

STONED PATRIOTS: REDUX

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EXT. MOUNT VERNON-DAY

A massive mansion. Built out of wood and brick, in a neoclassical Georgian style, the estate is nestled on the banks of the Potomac River.

Large Oak trees provide plenty of shade for the plethora of workers who dwell in the fields adjacent to the mansion.

INT. MOUNT VERNON/LIVING ROOM

The extravagantly furnished room is laced in a veil of thick smoke. Four elderly men sit around a large wooden table, each coughing and giggling.

These are the Founding Fathers, they are all obviously stoned. A large glass bong rests atop the table.

HAMILTON

He went completely mad, they locked him up in his own castle.

JEFFERSON

Serves him right. Fate, there's no avoiding it.

WASHINGTON

(beat)
Poor bastard.

HAMILTON

He brought it on himself.

WASHINGTON

No one deserves that, not even a ruthless tyrant like that.

Washington snatches up the bong, places his finger over the carb and takes a long hit.

JEFFERSON

(teasing)
Keep talking like that and we'll have you arrested for treason.

WASHINGTON

(coughing)
Keep talking like that and you won't get anymore of this fine Virginia-grown cannabis.

JEFFERSON

Alright, I'll admit it. Your stash is quite alright George, but you should give this a try.

Jefferson reaches into his coat and pulls out a small leather pouch. This grabs everyone's attention, Benjamin Franklin even takes a moment from staring at his hands.

HAMILTON

What do you have their Tom?

JEFFERSON

This, my friends is *Cambodian Red*. Picked it up from a old Chinese fellow last time I was in Baltimore.

WASHINGTON

Wait, why would a Chinese man be selling something from Cambodia.

A long and awkward silence.

JEFFERSON

(annoyed)

Anyway, who is going to take the plunge?

He opens the small leather bag, several ounces of dark red cannabis fall onto the table. Blood-shot eyes stare on with a curious gaze.

Franklin snatches the bong away from Washington and places some of the Cambodian Red into the stem of the bong. He pulls out a match and quickly lights up. As the smoke enters his lungs, his eyes widen and he falls back into his chair coughing.

HAMILTON

Well?

FRANKLIN

(coughing)

Amazing. Simply amazing.

Everyone else reaches for the bong in unison, almost knocking it over.

WASHINGTON

Me first!

JEFFERSON
It's my Ganja!

HAMILTON
It's my bong!

Washington snatches it up.

WASHINGTON
(beat)
Well, it's my country.

He takes a long hit and then quickly passes it to Hamilton, then finally on to Jefferson. Everyone is coughing, amazed and the potency of the Endo they have just inhaled.

They all sit back in their large chairs, enjoying the relaxing effect of Cambodian Red. The room is filled with a new layer of smoke, which carries a red hue with it.

BONG
Are you fellas enjoying yourselves?

Everyone is spooked, as they look for the origin of the unknown voice.

WASHINGTON
Who said that?

BONG
Well, I did.

Everyone looks towards the Bong. A small mouth and a pair of eyes have appeared, a very pleasant looking object. It smiles at the confused Founding Fathers.

HAMILTON
(shocked)
The Bong is talking...

FRANKLIN
What the hell is going on?

JEFFERSON
Are we dead?

WASHINGTON
(to the Bong)
Who are you?

BONG
The name is Smokey, the magical bong.

JEFFERSON

(beat)

What do you want with us Smokey?

SMOKEY

Your wisdom and knowledge of all things weed-related is needed elsewhere.

WASHINGTON

Where?

SMOKEY

(beat)

In the future.

A purple psychedelic haze begins to fill the room. After a few sudden flashes of light, the haze begins to disappear. The room has been replaced by the interior of a Flower-Power van.

INT. VAN-DAY

The van is decked out with a wide assortment of colors and fabrics, small colorful flower-stickers are everywhere. The Founding Fathers are now cramped inside.

Behind the wheel sits DONNY, long hair and a full beard. His clothes colorful and non-Western in design. He is clearly a *hippie*.

Donny suddenly glances at his rear-view mirror and spots his unknown passengers. He slams on his breaks and the van screeches to a stop.

DONNY

(shocked)

Who the fuck are you guys?

The sight behind him is almost too much to comprehend. Four old men, dressed in eighteenth century clothing, one holding a bong.

WASHINGTON

George Washing-

DONNY

What the hell is going on?

HAMILTON

We are from the past.

JEFFERSON

Sent here by this magical, talking bong.

FRANKLIN

To help you.

DONNY

Help me with what?

WASHINGTON

Uh, he hasn't told us yet.

Everyone looks towards the Bong.

SMOKEY

The Founding Fathers are here to help you save your hippie commune.

DONNY

(confused)

I've got to stop smoking so much.

SMOKEY

No, if anything you need to start smoking more.

DONNY

Wait, how do you know about the commune?

SMOKEY

The whole magical bong thing, I basically know everything.

HAMILTON

Could someone explain what a commune is?

SMOKEY

Basically, a relatively small, often rural community whose members share common interests, work, and income and often own property collectively.

WASHINGTON

And a *hippie*?

SMOKEY

Hippies are peace loving people who renounce corporate influence, consumerism and war.

HAMILTON

Then why the hell would we want to help these people?

WASHINGTON

Why is your commune in danger?

DONNY

The government is trying to seize our land.

FRANKLIN

My God. A government with too much power. That makes me sick.

JEFFERSON

How can we help.

DONNY

Money.

WASHINGTON

What type of currency do you use?

Donny hands Washington a one-hundred dollar bill, he stares at it with surprise.

WASHINGTON

What the fuck? Why is Ben on the money?

Franklin snatches it away.

FRANKLIN

How you like me now, bitch?

Donny hands Washington a single dollar bill.

WASHINGTON

You cannot be serious. One dollar? Is this a joke? I am the father of this stupid country and I only get one dollar?

SMOKEY

We don't have time for this.

DONNY

Yeah, the magical, talking bong is right. We need to raise over ten thousand dollars.

HAMILTON

By when?

DONNY

Tonight.

JEFFERSON

This is utter madness. How do you suppose we make that much currency by tonight.

DONNY

Selling drugs.

It becomes apparent that the van is not only filled with historical figures but bags stuffed with weed.

HAMILTON

Brilliant idea. I was also contemplating going into business, selling opiates from the far East.

DONNY

Wait, the Founding Fathers are stoners?

SMOKEY

Better believe it.

DONNY

Righteous.

WASHINGTON

Wait, it appears as if you have everything handled. Just sell this fine ganja for a fair price and you'll have plenty of money.

DONNY

Well, money isn't really the problem.

FRANKLIN

Then what is?

Suddenly the faint sounds of police sirens can be heard.

DONNY

You guys have to buy me enough time, so I can meet my buyer.

WASHINGTON

Ah, excellent plan.

JEFFERSON

No it isn't. How are we suppose to slow down the authorities? We are unarmed.

SMOKEY

With these.

A large machine gun magically appears in Washington's hands, next to him Hamilton holds two large silver pistols, Jefferson inspects his newly acquired shotgun and Franklin has trouble holding up a massive rocket launcher.

WASHINGTON

Alright then.

The sirens get closer.

FRANKLIN

For freedom.

JEFFERSON

For justice.

HAMILTON

And the American way.

They leap out of the van as the first police cruiser arrives. Donny hits the gas and the van speeds away.

EXT. INTERSECTION

Several police cruisers have formed a semi-circle around the Founding Fathers. A police helicopter hovers overhead, its strong search-beam illuminates the entire intersection.

WASHINGTON

You guys ready?

Franklin aims the launcher at the helicopter and fires. The resulting explosion knocks the police off their feet. The Founding Fathers open fire, instantly turning the cruisers into metallic swiss cheese.

All the police can do is take cover as the four old men continue to advance, guns blazing. A bullet suddenly detonates a weakened gas-tank and produces a massive fireball and shakes the ground.

The police begin to retreat, dropping their weapons as they run from the battle scene. The Founding Fathers just stand there victorious and triumphant.

FRANKLIN

What now?

More sirens can now be heard in the distance.

JEFFERSON

I suggest me make a hasty retreat,
for I am low on ammunition.

HAMILTON

Same here.

WASHINGTON

There.

Washington points towards a parked car, a beautiful Midnight-Blue Dodge Charger parked directly under a street lamp.

They drop the weapons and all climb into the car, Washington is behind the wheel. Their confusion is obvious.

INT. CHARGER

WASHINGTON

What now?

The sirens are getting closer, it sounds like hundreds of them, quickly approaching. The purple psychedelic haze suddenly returns and Smoky appears in Jefferson's hands.

JEFFERSON

Smokey, how do we activate this
contraption?

SMOKEY

Let me help, I am a magical Bong
after all.

The engine suddenly comes to life. They look at each other, confused and shocked.

WASHINGTON

Now what?

The police turn the corner behind them.

SMOKEY

Hit the gas!

Washington slams down on the gas pedal, and the car goes nowhere fast. The back wheels spin in place, burning rubber and sending a massive cloud of smoke into the air.

FRANKLIN
Why aren't we moving?

SMOKEY
The parking brake!

Washington finds the lever and presses it down, sending the car screaming forward.

EXT. STREETS

The streets of San Francisco are like a paved rollercoaster. Massive inclines and declines send the Charger flying through the air.

The Founding Fathers scream like little children. The police follow closely behind. The chase gradually makes its way towards the waterfront. Another Police helicopter now soars overhead.

INT. CHARGER

The Founding Fathers are in a panic as the car reaches the waterfront. The Charger speeds down a large wooden pier.

HAMILTON
For the love of God, slow down!

WASHINGTON
(confused)
How?

SMOKEY
The brake, use the brake!

Washington pulls back on the parking brake.

SMOKEY
Not that brak-

EXT. DOCKS

The rear tires lock as the tremendous speed and force throw the vintage muscle car into a roll. The police skid to a stop at the edge of the docks as the Charger continues to roll towards the end of the pier.

Right before the car plunges into the cold bay, the purple psychedelic haze suddenly returns. It engulfs the entire car.

INT. FIELD-DAY

The terrified Founding Fathers now hover above a green field; the *purple haze* still surrounds them. A fatal impact has yet to arrive and they each begin to slowly open their eyes. After a few moments, they realize that they're not dead.

The haze dissipates and they're lowered to the ground. They find themselves in a very crowded field.

JEFFERSON

(to Smokey)

Where in the blazes are we?

EXT. WOODSTOCK-DAY

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

The massive speakers blare a mixture of "earth" and "space". A high-pitched psychedelic sound generated by sonic tools fused with feedback and distortion. On stage stands a musical icon, *Jimi Hendrix*.

HENDRIX

Purple haze all in my brain. Lately
things just don't seem the same
Actin' funny, but I don't know why.
'Scuse me while I kiss the sky.

WASHINGTON

Smokey, the man asked you a
question--

SMOKEY

Shut up, this is my favorite song.

The magical bong suddenly begins to sing along.

SMOKEY (cont'd)

(singing)

Purple Haze all around. Don't know
if I'm comin' up or down. Am I
happy or in misery? What ever it
is, that girl put a spell on me.

INT. FLOWERPOWER BUS

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

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

WASHINGTON
(whispering)
Ben, wake up.

Franklin slowly wakes.

FRANKLIN
Yeah, what do you want?

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

FRANKLIN
Most hippies do.

Washington suddenly pulls out a small vial.

WASHINGTON
Anyway, I found something.

FRANKLIN
What do you call this concoction?

WASHINGTON
The young lady referred to it as *acid*. It's a powerful synthetic hallucinogen.

Washington hands the small vial to Franklin, who gives it a quick glance.

FRANKLIN
What kind of effect should one expect?

WASHINGTON
Not sure.

FRANKLIN
Aren't you going to try some?

WASHINGTON
No, I just had some--

JERRY GARCIA (o.s.)
What the fuck did you say, man?

Washington stands up and glances out the window.

FRANKLIN
What is it?

WASHINGTON
(frustrated)
Not again.

FRANKLIN
What?

WASHINGTON
Looks like Jefferson has insulted
someone again.

EXT. BUS

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

JEFFERSON
You heard me.

GARCIA
No one says that to me, man.

JEFFERSON
Well, I just did.

GARCIA
You're going to pay, man.

JEFFERSON
(defiantly)
Bring it.

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

JEFFERSON
Whoa.

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

JEFFERSON
 (annoyed)
 Okay, time to finish this.

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

WASHINGTON
 (yelling)
 Stop this madness. I thought
 hippies were peaceful people.

GARCIA
 Not when we're high, man.

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

GARCIA
 Stay down old man.

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

Washington kneels down next to Jefferson.

WASHINGTON
 You alright?

JEFFERSON
 Yeah, but my pride isn't and I
 think my nose is broken.

WASHINGTON
 (to the crowd)
 Does anyone have some painkillers?

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

Hamilton pushes his way through the crowd.

HAMILTON
 What is going on? What did I miss?

WASHINGTON
 Thomas got beat up by Jerry Garcia.

HAMILTON
 (to Jefferson)
 Loser.

JEFFERSON
 Shut up, he had a guitar.

WASHINGTON
 What did you say to him anyway?

JEFFERSON
 I told him that--

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

WASHINGTON
 What the Hell?

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

FRANKLIN
 (whispering)
Acid.

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

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

EXT. CROWD

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

Franklin rushes past the surprised security guarda and leaps on stage. Franklin pushes Jimi Hendrix aside and grabs the mircophone.

FRANKLIN
 (screaming)
 I love Acid!

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

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

Smokey reappears.

WASHINGTON

(to Smokey)

Could you give Franklin some clothes?

SMOKEY

Sure.

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

SMOKEY

And what happened to you?

JEFFERSON

Just don't ask.

HAMILTON

He got in a fist fight with Jerry Garcia.

WASHINGTON

And lost.

SMOKEY

(to Jefferson)

Loser.

JEFFERSON

(annoyed)

He had a guitar.

WASHINGTON

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

SMOKEY

Well, more like show you.

JEFFERSON

What are you talking abou--

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

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

Everything is *burning*.

WASHINGTON
(screaming)
What is happening?

SMOKEY
It's called a nuclear blast.

JEFFERSON
Why did you want us to see this?

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

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

SMOKEY
Yes and we have to stop this from happening.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

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

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

BUSH
Hey, where's Rumsfeld?

DICK
Taking a piss test.

BUSH
Golly, I hope those aren't
mandatory.

He laughs.

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

DICK
I thought it was the Air National
Guard.

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

He laughs again.

DICK
Sure.

BUSH
Hey Dick, Dick, Dick.

DICK
What?

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

DICK
I don't know, what?

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

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

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

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

DICK
Son of a bitch--

RUMSFELD (o.s.)
(yelling)
--they're coming!

Bush looks around.

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

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

DICK
Hello? You in there?

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

RUMSFELD
Hide the Ganja, they're coming.

BUSH
Who?

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

BLACK
Sir what's going on in here.

BUSH
If you must know, we're stoned.

DICK
Dummy.

Dick hides his face.

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

BLACK
We can't let that happen.

WHITE
(to Black)
You're right.

They turn to Bush and Cheney.

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

BUSH
You two are true American heroes.

DICK
You're doing your country a great
service.

BLACK
Thank you sir.

Rumsfeld sits down beside Dick as the Agents leave.

RUMSFELD
Let me hit that shit.

DICK
We lost it.

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

DICK
You!

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

The joint suddenly disappears as the purple psychedelic haze appears. They stop fighting and stare at Smoky.

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

DICK
We don't do Cocaine.

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

They look around, Smokey also looks.

DICK

We, who?

SMOKEY

Oh, dammit.

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

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

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

(beat)

Are we the right people to tell him this?

WASHINGTON

Why not?

JEFFERSON

We're travelling through time with a magical bong.

They look at Smokey, he winks at them.

WASHINGTON

You're right. Well maybe-

JEFFERSON

Wait, where is Hamilton?

SMOKEY

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

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

INT. HELL -

Subtitle: Meanwhile in Hell

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

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

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

DEVIL
 In my presence you will bow.

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

HAMILTON
 How?

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

HAMILTON
 What?

DEVIL
 Luke, I am your father.

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

INT. OVAL OFFICE -

RUMSFELD
 Shouldn't we help Dick?

BUSH
 Nah, just let him sleep.

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

RUMSFELD
 What are you doing?

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

Bush tosses herb towards Rumsfeld.

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

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

BUSH
 You alright Dick?

DICK
 Yeah, it was just another heart
 attack.

INT. NORTH KOREAN PALACE

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

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

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

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

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

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

DAE-JUNG
 What the...

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

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

KIM JONG
(shocked)
Who are you? How dare you barge
into my fortress.

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

KIM JONG
How are you going to do that?

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

KIM JONG
What?

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

Kim Jong begins to smile.

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

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

KIM JONG
The Founding Fathers?

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

KIM JONG
Really?

HARRY

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

KIM JONG

Then lets do it.

They smile at each other.

KIM JONG

(to one of the servants)
Send a nuke into the past and wipe out Woodstock.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

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

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

SMOKEY

(to Hamilton)
Sorry about the hell thing.

HAMILTON

No problem.

WASHINGTON

What do we do with these guys?

SMOKY

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

JEFFERSON

(yelling)
Wake up.

Bush, Cheney and Rumsfeld slowly wake.

BUSH

So it wasn't just a bad trip.

SMOKEY

Please tell me you didn't make that call.

BUSH

You mean to North Korea? Yeah, so what?

SMOKEY

Son of a bitch.

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

Smokey can just teleport us over there.

SMOKEY

No, not anymore.

HAMILTON

What?

SMOKEY

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

WASHINGTON

You can't be serious.

SMOKEY

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

BUSH

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

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

DICK

Are you insane?

Bush looks ashamed and embarrassed.

BUSH

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

SMOKEY

(beat)

The first step is admitting you
have a problem.

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

BUSH

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

Bush begins to walk out of the office.

DICK

Wait. Who is going to run the
country?

BUSH

You would, Dick.

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

WASHINGTON

What now?

SMOKEY

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

HAMILTON

How? Your powers are gone.

DICK

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

WASHINGTON

How?

DICK

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

INT. MISSILE SILO

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

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

KIM JONG
How long until the missile is
ready?

One of the technicians steps forward.

TECHNICIAN
At least a day sir.

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

TECHNICIAN
But wait--

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

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

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

KIM JONG
(angry)
Fuck.

INT. REHAB/ HALLWAY

A corridor of polished white tile and gray walls. Large metal doors line each side of the hallway. Each of the doors is exactly the same, except for the very last one. Two secret service agents stand outside. They are eerily similar in appearance, except for the fact that one wears a *red* tie, while the other wears a *blue* one.

There is suddenly a knock at the door from inside.

INT. REHAB/CELL

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

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

INT. REHAB/ HALLWAY

The guards look at each other, annoyed.

RED
 Sorry, but we have orders.

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

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

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

RED
 You did, sir.

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

INT. REHAB/ROOM

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

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

Nothing.

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

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

NURSE

Its time for your rapid-detox
procedure.

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

BUSH

No, not again. Anything but that.

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

BUSH

(desperate)
I just want some cocain.

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

BUSH

(screaming)
You guys suck...

EXT. HERCULES TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT -DAY

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

INT. TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT

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

FRANKLIN

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

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

BELL

HALO is an acronym for High
Altitude-Low Opening.

FRANKLIN

(to Washington)
We are so screwed.

WASHINGTON

Yeah.

BELL

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

JEFFERSON

What if we didn't have the tanks?

BELL

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

Silence.

JEFFERSON

(spooked)

Damn.

BELL (cont'd)

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

HAMILTON

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

BELL

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

WASHINGTON

Why the hell do we have to do this again.

BELL

To avoid North Korean radar.

FRANKLIN

(confused)

What is rada--

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

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

BELL
 Who'll be contacted by your
 informant.

WASHINGTON
 What is his nam--

Bell pushes Washington out of the transport.

BELL
 Good luck.

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

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

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

INT. REHAB/ HALLWAY

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

CLINTON
 George?

Bush slowly turns around and there stands former President Clinton.

BUSH
 Bill? What are you doing in here?

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

BUSH
 And there is something wrong with
 that?

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

Bush nods in agreement.

BUSH

Well, how are you treated for
sexoholism?

CLINTON

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

BUSH

That's too bad.

CLINTON

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

Bush again nods in agreement.

CLINTON (cont'd)

I just want to screw a fat porker
and you, you just want some blow
and a bottle of Jack.

BUSH

Yeah, but what can we do about it?

CLINTON

I have my plans.

EXT. SOUTH KOREA-DAY

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

WASHINGTON

Where is Smokey?

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

FRANKLIN

(yelling)
Son of a Bitch.

WASHINGTON

You alright?

FRANKLIN

(annoyed)

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

JEFFERSON

Someone needs a fix.

FRANKLIN

You can say that again.

HAMILTON

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

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

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

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

HAMILTON

My God. Are you alright Smokey?

SMOKEY

No, I am dying.

Everyone surrounds the crate.

WASHINGTON

You look terrible Smokey.

SMOKEY

(wheezing)

We have to cross the border and stop the missile from being launched.

WASHINGTON

Easier said than done.

EXT. NORTH KOREAN BORDER

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

SMOKEY

These people must be high.

WASHINGTON

We need to get across.

JEFFERSON

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

They look to Smokey who coughs and rolls his eyes.

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN

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

WASHINGTON

They'd know for sure.

JEFFERSON

I still think we could fight our way through.

WASHINGTON

We cannot arouse suspicion.

HAMILTON

Then what the hell are we goin-

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

WASHINGTON

What the hell?

HAMILTON

Who the devil are you?

CHAN
Jackie Chan, I am your contact.

FRANKLIN
Chan? Aren't you Chinese?

CHAN
Yeah, so what?

FRANKLIN
What's a Chinese guy doing in
Korea.

Awkward Silence.

CHAN
Good questio--

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

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

CHAN
Be quiet Chris.

He keeps singing.

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

WASHINGTON
Shut him up, before the guards
hear.

HAMILTON
(to Tucker)
Are you drunk?

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

HAMILTON
Is that why you're here?

TUCKER

Yeah, Rush Hour Three. The Korean assignment.

WASHINGTON

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

CHAN

I've got just the thing.

They all walk away leaving Chris Tucker alone.

TUCKER

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

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

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

RATNER

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

He kicks Tucker.

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

JACKSON

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

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

INT. GUARD TOWER

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

FAT

Have you seen those Americans?

TALL
You mean those hookers?

FAT
Yeah.

TALL
So, what?

FAT
Think I could afford them?

TALL
With the exchange rates, probably
not.

EXT. KOREAN FOREST

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

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

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

INT. GIANT PANDA

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

EXT. GUARD TOWER

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

FAT
They weren't all that desirable
though.

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

FAT
What the hell?

TALL
Is that a giant panda?

FAT
Looks like one.

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

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

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

FAT
See.

They sit back down.

EXT. PALACE

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

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

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

GUARDS
(screaming)
Grenade.

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

WASHINGTON
(yelling)
We're in business.

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

Silence.

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

JEFFERSON

Is that all they got?

HAMILTON

Here comes more. Franklin?

FRANKLIN

Ready.

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

WASHINGTON

Do your thing, Ben.

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

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

Click. Click. Click.

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

FRANKLIN

Damn. What now.

The guards surround the Founding Fathers.

GUARDS

Drop your weapons.

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

PONG-JU

Take them to the peerless leader.

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

WASHINGTON

(screaming)

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

Across the street, Smokey slowly emerges from the bushes.

SMOKEY

(beat)

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

VOICE (O.S.)

Get high.

SMOKEY

Yes that works.

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

BUM

Don't hurt yourself friend.

SMOKEY

Do you have any weed?

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

SMOKEY

The world is in your debt, my homeless friend.

BUM

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

INT. REHAB/ROOM

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

BUSH

How did you get these blueprints,
again?

CLINTON

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

BUSH

And how exactly are we going to do
that?

CLINTON

Simple, you see those air-ducts?

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

CLINTON (cont'd)

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

BUSH

But how could we get up there?

CLINTON

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

BUSH

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

CLINTON

We can if we're dead.

BUSH

(confused)

What the fuck are you talking
about?

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

CLINTON

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

BUSH

How can we escape if we are dead?

CLINTON

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

BUSH

This is starting to make sense.

CLINTON

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

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

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

JEFFERSON

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

HAMILTON

You can say that again.

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN

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

HAMILTON

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

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

WASHINGTON

So I was right.

JEFFERSON

No you said blades, not axes.

WASHINGTON

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

CHANGANG

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

WASHINGTON

Franklin.

JEFFERSON

Franklin.

HAMILTON

Franklin.

FRANKLIN

Fuck. You guys suck.

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

CHANGANG

You're a dead man.

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

Changang falls dead as Chan releases the captured Founding Fathers.

WASHINGTON

We are once again in your debt.

INT. REHAB/ MORGUE

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

CLINTON

George, are you alive yet?

BUSH

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

CLINTON
Yeah, go ahead.

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

BUSH
Lord. What is that smell?

CLINTON
Dead people.

BUSH
Oh yeah.

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

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

CLINTON
Good question. Help get this cover off.

BUSH
Yeah, sure thing.

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

INT. PALACE/ THRONE ROOM

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

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

KIM JONG
This is totally unacceptable.

GENERAL
(hesitantly)
There is more.

KIM JONG
Are you serious, what else?

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

Kim Jong Ill leaps out of his throne, furious.

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

He turns back to the frightened General.

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

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

KIM JONG
Do you mean I am completely
defenseless?

HARRY (o.s.)
Not exactly.

Harry appears next to the throne.

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

HARRY
Just let me handle Smokey.

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

WASHINGTON
Did someone order an ass-kicking?

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

WASHINGTON
No, no I won't.

KIM JONG
Yes, you will.

WASHINGTON
No, I won't.

KIM JONG
Yes, you will.

WASHINGTON
No, I won't.

KIM JONG
Yes.

WASHINGTON
No.

KIM JONG
Yes.

WASHINGTON
No.

JEFFERSON
(yelling)
For fuck sake, stop it already.

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

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

Harry begins to glow bright with a *red* aura.

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

WASHINGTON
Are you sure, Smokey?

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

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

KIM JONG

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

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

INT. TRANSPORT TUNNEL

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

KIM JONG

Man, this thing kicks so much ass.

INT. PALACE/ THRONE ROOM

HARRY

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

SMOKEY

You've got nothing on me, bitch.

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

HARRY

You cannot beat me.

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

SMOKEY

Is that all you got?

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

HARRY

(concerned)

What are you doing Smokey?

SMOKEY

Time to get high.

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

HARRY
(coughing)
No, damn you.

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. REHAB/ FIELD-NIGHT

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

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

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

EXT. HIGHWAY

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

BUSH
Alright, what now?

CLINTON
This is it.

BUSH
What are you talking about?

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

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

Tensions begin to rise.

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

BUSH
What is that supposed to mean?

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

Bush tackles Clinton and the two presidents begin to wrestle
around in the middle of the highway. In the distance two
headlight suddenly appear. They immediately stop and quickly
stand up.

BUSH
Christ, they've found us.

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

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

BUSH
(confused)
Could we get a ride?

Nothing.

CLINTON

Maybe they don't speak Engli--

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

BUSH

(terrified)

Oh God, it's al-Qaeda.

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

INT. MISSILE SILO

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

HAMILTON

So, how do we destroy this thing?

WASHINGTON

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

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

KIM JONG

No, you'll never stop this missile.

WASHINGTON

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

KIM JONG

You have no idea who you're fucking with.

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

FRANKLIN

What the hell is going on, guys?

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

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

WASHINGTON

(beat)

We are so fucked.

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

JEFFERSON

What do we do now?

WASHINGTON

Fucking kill it.

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

HAMILTON

What now?

WASHINGTON

I've got an idea.

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

INT. MISSILE SILO/ BLAST PIT

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

WASHINGTON

(screaming)

Fire the missile, fry this fucker.

INT. MISSILE SILO

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

JEFFERSON

But George, you'll fry too.

WASHINGTON

Just do it, he has to be stopped.

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

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

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

JEFFERSON
(hesitantly)
Do it, launch the missile.

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

INT. MISSILE SILO/ BLAST PIT

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

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

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

WASHINTON
Thank you Smokey, you saved my
life.

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

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

JEFFERSON
(shocked)
You made it.

HAMILTON
Thank God.

WASHINGTON

Thank Smokey.

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

FRANKLIN

What about the nuclear missile?

SMOKEY

Without Harry and his magic, the missile is harmless.

FRANKLIN

You mean it won't explode when it lands?

SMOKEY

Oh that, yeah it'll explode.

FRANKLIN

(concerned)

Where?

SMOKEY

France.

FRANKLIN

Oh, no problem then.

WASHINGTON

Time to go home.

EXT. PALACE

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

WASHINGTON

Who the hell is this guy?

SMOKEY

No worries, this is the guy that helped me.

BUM

Oh, but you should worry.

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

WASHINGTON

(confused)

Who the fuck is this guy?

SMOKEY

(shocked)

Osama bin Laden, the worlds most infamous terrorist.

OSAMA

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

The terrorist glances around at all the devastation surrounding them.

OSAMA (cont'd)

The events of today were nothing more than a elaborate plan to bring you fine gentlemen here.

FRANKLIN

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

OSAMA

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

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

WASHINGTON

All of this was just to get Smokey?

OSAMA

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

SMOKEY

What do you want with me?

OSAMA

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

SMOKEY
I'll never help you, you sick fuck.

OSAMA
Oh, but you will.

Smokey suddenly begins to glow red, he looks terrified.

OSAMA (cont'd)
Do you remember that ganja that I
gave you earlier?

SMOKEY
What have you done to me?

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

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

WASHINGTON
Smokey, you've got to fight thi--

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

OSAMA
Kill them.

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

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

JEFFERSON
(to Washington)
What now?

WASHINGTON
I honestly have no idea.

THE END

