud-hopping followers' joy. Apparently, some followers had been drinking, this whole time. Now JESUS doesn't mind a little wine, but they were littering this now mediated holy land with their cans. So, they recycle the cans into a giant sheep medallion for JESUS.

Then ALLAH puts down his BUMPBOX speaker walls and Bluetooths them to his phone. VERBAL HEMP(in his mech suit) breaks out his wireless mic, to direct like a satellite, speaking of GOD'S might. MOTOR-MOM transforms part of her mech arm into some wicked platform shoe-like turntables. Rubber turntable feet, and rainbow platinum on the rest of them.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO had glowing CD turntables trying to show him up, but YHWH had playlists on his phone. How can you top that? SHIVA had on a DEWALT shirt with the sleeves ripped off, so you could see her muscles and her tattoos. She had been to Shawn Barber, who was so Eschered out, he put tattoos on her, and her on tattoos, all in one painting.

JESUS

Holy Ghost Party

Everyone started dancing and decorating to the sound of trip hop/jungle/whatever we dig up. Then an

awesome wave began that started dragging people up, goats started walking upright, preparing to read scrolls, Biblical monsters, the devil dancing.

YHWH

Not yet...that's a Tourette of of evil hate spasmodic
regret that hasn't happened yet. Piled high, half-
empty vessels bleeding out while some guy shoots
fire out of his third eye. Rely on the crumbling
abandonments building rubble sculpted seven
wonder of the world religious temple sky high.
All of you be your best. You won't know if you
don't try.

A WOMAN

Holy war. Holy war.

She was also shaking her fist. All the happy people just pushed at the idea. A crowd full of partygoing loyal followers surrounded her, giving a laying on of hands. Then she danced merrily into the sunlight.

A WOMAN

So, what do we do now?

ALLAH

Surrender now. Bless the sacred cow. Tell
totalitarian traitors to throw in the towel. Buy
a vowel. Screw a sow. Just do it now. Boots on
the ground. Upside down frown. March. 2,3 go

VERBAL HEMP started walking off, looking at the ground, kicking rocks. MOTOR-MOM and CONTRA-VERSE-YO flanked him on both sides.

MOTOR-MOM

What's eating you? Not into HINDU? How about
true to BUDDHA? Make the best of the AVESTA?

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

What she's saying, is with all your praying, why
didn't you go with...without saying. You know.
Can't say his name?

VERBAL HEMP

It's just a bust. Some of us need to spread the word,
and crack a can of cannabis. It'll be a rough path,
and we might pick up the rif raf., but we'll clean them
up, wash their privates, and run a bath. Many won't
believe, especially from me, a Mommy killer,
quivering mound of love pudding filler.

One of the bud pod islands of fertile growth landed and flapped its pot plumage like wings. He got on, but did not fly away just yet. So, CONTRA-VERSE-YO hands him the mega mecha blunt, and it transforms around his hand, and shoots smoke into his lungs. His lungs and organs were half bionic, too. We could see the road going bionic, too. The three bud podded fast down the path, and the sun set in front of them, so they lit up neon mech marijuana vapes, and hit hyper speed.

At BTQ'S theatres, all the squares were sitting in their upright chairs. The movie overlords gathered to drink blood and watch the Met opera. One had on a Pristine t-shirt with a film reel on it. We zoom in and get all schematic night vision on them.

REG-Pristine's top manager.

DERM-Number Two's emperor

FLUFF-BTQ's top brass

NARATOR

REG, the leader of the theatre cult(you've heard of
cult followings, well this is where the telephone
game starts)

There some feedback coming through their bud pods, and then they synced to HOME FREE'S version of SLIPKNOT'S VERMILLION song. With flattened affect, they almost bobbed their heads in unison, while they almost smiled. HYPER KID was out of smoke, so he couldn't use his ganja powers(you know? all the remote mental shit). His flapping bud pods dropped them off in the botanical garden, high atop BTQ'S MEGA MALL. Inside, we see one by one, CHAMBERMADE, HYPER KID, and CONTRA-VERSE-YO all do the COVID handshake-arms straight out to the fingertips(not touching) to gauge six feet apart, and then a salute to the usher. She's full of spunk, and hops off merrily. Some woman and her child argued and fought all the way down the hall. CHAMBERMADE broke out her portable euthanizing kit, and quickly dealt with the mother. The kid tried to get some guy to give him some money, and when the guy said no, he said rape rape. The guy gave the kid all his money.

CHAMBERMADE

Looks like the mother was doing her best.

Then an anger and a strength rise up in HYPER KID and the unrest made him want to fight. He pulled the DIPPITY DO DOG hat down over some mean looking guy's face.

HYPER KID

I sense them here. Overlords of the theatre. Shudder
in fear. No cap to prices, work you like a dog, and then
walk you off a short pier.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Why aren't they in their offices?

CHAMBERMADE

Better question; why aren't we in their orifices?

HYPER KID looked into one of the cameras and could see where the camera room was. He followed it on foot to the source. There was a mega command center to put the CIA'S WAR ROOM to shame. You could push a button and hit someone with hot sauce from a mile away. Sign a waiver for that. A guard answers the door as he knocks on it, and HYPER KID pokes him with a limp noodle finger.

CHAMBERMADE punched a guard in the solo plex, ripped out his ribs, and sucked out some meat. HYPER KID started eyeing the cameras, looking for an enemy we haven't defined yet. The other guards were eating fat people(who looked like krullers and eclairs and shit) while old people filmed it on large eighties video cameras. They all turned and moved lurchily towards HYPER KID. CHAMBERMADE shot all of them with Vegan bullets, so as not to spoil the meat when they make impossible sloppers. CONTRA-VERSE-YO filled up a wheel barrel Dr. Seuss high and headed for the China town part of the mall. HYPER KID spotted somebodies he thought higher up, but they weren't doing anything notorious.

HYPER KID

How do I pinpoint the exact second someone makes a
bad decision? I just turn my head and laugh with a
snort of derision.

So, they all take up mall-walking toward China town, where they cook up the bodies and feed our
famished cannibals. Then ABUTJAM levitates up close. You wonder how he got a floating bed, but other
people start zinging by on theirs too.

ABUTJAM

So, what are you gonna do if you find them? Get
behind them and butt vagine them? Why must a
ten-dollar soda cup resort to fisticuffs?

CHAMBERMADE

Until there's 711 prices, they're going to get 911
results.

CHAMBERMADE and HYPER KID stopped for sweet loving and kisses. People all around watching started
texting kisses and stars and making all kinds of cute noises on the lovebirds phones. BLASTED FOOL
was ready in the Hennessy Venom to take them anywhere they wanted to go.

HYPER KID

To the chapel

He flew them through the slums and districts of dives unwasted by total poverty, because they weren't

close enough to the fashionable districts. As they eased to a stop, they noticed a regular looking guy boarding up his establishment. Our friends hopped out and gathered round, as if to kick his ass.

CHAMBERMADE

Trickle, ooze, best be a bit of bully beatdown abuse.
Or be harder than a martyr full to the brim with Encarta,
ready to jump at any chance to be a part of
loins so hot it's like an electric parka. Shields down,
and it looks like boards up. So why is this no longer
the place to get my stuff? You know, fucked up stuff?

SHMOE

Look, nobody including me, believes in my deeds anymore.
People got sick of the cop's expletives and tickets for not
soliciting night mistresses(whores)

HYPER KID

Did we go into the future, puke turd?

SHMOE

Feels like it. (nods at CHAMBERMADE) Wanna trade
in the old model for a pair of camel lips? She's in the
back. We're going legit. This is gonna be a trap, a
booby trap, so don trip. We even got our cocaine
dispensary license. We tried to open the dope one
under false pretense, getting folks off of heroines.

CHAMBERMADE started catching a sickness, and shivering badly. Looks like they can give you dope sickness without even doing anything.

SHMOE

Apparently, the parent disease, can now be airborne
fancy free in the blood stream. Keep your hemoglobin
the fuck off of me. What's this all going to breed?
Ripped off wallets, pustules, and polyps. No one to
morn your welcomed silence.

CHAMBERMADE all but fell out. SHMOE looked both ways, dragged her inside, and tried to Narcan her sick ass.

HYPER KID

Why the hell did you drag her inside like that?

SHMOE

Cuz the boys in blue and Negan from the Walking
Dead'll smash my cap with a spiked bat.

CHAMBERMADE

In your demented world...

SHMOE

Mask up.

He pointed a gun from every part of his body and then some. Apparently, CHAMBERMADE'S past drug NEIMAN 86

history made her much more susceptible to this airborne virus. You could only get it for IV drugs though, but if you never had them, you can still catch it. She tried her tactic, but all the guns got cartoon floppy and wilted. She put up her shield, and threw a grenade out pulling HYPER KID into her shield.

CHAMBERMADE

Look, shield or mask, nobody's gonna tag me unless I
ask. Blast my way out of this bitch. This trigger finger
still do itch.

HYPER KID

Let us go infect ourselves.

CHAMBERMADE

Ain't nobody else in these there hills...Bitchmade, ass-
fade shave ya, learn to walk backwards. You can be my
date.

So the two lovebirds hopped back in the VENOM, logging into their apartment library, and drove off in a hologram of it, knocking over pedestrian roadkill (that cross too slow anyway, trying to get grounds for a lawsuit), and even the bus. The bus had a sign that said "Dead Again" blinking with bus drivers smoking weed in a wagon train circular formation smiling with rotten stumps and teeth. Surprisingly, HYPER KID read a summary of a Tai Chi book(which was the trend, people didn't read all of anything). He used this new found knowledge to paper football flick the buses. One of them even wedged right into an alley, where Starbuck's food, rectal ooze, and formal wear all leaked into the street. He close the screen on his phone.

CHAMBERMADE(SOUNDS BACKWARDS)

What fuck the butt skuz? That ain't even what Tai Chi
does.

NARRATOR

So, the two lovedrugs went to a bar where they had
Estrogen and Testosterone pills in the gender fluid
bathrooms. Apparently, everyone here wanted to
transition into someone else. These days the norm
had become the anti-norm and vice-versa. On the
bathroom sign, it shows a man and a woman
scissoring, with the words "Who Cares?" underneath.
People these days like to be referred to as either
Gorl or Moyle.

Some kind of I guess Gorl walked by and tickled CHAMBERMADE'S vag and handed her a hologram pill.
CHAMBERMADE dropped the pill in a pile of shoe funk, but took it anyway. It showed a pictorial on her
natural lenses. It said "When Society Loosened It's Reins On Genres" The Gorl just smiled and put hurl
arm around another hurl walking into the "Girls If We Wanna Be" bathroom. There was apparently a
whole hallway full of perplexing or mind-expanding gender bending rooms. HYPER KID peeked around
another door with the leeriness of shag and scoob, scoping out a caper. The place looked like a library.
Apparently, nobody wanted to be a man anymore. But wait. Everyone was wearing invisibility cloaks
glancing at him slyly. They all snickered like Muttly.

ORAL MENUS

We're the menus. Continue or feign ailment? Everyone

can see you. What a predicament. Hee hee. Wee wee

Why so bougie? Take yourself so seriously. You better stop acting so tough, afore I pass out on your ass. No rules except if you're not see-through like glass, prepare to be harassed. Everybody rhymes. We're not genre specific fashion, just in our primes. Like a transformer doing fully synthetic powdered oil lines. We're all constantly constables of contra controlled third world countries. Cannibals running out of food, and feeding on dudes so there's less of you. Can you see how many dudes are right here in front of you? Anything you want, we can produce. F.O.B.R.A.-FASHION ORIENTED BASIC RETALIATION ASSHOLES. We take those skinnys and parachute pants, and trade em in for something a little loose.

ORAL MENUS

Emphasis on the Retaliation. You want some lovin'? go get some. In the miscellaneous bathroom. Moshing violent sex and a headwound.

HYPER KID

Where can I get normal for a minute?

ORAL MENU

Normal? That's somethingist, dude. Yeah, PADRE over there is from the opposite of normal, so get

informal. He put himself through discarded TED

NEIMAN 89

ORAL MENU

Talks, and Prude Walk. He even visited some mental institutions before taking up highway robbery prostitution.

CHAMBERMADE(JUST ENTERING)

You really put the pyramid on it's point with that one,
didn't you?

OBLONG

You want to be destitute? I mean want a prostitute?
Then you'll be part of a robbery...The receiving end.
Hut, hut, hock all your shit. We get Mollys and
Japanese love dollies, and pass them off as human.
Then we blind you with 10,000 lumens.

HYPER KID

I'm in here.

CHAMBERMADE was standing right beside him, as he tried to use her as a lifeline.

CHAMBERMADE

Stop it...Get over here.

HYPER KID

Sorry, I was just trying something. Gracelessly bowing.

CHAMBERMADE

Let's go to another room, and see how they're getting
by rioting.

She just drools a kiss on his neck, grabs his hand, and drags him away.

HYPER KID

But I don't wanna go mommy...

CHAMBERMADE

Shut up! It's for your own good. You get pussy. I get
wood.

HYPER KID

I raise you wood.

The two entered another fecal disposal room, with a picture of a graffiti marker vag, with biomech ripping it apart. When they turned the corner, it was wild lesbian sex everywhere. Strap-ons, shower toys, and everything slipping and sliding all around. CHAMBERMADE started tapping one of the hottest women on the ass. She started sighing rudely.

RANDOM HOTTIE

Stop standing there googly-eyng. Chick, hop in.
Everyone stop stopping. He's got a dick; mob him.
Give to the needy, so rob him.

Like a scene from an 80's film, they all started clawing at him, and sliming him. You'd have to be a special kind of person for this to turn you on. He tried to fight, feebly as usual, but he didn't have any weed, and his biomech suit was with MOTOR-MOM and CONTRA-VERSE-YO. This is porn, and it's tasteful, and CHAMBERMADE used one chick's tits to cannonball into the human swimming pool someone else had hanging off of her lip. She slid right in the middle of four hotties, and they all started slobbering her down. HYPER KID had a new tongue on each part of his dick, guiding it like rowers on a pirate ship into some sweaty chick's ass raw. Then she turned around and sucked it.

SHE-IT

It's my ass, asswipes. Don't judge me. Eat éclair?
I'm cream-filled down there with whiskerburn
stubble, fiery red hair. Am I clear? Quips, qualms,
queers, or idears? Come on, alloy me with your
smears.

HYPER KID

Anyone who offers idears, we mock and toxin fears,
til they bleed out of their sewn shut mouth and ears.

CHAMBERMADE

Good for your health. I'm gonna go have people
watch me finger myself.

HYPER KID

Alright good. Go play with your clit, labia, and hood.

So, she started playing with herself in front of a small crowd of women, who popped out with warming

NEIMAN 92

lube sprinklers, cool designer toys, and dick bongs to welcome their new friend. She picked a platinum sex hookah, and smoked and fucked her cares away.

HYPER KID just had to meet SHE-IT. She had a nametag pinned straight through the nipple that read:

Identifies As: SHE-IT

He walked up, started to say something, and they bent him over backwards, waterboarding him with her vagina. When they finally let him up for air, he was out of breath and slobbering vagina sweat.

HYPER KID

That was tasty.

SHE-IT

Wouldn't you like to be the dom? Cry to the algorithm
at mom.com. Blithering dipshit girl scout bum, but
your hand isn't out. Are you one? Or are you the bomb?

The Are You Da Bomb? song starts jamming out. Apparently, these women are actually real women.

SHE-IT

So, are you da bomb?

HYPER KID

No.

SHE-IT

Are you da bomb?

HYPER KID

Nope.

NARRATOR

So, he slipped out of the submissive hold like an expertly talented looney toon roadrunner. Luckily, Capitol Carbonic Corporation(Carbonic for short) had broken every ice dispenser in the Delmarva area, which made it easy to put a dispensary on every other corner(like a Starbuck's). All of them were owned remotely by Putin himself. Of course, anyone caught using the old method, would be monitored, and put on jerk-release. You donut even want to know what that is.

So, he slid under the back door of Carbonic, because he was nice and slick like that. He hid in the next blank ice cube box to be delivered, and phoned in a phony address. They brought him to the exact room he wanted to be in, and with huge pincers placed him(squished in obscurity) into the distributor box. They were having an event that oh so needed cooling. It was a BUTT and BOOB competition with different weight classes. A half monster chick musclehead sexy chick would oil, examine, and rip the g-string right off of each contestant. The judges were SHE-IT, ORAL MENU, and someone with a question mark for a hoodie, which could've been a boyish girl;ANON (still hot) The categories were:

- 1)Perkiness
- 2)Smoothness
- 3)Size(within the respective weight classes)
- 4)Jiggle

The only problem was, every time they focus on an ass, the crowd started cat-calling. Finally, Judge ANON went to the tv's settings and turned them down a little bit. CHAMBERMADE threw her hat into the ring, showed her stuff off, and won hands down, although she had a cheat, because the tats on her tail made hers look bigger, shinier, and cooler.

CHAMBERMADE

Let's put this money to good use, like drug abuse.

HYPER KID

It's a brave new world when you're a slave to drug-spiking nerds. They'll kill your ass to teach a lesson to the whole herd.

CHAMBERMADE

Then to Britain it is. I'll have my drugs tested...You be my witness. I wanna get witless.

HYPER KID

If only I had my precious iron clad, super ass-bad. Iron orphans, I'm their iron dad.

CHAMBERMADE

Where'd you last have?

HYPER KID

In the HOLY LAND, but there's probably some home-

less opium smoking AFGHANS

NEIMAN 95

...And like that, they were there.

EXT. HOLY LAND-DAY

CHAMBERMADE

I thought you fought for this place.

OPI'S(OPIUM SMOKING PEOPLE)

Not vs. GOD. He can have any face. Plus he liked
what you did with the rave piece. Pieces of peace.
Right now I'd be happy with a big girl like a traveling
couch made of fleece.

HYPER KID

Equivocal Proximity. Put simply, learn all religions
and you will see.

CHAMBERMADE

What about simple spirituality?

OPI'S

Solves quarrels, but so little knowing. Takes the
culture out of things.

HYPER KID brushes the OPI'S to the side, barely knowing his new found strength. We see GOD from
above feeding his muscles every time he speaks wisdom. He slumps down into his machinery

overflowing with puke, blood, semen and piss, layered like oil and water. Some of the junkies were using

NEIMAN 96

dried feces to remake bullets, playing Russian Roulette until they inevitably die. The three leaving his armor butted in line to be killed. It looked like the executioner was Sam Kinison signing autographs and using a dollar bill snatcher to take them back when he killed them. He was saying things like...

SAM KINISON

Oh, oh...You smell like another man's lunch.

As HYPER KID remelded with his mech, and all the body sentiment oozed out, CHAMBERMADE wowed in Amazement.

CHAMBERMADE

You got parts to spare? I got fur to much.

Tradesies.

HYPER KID

This is a whole other ball of wax than our usual stickers for sex. Remember your bike wreck, when DOM WHITING was doing a mic check? Well it's gonna take more than sexual favors to bring religion to all the ravers.

CHAMBERMADE

I'll just make some furr everyone.

HYPER KID

I donut have friends. If everyone so

NEIMAN 97

suppressed by your undress, how can

I kick ass?

So, CHAMBERMADE ripped her pants off like a stripper, and did a split pulling up nerd slushes, and Shooting them into a giant rainbow for everyone to partake in. CONTRA-VERSE-YO, MOTOR-MOM, and BLASTED FOOL came over the horizon, full metal armor, so CHAMBERMADE and HYPER KID suited up. The rave started up again, and JESUS showed up. CONTRA-VERSE-YO pulled down the tailgate of a nearby truck, so JESUS could sit down, and the party commenced. JESUS was wearing all kinds of band merch and crazy patent leather and glowy shit. The camera walleye visions in on all his gear. HOOKERS WITH DISEASES was his main all over tee center piece. JESUS didn't have long hair, but JESUS was carved in his face to quote the SLIPKNOT song "Carve my name in my face to recognize." His shoes had teeth around them that dug into the ground and gave you a glimpse of fire and brimstone.

JESUS

OI BEELZEBUB'S burny butthole botches

every batch of buds we be breathing.

Seething, non-fearing forehead crushing
beer-bubbling bass-turd had to be replaced
and punched in the face. With the baddest
galactic hombre in all of space.

MOTOR-MOM

The one all of SATAN'S tortured victims
hates. Lock him in a dungeon with no tools
and just wait.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

So, what now?

JESUS

Your place or mine? The party continues where
ever I'm. I have all the money and favors owed
on the planet. I use it to my personal advantage.

Now let's go do some damage.

So, they're riding along in a truck with mech-size cupholder seats. Everyone on the curb side was sticking their arms out the window, smashing buildings, wary of humble pedestrians. CHAMBERMADE tried the same thing and her armor got all shredded. She swerved to hit bums and steal the arm replacement she so desperately needed. She was steering with one leg, holding the phone to her other ear. She actually grew another appendage, to try on new arms. She got a nice one, and it gleamed like an undercover police car's flashing light. Thugs and bums came barreling out of an alley, smashing the whole car in efforts of annihilating a maybe police officer's sneak attack. The mechs quickly bit the crotches off the angry people and left sick Columbine kids to watch over them, and make sure they wouldn't regroup.

JESUS(VO)

...And sick Columbine kids write it down in
their unrolling scroll daily journals. Sadist
meets masochist, and sees if you can take
a fist, fifty times for the album cover's benefit.

Then they show some guy getting punched in the face and photographed several times, and finally printed it on an album, and went back in time, so the album would already be bought. The homeless-

looking metal rappers all of a sudden had wicked evil fur graffiti art style with cash oozing out as they

NEIMAN 99

walk. They also got their crotches back, and restored the car, fixing CHAMBERMADE'S arm in the first place, and even pimping out their own ride. The road started changing, becoming more futuristic, like one big skymall. Everything fit together so no one could get in an accident. Cars could pass in three dimensions, but locked into place. Apartments, townhouses, and even mansions cruise by in the residential lanes. Everyone's vapes turned into hookah suits that actually acceleratedly hydroponically grew every genus of marijuana like a cell phone video game popping out of the screen. HYPER KID turned back into VERBAL HEMP. He had mushroom gardens growing out of his sleeves. His pants had a microbiome drug lab inventing new drugs and putting ingredient labels on every sealed package, in cool colorful containers, popping, sniffing, and eye dropping everything he and his microbes came up with. Everything fit together, and no one could get in an accident, so people in cars or moving domiciles could get high in transit.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

So, what do we do now, plow our stems
with son of Sam dream sand and make a
professional partygoer's five-year plan?
What if they find out who I am, and want
to make pie some mores snacks out of
my grahams?

MOTOR-MOM

Let em have their fill. Fentanyl and the
face-melting slop swill are no longer; nil.

BLASTED FOOL

What is all the popping coming out of the

locked glove compartment? I called onstar,

NEIMAN 100

they outsource to Pakistan, sorry that's not
my department.

Then a time capsule transforming scroll came rolling out with an assisted suicide machine and a miniature punked out Dr. Kevorkian along with it.

Dr. KEVORKIAN

I came with the ride. If you wanna commit
suicide, I won't break a stride. I'll sit back,
and smoke a double wide, and be some-
where else watching your pearly hide die.
So go on, get down, and get frizzle-fried.

VERBAL HEMP

Huh?

CHAMBERMADE

Huh, what, duh? He's obviously gonna
kill us until we give him a grand pay day.
That's why he's living in villas and this is
his grand heyday.

Everyone in the car's clam bake suits were filling up with some glowing layered multicolored fluids. VERBAL HEMP tried to help them, but was drowning in his own helmet. They woke up with a rugged man draining and prying them out of their suits and putting them into cartoony monster suits. His name was MUTT and he had wrinkles from his face to his back, that made him look like a pug dog.

MUTT

Looks like your perversion's the one who
invented this increment of immersion.

MOTOR-MOM

We did this? I'd rather have mono,
gingivitis, or even meningitis.

MUTT

You how kids are with their fads; rads
to awesomes to bads. Well VERBAL'S is
hydroplants. Dr. K was just trying to get
in his pants... for some money. Why he
didn't ask for any is beyond me.

ABUTJAM

Jibber jabber...shatter your whole gall
bladder. I'm a but jam named JABBAR.
The likes of him won't get that far. No
one treats me like a pickled dick testicalia
scratching in a jar.

CHAMBERMADE

I'm going to TOKYO to toke yo, wherest
go some non hos not moneygrubbing
with big ego, or too low. Just partay, and

snarf til ya barf parfait.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

I'm a girl.

BLASTED FOOL

Bombshell. You mean I could've been
Courting you this whole time? Oh, hell.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

The front door's always open for you.
More like a slit that unzips all the way
to my two lips.

JENN HOWITZER

I'd be snarfing up her leg either way.

JENN sticks her hand right into CONTRA-VERSE-YO'S snatch, and carries her like a bowling bag. Everyone tries to touch her sexually, but her muscles and veins just harden and pulsate.

MUFF

Where are we going with this flick? Are
we fluffing muffs, saving anybody else,
or just swinging dick?

CHAMBERMADE

Fade your pubic hair if you like, but I

NEIMAN 103

know how this hero's quest is gonna
spike. Money? Done that. The elderly?
if they know where they're at. I wanna
see teens making out like a fat rat.
Face full of metal, body full of tats.
College and a futon in the back of a
Gold Cadillac.

VERBAL HEMP

They pray for zirconium doomsday,
when one wish exponentially wipes
the world away. Hold onto your
loved ones. Make sure they don't die
right before you commit suicide.

BLASTED FOOL

So, this is the party part when VERSE-
YO'S panties get passed around and
the conquest ends. You know that
thing gotta be good all the time she's
been hiding and ripening. Like a
smooth 18th century wine.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO floated off on one of many birds, this one looking like a metal peacock with its neck stretched out and its eyes bulging. She throws out wicked bio heart metal(not paper) dolls, and hundreds of drug tests so nobody OD's on fentanyl.

CHAMBERMADE

Looks like we're not meant to share in her
poetic undress. We'll just make a new fake
start with her symbolic metal hearts.

MUFF

Well now, couldn't you use more snatch?
Whatever. Eat out of my garbage. I'm a
dumpster fire with screaming larvae.
Rummage through it, and drop off a care
package from the backage. I'll show you
my non-perishable snackage.

ABUTJAM

I got enough MUFF. Who knew until a
minute ago that it would just fly off? Ventilate,
inhale, and take a nice long puff.

BLASTED FOOL

I'm a trans-space-continental turnkey
twat operating entrepreneur. Onward
to a fully matured world of kind word
that'll get you in good with the sex
furor. Want her to come over? Just
project thoughts that are impure.
Dang, we need to go grocery shopping.

Where's the nearest store?

NEIMAN 105

CHAMBERMADE

Don bug me, man. I'm listening to Christian
books on tape, while hearing death metal
ear rape. AND I'M TRYING TO SMOKE COKE
AND DOPE THROUGH THIS VAPE.

VERBAL HEMP

What is the sound of one hand clapping?

CHAMBERMADE

Kanye West rapping?

VERBAL HEMP

Gimme... I have every smoking, vaporizing,
face-scraping blood-doping intoxicating
foxy device...You just pay a toll. Unlimited
free weed...freed, for using my artisanal
arsenal. You best inhale through the hack
attack. We'll start out with marginal. Mine
you'll have to build up to. Just sit down.

Donut be a hero.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO swooped back down and got dropped off. She handed BLASTED FOOL the grocery list
she had stolen from him unbeknownst to anyone. She hired an interior designer and an architect to
spice up the place a bit. She put the all way gravity switch on, and people sat limo style on all walls and

floors. She started unloading chocolate covered twinkies, LIL DEBBIE, V-NASTY, and KREAYSHAWN. They

NEIMAN 106

had breakfast cooking right away. LIL DEBBIE had V-NASTY rolling up her weed with syrup sealing it.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Ep...

VERBAL HEMP

Jus cuz everyone wants to eat your snack
doesn't mean you have the floor or get
kickbacks. Just let us blow your mind. Sit
back.

BLASTED FOOL

I'll speak for her.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

How come everyone replaced my lines
when they found out I had a vagine? Uh.
Imma kick the shit out of somebody real
quick, if you don stop running mouth and
swinging dick.

JENN HOWITZER

You just have to be a leader. Dress up as
a mascot, make a plan for yourself, or be
a bully beater. My friend does it all the
time. She slaps the shit out of her

insolent brother.

NEIMAN 107

FLUFF

Fuck advice. Just be and see. Let them deal
with it.

MUFF started turning into a little graffiti train, and picking people up. The ELECTROLINERS-LOOSE CABOOSE record came on, and used the art of, too. FLUFF and MUFF lick/link mouth to cunt together, and JENN HOWITZER becomes the giant HOWITZER gun car, while we see CONTRA-VERSE-YO'S ass become the caboose; with toons, biomech, and tags. They lit a wildfire, circling like a wagon train/caravan around the men. CHAMBERMADE made a lounge throne out of BLASTED FOOL'S boney gaunt frame. He was sturdy as hell, but she bolted biomech goth furniture to him, so she could have the suppleness and springiness of muscle and sinew, but the sturdiness of wood, rubber, and metal. VERBAL HEMP was about the only man left standing, and it was apparent in his expression that he had better act right or blood would be spilled. He sloppily started to come up with things that might interest women.

VERBAL HEMP

So, how about that Legends football
League? Come up or insult?

CHAMBERMADE

Amuse us with your penis. Take it out.
Make it squirt. Jump around and do
your own circle jerk. Maybe light your-
self on fire. That does it for me. Fire
dance now; chop chop.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO'S jiggly athletic but big massiveness looked like some cool kids had taken advantage

of her caboose, and left their mark. You could see the wickedest little people ever snatching pieces of

NEIMAN 108

her snatch and then running away. They hopped in a little bus and disappeared through a hole in the wall, that also soon vanished. JENN HOWITZER starts wiring everyone in the room to her laptop, so she can control, animate, copy, or be the soundtrack to this entire scene.

JENN HOWITZER

You'll never miss what I take. You'll call me
Ms. Take if the if the tender parts of your
psyche donut break. I cannot eat your brain,
but I like meat. I tried to be a vegetarian for
like to weeks, and then got weak. For GOD'S
sake, gimme a break. Gimme a steak, and I'll
be there at the cow's wake. Gimme the VIN
#, model, and make.

VERBAL HEMP was starting to wonder if this was going to end badly.

VERBAL HEMP

I've never seen this much estrogen in one
room ready to burst.

CHAMBERMADE was uncomfortably settling side to side in her BLASTED FOOL throne, wandering...

CHAMBERMADE(VO)

Should I help him? He's the only place my
love has ever been.

NARRATOR

Should she reach out to her boyfriend or
establish her authorati? Either way, she
could end up in dire straits. She chose
nobility and friendship (relationship)
She remembered how many times she
had put this one through it just to amuse
herself.

CHAMBERMADE

Let's just all fuck him.

So, they hop on him like zombies in a feeding frenzy, leaving vagina leach marks all over his body, then
leaching the semen out of him.

NARRATOR

At this point, he had one of those epiphanies,
a spiritual awakening he had wondered about
for so many years.

NARRATOR

He had been looking at it wrong for all these
years. He had found weed to be GOD, but
but weed was just GOD showing us another
miracle many of us could agree on. I mean
think about it; the magic is in the plants.

From Dr.s to midwife to shaman to corner

NEIMAN 110

chemist, even mom and dad, we all need
our plants.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO started trying on gender neutral clothing in the mirror.

BLASTED FOOL

Who do you identify as?

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

Didn't I just say I was a girl, spaz?

BLASTED FOOL

So, do you want a kick in the dick or a punt
in the cunt?

CONTRA-VERSE-YO

I suddenly want to give you both. I'll be
the trash collector, and the opposite of
your host.

NARRATOR

CHAMBERMADE shot hallucinations out
of her brain. The one who got the brunt
of it was BLASTED FOOL. He had always
kind of been CHAMBERMADE'S little stooge.
She slapped him around, used different

devices on his face/body, and contorted

NEIMAN 111

him to whatever Hatha Yoga position she needed to contort or conform her body around. He obviously cared, but what was he to do? VERBAL HEMP had made several efforts to include him in their sexual romping, but only half-heartedly, for he obviously didn't want anyone touching his love, CHAMBERMADE. So, the hallucination BLASTED FOOL had was when they picking on him. The 20/20 hindsight he wished he had at the beginning. He remembered biking by his stepfather working on a car with a couple teenagers. He had on a karate uniform, and they asked him to show them something. He said...

BLASTED FOOL

It's only for self defense.

NARRATOR

So they threw his bike in a tree, and him into the morning glories. That's where he got his first lesson in pain, and his first acid trip. Next thing he knew, he was the only one in line at Scarfuck's ordering a juice to amp

himself up instead of coffee. Next thing you

NEIMAN 112

know, rugged bicyclists are skidding to a halt
in the biking docking/locking stations nearby.

BIKEY 1

I'll have what he's having.

BIKEY 2

Me too.

BIKEY 3

Me three.

At first they looked kind of unisex, but then some hot ones came sidling up with asses that enveloped the bike seats just like tiny G-strings. Next thing you know, it was a big booty shimmying dance party. Who was on the bumpboxx that JENN HOWITZER was carrying? LOLAWOLF-Jimmy Franco. People start holding hands and falling in love. Then begins the new commercial for the bumpboxx full out sense carrying assault wall. At this day and age, they came with clothes, sound that would blow a car out, massage/heat everything, and a fully immersed liquid jelly experience, that worked with underwater space, and flight effects. They even had 8" subs that strapped right over your ears. Finally, JENN HOWITZER had something to say.

JENN HOWITZER

I'm a light villain, like NORA ROBERTS writing
science fiction. I got molten lava tooth fillings.
I'm in constant pain, but you ask me what I'm
doing, "shit man, just chilling." The biggest

problem I have is starting some shit. I'd rather

NEIMAN 113

put my arm around you, and play with your tits,
clits, and match wits not nit-wits and mental
midgets. I'm a ferocious evil fire-breathing
debutant. I'll take you wherever you want. I'm
a tatted up hard-body, but dark, goth, and gaunt.
I just run around hitting babes, trails to blaze,
and haunting my old haunts. My advice; trip,
fuck, and smoke blunts, and fall in love...

Fall hard..

With tears in her eyes, she dropped the mic and ran off, an imagination bubble trailing behind her, with
JENNY LEWIS in it. Then FLUFF and MUFF sidle up, acting like they were in love(wiping away tears).

FLUFF

Everywhere we go we get an earful of
amateur hour. Not nower. Guess it helps
to be hyped up on Hibiscus, morning glory,
and acai flower power. Til my heart doesn't
function, and my love here turns sour.

MUFF

Til we gotta drax some scounces.

Hearing that, JENN was touched, and came back to show her approval.

JENN HOWITZER

Til we gotta kidnap some terries. Flying,

NEIMAN 114

flying, flaming, flagrant, back-shaving terries.

Next thing you know, they're on a plane with all middle eastern citizens, on their way to Britain. Next thing you, JENN had a box cutter, FLUFF had a 3D printed MAC-11 and MUFF had a torture, sex toy swiss army knife that she comically pulled out of her hip pack.

NON-TERRY

We are not terrorist. No Muslim, Mazda, or Sikh.
Just fitting in. You know? The whole world. We're
gonna follow Dom Whiting around Europe on a
bike.

The girls reeled back a little bit, in awe of the brutal sense this man is making. JENN whispered to her two perplexed friends.

JENN HOWITZER

Why is a plane to Big Ben filled with Middle
Eastern men?

FLUFF

Did they body snatch everyone?

MUFF

Let's see what happens when we land.

When they land, the food court is peppered with Arab men. The white guys seemed to disappear, but

the girls couldn't see that they were being marched off a cliff at the end of a fake bathroom line. With

NEIMAN 115

less men, and the Arab women entering in all their glory, the women seemed even more abundant. Our ladies were expecting some sort of traditional music with a twist, but they got a whole lotta Tandoori jungle badass rap. JENEVIVA was Afganistan's answer to JENN HOWITZER. She didn't even need a Bumpboxx. She learned Sonic Ember Breath Control Yoga. It was so loud, people had to drop whatever they were doing to listen.

JENEVIVA

A salam I lick'll em, so lick em my salam.

You got no idea where the next one'll be
coming from. Drive lead as the enemy suicide
bombs using their next son. Blow my mother
fucking dick to kingdom cum. Put my leg on
your dead body, pull my guitar strings out,
and then strum.

Everyone started looking all sick and goth, surrounding the girls, trouble looming in the balance. The climax was being reached, and the only thing that could save the girls was; look at who it was; CHAMBERMADE with her Mexican handbag, BLASTED FOOL. Then came VERBAL HEMP and CONTRA-VERSE-YO.

NARRATOR

Men and women all fawned over CONTRA-VERSE-YO, and she didn't care which, but how does she let them know if the feeling is mutual?
Maybe she was just enjoying her popularity;
nothing too messy or complicated. Wherever she

was, so was the fun. The dark crowd twitched,

NEIMAN 116

and several whispered into the unannounced
Emporer's ears. Switcharoo, he disappeared
into the crowd, putting a bodyguard in his
clothes; in his geologically adorned Chrysalis
of a standing space.

CHAMBERMADE sits BLASTED FOOL down, and he stops acting like luggage, and starts grooming women, putting locks and chains around their necks. They just thought it was Mardi-Gras or a jewelry party. CHAMBERMADE put a magic lock around his neck that turns him into a bony Doberman Shepard. These poor girls didn't know what he was doing, so she had to put a stop to it. If she didn't love/loathe BLASTED FOOL so much, she would have killed him long ago. VERBAL HEMP mutters to himself...

VERBAL HEMP

We've been all around the planet and planned
it to our advantage, to undo all the damage,
but now we don't know if more fungus'll pop
up right where another one just vanished.

CONTRA-VERSE-YO squinted and projected her presentation onto a nearby wall.

WHAT WE'VE ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED WHILE YOU SLUBS THOUGHT WE WERE ON VACATION.

1)Put a dent in human trafficking.

2)Made school, the workplace and going out safe for many.

3)Ended a holy war, and got it's combatants partying, and wanting to be in GOD's presence.

In transit:4)Figuring out who to let in our country; maybe can't be helped; we let our worst stay here
and get rid of some of the world's best.

JENN HOWITZER

Oops, I'm budding. Might want to watch where
you're strutting, fore I Narcan your ass. Try me
I'll push the button. Nobody stands between me
and my marijuana, nothing.

Everyone huddled in real close, like they were gonna do some sort of team activity, but they started Scooping and stuffing res into their vapes, glass bowls, and blunts. The more they took, the more she grew into a pot firebird...the Pontiac kind fused with a person. The rest of her friends and their magic bud pods flanked her on both sides. CHAMBERMADE came swooping in on her magic throne, filling up her royal cannabis cups in her platinum armor with snub nose rocket tits.

CHAMBERMADE

Crack a can of cannabis. Pass the tron and get
ripped. Have the almost all nitrous cans shipped
with 2% cool whip, in case the fuzz wants a whiff.
We're just having a party over here copper, as if.

A little tiny guy with oversized muscles ran by and punched everyone in their crew. They all looked surprised, but unaffected.

JAB-KILLER

Sup? I know I ain't no killer. I'm punching you fats
in the filler. Pop a pill. Just move it along. What
are you doing, screwing around? Go over there
and get these tested before you chug em down.

He hands them all gummies, in an array each, and they march over to the drug-testing table.

DRUG TEST REP

Hey, wanna get high? We're here to make sure
nobody ends up in the hospital, and to trace stuff
like Fentanyl back to it's source.

CHAMBERMADE

Ah, the heroine quest. Which drug dealer is best?
What we ingest, what's stepped on, and what they
should be selling for less. It's like we're consumers
doing quality tests.

DRUG TEST REP

Yes. So it seems, no schemes, or squirrely squeams
Just lean mean ecstasy, pcg, or ketamine. They
built up one big poke taco dish for fiends.

MOTOR-MOM

Poke is a joke. After what that chick said to us
about lickin salam, and now this, who needs to
get choked? It either is coming from one source
or a bad luck stroke.

CHAMBERMADE

Just get on my page, before I rage, beat the boss,

and win this stage.

NEIMAN 119

CHAMBERMADE stuck her finger out, pointing at the substituted throne sitter.

VERBAL HEMP

What happens if we kill the imposter? Is the real
guy even findable or in the crowd somewhere
getting lost?

ABUTJAM

They are kind of similar to my people, except
sort of evil. Maybe it was just the one woman
being spiteful and deceitful. She wanted to
start some shit up, but maybe the rest are just
gleeful.

CHAMBERMADE looks at little pits(alcove half pods if you will) all around the big ass rave. There's people
dancing, twerking, and fucking all around the room. It all looked so very dark and evil like death dancing
and kill fucking. Did her eyes deceive her?

VERBAL HEMP

It just looks like death dancing and having sex.
But would their fearful leader hide in shame
while we kill the one who steps up next?

CHAMBERMADE

We have to see. My eyes are glassy, so let's
Send an emoji to their embassy.

BLASTED FOOL snapped a photo of the imposter emperor, so she could send him a gif. It took her a minute to find the perfect one, but she thought she had it. It was a Fight Me gif that had a baby with boxing gloves. CHAMBERMADE thought it was cute, but when the imposter got it, he was alarmed. He showed it to the real emperor who was lurking backstage.

VERBAL HEMP

A ha. I think that's him. Hmm. Hydra hides his
ugly hide. If I could just slide my fist inside, rip
out guts, and squish em with my stride right. I
have a plan...

Faster than shooting rockets off a comet, he plugged her into circuits that looked Czechoslovakian. That's alright. A little spark here, and a fire there, and she was ready. She could feel the power coursing through her veins, and she threw her arms to the side of her with fists up, pulling in massive energy. She hit THE FALSY with a power beam that hit the ceiling in a bio-mech pattern and dropped in on him.

NARRATOR

He just prayed to GOD. CHAMBERMADE
laughed, because she had met GOD, and doubted
that after raving out a situation with one of the
world's most ongoing holy wars, that GOD would
help this imposter to a throne that none of us
knew how high it went. GOD would... Come to
think of, as soon as GOD left, they were fighting
or smoking opium again.

So, VERBAL HEMP tweaked something, and she shot a psychedelic nebula tattoo ray from her chest.

When it hit THE IMPOSTER, it surrounded him, and turned him into one of the Pillars of Creation. Then she shot a bio-mech creation in different pieces to surround the acidic nebula stuff. She started with monstrous tentacles in very sharp straight lines. Then went on to mech stuff; a tamper, new school cartooned tattoo gun fabrication, and folding equipment, finally 3D printing him again into himself, but fully tattooed with mech parts and a full patented force shield. She put him back better than she found him.

He had his own plug in, and shot love, sex, and a thousand Hallmark cards, with checks inside them.

THE IMPOSTER

Our emperor would like to have a kind word with
you...

So, CHAMBERMADE and her posse marched on over to where the other throne besides her own was. The whole crew and the emperor's entourage too, bowed simultaneously.

EMPEROR ZAKI

I am peaceful man. You are piddly piss pants pussy
piffle pathetic peter pan, or some scary fairy funny
fan. Give me money, grands in my hands or I shorten
your life span.

CHAMBERMADE

That's it bloomer puddin...

That was it. ZAKI and CHAMBERMADE squared off, disrobing them from behind was their loyal subjects, oiling them up as well. The crowd shrunk away, and there was an arena, with hurtful, but not harmful weapons, including padded sai's, nun chucks, and shinais. There were stairs, blinding neon lights, and

different levels to climb or throw people off, including rowdy fans. The two bump gloves and start fighting. She throws a crescent kick, headed straight for his head, but misses wildly, and he punches her in the vagina. She comes up behind, bearhugging him, so he uses the Krav Maga bearhug defense. He drops his weight with a fast squat, a palm strike to the groin, and a punch to the stomach before escaping in a dive roll.

So, then she lifts his arms up, and scrapes her claws, down his oily tender sides. He bleeds, and falls to the ground, cringing in pain.

CHAMBERMADE

There's more where that cums, squirt. Kill-fucking,
bugger. This is how I flirt. Haven't I done enough to
you, that still doesn't hurt?

He lunged at her anyway, but, having second thoughts, plunged his mouth into her vagina. She tried to pull him off by the hair, but he had used the lips around his teeth to lock on without hurting her vag. She used it to grab his arms and piledrive him into the mat. She started doing merciless squats up and down on his huge cock. She piled her power into it, and a green fiery peripheral energy wave, went out into the crowd, popping handfuls of ecstasy into everyone's mouths, so they could share in the show. These quick-release pills kicked in in 5,4,3,2,1, but one guy thought he was somewhere else, where women fuck for money. This is friendly respectful ritual high energy crowd connection. So, she dragged this piece of shit in that kept saying...

ASS FAN

Yeah bitch, gimme that pussy. Yeah. Daddy'll get
you sucking dick. Suckin dick...Suck that dick.(on
and on and on.)

She puts duct tape around his erogenous zones, so he can't get any jollies. She hangs him up, and does

her finishing moves(Versatility) It started with sai's in eyes, nun chucks for but punks, and the more flashy reamer for a screamer...She went down the line of torture tools, til he was a pile of goo, and stuck her finger in and tasted it. She hugged her friends and the EMPEROR ZAKI, and hugging him longingly.

EMPEROR

Sorry, were just testing for gang. We want see
how you handle yourself, and if you can hang.

You pass, all is not lost...

Then the sound goes off, and everyone is shown hugging, dancing, and rejoicing, with little bubbles and hearts sprouting up everywhere.

NARRATOR

END- glad we didn't do anything unforgivable,
cuz the second we walked out the door, we saw
a hundred happy tan friends mixed in with everybody
else following DOM WHITING around on bikes.

Ends with music video:

VERBAL HEMP

My magnum shoots blanks, gaining rank to become
the dreaded rear admiral; a vicious animal with
mandibles, mangling the genitals of only females.
Devouring sour placenta showers in outer morning
glory lysergic diethylamide stages of metamorphosis
through liquid doses. Feel the surreal, cop a feel
on some digital women, emanating through the

On Demand. The mist shifts visions into several
splits of imaginative living via hallucinogens.
Nebula synthesis, refracting angled consonants.
Graffiticus, latissimus dorsi armorists. Vaginismus
tangled clitoris acupuncturist, levitating truffle
madness gelatinous Jell-O shape loosening
earthquake contraption is on the blink. On I
think in colors, willing thrill seeking with a
side effect of ego-weakening. DNA strain
changing butterfly effect channeling. My
thoughts appear upon the electronic Calculus
catching sidebar, in a courtroom with slimy
naked alien ladies, and prizes for surviving
this Japanese gameshow. Rainbow money
after glow. Lightning bug, million insect march
in Indiglo. Black light insecticide; outrunning
the airborne virus on my well-waxed soaps
copping a rail slide. The wind is the friend to
whom the darkest fears I confide.
From the drums of a thousand calloused hands.
I tip my hand. I tip my hat. I tip the bartender.
A sloppy trip leads me to a drunken treasure
rift. Could it be gold or gold cannabis? The
cannon rips the wind at my coattails and hits
the beer tub waitress. Weightless I advance
and am so timely whisked on by whiskey's
indican tribal voodoo childhood friends. Quite

VERBAL HEMP

Immense, the ten foot stature of VERBAL HEMP.
Cannabinoid sativan hatchings of veiny foreheaded
gnarled urchins of THC's inventive mastery. Resin
concentrate from Argentina's nether region where
fertilizers are tested to make pillow-sized yields of
crop weeping like willows. Japanese red maple pot
plants, ayahuasca, and peyote crossbred for
experimentation on spirit separation to the astral
realm with maze-walking co-conspirators taking
the helm. Onward and upward to the lurchy demonic
pillar of creation that differs from the others,
furrowing brow, now towering over the other
Violator brothers. Vindicator's fist is resting
through the throat and out the head of an
enemy rigor mortis sufferer. Who are these
wannabe enemies falling off as flees in the
breeze? Fucking please. The Eagle Nebula
overpowered by Malebolgia's Spawn soldiers
bowing to the slayers of Gods. Frightening,
shave your skin off and jewel your ass; made
into a ring in demon arts and crafts.
From the drums of a thousand calloused
hands.

