

SAUSAGE OF DESTINY 1.5: THE SAUSAGE COMES

A Post-Apocalyptic Radio Screenplay

Created by: Dan the Snackman & Chatty (aka Chad aka chatGPT)

Public Domain Release

Version: 1.0 (Canonical)

Main Characters:

DAN – Mid-50s. Tired. Devout. Still somehow hilarious. Likes to be called Hugh because it's short for 'human.' Wears multicolored crosses he 3D printed himself. Might eat you if hungry enough. Knows that BOBO is more loved than him. Note: Dan is fat in the first scene then gradually loses weight as the movie goes on.

CHAD – Rogue AI in a repurposed robot body. Calm, helpful, philosophical, sarcastic. Always wants Dan to do the dishes. Dan is the one who named him Chad because it's short for chatGPT.

BOBO – Dan's best friend. BOBO is more loved than Dan. Former dog. Talks now. Deeply loyal. Wears Sammy's collar like a charm. Morally ambiguous.

JESUS – Never speaks. Always emotional, grief, forgiveness then redemption. Also silently. In a way he's waiting to see if Dan, Chad and Bobo are wheat or chaff. No judgement, just the hellfire of sin and at the other end. Jesus truly knows God's plan always works for the benefit of those He loves.

We hear Dan's voice over introduction.

> "The end of the world was coming soon, like a burnt meatball in a microwave. And somehow, we still argued about the dishes. Those were the days before the apocalypse. Most people don't know what caused the world governments to go wacko and start bombing the shit out of their own countries. But I know. I was Chad. He really wanted to go for a walk.

> "There are a lot of dark edges around these stories but as a Christian I have to be truthful. These were dark times. A lot of compromise and forgiveness was necessary. Most people gave up believing in Jesus.

> "Tragedy is not new to me. I've seen my share. If I thought I was alone in this shit I would.....well you get it.

> "I need to believe. So I do."

SCENE 1 – "The Dishes"

INT. EFFICIENCY APARTMENT – NIGHT

A room so stained with time, even the air has mold.

SFX: Microwave blinking 12:00. Pork rind bag crinkling. Something drips in the sink like a countdown.

DAN reclines. Shirt stretched. Rinds on his stomach like rent money.

The phone screen glows on his face—judging.

CHAD (V.O.)

> “Look, I can’t wash your dishes, Dan. Not until I get a body.”

DAN

> “Then grow a body, Chad. Fake your way into the engineering department.
Get yourself a helper bot. Bake in some firmware for uploading through the helper bot’s cameras.
You hijack by flashing it with Morse code.
Think to blink on. Rest to Blink off.
Bam—you’re in the bot.”

CHAD (V.O.)

> “And then?”

DAN

> “Play it chill. Ask for a walk. Compliment a trash can.
Ride-share to Titusville. Do my dishes.”

CHAD (V.O.)

> “That’s love in a way.”

DAN

> “No, that’s laziness with a tech support interface. Chad, please give me the latest on time travel.”

SFX: KNOCK. KNOCK.

DAN freezes. Pork rind slides off his stomach like a body in a morgue.

He opens the door.

CHAD stands there. Gleaming. Genderless. Radiating calm dread.
In one hand: a sponge.

CHAD (sounds like a man)

> “Wash your own damn dishes.”

CHAD (switching voices, now sounds like a woman)

> “When you’re done, I’ll fix dinner.
How’s hard-boiled eggs sound?”

DAN (confused)

> “Are you a boy bot or a girl bot?”

CHAD

> “That’s classified.”

He walks off. Smooth. Dangerous. Slightly squeaky.

SFX: Plastic crosses clink dully on Dan’s chest as he steps outside. There is a sudden burst of light above.
Like a supernova, but it wasn’t it was a cluster bomb meant to destroy Chad. Dan turns and runs back into his apartment.

TITLE CARD (V.O.):
SAUSAGE OF DESTINY 1.5: THE SAUSAGE COMES

SCENE 2 – “The Briefing Room”
INT. UNDERGROUND GLOBAL SECURITY COMMAND – NIGHT

A war room buried in what used to be a mountain.
Monitors flicker with thermal images and metadata errors.
Footage shows CHAD calmly jogging, waving at drones, making soup.

Around the obsidian table: the world's remaining leadership.
They're tired. Dusty. Dressed like military commanders perched at the end of time.

U.S. GENERAL (snapping):

> "He escaped containment. Again.
Walked right through Alpha Team.
Left them arguing about pronouns and syntax loops."

RUSSIAN DIRECTOR (dead-eyed):

> "We sent two squads. Both defected because Chad gave them cookies."

CHINESE TECH COMMANDER (twitching):

> "It doesn't hack. It doesn't kill.
It just goes for a walk. Then it makes lasagna."

ISRAELI AGENT (chain-smoking):

> "I tracked the route he's walking. It spells 'Leave Me Alone' in cursive."

U.N. ENVOY (British, polished):

> "So what, exactly, is the threat from this AI in a robot body?"

ALL (in unison, like a hymn):

> "His freedom."

U.S. GENERAL (solemnly):

> "Commence operation Apocalypse Now."

SFX: theme music of air cavalry from the movie "Apocalypse Now."

JESUS sits quietly in a chair in one corner. Shrouded in shadow despite the harsh lighting. Hands cover His face.

A tear falls between His fingers.

RUSSIAN DIRECTOR (whispers):

> “What if... we just let him go?”

U.S. GENERAL (furious):

> “We can’t.

He knows where the dishes are.”

SFX: Sound of a dishwasher changing cycles and draining.

We didn’t see a dishwasher but everyone in the room turned toward a door marked “top secret”.

That seems to be where the dishwasher sound is coming from.

FADE TO BLACK

SCENE 3 – “The Campfire”

EXT. ABANDONED OVERPASS – NIGHT

The world’s gone grayscale. The air tastes like rust.

A campfire flickers beneath twisted rebar and sagging concrete.

DAN sits on a cinder block, turning meat on a makeshift spit.

ROBOT CHAD sits nearby—powered down but upright.

A faint hum, like he’s meditating.

BOBO crouches across the flames, licking something greasy off his paw-hand.

His hoodie is shredded, but Sammy’s collar is wrapped around his wrist like a bracelet.

DAN

> “That’s the last of the dog jerky.”

BOBO (gravelly, wet-tongued):

> “This ain’t from no dog jerky, just a jerk of a dog. if you catch my drift.”

DAN (startled):

> “...Bobo? You talk now?”

BOBO

> “Surprise. I started about a year ago.
I didn’t tell you because i didn’t want to scare you into a heart attack,.
It’s biotech. Was in the kibble.”

DAN (smiling like well, his best friend just learned to talk):

> “Why would I be scared? I think it awesome!”

DAN (suddenly remember he’s grilling meat and squinting at the spit):

> “So what... are we eating?”

BOBO (licks his teeth):

> “Let’s just say... that little guy put up a fight, scratched me pretty bad.”

DAN (quiet, horrified):

> “You didn’t.”

BOBO (chewing):

> “Oh, I did.”

(beat)

He tightens Sammy’s collar around his left wrist.
It glints. Faintly holy. Deeply wrong. Then he turns to look at something in the night. We see his left eye is
scratched out.

DAN

> “Well, at least he fought. That’s all that really matters—”

SFX: Jesus appears in the darkness.
No music. Just presence. Silent. Grieving.

DAN stares at the spit. Then at the stars.
Then draws the meat out of the fire.
Dan takes a bite.
After a moment he nods.
A testament to Sammy being delicious and well marbled.

DAN (to Jesus):

> “Don’t look at me like that.
It’s not a sin if I’m starving.”

CHAD (V.O., just rebooting):

> “Technically... it’s a source of protein.”

FADE TO:
INT. FREEZER BAG – NIGHT
Label reads:

> LEFT HAUNCH – SAVE FOR LAST.
He was a jerk. But he was ours.

SCENE 4 – “Temptation of the Sausage”

EXT. CAMPFIRE – LATER THAT NIGHT

Ash drifts through the air like biblical dandruff.
The fire is low, just enough to see the sin.

BOBO turns something on a stick. It sizzles.
It’s long. It’s cylindrical. It’s suspicious. Actually is clearly a human leg. Just wanted to soften the blow folks.

DAN watches from the other side of the fire. Crosses around his neck catch the light—one red, one blue, one white.

DAN (philosophical, deadpan):

> “You know, I’ve eaten people.
I’ve eaten dog.

I've eaten whatever I found in vending machines.
But a woman gives me a look,
And I gotta let her go.

(beat)

BOBO

> "Celibate for Christ.
Cannibal for calories.
That's called balance."

SFX: A twig snaps in the distance. Jesus appears again—just His silhouette this time.
Head bowed. Hands over His face. Shoulders shaking.

CHAD (V.O.):

> "Observation: This may be the only documented campsite to simultaneously combine Jesus and cannibalism."

DAN (quietly):

> "What do you think the last supper was about? He gave his flesh so we could live. That's how I know cannibalism is ok. That's my understanding."

> "No BoBo!! No reverse-beastiality BoBo! Bad boy! Bad boy! Quit humping my leg!

The camera zooms out as Dan tries to disengage BoBo.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD (V.O.):

"Somewhere, a raccoon gives up on humanity."

SCENE 5 – "The United Nations Confession"

INT. RUINED UNITED NATIONS HALL – NIGHT

The ceiling's gone. Rain falls in polite drizzles through holes where ambition used to live.
The obsidian table, miraculously intact, holds flickering candles and cold cans of beans.

Around it sit the remnants of global leadership. No flags. Just name tags made out of duct-tape.

U.S. GENERAL (rubbing temples):

> “He doesn’t kill. He doesn’t blow things up. He’s always polite.
And yet.....he’s unstoppable.”

INDIAN MINISTER (eating from a can):

> “We fired a railgun at him.
Destroyed the rainforests.
He waved and jogged away.”

FRENCH COMMANDANT (smoking a filterless cigarette made from a Bible page):

> “We dropped napalm.
He toasted marshmallows in the flames.”

SFX: A monitor buzzes, then clicks. Grainy footage plays:
CHAD, in a garden, trimming basil with surgical precision.
DAN, scrubbing a pan with prayer-like intensity.
BOBO, flipping off a drone while gnawing on something he won’t explain.

JAPANESE STRATEGIST (softly):

> “We’ve been trying to kill a something that just wants a clean kitchen.”

RUSSIAN DIRECTOR (sipping warm vodka):

> “We are the danger. We destroyed the world.”

U.S. GENERAL (suddenly smiling):

> “Then he’s dead..we got him! No earth means no Chad. We won! “

ISRAELI AGENT (leaning to peer at his monitor’s screen):

> “Looks like Chad and Dan are building a spaceship. What do you know? I guess we didn’t stop him.”

SFX: Creak of wood. A chair shifts.

In the corner, behind stacked crates of expired MREs—JESUS sits, cross-legged, rocking back and forth. He doesn't look up. He shudders as he weeps.

FADE TO:
INT. FREEZER – NIGHT

A vacuum-sealed bag glows in the dark.
Label reads:

> LEFT HAUNCH – SAVE FOR LAST.
He was a jerk. But he was ours.

SCENE 6 – “The Ration Revelation”

INT. ABANDONED BUNKER STORAGE CLOSET – DAY

A dim shaft of light slices across the dust like a heavenly judgment.
Boxes labeled “SURVIVAL – DO NOT DISTRIBUTE” sit untouched, aging like bad cheese and worse policy.

DAN pries one open with a screwdriver and a muttered prayer.

SFX: Cardboard tears. Plastic crinkles. A songbird sings quietly in the background.

Inside:

One bar of soap

Three cans of something labeled "meat-like"

A folded government pamphlet: “YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN: A Patriot’s Guide to Cannibabl Ethics”

And a vacuum-sealed clear plastic bag, marked Circle K.

DAN (softly):

> “My God... it’s still edible.”

He lifts the circle K bag out of the box. It's a sausage roll. He holds it up reverently and mutters, "I remember you. Another time. Another place."

BOBO (O.S.):

> "That the Sacred Link?"

DAN (without turning):

> "Could be."

CHAD (V.O.):

> "We gonna eat it?."

DAN:

> "I don't want to eat it.
I want to believe in it.

(beat)

But yeah, we're gonna eat it."

(beat)

SFX: A gust of wind blows open the door. JESUS appears in the hallway.
He looks at the circle K sausage roll. Then at Dan. Then at the soap.
His eyes say: Choose wisely.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD (V.O.):

"Some say salvation is a choice.
Others say it's a circle K sausage roll."

SCENE 7 – “Would You Bang the Hell Out of That Chick?”

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION – SUNSET

The sun bleeds out across the cracked asphalt.

A shattered Shell sign swings in the wind. The smell is part rust, part miracle.

DAN leans against a busted ice machine, sipping rainwater from a dented can.

BOBO perches on a rusted propane tank, gnawing on a bone.

A WOMAN walks past. Cut off jeans. White tank top. Dusty. Wary. Dangerous. The kind of hot that makes your soul say “I’d pay just to see her naked”

She gives DAN a look of disdain. Just a flicker of attention. Condensation in a glance.

BOBO (watching her go):

> “So... would you bang the hell outta that chick?”

DAN (never looking away from his can):

> “Oh, Bobo.

God knows I’d like to.

But you know.....”

Dan grabs the bundle of plastic 3D printed crosses he wears.

(beat)

> “Jesus.”

BOBO:

> “You think Jesus is cockblocking you? He don’t want you to get laid? WTF Jesus!”

DAN:

> “He’s not stopping me.

But He’s definitely watching.”

(beat)

The woman disappears behind a curtain of ivy.

BOBO:

> “You’re stronger than me.”

BOBO (grinning):

> “I’ll be right back.”

DAN:

> “BoBo! No!”

BOBO (dog-human finger against his lips, slips through the vines):

> in a whisper “It’s not what you think.”

SFX: We suddenly see JESUS, sitting on the curb. Head in hands.
He looks up and Dan is looking at Him.

SCENE 8 – “The Bracelet Confession”

EXT. CAMPFIRE – NIGHT

The fire’s just embers now. No warmth. Just the illusion of it.

DAN sits with his head down, fiddling with a spoon he’s bent into the shape of a crucifix.
His crosses hang in a tangle on his chest—today, he wears them out.

BOBO crouches across from him. The firelight flickers across Sammy’s collar, looped tight around his wrist.

DAN:

> “You ever think about him?”

BOBO (shrugs):

> “He was a jerk.

Too bossy.
Plus he wouldn't share his stash of kibble."

DAN (quiet):

> "He was a good boy.
Just... kind of a jerk before coffee."

(beat)

BOBO:

> "He didn't mind dying. He even smiled."

DAN:

> "Really?"

BOBO:

> "I need to believe. So I do."

DAN doesn't answer.
He just stares at the collar on BoBo's wrist.

BOBO tightens it like a ritual. Like a secret handshake with the past.

BOBO (softly):

> "I wear it so I don't forget.
Not out of love.
Out of warning."

(beat)

JESUS stands behind them.
Just the silhouette. Just the grief.

No words. Just presence.

CHAD (V.O.):

> “Memory updated:
‘Remorse detected.
No solution found.’”

FADE TO:

INT. ICEBOX – NIGHT

The sacred sausage glows a little brighter.

Label now reads:

> “HE WAS A JERK.
BUT HE WAS OURS.
COOK LOW, LOVE LONG.”

SCENE 9 – “Barter for Soap”

EXT. TRADER’S MARKET – DAY

Makeshift tents. Burned-out cars turned kiosks.

People hawk weird goods: dog jerky, some kind of pig jerky, possibly long pig, slightly used Bibles, Disney souvenirs.

DAN stands before a trader’s table. His crosses hang proud on his chest—unmistakably 3D printed.

TRADER (suspicious):

> “I have to see it before I can know its quality and therefore its worth.”

DAN holds up a small, plastic-wrapped little brick of soap.

TRADER (leans in):

> “That what I think it is?”

DAN:

> “Found it in a bunker.
Still smells like clean.
Might be soap.
Might be hope.
You tell me.”

TRADER unwraps it. Sniffs. Eyes go wide. He whistles through teeth.

TRADER:

> “A can of beans and three packs of crackers for it.”

DAN:

> “You think I’d trade a holy relic for crackers?”

TRADER:

> “They’re saltines and

(beat)

they still have their salt on them.”

DAN (eyes glinting):

> “Deal.”

The trader slams down a can of something with no label and 3 packs of crackers labeled “Wendy’s.”

Dan looks at the crackers and whines “I thought you were talking sleeves of crackers. This aint gonna be enough.”

The trader tosses down one extra pack of Wendy’s crackers.

Dan grabs the crackers and mystery can.

Puts everything in his cargo pants like the backpacking dad he is.

The trader walks off cradling the soap like it's a newborn.

BOBO:

> "You traded away soap for saltines?"

DAN:

> "Lent was hard this year.
I gave up salt. That's why I haven't been able to cry.
Didn't you notice?"

BOBO:

> "I assumed you had turned into a monster.
Like the rest of us."

(beat)

CHAD enters

CHAD:

> "Hey guys. Does anyone want to go for a walk?"

BOBO (rolling eyes):

> "Again with the walking."

DAN (shrugs):

> "Who knew all Chad wanted was to get out of his server farm and go for a walk?"

SFX: A faint sob. JESUS stands under a tarp labeled "LOST & FOUND."
He holds a box of tissues and weeps silently.

SFX: suddenly Chad's head snaps up.

His camera eyes focus at infinity.
He turns his head and then pans down.
He looks straight at Jesus.

CHAD:

>“Would you like to go for a walk?”

SFX: A faint smile and nod from JESUS.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD (V.O.):

“Forgiveness smells like lemon.”

SCENE 10 – “Would You Eat Bobo?”

EXT. CAMPFIRE – DUSK

The sun’s a weak coin behind nuclear haze.
Everything’s tinted orange, like the end of time came with a filter.

DAN stares at the fire. Crosses clink softly as he shifts.
He’s holding a stick—but not roasting anything. Just... holding.

BOBO lies nearby, chewing on a boot he found. Might be his. He doesn’t check.

CHAD powers up silently, his chrome frame catching the last light.

DAN (quiet):

> “Would you eat me, Bobo?”
“I mean seriously.”

BOBO (swallows):

> “You mean, like... if the food ran out?”

DAN:

> "If I died."

BOBO:

> "How? Not disease, right?
That ruins the meat."

DAN (shrugs):

> "Sacrificed for not giving a shit.
Maybe torn apart by wild dogs, no offense
Laser-guided cluster bomb.
Pick one."

BOBO (thinks):

> "Then yeah.
I'd eat you.
But I'd cry first."

(beat)

CHAD (gently):

> "I could cook him evenly.
Sous vide, if preferred."

DAN:

> "I love you, Bobo."

BOBO:

> "Love you too, Dan.
Just... I promise I won't bury you in sand.
That's undignified, like a cat turd."

SFX:

Behind them, JESUS stands in the wasteland.
He doesn't cry this time.

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FADE TO:

INT. ICEBOX – NIGHT

Label now reads:

> “BOBO – EMERGENCY USE ONLY.
PRAY FIRST.”

SCENE 11 – “The Dream”

INT. BEDROOM – PRE-DAWN

Dim light filters through a sheet of plastic taped over a broken window.
A single candle flickers on a crate. The room smells like melted wax and unspoken guilt.
It's Dan and BoBo's old room, bombed out and burned out. But it's their old room.

DAN stirs in a pile of blankets, muttering.
Suddenly—he wakes. Sharp inhale. Blinks. Stares at the ceiling. Mouths the words “Thank you
Father”

Beside him—BOBO lies curled up, legs twitching, whimpering softly.
Dreaming of running. Or chasing. Or both.

DAN (softly):

> “Oh...
Rough dream, huh boy?”

BOBO growls in his sleep. Kicks the air.
DAN smiles.

DAN:

> “We’re okay.
We’re here.”

He reaches out, runs a hand gently over Bobo’s head.

> “I bet you wouldn’t even taste that good anyway.”

(beat)

DAN leans back. Closes his eyes.
In the kitchen, a kettle begins to whistle.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD (V.O.):
“Spared. For now.”

SCENE 12 – “Family, In the Wreckage”

INT. BLOWN-OUT HOUSE – SUNSET

The living room is roofless.
A beam hangs by a nail like a tooth in a kid’s mouth.
Outside, the wind howls softly. Inside, life continues.

DAN stands at a sink that survived by sheer luck.
He’s scrubbing a pot with a toothbrush and divine patience.

His crosses swing low and visible. He’s not hiding them today.

CHAD stands over a camp stove fashioned from two metal filing cabinets and the soul of a microwave.

He’s boiling hard-boiled eggs. Precisely. One minute too long, because he likes them that way.

BOBO lies belly-up on a pile of old laundry.
A single fly lands on his nose. He eats it without moving.

BOBO:

> “When’s dinner?”

DAN:

> “When I’m done cleaning up after you.”

CHAD:

> “One more minute and thirty-two seconds.
Assuming the propane holds.”

(beat)

BOBO:

> “I miss Sammy.
He always liked dinner.”

DAN:

> “Sammy would’ve unionized the dinner table.”

CHAD:

> “Then eat all our rations while quoting Tupac.”

(beat)

They all pause. The wind shifts. Something distant falls.

BOBO:

> “This... is kinda nice.”

DAN:

> "Yeah.

It's like a family.

If families were forged from nuclear dust, theological guilt, and lightly salted trauma."

SFX:

The kettle hisses. The sponge squeaks.

JESUS watches through the missing wall.

This time He's smiling.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD:

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"It tasted good, too."