

(Name of Project)

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The Heavens explode in an explodey manner, with great, massive, testosterone-fueled explosions.

From the flying debris, a flaming (meaning that it's on FIRE, as opposed to just gay) manly, fucking-cool bad-ass title rockets forth:

"THE ADVENTURES OF HEATHER!: PART 14"!

(These credits also explode in a way-cool manner.)

We settle into our story...

INT. ENEMY FORTRESS - NIGHT

Our Hero, INTREPID WOMAN (whose civilian identity is the not-quite-mild-mannered Heather Corinna, reporter for the Daily Planet and Feminist Savant) sneaks up to the threshold of the FORTRESS OF MISOGYNY, the headquarters of her evil arch-enemy, DOCTOR 'WOMEN-ARE TO-BE-FEARED-AND-REVEILED-SO-LET'S-THROWS-ROCKS-AT-THEM'.

Guarding the enemy gate are two of the Doctor's Robotic Guards: THE ROBO-REDNECKS. They carry robo-shotguns and wear robo-ball-caps which feature American Flags and read "Try burning this one, Asshole".

Intrepid Woman hides in the nearby, strangely-well-manicured bushes, clad in her standard-issue superhero uniform: rainbow-colored mask, denim overalls, rocket boots, a utility belt with scores of pockets, and the ubiquitous Wife-Beater.

A plastic button with her "Intrepid Woman" Emblem is displayed proudly on the front of her overalls. Next to it, a button which reads "W.W.N.S.D?" ("What Would Nina Simone Do?") is also displayed proudly.

She holds a Technological Device Of Some Kind to her lips, waiting for the Robo-Rednecks to engage in casual conversation with each other.

ROBO-REDNECK #1
Y'all see 'dat NASCAR last night?

ROBO-REDNECK #2
(robotically nodding)
NASCAR good.

Intrepid Girl makes her move. She whispers into the Technological Device of Some Kind:

INTREPID WOMAN
"No NASCAR Good! BEER good!"

Her voice, filtered through the device, is amplified and re-shaped to sound identical to that of a Robo-Redneck.

Robo-Redneck #1 turns to face Robo-Redneck #2.

ROBO-REDNECK #1
What you MEAN, No NASCAR Good, only
Beer Good?!?

ROBO-REDNECK #2
What? Umm... Me say nothing! Me
like Beer AND NASCAR!

ROBO-REDNECK #1
FAG!!!!

The two Robo-Rednecks attack each other, blind with Robo-Blood-Lust.

Intrepid Woman uses this opportunity to sneak up the voice-activated keypad which opens the main gate. The Keypad emits a cheery, computer-y greeting.

VOICE-ACTIVATED KEYPAD
'Welcome to Fortress Misogyny. If
you are here for the Playboy Bunny
Burlesque Show, Please Press
"ONE".'

Intrepid Woman poises herself over the keypad, waiting for the next prompt. The Robo-Rednecks continue to struggle, engaging in a heated bout of Greco-Roman Wrestling.

VOICE-ACTIVATED KEYPAD (CONT'D)
'If you are here to enjoy a thick,
juicy steak scrubbed against the
buttocks of celebrated porn star
Jenna Jameson, please press "TWO".'

Intrepid Woman grimaces at the thought, but remains steadfast, patiently waiting for the next prompt.

Behind her, the Robo-Rednecks suddenly halt their wrestling and peer into each other's eyes, as if truly seeing each other for the first time...

VOICE-ACTIVATED KEYPAD (CONT'D)
'If you are here to mount a
crushing assault upon Fortress
Misogyny, toppling the Social and
Political Machine and ushering in a
new era of equality and tasty soy
foods, Please Press "THREE".'

Intrepid Woman presses "THREE". The keypad changes to a glowing red color, and emits the next command...

VOICE-ACTIVATED KEYPAD (CONT'D)
 'Fortress Misogyny Password,
 Please...'

INTREPID WOMAN
 "WHERE'S MY DAMN DINNER?"

A green light bathes the keypad, and the imposing gateway parts doors - ushering Intrepid Woman forward. With a satisfied smirk, she quickly breaches the enemy fortress.

The heavy iron doors close themselves behind her, as the Robo-Rednecks deliriously engage in youthful experimentation.

INT. ENEMY FORTRESS CORRIDOR - LATER

Intrepid Woman sneaks shiftily along a winding corridor towards her goal: The Fortress Misogyny Control Room. She proceeds quickly onward.

INTREPID WOMAN
 Now to make my way towards the enemy control room, where I can disable the infamous DOOMSDAY DEVICE my arch-enemy, "Doctor Women-Are-To-Be-Feared-And-Reviled-So-Let's-Throw-Rocks-At-Them", is rumored to be developing...

Suddenly, Intrepid Woman stops dead in her tracks.

INTREPID WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Actually, I should probably just refer to him as "Doctor Misogyny" going forth, for the sake of brevity (brevity being one of my core strengths). The simple act of verbalizing a moniker of such length would surely waste valuable time in almost any extensive action sequence, and probably require an editor. Yes, from now on it'll just be "Doctor Misogyny". Now, where was I? Ah! That's right, I was Saving the World...

Intrepid Woman advances towards her goal, but again stops dead in her tracks.

INTREPID WOMAN (CONT'D)
 WHOA! By Paglia's Beard! What the hell was I just saying? Was I just talking to myself in an inane, faux-extraneous manner?

Our Hero pauses to think.

INTREPID WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Yes! Yes, I was! As if to give a non-existent audience some kind of exposition as to my plans or personal value system! I must quickly look for traps...!

She looks upward, towards vents in the ceiling, seeing a strangely-colored gas being expelled from the vents. She quickly draws from her utility belt her trusty phallos-tricorder, which pulses, vibrates, pleases her slightly and glows red.

INTREPID WOMAN (CONT'D)
 POISONOUS CLICHE GAS! Must ...
 Reach ...end of corridor... before
 it's...too..late...

Struggling to regain her senses, Intrepid Woman falls to the floor, losing consciousness.

INTREPID WOMAN (CONT'D)
 (becoming delirious from
 the gas)
 ...love the barefoot...
 pretty...muddy...grass and flowers
 and... grassy nature things of
 nature...

Her head hits the floor with a Thud.

CUT TO BLACK

BLACKNESS EVERYWHERE...

DREAM SEQUENCE:

Steve Perry belts out "Any Way You Want It" on stage at the Bryant Lake Bowl while Gromit plays drums behind him and does that eyebrow thing. A happier, simpler time...

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. THE CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Intrepid Woman slowly opens her eyes and blinks against the bright lights of the control room. She attempts to rubs her eyes, but finds that her hands are bound behind her by thick slabs of raw bacon.

Bound to her chair, she looks up to see Doctor 'Women-Are-To-Be-Feared-And-Reviled-So-Let's-Throw-Rocks-At-Them' pacing maniacally in front of her. He is surrounded by a dozen Robo-Redneck guards.

THE DOCTOR

So! Intrepid Woman! It seems we meet again!

INTREPID WOMAN

(struggling against the
bacon slices)

I'm sure it's more your pleasure than mine, Doctor Misogyny..

THE DOCTOR

Doctor Misogyny? Hey, why didn't you use my full name?

INTREPID WOMAN

Brevity.

THE DOCTOR

Oh. Yeah, that's a good idea. You really need to get an editor because you tend to -

INTREPID WOMAN

Get on with it, you moron. Now that you've captured me, what do you intend to do?

THE DOCTOR

Muah hah ha, glad you asked! I intend to use my GREATEST WEAPON to create a SUPER-PATRIARCHY that will RULE THE WORLD!!!

The Doctor shakes his fists at the sky. Lightning strikes and peals of thunder echo throughout the chamber.

INTREPID WOMAN
The world's ALREADY ruled by
Patriarchy.

THE DOCTOR
Oh. Yes, well... NOW WE'LL RULE IT
EVEN MORE!!!!

ROBO-REDNECK GUARDS
(in unison)
Fuckin' -A!!!

The Doctor shakes his fists at the sky. Again, lightning strikes and peals of thunder echo throughout the chamber. Intrepid Woman rolls her eyes and turns toward the audience.

INTREPID WOMAN
Okay, no more Ms. Nice Dyke... I think some of that CLICHE GAS is still in the air; Now I just need to coax this blowhard into the ubiquitous Super-Villain speech, which should buy me the time I need to break free of this thing...

THE DOCTOR
Who are you talking to?

INTREPID WOMAN
(cleverly enacting her
plan...)
Oh, I was just bemoaning my fate,
captured by such a big, strong man.
Whatever shall I do?

THE DOCTOR
You'll tremble in your rocket
boots, that's what! Hah ha!

Shaking fist, Lightning, Thunder, blah blah blah.

ROBO-REDNECK GUARDS
(in unison)
Fuckin' A!!!

INTREPID WOMAN
Tell me, oh Doctor... Now that I am
helpless to stop it, what is your
brilliant plan?

THE DOCTOR
It's utter genius, I tell you!
(MORE)

THE DOCTOR(cont'd)

The culmination of my entire career
in Evil Terrorism and Bachelor's
Degree in Human Resources! I give
you.. THE PROPAGANDA MACHINE!!!

The doctor grabs a curtain behind him and rips it off the wall, revealing his contraption: A large platform with an array of microphones and video cameras pointing towards the center. The recording devices are all connected by blue, glowing wires to a huge satellite dish. The dish points towards a cavernous opening in the ceiling.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

With this satellite, I can transmit
my message of hatred, corruption
and religious intolerance across
the globe! Soon, women all over the
world will be... making me a
sandwich!

Nodding gravely and feigning interest, Intrepid Woman manages to free her thumb and forefinger from their cruelty-ridden-but-delicious bacon'y binds, digging into one of her many pockets for something to use to free herself.

She further stalls for time:

INTREPID WOMAN

What kind of sandwich?

THE DOCTOR

Hah ha ha, does it matter? All
societal, cultural and industrial
concerns ON A GLOBAL LEVEL will
take a back seat to ALL women of
the civilized world suddenly
dropping what they're doing and
MAKING ME A SANDWICH! I like
sandwiches! Plus I'll outlaw
abortion!

More lightning and thunder and Fuckin' A's.

Meanwhile, Intrepid Woman finds what she's looking for: her secret stash of "Eggsnog" Flavor Lip Balm from LUSH
(www.lush.com - for your best choice in handmade cosmetics)

Intrepid Woman turns again to address the audience.

INTREPID WOMAN

This special crime-fighting lip
balm will eat through my bonds in a
matter of moments!

THE DOCTOR
WHAT did you say?

INTREPID WOMAN
I was just rending my garments in fear. And hey, you've got an interesting plan, but I've got a question: What the Fuck? I mean, how stupid do you think women, or for that matter, PEOPLE are? No one's going to make you a stupid sandwich just because you get on a big satellite dish and TELL them to...

THE DOCTOR
Hmmm... Perhaps you're right, "Intrepid STUPID Woman"! But thanks to my Infinite Genius, I took that into account and invented the DOOMSDAY DEVICE!

Intrepid Woman's eyes widen as the Doctor pulls from his belt a small, green spray bottle.

Lightning, Thunder, Fuckin' A's and Tabasco Sauce explode overhead.

INTREPID WOMAN
(secretly using the lip balm to dissolve her greasy, fatty manacles)
Wait a minute! The infamous DOOMSDAY DEVICE, that which I've risked my life to capture, is just a bottle of breath spray?

THE DOCTOR
Not just any breath spray! Look!

The doctor shows the label on the bottle to her. It reads: "**Instant Irish Accent**". She looks at it quizzically.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
This device gives any who spray it into their mouth, an accurately perfect IRISH ACCENT!

INTREPID WOMAN
(finally realizing the depths of the Doctor's diabolical plan)
(MORE)

INTREPID WOMAN(cont'd)

Of course! No One can resist a charming Irish Accent!

THE DOCTOR

Darn Tootin'! If I get on that satellite and just demand a sandwich, I'll get laughed out of the Misogynist Super-Villains League!

The Doctor pulls a giant switch on the wall. A loud creak is heard as the platform rises from the floor. The machinery snaps into place. As the satellite charges itself, the words "PROPAGANDA ONLINE" blink upon a large screen.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

But, if I get on there and say, "Faith n' Begorrah! Ye best be makin' me a fookin' sandwich!", I'll be up to my neck in pastrami-and-rye by mid-morning!

Intrepid Woman slips loose of her hickory-smoked restraining devices, and readies herself to strike.

INTREPID WOMAN

Sounds like you've got it all figured out. But before you rule the world, you'd better tie your shoelaces first.

THE DOCTOR

(looking down)

But, I'm not WEARING any-

Intrepid Woman springs upon the Doctor. The Robo-Rednecks try to intercede, but Intrepid Woman moves too quickly. She and the Doctor engage in fierce battle.

INTREPID WOMAN

(dodging intermittent
shotgun blasts from the
Robo-Rednecks)

This is for the All-Girl Army!

THE DOCTOR

Oh yeah? Well, Feminism encourages women to leave their husbands, practice witchcraft, become lesbians, and destroy capitalism!

The Doctor tries to beat her away with a rusty, penis-shaped crowbar, but she quickly uses her kick-boxing skills to disarm him. He scowls at her.

INTREPID WOMAN

People call me a Feminist whenever
I differentiate myself from a
doormat - Bitch!

She gives him a mighty thump to the stomach, knocking the
DOOMSDAY DEVICE out of his hand. He writhes in pain on the
floor, as she retrieves the Irish Breath Spray.

INTREPID WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're lucky I'm a Buddhist, or I'd
REALLY clobber you.

THE DOCTOR

(gasping for breath)
I surrender, Intrepid Woman! You
are clearly the superior combatant!
Stand Down, My Minions!

The Robo-Rednecks instantly drop their shotguns. Just as
quickly, they each pull from their ball-caps dusty copies of
Jane Eyre and begin thoughtfully reading.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(defeated)
I will now disable the satellite,
before it can be used again.

INTREPID WOMAN

Wait, you're changing your mind
just because I beat you up? Not
because you could be logically
persuaded through a free exchange
of ideas? That's ridiculous!

THE DOCTOR

Uh... NASCAR good.

INTREPID WOMAN

Shit, never mind... I'll just flip
this switch and shut down the whole
apparatus...

Suddenly, a stream of bourbon from above blasts both the
switch and the Doctor. The Doctor dissolves into a giant,
fizzling puddle.

THE DOCTOR

Maker's Mark! My personal
Kryptonite! Arrrgh...!

As the doctor fades into a bubbling pool of patriarchal vomit, electrical sparks shoot from the switch and mega-computer. The screen reads, "PROPAGANDA VERY, VERY ONLINE NOW".

The Robo-Rednecks snap to attention, grab their shotguns and blast their copies of *Jane Eyre* into oblivion.

ROBO-REDNECK #8
Bronte Sisters Ugly! Fat!

Intrepid Woman runs her fingers across a splash of bourbon on the wall, to confirm the brand. She tastes it.

INTREPID WOMAN
Shit! Goddammit, Mark! You promised
you wouldn't get in the way!

A bald, costumed figure drops from the ceiling just as the Robo-Rednecks begin to surround Intrepid Woman.

ROBO-REDNECK #10
Look! It's CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE!

The figure, clad in red spandex, blue cape and his patented Bourbon-Super-Soaker, executes a perfect three-point landing on Robo-Redneck #10's head.

A shower of sparks fly as Mister Price blasts the robot with sweet, delicious Maker's Mark.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
Never fear, Helpless Female! I'm
here to Save the Day!!!

INTREPID WOMAN
You idiot! I'd already defeated the
villains and was about to disable
the device when you shorted out the
system! Now we're surrounded!

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
But it's okay, Heather! I'm
Handsome! And the Handsome always
emerge victorious!

Suddenly, Mister Price is knocked in the head from behind by a Robo-Redneck. He staggers for a second, and then grabs a secondary weapon from his belt - a 22-ounce can of Budweiser.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
Fetch!

He throws the can down the corridor. Two Robo-Rednecks run after it, shouting something about Toby Keith. But ten of the robots still surround our dynamic duo.

Mister Price turns back to Intrepid Woman, eyes wide with alarm.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
Hey, What the FUCK! These Robots
are trying to HURT me!

INTREPID WOMAN
(rolling eyes)
Yes, you dumb-ass! That's what
robots do!

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
Well, how'd the hell did I let you
talk me into this? This is fucking
stupid!

Intrepid Woman lets out a sigh of disgust and turns again to the audience.

INTREPID WOMAN
You see what I put up with?

Meanwhile, Mister Price faces the robots in hopes of a reprieve.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
Hey you guys gotta let me live! I'm
a White Male, Age 25-34! Privileged
class, here! Look, I'll prove it!

INTREPID WOMAN
(still facing audience)
...drinks night and day, wouldn't
know personal accountability if it
bit him on the ass, makes me fix
EVERYTHING...

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
(still facing robots)
...how 'bout those Cincinnati Reds!
Yes, I hope they win the World
Series. How 'bout those Chicago
Bears? Yes, I hope they win the
World Series...

INTREPID WOMAN

...wears women's underwear when no one's looking, masturbates to *Ally McBeal*...

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE

...sure do like 'dem lap dances!
YeeHaw, Partner! Fuck Yeah!

ROBO-REDNECK #7

Fuck Yeah!

ROBO-REDNECK #3

Fuck Yeah!

Fed up, Intrepid Girl spins from the audience, over to Mister Price.

INTREPID WOMAN

Alright, Mister! If you're not up for this level of processing, that's fine. You go off to your privileged little corner of the room and cower, while I handle this mess!

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE

Psst! Hey! Don't worry sweetie, it's all part of my plan. Look, I've got 'em distracted...

ROBO-REDNECKS

(various confused
conversation from the
robots)

Blah blah lap dances, blah blah super bowl, blah blah Viagra...

INTREPID WOMAN

So what? They'll snap out of it in seconds, and then we're vastly outnumbered. I may not GET to bail your sorry ass out of the fire this time...

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE

Don't worry Hot Stuff, this won't be a replay of that "Familial Maniacs of South Bend" episode. THIS time, I've got back-up...

Mister Price press a button on his watch radio and barks a command into it:

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE (CONT'D)
SOFIA! DEPLOY!!!!

From high above, SOFIA: ADVENTURE PUG zooms in on a rocket pack. She wears a vintage World War Two helmet and a pair of flight goggles. She does a quick somersault before landing gracefully in front of the group.

Everyone looks to Sofia with surprise.

INTREPID WOMAN
Sofia!

ROBO-REDNECK #7
Doggy Funny. Kill Doggy!

INTREPID WOMAN
Do it and die, buster!

ROBO-REDNECK #3
Yeah! Kill Doggy!

ROBO-REDNECK #8
Kill Doggy! Kill Doggy and Feminist
and Fag Man!

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
You know what to do, Sofia!

Sofia nods and pulls out a whistle and two landing sticks. Blowing on the whistle, she calls in reinforcements: a huge army of pugs riding large, flying buckets held aloft by giant hot-air balloons.

Sofia uses the landing sticks to guide the pug army into dive and attack formation. With another blow of the whistle, the pugs form two-dog bazooka teams, aiming the bazookas at the center of the group. The loading pugs tap the firing pugs on the helmets, signalling 'go' for launch...

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
FIRE!!!

A machine-gun-like array of cherry tomatoes burst forth, catching the robots in the eyes and chest. They are knocked back from the force of the blows.

INTREPID WOMAN
WhooHooo! Go, puppies, go!

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
We aren't keeping any of them, by
the way.

Wilting under the barrage of wet, sticky tomatoes, the Robo-Rednecks short-circuit and collapse under the destructive force of vegetable-powered little dogs.

ROBO-REDNECKS
(in unison)
YeeHawwwwwwwwwrghhh...!

They fall to the floor and shatter into thousands of pieces.

Intrepid Woman and Mister Price celebrate. Sofia signals the pug army to move out, as their little bazookas are out of juicy, delicious ammo. The pugs give Sofia a solemn salute. She returns it, solemnly.

INTREPID WOMAN
That was brilliant! Way to go,
Puppy!

Sofia takes a silent bow.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
(smugly satisfied)
I think SOMEONE is owed a bit of
apology, here.

INTREPID WOMAN
And who would that be?

Mister Price walks over to the row of computers.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
Me, of course. For saving the day.
Would it kill you to admit for once
that you're 100% percent wrong?

INTREPID WOMAN
Hah! Look Buddy, you can't expect a
song and dance number just because
you pulled your own weight for
ONCE.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
Hah indeed! I can tell you're
secretly thinking "My Hero"...

Mister Price leans casually against a wall full of buttons. Suddenly, the buttons against him flare up in a dazzling burst of blue light, beeping loudly.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE (CONT'D)
Holy Shit! What did I do?

INTREPID WOMAN
 Argh! How many times have I told
 you to stay away from computers?

The noises grow louder and lights grow brighter.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
 What's happening!?!

INTREPID WOMAN
 ...and advanced weaponry? And cars?
 And things made out of metal or
 plastic or shiny things?

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
 I'm sorry, alright? What the fuck
 is going on?!?

An immense portcullis begins to lift, twenty feet beyond the
 PROPAGANDA MACHINE. Intrepid Woman instantly gasps with
 shock.

INTREPID WOMAN
 You fool - you've released the MEGA-
 DESTRUCTO-REPUBLICAN-BOT!!!

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
 THE WHAT?

With a deep growl, a horrific elephant-shaped beast of a
 robot, standing twenty feet tall, begins to lumber forth step
 by step.

INTREPID WOMAN
 The REPUBLICAN-BOT hates all form
 of freedom in thought or deed. It
 seeks to limit a woman's
 reproductive choices... BY NUKING
 NEW YORK!

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
 Great Scott!

Advancing forward, the Republican-Bot lets out a thunderous
 threat...

MEGA-DESTRUCTO-REPUBLICAN-BOT
**MUST DESTROY: WOMEN, TERRORISTS,
 AND KATRINA VICTIMS..!**

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
Well, Thank God I'm none of THOSE
peop-

INTREPID WOMAN
If you finish that sentence, I will
physically humiliate you.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
Okay, okay. Sofia and I may just
have one plan left...

INTREPID WOMAN
Better make it a good one.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
SOFIA! PLAN B!

Sofia gives a quick thumbs-up sign and blows on her whistle twice in succession.

A whooshing noise is heard skyward. From above, a calico cat descends rapidly on a rainbow colored parachute. It's "Sofia: Adventure Pug"'s best friend and sidekick, SOFIA'S FRIEND!

SOFIA'S FRIEND is followed by the second contingent of the Pug Army, all descending on parachutes.

INTREPID WOMAN
Hey alright! It's Flora!

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
Who?

Heather lets out a sigh and shakes her head.

INTREPID WOMAN
Fine, whatever. What's next? We
have to stop the REPUBLICAN-BOT
from escaping the fortress, or
America will be doomed to a dark
age not felt since the Polk
Administration.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
Then it's now or never...

Mister Price sticks two fingers in his mouth and lets out a loud, high-pitched whistle, even though he can't actually do that in real life.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE (CONT'D)
Sofia! Sofia's Friend! Position 'C'
NOW!!!

The Intrepid Pug and Calico signal to their companions. As they descend to within 50 feet, we see that they are wearing miniature catapults. The sound of many taut draw-straps are heard tightening as the catapults draw back, ready to fire...

INTREPID WOMAN
More tomatoes?

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
Better than that. FIRE!!!!

The sound of dozens upon dozens of catapults releasing echoes throughout the chamber, followed by the whizzing-by of their imposing missiles: cute, fluffy little kittens screaming towards the giant, menacing target.

INTREPID WOMAN
(absolutely shocked at the
sight)
WHA-?

In machine-gun-like fashion, kitten upon kitten pounds against the hard metallic beast, bouncing off its hull and leaving a growing number of little red splotches all over it.

INTREPID WOMAN
JESUS CHRIST!

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
It's working! Look!

The giant robot starts to stagger in place, knocked back by the continuous barrage of kittens. It is almost completely coated in red slime.

INTREPID WOMAN
That's fucked! That's fucked up!
WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!!!

Mark and Sofia both look at Heather, perplexed.

INTREPID WOMAN (CONT'D)
You're sick! You're fucking sick!
We're THROUGH, you freakish,
sadistic bastard!

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
But...

INTREPID WOMAN

NO, I've had it! You with your thick, juicy steaks and your pornography and your "Mark Girls"! Do you how much STREET CRED I've lost because of you?

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE

let me explain...

INTREPID WOMAN

And another thing: "MARK GIRLS"?!? There's a term for "Mark Girls" - it's called "Dykes", and I've fucked more of them than you ever will, you pathetic piece of shit!

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE

...if I could just...

INTREPID WOMAN

I swear - this plane lands, I'm turning right back around, I'm going back to fucking Minneapolis. Have a double fucking Patron and pile of girls the size of -

A loud CRASH interrupts the argument, as the MEGA-DESTRUCTO-REPUBLICAN-BOT collapses to the ground, short-circuiting from the gallons of dark red gel coating it.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE

LISTEN! It's okay! It's not blood!

INTREPID WOMAN

What?

Scattered around the room, the hundreds of fluffy little kittens open their fluffy little eyes and giggle.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE

It's just Raspberry Jelly! Sofia and I coated them with it. The sugars short out the computer systems...

One last explosion of sparks shoots from the giant Robot, until it finally stops moving. The fluffy little kittens cuddle with each other and lick off bits of sweet, delicious jelly from behind each other's fluffy little ears.

INTREPID WOMAN

Oh.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
 Yeah, I found that out the hard way
 when I blew up the house by eating
 toast.

INTREPID WOMAN
 My Technologically Retarded Hero.

The kittens continue to giggle and purr.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
 We're not keeping any of them, by
 the way.

INTREPID WOMAN
 Yeah, yeah.

The two survey the damage of the decimated enemy headquarters. Sofia and Sofia's Friend begin the task of cleaning up and securing the area. Heather and Mark approach the PROPAGANDA MACHINE. Despite the carnage, the large screen still reads "PROPAGANDA VERY, VERY ONLINE NOW"

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
 So this is your mission. What do we
 do now?

INTREPID WOMAN
 Well, the intent was to shut this
 whole thing down, so Doctor
 Misogyny couldn't use it to
 hypnotize all nations to his
 diabolical ends.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
 We still have lots of raspberry
 jelly.

INTREPID WOMAN
 Yeah, but I have a better idea. I'm
 here to save the world, after
 all...

She pulls the DOOMSDAY DEVICE from her pocket.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE
 What is that, some kind of breath
 spray?

Heather sprays him right in the throat with it.

CAPTAIN MISTER PRICE (CONT'D)
 Acck! COUGH! COUGH! Now why would
 ye be sprayin' that shite in me
 face?

Mark's eyes widen at the strange accent suddenly coming from his mouth.

INTREPID WOMAN
 Relax.

She sprays her own mouth. Fresh and clean as a whistle.

INTREPID WOMAN (CONT'D)
 N'one can be resistin' the Irish
 accent. Now let's get down to a
 shaggin'.

Heather leads Mark to the giant platform, flipping several switches. The platform is awash in swirling, green light. A computer-y voice announces itself from the loud speakers:

COMPUTER
 PROPAGANDA MACHINE ACTIVATED AND
 TRANSMITTING...

A sweeping radio signal transmits the image of Heather and Mark, bare-ass naked, having Super-Heroic Sex on the platform. Sofia looks up at them, perplexed.

All over the world, storefront televisions, radio programs and internet streams instantly switch over to the sight of our heroes having the best sex of their lives.

With the whole world watching, the dynamic duo elevates their love-making to a brilliant art form as the Power of the Irish imprints their passion onto the collective consciousness.

The passion is contagious - across the globe, violent conflicts are instantly forgotten as millions of opposites are drawn together in passionate embrace:

Jews make love to Palestinians. Sunnis make love to Shiites. Decent Human Beings make love to White People.

A new era of universal peace and harmony is ushered forth. Heather and Mark's heroism has truly saved the world - with a little help from those Drunken Fucking Micks.

INT. ROBYN HITCHCOCK'S LIVING ROOM, LONDON - DAY

Robyn Hitchcock, internationally-beloved cult musician, tunes his guitar in his modest living room.

His television, formerly playing the Manchester United match, has switched to the image of two young and rather beautiful people in superhero costumes, engaged in young and rather beautiful coitus. Captivated, he studies the image very carefully.

ROBYN

Hmmm. Those two kids seem familiar...

Robyn sips his brandy (his fourth of the morning) and watches a bit more. Then, he finishes tuning his guitar - newly refreshed with creative inspiration. He smiles.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Well, then. I'll just have to write a song about this.

And so he does.

THE END.

