

Stoned Patriots 2: American Haze

Screenplay By

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EXT. WOODSTOCK-DAY

Hippies. Thousands of them are packed into a relatively small field. A sea of bell-bottom pants, tie-dye and other unusual styles. In front of them stands a large stage that has been hastily constructed.

INT. FLOWERPOWER BUS

The bus is packed with unconscious hippies, Franklin sleeps in the last seat. The front door suddenly opens and Washington slowly walks on.

After climbing over hippies and leaping over seats, he finally reaches Franklin.

WASHINGTON
(whispering)
Ben, wake up.

Franklin slowly wakes.

FRANKLIN
Yeah, what do you want?

WASHINGTON
God how can you sleep in here, it smells awful.

FRANKLIN
Most hippies do.

Washington suddenly pulls out a plastic bag filled with small *pink* pills.

WASHINGTON
Anyway, I found something.

FRANKLIN
What do you call this concoction?

WASHINGTON
The young lady referred to it as Ecstasy.

Washington hands the pink pill to Franklin, who gives it one last glance before tossing it into his mouth.

FRANKLIN
When should it kick in?

WASHINGTON

Not sure.

FRANKLIN

Aren't you going to try some?

WASHINGTON

No, I just had some--

JERRY GARCIA (o.s.)

What the fuck did you say, man?

Washington stands up and glances out the window.

FRANKLIN

What is it?

WASHINGTON

Not again.

FRANKLIN

What?

WASHINGTON

Looks like Jefferson has insulted
someone again.

EXT. BUS

Jefferson and Jerry Garcia, who holds his guitar, are
surrounded by a large crowd of people.

JEFFERSON

You heard me.

GARCIA

No one says that to me, man.

JEFFERSON

Well, I just did.

GARCIA

You're going to pay, man.

JEFFERSON

(defiantly)

Bring it.

With frightening speed, Garcia slams his fist into
Jefferson's unprepared face.

JEFFERSON

Whoa.

Jefferson staggers backward, but Garcia grabs the Founding Father by the hair and delivers a massive uppercut. Blood flows from his mouth.

JEFFERSON

(annoyed)

Okay, time to finish this.

Jefferson pulls out a pistol and points it at Garcia. Washington suddenly emerges from the crowd, stepping between Garcia and Jefferson.

WASHINGTON

(yelling)

Stop this madness. I thought hippies were peaceful people.

GARCIA

Not when we're high, man.

Garcia takes his guitar and slams it over Jefferson. The guitar splinters into a thousand pieces, knocking Jefferson to the ground. The crowd goes crazy.

GARCIA

Stay down old man.

Jefferson struggles to get up, Garcia just kicks him in the face and blood sprays from his nose. Jefferson stays down and Garcia slowly walks away.

Washington kneels down next to Jefferson.

WASHINGTON

You alright?

JEFFERSON

I am but my pride isn't and I think my nose is broken.

WASHINGTON

(to the crowd)

Does anyone have some painkillers?

Almost everyone tosses prescription bottles towards the Founding Father, covering them in a mountain of narcotics.

Hamilton pushes his way through the crowd.

HAMILTON
What is going on? What did I miss?

WASHINGTON
Thomas got beat up by Jerry Garcia.

HAMILTON
(to Jefferson)
Loser.

JEFFERSON
Shut up... he had a guitar.

WASHINGTON
What did you say to him anyway?

JEFFERSON
I told him that--

FRANKLIN (o.s.)
(screaming)
I can feel the beat.

WASHINGTON
What the Hell?

Franklin bursts out of the bus, completely *naked*. He dances around the other Founding Fathers, before sprinting up to Washington.

FRANKLIN
(whispering)
Ecstasy.

WASHINGTON
Well, Franklin has lost it. Someone help me get him.

The extremely high and naked Founding Father takes off into the crowd. Washington and Hamilton chase after him. Jefferson just sits there, holding his nose.

EXT. CROWD

The Founding Fathers chase Franklin through the crowd. Franklin pushes people aside, screaming and laughing. Franklin leads them towards the stage.

He rushes past the security guard and leaps on stage. Franklin pushes Jimi Hendrix aside and grabs the microphone.

FRANKLIN
(screaming)
I love Ecstasy!

Washington and Hamilton catch up, tackling Franklin, they fly into the crowd. The Founding Fathers go crowd surfing.

Suddenly the purple psychedelic haze returns, covering the Founding Fathers. They reappear next to Jefferson, who still lies on the ground. A naked Franklin stands there as well.

Smokey reappears.

WASHINGTON
Could you give Franklin some clothes?

SMOKEY
Sure.

The haze surrounds Franklin and when it dissipates, he is fully dressed, but still completely out of it. Smoky looks down at Jefferson.

SMOKEY
And what happened to you?

JEFFERSON
Just don't ask.

HAMILTON
He got in a fist fight with Jerry Garcia.

WASHINGTON
And lost.

SMOKEY
(to Jefferson)
Loser.

JEFFERSON
(annoyed)
He had a guitar.

WASHINGTON
Anyway, are you finally going to tell us why you brought us here?

SMOKEY
Well, more like show you.

JEFFERSON

What are you talking about--

A *missile* suddenly slams into the stage. There is a brief moment before everything explodes. The hippies are turned to ash by the extreme heat and then blown away by the tremendous force of the nuclear explosion.

The Founding Fathers are protected by a purple psychedelic bubble. All they can do is shield their eyes from the blinding light.

Everything is *burning*.

WASHINGTON

(screaming)

What is happening?

SMOKEY

It is called a nuclear blast.

JEFFERSON

Why did you want us to see this?

SMOKEY

Cause this isn't supposed to happen. These hippies are meant to live and spread their ideologies.

FRANKLIN

Watermelon is blue, afternoon!

Franklin is still out of it.

HAMILTON

You mean someone is trying to destroy stoners in the future?

SMOKEY

Yes and we have to stop this from happening.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

A grayish haze fills the neoclassical office. GEORGE BUSH sits behind the Resolute desk, giggling. The Vice-President DICK CHENEY sits in front of the stoned president, he also coughs and laughs.

The RED phone sits prominently on his desk. George looks around.

BUSH
Hey, where's Rumsfeld?

DICK
Taking a piss test.

BUSH
Golly, I hope those aren't
mandatory.

He laughs.

BUSH (cont'd)
This reminds me of back when I was
a youngin joining the Army.

DICK
I thought it was the Air National
Guard.

BUSH
(confused)
It doesn't matter, we all were
going to the same war.

He laughs again.

DICK
Sure.

BUSH
Hey Dick, Dick, Dick.

DICK
What?

BUSH
What do you call a President who is
high all the time?

DICK
I don't know, what?

BUSH
A High Time President.
(Laughs)
Get it?
(Laughs)
I'm so funny, let's invade China.

DICK
(beat)
You're retarded, now pass the
joint.

Bush looks around for it, they both begin frantically looking
for it.

BUSH
Golly, I don't know where it is.

DICK
Son of a bitc-

RUMSFELD (o.s.)
(yelling)
They're coming!

Bush looks around.

DICK
I think my new hip is trying to
tell me something.

Dick tries to position himself as close to his hip as
possible.

DICK
Hello? You in there?

Rumsfeld suddenly bursts through the main doors, looking
completely out of it.

RUMSFELD
Hide the Ganja, they're coming.

BUSH
Who?

Two Secret Service Agents stand in the doorway, one black and
one white.

BLACK
Sir what's going on in here.

BUSH
If you must know, we're stoned.

DICK
Dummy.

Dick hides his face.

WHITE
You two are scheduled for mandatory
drug tests, if you fail...

BLACK
We can't let that happen.

WHITE
(to Black)
You're right.

They turn to Bush and Cheney.

WHITE (cont'd)
We'll take the test for you.

BUSH
You two are true American heroes.

DICK
You're doing your country a great
service.

BLACK
Thank you sir.

Rumsfeld sits down beside Dick as the Agents leave.

RUMSFELD
Let me hit that shit.

DICK
We lost it.

Bush ducks behind his desk for a moment, Cheney and Rumsfeld
watch suspiciously. Bush comes back up and coughs a bit
releasing a puff of smoke.

DICK
You!

They dive over the desk, tackle Bush to the ground and
wrestle over the joint.

The joint suddenly disappears.

The purple psychedelic haze appears. They stop fighting and
stare at Smoky.

SMOKEY
It's disrespectful to my kind when
you freebase.

DICK
We don't do Cocaine.

SMOKEY
(beat)
Whatever, we are here to prevent
you from doing something extremely
stupid.

They look around, Smokey also looks.

DICK
We, who?

SMOKEY
Oops.

A large purple cloud forms and The Founding Fathers drop out.

Bush laughs, Rumsfeld laughs, Cheney grabs his left arm and
falls to the ground.

WASHINGTON
Mr. President, snap out of it. You
need to stop smoking weed.

JEFFERSON
(beat)
Are we the right people to tell him
this?

WASHINGTON
Why not?

JEFFERSON
We're travelling through time with
a magical bong.

They look at Smokey, he winks at them.

WASHINGTON
You're right. Well maybe-

JEFFERSON
Wait, where is Hamilton?

SMOKEY
I thought I brought you all, maybe
I accidentally sent him somewhere
else.

Bush and Rumsfeld watch as the magical Bong and three Founding Fathers disappear. Cheney lies on the floor moaning in pain.

INT. HELL -

Subtitle: Meanwhile in Hell

Hamilton walks through a burning gate surrounded by fire and demons.

HAMILTON
(concerned)
Hey guys I think the buzz is
wearing off. It's hot down here.
Guys?

THE DEVIL in all his glory appears in front of Hamilton.

DEVIL
In my presence you will bow.

Hamilton kneels down before the Devil, he tries to fight it but the Devil overpowers him.

HAMILTON
How?

DEVIL
Time has been changed, I sense a
disturbance in the force.

HAMILTON
What?

DEVIL
Luke, I am your father.

Suddenly The Devil's head explodes, Smoky appears from the ashes and purple haze surrounds Hamilton.

INT. OVAL OFFICE -

RUMSFELD
Shouldn't we help Dick?

BUSH
Nah, just let him sleep.

Bush lifts up the receiver on the RED phone and dials.

RUMSFELD
What are you doing?

BUSH
Prank phone call, now shut up and
smoke this, while I make the call.

Bush tosses herb towards Rumsfeld.

BUSH
North Korea?
(waits)
Is your water running?
(waits)
You better go catch it.

He hangs up, the two begin laughing hysterically. Cheney
slowly begins to stand up.

BUSH
You alright Dick?

DICK
Yeah, it was just another heart
attack.

INT. NORTH KOREAN PALACE

Kim Jong Il sits on his massive throne, which dwarfs the
short Korean leader. He uses a male servant as a footrest.
They are everywhere, half-naked men line his grand hall. The
walls are covered with portraits of half-nude men, each one
striking a different pose.

KIM JONG
(whiny)
Where is my din din! I want it, I
want it.

Dae-jung walks in and bows in front of Kim Jong.

DAE-JUNG
Dear Leader, we have just received
a prank phone call from the United
States President.

KIM JONG
Not again. I am so sick of that
damn stoner. But what can I do,
against the powerful United States?

A SYRINGE appears. This is HARRY HEROIN, a pair of eyes with evil eyebrows and a mouth magically appear on him.

DAE-JUNG

What the...

Harry flies across the room and injects Dae-jung with a colorful liquid, he falls dead.

Kim Jong jumps out of his throne, knocking over the servant.

KIM JONG

(shocked)

Who are you? How dare you barge into my fortress.

HARRY

My name is Harry Heroin and I am here to help you.

KIM JONG

How are you going to do that?

HARRY

I am going to help you get rid of those foolish stoner Americans.

KIM JONG

What?

HARRY

By sending a missile through time and destroying the largest gathering of stoners ever, we will wipe their movement from time.

Kim Jong begins to smile.

KIM JONG

Yes my magical friend, we must go back in time and erase Woodstock from existence.

HARRY

We must use caution The Dick and The Bush are triggers for a supergroup who call themselves The Founding Fathers.

KIM JONG

The Founding Fathers?

HARRY

I wouldn't doubt that Smokey has something to do with that. In fact I see him being involved, ever since we were kids at the same magical academy he's always tried to upstage me.

KIM JONG

Really?

HARRY

I was the good guy once but I got tired of injecting people with "cures" and "vaccines", so I started to litter the streets with Heroin and that is when I became Harry Heroin, the evil son of a bitch.

KIM JONG

Then lets do it.

They smile at each other.

KIM JONG

(to one of the servants)

Send a nuke into the past and wipe out Woodstock.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

Bush is leaning back in his chair unconscious. White powder covers his nose, obviously cocaine. Cheney and Rumsfeld are sleeping on the couches.

The purple haze returns and The Founding Fathers appear, along with Smokey.

SMOKEY

(to Hamilton)

Sorry about the hell thing.

HAMILTON

No problem.

WASHINGTON

What do we do with these guys?

SMOKY

Hopefully they haven't made that call yet or we're screwed.

JEFFERSON
(yelling)
Wake up.

Bush, Cheney and Rumsfeld slowly wake.

BUSH
So it wasn't just a bad trip.

SMOKEY
Please tell me you didn't make that call.

BUSH
You mean to North Korea? Yeah, so what?

SMOKY
Son of a bitch.

WASHINGTON
We've got to get to North Korea and stop the missile launch.

JEFFERSON
Smokey can just teleport us over there.

SMOKEY
No, not anymore.

HAMILTON
What?

SMOKEY
The destruction of Woodstock in the alternate past has weakened me.

WASHINGTON
You can't be serious.

SMOKEY
I used the last of my powers bringing us back here.

BUSH
Golly, we're in deep shit. I need a drink.

Bush pulls out a bottle of Smirnoff and starts chugging. Dick grabs the bottle away.

DICK
Are you insane?

Bush looks ashamed and embarrassed.

BUSH
Dick is completely right, I've hit
rock-bottom.

SMOKEY
(beat)
The first step is admitting you
have a problem.

Bush pulls out a suitcase and stuffs it with some papers and
even throws in a few joints.

BUSH
There is only one thing I can do,
go to rehab.

Bush begins to walk out of the office.

DICK
Wait. Who is going to run the
country?

BUSH
You would, Dick.

Bush walks out, leaving the Founding Fathers, Smoky and Dick
alone.

WASHINGTON
What now?

SMOKEY
We need to stop that crazy Korean
midget from launching that missile.

HAMILTON
How? Your powers are gone.

DICK
If you guys are willing, I'll get
you there.

WASHINGTON
How?

DICK
Military transport, you'll land in
South Korea and then have to sneak
over the border.

INT. MISSILE SILO

Several North Korean scientists work in tight quarters, on a large nuclear missile. Several large tubes are connected to the missile, pumping fuel into the weapon.

A large blast door suddenly opens, the massive door slides into the ceiling. Kim Jong Ill slowly enters, sitting atop a covered sedan chair, which is carried by four servants, each one struggling to keep the portable throne up.

KIM JONG
How long until the missile is
ready?

One of the technicians steps forward.

TECHNICIAN
At least a day sir.

KIM JONG
(furious)
A day? Kill this man.

TECHNICIAN
But wait--

One of the half-naked servants steps forward, leaving his pole unmanned and he then simply stabs the technician in the stomach. The technician collapses to the ground.

KIM JONG
Let that be a lesson to the res--

The three remaining servants cannot hold the weight of the portable throne and they all collapse, throwing Kim Jong to the ground.

KIM JONG
(angry)
Fuck.

INT. REHAB/ HALLWAY

A corridor of polished white tile and gray walls. Large metal doors line each side of the hallway.

Each of the doors is exactly the same, except for the very last one. Two secret service agents stand outside. They are eerily similar in appearance, except for the fact that one wears a *red* tie, while the other wears a *blue* one.

There is suddenly a knock at the door from inside.

INT. REHAB/CELL

President Bush, now dressed in an institutional gown. He stares through the small cell window.

BUSH
(to the agents)
Please, let me out. If you do--
I'll make you both Generals. How
about that?

INT. REHAB/ HALLWAY

The guards look at each other, annoyed.

RED
Sorry, but we have orders.

BUSH (o.s.)
(angered)
This is rehab, not prison. What
kind of place is this?

BLUE
This is a in-patient facility.
Patients cannot leave.

BUSH (o.s.)
Well, who the hell decided to put
me in an in-patient facility?

RED
You did, sir.

BUSH (o.s.)
Oh yeah. Well that's before I
needed a fucking fix.

INT. REHAB/ROOM

Bush suddenly starts throwing himself against the cell door and pounding away at the small cell window.

BUSH
(yelling)
Let me the hell out of here.

Nothing.

BUSH (cont'd)
I'll send you bastards to
Guantánamo Ba-

The door suddenly opens, Bush looks genuinely surprise. Two nurses enter, flanked by the guards.

NURSE
Its time for your rapid-detox
procedure.

Those words send Bush into a panic. He slowly backs away from the nurses, but runs out of cell as his back hits the wall.

BUSH
No, not again. Anything but that.

The nurses tackle him. One pulls out a syringe and plunges into the President's ass.

BUSH
(desperate)
I just want some cocaine.

Bush is dragged out of the cell, screaming the entire way.

BUSH
(screaming)
You guys suck...

EXT. HERCULES TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT -DAY

The massive four-engine turbo-prop aircraft cuts through the thick clouds. The massive rear hatch is open.

INT. TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT

The Founding Fathers are wearing thick black jumpsuits, a complex harness holds large air-tanks to their backs. Below the tanks rest their parachutes.

FRANKLIN
(to Bell)
Now, what exactly is a HALO jump?

MAJOR BELL is massive, towering over the Founding Fathers. He chews on a long burnt out cigar.

BELL
HALO is an acronym for High
Altitude-Low Opening.

FRANKLIN
(to Washington)
We are so screwed.

WASHINGTON
Yeah.

BELL
At high altitudes, the oxygen
quantities required for human
respiration become thin. That is
were your air-tanks come in.

JEFFERSON
What if we didn't have the tanks?

BELL
Hypoxia may cause loss of
consciousness, which in consequence
puts the parachuter in a mortal
risk situation, as he can suffer
death from the landing impact by
not being capable of opening his
own parachute.

Silence.

JEFFERSON
(spooked)
Damn.

BELL (cont'd)
Another risk is from the coldness
at high altitudes. The jumper faces
subzero temperatures and risks
frost bite. That is were your
jumpsuits come in.

HAMILTON
So, we'll just float straight down,
right?

BELL
No, you'll be travelling at extreme
velocities for over thirty miles.

WASHINGTON
Why the hell do we have to do this
again.

BELL
To avoid North Korean radar.

FRANKLIN
(confused)
What is rada--

Bell suddenly pushes Franklin out of the transport. Hamilton jumps out after him, followed by Jefferson.

WASHINGTON
(to Bell)
And when we land, what then?

BELL
Who'll be contacted by your
informant.

WASHINGTON
What is his nam--

Bell pushes Washington out of the transport.

BELL
Good luck.

The major glances over his shoulder, towards the front of the plane sits a small wooden crate which has a parachute attached.

BELL (cont'd)
Don't forget your magical bong.

Bell picks the crate up and tosses it out the plane.

INT. REHAB/ HALLWAY

Bush slowly walks down the white corridor. A familiar voice suddenly rings out.

CLINTON
George?

Bush slowly turns around and there stands former President Clinton.

BUSH
Bill? What are you doing in here?

CLINTON
Me? I am addicted to sex, fat
chicks to be precise.

BUSH
And there is something wrong with
that?

CLINTON
That's what the doctors claim. I
thought of it more as a hobby.

Bush nods in agreement.

BUSH
Well, how are you treated for
sexoholism?

CLINTON
Basically, they keep showing me
pictures of my wife. But I think
its having the opposite effect.

BUSH
That's too bad.

CLINTON
Yeah, but that's rehab. Depravement
of the very things we want.

Bush again nods in agreement.

CLINTON (cont'd)
I just want to screw a fat porker
and you, you just want some blow
and a bottle of Jack.

BUSH
Yeah, but what can we do about it?

CLINTON
I have my plans.

EXT. SOUTH KOREA-DAY

The Founding Fathers stand in an empty field. The field is
surrounded by a lush, green forest. Everyone is trying to get
their harnesses off.

WASHINGTON
Where is Smokey?

The crate suddenly falls from the sky, smashing into Franklin.

FRANKLIN
(yelling)
Son of a Bitch.

WASHINGTON
You alright?

FRANKLIN
(annoyed)
A wooden crate just fell from the sky and smashed into my head. No, I am not alright.

JEFFERSON
Someone needs a fix.

FRANKLIN
You can say that again.

HAMILTON
We all need some ganja. How does anyone expect us to get this mission done, while we're not stoned?

WASHINGTON
Someone get Smokey out, maybe he can conjure up a few joints.

JEFFERSON
From the state he is in? I seriously doubt it.

Hamilton walks over and slowly opens the crate. Inside sits Smokey, who looks terrible. His usual radiant purple glow is gone and he struggles to keep his eyes open.

HAMILTON
My God. Are you alright Smokey?

SMOKEY
No, I am dying.

Everyone surrounds the crate.

WASHINGTON
You look terrible Smokey.

SMOKEY
(wheezing)
We have to cross the border and
stop the missile from being
launched.

WASHINGTON
Easier said than done.

EXT. NORTH KOREAN BORDER

The Founding Fathers slowly approach a big red line drawn
between the two countries.

SMOKEY
These people must be high.

WASHINGTON
We need to get across.

JEFFERSON
Let's fight our way across, all we
need is our weapons.

They look to Smokey who coughs and rolls his eyes.

WASHINGTON
We'll need to be more incognito
than that if we're going to have
any chance of killing Kim Jong Ill
and stopping that missile.

FRANKLIN
Why don't we dress like Koreans and
just cross?

WASHINGTON
They'd know for sure.

JEFFERSON
I still think we could fight our
way through.

WASHINGTON
We cannot arouse suspicion.

HAMILTON
Then what the hell are we goin-

Suddenly JACKIE CHAN leaps from a large bush in front of the
Founding Fathers.

WASHINGTON
What the hell?

HAMILTON
Who the devil are you?

CHAN
Jackie Chan, I am your contact.

FRANKLIN
Chan? Aren't you Chinese?

CHAN
Yeah, so what?

FRANKLIN
What's a Chinese guy doing in
Korea.

Awkward Silence.

CHAN
Good questio--

TUCKER (o.s.)
(yelling)
Don't stop till you get enough!

Chris Tucker burst out of the bush singing a drunken
rendition of the Michael Jackson hit.

CHAN
Be quiet Chris.

He keeps singing.

TUCKER
(singing)
Get closer to my body now. And just
love me, till you don't know how...

WASHINGTON
Shut him up, before the guards
hear.

HAMILTON
(to Tucker)
Are you drunk?

TUCKER

(depressed)

Yeah. You'd start drinking too if the only film roles you got offered were terrible Rush Hour sequels.

HAMILTON

Is that why you're here?

TUCKER

Yeah, Rush Hour Three. The Korean assignment.

WASHINGTON

Okay, well anyway, we need to get across the border undetected.

CHAN

I've got just the thing.

They all walk away leaving Chris Tucker alone.

TUCKER

Yeah it's lonely when your career is dead and you're remembered for having a girly voice.

Tucker walks the opposite way, soon after a bullet hits him in the head. He falls dead.

Brett Ratner stands up from behind a bush, he drops the rifle and walks over to his kill.

RATNER

You wanted twenty million dollars for Rush Hour Three? I've decided to go another way.

He kicks Tucker.

Ratner turns around and there stands Michael Jackson. Jackson cuts off the surprised director's head with a children's toy axe, then grabs his crotch and hollers before kneeling down beside Chris Tucker's body.

JACKSON

Why did they kill the only man that made me feel like I was black, he-he.

Michael cries into Chris' chest, wiping some make-up off onto it.

INT. GUARD TOWER

Two Guards, one TALL and the other FAT keep watch over the border.

FAT
Have you seen those Americans?

TALL
You mean those hookers?

FAT
Yeah.

TALL
So, what?

FAT
Think I could afford them?

TALL
With the exchange rates, probably
not.

EXT. KOREAN FOREST

A giant Panda lumbers through the thick forest. Strangely
enough voices can be heard from inside.

WASHINGTON
(from inside the Panda)
Get your ass out of my face.

JEFFERSON
(from inside the Panda)
I'll put my ass anywhere I want.

INT. GIANT PANDA

The Founding Fathers, along with Smokey are all crammed into
the Giant Panda. Each one works a metal lever, moving the
legs of the Panda.

EXT. GUARD TOWER

TALL

-- but I've seen some Canadian hookers who wouldn't cost as much if you just wanted a quick in and out.

FAT

They weren't all that desirable though.

Tall's attention is caught by a giant PANDA walking across the border, Fat slowly gets up too. They look confused and even a little amazed.

FAT

What the hell?

TALL

Is that a giant panda?

FAT

Looks like one.

TALL

If I wasn't so tired I'd call that in.

FAT

Why would anyone call it in, it's just a dumb Panda. Just a extremely large Panda.

Fat takes his rifle and fires a shot into the air, the Panda runs off disappearing in the Korean forest.

FAT

See.

They sit back down.

EXT. PALACE

Hundreds of heavily armed guards stand outside the heavily fortified entrance of the palace.

Suddenly several rocket-propelled grenades scream out of the jungle, which lies across the street. The rockets tear into the palace, chunks of concrete and other debris lands on a group of guards, crushing them.

The Founding Fathers emerge from the bushes across the street armed with weapons. Hamilton tosses a grenade into the massive gathering.

GUARDS
(screaming)
Grenade.

It explodes and sends sharp, burning shrapnel into the crowd; several guards collapse to ground.

WASHINGTON
(yelling)
We're in business.

The Founding Fathers open up, sending thousands of bullets towards the guards. The guards are all ripped apart, several are torn in two.

Silence.

The steps of the Palace are now covered with blood, body parts and dying guards.

JEFFERSON
Is that all they got?

HAMILTON
Here comes more. Franklin?

FRANKLIN
Ready.

Franklin suddenly pulls out a flame thrower. Washington and Hamilton help him strap it on.

WASHINGTON
Do your thing, Ben.

The second wave reaches the Founding Fathers. Franklin aims and unleashes a massive fire storm. The others also open fire.

Some are burned alive, while others are put out of their misery by a hail of bullets.

Click. Click. Click.

The Founding Fathers are out of ammo and Franklin has run out of fuel. Another wave of guards emerge from the crumbling entrance.

FRANKLIN

Damn. What now.

The guards surround the Founding Fathers.

GUARDS

Drop your weapons.

The Founding Fathers reluctantly comply and they drop their weapons. From the crowd of guards, an older man emerges. This old man is GENERAL PONG-JU.

PONG-JU

Take them to the peerless leader.

The guards swarm over the Founding Fathers and force them into the palace.

WASHINGTON

(screaming)

Get your hands off me, you rice
eating piece of shit.

Across the street, Smokey slowly emerges from the bushes.

SMOKEY

(beat)

What is a bong to do when he has
just surely lead the Founding
Fathers to a most violent death by
the hands of a crazy Korean midget.

VOICE (O.S.)

Get high.

SMOKEY

Yes that works.

Smokey turns around, he sees a bum sitting in front of a garbage bin. Smokey drags himself toward the bum scratching his mint casing.

BUM

Don't hurt yourself friend.

SMOKEY

Do you have any weed?

The bum pulls out a huge bag of ganja. He snatches up Smokey and lights up. Smokey begins to glow again, and his frown is literally turned upside down.

SMOKEY

The world is in your debt, my
homeless friend.

BUM

It was nothing at all, now
shouldn't you go help your friends.

INT. REHAB/ROOM

Bush and Clinton stand over a table, blueprints of the rehab facility are rolled out in front of them.

BUSH

How did you get these blueprints,
again?

CLINTON

I sold some nuclear secrets to one
of the janitors, anyway we have to
find a way out of here.

BUSH

And how exactly are we going to do
that?

CLINTON

Simple, you see those air-ducts?

Clinton points to the blueprints, a series of pathways and ducts line the building.

CLINTON (cont'd)

If we can manage to get up and into
those air-ducts, we could follow
them straight to freedom.

BUSH

But how could we get up there?

CLINTON

It looks like our best shot would
be this large hub in the morgue.

BUSH

Okay, but we can't just barge into
the morgue and break into the air-
duct system.

CLINTON

We can if we're dead.

BUSH
(confused)
What the fuck are you talking
about?

Clinton reaches into his pocket and pulls out two small red pills.

CLINTON
Here, take one of these an hour
before final roll call. When the
guards do roll-call, they'll find
us dead.

BUSH
How can we escape if we are dead?

CLINTON
We won't really be dead. These
pills just simulate death. Our
bodies will be taken to the morgue.

BUSH
This is starting to make sense.

CLINTON
After a few minutes, we'll wake up
from our fake deaths in the morgue.
After that we'll have access to the
air-duct system.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

The Founding Fathers are chained and hanging upside-down with
blood dripping from them.

JEFFERSON
I could go for a big fat joint
right about now.

HAMILTON
You can say that again.

JEFFERSON
So, what do you think they'll do
with us?

WASHINGTON
I am thinking blades, cut us up
into a thousand pieces.

FRANKLIN

Nah, electrocution. Shock us for a few hours until our hearts stop.

HAMILTON

You're all wrong. A bullet to the head, for each of us.

A large, rusty door opens and light floods into the chamber. A monster of a man lumbers into the dark room, slowly closing the door behind him. This is CHANGANG, he carries with him a massive axe.

WASHINGTON

So I was right.

JEFFERSON

No you said blades, not axes.

WASHINGTON

Are you going to hang their and tell me an axe isn't a blad--

CHANGANG

Silence. It is time to die. Who shall be first?

WASHINGTON

Franklin.

JEFFERSON

Franklin.

HAMILTON

Franklin.

FRANKLIN

Fuck. You guys suck.

Changang steps in front of Franklin and raises his massive axe. Suddenly, Jackie Chan leaps from the shadows and roundhouse kicks the axe away from Changang.

CHANGANG

You're a dead man.

The massive Korean charges Chan, who simply stands there. Changang is right on top of him when Chan suddenly punches through Changang's chest and tears out his heart. The Founding Fathers recoil with disgust.

Changang falls dead as Chan releases the captured Founding Fathers.

WASHINGTON
We are once again in your debt.

INT. REHAB/ MORGUE

Dark and cold. On the main autopsy tables rest two bodybags. Suddenly one of the bags begins to move.

CLINTON
George, are you alive yet?

BUSH
Yeah, can we get out of these damn things yet?

CLINTON
Yeah, go ahead.

The bags are unzipped and the presidents appear, each one pale white. Their breath can be seen in the refrigerated air. Clinton glances up and there above them lies the air-duct hub. Clinton stands on the table and begins work on the vent.

BUSH
Lord. What is that smell?

CLINTON
Dead people.

BUSH
Oh yeah.

Bush jumps down from the table as Clinton continues work on the vent cover.

BUSH
Did you ever wonder why a rehab facility has a morgue?

CLINTON
Good question. Help get this cover off.

BUSH
Yeah, sure thing.

Bush climbs back onto the table and the presidents tear the cover off. Clinton leaps into the duct-system and extends a hand to Bush who quickly follows.

INT. PALACE/ THRONE ROOM

Kim Jong Ill sits on his massive throne, a horrified general slowly approaches.

GENERAL
Peerless leader, something terrible
has happened. The Founding Fathers
have escaped, freed by Jackie Chan.

KIM JONG
This is totally unacceptable.

GENERAL
(hesitantly)
There is more.

KIM JONG
Are you serious, what else?

GENERAL
They are massacring our forces and
as we speak, are on their way to
the throne room.

Kim Jong Ill leaps out of his throne, furious.

KIM JONG
(screaming)
Son of a bitch. You are all
worthless, each and last one of
you.

He turns back to the frightened General.

KIM JONG (cont'd)
Where are all my guards?

GENERAL
Gone, you sent them to guard your
porn collection in the basement.

KIM JONG
Do you mean I am completely
defenseless?

HARRY (o.s.)
Not exactly.

Harry appears next to the throne.

KIM JONG

What can you do, they have their
magical Bong with them?

HARRY

Just let me handle Smokey.

The main door suddenly explodes sending debris everywhere,
filling the throne room with dark smoke and covering the room
in a layer of dust. The smoke clears and there stands The
Founding Fathers, along with Smokey.

WASHINGTON

Did someone order an ass-kicking?

KIM JONG

You will soon find out that it is
in fact you, who will be receiving
the ass-kicking.

WASHINGTON

No, no I won't.

KIM JONG

Yes, you will.

WASHINGTON

No, I won't.

KIM JONG

Yes, you will.

WASHINGTON

No, I won't.

KIM JONG

Yes.

WASHINGTON

No.

KIM JONG

Yes.

WASHINGTON

No.

JEFFERSON

(yelling)

For fuck sake, stop it already.

HAMILTON

Yeah, lets just kill this crazy
midget and get the hell out of
dodge.

HARRY

I'm sorry but it won't be that
easy.

Harry begins to glow bright with a red aura.

SMOKEY

You all have to stop that missile,
leave him to me.

WASHINGTON

Are you sure, Smokey?

SMOKEY

Yeah, I'll be fine. Now hurry and
get out of here.

The Founding Fathers quickly leave, jumping through the giant
smoldering hole that was once the main door.

KIM JONG

Stay here and waste the bong. I'll
take care of those foolish old men.

Kim Jong Ill punches a button on his throne and the chair
seat drops, sliding into transport capsule.

INT. TRANSPORT TUNNEL

The capsule shoots through the underground tunnel, lights
flying past at near super-sonic speed.

KIM JONG

Man, this thing kicks so much ass.

INT. PALACE/ THRONE ROOM

HARRY

You should have left with them, now
you're going to pay.

SMOKEY

You've got nothing on me, bitch.

Suddenly two streams of energy, one purple and the other red
burst from each of magical pieces of paraphernalia. The beams
of energy collide in the center of the throne room.

HARRY
You cannot beat me.

Harry concentrates and his beam begins to overpower the purple psychedelic energy.

SMOKEY
Is that all you got?

Purple smoke begins to flow from Smokey's chamber, slowly filling the throne room.

HARRY
(concerned)
What are you doing Smokey?

SMOKEY
Time to get high.

The thick smoke is too much for Harry and he begins to cough uncontrollably. Smokey simply grins as his chamber continues fill the throne room.

HARRY
(coughing)
No, damn you.

SMOKEY
That's it, take a nice long drag.

The entire room is filled with magical ganja smoke. The coughs slowly turn into giggles. Harry continues to hurl evil red energy at Smokey, who deflects every blast.

SMOKEY
It's over, you're way too high to continue. We've won.

HARRY
(giggling)
This isn't over, it's just the beginning. God, I am so stoned.

Harry, still coughing, disappears with a flash of red light.

EXT. REHAB/ FIELD-NIGHT

The two presidents finally reach the end of the vent, which is covered with heavy-gauge wire mesh. Clinton kicks through the wire mesh and they both tumble out into an empty field.

BUSH
(exhausted)
We did it, we're out.

CLINTON
Keep going, the highway is just
past the tree-line.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The presidents stumble through a thick greenbelt until the dirt turns into black tar and cement, they examine their surroundings. A deserted highway.

BUSH
Alright, what now?

CLINTON
This is it.

BUSH
What are you talking about?

CLINTON
(bluntly)
Actually, this is about as far as
my plans go.

BUSH
(angered)
You had us escape without any means
of getting away from this damned
place?

Tensions begin to rise.

CLINTON
Like you have any right to talk to
me about not having a plan to leave
somewhere.

BUSH
What is that supposed to mean?

CLINTON
I think you know exactly what I am
talking about. Or what, you don't
remember "Mission Accomplished"?

Bush tackles Clinton and the two presidents begin to wrestle around in the middle of the highway.

In the distance two headlight suddenly appear. They immediately stop and quickly stand up.

BUSH
Christ, they've found us.

CLINTON
(annoyed)
Do you see where we are standing? A
highway, people drive on highways.
Maybe we can get a ride.

The vehicle gets closer, a black van. It slows and stops directly in front of the presidents, the headlights still beaming.

BUSH
(confused)
Could we get a ride?

Nothing.

CLINTON
Maybe they don't speak Engli--

Suddenly, armed middle-eastern terrorists burst from the van.

BUSH
(terrified)
Oh God, it's al-Qaeda.

The terrorists force the presidents into the van and it immediately speeds off into the night.

INT. MISSILE SILO

The silo is empty, the Founding Fathers slowly approach the missile and stare at the giant weapon of mass-destruction with awe.

HAMILTON
So, how do we destroy this thing?

WASHINGTON
I have no idea. Look for a control
panel or somethin--

Washington is abruptly cut off as Kim Jong Ill burst into the from the ground level hatch, falling several feet before landing in front of the Founding Fathers.

KIM JONG
No, you'll never stop this missile.

WASHINGTON

Move aside little man, before we
kick your midget ass.

KIM JONG

You have no idea who you're fucking
with.

Kim Jong Il suddenly falls to his knees, screaming with pain.
The Founding Fathers are shocked and horrified.

FRANKLIN

What the hell is going on, guys?

His small body suddenly begins to mutate and transform, his
clothes begin to tear as a freakish endoskeleton emerges. New
massive muscles begin to appear, his skin stretches and
tears.

His scream even changes, into something more demonic. Two
massive wings unfold from his back and expand, covering the
shocked founding fathers in shadow.

WASHINGTON

(beat)

We are so fucked.

The former midget dictator has now transformed into a demonic
beast that towers over the Founding Fathers.

JEFFERSON

What do we do now?

WASHINGTON

Fucking kill it.

The Founding Fathers charge the mutated dictator but are
swatted away like flies. Everyone is stunned.

HAMILTON

What now?

WASHINGTON

I've got an idea.

Washington rushes the beast and leaps onto its back,
grabbing onto those massive wings. The demonic beast sways
back and forth, trying to knock Washington off. The beast
stumbles back and falls over the nearby metal railing.

INT. MISSILE SILO/ BLAST PIT

Washington and the beast both plummet to the last level of the silo, the blast pit. They land directly under the three massive engines that extend from the end of the missile.

WASHINGTON
(screaming)
Fire the missile, fry this fucker.

INT. MISSILE SILO

His friends look on from above, with horror and concern.

JEFFERSON
But George, you'll fry too.

WASHINGTON
Just do it, he has to be stopped.

The Founding Fathers frantically search for a control panel as Washington and the mutated leader battle back and forth.

FRANKLIN (o.s.)
I've found it.

Franklin stands next to a small metal console. The others rush over.

JEFFERSON
(hesitantly)
Do it, launch the missile.

Franklin slams down on a large red button and the missile begins to shake violently. Washington and the beast continue to battle in the blast pit.

INT. MISSILE SILO/ BLAST PIT

Smokey suddenly appears, right before the engines ignite. A purple psychedelic bubble forms around the magical bong and Washington.

A thunderous *inferno* screams from the engines, they are all instantly engulfed in flame. Unlike Kim Jong Ill who is being torn apart by the intense heat, Washington and Smokey are shielded by the purple psychedelic bubble.

After a few moments, the missile soars out of the silo. Smokey and Washington stand in the charred blast pit completely unscathed, next to them are the smoldering remains of the former North Korean leader.

WASHINGTON

Thank you Smokey, you saved my life.

SMOKEY

Don't mention it, you just saved the entire stoner way of life.

The other Founding Fathers race down to the blast pit and find their friend alive, along with their magical bong.

JEFFERSON

(shocked)

You made it.

HAMILTON

Thank God.

WASHINGTON

Thank Smokey.

Franklin stares up, through the silo hatch and into the sky.

FRANKLIN

What about the nuclear missile?

SMOKEY

Without Harry and his magic, the missile is harmless.

FRANKLIN

You mean it won't explode when it lands?

SMOKEY

Oh that, yeah it'll explode.

FRANKLIN

(concerned)

Where?

SMOKEY

France.

FRANKLIN

Oh, no problem then.

WASHINGTON
Time to go home.

EXT. PALACE

The Founding Fathers along with Smokey dash out of the heavily damaged entrance of the palace. The homeless man waits menacingly in front of the building. The Founding Fathers hold up on the step of the palace, eyeballing the mysterious stranger with caution.

WASHINGTON
Who the hell is this guy?

SMOKEY
No worries, this is the guy that helped me.

BUM
Oh, but you should worry.

The homeless man begins to laugh maniacally, before peeling off a latex mask and revealing himself to be OSAMA BIN LADEN.

WASHINGTON
(confused)
Who the fuck is this guy?

SMOKEY
(shocked)
Osama bin Laden, the worlds most infamous terrorist.

OSAMA
I have to admit, you were never meant to last this long.

The terrorist glances around at all the devastation surrounding them.

OSAMA (cont'd)
The events of today were nothing more than a elaborate plan to bring you fine gentlemen here.

FRANKLIN
Why bring us here? What do you want with us?

OSAMA

Nothing, this isn't about you. This is about your small magical friend there.

A massive group of machine-gun wielding terrorist emerge from the nearby jungle and surround.

WASHINGTON

All of this was just to get Smokey?

OSAMA

I knew that Smokey would never allow the Stoner movement to be erased from time. I knew he would show up and save the day. Giving me the perfect opportunity to capture him.

SMOKEY

What do you want with me?

OSAMA

With your magical powers and my evil genius, I'll finally be able to destroy those foolish Americans.

SMOKEY

I'll never help you, you sick fuck.

OSAMA

Oh, but you will.

Smokey suddenly begins to glow red, he looks terrified.

OSAMA (cont'd)

Do you remember that ganja that I gave you earlier?

SMOKEY

What have you done to me?

OSAMA

It was a special breed, some thing my al-Qaeda cell in San Francisco thought up.

The smile and friendly demeanor vanish and are replaced a face of hatred.

WASHINGTON

Smokey, you've got to fight thi--

Burst of red lighting explode from the bong, striking the Founding Fathers. They fall to their knees in agonizing pain.

OSAMA

Kill them.

A red psychedelic haze surrounds the terrorist mastermind and his new evil magical bong. With a dark flash of light, they are both gone.

The remaining terrorist each raises their weapon towards the defenseless and defeated Founding Fathers.

JEFFERSON

(to Washington)

What now?

WASHINGTON

I honestly have no idea.

THE END