

INT. BASEMENT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT

KEEGAN, an emaciated and sickly pale man, is sitting down in his makeshift basement podcast studio. He's furiously scrawling on a legal pad. The studio is filthy, damp, and dated. CELERY, a malnourished dog, is lying on the ground next to him. STUART, a grossly obese man, kicks the studio door open and sits across from Keegan. He begins turning on studio equipment.

STUART

Evening, Keegan.

KEEGAN

(Speaks with a pronounced lisp)

Stuart, you're late again. I've been here over an hour already prepping for today's broadcast. My listeners must think there's something wrong. There will be pandemonium in the streets!

STUART

What listeners? Nobody tunes into this fucking show.

KEEGAN

Ratings mean nothing to me. There is an underground movement that is churning with anticipation for me, their leader, to give them courage, passion and direction in the way of fruits and nuts. If we have only one person listen, that will be one life forever changes. We are making the world a better place.

STUART

Nobody fucking listens.

(he lights a cigarette and flicks ash at an overflowing ashtray)

I see the ratings

KEEGAN

Maybe they're gathered together in one room listening, like a vegan collective. Sharing hummus and swapping tofu recipes while sitting on non-animal endangering furniture. I can see them now. They're singing Fleetwood Mac songs and holding hands.

Some of them are kissing.

STUART

You're live in ten seconds.

Stuart takes a drink from a hip flask.

Go.

KEEGAN

Hello, Friends! Welcome to Fruits and Nuts with Keegan the Vegan. Building a better world, one plant eater at a time. Today we'll be talking about themes that contain sexual content. Tonight, we are scandalous! So, if you have any children listening you may want to have them go play with their BPH free, environmentally sustaining, and non-lead painted toys in another room while the adults have a little chat.

STUART

(Hits the talk button)

It's two in the morning. I doubt any children are awake

KEEGAN

You can never be too careful. We are as friendly to the rights of animals as we are to people. Now I call this section Smut and Beans, adding a vegan lifestyle to the bedroom.

(To Stuart)

Watch our ratings go through the roof with this one.

(Back into the microphone)

A lot of you have asked me about vegans and sex. It is true that vegans have sex all the time. We just have to take a lot of breaks due to the low protein and carbohydrates in our diet. You can slam into some fine young dreadlocked thing all you want, but you must be aware of calorie burn. I like to keep a cucumber handy while in the boudoir. That way if I go flaccid from carb-loss shock, I can put the cucumber between my legs and plunge on. Cucumber coitus is the best

coitus.

STUART

Have you every actually had sex,
Keegan?

KEEGAN

I have had many-a-carnal relationship
in my time. At the community college I
was known in my circle as the Lentil
of Lust. I used to go up to hot young
things all the time and ask them to
come over and lick some organic
homemade bean curd past off my
nipples.

STUART

I don't believe you. Who would have
sex with you?

KEEGAN

Mostly poor, hungry foreign exchange
students. Or soccer players.

STUART

Men?

KEEGAN

You know what it's like at community
college. If you swing a little bit,
that's okay. It's just normal
curiosity.

STUART

How many men?

KEEGAN

Well...all of them. There was this one
time in the locker room...

STUART

You were raped?

KEEGAN

At first I was. But then I thought
about how college is supposed to be
about new experiences, so I lubed up
with organic, hand-juiced olive oil
and then they go at me, one slippery
latino at a time.

STUART

Why were you in the locker room? Were you on a team?

KEEGAN

No, I thought I needed a shower and I just happened to be near the locker room at the time. I thought I would just pop in. I brought my showering handcuffs, lotion, several long-handled loofahs and my toothbrush.

STUART

Handcuffs?

KEEGAN

Yeah. Normal shower stuff.

STUART

You just happened to show up in the locker room shower after soccer team practice holding a pair of handcuffs and lotion?

KEEGAN

Your point?

STUART

Nothing.

KEEGAN

Well, my point is that you don't have to give up the vegan lifestyle just because you plan on doing a little clam bumping. Sex isn't all just ground beef and leather straps. Hemp switches work just fine. Pace yourself, so you don't go into hypoglycemic shock. Take a moment, eat some fruit, so some yoga cool-downs and then go back at each other like an untamed pumpkin patch. If there are any virgin vegans out there you might like to know that the inside of a vagina feels like a well-baked butternut squash. I'm not condoning partaking in a sexual relationship with vegetables, but if you will not be denied some tang, a squash will never say no. You can rape a donkey, but you can't rape a honeydew melon.

Think about that.

STUART

I would rather not. We'll be right back with more Fruits and Nuts with Keegan the Vegan right after this...never mind. We're still on.

KEEGAN

No commercials yet? What kind of producer are you?

STUART

Nobody is going to pay for air time on this shitty time slot.

KEEGAN

Don't swear on-air. The FCC will have our butts.

STUART

Nobody is fucking listening. Not even the fucking FCC. A citation would be a welcome improvement from this black hole nightmare of a show.

Stuart takes another drink from the flask and lights another cigarette.

KEEGAN

We're back!

STUART

We never fucking left.

KEEGAN

Coming up is a special segment called Uncheese if you Please, followed by Cobalamin for you Colon, and Heil Seitan - the Dark Lord of the Mock Meats, but first I would like to talk about my pet and dear friend Celery. He's vegantastic! I purchased Celery from a non-kill animal shelter when he was just a pup. He's been thriving on a vegan diet ever since. Even though he's all grown up he still has that puppy playfulness you just can't beat! Catch, Celery!

Keegan picks a rubber ball off his desk and throws it at

Celery. The ball bounces off the dog's side and rolls away. Celery weakly lifts up his head for a moment and then lays back down.

KEEGAN

I wish you could see his boundless energy!

STUART

He looks like he's in the last stages of AIDS.

KEEGAN

He's not sick. He's on what we call a negative calorie diet. Animals are well-attuned to their bodily needs. Celery abstains from all forms of nutrition four out of seven days a week.

STUART

That's because you only feed him vegan crap. You throw a steak in front of him and I'd bet he'd have that entire thing eaten in ten seconds flat. You're starving that poor pup.

KEEGAN

Nonsense. That's the meat industry talking.

STUART

Let's see.

Stuart takes a piece of beef jerky out of his pocket and tosses it in front of Celery. The dog gobbles it up and sniffs voraciously for more. Keegan leaps out of his chair and grabs Celery by the jowls.

KEEGAN

What have you done, Stuart? Nitrates! My precious Celery is full of disambiguation. Bad, Celery! Bad dog! We must begin the cleansing process immediately! Take over Stuart! The show must go on!

Stuart hits the 'talk' button while Keegan grabs his bag off a table and tackles the dog.

STUART

(To Keegan)

Stop calling me fucking Stuart. It's Stu.

(Into the Microphone)

Keegan the Vegan will be right back. I'm his producer Stu. I don't know what to talk about with this vegan stuff.

KEEGAN

Tell them I'm in an emergency pet cleansing situation! I need my pleather satchel!

Keegan removes tubes and a variety of bits and bobs from his satchel. He shoves charcoal down the dog's throat. The dog begins spraying vomit.

STUART

(Into the microphone)

Keegan is putting some sit down the dog's throat and it's fucking puking everywhere. I'm not cleaning that shit up, Keegan! now there's a tube going in.

Keegan sticks a rubber tube down the dog's throat and siphons out the dog's stomach contents like he's stealing gasoline. Then he takes the tube out of the dog's throat and sticks it up the dog's ass. He siphons that. Vomit and shit are everywhere.

STUART

He's shoving the tube into the dog's ass now. Don't do that, Keegan. Holy shit! He's sucking away!

Keegan, covered in filth, jumps up and steals Stuart's flask

STUART

Don't do that! You smell like pukey shit! Give that back! Don't do that!

Keegan pours the liquor down the tube and into the dog's rectum. Oily green excrement oozes out of the dog's anus. Stu pukes into a trash can. Keegan picks up the trembling dog.

KEEGAN

Don't worry, my little tofu brick. I'll take you home and make you a nice

flaxseed colon draining non-dairy
shake. We'll make you feel better in
no time.

Stu continues to vomit. Nobody is doing the podcast anymore.

KEEGAN

You are still a bad dog. Let's get you
home.

Keegan leaves the studio with Celery.

TEXT COMES UP OVER BLACK.

15 Years Earlier: Emotionally Crippling Backstory

EXT. BREEN GAY MEAT PACKING PLANT PARKING LOT - DAY

Keegan is seen walking toward the entrance door of the Breen
Gay Meat Packing Plant. The building is looming, smog-
churning, and filthy factory. He goes inside.

INT. BREEN GAY MEAT PACKING PLANT - MOMENTS LATER

Keegan is walking around the plant. He's obviously lost. HUEY
SMITH, a heavy-set, bulging muscles, sweaty, brick of a man,
points a finger at Keegan. Huey's white butcher's apron is
covered in blood.

HUEY

You're late

KEEGAN

I entered the wrong area and got lost

Keegan looks around the killing floor. Towering men and women
work the line, moving two-hundred pound hogs to their deaths.
The din of the factory machinery is overlapping with coarse
laughter and curses from the workers. Everywhere is danger
and death. Every person looks to be a foot taller and at
least a hundred pounds heavier than Keegan. It's a living
nightmare. Huey grabs Keegan, almost dragging him over to a
fenced area of screaming hogs. CURT, an ogre of a man, is in
the fence with the hogs. He's holding electrified metal tongs
in his hand.

HUEY

Get over there and push those hogs
over to Curt. He's the guy with the
electric tongs. Keep clear of those
things unless you want to quiver on

the floor dead along with those hogs.
Do your job. Don't do anything stupid,
and we'll get along fine.

Huey throws Keegan over the fence where he lands in ankle deep shit and blood. He stands, barely able to keep his feet. Curt snaps the tongs on a pig just behind its eyes. The pig drops, spasming. He snaps the tongs at Keegan.

CURT
Get those fuckers over here!

Keegan looks over at the hogs huddled at one end of the fence. They change before his eyes into blood splattered humans, screaming and crying in the corner. He turns to look at Curt who is now an enormous hog standing on its hind legs. The electric tongs snap and emit bolts of lightning. Curt pig grabs a woman by the hair and zaps her with the tongs. She falls to the ground. Curt pig cuts her throat open with his trotter, then picks her body up and tosses the corpse onto a processing conveyer.

CURT
Wake up, kid!

Keegan shakes his head and the images clear.

CURT
We've got to keep the line moving and the hooks full. If the shift boss comes down here and gives me shit I'm going to stick my boot up your ass to my knee. Get the fuck moving!

Keegan goes over to the huddled pigs and touches one. It bites his arm. He jumps back and holds the injured limb.

CURT
Kick that fucker!

Keegan kicks the pig and it moves a bit. He starts kicking them, seemingly at random, and with more fury each second. Curt tosses him a broken broom handle. Keegan uses it to drive the pigs.

CURT
That's more fucking like it.

Curt zaps a pig dead with the tongs.

CURT

You're a quick study. Keeps those fuckers running over here. We kill 'em, other's grill 'em.

A gate opens and a huge sow with broken legs is pushed into the pen. She's scrambling forward on her broken legs. Driven by workers stabbing her with knives. Curt puts down the electric tongs and picks up a machete.

CURT

Hold her.

Keegan jumps on her body, trying desperately to hold the bucking and screaming animal. Curt whacks the pig in the neck repeatedly with the machete. Blood Jettisons everywhere. Keegan rolls off the dead pig and into the putrid muck of the killing floor. He vomits. Screams. Hold his arms over his ears. His screams turn into the screams of a dying sow.

TEXT COMES UP OVER BLACK.

"Now you know! Back to present day!

EXT. BREEN GAY MEAT PACKING PLANT - NIGHT.

Keegan pulls himself through a hole in fence of the meat packing plant's parking lot. He waits while a SECURITY OFFICER walks past on his rounds. Keegan brains the guard with a piece of parking lot asphalt, steals the guard's keys, and uses them to enter the building. The plant is dimly lit. Pigs are in tight pens, squalling and screaming. He comes upon a mother sow and her piglets. The mother is in a contraption that keeps her lying down on her side and doesn't allow movement. The piglets wander around her. He peeks around a corner and sees WORKERS (4) around a table playing cards. He goes back to the mother pig.

KEEGAN

(Whispering)

You poor little dear! Nobody is taking care of you.

Keegan moves to offer her comfort and accidentally steps on a piglet, paralyzing it. The piglet screams. Keegan mimes shushing commands to it. The workers playing guards glance over. Keegan raises the piglet above his head.

KEEGAN

(Whispering)

I have to do this. I'm sorry.

Keegan smashes the piglet down on the ground, killing it, and accidentally injuring another piglet. Now that piglet is screaming.

KEEGAN

(Whispering)

Shut up! I'm trying to save you!

Keegan begins stomping screaming piglets, accidentally injuring others, stomping them, and the process goes on until all the piglets are dead. The mother sow is now squalling at seeing her piglets get slaughtered. The workers are now standing up at the table and beginning to come over to see what's going on. Keegan opens the contraption that's pinning the mother pig. She rampages out and crashes into the workers. Keegan slips away and down a hallway to a corridor marked 'Offices'. He goes through the door.

INT. BREEN GAY MEAT PACKING PLANT - MOMENTS LATER

Keegan is in a room lined with shelving filled with plastic tubs of pills in all sizes and colors. The tubs are marked "Growth Hormones" or "Fat Gene Plus" etc. He scans the shelves until he gets to the end where the shelving is rusting and filthy. The pills there are marked with an "X" or "?" or "DO NOT USE!" or "FUCK NO!".

KEEGAN

Probably experimental stuff.

Keegan starts taking down the experimental pill tubs and stuffing his pockets and satchel with as many pills as it can hold.

EXT. BREEN GAY MEAT PACKING PLANT - MOMENTS LATER

Keegan is running through the meat packing plant's parking lot. His body is laden with so many pills they are falling out all over the place. He goes back through the hole in the fence and away into the night.

INT. SHOOTER'S BAR - NIGHT

Shooter's is a shitty, pine-paneled, Mid-west dive bar. Keegan is sitting at the bar drinking a club soda. He's sitting between JUAN and MARCO who are drinking beer and shots of whiskey. Juan and Marco are Hispanic blue-collar workers. Keegan looks nervous.

MARCO

You fuck your lady Marissa yet?

JUAN

No. She won't let me do shit.

MARCO

You're a fucking pussy. If she were my woman, I would be fucking her proper by now.

JUAN

You haven't fucked anything without hooves for the last ten years.

KEEGAN

(Speaks but neither Marco nor Juan seem to hear him)

I'm going to infest the people and make everyone vegan.

MARCO

I fucked Leah from receiving, you asshole.

JUAN

Like I said, you're a pig fucker.

They laughed and Keegan laughs with them but it's obvious that he doesn't know why this is funny. He cuts in.

KEEGAN

Yeah! Leah is a fucking pig and you put your spic dick in her because you like to fuck animals you fucking illegal immigrant, job stealing, taco eating, thick pube sporting, wetback running, Bollywood watching, grease monkey!

Marco and Juan are silent. Keegan looks like he wants to melt into the floor. Juan leans close.

JUAN

(To Keegan)

You didn't get half that shit right, Delago. You're lucky we think you're fucking retarded, or I would chop your dick off with a fucking cleaver. You should just shut the fuck up, okay? Why don't you buy us another round?

Keegan nods and waves at the BARTENDER who brings them more drinks. He takes Keegan's money, obviously more than he

needed to give, and doesn't bring change. Keegan doesn't seem to notice as he spies GERTA, an enormous woman, sitting across from him at the bar. Gerta is gulping down beer after beer. Between drinks she's grabbing various men and women, kissing them voraciously, and shoving them away. Keegan is spellbound. Smitten.

JUAN

You like Gerta, Huh?

KEEGAN

she's wonderful.

MARCO

Fuck that. I heard she's raped thirty men.

JUAN

I heard it was up to about fifty. I'm getting worried she'll get me next.

MARCO

(Bursts into tears)

She raped me last week!

JUAN

(Hugging Marco)

I'm so sorry, man. I'm so sorry.

KEEGAN

she's a cornucopia of sex. So much jiggle.

JUAN

You know she's married to the bartender?

MARCO

I did.

KEEGAN

what a lucky man. What I wouldn't wish to be in his shoes.

A YOUNG MAN, twenty-one-year-old male with bravado, enters the bar. He walks right up to the bar and slams his ID on the counter. the Bartender looks at it and then at the Young Man.

YOUNG MAN

It's my twenty-first birthday today
and I want to do the Monster Mug

challenge!

BARTENDER

That mug holds at least a hundred and fifty ounces. Think you're man enough to handle that?

YOUNG MAN

I can drink that shit no problem.

The bartender takes a novelty plastic mug off the top of the bar. The mug is full of peanuts and he dumps them on the floor behind the bar. He puts the mug in front of the Young Man.

BARTENDER

Monster Mug challenge. I fill this with beer. You drink it all before closing and I'll put your name on the wall.

The Bartender gestures to a wall that has crayon scrawling of names on it. "MONSTER MUG CHALLENGE" is written across the top.

BARTENDER (CONT.)

Pissing is fine. Puking is not. Passing out means disqualification. Got it?

YOUNG MAN

Got it. Fill 'er up!

BARTENDER

Tell you what. You come in here, kick open my door, talk big talk, but you seem like a nice enough kid, so I'll make you a wager. I'll fill this up for you for free. It's shit beer, but free is free. Happy fucking birthday. But it's my birthday too.

YOUNG MAN

Happy fucking birthday.

BARTENDER

Thanks.

YOUNG MAN

What's the wager?

BARTENDER

My birthday wish. Most people love their birthdays. I hate my birthday because it's the only day I have sex.

YOUNG MAN

You hate sex?

BARTENDER

I hate sex with my wife, but she won't let me off the hook on account that it's my birthday. Come on over here, Gerta baby!

Gerta rises and comes over by the Young Man.

YOUNG MAN

Holy Shit! You fuck that?

GERTA

Yes, he does!

BARTENDER

I don't want to fuck that. The bet is simple. you drink the whole thing, that whole Monster Mug, and you won't have to pay for it. And you'll get a free one every weekend for the rest of your whole damn life. If you can't drink it, then you'll have to take a bullet for me and fuck my wife.

YOUNG MAN

That's it?

BARTENDER

That's it. You puke, you lose. And if you go the bathroom, I'm sending a spotter with you to make sure you aren't puking. Nobody can help you drink it. You pass out, you lose.

YOUNG MAN

How long do I have to drink it?

BARTENDER

I don't care just as long as you sit your ass there, you can take as long as you want.

Gerta raises her shirt and shakes her tits at him. He looks

her over and we see the whole front of her pants are wet. Is it piss or sexual arousal? We don't know.

YOUNG MAN

I'll fucking do it! Prepare to serve me a shit load of beer for the rest of my life.

BARTENDER

We've got a wager!

The bartender fills the mug. The kid can't even lift the thing. He leans into the beer and sucks it down. Gerta leans into the Young Man's ear.

GERTA

I'm going to get good and ready for you.

Gerta goes over to the pool table and rolls up onto it. She hikes up her skirt and feels around.

GERTA

Guess I forgot my panties this morning...Oh, shit. There it is!

Gerta finds a leopard print thing and awkwardly pulls it off. The Young Man continues to gulp down the impossible amount of beer. She whips the thong around and tosses it. The clothesline-sized, filthy undergarment hits the Young Man in the face. He struggles under the thong, vomiting and passing out. His face landing on the bar.

GERTA

Wowee! He loses! Toss him up here boys!

The Bartender and several other patrons pick up the Young Man and put him on the pool table. They undress him. Gerta flicks his flaccid penis.

GERTA

We've got a limp one here, boys!

The Bartender grabs a bunch of pens and a roll of masking tape from behind the bar. He uses the tape and pens to make a horrible splint on the Young Man's dick.

BARTENDER

Will that work?

GERTA

It's not great, but it's not the worst
I've had to deal with.

Gerta mounts the Young Man and rides him.

BARTENDER

It's my birthday, assholes! Drinks on
the house!

MONTAGE OF BAR PARTY

The party is a mess of shots of people messily drunk and slurping down huge amounts of alcohol. These shots are interspersed with Gerta grabbing everyone she can in the place and fucking them. Also interspersed in these shots are Keegan, obviously trying to instigate sex with Gerta, but being denied. Gerta is having sex with everyone EXCEPT Keegan. No reason is given, but it's obvious she is rejecting him.

MONTAGE END

INT. SHOOTER'S BAR - MOMENTS AFTER MONTAGE

The patrons that are still in the bar are covered in vomit, liquor, or sexual leavings. Everyone with the exception of Keegan, the Bartender, and Gerta have passed out. Keegan is sitting at the bar, sulkily drinking a club soda. The Bartender is drawing Gerta a beer.

GERTA

I am all fucked out.

BARTENDER

You've got to stop doing this shit.
These are good people coming in, and
they pay good money. Stop fucking
raping them.

GERTA

You wouldn't have any of this without
me. Why do you think they come in
here?

BARTENDER

They aren't here for a piece of your
ass. They're stopping in for a drink.
Stop fucking them. Just look at the
state of this place!

GERTA

You will feed my need. If you don't keep those drunk dicks coming, I'll take my ass fee from your dick. Every. Fucking. Night.

BARTENDER

(To Keegan)

We're closing up. Get out of here.

Keegan rises and walks to the door. He tries to dry hump Gerta on the way out, but she clobbers him, and he goes flying like he's made of nothing. He leaves.

BARTENDER

Why don't you ever fuck that guy?

GERTA

There's something about him I don't like. I think he's dangerous.

The Bartender laughs but Gerta doesn't she looks worryingly at the door.

INT. BASEMENT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT

Stuart and Keegan are seated at their microphones. The 'On Air' sign is glowing, but Keegan isn't speaking as he's staring at Stuart. Stuart has his hands down his pants and is scratching furiously.

STUART

What the hell are you looking at? I've got crabs something awful.

KEEGAN

Does your wife know about this?

STUART

She would have to have sex with me first to find out. I've had enough venereal diseases over the years, never been caught. None of the bad stuff though, just so we're clear on that. No AIDS or nothing. I've had warts and herpes, you know, the stuff that clears up and you don't have to worry about it anymore.

KEEGAN

I've heard genital warts and herpes

sticks around. Are you sure it goes away forever?

STUART

Sometimes it goes away forever until it comes back. I don't have sex with anyone if I have any of those sores on me. At least, not anyone I don't have to pay to have sex with. If you pay, then a few venereal diseases between transactors don't mean anything. If it did, then why didn't all those women tell me that they were going to give me shit like warts? That's just how it goes.

KEEGAN

Is your mike on?

STUART

Yes.

KEEGAN

Aren't you worried about people hearing about this?

STUART

What are they going to do? Whores could get this shit from lots of places. Just because they get a little sick in the privates doesn't mean I did it. Maybe they gave it to me. I should do a reverse class action lawsuit against all the whores in the whole dang community. Stu vs. the whores. The officer would call out, 'all rise' and I would say that I already did for all of them! Get it? Because they're whores!

KEEGAN

I guess.

STUART

Now stop talking about my dick for a minute and let all your zero listeners know about veggies or whatever the fuck you want to talk about.

KEEGAN

Don't you have to run a promo?

Stuart takes his hands out of his pants and rummages through some papers on the table.

STUART

Oh, shit. I guess I do!

KEEGAN

You okay? are you drunk?

STUART

I'm temperate on alcohol right now. I did some speed in the parking lot before coming in here. Fucks my professionalism up proper.

KEEGAN

I prefer you drunk.

STUART

Me too, but variety is the spice of life. Here that fucker is!

Stuart picks up a piece of paper and waves it around.

STUART (CONT.)

KGAY at night would like to thank our sponsor The Breen Gay Meat Packing Plant.

KEEGAN

What the fuck? You can't have the fucking meat packing plant sponsor a vegan radio show.

STUART

Nobody else is paying for ad slots. The plant has spots around the clock. We have too.

KEEGAN

No way. It goes against my principles. I will lose all credibility.

STUART

They paid for time. We can't tell them to fuck off if they've paid.

KEEGAN

No! They are a soulless organization that preys on defenseless animals in our society and forces our populace to

dwell in a land of speciesism that is handed down from father to son to his son's son, to his son's son's son's son's son's daughter's son. I will not have it!

STUART

Have it today. Take it up with the boss tomorrow. My hands are fucking tied. I won't piss off a sponsor. I would do an ad for the 'oral please sexaphone' if they paid me to do it. That's how this shit works.

KEEGAN

You have no shame

STUART

There isn't much I wouldn't do on-air depending on the money their offering. I'd sexaphone myself right here and now for twenty bucks.

KEEGAN

Holy, shit, Stuart.

EXT. BEHIND THE BREEN GAY MEAT PACKING PLANT - DAY

Behind the Breen Gay Meat Packing Plant is a gravel path that leads to a pit of stinking, festering animal corpses. A front loader is being driven toward the pit. A rotten cow is in the bucket. The loader drives up the edge of the pit and drops the cow. The corpse tumbles down and hit the piled dead below. The bloated of the belly pops open. It's full of maggots which rain out from the cow's stomach. The loader drives away. Keegan pulls up in his car and walks by the pit. He sits on the edge and watches as DIRTY AL, white, filthy, and looking slightly rotten himself, scrambles over the ledge from the other side and heads right to the rotten cow. The man digs his hands into the cows stomach and eats the maggots as quickly as he can. Dirty Al takes out a cleaver from his coat and begins hacking at the cow corpse. He pockets ragged chops of meat.

KEEGAN

Al?

DIRTY AL

what do you want?

KEEGAN

I have money for you.

DIRTY AL

For what?

KEEGAN

Your worms.

DIRTY AL

There's plenty here if you want some.
More than I could eat in a week.

KEEGAN

I don't want those. I need the ones
from inside.

DIRTY AL

My worms?

KEEGAN

Your worms.

DIRTY AL

You want my ass worms?

KEEGAN

I'll give you ten dollars.

Dirty Al scoffs and goes back to chopping up the cow.

DIRTY AL

You think I'm some kind of bum? Like
I'll just whore out parts of my body
to anyone that comes along? I'm
insulted.

KEEGAN

Twenty dollars.

DIRTY AL

Deal.

Keegan jumps down into the corpse pit. He takes gallon sized plastic baggies out of his pocket. Dirty Al takes off his pants, exposing legs laced with open sores. He squats, which pops two large boils behind his knees.

DIRTY AL

I'll just shit these out on the ground
and you scoop them up.

KEEGAN

In the bags, please.

Keegan opens a bag as far as he can and Dirty Al crabwalks over to it. He tries to shit, but can't.

KEEGAN

How long is this going to take?

DIRTY AL

It will happen when it happens. I don't rush shits. Not good for you.

KEEGAN

Take your time.

Dirty Al continues to strain.

DIRTY AL

They've been blocking me up as of late. It's not like it used to be. I used to white with no problem at all. Worms and poop came out easy enough.

Little bits of shit come sputtering out, splashing on the bag and Keegan's arms.

KEEGAN

Interesting.

DIRTY AL

Gotten big It will happen soon. Fuckers must be all tied up in my colon. Oh shit, there's something else I should tell you.

KEEGAN

What's that?

DIRTY AL

I don't shit shit much anymore. All I really have in there is worms and some shitty water. Nothing solid. Have you ever met anyone who doesn't shit any shit?

KEEGAN

I don't think so.

DIRTY AL

I am a man with no shit. The worms eat

it all.

Dirty Al shifts and almost loses his balance. Keegan struggles to keep the bag underneath him.

DIRTY AL
Here it comes!

KEEGAN
Let 'er rip!

DIRTY AL
Am I getting any on my pants?

KEEGAN
You're good. Poop!

Dirty Al's rectum expands comically large, like he's growing a tumor. Entwined lines of writhing worms show from the asshole, but the knot of worms is too big for Dirty Al to release. The rectum continues to grow. Dirty Al screams in anger.

DIRTY AL
I'm going to shit you! I'm going to
shit you out of my ass right now!

The mass throbs and continues to grow. The asshole looks like it will rip apart any second.

DIRTY AL
They're not coming! Oh, my God! They
won't come out of my ass! Get them
out!

Dirty Al slumps forward, cutting his head on the exposed ribs of a rotting pig.

KEEGAN
What do I do?

DIRTY AL
Help me! Get them out!

KEEGAN
How?

DIRTY AL
I don't care! Just get them out of me!

Keegan roots around in the dead animals and comes up with a

spatula. He slaps the swollen asshole with it and it bobs up and down. Dirty Al Screams. Keegan whacks the protruding asshole with the spatula with all his might. Dirty Al's asshole rips wide open, balls to tailbone. Out of the rent comes a balled-up portion of entwined worms. Keegan puts the mass in the plastic bag and looks at it. Dirty Al is lying on his side, obviously bleeding out.

KEEGAN

These worms are almost dead.

DIRTY AL

Of...course...they...are.

KEEGAN

They're no use to me dead.

DIRTY AL

Buyer beware. Where's my twenty bucks?

KEEGAN

Don't worry. I'll pay. There's twenty more if you can get me some live ones.

DIRTY AL

They always come out of me dead. If you want live ones you'll probably have to go through my stomach. You a doctor or surgeon or something?

KEEGAN

No. Do you think...maybe if we go further up the ass we can get some live ones?

DIRTY AL

Maybe. Maybe they die coming out. I can feel them up there moving.

Keegan flinches as he puts his hand on Dirty Al's back.

KEEGAN

We need to go in and get them.

DIRTY AL

What are you thinking?

KEEGAN

I am going to have to plunder your ass for worms. My vegan diet has made my arms slight. My hands are thin. I will

go in after them.

DIRTY AL
You're going to reach up my ass?

KEEGAN
Your ass is torn anyway. now is the
time to act.

DIRTY AL
It's going to hurt like a bitch.

KEEGAN
Forty bucks.

DIRTY AL
Get up my ass. Hurry up.

Dirty Al gets back on his knees. His forehead touching the ground. Torn ass in the air. Keegan spies a puddle of congealed rotting fat. He shoves his arm into the goo up to his elbow and rolls his arm around - lubing it up. He squats next to Dirty Al.

KEEGAN
This is going to hurt.

DIRTY AL
I've done worse than this for forty
bucks. Plunge away.

Keegan works his hand into Dirty Al's anus. He roughly twists and turns his arm, shoving it further and further inside. Dirty Al smiles and squirms.

KEEGAN
My arm is going numb. Stop flexing
your sphincter.

DIRTY AL
I can't help it. You're so tender.

KEEGAN
Enough!

Keen shoves his arm up to his bicep in Dirty Al's ass. Dirty Al yelps in pleasure.

DIRTY AL
It's a new record!

KEEGAN

Stop it or I'm keeping the money...I can feel them! I will grab as many as I can.

Keegan leans back, putting both feet on Dirty Al's butt, he shoves backwards. His arm comes out of Dirty Al's ass with an audible pop. He has a handful of writing worms which he puts in a gallon bag.

KEEGAN

I have to go in for more.

DIRTY AL

I may end up having to pay you for this. Stop teasing me.

Keegan shoves his hand in Dirty Al's ass up to the arm. He brings back a bunch of worms and bags them. Dirty Al lies on his side, twirling a finger in mess of goo.

DIRTY AL

There's more where that came from.

KEEGAN

I have more important things to do than shove my arm up your ass.

Keegan holds up the bag of living worms for Dirty Al to see.

KEEGAN

The advent of great societal change is upon us. These worms are the key.

DIRTY AL

Those worms are going to change the world?

KEEGAN

Not these. Their offspring's offspring's offspring. They will be created to destroy the meat industry one ass at a time.

DIRTY AL

You definitely destroyed the meat industry of my ass. Now pay me that sixty bucks you owe me.

INT. BASEMENT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT

Keegan and Stuart are sitting across from each other in the podcast studio. Celery the dog is lying on the floor. Keegan is snapping his fingers to a crappy song. Stuart looks afraid. The song ends.

KEEGAN

I hope you liked that Earth Crisis song. Did you catch those lyrics, Stuart?

STUART

I did. You vegans are fucking scary.

KEEGAN

Stuart, it is hard for a peace-loving vegan like myself, knowing that I strike fear in your heart. However, the time of flaccid dickering is done! Sometimes you cannot abide by what you see, and violent action is the only cure.

Keegan slaps his hand down on the desk and yelps in pain. He rubs his hurt appendage.

STUART

You okay?

KEEGAN

Pain is the foundation of change. Listeners, I know it's hard to think about using direct action to further your cause. What each and every one of us need to ask ourselves is this, is the price of pain worth the cost of action? What is it time to strike? I cannot be the one to tell you when that time is. You must look to yourselves and see how much you are willing to allow evil to continue. How long are those who cannot stand up for themselves going to be allowed to suffer before someone strong comes forth and stands for them? Am I condoning breaking into test labs and stealing test animals? Am I saying go out and derail machinery that causes suffering and death to animals? Am I calling you out to make a stand? YES!

STUART

No.

KEEGAN

Yes.

STUART

You're going to get arrested for starting a riot. Probably get fucking sued as well.

KEEGAN

I don't care. It's time for action. The time for mere words has passed.

STUART

Keegan, I don't think you know what you are saying. Your followers will tear this town up by the roots. I'm surprised I don't hear them already...wait.

Stuart gets up and goes to the basement window. There's nobody out there. He puts a hand to his ear, pretending to listen.

STUART

I think I hear them. They are chanting your name.

KEEGAN

My name? Keegan?

STUART

Be quiet. I can't hear them too well. They are saying something...'Free the whales'...'Stop soaking the monkey'...'Eat your beets, don't beat your meats.'

KEEGAN

Sonorous. I can't believe it!

STUART

Believe it. You have to go out there. They are calling for you.

KEEGAN

I will. Celery! Let's go!

Celery raises his head for a moment then puts it back down.

STUART

Wait. You can't go out there like that. You have to look the part of a leader.

KEEGAN

You're right. How do I do that?

STUART

Take your clothes off. Bare-ass nude.

KEEGAN

What?

STUART

Goddamn it, Keegan. Theatrical purposes. You want direct action. Get your clothes off. I'll get the red paint. Do your emergency yoga stretches. Rioting requires cardio.

Keegan strips nude. He starts doing yoga. Stuart gets a can of spray paint and returns to get a full look of Keegan's downward dog red eye.

KEEGAN

Do you think I need to oil down?

STUART

For the love of God, get your ass up!

Stuart shakes the can of spray paint. Keegan starts doing jumping jacks.

KEEGAN

I don't think it will look like blood. No paint. I've got an idea.

Keegan takes a knife off the table and begins slashing his chest with it. Blood pours down from the cuts.

STUART

Okay. No paint.

KEEGAN

I need to be real. My public needs to see that I am no joke. DO you think I should cut my arms and face too?

STUART

No. You've done enough. What are you

going to do first?

Stuart looks like he feels back about his prank. It escalated too quickly.

KEEGAN

Straight to the belly of the beast. We will march upon the Breen Gay Packing Plant, destroy the abattoir, and release the animals.

STUART

Let the livestock run free in the streets?

KEEGAN

Like they should be allowed to do. All our meat will be free range. They will live amongst us as equals without any fear of being harnessed or butchered. Maybe I should shove a cucumber up my ass.

STUART

What?

KEEGAN

Shoving a cucumber up my ass will show that I only eliminate vegetable waste. The animals will know that I am one of them. The people will understand.

STUART

Maybe you should shove two cucumbers up your ass. That way you can plug it up totally and show your true commitment to being a vegan.

KEEGAN

In that care, I should use three. Two doesn't fill me up. Not that I've ever done anything like this before to know.

STUART

Of course.

Keegan opens a drawer and takes out three cucumbers.

STUART (CONT.)

I should have guessed that you would

have some of those handy.

KEEGAN

Sometimes I have a snack during breaks.

Stuart looks at the cucumbers. They seem to have dried shit on them.

STUART

I don't want to know what you do during breaks.

Keegan passes out and falls in a lump on the floor. Stuart doesn't move to help him. A moment later he stands back up.

KEEGAN

Loss of blood. This happens all the time.

STUART

Maybe you need a little sugar.

KEEGAN

Refined sugar? Maybe you should take a look in the mirror and see what that does to you. Now help me shove these cucumbers up my ass.

STUART

No.

KEEGAN

We're talking about peoples' lives. Now is the time for clogging. Fill my ass!

STUART

No.

KEEGAN

I have to do everything myself.

Keegan spits and rubs the cucumbers with his bodily lube.

STUART

I think I might throw up.

KEEGAN

Got to get it ready.

Keegan slides the cucumbers up his ass. Two go easy. The last one won't go.

KEEGAN

Spread my butt cheeks. I'm having trouble with the last one.

STUART

At times like this a man has to spread his own cheeks. I cannot help you.

KEEGAN

You're right, Stuart. I am like a fledgling eagle. I have to fly on my own.

STUART

Then fly, you fool. Fly.

KEEGAN

I will.

Keegan spreads his ass with one hand and fits in the last cucumber.

STUART

I knew you could do it.

KEEGAN

Let's get out there!

Stuart kicks Keegan in the balls. Keegan falls to his knees. Stuart walks around and kicks him in the ass. The cucumbers fall out.

STUART

There is no mob. Nobody gives a shit about veganism or this station.

KEEGAN

I will get you for this, Stuart.

STUART

I'll call an ambulance.

KEEGAN

No need. I'll go myself.

STUART

Want me to tell them you're on your way?

KEEGAN

No. Not the first time this happened.

STUART

Holy shit, Keegan.

INT. BASEMENT PODCAST STUDIO - MINUTES LATER

Keegan walks back into the basement podcast studio room. He is wearing pants, but still a visual mess.

STUART

That didn't take very long.

KEEGAN

The cucumbers fell out of my asshole before I got two blocks down the street. No harm, no foul.

STUART

Holy Christ.

Keegan sits back down at the desk and puts on radio headphones.

KEEGAN

Hello, and welcome back to Fruits and Nuts with Keegan the Vegan. Let's take a few moments and talk about animal care. I am a dog lover.

STUART

Literally

KEEGAN

What?

STUART

Never mind.

KEEGAN

Celery is my pride and joy. I saved him from a no-kill animal shelter right here in Breen Gay, Wisconsin.

STUART

They aren't a no-kill shelter. They euthanize. Who told you they were a no-kill?

KEEGAN

I just assumed.

STUART

Well, fucking un-assume it.

KEEGAN

You know, this is what I'm talking about. When I went to a shelter to pick up my Celery dog, I assumed they were giving the dog 'shelter.' That they would find it an owner to love and care for it. now I find out they were basically in a death-row holding cell waiting to see if they get sprung before someone turns out the lights on them permanently.

STUART

Give them a little credit. They probably knew who you were and didn't tell you because you would go all vegan crusader on their asses and try to adopt every fucking animal in the place and turn into a fucking animal hoarder. You're crazy enough.

KEEGAN

I am crazy. Crazy about protecting animal rights.

STUART

Here we go.

KEEGAN

No rant. I just want to be clear. If protecting animals is crazy, call me a nut-job.

STUART

Okay, you're a fuck head.

KEEGAN

Nut job.

STUART

Nut fucker.

KEEGAN

Moving right along. I love dogs. They are man's best friend! I've never had

a better pal than Celery, and he knows
I have his back. Don't you, boy?

Keegan picks up the limp Celery and puts him in his lap.

STUART

You should really feed that dog.

KEEGAN

I do feed the dog. I feed him every day. It's WHAT I feed him that makes all the difference. Here in America, we have a crisis that's happening to our canines. They are fat. Obese dogs are walking awkwardly all over our amber waves of grain and it's our fault. We feed our dogs crap. We give them people food, which they are not digestively inclined to eat. Dogs aren't capable of stopping themselves from gorging. They don't care about their sexy girlish figures. It's instinct that tomorrow's food isn't guaranteed. Do you have a dog, Stuart?

STUART

Yes, I do. Me and the Mrs. have a schnauzer.

KEEGAN

Is he of the correct weight?

STUART

No, he is fat.

KEEGAN

Do you feed him too much? Do you even know how much to feed him?

STUART

I do know how much he's supposed to get, and I feed him too much. Probably double or triple the amount, and that doesn't include table scraps or treats.

KEEGAN

And that doesn't bother you?

STUART

Not really. I don't care too much, and

he's happy as shit. Seems fine with his life.

KEEGAN

He might show you how happy he is on the outside, but on the inside he's not happy. He's forgotten how it feels to have the energy to run through the cornfields on a hot July day. He's forgotten how the lady dogs used to gaze upon his body with lust and wonder. He's forgotten life, Stu. Now, Celery makes the bitches swoon. His 'ideal' weight is a hundred and ten pounds. With my invented vegan diet he's at an uber-healthy sixty-five pounds. There are many days where Celery has a negative calorie intake. He eats all he wants of the provided food and will still lose weight.

STUART

You're going to kill that poor mutt.

KEEGAN

Nonsense! Negative calorie diets will be the new craze. The magic is that the body uses more energy to eat and digest the food than the food provides to the body. You can eat oranges, celery, strawberries, grapefruit, carrots, hot chili peppers, cauliflower, apples...

STUART

Bullshit! It's abuse.

KEEGAN

It's science, my portly producer. Ideal weights are just the threshold of fitness. Celery is half that weight. Think about it! Just feel his flank!

STUART

I don't need to. I even think I see a rib or two poking through the skin.

Shot of dog and indeed there are a couple ribs poking right through the skin.

STUART (CONT.)

I'm going to commercial.

KEEGAN

Don't touch that dial. Next, we'll talk about milking the prostate to ease your animal's discomfort and providing you an excellent coffee creamer at the same time!

STUART

No fucking commercials.

Stuart does several quick and dirty lines of coke off the table. Keegan pulls the mic closer and tries to talk loudly over the sounds of his producer's snorting.

KEEGAN

Speaking of animal loving. This show goes deeper than the usual vegan-centered program. We are talking about real animal lovers. People who care for animals so much that they have coitus with them.

Stuart stops doing coke. He gazes at Keegan with disbelief.

KEEGAN

Do you have anything to add?

STUART

You're going to talk about sheep fucking on your show?

KEEGAN

No. Don't be silly. We're going to talk about donkey fucking.

STUART

I have nothing to add.

KEEGAN

In Columbia a young man learns the art of love at a tender young age, usually at around eleven or so, by making sweet, sweet love to a donkey.

STUART

You're shitting me.

KEEGAN

Nobody is shitting anybody. There is pro-social psychology about this practice.

STUART

Little boys raping donkeys is fucked up. Any reasoning for it is bullshit.

KEEGAN

No. It is possible for a person to develop a relationship with an animal akin to a person. We're not just talking about having sex with an animal for the sake of release. We're talking about long-term relationships. Even adult men of the region continue the practice long after they have female human wives.

STUART

Why don't they just fuck their wives?

KEEGAN

Why would they stop having sex with their donkeys?

STUART

Because it's sex with donkeys.

KEEGAN

The vegan way is about respecting the rights of animals. They feel pain. They can show love. They deserve the same quality care that humans have. This is about love.

STUART

This is about rape.

KEEGAN

They are not raped. They give consent.

STUART

How can a donkey give consent to sex?

KEEGAN

Partners just know when they are ready.

Stuarts takes a long pull from his hip flask.

STUART

Bullshit. It's poor people raping donkeys. Raping donkeys is the vegan way?

KEEGAN

I wouldn't be so quick to judge.

Stuart sits back in his chair and regard Keegan.

STUART

Just spill it. You've fucked an animal, haven't you?

KEEGAN

I haven't been to Columbia.

STUART

This isn't a random topic. What did you fuck?

KEEGAN

I've made sweet love to a chicken.

STUART

So, you're a chicken fucker. More than once?

KEEGAN

I've been known to dabble on down to the community farm from time to time.

STUART

So, you're a serial chicken fucker. Does Ms. Myth know about this? She's pretty proud of her chickens. She might be a little shocked to know that they are getting ramrodded by the local fucktard.

KEEGAN

I am a man of sexual appetite. If I'm having sex with a chicken and I see another one staring at me with that look in their eyes...you know what look I'm talking about.

STUART

Please tell me.

KEEGAN

That look of, 'don't you go to town on that chicken and not save a little love for me.

STUART

Oh, (rolls his eyes) that look.

KEEGAN

If they want love, they get love.

STUART

People aren't supposed to have sex with animals. You're always talking about how animals are exploited and how people are violent with them, and here you are breaking into the community farm and raping chickens. I was just over there last week. I thought they were moving around a little funny

KEEGAN

It's about love.

STUART

Have you ever thought about how big your dick is compared to the body of a chicken? Chickens want chicken dick. Not man dick. You are man-dicking these poor things.

KEEGAN

The vagina is designed to stretch. The chickens don't complain.

STUART

Because they're fucking chickens. Are chickens the only animals you've fucked?

KEEGAN

I haven't had the opportunity for anything else.

STUART

So, you're an opportunistic serial animal rapist.

KEEGAN

No!

STUART

What other animals would you fuck if you had the chance?

KEEGAN

An orca whale. Maybe a walrus or seal. Something in that family.

STUART

Sea World better lock its fucking doors.

KEEGAN

Let's agree that sometimes being an animal lover means being an 'animal lover.'

STUART

No.

KEEGAN

Until next time, love your animals.

STUART

Don't fuck chickens anymore, Keegan. Listeners, fucking animals is wrong.

KEEGAN

Don't question my love, Stuart. Listeners, meet me tomorrow morning at the meat packing plant for the protest of a lifetime! Together we will triumph!

EXT. BREEN GAY MEAT PACKING PLANT FRONT GATE - THE NEXT MORNING.

NICK, a fat male in his 40s and obviously a blue-collar worker, and TED who's looks basically the same, are walking toward the front gates of the meat packing plant. Ted is smoking a cheap cigar.

NICK

Think we'll hit quota today?

TED

We will if the front doesn't get backed up with their cuts.

NICK

We'd better. I'm counting on that

bonus. I need the money.

TED

Me too. Planning on taking a trip up north to Kelly Lake

NICK

Lucky. I've got two kids in college. Costs a bundle.

TED

Don't they have jobs?

NICK

Fuck no. Wife won't let them work. Says it will interfere with their studies.

TED

Fuck that. I worked through college.

NICK

You have a college degree?

TED

Yup. Business degree. Fuck lot of good it did me too. I could have skipped college and already been five years working. That's five years closer to retirement.

NICK

What the fuck is this?

Ted and Nick make it to the front gate. Keegan is handcuffed to it, naked, and covered with red paint. He's hanging off the gate as if being crucified.

KEEGAN

Hail, fellows! You will not be partaking in work today I'm afraid. For I, Keegan, have chained myself to this entrance or horrors in protest to the abhorrent animal cruelty that's happening inside at this very moment!

TED

Job office is off to your right. They're always hiring. It's off-season for wet-back help.

KEEGAN

I don't want a job, you ruffian. I refuse to partake in such devilish work.

Nick takes a key card out of his pocket. Neither worker seems disturbed or interested in Keegan. He puts the key card into the gate box.

NICK

I'll bet we get that bonus. Just kick those pigs a little harder. Get them moving on down the line.

TED

Maybe if Jeff gets a little better in the kill zone. Asshole never hits the sweet spot. I'm always covered in blood by noon from having to slit so many necks.

NICK

Let him cut the throats then.

TED

Now way in hell I would let him near anything sharp.

Nick slaps the lock box a couple of times and tries his key card again.

NICK

Fucking thing.

KEEGAN

Don't ignore me! This is your wake-up call. Don't you hear the animals' screams? Don't you empathize with their pain? Witness my interpretative dance, 'abattoir floor boogie, volume 7'!

Keegan gyrates violently against the gate.

TED

You know this guy?

NICK

Seen him around. He's a bit of an odd duck.

KEEGAN

Open the gate if you dare! I've set it
to rend me in twain! Let me be a
martyr to the cause!

Nick slaps the keycard box again and the gate making a beeping sound and opens. Keegan mistakenly only chained himself to one door of the gate, sparing him of his martyr's death. Workers begin streaming into the plant. The gate opens and closes, swinging Keegan forward and back, nobody bothers with him.

INT. KEEGAN'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Keegan enters his apartment. He's still nude and painted red from head to toe. The paint on his face is streaked as if he's been crying. He wobbles inside and leans down to give his sleeping dog, Celery, a kiss on the muzzle. He walks into his bedroom and goes up to a plastic five-gallon bucket. The bucket is lidded and festering. An otherworldly gurgling sound comes from it. Keegan opens the lid. The insides smoke and squirm but cannot readily identified.

KEEGAN

There you are my lovelies. I have
something special for you.

Keegan pulls out something wrapped in newspaper from under the bed and holds it high. The gurgling sounds from the bucket increase.

KEEGAN

Purchased a five hundred times its
value to buy the clerks silence and at
great personal ethical cost. I bring
you...meat!

Keegan unwraps the newspaper revealing a severed sheep's head. Three worms, if they can be called worms, shoot up from the bucket and latch onto the sheep's head and begin sucking greedily. Keegan drops the head into the bucket, and it shakes with voracious feeding.

KEEGAN

You're getting so big. I wonder just
how big you're going to get.

A worm shoots out of the bucket and latches onto Keegan's face. He gently rips it off and drops it back down with the others.

KEEGAN

Soon, my lovely, soon.

INT. BASEMENT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT

Keegan is sitting at the studio table. Stuart kicks open the door and stumbles in. He's horribly drunk, shirt open to the navel, and sports a massive erection. He slumps down into his chair across from Keegan. The chair breaks, spilling him on the floor. Keegan sighs, and then reaches over the table to adjust sound levels. Keegan gets up and puts a microphone in front of Stuart on the floor. Then sits back down to get on with the show.

KEEGAN

Welcome to another episode of Fruits and Nuts with Keegan the Vegan. My producer, Stuart, is a bit under the weather but will be joining us soon. Parts of him are up and at 'em.

Stuart's erect penis twitches.

KEEGAN (CONT.)

But the rest need a break. Today we are talking about our beloved Breen Gay. Our city has one of the highest obesity rates in America. Something not to be proud of. That is why I'm hosting the first Breen Gay two-hundred K marathon. What do you think of that, Stuart?

Keegan takes and apples and beans Stuart on the head with it. Stuart sits up, smacking his nose on the edge of the table.

STUART

What the fuck?

KEEGAN

That's right. Two-hundred K all the way. You are a man of heavier set. Will you partake in this first step to personal wellness?

Stuart grabs another chair and picks up his microphone. Slamming both into place. He sits.

STUART

Two-hundred K is over a hundred and twenty miles. Nobody can run that far.

KEEGAN

That is where you are wrong. I haven't done it myself but think of the calorie burn. The whole city could lose thousands of pounds in one fell swoop.

STUART

Fuck. Fucking champion marathon runners don't run that fucking far.

KEEGAN

I believe in the power of human endurance. It's mind over matter.

STUART

Nobody will show up.

KEEGAN

Have you looked in the mirror lately? Have you noticed that you're not in optimal health?

STUART

I know I'm a fat ass, and I don't give a shit.

KEEGAN

Don't you want to live past forty-five? Your heart is probably screaming at you right now, begging you to work some of that plaque clogging your arteries out of your system. Hold my hand.

STUART

We aren't having a moment here.

KEEGAN

Take my hand and repeat after me.

Keegan holds out his hand. Stuart slaps it away.

KEEGAN (CONT.)

I am not the man I see in the mirror. I am the healthy, robust, handsome man I see in my mind's eye. I can make how I feel and what I see the same.

STUART

I look like shit, and I feel like

shit. I'm already way ahead of you. Look, Keegan, you can preach about vegan shit all you want. It's your show, but I'm fat. My wife is fat. Everybody in this whole damn city is fat. When we go outside, we see fat people. I take four huge shits a day because I eat a lot of fucking food. Take your damn mirror and go fuck yourself. I say that if you don't like what you see in the mirror, put the damn thing in the trash.

KEEGAN

You're a drunken fool.

STUART

Fucking-A I'm drunk, you veggie munching fuck.

KEEGAN

I can't believe you're speaking to me this way, but I forgive you. Listeners...what you're hearing now from my producer is a meat-induced rage. All that beef injected with testosterone hormones changes a person's genetic structure.

STUART

Keegan, you're a sissy fuck. You know that?

KEEGAN

This meat-induced rage can only be remedied by one thing. Stu?

STUART

What?

KEEGAN

I'm putting you on a special diet.

STUART

Like fuck you are.

KEEGAN

Oh, I am. This has gone on long enough. Consider this a one man intervention. I love you, Stuart, and I can't stand this self-destructive

behavior. For the next two months you'll be ingesting a very specific diet prescribed by me, your own personal vegan dietitian. I will be your nurse, Stuart. I will even wear a nurse's uniform if you want me to. Maybe even make a couple late night house calls to make sure nothing needs attending too.

STUART

Why are you staring at my crotch?

KEEGAN

Your penis is sticking out.

STUART

Oh, Jesus.

Stuart tucks his penis back into his pants and zips up.

KEEGAN

Quite a lot of heat your packing there.

STUART

I'm not going on a diet.

Stuart takes a drink from his flask.

KEEGAN

Let's take a short break with my producer, Stuart. Time for an update on weather and community happenings. Take it away, Stuart!

Stuart is getting rather drunk. Words slurring and stumbling behavior amplified.

STUART

This is KGAY at night. The time is two-thirty or some shit. It's hot but not as hot as it is during the fucking daytime. There's no fucking traffic, but I can't see the road for fuck down in this shitty basement, but it's two-thirty in the morning, so I'm pretty certain that it isn't fucking rush hour.

Stuart burps and wipes cigarette ash off a sodden piece of

paper on the desk. He picks it up and reads.

STUART (CONT.)

The City of Breen Gay is having a movie night Saturday at the town hall courtyard. Bring your families.

KEEGAN

What movie are they playing?

STUART

Don't fucking interrupt me. Where is it...Mary Poppins. Bring your kids to watch Mary fucking Poppins at the town hall courtyard on Saturday.

KEEGAN

Refreshments?

STUART

Flier doesn't fucking say.

KEEGAN

Well then, we can give our listeners some ideas for vegan snacks to bring with them.

STUART

Yeah, like watching Mary Poppins and eating vegan food is just how I want to spend my fucking Saturday night.

KEEGAN

I will be there. My dance card is open.

STUART

No shit,

KEEGAN

You're not coming? What are you doing Saturday night? What could be better than watching the Dick Van Dyke dancing on the rooftops?

STUART

You can have your Dyke. I'm going to drive down Highway 43 and turn off a few clicks before Appleton. There's a little dive bar called the Rusty Stallion, where the beer is seventy-

five cents a glass, frozen pizza for five bucks, and fat, ugly Wisconsin women with huge tits and hairy vags' will give you a turn for twenty bucks a throw.

KEEGAN

Stuart! No!

STUART

Oh, yes. There's this broad I like named Vittles. Tits that hang down to her fucking belly button. They look like deflated Magnum condoms. She's kind of old and fucking her is like rubbing your dick on steel wool, but she'll do ANYTHING. Bring a shit load of KY jelly and you'll be fine. Just don't come before nine. I don't want sloppy seconds. If I stick my dick in her and feel anything but sandpaper, I'll know someone got there before me, and I'll stop throwing out my best haunts.

KEEGAN

Stop it!

STUART

You fucking hear me out there? Stay away from my girl Vittles. You guys can put it to Sweaty Sue, Derriere Dawn, or even Garbage Dump Gale if you're into that kind of thing. Just don't ask Gale how she got her name. It will put of you off proper. Get in there and get out.

KEEGAN

How did she get the name garbage dump?

STUART

She used to eat those frozen dinners and didn't have a stove, so she'd stick the sauce packets up her stash to warm them up enough to eat. She's a forgetful woman and some of those packets didn't get sussed out. She got a festering down below and I heard the hospital removed twenty or thirty of those packets from her.

KEEGAN

I'm astounded.

STUART

That was some time ago. She's all better now. I've even been at her a few times and never got any diseases.

KEEGAN

Stuart...

STUART

Rub your dick down with a little Neosporin after just in case.

KEEGAN

Stu...

STUART

What?

KEEGAN

Is that all for Community News?

STUART

That's it.

KEEGAN

Okay. Jesus, Stuart. Listeners, if you need something to do this weekend you can take your kids out to the town hall and watch Mary Poppins or go down 43 to the Rusty Stallion and catch venereal diseases with Stu.

STUART

Fuckin' A.

EXT. SHOOTER'S BAR - NIGHT

Keegan steps out of his car. He's wearing jeans, moccasins, and a gaudy polyester button-down shirt. His hair is slicked back. He looks at himself in the side view mirror and pinches his cheekbones.

KEEGAN

I am a sexy bitch.

He walks to the bar and enters.

INT. SHOOTER'S BAR - MOMENT LATER

Keegan is in the bar's doorway. The lighting inside is horrible. Everything looks dated and unclean. There are hunched figures inside, drinking and not speaking to each other. Keegan waves and nobody notices him. Keegan sits at the bar and waves a bill at the BARTENDER. The Bartender is sweaty, fat, and is smoking a cheroot cigar. He comes over and pulls Keegan's hand down and pats it.

BARTENDER

Do I look like a fucking stripper to you that you flag me down with money?

KEEGAN

I'm sorry.

BARTENDER

Don't worry about it. I haven't seen you come in here before.

KEEGAN

I've never been her before.

BARTENDER

Lucky me.

KEEGAN

I will have a club soda with lime.

The bartender looks doubtfully behind the bar.

BARTENDER

Fuck me. We have that.

The Bartender opens a can of club soda and squirts a stream of artificial lime juice into it.

KEEGAN

No fresh lime?

BARTENDER

Three bucks.

Keegan pays him and the Bartender brings him back his change.

BARTENDER

You want a little alcohol with that?

KEEGAN

I might. Do you have anything Vegan?

BARTENDER
Bacardi.

KEEGAN
Is that cruelty free?

BARTENDER
Depends on how much you drink.

The Bartender pours him a shot.

BARTENDER
On the house.

KEEGAN
I've never had alcohol before.

BARTENDER
Look, what the hell are you doing here
anyway?

KEEGAN
I want to get laid.

BARTENDER
Here's a tip, especially for you.
Drink some of that and make sure she
drinks a whole lot of that.

KEEGAN
You mean take advantage of her
inebriated state?

BARTENDER
Might be your only shot.

Keegan looks doubtfully at the drink and then takes the shot. His eyes turn red and he drops like an anvil, smashing his forehead on the bar and knocking over several stools. He stands up again and projectile vomits. Bar patrons and diving for cover. Keegan vomits again and then starts choking. A PATRON runs up and give him the Heimlich maneuver. Keegan expels the blockage and vomits all over himself again. The Bartender comes around the bar and hands Keegan a towel. Keegan towels off his face and then does it again smearing the vomit he just toweled off back on.

BARTENDER
You okay?

KEEGAN
I'm more than okay.

Keegan turns to the nearest woman. A blonde in her late 40s.

KEEGAN
Hey, pretty lady. We're all drunk and having a good time. Can I interest you in some fucking?

BLONDE WOMAN
Ah, no.

KEEGAN
Come on, baby. I am the lentil of love. Let me put my sprout in your kumquat and mix a smoothie.

BLONDE WOMAN
Fuck no.

The Bartender grabs Keegan and leads him towards the door. Keegan struggles against him.

KEEGAN
Wait! Let me butter your squash! Does anyone want their ruta-bega'd?

The Bartender shoves him out the door.

EXT. SHOOTER'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Keegan is outside the bar. He walks down the sidewalk. He turns a corner and trips over a broken piece of concrete and falls in the ample chest of Gerta. He gazes up at her for a moment in lustful recognition. He stands up and she wipes the vomit he left off her shirt.

GERTA
You okay?

KEEGAN
I'm okay. I landed on your boobs. I'm sorry.

GERTA
They're so big it's hard for me to pass anyone without someone touching them. Most of the town has copped a feel if they've wanted to or not.

KEEGAN

I love you

GERTA

What?

KEEGAN

No, sorry. I want to have sex with you.

GERTA

Easy there now.

KEEGAN

Sorry! I'm sorry. I will just go home and fuck Celery.

GERTA

Fuck veggies?

KEEGAN

Fuck my dog. I'm going home to fuck my dog.

Keegan is beside himself. Flummoxed beyond comprehension.

GERTA

You are too much. (laughing) Go home to fuck your dog. I've never heard the one before.

KEEGAN

Would you like to come home with me?

GERTA

You are one sorry ass man.

Keegan turns to leave but Gerta spins him around and slaps him on the ass. He jumps and she catches him in the air. She kisses his vomity face with violence. His legs dangle.

GERTA

You smell like earthy vomit.

KEEGAN

You smell like gummy bears, mayonnaise, and old blood.

GERTA

I'm going to take you home and give you some of Gerta, but you're going to

have to wash up first.

KEEGAN

There is no need to wash up for a feral love like ours. We shall go behind the building and have rampant coitus.

Gerta waddles quickly behind the nearest building, dragging Keegan behind her. She rips off his clothes as if he's only wearing a tear-away suit. She pinches his flaccid penis and gets on her knees.

GERTA

Is it big?

KEEGAN

You have to work with what god gave you.

She leans forward to take Keegan into her mouth and he squeals. His limp penis squirts a yellow orangish swash of cum over her face. He slaps her hands away from his penis and lies down on the ground, smiling broadly. Gerta wipes her hands over her face and looks at them, trying to make out what's all over her. She licks a palm and instantly leans forward and vomits on the sidewalk. Keegan closes his eyes. She shakes his arm. He flicks his penis and winks at her.

KEEGAN

Ready for round two?

GERTA

What did you just shoot all over my face? It came out of your dick, but it tastes like rancid cream cheese mixed in a mucus and bile soup.

KEEGAN

That is my sperm. I've saved it for my first love. I've had sex before, but it was nothing special. You are the woman I've been waiting for all my life, and this is how I show you how special you are.

GERTA

I think it's starting to set. I need to get this off me.

KEEGAN

It comes from my left nut only.

GERTA

Say what?

KEEGAN

My virgin nut. My right nut is a whore. I've been trumpeting out spudge from that one since I was a boy. My left nut has the same sperm in it that it had since I was first able to cum at the tender age of eleven. I've saved it for you.

GERTA

The sperm you shot all over my face is...

KEEGAN

Over twenty years old. You have been truly blessed by this ejaculation. I have saved myself for you. I am the Cum Cicada.

GERTA

I have twenty-year-old jizz on my face? Do you have any idea what bacteria might be in there?

KEEGAN

Science only knows. The sperm are still alive. Think of the children we might have when I place my ancient seed within you. I only shot a quarter wad on your face. I'm a master at penile exercises.

GERTA

Sperm don't live that long.

KEEGAN

Oh, they do. I take a syringe sample every two weeks. They are alive. Some of them even have facial hair.

GERTA

I think I'm going to be sick.

KEEGAN

Please don't vomit. It only makes me

horny, and I want to save myself for when we engage in the sextacular.

Gerta vomits. Keegan rolls her over and mounts her.

KEEGAN

You are the most beautiful woman I've ever met.

He ejaculates again.

GERTA

Already?

KEEGAN

Yes, I am a man of wanton desire.

GERTA

Do you think you can go again?

KEEGAN

You just can't get enough, can you?

GERTA

We've only had sex for five seconds.

KEEGAN

I know. I didn't know you were such a lady of the evening I will try and satiate your lust for me, but I grow weary.

Keegan passes out on top of her. She pushes him off of her and drags him behind an alley dumpster. She waddles away, wiping at her face.

EXT. BREEN GAY MEAT PACKING PLANT - DAY

A huge sign reads, 'Breen Gay Meats Company Picnic.' The parking lot of the plant is packed with people surrounding a plethora of tables filled with different types of meats. People are clamoring about the tables, messily devouring the food with their hands. People are walking around with heaping plates of meat, which they greedily nosh. Keegan enters the parking lot and is jostled to and fro. He's holding a covered platter in his hands that people grab at and he shoves away. He makes his way to the tables and uncovers the platter, revealing the squirming mutated worms he's grown in his bedroom. He walks around the pot-luck and shoves the worms into as much of the food as he can. People grab and eat and don't seem to notice the obvious additions to the food.

People are eating the worms as quickly as Keegan can stash them. Someone finally wrestles the platter from him and dips their face into the worms, chomping them down as quickly as possible. Keegan is buffeted out of the crowd and staggers out the gate. He spies Stuart coming toward the gathering and stops him in his tracks.

KEEGAN

Hello, Stuart.

STUART

Didn't think I'd see you here. Why are you here?

KEEGAN

I love my city. I am saving it from itself.

STUART

Is there any food left?

They look over to see people chowing down on a fully grown sow. It looks raw.

KEEGAN

I think so.

STUART

Good. Get the fuck out of my way.

KEEGAN

This will be food for you, Stuart. I love you.

STUART

Fuck off, Keegan.

Stuart shoves him and enters the gate. Keegan walks off.

INT. TELEVISION NEWS STUDIO - DAY

An NEWS ANCHOR sits at a desk and delivers the news. She looks sick.

NEWS ANCHOR

The City of Breen Gay is getting sick. A plague of nausea and a voracious appetite for meat seem to be the symptoms of the unusual illness.

CUT TO A GROCERY STORE WHERE SHOPPERS ARE FILLING UP THEIR

CARTS WITH NOTHING BUT MEAT

GROCERY SHOPPER

Yes, I'm eating meat only. I don't want the other stuff. Fuck Veggies.

CUT TO GROCERY CLERK COVERED IN BLOOD

GROCERY CLERK

It's like this whole town turned into a bunch of carnivores. Produce is sitting there rotting. Can't get meat in here quick enough.

CUT TO KIDS AT A PLAYGROUND

KID

I've been shitting worms.

OTHER KID

I've been shitting worms too!

CUT BACK TO NEW ANCHOR

NEWS ANCHOR

There is a town hall meeting scheduled tomorrow where our mayor will meet with everyone to discuss what's to be done about this new rampant health crisis. Everyone is called to attend

The News Anchor takes a ham out from under the news desk and begins taking bites.

INT. BREEN GAY TOWN HALL - DAY

The MAYOR, woman 30s, is standing in front of a podium in front of a full town hall meeting room. There are some important looking people sitting behind her. The crowd is eating handfuls of meat while they sit watching her and waiting for her to begin talking. She holds up a hand for silence.

MAYOR

My fellow, Gayians. I would like to thank the medical professionals and scientists to help us with this crisis. This is a time of great suffering for our people. I can assure you that we are doing everything we can to find out what this terrible

disease is that has infected us all and how it came to be. It seems that only our fair city of Breen Gay has been infected. We are a proud place, but small, and I assure you that soon we will have answers. I would like to open the floor now for questions.

BUCK RUCKENFIELD, 40s, male, and huge, stands up.

BUCK

I'm Buck. Foreman of Breen Gay Meats as you all know. I want to know why the Arabs are using bio-terrorism on us. We wouldn't have elected you if we knew you were going to be a fucking pussy!

MAYOR

Now Buck, there isn't any reason to believe that this is a terrorism plot. I don't know why you always come to that conclusion. Last year we ran out of vanilla ice cream at the spring picnic and you said it was because the Greeks were practicing eugenics on the Eastern Europeans. Still doesn't make sense and it caused a stir over nothing.

SALLY, 20s woman, stands up.

SALLY

The doctor bills over this have been horrible. I have two kids and was wondering if any of these costs could be reimbursed.

MAYOR

Yes. Turn in your claims to our office and we will see what we can do to help.

SALLY

Also, if the Nazis think they can poison us and get rid of the Jewish population in Breen Gay, they have another thing coming!

MAYOR

Who said anything about Nazis?

SALLY

I'm half Jewish on my mother's side.
I'm going to stomp me some punk ass
Nazis.

BUCK

Fuckin' A right!

MAYOR

Hold up right there. There isn't any
talk of Nazis or Arabs or anything
like that. It's something in our food,
maybe it was something picked up from
tainted meat.

PORTER MCLOIN, 60s, male, well-dressed, stands up.

PORTER MCLOIN

Wait a moment! I'm Porter McLoin.
Owner of Breen Gay Meats. Let's not
talk like that. You'll kill my
business. The town's lifeblood! That's
libel. My plant is clean. I'll sue you
and the government if you try and
blame this on me.

MAYOR

Nobody is blaming anyone. I was just
using an example.

PORTER MCLOIN

Fuck your examples. Don't fuck with my
business. You should concentrate on a
situation that's more likely the
culprit of this whole mess. What about
the fucking North Koreans? They are
all communist and shit. They hate
America. What's to stop them from some
sort of biological warfare?

MAYOR

North Korea? I don't think they have
anything to do with this.

PORTER MCLOIN

They are fucking communists. Commies
will do anything.

The crowd murmurs its consent.

MAYOR

You've all brought up some interesting points. We are all suffering. I am suffering with you. Are there any further comments or questions before we break?

Keegan stands up.

KEEGAN

I have a comment! I know why this is happening! I know how to cure it!

BUCK

Yeah, get rid of those fucking Nazi Arabs!

KEEGAN

No! We need to eat vegetables.

BUCK

Lettuce-munching-Jew-killing-commie-Korean-Loving-Arabian-Night's-reading-LIBERALS!

Buck takes out a gun and shoots it into the air. Everyone starts screaming and stampedes out of the town hall.

EXT. KEEGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Dirty Al is sitting on the outside steps of Keegan's apartment building. He looks like he's rotting. Keegan returns home and walks up to him.

KEEGAN

What's going on, Dirty Al?

DIRTY AL

I thought you might want a few more worms. I have all you can handle.

KEEGAN

I don't need any more. The one's you gave me worked well enough.

DIRTY AL

Is there anything else I can do for you? You've been all the way up my asshole. Find anything else up there you might be interested in?

KEEGAN

No, sorry. I really must be getting to bed. Thanks again for the worms. I appreciate it.

Dirty Al stands up. Keegan spies a dark brown stain on the steps from where he was sitting.

DIRTY AL

I'm hungry! I need food or money or both! I'll do anything you want!

Dirty Al drops his pants. His legs are covered in sores. worms writhe in the festering spots.

KEEGAN

You need to go away.

DIRTY AL

Please! I'm dying! You're my only hope!

KEEGAN

Get inside.

INT. KEEGAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Keegan brings Dirty Al into his apartment.

KEEGAN

Go take a shower. I'll make some food.

Dirty Al wanders off to the bathroom. Keegan puts some veggies in a pot of water on the stove. Dirty Al re-enters the room. He's nude and covered in worm-ridden sores.

DIRTY AL

Like what you see?

KEEGAN

Put some clothes on.

DIRTY AL

Not yet. I must thank you for all you're doing for me.

Dirty Al steps towards Keegan. Keegan flings the pot of now boiling water into his face. Burned skin drips from Dirty Al's head. Dirty Al opens the refrigerator and tries to climb inside. Keegan is hitting him over and over with the pot. Dirty Al faces him. You can see parts of his skull. He's

falling to pieces right before your eyes.

DIRTY AL

Don't kill me! Let me go!

Keegan takes a kitchen knife and slashes Dirty Al across the chest. Then he cuts Dirty Al's penis in half lengthwise. The half dicks flap. Dirty Al runs to the door and opens it. Keegan throws the knife, and it bounces off the back of Dirty Al's head. Dirty Al runs out of the apartment with Keegan trailing close behind.

EXT. KEEGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENT'S LATER

Dirty Al runs down the apartment steps and runs into CEDRIC, a young black man wearing business attire, knocking the groceries out of Cedric's arms. They fall to the ground. Keegan runs up to Dirty Al and slams the pot handle into his skull. Dirty Al falls down dead. Keegan is covered in blood and pus. Cop cars pull up. Siren's blaring. Several cops spring from the cars and surround Cedric. An OFFICER pulls his gun on Cedric.

OFFICER

Put you fucking hands up!

CEDRIC

Thank goodness you're here. I heard screaming from upstairs. I called you.

OFFICER

Fucking hands up!

The Officer kicks Cedric in the face. Several others crowd around him and beat the young man mercilessly.

OFFICERS

Stay Still! Stop resisting!

CEDRIC

I didn't do anything. I was just coming home from the grocery store! You're hurting me!

Cedric gets kicked in the face and lays still on the ground.

OFFICER

Stay still. (turns to blood splattered Keegan) Are you a witness?

KEEGAN

I saw the whole thing. That man killed that homeless guy and raped me several times in the ass.

OFFICER

Where is the murder weapon?

KEEGAN

Here it is. Thank you for saving me.

Keegan hands the pot handle to the officer.

CEDRIC

I was just walking home! That man covered in blood killed him. What the hell is wrong with you guys?

OFFICER

Don't play the race card with us.

CEDRIC

I didn't say anything about race!

The officers kick Cedric into submission. Then the main officer goes up to Keegan.

OFFICER

I'm sorry you had to go through that.

KEEGAN

Thanks, officer. I appreciate it.

Keegan goes back inside while the officers put Cedric in the police car.

INT. PORTER MCLOIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Porter McLoin is in his opulent home kitchen. He's still decked out in the same loud cowboy gear he was wearing at the town hall meeting. He's prepping an oversized skillet at the stove and then goes to the fridge and opens it, revealing tons of beautifully trimmed hunks of meat.

PORTER MCLOIN

Time to eat, baby!

Porter selects a steak and plops the monster slab of meat on the skillet to sizzle. He sneezes. A long white roundworm, drenched in green snot, wiggles several inches out of his nose.

PORTER MCLOIN

Oh, you're not going anywhere.

Porter shoves the worm back up his nose with his index finger. Another worm juts out from the around his eyes. He pushes that one back inside his head.

PORTER MCLOIN

If you're going to eat, you're just going to have to be patient.

Porter takes more steaks out from the fridge and puts them in the already filled skillet. He grabs more pots and pans. Worms are starting to come out of his mouth, ears, and nose. If there's an orifice, worms are coming out of it. Meat is falling to the floor. Porter grunts and leans forward. We hear him shit. A mixture of worms and shit fall out of the bottom of his pants leg. He vomits worms all over the meat. They begin to eat. Porter chomps down meat as quickly as he can. Worms are coming out of him at a terrible rate.

PORTER MCLOIN

Eat, you fuckers, eat!

Porter stumbles and falls. He pulls up his shirt and looks at his stomach. The skin is distended, and we can see what appears to be worms writhing vigorously underneath the skin. He pulls his shirt back down and grabs meat off the floor and eats and eats and eats.

INT. BASEMENT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT

Keegan and Stuart are sitting at the radio podcast table. Stuart looks a bit thinner and healthier.

KEEGAN

You're looking great, Stuart.

STUART

Being a victim of bio-terrorism has always looked good on me, you fuck.

KEEGAN

How much weight have you lost?

STUART

Thirty pounds.

KEEGAN

Thirty pounds! Incredible! That is just stupendous. How are you feeling?

STUART

This whole situation is all your fault. You poisoned my body. I've been shitting dead lumps of worms for the past two weeks. Shitting worms doesn't make me happy.

KEEGAN

That's right. Dead worms. Not live ones. That means what I told you is working. I told you I'd get you on a diet and here we are! Think of the quality of life you're going to have now that you're a vegan. Not many heart attacks among us lettuce munchers.

STUART

Didn't have much of a choice, did I?

KEEGAN

I did you and everyone else a favor. When a person doesn't see the light, sometimes that light needs to be brought unto them. That's in the bible.

STUART

No, it's not. You really think that when you spill what you did that everyone will forgive you for infesting them with flesh-eating, parasitic worms? You'll be shot within the hour.

KEEGAN

If you me shot with gratitude, then call me bullet riddled. This wasn't about personal health. Think of all those suffering animals that the city will no longer torture.

STUART

Think of the whole city laid off work. The factory can't sell an ounce of meat. Everyone will know that meat will make them sick. Where the fuck will everyone work? No meat packing factory means no city of Breen Gay. You've ruined us all!

KEEGAN

Don't be so melodramatic.

STUART

Do you really think you've made a difference? People will just get their meat from somewhere else. People will always eat meat. This won't stop them.

KEEGAN

A trip of a thousand miles begins with one step. I've ended the meat packing industry of Breen Gay. Tomorrow I will bring my parasite army to cleanse another city, then move onto the next. The whole state of Wisconsin will be vegan by the end of the year. Do you know what that means?

STUART

A bunch of anemic Packer fans?

KEEGAN

No! Well, maybe. The City of Breen Gay is ground zero for the beginning of a world where animals are safe from the viciousness of the slaughterhouse. People will have a new standard of health. People will enjoy longer and fuller lives. When you think about it, veganism equals happiness.

STUART

I'm vegan. I'm not fucking happy. Do you realize I've probably shit a gallon of mutated round worms out of my ass? There are a lot of people in the work. You'll be contributing to several billion gallons of dead shitted round worms from sea to shining sea.

KEEGAN

You and I are on the brink of a new utopia.

STUART

Just stop fucking talking to me. We go live in ten seconds. If you want to tell everyone your the mutant-round worm ringleader, be my guest. It's

your fucking funeral.

KEEGAN

Let's do this.

Stuart snaps his fingers at Keegan.

STUART

You're live!

KEEGAN

Welcome to another episode of Fruits and Nuts with Keegan the Vegan. I have a special announcement for you tonight. Have you asked yourselves lately, 'What is this huge worm coming out of my sinus passage,' or 'What are all these live things I keep pooping out that attempt to climb back into my rectum.'? I have the answers, for I am the harbinger of your nasal worm. I and the birthparent of the jerking ass climber. You are all infected and meat will be your downfall! My vegan rage at your insistence on bloody nourishment has brought forth this pestilence upon you. You want to rid of the mutant white worms that squirm in your bowels? Put down that lamb shank and pick up a radish. Put down that ground chuck and pick up a nice bunch of collard greens. Eat meat and the worms thrive and multiply rapidly, eventually clogging your organs and leaving you to die in agony. If you want to live, stop eating meat at once. Adopt a vegan lifestyle. Change now. Change or die. I will now take your calls and questions.

Keegan taps his finger on the table. The phone doesn't ring. Stuart shrugs.

STUART

Dead air, Keegan. Get fucking talking.

KEEGAN

I just declared war on the city. I don't get it.

The phone stayed silent. Stuart leans in towards Keegan. He's

twisted in rage.

STUART

Nobody...listens...to...this...fucking
...show. I don't know how many times I
have to tell you. I sometimes make p
residential death threats on air w
hile you're taking a shit, just to s
ee if the secret service is even l
istening. Nobody listens. NOBODY G
IVES A FLYING FUCK ABOUT VEGANISM!

Keegan looks at Stu. He's aghast! But then wipes the spittle
away from Stu's mouth and looks at him like a loving parent
does their newborn child.

KEEGAN

I know someone who cares. It's you,
Stu. You care.

STUART

I don't care. (quietly) It's just
animals. Animals are food.

KEEGAN

If you don't care, then why are you
shitting dead worms?

Stuart begins to cry.

STUART

I'm shitting worms
because...because...I'm a vegan.

KEEGAN

You're a vegan, and you care.

STUART

I'm a vegan, and I care.

KEEGAN

That's it, Stuart. Join us. Join our
cause.

STUART

I've been shitting a lot of worms.

KEEGAN

Yes, you have. You've been shitting a
lot of worms.

Keegan reaches across the table and takes Stuart's face in his hands. He leans in and kisses him hard on the mouth. He steps back and does an interpretive dance spin, hitting his hip on the table, and spraining his ankle. He tries to stand up but can't.

KEEGAN

I'm sorry, Stuart. I can't have sex with you. I've lost too much protein already.

Keegan looks up to see that Stuart is naked. He's hairier than shag carpeting. His pubic hair is so lush it hides his penis. Keegan, mesmerized, crawls over to him

KEEGAN

I want to see your penis, Stuart.

Keegan digs at the pubic hair

KEEGAN

Hold up your stomach.

Stuart lifts his gut out of the way and Keegan continues to dig. We see the tip.

KEEGAN

Stuart...you're uncircumcised.

STUART

I am. Is that okay?

KEEGAN

Okay? If I couldn't have all your penis, it would drive me crazy. I would go find the doctor who performed your bris and force him to lead me to the grave where all penis tips go to rot. I would unearth that pile of rotting penis tips and taste them all until I found the one that belonged to you. Then I would bring it back and sew the dry husk to you. Apply leeches to bring back the blood flow. If that wouldn't work I would cover your circumcised area with my own elephant trunk. We would always walk face-to-face so our dicks would be fully covered. Our shared foreskin would be like a fetid umbrella of love. We would pull it back in the shower and

soap it well. We would never get an infection.

STUART

I think I love you, Keegan.

KEEGAN

Just remember Stu, this is what it's like to be a vegan.

Keegan moves in to give fellatio and kneels on Stuart's toes, snapping one. Stuart drops his gut down onto Keegan's head, knocking him to the floor. Stuart begins to piss on Keegan.

STUART

I knew you would try to have sex with me eventually. I might even have let you, but you broke my fucking toe. Now I have to wear those fucking orthopedic shoes. I hate those fuckers.

KEEGAN

It's okay to pee on me. Just don't get it in my eyes. It burns.

STUART

You vegan fuck.

Stuart dresses but is unable to put on a shoe due to his toe.

STUART

Making me take off my shoes and shit.

Stuart kicks Keegan in the face with his uninjured foot and walks out of the room, turning the lights off as he leaves.

INT. BASEMENT PODCAST STUDIO - HOURS LATER

There's a knock at the studio door and Keegan wakes. He rubs his eyes and sits up.

KEEGAN

Who is it?

GERTA

It's Gerta.

Gerta opens the door and enters the studio. She helps Keegan to his feet. Her nose wrinkles at the smell of piss.

GERTA

Did someone beat you up?

KEEGAN

I was beset by a gang. Nobody understands the plight of a vegan.

GERTA

You smell pretty bad.

KEEGAN

I think they pissed on me.

GERTA

I've been pissed on a few times myself. Make sure they drink more water before they do it. Flush out their systems a bit. This piss smells horrible.

KEEGAN

I didn't allow them to piss on me on purpose. I was attacked.

GERTA

I have to admit. You're a very popular guy. Not many kinks in this town. I think I've found my one true love.

KEEGAN

What do you mean?

GERTA

Your virgin nut. I couldn't get that stuff off me. Acetone, turpentine, nothing would work. I just started eating it off myself, I was so desperate. And you know what? It was so good! Delicious! I've been putting you on everything! I need more.

KEEGAN

Um...no thanks.

GERTA

Your semen is like heaven mixed with fairy tales. Put out more of that junk.

Gerta grabs Keegan and begins jerking him off. Keegan looks disinterested.

GERTA

Out with it!

Keegan ejaculates on Gerta's face. She licks her lips and snarls.

GERTA

This isn't the good stuff! Where is my virgin nut juice?

KEEGAN

You cannot have it. My supply is running low, and I have it for my true love only. This isn't love, it's lust and for lust you just get the regular stuff.

GERTA

It doesn't taste good.

KEEGAN

Of course, it doesn't. The semen from my virgin nut has been cultivated for two decades, with love and tenderness. It's for the woman I love. You were once that woman, and I bespeckled your face proper, but you no longer hold that place near and dear to my heart.

GERTA

If you won't give me your man-sauce willingly, then I'll just have to cut it out of you.

Gerta pulls a straight razor out of her bra. She cuts his leg, which bleeds profusely.

GERTA

This knife is sharp, Keegan. Very sharp. I'll have your nut sawed off in less than a second. This is the last time I'm going to ask you. Give me some of the good sauce.

KEEGAN

Okay. Just don't cut me anymore. Let me put myself inside you. We will make sweet love and I'll inject you with my virgin nut love. You won't have to smear it all over your food anymore. My spooze will become part of your

being. Everything you taste will be laced with its odor. You will become one with the nut. Let it be so.

Keegan gently pushes Gerta to the floor, mounts her, pumps into her twice, then falls off of her completely exhausted.

GERTA

Is that it?

KEEGAN

I have made powerful love to you. You may not be able to walk correctly for a while. I'm sorry I was so rough.

GERTA

Don't mention it. Did you use your virgin nut?

KEEGAN

I am sure of it. You have been blessed.

Gerta reaches between her legs and swabs at the sticky mess. She puts her fingers in her mouth and her face screws up in utter disgust.

GERTA

What have you done to me? This tastes horrible!

KEEGAN

You have been blessed indeed. This has never happened to me before. I didn't think it was possible. Not after so many years.

GERTA

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?

KEEGAN

You have not gotten semen from my virgin nut. Nor have you been swathed with my whore nut. You have been bestowed upon by my third nut. I call him Dr. Mackinjammer. When my balls dropped, I felt two hearty sacks in my scrotum. But there was also a third. Small, shriveled and set behind the other two. My parents thought I had cancer when I told them, but the

doctor said it was just a deformity and to just leave it alone. Dr. Mackinjammer only comes alive when fucking the most whoriest whore. He's a dirty little ball.

GERTA

Why me?

KEEGAN

Your rampage of sexual deviancy and rape has finally caught up with you. You've been Mackinjammered. My love for you kept him at bay. Like there was something real there. But the truth cannot remain hidden forever. You are no longer my true love, but his and his alone.

Keegan takes the razor from the retching woman. He cuts into his scrotum and slices free a shriveled horrible looking testicle. He holds it high in the air.

GERTA

Oh, my god!

KEEGAN

It doesn't hurt. I knew this day would come. Look!

GERTA

It's not possible!

KEEGAN

It is! This moment has been etched in the annals of human history from time immemorial! Behold, the birth of Dr. Mackinjammer! My third nut!

The testicle sprouts tentacles and Keegan throws it at Gerta's face. It latches onto her face and scrabbles over to her ear, forcing itself inside. Gerta flails around. She stops breathing. Her eyes roll back into her head. Green slime oozes out of her orifices. She falls down dead. Keegan goes back to the studio microphone.

KEEGAN

Goodbye, Dr. Mackinjammer. I will miss you.

INT. PORTER MCLOIN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

WASHINGTON, lackey for the Breen Gay Meat Packing Plant CEO Porter Mcloin, came into his boss's house in the middle of the night. His arms laden with cuts of beef.

WASHINGTON

Mr. Mcloin? Are you in here? I got your message and came over right away. What's going on?

Washington walks through the house. The lights are low. Bones are everywhere. He gets to the kitchen. The stove is on and smoking. Bits of meat, blood, and bones litter the place.

WASHINGTON

Looks like someone had one hell of a cookout.

He spies Porter McLoin on the floor. McLoin's stomach is horrendously swollen. His body is covered in grease. His stomach is crawling with movement just under the skin.

WASHINGTON

How much did you eat?

PORTER MCLOIN

All I could. Probably half a cow. I wanted to eat more. Much more.

WASHINGTON

You're going to fucking kill yourself. Why are you doing this?

PORTER MCLOIN

The worms.

WASHINGTON

We've all got worms.

PORTER MCLOIN

I've been to the doctor.

WASHINGTON

We all have.

PORTER MCLOIN

Not your shit townie doctors. You work for me. You have shit insurance. I have the best doctors money can buy. They have no idea of how to get rid of

the parasites.

WASHINGTON

You mean we're all fucked? I heard some rumor that we eat only veggies and they'll go away.

PORTER MCLOIN

We are far beyond that now. Mine are too big. If I stop feeding them meat then they'll come after me, the host.

WASHINGTON

What are you going to do? If you die, can I have your stereo?

PORTER MCLOIN

I'm feeding the fuckers. I'm going to feed them so damn much it will make their heads spin. Gorge, pass out, and then do it all over again. I've got a plan, and I need your help.

WASHINGTON

What do you want me to do?

PORTER MCLOIN

Put those steaks on the grill and cook 'em. I've got room for a few pounds more.

Washington clears the stove and starts cooking meat. Porter McLoIn vomits markedly larger white worms all over his chest.

INT. PORTER MCLOIN'S KITCHEN - HOURS LATER.

Porter is lying on the kitchen floor. He's covered in his own shit, blood, and vomit. Washington is standing over him. He's leaning into a broom handle which he is using to shove one last piece of meat into his boss's mouth. He shoves the meat inside his boss, breaking off a few of his teeth in the process with the broom handle. Porter's stomach splits on the lower left side. Washington sits his boss up and wraps his stomach around and around with duct tape. All the while mutant worms are wriggling in and out of the mess of a man. I cannot stress just how completely fucked up this whole situation is. Whatever you're thinking of right now, multiply it by a hundred levels of fucked up. You're almost there.

PORTER MCLOIN

Eat, you fuckers, eat.

WASHINGTON

Boss?

PORTER MCLOIN

Washington, lock me in the closet

WASHINGTON

Boss?

PORTER MCLOIN

You're still on the payroll. Get me in there and lock the door.

Washington opens the door to an ample closet. He turns on the lights. He tosses out the closet contents. Washington struggles with Porter, eventually dragging him into the closet.

WASHINGTON

You sure about this?

PORTER MCLOIN

Lock the fucking door and get out of here.

Washington shuts and locks the closet door. He looks around the kitchen, shrugs, and leaves.

INT. PORTER MCLOIN'S CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Porter is lying on the closet floor. He's moaning. His body is shivering and undulating.

PORTER MCLOIN

That's it. No more food for you.
Starve, you fucks.

Porter's stomach is deflating. The extra skin is jerking around. Worms begin to crawl out of his mouth and ears. The worms start attacking each other - swallowing each other whole. slits open all over Porter's body. Worms crawl out. Larger than the ones we've seen before. Porter screams and pulls off his pants right before he takes a massive shit of writing worms. Three worms the size of rattlesnakes drift halfway out of his ass and hover, looking like a hydra. They begin eating the massive worm shit. Porter begins slapping them and they dive back into his ass for safety. Larger worms rip through the holes in his body. He takes some and chomps down on them. His body is alive with movement that isn't his own. His body is now shriveled. His stomach, which is nothing but a flaccid bag of extra skin, rises as a giant worm rises

within him. The bag of stomach skin is stretched to it's fullest.

PORTER MCLOIN

What the hell?

The worm within his stomach skin lunges forward, hitting Porter under the chin, and knocking him unconscious.

EXT. KEEGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - THE NEXT MORNING

Porter McLoin is walking, but it's obviously not Porter McLoin doing the movement. He's a skeleton of his former self and the giant worm inside him is animating what's left of the wasted man. Keegan leaves his apartment building as meets Porter on the sidewalk. Porter's head flops back and the giant mutant worm rises from his neck cavity. Its mouth opens.

MUTANT ROUND WORM

You are going to die, Keegan.

The body of Porter McLoin explodes revealing the giant worm. Keegan is breathless in terrified awe. The worm bites Keegan on the legs, sucking him into its body up to Keegan's knees.

KEEGAN

Don't eat me! This is speciesism at its worst! I am not to be labeled. I am not food! I refuse the label! I am man!

The mutant worm slurps Keegan all the way into its body.

INT. MUTANT ROUND WORM'S STOMACH - MOMENTS LATER

Keegan is thrashing around inside the worm's stomach. There is a little smoke from the mildly corrosive stomach acid. Keegan is screaming and burning. He tears into his pocket and comes out with a packet which reads, 'IN CASE OF VEGAN EMERGENCY - OPEN PACKET.' Keegan rips open the packet and shakes out the powdered contents all around him. It's like there's an earthquake going on all around him.

KEEGAN

You like that? Flax-seed colon buster 9000. I'll be shit out of here in a minute!

The worm groans and does shit, but Keegan only makes it halfway out of the creature. He gets stuck and begins screaming and coughing in pain.

KEEGAN

Shit me, you freak!

There is another otherworldly groan and massive shitting sounds. Keegan shoots out of the worm's ass and back onto the sidewalk. He's awash in foulness. The mutant roundworm is writhing on the sidewalk. Its body torn almost asunder from the colon-buster 9000. It gasps and dies. Keegan checks his watch and continues walking down the sidewalk.

KEEGAN

I hope this isn't going to be a problem.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A. EXT. CLINIC - DAY - The health clinic is overrun with ambulances and clamoring people.

B. INT. KID'S BEDROOM - DAY - A mother pulls a long mutant roundworm out of her daughter's ear.

C. INT. OFFICE - DAY - A man screams as huge mutant worms sprout from his ass and hover over him, biting his face.

D. EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY - A mutant roundworm is rolling back and forth on the sidewalk. It's obvious there's a human inside of it.

HUMAN INSIDE ROUNDWORM

Help.

E. EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY - A bunch of teenagers are stomping and fighting mutant worms. An Officer is standing next to his car. He's shouting into a bullhorn.

OFFICER

Go home. There is nothing we can do to help. This is an emergency. Go home.
Go home now and god help us all.

END MONTAGE

INT. BASEMENT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT

Keegan sits at the table of his basement podcast studio. He's alone.

KEEGAN

My fellows of the flan. So many of you know that I am the one who poisoned you. The parasites that live in us all, except me, grew off the flesh you consumed and now have taken over your body. You may feel that I am to blame for this, and you're right, but how was I supposed to know the worms couldn't be tamed? It's not like I'm an expert on this sort of thing. Anyway, I'm sorry.

Keegan takes a sip of water and continues.

KEEGAN

This being the final days, I thought I would share with you the diet that has made me a tip top specimen of the human race.

Keegan puts down his mug, dislocating his pinky finger in the process. He pops it back into place. Stuart walks into the studio. His body is decimated.

KEEGAN

Hello, Stuart. You're late. I was just about to share some recipes for our listeners, who're basically all going to die soon. Have you given much thought to your last meal?

Stuart sits.

STUART

Oh, I have. We never had a lot of listeners before all this shit happened, but I'll tell you one thing, you vegan fuck, we've got a lot of listeners now. If people were apathetic to you before, they sure as shit give a shit about who you are now. They're listening, and they hate you.

KEEGAN

Like Howard Stern?

STUART

No, they fucking Jeffery Dahmer hate you. They Pol Pot hate you. They

Hitler hate you. Howard Stern is cool.

KEEGAN

Everyone in town is listening to me?

STUART

They sure as shit are. What do you have to say for yourself?

KEEGAN

I've waited my whole life for this. I now have the platform and I deserve to get my message across. Now that this has happened at my hand. The destruction of the city and its people. I feel it in my heart to say something to all of you. Was it worth it? Was the price of the message of veganism worth all this subsequent killing, disease, and slaughter? No, it wasn't, and I would like to apologize. Yes, my listeners, I'm sorry - FOR NOT DOING THIS FUCKING YEARS AGO! You meat eating assholes! For years, I've been talking my ass off, and nobody gave a shit. WELL, YOU ALL GIVE A SHIT NOW, DON'T YOU? Hell, all I had to do to get through your thick, fucking skulls was to infest your bodies with worms that you now shit by the gallon. Holy shit, fuckers, eat some damn lettuce once and a while. Was that too much to ask? Well, you all want some damn lettuce now, don't you?

STUART

Keegan, I'm here to kill you.

Stuart stands up and takes out a huge bowie knife.

KEEGAN

So it has come to this. After all we've been through. After all the hours together in this booth. All those sweaty nights together. Just you and I looking into each other's eyes, talking the night's away with nobody listening. These were our conversations. It was like four years' worth of My Dinner with Andre. We're

like an old married couple. But don't forget that as a vegan, I am always ready for violence.

Keegan takes out a small Swiss Army knife and folds out the tiny scissors.

STUART

You are fucking crazy.

KEEGAN

En garde.

Keegan rushes forward and stabs Stuart a few times. He licks the blood off his knife and spits it out.

KEEGAN

I will cut you, but I will not drink your blood. I AM VEGAN!

It's Stuart's turn to slash and he cuts major rents in Keegan's clothing but doesn't hit any flesh.

KEEGAN

You can't hit what you can't see. I am waif inside my billowing Mumu. You can cut me all you want, but you'll never penetrate my meager flesh inside these parachute pants!

Stuart tries again but can't cut Keegan. Keegan slaps the knife out of his hands and jumps on Stuart's back. He snips at Stu's ears and nose with the scissors. Stuart grabs Keegan and flings him to the ground. He picks up the bowie knife.

STUART

Time to die.

Stuart stabs Keegan in the stomach. Keegan groans. Stuart leans his face in close.

KEEGAN

One last kiss, Stuart. Before we say goodbye.

They kiss. It's long and lustful. Keegan bites down and Stuart screams and struggles to break free. Blood pours from their mouths. Stuart falls on the ground and Keegan stands, removing the knife from his stomach. He's completely unhurt.

KEEGAN

Thought you got me, didn't you?

Keegan pulls a large block of tofu from his pants.

KEEGAN (CONT.)

Everyone knows you never stab a vegan in the stomach. He's usually thawing out his tofu on his dick before lunch. You stabbed nothing but extra-thick fu.

Keegan takes a bite from the tofu and spits it at Stuart.

KEEGAN (CONT.)

You never loved me, Stuart. You never gave me any positive feedback on my shows. You never tried any of the diets I offered. The only reason I kept you on the show was because of your incredible hotness. Damn your hotness, Stuart! I fell for you and gave you a job. I went for hot when I should have gone for brains.

Keegan takes the bowie knife and kills Stuart. He sits back down at the station desk.

KEEGAN

Hello, everyone. It looks like our time is almost up. My producer is dead. The city is on its way to being dead. But we still have tonight.

Keegan's gore covered face is taut with earnestness.

KEEGAN (CONT.)

The bottom line is that I care about the world I live in. I love the Earth. It has given me life and sustained me with its bounty while asking nothing in return. I care about animals. They have rights, but they are at a disadvantage because they need us humans to protect them. We have to be their advocates, and we've been doing a terrible job of it. Humans are funny with how they feel that they own everything. We dwell on this Earth for a relatively short period of time, and in that time, we try to own and

consume as much as we can. This is false thinking. We don't have to own or exercise complete control and dominion over other living things. There is something in our wiring that makes us feel that way. It's wrong. There are a trillion different species on this Earth. People are just one. one among the many. We are all living things. We are not 'goods' or 'property.' We are not better or worse than another living thing. Every single living thing has value. We have to be brave and stand up for animal rights. This won't be easy because the exploitation of animals is the status quo and challenging that leads to conflict. We make our stand and force proper change. We can do better. We can live healthier, planet sustaining lives. Becoming a vegan is the right thing to do. I wish you all could see that. I really do. Look deep within yourselves and find the love and empathy for the living beings that are being exploited right under your nose. We can do this, together. This is Fruits and Nuts with Keegan the Vegan signing off for the last time. Peace and parsnips, people. Peace and parsnips to you all.

From outside we hear a crowd chanting Keegan's name. Keegan stands up from the podcast studio table and goes to the small basement window. The sun is coming up and there is a crowd of people there. Some are carrying torches. Most of them have cleavers, hatchets, tongs, and other cooking utensils. They are all nearly naked and covered in gore. Mutant worms cling to some of them, seeming to take up the chant for Keegan themselves.

EXT. RADIO STUDIO PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Keegan walks out of the radio studio building and towards the crowd. A WOMAN in the crowd steps forward.

WOMAN

You will be sacrificed to the worm god. Your death will end our suffering.

KEEGAN

Nope.

Keegan turns to run but he's easily caught. Many hands drag him to the ground and the crowd forms a circle around him. A People take his arms and legs and spread them out.

KEEGAN

I can help you. I can guide you.

Various grills are brought into the circle and prepared to cook. A woman steps forward with a hatchet in her hands.

KEEGAN

I have an interpretive dance for this exact type of situation. Let me show it to you!

The woman chops off one of his arms and it's thrown on the grill there is much cheering.

KEEGAN

Don't animals deserve the same rights at people?

CROWD

FUCK NO!

Keegan's leg is chopped off and tossed on another grill. People happily spice it up. Someone bastes it.

KEEGAN

We can eat onions! We can eat tomatoes! Fucking tomatoes, people!

Keegan loses another arm. That appendage is soon sizzling. Next his last leg come off. The crowd is going crazy. The woman with the hatchet comes forward. She looks down at Keegan who is now just a body and a head.

KEEGAN

(weeping)

We can eat tofu. With the right spices, it tastes just like meat.

WOMAN

That's just not true. Every Vegan says that, but it's just not true.

Keegan looks around at the clamoring crowd. They are all beginning to eat his arms and legs. They chomp down, fighting

for a taste.

KEEGAN

I've finally done it. You're finally listening to me. We are all vegan because you are what you eat. YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT...

The woman brings the hatchet down several times, chopping off Keegan's head.

THE END