THE WEAKNESS RADIATING FROM A BROKEN SOUL

INT. TRAFAZA HOUSEHOLD - MORNING

The sun is shining and the birds are singing. This middle class home reeks of bliss but there's an almost creepy ATMOSPHERE that surrounds the whole house. Imagine the house you lived in when you were a child, this is it. We hear a clank and we move to the:

KTTCHEN

Where JOHN JUNIOR, 11 sits on the marble coated counter, it looks expensive. John isn't your typical 11 year old, in fact, you could classify him as the 'popular kid' at school.

Remember when you were little and you used to think that if you could either whistle or juggle, that you'd be the coolest kid around?

Yeah, well, John can't do that, and he's still popular. He hides a shade of sadness under his happy face.

JOHN SENIOR (O.S.) WADDUP MY NIGGAS!

John J cringes hard, as if he's done this a million times over. He gazes back with an irritated eye, notices JOHN SENIOR, 37, a face so pale that you could mistake him for a ghost, but he reeks of kindness.

His gaze is strict, but you can see from his neatly trimmed beard that he has a kinder side to him, but if you'd seen the shit he's seen, you wouldn't want to show your normal side...

WRITER'S NOTE: If filmed, I would prefer it if you could get somebody like Sam Rockwell to play this part. The actor needs to have the ability to transform into a bumbling idiot to a strict father. Thank you.

JOHN J

Jesus, dad. Why you always gotta be so racist, huh? It's like every single morning when you wake up, I can hear "nigger, nigger, nigger".

It's obvious that John J is frustrated. John S slowly walks up to him fatherly like, then puts his arms around him and gives him a loving hug.

JOHN SENIOR

I know, John. I know you're frustrated, but I need to make you smile. Your mom died and I just, I feel as if it's my fault, ya know?

John Senior struggles to hold in his tears, it's obvious this is a memory he'd rather not relive.

JOHN SENIOR (CONT'D)

If I'd known... If I just knew she was Canadian, I wouldn't have married her.

(MORE)

JOHN SENIOR (CONT'D)

I had to kill her, John. You understand that right? This war has been raging for 5 years, and we're in the heat of it. Because of this, we need to understand that why we're in the middle of it. Where do you live, son?

John J puts down his bacon, saddened.

JOHN J

I live in the pacific northwest.

JOHN SENIOR

And what does that mean?

JOHN J

That it is my duty to destroy all Canadians and not let them cross the border.

JOHN SENIOR

And remember, how do you recognize a Canadian?

John J thinks hard, the seemingly useless hours of school being put to good use.

JOHN J

(stuttering)

They smell.

John Senior is serious, as if he's murdered his own son.

JOHN SENIOR

THEY SMELL LIKE WHAT! DON'T YOU FUCKING BECOME LIKE THAT CUNT MOTHER OF YOURS, ANSWER ME!

JOHN J

Hockey pucks, daddy. They smell like hockey pucks brewed in maple syrup.

John J lets out a sigh of relief, as if he's just gotten two tonnes of bricks lifted off his shoulder.

JOHN SENIOR

You're god dam right, you fucking nigger!

JOHN J

Dad! Stop this racist shit! Please, it's not a good influence on me! I'm still growing up!

John Senior imitates John J in such a way that it's degrading but also very funny.

JOHN SENIOR

(mocking)

Dood! Stoop thoos roocoost shoot! (MORE)

JOHN SENIOR (CONT'D)

Ploose, oot's noot o gaad inflooncoo aon moo! MOO, MOO, MOTHER FUCKAAAAA!

He straightens himself out, as if he's realizes how stupid but funny he looks.

JOHN SENIOR (CONT'D)

Oh, you want to be teaching me how to act, sonny boy? You want to be an adult like me? How about you can be an adult by staying at home all day - because you're such an adult!

JOHN J

I don't care!

JOHN SENIOR

By yourself!

John J gasps! Has he really heard what he's think he's heard??? Secretly, he remembers the Canadian cannibals that might come and eat him.

JOHN J

But dad! What about the Canadian cannibals! What if they eat me?

JOHN SENIOR

TUFF TITTIES, you little bitch! Suck me off!! So long, beeches!

John Senior doubles over, puts his ass to John J's face, he let's out a massive fart with the power of the Hiroshima bomb. John J falls to the ground in pain, he's suffocating, struggling to breath!

Is this how he dies? With a fart to his face??? As John Senior exits the house, John J finally takes a deep breath, he's so incredibly happy that he can now breathe!

As he's taking a sniff of his surroundings, he smells something! Something really bad! SOMETHING THAT STARTS WITH A..... P P P P P P P! HOLY FUCKING SHIT! He can smell a hockey puck, oh, wow, holy moly --

JOHN J

-- guacamole. IT'S A FUCKING HOCKEY PUCK! There's a Canadian in this house, daddy!

But daddy is no where to be found as John J runs around the house, in a frantic but precise mind set, luckily he's very headstrong or else he would be unable to take this task out without the perfection that he has at his current moment from years of practice and training, almost as if he was born to do it...

INT. JOHN HOUSEHOLD - CORRIDOR - SOME TIME LATER

As John J holds a futuristic baseball bat in his hand, ready to beat the next thing that comes out. His stubborn gaze leads to the basement door, it almost dares him to enter.

JOHN J

That's where the hockey puck and maple syrup smell is coming from! I must kill those Cannibal Canadians!

John J gathers up the courage, it's as if he was born to do this. He holds the hockey stick tight and ventures to the door. He slowly opens it. As he takes a step forward, he trips and rolls down the stairs, straight into the ---

BASEMENT!

As he reaches the ground, he lands with a monstrous thud, like C4 exploding in a dried cement mixer. He gazes around, notices the lights are turned on, somebody was definitely in here.

He grabs his nose because the smell here is unbearable, it reeks of Canadians.

He gazes ahead, his eyes widen, his jaw drops, his smelling holes enlargen, his belt unzips itself, his pants drop, his underwear falls, his hand goes down towards his crotch, and he begins masturbating...

The scene ahead of him shows something... Something very unexpected. Something so unexpected that you won't be able to guess. Now, picture the scene, a young kid with his pants down, staring at something? Do you have your guesses? Well, you'd be right! Because it's none other than... A CANADIAN HOOKER!!!

Now, Hooker isn't like other Canadians, she was raised by John Senior and has lived in the basement ever since. Now she's also naked and she's also very pretty, she's chained to the wall and moaning in pleasure for some odd reason.

Suddenly, John J screams and the Hooker wakes up! They both start to scream as if they were Lions after their prey! What a spectacle.

HOOKER

Hey, kid! Get me out of here, will you? Your father kidnapped me from Canada and has been having sex with me ever since! Please, I need to return to my homeland! I don't mean any harm! Also, put your pants up young man!

John J quickly does as he is told. He blushes, CAUGHT!

JOHN J

How do I know you won't eat me?

HOOKER

I'll show you my baby pussy if you do.

JOHN J

But I have already seen such a magnificent baby pussy as yours at this current moment. Is there nothing else you could give me in return. Perhaps a baby butthole? Or maybe a baby rectum? Even a baby blowjob would suffice.

HOOKER

How about a baby kiss?

John J contemplates this situation, should he do it? He knows he would get in a lot of trouble but who cares? He nods to Hooker, unlocks her chain.

POV OF HOOKER: as John J, with his slimy lips, forces his face towards her, eyes closed -- as he gets a slap on his face. BACK TO SCENE: as he starts crying from this sudden pain that he feels on his cheek from the Hooker's slap.

HOOKER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but you're underage and
I can't.

JOHN J

Oh, okay, understandanal. I mean, understandable. Haha.

They both look at each other ---- AWKWARD!

INT. HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - LATER

Hooker, now with her baby bits covered by tribal rags made only for Canadians, sits at the kitchen counter eating cereal.

John J stares at her cleavage, hoping for the rags to fall off.

Slowly, they begin to slip as the Hooker's tit falls out.

JOHN J

BOOBTES!

She continues to eat, tit out and all, it's obvious she has no moral respect for her peers, absolutely disgusting. She'd be put into a sect of her own. If you were to rate her in 1 to 10, she'd be put at "thainamese ladyboy".

HOOKER

Aren't you going to ask me a serious question?

JOHN J

There are no serious questions. How dare you come in to my house and invade my father and my privacy? Do you even care about what we're going through? Today was the death of my mother 20 years ago, thank you very much! She died, lady! And you just come waltzing in, as if nothing has happened? How dare you? How fucking dare you?! YOU COME INTO MY HOME AND QUESTION ME, FOOL!

HOOKER

Fuck up, little bitch.

JOHN J

What the fuck did you just fucking say about me, you little bitch? I'll have you know I graduated top of my class in the Navy Seals, and I've been involved in numerous secret raids on Al-Quaeda, and I have over 300 confirmed kills. I am trained in gorilla warfare and I'm the top sniper in the entire US armed forces. You are nothing to me but just another target. I will wipe you the fuck out with precision the likes of which has never been seen before on this Earth, mark my fucking words. You think you can get away with saying that shit to me? Think again, fucker. As we speak I am contacting my secret network of spies across the USA and your location is being traced right now so you better prepare for the storm, maggot. The storm that wipes out the pathetic little thing you call your life. You're fucking dead, bitch. I can be anywhere, anytime, and I can kill you in over seven hundred ways, and that's just with my bear hands. Not only am I extensively trained in unarmed combat, but I have access to the entire arsenal of the United States Marine Corps and I will use it to its full extent to wipe your miserable ass off the face of the continent, you little shit. If only you could have known what unholy retribution your little "clever" comment was about to bring down upon you, maybe you would have held your fucking tonque. But you couldn't, you didn't, and now you're paying the price, you goddamn idiot. (MORE)

JOHN J (CONT'D)

I will shit fury all over you and you will drown in it. You're fucking dead, cunt.

Hooker finally stops eating, amazed at the writer's ability to write such an awesome monologue. It's as if she's just came thinking about the writer's fingers typing across the keyboard. She's probably so wet right now...

HOOKER

I'm so wet right now. Where did you learn that?

JOHN J

I copied and pasted it off the internet... Okay, I'm sorry, I went a little too far. Will you please forgive me, baby?

HOOKER

You're forgived.

She slowly puts her spoon down, regret crosses her eyes, sadness reeks from her armpits and the sweat of anger drips down her perfectly toned thighs. She starts to cry.

HOOKER (CONT'D)

I'm dying, John...

John J's eyes widen! Has he really heard such a thing? But why does he care? She's Canadian!

JOHN J

I'm sorry... I just, I'm so fucking sorry.

HOOKER

I remember when your father first took me down there, I... I thought we were just going to have sex. He paid me handsomely, he even said we were great friends.

JOHN J

Then what happened?

HOOKER

The Canadian/American war happened. As soon as he discovered I was Canadian, he pooped in his pants and said I'm not his hooker anymore. He started crying and refuses to call me "her nigga". I just, and then he had a son and wife and he started to become all distant. Eventually he broke all contact and refused to talk to me, I became a sex slave and the war still rages on...

JOHN J

Oh my... That's so sad...

John J is triumphant, he now knows what to do but does he have the courage to do so? Can he overcome his flaw? Is he the weak 'muthafucka' his father labelled him as?

JOHN J (CONT'D)
I'M NOT A WEAK MUTHAFUCKA
BITCHES!!! Lady, I don't know who
you are but your story has shown me
that this is all bullshit and that
I can save you from this! What do
you say, huh? I'll take you back to
Alaska.

Hooker can't help but hold in her tears. She begins to weep, this is her 'all is lost' moment ending. This is what her life has been leading to. She nods.

HOOKER

Yes, I do! I want to cum back with -

INTERRUPTED -- AS THE DOOR IS BLASTED OPEN AND JOHN SENIOR ENTERS WITH A BAZOOKA!

JOHN SENIOR
YOU FUCKING MUTHAFUCKAS! JOHN
JUNIOR YOU LITTLE FUCK! I told you
not to open the basement door.

His eyes narrow onto the Hooker.

JOHN SENIOR (CONT'D) And you little cunt! How dare you talk to my son!

JOHN J

No, pappy! You don't understand! She's a good woman! And I'm not gonna let you hurt her, just like you hurt mom! I'm not gonna make her become dead! You hear that?

John Senior gathers the bazooka, he points it at Hooker, he's gonna do it and there's shit John J can do to stop him. This is it... This is how it all ends.

IN SLOW MOTION, as John Senior presses the trigger and the bazooka heads for the Hooker!

HOOKER

I love you... Son...

HOLY FUCKING

JOHN J

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AND JUST AS THE ROCKET IS ABOUT TO BLOW JOHN J APART, WE --

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The stars shine bright like the waves of a calm ocean, it's beautiful, undeniably pleasant, there is nothing in the world that can rival the beauty on hold here. Imagine the happiest moment of your life and then times it by exactly two billion, one hundred and two point four three six. Then divide that by 6...

The Hooker stands in the middle, staring at the sky, as if she's hypnotized. She wears a beautiful, short and sexy sundress, enough to make any man cream himself.

HOOKER (V.O.)
John J's death finally put an end
to all of this madness. Three
billion people had died in this
war, three billion people with
families and children, husbands and
wives. All because the Americans
lost a game of football to Canada.
We all live peacefully now, there
cannot be any more thanks given.
Especially by me. John J saved me
from an eternal rape. My son saved
me... Now, I'm free. Now...
Nobody... And I mean nobody --

FADE TO BLACK.

HOOKER (V.O.)
-- will ever lick my baby pussy again.

THE END...